# Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

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## Poetry.

### THE ORIGIN OF DIMPLES.

My mischief-loving maiden, Belle!
Sit here and listen while I tell—
Awhile your saucy tongue to tame—
A pretty tale without a name,
Save this, of "how the dimples came."

A merry girl, the story goes,
With eyes of violet, cheeks of rose,
One day with feet that noiseless stepped
Behind her lover, tiptoe crept;
And peeped with many a bow and bend,
While he, all unsuspecting penned
A timorous sonnet to the maid,
Which doubt'd, hop'd, despair'd and pray'd.
She peep'd, and read, too pleased by half,
And smiled, and smiled, but durst not laugh;
And so a strange event occurred;
It happened thus so I have heard.
The dainty mouth, too small, I doubt,
To let too much of smiling out,
Became a prison most secure,
And held the loving legions sure.
Wearied, at length of durance vile,
Impatient grew each captive smile;
Still, fain some outlets new to seek,
They wreathed and coiled in either cheek,
Still at the ruby portals fast
Vainly sought exit: at the last,
Grown desperate, so the story closes,
Cleft a new passage through the roses.
Love's kisses healed the tender harm,
And gave the wound its dearest charm;
Since not unthankful, Beauty keeps
Her cheeks less sacred than her lips.
And while they smile their prudent "No,"
So fair the deepening dimples show,
That Love, reminded of his claim,
May take the guerdon without blame;
And this is how the dimples came.

### "COMING."

Without you, without you, my darling!
Without you! what more can I say,
To show you how lonely my heart is,
Whenever your heart is away?

I wait, and I watch for you, dearest,
With never a doubt or a fear,
But that some to-morrow will bring you,
Some day of all days in the year.

How many to-morrows there have been!
How many to-morrows may be!
The longest but brings me the nearer,
That day of all others to me.

And often, I fancy I hear you,
Your hand on the latch of the door,
Your voice in the hall, and your footsteps
Closer—closer—beside me once more.

With glad eyes half shut, now I see you,
As strong, and as brave, and as true;
And eyes I know, even in darkness,
Belong to no other than you.

I know that, at last, it is over
The wearying trouble and care;
And courage and comfort come back, with
The touch of your hand on my hair.

## Miscellany.

### Why Poor People Are Poor.

What makes poor people poor? Such a question would naturally be first answered by a decisive laugh. How absurd! one class exclaims By following the scriptural precept, and taking no thought for the morrow, boldly asserts the sceptic. Because there are too many too conscientious to disavow the claims of others connected with them by family or friendly ties, puts forth the self-righteous. Idleness and crime, declare the industrious and prosperous. Now, each or all of these reasons may, no doubt claim some consideration as means productive of poverty, but the simple and primary cause is, after all, more plainly and better stated in the latter part of the maxim which Micawber gives to his young friend David Copperfield, on the occasion of the farmer's engagement in the service of Uriah Heep. Said that philosophic worthy, "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen, six; result, happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditures, twenty pounds, ought and six; result, misery."

This is the root of the whole matter—poor people are always a little behind-hand; otherwise they would soon cease to be poor, for prosperity begins with one penny laid by. Emerson says it originates in a tin roof, that keeps the wind and rain out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes; in dry sticks to burn; in double-wick lamp; and three meals, &c.

Now, the question arises, why do people live beyond their means? Is it dishonesty or carelessness, or ignorance? We should say almost entirely from the latter cause. They do not think. They will not set themselves about solving the problem of living. For the question rapidly resolves itself into an arithmetical one, which involves the elementary principles of addition, substraction, multiplication and division simply. How many for instance, at the beginning of the year, calculate their receipts for the ensuing twelve months, and then limit their necessary expenses to a sum below it, leaving a margin for the contingencies of illness, accident or death? Few indeed. The reckoning more frequently occurs at the end of the year, when the expenditures are found to represent the larger figures. But oftener yet this casting up of accounts does not occur at all, and a knowledge of the debt side of the ledger is obtained rather from the frequently pressed claims than from any inclination on the part of their contractors to discharge their obligations. This latter invulnerability to just demands is but the moral effect of invariably being in arrears. Constant anxiety about the ways and means ere long sinks to indifference, which in time, gives place to a determination to shirk, as far as possible, all financial responsibility. Again, we affirm that the chief means of keeping poor people, does not lie in the fact that they receive small wages, but they do not know how to lay out these small wages judiciously. Do they not always buy in small quantities, paying thereby several profits? Do they not, too, buy poor or adulterated qualities, the former of which is dear at any price, and the latter capable of being accomplished by themselves at less cost? Do they not purchase coal by the quarter ton, and pay as much, and often more for its carting than for a greater supply? Do they not have to pay their rent in advance because they have no property to show as security that they will not vanish in the night without settling these lawful dues? And do they not make one suit of clothes and one pair of boots do only one-half their rightful service, because when mending time comes there are no others to take their places, and hence they are doomed to premature decay.

