

Minuta Continua and Reparat

B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXI.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1877.

NO. 16.

"GOD KNOWS."

Oh! wild and dark was the winter night,
When the emigrant ship went down,
But just outside of the harbor bar.
In the night the wind howled and
The waves howled, and the sea roared,
And never a soul could sleep.
Save the little ones on their mother's breasts,
Too young to watch and weep.
No boat could live in the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land;
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,
There was many a manly hand;
Women who prayed, and men who strove
When prayers and work were vain—
For the sun rose over the awful void,
And the silence of the main!
All day the watchers paced the sands—
All day they ached the deep;
All night the booming minute-guns
Echoed from step to step.
"Give up thy dead," they cried,
"They are dead, and the sea is
But only a baby's fragile form
Escaped from its stern embrace!
Only one little child of all
Who with the ship went down.
That night, when the happy tables
So warm in the sheltered town,
They raised a stone at the harbor light,
It lay on the shifting sand.
As far as a sealer's mastle dream,
With a shell in its dimpled hand.
There were none to tell of its race or kin,
"God knows!" the Factor said,
When the sobbing children crowded to ask
The name of the baby dead.
And so when they laid it away at last
In the church-yard's hushed repose,
They raised a stone at the harbor light,
With the carved words—"God knows!"
—St. Nicholas.

Jessamine's Happiness.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

They were as unlike as one could imagine two girls to be—Maude Trevanion, tall and stately as a lily, with a laughing eye of carrying her head, and her low, ruffled neck, that for worlds she would not have heard above a certain, well-regulated, aristocratic pitch—with black eyes and pale, ivory complexion, contrasting strangely with the curling, scarlet lips and silky black hair; that was arranged always in a stylish and becoming way—a way that the country girls imitated in vain, so far as the effect was concerned.
Standing in the open doorway of the Horton farm-house, where she had been a "boarder" since the first blossom had been showered, like a rain of fragrant snow, on the velvet grass, Maude Trevanion made a striking contrast, in her young, proud strength and pulsing vitality, to the little thing sitting so demurely, so quietly, on the lowest step of the piazza—a slight, fragile girl, with pale, delicate skin, like the petals of a tea-rose, with big, sorrowful eyes of light gray—gray as one seldom sees, with warm, bronze lights in their grave, wistful depths; and soft, drossy hair like a child's.
Jessamine herself was so like a child that her eighteen years of delicate girlhood seemed almost a dream to look back upon—to that time when she sat left, a motherless baby, on the hands of the governess of the little inn, where a gentle, loving, and-eyed woman, herself scarce more than a girl, had laid down her own life, and given to the mercies of other strangers this little waif, who, from that hour when the dying mother had whispered "Call it Jessamine," to the summer day when she sat on the farm-house steps, looking up into Maude Trevanion's face, had known no other life, no other parents except the big-souled, rough-voiced farmer and his gentle, blue-eyed little wife, whose heart was equally divided between Jessie and her own child—big, stalwart, handsome John, who was heir to all the wealth of the estate, and who lorded it already over everybody, after his own joyous, frank, cheery way, for which everybody, from Jessamine clear up to Miss Trevanion, adored him.
Jessamine was sitting very demurely and quietly on the lowest step of the porch that lovely, sunny day, when Maude Trevanion came to the edge of the piazza, so beautiful, so strong, so soft-voiced and smiling, as she first looked down upon, and then spoke to Jessamine.
"A silver penny for your thoughts, Jessie; although I am sure I can guess about what they are. You are wondering what it means—what Mr. Horton and his mother have gone to the city to-day to buy, with that old waltz stuffed full of bank-notes?"
Her bright eyes did not betray the eagerness she felt, nor the alloy her low, even tones to manifest it.
Jessamine had flushed ever so slightly when Maude's voice had startled her from her dreamy little reverie, and the mention of John Horton's name had deepened it a little; for it was of handsome John, who was always so good, so thoughtful, so tender, that her girlish heart was dreaming.
The practical matter-of-factness of Maude's question dispelled the slight confusion she imagined, and wrongly, that Maude had not seen.
Her voice was very sweet—so soft as Maude's own—and with a true melody.
"Yes, I know, for annite told me," she had been taught to call Mrs. Horton annite. "They are going to refurbish the parlor, and buy a piano, and John is to have a chamber-set of walnut, marble tops."
"All for? Why for nothing, but to have the house look nice and more fashionable. What else would it be for?"
Maude spread her rustling silk skirt over the clean steps, as she sat down.
"It is possible that you don't know

