Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XXX. — MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1876. — NO. 44.

WHAT THE OWL KNOWS.

Nobody knows the world but me,
When they're all in bed I sit up to see;
I'm a better student than students all,
For I never read till the darkness fall:
And I never read without my glasses,
And that is how my wisdom passes.

I can see the wind. Now who can do that?
I see the dreams that he has in his hat:
I see him snorting them out as he goes—
Out of his stupid old trumpet nose.
Ten thousand things that you couldn't think,
I write them down with pen and ink.

You may call it learning—I call it wit.
Who else can watch the lady-moon sit
Hatching the boats and the long-legged fowl,
On her nest the sea all night, but the owl?
When the oysters gape to sing by rote
She crams a pearl down each stupid throat.

So you see I know—you may pull off your hat;
Whether round or lofty, square and flat,
You can never do better than trust to me;
You may shut your eyes as long as I see.
While you live I will lead you, and then—I'm the owl,
I'll bury you nicely with my spade and shovel.

—*George McDonald.*

A Detective's Story.

One cold January night I was seated cozily by my fireside enjoying a cup of tea, which my wife knows so well how to make, when a violent ring at the front door bell disturbed the reverie in which I was indulging.

My visitor was a handsome young girl of about eighteen years of age. She was dressed with great taste, and evidently belonged to the upper ranks of life. She appeared somewhat embarrassed, as if she were at a loss how to begin the conversation.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. James Brampton?" she said at last.

"That is my name," I replied.

"My name, sir," continued the young girl, gaining courage, "is Eliza Milford."

"Milford, "said I—"what, the daughter of the gentleman who has lately so mysteriously disappeared, with the account of which the papers have been so full for the past few days?"

"The same, and it is on that very business I have come to consult you. You are perhaps aware that a young man has been arrested on a charge of having taken his life."

"Yes; a Mr. Henry Waring, I believe."

"Yes, that is his name—that young man is innocent."

"Indeed;"

"I will make a plain statement of the facts of the case, and then I am sure you will agree with me. My father's name, as you are aware, is Mr. Herbert Milford. We live on the banks of the North River, about twelve miles from New York. My father was devotedly attached to me, and we lived as happily as possible together. About a year ago I was introduced to the son of a gentleman living in the neighborhood, and mutual love sprang up between us. Henry Waring visited my father's house every night. But suddenly our dream of happiness was dissipated, and that, too, by an extraordinary circumstance. Henry was early one morning found in the garden attached to our house, in a half-senseless condition; his clothes and hand were covered with blood, and my father had mysteriously disappeared. Every search was made for him, but without any avail, and Henry was arrested on the charge of having murdered him and concealed the body somewhere."

"That was a strange conclusion to come to," said I, interrupting her.

"Yes, but you have not heard all," she replied. "My father's watch and purse were found in Heery's pocket at the time he was arrested."

"How does Mr. Waring account for that?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied Miss Milford, "for I have not been permitted to see him. He has been removed to the county jail, and his case has not yet been investigated, owing to the fact of my father's body not having been discovered. But to suppose that Henry could be guilty of murder and robbery is too preposterous to be believed for a moment."

"Such would certainly appear to be the case," I returned; "but did not the place where Mr. Waring was arrested reveal anything?"

"O yes; a terrible struggle had evidently taken place there. The flowers and roots were torn up; the shrubbery broken, the ground in various places was covered with blood and a knife was found which was proved to have belonged to Henry, also stained with the vital fluid."

"Do I understand that your father imposed no obstacle to your marriage with him?"

"None at all, sir; in fact, my father loved him."

"How long ago is it since your father was missing?"

"This is my fourth day. My motive, Mr. Brampton, in applying to you, is to free Mr. Henry Waring from the imputation of a crime of which I am sure he is as innocent as I am."

"It does indeed seem improbable that he committed the deed. The first thing I must do is to see Mr. Henry Waring, and hear what explanation he has to give."

"Thank you, sir," said Miss Milford "When shall I come and see you again?"

"Are you staying in New York?"

"Yes sir; I am staying with an aunt."

"Very well, when I have anything to communicate to you I will call."

The next morning I started for the town of L., situated on the Hudson River Railroad, in the prison of which Mr. Waring was confined. I had some little difficulty in obtaining admission to the prisoner, but when I stated that I was a detective officer an order was reluctantly given to me.

The moment I entered his cell Mr. Waring advanced to meet me. In a few words I told him of Miss Milford's visit to me and that I was working by her instructions.

