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., MAY 6, 1874. — NO. 18.

Poetry.

FORGET I LOVED THEE!

Thou bid'st me crush it out, and live it down—
Stamp out its mem'ry from my aching brain;
Forget I loved, remove the thorny crown
That presses on my brow with maddening pain.

Dost think there lurks within the human breast
So little of the holy fire of Love
That words can quench it? Thinkest thou that rest
Can come with years, or e'en in realms above?

I'll tell thee, thou hast never felt the fire
Of Love's impassioned flame, or thou would'st know
That hope deferred, the unattained desire,
But fans the embers into brighter glow.

Forget I loved thee! Almost bid me cease
To dream of heav'n as bury thought of thee;
Dost think my heart can ever beat in peace
Apart from thine? dost think that thou art free?

I tell thee, while we hold our earthly sway,
My every pulse shall beat response to thine;
Ay, more, when from the earth we pass away;
Thy spirit's haunt shall still be sought by mine!

—*Tinsleys' Magazine.*

Miscellany.

A Gormandizing Calculation.

It is rather surprising that some Yankee with a genius for calculation has not gone into an estimate of how much food is consumed by the ordinary American individual in a day, and, basing his figures upon the result, discovered the amount of animal and vegetable food he gets rid of in a week, a month, a year, or an average lifetime.

M. Sayer, the culinary authority, the cook of the London Reform Club, and a great artist in his line, goes into this sort of calculation in one of his books—the "Modern Housewife"—and obtains results startling, if not alarming, to persons who had never looked at the subject from an arithmetical point of view. To take a boy of ten years to the top of a hill, as he takes his mythical personage, and surround him with the objects that in the course of his lifetime he will have to devour, may be truly described as appalling.

First there are 30 oxen, then 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1,000 fowls, 300 turkeys, 263 pigeons, 140 pounds of salmon, 120 pounds of other fish, 30,000 oysters, 5,443 pounds weight of vegetables, 243¾ pounds butter, 24,000 eggs, 4½ tons of bread, about 3,000 gallons of tea and coffee, besides tons of fruit, barrels of sweetmeats, and hogsheads of wine.

This is, after all, only an outline, and Sayer assures his readers that, so far from exaggeration, he has, from experience and observation, made up a scale of food for the day, and for a period of sixty years it amounted to 33¼ tons weight of meat, farinaceous food, and vegetables. This statement can neither be denied nor affirmed without going into into the statistics, but it is partially corroborated by a gentleman who states that for fifty years he has eaten two eggs for breakfast, making 730 per annum, or a total for half a century of 36,500 eggs. This goes, for a period of only fifty years, 12,500 better than Sayer, and does not provide for the quantity eaten in puddings, cakes, desserts, and the like. Where does it all come from?

'Tis Sweet for One's Country, &c.

Happening one day in his travels to be belated, Senator Collamer stopped at a substantial and comfortable farmhouse, and was entertained and hospitably invited to make himself comfortable for the night. He accepted the invitation; had a good supper and very luxurious lodgings. The next morning Mr. Collamer made a survey of the farm of his host, and was much surprised at the comfort and substantial thrift and prosperity of everything around. He could not but congratulate him on his apparently happy lot. His fields were well fenced, his barns were filled, and his crops most promising. Besides, too, the farmer had an industrious and amiable wife and several bright and healthy children. "A farmer's life," remarked Mr. Collamer, "is certainly the happiest of all human lots, and I must say, my friend, that you are as happily fixed as any farmer I ever knew."

"Wall," remarked his host, "that's your notion, but 'tain't mine. I intend to sell out and move next week."

"Whither are you going?" inquired the inquisitive Yankee.

"Down into Texas."

"What, into that wild and disturbed country, menaced by the whole Mexican army and by roving bands of Comanches and marauding Greasers; leave this peaceful and happy home for such a savage country, where you would have to sleep every night on your arms, and carry your rifle strapped across your shoulders whilst plowing in the field?"

"Yaas, sir-ee," was the eager reply. "Who would give a cuss to live in a country where he couldn't fight for his liberty?"—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Parisian Novelty.

A novelty has been introduced at Parisian dinner tables which we might copy with advantage. This is to have on the back of the *menu* a short biographical notice of the persons who compose the company. This is a very good idea, for there can be no one who has not undergone the discomfort of saying the wrong thing to the wrong person—laughing at "the man with the teeth," to his wife, and being exceedingly facetious about "the lady with the shoulders" to her son. In the "Life of Dickens" there are two instances of this—in one of which Dickens talked to a young lady whom he took down to dinner about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese, and found out afterward that she was Mrs. Cheese; in the other he expatiated to the member from Marylebone, Lord Fernoy, generally conceiving him to be an Irish member, on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representation. Now, by the aid of the biographically indorsed *menu*, any *contretemps* of this kind would be avoided.

