

RATES
OF
ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion -	\$1.00
One square, two insertions -	1.50
One square, one month -	2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

A Death and a Life.
Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooed;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sued.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.
May is passing;
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coo,
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwest mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner spot,
Silent, lone some,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
Sailing away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea slope vast and gray!
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are
blind,
For a vision comes on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog
beard dim.
Thinking of him,
Far into night
He watches the gleam of the lessening light
Fixed on the danger, as island height
That lures the harbor he loves from sight.
And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the
tale
Of how they weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so
pale
With a wakeful night among spectres grim—
Terrors for him.
Yo-ho-hee-vo!
Here's the tank where the fishermen go,
Over the schooner's side they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below,
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When his ripples curl to the light land
breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple trees,
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him,
Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slit sails tear and
pour!
"Steady!" we'll send by the Cape Ann shore,
Then bark to the Beverly bells once more!"
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.
Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that
strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain—
Never again shall he walk at ease
Under the blossoming apple trees
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
While soft eyes float where the sea gulls
skim,
Gazing with him.
How they went down
Never was known in the still old town,
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a
frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night—
Faced the mad illowa with blunder white,
Just within hail of the beacon light
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.
Beverly bells
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells,
But the wearing wash of a lifetime woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
While tides with the dull years come and
go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.
Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse,
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and Winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
Not a neighbor
Passing now or answer will refuse
To her whisper:
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
Twenty Winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons—
Never one has brought her any news,
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea,
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
—Lucy Larcum.

looking clerk, or thought I did, and he fell in love with me. That young man, it seemed to me then, was the bravest, most ambitious youth that ever lived. I see now that it was only cheek and brag. But he was my ideal of a lover, and I believed it was impossible for me to live without him.
"Father wasn't long in discovering the very tender relations that had come to exist between me and his self-assertive young clerk, and he called me to him one day and told me that he was sorry to see that I was such a silly girl, and that I must get over it at once, and then informed my brave and steadfast idol that at the end of the month he could go back home. Of course my heart was broken. Life had lost all its charm. I felt I was the victim of a stern and unsympathetic parent's cruel will and I wished that I were dead.
"Now, although this lover of mine was clerking in my father's store for \$20 a month and his board, his father was a rich lumberman, and he was the only son. When I was at the height of my misery over the paternal interference that had nullified the course of my true love, as I think I was in the habit of calling it, my idol and I met one evening, quite by chance, of course, at the house of a neighbor of ours, and what did my brave knight propose but an elopement, and what did my romantic soul do but promptly me to agree to the proposition on the spot.
"There was a railroad station eight miles distant. The last train for anywhere left that station at 7 o'clock every evening. All we had to do was to drive to the station, get the train, go to the county seat, only an hour's ride, get married, and be happy ever after. We fixed on a certain night—this was along toward the middle of December—and got everything ready for the elopement. It was a good hour-and-a-half drive to the station over the sort of road we had to travel on, and so we were obliged to take an early start. The winter had been very mild. There was no snow. It was just beginning to get dark when I stole to where my valiant lover was waiting for me with a horse and wagon. I knew that the chances were all in favor of my level-headed father discovering the whole plot before we could reach the station, and I was sure that he would be on our track with a horse a good deal faster than the one we had to depend on. But I had no fear that he would overhail us.
"Before we had gone one-quarter of the way night had set in for good, but there was a moon, and that helped us along amazingly. We had got within a mile of the station and had good reason to believe we were safe, when suddenly the horse stopped with a snort of terror, reared up, and tried to turn in the road. A cut with the whip straightened him up, but he kept on snorting and showing evidences of terror. I looked up the road and discovered the cause of all this. An immense bear stood on its hunches at one side of the road growling and snarling and showing a disposition to advance upon us. When my brave lover saw the savage beast he roared up in the wagon, gave a yell, and gasped: "Oh! Jennie, let's go back."
"I forgot all about the bear. I gazed in amazement at my gallant knight. He was as pale as a sheet. The lines hung loose in his hands. I seized them, jerked them away from him, took the whip, and, as I held the horse from turning round, ordered the cowardly youth out of the wagon. He crawled out of the back end of the wagon, and tore down the road as fast as his legs could carry him.
"Then I whipped the horse with all my might, and he sprang forward and whizzed the wagon past the growling bear so close that it almost knocked the ugly beast over. I drove on to the station, had the horse put out, and went in the little hotel there to wait for father. My love's young dream was gone as if it had never been. Ten minutes after I reached the station the train came and went. Ten minutes later father came tearing on horseback up to the door. I met him.
"Father," said I, "I've been saved by a calf."
"Then I told him all about the adventure on the road.
"Saved by a calf!" he exclaimed, "You mean saved by a bear?"
"Not at all," I replied. "If Jerry hadn't been a calf and the biggest kind of a calf, that bear wouldn't have been any more than a stump in my way. I was saved by a calf, I tell you, and I want to go home!"
"My gallant lover was never seen around our neighborhood again, and somehow or other, father always seemed to think more of me after that than he ever had before."—[New York Sun.

