

Juniata Sentinel

B. F. SCHWEIER,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., OCTOBER 12, 1870.

WHOLE NUMBER 1230

For one square of eight lines or less, for one week	75 cents
For one square of eight lines or less, for two weeks	1.25
For one square of eight lines or less, for one month	3.50
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Business Cards.

ROBERT McEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge Street, in the room formerly occupied by Ezra D. Parker, Esq.

ALEX. K. McCURE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and Vendor of Real Estate, from two to ten dollars. Satisfaction warranted.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
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Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in Bedford's building, two doors above the Street office, Bridge Street. [aug 18-17]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1869-71.

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough of Mifflintown, offers his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country. [aug 18-17]

G. W. McPHERAN,
Attorney at Law,
601 SANSON STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
aug 18 1869-71

CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY,
JAMES M. SELLERS,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM WISE,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Agent of the CELEBRATED AMERICAN ORGANS for Juniata county. These are the best ORGANS now made. Suited to all circumstances. Prices ranging from \$100 to \$1000.

LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF JONESTOWN, PA.
POLICIES Perpetual, at low rates. No stock risks taken. This is one of the best conducted and most reliable companies in the State. The undersigned, agent, will visit Mifflintown and Patterson on the second Wednesday of each month.

MALDENVILLE TIN SHOP.
The undersigned has established himself in Maldenville in the Tinning business. Persons wanting anything in his line should call before purchasing elsewhere as he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, and to sell as low as any other dealer. His old customers and the public generally are respectfully invited to call, as he hopes by strict attention to business to deserve a share of patronage.

HARDWARE DEALERS,
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.
Iron, Steel, Nails, Nail Rods, Horse Shoes, Carpenters, Builders, Carriage Makers, Cabinet Makers and House Furnishing.

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobaugh's Saloon.
Two for 5 cents. Also, the Finest Lager, the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider, the Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, anything you may wish in the line.

BILLIARD HALL
so that it will compare favorably with any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-71

COAL AND LUMBER YARD.
The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he keeps constantly on hand a large Stock of Coal and Lumber. His stock embraces in part, Stone Coal, Smith Coal and Lumber, all of the best quality, such as Lump, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20, No. 21, No. 22, No. 23, No. 24, No. 25, No. 26, No. 27, No. 28, No. 29, No. 30, No. 31, No. 32, No. 33, No. 34, No. 35, No. 36, No. 37, No. 38, No. 39, No. 40, No. 41, No. 42, No. 43, No. 44, No. 45, No. 46, No. 47, No. 48, No. 49, No. 50, No. 51, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54, No. 55, No. 56, No. 57, No. 58, No. 59, No. 60, No. 61, No. 62, No. 63, No. 64, No. 65, No. 66, No. 67, No. 68, No. 69, No. 70, No. 71, No. 72, No. 73, No. 74, No. 75, No. 76, No. 77, No. 78, No. 79, No. 80, No. 81, No. 82, No. 83, No. 84, No. 85, No. 86, No. 87, No. 88, No. 89, No. 90, No. 91, No. 92, No. 93, No. 94, No. 95, No. 96, No. 97, No. 98, No. 99, No. 100.

J. M. KEPHEART
WITH
BARNES BROTHER & HERRON,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
HATS AND CAPS,
603 Market Street, Philadelphia.
aug 18, 1869-71.

Sewing Machines.

THE CELEBRATED SINGER SEWING MACHINE



The superior merits of the "Singer" Machines are all alike, for either family use or manufacturing purposes, are well established and so generally admitted, that an enumeration of their relative excellencies is no longer considered necessary.

OUR NEW FAMILY MACHINE,
which has been years in preparation and which has been brought to perfection regardless of time, labor or expense, and is now confidently presented to the public as comparably the best Sewing Machine in existence.

The Machine in question is simple, compact, durable and beautiful. It is quick, light running, and capable of performing a range and variety of work never before attempted upon a single Machine—using either Silk, Linen or Cotton Thread, a sewing with equal facility the very finest and coarsest material, and anything between the two extremes, in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Its attachments for hemming, braiding, cording, locking, quilting, felling, trimming, binding, etc., are novel and practical, and have been invented and adjusted especially for this Machine.

