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And one barometer shot dead

THE HOT SEASON. [As the weather demands and deserves a article every day, and the editors have faints in the task, we copy the following poem, written by Oliver Wendell Holmes:] The folks that on the first of May Wore Winter costs and hose, Becan to say, the first of June, "Good Lord! how hot it grows!" At last two Fahrenheits blew up. And killed two children small,

A tutor with its ball. Now all day long the locusts sang. Among the leafless trees. Three new hotels warped inside out The pump - could only wheere : And ripe old wine, that twenty years Had cobwebbed o'er in vain. Came spouting through the rotten corks,

Lake Joly a best champagne! The Worcester locomotives did Their trip in half an hour . The Lowell cars ran forty miles Before they checked the power; Roll brim-tone soon became a drug, And loco-focos fell: All asked for ice, but everywhere

Plump men of mornings ordered tights But ere the scorching noons. Their candle-moulds had grown as loose As Cossack pantaloons. The dogs ran mad-men could not tr If water they would choose : A horse feel dead-he only left Four red-hot, rusts shoes.

But soon the people could not bear The slightest hint of fire : Allusions to caloric drew A flood of savage ire; The leaves on heat were all torn out From every book at school. And many blackguards kicked and cussed Because they said "Keep cool!

The gas-light companies were mobbed, The bakers all were shot, The penny press began to talk Of lynching Dr. Nott; And all about the warehouse steps Were angry men in droves, Crashing and splintering through the door To smash the patent stoves.

The abolition men and maids Were tanned to such a hue. You scarce could tell them from their frie Unless their eyes were blue. And when I left Society And Brattle street and Temple place Were interchanging cards.

## None to Caress.

There had been a summer shower: roof, window, garden, were washed to tion with a smile.

appropriated as a fitting compliment by She read every page carefully, even a rustily-clad man, who selzed the little gloved hand vigorously in his horny palm, and "hoped he saw Miss Thatcher very well."

"Supper's bin ready this half hour," was the laconic and not amiable salutation of Mr. Seaman's spouse, who received Louisa in the porch.

"An' the boys is gone fishin', you see," said the host. "When Solon's to hum from grammar school, Ezra's sure

to jine him, an' take a day off." After tea, served in a narrow whitewashed antercom to the stiff funeral parlor, where Miss Thatcher was bid "take off her things," the young lady begged to be shown to her own room, written order.' So he went up the hill dowed bedroom, carpeted with braided rags, and furnished with reddened pine and calico counterpanes. The luggage had been pushed in with a mental ejaculation, "What on earth can a dis-

tric' school-ma'am want with two big trunks?" and the audible information. "I've filled your pitcher. Here's a candle. The git up bell 'll ring at six." With as slight preparation as might be, the overwearied girl-homesick to

her heart's core-crept into bed. She awoke with a start. The room was quite dark; a cool damp mountain wind rushed through the open windows. She lighted a match and glanced at her watch. Only 9 o'clock, and the world still wide awake. A burst of hilarious laughter arose from the kitchen below, where the returned fishermen were scaling their fish. From the house beyond the orchard came the tinkling the manuscript in her hands. of a piano, and a thin, sharp female

then come into vogue:

No one to love, none to caress, Traveling alone through life's wilderness. the one being that I loved and adored eyeglasses. gone from me forever. 'No one to love, none to caress.' Could anything be truer of me than that?"

The village school children were ennot come after school to take her with them to Red Cedar Pond, the holiday rendezvous of the country round.

this juvenile escort failed, Miss Thatch- liteness. er, wrapping herself in water-proof, She was going, and as she went an and taking a book with her, would go uncontrolable impulse caused her to down the orchard's steep bank to the turn back, and say, "If you are kindred in the old mill. the miller, and "the old deacon," the you will feel a little love for him."

"if things was to rights." through the cracks under the great studying her through and through. beams, she could see the water wildly

der assumed such a drowsy monotone. "You be so fond of readin', miss," none.

grown rusty like. A hand-writ book, compositions," and he did not get a peep. miss-a manscrip sum folks call it. It glimpse of her. b'longs, you might say, to Bowles' writ by the curusest spesmin of a human cretur; but he died afore my time. I'm a stranger in these parts. I wus to Miss Thatcher.

reared twelve miles back."

