AT CANDLE-LIGHTING

I think it better to believe.
And be even as the old dreams, the
The children of the early day
Who let the kindly dreams deceive,
And joyed in all the wind may weave
Of cea r conceit—better, I say,
To let wild fancy have her way,
To trust her, than to know and grieve.
A poet of old Colophon
Lincoln held it to be wise right,
No matter how or where or [illegible] of it:
The stars are stuffed out every night.
I hope to catch the angels a[illegible]
—John Vance Cheney, in The Century.

CLARE'S TWO LOVERS.

"I know I'm pretty," said Clare Wintringham to herself, gazing composedly into the depths of her mirror, "but I don't think I'm sufficiently beautiful to send all the young men of my acquaintance into ecstacies over me."

It is not always very easy for a girl to judge of her own looks, but Clare tried to be as impartial as possible on this special occasion.

"Yes," said Clare, nodding her head so that certain spirals of golden brown hair which always hung over her forehead danced coquettishly up and down, "I am pretty. And then that $1,200 a year that Uncle Bruce's will secured to me isn't altogether a disagreeable pill for some of my lovers to swallow. I don't think I was made for an heiress. I've always had an idea that I should make a splendid poor man's wife."

She took from her belt a withered rose and a bunch of faded violets as she spoke, and arched her pretty eyebrows over them in a puzzled fashion.

"Harvey Gellette gave me the rose," she soliloquized. "He's very handsome, and I always did have a weakness for handsome people; and he's a rising young man in his profession, people say. I like talented people, too. I'll keep the rose just a little while." And she laid it away in a certain satin-lined box where she was wont to treasure souvenirs of these, her girlish days. "And Frank Hood's violets—poor Frank Hood! He's so silent and so awkward, and yet there's something about him that won't let you despise him. Well, I won't throw away the violets, either, not just yet."

And Clare went composedly to bed.

For why should she lie awake and lose the roses of her complexion and dim the sparkle of those glorious violet eyes, thinking about the respective claims of the various lovers who hovered, moth-like, about the torch-light of her charms? There was time enough to make up her mind—quite time enough.

So, in the very middle of the season, when balls, operas and dejeunes dansantes were at their height and when old Aunt Dalmayne wrote a piteous letter up to her brother in town setting forth that "she has the rheumatiz dreadful bad, and there wasn't no reliable help to be had and she was that lonesome that she couldn't stand it no longer and wouldn't one of her three nieces come down and stay with her a spell?" Clare astonished the family circle by volunteering to go.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wintringham, "you don't know what you are undertaking. It is a common farm house, not even painted, among the hills."

"And Alantha Ann is as full of whims as an egg can be of meat," said Papa Wintringham, rubbing his nose. "But I suppose she is lonesome."

"Well," said Clare, "Miriam's busy with her conservatory lessons and her German class and Laura belongs to those sociables, and I seem to be the only one disengaged. Besides, I'm getting tired of balls and dances and suppers. I should like to try the other extreme, just for fun."

The scene looked indescribably beautiful to Clare Wintringham that frosty December night as the jolting old wagon, with a buffalo robe spread over the seat and a sleepy old horse trotting in front, turned into the valley road and she could see the ancient farm house, steep-roofed and brown with a half-century of suns and rains with the maple boughs wrestling overhead in the gale and the wooded hills rising up on every side, while one ruddy beam of light glowed from the tiny windows under the eaves, casting, as it might be, a javelin of brightness athwart the road in front of the door.

"I guess she's expectin' of you,' said the rough charioteer who had been sent to the depot to meet Mrs. Dalmayne's city niece, "but I'm afeerd you'll find it's desput lonesome."

"Oh," cried Clare, gleefully, as she sprang out of the vehicle. "I think it's splendid."

And she entered the low-ceiled kitchen, all aglow with the roaring fire of pine logs on the hearth. Aunt Dalmayne had evidently bestirred herself for the table was spread and the old lady herself hobbled forward on a crutch to welcome her niece.