"I own the circumstantial evidence appears to be very strong against me," he replied, "and I am afraid my plain, unvarnished story will not do much toward disproving it. But the following are the simple facts of the case: On the night in question I visited at Milford's house as usual. I stayed there until eleven o'clock and then took my leave. I was accustomed to return home by the garden at the back of the house, as I saved something in distance by so doing. On the night I refer to I was about a dozen yards from the back gate when two men started up from behind some bushes and seized hold of me. Before I had time to defend myself one of them struck me a violent blow on the head, which knocked me down senseless. When I recovered it was daylight and I must have been there all night. I found my hands and clothes covered with blood, and my knife, which I carried for self-defense, abstracted from my pocket. I had scarcely risen to my feet when I was seized and accused of having murdered Mr. Milford."

"But how about the watch and purse?"

"I assure you no one was more surprised than myself when they were taken from my pocket."

"How long a time had you parted with Mr. Milford when you were assailed in the garden?"

"Mr. Milford usually retired at ten o'clock, leaving Miss Milford and myself up together."

After a little more conversation with the prisoner I withdrew, not very well satisfied with the result of my visit. It is true it served to confirm me in the opinion I had formed of Waring's innocence, but I was no nearer discovering the truth than before.

My next proceeding was to make a strict examination of the premises lately occupied by Mr. Milford, and especially the spot where he had been assailed. The house afforded no clew, but the garden convinced me that the disorder there had been made after the young man had been struck, and that it was not occasioned by any real struggle that had taken place, but to induce the belief that such a struggle had occurred. There was too much regularity in the uprooting of the flowers and roots, and the shrubbery was broken too systematically not to set this point at rest to the eye of the detective.

I discovered that the most minute search had been made for Mr. Milford's body, but without any success. After making these investigations I returned to New York, and really saw but little hope of being able to unravel the mystery.

Three weeks passed away and I had not discovered one single link in the chain I was seeking to find. One day Miss Milford called on me again. In a few words I told her that up to the present time my researches had all been fruitless. She looked disappointed.

"Have you heard," she said, "that my uncle, Oliver Milford, is occupying Linden Manor house?"

"Your uncle occupying Linden Manor house!" I exclaimed in a tone of great surprise.

"Yes, he appeared there two weeks ago and claimed all my father's property by virtue of a will which he exhibited, and by which he was made sole heir to all my father's estate."

"Are you sure that the will is a genuine one?" I asked, a ray of hope entering my mind.

"There can be no doubt that it was signed by my father," she replied.

"But who is this uncle of yours? I never heard you mention him before."

"I had almost forgotten his existence, for the fact is, my father and he were not on good terms together, and his name was scarcely ever mentioned."

"Are you left nothing in this will?"

"Nothing."

"Is it not very strange, Miss Milford, that your father should have left your uncle all this property?"

"It is, indeed, very strange," replied the young lady. "They have never spoken to each other for years. Father could never bear to hear the name of his brother Oliver mentioned, and whenever he did speak of him, which I have before said was seldom, he always spoke of him as a bad-hearted man."

"And yet you say the signature to the will was in your father's handwriting?"

"Yes, sir, I am perfectly satisfied of it; so much so that when some of my friends advised me to contest the validity of the will, being firmly convinced that my father really did sign it, I refused most positively. I care nothing about my father's wealth, and it is not to regain this that I ask your assistance, sir; my simple wish is to obtain Henry Waring's release."

"Has the will been proved?" I asked.

"O yes," she replied; "my uncle has taken full possession."

"And what have you been doing since?" I asked, more out of curiosity than anything else.

"I have obtained some music pupils, and I am doing very well, as I before said. I have no concern about myself."

"Have you any letter or document with your father's signature attached to it?"

"I have a number at home," she replied. "By the by, I think I have a letter of his with me now, written to me some six years ago, when he was in Albany."

So saying she took from her reticule the letter in question and handed it to me.

"Will you allow me to retain possession of this?" I asked.

"Certainly," she replied, "but I can assure you that if you suppose the will to be a forgery you are mistaken. The will is undoubtedly genuine."

"Well," my dear young lady," I returned, "I do not doubt your word, but you may be mistaken. At all events, I should like to judge for myself."

I then bade her good morning, and expressed a wish to see her again that day week. When she had gone I immediately put on my hat and coat and directed my steps to the Recorder's office for the purpose of examining the will. Aided by the index I found it readily, and commenced to read every word of it.

At last I came to the signature. I took from my pocket the letter Miss Milford had given me, for the purpose of comparing the signatures. There could be no doubt whatever but the signature was genuine; the letters were found to be the same, and were evidently written by the same hand. Still there was a marked difference between the two. That attached to the letter was bold and firm, while that attached to the will was weak and tremulous. The will was witnessed by John Dorsey.

