Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXVIII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., JANUARY 28, 1874. NO. 4.

Poetry.

Longfellow.

Poet of the many keys,
Rich are all thy melodies!
Not for serf alone nor king
Is the message thou dost bring;
Not for sect and not for clan,
But for universal man.
Worthy thou to win the fame
That has gathered round thy name.

Poet of the sunny life,
Naught of discord, envy, strife,
Harshly breaking through thy lays,
Mars the music of thy days.
Like the stream, in tranquil power,
Day by day and hour by hour,
Flows thy gentle life along,
Sweeter than thy sweetest song.

Poet of the silvery locks,
Time the thoughtless graybeard mocks;
But in reference bends his head
Where the great and noble tread.
Men, too, low and reverent,
Praise the years so wisely spent,
Such the life that thou dost live,
Such the homage we would give.

Poet of the kindly heart,
Better than the classic art
That the Muse has deigned to lend
Every page thy hand has penned,
In the love which thou hast taught,
By each tender word and thought,
Sprung from other hearts, to twine
Round that loving heart of thine.

Poet of the golden tongue,
Still sing on as thou hast sung,
Through the future as the past,—
Ever sweeter to the last!
Ere the snow shall fill thy paths,
Being home many Aftermaths;
Still, as thou hast been so long,
Be our Chrysostom of song!

Miscellany.

Australian Floods.

Floods generally follow droughts. On the coast, the more mountainous the country the more rarely are these extremes felt; but no part of the country is free from their visits. It is in the interior, however, that they have their home, and from that stronghold the forces which call the floods forth rule supreme, their power declining as they approach that of the ocean. Here, in the depression of the great plain, there is most probably only one long drought, or one long wet season; no seasons of a year, but years of a season. Wet seasons, like droughts, may last years; for the seas of shallow water, the innumerable lakes and marshes which some explorers in wet seasons have found north of Lake Eyre, may be years in evaporating, as frequent condensation must take place by the cold southern winds. And this milder inland climate will tend to mollify that of neighboring regions. But these two extremes are overpowering; they make that interior almost uninhabitable, and they rule the character of the country, the produce, the people, and the history of the land.

The desolation of a drought is not less complete than that of a flood, and it perhaps has more effect upon the survivors. For years these droughts gather in force; they multiply their action before they are broken by the floods, and their termination is in a melancholy, awful landscape. For days and months the earth has been hot, parched, and cracked; for months the waters have ceased to flow, the trees have lived, but not grown, and the sky has been cloudless. The never-green forest is browner, sadder, and still, in the oppressive air; the plains are bare and dusty; the watering-places filled with dead; and the whole scene quivers before the eye by the great radiation of its heat. Daily the sun rises in a hazy sky, sails in a white heat through a cloudless course, and sets, a round, red ball of fire, on the edge of a copper dome. A sullen, dewless night follows the dreaded day. The leaves of the forest, and the surviving grass of the field, glisten like blades of steel in the glare of the mighty sun; there is no green thing, nor sound of life from bird or beast, or tree, in the great noonday heat. At length clouds mysteriously gather—daily they gather, and disappear at night—at last they form dense, low masses, thunder breaks, and violent storms of wind sweep the plain; no rain. Again and again these storms break before the longed-for rains comes; and with it comes flood. Perhaps the rain, filling the northern streams first, floods the southern water-channels before a cloud is in their sky. But with the floods destruction to lingering life, no less than hope to withering vegetation, is brought down. Many a settler has been ruined by droughts; but many a flock which survived that ordeal has been silently, hopelessly, swallowed by the flood.—*Ranken's "Dominion of Australia."*

A Lost Note.

An extraordinary affair happened about the year 1740. One of the Directors, a very rich man, had occasion for £30,000 of the Bank of England, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought. To facilitate the matter he carried the sum with him to the bank, and obtained for it a bank note. On his return home he was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterward, to lock it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered the room; he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The Director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him; and as he was known to be a perfectly honorable man, he was readily believed. It was only about twenty-four hours from the time that he had deposited the money; they thought, therefore, that it would be hard to refuse this request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it should ever be found, or pay the money himself, if it should be presented by any stranger. About thirty years afterward (the Director having long been dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune), an unknown person presented the lost bill at the bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled; he would not listen to it. He maintained that it came to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer, and the £30,000 were paid him. The heirs of the Director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterward that an architect having purchased the Director's house, taking it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the bank.—*Old and New.*

Agassiz was twice married. His second wife was Miss Lizzie Cary.

A STRANGE STORY.

It is possible that some readers may be fond of ghost stories, and therefore I relate for their benefit the following legend about a certain London house. For obvious reasons I suppress the names of persons and exact localities, and I further desire it to be understood that I do not hold myself responsible for the accurate truth of all the details of the story; I need only add that the events are to be taken as having occurred some years ago.