"Why, my dear," cried Aunt Dalmayne, stepping back to take a second survey, "you're as pretty as a picter."

"Am I?" said Clare, laughing. "But aunty, what a glorious fire you've got, and what a darling old urn, and how good that tea does smell!"

And before Clare slept that night she had taken Mrs. Dalmayne's heart fairly by storm.

She had been an inmate of the farm house for about a week, when one of those grand ante-Christmas snow storms came on which veil the whole country in spotless white and hang the woods in royal robes of ermine. Aunt Dalmayne's rheumatism grew worse and she kept her room, but Clare went about as light-hearted as ever, doing the whole work of the house, with such assistance as Moses Peckham, the hired man, was able to render her.

The snow had fallen steadily all day, blown into drifts by the wind that howled lugubriously through the gorges of the hills, and at last the twilight deepened over the stormy earth. Clare was sitting thoughtfully before the firelight, peeling apples for a pudding, which was dear to Aunt Dalmayne's soul, when Moses came in.

"Miss Clare," said he, "there's two gentlemen got stormbound outside and they've missed the way, and their horse is clean tired out, and they wanted to know if we'd give 'em a night's shelter. I told 'em Mrs. Dalmayne was sick, and I wasn't boss, but I'd ask the young woman that does the work."

Clare winced a little and then laughed outright at Moses' unpolished language.

"Of course they may come in," she said. "I wouldn't turn even a dog from the door on such a night as this."

And she threw a fresh log on the fire.

What was her amazement on turning to welcome the strangers to behold in them no strangers at all, but Mr. Harvey Gellette and his friend, Frank Hood!

Powdered liberally with snow, their noses reddened by the wind, their features rendered unnaturally rigid by cold, they stood blankly regarding her, but Clare came forward with the grace of a young duchess.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Pray come a little nearer the fire. I hardly supposed that in the stormbound strangers who sought shelter here I was to welcome old acquaintances."

"But, Miss Wintringham—exceedingly glad to see you. I'm sure," stammered Mr. Gellette awkwardly, "but what can you possibly be doing in such a place as this?"

"Didn't Moses tell you?" she asked, demurely. "I am doing the housework here."

"Miss—Wintringham."

"Well, why not?

Mr. Gellette had no reply ready; he only rubbed his hands, smiled feebly and advanced toward the blaze, while Mr. Hood was exchanging in turn his greeting with the former heiress.

"It is a surprise, Miss Wintringham, to see you here," he said frankly, "but a very agreeable one."

And Clare wondered in her heart what new mood of gallantry had taken away all Frank Hood's awkwardness.

"It is as good as a tableau," she thought gleefully, when Hood had explained to her that unexpected business had taken them across the country in the dead of winter, thus bringing about so entirely unanticipated a meeting, and she had gone into the outer kitchen to get cream for the table. And as she stood there, skimming off the golden accumulation which followed her spoon in thick leathery folds, she heard Gellette's voice speaking.

"Of course the father has failed, and they've lost everything. A great pity, for with that face she might have married well."

"And what is to prevent her marrying well now?" Frank Hood's slow, deliberate tones answered.

"My dear fellow, we must all look out for the main chance. In fact, I was once a little smitten myself, but of course it's quite out of the question now."

Mr. Hood did not reply; and Clare as she stood there with burning cheeks, was glad that he did not.

But when she came back to preside at the tea table, with Moses Peckham democratically seated at the lower end, she was as composed as ever.

The storm continued in unabated violence for two days, during which time Mr. Gellette yawned over the week's old newspapers, smoked his cigar beside the fire and systematically ignored Miss Wintringham's presence.

"A fellow mustn't let himself get entangled," was his mental reflection.

Frank Hood, however, reasoned otherwise. He haunted Clare's footsteps with persistency: he helped her clean the windows, wiped the dishes, even essayed to sweep the floors. And Clare, though she declared he was more of a hindrance than a help, seemed to like it.

On the third day the weather cleared gloriously and Moses Peckham brought round the strangers' horses.