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining.

TRULY NOBLE.

The long summer day had come and gone in a strange silence. Strange, at least, in Marton Mill-house, where children's voices chattered from dawn to dusk, and under the gateway of which laden wagons so often rumbled, filled with weighty flour sacks.

The children had spoken all day in quiet whispers, and the wagons had not come near the mill, out of respect for Geoffrey Stone, the miller, who lay dead upstairs; the strong, hearty man, who seemingly might have lived for years; and yet, by one false step on a ladder which he mounted many times each day, had met his end.

There was no mother to whom the two startled children could run, in their first horror and grief. Mrs. Stone had died at Etta, the baby's, birth; but for all that, the little ones were hiding their faces, and moaning out their laments for "poor father," on a woman's breast.

Gænor Morris was but seventeen, a fair, slight, golden-haired girl; no relation of the dead man, no kin to the little weepers, yet, withal, a true mourner.

Geoffrey Stone had been good to her, she would have told you, the while the while she smoothed the hair of his orphan children—had taken her, a little, destitute orphan, and tended and cared for her these thirteen years. He never knew when he lifted the child off her dying mother's bed that she was of good, ay, noble birth, and that in after years titled relatives would write to him, and offer money for the home he had granted to the desolate babe. He scorned the offers, and pressed the child closer to his side. Nevertheless, he did not refuse for her advantages of education, such as he, a country miller, could not find for the little girl; and Gænor went to school such as became her station, but always spent her holidays at the Mill-house.

She grew up graceful—nay, lovely; and by-and-bye the Honorable Mrs. This, and my Lady That, felt a twinge of remorse about "poor Algernon's child," their young connection, and would write and ask her to their grand London houses; but Gænor, who by this time knew a little of her own history, would never go to them. They had been cruel to her mother, a young governess, whom "poor Algernon" had somewhat foolishly married, lived with happily, though anxiously, in a cottage at Marton, for two years, and then left forever in this world, carried off by fever. Algernon's wife and child were totally ignored by his family; they hardly took any notice of the mother's death, and it was accident which disclosed the fact at last, that the child was living on the charity of a country miller.

Negotiations then began, which ended in Gænor's being educated, and the small sum of £100 a year being settled on her, with the grudging permission still to reside with her humble friends.

And now came a new light into the girl's life. Charles Cardonell, the rich young artist, who for the last two autumns had taken up his abode in the village inn at Marton, asked her to be his wife. Geoffrey Stone shook his head at first; there should be no repetition of her parents' story, he said to himself: everything should be straightforward.

So letters were written and inquiries made, and the Cardonell family graciously signified full consent in Charles' choice, and then Geoffrey sighed, and gave his word, too.

"You won't go empty-handed, my girl," he had said to Gænor; "for, besides your own bit of money, you are my eldest daughter, too, and will share alike with little Geoffrey and Etta; but I wish they had left you to me a bit."

Matters had only just been arranged, when that terrible day came which changed everything, and turned Marton Mill-house from the busiest, gayest home in England, into a silent, sorrow-stricken dwelling.

Gænor felt almost as stupified as the children; the death, the funeral, the sudden sense of responsibility, seemed to weigh her down; the last shock of all was light by comparison, though told in awe-struck whispers to her by the old lawyer.

Geoffrey Stone, though he knew it not, had left his children almost penniless. Some speculation, though secure, had failed, and the day after his death the tiding had reached Marton.

Gænor smiled.

"I am glad he never knew," she said. The lawyer thought her unfeeling.

"Ah! your hundred is safe," he said; "of course that could not be touched; and your approaching marriage with Mr. Cardonell will provide for you; but the children! And the mill should be kept on for their sakes; but who to put in charge!"

The lawyer paused, and Gænor asked timidly:

"Old Andrew, would he do?"

"Capitally, as working master," said the lawyer; but the books, they must be seen to; and then there is the house to be kept, and the young children looked after."

"Will you come again to-morrow, Mr. Scribe, and talk to me of all this?" asked poor Gænor, feeling quite bewildered.

Her world had been shaken to its foundation these last few days, and she wanted time to collect herself.

And then she stole out of the house, avoiding even little Etta and Geoffrey, who vainly sought her, their one comfort now.

Out into the fields, under great hedges, in quiet copses she wandered, always thinking, and sometimes praying; and, at last, evening found her standing on the little bridge of the mill-stream still thinking, but her thoughts much more collected, so that it was almost a relief for her to see Charles Cardonell approaching, for she had much to tell him.

And the telling was very hard.

He had come with sorrow on his tongue for the dead man, but gladness in his heart that he could claim Gænor for his wife even sooner now than he had hoped. And, perhaps, he was even a little relieved that now Gænor would be totally severed from these good but humble people, among whom misfortune had thrown her.