"And no one has called for the book ?" "not yit. Folks is too sup'sticious. din, an' was buri'd up in the deacon's buri'l lot. An' sum say he wush't buri'd evening he came to see her. but is gone a sea vy'age, an'll come back; an' sum say he's been seed bodily round Bowles' Mill moonlight nights. But you needn't be scared, miss. The hook is nat'ral harmless. An' if you say so, I'll git it fur you this minit, an' when you're through readin' on't, I'll put it back."

that startled Miss Thatcher to her feet toes of darling walks and drives, but in nervous apprehensions for his safety, with the subtle efflorescent unfolding a dusty volume, which he gallantly of love dreams. wiped upon his coat sleeve and offered.

for its closing date was 1874. Four dim lamp, dignified by the mercenary hundred pages of yellow letter-paper genius of Mrs. Seaman into "an extra" stitched together by the dozen sheets, looking together over the mill manuand finally bound in a wrap of black script. leather. Written in a fine, pointed "I find it so dull," said Leonard at ease. And having this peculiarity: on almost every page, mixed up with the text, were maps carefully drawn parallelograms, but without any figures or marginal references to show connec-

tion with the writing. "I am one of two brothers," the narrative commenced, "in all points as un-Jacob and Esau."

after a page of atheistical tirade against noted this direction with indifference." the inequality of fortune and the bitter "My share of the legacies took me tyranny of fate, the personal history through college—as my father, one of being in quorum on the spot, opened at developed into a descriptive diary of the dearest and noblest of men, but travels and business connections in never fortunate in money-making, could in favor of the highly recommended South America, whither the writer had not afford it-and furnished me with a candidate for the winter term, for

roof, window, garden, were washed to dazzling polish, and the wonderful liquid couleur de rose of the moment poured over all an air of enchantment. The slender young woman in deep mourning whom the slender young woman being whom the saward vehicle lifted down like of the awkward vehicle lifted of the awkw "the visitors at Red Cedar Pond" became for the first time encou "How levely!" were the first words osity to read the volume to its close.

Not one-excepting Miss Thatcher. with avidity.
One Saturday morning—a beautiful

sunny morning, for rainy days could that has haunted me, 'I hope you will her one-two-three-four cake. no longer be waited for, the interest of the diary had become so absorbing— Thatcher, sighing so sorrowfully, as in the afternoon, of the meeting-house place at the old mill, when Tim, with a surprisingly long face, accosted her in a startling whisper:

"The man'script's bin called fur." Miss Thatcher turned quite pale. "Is

it gone?" she asked, faintly. "No, miss, not gone," said Tim, ra-diantly, well satisfied with "the start" he had given her; "not tuck away vision; it was the line on the margin, when you wus a-readin' on't. Catch to the old deacon's-that wus yisterday. He'll be here fur certain to-day. But you've got the manscript, miss, to look at once agin, anyhow. Catch me

a-givin on't up till I had ter." "Tim, you are a very good, kind fellow," said Miss Thatcher. She took the manuscript, and it was then that, before she had read a word. she wrote in fine pencil mark upon the

page she turned over leaf after leaf especially to find-"No one to love, none to caress." Hardly had she written this when the sound of a crutch was heard on the my own sad loneliness. I felt the mill bridge, and voices, and in another

moment the sunny doorway of the mill was darkened by two figures. There was no escape for Louisa. She arose from her love of a corner, with

"I am sure you have come for this,"

voice practiced gingerly a song just she said to the old deacon. Then she glanced at his companion.

He could certainly bear no relation to "the curusest spesmin of a human "My serenade," thought Louisa, as cretur" described by Tim as the author she tried in vain to recompose herself of the diary. She caught the impresto sleep. Could any words express me sion, in her rapid glance, of a scholarlybetter? An orphan, without brother looking young man, with a pale foreor sister, penniless, nearly friendless, head and a dark moustache, who wore

"I believe I am the owner of the record left here so many years ago," the young man explained. "But I day all summer when some of them did | shall leave the book with you gladly."

-too quickly she afterward thought; but embarassment, or perhaps fate, If the afternoon proved rainy, and urged her to decline the stranger's po-

rushing, and where she could hear, in along the high road to the school-house, its grand excitement, the grind and she met him, and he evidently expected flood whose sound up on the hill yon- cessity of absolute dignity in a "district into a torment of excited curiosity. school-ma'am," she vouchsafed him

said Tim, the miller's boy, "mebbe with blushed, though," the young at 5 o'clock in the morning. Miss Tapou'd take a shine to a curus book man reflected, consolingly. That even-biths Butts stood in her night dress and miles in one hundred and one

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., AUGUST 9, 1876.