Some years ago, then, a gentleman whom we will call Colonel Somerville, was desirous of buying a house in the west end of the town, and passing one day, through a well-known square, he observed a house to be sold, which seemed to him, as far as outside appearances and situation were concerned, to be the very thing he wanted. The printed bill referred him to a firm of estate agents in the city, and to them he at once went, though he could not help entertaining a misgiving that the price would be exorbitantly high and beyond his means. No harm, however, could be done by simple inquiry. He was agreeably astonished to find that that the sum demanded was only four thousand pounds. Not being a commercial man, he could not help expressing his astonishment at the small sum demanded, and naively inquired if the mansion was very much out of repair. The representative of the firm unhesitatingly replied that the house was in very good repair, and would not require more than the usual outlay upon decoration. The colonel pressed his inquiries, and, as he seemed to be a likely and desirable purchaser, he was soon informed of the circumstances under which the house in question was to be sold. It had belonged to a queer old gentleman who lived in Clerkenwell, and who had died intestate, and the sale was ordered by his next of kin, who had been found with some difficulty. This old gentleman had died, strangely enough, in the very act of drawing up his will. He had just penned the words "And I desire that my house in—— Square should be—" when some kind of a fit seized him, and he was discovered the next morning by his housekeeper dead in his chair. Now the next of kin was found in Australia, or some remote colony, and was anxious to realize the property as quickly as possible. The house in —— Square had been uninhabited for years. There was not a scrap of furniture in it; but it had been scrupulously cared for and kept clean by an elderly deaf woman, who did not live in it, but used to go to it every morning and spend almost all day there, and preserved it in such a condition that the owner might have furnished it at any time, and come to live there without experiencing any sense of discomfort which would ordinarily arise from residing in a house which had not been inhabited for a long time It was well known, I may add, that the elderly care-taker never slept there. The Colonel went to view the house. He found that he had not been deceived by external appearances, or by the description of the accommodation detailed by the agent; it was, in short, just such a house as he and his wife wanted for a town residence, and in due course the purchase was completed. As he was in no particular hurry to enter, and as Mrs. Somerville happened to be unwell at this particular time, and unable to come to London to superintend the furnishing, he contented himself with preparing a bedroom for his own use on the first floor, and another for his valet on the floor above. He retained the services of the elderly deaf woman, who appeared to be grateful for his consideration, as she alleged that the pay she received for her trouble was almost all that she had to live on. The house became the property of the Colonel at Midsummer 185-. Towards the end of July the rooms mentioned were furnished in a temporary manner for the accommodation of the Colonel, who at that time was frequently called to town on business, but it was not till the first week in August that Colonel Somerville, accompanied by a valet who had been in his service for about two years, actually entered as a resident. But in that house he only remained one night and he never slept there again.

He arrived in town about mid-day, on the Wednesday in the first week in August. The day was oppressively gloomy and dull in the country, and all London seemed to be seething in a sullen heat. He went with his valet straight to his new house in——Square. The cabman took the fare offered to him without grumbling, observing (as he glanced somewhat suspiciously at the house), "This is the first time as I ever drove a gentleman, nor a lady neither, to this here 'ouse," and he went away as quickly as he could.

Colonel Somerville took no notice of the remark at the time, though it came vividly to his recollection afterwards.

Having deposited his luggage, and seen that his room looked tolerably comfortable, he told his servant that he intended to dine at his club and should be home about eleven. The elderly deaf woman, I should say, was in attendance.

Well, the Colonel transacted his business, dined at his club with a friend, and returned to his house shortly after 11 o'clock. His servant, a smart, active young fellow, opened the door for him, showed him to his room, asked for his orders for the morning, and, having received them, retired to his room above.

It was hot in the streets as Colonel Somerville drove home; it was hotter still in his bedroom, yet he felt scarcely any inclination to sleep. Another cigar, he thought, would soothe him into somnolency, so he accordingly lit one, and tried to amuse himself by considering how he should furnish his new house, having due regard to the exigencies of London gas and atmosphere. His cigar finished, he undressed leisurely and got into bed; the wind, such as there was, came from the south, and he heard the great clock of Westminster strike twelve. By-and-by he heard the quarter, and then the half hour, and then he fell off into a dose from which he was awakened by repeated knocks at his door. He called out "Who's there?" but the answer was unintelligible, though he heard a voice in reply. He hastily lit the candle, and opened the door. In the passage he found his servant half dressed looking frightfully pale, and shivering violently from head to foot.

"Why, Warren, what on earth is the matter?" he exclaimed; "are you ill?"

"I don't quite know what is the matter," was the reply. "Please sir, may I come?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel, who was one of the kindest of human beings; "come in Warren, you must be ill."