Machines always kept on hand at our Clothing Store on Bridge Street, Mifflintown, Pa., for the inspection of the public, and for sale at the most reasonable prices.

Machine Cotton, Sewing, Thread, Oil, &c., and everything pertaining to this Machine constantly kept on hand for sale.

D. W. HARKLEY & CO., Agents.
Mifflintown, July 13, 1870-71

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINE.

The following are selected from thousands of testimonials of similar character, as expressing the reasons for the preference for the GROVER & BAKER Machines over all others.

"I like the Grover & Baker Machine, the first place, because, if I had any other, I should still want a Grover & Baker, and having a Grover & Baker, it answers the purpose of all the most reasonable variety of work and it is easier to learn than any other."

"I have had several years' experience with a Grover & Baker Machine, which has given me great satisfaction. I think the Grover & Baker Machine is more easily managed, and less liable to get out of order, than any other Grover & Baker, decidedly." Mrs. Dr. Water, New York.

"I have had one in my family for some two years, and from what I know of its workings, and from the testimony of many of my friends who use the same, I can hardly see how anything could be more complete or give better satisfaction. I think the Grover & Baker Machine is the best of all things considered, of any that I have known. It is very simple and easily learned; the sewing from the ordinary spools is a great advantage; the stitch is entirely reliable; it does ornamental work beautifully; it is not liable to get out of order." Mrs. A. M. Spencer, 35 Bond Street, Brooklyn.

"I am acquainted with the work of the principal machine, and I prefer the Grover & Baker to them all, because I consider the stitch more elastic. I have work now in the house which was done nine years ago, which is still good." Mrs. Dr. McCurdy, No. 43 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

"More than 40 years ago, all things considered, in my family for the last ten years, has been done by Grover & Baker's Machine, and I never had a garment rip or need mending, except those rents which follow the boys will make in whole cloth. It is in my opinion by far the most valuable of any I have tried." Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

PERPETUAL MOTION AT LAST.

A Chicago Youth Invents a Machine that has Supplied its Own Motive Power for Seven Months.

From the Chicago Tribune.

We always knew that Chicago would do it. What all the world has been trying to do since time began, only to fail in, a man in the Illinois metropolis boasts of having accomplished. What the French Academy of Science pronounced impossible in 1778, one Chicago boy declares he has done in 1870. Horace Wickham, Jr., has a machine which has supplied its own power and been in perpetual motion for seven months, and which is never expected to stop except from the actual wear and tear incident to things earthly, but it is hoped that this contingency will be avoided if the concern is kept in the Divorce City.

This little, long-haired young man, who is a trifle shaky in general knowledge, but is as sound as the pyramids in the matter of inventive faculty, has spent nearly all the funds that he could get his hands upon, and has filled half a dozen garrets with a choice assortment of demoralized wheels, cranks, pinions, cogs, levers and wheels, but the youth himself believes he has got it this time for sure. He has instructed his attorneys to take the proper steps for claiming the rewards offered by various countries. England and her societies have given out that she will pay over \$100,000, Germany and France nearly the same amount, and it is understood that \$20,000 has been offered for the result by the Smithsonian Institute.

A description of the machine says that it stands upon a marble table, where no outside power can be applied to it. Several upright standards were firmly screwed upon the slab. A lever, some two feet in length, delicately hung between two of the standards, was oscillating steadily up and down, like the walking-beam of a miniature steamboat. A thin shaft, hung from one end, the lower extremity of which was attached to a main wheel, and this to a few plain cogs, surmounted by an infinitesimal "governor," such as is used for regulating the speed of all engines.

The diminutive beam seemed to drive the main wheel, the wheel seemed to turn the cogs, the cogs for the "governor" to spin about.