At noon the next day the mother of Mill, for it wus left with 'the old dea- flaxen-haired Nettie, pet of the baby con,' to be kept till called fur, an' was class, came with Nettie's luncheon, accompanied by the indefatigable young man, who was then formally presented

From that time they met daily on the way to school and the way from school, "Not yit," said Tim, mysteriously- walking slowly along the high-road and the pretty woodpath that closed it. There be sum who say it never will be and giving each other gradually, with called fur till 'the old deacon' lies aside all the trustful facility of youth and o' the cretur who writ it. He died sud- irresistible attraction, the confidential histories of their young lifetimes. At

And, then, what happened? All at once the dismal interior of the old house where Louisa boarded became as rosily transfigured as its exterior had been by the glory of the western heavens the hour of Miss Thatcher's arrival. In a more magical couleur de rose, the funeral parlor blushed into a boudoir: Up to the rafters he climbed nimbly the low-windowed bedroom blossome by certain foot holds not very visible, into beauty, not only with all the buds and brought down, with a flying leap and branches brought into it as memen-

One evening the young couple were An autobiography, not so very old, sitting in Mr. Seaman's parlor by the

hand, difficult to read at first, but once Mansfield. "Were it not for one con- Mr. Mansfield had been closeted with mastered in its idiosyncracies, legible sideration and one conviction I should never be able to finish. The considera- re-appeared he nearly upset his ancient tion is for your sake, because you like wife in the hallway in haste to get his and dotted, inclosed in neatly ruled it, Louisa; the conviction was the foun- hat and coat, and choked till he was dation of my coming to claim the record. scarlet, screaming in her wrong ear When my uncle's will was read, seven that he was going to U- "on bizyears ago, one clause struck my ima- ness!" Off he went at such a novel

interested in me to inquire into my upon one fatal remembrance. "When personal history they will find my diary an old horse that has allers walked in the old mill where it was written, at takes to runnin' away, there's no ind Incomprehensible maps, a brief history Red Cedar Pond, twelve miles from o' damage." of an unhappy childhood, unloved as U----, J---- County, Cona. Perchildhood could be, an adolescence utterly unblessed and dissatisfied; and Treat or 'Squire Wells.' The heirs post office at 10 o'clock, the hour of

immigrated in his twenty-sixth year. small capital to commence law practice, whom they had kindly given her the So far, and a little farther, the manu- I had more than compunctious thought preference.

she had not done since she had entered bell. "Who is dead?" every one asked.

the light-hearted young lawyer. He old bell tripped up all calculations: was clasping her hand in one of his as fifty, eighty, a hundred; still on; he spoke, and with the other he turned quickly, jubilantly-ringing not for absently the leaves of the time-stained book that lay on the table. A little bit for a wedding! of handwriting that he knew struck his

"No one to love, none to caresa." know," she said softly. I wrote it sisle, on the arm of her proud young there. I could not help it. 'Twas the

tribute of my sympathy." He turned to her very earnestly. Something in the tremulous sensitiveness of her face smote his heart painfully. Tears started to his eyes. He

thought I found, in that diary. First of all, you know, I was drawn singularly into rapport with the writer by by woman's sympathy.

donkey.

And with the writer by by woman's sympathy.

complaint against heaven. Alone in with age, the long-neglected diary. the world. Sometimes that happens." physically repellant, and his sensitive belonged to her, soul exaggerated his misfortune into a barrier between himself and the loving sympathies of all mankind. As for womankind, he knew not - for his

ternal tenderness. and the idea has gathered some reasonthis book is framed as a mode of bequest.

tionate gratitude."

we've got 'ere. There was a time when ing he cailed at Mr. Seaman's with one peeping through the blinds of a dor- days.

all the visitors to Red Cedar Pond cum of the village dignitaries, but the desire mer-window. She never could tell, as down to take a look at it; but it's of his eyes was "up stairs correcting she declared afterward, what made her

