

The Juniata Sentinel.
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Juniata Sentinel

B. F. SCHWEIER, [THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
VOLUME XXVII, NO. 23 MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A. JUNE 4, 1873. WHOLE NUMBER 1369.

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Business Cards.

LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge street, opposite the Court House Square.

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

AUCTIONEER.
J. F. G. LOXG, residing in Spruce Hill township, offers his services to the citizens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and Vendor Uxor. Charges moderate. Satisfaction warranted. [Jan 29-3m]

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.,
Offers his services to the citizens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and Vendor Uxor. Charges, from two to ten dollars. Satisfaction warranted. nov 3, '69

O YES! O YES!
H. H. SNYDER, Perrysville, Pa.,
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juniata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer. Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the Auctioneer a chance. P. O. address, Fort Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '72-1y]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,

DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENN'A.,
August 18, 1869-4f.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in DeWitt's building, two doors above the 3rd ward office, Bridge street. [aug 18-4f]

M. B. GARVER,

Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Having located in the borough of Thompsonstown, offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity.

Office—In the room recently occupied by Dr. Sarg. [June 12, '72-4f]

B. 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.
Office on Main street, over Beidler's Drug Store. [aug 18 1869-4f]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be consulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—appointments can be made for other days.
[Call on or address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.]

GREAT REDUCTION
IN THE
PRICES OF TEETH!

Full Upper or Lower Sets as Low as \$5.00.
No teeth allowed to leave the office unless the patient is satisfied.
Teeth removed and repaired.
Teeth fitted to last for life.
Toothache stopped in five minutes without extracting the tooth.
Dental work done for persons without them leaving their homes, if desired.
Electricity used in the extraction of teeth, rendering it almost a painless operation. (No extra charge) at the Dental Office of G. L. Derr, established in Mifflintown in 1860.
G. L. DERR,
Jan 24, 1872-1y] Practical Dentist.

C. HOTHROCK,
DENTIST.

McAllisterville, Penna.,
OFFERS his professional services to the public in general, in both branches of his profession—operative and mechanical.
First week of every month at Richfield, Fremont and Turkey Valley.
Second week—Liverpool and Wild Cat Valley.
Third week—Millerstown and Raccoon Valley.
Fourth week at his office in McAllisterville. Will visit Miller when called on.
Teeth put up on any of the bases, and as liberal as anywhere else.
Address by letter or otherwise.

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobaugh's Saloon.

Two for 6 cents. Also, the Freshest Lager, the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider, the Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, anything you may wish in the
EATING OR DRINKING LINE
at the most reasonable prices. He has also refitted his
BILLIARD HALL,
so that it will now compare favorably with any Hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-1y

WALL PAPER.

Rally to the Place where you can buy your Wall Paper Cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of informing the public that he has just received at his residence on Third Street, Mifflintown, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere in the county. All persons in need of the above article, and wishing to save money, are invited to call and examine his stock and hear his prices before going elsewhere.
Large supply constantly on hand.
SIMON BASOM.

Caution.
ALL persons are hereby cautioned against Hunting, Fishing, or in any way trespassing on the lands of the undersigned, in Mifflintown township. All persons so offending will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.
F. H. HAWN.
Dec. 4, 1872-4f

Miscellaneous.

Crystal Palace. Crystal Palace.

Shelley & Stambaugh.

**The First,
The Best,
The Cheapest,
The Largest
Stock of Goods**
IN THE COUNTY,
To Offer to the Public
AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES.
Just Received from Eastern Markets.

Seeing Them will Guarantee You Satisfaction.

SHELLEY & STAMBAUGH.

NEW CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

April 16, 1873.

NEW DRUG STORE.

BANKS & HAMLIN,
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

Chemicals, Oils, Varnishes, Putty, Lamps, Chimneys, Brushes, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Perfumery, Hair Oil, Cigars, and Stationery.

LARGE VARIETY OF PATENT MEDICINES,
selected with great care, and warranted from high authority.
FINEST OF WINES AND LIQUORS for Medical Purposes.
PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with great care. [mal 1872-ly]

Boots and Shoes.

Boot and Shoe Shop.