The man entered shaking as though an ague had seized him and the Colonel hastily took his flask from his dressing-bag and gave him some strong brandy and water. This seemed to do Warren good, and then his master asked him again what was the matter.

"I don't rightly know, sir," he answered. "I went to bed all right and went very sound asleep. But I had a bad dream. I thought a pale-faced man came into my room, although I knew I had locked the door, and he stood beside my bed, looking for all the world, sir, as if he would like to eat me; and then the air in the room became so oppressive that it seemed to weigh upon my face and head, and then this terrible shivering came over me as if I was lying out of doors in a bitter frost, though I knew at the same time how hot it was."

"Incipient fever," said the Colonel, "let me feel your pulse."

"Strange," he muttered, after a minute or two. "Have you ever had malarial fever, intermittent or that sort of thing?"

"No, sir; never that I am aware of."

"But yet you must be ill. Shall I go and fetch a doctor?"

"Oh no, thank you sir. I feel so much better now."

"Well, then, Warren, I think you had better go back to bed again."

"The man became pale again instantly, and another attack of shivering seized him, and he exclaimed almost in agony.

"Oh, no, sir, not to that room! I feel certain that I should see that white faced man again, and feel that weight upon my face and head. Oh, sir, do let me lie upon the floor."

The Colonel looked gravely at Warren. He had, in India, seen a good deal of delirium tremens, and he entertained a very strong suspicion that this was the real cause of Warren's strange behavior; and yet the man had been in his service some time and he had never any reason to suppose that he was not thoroughly temperate and sober. So he said, "Well, you can take this blanket, and lie down upon the floor, or sit up in a chair as you please. I expect you will be heartily ashamed of yourself to-morrow morning, Warren."

"I think not, sir; I shall only be most grateful to you."

So Warren rolled himself in the blanket, and Colonel Somerville put out the candle and got into bed again and tried to go to sleep.

His efforts were in vain. He knew himself to be provokingly wide awake, and though he counted numberless sheep going through a gate, and resorted to all those devices which are popularly supposed to encourage sleep, he remained as wide awake as ever he had been in his life.

Everybody knows how preturnaturally acute the senses are when after midnight they positively refuse to be lulled to slumber; and the Colonel felt as terribly on the alert as he had felt sometimes in the Indian mutiny. Warren had quite got over his bad dreams and indisposition, and snored in the most comfortable manner.

Suddenly some noise within the house made the Colonel start up in his bed and listen attentively. Yes—there could be no doubt about it! there was the sound of a stealthy footfall upon the stairs. He hastily lit his candle again, and his gaze was turned toward the door, which he had locked after it was settled Warren should remain. He saw the handle move.

In a flash of thought he asked himself what this could be. London thieves would never dream of running the risk of entering a house in which there was absolutely nothing to steal. To physical fear Colonel Somerville was a stranger, and so he at once snatched up the short, heavy poker from the fireplace, and without waiting to arouse his servant, whom he saw was sleeping heavily, he went quietly to the door, unlocked and opened it suddenly, prepared to capture the intruder. But the passage outside was vacant and silent

Being a man of more than ordinary strength, and thoroughly accustomed to danger he did not hesitate about continuing his search. There were only two other rooms upon this floor, these he entered, and, as they were destitute of furniture, a glance was sufficient to show him that there was no one there. He went up stairs, carefully examined Warren's room; then he went down stairs, walked through the drawing-room. dining-room and study, then into the offices, but he encountered nobody. Then he proceeded to examine the doors and windows of the basement, and satisfied himself that nobody could have entered there. His examination of the lower part of the house occupied him about a quarter of an hour, and then he arrived at the conclusion he had been the victim of his own imagination. Then he yawned and began to think he felt really sleepy, so he ascended from the offices, thinking that he should get a few hours rest at last. Just as he put his foot upon the first step of the stairs leading from the hall, something glittered from the floor. He stooped down to see what it was, and he picked up what appeared to be a needle of about four times the ordinary length with a tiny steel button at the end. He examined it curiously, for he did not remember to have seen such an implement before. The point he remarked, appeared to be slightly tarnished. With this, the sole result of his search he returned to his bed-room. He entered and locked the door after him, and was about to throw of his dressing gown, when to his intense astonishment he found that Warren, whom he had left sleeping soundly, was gone.

He opened the door again and called loudly. No answer. He hurried up stairs to his servant's room—no trace of him there; indeed no trace of him anywhere, and Colonel Somerville never saw or heard of James Warren again. He had no reason to suppose that there was any motive for his mysterious disappearance, for he had not robbed or defrauded his master in any way whatever. The next day the police examined the house thoroughly but nothing of importance transpired. Need I add that Colonel Somerville's new house was up again for sale immediately.

