Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XXIX. — MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., JUNE 30, 1875. — NO. 26.

OCEAN LINES.

O! wide the sea before us,
And drear the waste around!
The angry heavens o'er us
All day have darkly frowned,
And gales that seem to master
All things that meet the eye,
But sweep us on the faster,
Where sterner dangers lie.

All nature seems in travail,
The billows o'en complain,
Then who shall sneer or cavil,
With cynical disdain,
If I shall own a sadness
As memory portrays
Those scenes of glowing gladness
We knew in other days?

Those fleeting scenes of pleasure
That sped so swift away,
When Joy filled up its measure
And ev'ry heart was gay.
When Youth, with haughty madness,
The gauntlet flung to care,
And never sigh or sadness
Could hope to enter there.

Who dreamed each year discloses
Some deeper discontent?
We crowned the hours with roses,
Nor marked them as they went;
We scorned the idle morrow,
Or what its dawn would bring;
We feared no touch of sorrow
The aching heart to wring.

But Grief has given lessons
We may not soon forget,
And Time has thinned our numbers
Since last in joy we met;
Yet fill the hours with gladness,
And revel while ye may,
For life is full of sadness—
Ah! whirl it swift away!

—*Bohemian.*

My Lily-of-the-Valley.

"Peep!" It was a cheery, almost childish voice, well known and loved by me; and yet I started in half affright, so deep was my reverie. Reveries, in the majority of cases probably, have love for their inspiring god; but this was an exceptional one, else I had surely been prepared for any such surprise as this, from the very priestess herself of love.

Not that she acknowledged it, or I either, for that matter. But we were both finite, and love is infinite.

"You little puss!" I exclaimed, "how you frightened me?"

"Do I look so like a fright then, in my masquerading?"

"Of course not. You are always charming. But your voice—"

"Was harsh and—"

"How dexterously you do fish for compliments this afternoon! You know your voice is soft and musical, for I have told you so several times; and—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Go on."

"It was that very sweetness and softness that startled me, being so antipodal to my thoughts just then."

"There!" a sudden seriousness settling over her manner. "That convinces me that you are not obeying your doctor. You must have been thinking of those dreadful columns of figures, and of 'puts,' and 'calls,' and 'shorts,' and such ridiculous nonsense. Don't you remember you told me you shouldn't think of any 'calls,' but calling the cows, nor any 'shorts' but those they have for their supper, to make them give you an extra quality of milk for your breakfast, so you can go back to the city in the fall vigorous for business, and fresh for the smiles of your sweetheart."

"Quite a long speech, upon my word! And it is not a month yet since I supposed you never indulged in anything beyond monosyllables, and scattering ones at that."

"Thank you for nothing. But how do you like my costume?"

"Charming. Who assisted you?"

"I made the things, Cousin Maggie helped arrange them, and Mr. Fred Marston acted as critic, to see whether I was presentable."

"And pronounced you *au fait?*"

"Yes, if looks would do so. But he was so busy sketching that he would hardly say a word."

"Puss," I said, after a moment's deliberation, and wondering whether I really had the courage, "do you really remember all I told you, in my gossiping way, the day after Fred and I arrived, about the doctor's instructions—how I was never to think of business or cares of any kind, but only amusement, and any nonsense that came uppermost?"

"Yes—perfectly.

"Who'd have thought I would go so contrary thereto?—first to come up to this quiet place, where both amusement and nonsense would seem to be sacrilegious; and—"

"Secondly," looking as prim and dignified as so slight and sweet a body could.

"Yes, secondly, by falling in love with you."

"I spoke deliberately, and with an effort; and the last word had not died from my lips before I knew that my premonitions of dangerous ground were not uninspired.

A pink glow suffused her face for an instant, and then faded into a whiteness that was not so deathly as it was transparent.

It added to my pain as well as to a vague delight I felt in the picture she made in her masquerading dress.

To speak of this mimic masquerade, and the picture it formed, it will be necessary to go back a few days, on which occasion I sat in the little pinched-up parlor of the old-fashioned farm house that formed my retreat from the city's hum and business for a few weeks in the summer. On the wall opposite where I sat, hung an old family portrait, so old, indeed, that the daughter of my hostess was not exactly certain as to who she was, or of what generation she had formed a part of the life. The student of fashion's caprices could probably have ascertained by research; but it really made no great difference. The salient part of the portrait was a large Elizabethian ruff, not so stiff and ungainly as are generally represented in portraits, but seeming quite graceful and pretty, and, indeed, as though forming a part of the personality of the personage, who was young, less than twenty, apparently, skin white and delicate, almost entirely devoid of color, eyes of a *dolce far niente* feeling, and lips whose just perceptible pout was in fine keeping with the round, cheery face.

