Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XXXI. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1877. NO. 25.

CONSTANCY.

The weakest heart, whate'er its changes,
Howe'er the varying life may run,
Howe'er the light affection ranges,
Is constant in its depths to one.

Through sweetest lands the stranger wanders,
Yet none of all like home he sees;
On many a maid his fancy squanders,
But gives his heart to none of these.

By night and day a constant yearning
Burns in his heart for one afar;
To her his thoughts still backward turning.
As the fond needle seeks its star.

The lightest heart, whate'er its changes,
Until this fitful life be done,—
Howe'er the fickle fancy ranges,
Is constant in its love to one.

How Marion got his Rifles.

The close of the year 1780 was a sad day for America. The British held the country from Charleston to the upper Santee, and in order to complete their conquest had established a chain of posts throughout the state, each of which was strongly fortified and defended by a good garrison. Organized resistence to the British there was none. On the American side the principal actors in the struggle were the men who composed the famous "light brigade" of General Marion.

The favorite rendezvous of Marion was at Snow Island. This is a piece of high river swamp, as it is called in the Carolinas, and was surrounded on three sides by water, so as to be almost impregnable. Here Marion had his camp. From this fortress he issued forth at pleasure to ravage the enemy's granaries or capture a straggling party of his troops. Secure in his retreat, he had no fear of pursuit.

In the city of Charleston, the despotism of the British was at its height; the proud-spirited people of that capital were pressed down by a grinding tyranny. Many of them were still open and uncompromising in their hostility to the English, while others, thinking they could best serve the cause in that way, affected a hearty submission to the conquerors, and were seemingly the most loyal fo King George's subjects. Yet, while the English saw this and congratulated themselves upon the good effect it would have upon the colonists, these very "loyalists" kept the American commander constantly informed of all that passed within the British lines, and many a disaster of the English was in this way directly attributed to them.

One of these persons was a lady of fine social standing and great wealth. Indeed, there were few persons in Charleston over whose submission to the crown the British were more elated than they were over that of Mrs. Anne Garden. She was a young and beautiful widow, just 25, and for several years had been the standing toast of the beaux of the Carolinas. When the British took the city she was one of the first to submit to the King, and since then her house had been the favorite gathering place of the red-coat gentry. Many of Mrs. Garden's friends, who were staunch patriots to the last, quietly cut her acquaintance, and shook their heads in silent indignation when her name was mentioned, and when they dared speak at all it was only to condemn the widow's treachery. In the camp of Marion, however, there was one cheek that kindled with pride and not with shame when the lady's name was mentioned; and as for General Marion himself, he could have told tales that would have startled the widow's Charleston friends had it been safe to do so.

While Marion was creating so great an excitement beyond the gates of Charleston, Mrs. Garden resolved to give a ball. Preparations were made on an extensive scale, and the loyal element of the city was in high feather. The splendid mansion of the young widow was dressed with flowers from cellar to garret, and blazed with lights on the evening appointed for the assembly, and the band of the garrison discoursed sweet music to the assembled crowd.

The entertainment was at its height when the crowd near the door parted, and a young man came forward hurriedly. He was tall and splendidly formed, and carried himself erect with a proud, martial air. He was dressed in the uniform of an officer of the tory legion, and his general appearance was that of a man who had ridden far and hard during the day. As the young widow saw him, her face flushed and then grew deathly pale, and she sprang forward with a cry of alarm.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, hurriedly.

"You will see," he answered quickly, in a low tone. "Only, for Heaven's sake swear black and blue to whatever I may say!" Then he added, calmly, and in a louder tone: "You see, my dear cousin, I have come back to my allegiance."

"I am delighted to hear it," she replied, warmly, taking the hint at once. "I never thought your heart would cling to the rebel cause."

"Faith," he said, laughing, "if my heart had clung to it, my stomach would have driven me from it. I'm not fond of starving, my fair cousin, and King George lives well, you know. Hereafter, Thomas Wilson lives and dies a loyal man."

Colonel Watson had been standing by, during this conversation, watching the couple closely. Now he stepped forward to the lady's side.

"Who is this gentleman?" he asked, somewhat sharply. "He seems wonderfully familiar."

"Oh, replied the lady, laughing, "he is my cousin, Lieutenant Thomas Wilson, and, as you will perceive, in his majesty's service."

"You seem rather careless of your dress, considering the occasion, sir," said the colonel tartly. He was annoyed at the great interest which the lady had shown the new comer.

"My business must be my excuse, Colonel," said the young man respectfully. "I am the bearer of a letter from Major Gainy, and my orders are to lose no time in delivering it. I have ridden hard all day, sir, and upon reaching your head-quarters learned of your presence here. This lady being my cousin, I had no hesitation in coming here at once, trusting for pardon to the urgency of my mission."