Three facts remain to be recorded: First, the strange-looking needle which the Colonel found was subjected to chemical inspection, and the tarnishes upon the point were found to be human blood. Secondly, when the house had been for sale about six weeks, Colonel Somerville received a letter from the agents, announcing that the house was sold for the same amount that he gave for it. The Colonel being a man of strict honor thought himself in duty bound to make the purchaser aware of all that had occurred and hurried up to town to the agents for the purpose of procuring the name and address of this person. All that the agents could inform him was that the purchaser was a gentleman named Williams and appeared to be an American. He gave a cheque upon a well-known bank for the amount and it was duly honored. The only peculiarity about Mr. Williams was that he had a remarkable pale face. Thirdly, the house has never been since put up for sale, but it remains, to all appearances, untenanted, though I understand the deaf old woman is still the care-taker.

To the lovers of mystery, I commend this story.—*London Society.*

The Pleasures of the Dull.

Tormented by the pains of thinking, I have often envied the placid peace of those who cannot think at all. How delightful it must be, I have said to myself, to be able to hold the most utterly contradictory views on all things, divine and human, without the faintest suspicion as to their inconsistency, or any logical horror of inconsistency itself! Women, with occasional exceptions, are not much troubled by such inconsistencies. Are they, therefore, less happy than men? How soothing it must be to be hopelessly incapable of syllogisms! What pangs is not a mind spared that refuses to admit that if A is B, and C is A, therefore C is also B! What admirable wives and mothers and daughters there are, and what praiseworthy country parsons too, to whom all this bepuzzlement about A, B, and C, is as unintelligible as a conjurer's gibberish! Supposing it were suddenly proved that all our astronomers are wrong, and that the sun really goes round the earth, what horrible agonies should we thinking people endure who believe in mathematics and the multiplication-table, and what a hideous skepticism would darken the rest of our lives! Yet the unthinking multitude would be unmoved by a single painful thought, and would dress, dine, digest, and sleep as unconcernedly as if Copernicus and Newton had never existed.

Then, again, there is that enviable capacity for enjoying many things which in my unfortunate state of culture, I do detest. I never walk through an old house, filled with eighteenth-century furniture, without envying the simplicity and credulity of my ancestors. How easily must that generation have been pleased which saw beauty in those spindle-legged chairs and tables, and which could plaster up a Gothic roof or screen, and paint some venerable oak-carving a pale-blue color, and find itself refreshed by the effect! There are limits, indeed, to one's envy of the non-culture—I will not call it the barbarism—of the past. By no possible effort of sympathy can I wish to feel as those felt who delighted to contemplate King George IV., in his tight coat and silk stockings, sitting upon his royal sofa, with arm outstretched, as depicted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

As to the amount of happiness connected with the mutabilities of ladies' dress, on the other hand, my thoughts are much exercised. Does it, or does it not, add to the enjoyment of one's whole life to be able to be equally delighted with a mass of false hair of reddish hue at the back of one's head, and a mass of false hair, made white with powder, on the top of one's head, and a head without any false hair at all? Take the whole amount of rapture which one has ever experienced from the contemplation of the Venus of Milo, and consider whether it is equal, in the long-run, to the daily self-complacency of the simple soul that is conscious of being always clothed as fashion demands, whether fashion prescribes four-and-twenty inches or three yards as the diameter of her gown. I go, perhaps, to a gayly-dressed evening gathering, where every woman, whether old or young, is *decolletee*, in varying degrees of exposure. What necks do I see! What shoulders! What complexions! You are not those smiling creatures happy, whose skins are as nearly as possible the same color as their dresses? Is the enjoyment of that amiable female marred by the thought that she has clothed herself in a hue which brings out most forcibly the sad fact that time is beginning its ravages upon her face and arms? And are women generally to be pitied because they are for the most part unaware of the fact that good-looking arms are not common, and that arms which are not good-looking had better be encased in some pleasant-looking sleeves than paraded before the public gaze? These are difficult questions for him to settle who speculates on the advantages of the culture of to-day.—*Cornhill.*

A Word for the Boys.