THE undersigned, fashionable Boot and Shoe maker, hereby respectfully informs the public that he has located in the borough of Patterson, where he is prepared to accommodate the most fastidious in
**LADIES' WEAR,
Gents' Fine and Coarse Boots,
Brogans,
CHILDREN'S WEAR, & C.**

Also, mending done in the neatest manner and upon the shortest notice. A liberal share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Shop located on the east side of Tuscarora street, one door south of Main street, nearly opposite Laird & Bell's store.
J. W. DEAN.
March 8, 1872

NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP
In Nevin's New Building on
BRIDGE STREET, MIFFLINTOWN.

THE undersigned, late of the firm of Fack & North, would respectfully announce to the public that he has opened a Boot and Shoe Shop in Major Nevin's New Building, on Bridge street, Mifflintown, and is prepared to manufacture, of the best material, all kinds of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS.
FOR
GENTS', LADIES AND CHILDREN.
He also keeps on hand a large and well-selected stock of
Ready-made Work,
of all kinds, for men, women and children.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Give me a call, for I feel confident that I can furnish you with any kind of work you may desire.
Repairing done neatly and at reasonable rates.
J. L. NORTH.
May 31, 1872.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

New Shop in Mifflintown.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Mifflintown, Patterson and vicinity that he has opened a Boot and Shoe Shop, for the present, in the room occupied by N. E. Littfield's Tin Shop, on Bridge street, Mifflintown, where he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of
**LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S
and
CHILDREN'S WEAR,**
in the most substantial manner, and at the lowest prices. Repairing promptly attended to.
TERMS—CASH.
A liberal share of public patronage is solicited, and all satisfaction guaranteed.
A. B. FASICK.
May 29, 1872-4f

LARGEST STOCK OF Dress Goods in the county at Tilton & Esposito's.

Select Story.

My Midnight Peril.

The night of the seventeenth of October—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant downpour of the rain!

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could hear the roar of the turbulent stream forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold, as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a misstep or move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been contented to keep in the right road?

Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me false!

I stopped, holding on to the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light—thank Providence!—was a light, and no ignis fatuus to lure me to destruction and death.
"Halloo-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged onward through tangled vines, dense briars and rocky banks, until, gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an oil cloth cape, or cloak carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face, I almost recoiled. Would not solitude in the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled old man?

But it was too late to recede now.
"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare.
"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R—Station?"

"R—station is twelve miles from here."
"Twelve miles?"
I stood aghast.

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"
"No."
"Where are you going?"
"To Drew's, down by the maple swamp."
"Is it a tavern?"
"No."
"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."
His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps of wood revealed once more.

"I guess so; folks do stop there."
"Is it far from here?"
"Not very; about half a mile."
"Then let us make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."
We peddled on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed like trackless woods, and keeping straight on until the lights gleamed faintly through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the windows all drawn to one side, as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away.
A woman answered my fellow traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them, such as they were.
"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.
"He has not come in yet."
I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," for my weariness was excessive.
"Certainly." The women started up with alacrity.
"Where are you going to put him?"
"Up chamber."
"Put him in Isaac's room."
"No."
"It's the most comfortable."
"I tell you I?"
But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you lodge me, only make haste."
So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in a corner of the room, into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table, with two or three chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The women set the light—an oil lamp, on the table.
"Anything more I can get you, sir?"
"Nothing, thank you."
"I hope you'll sleep well, sir. When shall I call you?"
"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R—station in time for the seven o'clock express."

"I'll be sure to call you, sir."
She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.
"I will sit down and write to Alice,"

I thought. "That will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps."
I descended the ladder. The fire glowed redly on the hearth beneath; my companion and the woman sat beside it, talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table, eating—a short, stout, villainous-looking man, in a red flannel shirt and muddy trousers.

I asked for writing materials, and returned to my room to write to my wife.
"My darling Alice!"
I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters.

Not until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded my paper, I happened to glance towards the couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the board partition? or was it but my own fancy? There was a crack there, but only blank darkness beyond; yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep. I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valve close to the head of my bed, and barricading the lockers door with two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, some startling electric thrill coursed through my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow through the room—no light of the moon or stars was ever so penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long, golden hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands and eyes full of wild anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but as I reached the window, the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the storm darkness, and I was left alone. At the self same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow—straight through the very spot where ten minutes since my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumping some eight or ten feet into tangled bushes below, and as I crouched there, recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of footsteps into my room.