The Carnival in Rio De Janeiro.
There are two totally distinct seasons at Rio, when the town presents an altogether different appearance; the summer, which lasts from October to April, and the winter, from May to September. In the summer, which is the autumn and winter in Europe, when the sun pours down into the narrow streets, Rio is anything but an agreeable place. The heat has driven away the rich and leisured classes, the great merchants, the diplomatic corps; in fact, all of any position or fancied position hasten to the suburbs on the breezy heights overlooking the city, or to the little country towns in the neighborhood, such as Petropolis and Theropoli, whilst others take refuge on the islands of the bay.
The town becomes a perfect cañon; but this does not prevent a great excitement over the Carnival, which is an institution to which the Portuguese, or river folk, are particularly devoted. This relic of the old heathen Saturnalia is fast disappearing from Europe; and now that Italy is united kingdom, it is no longer properly kept up even in its former headquarters, Rome and Venice.
At Rio, however, Carnival-time is livelier than ever, and there are societies for celebrating it in grand style. Shrove-Tuesday is kept in a most characteristic manner, and is distinguished not only by the richness of the costumes and the originality of the vehicles in the processions, but by the absurdity of the caricatures in what may justly be termed an open air review of the chief events of the preceding year.
In the time of the empire the ministers of Dom Pedro defrayed the expenses of the Carnival, and though a republic has now been established, the old customs are kept up, and the revolution are spared no more than were their predecessors; moreover, like them, they are the first to laugh at the ridiculous caricatures of themselves and their actions in these witty exhibitions, in which full scope is afforded to the imaginations of the popular poets of Rio.—[Harper's Weekly.

A Bumble Bee Chased by a Humming Bird.
An observer writes that he is satisfied that there is just as much rivalry between humming birds and bees in their quest for honey as there is between members of the human race in their struggle for the good things of life, and describes a recent quarrel that he saw in a Portland, (Me.) garden, where a humming bird with an angry dash expressed its disapproval of the presence of a big bumble bee in the same tree. The usually pugnacious bee incontinently fled, but he did not leave the tree. He dashed back and forth among the branches and white blossoms, the humming bird in close pursuit.
Where will you find another pair that could dodge and dart equal to these? They were like flashes of light, yet the pursuer followed the track of the pursued, turning when the bee turned. In short, the bird and the bee controlled the movements of his eyes. The chase was all over in half the time that it has taken to tell it, but the excitement of a pack of hounds after a fox was no greater. The bee escaped, the bird giving up the chase and alighting on a twig. It couldn't have been chasing the bee for food, and there is no possible explanation of its unprovoked attack except that it wished to have all the honey itself.—[Chicago Times.

