

A STRIKE IN PHARAOH'S TIME.

Workmen Had Their Grievances Then as Now. The earliest strike occurred about 1450 B. C., or upward of thirty-three centuries ago.

GEN. JOE WHEELER.

A Georgia Friend Tells How He Once Unmasked a Battery.

At the battle of New Hope Church, between Atlanta and Chickamauga, Gen. Walker sent Major William H. Ross, who was on his staff, to ascertain from Gen. Wheeler, who occupied an advance position, what was in his front.

He found the General on his horse, with one leg over the pommel of the saddle. Saluting him, Major Ross said:

"Gen. Walker intends to make a charge at this point, and would like to know if the enemy has a masked battery in front of us."

"I don't know, Major," Gen. Wheeler replied, "but I can soon find out, and swinging into position in his saddle, he galloped up to a slight eminence, accompanied by Major Ross and his staff, and planted a guidon. A moment later a puff of smoke in the distance and the sputtering shriek of a shell as it flew over them, showed what was ahead.

Turning to Major Ross, the General said: "Give Gen. Walker my compliments, and say there is a masked battery in front of us."

Major Ross ventured the remark that it was a rather risky way of unmasking a battery.

"The first shots always fly high," was the cool reply. "It's the shots that follow that are dangerous."

"When I returned and reported to Gen. Walker," said the Major, "I requested him to send some one else the next time he wished batteries unmasked by Gen. Wheeler."—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Margaret Fuller's Good Shot.

Mrs. Horace Greeley had a strong antipathy to kid gloves, and never wore them on any occasion. One day, it is said, she met Margaret Fuller on the street, and instead of greeting her with any usual salutation, she touched Margaret's hand with a shudder, exclaiming: "Skin of a beast! Skin of a beast!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Margaret, in surprise. "What do you wear?"

"Silk," returned Mrs. Greeley, "silk always."

Margaret touched her hand and stammered, saying, "Entrails of a worm! Entrails of a worm!"—Exchange.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Mr. Housekeeper: "Did you ask the new girl why she left her last place?" Mrs. Housekeeper (in amazement): "Why certainly not. I never look a gift horse in the mouth. If she hadn't left her last place she wouldn't be here."

"To think," said the visitor, "that you will have to go through life an ex-convict."

"Well, miss," replied Crowbar Claude, "to tell you the truth, just at present there ain't nothing I like more to be."—Washington Star.

"Bobby," cried Tadley to his young hopeful, angrily, "my father used to whip me when I behaved as badly as you are doing."

"Well," answered Bobby thoughtfully, "I hope I'll never have to tell my little boy that."—Truth.

"They say now that love is controlled by vibration."

"That's so. I trembled when I proposed, trembled when I asked her father for her, trembled at the altar, and she has kept me trembling in my boots ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Hunker—I have a speaking acquaintance with Miss Throckmorton. Mr. Spatts—You are very lucky. All her other acquaintances are listening acquaintances.—Judge.

"Has your daughter made her debut yet, Mrs. Green?"

"I don't think she has. She ain't obliged to make her own things you know. We can afford to buy the best."

THE WEAKNESS OF CHINA.

The Emperor Weeps as He Signs Disgraceful Treaties.

No army has invaded China since the Japanese retreated. No fleet has shelled her ports. There has been no rebellion in any province. The Emperor is as absolute as ever, the organization of his Government is quite complete, his counsellors are those he has always trusted, his people are submissively loyal, but the life of the whole is apparently suspended. Any Power asks anything and it is unwillingly conceded, the energy to offer even passive resistance, to sit still and await the will of the superior Powers, is apparently absent. The Emperor weeps silently as he signs disgraceful treaties, but he signs them. His counsellors rage as each demand is presented, but they advise acceptance. His army flits from port to port at the bidding of each foreign invader, apparently without an idea of firing a shot. His people, 300,000,000 of peasants and artisans, who have held together for 3,000 years, who are individually brave, industrious and efficient, look on quietly, striking no stroke, making no cry, deserting, yet worshipping their imperial lord.