"He dead!" cried a voice up the ladder,—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with the half closed eyes.
"Of course he is," growled a voice back; "that charge would have killed ten men. A light, there, quick, and tell Tom to be ready."

A cold, agonized shudder ran through me. What a den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape.

With the speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of star-light. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine; but a merciful Providence encompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky, I was close to the high road some seven miles from R—

Once at the town, I told my story to the police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot.
After much searching and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty—our birds had flown; nor did I recover my valise and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police, "and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, they'll come back here just at present."
Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is yet to come. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister, who with Alice in her English home—a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise:

"I must tell you something very, very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened on the night of the 17th of October. Alice had not been well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed nearly a week, and I was sitting beside her, reading. It was late—the clock had just struck one—when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing white and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance, but all our efforts to restore animation were in vain. I was just about sending for the doctor, when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

"Alice!" I exclaimed, "how you have scared us all. Are you ill?"
"Not ill," she answered, "but I feel so strange. Gracie, I have been with my husband!"

"And all our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the 17th of October—or rather on the morning of the 18th. Where and how she cannot tell, but we think it must have been some dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths or apparitions; but this thing I do know—that although my wife was in England in body, on the morning of the 18th of October, her spirit surely stood before me in New York in the moment of the deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that to the subtle instinct and strength of a wife's holy love, all things are possible; but Alice surely saved my life.

A California Zephyr.

The Sacramento Bee says: Joseph Johnson, for a long time a school teacher in this county, and a brother of attorney Matt F. Johnson, of this city, now lives on a large rancho in Surprise Valley, in Siskiyou county, near Eaglesville. On the night of January 6th he, with his wife, was sitting, by a roaring stove in the lower room of their story and a half house, and listening with serenity to the storm that was roaring along the valley on the outside. Two boys, brothers of Mr. Johnson were snugly a bed up stairs.

Suddenly Johnson and his wife heard a sound of a wilder tempest than had been blowing all the night. It was like the hoarse roar of the ocean on a lee shore, and increased with frightful speed. With a presentiment of coming evil Johnson grasped his wife in his arms, and at that very moment the whirlwind swooped down on the building. It lifted it high in the air, carried it many feet, turned it completely upside down, and threw its roof to the ground with an awful crash. The ceiling fell on the roof, the boys being saved from death only by the bed, now turned bottom up.

Mr. Johnson and his wife lit on their heads among the debris on the roof. The floor was torn out and blown many rods away; one wall was torn out and blown forty yards one way, and another sixty yards in an opposite direction. A can of coal oil was burst and spoiled the winter's provisions. The fire from the stove fell into a trunk and burned the clothing and papers therein. In fact the house and its contents were an utter wreck, and that all should have escaped unhurt except Mr. Johnson, whose left hand was very badly burned in keeping the stove off his wife, is miraculous.

The frightened people excited themselves from the ruins, and through the awful tempest felt their way to a neighbor's. The next day, the wind having abated, the residents turned to and temporarily rebuilt the broken house. Mr. Johnson took account of the stock, and found that of household furniture where-with to commence the winter anew, the hurricane had left him unbroken three teacups and a lamp chimney.

The Cattle Trade.

PROSPECT OF A HEAVY DRIVE THE COMING SEASON.

[From the Leavenworth Times.]
From statistics gleaned from the Texas papers, we learn that twenty-seven herds of cattle, averaging 1254 each, have been started from one county since the 8th of March. This large number of cattle is now on the way to Kansas—Ellsworth being the prospective point. It is also stated on good authority that Claiborne, Texas, will drive about 12,000 head Kansasward this season. All the cattle stations on the different roads have their trail agents out, and are making strenuous efforts to make their stations the place of shipment. A Texas paper, speaking of the trade, says:

"The drive of cattle over the river yesterday was enormous. Within three to five miles below town ten herds were crossed, numbering from one thousand to twenty-five hundred each, the total drive amounting to about 15,000 head. This is said to be the largest number of cattle ever driven over the Colorado in one day. All the herds seemed bound for Ellsworth."