As he spoke he handed the colonel a sealed letter. Watson took it hastily and broke the seal. As he read it a smile of satisfaction overspread his face.

"This is very good," he said, gleefully. "Gainey is picking up recruits by the hundreds. Wants four hundred rifles, fifty sabres, and some ammunition. Will I send them? To be sure, I will. Have you any wagons, lieutenant?"

"No, sir," replied the young man. "Major Gainey was afraid to send them down. There's no knowing when or where one may meet that Swamp Fox and his sneaking cut-throats."

"Very good," said the colonel. "I'll furnish you with four wagons and a guard of fifty mounted men. You will start at sunrise in the morning, lieutenant. Call at my quarters at midnight and you shall have the necessary orders. Now, sir, you had better take rest, as you will need it."

"First let me offer him some refreshments," said the widow quickly. "He is tired and hungry, I know, and no guest must leave my house in such a state."

"Return quickly, then," said the colonel. "I shall be miserable while you are gone."

The young man offered his arm to the lady; and they left the ball room; but instead of going to the dining-room, she led him straight to her chamber, and then, locking the door, said anxiously:

"For Heaven's sake, Charles, what is the meaning of this?"

The young man did not answer verbally, but, catching her to his breast, kissed her passionately, and, to be frank, the young widow did not resist him.

"It means," he said at last, in reply to her repeated questions, "that we want arms, and I have come in quest of them."

What they else said matters not now; but before they separated, Mrs. Garden seemed very well satisfied with the young man's explanation. They then repaired to the supper-room, where the young man found ample refreshments, and the lady returned to the ball-room, where Colonel Watson was impatiently awaiting her.

At midnight the lieutenant called at headquarters, and, faithful to his promise, Colonel Watson was there. The necessary orders for the delivery of the arms and ammunition and wagons to Lieutenant Thomas Wilson of the 'loyal legion,' were made out, and the colonel also placed in the young man's hand a sealed letter of instructions to Major Gainey. The rest of the night was spent in procuring the desired articles, and at sunrise the next morning, Lieutenant Wilson, with his wagons and their contents, escorted by a guard of fifty men, set out for the "High Hills of Santee," where the tory major's headquarters were located.

The wagons and their escort made good time, and by sunset they were forty miles from Charleston. The sun was scarce half an hour high, when Lieutenant Wilson ordered a halt, for the purpose of encamping for the night. The mounted men fastened their horses to the trees, and removing their saddles, prepared to cook their evening meals; the teams were unhitched from the wagons, and the command busied themselves in preparation for a comfortable night. Every one was busy, and no one noticed that while these arrangements were in progress Lieutenant W. had drawn off from the party, and disappeared in the woods that bordered the road. Suddenly there was a cracking in the brushwood, which caused the British troopers to spring to their feet in alarm. As they did so a voice, which sounded not unlike that of the young lieutenant, shouted, loudly:

"Surrender, or you are all dead men!"

General Marion secured his prisoners, together with the arms, ammunition, wagons and horses, and set out, after a rest of a few hours, for "Snow Island." At the request of the bogus Lieutenant Wilson, he sent back one of the red-coats to Charleston with a note to Col. Watson, informing him of the trick that had been played on him by the young officer—who so far from being a lieutenant in the tory legion, was none other than the famous Capt. Hampton, a captain in Marion's brigade, who planned and carried out the affair successfully—thanking the colonel for the excellent weapons and other material he had sent him, and promising to do good service with them.

The British commander was furious when he read the note, and saw the hoax of which he had been made a victim. He went in haste to Mrs. Garden, but the fair widow had sailed for England. He was compelled to swallow his mortification in silence, and a few years later, when the war was over, his chagrin was not a little increased by the tidings which reached him that Mrs. Garden had married the young officer who had tricked him out of his rifles.

Gas Bills Here and in England.

The Londoners appear to have gas at a very low rate, indeed. The other day, at a public meeting in Newington, a suburban district, held for the purpose of protesting against the high prices of gas, it was resolved "that in the opinion of this meeting, the Phœnix Gas Company ought to supply the consumers with gas at the same price as the South Metropolitan Company does, namely 3s. per 1,000 cubic feet, free of metre rent." This is at the rate of about 75 cents per 1,000 feet, under a [illegible] the light of sixteen sperm candles. Baltimore the present price of gas is $2.92 per 1,000 feet, discount off; In Philadelphia it is $2.39 per 1,000 feet. The other day a proposition was made to Congress to contract for the supply of the public buildings at $1.50 1,000 feet, and to supply the private consumers of the city at $1.75 per 1,000 feet.

