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., MARCH 11, 1874. NO. 10.

Poetry.

Agnes.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I.

Surely there hangs a dimmer shine
Over the sky than a month ago;
And it seems to me this soughing pine
Has tears in its voice—it is sobbing so!
Yonder a lonely robin weaves
Whole heart-breaks into his plaintive web;
And even the scarlet maple leaves
Fall with a sigh about my feet;
And the Indian summer haze droops wan,—
Agnes has gone!

II.

There is the reason:—Out of the sky,
Purpled and paled with dreamy mist,
Shaken from breezy wafts that lie
Calmed in their lakes of amethyst—
Gurgling from every bird that croons,
Heard in the leaf-fall, heard in the rain,
Under the nights and under the moons,
Ever there sounds the sad refrain,
Throbbing and sobbing over and on,
Agnes has gone!

III.

Ah, for the *left*—who bear to miss
Out of their lives this life how rare!
Tender, *so* tender!—an angel's kiss
Hallowed it daily unaware;
Gracious as sunshine—sweet as dew
Shut in a lily's golden core,
Fragrant with goodness through and through,
Pure as the spikenard Mary bore,
Positive as twilight—calm as dawn—
Agnes has gone.

IV.

Close by the side of our Hero lay,
(Said she not so?) the darling down;
Close, that the shadowings of the bay
Jointly her resting-place may crown;
Has she not borne her woman's part,
Bitterness, exile, love—as he?
Pillow me then on the royal heart,
Daughter with father—Lee with Lee—
Soothed, that to him, though from us withdrawn,
Agnes has gone.

Self-Reliance.

BY LAURA THORNTON

Oh! eager heart, oh! earnest mind,
That travel on the crowded way,
How recklessly you hurry on,
Impatient of an hour's delay!

You faint beneath the blinding heat,
The vista stretches bare and long;
Oh, wherefore blindly follow thus
The common road, the common throng

Repressing still your eager steps
To formal stages, dull and slow;
Though fretting at the forced restraint,
And eager far ahead to go

Oh, cast aside the base restraint,
Nor let the world your thoughts control;
And in its place take ye for guide
The earnest heart, the lofty soul.

So shall ye tread life's higher paths;
So shall your souls grow firm and strong;
For God will give to those who seek—
Will guide to right, protect from wrong.

Millwood, February, 1874.

Miscellany.

The Adoration of Woman.

That adoration which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself, is hardly distinguishable from a religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is not so? whether of woman or child, or art or music? Our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of Autumn sunsets, or pillared vistas, or calm, majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty; our emotions in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence; our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery. Is it any weakness, pray, to be wrought on by exquisite music? to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the sublest windings of your soul, the delicate fibres of life where no memory can penetrate, and binding together your whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration, melting you in one moment with all the tenderness, all the love that has been scattered through the toilsome years, concentrating in one emotion of heroic courage or resignation all the hard-learned lessons of self-renouncing sympathy, blending your present joy with past sorrow, and your present sorrow with all your past joy? If not, then neither is it a weakness to be so wrought upon by the exquisite curves on a woman's cheek and neck and arms, by the liquid depths of her beseeching eyes or the sweet childish pout of her lips. For the beauty of a lovely woman is like music, what can one say more? Beauty has an expression beyond and far above woman's soul, that it clothes, as the words of genius have a wider meaning than the thought that prompted them; it is more than woman's love that moves as in a woman's eyes—it seems to be a far-off mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there; the rounded neck, the dimpled arm, move us by something more than their prettiness—by their close kinship with all we have known of tenderness and peace. The expression in beauty (it is needless to say that there are gentlemen with whiskers dyed and undyed who see none of it whatever) and for this reason the noblest nature is often the most blinded to the character of the woman's soul, that the beauty clothes. Whence, I fear, the tragedy of human life is likely to continue for a long time to come, in spite of mental philosophers, who are ready with the best receipts for avoiding all mistakes of the kind.—*George Eliot.*

A Lake on a Mountain Top.

A New England journal relates the following: A body of water, said to cover an area of two acres or more, has just been discovered on the top of one of the mountains in Glatenbury. Some of the oldest inhabitants say that many years ago it was known to be there and was called the "Lost Pond," and that one day Stephen Pratt, then of Bennington, Vt., and two other gentlemen were roaming about in the then seemingly interminable forests. Happening to have hooks and lines in their pockets, they determined to see if there wasn't some trout in the small brook which they came across. After getting everything in readiness they threw their hooks into the little brook, and to their amazement, as they afterward expressed it themselves, "it was filled with trout!" They fished along up the stream a few rods, and to their utter astonishment came to the pond above mentioned. There they said the trout "took hold too fast for sport!" They caught more than they could bring home through the woods, and were consequently obliged to leave some, but with a determination that they would visit the pond the next day. After a long march, they finally reached the road to town, where they had left their team, but greatly fatigued. They traveled all the next day, but could not find the pond, and it has not been discovered until now.