any more than that, Jessie?" Why didn't you guess there was going to be a wedding?
"The gray eyes opened suddenly wider. "A wedding? Why, no! Whose wedding, Maude?"
There was a slow drawing of white pain on her face; of which she was not conscious; but Maude saw it and was satisfied.
"You baby! Why, John's of course! Whose would it be?"
Her earnest, pain-stricken eyes were looking so searchingly into Maude's face, and Maude blushed and turned away in a pretty confusion of manner, that startled Jessamine with the truth.
"How do you suppose I know, Jessie, unless—unless—"
Jessamine stifled the pang that was tearing at her heart, and finished the coquettishly hesitating sentence:
"Unless you have a right to know, Maude. Tell me, please, her name?"
Her heart told her who it was—she did not need to have Maude's lips confirm the truth she felt in her own soul; and yet she felt that if there was a shadow of a possibility that she was mistaken, Maude's were the lips to tell her so. So, with an agonizing little prayer, away down in her heart, that she might be mistaken, she put the question.
And Maude laughed, and evaded it gracefully.
"I was afraid you wouldn't like it, Jessie, knowing so well as I do that you are in love with John yourself, and—"
"Maude Trevanion, stop!"
Jessamine fairly gasped the words, and her face grew white and stony; but Maude went on—softly, gently, mercifully.
"I speak in all kindness, dear, and you will thank me some day—when John's wife comes, and you will find what I have said is true, that you will no longer be welcome in the house where you will almost be a rival to her. You will thank me for telling you, so that you can get away without anybody's feelings being hurt—for of course the future Mrs. John Horton will not want you here, and the old people would like to see you away, delicate, weak as you are."
"A hot, scarlet wave rushed over Jessamine's face. This from the "future Mrs. John Horton" herself!
"No one shall send me!" she exclaimed, passionately. "I know as well as you I have no business here, and you can tell the future Mrs. Horton I will never trouble her."
The sweet, pained voice quivered, and she walked hurriedly away, as if by the brilliantly beautiful face was a Medusa head; while Maude's red lips slowly curled into a smile of triumph, contempt, satisfaction, as she watched the slender, willowy figure.
"She is displeased with all at events. As if I hadn't read both her secret and her pride! And with her out of the sight of John Horton, it shall not be my fault if he does not propose to me, as that credulous little fool thinks he has already done! I will see whether or not the new furniture is for John's wedding and mine!"
The round harvest moon was coming slowly up the dark blue sky, looking like a great golden ball, and Jessamine, with her eyes looking as if they had never known a tear, so bright and clear they were, for all she had been crying all the afternoon, for all her foolish little heart was throbbing and pulsing with pain—Jessamine was waiting, beside the big, sagant, syringa bush, for John Horton to come.
"I will hear it from his own lips, that he is going to be married to Maude Trevanion, and if he is, I will go away to New York, where I will be able to earn my living in some of the stores I've heard Maude talk about—where I will not be in their way."
And she stifled the sobs she felt were coming, as John Horton's firm, quick footsteps sounded near by, and the tall, handsome fellow came striding along in the golden moonlight, looking grand, manly enough to win any girl's heart.
He stopped short when he saw her, and took her hand caressingly in his and drew it through his arm.
"Waiting for me, Jessie? That's good of you, puss. Wait a glorious night it is!"
Jessamine plucked up all her courage.
"I was waiting for you, John, to ask you—whether or not—whether it is really true—whether—if John, it is really true you are going to be married?"
Her sweet face was pale with earnestness, and John looked down on it, half amazed, half gravely tender.
"What of it, dear? Surely you will not be displeased? Tell me who told you, Jessie?"
Her face was averted, for her rebellious lips were trembling—he had as good as admitted it!
"Never mind, John—I heard it, and I wanted to know if it were true, so I might tell you how truly happy I hope you will be."
John caressed her fingers softly, a soft, subdued light on his face, a great tenderness in his handsome eyes.
"Truly happy? I could not fall of being perfectly happy, Jessie, with the darling I have doted upon—Oh, Maude, I beg pardon! I came very near running over you!"
And seeing how easy Miss Trevanion accepted her own intrusion, no, of course it could not be an intrusion, when John was her lover—little Jessamine stole away, with her last hope crushed, her one earthly happiness trampled down.
"I will go—I must go! I should die if I stayed here and saw them!"
And while Miss Trevanion sang sentimental songs on the front piazza, and John Horton sat tilted back in his chair, listening and thinking—she didn't tell what—Jessamine was quietly explaining the necessity of her own future dependence on her own exertions, and succeeded in coaxing from that gentle yielding old lady the direction of a distant relative in the city, who might aid in procuring her a pleasant situation.
"Whatever John will say, I daren't think," she began plaintively; but Jessamine smiled faintly.