May Displaces Gunpowder.
A commission of German artillery experts has been testing at the Dunderberg a new explosive which is intended to replace, ultimately, gunpowder in the German army. The explosive is a brown, fatty substance of the consistency of frozen oil when exposed to ordinary temperature. It retains this consistency up to 112 degrees Fahrenheit. A shock or a spark does not set it off. When used in guns the explosion is obtained through contact with another chemical compound. The explosion is almost unaccompanied by smoke and the detonation is inconsiderable. The recoil is very slight, even when the heaviest charges have been used. The explosive does not heat the weapons sufficiently to cause difficulty in the way of rapid firing, and cartridges once used are easily refilled. For the present rifle, model of 1886, the new compound is not available, but if future tests be as satisfactory as the recent ones it will be introduced generally in the artillery branch of the service. Four models of new army rifles having many advantages over the rifle now in use, have passed successfully the trials of the small arms inspectors. The inventor of all four is Mr. Welb of the Giza dynamite factory.—[Chicago Herald.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
MAMMA'S KISSES.
A kiss when I awake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head,
A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins,
My mamma is full of kisses—
As full as a nurse's pines.
A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull my hair,
She covered me over with kisses
The day I fell from the stair,
A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I gave her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
To her own little baby boy.
—[New York Telegram.

THEY GAVE THE EMPRESS A BOUQUET.
When the little German princess was born last summer, the German empress, in accordance with the national custom, gave twenty complete outfits of beautifully made little baby clothes to twenty poor women. And on the same day the emperor pardoned a number of women convicts. The children of Germany, who dearly love the empress for her kindness to them on all occasions, were busy planning a superb bouquet to be given to their royal mistress. When completed the bouquet was nearly a yard across the top. It was dome-shaped and was composed of ten thousand violets, surrounded by three hundred big roses. From the top of the dome to the outside of the bouquet there extended field flowers, which gave the gay effect of ribbons among the violets. The entire bouquet was the work of peasant children, who took this way of showing their gratitude to their empress.

A STRANGE MONSTER.
One night as I lay in bed I heard a shrill "tweet, tweet," close to my ear.
I started up and listened. I was rewarded by a series of chirps, followed by a prolonged trill of great sweetness.
What could it be? I was not the possessor of a canary, but without doubt somebody's pet had escaped and flown into my room through the open window; the warbling and trilling still continued, now at one end of the room, now at the other, sometimes close to my bed.
I decided at last to investigate. Arising as noiselessly as possible, I lighted the gas and looked around, expecting to see a little mass of yellow down fluttering in the sudden glare.
"Tweet, tweet, tweet," came from under the sofa. Ah, the little rascal, it had taken refuge there! I resolved this time it should not escape me, so profiting myself with a towel with which to capture the tiny fugitive, I peered cautiously under the sofa. "Darkness there, and nothing more."
Suddenly I felt something brush against my bare feet, then came another outburst of song, as though the unknown little creature were some mischievous sprite laughing at his own pranks.
I seated myself on a chair thoroughly puzzled; there was a moment's silence, then the singing began again softly and sweetly like the rippling of a brook in midsummer or the tinkling of tiny silver bells. Nothing more exquisite or dainty could be imagined.
I had thought it was a canary, but now I was convinced that it must be a bird of rare species.
The sounds seemed to come from the neighborhood of the gate. I watched intently without making a movement; then I rubbed my eyes. Was I dreaming? I rubbed them again; the truth flashed upon me. My songster was none other than a little gray mouse seated demurely in the centre of the white fur rug.
"Tweet, tweet, tweet," it sang, moving its head from one side to another, and looking at me knowingly from its saucy round eyes, then it ran the length of the room executing a trill of marvellous sweetness, and disappeared into some hidden hole.
This was its farewell effort, for although I waited for more than an hour I did not repeat its performance.
The next morning I found a tiny gray mouse in the trap. I did not know whether it was my little friend of the night before. I buried it with honors. In any case, never again was I visited by the strange little songster.—[New York Observer.

