THEY ELOPED ON A RAFT.

A LUMBERMAN STEALS HIS BRIDE FROM HER FATHER'S BOAT.

A Romantic Idyl from the Wilds of the Pennsylvania Backwoods Country—An Irate Father Outwitted—His Opposition Was Only Spiteful.

A lumberman dressed in woodsman style came hurriedly into the union depot. Leaning on his arm was a pretty girl about eighteen years old. Her panting breath and fiery cheeks gave evidence of her excitement, which was seemingly made more intense by their rapid walking. Following them was another lumberman, more nervous than the first. He seemed to be on guard, and kept his eyes turned toward the rear [illegible]. He said nothing until his protegee were on board the day express for [illegible]. A few minutes afterward an older man, with an air of business, elbowed his way through the crowd and confronted the woodsman.

They started an animated conversation about the couple who had just boarded the train, and for a few moments it seemed that a fight would take place. Kindly advice from a bystander saved them from the officers, however, and the two walked off together. Later in the day the older man appeared at the depot and bought a ticket to Brad's Bend, on the Allegheny Valley railroad. He was approached by a reporter and readily consented to tell the story.

His name was Andrew Myers. The girl who had been carried off by the uncouth woodsman was a daughter of Myers. They had eloped from her father's lumber raft. The daring act took place near Brady's Bend, and was the crowning act of a romance made exciting by a determined lover, an irate father and a faithful girl, whose respect for her father's wishes had hitherto prevented a clandestine marriage.

FATHER AND LOVER FIGHT.

The trio live on the Clarion river near Clarington. They are well known in the lumber country. The younger man's name is Frank Snyder. He is prosperous in the woods, and is considered a good business man, but he is rough in his way, and for that reason was not considered by Myers fit to be his daughter's lover. Miss Myers thought differently, however, and for a year insisted on receiving the attentions of Snyder. Nevertheless she refused to elope with her lover, and would only answer "wait."

The rafting season on the Clarion river commenced. Both Myers and Snyder had timber to run to market, and were constantly thrown in each other's way at the river bank. When the rafts were nearly ready to be started they accidently commenced talking about Miss Myers. Kindly expressions led to insinuations, and then a war of words, which was quickly followed by a blow from Myers. A moment more and both were rolling in the mud. They were soon separated, but not until Snyder had made a vow to get the girl. Myers heard the words and became equally determined that his enemy should never be his son-in-law.

A few hours more and both were to start down the river. Myers was afraid to leave his daughter behind, and giving as an excuse the statement that he wanted her to cook for the men, he brought her on the raft and gave her quarters in the rough shanty which is frequently built on large flats. Snyder saw the object of Myers' move, and when the latter pulled out with his raft Snyder quickly followed with his own.

PAPA COMES TOO LATE.

Both rafts arrived at Brady's Bend shortly after 6 o'clock Saturday night. Myers pulled in to tie up for the night, and when about to land Snyder's raft came up. He was acting as pilot himself, and, seeing Miss Meyers standing on the river edge of her father's raft, he ordered his men to pull in such a way that his own raft ran close to that of Meyers. When at the nearest point he jumped from his oar, grabbed the young girl, and, as he leaped back, yelled at his men to pull into the current. It was a daring act, but Snyder had been victorious, and found no trouble in persuading Miss Myers to give her consent to their marriage when the opportunity came. He knew Myers would follow, however, and to make sure their escape he determined to run at night.

They arrived at Sharpsburg next morning. Meantime Myers had come to Pittsburg, and was waiting at Herr's Island for Snyder and his game. But they didn't come. They guessed what he would do, and left him down the river while they went to Union depot on a cable car. Myers heard of this trick about 7:30 and went to intercept it, but he was too late. The woodsman he met at Union depot explained the occurrence leading to the flight, and told Mr. Myers that they were going to Camden, N. J., to get married.

Mr. Myers was still angry when seen at the Home hotel. He confessed that Snyder was a suitable man for any sensible girl, and his chief grievance seemed to be that his daughter should go on a bridal tour with a man whose wedding outfit would startle civilization. Nevertheless he admitted that Snyder had better clothes at home, and his last remark was that if Snyder had made much money lately he would forgive him.—Pittsburg Cor. Oil City Derrick.

Young Heads and Old.

Daughter—You should have turned down the upper corners of your visiting cards, ma, when you called on the bride. That means congratulation. But you turned down the lower corners. That means condolence.

Matron (with dignity)—You'd better wait till you are married before you criticise your ma.—New York Weekly.

The Powers That Be.

First Congressman—What do you think of Senator Saphead's bill?

Second Congressman—I opposed it at first, but lately I have found so much popular opposition to it that I am inclined to think it must be a good thing."—Good News.

