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## THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME ONE.

FROM THE GLEANINGS OF OFFICERS.

One day a blind man chanced to meet a lame one limping in the street. The former hoped with fond delusion that the latter would conduct him right. The lame man cried, "Lead me to the door, I cannot walk, unhelped me!" And yet, methinks, to bear a load. Thus best good shoulders, strong and broad. "If I don't resolve to bear me hence, 'Till I be thy guide as recompense. Thy firm, strong foot will then be mine, And my bright eye be also thine."

The lame man, with his crutches, rose upon the blind man's shoulders broad. Guided thus achieved the pair. What each would have accomplished we see. The gifts of others thou hast not. While others want what thou hast got. And from the imperfect springs The good that each a virtue lacks.

If other men for gifts possessed, With which by nature I am blest, Their care but for themselves would be; They never would waste a thought on me. Plague not the gods with wall and cry! The gifts which give to thee deny. And give another, profit thee. We need but socialize.

## Nettie Austin.

BY C. A. W.

"Have you heard that Mr. Stab is going to leave us?" asked a friend of Nettie Austin, as they met on the street. "No; it cannot be true," replied Nettie, with a perceptible start. "I heard it from his own lips; he is going to Louisville. Have you given him orders to go, Nettie?"

The dark red color showed itself tremulously on her cheek and then died away. "I have nothing to do with Mr. Stab's goings or comings. Excuse my taste, but I must bid you good morning." And the friends separated.

Nettie Austin was an orphan and brilliant, and at home in the best circles of Owensboro. Clever, cultivated and brilliant all called her handsome, too, she was; tall, well-formed, with heavy braids of dark hair, and hazel eyes, whose depths could hold the saddest, sweetest, dreamiest look possible.

Of course she was admired by the opposite sex. There was but one of them whom she had ever cared for, and that was Louis Stab. She had loved him so long that she could not remember a time when he was nothing to her. His circumstances were far from being opulent; and he did not pretend to move in Owensboro's best society. Those who pretended to call him the finest looking man in town; and there was but one voice in regard to his eminently sensible, sterling qualities. These things, coupled with his whole-souled nature, made of him a man as liable to win a woman's heart as any about him.

He had worshipped Nettie Austin afar off since they were children together. In his boyish days he had looked forward to a time when he would offer her a name made famous by the wonders he would achieve in science. He had given all that up; for he had been left fatherless, with a legacy of little brothers and sisters to care for.

"I will never be able to win her now he had said then, "but I shall always love her."

A few evenings after Nettie had heard of Mr. Stab's intention to leave the place, he called upon her. A few minutes after she had heard of his presence in the parlor, her hand was clasped by him in friendly greeting.

"I have called to bid you good-by, Miss Austin."

"Then it is true that you are going away?"

"Yes, I am going."

"I think for old friendship's sake you might have acquainted me with your intention before."

"Why, Miss Austin," as a surprised, joyous look came into his face, "I had no idea you would take the least interest in my affairs."

"Why do you go, Mr. Stab? Will your business prosper?"

"Not as well, I fear."

to her head with a dazed feeling, and thought,—"Is it possible I am the girl who came out here not a half hour ago? I thought, poor fool! that I was going down to a new life; and so I did," she mused, bitterly, "to a life that I wish death would this minute free me from. The worst of all is that he could not but see that I loved him; and he pitied me. But I can remedy that," she exclaimed, after a few minutes of deep thought. "I'll cause him to think that he is mistaken. To-morrow I'll accept Clarence Preston. He will get all that he seeks—my hand and money. Heaven! what a life to lead; but I can endure it; anything is better than to know that he is pitying me. Oh, Louis, Louis, my first, my last, my only love, shall I ever be able to cast you out of my heart?"

The next day Clarence Preston received a note from Miss Austin, asking him to call that evening.

"Well," he said, as he entered the room where she was waiting to receive him, "the fates are propitious; I am to have one more interview with you it seems."

"Yes," said Nettie, "strictly a business one."

"Do you remember what I told you the last time we met?"

"I shall not be very apt to forget it," he replied, as his face darkened.

"I have changed my mind since then Mr. Preston."

"You surely do not mean, Nettie Austin, that you will be my wife?"

"That is exactly what I do mean," "My own darling—"

"There, Mr. Preston, that will suffice. You are a poor actor, and I will excuse you from that part of the ceremony. It suits me to marry you. This is all there is of it. We are both too sensible to go in raptures over so common-place an affair."

"So be it, Miss Austin, if it pleases you best."

"Thank you; and now, as I have accomplished what I wanted in sending for you, you will excuse me from entertaining you this evening, and afterward call at your pleasure."

"Certainly," he said, rising to go. "I shall come and go at your bidding, and be only too happy to be able to oblige you. Good-evening."

Clarence Preston was a rising young lawyer of the place. Ambitious and proud, anxious to build himself up more rapidly than his limited means would allow, he coveted Miss Austin's fortune and had long been a suitor for her hand. No encouragement had he ever received from her until the night that she gave herself to him.

Nettie Austin felt that by engaging herself she accomplished all that she had intended her marriage to do; so she concluded to defer that as long as possible.

The last month of her "freedom," as she termed it, was spent in Cleveland. On her homeward trip, the train she was on went down a broken bridge. She was dragged out and carried away in a half-conscious state, with this wish uppermost in her mind: that she had passed from earth and escaped the dreary life that awaited her.

which I shall awaken and find my treasure gone."

