MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., AUGUST 5, 1874.

VOL. XXVIII.

Poetry.

A SWISS DAY IN SUMMER.

(The following lines seemed to be semonable, will you please insert them in your columns? They came into my hands some forty years since and were anonymous. I would be glad if some one of your readers could inform me of their authorship.—E. B. M.

'Tis Dawn; lovely Dawn! and the sky is all

And the lake lies in vapor, half morning, half the little black hole.

And the breeze through the tops of the pine | them into the water. groves is blowing.

the vineyards are shaking the dew from their leaves,

the caves. And the earth and the Heaven are cool,

lovely, divine. Tis Morning, rich Morning! The yagers are

And the rifles are ringing from valley to hill; But the sun rises broad, and the horn and the shout Sink down, till we hear but the rush of the rill:

And, far up the mountain, the roebuck's brown troop Are seen, with the nostril spread well to the While the eagle above spreads his wings for a

And the yagers toil on through the forest be-

'Tis Noon, burning Noon! and the far village And the peaks of the mountain, are arrows of flame.

The air is a fever, the sunbeam a fire.

And the yagers by fountain and pine-tree are spread. Where the smoke of their meal curis up

thro' the trees And the shepherd is slumbering in chalet and And the fainting earth longs for the shower

and the breeze. 'Tis Eve, balmy Eve ! and above the hushed

Like a mother's red cheek o'er her softsleeping child. On the east, with her pinion of crimson unfurled

The twilight is stooping, sweet, dewy, and mild: And the planet of Eve looks on mountain and

Like a sentinel spirit just glancing from hea-

Oh, thus may use life and its trials forsake.

And the hour of our parting be calm as this even!
—(From the Album at the Inn at Zurich.

Miscellany.

The Origin of Omnibuses.

According to an article in Land and "Throw them horrid things away, Water, omnibuses trace back as far as Dan'l Van Dort!" for Conny wanted to authorized a line of carrosses a cinq sous for the special benefit of the with formed for working the new system, structed to hold eight people. The terms of the concession to the company provided that they should run at fixed hours, whether full or empty, to and from different quarters of the city, for the benefit of the infirm and those engaged in lawsuits, as well as for all who could not afford to hire a carriage. But before very long the new conveyances were diverted from their original purpose, and became extremely fashionable. The Grand Monarque traveled in one to St. Germain, and his example being followed by the aristocracy generally, the class for whose benefit

HOW THE "GULL" WENT

Ben had pulled his boat up on shore, and swabbed it out, so that his wife's new blue calico might not smell of fish when they reached Shark River. Then Dan came and took a turn at swabbing while his father went up to put on his Sunday clothes. Connoy set on the sand, watching him.

"Take the crabs out of the fo'castle And the cattle in vales on hill-sides are Dan," she ordered. Dan went to the bow, and peeped into

Conny waded out at once, and threw

"Do you think my mother's agoing on a journey with a lot of shedders and busters? she scolded on, while Dan And down in the valley the village roofs shine sat down contentedly, splash into the and the doves are all rustling their wings in water and punched his toes lazily into the mud. Conney always had her own wav.

> Presently, Ben and Mrs. Van Dort came down, ready to set off. The children did not heed their father's going, for he started to the Barnegat fishing banks every morning before three o clock, and seldom was back until dark; but it was a great event for their mother to leave home. Twice a vear Ben took her down to Shark River, to buy calico and sugar and shoes and "trade," These voyages were each a crisis in the family history. The

children hung about her, stroking her white cotton gloves and looking admiringly at the pink rose in her bonnet. "Come, hurry in, Jane," called Ben. awhile.
"We'll have considerable of a blow before we reach Shark's River."

But Jane ran back once more to kiss Conny and hug Dan. She tried to say "God bless you, children!" but the And the deer, like the hunter, are weary and words would not come. Only the minister ought to say solemn things, she thought. and say your prayers, "Mind

Conney, she whispered, "and take good care of Dan and baby." "One would thing you are agoing to gone a year," grumbled Ben.