"John will not care, and he need not know until after I am gone. He and Maude are so much taken up with each other, they'll never miss me, and I shall really like it so."
Mrs. Horton stared through her gold-rimmed glasses at the girl's truthful, lovely face; and then, when she turned around to peep at the sponge just set, a grand, motherly smile broadened her dear old face.
The afternoon sunshine came hot and bright through the one uncurtained window of the forlorn little station, where Jessamine was patiently sitting, waiting for the three fifteen train, that should take her up—away from the sweet, wide country she had known all her life—away from John Horton and the dear old home—and deposit her among the bustle and confusing strangeness, and stifling heat, and crowded misery of the metropolis.
She was unspeakably miserable and home-sick. The red chimney of the farm-house, gleaming picturesquely among the button-balls a quarter-mile away, seemed thousands of miles distant, judging by the lonely pain she felt, sitting there, solitary, on her self-imposed term of banishment, and shivering off in the corner of the car-seat—after the long, dusty, shrieking train had stopped a second, in obedience to the little red flag she had hung out, and then dashed on, away into the new, strange world—the new, strange, lonely life.
It was dark when she reached the city—hot, breathless hot, and horribly noisy and dirty. And oh, what had made Maude Trevanion tell her she was married? In that way she had married! What had made everything so miserable and tangled up, and desolate? Her tears were coming in great salt gusts, and she was wearily getting her little shawl and big satchel together, to leave the almost deserted train, with a heart heavier than lead, when a firm hand was laid on her shoulder, and her name, in a low, respectful tone, was almost whispered in her ear.
"Jessamine?"
She turned affrightedly at first—then, with a sudden bliss at her heart, met John Horton's eyes.
"You would persist in running away from home, and I was just as persistent in following you, Jessie! I just caught the train—the rear car, too. So you are trying to get away from me, are you, Jessamine?"
Her eyes filled with tears.
"John, how could I stay after what she said? I would much rather go than to be unwelcome to her as that credulous little fool thinks he has already done! I will see whether or not the new furniture is for John's wedding and mine!"
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"But, Judge, you never told me why you did not marry Miss Van Horn. We all thought that matter was settled, but suddenly we were surprised by the news that you had married a stranger in the city, and Helen Van Horn was left disconsolate. I wonder what has become of her; she must have married well, however, she had a fine chance to choose, for there was scarcely a good match in the city that was not at her command at one time."
"Yes, yes," answered the gentleman addressed—Judge Hume, a distinguished, hand-ome, intelligent-looking man of about forty-five years of age; a successful lawyer, who had some years before been raised to the judicial bench almost by acclamation—"no woman could have married better than Helen Van Horn. Why I did not marry her is a short, simple story, not without a moral; and I will tell it if you care to hear it. I have never told it before, even to my wife, indignant as some of its phases are. So take a cigar—you will find it a good one—and hear how, possibly, Helen Van Horn is not Mrs. Hume to-day.
"You knew her father," began the Judge, "and will remember that he was reputed to be very rich. However, it turned out, upon his death, and after his debts were paid, that there was left a mere pittance for Helen, obliging her the piteous child of fortune, to live with extreme economy ever since."
"Do you mean to say that she has never married?" asked his guest.