"Miss Perry," I said, "the portrait yonder is enough like you to pass for your own, if you should only tell people you were masquerading. How like a lily-of-the-valley it looks, with the round delicate face, and the delicately penciled ruff!"

"What an idea!" said Miss Perry, the daughter of my hostess. "And yet, since you suggest it, I can trace quite a resemblance. I remember hearing papa say once that she was quite a belle in her day, and there was something of a romance connected with her."

It was in a dress precisely like this in all its details in which Miss Perry was arrayed when she peered over the rose bush on the afternoon in which my story opens, and greeted me with her innocent "Peep!"

"So," she faintly articulated, "your 'amusement' and 'nonsense' for this summer are falling in love with an unsophisticated country girl! Quite delightful!"

"Miss Perry!" I exclaimed in blank amazement, "you wrong me by your misapplied irony. My words were not trifling ones, as you seem to think. I was too abrupt and precipitate. I am but a tyro in wooing."

I put my arm around her slender waist as I spoke the last words, and she suffered it to remain there for an instant, and then withdrew shrinkingly, giving me a half-startled, half-shy look as she glided out of the room—a look that haunted me for months afterward.

I saw her no more that afternoon, and the next morning Fred and I were off on a trouting expedition before she was astir. At supper she was absent, and her mother volunteered the information that she had gone to visit her cousins over the mountains.

"It's in the j'ining county, some twenty miles off," she said. "One of the boys was over this way on some business or other, and she appeared kind o' moping, and when he spoke on't I just bundled her off quick. It'll do her good. She's a gal like all others."

"Twenty miles!" I repeated. "She'll probably then be gone five or six days."

"Five or six weeks more like," was the reply. "I told her she'd have to stay, most likely, till we sent for her, and that wouldn't be till after harvesting was over. The men and horses are mighty busy during the hot weather."

"I say, Fred," I said that evening as we sat on the piazza smoking our cigars, "I've been thinking that I'll go back to the city to-morrow or next day. To tell the truth, it's getting a little dull and monotonous, and—"

"Dull and monotonous! What has got into you? Why, it's only a day or two since you were going to stay a month yet. You're just the queerest chap—"

"I've been told that often enough to know it by heart, Fred. I think I shall go up by to-morow night's train, unless you will go too if I wait over a few days."

"Not I. I shall stay another fortnight, at any rate."

"All right. It is settled then. Walk up to the station with me, and you can send my trunk along some day when the wagon is going up."

The next evening we arrived at the little rise in sight of the station some time before the train was due, and we sat down on a rude stone wall overlooking the valley.

"By-the-way," said Fred, suddenly, "I didn't show you this, I believe. She looked so charming I couldn't help it."

And he opened his portfolio, which he invariably had with him, and showed me a sketch he had made of Miss Perry the day she was masquerading, which had thus far proved so disastrous to me. It was a personified lily-of-the-valley, with the delicate features of her whose name of Margaret somehow grated on my ear, and, as "Miss Perry" was too formal, I had taken to calling her "Puss."

"I say, Fred, I want this," I said.

"Nonsense! You'd better let me keep this, and take the original."

A wise man is content with what he can get," I responded briefly, as I put it in my satchel.

Fred gave me a curious look, which I did not interpret till late in the season, and made no objection to my appropriating his sketch.

The sun was sinking behind the mountain, the valley we had just left having been for some time in deep shadow.

"Where are your canvass and colors?" I presently asked. "There's an effect of *chiaroscuro* that would draw praise from the most conservative critic."

Fred needed no second hint; and as he painted away, I observed the beautiful effect, and made occasional jerky remarks on a variety of subjects, presently saying:

"How *a propos* that masquerading wig was! She is, indeed, a lily-of-the-valley both lily and valley being in their respective ways charming in a superlative sense."

The whistle sounded just then, and I started in haste for the train, leaving Fred busy on his picture, hardly looking up when he said good-bye, and prophesying my return in a few days.

Several times, after my return to the city, I came near doing so, wondering if it were not cowardly in me to strike my colors at such a moment, and if "Puss" did not expect me to come over the mountains to see her.

Nearly two months had elapsed, and I had heard no word from Fred. I was on the point of putting a change of linen in a satchel, and taking a two-days' run in search of him, and to see if Miss Perry had returned, when I received a letter, which to say the least indefinitely postponed the matter.

I give only those parts my readers will be interested in:

"MY DEAR BOY: Congratulate me—that is with an if. She won't name the day, nor positively promise that she ever will: but it is so well settled in my own mind, that I shall order the suit as soon as I arrive in town, which will be some day next week, if I can tear myself away so soon.

