Select Poetry.

THE LEAF-SPIRITS.

To the dim field-hollows fled
From the storm-blown world of the trees,
Lie warm in their boundless bed
The dun little refugees.
Their withered forms are the chaff
Of a life that never grows old,
Where the summer elves still laugh
In the heart of the brumal cold.

The joy of the kings of plants
Stirs under yon rustling pile,
Every waif is a pictured dance,
Every feather a printed smile.
Let the wolf-winds come and go,
And the giant frost bind strong,
The exiles under the snow
Are happy all winter long.

O'er a million meek little deaths
Steal sounds like the far sea-waves,
Murmurs of leaf souls, breaths
From the hush of wildwood graves.
For the dream is more than the sleep
When the white gleams over the brown,
And the wings of May ghosts sweep
Where the wee green folk lie down.

In bannerless boughs still yearns
The hope of the oak and elm,
When the last year's verdure turns
To dust in its limbo realm,
And still, in the voids where grew
Their plumes of glory, each one,
Bright as ever to love's sweet view.
Fans away the flush of the sun.

Every stem that shivering stept
From the air in its last good-by
Left a brave young bud that kept
Its spring life sealed in the sky;
And, the bards of the woodland say,
By night on their native spires
The bonny leaf spirits play
Like soft St. Elmo fires.

O race of the shadowing green
And the burning yellow and red,
God's mystery hides between
Your hosts of living and dead.
No creature is lost in blight
Whose beauty was born to be.
Its soul still floats in the light,
And its bud waits on the tree.
—Theron Brown, in Harper's Bazar.

Select Story.

THANKSGIVIG AT KINGSLEY'S HALL.

Miss Victoria Kingsley, of Kingsley hall, could afford to be a little eccentric people said. Not only was she rich and beautiful and highly accomplished, but she had reached the mature age of six-and-twenty and was mistress of her own fortune. Prior to the death of her parents, both of whom had succumbed in the same month to a prevailing fever, the family had resided in the city, spending a portion of each summer only at their handsome country seat. But soon after her bereavement the young lady had gone into seclusion at Kingsley hall, which was a part of her heritage, and had since lived in the strictest retirement there, receiving no visitors except when her younger brother, Robert, brought a party of his boon companions up from town for a few days' recreation during the shooting season.

It was now three years since Miss Kingsley had been left an orphan. At her age this was a long time to renounce society, and it was not strange that the world pronounced her eccentric. But that portion of the world residing in the wealthy and eminently respectable village of Pennstock began to have hopes for her when she suddenly emerged from her sequestration so far as to become the hostess of a Thanksgiving dinner party. The truth was that Miss Kingsley had been doing some serious thinking. It had occurred to her, upon reflection, that people had a right to conclude that she was supremely selfish and proud, and she decided to set aside this verdict, if possible, by giving a series of entertainments at her house. Thanksgiving day was at hand, and she began to put her plan into execution by inviting a number of her church acquaintances in the village to dine at Kingsley hall on that day.

Of course the invitations were all promptly accepted, and the event was looked forward to as something out of the ordinary in Pennstock. As for Miss Kingsley, she was surprised to find that she took a lively interest in the preparations for the dinner, and when Thanksgiving day dawned, with a frosty and nipping air, she was inclined to be proud of the success of her undertaking in one respect. It had been proved to her that there was a pleasanter way of passing her time than in brooding over her sorrow. All day she was strangely buoyant and cheerful, as if possessed by a presentiment that something very pleasant was about to happen.

And that afternoon something did happen—something that was not down on Miss Kingsley's programme. The busy young woman had entered the kitchen to give some final directions to the cook, when she had observed that a strange man was sitting quietly in a chair on the opposite side of the room. She paused abruptly and stared at him, with a flash of startled recognition in her eyes.

"A poor tramp, mum, what asked for a bite to eat," explained the cook, apologetically.

But Miss Kingsley did not hear. The color was coming and going in her cheeks, and she grasped the back of a chair as if to steady herself.

"Maurice Granby!" she said, in a low but distinct voice. "Can it be possible?"

The recognition was evidently mutual. The stranger rose to his feet, a picture of astonishment and confusion. He was a strikingly handsome man, tall and straight as an arrow, with a drooping brown mustache. He certainly had not the appearance of a tramp, except that his clothing was threadbare, and even ragged in places, and he wore no overcoat.

"I-I beg pardon!" he stammeoed. "I did not know—"

But Miss Kingsley seemed to suddenly recover her self-possession. Turning to the cook she said:

"Never mind, Hannah; I will see this gentleman myself. He is an old friend of the family." Then, addressing the man: "Will you please come with me, Mr. Granby?"