HIS LUCKY NUMBER.

"Every one has a lucky number," said the old gentleman. "Mine is twenty-one. Twenty-nine might have been, would have been, an unlucky number for me. Yet I didn't know it; both were painted in black letters on a white oval. Twenty-one—twenty-nine. Not much difference, you see—21, 29—very like indeed; and yet because I chose the number without a flourish and a long leg, I am here to-day, and have had a long and happy life, I should have been the occupant of a suicide's grave ever so many years ago had I chosen twenty-nine."

"I really can't understand," said I. "Was it a lottery or a draft, a conscription, or what? Was it a game—was it?"

"It was the number on a door," said the old gentleman. "Wait a minute; I'll tell you all about it."

"I was very much in love; everybody is at some time in his life. At twenty-five I was desperate. Talk about Romeo! He was nothing compared with me.

"I'm not ashamed of it. She was a worthy object. Not only because she was beautiful, but she was good and amiable, and such a singer. She sang soprano in the church choir. And I've heard strangers whisper to each other, "is there really an angel up there?" When she sang her part alone, clear and sweet, and flute-like her voice was. I've never heard its equal."

"Well, I loved her, and, thought she liked me; but I wasn't sure. I courted her a good while, but she was as shy as any bird, and I couldn't satisfy myself as to her feelings. So I made up my mind to ask and know for certain. Some old poet says:

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his desires are small;
> Who fears to put it to the touch,
> And win or lose it all."

"I agreed with him; and one evening as I walked home from a little party where we had met, with her on my arm, I stopped under a great willow tree, and took her hand in mine, and said:

"Jessie, I love you better than my life—will you marry me?"

"I waited for an answer.

"She gave none.

"Jessie," I said, "won't you speak to me?"

"Then she did speak:

"No—oh, dear, no!"

"I offered her my arm again, and took her home without a word. She did not speak either. She had told me before that she should start with the dawn to visit an aunt in New York; but I did not even say good-bye at the door. I bowed; that was all. Then when she was out of sight, and I stood alone in the village street, I felt desperate enough to kill myself."

"What had I done to have so cold a refusal? Why should she scorn me so? Oh, dear, no! I grew furious as I repeated these words.

"Yet, it stung me all the same. I tossed from side to side of my bed all night, and thought I could endure it no longer. But I would not pain and disgrace my respectable relatives by committing suicide in the place wherein they dwelt and were well known and thought of. I would go to New York—even then a very large city—and, seeking some hotel, register an assumed name, and, retiring at night with a bottle of laudanum and a brace of pistols, awake no more, and so be rid of my misery. I arranged my affairs to the best of my ability, and received an imaginary letter from a friend in New York, requesting my presence on a matter of business. I burdened myself with no unnecessary luggage. What did an 'unknown suicide' want of another coat and a change of linen?

"I kissed my mother and sister, and startled my grandmother by an embrace, and started upon what I mentally called my last journey, with a determined spirit.

"There was a certain hotel to which many of the people of our village were in the habit of going. This I avoided. Another, chosen at a hazard, seemed to be better. Thither I walked, determined to leave no trace of my destination to those who knew me—no clew to my identity to those who shall find me dead."

"I had no mark upon my clothing, no card, paper or letter with me. I had torn the hatter's mark from my beaver. As I ascended the hotel steps I felt, so to speak, like one going to his own funeral.

"A grinning waiter bowed before me. A pert clerk lifted up his head and stared. I was an ordinary traveler to them—that was evident.

"It was late in the evening. The place wore an air of repose. Laughter and a faint chink of glasses in an inner apartment, told of some conviviality. One old man read his newspaper before the fire. Nothing else was astir.

"I asked for a room. The clerk nodded.

"Do you care what floor?" he asked.

"I shook my head.

"Number twenty-nine is empty," he said, and tossed a key to the waiter, whom I followed at once.

"We reached the room by two flights of stairs. At the door the waiter paused.

"Though he said twenty-nine," he muttered, "the key is twenty-one."

"Then open twenty-one with it," I said. "I don't care for the number of the room."

"No sir—to be sure, sir," said the waiter, and passed along a few steps further.

"Twenty-one," he said, and, unlocking a door, pushed it open.

"Shall I bring you anything, sir?" he said.

"I answered 'No,' and he left me, having put the candle on my bureau.

"The hour had come. As I shut the door, a heavy sigh escaped me. Alas! that life had become so woeful a thing to me that I should desire to be rid of it.

"In the dim light of my one candle, I paced the floor, and thought bitterly of the girl I loved so dearly.