"How did I do it? Blest if I know! I never dreamed of such a thing till you dropped that remark you did when I gave you the sketch of the lady in her masquerade dress, that 'a wise man is content with what he can get,' which flashed through my brain the intelligence that you had been rejected, or were satisfied you would be. Why, I never could conceive, for I always supposed you to be the favored one, but I didn't puzzle over the conundrum very long. From that moment I gave myself up to the task of winning her, and went at it rough-and-tumble. I never went into anything before so recklessly, because never before had I been so seriously in earnest.

"But you don't care for details. I have at last earned the trophy I shall henceforth wear so proudly on my breast."

Before Fred returned from the country, I was on the Atlantic. I had again behaved in a cowardly manner, and deserted my colors when a vigorous movement on my own part, instead of resulting so, would have had a decidedly contrary result.

But I was both blind and stupid. I could neither see nor understand what had taken place, nor how it all tended to my advantage did I but follow it up. That knowledge did not come to me till many months afterward.

On the water, and pressed to the brim with work, I had supposed I should forget the little country girl, and return heart-whole from the European trip I had been commissioned to take by the house in which I was engaged; but every day only added to the intensity of my suffering, and finally the longing I felt must forever be realized, became so much a part of my existence that even sunlight began to take its hues from the half-ripened orange.

But the exigencies of the business I was transacting demanded my continued stay, and levied such a tax on my mental capacities that I soon began to look on my trouble as annoying, but not serious, and as though a callus had grown over it, and no pain would result from it unless a violent strain were brought to bear upon it.

Then disaster came and the house suddenly failed, leaving me adrift; and I was preparing to return home when I was offered an advantageous position in a foreign house, a member of which, I was courteously informed, had "observed the masterly manner in which I had managed the affairs of the branch which had been entrusted to me."

So, of course, it transpired that I did not return to my native land that autumn nor the next, nor—in fact, it was three years from the time I left for Europe before I returned. I landed in the middle of August, last summer, and at once began to hunt up old cronies, by aid of memory and directories. But I had no luck. Fred I could get no track of, only that he had just returned from an European trip; but where he might be at that particular time was uncertain. All for whom I cared in the city were out of town for the warm weather, or else where I could not readily find them, and I began to think I had been a fool to come across the water at so unpropitious a time. My own immediate family I found, on inquiry, were stopping for a few weeks at a remote place, twenty miles or more beyond the little valley where Fred and I had summered three years before, and toward that point I turned my face.

Just before sunset the train made a halt at the little village overlooking the valley where I had met my fate, and where the last time I had seen Fred he was engaged in making a sketch of the valley, hardly taking his eye from the canvas to bid me his cheery good-bye. For some reason the train was delayed a few moments, and, as I gazed over the valley, the old feeling of three years before was instantly surging and swaying in my breast; and before the train was again in motion I stood upon the rude country station platform, unable to resist the force immpelling me there, thinking I could pursue my journey the day as well as this.

After the train had departed, and I observed the curious country eyes scanning my singular behavior, I suddenly realized my awkward position, and wondered what to do. Mechanically I strolled toward the spot Fred had chosen for his vantage-ground to view the valley. Little change was visible. The sunset colors were less vivid, and consequently the shadow over the valley was less sombre—a much more pleasing picture; and yet I could not help feeling that the sombre shadow was over my heart instead.

I aimlessly followed the winding road into the valley, descending at every step farther and farther into the shadow; yet my soul into its own shadow plunged more recklessly still, the gloom surrounding it seeming almost sullen in its intensity.

Suddenly it grew lighter. What did it presage? A large cumulus of cloud had drifted into the range of the sun rays, and caught the splendor, sending them down to the earth in a glow of reflection. "If my own soul could drift into such a volume of light!" I thought, bitterly, and walked slowly onward.

What marvelous shapes the clouds take at times! This one and smaller ones, drifting with and counter to it, suddenly took the shape of a large anchor, seeming to me, in my shortened vision, a gleam of mighty irony glowing with a false glimmer.

So intent was my gaze bent heavenward that I did not observe a figure immediately in front of me, emerging from the valley. It was a female figure and I hastily stepped on one side to allow her to pass, hardly withdrawing my gaze from the heavens. The moment she had passed, in obedience to a sudden impulse, I turned my head, to see hers also turned to observe me. The light from the cloud of hope shone full in her face, and I started at the recognition. Was my soul, then, drifting as yonder cloud had done? Was this thrill that bathed it in pathos the light, indeed, that warms and glorifies all it shines on—or was it but mocking irony?

"Miss Perry!" I exclaimed, "this is a rare pleasure."

She advanced in the same shy manner as of old, and held out her hand in the old coy style.

"Was it you, then, that I was to meet at the station?" she asked.

"Were you expecting some one?" I asked, a little bewildered.