"Married!" repeated Hume; "no indeed, and in that way she has been able to recover myself before saying. But do not let us anticipate; let us begin at the beginning.
"One evening, going to fulfil an engagement with Miss Van Horn, as the servant ushered me unannounced into the parlor, I found her engaged in an animated conversation with a singularly handsome young man, who, I saw at a glance, might readily become a formidable rival, and I felt for the instant a sharp pang of that unamiable, disconcerting passion, jealousy. But as my entrance had been unannounced, I was obliged to recover myself before saying, in my blindest manner, 'Good evening.' The gentleman started, and stiffly returned my bow, as for Helen, with suffused cheeks she said, 'Why, Mr. Hume, I did not hear you at all; you are absolutely as gentle as a lamb.'
"Somewhat angry at her satirical tone, I observed that she was engaged in conversation and probably did not hear me enter, and added that I had called to attend her to the gallery to see the picture she was anxious about."
"Really, Mr. Hume," she said, somewhat confusedly, looking from the stranger to me, "I had entirely forgotten all about it, and so promised Mr. Churchill here to accompany him to see 'Richard' to-night."
"I glanced toward the stranger and he returned the glance with a slight frown on his face. Miss Van Horn continued, 'But I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I had forgotten you were not acquainted with each other. My name, this is my friend, Mr. Churchill, of Richmond, and she carelessly fell back into the chair, from which she had just risen for some expression of her own. I am sorry Miss Van Horn has so treacherous a memory; but I hope, Mr. Churchill—with your approval—can be prevailed upon to defer his engagement, for I assure you the picture is a rare gem, and well worth seeing. I persisted in this because I had become slightly roused by the indolent way of receiving the homage paid her, and there seemed to be a gleam of triumph in the face of my rival."
"The young man looked at me gravely, then silently turned to Miss Van Horn for some expression of her wishes. He was evidently very much displeased at my interruption of her tete-a-tete, and with superficial interest in the lady to be seriously ruffled by my seeming rivalry; he was not altogether pleased with the fact that she seemed so careless with respect to her engagements, which did not accord with his standard of women. He was a well-educated, comely young man of good fortune, accustomed to be well received by women, and yet—as he afterwards told me—he could not help for the moment some apprehension that the lady's choice for the evening might go against him, for you know I was called in the middle of the fourth century, and wrote a most able treatise in Latin on the art of 'Hawking.' From his day downward falconry became more and more fashionable, and in Doomsday Book constant references to it are to be found. In those times an English gentleman carried his hawk on his wrist, and was attended by his hood, almost as a matter of course, and a hawk would sometimes fetch a price which when allowance is made for the difference in the value of money, would now be considered almost extravagant for a Derby winner. Toward the end of the reign of Edward III, falcons of good breed began to be scarce, and accordingly it was his habit to keep a number of clerics to steal a hawk, while to take its eggs was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, and a fine at the King's pleasure. Hawking, as a pastime, continued, as no student of Shakespeare need be reminded; long into the Tudor period. It died out with the Protestants, and on the restoration of Charles II. it was found to be practically extinct. According to a Dublin journal, this sport of the ancient English gentry is about to be resuscitated in Ireland.—Bell's Life.