She saw the back door of Dick Sea man's open, and Louisa Thatcher look mysteriously out. Then she saw Tim. the miller's boy, creep stealthily around the porch with the pickaxe and a spade. which he gave to Miss Thatcher, who disappeared with them into the house Then Tim, stealing back again as far as the lilac bushes, and cautiously surveying all approaches, put his hand over his mouth and gave a low whistle. Immediately from the horse-shed by the church a man came very quickly, and, nodding to Tim as he passed, hastened to the high-road. Miss Tabitha was sure, although his cap was drawn over his face, that this man was the

young stranger to the village, who had been so infatuated with Miss Thatcher. Then Miss Thatcher came to the door again and beckoned to Tim, and whis pered; and he went, around by way of the church, down the plum orchard, to the mill. A pickaxe and a spade! Miss Tabitha

had cold shivers; she could think of nothing but a grave. When, two hours afterward, the coast being clear, she sped across the garden patch, to the meetin'-house shed," her fancy lost none of its horrors, for there, in the northeast corner, was a space of fresh-

Miss Tabitha went home, put on her un-bonnet, and was "down to the vil-

lage in no time." The next excitement was at the son him an hour. And when the Squire pace that the poor dame's feeble facul-"If any of my heirs feel sufficiently ties aroused themselves to concentrate

Excitement third was a sealed letter, dropped by Mr. Seaman's Ezra into the general delivery, directed to the trustees of the district school, which body, once the resignation of Miss Thatcher

her new world of love and loving.

"Worlds of what, my dearest?" asked counted; but once fairly set going, the as the first few slow strokes were the dead, but for the living; ringing

Such a scampering as there was up the Millbridge Road! There was no lack of witnesses to the simple, solemn Miss Thatcher saw it too. "Yes, I service, and of the coming down the husband, of a delicate little bride, with mourning laid aside for purest white, and day lilles on her bosom.

Not married in haste to repent at leisure were the two loving people who folded his strong arm around her with far commercial city, preceded by in- wishing he had a donkey of his own, an dices of good fortune in the shape of a English traveler on the veranda becka sense of infinite tenderness.

"Let me tell you," she said, disenstrong box loaded with Spanish douoned to him and asked him why he
strong box loaded with Spanish doulooked so wistful, and Yacob answered margin of one of the sallow pages—a gaging herself from his embraces, bloons and English bank notes, so in-"what a strange thing I found, or geniously bequeathed by an eccentric that he was unhappy because he had no

Within the happiest of homes, depth of meaning in his complaint. apart upon its elegantly embroidery-Yes," she said, trembling, "I must draped pedestal that looks at the first confess, and I do repent, even in his glance like a prieu dieu, lies, yellow Not in vain had the once homeless And here let it be explained to the orphan suffered. Not in vain at one reader that by an accident in the cradle dark moment of her life she accepted the writer of the diary had been made as hers the song that can never more

# "No one to love, none to caress,

There is an old tradition concerning mother died at his birth—even its ma- Mahomet that he was once standing be- key and ride him up and down in front neath a palm tree and teaching his fol- of the hotel a few times, to show his on, "you will think me, perhaps, the most superstitious being; but I think me, and lowers, saying; "He who clothes the gait. Yacob got astride of him, and naked shall be clothed by God with the found that he was stiff in the legs and most superstitious being; but I think- green robes of paradise. If a good man and the idea has gathered some reason-able pleas—I cannot help thinking that it with his left, he overcomes all things.' have no reason to carry it away at this legieve the writer, your father's brodrew near and cried, "Oh, prophet! my Englishman as the lad rode up to the chanted with their new teacher. She moment. I shall be in the village over ther, stung with the bitter thought that mother Sad is dead; what is the best veranda. was gentle and firm, interesting and the Sabbath, perhaps through the week. his hard-earned fortune would be spent alms I can give away for her soul?" companionable. There was not a sunny If you have not finished reading it, I by those who never knew or cared for Mohomet bethought him of the panting "Oh, no," said Miss Thatcher, quickly him, devised a method by which a part heat of the desert and said, "Dig a well at least should be the reward of affect for her and give water to the thirsty." The man dug a well and said, "This is easily than others, on account of forof the maps, and her instinctive con- er Mr. John Ruskin ever met with this struction of one particular map which old story, but he has just performed a she had studied at the very last reading kind and gentle action which reminded me of it. A little way from Croyden, old mill. She "made friends" with to the man who wrote the book, 'twill Leonard Mansfield's check flushed as near London, there has long been a Tim, the miller's boy, and Bill Bowles, make you very sad, I hope he listened. At the close he said, "Your dirty, marshy little pond, which is now reasoning is sufficiently plausible to an exquisite clear spring of running prehistoric proprietor of the premises, At church on Sunday the claimant deserve to be tested, and so it shall be. water. Mr. Ruskin has expended £500 who had not failed a day these fifty of the Bowles' Mill manuscript appears to look in, rain or shine, to see peared in a conspicuous pew, and Louisa lie me that if this miracle of intuition from the home of his childhood, and Thatcher felt, even when he was not proves true, you will be my wife to- surrounded it with trees and flowers, She found a love of a corner where, looking at her, that his thoughts were morrow. My darling, you shall not and camed it after his mother, Margasay 'No.' " He prevented her, indeed, ret's Well. On the neat tablet over it On Monday morning, as she trudged thing. And silence is "yes" in love. "In obedience to the Giver of life, of The last day of August the whole brooks and fruits that feed it, of the whirl, the boom and splash, of the mad recognition; but intent upon the neinto a torment of excited curiosity.