"It was in the days of curtained beds. The bed in this room was hung with dark chintz; so were the windows. Over the bureau was a looking-glass, with a portrait of a lady in puffed sleeves and high comb, at the top, by way of ornament. There were four stuffed chairs, and a brass shovel and tongs stood guard beside the grate. I fancied myself lying dead on the bed amidst all these belongings, and felt sorry for myself. Then I took my pistols from my portmanteau, and leaving the door unlocked, for why should I put the landlord to the trouble of breaking it open, I lay down on the bed, drew the curtains, took a pistol in each hand, and, as true as I now speak to you, had the muzzle of each to a temple, when some one opened the door, and—"There, now, Jessie," said a voice, "I told you you didn't lock it."

"I did," said another voice, "and sent the key to the office by the chamber-maid."

"I laid the pistols down and peeped through the curtains. There were two ladies in the room. One an old lady in a brown front of false curls, the other my cruel lady-love, Jessie Grey. For a moment I fancied I must be dreaming.

"Sure it's the right number?" asked Jessie.

"Twenty-one—yes," said the other. "And here's my band-box. Oh, dear! I'm sleepy."

"I am not," said Jessie. "I wish I was, aunt."

"You didn't sleep a wink last night," said the aunt. "Nor you haven't eaten your meals to day. You'll go into a decline if you go on that way. I'll see Dr. Black about you to-morrow."

"I don't want Dr. Black to be called, sighed Jessie. "I'd rather die."

"What's the matter?" cried the old lady. 'You are not yourself. You don't eat or sleep, and cry perpetually. What ails you?"

"I'm miserable," said Jessie.

"Why?" cried her aunt.

"Oh, aunt," said Jessie, "it's all your fault. You told me over and over again, that a girl must never jump at an offer; that a man must be refused at least once, or he'd not value a girl. And I liked him so! And, oh; he liked me! And when he asked me I felt so glad! But I remembered what you said, and oh, how could I do it?—I said, 'Oh, dear, no!' and he left me without a word. And I'm so sorry!—oh, so sorry!—because I loved him, aunty."

"You little goose!" cried the old lady.

"As for me, you can fancy how I felt. I had no thought of suicide now. My desire was to live and ask that question of mine over again. I pocketed my pistols and crept down on the other side of the bed. I stepped toward the bureau and blew out the candle. The faint red light of the fire was still in the room. As I dashed out at the door, I heard two female screams, but I escaped in safety.

"I met the waiter on the stairs.

"Found out the mistake, sir;" he said. "Just coming to rectify it."

"Don't mention it," I said. "I'm very glad—that is, it don't matter. Here is something for your trouble,' and I gave him a five dollar bill.

"He said, 'I thank ye, sir," but I saw that he thought me crazy. He was confirmed in his opinion when, as I passed to the door of my own room, I cried:

"Heaven bless twenty-one! It's a lucky number!"

"But I never was saner than I was then, and never half so happy.

"Of course, I proposed to Jessie the very next day, and I need not tell you that her answer was not 'Oh, dear, no;' and that's why I call twenty-one my lucky number."

A Mother's Tact.

The mother was sewing, and Josie sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, round scissors and some old magazines, was just as busy cutting out pictures.

"It would litter the carpet so," said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat.

Mamma Knew this, but she knew, too, that a few minutes work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well till the little boy found he had cut off a leg of his horse which he had considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and half crying he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," his mother said quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"Oh, yes sometimes."

"I will;" and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer, but the quick sympathy, and ready tact, made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with his play; while the mother sewed quietly, with no jar of nerves, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I'm tired of cutting pies' mamma," said Josie after awhile.

"Well, get your horse-wagon, and play those bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to the corner by the fire, and put them into the kindling box; play that's the woodhouse."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load, till the papers were all picked up, without ever thinking he was doing anything but play.

"Well, I declare," said Aunt Martha, "old as I am I've learned to-day, and I wish Emily would come in and take lessons, I do."

Mrs. Wade looked up in surprise. "What do you mean, auntie?"

"Well, I spent yesterday afternoon over there," (the old lady had a weakness for visiting, and was "auntie" to people generally) "and things were in a snarl and high-delow all the time—starting with less than Josie's given you a dozen times since I've sat here. I've had a good talk with yor, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week to come; over there we could not hear ourselves speak. It was 'don't do that,' and "you naughty child;" spill and scratch, and break and tumble, and slap, half the time. Emily means well; she loves her children, and never spares herself sewing for them, or nursing them when they are sick. She has a world of patience some ways, but she don't seem to have the faculty for managing them. Well, well, I'll send her over here, only I won't let on why;" and the old lady rolled up her knitting as the bell rang for tea.

A little tact springing from thoughtful love how good it is!

An Eccentric Peruvian Plant.