I was always used to boys and their rough ways, for all my cousins and other connexions invariably were boys. Consequently, when Grandma is at her wit's end; when Grandpa glowers over his spectacles at "the little rascals;" when Bridget fumes and frets at the muddy feet and endless doorslamming; when even Papa rages over the lost shovel, &c., &c., *I* take things very coolly. And, between you and I, if I didn't, I should have been dead long ago. And I have made up my mind to this: "Boys will be boys" as long as this world endures, and there is no use in forever fretting and talking and scolding. It does no good, but, on the contrary, does do harm. I do not like my carpets and furniture spoiled; I do not like this running in and out in winter time to warm hands and feet, thus leaving in the cold air. I don't like it; but, at the same time, what can I do about it? If you know anything of boys, you know that they cannot sit still two minutes in succession. And then to get rid of them awhile, we're glad to let them go out. Then they are not out any time scarcely ere the spirit of contrariness tells them how nice and warm it is in the house, and in they come again. So it is perpetual motion, perpetual noise, perpetual mischief, till blessed night brings rest for the poor mother, as well as for the boys. Troublesome? I should think so! And yet I pity the little fellows. How they are hustled around and snubbed. What black looks, what short answers they get. They are not wanted in the parlor, and Bridget *won,t* have them in the kitchen. It really seems as if there was no room for the boys anywhere. Solemn respectability frowns at the peccadillos of his neighbor's boys, as th~gh his own had received a diploma for righteousness—(which everybody else knows they haven't, and *I* for one, don't expect either his or mine to get just yet.) Old maids, and ladies without "a family of boys," would as soon sit down by a bear as a boy, but some day comes in a married lady who has neither boys or girls of her own, but her big warm heart takes in all those of her neighbors. She sympathizes with your perplexities and troubles, and after having made both you and your boys fall in love with her, ends her visit. But it hasn't been in vain. In thought you follow her home. You see her handsome carpets, her polished furniture and spotless cleanliness of room and hall. And then you look at your own surroundings. Above all, on the ruddy faces of those "noisy, horrible boys," and you say in your heart, as the noble Roman matron, Cornelia, once said, "These are *my* jewels."

Presence of Mind.

There is one grand quality signally neglected, almost never taught, nowhere prized at its true value, seldom preached upon, yet certain to avert many a disaster and deliver from many a peril. Were parents and teachers accustomed to show their young ones how self-command in some unexpected emergency, as in an outbreak of fire at midnight, would not only save themselves, but rescue a whole company of friends or fellow pupils, were the various means of escape shown, and the necessity of instant decision enforced, many a valuable life (to say nothing of property) would be saved. So intelligent a community as ours ought not, in this advanced period of thought, to be so easily overwhelmed by calamity, when one woman's prompt and resolute aid would stop the stream at its fountain head. If it is replied, as it will be, that some persons are born without this gift; my answer is that Peter the Great was born without the capacity to endure the sea, Frederic Second with a perfect terror at battle, Paley with indisposition to rise early, Judge Story with a disgust at law books, Washington with impetuous passion—yet all conquered their natural weakness, and so can we if we feel the necessity.

From various quarters facts have come to me of every sort, illustrating in women and children even, the power of overcoming panic and turning apparent disaster into an occasion of really sublime virtue.

Instances there are, as we all know, of mothers rushing in frantic fear from a burning dwelling, then remembering the dear baby they left asleep in its little crib, and flying back through the open passage, to perish vainly in a whirl of mad flames. At the first alarm it would have been easy enough to have seized the child and secured its safety with her own, because the air currents were then cut off; after her own mad hand had given the fire free passage through the house, her own sacrifice came too late to be of any service.

Another mother I knew in this State, awakened from profound sleep by the fierce light in her room, forbidding her husband from opening door or window till she had made a string of sheets, and let her child down to the ground; then she followed herself, without any serious injury from the stifled flames, and not even a very severe fright, for she had taught herself self-control, and so she was always ready to use the best means and all the means God and Nature had put in her hands.

The custom used to be universal in Ireland, of storing powder in the garret of every grand country house. The great-grandmother of the famous Maria Edgeworth, had sent a stupid servant girl to procure something in the garret, when the maid came back and was asked for her candle, which she had carried without any candle-stick, she answered "it was sticking in the cask of black dirt up there. Not a moment was to be lost. Mrs. Edgeworth flew up-stairs, dashed the candle upon the floor, and fell herself, overcome by nervous excitement. She had saved the house and all within its walls.

That capital old story-book, Sandford and Merton, tells a story founded on fact, of a party of girls pursued by a wild bull in an open field. The eldest lassie turned full on the mad beast, and faced him. Mr. Bull paused a moment in surprise. Then he renewed his advance, and the noble girl made the best retreat she could, facing him still, and cheering her little companion to hurry away. Her calmness seems to have been respected by the great beast, for he only drove her steadily out of his domain, giving all her party and herself time to leap the fence without harm.

A far better story I remember of an English family taking tea in the garden back of their bungalow, one sultry eve, in upper India. Suddenly a grand Bengal tiger made one of the company. The gentlemen, even an army officer, seemed paralyzed with fear. One woman alone was master of the occasion. She sprung open a large sun-umbrella right in the face of the beast, who resented so unusual a reception by leaping over the green hedge and making for the thicket, where he had been hiding. Would not this same genius at improvising means have made this lady perfectly invaluable in shipwreck, in midnight conflagration, in burglar's attack, in epidemic disease, in the field hospital of an army, in the panic of a crowded assembly, in railroad collission, in thousands of lesser disasters always aggravated by lack of self-control?