The enthusiastic inventor showed how the walking-beam was hollow, and its interior formed an unbroken circuit, in which little balls, partially filled with mercury, were chasing each other in an eternal pursuit; how the air was exhausted from the channel in the beam so that the spheres of quicksilver might play in a vacuum; how, when a ball reached the end of the beam furthest from the wheels, a valve was driven open and the sphere was forced up into the top of the course to be again hurried on its unbroken route; how the main wheel had quicksilver in some of its spokes, ready at the proper instant to overcome the weight of the balls at the further end of the beam—in short, exactly how his very simple and yet altogether beautiful device was operated.

For seven long months has that little beam moved steadily up and down, and the main wheel has ground out its fifty regular revolutions a minute, and the minor cogs have been driven faster still,

Poor's Court.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

The little cripple passed along,
The quiet village street,
The clothes she wore were patched and old,
Yet very clean and neat,
Though she was sickly and deformed,
Her face was sweet and fair,
And the glowy curls around her brow,
Proclaimed a mother's care.

She long she passed the village school,
As from the open door
A train of boys came shouting forth,
Glad that their tasks were o'er,
A few, more boisterous than the rest,
Themselves erect and strong,
Began to mock the hump-backed girl
Who quietly walked along.

Once Jenny uttered sharp retorts
When just like this she heard;
But now that grace had changed her heart,
She answered not a word.
Only the blush that dyed her cheek,
And the tear that down it stole,
Showed that the coarse, unfeeling taunts
Had sunk into her soul.

Arrived at home, poor Jenny sought
Her chamber small and bare;
Methinks those thoughtless boys had wept
If they had seen her there.
Beside her lonely bed she knelt,
And sent this prayer to heaven:
"O Father, help me to forgive
As I have been forgiven."

Dear children, 'tis from God above
Health, strength and beauty come;
And He, in wisdom, hath withheld
Those precious gifts from some.
Be kind to such, and learn to keep
The golden rule in view;
Nor ever let a cripple hear
A cruel taunt from you.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ASCENT DIVISIONS OF THE DAY.

The Chaldeans, Syrians, Persians and Indians began the day at sunrise, and divided the day and night into four parts. This division of the day into quarters was in use long before the division into hours.

The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight, and reckon to the midnight following, divided the interval into twelve hours, each equal to two of ours and known by a name and particular figure.

In Egypt the day was divided into unequal hours. The "clock" invented by Cleobolus, of Alexandria, B. C. 250, was so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours by the flowing of water.

The Greeks divided the natural day into twelve hours—a practice derived from the Babylonians.

The Romans called the time between the rising and setting sun, the natural day; and the time in the twenty-four hours, the civil day. They began and ended their civil day at midnight, and took this practice from their ancient laws and customs, and rites of religion, in use long before they had any idea of the divisions into hours.

The first sun-dial seen at Rome was brought from Santiana, in Sicily, in the First Punic War, as a part of the spoils of that city; and after this period they divided the day into twenty-four hours. An officer, called *Accensus*, used to proclaim the hours; and at the bench of justice gave notice every three hours what it was o'clock.

In the Turkish empire time is reckoned by certain portions of the natural day, resembling the "watches" of the ancient Jews and Romans. Public clocks not being in use, these divisions of time are proclaimed from the minarets.

CAMELS IN NEVADA.

From the Virginia City Enterprise.

On a ranch on the Carson river, eight miles below the mouth of Six-mile Canyon, and about seventeen miles east of the city, is to be seen a herd of twenty-six camels, all but two of which were born and raised in this State. But two of the old herd of nine or ten brought here some years ago are now living. It would seem that the original lot fell into the hands of Mexicans, who treated them very badly, overloading and abusing them. The men who now have them are Frenchmen and men, it seems, who had formerly some experience with camels in Europe. They find no difficulty in rearing them, and can now show twenty-four fine healthy animals, all of Washoe growth. The camel may now be said to be thoroughly acclimated in this State. The owners of the herd find it no more difficult to breed and rear them than would be experienced with the same number of goats or donkeys. The ranche upon which they are kept is sandy and sterile in the extreme, yet the animals feast and grow fat on such prickly shrubs and bitter weeds as no other animal would touch. When left to themselves their great delight, after filling themselves with the coarse herbage of the desert, is to lie and roll on the hot sand. They are used in packing salt to the mills on the river from the marshes lying in the deserts some sixty miles to the eastward. They have animals that easily pack 1,100 pounds.