For young Cardonell was proud; and though he had always loved Gænor, he would never have asked her to be his wife had not the certainty of her noble birth and connection been made plain to him; and as Mrs. Cardonell, he meant to separate her from these mill folk, and restore her to her proper station.

His heart was light as he lifted his hat to her at the stile; but it was very heavy and angry when they parted. Try as he would to shake her resolutions—Gænor had told him that now she could not leave the mill—could not as yet marry him; she must be manager, book-keeper, care-taker for these orphan children.

And Charles Cardonell had first implored, and then become indignant.

"It is not fit for you," he said, "to occupy such a post, to mix with rough carters, and undertake the guidance of a mill. I wonder you wish it, Gænor; a girl like you, of education and family."

Gænor smiled feebly.

"Oh, Charles! can't you understand?" she said, and then she sighed; but more that Charles had disappointed her than that her lot was hard. She had thought he would have seen with her that her duty lay with these poor children, and yet have given her some tender words of comfort over the deferred marriage, to carry her through the task.

But this man's heart was shallower than her own, and because Gænor held to her determination to remain at Marton he left her in anger, and went home to tell his family that long years of association with middle-class people had so lowered the tone of Gænor's mind, that, despite her noble birth, she preferred remaining at the Mill, as mistress and manager, to becoming at once Mrs. Charles Cardonell.

Poor Gænor! she wept a little over her vanished dream of life, and then went to talk to old Andrew.

There was comfort in that, at all events, for it was evident there was work for her to do. Half in jest, and half in earnest, Gænor had learned the greater part of the management of the concern from poor Geoffrey, and often looked through his books, glorying in the discovery of some slight error in his calculations, or in his praise of her correct adding-up of long trains of figures. Now she had really to use this knowledge! There was actual pleasure in the occupation; and even Andrew declared that Miss Gænor managed nearly as well as the poor master himself.

After the first few days of her changed life, Gænor had no time for regrets or painful thoughts. The house to manage, the children to teach, the mill business to look after, and all expenses to be rigidly kept down for the children's sake, was her great business. She wrote once to Charles Cardonell, asking his pardon for any disappointment she might have caused him, and freeing him from his engagement.

"It is not fair to ask you to wait till I shall be free," she said, "for I cannot tell when that may be. These children must be my first care, in common gratitude to Geoffrey Stone. Some day, perhaps, you will see that I have not acted ignobly in choosing the Mill instead or the Grange."

The Cardonells lived at the Grange, and thither Charles was to have taken her as his wife.

Gænor received no answer to this letter; but rumors reached her after a while that Charles Cardonell was engaged again.

For half a day she felt angry with the world, and then her work and her two bright-faced children consoled her.

But what would be the end? That disturbed her a little now and then, till she learned to live from day to day doing the duties lying before her, and looking no further.

One real sorrow came. Etta, Geoffrey's baby girl, died, rocked in Gænor's arms, and soothed by her caresses. This shook poor Gænor more than she knew. She felt so dreary, that little Geoffrey seemed to echo her feelings, and moped and mourned too, so that Gænor thought it best to send him to school at the nearest town.

The mill was in full work, and the books showed the business to be flourishing again; so Gænor had time for her sorrow, and began to look very pale and worn. She would have liked a word or even a few written lines, from Charles Cardonell in those days, but none came.

Something else, however, once again changed the current of her life, running just now slowly and sadly.

One gusty winter's night, Marton Mill took fire—how, no one knew—no lives were lost; but the mill was burnt to the ground. It was insured to its full value, people said, and Gænor nodded yes, to the same inquiry often repeated.

She was staying at the Rectory, where the good people had taken her in, and insisted that she should remain. But she felt all astray; for it had been settled by wiser heads than hers, she knew, that Marton Mill should not be rebuilt, but the money invested for the benefit of little Geoffrey, who would hear of nothing but going to sea, and who was already in training for the royal navy.

Old Andrew had died a short time since, and it seemed to Gænor as if no one needed her now.

And then, one day, she opened her eyes after a heavy doze on the sofa, for she was ill and feeble from the late shock and anxiety, to see Charles Cardonell gazing at her. The color rushed to her cheek; for he was asking her pardon, and calling himself hard names.

"Oh! do not," said she, half frightened. "Yes, yes, I forgive you if you wish it—indeed I do."

"And may I—will you—is it the same as ever?" he asked; "indeed I never accepted your freedom, dear Gænor."

"But you are going to be married, are you not?" asked poor Gænor.

"Never! unless to you," said Charles Cardonell.

And then the explanation of rumors and realities quite roused Gænor; but she was not allowed to speak again till she had received a full confession of Charles Cardonell's short-comings from his own faltering lips.