THOMSON AND HIS RATS.

Was Going to Have Fun Seeing Them Swim, but They Saw Him Swim Instead.

The question is frequently asked whence the name of Thomson pond, a sheet of water in western Maine extending through four towns and lying partly in three counties. Tradition says it was named from the first settler, Joe Thomson. During his sojourn he was seriously troubled by rats. He first provided himself with a stout leather bag of the capacity of four bushels. He then placed an empty hogshead in his log hovel, leaving the bunghole open, through which he dropped a small quantity of meat scraps and crumbs.

Bag in hand he retired outside to watch proceedings, peeking through a small crevice between the logs. Presently he espied an old, gray veteran approaching the bunghole. He takes a peep, then sniffs, looks cautiously about and then enters. He soon emerges from the hogshead and quickly disappears. In a trice he returns, followed by a drove amounting to hundreds, which one by one disappear through the bunghole.

"Now," chuckled Joe, "is my fun," as he skipped calmly through the door and adjusted the open mouth of the bag to the small aperture, at the same time rapping the hogshead with the toe of his boot, which produced a loud, ringing sound. With loud squeals and fierce struggles the frightened rats began to scramble through the bunghole, all landing in the bottom of the bag.

His first thought was to drown them by sinking the bag in the pond, but being in a rather gamesome mood, as was often the case, he concluded to put the bag in his boat, and after rowing to a good distance from the shore then release them, and with his ox goad have a good time knocking them in the head.

Rowing out several rods from the shore and being in high glee at the thought of wreaking vengeance on the "varmints" which had given so much trouble, he without hesitation untied the bag, expecting to see the frightened creatures at once leap into the water, but he quickly found himself mistaken.

Instead of fleeing or even retreating the rats charged in a body, and with teeth and claws so severely lacerated his face, neck and hands as to cause him to leap from the boat and swim for the shore, leaving the craft in the possession of his one time victims.—Lewiston Journal.

A Spider's Rapid Work.

When the common geometrical spider has made up its mind to spin a web, it commences operations by inclosing a certain area with the foundation lines. To these radiating lines are fixed, generally about thirty in number, and all joining in the center of the snare. When the radii are finished the spinner proceeds to weave the concentric lines, stretching them from one radiating thread to another, and forming them of the silk thickly studded with viscous drops. Starting from the center of the web, however, the first few concentric threads are without this peculiarity, the reason being that the spider likes to sometimes sit in the middle of its web, and naturally does not care to be incommoded with the sticky matter which it prepares for the special benefit of its prey.

When the snare is finished, a task which often does not occupy more than forty minutes in spite of the complicated nature of the work, the spider weaves a cell in some secluded spot close at hand, connecting it with the center of the web by means of a special thread. This, by its trembling, gives intimation of the capture of any insect in the web, and also forms a pathway by which the snugly ensconced spider is enabled to proceed on an investigating expedition.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Sense of Smell.

The eye is used only for seeing, and the ear for hearing, but the nose is one of the organs that serve a double purpose. It is not only the seat of the sense of smell, but was intended to be the principal organ through which man should breathe. Its circuitous passages, warm and moist, protect the lungs by taking the chill from the inspired air and arresting irritating dust.

The whole nose is not concerned in the act of smelling. The olfactory nerves, which alone take cognizance of odors, are situated in the upper third of the nasal chambers, out of the line of ordinary inhalation. For this reason we do not usually notice odors unless they are somewhat strong; but when we sniff—draw the air into the upper part of the nostrils and hold it there for a few moments—we become aware of the faintest scent.—Youth's Companion.

France's Executive.

The president of France is chosen by a majority vote of both branches of parliament sitting together as a joint assembly, and his term is seven years. Usually, however, he is compelled to step down from office by pressure from parliament before his term ends. The constitution gives him the authority to select a ministry, which must comprise members of parliament; to conclude treaties with foreign nations, to appoint to the chief military and civil posts, to pardon offenders, and in concurrence with the senate to dissolve the chamber of deputies and bring about a new election. These are the chief powers of the president. The present executive—Carnot—was elected on Dec. 3, 1887.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not a Bad Idea.

"Remember, boys," said the teacher, who being still new at the business, knew not what else to say to make an impression, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." After a few moments a boy from Boston raised his hand. "Well, what is it, Socrates?" asked the teacher.

"I was merely going to suggest," replied the youngster as he cleaned his spectacles with his handkerchief, "that if such is the case, it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission."—Montreal Star.

DECORATE THE PIANO.

In Small Rooms It Is Now Made a Thing of Beauty and an Artistic Joy.