A Noble Engineer, or Bessie Kendrick's Journey.

"Cars stop twenty minutes!" called out Conductor Richardson at Allen's Junction. Then, as the train came to a dead halt, he jumped down upon the depot platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, where the engine was standing, and swinging himself up into the cab, said to the engineer:

"Frank, I want you to come back to the first passenger coach and see a little girl that I don't hardly know what to make of."

Frank nodded without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily, smutched hands in a bunch of waste, took a look at his grim, dusty face in a narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam guage, pulled off his short frock, put on a coat, changed his little black, greasy cap for a soft felt, taking these "dress up" articles from the tender box, where an engineer has something stowed away for an emergency, and went back to the cars as requested.

He entered the car and made his way to the seat where the conductor sat talking to a bright looking little girl, about nine years old, oddly dressed in a woman's shawl and bonnet.

Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat, evidently much interested in the child, who wore a sad, prematurely old countenance, but appeared to be neither timid nor confused.

"Here is the engineer," said the conductor, as Frank approached.

She held up her hand to him, with a winsome smile breaking over her pinched little face, and said:

"My papa was an engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead, and my mamma is dead. She died first, before Willie and Susie. My papa used to tell me that after he should be dead, there would be no one to take care of me, and then I must get on the cars and go to his old home in Vermont. And he said, if the conductor wouldn't let me ride because I hadn't any ticket, I must ask for the engineer and tell him that I am James Kendrick's little girl, and that he used to run on the M. & S. road.

The pleading blue eyes were now suffused with tears; but she did not cry after the manner of childhood in general.

Engineer Frank stooped down and kissed her very tenderly; and then, as he brushed the tears from his own eyes, said:

"Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie Kendrick. I rather think a merciful Providence guided you on board this train."

Then turning round to the group of passengers he went on:

"I knew Jim Kendrick well. He was a man out of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana, before I got acclimated, I was sick a great part of the time, so that i could not work, and I got homesick and discouraged. Could not keep my board bill paid up, and I didn't much care whether I lived or died.

"One day the pay car came along and the men were getting their monthly pay, and there wasn't a cent coming to me for I hadn't worked an hour for the last month.

"I felt so 'blue' that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties, and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head on my hands, and cried like a boy, out of sheer homesickness and discouragement.

"Pretty soon some one came along and said, in a voice that seemed like sweet music in my ears, for I hadn't found much real sympathy, although the boys were all good to me in their ways. 'You've been having a rough time of it, and you must let me help you out.'

"I looked up, and there stood Jim Kendrick, with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from the roll of bills a twenty dollar note and held it out to me.

"I knew he had a sickly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it himself to pull through from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were streaming down my face, 'Indeed I cannot take the money, you must need it yourself.'

"'Indeed you will take it, man,' said Jim. 'You will be all right in a few days, and then you can pay it back. Now come home with me supper and see the babies. It wi do you good.'

"I took the note and accepted the invitation, and after that went to his house frequently, until he moved away and I gradually lost sight of him.

"I had returned the loan; but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, and I guess Kendrick's little girl here won't want for anything, if I can prevent it."

Then turning again to the child, whose bright eyes were wide open now, the engineer said to her:

"I'll take you home with me when we get up to Wayne. My wife will fix you up, and we'll write and find out whether those Vermont folks want you or not. If they do, Mary or I shall go with you. But, if they don't care much about having you, you shall stay with us and be our little girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father, God bless him!"

Just then the Eastern train whistled, Engineer Frank vanished out of the car door, and went forward to the engine, wiping the tears with his coat sleeve, while the conductor and passengers could not suppress the tears this little episode evoked during the twenty minutes' stop at Allen's Junction.—*Mrs. Preston.*

The Carnival in Peru.

It would require a man of wide and varied experience to describe how they "play at carnival in Peru." The aim all have in view is to get as much wild enjoyment out of the three days as possible. A lady may receive a little scented water from a delicate spring, or she may receive the contents of a bottle of pickles and the yolk of an egg on the crown of her head; she may stand in her balcony and pelt the passers-by with egg shells filled with sweet things, or she may find her house invaded and herself placed gently in her bath. To pass through the streets of Lima is to insure a drenching, either from those very convenient balconies or from the brawny negress who cooly awaits your coming with a pail of water, which she empties right over you. In the country the object is the same, but the means sometimes differ. At Matucana, a poor little Chola, coming along with a few potatoes, is seized and laid lengthwise in the stream which runs by the side of the railway. Another, who has "played" oftener, stands knee deep in the same stream, with a calabash, and to her descends a man with a wooden bucket, and for half an hour they dash water at each other, resting at intervals to recover breath. Here a gentleman has a handful of bitter herbs, which he rubs in the teeth and mouth of his lady-love, while that lady's friends dexterously insert between his shirt and skin a handful of nettles. But she does not escape harmless, for, just as she has planted the nettles well home, her mouth is filled with blue mixed into a paste. They seem to enjoy it.