"I gladly accepted the invitation, and we were engaged in a pleasant conversation when a loud noise was heard in the street, mingled with the cry of a woman in distress.
"Suddenly starting to our feet we rushed forward to render assistance. The first object that met our sight was Helen Van Horn, covered with mud, but happily more frightened than hurt. De Stultus was also in a wretched plight, but too much engrossed, as might be expected from such a creature, with his own mishap, to give the least attention to his associate in misfortune, whom he left to struggle to her feet unaided, and to make her way to the other side of the body. A thread from each ear passes through a tube or duct in the front of the head, where they are cemented together by a kind of gum forming one thread. The caterpillar first forms a loose, irregular structure, inside of which it constructs the firmer oval cocoon of one continued thread by moving his head around from point to point in a zig-zag course. If left alone he would after a while complete his development, make his way through the end of the cocoon and become a handsome moth. But under cultivation, by steaming or otherwise the greater part of the chrysalids are killed within the cocoon. By placing the cocoon in warm water the gummy cement is softened, so that the silk may be reeled off. The cocoon of one healthy caterpillar will produce from 600 to 1,600 yards of silk thread.
"Although what I have told you has been in great part only interesting facts in the life-history of insects, you may have noticed that in the investigation of the embryology and metamorphosis of insects, other facts have been discovered which in a commercial point of view are of incalculable value to us, and from which we are all of us every day deriving benefit.
"The discrimination of noxious insects from those we can utilize, the medicinal properties of certain species and the sliding out of the exact stage at which time insects are most damaging to our crops, and the best means of preventing the same, are all subjects of great importance to us.
"The History of Skating.
"It can only be conjectured when skating was first practised, but it was certainly very long ago. In that ancient collection of Scandinavian songs and legends known as the "Edda," Uller, the handsome god, is described as being the possessor of a pair of skates. This proves that skating is at least a thousand years old. It is supposed to have been introduced into England about the twelfth century, and into the central part of Europe somewhat earlier. It is curious, that although all northern nations had the sledge, those of America knew nothing of the skate, while the people of Europe did not have the snow-shoe. The course of invention varied, according to requirements. In America, in high latitude, the snows are heavy, and open ice is comparatively rare. In the corresponding parts of Europe, there is much more clear ice, and proportionally less snow.
"The oldest skates were nothing but the shin-bones of oxen or other large animals, pierced with holes to receive the cords or thongs which bound them to the feet. Fitzstephen's "History of London," written in the thirteenth century, is the earliest English book in which skating is spoken of; and we learn, from his description, that the performers on these bone-skates kept themselves in motion by striking against the ice with an iron-shod pole. Sometimes specimens of these bone skates have been discovered, in several European countries; and a very well preserved pair, so found in England some years ago, can now be seen in the British Museum.
"It is unknown when or where iron was first employed in the construction of skates. It was probably in Holland; for skates, very much of a pattern like that of the ones we have now, not only were known in that country, but were extensively used by all classes of its people, long before the pastime of skating became general elsewhere. Skating is something more than a pastime in Holland. There it is one of the useful arts, and is universally practised and highly esteemed. It offers a very convenient mode of travel in winter over the canals that almost entirely supply the place of roads in the Land of Dikes; and people skate from farm to farm, and from town to town, and to church and to market, often carrying heavy burdens. The Russians have constructed an ice-locomotive, with roughened driving-wheels to lay hold of the slippery surface, and it has proved a success; but in Holland every man is his own ice-locomotive. And so it is every woman here,—for it has long been customary for ladies to skate in Holland; whereas in other countries, until recently, this most excellent of out-door exercises for them has been almost tabooed.
"The first skaters in our part of the world were the honest Dutchmen of the province of 'Nieuw Nederland,' who doubtless brought their skates with them in that celebrated vessel, the "Goede Vrouw," which, we are told by the learned Diedrich Kalkreuther, "had one hundred feet in the beam, one hundred feet in the keel, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the stern-post to the taffrail."
"The Dutch certainly deserve high honor for having introduced skating and Christmas presents into America, for nothing else. As they did so, the