"Good-by, you young vagabonds," nodding as he pushed the boat out beyoud the first breaker. It was a warm, clear day. The "Gull" danced over the low, sparkling waves, light as a feather. Conny could see

the blue line of paint below her taffrail, see their own mammy go down, and even the rose in her mother's bonnet, until they were out quite into deep sea water.
"I tell you, Dan!" she said. "Let's not go to bed to night. Let's have them drown!"

supper ready for them."

Dan nodded. "Reckon I'll histe a a-coming in here every night since he and sank never to rise again.

Nanty ran to the child as she fell on "Mother hasn't then. It was her I

was going to light in. Anybody'd hev knowed that !" Dan went on composedly picking up great blobs of broken jelly-fish from the sand.

in which year Louis XIV. air her new authority. "You stuff 'em rized a line of carrosses a cinq in yer pockets till I can't abear your

with the Duke de Roanes and other relish.

Peers at its head, and in a short time They won't shine until ye keep 'em seven omnibusses started, each con-structed to hold eight people. The 'built, an' I want these for lanterus.

headland, and, sheltering her eyes with one hand looked steadily out to sea. The fishermen were near the cove,

watching her, and whispering together. One of them went to the village and brought down two or three women. Nanty Hepburn who was a friend of Jane Van Dort's went up to Conny.

"I must see the "Gull" come in. Mother's a board." Nanty looked at the men, perplexed.

She wiped her eyes once or twice, and then put her hands on Conny's shoulders. "There was a wind-squull like this

once afore, Conny." "I know." "And-and of all the ships within two miles of the bar, not one lived through it. Not the big ships, dear! are you

Conny after a minute drew away.

"I wish you would go to Dan, Nanty. He's crying youder. I—I can't speak to She put her hand over her eyes again, looking though the slowly lifted weight

of mist. Her lips moved. Dan pulled her by the skirt, after awhile. "Come away, Conny," he sobbed. "They say the "Gull" has gone down, and they're afeared for you to stay here,"

"I couldn't go down. God wouldn't been done justice to, the waiters gave let it. I've been prayin'." But her face each of the guests a small bowl of Yin was like death as she said it.

Wah (bird's nest soup). "This soup," The mist has lifted now. Under the pale twilight lay the vast angry sea-the waves rising out of fathomless darkness.

Conney caught Dan ficrcely by the arm, and pointed outward. Her lips were too perched to speak.
"The 'Gull!" The Gull!" shouted the far off boat which was dashed to and fro like a bubble. "Ther's no chance ther

fur a good boat," said Cap'n Job; but for that old water log—Take them children away, Nanty. Don't let 'em The wind beat the masts of the "Gull" level with the water, once again.

Conny clinched Dan's hand in hers. "Pray, Dan! Pray! and God can't let

A great wave lifted the "Gull" tauntingly into slight, and then-it was gone! Only a black hull was washed lantern to light 'em in."
"To light father in!" No! He's bin above the yellow foam for an instant,

the sand, and carried her to her own house, but at the door Conny opened her eyes and struggled to her feet. I must go home. Mother told me

to take care of Dan and the baby till she came back." Nanty sobbed out loud then. She had been very fond of Jane.

down?" she said.

A Chinese Dinner.

In San Francisco recently the pro-prictors of the Su Yuen Tong Theatre, the new Chinese place of amusement, opened on Jackson street, celebrated the event by a banquet at Seu Ching's Choy Yan Low restaurant, on the corner of Jackson street and Washington Jane Van Dort's went up to Conny.

"Come home with me, dear," she said. "Don't look out yonder," putting her hand over the girl's eyes. "It's growing clearer, and the sea's ugly to look at after a storm, weeds and wrecks and dead things are washed ashore, and——"

Conny quietly put down her hand.
"I must see the "Guil" come in.
Mother's a board."

mer of Jackson street and Washington alley. A limited number of invitations had been sent out. The gentlemen who accepted and at five o'clock sat down to partake of a Chinese dinner were Judge M. C. Blake, of the Municipal Court; T. G. Cockrill, Chief of Police: John L. Durkee, Fire Marshal; L. Quint, C. Ben Darwin, Judge H. L. Joachinsen, W. D. Sawyer, D. J. Murphy, Henry J. Howe, G. Rosenbaum, B. B. Newman, Lewis Locke and a representative of the press. sentative of the press.