The excitement began in one of the twin houses on the 'Meeting house Hill'

Margaret's Well."—Moncure D. Conway.

Money Savers.

There is a general tendency to speak slightingly ot those who save money and to extol those who do not. It is not easy to indicate the precise grounds upon which this is done; but there appears to prevail an impression to the effect that one class are mean-souled, sordid, and greedy, while the other are full of generous impulses. This impression, however, does not seem to be ustified by the facts of the case. In nany cases, those who spend recklessly are by no means philanthropic. They throw about their money, it is true, but they do so more in a spirit of bravado than from charitable impulses Their

fortunate indeed is the being who is dependent upon them. Because they scatter their gold with an apparently lavish hand wherever they go, and the Prince of Wales." when the eyes of the world are upon them, it does not follow that they are doing more than giving way to a particular form of self-indulgence. They Prince of Wales, had, without any exhibit of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain may treat their friends to costly enter- doubt, mounted Yacob's donkey; and and Southern Railroad Company. The volved in the proceeding where the en- to any man, woman or child from Engtertainments are given at the expense land, all he had to do was to show this of creditors who are being defrauded of certificate, and they straightway entheir rights. Of course it may be held gaged him, notwithstanding his mopthat it is a rather clever thing to didle ing gait and stiff legs. They engaged one's creditors in order that one may be him for whole days, fondled him, and mantel with agate settings, including generous to one's acquaintance; but the begged Yacob not to poke him up too admirably executed clusters of berries man who does this invariably fails to sharp from behind. They fed him with and grapes. stand the wear and tear of time. The whatever he would eat, and the only skill that he has diddled his creditors; deal for mementos.

and the chances are that you discover expect him to keep his engagements. tleman on a tilted chair. Nor is this all. It will be found that, notwithstanding all his great show, he is indifferent who suffers so long as he other hand, the man who saves money will generally be proved a man of his actualy performs next to nothing, the saver is slow to promise, what he does engage to do he is quick to accomplish. This arises from the fact that when he does make an engagement he carefully calculates how

far he will be able to fulfil it. He does not say he will pay you a certain amount on a certain time on the strength of a vague hope that something will "turn up" 'twixt now and then, but upon that of carefully-thought-out and

one of "the visitors at Red Cedar Pond" became for the first time encouragingly controlled in my profession, I deternable to read the volume to its close.

The minimum of the rist time encouragingly controlled in my profession, I deternable to commence my vacation by commence of this industry in a commence of this industry. In this commence of this industry in a commence of this industry in a commenc mined to commence my vacation by looking up the neglected diary. I confess I do not find myself inspired by its fess I do not find myself inspired by its revelation. What did you find, dear revelation. What did you find, dear revelation where the first is a find the count of th

revelation. What did you find, dear Louisa, to kindle you into the request widow's brain as to spoil the count of that has haunted me, 'I hope you will lore him a little?' "

Last of all, and the grand excitement of the day, was the ringing, at 4 o'clock miserliness. But providence is not miserliness. But providence is not miserliness, and the man who saves in found worlds in it," said Miss of the day, was the ringing, at 4 o'clock miserliness, and the man who saves of the man who saves of the man who saves are possibly can never go unrewarded, their influence is so powerful and enduring. People may sneer at what they call wiserliness. But providence is not miserliness. But providence is not miserliness, and the man who saves few of these naturally delicious fish can be a few of the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in form all parts of the country and promise that some of the country and promise that some of the best blooded can be a few of these naturally delicious fish can be a few of the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, and a small proportion preserved in the season of Lent, Home Journal.