"Come, Hood," said Gellette, impatiently, "are you going to stand there all day making adieus?"

"Be off as quickly as you like," said Hood calmly, "I am not going."

"..ot going? But business——"

"Hang business!" was the unaccountable reply. "What do I care for business? Miss Wintringham has promised to be my wife and my business is here just at present."

And when Harvey Gellette was gone Clare told her lover the truth. At first Frank was half inclined to be vexed.

"But you want me, Frank, don't you?" said Clare, with the prettiest coaxing way in the world.

"Of course I do," said Frank. "But darling, I had such a bright little dream of love in a cottage."

"And it shall all come true," said Clare, "in spite of the $1,200 a year."
—R. A. in New York News.

Curious Artificial Fuels.

The Patent Office at Washington has at present a very curious assortment of contrivances patented for cheapening the cost of fuel. Some of the ideas are exceedingly interesting. One patent provides for using corn cobs soaked in petroleum, another would have people cut leaves and grass when green and press them into compact blocks. It is claimed for this particular patent that such blocks might be used for building and fencing without impairing their value as fuel. There are, besides, many devices for utilizing coal dust.

One proposes to mix clay, molasses and water, coal dust and petroleum. Another mixture is that of sawdust, Irish moss, asbestos fibre and burnt limestone, these being boiled and made into bricks with coal dust. Then there is a patent for bricks without coal dust, to be composed of ashes and sawdust saturated with petroleum and coated with resin. Among the most curious ingredients for artificial fuels are clam shells, charred garbage, corn meal, wheat flour, sugar, sea weed, broken glass, lard, tar and leaves.

One of the most interesting of these contrivances is composed of powdered charcoal and finely cut cork. The fuel burns very slowly and gives off a great deal of heat, being particularly well adapted for the sick room. Exclusive rights have been taken out for the manufacture of a brick or cartridge of highly porous clay, which is to be soaked in kerosene and put in the kitchen stove when wanted. It is only necessary to touch a match to this and the fire is ready for cooking. None of these, however, are more ingenious or economical than a fuel which is reported to be in use at present in Egypt. In this case Egyptian mummies, chiefly those of cats, ibises and other animals held sacred by the ancients, are employed.—Scientific American.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

THE FINANCIAL ISSUE IN ITS LATEST PHASE.

Hopes of the Silver Men—Prospects of the Question in the Next Congress—Our New Paper Currency—The Designs by Artists of High Reputation.

Special Washington Letter.

"Oh, for a way to solve the financial question!" is the prayer of the Democrats who still cling to Mr. Cleveland and his fortunes. But apparently there is no way except for the Administration to surrender to the free sil-

Silver Dollar Bland.

ver idea. This evidently the President hasn't the slightest intention of doing, and so the country is confronted with a situation that is peculiar in the highest degree. Congress refuses to accept any financial plan the Administration will present, and the country is slowly and steadily drifting into a position where, the treasury gold having become exhausted, the government must pay silver for its obligations.

No doubt the President is very sore over the situation. He has been thoroughly consistent. His anti-silver views were openly declared in his silver message of 1886. He has never deviated from that declaration. He was twice nominated by his party for President with full knowledge of his silver views, and elected in 1892 with that knowledge in the possession of every man who voted for him.

It would seem, under the circumstances, that the majority in Congress should pass such a bill as the President can consistently sign, and throw the responsibility for the result on his shoulders. But the silver men see in the situation a chance for the success of their idea without legislation. They believe the Treasury will be forced soon to pay silver from lack of gold to pay. Meantime, the "gold bugs" are doing all they can to aid the silver faction by the unpatriotic speculation that exhausts the Treasury gold almost as soon as it is renewed.

The silver men in the House under Bland and in the Senate under Vest are firm as a rock and elated with the expectation of coming triumph. The situation is practically unprecedented in the history of this country, and is full of possibilities that set the wisest politicians scratching their heads. So far as present indications point, there is no chance of a compromise. There is no doubt that the President will order another issue of bonds to purchase gold, and that he will continue this policy so long as the credit of the Treasury lasts. Nobody questions his firmness. It is a question of the credit of the Government and of a possible measure of relief by the coming Republican Congress. Nobody doubts that the President stands ready to appeal to the next Congress to support his policy if the present Congress fails him.