"I was an arrogant fool to talk and think of you as I did. Yes, you are noble, indeed; but it is not birth makes you so; it is yourself. How could I have wished you to act differently? The only thing is, you are too good to be my wife."

"Oh! Charles, no," said poor Gænor; "you will care for me now, for every one is going away. The mill-house is burnt; Etta is gone; and Geoffrey will soon be at sea."

And her voice choked.

So, to Charles's great relief, the self-reliant little mill-manager broke down, and became the poor weeping girl he alone could cherish and comfort as his loving wife.

As Mrs. Charles Cardonell, of the Grange, Gænor once again began life; and although visited by Lady This, and the Honorable Mrs. That, and made much of as "poor Algernon's child," her husband cared little for this; he had found out for himself that Gænor was noble by nature, and in that he gloried. Gænor's nobility had ennobled him, too; for one can hardly live with the good and noble without gaining benefit to ourselves.

The Frog Barometer.

In some countries frogs are used as barometers; the species employed for this purpose is the green tree frog. They are placed in tall glass bottles with little wooden ladders, to the top of which they always climb in fine weather, and descend at the approach of bad weather. This is a cheap and highly interesting weather glass where the green tree frog is to be procured in its natural state.

From what is going on at present nearly all over Europe, the present age might well be called the pilgrim age.

Perilous Adventure.

The San Francisco *Call* gives the following particulars of the bursting of a balloon in mid air near that city recently, one of its reporters having been in the car, which carried five gentlemen and two ladies. The ascent was made from Woodward's Garden, San Francisco, and for the first half hour the voyage was a pleasant one. Then the wind increased, and Mr. Buislay, the assistant balloonist, decided to descend, although opposed by the rest of the party. The account continues:

About three miles directly east lay the coast hills, and on the other side stretched a large fertile valley. All were certain that the captain would not attempt to land on this side of the hills, at the rate the bag was traveling, and when Mons. Barbier announced his intention of landing on the bay side Mr. Buislay protested very strongly, and advised him to go over the range of hills. The advice was disregarded, and the captain having given orders for all to sit in the bottom of the basket, dropped his one hundred and fifty pound anchor over the side and passed out about one hundred feet of the rope. A pull at the valve cord brought the monster down like an aerolite, and the anchor dragged over a portion of the Estudillo ranch for about a quarter of a mile without retaining hold.

Our reporter peered over the side and saw the balloon passing over a small shanty, situated in the eastern portion of the ranch. He shouted to his fellow voyagers to look out, and all crouched down to be prepared for the shock. No one except Mr. Buislay anticipated such a terrible bump as followed in a few seconds. The balloon passed over the house, and then the anchor struck a light fence which did not in the least impede its progress. One of the flukes dragged against the house, and the concussion threw all the voyagers into a heap in the basket. They had hardly time to recover from the concussion when the rope parted, about three feet from the anchor, and the balloon shot almost perpendicularly up into the air. Buislay shouted out that the anchor had been lost, and to look out for a landing. All instinctively felt the perilous position they were placed in, and the wind carrying the bag along at a terrible rate. But the voyagers sat in the bottom of the basket quietly, if in suspense, awaiting the swoop to the ground, now impending. Into the air it flew, until, four hundred feet up, a quick, sharp but slight report was heard, followed by a tearing of silk. The balloonists looked upward, and saw the whole centre of the balloon exposed, while the lower half was flapping around in ribbons. "Look out, the balloon has burst," shouted Mlle. Gaugain. All clung tightly to the ropes and sides of the basket. The words had hardly been spoken, when in less than a flash, what was left of the balloon was dashed to the ground at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and at terrible velocity. The suspense was almost momentary, for with a thud which almost crushed the basket, it was dashed against the ground about a quarter of a mile from the spot where the anchor had been left.

The concussion was terrific and the two ladies and five gentlemen were thrown together in a mass. Not a word was spoken by the ladies or any one in the car as they almost stared death in the face. The basket was capsized as soon as it touched the ground and it completely covered its occupants. The lower part of the balloon by this time was in ribbons, and it dragged the car along the ground at fearful speed, under which the struggling occupants rolled along the ground without any possible chance of freeing themselves from the basket or the ropes, the former covering them as with a box, and the latter preventing any possible chance of the party falling out. On over the ground the car was dragged for a distance of three hundred yards, the voyagers with it, and coming in contact with the land at every bump of the balloon. The inmates of the Alameda County Hospital, where the balloon struck, ran towards it to render assistance, and about forty willing hands caught hold of the long rope attached to the basket. The balloon, after a few ineffectual tugs, at length settled down, after doing all the damage it could.