Health.

Modern science has discovered that there are certain principals and laws, outside of the *materia medica*, which almost magically eradicate from the human system the ills that flesh is heir to, and particularly in all cases affecting the muscles and joints. And this efficacious mode of treating diseases has been most successfully pursued in the Metropolis by a woman, and one self-made in the profession she follows, that of manipulator and electrician. Mrs. E. T. Mayerink is well known, and indorsed by most of the iminent physicians of this City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and like Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Mayerink is "dead in earnest" in all she does, never having time to listen to the wiseacre isms that of late years have so interested ambitious females fond of sensation and excitement. Mrs. Mayerink has a number gentlemen and ladies studying with her; her son, Mr. Louis Mayerink, is fast gaining an envious reputation in the profession at which his talented mother stands without a rivel. So much for the success of a lady of brains, who has steadily and courageously attended to her own business, and hence can show a practical example of what a true and good woman can do in the support of herself and family.

Striking Sun Dial.

Another of those curious devices—striking sun dials—has been invented by M. Allegret, the apparatus being a modification of what is known as the solar counter for registering the times at which the sun shines or is obscured. To effect this there are two balls, one black and the other yellow, fixed at the opposite ends of a lever, sustained by a central pivot. When the sun shines the black ball absorbs more heat than the yellow one, and the vapor of a liquid contained in the former is elevated to a higher temperature than in the latter. As the result, the vapor leaves the one ball, and, being condensed in the other, this becomes the heavier, disturbs the equilibrium of the system, and in so doing liberates a weight, giving motion to a clockwork attachment. In M. Allegret's dial, a pair of these balls is fixed at every hour mark. When the shadow of the gnomon reaches any particular hour mark, one of the balls is shaded, a preponderance of liquid enters the ball, the lever tilts, the mechanism is set going, and a gong sounded as often as the number of the hour to be indicated. It is, of course, necessary that the sun shine when the hour mark is being passed by the shadow, or the time will not be struck.

A Bird's Charity.

Last summer a pair of robin redbreasts built their nest in the vicinity of a fashionable country boarding-house. In due time the heads of four young robins were observed by some of the boarders peering above the sides of the nest, when some thoughtless boys passing that way shot both the parent birds and left the young ones to perish. The ladies and gentlemen, moved to pity by the hapless condition of the poor birds, were devising plans for their relief, when a little brown wren flew to the nest, surveyed the unfortunate state of things for a moment, then disappeared. In a few minutes it returned, bearing food of some kind to the starving robins. Much surprised at this, the human sympathizers resolved to await further developments before proceeding to put their plan of relief into operation, and were delighted to find the wren had in real good earnest assumed the care of that orphan family. With untiring energy it hunted worms and food of such kind as was suited to the wants and tastes of its proteges, and continued its kindly offices until the birds were full fledged and able to take care of themselves.

The Antiquity of Felt.

Felt probably preceded woven fabrics. In Central Asia, the home of the Argali, from whence the domestic sheep has probably sprung, the clothing and tents of the people are yet, and have been since the first recorded times, felted fabrics. The latticed-huts referred to by Herodotus and Æschylus are covered with felt, of which also the flapping screen which answers for a door is made. The Chinese traveller, Chi-fa-hian, who visited India in the fourth century, deceribes the people of Chen-chen, who lived about the Lake of Lob, as wearing dresses of Chinese cut, but made of felt. Felt covered the funeral pile of Hephæstio, whose obsequies were so splendidly celebrated by Alexander; Xenophon says that felt was used to cover chairs and couches; the Medes also used felt for sacks.

—A Schweitzer cheese factory is the latest addition to the manufacturing interests of Reading.

Maxwell's Good Fairy.

BY ANNIE DALE.

It would have been difficult to imagine a greater contrast than was presented by two women who were conversing together in a small cottage house at Pendleton, one summer day. One was pale and sickly looking, with a woe-begone face, wearing close mourning, and speaking with a lugubrious whine.

The other and much the younger, a girl of eighteen, was a brilliant blonde, neatly and becomingly dressed in a chintz suit of blue and white, with a coquettish chip hat with blue flowers. Her lips and cheeks bloomed with health, and her eyes were radiant with youth's happiness. Yet, as her companion spoke, a shadow came over her lovely face, faint, but clouding the radiance there.