In speaking of the wonderful fertility of the soil in Peru, I have never spoken of a little plant, or leaf, they have here, which I never met with in any other place or country. I do not know the botanical name, and I hope that some botanist or savant can give me the name and species. The natives take simple pale-green leaf, something like a fern, and pin it to the wall with a common pin stuck through it—just pin it on to the plain adobe wall. Sometimes they fasten it up with a tack. The leaf itself is not so large as a geranium leaf. Incredible as it may seem, from this leaf will spread out tiny tendrils and shoots, and delicate leaves will form, and will spread, and run, and cover the whole wall. I had one in my own sideyard, or corral, that covered the entire side of the wall, and it grew from one small leaf, pinned on to the adobe to hold it in place. It becomes a thrifty running vine. I would not believe it possible, but that I have seen it repeatedly and successfully tried.—*Corr. of Chicago Tribune.*

In England, street railroads are commonly known as tramways. The word "tram" is said to be an abbreviation of "Outram," the father of Sir James Outram, renowned for his military exploits in India, having been the inventor of trams and tramways.

The Blackbird and Crow.

Once upon a time a crow and a blackbird stood on a fence-rail conversing. The blackbird looked gratefully up to the large relation who spoke to him so kindly; the crow, who wears Sunday clothes all the week, and couldn't be more dignified, even with spectacles, spoke as follows:

"You blackbirds are doubtless aware that we look upon you with tender admiration; in fact, some have gone so far as to consider the blackbird heaven's first best gift to the crow."

"First best gift—how pretty!" said the blackbird; and he straightway made it into a little song.

"That's right," said the crow; "I am pleased with you; we don't sing ourselves because—be-caw—caw"—here he set his head on one side and stopped to ponder.

"Because you can't," suggested the blackbird, respectfully.

"Not at all," said the crow; it's be-caw—in fact, it's a question of spheres. Our sphere, you observe, is the world; for instance, we see to the weather, and preside over corn-plantings, and hold conventions, and continually prepare new theorems concerning that still unfathomed mystery; but why oppress with these ponderous themes a little, simple songstress?"

"But you would, perhaps, explain," said the blackbird, with deference.

"I refer to the question—the question of ages preceding this—why men, when they have prepared us a field of corn, and by stretching unmeaning lines across it, and even erect strange beings, with spreading arms, in the midst. These things do not help us; on the contrary, they are unpleasantly bewildering. Why, then?—I never shall rest until I find out why."

"That comes of your logical mind," said the blackbird.

"I am pleased with you," said the crow, and, getting down from the fence, he stepped about on the ground in a highly superior manner.

"How distinguished!" thought the blackbird. "And we, sir?"

"You? Oh-haw. We do all these things, and you sing to us while we are doing them. You've no idea how inspiring it is to us, when we are engaged in these important matters, to know that you are sympathizing at a distance suiting your nice little tunes to all our changes, and setting, so to speak, our lives to music. Haw!"

"Oh, how sweet!" said the blackbird, beginning at once to whistle it. "But suppose," he suggested, "just suppose, you know, that some of us didn't like singing, or wished to try those other ways of living?"

"That wouldn't do at all," said the crow, coming back. "You must be fond of singing. A crow without a blackbird to ameliorate him? It might subvert the unities. Haw!"

"Still, if we should," said the blackbird, with timid persistence.

"Then," said the crow, severely, "you would lose your influence;" and again he got down from the fence, and stepped about.

"Dear, dear," said the little one trembling. "I'll never do it. Please, sir, what is influence?"

"Influence, my child, is that beautiful—haw! that indescribable—caw! In short, it means that, if you only take pains to find out what we like to do, you can almost always make us into doing it. But, whatever you may think of our doings, always remember that our high-toned natures cannot brook censure, and that the only way to preserve your influence is to meet us with a song."

"I'll try to remember," the blackbird said, and they parted.

The next day, Jack and Jenny Blackbird were happy, feeding their very first brood.

"There's a shoulder for you," said Jenny. "Sweet, sweet, spread out your wings. I think they'll fly by to-morrow."

"I consider this a really remarkably mouth," said Jacky, dropping a worm into it. "I don't see why, with our social advantages, we couldn't train them to be almost equal to crows. I'm sure our cousin will visit us. And he says if we want to keep on good terms, we must always meet him with a song, and be constantly careful not to lose our influence."

"What's that?" said Jenny. "Do see how he balances! He'll certainly fly by to-morrow."

"I don't know exactly; but we keep it by letting them have their own way, and especially by singing; and if we lose it, they'll be sure to despise us."

"You don't say so!" said Jenny. "That we couldn't endure. Ah, heaven above, what's this?"

For something suddenly swooped down into the nest, and carried off the fledgling in his talons.

"Oh, cousin," cried Jacky, "you've made a mistake—you've got our eldest child!"

"Yes, I'm quite fond of them," said the large cousin, affably. "What a nice little pair you are! But why don't you sing? As I told you, we always expect to be met with a song."