When taken out, Captain Barbier was unable to walk, and was carried to the hospital close by. Miss Alice Burrington sustained a severe concussion on the right side of the head, but was otherwise uninjured. Mlle, Gaugain escaped with a slight cut on the cheek, and Mr. Guisoulphe with a badly cut face and arms. Mr. Marratt was badly cut about the scalp, and the right ear was almost severed. The *Call* reporter escaped with a cut lip.

Forgetfulness of Words.

Dr. Abercrombie records an instance of a gentleman who uniformly called his snuff box a hogshead. When reminded of the error he probably recognized it, but his tendency was, nevertheless, in this direction. His physician hypothetically traced the oddity to an early and long-continued association of ideas. The gentleman had been a tobacco merchant in Virginia, and had had his attention well occupied with hogsheads of tobacco and boxes of snuff. This may not be a sufficient explanation, but it was the only one that suggested itself, as he made no similar blunder with other words. Certainly a greater difficulty was presented by the gentleman who always called coals paper and paper coals, systematically, as it would appear, transposing the meanings of the two words. Both substances, it is true, are used in lighting a fire; but this fact does not suffice to solve the puzzle.

An inability to remember the names of things sometimes presents itself in a remarkable way: A gentleman engaged in extensive agricultural affairs could not remember the spoken names of things, but recognized them directly when written. He arranged his daily duties accordingly, with a degree of success that could hardly be expected under such circumstances. He kept before him in his business room a list of the words which were most likely to occur in his intercourse with his workmen. When any one of his men wished to communicate with him on any subject, the master listened attentively to what was said; the sound of the words did not convey to his mind the idea of the things or commodities signified, but it did suggest to him written words which he, therefore, proceeded to consult; the sight of the letters forming those words at once gave him the necessary clue to the meaning. The process was noteworthy; the sound of a word, when spoken, suggested the shape of the word when written, and this shape suggested the idea or mental picture of the thing signified. This appears to have been a permanent peculiarity of mind, or, at least, of long continuance, unconnected with any particular malady. In another case, which came under the notice of Dr. Greg ory, a lady, consequent on an apoplectic fit, lost her memory of names, but retained it for things. Although a good housewife, she could only direct her servants and tradespeople by pointing to the things concerning which she meant to speak. All went on well in regard to the other words of the sentence, but when she came to the names of things memory failed her, and she could only convey her meaning by pointing.—*All the Year Round.*

The Bonapartists at Chiselhurst.

I found the Empress looking older than when I last met her, as a matter of course, after her great sorrows and trials, but still a very beautiful woman. She has that clear complexion which shows too plainly the ravages of time and of care, but her blonde and still luxuriant hair, and the charming oval of her face, will never grow old. It was only after hours of most fatiguing work that she showed the signs of age which some remarked, but her sweet and winning smile, and the sympathetic glance which she gives from her limpid blue eyes, make one forget to notice other details, remarked only on close inspection. If not an Empress she would still be called as handsome a woman of her age as can be found at any court. And to this must be added the charm of her manners, which captivate all hearts. The Empress was dressed in black, wore no ornaments whatever, and had a black bonnet, elegant in appearance, but yet very simple and unpretending. Her dress being short, she looked much smaller than usual, and less tall when seen in the long robes of the court. The portraits of the Empress give one the idea that she is much taller than she really is. Her son has already grown a little above her, but when standing side by side there appears to be no difference in their height. The Prince Imperial is a manly young fellow, with good shoulders, an elegant form, and very clear, expressive blue eyes. His legs are precisely like his father's, short and a trifle bent, precisely like the legs of old cavalry officers who have spent their lives in the saddle. The thigh bone being comparatively short, the Prince looks taller when sitting than when standing, and every one remarked at once this peculiarity in the Emperor. It is a peculiarity of this branch of the family only, for Prince Charles, son of Lucien Bonaparte, who was present, is one of the finest formed and handsomest men I ever saw. He is a famous sportsman and one of the best fellows in the world. He came all the way from Italy to pay his respects to his young cousin. Prince Jerome refused to come from Paris. The Prince Imperial's voice is excellent, firm and distinct, and he expresses himself with great fluency, without ever being at a loss for words. His manners are a little stiff, according to French ideas, and more like those of an English lad of his age, but he is always good-natured, amiable and ready to render any possible service to his friends. He has one quality possessed by his father—a faculty of remembering faces and names—and on more than one occasion on Monday he astonished his friends by remembering persons whom he had not seen for years. This is, perhaps, the most important quality a man in his position can possess. After the deputations came the general public, and the Empress and the Prince stationed themselves in the hall for the defile. Both were worn out with fatigue before this was half over, the Empress showing great signs of weariness. Think of shaking hands with five thousand persons in a single afternoon! But the public was not yet satisfied. Lunch had been provided, and when the people had eaten they again came upon the lawn and shouted for the Prince. He went out with his mother, but had barely gone twenty paces when the crowd pressed upon him, and a frightful scene of confusion prevailed for an instant. But for the energy of the friends and of the police, the Empress would have met Queen Olga's fate, and had her dress torn from her back. I saw M. Rouher giving some beautiful bunches right and left as the crowd, in its enthusiasm, pressed upon the Prince. The latter laughed heartily, but seeing that his mother was frightened (reports had been circulated that an attempt upon the Prince's life would be made), seized her in his arms, lifted her from the ground, and ran into the hall, laughingly holding her for a moment, and then sitting her down where I was standing. She raised her hands and tried to smile, but her fright was too great, and she hastily dragged the Prince into the saloon. Then her own friends repeated the scene in a smaller way, and Madame had to fly to her chamber as the only means to escape from this fond enthusiasm. The crowd still called for the Prince, and he went out upon the balcony, but the Empress refused to accompany him.