He looked as if he would have preferred to sink through the floor, but she had turned and was leaving the kitchen before he could reply. He followed her hesitatingly, mechanically, like one in a dream. She led the way to a small room adjoining the library. There she turned and faced him.

"Mr. Granby, will you kindly tell me what this means?"

He stood before her, fumbling his hat in his hands. Her question seemed to increase his confusion, and he had to clear his throat several times before he could find his voice.

"It is all an unfortunate blunder," he exclaimed at last. "I did not know that this was your home. I chanced to be passing, and I thought—well, I was hungry, and I—no, I will not sit down," as she waved her hand toward a chair. "If you will be good enough to let me go now I will be careful not to intrude upon you again."

"You mistake my meaning," said Miss Kingsley, with a look of distress. "I am not asking why you are here. God knows I am glad to see you. What I want to know is what has brought you to this—this—condition? I cannot believe that you have voluntarily adopted the life of a—"

"Of a tramp?" he said, finishing her sentence with a bitter smile.

"Pardon me," she nodded, hastily; "I have no right to question you. Pray, don't misjudge my motive. I know that you are not to blame for the change in your fortunes; I know that you are incapable of a wrong act."

He gave her a sharp look, as if he would read her thoughts.

"That is a remarkable statement," he said, slowly. "Can it be that you have forgotten why I ran away from home five years ago?"

"I have not forgotten the miserable story that was told at the time," she replied firmly; "but I have heard a different story since. Mr. Granby, my unhappy brother has told me everything."

The man started.

"He has told me," continued the woman, her face white with suppressed excitement, "that it was he and not you who forged the check for $15,000!"

"He told you that? Good heavens! does your father know?"

"My father and mother have both gone to another world, Mr. Granby. Robert and I have been orphans for three years. It was not until after their death that he made his confession to me. He told me of his youthful infatuation for gambling and horse races; how he became so deeply involved that in a moment of desperation, to avert the disgrace he saw staring him in the face, he forged the signature of a depositor in father's bank, hoping thus to retrieve his losses and replace the money before its withdrawal was discovered. You, as teller of the bank, cashed the check without suspicion. Afterward, when the money was squandered, and Robert realized that he could not hope to conceal his crime, he confided in you and begged you to help him out of his trouble. He said that his exposure would kill his mother, bring disgrace upon his family, and cause his father to forever disown him. Then it was that you sacrificed yourself to save him and his family. You told him you would divert suspicion from him if he would keep his own counsel and promise on his oath never to gamble again. You kept your word by suddenly disappearing, thus bringing suspicion upon yourself, so that when the forgery was discovered nobody could doubt that you were the criminal, and that you fled to escape the consequences of your crime. Oh, it was a noble thing to do! Not one man in a million could have made such a sacrifice!" Miss Kingsley's voice betrayed her agitation now, and there were tears in her eyes. "But you do not know what a shock it was to—to—father and the rest of us to be forced to believe you guilty. We had such faith in you. Thank heaven, the story never got into the papers. Robert and I have tried hard for two years to find some trace of you that we might make such reparation as lay in our power. And Robert says that in some mysterious way the bank has recovered the amount that was lost on the forged check, including the interest."

Maurice Granby, by this time, was smiling with the air of a man who has had a great burden lifted from his mind.

"I am glad you know the truth," he said, with an expression of profound relief. "When I left New York I went west and enlisted in the regular army under an assumed name. I served five years. But I was in communication with an intimate friend—a young lawyer—and when my aunt in Vermont died last spring, making me her sole heir, I had my friend convert the property into cash and turn it over to the bank. There was just enough, with what I had been able to save from my pay as a soldier, to replace the $15,000 with the accrued interest. I had assumed the debt, you know, and thought I ought to pay it. On leaving the army I started back to New York, where I still have a few friends. I had not money enough to take me clear through, so I concluded that a tramp of a hundred miles or so would do me no harm. I am accustomed to marching."

"You have outdone Don Quixote himself!" exclaimed Miss Kingsley. "Of course every dollar of that money will be returned to you, and my fortune and Robert's are at your disposal."

"But after all," said Granby, seriously, "you must not give me too much credit for what I have done. Perhaps I should have hesitated if your answer to that audacious note of mine had not made me wretched.

Do you remember it? I felt that I had nothing to live for after that. Of course, I don't blame you; it was the worst kind of presumption on my part, a poor man, to offer myself—"

"Don't say that!" she interrupted, with a note of entreaty in her voice. "I could go down on my knees to you now, in your rags, and beg your forgiveness for wounding you. I was young then, and scarcely knew my own mind, but I—I found out—afterter—"

"Victoria!"