Home Journal.

Home Journal.

Home Journal.

Home Journal.

Home Journal.

Tacob and His Donkey.

How of these naturally deficious his plants that some of the best blooded canines in North America will be exhibited. The special prizes offered by the Philadelphia Sportsman's Club for setters and pointers are causing much

> elers to go to the pyramids and other places of interest in the neighborhood of adding to our food-supplies ought to of Cairo. As it was, he was only the driver of another man's donkey; that is when the suimal was mounted by chards in Oil" will sooner or later oc is, when the animal was mounted by the traveler, he ran behind, poking the quadruped with a sharp stick to keep him in a brisk trot.

One day while Yacob was standing in Chamber's Journal. took the evening train that day for a front of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, looked so wistful, and Yacob answered In the Queen's apartment there were thirty members of the Institute, one

And when the Englishman heard his showed it to Madame de Luyness, the story, he called his servant and told him to bring up Mafish, which was an valet de chambre, bed-maker to the Queen.

"Would you be happy if you owned that donkey, my lad?"

any donkey!" said Yacob. "Then," said the Englishman, "he

gathered around, with smiles on their taces, for it appeared that the Englishfun. He told Yacob to get on the donfound that he was stiff in the legs and moved slowly notwithstanding the sharp pokes he gave him with his stick. "I shall give the donkey a name that

Yacob was much pleased that his benefactor should give the donkey a name, for he had seen some of his companions who hired their donkeys more

"I shall be much glad to call him what my master pleases," said Yacob. "Then his name shall be Lightning" said the Englishman, and the other travelers laughed.

tunate names given to them by travel-

told him he ought to call his donkey Slow-coach. After that, Yacob called him Slow-coach, not knowing any more about ter can pick up are hundred dollar that name than he did about Lightning." But this change of name, instead of mending matters, made them worse. In short, no one would hire his donkey is now on exhibition at the Music Page stamps for the quarter ending June 30, 1876. any more on any condition, and Yacob and Slow coach were a rueful pair, as Chinese court of the Centennial, whose they stood Idly before the hotel. One day, as he stood thus, the Prince five years.

of Wales came out from the veranda (the Prince was then on his way to the East Indies), mounted Slow-coach, and Exhibition will be held on the Centengot off and took another donkey. Thereupon Yacob bemoaned his bad luck in bearing of an American sitting on a mile of acrombling, half decayed drink-ing fountain casing exhumed from the "Cold tea."

Main Building a carved walnut fac si-Angeles, Cal., the ladies sold rum bearing of an American sitting on a mile of acrombling, half decayed drink-ing fountain casing exhumed from the "Cold tea." benevolence is, to say the best that can be said of it, decidedly erratic, and un-

"Yacob," said the American, "your donkey shall be hired as much as any other, but hereafter his name must be

The American had a certificate drawn up and sworn to before the American Consul in Cairo, to show that the ainments, but there is little charity in- when the lad wanted to hire the animal robability is that, sooner or later, he drawback to the donkey's pleasant life ing there is a clock which indicates the ttemps to diddle you with the same was that his tail was plucked a good

Yacob said, and says still, that the ere long that his promises are not to be luckiest day of his life was when he relied upon, and that it is hopeless to was spoken to by the American gen-

is indifferent who suffers so long as he is not forced to deny himself. On the tion which we are told has now been answered, by scientific investigation method of determining the point, more word. Unlike the spendthrift, who homely, but not less accurate than that readily promises to do everything but of comparing anatomic structure, in the application of an old proverb, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and the identity of pilchard and sar-dine may be proved in that way teo. In an article in October, 1875, we mentioned that a company had been formed at Falmouth, under the name of the "Cornish Sardine Company, Limited," for the purpose of preserving pilchards in oil, after the same process as that adopted with the French sardines. This company seems to be thriving. The fish are selected according to size, the smaller ones being put into tins country containing the inexhau holding eighteen ounces, and labeled reservoir of the genial old Kriss.

ables them to be now brought within made. All e reach of all. With the present high but none will prices of meat and fish, such a means of August.