The Strength of Materials.

Gold may be hammered so that it is only 1-360,000 of an inch thick. A grain of iron may be divided into 4,000,000 parts. Still chemistry tells us that there are ultimate parts called atoms or molecules, which are absolutely indivisible. These atoms are attracted to each other by the attraction of cohesion and repelled by the force of repulsion. By the action of both these forces the atoms are kept in a state of rest. The solidity of a solid depends upon the fact that each pair of atoms are in this state of equilibrium. These atoms are supposed to be of on oblate, spheroidal form. An iron bar would support its own weight if stretched out to a length of 3½ miles. A bar of steel was once made which would sustain its own weight if extended to a length of 13½ miles.

Our ideas of great and small are no guide to be used in judging of what is truly great and small in nature. The Bunker Hill Monument might be built to over a mile in height without crushing the stones at its base. When bars of iron are stretched until they break, those which are the strongest increase in length less than the weaker ones. A piece of wood having a breadth and thickness of three inches and a length of four feet, if supported at its ends, would be bent one-millionth of an inch by a weight of three pounds placed on its centre, and a weight of one-tenth of an ounce would bend it one-seven-millionth of an inch. Professor Norton described a machine for testing the variation of sticks of wood. The machine consists of levers and screws so contrived that the amount of weight brought to bear upon the stick can be accurately measured, and the variation of a stick from a straight line can be measured even though it do not exceed one-seven-millionth of an inch.

Lorraine has a new mohair wool lace, as fine as thread in texture, and filled in by hand. It is very beautiful, and will be largely used this season for trimmings. Collars and peleraines of Lorraine lace will also be used.

The Experience of a Crusader.

I read in the *Gazette* from day to day of the victorious march of the crusaders, and I longed to do something for mankind. The movement reached here, and I entered into it. I went to the prayer meetings, and for the first time I prayed in public. Increasing in the spirit and in confidence, I spoke in meeting. Inspired by this success I I continued to speak at every opportunity, and to seek opportunities. The infectious enthusiasm of these meetings, the fervor of the prayers, the frankness of the relations of experiences, and the magnetism that pervaded all wrought me up to such a state of physical and mental exaltation that all other places and things were dull and unsatisfactory to me. I began by going twice a week, but I soon got so interested that I went every day, and then twice a day and in the evening. I tried to stay at home to retrieve my neglected household, but when the hour for the morning prayer meeting came round I found the attraction irresistible. My household grew more and more dilapidated. My husband, an industrious man, too faithful in providing for his family to spend his earnings for drink, found his home a scene of neglect, his children uncared for, and his wife making the house her sojourning place only between meetings, and her mind absorbed in one subject almost to the point of monomania. Then he began to look elsewhere for quiet and comfort, and mental variety. His remaining in the even tenor of his way while I was lifted up by this excitement, made him appear to me so unsympathizing and wicked that I almost hated him. But in the morning, and afternoon, and evening prayer and conference meetings, and crusades and sallies, I drowned my consciousness and conscience. It was a daily dissipation from which it seemed impossible to tear myself. In the intervals at home I felt as I can fancy the drinker at the breaking down of a long spree.

At length one of my children caught the scarlet fever, and compelled me to stay at home. This brought me to my senses, and I realized my situation. I now wonder at the excitement in which I have lived, and at my neglect of duty to my husband and children. I now feel that woman has an important mission in the saving of her own family which no undertaking for mankind will justify her for neglecting, and that though she try to save the whole world, yet if she lose her own husband's soul by the effort, she will make a shipwreck of herfelf. I perceive that she cannot make up for neglect of her promise to love and cherish him by diffusing her love over mankind. In fine, I now feel that her mission is first to her own household. I am now a chastened crusader. My sympathies are with the cause of temperance reform, but I am less intemperate in the work than I was, and I believe that I and mine are better for it, while the world has lost nothing by the change to moderation.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Pilgrimage.