When only thirteen, Sir Astley Cooper showed this rare gift. A little playmate had been crushed by a cart-wheel. He was bleeding to death. There was not half time enough to get a surgeon. Astley brought out his silk handkerchief—tied it about the wound—stopped the bleeding effectually, till the surgeon could take the child in charge, whom Astley had really saved. And this event was the principal one to determine that choice of his profession, which made him such a signal blessing to mankind.

The name of Eli Breem ought to have some permanent record. A railroad bridge had just been destroyed by fire. An express train was approaching. Eli was determined to hazard his life to save others. He ran to meet the advancing engine, spread his little arms as widely as possible, and succeeded in gaining the engineer's attention—who stopped the train just in time to prevent another dissster like that at Norwalk.

The best wine I have kept to the last. Manning, a West India merchant, was sitting on a log on the shore of Jamaica, while his companions were bathing. Suddenly he saw a shark making full upon them. Had he cried "shark," one or both would have been overcome by fear. "Fellows, look here," he cried, "you swim miserably. Here is the best repeater in all Jamaica for the one that comes in first. Now do your best." So he kept cheering and stimulating, now one, now the other. When he saw Farnum relaxing his stroke, he reproached him for giving up so easily, when he was sure to win if he only pursued. At last he rushed into the waves himself, his red handkerchief streaming from the end of a stick, to divert the man eater. When Farnum was safe upon the sand, and was told his peril, he fell flat as a log, proving how helpless he would have been out at sea.

Be Occupied.

Young men sometimes think that it is not respectable to work. They imagine that there is some character of disgrace or degration belonging to toil. No greater mistake could be made. Instead of being disgraceful to engage in work, it is especially honorable. It is the useless, not the useful man who does nothing; who eats the bread he does not earn; who relies upon others to support his life. It is he who is not respectable, because he does nothing to command respect.

Scenes in Peru.

I believe that in no other country in the world is there such a complete absence of the fitness of things as among the inhabitants of Peru. They are constantly doing and saying the most grotesque and inappropriate things, with the same unchanging air of dignity and sober earnestness that makes it only the more ridiculous. To illustrate:

Daily there passes my door an old Cholo waterman, carrying his water jars, on the most diminutive and stunted of donkeys; and daily is the same scene enacted. As Peru is a Catholic country, there is erected in the centre of four streets a large wooden or stone cross, and it is the universal custom for every man, woman and child, whenever they pass one of these wayside croses, to stop, and, making the sign of the cross, to bow before it. Some of the devout kneel and utter an ave maria, while every one doffs the hat and makes the sign of the cross. Either this little donkey of the aquador (water-carrier) has been brought up a priest, or else he possesses more devotion than the rest of his species; for he invariably stops square before the cross, sets his fore legs sturdily at right angles puts up his long ears and straightens his stubby tail, and obstinately and persistently refuses to move an inch. The waterman dismounts, pulls at him, kicks and shouts, tugs at his bridle and belabors him with a stout cudgel; but all to no purpose. Standing as immovable as a rock, the donkey brays and brays again, his nose fairly rubbing the cross, and, at every blow, only plants his feet more firmly and brays the louder. Little donkey boys say: "Let him alone; he is at his devotions." Bystanders cry: "Look at the piety of the beast;" and the waterman, looking round in despair at the crowd, says: "What shall I do? what can I do?" in the most hopeless tones; then, turning to the donkey, he says, savagely, to it: "Beast! stop your braying, you are nothing but an old fool, and your mother, was a fool before you?" This settles the donkey, for he moves on, amid the jeers of the lookers-on and my own laughter.

I have been much amused at the drunken antics of a couple of sailors, ashore for a spree after a long voyage. In front of a Chinese eating-house (called a fonda) these reeling tars see standing a donkey, whose Chinese waterman has gone into a fonda with his jar of fresh water, leaving the little donkey patiently waiting for him. In a moment one of the sailors is across the street and has mounted astride the poor donkey, with his face turned towards the animal's tail and his long legs almost or quite touching the ground. The other sailor takes the poor beast by the bridle and by blows and curses tries to induce the donkey to go on, but in vain, he will not move or stir, and only plants his legs more sturdily and sets his head stiffly in the air. Out comes the Chinese waterman and commences to reason with the drunken sailor to get off from his donkey and let him load on the empty water jars. But the sailor is drunk enough to want to have a little frolic, and refuses to get off or allow the Chinaman to pull him off.