It is surely just such management in all outlays of money as these that tend to keep down the impecunious. If they would emerge from their poverty, they must turn over a new leaf and study the elements of economic success. Its secret will not be found to exist in the amount of possession, but, as previously stated "in the relation of income to outgo."—*Exchange.*

### WHICH WAS THE COWARD.

"Will you bear that, Edward?"

The young man to whom this was addressed stood facing another person about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance. The name of the person was Logan. A third party, also a young man, had asked the question, just given, in a tone of surprise and regret. Before there was time for response, Logan said sharply, and in a voice of stinging contempt—

"You are a poor, mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat the words; and if there is a particle of manhood about you——"

Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added:

"You will resent the insult."

Why did he pause? His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that instantly betrayed itself in his eyes. The word "coward," in that instant of time, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan. But, as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him for the moment!

"We have been fast friends, James," said Wilson, calmly. "But if this were not so I will not strike you."

"You're afraid."

"I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong."

"Pah! Can't and hypocrisy!" said the other contemptuously.

"You know me better than that, James Logan; and I am sorry that, in your resentment of an imagined wrong, you should so far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegation as false."

There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson, that he did not attempt to repress.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he were about to slap the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the course of Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not to be driven from the citadel in which he had entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward, than lay my hand in violence on him whom I once called friend."

At this moment light girlish laughter and the ring of merry voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relation of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came, while the other two remained where they had been standing.

"Why didn't you knock him down!" said the companion of Wilson.

The latter, whose face was very sober and very pale, shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed the other, impatiently; and turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone, he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party, whose voices had interrupted them by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands, sat motionless for several minutes. How much he suffered in that little space of time we will not attempt to describe. The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward in heart. What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering. Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him. In spite of his better reason he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he half regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party for a neighboring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill stream. Three or four young men and a half a dozen maidens; and, as it happens on such occasions, rivalries were excited among the former. These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties, and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him beyond good feeling and a generous deportment towards others. Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly.

An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult; so cutting that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and marched slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavorable. Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment for his unjustifiable insult. When therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer; and heard the low, sneeringly uttered word "Coward!" from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward we instinctively despise; and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment, rather than to do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere instinct which in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial, and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence, that Logan, whose heart burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left free to repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for some time alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the hurled waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls who had been amusing themselves at some distance above in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current, with fearfully increased speed, toward the breast of a milldam some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a hight of over twenty feet. Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands toward their companions on the shore, and uttering heart rending cries for succor.

Instant action was necessary or all would be lost. The position of the young girls had been some distance above, and there happening to be another boat on the mill-dam and that nigh at hand, Logan and two other young men had loosened it from the shore. But, the danger of being carried over the dam, should any one venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands, and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them, and springing into the boat cried out:

"Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or all is lost."

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls were saved it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the shore, and with giant strength born of the moment and for the occasion from his high unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, toward the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light skiff sprung forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat.

Both were now within twenty yards of the fall, and the water bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage was for Wilson impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water. It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however. In the next instant he had sprung into the water, which near the breast of the dam, was not more than two feet deep. As he did so he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam-crested waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current. If he were to let the boat go he could easily save himself. But not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick coarse voice.

The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached the point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the dam, he sprang into it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light vessel, as it shot out into the air stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful plunge was made in safety. The boat struck the seething waters below and glanced out from the whirlpool, bearing its live freight uninjured.