There was one incident connected with the *fête* at Chiselhurst which is worth recalling. In the tent near the spot occupied by the Prince was a very old woman dressed in antique costume, and looking like a peasant woman of other days. As the Prince began to read she was greatly moved. "That's so, my son," she cried; "that's true, Monseigneur, every word of it! Just listen to them!" And when the speech ended she swung her bonnet and cried, *Vive l'Empereur!* Then she wanted to kiss the Prince, and, when stopped, she pushed every one aside, and said it was her right. "Let me go," she said, "I am Mme. Lebon, dean of the women of les Halles." This was enough, and her rights were immediately recognized. She kissed the Prince and embraced the Empress, and was loudly applauded. Mme. Lebon is the oldest huckster of the Central Markets, and the *doyenne* of the association. On the return of Napoleon I. from Elba she was charged with the presentation of the bouquet in the midst of the demoiselles of the Halle, a traditional ceremony with this powerful corporation. To-day she is the oldest living, and finds herself at the head of a fortune of two millions. She owns three houses in the Rue de Turbigo. She has always believed in the star of the Napoleons, and called her son Napoleon Lebon. After the fall of the first Emperor she became greatly interested in Napoleon III., and visited him several times when in exile. When he died she put on mourning. It was Mme. Lebon who organized the famous ball of the Halles, after the 2d of December, or the *coup d'etat*, for which 5,000 invitations were issued. The Emperor did not come to the ball, but his representative embraced her publicly on entering, and took her hand to open the dancing. On the birth of Napoleon IV. she presented the traditional bouquet, and claimed the right of kissing the child when baptized in May, 1856, in the Church of Notre Dame, a ceremony I saw, and that I shall never forget. One can now understand the reason Mme. Lebon was heartily embraced when her name was heard. She said that she hoped to present a bouquet to a son of the Prince, but at any rate she should not think of dying before she had presented one with a kiss on his coronation.

The Keys.

There is a tradition of Pope Sextus Quintus, that when he died he went to hell; but by good luck the porter would not let him in, though he richly deserved to enter and to remain. For he had not behaved himself over-well as a man among men. In the confusion consequent to dying, he was sent toward a place under his own jurisdiction, Purgatory. This midway realm he sought diligently and long, but could not find. At last the Pope took courage and went direct toward heaven at a venture. Arriving at the gate, he knocked with fear and trembling for admission. St. Peter appeared, and asked Sextus why he knocked, since he professed to have the keys. He replied, "Because the wards have been altered, and the keys are not quite the fit."

Medical Value of Asparagus.

A medical correspondent of an English Journal says that the advantages of asparagus are not sufficiently appreciated by those who suffer with rheumatism and gout. Slight cases of rheumatism are cured in a few days by feeding on this delicious esculent; and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient avoids all acids, whether in food or beverage. The Jerusalem artichoke has also a similar effect in relieving rheumatism. The heads may be eaten in the usual way, but tea made from the leaves of the stalk, and drank three or four times a day, is a certain remedy, though not equally agreeable.

Youths' Column.

A FRAGMENT FOR THE YOUNG.—Are there any among you, my young friends, who desire to preserve health and cheerfulness through life, and at length to reach a good old age? If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

A considerable time ago, I read in one of the newspapers of the day that a man had died near London at the advanced age of 110 years: that he had never been ill, and that he had maintained through life a cheerful, happy temperament. I wrote immediately to London, begging to know if, in the old man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had rendered his life so lengthened and so happy, and the answer I received was as follows:

"He was uniformly kind and obliging to every one; he quarreled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst; and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used."

I took a note of this in a little book where I generally write all that I am anxious to remember, and very soon afterwards I observed in another paper that a woman had died near Stockholm at 115 years of age, that she never was ill, and was always of a contented, happy disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm to learn what means this old woman had used for preserving her health, and now read the answer:

"She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered, she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweetmeats; seldom coffee, seldom tea, and never wine.

Of this likewise I took a note in my little book.

Some time after this again I read that near St. Petersburg a man had died who had enjoyed good health till he was 120 years old. Again I took my pen and wrote to St. Petersburg, and here is the answer:

"He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he never was idle; he worked and employed himself chiefly in the open air, and particularly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never permitted himself to sit awry, or in a bent posture, but was always perfectly straight. The luxurious and effeminate habits of citizens he held in great contempt."

And having read all this in my little book, I said to myself, "You will be a foolish man indeed not to profit by the example and experience of these old people."