"No—yes," was the hesitating reply. "I suppose, if I tell you, you will laugh at me. I was sitting in the parlor a short time ago, looking now and then at the old picture you were pleased to take so much notice of in those other years—the picture, has been very dear to me latterly," she parenthetical added, with a just perceptible tremor in her voice—"when suddenly I was impressed with the idea that I was to meet some one at the station. The notion occurred to me at once as so ridiculous, that I laughed outright. But it wouldn't be laughed down, and finally I started, and—here I am."

I then told her how I had just returned from Europe, and was on my way to find my mother and sister, when I was almost impelled from the cars.

"And you were going right by without stopping to see us?"

I hesitated not knowing the nature of the ground I was standing on, and not caring to make a misstep.

"Fred and I would both have been so disappointed if you had."

"Ah! is Fred here?" I asked, making an effort to appear at ease, though succeeding badly, I am afraid.

"Why, of course! He is here all the time, now, except for a few months in the winter."

My heart leaped into my throat in very agony, and for a moment I dared not trust myself to speak. We had in the meantime been walking slowly down into the valley, and suddenly a door of a house close by the wayside swung open, and a flood of light rested upon my companion. Ah, the caprice of fashion! How its edicts drift around in circles, and turn up unexpectedly! Of course the ruff was not so *pronounce*, nor the rolling folds to the dress, gathering in a mass back of the neck, so angular and so stiff as represented in the Elizabethian portrait; but there she was in the dress, with modifications, in which she had made the final assault upon my heart, and won it—"unknowingly, heedlessly," I said to myself.

"Didn't you know of Fred's marriage?" she asked, after the awkward pause in which my mind had been so busy.

"Not to a certainty. I conjectured as much. You are very happy, I suppose—"

"Yes, as the world goes, Fred is the dearest and best fellow in the world. How long since you have seen him? It is a long time isn't it?"

"Three years. He was seated where I met you, just now, the night of my return home, and after you went over the mountains so much after the French-leave manner."

"Oh, i was such a silly chit then"

"And think you have grown wiser, now?"

"Maybe not, nor happier; this world is for growth not for happiness, after all. Growth is the object, happiness the result; not the reverse, as people generally suppose."

"And Fred has grown in art as well as in a domestic way?"

"Oh, yes. He is quite the rage in certain circles. But you know all about that, probably?"

"No. I have been so immersed in business in Europe that I have absolutely not heard of or from him since—let me see; no, no, not since he wrote, just after my return from here, to tell me of his engagement with you."

"His—engagement—with—me!" drawing a sharp breath at the enunciation of every word. "He was never engaged to me. Did he write you that?"

"He implied as much. If I remember rightly, however, there was a chance for a contrary result."

"He fancied at one time he was in love with me and I don't know but considered himself engaged, but it only lasted a few weeks. He went to Europe, he said, to die of a broken heart; but came back last fall and married my cousin, and—"

"And—you—are—not—married?"

I did not hear her reply, only saw her shake her head in the rapidly gathering dusk, and clasped my arm around her as I had done three summers before. But she did not withdraw from my embrace this time, in ever so gentle a manner; and when I asked her if she would be my lily-of-the-valley, the answer she gave shone over my soul as the departing sunlight had over the anchor-shaped cloud, and the reflected radiance illuminated my whole being.—*Appleton's Journal.*

An Ingenious Plan for the Preservation of Peace.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The general inconvenience arising from 'war scares' has suggested to an ingenious Frenchman a scheme for mitigating, and in the long run probably averting, the evils caused by thus trifling with the nerves of Europe. His plan also has the merit of meeting the views of not only those who hold that international differences should be adjusted by the sword, but also of those who, on the other hand, advocate 'a resort to arbitration.' Under the new system there will be both fighting and arbitration, and plenty of both. He proposes that when two nations growl and scowl at each other to such an extent as to make the general society of nations uncomfortable, and to agitate the stock exchanges throughout the continent, it shall be submitted to an international court of arbitration to decide whether the two nations in question shall not be called upon to fight out their quarrel at once, whether prepared or not for immediate hostilities. In the event of their declining to do so at the bidding of the court, they are to be simultaneously attacked by all the other nations, and to bear the whole cost of the movements against them. It is improbable, however, that they will bring matters to this pass by refusing to fight when desired to do so; for it may be taken for granted that they would infinitely prefer a sanguinary tussel with each other to being together engaged in defending themselves against an attack of the whole civilized world, and being thus united by a bond of sympathy totally at variance with their mutual feeling of antagonism."

Good Nature.

