

A PATCHWORK QUILT.

Have you anywhere about your house, amidst your counterpanes and comfortable which you looked at five minutes before buying, perhaps one of those old-fashioned patchwork quilts made of the finest pieces, arranged in the most intricate patterns, over which at least one pair of eyes were strained for days and weeks before quilting time came, and all those puffy little diamonds were marked out, amidst chat and laughter, by half-a-dozen ladies? Did you ever in childhood, sit upon the bed and hear the history of the various pieces of chintz? That's a piece of your first colored dress; that I had when I was a girl; that was your grandmother's morning-gown; this is a piece Miss S— gave me. I have heard such a history many a time, and little pictures used to pass before my eyes at the words. I could see just how grandma looked in the morning gown. I could see myself a baby, taking toddling steps in the blue frock. It seemed so funny to have been a baby—when I was an important person of five years. It doesn't seem half so funny now, for I have begun to doubt whether I shall ever be anything else, and to know just how many big babies there are in this world.

Dear old patchwork quilts! We've lost something in losing them, I think, and probably Mrs. Mumford thought so, too, for whenever any of her children were found sitting with those little hands, for which Doctor Watts declares that Satan always finds some mischief, she invariably remarked: "You better get your patchwork."

They always obeyed, those three little girls, Lucy, Ruth and Olive, and there were piles of quilts in the upstairs rooms where square bedding was stored—quilts of many colors, quilts of only two, quilts with large, square blocks, and quilts with intricate patterns, like a Chinese puzzle, quilts that had been made by people in their nineties, and quilts that had been made by people who could not yet say: "I am nine years old." Piecing a quilt was the first work and the last of the members of the Mumford family. I think an ancestor made some patches on board of the Mayflower. At least it was said so.

When a young person married, a dowry of quilts had always been provided—always would be while Mrs. Mumford lived. When Olive was fifteen, she had been told that the white and Turkey red quilt which her great grandmother had made was to be among her share, as the eldest daughter of the house. She laughed then, and said:

"I shall always stay at home with you, mamma. I shall be the old maid daughter."

A year afterwards she did not think this, whatever she might have said, for the year had made her feel that she was no longer a child, and she had met Harry Martin, who put an engagement on Olive's finger, and, if all went well, her seventeenth birthday would find her a matron.

"Nothing like seeing your children settled before you are broken down yourself," said the mother, and thereupon began to teach Olive the higher mysteries of pastry. Plain cooking, every girl of that family quite understood.

A lover always takes great interest in his lady's handiwork. Harry regarded all the little pieces of sewing which passed through Olive's hands with immense admiration, and the homely patchwork was just as fine in his eyes as anything else; and there was often much talk about the pieces, and, once or twice, he had cut them out, after the cardboard patterns, loving to meddle with anything that she was busy with, in old true lover's fashion.

One evening, when he went in, he found the girl looking, as an artist might look at a rare old master, at a long breadth of old fashioned, flowering chintz.

"Mother has just given me this, Harry," she said. "It is like a gown of old aunt Hepsiba's. It shimmers like silk, and see how fine it is. But fancy wearing such a pattern. Look! a butterfly on a bough, and a rose and a butterfly on a bough again, and then another rose, like a wall-paper. The difficulty will be," said Olive, pausing to consider, "how to get the pattern into a patch without spoiling it."

"I'll help you," said Harry; and to work he went, and for a pleasant hour or two he kept cutting patches. A bud and a butterfly on one, a rose on the other, bud and butterfly, and rose again.

"And he has not spoiled one, mamma," said Olive, in a tone of pride. "I'm sure I should have cut a dozen butterflies' heads off, if I had tried."

So the young things laughed over their exploits, and then slipped merrily away to have their lover's chat where nobody could listen.

It was the last. The next day, Harry Martin was missing, and with him a large sum of money from his employer's safe. The news spread through the country town like wild-fire. Harry was an orphan, the only son of an old friend of the head of the head of the firm. It was understood that they would be merciful, but his character was blighted forever.

No one doubted his guilt but Olive. She steadfastly declared him innocent.

Weeks passed on, and there was no news of him—at least, none that reached the Mumfords; but one night, when Mrs. Mumford went out to the

cow-house to see that Crummie was safe for the night, some one came out of the darkness and called to her.

"Who is that?" cried the lady, her heart giving one great throb. "It's I—Harry said a well-known voice. 'Oh! Mrs. Mumford, let me see Olive.'"

"Harry Martin!" said Mrs. Mumford. "Oh! Harry Martin, you've made a sad home of mine!" and she broke into tears.

"And you all believed it at once?" said Harry, sadly. "I didn't think you would."

"Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Mumford, "Satan tempts us all. I'm sorry for you, but you can't see Olive. It's better for her you shouldn't. She was very fond of you, Harry."

"You sha'n't blame her, poor lamb," said Mrs. Mumford. "A girl like that can't have anything to do with one who has disgraced himself."

"Love is more steadfast," said Harry. "Evil reports could not have won me from Olive."