"But you've got our child," screamed Jenny. "Oh, you're hurting him."

"I won't hurt him more than I must," said the crow, considerately. "But, pardon me if I notice—haw! an absence of that serene cheerfulness which ought to be a distinguished blackbird trait. What! still no music? Then I begin to suspect——"

"Let us try our influence," gasped Jacky; "perhaps it may soften him." And they began to sing a wavering song.

"How improving that is!" said the crow, with a claw suspended. "Really there was one instant when I felt so exalted that I was on the point of putting the morsel back in the nest, if it hadn't been so juicy. However, may be I won't come back for more."

"Still, let us sing," said the parents; "if we lose our influence he will eat them all." And while he was picking the little bones, they sang until their voices failed with anguish.

Soon their large cousin left, but next day he returned.

"I regret," he remarked, "that you fail to bring me more fully under your influence. A little more would have done it. But I feel assured that the sight of so much patience and humility will have an indirectly exalting effect on my nature." And he clawed out another birdling.

"Oh, cousin, don't!" cried the parents, no longer singing. "Don't take our children! don't make us so unhappy!"

"There is something quite amiss here," said the crow, with displeasure. "Blackbirds waiting and expostulating—proclaiming themselves unhappy in their relations with us? Why, that is as much to say that we do wrong! And how impolitic in them to scream away the sweetness of that voice which is their only charm! I declare they look so dowdy with their wings all drooping, that I feel no compunction at all in inconveniencing such creatures." And he tweaked the second head with added gusto.

"Cruel, cruel!" cried Jacky.

"Wretch and robber!" screamed Jenny, and they flew to and fro, and pecked him with their beaks.

"Oh, very well!" said the crow, retiring with his dinner. "If you step from your sphere, and attempt to fight your own battles, you may take the consequences. Look for me to-morrow."

But between that day and the morrow another thing happened. The parent birds, grown reckless, abandoned music, and took to holding conventions. Far and near were heard the flutter of wings, and the sound of blackbirds' voices, not practising tunes, but joining in eager discussion and lamentation.

"Strange," said the crow, "that these creatures will make themselves so unpleasing to us! If there's anything in this world I find offensive to all my finer feelings, it's a blackbird convention. When blackbirds so far forget themselves, they must expect that crows will give them trouble;" and he started to get his third dinner.

But, lo and behold! the nest was already surrounded by friends and relations, who swarmed about him, and with untuneful cries and ungentle beaks convinced him of his error.

"I knew what would happen," said the crow, as he sailed away dishevelled and dinnerless; "you have disgusted me; now you have lost your influence forever."

Moral.—But they saved their other three children.

Michelet.

It is not often that a man wins eminence in two distinct fields of literature. Sir Walter Scott, who became the first of novelists long after he had been recognized as one of the first of poets, is the most prominent instance in English literature of an author who gained a "double first;" and the late Jules Michelet, the historian and social essayist, affords the only instance among recent French authors of a parallel success. Michelet for the first fifty years of his life was wholly devoted to the study of history. His lectures were alike distinguished for their learning and brilliancy, and his historical works have gained a permanent place in French literature. But when at the age of fifty-three the Government forbade him to lecture, he abandoned history and made for himself a new reputation by the curious essays, half scientific, half romantic, by which he is best known in this country. The publication of "L'Amour" was greeted with as much surprise as though it had been the first work of a new author. There was nothing in common between it and the previous works of Michelet. The grave dignity and calm marshalling of facts which had been the leading characteristics of the author of "The History of France" were here succeeded by a keen analysis of emotion and a poetic beauty of style that no professional romance writer has surpassed. 'L'Amour' and 'La Femme' were not books which an Englishman would have ventured to write, but, in spite of their fearless handling of delicate topics, they were eminently pure and wholesome. Women the world over owe Michelet a debt of gratitude for his efforts to secure for them the true respect and appreciation of the other sex. The charm of the author's style would alone have made his later writings popular, but they also gained the admiration and gratitude of all noble natures by the loftiness and purity of their aim.

The great author had reached the age of seventy-six at the time of his death. During that long and busy life there is no act of the man or sentence of the author which needs apology. He was always the friend of liberty, morality, and truth; and there have been few Frenchmen of the present century whose death has been so great a loss to literature as that of Michelet, the historian and the essayist.

The Law of Courtship.