"But we are wasting precious time," she said, hastily, glancing at her watch. "Do you know this is Thanksgiving day? I am to have some guests for dinner. You are to stay and dine with us."

"I? In these clothes?"

"My brother has a room and a wardrobe here, and I am sure his clothes will just fit you. You will find everything you need. No; I will hear no excuse. I will call a servant to show you upstairs, and will send up a luncheon at once. To-night you will stop at the village hotel, and to-morrow you will come and see me before resuming your journey to New York."

And so it came about that Maurice Granby, transformed from a tramp into a conventional gentleman in evening dress, sat at the right hand of the hostess at the grand turkey dinner that evening, having been introduced to the other guests as an old friend of the family. At least two persons at that table were in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, for their hearts throbbed with gratitude and joy during the whole of that Thanksgiving feast.

It was only two months later that Kingsley hall was the scene of a brilliant wedding reception, and Maurice Granby had come there to stay.

Van Gestel's Travels Through New Guinea.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

The only white man known to have crossed the island of New Guinea from shore to shore, to have actually traveled the vast unknown interior and seen the aboriginal Papuans face to face in their native forests, is Van Gestel.

"I started in 1874, from the mouth of the Fly River in the Gulf of Papua, on the south coast of New Guinea, to run the frontier line. There was talk at that time of the annexation of New Guinea by the government of Queensland, Australia, and so the Dutch government resolved to define its possessions. I entered Papua with a detachment of a hundred Dutch soldiers, in their tidy uniforms of light blue linen, and a band of as many coolies to carry supplies.

"The interior of New Guinea is one vast mass of upheaved granite, without traces of minerals or metal ores, the strata tilted and piled topsy-turvy. Everywhere the work of volcanic eruptions is to be seen. Such a thinly populated region, considering the fact that it was an absolutely new country and that fruits and small game were so plentiful, I did not suppose could exist. The natives we saw from time to time, at a distance mostly; they never molested us. Their heads were flat on top, with long, curly, black hair; they went entirely naked. Their buttocks extended out eight and even ten inches, this repulsive deformity constituting a fleshy support amply capable of sustaining a child in a sitting position. Nor was this their most marked peculiarity. Some of the nursing mothers threw their breasts back over their shoulders or under their arms, at will, to feed the infant carried in a sling between their shoulders.

"The Papuans are a very unattractive race to look upon. In arms they were primitive to a degree that was astounding. They had neither bows nor spears that I saw, their only weapons being stone hatchets. Of the use of metals they seemed to be entirely ignorant. In the dry season they made their homes in caves, which they found or excavated for themselves. Some of these cave dwellings I visited, discovering fragments of their repasts and occasionally a broken stone ax. In the rainy season they live high in the trees, where they build rude houses of sticks laid around and intertwined with the branches, thatched with dried alang-alang, and reached by shaky looking stick ladders.

"Most startling was the solitude, the destitution of life and motion, in the great central plateau which we reached in our gradual ascent from the river level. There were plenty of small creatures of the squirrel tribe, some of the peculiar pig-headed deer we have in Java, and an occasional little tiger cat, rather handsome than hurtful looking. That was all. I saw in my whole journey, from the mouth of the Fly River on the southeast coast of the Geelvink Bay on the northwest, not a single beast of prey, unless those pretty little spotted tree cats could be dignified by that name. Not a kangaroo of either the tree climbing or grass jumping variety was seen, nor any of the dingos or wild dogs elsewhere reported. I did see a number of specimens of the great bat called by the natives kalong or 'flying dog,' with its curious coat of light brown hair and its wing expanse of eight feet—truly a formidable looking creature, but not hurtful as I found it.

"But of birds there is, I verily believe, a vaster profusion of more beautiful tints and delicate plumage in New Guinea than anywhere else in the world. They fairly flamed through those somber forests, which but for their bright hues and sharp cries would have been funerally suggestive. What a paradise the interior of New Guinea would be for a naturalist! From the great cebu, which devours stones, and the cassowary, through all the species of peafowl and the bird of paradise, down to the cockatoos and the wood pigeons, there were birds of beauty in never ceasing variety and numbers.

"At suitable stations along the route I had the soldiers nail up on trees the Dutch flag and iron charts of the Dutch coat of arms, on most of which no white man's eyes have since fallen. When we reached Geelvink Bay, and realized that our task was finished, and that Holland's part of New Guinea was so definitely determined then and thenceforth that no other nation could lay claim to it, we gave a rousing cheer, and it must have been music in the ears of the solitary post holder whom the government had even then for some years maintained on the coast. The poor fellow probably didn't see a friendly face more than half a dozen times a year. He lived in a block house, watching the coaling station for the Dutch war vessels in those waters."