Dr. Li-Po-Tai, Ab You, ex Inspector of the Sam Yup Company; Ho Man, of the firm of Kum Wo; Ah Jarck, of the firm of Pee Tuck; and Ah Yung, agent of himself. Who is free? asks the modfor Dr. Li-Po-Tai, the owners of the theatre, welcomed the guests as they arrived, and according to Chinese custom, invited each one to particular the total politicism. The wise man who is master of himself. Who is free? asks the moderal politicism, and he answers, the man who has a voice in making the laws which he is expected to the man in the morning turned to the morn tom, invited each one to partake of a small cup of tea, in token of hospitality. The table was set according to the customs of this country, and before each plate was a tumbler containing a fin bouquet, and an abundance of cu

flowers were strewn on the table, be-tween the plate and dishes. As those present sat at the table, they were informed that they must cat of what was on the table to begin with so that they might have an appetite for for what was to follow. The appetizer consisted of plums, cherries, bananas, Tim Sam (sweet meats), Sang Quor (dried fruit). Tong Quor (candied fruit). Tim Sam (sweet meats), Sang Quor (dried fruit), Tong Quor (candied fruit) and MutChin Ton Quor (fruit pre-served in syrup). These fruits having Wah (bird's nest soup). "This soup," said the doctor, "is very rich, and the bird's nests cost from forty to sixty dollars a pound in this city. In China birds pick up moss on the sea, take it to cliffs and build nests with it. Men pointed outward. Her lips were erched to speak.

he 'Gull!' The Gull!' shouted the Only sea-bred eyes could see the f boat which was dashed to and fro bubble. "Ther's no chance ther of pigeons chopped into small circumstance in the sea, take it to cliffs and build nests with it. Men are let down from the top of the cliffs knowledged, while its growing uppopularity we deplore. Over its cushions Morpheus reigns, and will reign for ever more. I suppose there is a great similarity in our experiences but here: of pigeons chopped into small pieces and stewed with green onions and peas in the pod. With this dish the waiters placed on the table Sam Pin (cham-pagne), Cherry Win (sherry), and Muey Guy Lo, a powerful liquor extracted from rice and flavored with attar of roses. Next in order followed Chin Ho fresh oysters fried in batter), and Too Yuen Chee (shark's fins in batter). But few of the guests partook of the latter dish, which, Dr. Li-Po-Tai remarked,

was "very delicate." "You have some? said Ah Yung, the Doctor's agent, ad dressing the reporter. "Thank you," replied he, "I never eat fish." "Oh, me see," said Ah Yung, "me 'spose you Catholic to-day, Friday; no can eat fish. All right." The next dish served up was Moo Goo, a stew composed of July, he sits on it as complacently as bamboo sprouts, ham, Chinese water though it were January. Repeated nuts and mushrooms. About this time nods soon tell the story, and after throwing the pillow (a not unwelcome enjoy the dinner much better if he had ad been very fond of Jane. heard this, and beckening one of the "Child, didn't you see the Gull go waiters, said, "Min Bow," and in a mo-

liberty of anarchy, which to a man should be a supreme object of destina-tion. The second liberty is the liberty of law, which has made the name the

symbol of honor, and has made the thing the supreme object of desire.