The fact of the difference in the signatures aroused my suspicions. A person's signature rarely differs except when the mind is influenced. But then again I reflected that time might impair a person's writing, and I compared the date of the will with that of the letter. What was my astonishment to find that they were both dated on the same day, namely: Jan. 1, 1840. I next held up the document to the light, for the purpose of seeing if there was a watermark on the paper. I found such was the case, and the "Connecticut Mills, 1843," could be made out most distinctly.

Here was a will purporting to have been signed in New York on the first day of January, 1840, by a man who was in Albany on that day, and on paper that was made three years afterward. And yet there could be no disputing the fact that the signature was a genuine one. The whole truth in a moment flashed on my mind, and I immediately set about unraveling the web. I went to work with a good heart, for I had little doubt of success.

My first proceeding was to make inquiries as to the exact date of Mr. Milford's disappearance. I discovered that it was on the 10th day of January, and that Oliver Milford had come to take possession of the property on the 21st. I also made inquiries as to the past life of the heir to the property, and found that in Boston, from which city he came, he bore a very disreputable character, and that no one would trust him. I then returned to L., and putting up at a country tavern, I called the landlord to one side.

"Mr. Adams," said I, "do you know any one of the name of Dorsey living in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir; there's a Mr. John Dorsey who lives over the river."

"What kind of a man is he?" I asked.

"He is a very tall, strong man," he replied.

"I mean what kind of a character does he bear?"

"Well, I can't say much in his favor, so I would rather not say anything."

"I suppose he is not very much liked by his neighbors?"

"You may well say that. Ever since he attacked poor Mr. Milford so savagely nobody speaks to him."

He attacked the late Mr. Milford, did he?"

"Yes, sir; a most unprovoked assault. It seems that Mr. Milford offended this man in some way, and one day there was a sale in town, and Mr. Milford and Dorsey both bid for the same article. It was knocked down to the former, and it was after the sale that the assault was committed."

"Was Dorsey prosecuted for it?"

"Yes; he was imprisoned for a year, and had to pay a heavy fine."

I learned all I wanted to know and changed the conversation.

I made inquiries as to the exact spot where the witness to the will lived. I learned that it was over the river, on an island, the whole of which he owned. I procured a boat and rowed directly across—the river was not very broad. I then skirted along the shore until I came to a landing place. After I had proceeded a quarter of a mile I reached a spot where the marks of horses' feet were plainly to be traced on the snow. It was evident that horses had been embarked at this point on a boat or raft, and had been conveyed to the other side at the point from which I had started.

I made my boat fast and looked around me. I found that the island was small, and so thickly studded with trees that I could see but little in advance of me. Taking, however, the horses' hoofs for my guide, I came upon an old, dilapitated stone building which had evidently been built long anterior to the Revolution. It seemed to be entirely unoccupied, for the shutters were closed and thick grass and weeds grew in profusion.

I walked all around the house, but could not find a living soul visible, but I was rewarded by a sight which made my blood tingle in my veins, for it served to substantiate my theory with respect to clearing up the mystery, and this sight was nothing less than the impression of a club foot many times repeated, near the front entrance of the house, this showing conclusively that Mr. Oliver Milford was a frequent visitor at Mr. Dorsey's.

I rang the bell, and receiving no answer I opened the door, which was unfastened. It was evident that Mr. Dorsey lived by himself, for there was only one room furnished, and that but meagerly. The first thing that I noticed was a candle and a box of lucifer matches on the table in the room. Although it was daylight I lighted the candle and began to explore the house. I first of all examined the upper portion of it, but found nothing. I then examined the ground floor, with the same success. I did not feel discouraged, for I felt almost satisfied from the fact of the candle being there that such would be the result.

I next proceeded to examine the cellar, and had not descended half a dozen steps before I heard a faint groan. I rushed forward and entered a spacious vault. In a corner of this damp, dark and dismal dungeon, reclining on a heap of straw, with manacles on his wrists and ankles, I saw an old man whom I was satisfied was Mr. Herbert Milford. I held the candle over his head and saw that he was sleeping. At that moment I heard the sound of footsteps behind me, and turning round saw that it was Mr. Oliver Milford advancing toward me with all the ferocity of a tiger. A terrible struggle ensued, but I was the younger man of the two, and finally succeeded in overpowering him, and in fixing the manacles with which he had loaded his poor brother on his wrists and feet.

The poor old gentleman was conveyed back to his residence, and was soon gratified with his daughter's presence. Young Waring was immediately released from confinement.

I may add that in a month or two Eliza Milford and Henry Waring were married. Oliver Milford died after four years' confinement in State's prison, where he had been condemned for life. Dorsey escaped. By some means he learned that his victim had been discovered, and at once started for New York. I need scarcely add that it was Dorsey and Oliver Milford who had made the attack on Waring, and placed the watch and purse of their prisoner in his pocket, for the purpose of causing him to be suspected of having murdered the old gentleman.