"Which was the coward?" "The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered with the rest of the company around Wilson, and the pale, trembling girls he had so heroically saved. Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to the another, and in a louder voice than was intended.

"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand he had so wronged and insulted. "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was for some moments too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last he said,——

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live."

Afterward he remarked, when alone with Logan.

"It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the milldam.

There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it will usually be found that the morally brave man is the quickest to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

### Flax.

Flax has been grown in India chiefly for its seed for some years, but of late the Bengal government has endeavored to encourage its production as a fibre. Ireland is the great country for flax-spinning, and raises a good portion of the fibre used, but Russia has more acres under flax than all the rest of the world. The total area for all countries is 3,000,000 acres, of which Russia has 1,600,000, Ireland 129,432, and the United States 61,204 acres. Prussia, Austria, and France are the greatest flax-raisers, with the exception of Russia. The number of spindles in Ireland is 909,490; in France, 620,000; but in Russia, the greatest producer, only 130,000. Great Britain and Ireland have 1,496,343 spindles, or nearly one-half of all in the world.

### A Tea Plantation.

On the following morning I visited the plantation in company with my host, who, speedily engaged in attending to his business, left me for a while to walk about, thus giving me an opportunity, while I sauntered about, to enjoy the cool morning air, and watch the coolies picking the leaves for manufacture.

The plantation was very extensive, many acres of ground being planted with healthy looking trees in uniform rows, about three or four feet apart somewhat resembling neatly-trimmed box-trees, every tree being carefully clipped, and perfectly flat on top, which imparted a unique regularity to the plantation.

There are three kinds of tea-plant grown in Assam: the indigenous, the Chinese, ond the hybrid species. The first grows well, and is a small, bushy plant, cultivated to about eighteen inches in height, with a very thick foliage of small leaves. The second is a taller and stronger-looking plant, about three feet in height, with a larger leaf, which, when manufactured, yields a dark, strong flavored brow. The third, or hybrid plant, is cultivated to a height of two feet, or thereabouts; is a very hardy plant, much in favor among the planters.

The cultivation of tea requires great attention; constant hoeing is necessary to keep the plants free from weeds during the gathering season, for at that time of the year, from May to September, the constant rains saturate the earth, which, acted upon by the great heat of the sun, produces vegetation in a marvelous manner. Constant and judicious clipping is also of great importance, so as to produce an abundance of young, tender shoots, the leaves from which are those used in the manufacture of the best tea.

During the making season the workpeople must be constantly on the alert, for a night's rain, with an hour or two of sunshine in the morning, is sufficient to cause the young shoots to open out their leaves, which must be gathered at once, twenty-four hours often being sufficient to impart a crispness to the leaf, which renders it useless for manufacture. Under these circumstances, it is easy to conceive how much the planters have to depend on the honesty and willingness of their laborers, who can, at any time, by refusing to turn out, inflict severe loss upon their employer; and yet one hears, from time to time, of strong laws being passed to protect the cooly from the planter, as though the latter were not entirely in the hands of the coolies.

An illustration of this, which occurred during my visit, may show that this assertion is not too strong. A neighboring planter came in one morning on his way to the court at Debrughur, whither he was bound, to procure warrants for the apprehension of some absentees without leave. He incidentally remarked that all his laborers had had a fight among themselves, and accordingly refused to work that morning. It was a serious loss, as the young leaves ready to be picked that day would, by the next morning, have deteriorated in quality. I suggested that they deserved punishment. The planter replied that, to punish them would be be the same as fining himself several thousand rupees, and one day's loss was better than many. It was plain that, while the coolies were attending court, or suffering imprisonment, they could pick no tea.

After spending some time in walking about the plantation, I was shown through the Godowns, where a number of people were busy manufacturing the leaf into tea.

A short description of the mode of manufacturing it may, perhaps, interest some of my readers.