Old Himself.
Jinks.—"When burglars were in your house the other night did Mrs. Filkins look under the bed for a man?"
Filkins.—"Yes; and found one, too."
Jinks.—"One of the burglars?"
Filkins.—"No; me!"—[Harper's Bazar.

"GRAND OLD MAN."
Simple and Regular Life of Premier Gladstone.
Plain Food at His Meals and Plenty of Sleep.
Mr. Gladstone is in the best of health, sleeps remarkably well, and so far from having shown signs of decreasing vitality through an inability to maintain the appetite for food, the right honorable gentleman enjoys his meals with the zest of a young man. When he rises he invariably takes a tepid bath, and every morning before breakfast while at Biarritz he attended church, and since his return to London has frequently taken a little walk in the grounds of Downing street. His first meal usually consists of hard-boiled eggs, a slice of tongue, with tea and toast. After breakfast he devotes himself to his correspondence, and for several hours is busy with his private secretary and receiving such political callers as may arrive.
For luncheon Mr. Gladstone takes cold meat, milk pudding and cheese. At 5 o'clock, if disengaged, he has afternoon tea. His dinners are selected to his taste. He takes soup, fish (if it is to his fancy), but usually dines off one dish, which he selects and does not depart from. He is very fond of rice pudding and prunes, and, upon either of these, but more especially the former, he would, if the etiquette of the dinner table permitted it, make an entire meal. He does not drink coffee because it is seldom made to his liking, and, being stringent, keeps him awake.
While at Biarritz a rule was made that Mr. Gladstone should be left alone at 10 o'clock every night. This rule is likely to be adhered to still, and the other evening, while the guest of a friend, he left at a quarter past 10 and was in bed fifteen minutes later. Mr. Gladstone has, with very rare exceptions, always slept well, and for some time was in the habit of remaining in bed until noon. This was when he felt fatigued or desired to think out some matter which specially engaged him. But at Biarritz he never lay in bed but once, and that was two days before the time fixed for his departure, when he was attacked by a cold in the head, and reverted to his old rule, kept his bed for twenty-four hours, and thus regained his usual health. Since the right honorable gentleman returned to London he has risen early, and is as vigorous and hearty as his friends could wish. Mr. Gladstone lives very plainly, his regimen being guided by authority, but his appetite in London is good. On one occasion at Biarritz he was asked how he slept, to which he replied gaily: "Well, I have done my nine hours."
His memory is as keen as ever and at the Biarritz dinner table, as when he dines at home or with friends in London, he was the life of the party. On one occasion, when Mr. Tollemache was present, there was a discussion about classics and Mr. Gladstone quoted, not single lines of Greek, but whole passages. On the voyage from Calais the channel was very stormy and Mr. Gladstone lay down, but did not suffer from seasickness. The reports of his ill health and lessened vitality, have caused the Downing street post bag to be unusually heavy and a great deal of ill-affected time has consequently been expended in refuting these idle inventions.—[St. James Gazette.

The Last of Her Race.
Old Jennie, the last representative of the famous River Indians now living in this country and quite advanced in years, is making a burial robe, after the custom of the distinguished members of her tribe, in which to be laid away when the summons shall come and she shall pass to the happy hunting grounds, where the white man is not and firewater is unknown. The groundwork is of fine buckskin and is superbly decorated with the various kinds of money used by the tribe for gew ornaments and richly ornamented in a pleasing and skillful manner with jewels, pebbles, beads and other valuables used and admired by the tribe in the past.
The robe when completed will weigh fully 50 pounds, and as a relic or reminder of the peculiar customs and practices of a nation of people now practically blotted from existence is most valuable and should be preserved. With this commendable purpose in view Mrs. Rowena Nichols, who has been employed by the world's fair committee to paint the Table Rocks, has procured a number of sketches of this interesting subject and will paint a life-size picture of old Jennie wrapped in her gorgeous regiments, and thus happily preserve a sacred