The German Genius.

A German's capacity of boring and of being bored is inexhaustible. In the higher grade of the imagination they are encumbered with facts and observations and commonplaces. Their works are tedious beyond measure. In their poetry there is, for the most part, no irradiation—no fire to fuse and transmute it from substance to spirit. "The German genius," says Mathew Arnold, in his admirable paper on the study of Celtic literature, "has steadiness with honesty," while the English "has energy with honesty." But steadiness and honesty are qualities which, admirable as they are in life and in certain forms of literature, have little relation to the imagination save in a very exalted sense. The poetic imagination takes slight heed of honesty. It is a higher office. It fuses while it uses, and in its glow all things

"Suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

It is often absolutely dishonest to real fact, and only true to ideal feeling. Fuel becomes flame in its enthusiastic embrace. What steadiness or honesty in their common sense is there in such lines as these?

"Take, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn:
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn."

Literally this is absurd; ideally it is exquisite. There is no bane to poetry like commonplace, however true, however honest. But such graces as these were never snatched by the German muse, and she wearies us with platitudes and propositions. Even Goethe is so determined to be accurate to the fact that in writing his Alexis and Dora, he stopped to consider whether Alexis, when he takes leave of Dora, ought to put down or take up his bundle; so at least Eckermann reports from Goethe's own lips. This is purely German in its literalness.

Oddities of Orators.

Canning was sure of speaking his best if he rose in an awful funk. To feel his heart beating rapidly, to be frightened at the sound of his own voice, to wish the floor would open and swallow him up, were signs to Lord Lytton of an oratorical triumph. Men of ordinary calibre, however, find fright a forerunner of failure. When it fell to Canning's lot to respond to the toast of His Majesty's ministers at Fishmenger's Hall, the company looked for a great speech and an eloquent exposition of ministerial policy. They were doubly disappointed. Canning had no intention of exposing his hand, and was not in the vein of talking much and telling nothing, as ministers have a trick of doing. "Gentlemen," said he, "we are invited here to meet the fishmongers. Now, the fishmongers have dealings with a very large community, from whose habits I think they might be learning something. I mean the community of fishes. The fish is one of the most uncommunicative animals in creation, it says nothing, and it drinks a good deal. Let us, then, upon the present occasion, as we are to some extent brought in their company, imitate their habits. Let us not waste our time in talking, but drink a good deal." Quite as economical of speech was the candidate who delighted a Nottingham mob by addressing them in this comic fashion: "Ye poets, ye butchers, ye mute inglorious Miltons, ye Cromwells guiltless of your country's blood, give me a welcome to Nottingham! This," —here he held up a sovereign—"this is the god you adore—your faithful unchangeable friend!" Thereupon one enthusiastic listener shouted, "that's Nottingham to life!" But when it came to polling, only three votes were recorded to the unflattering orator. In speaking, as in reciting, a good start is desirable. A capital one was once effected by a newly-elected French deputy. Stepping into the tribunal with the air of a man charged with a momentous mission, he commenced: "It is necessary that I should speak to my country—." Startled into silence by such a solemn exordium, the assembly waited anxiously while the orator paused for a moment ere he proceeded: "It is necessary that I should speak to my country—of cheese!" Of course, he got no farther, and what he wanted to say about cheese remains a mystery. Almost as much merriment was created in the House of Commons by an Irish member observing: "If the honorable gentleman chooses to challenge me, we can re ire—." But as soon as the hubbub created had subsided, he put himself right by saying: "I mean if the honorable gentleman wishes to challenge my accuracy, we can retire—to the library and I will show him that he is wrong."

—*All The Year Round.*

Public Vehicles.

An article in the *Economiste Francis* on the public vehicles used in Paris gives some curious statistics: He says that both the fiacre and the omnibus are of comparatively recent date. In 1617 the owners of sedan chairs did a pretty good trade; but it was not until 1641 that an Amiens postmaster conceived the idea of placing carriages for hire in different parts of the capital. In 1693 an ordinance was issued fixing the tariff of these carriages at twenty-six sous for the first hour, and twenty for every hour afterward. From a comparison of the prices with those charged in the present, it is evident that locomotion in and about Paris was as costly a hundred years ago as it is now.

Didn't Know Except by Hearsay.

Tabitha Sargent—"Aunt Tabitha" we all called her—was a spinster of an uncertain age, residing in the upper part of Oxford, Maine. She might have been fifty, she might have been more, she might have been less,; no one save herself could tell, and she wouldn't. She had been repeatedly asked how old she was, and as often informed the inquirer that it was nobody's business but her own.