But the enthusiasm for true liberty who sleep should sleep in the night, is who sleep should sleep in the night, is has in these modern times been trans-fered to its opposites. With a singular order of nature and good society. If inversion of cause and effects, men have seen in liberty not the exercise and the reward of virtues which have been acquired under restraint, but been acquired under restraint, but bell, or nine in the evening, was a little some natural fountain, a draught from which is to operate as a spell for the regeneration of our nature. Freedom, as they picture it to themselves, is like air and light, a condition in which the seeds of excellence are alone able to seeds of excellence are alone able to selves in the popular mind. The ac-germinate. Who is free? asked the

laws which he is expected to obey. Does the freedom of a painter con. sist in his having himself consented to successful business. The trader, the the laws of perspective, and light and shade? That nation is the most iree banker, or the manufacturer who keeps where the laws by whomsoever framed, rule, and the exceptions only prove its correspond most nearly to the will of the Maker of the universe, by whom, this; and every man of experience knows how to attach to them their pro-

The old Settee. Settee, lounge or sofa, it matters not his brain mudcled, his step heavy, his which, it is the same the world over.
All the children know it, every man and woman grown remembers its in-All the children know it, every man and woman grown remembers its inviting, persuasive look in childhood, for we have all been there; its sedative is a sample. Mother leaves the room an instant with the light; thereupon ensues a general scramble for the set-You know said settee is very comfortable for one person, but unless we are playing "lion," with one under-neath to personate that terrific beast. who snatches and snarls at all over-

ings of a neglected business; has no time to look shead to trace out his future course, and justly weigh the prospects; his fevered brain cannot as calmly take in the situation as his coolheaded neighbor, who has full eight hours of dreamless, sober slumber; he forgets his notes, his debts, his promises, and his engagements generally which results in quarrels and suits. He seeks his friend's sympathy and consolation, by declaring how terribly who snatches and snaris at all overhanging—hands, feet or clothing—we
hanging—hands, feet or clothing—we
prefer to be alone; so the best fellow
secures the lounge, while the other in
revenge grasps and claims the pillow,
the secure of the with which he speedily makes a bed on the floor. This is forbidden, and is when the vital forces begin to slacken, victims of some exhausting habit. It mother's entrance makes the boy "get," but the pillow gets with him, and, though the night be a melting one in and the nervous system flags, that the Stimulants and a higher pitch of ex citement become indispensable, and the result is soon reduced to one or nods soon tell the story, and after the result is soon reduced to one or throwing the pillow (a not unwelcome Second. The moral effects are not Second. The moral effects are not missile) at the face on the lounge, he less important in considering this danmearu this, and beckoning one of the waiters, said, "Min Bow," and in a moment the Chief was furnished with a slice of bread. During the remainder of the time the guests were at the table, the Chief was heard to say "Min Bow," it is as much as Bow, "Min Bow," and in a moment the Chief was furnished with a slice of bread. During the remainder of the time the guests were at the table, the Chief was heard to say "Min Bow," and in a moment the Chief was furnished with a slice of bread. During the remainder of the time the guests were at the table, the Chief was heard to say "Min Bow," and in a moment the Chief was furnished with a slice of bread. The truth is, become of the mean the constanting this dam, waiters, said, "Min Bow," and in a moment the Chief was furnished with a slice of bread to the mean that the Ashantees could not excitement, which sets at deflance the course of nature, whisky, tobacco and cards are the chief agencies. It is not often that top to me kindly."

"Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all." are her new authority. "You start done your towns the chart abser your towns the house at night," covering her nose with her aproc.

Dan snifed at them with an air of relish.

"They won't shine until ye keep' em swhile. I've got my light-house most as the could get a be to the cottage. Dan was cronched, cry light, are in the control of the cottage. The county is a made and the cotten was all the care with the aproximation of the cottage. The county is a made and the cotten was all the care with the aproximation of the cottage. The cotten was all the cotten was all the care of the cottage. The cotten was all the care of the cottage. The cotten was all the care of the cottage. The cotten was all the cotten was all the care of the cottage. The cotten was all the care of the cottage. The cotten was all the care of the cottage of white care of the cottage. The cotten was all the care of the cottage. The cotten was all the care of the cottage of the cottage of the cottage of the cottage. The cottage of the cottage of

Lange the strain of the strain

Late Hours. Youths' Column. It it not merely a popular prejudice

which casts suspicion on the character

of those who keep late hours. Bad hours and bad deeds are believed to be

hurried day in a state of fretful anxiety.

augmented by the harassing surround-

The Little People.