relic about to pass forever into oblivion. Old Jennie was born and raised at the foot of Table Rocks, and during the wars was once captured by the whites and later rescued by her people. She lives about a mile and a half from Jacksonville, up Jackson creek, and to hear her tell that peculiar and impressive Indian style, the grievous outrages and nameless wrongs perpetrated upon her people and their consequent annihilation from the face of the earth, would touch the stoutest heart with sympathy, and almost make one wish he could face again the brawny braves who fought and died for this fair heritage, and for which sad fate old Jennie's heart goes out in bitter wails. This painting will be a valuable object lesson as indicating the fast fleeting cycles of time and the rapid mutations of human customs and usages and will serve as a most fitting companion piece to the Table Rocks, where Jennie was born and grew up, chiefly on war-whoops and canoes, and only in the free raw material of innocence and a copper complexion, happy in her native simplicity and blissfully ignorant of modern civilization.—[Jacksonville (Fla.) Times.

What Bad Roads Cost the Country.
The Board of Trade in a Tennessee town, in a recent memorial to the Legislature, demonstrated that bad roads were costing the people of that Commonwealth more than \$7,000,000 annually. Professor W. W. Carson of the University of Tennessee, after careful investigation, found the average cost of hauling to the Knoxville market by wagon to be \$7.50 per ton—aggregating \$1,250,000 a year on the total tonnage hauled. He maintained that this hauling cost had been done for half the sum over good dirt roads, and for one-sixth of it over good macadam roads, saving \$1,000,000 annually.
Professor Richard T. Ely of the Johns Hopkins University and Secretary of the American Economic Association, alluded that poor roads cost this country over \$21 a horse, and Professor Jinks of Knox College, Ill., thinks \$150 a horse a low estimate for the loss. In papers published by Professor Carson for an agricultural experiment station it is shown that on gravel a horse will draw one and a half times the load, and on macadam over three times the load he can draw on a dirt road.
As to the cost of bad roads in the United States, Judge Thayer says: "I have made a careful comparison from such data as I have been able to obtain of the cost of bad roads, and I find they tax what is understood to be agricultural products fully \$135,000,000 annually. I think it a moderate estimate to put the other contributions to bad roads by the remaining traffic of the country at an equal amount, making a total of \$270,000,000."

A Bird Story.
I hope, although the incident may be trivial, that the little story may interest your readers as much as it did myself when I was listening some nights ago to the little lark of whom my story tells, piping away in what the poets call "shleet strains" of the most melodious music.
My friend, James Shanock, three years ago, caught a young lark, and it has been peering out its song ever since then from the cage, and a very sweet note it is. Some little while ago, as the afternoon was sunny, the cage was hung outside in the garden at that moment another lark was carolling in the air, and Shanock's bird rose from the cage, which was only covered with a fine net, and in which there must have been a rent, and disappeared in the direction of the other lark. My friend seeing this, at once began to whistle, holding up the cage to attract his pet lark again, and in a very short time down it came to his feet, and waited patiently while he gently replaced him in his cage. There were three witnesses, I believe, in this case.
The funniest thing, too, is about the same time James Shanock's cat brought him in a little bird quite delicately, and waited for him to take it from his mouth quite unharmed. He is a great bird-lover, and it looks as if the cat, like everybody else, knew this fact.

Fatal to the Intimacy.
Mrs. Smith—And how is your neighbor?
Mrs. Brown—She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to for six weeks.
Mrs. Smith—Why, thought you were on the most friendly terms.
Mrs. Brown—Well, we used to be, but we've exchanged servants.—[Vogue.

The favorite method of fishing in China is with a trained cormorant.

The Soul of Man.
Say, in a hut of mean estate
A light just glimmers and then is gone,
Nature is seen to hesitate,
Put forth and then retreat her pawn;
Say, in the alembic of an eye
Haughty is mixed with poor and low;
Say, Truth herself is not so high
But terror laughs to see her so;
Say, all that strength failed in distrust;
Say, all that wit crept but a span;
Say, 'tis a drop spilled in the dust—
And then say brother—then say man!
—[Dora Reade Goodale, in Lippincott.