Once upon a time Aunt Tabitha was summoned as a witness in a case on trial at the fall term of the Supreme Court held at Paris—and an important witness she was. She was to testify for the plaintiff. Charles B. Cummings was counsel for the defence (I think it was Charles); and said Charles:

"Now I'll make Aunt Tabitha tell us her age. Wait and see."

We waited.

Tabitha had given her testimony, direct, terse and strong, and was turned over for cross-examination.

"What is your name?" asked Cummings, with severe dignity.

"I told it to Mr. Hastings," answered the witness, with a snap.

"To be sure; but I wish to know that I have it right."

"My name is Tabitha Sargent!"

"Miss Sargent, you will not forget that you are under oath. Where do you reside?"

"In Andover."

"How old are you?"

"Eh! What, sir?"

"What is your age?"

"I—don't—know—sir!"

"Don't know your own age?"

"No, sir," Tabitha replied firmly, but with a sharp twinkle in her keen gray eyes. "I have not the least recollection of the circumstance of my birth, and conseqently couldn't swear to its date. I may have heard other people speak of it, but I don't s'pose I'm here to tell what other folks say about things that haven't got whatsomever to do with this case. So, Mr. Charles Cummings, if it would be any satisfaction to you, I tell you, once more—I don't know!"

While Judge Kent ducked his head for a few moments, Tabitha gathered herself up for the next onslaught. But there was no need. She had vanquished Charles B., as he had never been vanquished before.

French Love of Flowers.

An American in Paris writes as follows: "The French woman must have her daily supply of flowers, even if she is compelled to stint her table to obtain them. When she purchases the substantials for her breakfast she is sure to take home with her a bouquet of flowers. You will scarcely pass a window at an inhabitable house, where from the basement to the pens erected upon the roofs, six or seven stories from the ground, there is not a display of flower pots. Having secured quarters high up in the louvre we can look down upon the upper stories of the neighboring houses, in each room of which there appears to be a separate family. They seem to be tailors, and at daybreak in the morning the men are plying their needles and the women preparing for the breakfast table. The cultivation of flowers in all the palace gardens and squares, and even by the street sides, in the Champs Elysees is carried to perfection. The Luxembourg garden is the finest display of flowers cultivated in the open air I have ever witnessed, and it is thronged every evening by admiring visitors. So also at the Jardin des Plantes, which we visited this afternoon. It was crowded with visitors, and the flowers attracted more attention than the great exhibition of the cattle of the field, the bird of the air, the beast of the jungle and the fish of the sea which are here collected and open to the inspection of the public."

Be not Slothful in Business.

Those violate this precept who have a lawful calling, a proper business, but are slothful in it. When people are in business for themselves, they are in less risk of transgressing this injunction, though even then it sometimes happens that the hand is not diligent enough to make its owner rich. But it is when engaged in business not for ourselves, but for others, or for God, that we are in greatest danger of neglecting this rule. The servant who has no pleasure in his work, who does no more than wages can buy or a legal agreement enforce; the shopman who does not enter *con amore* into his employer's interest, and bestir himself to extend his trade as he would strive were the concern his own; the scholar who trifles when his teacher's eye is elsewhere and who is content if he can only learn enough to escape disgrace; the teacher who is satisfied if he can only impart a decent quantum of instruction, and who does not labor for the mental expansion and spiritual well-being of his pupils as he would for those of his own children; the magistrate or civic functionary who is only careful to escape public censure, and who does not labor to make the community richer, or happier, or better for his administration; every one, in short, who performs the work which God or his brethren have given him to do in a hireling or perfunctory manner, is a violator of the divine injunction, "Be not slothful in business."

There are so many persons of a dull and languid turn. They trail sluggishly through life, as if some painful viscus, some adhesive slime, were clogging every movement, and making their snail path a waste of their very substance. They do nothing with that healthy alacrity, that gleesome energy which bespeaks a sound mind even more than a vigorous body; but they drag themselves to the inevitable task with remonstrating reluctance, as if every joint were set in a socket of torture, or as if they expected the quick flesh to cleave to the next implement of industry they handled. Having no wholesome love for work, no joyous delight in duty, they do everything grudgingly, in the most superficial manner, and at the last moment. Others there are who, if you find them at their post, you will find them dozing at it. They are a sort of perpetual somnambulists, walking through their sleep; moving in a constant mystery; looking for their tools, and forgetting what they are looking for; not able to find their work, and when they have found their work not able to find their hands; doing everything dreamily, and therefore everything confusedly and incompletely; their work a dream, their sleep a dream, not repose, not refreshment, but a slumbrous vision of rest, a dreamy query concerning sleep; too late for everything; taking their passage when the ship has sailed, insuring their property when the house is burned, locking the door when the goods are stolen.

Such slothful dreamers are each and all of them unfaithful to their trust—"slothful in business." They betray the interests of all who have any connection with them, sacrifice the prospects of those who should be most dear to them, and frequently involve themselves in disgrace and ruin.