burst into a laugh that seemed to break the ice between us, for we walked off together for several squares. As I complained of a severe pain in my eyes from a blow I had received, my companion said, 'I hope, Mr. Hume, will pardon my recent rude persistence in my fancied engagement with our fair acquaintance, and let us be good friends out of sympathy for the deponent: As we are here at my hotel, let us enter and drink to the good fortune of Mr. De Stultus.
"I gladly accepted the invitation, and we were engaged in a pleasant conversation when a loud noise was heard in the street, mingled with the cry of a woman in distress.
"Suddenly starting to our feet we rushed forward to render assistance. The first object that met our sight was Helen Van Horn, covered with mud, but happily more frightened than hurt. De Stultus was also in a wretched plight, but too much engrossed, as might be expected from such a creature, with his own mishap, to give the least attention to his associate in misfortune, whom he left to struggle to her feet unaided, and to make her way to the other side of the body. A thread from each ear passes through a tube or duct in the front of the head, where they are cemented together by a kind of gum forming one thread. The caterpillar first forms a loose, irregular structure, inside of which it constructs the firmer oval cocoon of one continued thread by moving his head around from point to point in a zig-zag course. If left alone he would after a while complete his development, make his way through the end of the cocoon and become a handsome moth. But under cultivation, by steaming or otherwise the greater part of the chrysalids are killed within the cocoon. By placing the cocoon in warm water the gummy cement is softened, so that the silk may be reeled off. The cocoon of one healthy caterpillar will produce from 600 to 1,600 yards of silk thread.
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worthy St. Nicholas must be esteemed the patron of all American skaters.
"The Little Bear.
"The Little Bear is a small but most interesting constellation. I do not think that the Little Bear, like the larger one, was so named because of any imagined resemblance to a bear. The original constellation of the Great Bear was much older than the Little Bear, and so many different nations agreed in comparing the group to a bear, that there must have been real resemblance to bear animals in the constellation as first figured. Later, when star-maps came to be arranged by astronomers who had never seen bears, they supposed the three bright stars forming the handle of the Dipper to represent the tail of the bear, though the bear is not a long-tailed animal. They thus set three stars for the bear's tail, and the quadrangle of stars forming the dipper for the bear's body. It was not formed by fanciful folks in the childhood of the world, but by astronomers. Yet it must not be imagined that the constellation is a modern one. It is not only belongs to old Ptolemy's list, but is mentioned by Aratus, who lived in the third century before Christ, and who is "hourished" (as the school books call it) about 350 years before the Christian era. It is said that Thales formed the constellation, in which case it must have reached the respectable age of about 2500 years.
"But if the Little Bear is not a very fine animal, it is a most useful constellation. From the time when the Phoenicians were celebrated merchant seamen as the Venetians afterward became, and as the English speaking nations now are, this star-group has been the ensign of every sailor's regard. In fact, the word "cynosure" was originally a name given to the whole of this constellation or to a part of it. Cynosure has become quite a poetical expression in our time, but it means literally "the dog's tail."
"Admiral Smyth gives some particulars about the two stars in the Little Bear called the "guardians of the pole." "Records tells us," he says, "in the 'Castle of Knowledge,' nearly three hundred years ago, that navigators in the North Sea, and in the central part of the Arctic Ocean, and others do name the Guards, after the Spanish word, Richard Eden, in 1584, published his 'Arte de Navigation,' and therein gave rules for the 'stars,' among which are special directions for the two called the guards, in the mouth of the river, and in the central part of the Arctic Ocean, and others do name the Guards, after the Spanish word, Richard Eden, in 1584, published his 'Arte de Navigation,' and therein gave rules for the 'stars,' among which are special directions for the two called the guards, in the mouth of the river, and in the central part of the Arctic Ocean, and others do name the Guards, after the Spanish word, Richard Eden, in 1584, published his 'Arte de Navigation,' and therein gave rules for the 'stars,' among which are special directions for the two called the guards, in the mouth of the 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