HUMOROUS.
The rose that all are praising is now the shad roe.
It is doubtful if a blind man can possess the prophetic gift; he is no seer.
Men who never take a stand any where else frequently have to take one in a street car.
He—I think Miss Trill would make an excellent sailor. She—Why? He—She likes to venture on the high C.
Is Miss Trip a girl of means? Philipp—Yes, but what I am trying to discover whether it is yes or no she means.
This difference still lingers
Among women in all lands:
The rich ones ring their fingers
And the poor ones wring their hands.
What nonsense it is to say a man is inclined to be bald. When a man is becoming bald it is quite against his inclination.
Chipper—I often hear people speak about slow poisons. Do you know what they are? Lippier—Yes, meals served at the average boarding house.
Friend—Going to try for a prize essay this term, s-w-y-e-r? M-d-iv-a-l Student (covering his voice)—Sh! Yes. Got a man hunting a subject for me already.
Miss Hart—Which do you think is usually the silder, the bride or the groom? Mr. Oldbath—The groom, of course. That's how he happens to be a groom.
Engagement times will soon be here.
And now the prudent lover
Endeavors to get back that year,
That he may use it over.

He—Dear me, don't you know, Miss Sweetbrier, that when the electric car struck me it knocked me silly? She—Poor fellow, how long ago that must have happened.
"This chicken," said the boarder timidly, "That is a Plymouth Rock, sir, said the brooding landlady. "Ah! Thank you, ma'am. I knew it was a rock of some kind."
"Well, my dear, how would Farmer Brown suit you for a husband? He seems uncommon sweet on you lately?" "Perhaps so, father, but his hair is so red that—" "True, true, my child; but you should recollect that he has very little of it."
Queer Diet of a Dog.
Mr. Thomas Morgan, of Kentish Town, wondered for a long time why his garden remained desolate, notwithstanding all the pains and seeds he lavished upon it, and why his neighbor's dog was always so plump and fat, until he discovered the cause and effect to be that the animal was inordinately fond of tulips, hyacinths, orchids, and other flowers, and was in the habit of visiting the floricultural preserves and eating up all the blooms he could reach. He did not care about grass or boxwood, or any of the common sorts, but the moment he saw Mr. Morgan plant a black tulip or a rare orchid his eyes sparkled with the feast in store, and the moment the plant blossomed he devoured it, stalk and all. For three years this went on. The dog was insatiable. He was a kind of walking botanical garden, and still had always an appetite for more. Mr. Morgan dared not kill the dog, because he might be held liable for its value, which, of course, would not be taken at his own appraisal, so he sued Mr. Hall, its owner, in the Bloomsbury County Court, for the damage done to the garden.—[London Telegraph.

One of Nature's Economies.
Birds with long legs always have short tails. Writers on the flight of birds have shown that the only use of a bird's tail is to serve as a rudder during the act of flight. When birds are provided with long legs these are stretched directly behind when the bird is flying and so act as a sort of rudder. Nature is economical and never provides two organs for the same purpose, so when the long-legged birds began to use their legs as a steering apparatus nature cut off their tails and made the leg rudder a permanent one.—[Globe-Democrat.

The turquoise was regarded by the Mexicans as a magic stone, and was worn as an amulet.

SAVED BY A CALF.

"The whole course of my life was changed, and my love's young dream destroyed in less than a minute by a calf, and a fortunate thing it was for me," said the wife of a prominent citizen of Lycoming county, Penn., now visiting friends in this city. "My father was the leading business man in a bustling lumber village, and there were three girls of us, a sister older and one younger than I. Father was kind and indulgent, but very level headed, and had been a widower for some years. When I was 18 a good-looking young chap fr in somewhere down the Susquehanna came to clerk in father's store. I was a romantic girl, and fell in love with the good-