I then wrote out all that I had been able to discover about these happy old people upon a large card, which I suspended over my writing-desk, so that I might have it always before my eyes to remind me what to do, and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of my card, and oblige myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young readers, I can assure you, on the word of an honest man, that I am much happier and in better health than I used to be. Formerly I had headache nearly every day, and now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months. Before I began these rules, I hardly dared venture out in rain or snow without catching cold. In former times, a walk of half an hour's length fatigued and exhausted me; now I walk miles without weariness.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigor. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these old people, and that is, that I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.

Oh that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, that I might be happy and long-lived as they were!

Little children who read this, you are the fortunate ones who are able to adopt in perfection this kind of life! What, then, prevents you living henceforward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the old men of London and St. Petersburg.

THE Chinese make candles out of trees. On what is called the tallow tree, growing in China, are little berries yielding a fatty substance much like tallow. With this they put the wax which comes from the berries growing on still another tree in great clusters like grapes, and make beautiful candles, which are sent into all parts of the world.

Another variety of wax comes to us from China and is the product of a little white winged insect which deposits it on the bark and branches of trees. The natives scrape off this coating, which looks like frost, melt and strain it, and send it to us in America for various uses; to the French for polishing the bare floors so common in French households, and to all Catholic countries in great abundance, for the many candles used in their churches and cathedrals.—*Little Corporal.*

HOW DID HE TELL HIM.—In Charlestown, recently, a large dog gave chase to a poor little "black and tan" whose hind leg had been injured, but, failing to overtake him, turned about, and trotted back. In a short time the small dog returned, followed by a large Newfoundland, who, upon reaching the corner, "seemed to be looking for something," when the little dog gave two or three sharp barks, as much as to say, "That's the dog," at the same time indicating by his actions the large black dog, who was then at some distance. Whereupon the little dog's ally immediately attacked and severely punished the aggressor. After this little affair the small dog and his friend went down the street apparently much pleased. How did the small dog tell the big one?

IF buds must be buds just so long in order to make fit leaves and flowers and fruit, so our tender buds, the children, in order to make strong men and women, ought too *stay* children just so long, and not "come out" before their proper time. There is no advantage in trying to be men and women *too soon*. It spoils them for being true men and women at all. We should not push children into studies, duties, feelings, or enjoyments beyond their years. They must grow to them. That is God's way.

CHARADE.—

Without my 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, I am an animal.
Without my 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, I am a boy's nick-name.
Without my 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, I am a tree.
Without my 1, 3, 4, 7, I am the end.
Without my 1, 6, 7, 8, I am a cripple.
My whole is the name of a vine.

Answer:—Clematis.

Varieties.

Spirit of the press—A glass of cider.

Trout have been grown near Atlanta, Ga., twelve inches long.

The new style of note paper called "celestial" is appropriate for writing sermons on.

Time cuts down all, both great and small. How about the provision and grocery bills?

God hath promised pardon to Him that repenteth, but he has not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

A minister walked six miles to marry a couple lately. He said he felt a sort of fee-bill like. The groom saw it.

It takes twenty-five cents' worth of ice to keep ten cents' worth or beef from spoiling until dinner time in Texas.

The Italians have a proverb that "He who takes an eel by the tail or a woman by the tongue is sure to come off empty-handed.

The Missouri papers say that hemp crops in that State being no longer profitable, the farmers are turning their attention to jute.

There is no policy like politeness, and a good manner is the best thing in the world either to get a good name or to supply the want of it.

The gross receipts from British railways have increased from $110,000,000 in 1858 to $256,000,000 in 1872, having more than doubled in 14 years.

A St. Paul woman who used to keep three girls, now does her own work cheerfully. She found her husband throwing kisses at them.

An obituary notice of a much respected Louisville lady concludes with, "in her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed, and her, oh! how consoling to her friends.

One of the most eminent public men of the State of New York, in declining a high position, declared that he was too much interested and too busy in growing potatoes.

A St. Johnsville man, on his dying bed, remembered that his wife was smoking some hams, and he said, "Now Henrietta, don't go snuffling around and forget those hams.

Trinity Church, which was founded in New York in 1696. The first edifice was destroyed by the great fire of 1776. The present structure was seven years in building, and was completed in 1846.

A gentleman remarked to a friend the other day that it would be pretty hard to tell his wife everything that happens. "That is nothing," said the friend. "I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all."

To wish that others should learn by our experience is sometimes as idle as to think that we can eat and they be filled; but when we find that we have ate poison, it is doubtless mercy to warn them against the dish.

Dr. Newman Hall is eloquent on the dignity of labor that everybody believes in for other people, and sentimental on the doctrine of prayer that so many people are sceptical about. He thinks it belongs to the order of things, and is as much a condition of grace as eating is of nutrition.

An ambitious young lady was talking very loudly about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust she answered that she cared very little about what she ate, compared with knowledge.

A discovery which evidently admits of wider application has been made recently. It has been found that a small quantity of lime in the bilge-water wholly prevents the corros