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Miscellany.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S LEGACY.

I sat my eyes, am I dreaming? I open my eyes, O, no! it is a bright reality. The grass-strewn path stretching out from my window down to the overgrown plantation, is the same across which my ancestors tripped in their high-heeled shoes, before the red tide of the revolution swept them away.

It contained the manuscript I inclose. On the outside was written:

"The man was weeping. His master had died in the night." I unrolled the yellow sheets. There was no heading to the story they contained. I looked over the end; there was no name. It commenced abruptly.

Turning the key on the ghostly story, I went out into the sunshine.

Secrets of the Sanctum.

The humorist of the Detroit "Free Press," never fails to find in almost every vacant chair in the sanctum of every daily paper, or it would be vacated for the right man. It is the position of "really very good-but we haven't room for it" man, that you find there, where a very exultant contentment, walks into the editorial rooms with a bundle of manuscript under his arm, all the staff know what is coming. He has been writing and waiting for a chance to get on the fast-disappearing Indian race, or five hundred verses on the power of love.

A LITTLE CRUMPLED LETTER.

A remunerative job for the solemn-looking underling, an effective craze around a highly polished hat, and wailing, sorrowful, helpless stomp of humanity, "by nurses overlaid," proclaimed a tale of mortal suffering and a holy peace for some weary soul.

Styles and Titles of the English Nobility.

Foreigners of rank are half amused and half provoked at the mistakes made by Americans, even of the trained and cultivated class, in regard to titles. An English nobleman, who passed many months in this country, lately told a friend that he had scarcely ever received a letter properly addressed, and he was amazed at such ignorance of the usage of polite society.

Pseudo-Lords.

Every now and then there is newspaper mention of the arrival in this country of some distinguished member of the British peerage—not unfrequently followed by a statement, after having been made much of in "our best society," the noble lord turning out to be an impostor, had slipped off to parts unknown—having first received his credulous friends out of cash, or valuables, or both. Two lines in Samuel Butler's "Hudibras" exactly express the truth in such matters. The poet writes thus:

The Dollar we don't spend.

We have to calculate pretty close at our house, you know; and the whole family is called in council when any important expenditure is to be made. Well, the other evening we were considering the small remnant of the quarters' salary, and Mrs. Dobbs was trying to get some more to be made to cover everything. There was a dollar and a new coat for me, and a new carpet for the best parlor, and a new hat for our (at present) unmarried daughter, besides a great many other things, with the whole amount of the year's expenses.

A Japanese Hotel.

In imagining a Japanese hotel, good reader, please dismiss all architectural ideas derived from the Continent, and go to the Fifth Avenue. Our hotels in Japan, outwardly at least, are wooden structures, two stories high, often but one. Their roofs are usually thatched, though some are tiled. The rooms are entirely open on the front ground floor, and about six feet from the sill or threshold rises a platform about a foot and a half high, upon which the proprietor usually sits, and behind him a tray of tea, and behind a tray of tea, and behind a tray of tea, and behind a tray of tea.

Wants it Adopted Here.

The Chicago Times thus addresses the leading dry goods merchants in that city: "You will please provide a lunch counter for your lady purchasers, without further delay, or, in other words, without delay. Ladies of Chicago cannot long be kept in ignorance of the fact that the most fashionable dry goods house in Paris keeps a collation spread to refresh Madame after the fatigues of the day's shopping."