Men and women receive in this life much of what they deserve. It is like a looking-glass, this big world; grin and smile at it and it will smile back—scowl and it scowls. It is but a confession of one's own unpleasantness at home if we air our grievances. The nice people are not "nice" without a good deal of trouble on their part. That pleasant fellow who always cheers his acquaintances, and who carries an atmosphere of good nature about him, is probably a hero in his way, and most likely a good-natured philosopher, who takes a great deal of trouble to be what he is. The amiable sister, who never complains, has shown in little things as much bravery as if she had won the Victoria Cross. On the other hand, those young persons who have always a budget of miseries to pour into the sympathetic ears of their friends, and who are totally, if they are to be believed, unappreciated at home, will be found, if looked into, not so amiable as they might be. Mr. Tom Pinch who never thought of himself, found even the gross hypocrite Pecksniff a good and kindly creature; while Martin Chuzzlewit, who took care to sit in the very front of the fire, and liked to be read asleep by Tom, discovered every one to be selfish. Depend upon it, if we try to think more of others than we do of ourselves, we shall seldom have a grievance. We may also rest assured that if we will dwell upon our sweet selves and our own merits we shall doubtless believe those merits to be so great that we shall find the world will always supply an immense and ever increasing grievance by being blind to them.—*Essays for Home Life.*

The Kangaroo.

That a kangaroo should be able to traverse the branches of a tree is so extraordinary a fact that many people refused to believe its possibility until positive proof was given of the animal by a living specimen at the Zoological Gardens. Its cage was fitted with a large tree branch, such as is supplied to the leopards, and it was a very curious sight to watch the animal skipping about the boughs as lightly and securely as if it had been a squirrel. It retained many of the habits of its wild state, notably that of sitting motionless for long periods as if asleep, but, when roused to action, leaping about with astonishing quickness. I imagine that these habits tend to its preservation. The dark-brown color of the fur bears so close a resemblance to the hue of the branches that, even when the animal is in a cage, and the observer knows where to look, he will not at once discriminate between the tree and the animal. Its habit of stillness will, therefore, account for its preservation from the eyes of enemies, while its exceeding quickness and agility when in motion will enable it to escape from almost any foe except man.

Silent Men.

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the constitution of the United States the labor was almost wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was the chairman; but he made two speeches during the convention of a very few words each The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that, had it not been for his personal popularity and the thirty words of his first speech pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that his greatest difficulty was in finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said, by reserve. The greatness of man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

Sham Houses.

Charles Warren Stoddard writes: There are houses in Florence, many of them, that look as if they were built of the stage scenery of some dismantled theatre. I saw one this morning, a snug modern affair, as severely simple in its proportions as a packing-box, yet it was so touched up by the brush and some scenic artist that a balcony with six pillars seemed to start out from the front of it. There are two doors and four windows introduced to complete the harmony of the facade. Yet these were all deceptions; the house pretended to be of stone, with a plaster that had peeled off in spots, exposing the rough cut walls.

In an attic window, a mere picture, a cat sunned herself, and a little away from her sat two pigeons billing but not cooing, for that was beyond the art of even a Florentine house painter. A rake leaned against the wall, and cast a palpable shadow that unfortunately ran against the sun, for it was late in the day, when the shadow was stationary; two towels fluttered from the balcony; a pail was turned over in the corner part, and a bush that might bewilder a botanist bloomed forever in blossoms of yellow and red as gross and unsavory as cabbages.

Was this all? No, one of the fraudulent windows was open, a fair and most substantial virgin leaned forth, and with her arm extended like a statue, she waves night and day, year after year, a handkerchief to the passer-by, be he friend or stranger. This sort of thing is often seen in Florence. Sometimes two lovers "spoon" unblushingly in a sham window. One is half inclined to ask if the inmates sat for this picture, but questions of that nature would be too frequent. I have almost lost confidedce in everything Florentine. I am never quite sure that it is a house I see before me, or only the rear wall of somebody's garden. I am quite convinced that I shall some day find myself knocking at a false door, and waiting impatiently for the descent of the fat-faced woman who sits week after week smiling upon the world from the window overhead.

When not to Laugh.

Unless you would be set down as vulgar, don't laugh at people's mistakes or misfortunes. There's a time to laugh; but when when your schoolmate has slipped down on the ice, and is hurt, perhaps; or by accident the fruit-stand at the corner is overturned, and the poor old man's oranges and apples are scattered in the mud; or some lover of a very low qualtity of fun has pinned a ticket for sale on a person's back as he walks the street; or an absent minded lady, thinking more of the poor she is going to visit than herself, has gone out with one boot and one slipper on; or a near-sighted person, whom you never saw before, addreses you as Jane or John, and cordially inquires after your grandma, when you haven't any; or the new boarder next door, in a block of a dozen houses all precisely alike, walks familiarly into your hall and comes to a dead stop on the stairs, or the bashful student comes awkwardly upon the platform, and breaks down in an attempt to declaim; or the same sort of sensitive youth, through extreme diffidence, commits in company the very error he was trying to avoid; or whenever anything trying or humble happens to any person—that is not the time to laugh, if you do by others as you would be done by. If you are the person laughed at in any such case, consider that, at least, you are a great deal better than those who laugh at you. The too bashful girl or boy almost always turns out better than the too bold The people who are always right side out in looks and dress and style, are not necessarily by any means the best or the brighest. Nothing more surely indicates good breeding and a large heart than not seeming to notice a blunder, whether of friend or stranger—unless it is by a word or simple act of kindness to show sympathy or render assistance, when this can spare the feelings or lighten a misfortune.—Christian Era.