We clip from an old paper the following account of a trial for breach of promise of marriage, in which the judge laid down a new doctrine, which we should not be sorry to see adopted:

A case was recently tried in Rutland, Vermont, in which a Miss Munson recovered $1,425 of a Mr. Hastings for a breach of marriage contract. The curiosity of the thing is this: the Vermont judge charged the jury that no explicit promise was necessary to bind the parties to a marriage contract, but that long continued attentions or intimacy with a female was as good evidence of intended matrimony as a special contract. The principle of the case undoubtedly is, that if Hastings did not promise, he ought to have done so—the law holds him responsible for the non-performance of his duty. A most excellent decision; a most righteous judge, compared with whom Daniel would appear but a common squire! We have no idea of young fellows dangling about after girls for a year or two, and then going off, leaving their sweethearts half courted; we hate this everlasting nibble and never a bite, this beating the bush and never starting the game; it is one of the crying sins of the age. There is not one girl in twenty can tell whether she is courted or not. No wonder that when Betty Simper's cousin asked if Billy Doubtful courted her, she replied, "I don't know exactly—he's a sorter courtin' and a sorter not courtin'." We have no doubt that this Hastings is one of these "sorter not courtin'" fellows, and most heartily do we rejoice that the judge has brought him to book with a $1,425 verdict. The judge says that long-continued attentions or intimacy is just as good as a regular promise. Now, we do not know what would pass for intimacy according to the laws of Vermont, but supposing attentions to consist of visiting a girl twice a week, and estimating the time wasted by Miss Munson at each visit to be worth a dollar (which is too cheap) Mr. Hastings has been making a fool of himself fourteen years and some odd weeks. This decision makes a new era in the law of love, and we make no doubt will tend to the promotion of matrimony and morality."

A Beauty of the Land of Flowers.

"Silver spring," according to a Florida correspondent, is the most unique spot near that most unique of rivers, the Oclawaha. One marvels over the clear transparent water. Your boat seems to float in the air, and objects can be seen eighty feet down at the bottom—fish, too, are plainly seen. The bottom is silver sand, varied with pale emeralds, huge colored rock, strange formations of lime crystals and white coral. The spring throws out thousands of gallons of water a minute, but there is scarcely discernible a ripple on its surface. Drop in a coin and you can follow it with your eyes to the sand at the bottom as it zigzags downward.

The Iowa Senate is a heavy body, the average weight of each member being over 170 pounds.

A Woman Who Ruled.

Mrs. Westmoreland, in a letter to the Atlanta *Constitution*, says: "Through Dr. Deems I learned that the celebrated Mrs. Eaton, who did the honors of the White House during General Jackson's Administration, still lived—was in this city, and was one of his congregation. Naturally I felt an interest in and some curiosity to see a person who had played so conspicuous a part in the affairs of the nation at one time, and, learning that she was fond of company and would consider it no intrusion, I called. In doing so I was more forcibly reminded than ever before of what slaves we are to the caprices of fortune—what victims to the vicissitudes of life, over which we have no control. Here was a woman who once held the destinies of a nation in her hand. To win her approval augured success—to arouse her anger meant defeat. Health, luxury, flattery, honors—everything this world could give was laid at her feet. Now an old, feeble, and jaded woman, deserted by friends, forgotten by the world, she ekes out a bare existence in a retired boarding-house, which overlooks Washington square. Although in the seventy-sixth year, the still bears the traces of having been a beautiful woman, and though miserably dressed, she received us with the grace and elegance of a queen. We found her very accessible; the conversation naturally turned upon events of the past, and we were surprised to find every incident connected with her eventful life as fresh in her memory as if they had only just occurred. Her story varies somewhat from the facts laid down in history, and perhaps—who knows—she may be right and the historian wrong. Such things have happened (?), for of all people who profess to be entirely unprejudiced, we think the generality of historians are more prejudiced than any other class of writers. She spoke of Mrs. Randolph and the Duchess de Fensendeck as her only children, and, in the midst of many changes and heavy losses, she said she considered herself blessed in being surrounded by her grandchildren, who are very devoted to her, and console and comfort her in her old age. Mrs. Randolph has been dead many years, and it is this family of children she has reared, and who now care for her, the youngest son making it his duty and pleasure to provide for his grandmother, whom he seems to love with a devotion bordering on romance. She mentioned in conversation that her son-in-law, the Duke, had two titles, the other one being the Duke de Sampayo, and that their only child, a daughter, was married to one of the Rothschilds, the son of the elder Cœsus. She said her daughter had become thoroughly foreignized and hated America so that she would not allow her husband to accept a position to this country which was offered him two years ago. I asked her if she 'ever visited Washington now?' She said, 'No; my recollections of Washington are so painful that I do not like to go there any more,'—then added, 'I very foolishly married a third time, although this marriage lost all of my property; and it is not pleasant to go back and see other people enjoying what rightfully belongs to me. He married me for my money, and it took him ten years and seven months to get it into his possession. Then when he got it all he left me, taking some woman whom he fancied, and left the country. I was in complete ignorance of his movements until a letter reached me which he had written from the steamer, saying he returned to me my honored name, and left the country because he was not worthy to be associated with me and my family, confessed himself a villian and an adventurer, and assured me he would never trouble me again.' The name of this magnificent scoundrel was Antonio Buchignani, and, Mrs. Eaton says, a very handsome and elegant man—a man who had served as librarian at Washington, although he was an Italian adventurer of whom nothing was known. Of course, she at once resumed the name which had been so generously restored to her, and for the distinguished honor of playing the short *role* of Madame Buchignani she paid the princely sum of nineteen houses and six square blocks of real estate in Washington City. A few more years and the sands of life will cease to flow for this woman, whose career is without a parallel."