But Texas is not alone in the cattle business. New Mexico steps in for a share of the patronage, and advertises the fact that 50,000 head of beef cattle and 100,000 head of stock cattle are en route for a northern market.

"You can't do too much for your employer," said a man to a hard-shouldered laborer.
"I don't mean to," was the prompt, but rather unsatisfactory answer.

The "coaching horse" is the Indian name for a locomotive.

Love at Sight.

Late in the last autumn a young girl, of poor but respectable parentage, in England exhibited symptoms of "going into decline," as the old-fashioned phrase is, and arrived at that stage of the obscure indisposition where the medical gentlemen of the day is wont to confess the inadequacy of his science and escape final responsibility for the case by counselling remote travel. Her father and mother were sagely informed by the family physician that an Atlantic voyage only could restore her to health; and they being, as already indicated, in humble circumstances, that ordinary costly resort might be hoped beyond their reach but for their acquaintance with a certain sea captain, who, upon hearing what the doctor had said, volunteered to give their daughter a trip upon his vessel to Boston and back.

In consideration of this gratuity she was to render such service as she could to the friendly mariner's wife during the voyage, and readily assented to the condition. But extremely had the ship cleared port, and her health began mending when she discovered that the business of working one's passage across the ocean is anything but sinecural. The captain's wife made her drudge from morning until night at all kinds of menial offices; and although her physical condition steadily improved under the ordeal, she secretly determined that she would sooner remain in this country all her life than return to England in that ship—hence, upon the arrival of the latter in Boston, she took her way ashore without much ceremony, and in accordance with a previously mediated plan, began inquiring from house to house for a servant's situation.

The spirit to do such a thing as this inspired her with an air of energetic efficiency, securing immediate favorable attention from acute housekeepers, and a very respectable and kind family upon terms which, to her fancy, seemed promising of an early accumulation of the sum of money necessary to take her back to Europe upon a vessel not sailed by charitable friends. A letter to the old folks at home to report her restored health and brave conclusion, and the English lass was ready for the adventure next to be related. One day soon after her Yankee domestication, while on her way to a lamp-post letter box with a second letter, she accidentally dropped the missive to the sidewalk, and in stopping abruptly to recover it came into violent collision with a brusque, hurrying little man, of befringed great coat and foreign aspect.

Gallantly taking to himself the blame of the mishap the stranger uttered plentiful apology in German, and apparently inconsolable at not being understood, followed the startled girl, with much gesticulation and bowing, to the adjacent letter-box, and then back almost to the house door. Not only this, but on the day ensuing he re-appeared at the house in company with the well-known musical leader, Mr. Koppitz, to resume his apologies through an interpreter. The familiarity of the residence, upon learning that the polite gentleman was a highly distinguished member of the famous Thomas orchestra of New York, called the young emigrant to the parlor for the requested interview, which did not terminate until the obvious admiring apologist had asked and received permission to call again.

It was plain that he had contrived an unusual interest for the humble heroine of the letter box, and when, after ascertaining her history and making several calls, he managed to inform her that he was an honest suitor for her hand, and what had at first been deemed an eccentric whim was accepted in sentimental earnest. The girl, as honest, practiced no affectation of displeasure at the offer of a husband so distinguished, and the delighted musical romancer saw her raised from the position of a servant to that of temporary boarder in her American home, and supplied with an efficient German teacher before he took his affectionate leave and went southward on a professional tour with his orchestra.

On his return from this same melodious journey, by way of the west, his affianced wrote him that her father, in England, had been taken suddenly sick and desired her speediest coming home. His answer was an inclosure of money and a broken English letter of filial explanation to the household across the water, and another letter to tell his mistress that she must wait a few days until he could come to her, and he himself escort her across the Atlantic as his wife. She waited accordingly, reports the Boston correspondent of the Springfield Union.

The marriage took place last week, in the presence and under the congratulations of American friends, who were as well satisfied of the bride's exemplary worthiness, and the last Cunard steamer is now bearing to the English coast a happy pair of mated lovers as ever illustrated old romance in modern instance.