One Hundred Dollars for a Kiss.

The following amusing story concerning the tragedian Edwin Booth is published in an exchange:

Edwin Booth is proverbially opposed to having his private trumpet blown, but a little incident of his overland trip is too good to be lost. It seems that in the same car with the tragedian and his family was a lady more remarkable for the loudness of her style and the oppressive gorgeousness of her jewelry than for her refinement This "waterfly" not only conceived the most intense passion for the pet of the stage, but took especial pains to make it manifest—an interest that seemed to be only the more inflamed by the apparent profound indifference of Mr. Booth to her presence. She repeatedly stated, among other things, that she "would give $100 to kiss that divine Booth just once." At Omaha a poor emigrant attracted the attention of the travelers as they returned to the car after dinner. He had started for California, but had been robbed while asleep, and was without funds to go on or even procure food. Our American Hamlet's generosity in days of his golden fortune is proverbial. Mr. Booth put his hand in his pocket, through sheer force of habit, and without a word handed the poor devil a $100 note. As he did this his eye fell upon his gorgeous admirer, who was standing near by. With the sweeping stride of the melancholy Dane he went up abruptly to her and asked, "Did you say you would give $100 to kiss me?" The lady was staggered for a moment, but with true Western determination not to be bluffed replied, "I did," and opened a plethoric purse defiantly. The star deliberately placed his arm around her neck and giving her a sounding smack held out his hand for the fee. This was given him. Booth wheeled around, and forced it into the emigrant's hand, saying simply, "There's another," and, without changing his countenance or taking any further notice of the lady, passed in the car. Even Mrs. B. forebore to "wool him" under the circumstances.

Word Origins.

Few words have so remarkable a history as the word bankrupt. The money-changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stal's in the bourse or exchange of former times, and in these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world and became insolvent his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench, or *banco rotto*, was given to him. When the word was first adopted into the English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, "bankerout," instead of bankrupt.

Two words, *bachelor* and *girl*, the first of which, being formerly held as synonymous with "young man," or "sweetheart," may be regarded as the parallel and corresponding term to the other. We hope that the classes which bear these names will pardon us for saying that etymology gives a not very flattering account of the origin of either. As for girl, we are left, as far as its derivations, to choose between the Saxon *carl* or *churl* and the Latin word *garrula*, a garrulous female. If the latter of these derivations be the right one, shall we say in this case, as in some of the preceding, that the term girl has departed much from its original signification? At all events, we are certain that the parties denoted by the term will prefer the application of (sweet) prattlers to that of carls or churls, burly and surly. As for bachelors, etymology is still less kind and still less decisive with respect to the meaning of their distinctive designation. One philologist refers the term to a Greek word, plainly and plumply signifying foolish, while another derives it from *bas chevalier* (French), a Knight of the very meanest grade. By some, the word is traced to the Latin *baculus* (a staff), because bachelors, in their old days, have nothing but a stick or cane to lean upon; and, last and least, the worthy commentator and improver upon Johnson, Mr. H. P. Todd, believes "the most probable derivation to be from *bacca laurus*, the berry of a laurel or bay; bachelors being young and of good hopes, like laurels in the berry. Truly this latter is even too hard a nut to crack, and we had rather the tree in question had been the chestnut or hazel. To speak the truth, in plain earnest, the French derivation of *bas chevalier* seems to be the true original of bachelor; and all, therefore, who expose themselves to the designation by remaining obstinately in a single state, must be content to rank themselves under the primitive appellation of "knights of the lowest order." The parties implicated, it is to be presumed, will shelter themselves under the plea that a great change has taken place in the meaning of words; and as this is the argument we ourselves set out with, we cannot very well gain-say the defense.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

Human Labor.

Human labor in a thousand little rills replenishes the fountain of man's earthly existence. It rends the rocks asunder to build the marts of commerce. It sends its tiny but powerful roots into the soil, that the cups may, in due season, fructify and replenish and gladden the earth; it dives into the darkened mine, where cheering sunlight never penetrates, to bring forth some of the most important necessities of modern civilization; for where would that civilization be but for the products of labor? As we value the products of labor, how much more should we esteem the intelligent agencies by which they are produced. In whatever sphere of of action it may be, labor is honorable, and there is at times a moral heroism exhibited which renders it sublime.

The Influence of Dress.

There is, no doubt, a reflex influence in dress. One of the best ways of inspiring the degraded with self-respect is to supply them with decent and suitable clothing. We are wholly unable at any stage of cultivation, to withstand this influence. No lady is the same in a careless and untasteful morning wrapper, and an elegant evening costume.