There are some optimists in Congress who believe the Administration will ride safely through the storm. These are the extreme tariff reformers, led by Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia. Mr. Wilson has carefully figured out the situation from his point of view, and claims that the Treasury will soon be in a situation to meet all obligations, and that gold will begin to flow in the country then instead of flowing out. The receipts of the Government are gradually increasing, and the enforcement of the income tax will give plenty of revenue. There is little doubt that the Supreme Court will declare the income tax constitutional.

Optimistic Mr. Wilson.

The Treasury has made every preparation for its enforcement as soon as possible, and it is doubtful if any legal interference can prevent the collection of at least the first assessment.

The most probable view of the situation is that the struggle under any circumstances will be merely prolonged. If Mr. Cleveland assembles a Republican Congress, it is doubtful if he can secure relief at its hands. The Senate will undoubtedly remain in the hands of the free silver men and remain an obstacle to action as it is now. Mr. Reed, who will occupy the chair of the next House, is an avowed free silver man. Mr. Burroughs, however, who comes from an anti-silver State, will be the voice of the next House, and he has kept himself clear of the present debate. There are indications that the Republican leaders propose to reduce their free silver element to accept a reasonable compromise, and thus take for their party the credit of settling a question the Democrats could not or would not dispose of.

However the financial situation may be settled, the Treasury is prepared to furnish the people with plenty of truly artistic paper money, if the need be. The new issue of bank notes, under the direction of Chief Claude M. Johnson, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, will be thoroughly artistic.

Mr. Johnson believes that the United States notes of issue should in each denomination represent in their designs some idea typical of the republic, or illustrative of its growth, power, history or resources. He, therefore, obtained from leading artists designs for a new style of notes. All of our old notes are very plain. Their designs consist for the most part of portrait of Presidents, generals, statesmen and prominent officials, in combination with more or less elaborate scroll work. There is nothing characteristic about them except plainness and paucity of design. Chief Johnson has already secured designs for the new one, five and ten dollar certificates, and the plates are about ready. The new $1 certifi-

An Artistic Design.

cates have been designed by Will H. Low, the New York artist. The engraving represents History and Youth. History is represented by a beautiful woman, who sits at the left upon the ledge of a great window adorned partially by the American flag. She points to the Washington Monument in the distance, across the Potomac river, and to the Capitol, still further away. A youth, encircled by her other arm, follows her gaze with ambition stamped upon his features. On the opposite end of the ledge stands a printed book, on which, with a strong glass, one can read the first paragraphs of the Constitution of the United States. The whole is framed in a series of small portraits of the great men of the nation, among whom are authors and inventors, as well as those who have attained fame in the public service.

Fully as great a change will be made in the design of the $5 certificate. It now has a portrait of Grant, with lathe work and scrolls on which is printed the denomination. The new design is by Walter Shirlaw, and is considered the strongest of all so far approved. It is allegorical and represents the power, genius and strength of the country. Liberty is represented by a beautiful woman in graceful robes standing upon the globe, with her feet resting upon North America. In her raised hand she holds an incandescent electric light, from which a ribbon runs to lightning torn clouds at the left. Clutching these is Force, a powerful man, who also controls three terrified horses hitched to a chariot. At the right of Liberty the dome and the Senate wing of the Capitol can be seen in the background. Partially hiding it is another female figure holding aloft a dove, and below a scroll. This represents Peace and Law. At the left of Liberty a typical American eagle is poised, and on the other side sits Fame a third female figure, proclaiming the glory of the country through a trumpet of great length.