Let the Babies Dig in the Dirt.

We once asked an old Winnebago squaw how it was that she cured her sick family by simply covering them every day with fresh earth, leaving only a breathing spot for their noses, and she said: "Earth our mother. Earth make she, and earth take good care to make she papoose strong; squaw mother make she papooses sick. Earth mother makes she papooses well again. She can't tell white squaw any more." Now this poor Indian woman was wise "according to her lights." Without knowing why, she saw that the earth was a friend to her children, and therefore gave them to its healing embrace. If the mother be fortunate enough to live in the country, she has the cure for many of her children's ills quite at hand. Encourage baby to play in the fresh earth, preparing it properly for its enjoyment and cure, with as careful an eye to the comfort of the little thing, as you would if it were to take any other sort of a bath. If it has no old dresses, make it a suit of cheap print, tie upon its head a light hat, that will protect its eyes from discomfort and give it freedom to delve in the warm, soft earth, where the sunshine can comfort and invigorate it. If it is a city child and circumstantes forbid a trip to the country for the sake of the weak convalscent, have a sand heap made on the warm side of your yard. Instinct will teach it to dig, and digging hardens the muscle and brings strength to the bones, while from the heart of the earth rises a subtle and strong power of healing that we can neither explain nor understand for ourselves, though we have both seen and felt its potency.—*The Metropolitan.*

Curiosities of Wooing.

In olden times it was the fashion for a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife, which, with very stout gentlemen, was an uncomfortable proceeding. The way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat and poetic. Like many other lovers, he was caught holding a skein of thread or wool which the lady had been unraveling. "Gracie," said he, "we have been untying knots. Let us see if we cannot tie one which will not untie in a lifetime." With a piece of tape he fashioned half a true lover's knot, Miss Fletcher perfected it, and a kiss put the seal to the symbolical bargain.

Most men when they "pop" by writing are more straightforward and matter-of-fact. Richard Steele wrote to the lady of his heart:—"Dear Mrs. Shurlock (there were no misses in those days,) I am tired of calling you by that name; therefore, say a day when you take that of madam.—Your devoted, humble servant, Richard Steele." She fixed the day accordingly, and Steeled her name instead of heart to the suitor.

The celebrated preacher, Whitfield, proposed marriage to a young lady in a very cool manner—as though Whitfield meant a field of ice. He addressed a letter to her parents without consulting the maiden, in which he said that they need not be at all afraid of offending him by a refusal, as he thanked God he was quite free from the passion called love. Of course the lady did not conclude that this field, however white, was the field for her.

The well-known brothers, Jacob and William Grimm, were exceedingly attached to each other, and had no desire to be married. But it was thought proper by their friends that one should become a husband, and Jacob being the elder, it was agreed that he should be the one to enter the bonds of matrimony. A suitable lady was found, but Jacob declined to do courting, requesting William to act as his agent. William consented, but soon found he was in love, and wanted the lady himself. He could not think, however, of depriving his brother of such a treasure, and knew not how to act. An aunt kindly delivered him of his difficulty by telling Jacob, who willingly resigned the damsel to his brother, and went out of the way until she had been made Mrs. William Grimm.

A Scotch beadle was the one who popped the question in the grimmest manner. He took his sweetheart into the graveyard, and, showing her a dark corner, said—"Mary, my folks lie there. Would you like to lie there, Mary?" Mary was a sensible lassie, and expressed her willingness to obtain the right to be buried near the beadle's relations by uniting herself to him in wedlock.

A similar unromantic view of the subject was taken by another maiden. Upon her lover remarking, "I think I'll marry thee, Jean," she replied, "Man Jock, I would be muckle obleeged to ye if ye would."

The Land of Summer.

He who has seen the bird of passage only in a comparatively southern latitude can form no idea of the wildness of rapture with which it hails its return to that far land where the blooming meadow and the eternal glacier lie basking together in the wealth of the summer day, and where the forest breathes its fairy life under the burning dream of the midnight sun. To the minds of many the name of Norway suggests a picture of winter-clothed pines and far-reaching snowfields, with little or no relief from the influences of the gentler seasons; and still, strange as the assertion may sound, Norway is peculiarly the "Land of Summer." There is no doubt that the birds at least think so, and their testimony is likely to be trustworthy. And he who stands in the glory of the morning in the heart of one of the blooming fjord valleys, hears the thousand-voiced chorus of the valley's winged songsters welling down over him from the birch glen overhead, sees the swift, endless color-play of the sun-smitten glaciers, the calm, lucid depth of the air-clear fjord, and the trembling frailty of the birch-bough under the sturdy strength of the fir,—ah! he whose gaze has but once dwelt upon all this will need no other persuasion than that of his own eye to unite in the song of the thrush and the cuckoo and toe fieldfare about the peerless beauty of Norway's summer. It is not heat that makes summer; its life is of a far subtler and more ethereal essence. Who knows but the glacier itself may do its share toward intensifying this life, or at least our own perception of it? For the white, snow-peaked background, with its remote breath of winter, grazing the horizon of the mind, sets summer off into stronger and bolder relief.