They are beyond measure proud, but their pride does not stir them to action. They hate the invaders as Indians hated Spaniards, but their hate gives them no energy. They possess resources even for war almost without limit, but they accept passively the dictation of the owners of a few ships. They do not even rise in magnificent incoherence as the Peruvians did, and try to crush the invaders by mere numbers, but look on passively as if the terrible scene going on, which makes even the greedy invaders from the outside lament, were no business of theirs. Nothing like it in history, says Mr. Balfour; there is nothing like it in fiction or in verse, for no imagination, once stirred to exert itself, could dream of such passivity. It seems incredible even to men who know Asia, and make them doubt whether the impression on their minds is not a dream from which there will be a rough awakening. China, said M. Hanotaux, with the grim humor of the French litterateur, "is a corpse, the stench of which will poison Europe;" but it is not a corpse, there is the miracle of it, China is a living being, in apparent health, from which the soul has temporarily departed.—London Spectator.

A PLAINSPOKEN DRESSMAKER.

Her Blunt Remarks Not Always Enjoyed by the Patron.

There is a certain dressmaker in a New England village who always finds customers in spite of her lack of tact. Though she innocently offends one patron after another she does not lose them. Her ruffles are too even, and her biases too far above reproach. Here is a specimen of her conversation while she "fits" a customer.

"I guess I'll cut this a little mite lower. You've got a real pretty neck." Then, when the customer unconsciously bristles with satisfaction, she adds, "It's your own good point." She goes on snipping and pinning. "There!" she exclaims, standing off to view the effect. "That's what I call a lovely bow. Your's is a little bowin', but I make allowances when I cut!" The customer begins to feel herself a monstrosity, but her innocent tormentor continues, "Why, I never saw that dimple in your wrist! How nice that is!" Hope revives, but only to sink again. "But I guess I won't make the sleeves any shorter for that. You see your hands are pretty good size, and a fall of lace would help to cover 'em." So the ordeal continues, and the customer feels that she has reached the lowest notch of humility. Only as she is leaving does she pluck up courage to ask—

"What do you think of red velvet for my new evening dress?"

"Lovely! Only I'd get a dark velvet for a lady your age!"

Anyone Good Enough for a Bishop.

Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, tells a good story on himself and President Elliot, of Harvard. When Phillips Brooks was elected Bishop a few years ago, President Elliot met Dr. Lawrence, who was then dean of the Episcopal Theological School, at Cambridge, and said to him: "The Church has made the greatest mistake of a lifetime. Brooks was the pivot around which we revolved in Boston; now you have spread him all over the State. Any one would have done for Bishop." Years after, when Phillips Brooks had gone to his reward, and Dean Lawrence had been chosen in his place, he met President Elliot in the street again. The latter was warm in his congratulations. "My dear Bishop," he said, "I must congratulate you. The Church couldn't have made a better selection. I thought you should have been the choice when Brooks was chosen."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Budget of Famous Dislikes.

Nelson, it is said, could not eat a periwinkle—a dainty then, as now, of the lower classes—and Wellington is reported to have fainted at the sight of a black beetle.

Mackerel made George Stephenson ill, and a boiled leg of mutton made Prince Albert shiver.

Charles Dickens could not bear a freckled face and Lord Lytton abhorred sweet dumplings.

Napoleon could not stand any one who refused his proffered pinch of snuff.

George Washington believed Wednesday to be an unlucky day, and always stayed in bed on that day.—New York World.

There are more wrecks in the Baltic Sea than in any other place in the world. The average is one wreck a day throughout the year.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR OF TO-DAY.

The Black Sheep of the Family No Longer Eligible in the Navy.

Jacky, who used to be more sailor than gunner, is now more gunner than sailor. Just in proportion as he has ceased to be a part of the great engine on which he lives, so he has come more and more into the control of it. And as the cardinal purpose of a warship is to hit things with her projectiles, Jacky has become a specialist in getting that work out of her. He does it in two places—at the guns and at the engines. Correctly pointed guns are of no use unless the platform on which they rest is put in proper relation to the thing to be hit, and kept there; equally it is useless to get the ship into proper place unless the guns are correctly pointed. Men who can do either of these things must have natural capacities, and be susceptible to education, and only men of this sort are eligible for our navy.