Inventions in Glass.

From the Scientific American.

A Washington correspondent, in his rambles through the Patent Office, discovered some curious inventions in glass, which he communicated to the Philadelphia times.

Among these is a glass coffin, which is guaranteed proof against decay and rats. So long as no deliberate attempt is made to smash it, it ought to last forever. Another contrivance is a staircase made wholly of glass, steps, landings and newel post being all of that material. Yet another is a glass barrel. But, perhaps, the most remarkable invention of the glass man is a billiard table of glass.

The day may yet arrive when people will live in glass houses. A patent has been secured by another inventor for glass bricks of a peculiar pattern. The material of which they are composed being a first rate non-conductor, these bricks will keep the cold out of a dwelling built of them, while admitting the light. It is claimed they will exclude noise, being hollow. Furthermore, the inmates of a glass house need not be afraid of being under too close observation by neighbors, inasmuch that it is not requisite that the bricks shall be transparent. They may be of opaque ground glass or of any color that may be suitable for decorative effect.

Thus, before many years have passed, it may be considered the height of luxury to occupy a dwelling of glass. Glass bricks, of course, are expensive. People who live in glass houses will be able to afford to wear clothes of glass. That sounds like nonsense, but the fact is that beautiful and most delicate fabrics are made out of spun glass. Nearly twenty years ago there was shown at the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, a bonnet composed entirely of glass. It was a love of a bonnet. The flowers on it were glass, and so were the ribbons, which looked like the finest satin. The patentee of this process describes it as suitable for the manufacture of neckties, shawls, table covers, etc.

In fabrics of this kind a very fine quality of glass is used. It is spun in threads of exceeding delicacy, and of these several colors may be produced at the same time. They are woven in a loom of ordinary pattern. Anybody may observe that a thin sheet of glass is somewhat elastic. The threads employed in weaving are of such fineness as to be perfectly pliable and not at all brittle. With a gown of glass would naturally go a pair of glass slippers.

A Pittsburg man named Smith has invented a process for making glass slippers in moulds. They would not do very well for dancing. There is no reason why a glass gown should not be woven of iridescent glass, so that the wearer would look like an animated rainbow on a ball room floor—or a dazzling shimmer of ever-changing hues. Until recently the manufacture of iridescent glass was set down in the list of the lost arts. But in 1878 it was rediscovered, and now it is a common commercial article. It is made by exposing the melted glass to the vapors of salts of sodium. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, are exhibited great numbers of bottles, plates and other articles of glass which were made and used long before Christ was born. They were dug up in Cyprus and elsewhere. Many of them have a beautiful iridescence, but it is the result of decay. Glass will rot like anything else, and decay has split the structure of this ancient glass into laminæ, or flakes, which interrupt the light so as to produce brilliant red, green, purple and other rainbow colors.

The window blinds of the glass house of the future will be of glass, of course. That is another patent, and the inventor suggests that such blinds may be made of whatever colors are desired. Baby in the nursery, perhaps, will play with glass building blocks and at a suitable age he will receive a Christmas gift of a pair of roller skates with glass rollers. Both of these ideas have been patented. When he is old enough to go fishing, he will not dig worms in the garden, but will be provided with artificial bait in the shape of a hollow minnow of glass, coated on the inside partly with a solution of gold or silver and partly with a luminous paint.

Glass bedsteads may be proof against lightning and bugs, but it is hardly to be expected that glass houses should be free from mice. The inmates could hardly do better than employ glass traps for the capture of such vermin. The great advantage of the glass mousetrap, according to the statement of the inventor, is that "if one mouse enter the trap he may be seen by others who chance to go that way, and they will be inclined to join the one inside, especially when they observe that he is nibbling a choice morsel." Up to date the glass mousetrap has not made itself popular, notwithstanding the important arguments in its favor, and of most of the other devices described it is unfortunately true that they have not proved profitable to the persons who contrived them. This remark, however, by no means applies to the glass lemon squeezer, which is already a familiar household utensil. The inventor of it is said to have sold his rights for $50,000. One of the most remarkable inventions in glass, by the way, was that of a Venetian named Joquin, in 1656. He noticed that the scales of a fish called the bleak gave a milky hue to the water, and that glass beads dipped into such water looked like pearls when dry. Subsequently the idea was conceived of making hollow beads of glass and lining them with the peculiar substance from the scales of the fish, and it is in this way that the so-called Roman pearls are now manufactured. It is to this substance that the iridescence of the scales of many species of fishes is due.