Every one must have noticed the effect of dress upon the character and condition of servants. Those who have grown up in houses where slatternly personal habits are allowed, never become really respectable, even although they may have many good qualities. They do not respect themselves, and their sympathy with their employers is blunted by the great difference in outward appearance. It is true that domestics sometimes act so earnestly upon this principle, that they end in erring on the side of too much attention to costume. We remember once and once only, finding at a foreign hotel a chambermaid dressed in silk, with artificial roses in her hair; the feeling that she would not be of much use to us flashing across the mind at once. English servants hit the happy medium oftener than any other; their tidiness suggests alacrity, and we have a comfortable assurance of being well served as soon as we look upon them. It is odd what a difference one feels in offering a gratuity to a well or ill-dressed servant in travelling. Shabbiness favors our penuriousness most remarkably. The eye scans the expectant instinctively; and instead of the generous impulse to give most liberally to those who need, we graduate our donation by the probable expectation of one who has evidently not found the world very generous. If the servant be well enough dressed to bespeak independence, and especially if she be gifted with the modest assurance which is often both cause and consequence of good fortune, pride whispers us at once not to disgust so genteel a person by a shabby gift, and we bestow on success what we should grudge to necessity. Much depends, therefore on the study of character by dress.

Sunny Rooms and Sunny Lives.

Light, says Scribner's, is one of the active agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home. We all know the value of sunlight as a health-giving agent to the physical constitution, and it is not less so to our moral and spiritual natures. We are more active under its influence, can think better and act more vigorously.

Let us take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for our living room, the workshop where brain and body are built up and renewed. And let us there have a bay window no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin angels of nature—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter.

Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor, but in light rooms is good cheer.

Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the window, stand brackets on either side, set flower pots on the brackets and let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and joy to our souls.

Defects of the Human Eye.

In a recent discussion before the Physical Society, London, one of the speakers remarked that, though the eye has been considered to be achromatic because it practically is so, it is easy to cite evidence of the defects of the organ in this respect. For instance, to short-sighted persons the moon appears to have a blue fringe; and, in using the spectroscope, the red and blue ends of the spectrum cannot be seen with equal distinctness without adjusting the focusing glass. Again, a black patch of paper, on a blue ground, appears to have a fringed edge if viewed from even a short distance, while a black patch on a red ground, when observed under similar conditions, has a perfectly distinct margin. In the opinion of the speaker referred to, it is the overlapping of images in the eye which produces the mental impression that there is no want of achromatism.

A Specimen English Farmer.

The London *Telegraph* says: "In the neighborhood of Newbury, not a hundred miles from the very place where John Hampton was born and bred, a sturdy yeoman has given us a specimen of what can be done even late in the autumn of life by those who 'scorn delights and live laborious days.' Mr. Charlwood, a farmer and miller near Newbury, and some years past the prime of his strength, made a small bet that he would, singly and unassisted, cart twenty acres of wheat between the earliest moment at which he could see in the morning and the last moment at which he could see at night. He began his work on Friday morning last at 3 45 on the farm of Mr. N. G. Hutchinson, at Crookham, near Newbury, and by 9.20 at night he had carted the whole contents of the twenty acres. The ricks built from his carting were five in number, three of which were ten yards by five, one ten yards by six, and one more which was—as the clown says in the pantomime—'a little one in.' It is calculated that while Mr. Charlwood was at work he lifted from two hundred to two hundred and fifty sacks of wheat and fifty or sixty tons of straw; and it is said that it would take three ordinary agricultural laborers an entire day to get through such a job. The physicial power of the British farmer has always been exceptionally above the average. But at the same time it is seldom that we come across a man who is able in the course of one day's daylight to pitchfork into the wagon twenty acres of wheat. It is too much the fashion at present to utter mournful prophesies of national decadence, and to declare sadly and solmnly that the nation is going to the dogs. As far, however, as can be made out, the ordinary physique of Englishman was never higher than it is now, and when one man swims the channel, and another single handed carts twenty acres of wheat in seventeen hours and three-quarters continuous work, there is not much reason to complain of national degeneracy."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Michigan proposes to squander $400,000 on a poorhouse.

—Eleven New York savings banks have closed within five years.

—Squirrels which are numerous at Escanaba, Mich., are protected by ordinance.

—Grapes for the wine press are twelve to twenty dollars a ton in Sonoma, Cal.

—Mississippi has saved $576,435 in state expenditures by one democratic legislature.

—Judge Belden of California has decided that the whipping-post law of that State is unconstitutional.

—Charles Tracy of New York, has purchased the Cozzen's Hotel property at West Point for $70,000 cash.

—Do people remember that it was a woman — Priscilla Wakefield — who founded the first savings bank?

—The latest thing in German epiphany is a St. Louis Sausage Festival, the chief attraction being all the known varieties of sausages, from Adam down.