"I am sure I can never be thankful enough to dear Maxwell the older lady was saying, "but it breaks my heart to think how I've ruined his prospects."

"Ruined his prospects!"

"Yes. I will tell you all about it. You know he has been with Drewett & Co. for ten years, and they have agreed to take him into partnership, but they require a thousand dollars from him. Young Newbold is very anxious to buy a partnership, but they gave the preference to Maxwell. But, oh my dear, when he had the thousand dollars saved, and would have been in the firm next week, only next week, my trouble came. Just as soon as he got the telegram that my poor husband was dead, he came to Omaha at once, and my dear, I had not one dollar to put upon another, and he paid for everything, and brought me here with all three children, and I never knew until to day that he had taken so much of his savings that he must give up the partnership, and go on working as book-keeper."

"And you."

"I do not mean to be a burden upon him. I have secured a situation in the seminary to teach German and music, and the children will be educated, in part payment. I can easily meet my expenses in the future. But Maxwell has furnished this house for me and paid a month's rent. There never was such a brother, never; and to think that I have taken all that money. He never told me, but Mr. Drewitt told me about the partnership, and when I congratulated Maxwell the truth had to come out."

"But it is only a delay," said the pretty blonde, Ida Hunt; "he will soon save again."

"Not for this. Old Mr. Drewitt retires next week and if Maxwell is not prepared to go in, Frank Newbold will take the place. Oh, if only some good fairy would drop a thousand dollars in Maxwell's hands.

"Good fairies are out of date," said Ida softly, with a little quiver in her voice. "But I must go now. I will come in again very soon."

She wanted to be alone. She wanted to think over this story Maxwell Burt's sister had told her, the story that drew her heart closer than ever to him, and yet which set him so much farther away from her.

She knew that he loved her. He had woed her frankly, in straight-forward, manly earnestness, and she knew, too, that he had waited to secure this partnership before speaking the words she scarcely needed to hear to read his heart. And she had given him love for love, without unmaidenly boldness, but sweetly and shyly from the womanly tenderness of her nature.

"And now, now," she thought, hurrying along the village streets, "he will never ask me. He is right. I can not love him less for being so good to poor Laura, but oh, Maxwell, Maxwell!"

She was at home nearly an hour, when her uncle and guardian came in. He found Ida at her sewing in the sitting-room, but after she had brought his slippers and dressing-gown, she sat close beside him, laying her cheek caressingly upon his arm.

"Uncle John," she said, coaxiningly, "how much money have I got of my very own."

"About five thousand dollars, if it was all gathered in."

"Could I get a thousand of it?"

"A thousand dollars! Bless my heart, what do you want with a thousand dollars?"

"Please don't ask me. I'll tell you some day. Can I have it?"

"Certainly you can, but really, Ida, it is all securely invested; and is it not a large sum, my dear, altogether. To take out one-fifth for some piece of extravagance"—

"But I want it so much, so very much. Please, Uncle John; and I want it in money."

"Very well. It is your own to keep or waste, When do you want it?"

"To morrow."

"I'll give you a check then, and we will settle the matter after I sell some of your securities."

"Thank you! Some day I will tell you all about it."

"H'm! Very well."

But, while Ida fully intended to make a free confession, Mr. Hunt more than suspected the destination of the money, and in his heart he approved of it.

The next day was a dull one, and Maxwell Burt, coming into the little cottage home he had fitted up for his widowed sister, had a weary, despondent air, that went to her heart. He was a cheery, light-hearted young fellow, and seldom depressed, but within twenty-four hours he knew there must be a downfall of the hopes he had cherished for three years, the hopes of gaining a partnership in the firm of Drewitt & Co., and the hope of winning Ida Hunt to share his life and property.

"Are you sick, Max?" Laura asked, after a long dreary silence, "you have scarcely spoken since you came in."

He roused himself then, with a feeling of self-reproach for bringing his troubles to add to his sister's burdens.

"I am only tired," he said. "There were but few customers to-day, and we have been very busy winding up the business for Mr. Drewitt to retire."

"Do—do you stay there?"

"Oh, yes!" and Max battled with a lump in his throat to speak cheerfully "I shall keep my old place." "No," he added, taking Laura's face between his hands to kiss her lips; "you are not to cry! I won't have it!"

"But if it had not been for me," Laura faltered.

"It is best as it is. I love you, dear, far, far better than my business prospects."

But down in his heart, a sharp pang reminded him of one he loved better than either business or sister.

"It breaks my heart," said Laura; "Oh, if these were only good fairy tale times."