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New York							
Philadelphia							
Washington							
Baltimore	4.30	8.11	10.17	4.05	6.05	9.9	2.25
Arlington		8.25	10.29	4.21	6.25	9.26	2. 9
Mt. Hope		8.39	10.42	4.34	6.38	9.37	3.03
Pikesville		8.46	10.49	4.44	6.46	10.05	3.11
Owings Mills		8.57	11.00	4.54	7.00	10.16	3.21
Glyndon	5.11	9.10	11.14	5.07	7.14	10.30	3.34
Emory Grove		9.11	11.17		7.15	10.30	3.35
Finksburg		9.20	11.26	5.16	7.30	10.41	3.47
Carrollton		9.27	11.38	5.28	7.39	10.58	4.00
Westminster	5.40	9.52	11.53	5.43	7.56	11.12	4.16
Avondale		9.59	12.00	5.48	8.06	11.20	4.25
New Windsor	5.55	10.10	12.11	6.00	8.18	11.35	4.38
Linwood		10.15	12.16	6.05	8.25	11.40	4.45
Union Bridge	6.00	10.20	12.21	6.11	8.30	11.45	4.50
Middleburg		10.37	P M.	6.28	P M	AM.	P M.
Bruceville	6.07	10.39		6.32			
D. F. Creek		10.53		6.36			
Rocky Ridge		10.40		6.54			
Thurmont	6.25	10.53		6.46			
Edgemont	7.04	11.45		7.34			
Waynesboro	7.17	12.02		7.51			
Chambersby	8.05	12.39		8.30			
Shippensburg	8.35	1.06		8.58			
Hagerstown	7.30	12.15		8.00			
Williamsport		AM.	P M.		P M.		

TRAINS EAST.

LEAVE	22. P M	4. AM.	8. AM.	12. P M.	16. P M.	52. A M	54. P M.
Williamsport							
Hagerstown	4.30		7.02		2.00		
Shippensburg			6.00		1.09		
Chamb'rsburg			6.31		1.39		
Waynesboro			7.06		2.13		
Edgemont	4.44		7.36		2.35		
Thurmont	5.16		8.16		3.20		
Rocky Ridge			8.10		3.31		
D. F. Creek			8.32		3.38		
Bruceville	5.35		8.37		3.44	6.31	
Middleburg			8.39		3.46	6.37	
Union Bridge	5.42	6.05	8.45	12.47	3.55	6.46	4 07
Linwood		6.11	8.49	12.51	3.59	6.52	4.09
New Windsor	5.51	6.20	8.54	12.57	4.05	6.59	4.15
Avondale		6 25		1.07	4.16	7.13	4.45
Westminster	6.04	6.47	9.11	1.14	4.25	7.22	4 51
Carrollton		7.05	9.25	1.29	4.39	7.40	4.49
Finksburg		7.0	9.35	1.40	4.51	7.50	5 13
Emory Grove		7.32		1.49	5.00	8.05	5.15
Glyndon	6.32	7.46	9.43	1.59	5.01	8.10	5.16
Owings Mills	6.43	7.59	9.52	2.03	5.13	8.23	5.29
Pikesville		8.09	10.00	2.11	5.23	8.33	5.43
Mt. Hope		8.16	10.05	2.19	5.36	8.41	5.51
Arlington		8.14	10.08	2.21	5.33	8.45	5. 1
Baltimore	7.17	8.40	10.27	2.42	5 54	9.10	6. 5
Washington							
Philadelphia							
New York	P M.	AM.	A M.	P M.	P M	AM	M

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday.

EMMITSBURG R. R. (Daily except Sunday.)—Trains East will leave Emmitsburg at 7.50 and 10.00 A. M. and 2.55 and 4.50 P. M., arriving at Rocky Ridge, 8.20, and 10.30 A. M. and 3.25 and 5.20 P. M. Trains west will leave Rocky Ridge at 8.26, and 10.40 A. M. and 3.31 and 6.34 P. M., arriving Emmitsburg 8.56 and 11.10 A. M. and 4.01 and 7.04 P. M.

FREDERICK DIVISION PENNSYLVANIA R. R. (Daily except Sunday.)—Trains for Frederick leave Bruceville at 9.40 A. M. and 5. 0 P. M. Trains for Taneytown, Littlestown and York leave Bruceville 7.44 A. M., and 3.45 P. M.

Through trains for Hanover and Gettysburg and points on Baltimore and Harrisburg Division leave Baltimore, daily, except Sunday, at 7.22 A. M. and 3.30 P. M. Through cars for Gettysburg and intermediate points leave Baltimore also daily except Sunday at 10.17 A. M.

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B. H. GRISWOLD Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

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