BY JOHN & WHITTIER.

A drea y place would be this earth Were there no little peop e in it; The song of life would lose its mirth Were there no children to begin it

No little forms like bads to grow

And men to store more indutional,
And men to store coldiness turn,
And woman would be less the woman.

Life's song, indeed, won'd loss its charm, Were there no babies to begin it. A distruit p ace this world would be. Were there no little people in it.

Tor First Strawnengers -A little girl once had a bed of strawberries,

Very auxious was she that they should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came. "Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he picked some beautiful ones for her to eat "I cannot eat these," said she, "for works, Late hours are incompatible with

they are the first ripe fruit." "Well," said her brother, "all the more reason for our making a feast, for they are the greater treat." Yes; but they are the first ripe truth. There are plenty of reasons for

"Well what of that ?" per weight. Late hours unfit a man for business. "Dear father told us that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always feit First, On account of the physical effects. In these days of sharp com-petition, nothing but good abilities, happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give God the first of my straw-

applied with the most unyielding energy, will achieve success. The trader "Ah! but," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And comes to his office half exhausted even if you could, He would not care for lack of nature's sweet repose," with

for them. "Oh! I have found out a way," said with his work, spends his short and

Sees a strawberry, they are so poor."

Away went the children to give them to the dying child, and when they saw it was used in Prussia, to which country her put out her thin arms and take the the United States patent was taken as ripe, round fruit in her shrivelled proof of the invention. fingers, and when they saw her eyes glisten, and her little faded lips smile, they felt as if they had a richer treat right—he must be right. You may say, than if they had kept the ripe fruit for themselves; and something within them told them that God had accepted their little offering.

THE BOOK OF THANKS,-"I feel so exed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must"-

his cousin Cecilia. "No ; look over my Book of Thanks." saw him turning over the leaves of a same quantity on each of the other copy-book, nearly full of writing, in a plates, and surveyed the prospect, at round text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark. Then he is still a bachelor,

read aloud :

NO. 31.

Editor and Proprietor.

Varieties.

A good motive-Lecomotive,

Thorean sagaciously remarks that the one modern improvement most seeded is a better style of men and women.

Charles Lamb, in speaking of one his rides on horseback, remarked that "all at once the horse stopped, but he kept right on.

Why are the ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steel their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their oabies and hook their dresses.

Walter Scott's novels are now sold at

bree-pence spiece in London, and the lealers say that his books are read now only by the humblest class of buyers. A shaft, weighing 50,000 lbs., and ome cranks that weigh 31,000 fbs. each,

have just been made at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, for the Fitchburg water Turkish women now wear their veils so thin that their feature are distinctly visible through them. This is a great improvement on the thick wrappings

behind which they used to hide then In the Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral a large and valuable collection of antique charts and manuscripts has been found. A royal commission has

been appointed to examine them and to report upon their contents. An enterprising firm in London lately paid 6000 rupees for the privilege of ollecting the hair shorn fro

of pilgrims at the Magh Mela, at Allahadbad, and the whole capillary she. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye harvest has been shipped off to Loddon, have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto | In a suit before the United States me, and I mean to go with them to Court in New York, counsel stated that Mrs. Perkins' dying child, who never the so-called "Prussian needle gun" is

> A man must not only desire to be "I wish to send this ball so as to kill the lion erouching yonder, ready to spring My wishes are all right, and unon me. right, and I hope Providence will direct the ball. Providence won't. You must

do it; and if you do not, you are a dead man. - Beecher. A bachelor one day set the table in 'Do something in revenge?" inquired his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as often "What's that?" asked Cecilia, as she as he helped himself to food he put the the same time computing the cost. Ho

"'March Sth-Ben lent me his bat." A correspondent of an English paper, "Here again: 'January 4:h-When I African war, says: "I suppose you