—An attempt by Chinese merchants to establish a line of steamers between Shanghai and Japanese ports has failed and the enterprise has been abandoned.

—Mr. M. S. W. Burnham, one of our few astronomers who have a European reputation, has been appointed director of the Dearborn University at Chicago.

—The Young Men's Christian association, of Meriden, Conn., has the foundation laid for a new $39,000 building, $19,000 of which is already subscribed.

—An Englishman in Paris recently wagered that he would drink fifty glasses of water in an hour. He drank twenty-six, then gave up, and died in less than an hour.

—The largest shoe manufactory on the Pacific coast has lately discharged all its Chinese help and employed 300 white men, women and boys, finding them more profitable.

—The sheriff's sale of Dan. Rice's show caused a great decline in hippopotamuses. In the absence of any rise in these animals the country is in a fair way to go to ruin.

—The members of the Bayreuth orchestra have presented Richard Wagner with a grand piano of American manufacture. This is certainly a compliment to American Industry.

—Rhode Island, which has been greatly twitted as the "runt" of the State Sisterhood, contains 835 840 square miles, which is equal in extent to some of the cattle ranches out West.

—The committee of the Will county (Ill.) baby-show limited the entries to thirty babies, the chairman declaring that he could not stand the abuse of more than twenty-nine women.

—The Duke of Westminister, a wealthy English nobleman, gives workingmen on Sundays the privilege of visiting the picture galleries and museum of his magnificent private residence.

—A blue limestone paving block had lain in the streets of Memphis, Tenn., 15 years. It was recently broken up in order to be fitted into a new place, and lo, a little live frog hopped out and was frisky.

—The "eight leading colleges" of Illinois have been having an intercollegiate match. A young woman who contested was ruled out from prizes as verbose on the ground that she spoke a half minute too long.

—One of the events of the season at Newport, not yet chronicled, was a christening party at which the baby wore a white lace robe valued at $3,000. It also wore $5,000 worth of diamonds belonging to its mamma.

—The Jews' free schools of London give religious and secular education to 3,000 children at an average of $37,000 a year. The Government Inspector praises the high efficiency of the schools, and awards it $8,000.

—The Ridgeway library building in Philadelphia, built from a fund left for that purpose by the eccentric Mr. Rush, will be one of the costliest structures for the protection of books in the world. It will cost $800,000.

—The "Elite Directory" is a new issue in New York which gives the names of residents of the fashionable parts of the city by the street and number, so that the people may know their own neighbors, by name at least.

—The new librarian of the John Hopkins University in Baltimore is Arthur W. Tyler. He graduated at Amherst College in the class of 1867, and has been for several years assistant librarian in the Astor library in New York city.

—The *Iron Age*, in a table which it publishes, gives the per cent. of blast furnaces, in and out of blast, in 1876, as follows: In blast—charcoal, 32; Anthracite, 31; bituminous, 36. Out of blast—charcoal, 68; anthracite, 69; bituminous, 64.

—Mrs. Phœbe A. Hanaford, Universalist minister in Jersey City, recently performed the marriage ceremony at her daughter's wedding. This is perhaps the first instance in the world in which a lady has been married by her own mother.

—An unique feature of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1877 will be contributions to each number of original music by such composers as J. K. Paine, George L. Osgood Dudley Buck and Francis Boott, with words by some of the most distinguished Atlantic poets.

—The steams cars of Paris are three-deck vehicles, carry 200 people, and are luxurious to ride in. The decks are reached by an elegant stairway, with decorated silver railings, and the steam engine is attached in such a manner as to afford no inconvenience to the passengers.

—Mr. Scott, an iron merchant of Edinburgh, having received an order for 400 tons of iron girders for the new station, being erected in Glasgow, is having the girders manufactured in Belgium, and delivered in Glasgow at considerably less cost than he can have them made in England.

—The English have just completed the longest bridge in the world, in their East India possessions. It consists of sixty-four spans of 142 feet each, thus is 9,300 feet, or more than a mile and three quarters long. It is all built of brick and iron, the masonry amounts to 5,000,000 cubic feet, while the iron girders weigh 6,000 tons.

—On searching an old house recently sold at Gloucester, Mass., upward of 2,000 empty vials, which once contained paregoric, were found scattered about the premises, in the closets, cellar, attic, and woodshed. It is supposed the contents of these bottles were consumed by some poor victim of this gentle narcotic who formerly lived there.

—The Randolph (N. Y.) Register says: "The oldest conductor in the United States passes Randolph every day. His name is Isaac Woods, and his home is at Salamanca. He is 62 years of age, and has been on different railroads for over forty years. In all this time he has never wrecked a train or met with any accident of any kind."