"Well, David," said a poor, but worthy citizen to one of the State street magnates, "the world has prospered with you, and they say you are immensely rich." "Well," replied David, perhaps it is true, but we cannot take our gold with us when we go." "It would melt if you did," was the quick retort.

New Firm.

FAISCK & NORTH,
BOOT & SHOE MAKERS,
MAIN STREET, MIFFLIN.

In the Hotel Building of Mr. Albright.

Having entered into partnership, we are now prepared to manufacture and have for sale all kinds of

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
FOR
GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN.

Our work is all manufactured by ourselves, and we warrant it to be made of the best material. Oil work sold at our counter will be repaired free of charge, should the sewing machine give way.

Gave us a call, for we feel confident that we can furnish you with any kind of work you may desire.

Repairing done neatly and at reasonable rates.

FAISCK & NORTH,
aug 18, 1869-71.

KOONS, SCHWARTZ & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
MACKEREL, SALMON, HERRING,
SHAD,
AND PROVISION GENERALLY,
144 North Delaware Avenue, and
137 North Water Street
PHILADELPHIA, PENN'A.
aug 18 1869-71

A NUT THAT BURGLARS CAN'T CRACK.

The London correspondent of the Boston Commonwealth narrates the following: A stranger in Threadbare street, standing in the narrow thoroughfare, shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, would have his curiosity aroused by the number of well-dressed men whom he would see entering a silversmith's shop, and in a few minutes reappearing with small Japan boxes under their arms. If by further chance it so happened he was at the same spot between five and six o'clock in the evening, he would probably observe the same young men return to deposit the same Japan boxes on the counter of the same shop.

The explanation is simple. The boxes, which contain the unbanked securities and cash of merchants and brokers, are locked up for the night in the silversmith's strong room, built in an excavation of sand and rock far below the surface of the street, and upon which falls when closed up for the nights a considerable flow of water. The merchants and brokers pay a rent, for the use of this secure depository; and, acting no doubt upon this idea, a Mr. Stroeter, an extensive jeweler, intended to give the wealthy possessors of costly jewels, the opportunity of using his "Clawfoot Safe," with its hydro-pneumatic envelope and patent water-level gauge.

The safe stands on the floor of his shop, and is open to daylight. It rests upon a foundation of great details, and of sufficient solidity to sustain more than ten times its weight, the weight of the safe itself, which is encased in concrete, embedded in which is a water-chamber connected with an apparatus and air-tubes to give timely warning of sinister assaults. Besides this security, the safe is burglar proof, engineer proof, gunpowder proof, chemical proof, miner proof, and expert or dexterity proof. It cannot be fused, melted, wedged or bored, nor can the lock of the door, which weighs six tons, be picked or tampered with by the most skilled manipulator without bringing down upon himself a detector. The key consists of four parts, each in the possession of different persons, so that danger is averted in that direction; while, supposing the whole key to be lost, and the wards of the lock admit of no fewer than two thousand variations, and a new key could be made that would render the old one perfectly useless. Granting, however, the possibility of a successful breaking into the safe, it would require six hours to accomplish the feat; and as before stated, the first blow, nay, the merest scratch of the operator would at once be shown by the index of a patent water-gauge level. The inventor is relieved of a good deal of anxiety in the protection the safe affords for his own valuable stock, and already many wealthy citizens have secured space in it for safe-keeping of their jewels and title deeds.

THE WORLD'S GRATITUDE.