The waterman now waxes mad, begins to scold, going from Spanish to shrill Chinese, and screaming higher and louder. The sailors understand neither Spanish or Chinese, so that neither can understand the other. One sailor pulls at the donkey's bridle-rein and the one seated upon the animal jerks the beast's tail up and down, and digs his knees into the donkey's sides shouting and kicking at him to go on. A crowd assembles and some side with the sailors and some with the Chinaman. After exhausting all his arts to dislodge the jolly tar, the Chinaman appeals to the crowd and says in Spanish: "Gentlemen pity me and help me! see how I am hindred and tormented by this drunken Americano. Will not some one be good enough to bring his mother that she may coax him to get off and let me go in peace?" The idea of bringing his mother!

The Iron Lance of Martinique.

The bane of the beautiful Island of Martinique is a serpent called the "iron lance." This reptile, with venomous taste, chooses the coolest and most delightful places in the garden for his retreat, and it is literally at the risk of one's life that one lies down on the grass, or even takes a rest in an arbor. The wounds inflicted by these serpents are very apt to be fatal unless immediately cared for. The whole island is infested with this dangerous reptile, and it is said that on an average nearly eight hundred persons are bitten every year, of which number from sixty to seventy cases prove fatal, while many others result in nervous diseases which are almost as bad as death. A few years ago, when Prince Arthur of England visited this island, a grand *fete* was given in his honor in the Jardin des Plantes. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated, and thousands of people sauntered through its cool and shady avenues. A large number were bitten by the "iron lance," and many of them never recovered from the effects of the poison. The fondness of this terrible reptile for cool and shady places is a serious drawback on the pleasure of rambling through the charming groves of Martinique. A rest on the grass under the shadow of some spreading tree is always haunted by the dread of some unseen dangers, and one cannot even cross a field without exercising extreme caution.

Symbolical Gems.

The following symbolization of the twelve stones mentioned in the Book of Revelations as forming the foundation of the wall of the New Jerusalem will furnish a hint to gift-seekers; First, jasper, the crimson, the color of passion, suffering; then the sapphire, truth and calm; beyond, chalcedony for purity; next the emerald, the hope of glory. The fifth stone, the sardonyx, is the mingling and alternating of these—the tenderness and the pain and the purifying. The sardius represents the triumphant love, containing and overwhelming all passion; the central type—crowning the human, underlying the heavenly. Then the tints grow clear and spiritual; chrysolite, golden-green, touched with a glory manifest; the blending of a rarer and serener blue, the wonderful sea-pure beryl; then the sun-filled glory of the topaz; and chrysoprase, where flame and azure find each other—the joy of the Lord and the peace which passeth understanding. In the end, the jacinth, purple, and pure amethyst, into which the rainbow refines itself at last, hinting at the far distance of ineffable things.

The following piece of oriental flattery is quoted by the *Moniteur* (Paris): "An American diplomatist, Mr. Wade, having lately died at Pekin, the Chinese attributed his disease 'to the inexpressible emotion which he experienced at seeing the august face of the Emperor.'"

Youths' Column.

Hymn for a Little Child.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waneth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

BENNY'S ARITHMETIC LESSON.—Little Benny had just begun to go to school.

Some boys as young and active as he is would rather play all day long than to spend part of the time in the school-room; but he seems to like it.

Almost every day he comes running home, saying, "I've learned something more to-day;" and, after he has told us about it we send him out of doors with his little cousins, who live close by.

We know that all work and no play would make Benny a dull boy.

To-day he felt very proud, because he had been learning to add. He said that he could say the first table.

I told him to begin, and I would tell him if he was right.

So he began; and this is the way it went on:—

Benny.—One and one are two.
Mamma.—That is very true.
Benny.—Two and one are three.
Mamma.—Nought could better be.
Benny.—Four and one are five.
Mamma.—True as I'm alive.
Benny.—Five and one are six.
Mamma.—That's a pretty fix.
Benny.—Six and one are seven.
Mamma.—Thought you'd say eleven.
Benny.—Seven and one are eight.
Mamma.—Bless your curly pate!
Benny.—Eight and one are nine.
Mamma.—Why, how very fine!
Benny.—Nine and one are ten.
Mamma.—Pretty good for Ben.

We had a good hearty laugh when we got through; for Benny's earnest way of reciting pleased me, and he enjoyed the emphatic manner in which I replied to his additions. How many little boys can say the table that Benny did?

"CLEAR THE COAST!"—"Clear the coast! clear the coast!" cried Albert and Frank, as they came down hill swiftly on Frank's new sled.

"Look out for that woman!" cried little Harry, who was standing at the top of the hill.

A poor German woman was crossing the road. She had a large basket full of bundles, which she carried on her head. In her right hand she had an umbrella and a tin pail, and on her arm another basket. Truly, seeing that the roads were slippery, she had more than her share of burdens.

She tried to get out of the way; but Frank's new sled was such a swift runner, that it came near striking her, and caused her to nearly lose her balance, putting her at the same time into a great fright.