Thomas F. Morris, of the Engraving Bureau, designed the new ten-dollar silver certificates, but his design has been elaborated by Mr. Shirlaw. It represents the new American Navy. Two white cruisers are seen upon the ocean, one coming bow on at the left of the note, and the other showing her port side in the centre background. A large sitting figure leaning upon a hammer at the right-hand corner represents the shipbuilders. Two infantile Neptunes with tridents, dolphins and shellfish grace the lower left-hand corner of the note. This is such a good design that it may be used for notes of higher denominations than $10. Portraits of public men are henceforth to be put on the back of the notes, and not on the front, where they now appear. TOWNSEND.

White-Handled Razors.

There are many barbers who will not own a white-handled razor because of an old superstition that bad luck goes with it. A razor is to the barber what a locomotive is to the engineer, and there are more things to learn about it than one would suppose. For instance, there are razors that will cut certain qualities of hair better at certain seasons than at others. Climate and weather have a great deal to do with razors. Some will cut better in cold weather and some in hot. These are only a few of the causes that affect razors, and they and many more all tend to make the barber who does much work keep accumulating razors until he has all sorts to pick from.—Kansas City Journal.

More Unmarried Than Married.

While there are 19,263,228 married people in this country, there are 19,345,576 more, who, though of a marriageable age, have managed in some way to evade the matrimonial noose and remain in single blessedness.

BRIAR PIPE GIVEN AWAY

DUKES MIXTURE for 40 cents
Every pipe stamped DUKES MIXTURE or ATC
2 oz. PACKAGES 5¢

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$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & CALF.
$4 $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
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LADIES' $3 $2.50 $2 $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
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All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From $1 to $3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by dealers everywhere. Wanted, agent to take exclusive sale for this vicinity. Write at once.

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32 inches high, adjusted to a height. Revolves 13. Holds 20 v Chamber's Enc Solid oak and first class, lo as best Office or cle ever patente knocked down package, ON AP You need it till you are satisfied Address, [nam CASPERS 222 W. WAS CHIC

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J. F. O'HARA & BROTHER,
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47c ON THE DOLLAR
Of Actual Cost.
Many of the Lots we have advertised are entirely Closed Out, but plenty remain, and we have decided, in order to make the Sale Complete, to offer Special Lots in each department
At Much Less Than Cost.
COME AT ONCE.
And see the Bargains we offer, and if you don't consider them BARGAINS in every sense of the word, we won't ask you to buy. Our stocks are in such Prime Condition that we have no thrash to sell. Therefore the values which we shall offer, will consist almost entirely of New, Choice and Desirable Merchandise, picked from the best manufactures' lines in the city.
Hugh Glenn & Co.,
Franklin Square, - - UTICA, N. Y.

D. L. & W. RR., Tim
Taking Effect Monday, Nov

GOING SOUTH.

	4	12	6
	AM	AM	AM
Utica	7 10	9 30	11 00
Canal Branch			
New Hartford	†7 24	9 37	
Washington M	†7 27	9 43	
Willowvale			
Chadwicks	7 34	9 47	
Sanquoit	7 39	10 00	*11 22
Clayville	7 45	10 05	*11 28
Richfield Jct	7 54	10 25	11 38
Paris	†8 04	10 33	
Waterville	8 14	10 43	11 53
Sangerfield	†8 18	10 44	
No. Brookfield	8 24	10 53	
Hubbardsville	8 32	11 00	
Poolville	8 41	11 08	
Earlville	8 46	11 13	PM
Sherburne	8 56	11 23	12 27
North Norwich	9 10	11 33	
Norwich	9 23	11 53	12 43
Haynes	†9 30	12 07	
Oxford	9 38	12 23	1 03
Coventry	9 45	12 30	
Brisbin	9 52	12 43	
Greene	10 03	1 08	1 38
Willards	10 17	1 22	
Chenango F'ks	10 20	1 45	
Chen. Bridge	10 30		
Binghamton	10 40	2 10	2 00

The 11:00 A. M. train out of in New York at 8:00 P. M. and the at 7:10 A. M.
No. 10 runs daily, the excep. Sunday. No. 12 will carry gers Sunday.
Train 6 will stop at Sauquoit to land passengers from Utica.