And as she spoke, there was a rap upon the door. A ragged urchin stood there with a letter.

"Is Mr. Burt here? They said to his boarding house he was over here."

"Come in! I'm here!" cried Maxwell.

"I was to put this in your hand, sir, and to say your good fairy sent it."

"Who gave it to you?"

"I don't know, sir. It were an old woman I never seed afore, all muffled up in a waterproof with a caliker hood on, an' green glasses and spoke thick like, and sez she, 'you give this here to Mr. Maxwell Burt, and say a good fairy sent it.'"

"It is all right then. Here is a quarter for you."

"That's two. She gave me one."

He shuffled off then, with the step peculiar to boys who wear cast off boots two sizes too large for them, and Laura closed the door after him.

"Why don't you open it, Max?" she asked, seeing the envelope the boy had given him still unsealed in his hand.

"Why, it is not directed,"

It was indeed a blank envelope, and as Maxwell slowly opened the seal, two bank notes fluttered out, for five hundred dollars each.

"Oh, Max."

And then Laura did cry, happy tears, and Max, putting his arm around her, did not try to check the outburst of grateful affection.

"Some rich man who knows how good you have been to me has taken this way to give you the partnership," she said. "Perhaps old Mr. Drewitt himself."

"Perhaps," said Max, "God bless my good fairy."

The partnership was an established fact, and the new firm well inaugurated when Maxwell Burt, seeing Ida in her own home, pressed his suit, and won a promise from her to be his wife. He told her very frankly of the wondrous windfall that had so brightened his business prospects, and his sister's belief that old Mr. Drewit had sent the mysterious letter, and Ida gently said:

"It would show he appreciated your long service in the store, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," was the dry reply, "and be about the first recognition he ever made of it."

Mr. Hunt gave gracious consent to the wedding, and Laura was in a great state of delight. But it was not until the young couple returned from their wedding tour, and were settled in their own home, that Uncle John came over one evening to talk business.

"I have a small sum of money in trust for my niece," he said, very gravely, "and it is time I gave an account of it."

Then he explained fully all his investments of Ida's fortune, adding:

"That accounts for four thousand dollars. The remainder thousand Ida drew out about three months ago."

A little soft hand fell over his lips, but Max lifted it away.

"My guess was right, then," he said, kissing the little trembling figure he held in his clasp. "I always suspected that hooded female was not so old as her messenger supposed. But, Ida, had I not hoped to repay you a thousandfold, I never should have accepted the gift."

"Nor should I have sent it," was the frank, blushing reply, "had I not hoped, on my part, to be for life, most truly, your 'good fairy.'"

Discovery of Roman Potteries.

A discovery of no small interest to students of Roman antiquities has recently been made, close to Colchester—a town whose Roman remains are second to none in England. The discovery, or rather series of discoveries, has been made on part of the estate of Mr. P. A. Papillon, of Lexden Manor, and upon a field which extends almost from the ancient Roman walls of Colchester parallel with the small river Colne, in the direction of Lexden.

Some indications having been observed close to the spot where two footways to Lexden join, a tentative excavation was made, which led speedily to the uncovering of a Roman pottery kiln, of peculiar form. A floor of rectangula- form, five feet four inches by four feet, formed of clay perfectly vitrified, was first met with, and this was found to be pierced with peculiar small holes into the furnace beneath. The latter was then cleared out and was found to consist of a central passage two feet four inches high, with small lateral cells on either side arched over with clay, the whole, roofs, walls and floor, being completely covered with a vitreous glaze, the result of extreme and long continued heat. The entrance was the only aperture except the holes through to the upper baking floor, and the latter, as well as the small lateral cells, were evidently constructed to distribute the heat up to and equally over the baking floor.

There were traces of steps down from the surface to the firing place of the furnace, but there were none whatever of the covering of the kiln, which led to the natural supposition that this had been formed at each baking by covering over the articles as soon as they were placed on the floor with a temporary covering of clay and boughs to retain the heat around them, which would be removed as soon as the process of baking was complete. The kiln had produced the gray mortaria so frequently found on Roman sites, and with all the singular diversity of patterns of their moulded lips. No two fragments, in fact, were found alike, and there was the same differences of sizes, for while some could only have been of the ordinary size of about eighteen inches across, others must have been of the large size of about thirty inches.—*London Times.*

A Collector's Disappointments.