Then, without another word, he went away—and such a hold have honest things upon our memory sometimes, that as he went, he saw the pretty household picture he had last seen beneath the roof that now refused to welcome him, as plainly as we see things in dreams; his love, with her dark curls about her face, and the needle in her hands, and the skein of thread about her neck; a bright lamp burning upon the table, and on the other side, himself cutting pieces of patchwork from a pasteboard pattern, and laying in a little brilliant pile, squares and triangles on which were a rose and a butterfly upon a flowering branch, a butterfly upon a flowering branch, and a full-blown rose, alternately.

A western editor speaks of a wind that "just sat up on its hind legs and howled." Such a wind it must have been that was howling through the bleak Maine country twenty years from the night on which Harry Martin turned from Mumford's door and went his way alone.

The inn or tavern or hotel, whichever it was bore the name of—

T. JOLLIVER.

upon its signboard, was not expecting any guests that night, but, nevertheless one came to its doors—came late, too, as the clocks were striking ten, and people generally thinking of bed.

The guest was a man of forty, with a sad sort of face—a face with a story in it. But he was well dressed, and evidently no poor traveler. He had supper in the best parlor, and, meantime a fire was made in the best bedroom, in which, when he made his way thither he found a buxom, youngish woman spreading an extra counterpane upon the bed.

"Good evening, sir," she said, turning toward him with a manner that bespoke the landlady. "I thought I'd see that you were comfortable myself. I never leave everything to chambermaids. When I married a hotel-keeper, I made up my mind to help him, and there's no such way of making guests feel discouraged as turning them over to help. And I've given you my prettiest quilt, too," said she, with a little laugh. "There's an honor."

The gentleman looked toward the bed. The quilt was a patchwork. It had a wide striped border, but in the center the blocks were all the same—bright chintz alternated with white—a butterfly on a branch, a rose, a butterfly on a branch and a rose again.

The man took a fold of it up in his hand, and looked at it, as men do not often look at patchwork quilts. The woman babbled on.

"We're great for patchwork in our family. Such a pile as we had of these quilts at home! Sister Ruth had twenty when she was married, but I had fifty. My other sister gave me her share, seeing that I married a hotel keeper, and she thinks she'll never marry. Oh, dear! There's a story in good many quilts, if you did but know it; and there's a story in this. It's the last one Olive ever made. But I'm boring you, sir."

"No, go on," said the gentleman. "Go on, please."

"She was engaged," said the landlady, "and she was but sixteen. One afternoon, she and her sweetheart cut out these blocks, the next they were parted. He was suspected of a crime—of robbery, sir, if I must say it—and she never saw him again. She said that all the angles in heaven couldn't make her doubt it, but no one else thought with her, until a month had gone by, and then an old confidential clerk, who was trusted in everything, being caught in another theft, confessed to that which my sister's sweetheart had been accused of. The story he had told to his employees of being knocked down in the streets of New York where he had went that holiday afternoon, and being thought drunk, and put into a station house, and being ashamed to give his name next morning, and too sick to come home next day, was no doubt true. His employers advertised for him, but in vain. And mother owned to sending him away from the door when he came to see Olive. It is a sad story. Olive can't seem to like anybody else, and the poor fellow was so fond of her. So that's the story of the quilt."

The woman stopped and gave a little cry, for the guest had flung himself upon his knees, and was kissing that patchwork quilt as lovers kiss their sweetheart's lips.

She gave another little cry in a

moment, and then knelt down beside him, and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed, crying hard to herself. "Oh, dear! do believe it is Harry Martin."

And it was Harry Martin, who had been to the far ends of the earth and had found gold but not happiness, believing himself robbed forever of love and fair repute, and who had returned to find both awaiting him through the means of that patchwork quilt, with its butterflies and flowering boughs and roses.

"Lucy, said Olive to her sister, a few months afterward, 'now that we are going to housekeeping, I want you to give me one thing.'"

"Anything on earth that I can," said Mrs. Jolliver. "I was thinking of a silver service."

"Oh, Lucy, dear," said Olive, beginning to cry for very happiness, "it's only the butterfly quilt that I want. The dear old quilt. Harry says he can't keep house without it, we both love it so."

"I've rolled it up for you already," said Mrs. Jolliver. "It seems to belong to you, Olive."

And so to-day Olive's last baby sits upon the brilliant quilt, and tries, with his chubby fingers, to pull therefrom the butterflies and roses.—Mary Kyle Dallas in N. Y. Ledger.

Messages for Passengers.

Arrangements are being made for carrying out a scheme proposed by Mr. McNeil, of Londonderry, for the more efficient despatch of telegraphic communication between Tory Island and the mainland, which promise to be of great advantage to ship owners and homeward bound passengers. It is proposed that steamers passing on either side of Tory Island will throw overboard receptacles something like a small buoy, containing the messages to be sent by telegraph, and a boat's crew will be in readiness to pick them up and convey them to the nearest telegraph office. By this means it will be possible for a passenger to intimate his arrival to his friends twenty-four hours before he could do so now from Liverpool, and twenty hours before he could do so from any port on the Clyde. The matter has been taken up by Lloyd's committee, who undertake to forward passengers' telegrams at a minimum of 1s. each and ship owners' advices at a minimum of 6d. each. It is expected that the arrangement will soon be carried out.—Industries.