Outside the tea-house were large mats on which fresh gathered leaves were spread, and these leaves, as they became slightly withered and tough, were carried into a room in the tea-house, where they were carefully examined, and all large and coarse leaves taken out. After this they were handed to men called rollers, who proceeded to roll them gently, in large handsfuls, on a board, until they were bruised without being broken. Under this process, which requires great skill and delicacy of manipulation both hands being used very swiftly, with a peculiar turn of the wrist, the leaves exude a juice, and assume that peculiar twisted or rolled appearance to be noticed in the artfele when ready for consumption. As each handful of tea showed by the twist in the leaf that it had been sufficiently rolled, it was slightly pressed into a ball, and laid aside to ferment for longer or shorter intervals, according to the strength of the tea required. This rolling and fermenting process occupies, perhaps, a couple of days, more or less, after which the balls are carefully broken up and spread on mats or iron pans, which are then placed in the sun, or over slow ovens, to dry off, this drying process also requiring the greatest care lest the leaf should be overbaked.

After this drying process the tea is again carefully picked and sifted; all large, discolored leaves and foreign substances, are removed generally by women or girls, whose deft fingers work with great rapidity. In the sifting process, all the dust and grit is got rid of, and the tea rendered fit for packing in the large, lead-lined boxes in which it is exported to Calcutta. Here again manipulated, probably not to its advantage, or that of the English consumer, for whom it is repacked in the familiar tea-chests.—"*The Mishmee Hills,*" *by T. T. Cooper,* (*London*).

### Lie Down and Rest.

Dr. Hall says, the best medicines in the world, more efficient than all the potations in the *medica materia*, are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, "to keep up" as long as they can move a foot or wiggle a finger, and it sometime succeeds; but in others the powers of life are so completely exhausted by it that the system has lost all power to recuperate, and slow and typhoid fever sets in and carries the patient to a premature grave. Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room are the very first indispensibles to a sure and speedy recovery. Instinct leads all birds and beasts to quietude and rest the very moment disease or wounds assail the system.

### Man With a Family.

A man in Maine has discovered the advantage of a large family. He has twenty-two children, and recently, when he made arrangements for moving from one school district to another, thus transferring his school tax, his old neighbors offered to pay him something to remain among them. His new neighbors, however, offered to move his furniture, etc., free of expense, and so prevailed.

New York *Commercial:* The last song of the sea—The lay of the cable.

### A Trooper's Prayer.

Soldiers rarely pray, but sometimes circumstances combine to wring from them a short, earnest appeal. Old John Fox, of General John H. Morgan's brigade, was a queer old bachelor, and nothing was more to his taste than a quiet sojourn of a week or two in some one of the many pleasant mountain coves of old Virginia, far away from the humdrum of camp life and the crash and din of battle. He was not a soldier who shirked his duty, but his age—which was about 42—and his serious habits unfitted him for the toils and vexations of a soldier's life. In the winter of 1864, while Morgan's brigade was encamped near Marion, Virginia, Fox and a companion named Burton, succeeded in getting furloughs for six days each. Both of them had soldiered for many months in Southwestern Virginia, and had formed many pleasant acquaintances, with whom they had spent many happy hours. To visit these friends and spend two or three days was the programme they had mapped out, and the morning of the next day found them on their way. The day was clear and exceeding cold, and a heavy snow lay upon the ground. The Allegheny mountains loomed up in their front and their intention was to cross them before dark. But the condition of the roads interfered with their progress, and it was sun-down when they reached the foot of the lofty range that sweeps southwardly from Saltville. To save time they chose a by-path used by the mountaineers of that region by which to cross instead of following the public road. Their route was perfectly plain for some distance, being up the bed of a little stream that issued from the caves and springs high upon the mountain. After several hours of hard climbing, which began to tell upon their horses, they emerged upon a broad bench of land covered by a forest of huge pine trees, among whose branches were sighing the chilling winds of that upper region. It was now dark as pitch, and the snow was falling in huge drifts, blinding both men and beasts. The poor, tired horses staggered on in the winding path, up the steep, until all traces of a path had disappeared. Urged on by their freezing riders, they soon emerged upon a bold projection, or peak, at the top of the range. All was dark and cold and cheerless. The howling winds seemed like breaths from the icebergs of Greenland, as they swept by, and the cracking of the trees from the effects of the cold sounded like a skirmish in the distance. The frightened horses stopped and refused to advance, and in what direction or how to go on was the question.