Accordingly the "beach-comber," or the "rock-scorpion," or any other variety of that ruck of marine refuse which drifts around the great maritime ports and ships in any craft where grub is plenty and work light, no longer slings his hammock on Uncle Sam's berth deck, as he used to do to the shame of the service in years gone by. Nor can the tramp, nor the jail bird, nor even the incorrigible black sheep of the family thus be provided to the relief of constables and long suffering relatives. No man or boy can now pass a United States naval recruiting officer unless he is clean, healthy, honest, young, strong and intelligent; nor can he afterward get that advancement, which is certainly open to him without fear or favor, unless he continues to show aptitude and ability.—Park Benjamin in Independence.

ASKED FOR A SHIRT, GOT A WIFE.

An Incident of the Civil War—A Kind Ant Reaps Its Reward.

The following is given because of the valuable suggestion it may contain for our young soldiers. It is the story of a clean shirt and how it gained one man a good wife.

During the civil war there was a young lady in Georgetown who found it in her power to do a great deal for the Confederate soldiers confined in prison at Washington. Young, beautiful, cultured, of a wealthy and prominent family, she was frequently allowed admission to the prison, whither she always took her maid with a well stocked basket of good things for the poor boys behind the bars. One day as she was passing through a group of men in the common prison, she stopped and said to them:

"If there is anything that you would like to have that I can bring you, won't you let me know? I shall be very glad."

One man stepped forward promptly. Bowing most courteously, he said:

"If you will be so kind, I would like very much to have a clean shirt."

He was a young lieutenant from Louisiana, one of the handsomest and most elegant men I ever met, and when that young lady looked up into his brown eyes she found it in her heart to give him much more than a clean shirt, for she married him as soon as the war was over.—Philadelphia Times.

An Opportunity Seized.

A certain little girl, living not far from New York, has always had impressed on her youthful mind—sometimes at the cost of rather painful experiences—that it is wrong to cry. She had become firmly convinced that this was a rule without exceptions, when suddenly an exception presented itself. The little girl was astonished, but rose nobly to the occasion, and this is the story thereof as told by a friend of the family:

The little girl's baby brother died, and the friend, meeting her soon afterward, sympathized with her regarding the loss.

"Yes," said the child, "and when he died, papa cried and mamma cried. Then I cried a little, too. Mamma said it was right for me to cry this time, because my little brother was dead, so I cried harder and harder; why—with great earnestness—"I just cried to beat the band!"

Shipping Molten Iron by Rail.

Shipping molten iron by rail is a daily stroke of economy to be witnessed at Duquesne, Pa. The molten iron as it is tapped from the furnaces runs into an immense mixing ladle having a capacity of 250 tons, and from this it is poured into the 20-ton ladle cars, the ladles being made of sheet steel or iron, with a lining of refractory material. The cars are then hauled by a locomotive to the steel works, where the direct conversion of the molten iron into open-earth steel is made, avoiding all the expense of casting the metal into pigs and cooling, handling, reloading, reheating and remelting the pig metal.—New York Commercial.

Excellent Effect.

"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to the new son-in-law, "that you are aware the check for \$5,900 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect?"

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."—Harlem Life.

A Chance for All.

Mrs. Grab—Are you going to have your darter take music lessons? Mrs. Gadd—No. I guess not. She hasn't no ear for music.

Mrs. Gabb—Well, I wouldn't be discouraged at that; maybe she might learn to play class, anyhow.—New York Weekly.

A Few More Leap Years.

In Eight Hundred Years the Ladies Will Lose Their Day.

"In time leap year will go out of existence," explained an almanac computer to the Washington Star, "but as it will not occur for over 800 years, we haven't much personal interest in the event. In the ordinary course of events 1900 would be a leap year, but it will get left in the calculation. In other words, while it does occur, in does not occur, simply because it is not in the agreement that it shall occur. The story is a long one, but it can be briefly told so that the average person can understand it without much difficulty.