GOING NORTH

	3	9
	PM	AM
Binghamton	3 12	4 35
Chen. Bridge		
Chenango Forks	3 32	4 56
Willards		
Greene	3 47	5 12
Brisbin		
Coventry		
Oxford	4 10	5 34
Haynes		
Norwich	4 26	5 51
North Norwich		
Sherburne	4 42	6 10
Earlville	4 55	†6 19
Poolville	5 01	†6 24
Hubbardsville	5 09	†6 32
No. Brookfield	5 20	†6 40
Sangerfield		
Waterville	5 31	6 50
Paris		†7 00
Richfield Juct'n	5 51	7 18
Clayville	5 57	7 18
Sauquoit	6 02	7 23
Chadwicks	6 06	7 27
Willowvale		
Washington Mills		7 35
New Hartford		7 39
Canal Branch		
Utica	6 25	7 55

No. 9 runs daily, the except Sunday. No. 11 will carry gers Sunday.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS

GOING SOUTH

	18	20
	AM	PM
Utica	5 30	5 05
Richfield Junc.	7 15	6 51
Bridgewater	7 25	6 02
Unadilla Forks	7 28	6 05
West Winfield	7 34	6 11
East Winfield	†7 37	6 15
Cedarville	†7 43	6 20
Millers Mills	†7 46	†6 24
So'th Col'mbia	7 56	6 32
Richfield Spa	8 05	6 45

GOING NORTH

	17	19	23
	A. M.	PM	AM
Richfield Spa	10 40	8 00	8 45
So'th Col'mbia	10 50	†8 08	8 57
Millers Mills	†10 59	†8 16	†9 07
Cedarville	11 03	†8 22	9 13
East Winfield	11 08	†8 27	9 27
West Winfield	11 15	8 32	9 41
Unadilla Forks	11 21	8 37	9 46
Bridgewater	11 25	8 41	9 50
Richfield Junc.	11 35	8 50	10 20
Utica	12 15	9 30	11 00

No. 23 will carry no passengers

A dagger (†) indicates that train stops.

NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RR. WESTERN DIVISION

UTICA DIVISION
In Effect Sept. 16th

Moving North. No

Mail & Express Daily	12 Utica Exp.	1 N. Y. & Buf. Exp.	(Trains Daily, Except Sunday.) Stations.
P M	A M	A M	
7 25	...	7 40	Leave Arrive N. Y. Franklin St
7 45	...	7 55	New York, 42nd St
P M	A M	A M	Arrive Leave
10 50	...	10 45	Middletown
...	7 20	3 40	Delhi
2 45	8 05	2 45	Walton
3 40	9 02	3 40	Sidney
4 35	10 00	4 35	Norwich
A M	A M	P M	Arrive Leave
6 45	10 45	5 17	Randallsville
6 55	10 51	5 23	Hamilton
†7 05	†10 57		Peckspoet
7 12	11 03	5 33	Brookville
7 18	11 07	5 40	Solsville
7 30	11 15	5 48	Oriskany Falls
7 45	11 23	5 57	Deansville
7 55	11 30	6 05	Franklin Irn Wks
8 00	11 34	6 08	Clinton
8 25	11 45	6 20	New Hartford
...	...	...	Canal Branch
8 30	11 54	6 27	Columbia Street
8 40	11 50	6 30	Utica
A M	11 50	6 25	Kirkland
....	12 05	6 25	Clark's Mills
....	12 12	6 35	Westmoreland
....	12 22	6 45	Bartlett
....	†12 30	†6 56	Pix
....	12 45	7 10	Rome
P M	P M	P M	Arrive Leave

f. Stops on flag.
* Daily. Other trains except
Additional trains leave Rand p. m., arriving at Utica 8 15 p. m. ton at 2 00 p. m., arriving at Leave Utica at 7 15 a. m., arriving ville 12 10 p. m. Leave Utica at at Clinton 1 40 p. m.
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