Ingenious Honesty of a Hackman.

The clerk of a merchant at Osaka, Japan, went to Kioto on business of his employer, and received one thousand yen to carry back to Osaka. Having been detained longer than he expected he missed the steamboat, and being anxious to complete his journey as quickly as possible, took a jinrikisha intending to travel through the night and reach Osaka befor daylight. On arriving at a village a few miles from his destination, about three A. M., a man with a drawn sword stopped the vehicle and demanded the thousand yen, stating that he had seen the youth receive it at Kioto. After some demur the clerk took the money from his bosom, and was about to hand it to the robber, when the jinrikisha coolie snatched the bag and made off, leaving the vehicle, the clerk, and the robber in the middle of the road, the two latter as speechless as the former. The knight of the road, finding himself foiled, departed in the direction opposite to that of Osaka, to which city the youth hastened, after abandoning his first thoughts of jumping into the river. On arriving at the house of an uncle, he acquainted that relative with his adventure, and expressed a desire to die. But he was spared, for it was discovered that the coolie, instead of running away with the money, had taken it to the police station. He was appropriately rewarded with a share of the money he had so cleverly saved.

A German Lake And Its Fish.

In Smith's "Wonders" we read that none of the curiosities of Germany are more surprising than the Lake Circnitz, in Carniola, and the method of taking its fish. The lake is four or five miles long and two miles broad. The most wonderful circumstance is its ebbing and flowing in June and September when it runs off through eighteen holes which form as many eddies or whirpools. Nalvasor mentions a singular mode of fishing in these holes, and says that when the water has entirely run off into its subterranean reservoirs, the peasant ventures with a light into that cavity, which runs into a hard rock 3 or 4 fathoms underground, to a solid bottom, whence the water running through small holes as through a sieve, the fish are left behind and caught, as it were, in a net provided by Nature. On the first appearance of its ebbing, a bell is rung at Circnitz, on which all the peasants in the neighboring villages prepare for fishing in these ebbings. An incredible number of pike, trout, eels, tench, perch, etc., are thus caught. One of the common practices, as mentioned by more than one old writer, is to place a board painted white along the edge of the boat, which, reflecting the moon's rays into the water, induces the fish to spring towards it, supposing it to be a moving sheet of water when they fall into the boat.

A Use for Brimstone.

A French scientific paper suggests that brimstone should be carried on board every ship for use in case of fire. Half a hundred weight (thirty kilos) of brimstone would be sufficent to abstract the whole of the oxygen from one hundred cubic meters of air, thus rendering it unfitted to support combustion. In a closed space, like a ship's hold the sulphurous gas produced by the burning of the brimstone would penetrate where water from the decks could not be brought to bear, and the density of the gas would prevent its rising or spreading if care were taken to close the hatches carefully with wet sails, etc. It is suggested that the brimstone should be made up in the form of large matches, the ends of which could be passed through scuttles prepared for them in the decks or bulkheads in case of need. It is asserted that twenty to twenty-five francs' worth of brimstone would be sufficent to stifle and annihilate all traces of combustion in an air space of one thousand cubic meters capacity.

Elmira, N. Y., expects that the coming census will show a population of 23,000.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

Day and Night.—Blue-eyed Charley Day had a cousin near his own age, whose name was Harry Knight. When they were about eight years old, and began to go to the public school, the boys called them "Day and Night."

Charley did not object to the puns the schoolboys made; but Harry was quite vexed by them. Having quite a dark skin, and very dark eyes and hair, he thought the boys meant to insult him by calling him, "Night."

One large boy, about twelve years old, seemed to delight in teasing Harry. He would say to him, "Come here, 'Nignt,' and shade my eyes, the day is so bright." Then, seeing that Harry was annoyed, he would say, "Oh, what a dark night!"

Poor Harry would get angry, and that made matters worse; for then Tom Smith would call him a "stormy night," or a "cloudy night," or the "blackest night" he ever saw.

Harry talked with his mother about it; and she told him the best plan would be to join with the boys in their jokes, or else not notice them at all. She said if he never got out of temper, the boys would not call him any thing worse than a "bright starry night." And if he went through the world with as a good a name as that she should be perfectly satisfied.