Burton was an active little fellow, and in an instant he was on the ground in snow three feet deep feeling about with a limb he had broken from a tree to ascertain whether they were near a precipice. In many places in that locality the sides of the Alleghanies are formed of perpendicular walls of stone, some of them three hundred feet in height. Leading his horse, Burton began feeling his way cautiously with his stick in the hope of again striking the by-path. But that had long been covered up by the snow, and death by freezing seemed to be staring them in the face. Burton called upon Fox to dismount and assist in finding a way out of their predicament. But that individual declared that he was already frozen and could not dismount if he would. Burton rallied him on his being frozen stiff, and told him if he did not get off and assist him in finding the way down the mountain, that they would both certainly perish. This picture added to the already overmastering fear that Fox had been for hours enduring, and he burst forth in a loud earnest prayer to the Lord for guidance and deliverance from the death which seemed impending over him. Long and earnestly did he wrestle with the spirit, and many promises of future works and sacrifices did he make to the Lord of the storm. Burton in the meantime worked on, awed into silence by Fox's heart-rending appeals for divine assistance. Even to his intrepid heart the terrors of the scene, the cold blighting blasts of the storm, the noise of the icicles dropping from the groaning pines, the shadow and solitude of the place, brought a feeling of fear and dread. But knowing that the lives of both depended upon his exertions, he plunged forward through the snow that lay in drifts here and there to the depth of six feet. For an interminable time he groped and searched about and at last began to descend the mountain by a route that he thought practicable. He finally struck a little ravine, and following it down between the rows of laurel that bent above it under their burden of snow, he joyously discovered that his progress downward was assured. Down the bed of the ravine they traveled on until a fence—a sure harbinger of civilization—lay athwart their way. Cheered by the sign of life he gave a yell, such as Morgan's boys alone could give. They both paused to hear the echoes floating far down into the caves below, and as the last faint murmurs died away, their ears caught the sound of the bark of a dog away down in the gloom beneath them. Following the fence th reached in an hour or so, a small hut, situated in a little sequestered glen at the western foot of the mountains. They were saved. Food and shelter was theirs and the blissful rest that sleep affords to a tired soldier. Fox claimed that his prayer was answered, and that to the goodness of God they owed their deliverance. Burton did not desire to weaken Fox's faith, and did not question his assertion, but he always entertained the idea that his own untiring efforts found the way and brought them safely through. Upon their return to camp Burton told the tale, and regularly at nightfall the boys called on brother Fox to pray. But Fox had forgotten his vows and was never known to pray again. The soldier who needed the shield of prayer in combating the elements never thought of it when facing bullets.

### A Band of Robbers.

The Levant *Herald* publishes the following letter, dated Damascus, April 4: "The topic of greatest local interest is the seizure of the robbers who have for many years infested Damascus. Their exploits have already attained some fame, and deserved nothing less; for, of late, few Damascenes dared to interfere with them. Their skill and daring had gained them great respect and some admiration, and I am assured by a respectable Moslem that people having occasion to go down to lower rooms of their houses during the night generally shouted down the stairs before descending, 'Ladies are going down stairs; if there is anybody there let him retire.' My informant assured me that this appeal was never uttered in vain, as the men always politely retired, taking with them only the things that came first to hand, rather than incommode the ladies. Last week, however, these proceedings were rudely interrupted. The robbers were paying a visit to the house of a Christian in the Meedan, called Farah. They had gathered whatever they wanted into a box, and were removing it from the premises, when a woman in Farah's house most unbecomingly screamed out, and some Druze neighbors, with their accustomed chivalry, came to the assistance of the lady. At the threshold of the house they met the burglars, and courageously attacked them, but even Druze valor could not withstand the impetuous rush of the robbers. One Druze, however, with bull-dog courage, seized one of the robbers and only relaxed his grasp when the arm by which he held him was pistoled. This act of courage led to the discovery of the robber chief, his colleagues, and their plunder, and was rewarded with the handsome gift of two Russian dollars, equal to 40p. In the scuffle with Druze the robber dropped a crowbar. On the following day the instrument was taken to the smiths of the city, one of whom declared that he had made it for Sheikh Husein El Faoury. Then there was a pause, for Sheikh Husein is reputed to be of holy descent, and is one of the dervishes whom our vali delights to honor. The Chief of the Police, however, resolved to act on his own responsibility, and proceeded to the house of Sheikh with a large force. He found the house full of banners and other religious emblems. He found also an enormous amount of plunder. One great sepulchre, overlaid with green coverlets and turbans, and which the Sheikh declared to be the resting-place of one of his ancestors, was found nothing but a heap of stolen property. The articles stolen from the Greek Catholic Cathedral were found mingled with property stolen five or six years ago. The Sheikh and his two sons were marched off to prison, and soon about thirty of their accomplices were seized. The following paragraph appeared in the *Jeneh* of yesterday with reference to the prisoners: 'It is hoped that they will not escape with a slight punishment, as has of late frequently been the case, by means which are not unknown.' It would be a lasting scandal if this man, the chief of a robber band of unparalleled ferocity, should escape punishment through the Governor's partiality, or through his assumed sanctity. Indeed, I am assured by some of the best Moslems in Damascus that Sheikh Husein is an impostor, and that even were he all he assumes to be he ought not to escape just punishment.