"In 1582, in the arrangement of the Julian calendar, ten years were dropped so as to get things running on the then new but the present basis of calculating time. So as to keep things running right, it was determined that a year ending a century should not be bi-sextile, except every fourth century. Thus there was no leap year in 1700, 1800 nor 1900. It is, or at least was, rather rough on the ladies, who have special advantages in leap year, for it is the only year that it is proper for them to propose themselves in marriage, but as it has always been so in matters concerning womankind, men always find reasons for restricting their privileges. The ladies get left again in 1900, but though there will not be many of those who see 1900 who will see 2000, the latter year, ending a fourth century, will be a leap year. In this way three days are retrenched in four centuries, and the remaining seven days will be made up in a little over 800 years. After that calendar years will be like solar years, and future errors in the calculation of time will occur no more.

"The loss of leap year will in thousands of years affect the seasons, but I suppose the mathematicians of the centuries hence will be so flip in handling figures and making calculations that they will have no difficulty in keeping things going correctly."

Jurers for September Court.

GRAND JURORS.

- Benton twp.—C. B. Meyers, Berwick—Fred Christman, Bloom—E. F. Dieterick, William Kramer, Edward Myers, J. H. Mercer, Charles Quick, Joseph Wits, Thos. E. Wildsmith, Briar creek—Charlie Martz, Catawissa boro.—I. G. Ervin, Catawissa twp.—W. H. Roberts, Centralia boro.—James Reede, Centre—John Scott, Conyngham—John Frash, Wm. Riley, Fishing creek—Henry S. Hummel, O. S. McHenry, O. S. Pealer, Millville boro.—Frank Stadler, Orange—Harrison Brenner, Pine—William Swartz, Scott—J. E. White, Sugarloaf—I. A. Ruckle.

TRAVELING JURORS, FIRST WEEK.

- Beaver—Samuel Clingerman, Benton twp.—Bruce Ash, Berwick—Chas. Haas, Miles Marteeny, Geo. S. Mooney, Bloom—W. B. Allen, Frank Derr, Wm. Dentler, Edward Geringer, Wm. Herbine, B. F. Hicks, Frank Knorr, Jas. Magee 1st, J. B. McHenry, Wm. Pugh, J. M. Walter, Briar creek—George W. Miller, Catawissa boro.—Charles Brown, John R. Deemer, Harp M. Hamlin, Centralia boro.—John R. Laughlin, Mike Maddon, Robert White, Jr., Cleveland—Ele. Clever, Conyngham—Charles Emmis, Lewis Fetzer, Emanuel Levan, Wm. Rhoads, Fishing creek—A. W. Buckalew, Amos Hartman, Greenwood—George W. Derr, Jackson—John Savage, J. H. Shultz, Madison—Howard Greenly, Thomas Kinlin, George Mausteller, Main—C. F. Hartzell, Millville boro.—V. P. Eves, Alfred Hunter, John Kingston, M. Plesant—Samuel English, Roaring creek—Isaac W. Cherrington, Scott—N. W. Fowler, George P. Hess, John Jones, I. J. Musselman, H. C. Ruckle, John Wanich.

TRAVELING JURORS, SECOND WEEK.

- Beaver—John Clingerman, Benton boro.—H. O. McHenry, Benton twp.—R. M. Shultz, Berwick—James W. Basom, MacCrea Evans, H. C. Lushach, Bloom—A. H. Corell, George W. Hartzel, B. Fred Hartman, Jacob Stiner, E. J. Stetler, C. M. Terwilliger, Briar creek—Samuel Kirard, Alfred Stiner, Catawissa boro.—Jas. A. Guy, Chas. Heist, Centralia boro.—James J. Colihan, Robt. P. Farrel, Greenwood—Lewis Robbins, Hemlock—John Moore, Barton Purcell, Jackson—Earl Derr Michael Hartman, Locust—Daniel Knorr, Madison—Latimer Whipple, Main—Boyd Hartzell, Millville—J. D. Houck, Mt. Pleasant—Clinton Crawford, Orange—Josiah Lowery, Pine—J. F. Fenstermacher, Scott—Jacob Hildeman, H. C. Millard, Charles Shaffer, Jerry Welliver, Sugarloaf—Andrew Lewis, Ale Park.

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