Philip Melancthon, at dinner with Dr. Martin Luther and some other friends, the conversation happening to fall on the ingratitude of the world, introduced the following story: A big serpent fell into a cave and cried piteously. A farmer came to the entrance to know what was the matter, when the snake begged him to let her out. "O, no!" said the man, "no good can come from serving bad creatures. I might nourish a snake in my bosom." But the snake entreated, and, by the God who once spoke by her, she promised the farmer the best reward which the world is in the habit of giving. Malice, cunning, and rich promises befool even the wise; the farmer helps the bad, treacherous serpent out of the hole, and then, as his reward, she prepares to drown him. "Have I deserved that of thee? Does that agree with thy promise?" asks the farmer. "I am doubting-tongued," replied the snake. "That's the way the world rewards me. He whom you save from the gallows generally brings you to it." This farmer is confounded, and the snake further says, "As thou wilt not believe me, let us appeal to the next two we meet and abide by their decision, no matter whom of us it may benefit or hurt."

Soon an old horse comes along; they submit the case to him. He says, "Fifteen years have I served a carman; to-morrow he will turn me over to the knacker. That's the world's reward." Likewise speaks the old dog to whom they next appeal: I have for ten years assisted my master in hunting and catching foxes and hares; now he has directed the gamekeeper to hang me to this willow tree. That's the world's reward. The farmer is losing hope, when a fox comes trotting along. To him the farmer appeals, promising him all his chickens if he will relieve him from the horrible reptile. The fox undertakes the business, persuades the snake to show him the cave, the danger in which she has been, and the service the farmer has rendered her. They arrived at the hole, the fox guides in, the snake follows and shows him all the intricacies of the cave. Just then the fox slips out, and before the snake can turn round, the farmer, at the fox's suggestion, quickly shut up the hole. The farmer being thus saved, the fox demands that in the evening the hen-house is to be left open for him.

The farmer gets home, tells his wife what has happened, and what he has pledged the fox for his service. "Chicken and geese are mine," says the woman, "you can't give them away." Never less the farmer, determined to keep his word, leaves the chicken-house open. But the wife noticing it, goes with the fox, and when, after dark, relying on the farmer's good faith, he comes sneaking along, they close the door upon him, and beat and finally catch him. "Alas!" says the fox, "is this that right, and is that the world's highest reward for the greatest service? If that be so, if such be the world's gratitude, then I to-night bear witness to it with my life and skin." —*Liberal Christian.*

ABOUT A PONY.

An almost unparalleled circumstance was noticed at Muirhall, near West Calder. During the great heat that prevailed in the summer, an Iceland pony, the property of Mr. John Weddell, contractor, was, for a time, left to his own free will during the temporary absence of his driver. The pony, which had been driven to a considerable distance, and was seemingly actuated by a craving for water, was observed by the proprietor of Muirhall, and others who chanced to be in the vicinity, to deliberately walk a distance of half fifty yards, and with its teeth turn the cock of a water-pipe projecting out of the road embankment, supply itself with a draught of the refreshing beverage, readjust the cock, and return to the position in which it was left. This case is not only unparalleled, but surpassed by one that occurred at Leeds in 1764. A gentleman's horse was regularly turned into a field where there was pump, the water of which never failed. The horse observed how the pump worked, and at last took to pumping for himself, thus saving the groom the trouble of providing him with water. His mode of procedure was to take the handle of the pump between his teeth, and pump away until the trough was full. Mr. Weir has given us a life-like picture of this incident, which is, undoubtedly, one of the most curious in all the history of animal intelligence. —*Shirley Tibbert's "Clever Animals."*

Thus cavalry horses bred in East Prussia with a strain of Arab blood, have proved far more enduring and serviceable than the bigger and heavier horses bought in Hanover, Schleswig Holstein, and Pomerania. Such unparalytic use has been made of Uhlan and Hussar regiments in the outpost service that the bloom has been taken from both men and horses. Sun, rain and dust have wrecked the new uniforms with which they commenced the campaign, but the spirit of these superb troops is unquenchable.

A tradesman on opening his money-drawer of a morning, discovers some nice nibbling some currency. "Why is this a commentary? Because he lets light upon the scrip-chewers."

THE FIRST TEA.