I wrote and told him of one gentleman's vast collection of shells; another's noble collection of meerschaum pipes; another's elevating and refining collection of undecipherable autographs; another's priceless collection of old china; another's enchanting collection of postage-stamps—and so forth and so on. Soon my letters yielded fruit. My uncle began to look about for something to make a collection of. You may know, perhaps, how fleetly a taste like this dilates. His soon became a raging fever, though I knew it not. He began to neglect his great pork business; presently he wholly retired and turned an elegant leisure into a rabid search for curious things. His wealth was vast, and he spared it not. First he tried cow-bells. He made a collection which filled five large *salons*, and comprehended all the different sorts of cow-bells that ever had been contrived, save one. That one—an antique, and the only specimen extant—was possessed by another collector. My uncle offered enormous sums for it, but the gentleman would not sell. Doubtless you know what necessarily resulted. A true collector attaches no value to a collection that is not complete. His great hearts breaks, he sells his board, he turns his mind to some field that seems unoccupied.

Thus did my uncle. He next tried brickbats. After piling up a vast and intensely interesting collection, the former difficulty supervened; his great heart broke again; he sold out his soul's idol to the retired brewer who possessed the missing brick. Then he tried flint hatchets and other implements of Primeval Man, but by and by discovered that the factory where they were made was supplying other collectors as well as himself. He tried Aztec inscriptions and stuffed whales—another failure, after incredible labor and expense. When his collection seemed at last perfect, a stuffed whale arrived from Greenland and an Aztec inscription from the Cundurango regions of Central America that made all former specimens insignificant. My uncle hastened to secure these noble gems. He got the whale, but another collector got the inscription. A real Cundurango, as possibly you know, is a possession of such supreme value that, when once a collector gets it, he will rather part with his family than with it. So my uncle sold out, and saw his darlings go forth, never more to return; and his coal-black hair turned white as snow in a single night.

Now he waited, and thought. He knew another disappointment might kill him. He was resolved that he would choose things next time that no other man was collecting. He carefully made up his mind, and once more entered the field—this time to make a collection of echoes.—*December.*

How he Didn't Know it All.

He was a practical but rather pedantic sort of a man, and said he did not believe language was made to conceal thought. More than this he did believe that the dictionary was a work made to use, and that every man should be familiar with its minutest contents.

"But," said the student, "that would be impossible for any man."

"Nohsense!" exclaimed the practical man, "why, there are few words that could be mentioned that I wouldn't be perfectly at home with."

"I should like to give you a few samples," replied the student. "I believe I could commence with the beginning of Webster, and stump you before we got through the A's."

"Go on with your sample A's" demanded the self-confident one, "and then tackle the B's and run on to the Z's."

"I'll try," said the student calmly, by first giving you a few sentences in A's."

And squaring off for the work the student asked the practical man to please bear in mind and translate, when he had done, the few sample sentences following:

"Approach, adorers of Alliteration's altar. Assemble abdals and abderian adepts, and analyze an ambagitory and amphibiological allocution. Accept, as an apparently acataleptic and absonous arrangement, an alliterative aggregation, actually anagogetical. As an acephalist, abjure all adscititious arts and adventitious aids as addititious; and ardently advance. Ablepsy and audacity are like anatreptic and adiaphorus, and adjuvants and anamnestic adhibitions at abstringing and ablaqueating all abstruse anfractuosities and anagogics, as all adepts are aware. Avoid anastrophes as anacoluthic and anisomeric; and abandoning abtitories, advance against apparently antiphrastical anagraphs. Apply apomecometry, and arrive at an apodeictierl anagporisis, and accept an author's acknowledgment."

"There!" demanded the student, "translate that, and I'll commence with the B's and run on to the Z's!"

But the practical man who was so intimate with his own language had fled.

Coral.

From early times the coral has been highly valued for ornamentation, and great curiosity has ever existed to discover its real origin, some of the ancients proclaiming it to be a plant, others the product of a plant. One naturalist averred that it belonged to the vegetable world, from the fact of his having discovered its flower, but another put this fancy to flight by the disclosure that what had been taken for a flower was, in reality, a tiny insect. That statement was at first received with much opposition, but in course of time it became understood and believed, and no one at the present time thinks of doubting the animal nature of the coralline.

It is said that we do not see the coral at its best, for when we get it much of its brilliant coloring has departed, and that to admire it fully, we must see it in its wonderful home, the depths of the beautiful ocean.

The poetic Greeks called it "the daughter of the sea." It is now known that the coral is formed by household, of little creatures living together in a wonderful way, so very strange that it is difficult for unscientific people to comprehend it.—Coral fishing is usually performed by Italian sailors, who work under a padrone or master. But it is at the cost of fatiguing labor and imminent peril, that this precious article is obtained. The apparatus with which it is taken from its marine home, is called an engine. It consists of two long pieces of wood, strongly fastened in the center, to which is attached an immense stone, bearing lines arranged in the form of a bag. There are thirty of these, and spread out in all directions with the motion of the boat.