The magic skill of modern decorators has vanquished the formidable aggressiveness even of the parlor piano. Formerly pianos were most obstinately, hopelessly angular objects in a pretty parlor, positively refusing to lend themselves to any scheme of decoration. But even a piano has possibilities, and since these possibilities have been discovered and realized the piano is the keynote of the whole decorative scheme. Of course in all city parlors an upright piano is used, and instead of being set back against the wall like a child in disgrace, it is now turned out into the room almost at right angles, which is decidedly more agreeable to the performer. The back of the instrument is then draped with some beautiful material, hanging like a curtain to the floor.

Sometimes a plain piece of Roman sheeting is used, a silken damask or Pompadour velvet, with the main color in harmony with the room. Some ladies introduce a small picture or bit of embroidery in one upper corner, around which the drapery is hung gracefully, or clever needlewomen embroider the whole drapery in quaint, odd designs. A scarf of silk harmonizing with the hanging at the back falls over the top of the piano, and there are candelabra or some light pieces of bric-a-brac that will not rattle when the instrument is in use. Such are the possibilities of a piano as an object of decorative art, but wonderful indeed are its possibilities in another direction.

Placed near a bay window, it shuts in the coziest lovers' nest imaginable. Soft cushioned window seats that have room for just two—intuitive seats they might be called—are hidden thus away completely from the cold, cruel world. Smokers' retreats with little couches may be hidden in the shadow of such a piano when rich hangings fall from a corner window. Or a delightful tea corner is made with a screen for a doorway, and soft divans and dim lights inside. Miss Georgia Cayvan has such a tea corner in her artistic little house in Harlem.

The back of the piano is hung with a soft shade of yellow, brocaded with dull green leaves and flowers. Against this the little tea table is placed, with its dainty belongings, and a low chair beside it where the hostess presides. A yellow cushioned divan extends entirely around this corner, lighted by the soft radiance of a lamp with a pale green shade, and piled high with a baker's dozen of pillows—large and small and medium—with bright silken covers.—New York Sun.

Uncivil Railway Porters.

All English railway companies are very particular about civility being shown to the public, with perhaps one exception, known to most railway men; but even that company has now improved in this respect, as well as in many others. A baldheaded director of this company was traveling with some strangers, and at one of the stations one of them asked the name of the place. A porter pointed to the name board, remarking, "Can't you read?" The director was somewhat vexed, but said nothing. At the next station another of the passengers asked if they changed there for A——. "Sit still, and don't bother; this ain't a junction," the porter replied.

The director, who was much surprised at the incivility of the porters, told the strangers who he was, and expressed regret that they had been so spoken to. "I will see, however," he said, "if they will speak in the same way to me." At the next station he put his head out of the window, but could get no one's attention till the train was moving off, when a porter came up and shouted to him, "Keep your bald head in, old buffer, or you'll catch cold." He fumed with rage, but the strangers seemed to enjoy his defeat.

There was trouble at those three stations the next day, and three faces were seen no more on those platforms.—Chambers' Journal.

It Was Not He That Worried.

"Now, sir," cried Mr. Bagwig ferociously, "attend to me! Were you not in difficulties a few months ago?"

"No."

"Now, sir! Attend to my question. I ask you again, and pray be careful in answering, for you are on your oath. I need hardly remind you. Were you not in difficulties some months ago?"

"No; not that I know of."

"Sir, do you pretend to tell this court that you did not make a composition with your creditors a few months ago?"

A bright smile of intelligence spread over the ingenious face of the witness as he answered:

"Oh! ah! That's what you mean, is it? But, you see, it was my creditors who were in difficulties, and not me."—Green Bag.

Laughable Newspaper Mistakes.

A Syracuse printer, in setting up a book publisher's advertisement, construed one of Dickens' works thus: "Barney, by Rudge, $1.50." Misprints are sometimes very ludicrous in their significance. A country paper gives an account of an amateur concert in which a young lady received a well deserved encore by the exquisite taste in which she sang "An Angel's Whisker." In Dr. Wayland's time a meeting of the American Scientific association was held in this city. The doctor gave a party to the association. His friends were considerably surprised the next morning to find it reported in the newspapers that Dr. Wayland had given a billiard party instead of a brilliant party.—Providence Journal.

No Hurry.

Old Gentleman—My boy, don't you go to school?

Boy—Yessir.

"It's long after 9, and here you are playing."

"That's all right. We had a rather late breakfast, and mamma was 'fraid I'd be late, so she wrote me an excuse, and I've got it in my pocket."—Good News.

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

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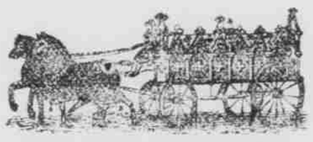

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