Another Freak of Nature.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* states that there were once female rivals to the Siamese twins in Biddington, Essex, England. "They were joined at the shoulder and hips. They were somewhat noted for their comely looks, and were the happy possessors of a large circle of acquaintances. They were connected with a family of culture and considerable property, and lived to about the prime of life. So far as is now known, they were born about the year 1831 or 1832. They were of that refinement of nature which precluded their putting themselves on public exhibition, and therefore remained quietly at home superintending their domestic affairs. The arch little God of Love never planted an arrow in either of their hearts, and they lived their comparatively few years wholly devoted to each other and their mutual friends. Their property, at the time of their death, which occurred some fifteen years since, was considerable. They owned a large tract of land in Biddington, and by their wills, opened after their death, the interest on it was left for the benefit of the poor. The provision of the wills was to the effect that on a certain day of the year a sermon was to be preached in one of the churches of Biddington, the expense of which was defrayed out of the interest fund. The following day the full amount of the interest on their property after the settlement of charges for preaching and church opening was divided in equal shares among the poor of Biddington. A provision of the will which was religiously observed was that the maidens of the village of Biddington should once every year decorate the graves of the sisters with choice flowers, and upon this occasion small pamphlets containing an historical account of their lives and death were gratuitously distributed. These twin sisters, who had lived joined together during thirty years died within two hours of each other."

The Good and Bad in Humanity.

You make out humanity worse than it is. I have seen many countries, studied many men, mingled in many public transactions, and the result of my observation is not what you suppose. Men in general are neither very good nor very bad; they are simply mediocre. I have never closely examined even the best without discovering faults and frailtries invisible at first. I have always in the end found among the worst certain elements and holding points of honesty. There are two men in every man; it is childish to see only one; it is sad and unjust to look only at the other.—*De Tocqueville.*

If you cannot do as well as you wish, do as well as you can.

Youths' Column.

MUSICAL MICE.—It is a well-known fact, that pleasant sounds attract mice from their hiding-places, and cause them to forget all fear. They come in broad daylight into a room where one is playing on a musical instrument. Some people declare that mice walk over the keys of pianos which are left open, to hear the tones, and many stories are related of mice learning to sing—that is, to utter sounds which resemble the low notes of the canary and other caged birds. Disputes have arisen among learned people about this singing, some declaring it to be only a plaintive utterance of danger or distress, whilst others say that mice in their healthiest and gayest moods utter these pleasant sounds. A man whose name I do not remember says, 'Some mice had chosen their habitation behind the woodwork in my kitchen. I allowed them to go on undisturbed. What a charming family they were! A fine singing canary hung in the kitchen; and, strange to say, the twittering of the mice became a complete imitation of the notes of the canary, at first weak and imperfect, but improving from day to day. Although it did not reach the strength, fullness and richness of the notes of the bird, yet it excelled them in softness and tenderness. I often listened to them with the greatest pleasure in the evening, when the canary, with its head under its wing, was fast asleep. More than one kitchen guest looked toward the canary and about the room with astonishment, saying, "Is that a bird singing, sir?"'

A lady writes: "When I was a girl, I used to practice my music in an old-fashioned parlor, separated from the rest of the house by a large hall. I think I might have felt lonely, shut up in that room three consecutive hours every day but for a dear little mouse that evidently appreciated my music more than I did, and often made me a visit.

"For more than a month that little creature, or some other, seated itself fearlessly near the instrument every time I began to practice, and often remained half an hour or more. Sometimes it would go and come two or three times in the course of the forenoon. It must have come for the music, for no food was ever allowed in that stately old room."

FACTS ABOUT THE FLAMINGO.—The flamingo is a wader, and, of course, has exceedingly long, thin legs. Probably the joints are too long and awkward to be tidily folded up in any pretty nest, and so this is the plan resorted to: The bird builds the "under-pinning" of her nest of sticks and dead weeds, much in the shape of the old-fashioned dasher-churn. It is compact, and symmetrical and high, and on the summit the nest is carefully modeled and softly lined. On this the bird actually sits astride, like man on a mile-stone, a long leg touching the ground on either side. Coming upon the flamingo taking his noonday nap, no one would be apt to recognize a bird in the snowy ball of features poised above the water upon a tall, slender crimson reed; yet the crimson reed is a leg, and the perfectly round ball conceals the head and neck somehow packed under the wing.