The following illustration is given of etiquette in the time of Louis XV.:two chambers. One day the Queen or more of whom is in attendance to resaw a speck of dust on her bed, and ceive visitors and give any informatio old sleepy donkey. Then he said to that he might show it to the untet de trical machine. This instrument is chambre, bed-maker to King. The latter doubtless the one used by the great phi arrived at the end of an hour, but said losopher in making his wonderful ex- sions. that the dust was none of his business,
"Oh, master, I would be happy with
"Oh, master, I would be happy with because the bed-maker of the King R. Coxe. 2. Oliver Evans' steam locoStephens, who live in Plattsville, Wis. made up the common bed of the Queen, motive engine. This interesting model They are more than seventy-nine years but were forbidden to touch the state is among the earliest known, having bed. Consequently the dust must be res yours—I make him a present to you." bed. Consequently the dust must be re-When he said this, the other travelers moved by the officers of the household. The Queen gave orders that they should be sent for, and every day for two faces, for it appeared that the English-man was a man much given to making brushed off, but they had not yet found out whose duty it was to remove the speck. Finally, the Queen took up a feather-duster and brushed it off. Great was the scandal thereof, but no one dreamed of blaming the absence of the officers; they had only found that the Oneen had been wanting in etiquette.

Why the Black Vulture is Baldbeaded.

The gallinazo, or the black vulture of the isthmus of Panama, is a bird of the isthmus of the ist whose services as a scavenger are highly prized by the natives. In view of the valuable services rendered by this baldheaded bird, the natives have framed with ice and then with warm water, for it a legend to account for the entire but besides the tumbler a delightful absence of feathers on its neck and caraf, [decanter], the contents of which head. The story runs as follows, and have been frozen in the bottle, and we commend it to the attention of those naturalists who are at a loss to know to that of the historic apple and dump-the "reason why" for this and kindred lings. There is also to be had the Villege in the form of croissness. phenomena: "After the Deluge, Noah enna bread in the form of croissants when he was opening the door of the [crescents], which it may not be unpa-Yacob did not know what Lightning ark, thought it well to give a word of meant, and he continued to call his advice to the released animals. 'My fee and chocolate. It is a pity that this donkey by that name after the Englishman went away. He did not have much difficulty in hiring his donkey; but when the travelers started on their

## CENTENNIAL NOTES.

-There is a \$4,800 bedstead in the

carving kept twenty celestials busy for

-A trial of all the steam fire engines rode him two or three yards, and then nial grounds on the 20th of September. -There is in the Italian section of the

> ruins of Pompeii. -Nearly all the goods in the Egypt-

those in the Chinese, Japanese, Tunis-ian, and other Oriental exhibits. -One of the show-cases in the Arkan- and it will cost \$2,000,000 before the

case is artistically constructed of many varieties of Arkansas wood. -In the Russian section of the Main Building is a small lump of unpolished malachite, marked \$4,860. The malachite exhibit is the most attractive le

this section. It comprises a beautiful -In the Kansas and Colorado buildonth, the day of the month, the day

month, the day of the month, the day of the week, the hour and the minute Its inventor says that one winding will Hard times for new enterprises. cause it to run for one hundred years, although the spring-weight has from ten to one hundred times less power than is required to sperate any other dollars. It contains about 800.

The live-stock judges will make a general report on the origin, progress, development and present type of each ticut has testified that there is no such breed represented at the show. Among thing as even an approximately correct 6,600 pounds and a mule, 21% hands ficial records. these animals are Tennesseans. hese animals are Tennesseans.

— The only life-size statue of the im
valleys it sweats clear up to 95 degrees, in the German Department, where he down towards zero. groans beneath an enormous and heav-

numerable and highly-tempting toys, one even a survey made.

-The actual cost of the country containing the inexhaustible interesting places, and social gather- conditions as when he crossed

otherwise they have been very little excitement among the owners of crack esteemed. The fish deteriorate so dogs as to who shall be the lucky fel-Yacob was the name of an Arab boy in the Oriental city of Cairo. He was poor, and, like most of the poor boys of that city, bis chief ambition was to own a donkey and hire him out to the trav-