"Don't take offence at trifles, Harry, said Mrs. Knight. "Don't be teased by a little nonsense. All the fun that the be s can make out of your name will not hurt you a bit."

Harry was wise enough to do as his mother advised, and he found that she was right. The boys soon became tired of their jokes, when they found that no one was disturbed by them. But the little cousins were always good-naturedly called "Day and Night."

About Crickets.—I have before me a pair of crickets. Crickets are lively little insects, which are best known by their singing. Most people do not know exactly how they sing; but I have examined them closely, and so know how they do it. Only the males sing; and they sing by rubbing their wings together.

The body of a full-grown cricket is about an inch long. The male, or singer, has two tails about three-eighths of an inch long; and the feelers of both male and female are about an inch long. The female cricket has two tails in the same place as the male, and another, about twice as long, between the two. This she inserts in the ground, and lays eggs.

In the front of the head is a sort of a flat plate, and below this plate is the mouth, with two sharp jaws. They have, also, some arms with a bunch on the end, with which they feel and push in their food.

We keep crickets in a box with holes in it. One day, we thought we would let them out; so we took the box out of doors, and opened it. When I came back at night, and looked in the box, I found that there were two or three males, and about ten females in it.

I put them out of the box, and tried to make them stay out; but found that they all wanted to come back again; so I put them into some holes; for crickets live in holes in the ground.

For food, they will eat grass, rice, potatoes, beefsteak, and cake. I know they will eat these things, for I have tried them.

One day we were changing the crickets from one box to another, and, while so doing, I saw that there was a tiny cricket, only about an eighth of an inch long, which must have been born in the box.—*The Nursery.*

John Quincy Adams' Mother.—The mother of John Quincy Adams said, in a letter to him, written when he was only twelve years old:

"I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy."

Not long before the death of Mr. Adams a gentleman said to him: "I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr Adams.

The gentleman replied: "I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If," this gentlemen relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eyes and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his Mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner and said,

"Yes sir, all that is good in me I owe to my mother."

Many large stories are told about the destructive habits of lions. Some of these are evident exaggerations, but there is one point about the troublesome beast which it appears impossible to exaggerate—his powers of destruction among game and cattle. M. Chaissaing estimates the consumption of a single Algerian lion at one sheep a day, one ox a month, and one horse or mule every two months. It must be remembered that from eight to twelve pounds of meat, bone included, is a full meal for a lion in captivity; and further, that the lion does not disdain an occasional meal of carrion; thus, whatever may have been asserted to the contrary the lion kills from instinct more often than from necessity. Lions are able to strangle a horse or camel at two years, and the few succeeding years appear the most destructive portions of their lives. They kill, as it would seem, for the sake of learning to kill.

A Word to Boys.—See here, little friends, we want to say a word to you. While we are with you for enjoyment thickly sprinkle into the web of life, we must not forget our duties as we go along, nor must we get things too badly mixed. We admire the old saying, that there is a "time for everything," and we like the saying equally well, that "everything should be done at the proper time." The idea that we wish to convey is, that you should be regular and systematic in your habits, and not do one hour what is claimed for another. Always discharge your duty fully and earnestly, whether it be work or play, each in its proper time. You will find that this rule will make you beloved and respected and useful members of society.—*Funny Things.*

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking at her intently for a moment, inquired naively, "Are your eyes new ones?"

All for show.

The world is crazy for show. There is not one perhaps in a thousand who dares fall back on his real simple self for power to get through the world, and exact enjoyment as he goes along. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial airs. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these days. Unless you consent to join in the chat, there is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man desires to live within his means and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh and invigorating in such an example, and we should honor and uphold such a plan with all the energy in our power.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The Allentown, Pa., shoe factories are all at work again.

—The estimated value of the last French vintage is $400,000,000.

—There are 107,057 children between the ages of 8 and 14 in New York.

—There are eight Bessemer steel works in operation in this country.

—Atlanta, Ga., is about to lay the corner-stone of her first cotton factory.

—The steamer Farraday has picked up the direct cable and will finish laying it at once.

—From New York to New Orleans 'in sixty-four hours' is the latest railroad achievement.

—Three Editors are candidates for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania.

—Dan Rice the showman, has received the discharge in bankruptcy applied for by him last February.

—Twenty nine State Senators, besides the House of Representatives, are to be elected in Iowa next fall.

—The Indiana school fund amounts to $800,000,000, which is the largest school fund of any State in the Union.

—The Memphis Avalanche estimates the wheat crop this year in the country tributary to Memphis as the largest since 1860.

—A Louisville Chinaman is going to marry a colored American lady, and still further complicate the national characteristics.

—Mrs. Mary Sweeney has triumphed over a male candidate, and been appointed pound mistress of the city