"You bad boys, you almost threw me down!" she exclaimed, when she recovered from the start they had given her, and looked around to see if she had dropped any of her bundles.

But down the hill they rushed on their sled, Frank losing his hat in their descent, but little caring for that in his delight. The two boys, after reaching the foot of the hill, turned, and began to drag their sled up again.

"That woman," said Frank, "called us bad boys. Let us tell her that we are not bad boys. We did not mean to run her down."

"Here comes Harry, running. What has he got to say?" asked Albert.

"I tell you what, boys," said Harry, "you'll be taken up if you run people down in that way."

"Why didn't she clear the coast when I told her to?" said Albert.

A WORD TO CHILDREN.—If children allow themselves to be governed by evil passions, they become the cause of *sorrow* instead of *joy; pain* instead of *pleasure*, casting around the once pure young heart an influence deadly as the poisonous breath of the Upas tree; as it destroys animal life, so does the indulgence in evil companionship and sinful feelings take all that is good and beautiful from our lives while on earth, robbing us of what is of far greater importance—*our hopes of Heaven!* I hope then that you will all strive to be good. It will bring its own reward. Jesus, our Heavenly Master, loved little children! In the book of books, which he caused to be written for our guidance and instruction, He often talks about them. 'Twas Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." How kind! What beautiful words!"

When his disciples were disputing about who should be the *greatest*, Jesus rebuked them in this wise. He took a child and placed him in the midst of them, and taking the little boy in his arms, he said to his disciples: "Whosoever receiveth one of such children in my name, receiveth me; and whosoever shall receive me receiveth not me, but *Him that sent me.*" This same Jesus is just as ready to-day to enfold in the arms of His love all good children, as He was in those olden times, when He *lived, suffered and died* here on earth, that *we might dwell with him in Heaven.*

RIDDLE.—Two ladies, an aunt and her niece, were carried off by a band of Indians, and, though imprisonsd within the same encampment, were not permitted to see or converse with each other. A young Indian girl—the favorite daughter of the chief—used to visit them both; but they durst not trust her to carry massages, so the niece persuaded the maiden to carry a certain animal to her aunt, and to bid her to study its name carefully. The young Indian complied. The aunt understood the message to be an entreaty to escape if possible, and returned answer, by a fruit, that escape was utterly impossible. What was the animal, and what the fruit?

Answer:—Ant-elope: Can't-elope.

THE SEA MOUSE.—The sea mouse is one of the prettiest creatures that lives under the waters. It sparkles like a diamond and is radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, although it lives in the mud at the bottom of the ocean. It should not have been called a mouse, for it is larger than a big rat. It is covered with scales that move up and down as it bathes, and glitters like gold shining through a flocky down, from which fine silky bristles wave that constantly change from one brilliant tint into another, so that, as Cuvier, the great naturalist, says, the plumage of the humming bird is not more beautiful. Sea mice are sometimes thrown up on the beach by storms.—*Hearth and Home.*

Varieties.

Two-thirds of the Episcopal Bishops were consecrated since 1866.

Ostrich plumes at $250 a pound are in the highest feather with fashionable ladies.

It is singular that there should be no way of putting a stop to the "girl of the period."

Six and eight button kid gloves extending up the arm as far as the elbow, will continue the fashion for full dress.

A favorite style of trimming dresses, is of two or three shades of the color of the material of which the costume is made.

The ladies appear to have taken the front breadths out of their overskirts and sewed them on the same garment behind.

The Comte de Waldeck sent a bouquet to the ex-Empress Eugenie on her birthday, with a note saying that his age was 109 years—old enough to know better.

Out West, where women are running for office, the newspapers whose candidates have been elected, no longer place defiant roosters at the head of their columns. A modest hen broods over the glad tidings of election.

In the Christian warfare, to maintain the conflict is to gain the victory. The promise is made to him that endures to the end. The object of our spiritual adversaries is to prevent this. Every day in which you are preserved from going back, they sustain a defeat.—*Payson.*

There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's live's are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease.

"Little Tommy didn't disobey mamma, and go in swimming, did he?" "No, mamma; Jimmy Brown and the rest of the boys went in, but I remembered, and would not disobey you." "And Tommy never tells lies, does he?" "No, mamma; or I couldn't go to Heaven." "Then how does Tommy happen to have on Jimmy Brown's shirt?"

It will give some notion of the vastness of the spoil of war that has fallen into German hands, irrespective of the pecuniary indemnity, when it is stated that the share of gun metal from captured cannon allotted to Bavaria alone, as the due of her two army corps, amounts to no less than 460 tons. Of this, King Louis has ordered fifty tons to be distributed to certain parishes to be turned into the church bells they are in need of. The rest is handed over to the Bavarian Government arms foundry for future con