When, after long, tedious, and almost fruitless toil, it at length fastens on the coral, the engine opposes for a long time the most laborious efforts of the suffering men, who, half-naked, and exposed to the terrible fierceness of the southern sun, work on, regardless of their pitiable condition, and while they labor, the crew chant a solemn, weird melody, the words of which form an appeal to their favorite saints. When at length they succeed in detaching the precious coral from its native bed, the men set to work with a will in sorting and cleansing that which cost them so much labor to obtain. It is then shipped to Mediteranean ports and sold to those whose work it is to fashion it into the pretty jewelry and beads which we all so much admire.

Try Again.

Everybody makes mistakes. Things will not always come out just as we try to make them, because some little wrong thing is done, or something that needs to be done is overlooked.

Well, what then? Shall we get discouraged, and let things go as they will? Some people do; but such people have a hard life of it. They think themselves very unlucky, and complain of their hard fate.

The little fellow who is at work on his example in multiplication finds he has made a mistake. What does he do? Drop his slate, and go off fretting, and wishing there were no such things as old bothersome figures? No; he is puzzled; but he knows there is a mistake somewhere, and he means to find it.

"Try again," is his motto. He will begin again and go slowly and carefully through all the work. If he does not find the mistake then, he will do the same again, running through the lines of the multiplication-table in his mind, or making them by additions on his slate. He will hit upon the wrong and get the right, you may be sure.—*Early Dew.*

Wrestling in Macedonia

Colonel James Baker, in his *Turkey in Europe*, gives the following account of a wrestlidg match he witnessed while traversing the great plain of Macedonia:—

"I passed through a very fine town called Barakli-Djumaa, in the middle of the plain, and inhabited principally by Christian Bulgarians. A great wrestling match was going on just outside the town, and I stopped to witness the sport. A circle of about thirty yards in diameter was formed by the men, women and children—Turks, Bulgarians, and a plentiful supply of gypsies—all sitting closely packed together round the circumference. There was the usual accompaniment of a gypsy band, composed of a drum and a clarionet, which was kept going continuously. A competitor, stripped to the waist, steps into the ring and walks round with a grand air as he displays his muscular frame to the admiring gaze of the bystanders. Presently his antagonist enters the ring, and both competitors shake hands in good-natured way, and a little laughing and chaffing goes on. Then they commence walking round, every now and then turning in to shake hands again, until suddenly one pounces upon the other to get the 'catch,' and the struggle commences. No kicking is allowed, and the throw must lay the vanquished man upon his back, so that both shoulderblades touch the ground at the same time. The champion was a burly Bulgarian of herculean strength, when, at the invitation of some black-eyed gipsy girls, a fine but slim young fellow of their tribe entered the lists against him; but, although considering his youth he made a gallant struggle, a quick throw laid him sprawling on his back, to the evident chagrin and disappointment of the gypsy women. Their eyes flashed with anger as they now held a hurried consultation, when off started a very pretty girl, evidently bound upon some errand. She soon returned with one of the most splendid specimens of humanity I ever saw. If, as is asserted, there were princes and dukes among the ancient tribes of gypsies who emigranted to Europe, this must certainly have been a descendent of one of them. His fair escort pushed him into the ring with an air of pride and confidence, as much as to say, 'Now you shall see what a gypsy can do.' The young man was about 25 years of age, and nearly six feet high, with a handsome, aristocratic and cheery countenance, and as he took off his jacket and handed it to his fair one, and thus stood stripped to the waist, there was a buzz of admiration from the whole crowd. He was slightly made, but an was sinew. Laughingly and half modestly he shook his powerful antagonist by the hand and then the walk round was commenced, the young gipsy talking and laughing all the time. It seemed as though neither liked to be the first to begin, when suddenly the Bulgarian turned sharp upon his antagonist and tried a favorite catch, but quick as lighting the lithe figure of the gypsy eluded the grasp and a sigh of relief went up from his clan. The excitement was now intense, and the young girl perfectly quivered with nervous anxiety as she watched every movement of her swain. She would have made a splendid picture! They were still walking round, and it seemed as though the struggle would never begin, when, lo! a simultaneous cry went forth from the whole crowd, as the great Bulgarian lay sprawling and half stunned upon the ground. The movements of the gypsy had been so quick that it was impossible to say how the throw was done, but the Bulgarian was turned almost a somersault in the air and came down with a heavy thud. The young champion shook him by the hand, lifted the heavy man high into the air, and then set him on his feet."

Troubles, like babies, get bigger by nursing.