California has added another to the long list of productions that her soil and climate are capable of producing. The foot-hill can produce the tea tree, and the experiment of Herr Schnell at his plantation in El Dorado county, on the red hills near Gold Hill, in growing a fine article of tea, has been a grand success and the first crop of tea has been drunk and pronounced by good judges to be fully equal, if not superior, to the best tea imported. His plantation is in excellent order, and numerous Japanese plants are thriving finely, and his Japs are well pleased with the country, and are industrious and frugal, and this experiment will prove the long-neglected foot hills to be the most desirable lands in the state. With tea, silk, wheat, and the vine, California can and will become in time one of the richest states in the Union. —*Falson (Cal.) Telegraph.*

JOURNEYING TOWARDS HIS SUBJECT.

The following amusing description of a sermon by an eccentric Methodist preacher, once well known in this State, was written by a clergyman at the West to a brother of the cloth in central New York, in a familiar letter, and without the remotest idea that it would ever be seen in print. Chance brought it to our notice, and—thinking it too good to be lost—here it is:

You cannot have forgotten Ben Schiffen, of the Oneida Conference. Ben was a brick. Poor fellow! he fell into misfortune, I believe, after I left New York. I have a vivid remembrance of a sermon I heard him preach at a camp meeting on the words of Moses to Jehro: "We are journeying into the land of which the Lord hath said, etc." He began with the call of Abraham, which to rehearse took him about fifteen minutes. Then he said: "But let us come nearer to the subject?" and went on to give us the history of Jacob. Then, exclaiming: "But we must come a little nearer to the subject," he treated us to a memoir of Joseph, and his fraternal persecutions, and his Egyptian temptations and triumph. Then passing to gather up his strength, he observed: "But it is time for us to approach the subject," and went into a dissertation on brickmaking; without straw, and other matters therewith connected. Then he made another and nearer approximation to "the subject," and led us through the Red Sea and into the Arabian desert, ever and anon pausing in his march to invite us "nearer to the subject."

At last we found ourselves at the foot of Mount Sinai; and Ben, preparatory to starting with Moses up the rugged steep with a voice half as loud as the trumpet on the top, shouted: "And now we begin to approach the subject!" when the presiding elder behind him, looking at his watch, and discovering that our old friend had been an hour and a quarter on his way to Mount Sinai and the subject, gently pulled his coat tail, and hinted to him that he "had better leave the subject till to-morrow." —*Buffalo Exchange.*

THREE MEN KILLED BY A GRIZZLY.

On the 18th inst., says the San Jose Independent, three men, whose names are unknown, but who have been keeping a dairy on the San Benito ranche, came to their death in a most horrible manner. On Thursday one of three cows strayed away and was lost. On the next morning before breakfast, two of them started out to take a look for the missing animal. After traveling up the ravine for some distance they discovered the cow lying among the brush. Thinking she was asleep they went up to start her home; but it appears the cow had been killed by a grizzly, who was at this time lying at her side. As the men approached the bear leaped upon the foremost one, and throwing him to the ground, tore out his entrails, and then seizing the second, caught his head in his mouth and bit it entirely off, mangling it fearfully. The bear then resumed its position by the body of the dead one. The man who was first attacked did not die immediately, but had strength enough left to drag himself a short distance from the spot. In the meantime the man left at the camp, having prepared breakfast, went out to call his companions. Finding their trail he followed it until he saw the cow lying in the bushes; and thinking he would drive her home he approached the spot, when the bear springing upon him instantly killed him, mangling him in the most horrible manner. The surviving victim, who was lying in the brush a short distance from the scene, witnessed his approach and death, but was so terribly wounded that he was unable to give any warning. The bodies were found a short time afterward and conveyed to the camp, where the survivor died during the ensuing night, after relating the affair as we have stated above. The bear is the same one which has been in that vicinity for the last ten years, it being known from its peculiar track, having lost three of its toes from one of its feet. —*Sacramento Reporter.*

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THE WORLD'S GRATITUDE.