### The English Language.

Bayard Taylor, in one of his recent letters says that he has noticed one striking change in Egypt. This is the astonishing spread of the English language within the last twenty years; resulting both from the numbers of English and American travelers who visit the East, and the use of the language by travelers of other nationalities. French, which until within the last few years was indispensable, has been slowly fading into the background, and is already less available than English for Italy and all the Orient. I was a little surprised in Rome at being accosted by a native boot-black with, "Shine up your boots?" In Naples, every peddler of canes, coral, photographs, and shell-fish knows at least enough to make a good bargain; but this is nothing to what one meets in Egypt. The bright-witted boys learn the language with amazing rapidity, and are so apt at guessing what they do not literally understand that the traveler no longer requires an interpreter. At the base of Pompey's pillar, to-day, a ragged and dirty little girl came out of a fellah hut and followed us, crying, "Give us a ha' penny!" All the coachmen and the shopkeepers are familiar with the words necessary for their business, and prefer to use them, even after they see that you are acquainted with Italian or Arabic. The simple, natural structure of the English language undoubtedly contributes also to its extension. It is already the leading language of the world, spoken by ninety million people (double the number of the French-speaking races,) and so extending its conquests year by year that its practical value is in advance of that of any other tongue.

### An Australian Funeral.

A writer in the Melbourne *Town and County* gives the following interesting account of a funeral among the semi-savage natives of Australia. The body was first carried away some half a mile and covered over with leaves and branches, being watched by the lubras. Then fires were lit on high mountains, and made to emit large volumes of smoke, bidding the members of the tribe within sight to haste to the spot; they again, as I understood, thus telegraphing to the others further away. By the following morning many had arrived, and shortly after sunrise arose and continued a long time those native wails, to which I know of nothing to liken them, and which we could distinctly hear—wails of strange quivering cadence of most melancholy sound, borne upon the keen morning breeze—

Which, echoing back from mount and hill,
Rolled on the wintry air to fill,
With dirge of death o'er savage rung,
By wild and untaught voices sung.

Then commenced after a while the—to us—most revolting ceremony performed by these blacks, of each eating a morsel of the departed one.

This is almost, you might say, a species of religious superstition, they virtually believing that with the swallowed portion all harrowing regrets at the loss which death has brought them are dissipated: and if they do not eat thereof they will grieve to such an extent as to cause their death, or some dire calamity. Indeed, this belief is so strong among the wild ones, that its non-fulfillment produces a species of consumption, or wasting away, and the being becomes haggard and emaciated, eventually often in reality dying. Some days after they had buried the remains a mob came up from the far country, and the bones were exhumed, the late arrivals smelling the poor clay, and departing again in peace and tranquility.

### Contentment.

"Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, and so better is little with the fear of God than great treasures and troubles therewith. Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise his means to his desire, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contended.

A dear old Yankee lady being asked if she had ever had her ears pierced by the wail of distress, said she couldn't just exactly remember, but she believed it was done with a shoemaker's awl.