"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to her daughter.
"I have come to want already," was the reply, "I want a nice young man."

Shooting season—Spring.

How Nephew Read the Bible in the Ark.

William Cullen Bryant, of the New York Evening Post, in traveling in Florida, and in one of his letters he gives it the following extract from the sermon of a colored minister in that State. The preacher had dwelt awhile on the fall of man and the act of disobedience by which sin came into the world, and had got as far as the time of Noah. He then said: "De world got to be berry wicked, de people all bad, and de Lord made up his mind to drown dem. But Noah was a good man who read his Bible, and did jus as de Lord told him. And he told Noah to build a ark, big enough to hold part of every ting alive on de earth. And Noah built it. And de Lord call upon every living ting to come into de ark and be saved. And de birds came flyin' to de ark, and de big lion and de cow and de possum come in, and de horse come trotting to de ark, and de locle worms come creepin' in; but only de wicked sinner wouldn't come in, and dey laugh at Noah and his big ark. And de de rain come down, but Noah be set comfortably and dry in de ark and read his Bible. And de rain come down in big spouts, and come up to de store top of de houses and gin to cober de floor, and den de sinner be scared and knock at de door ob de ark berry hard. And de big lion hear de racket and roar, and de dog bark and de ox bellow, but keep on readin de Bible. And de sinner say, 'Noah! Noah! I let you come in.' And Noah say, 'I berry sorry, but I can't let you in, for de Lord hab lock de door and throw away de key.'"

A GENTLEMAN of Williamsport, Pa., traveling in Jamaica, W. I., was attracted by a vigorous-looking plant growing on the roadside in the dry and arid soil, apparently the only vegetation that could withstand the extreme heat and drought. Upon inquiry he was told it was the life plant, and that if a leaf should be expanded by a thread from the ceiling it would put forth rootlets from each of the dentate notches. He broke off a twig and a leaf and packed them among some dried grass and brought them home with him. The moisture in the air and in the tropics was so penetrating that they grew in his trunk, and the twig continued to grow after it was planted in the ground up to the present time. Last winter it bloomed, the flowers were in a large panicle, purple like about an inch and a half long, and they soon began to fade. At the suggestion of a gardener the top was cut off, but the plant looking a little uninteresting, the top was stuck into the ground, when new buds appeared, and it continues to bloom as though it was on the parent stalk.

Love.—No long since, writes a correspondent of the Detroit Union, I met a lady who was for years the betrothed of Senator Carpenter. She loved him with a woman's wild devotion. She watched every movement of his life with an intense anxiety. She was as keenly sensitive to any reproach cast upon him as if she bore his name and shared his life. He had held her heart in threat until she felt that it was worthless to any one but him! When he speaks to the Senate there is an ear afar off listening to every word; and when he receives the plaudits of men he thinks, perhaps, of whose smile is worth more than all their praises, who will smile when others frown, and be true when all else is false.

A New York German was once found guilty of selling liquor contrary to law, and sentenced to thirty days imprisonment, when he protested:
"Chail! Go to chail! Me go to chail! But I can't go! Dare's my pizness, my pakery. Who pakes my pizness when I be gone?" Then casting his eyes around the court-room appealingly, they fell upon the good natured face of jolly Chris Ellwanger, a fellow countryman, who has no "pizness," and forthwith a brilliant idea struck him. Turning to the court he said, in sober earnest:
"Dare's Chris Ellwanger! He's got nothing to do. Send him to chail in my place."

The last words of Captain Hall to the editor of the Nautical Gazette, previous to his going aboard of the Polaris, were: "My good friend, I shall bring you tidings which will astonish the world, and recompense my friends for all their labors in my behalf, or die in the attempt. I will never return to the Arctic regions again if I am successful, but if I am not, and live to see the United States, I shall tell my story, and then seek a home in the far North, where, in peace, I shall pass away to a brighter and better land. God bless you. Farewell."

PROBIA papers report that every prudent resident in that equable climate carries with him when he goes out walking, "an overcoat, umbrella, linen duster, and fan."

"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to her daughter.
"I have come to want already," was the reply, "I want a nice young man."

Shooting season—Spring.