Philip Melancthon, at dinner with Dr. Martin Luther and some other friends, the conversation happening to fall on the ingratitude of the world, introduced the following story: A big serpent fell into a cave and cried piteously. A farmer came to the entrance to know what was the matter, when the snake begged him to let her out. "O, no!" said the man, "no good can come from serving bad creatures. I might nourish a snake in my bosom." But the snake entreated, and, by the God who once spoke by her, she promised the farmer the best reward which the world is in the habit of giving. Malice, cunning, and rich promises befool even the wise; the farmer helps the bad, treacherous serpent out of the hole, and then, as his reward, she prepares to drown him. "Have I deserved that of thee? Does that agree with thy promise?" asks the farmer. "I am doubting-tongued," replied the snake. "That's the way the world rewards me. He whom you save from the gallows generally brings you to it." This farmer is confounded, and the snake further says, "As thou wilt not believe me, let us appeal to the next two we meet and abide by their decision, no matter whom of us it may benefit or hurt."

Soon an old horse comes along; they submit the case to him. He says, "Fifteen years have I served a carman; to-morrow he will turn me over to the knacker. That's the world's reward." Likewise speaks the old dog to whom they next appeal: I have for ten years assisted my master in hunting and catching foxes and hares; now he has directed the gamekeeper to hang me to this willow tree. That's the world's reward. The farmer is losing hope, when a fox comes trotting along. To him the farmer appeals, promising him all his chickens if he will relieve him from the horrible reptile. The fox undertakes the business, persuades the snake to show him the cave, the danger in which she has been, and the service the farmer has rendered her. They arrived at the hole, the fox guides in, the snake follows and shows him all the intricacies of the cave. Just then the fox slips out, and before the snake can turn round, the farmer, at the fox's suggestion, quickly shut up the hole. The farmer being thus saved, the fox demands that in the evening the hen-house is to be left open for him.

The farmer gets home, tells his wife what has happened, and what he has pledged the fox for his service. "Chicken and geese are mine," says the woman, "you can't give them away." Never less the farmer, determined to keep his word, leaves the chicken-house open. But the wife noticing it, goes with the fox, and when, after dark, relying on the farmer's good faith, he comes sneaking along, they close the door upon him, and beat and finally catch him. "Alas!" says the fox, "is this that right, and is that the world's highest reward for the greatest service? If that be so, if such be the world's gratitude, then I to-night bear witness to it with my life and skin." —*Liberal Christian.*

ABOUT A PONY.

An almost unparalleled circumstance was noticed at Muirhall, near West Calder. During the great heat that prevailed in the summer, an Iceland pony, the property of Mr. John Weddell, contractor, was, for a time, left to his own free will during the temporary absence of his driver. The pony, which had been driven to a considerable distance, and was seemingly actuated by a craving for water, was observed by the proprietor of Muirhall, and others who chanced to be in the vicinity, to deliberately walk a distance of half fifty yards, and with its teeth turn the cock of a water-pipe projecting out of the road embankment, supply itself with a draught of the refreshing beverage, readjust the cock, and return to the position in which it was left. This case is not only unparalleled, but surpassed by one that occurred at Leeds in 1764. A gentleman's horse was regularly turned into a field where there was pump, the water of which never failed. The horse observed how the pump worked, and at last took to pumping for himself, thus saving the groom the trouble of providing him with water. His mode of procedure was to take the handle of the pump between his teeth, and pump away until the trough was full. Mr. Weir has given us a life-like picture of this incident, which is, undoubtedly, one of the most curious in all the history of animal intelligence. —*Shirley Tibbert's "Clever Animals."*

Thus cavalry horses bred in East Prussia with a strain of Arab blood, have proved far more enduring and serviceable than the bigger and heavier horses bought in Hanover, Schleswig Holstein, and Pomerania. Such unparalytic use has been made of Uhlan and Hussar regiments in the outpost service that the bloom has been taken from both men and horses. Sun, rain and dust have wrecked the new uniforms with which they commenced the campaign, but the spirit of these superb troops is unquenchable.

A tradesman on opening his money-drawer of a morning, discovers some nice nibbling some currency. "Why is this a commentary? Because he lets light upon the scrip-chewers."

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