Recovering a Diamond Ring.

Tuesday a gentleman, a stranger in these parts, had occasion to cross the Huntington bridge, and was accompanied by a friend. When midway of the bridge he pulled a large and valuable diamond ring from the little finger of his left hand to exhibit to his friend. In handling the ring over it slipped from his hand and fell, and striking the floor bounded into the river. The friend stood where the ring fell till its owner went and secured the services of several men to dive in after it. He found two who upon the offer of handsome pay for their services consented to attempt the rescue. They went out in a boat and after many attempts secured the ring, which was in turn handed over to its owner. He paid the promised sum and went on his way rejoicing.—Hartford Courant.

Bullet Proof Armor.

In the early part of May some plate firing took place on board the English man-of-war *Nettle*, which brings up a subject of the greatest importance—namely, the possibility of making armor such as will break up the splendid forged steel projectiles which have hitherto held together almost without exception. The result of the *Nettle* and other recent tests goes to show that plates are now made with faces so hard as to defeat forged steel, and that it appears possible that steel faced armor in the future may dispose of them in the manner that Schneider admits such plates defeat indifferent projectiles.—New York Telegram.

A Strange Potato Growth.

The West Chester, Pa., Local News reports that Truman Forsythe, of that village, a few days ago found in his cellar a potato of last year's crop that had two small ones growing inside of it. There were no sprouts whatever on the outside, but the potato was burst open at each end, and there projecting were the ends of two well formed and healthy looking young tubers. The larger one was about the size of a walnut. Potatoes often form on the outside of old ones in cellars this time of the year, but that the growth should take place inside is something of a novelty and only one or two persons to whom the "curio" was shown could recall having seen the like before.

Bears in Maine.

Manley Hardy, of Brewer, is at present receiving about twenty-five bear skins a week, which is a good number for this time of the year. He says that with the skins come reports of great havoc being made among the sheep by bruin, but that the bears confine themselves principally to the eastern district, and are scarce and difficult to find in the north and western parts of the state.—Bangor Letter.

Ex-King Milan declines to leave Bulgaria, and the impression strengthens that he is planning mischief. He is certainly in want of money, and the Radical government is being urged to bribe him to return to Paris, even if it costs 500,000 francs. Some patriots hint not obscurely that assassination would be easier and cheaper.

A Fortunate Woman.

Mrs. Mary L. Baker, of Ovid, Mich., has reason to be very thankful. She was a great sufferer from heart disease for years. Was short of breath, had hungry spells, pain in side, fainting, faintness, etc. After taking two bottles of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, she says, "I am better than for 20 years. My mind and eyesight have improved wonderfully. I advise all persons thus afflicted to use this great remedy." I List druggists, recommenders and guarantees it. Dr. Miles' work on heart disease, containing marvelous testimonials, free.

The Baby Chewed a Cartridge. A colored picnic excursion boarded a train on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad on Sunday.

The chattering, perspiring, sayly dressed picnickers crowded the seats and aisles of the smoker and first class cars and the overflow even flooded the parlor car despite protest. The clamor and babel incident to such affairs rose above the clatter of car wheels and made ordinary railroad conversation impossible. But at a stoppage at one of the little railway stations there was a lull. A poorly clad old negro of solemn visage came up to a car window, and said to an elderly colored passenger:

"Sis Sue, I'm stonished to see you hyar gwine on picnicin' Sunday when yer cousin's baby's bein' buried dis hyar very day."

"Well, I tell you, I don't know 'sactly, but dere war some dimamented cartridges runn' de horse, and dey s'pose de chile bit off de de en o' one of de cartridges; leas'tways dey found his head mos' blowed off an' one cartridge done gone."

There was a moan of sympathy from the carload of listeners, and when the train moved on a hush of horror held the picnickers silent almost to the next station.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Mr. Flagler's Floating Palace.

This year every man who lives near the Sound and who can afford the luxury is investing in a yacht. The craft range in every conceivable variety, from catboats to Mr. Flagler's new floating palace, the *Alicia*, which, by the way, is the sensation of the yachting world just at present. She is lying off Larchmont with a big crew of men aboard. Everything about the new boat is spick and span new. Mr. Flagler has had a large office fitted up aboard the *Alicia*, where he can transact some of the business of the Standard Oil company on his way to and from New York when he feels in the humor. There is a typewriter in the cabin and a commodious desk for the use of the millionaire's secretary. The spectacle of a Standard Oil magnate starting the business of the day while taking his daily trip from Larchmont to New York in his yacht belongs to the latter day history of New York.—New York Sun.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great nerve tonic and alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 25c, at D. J. Humphrey, druggist.

Mr. Shoemaker, of Claypool, Ind., not only made no objection when his wife eloped with his neighbor Ward, but when she died, shortly after, attended the funeral, wept with the bereaved No. 2, and divided her effects equally with him.

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Evidence of good moral character will be required of all candidates. That evidence to be a personal knowledge of the Examiners concerning the applicant, or certificates of good moral character from some reliable source.

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