## Youths' Column.

CHEAP LABOR.—"I only wonder," said Phil, to Uncle Clarence, "that even an eastern king ever had money enough to build a pyramid. Just think of this statement of Heroditus! One hundred thousand men worked on the great pyramid, uninterruptedly, for twenty years! How could one man afford to keep such a number of workmen?"

"It would cost something in our country, to carry on such a work, it is true. Let us make a rough estimate, at a dollar and a half a day which is a low price for a laboring man."

Uncle Clarence and Phil each took up a scrap of paper and ciphered away silently for a few minutes.

"Over one billion of dollars for the men's wages," said Phil, "to say nothing of the other great expenses."

"Yet these poor Egyptian workmen probably got nothing for their labor but the most meager supply of the coarsest food that would sustain life. They were worked by cruel task-masters, who wrung from them the greatest amount of labor the human frame could sustain. If overwork and underfeeding, or pestilence swept them off by hundreds, it was of no consequence. A fresh company were immediately ordered to fill the ranks. Men and human life were so cheap in those days, that despots could perform any work on which their minds were bent.

"The Pasha of Egypt once desired to make a canal from the Nile to Alexandria. He sent out his commands, and swept up from the Delta, two hundred and fifty thousand men, women and children. They were commanded to dig the canal in one month. Their implements of labor were few, but there was only one month's provisions furnished them, and death by starvation was their only outlook, if they failed to accomplish their task. They must work till the last man died at his post, unless the work was done. The men worked with the energy of despair. The children carried away the earth in their tiny hands. Mothers laid down their suffering babes, to toil at the rough work. If they paused to quiet their cries, the scourge drew blood from their bared shoulders. The work was not done in time, and then the famine came. The graves of twenty-five thousand people were made on the line of this canal—which is only an atom of space on your map. Do you wonder that the pyramids could be built in such a land?

"A little canal, of twenty-three miles, was wanted in China in 1825. Time must be precious there, though life is so cheap. Only six weeks were given in which to dig it, though it went through great forests, and over extensive marshes. Twenty theusand men worked upon it night and day, and over seven thousand died of fatigue.

"An American boy who is not thankful for the government under which he lives, is hardly deserving of his blessings. Do n't you say so Phil?"

BENNIE.—One bright winter's morning, two tiny fists went rub-a-dub-dub, on Aunt Kate's kitchen door, and a voice cried:

"Ope de door! ope de door, I say!"

"Who is there?" asked Aunt Kate.

"I 's Bennie, and I wants to tum in!"

So aunty threw the door wide open, and in came Bennie.

"How do you do, Bennie? said Aunty, as she removed the little overcoat and cap.

"It's awful cold," was Bennie's only answer, and he stared solemnly at his own chubby fingers, as he held them before the fire to warm them.

Bennie was a very lively, stirring little fellow, and his tongue usually rattled and chattered away, from morning till night; but to-day he was very quiet, distressingly so, thought aunty.

"Why, Bennie!" said she, "you are as grave as a deacon, and do n't talk a bit. What is the matter?"

"What's a deacum?" inquired he.

"Never mind, now," replied aunty. "But just tell me what troubles my little man."

"Oh, dear! lots o' tubble. Dot sompin at our house." And he kicked disconsolately at the stove-hearth.

"Something new? Dear me, what can it be! A new rocking-horse, perhaps?"

"T aint neiver! It's a dirl baby," and he heaved a great sigh. He looked mournfully at old Towser, who was trying to coax him into a frolic.

"A doll baby, did you say?" cried aunty. "Surely you do n't play with dolls."

"No!" roared Bennie, in disgust. "It's alive, and it yells and sleeps wiz mamma all de time."

"Why, Bennie Ray! and you come here with such a solemn face, when you have got a dear little baby-sister to play with, and to love with all your heart?"

"I ta n't be mamma's baby any more." And two tears chased each other down his rosy cheeks, although he winked hard to keep them back.

"No," said aunty, taking him in her arms, "But you can be mamma's little man; won't that do as well? Of course it will," she added, as a faint smile stole over the little discontented face. "And what a help you will be, taking care of the wee little girl, all for mamma. Oh, a man can do wonders, but a baby can do nothing."