> of Pennsylvania for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts, through the kind- for the same service. chards in Oil" will sooner or later oc cupy a high place in the estimation of the British public. At any rate the pilochard is at least in a fair way of overcoming the predjudice against it which has hitherto unfortunately existed.—
>
> Chamber's Journal.
>
> The Centennial commissioners, fat man of Paterson, N. J., who died fat man of Paterson, N. J., who died last week, had to be carried to the grave in a wagon, as there was no hearse large enough to hold the coffin.
>
> The Institute cordially invites all who desire to do so, to visit their room,
>
> Who desire to do so, to visit their room.
>
> Hampshire, recently aged high pressure steam engine. This is longer.
> the model of an engine built by O. —A thoughtful and confident inhabi-Eyans, about 1804, and is described in Galloway's work on the steam engine, page 101, London, 1827. 4. Working model of a steam engine built by M. W. mode, of a steam engine built by M. W. be opened by his descendants in Baldwin, and presented by him to the that the same decorations may be Institute, about 1832. -The first cafe which really strikes

to foreign ways of life, I can imagine people write letters Sundays and mall no pleasanter or more enlightened man-them early in the week. well trained Viennese waiter, who will bring him, after he is seated at a neat table, not a simple Republican tumbler, ished in 1837, when the first boat passed to be separately filled, more nostro, first through it. therefore immediately suggests to thoughtful minds a question analogous much difficulty in hiring his donkey; but when the travelers started on their journey, they told Yacob he was a humburg, and that he had imposed on them bug, and the same people never hired him twice.

One day, as he led his old donkey toward the hotel veranda, after being called a little humburg by an angry traveler, who refused to pay him for hire of half an hour, he was spoken to by a fat man in a long black coat, who

## NEWS IN BRIEF

Editor and Proprietor

Cambridgeport (Mass.) have formed a club for perfecting themselves in cook-

-Mrs. Custer is left alone in the world having neither father, mother, brother, sister nor child, and now no husband.

-Light for the million. A gas company in Detroit proposes to furnish light in that city at the rate of 39¼ cents per 1,000 feet.

-There are 47,000,000 pins made in

-At a recent church festival at Los

-Nearly all the goods in the Egypt-ian Department at the Centennial have been sold, and more than one-half of swallowed 156. -The Washington Republican says t cost \$1,000,000 to whip the Seminoles

-In the United States at the present time there are 1288 Catholic the students, while all other denominations

together have only 3589. -The cost of liberty. The debts of our various municipalities on the centennial anniversary of Independence

Day were some \$900,000,000. -Mr. Moody will commence his revival labors in Boston in January next. Chicago will be his field of operations for the last quarter of 1876.

-A new line of steamships is to be established between New Orleans and Rio Janeiro by a French company. -Seattle, Washington Territory, has

-Four hundred and thirty prisoners -The live-stock display, which is to begin on the 1st of September, will com-prise 5,000 head, exclusive of poultry.

are now confined in the Tennessee Penitentiary at Nashville, while 620 are hired out in various portions of the

ress, de-of each ticut has testified that there is no such the animals entered is a steer weighing map of the State on file among the of--The Colorado mountain region is a

mortal Santa Claus at the Exhibition is while on the summits it shivers away ily-laden Christmas tree which he car-ried on his shoulder. The young folks, seeing him standing in the midst of in-years ago not a rail had been put down

-The actual cost of the Bryant Vase was somewhat more than \$11,000. The makers, Tiffany & Co. declined to make

it a few days ago found that it was a -The city of Cleveland has erected a liberty pole of Bessemer steel, composed of cylinders, flush-jointed, 110 feet high, with a topmast of wood 60 feet further. It is expected to be there

July 4, 1976. -Colonel R. Barnwell Rhett, jr., for

but none will be received after the 10th York City thirty-six cents a head to Tun the machine of their local govern-ment—nearly four times the amount

way, New Hampshire, recently aged 100 years. She was a singer at the Congregational Church in that place when funeral services were held in commem-1799. -The New York Central and Hudson River railroad company are constructbeen and Peekskill. This will accommodate

the prisoners who use trains to escape, and will prevent the chance of colliold, and are so strong and healthy that they will probably live many years

by them in 1976.

-The first cafe which really strikes the visitor as distinctly novel and foreign is the Viennese Bakery, where you can not only eat your cake but also see it made. For any one accustomed other day. It implies of course, that

ished in 1837, when the first boat passed

-Mr. J. Howard Jones, of London, an experienced mining engineer, prosuperior to any on the continent. He says that the only trouble is, when the people get to the depth of 150 feet they stop. The best mines are around Charlotte and Salisbury.

-South Carolina has three tem ance colonies. Two of them are in Los Angeles County, and the third in Santa