In the Garden of Plants, at Paris, there is a flamingo pond, well shaded on one side, and planted with water weeds, where these birds may be seen in most flourishing condition. One species has a brilliant streak of crimson along the whole length of the wing. It was one of this variety that had the misfortune, some years ago, to lose one of its legs. Of course, walking was impossible after that, for it must be quite a feat to preserve equilibrium even on two such legs as the flamingo's. In this strait of the poor bird, a kind surgeon of the society tried the experiment of fitting him a wooden leg. It worked admirably, and, no doubt, he may be seen still hobbling about like an old soldier; for in the massacre of the animals in the Garden of Plants during the siege of Paris, we may be sure that French sentiment was careful to spare a bird having so singular a history.

PEPPER.—If you like to season your food with pepper, you may venture to ask for it in almost any land and feel pretty sure of being understood. In Latin it is *piper;* in Italian *pepe;* in French *poivre;* in old Saxon *peppor;* in Dutch *peper;* in German *pfeffer;* in Danish *peber;* in Swedish *peppar;* and the tongue of Iceland *pipar.* All wonderfully alike, and all quite peppery in sound; but it does not seem quite clear how they manufactured the name out of *capsicum,* for that is what the botanists call all the pepper family, wherever they grow. They all like a hot climate, as you might guess from their fiery nature, but are not very particular about anything else. Black pepper, as we see it, is the dried berry of a climbing-plant that grows in the East Indies. White pepper is the same berry, steeped in water until the skin comes off, and then dried in the sun. Red pepper grows in Cayenne. Guinea pepper in Africa.

POST AND THE MAIL.—A very severe winter, when the ferry boats on the Tyne were stopped by ice, the mails were carried on horseback. One day when the carrier was fording Whittle Dean Burn, his horse grew restive, and threw him and the two mailbags into the water. The man succeeded in getting upon the bank, but the bags were floating fast down the current. A large and strong Newfoundland dog, belonging to Rev. W. T. Shields, and living close by, plunged into the river of his own accord, and brought one bag to shore. Not waiting to rest, he swam after the other, and landed that also in safety. The first letter that was delivered from this mail contained a large sum of money.

The owner in his grateful feeling gave the dog a handsome collar.—*Children's Hour.*

DECAPITATION.—Behead a river in Indiana, and leave to confuse.

Behead a gulf in Africa, and leave a cave.

Behead a river in the United States, and leave a boy's name.

Behead a cape in North America, and leave capable.

Behead a river in Asia, and leave a marsh.

Behead a lake in the United States, and leave correct.

The initials of the words beheaded spell a city in Europe.

Solution:—(W)abash; (A)len; (R)ed; (S)able; (A)moor; (W)right; Warsaw.

WORD SQUARE.—

Performed
A boy's name.
A valley.
A girl's name.

Answer:—

M A D E
A B E L
D E L E
E L D A

Varieties.

A life properly seasoned with grace has a uniform flavor.

Men deride the self-conceit of power, but cringe to its injustice.

Hair-cutting is one dollar in Prescott, Arizona, by licensed barbers.

Minnesota thinks of annexing the Chippewa Indians, and admitting them to the rights of citizenship.

The Legislature of Western Virginia is said to have passed a law "to prevent the owners of hogs from running at large."

A Washington paper is horrified at the thoughts of how much influence the fashion magazines will wield when women vote.

A Kansas clergyman travels through that State with a portable tent, capable of holding 7,000 persons, to accommodate those to whom he may preach.

It is stated that the Mormons are about to re establish themselves at Nauvoo, the place from which they were forcibly ejected by the citizens of Illinois, about twenty-five years ago.

A couple from Staunton, Va., drove out from that city on Christmas day, and, meeting by appointment, a clergyman at a designated part of the road, were married as they sat in their buggy.

Here is a curious old Gaelic adage concerning longevity:

> Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse;
> Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man;
> Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer;
> Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle;
> Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

A Topeka lady sums up the first three years of her experience in married life as follows: The first year he called me 'dear,' the second year, 'Mrs. A.' and the third year, "old sorrel top."

A train going at full speed, it is said, was recently stopped in a very curious way. A hen on the track was struck by the locomotive, and a portion of the body, by some accident, struck the air brake in such a way as to set it in action and stop the train.

There was a method in the supposed madness of the spiritualist who recently committed suicide. Even in his preparations for death he was unable to resist the temptation to perpetrate a joke. In a written memorandum left behind he says: "I have purified my soul twenty five or thirty years. I think I must be a rectified spirit."

Topeka, Kansas, will soon have extensive rolling-mills at work. A local paper hails this as a promise of future greatness, and hospitably observes: "We are the busiest city in the West, our population is increasing rapidly, and if any sojourner in this bleak world is looking for a place where his life will be happy and pleasant, and where he will be handy to heaven when he dies, we