Bennie remained quietly, meditating upon the subject, just five minutes by the clock, and then he said, decidedly, "I'll be a man!" And straightway began to wiggle and twist, to get into that overcoat.

"Where are you going?" inquired Aunt Kate.

"Going to take care of de baby."

And he crushed the cap over his flaxen curls and departed.

THE pretty rice paper that looks so pure and delicate, is made in China from the pith of a great tree; not at all as we make paper from poplar wood, but by simply cutting it into thin slices. And thousands of years before Moses was born the Egyptians made paper from the great papyrus, or paper reed, by carefully peeling out the thin layer between the bark and the fleshy stem, and pressing and drying the pieces into sheets. Many a story of ancient times has been found written on this paper, and stored away among the linen wrappings of the Egyptian mummies, just as well preserved and as legible as if it had been written last year.

CORK is the bark of an evergreen oak, that grows in the south of Europe and north of Africa, near the sea coast. Removing the bark does not injure the tree, and a new crop is produced every ten years.

A whale, 60 feet in length and 10 feet in diameter, was recently captured in the Raritan river, near Perth Amboy, N. J. The fish accidentally ran aground, and was shot by a farmer.

## Varieties.

He who gives advice to a self-conceited man, stands himself in need of counsel from another.

Think before you speak, and think before whom you speak; think why you speak, and think what you speak.

Poverty, like other bullies, is formidable only to those who show that they are afraid of it.

One great difference between Byron and Burns in early youth was that the one was a Harrow boy and the other a plowboy.

I have often been told that the best way is to take a bull by the horns; but I think in many instances I should prefer the tail hold.

The celebrated Cold Air Cave, at the Delaware Water Gap, is one of the strangest places on the globe. On the hottest day a current of air as cold as ice issues from its mouth.

One evening at a Paris cafe a group of idlers were discussing politics and people who change their opinions. "Well," said one, "I've never cried, 'Long live anybody!'" "Quite so," remarked another; "but then you're a doctor."

Dog thieves are very judicious and discriminating in their tastes; and know the value of canines they can raise the most money on. King Charles Spaniels, Spitz, Skye and Scotch terriers, all fancy breeds, are what they go for. They seldom try a mastiff or a bull dog, as there is danger of injury and detection.

A negro girl at Brucetown, Ky., aged 9, has displayed an extraordinary retentive memory. A man reading in her presence for some length of time was astonished to hear her repeat, word for word, what he had said, 24 hours later. She has been proved capable of repeating 50 lines from a book after hearing them once read.

A good wife is like a snail. Why Because she keeps in her own house. A good wife is not like a snail. Why? Because she does not carry her all on her back. A good wife is like a town clock. Why? Because she keeps good time. A good wife is not like a town clock. Why? Because she does not speak so loud that all the town can hear her.

How much our home comforts are dependent upon the capacity of our servants, finds daily illustration. Old lady at a dinner party—Old lady deaf and provided with ear trumpet—Old lady interrogated by well meaning waitress. "Will she have some squash?" Old lady irresponsive, but extends ear trumpet toward waitress, who deposits squash therein and passes on.

There is a fork of the sixteenth century, now preserved at Marlborough House, of silver enriched with garnets, which was bought at the famous Bernal sale for fifteen pounds sterling. It is jointed, and moves on a hinge, elaborately chased all over with raised work of St. George and the dragon, angels, and the Prince of Wales' feathers. On the top of the handle a figure kneels in prayer.

A company for reformed funerals has been organized in London, to supply a want which had long been felt by the provision of hearses and carriages of elegant construction and appropriateness, with such symbolical adornments as were calculated to deprive the surroundings of death of their ghastly and repulsive features, and to assist in the inspiration of bright hopes and elevating thoughts of the future.

Mountain Lake, Virginia, near the Green-brier Springs, is pure fresh water, about a mile and half in circuit and three quarters of a mile long, sunk in the mountains at an elevation of 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is fed by no visible stream. It is without fish, and though some were placed in it they have disappeared. Among its mysterious attractions is its unfathomable depth. A line 300 feet in length touched no bottom.

There is a gentleman living on the Southwestern Railroad near Columbus, Ga., who has thirteen daughters. He bu