"To think, Louis, how miserable we have both made ourselves! Only an hour ago I wanted to be dead."

"But you will not die now, my darling!"

You shall live to know by my life how thankful I am for this precious gift."

"Louis," said Nettie, a few mornings after she sat in an easy chair, making her lover thoughtful, a very beautiful convalescent. "Next Wednesday is my wedding day."

"Nettie," said Stab, looking his surprise, "you are a darling to name so early a day. I wanted it to be so, but scarcely dared to ask it."

"She raised her hands deprecatingly as she spoke, and then hid her face from him in tears."

"Why, Nettie," continued her lover, as he laughingly imprisoned her hands, "you need not care: we will be married to-day, if you say so. You took me by surprise, that was all; and I could not help expressing it; there is no need for you to look so confused."

"Oh, Louis, how provoking of you to think I could have meant our wedding-day!"

"You said yours, dear."

"Yes, but not yours."

"What do you mean, Nettie?" said Stab, with a grave face.

"You are so stupid! You must surely know. Next Wednesday is the day set for me to become Mrs. Preston."

"Nettie," said Stab, "you do not know what you are talking about."

Nettie Austin looked up now, and saw that every vestige of color had left her lover's face. She began to comprehend that he was indeed ignorant of her promise and arrangements to marry Preston.

"Why, Louis," she said, with a troubled face, "I did not think it worth while to explain it to you. The subject was hateful, and I took it for granted that you knew all about it."

Changes in the Moon.

Although the moon may be regarded as to all intents and purposes dead, it must not be supposed that no changes whatever take place upon her surface. On the contrary, some of the peculiarities of the moon's condition must tend to cause even more rapid changes of certain orders than take place in the case of our earth. Thus the great length of the lunar day, and the moon's waterless condition and rare atmosphere, must help to cause a comparatively rapid crumbling of the moon's surface. During the long and intensely hot lunar day the rock substance of the moon's surface must expand considerably, so that it is raised to a degree of heat exceeding that of boiling water. During the long lunar night the surface is exposed to a degree of refrigeration far exceeding that of the bitterest winter in the arctic regions, and must contract correspondingly. This alternate expansion and contraction must gradually crumble away all the loftiest and steepest portions of the moon's surface and will doubtless, in the long run—that is, some few hundreds of millions of years hence—destroy all the most marked irregularities of the moon's surface. The causes of change which have been recognized by telescopic observers have carefully studied the moon's surface may all, without exception, be referred to this process of gradual, but steady, disintegration.

The most remarkable case hitherto known, for example, the disappearance of the lunar crater Linne, is far better explained in this way than as the result of volcanic outburst. This case has recently been described as follows by the present writer: In the lunar sea of recently there was a deep crater, nearly seven miles across, a very distinct and obvious feature, even with the small telescope (less than four inches in aperture) used by Beer and Mailler in forming their celebrated chart. But, ten years ago, the astronomer Schmidt, a selenographer of selenographers (who has, in fact, given the best energies of his life to moon-gazing), found this crater missing. When he announced the fact to the scientific world, other astronomers, with very powerful instruments, looked for the crater which had been so clearly seen with Mailler's small telescope; but though they found a crater, it was nothing like the crater described by Mailler. The present crater is scarcely two miles in diameter and only just visible with powerful telescopes. All around it there is a shallow depression, occupying a region about as large as the whole crater had been before. It seems impossible to doubt that a great change has taken place here, and the question arises whether the change has been produced by volcanic activity or otherwise. Sir John Herschel pronounced somewhat confidently in favor of the former hypothesis. "The most plausible theory," said he, "is that the cause of the disappearance seems to be the filling up of the crater from beneath, by an effusion of viscous lava, which, overflowing the rim on all sides, may have so flowed down the outer slope as to efface its ruggedness, and convert it into a gradual declivity casting no stray shadows. "But how tremendous the volcanic energy," we note in the passage referred to, "required to fill with lava a crater nearly seven miles in diameter, and more than half a mile deep. The volcanic hypothesis seems on this account utterly incredible, for if such energy resided in the moon's interior we should find her whole surface continually changing. Far more probable seems the idea that the wall of this crater has simply fallen in, scattering its fragments over what had been the floor of the crater. The forces at work in the moon seem quite competent to throw down steep crater walls like those which seem formerly to have girt about this deep cavity."

Corinth and the Hagia Sophia.

The Hagia Sophia is the most fashionable, the handsomest, and the most modern looking tower in Constantinople. It is the residence of the court. Here the King has his palace within the town, and the Queen her palace in the woods. The latter is reached by a short but delightful drive, amid trees which shelter you from the glare of the sunshine. It is not a large house, and it is built after a very straggling style of architecture; but the portion inhabited by the Queen is fitted up with an exquisite taste and in a most elegant manner. The palace is of far greater pretensions to gorgeousness and grandeur. One of the few pictures in the Japanese saloon was a portrait of Motley, showing a refined intellectual face, but scarcely doing justice to the expression of the eyes. The Queen is universally beloved and revered for her great virtue, piety, and amiability; but she lives a somewhat retired and secluded life. The King and Queen rarely meet. The appearance of the Hagia Sophia is quite different from that of any other town in Holland. There is an atmosphere of fashion and gaiety about its broad, well-built streets suggestive of a small Paris or Berlin; an atmosphere which the presence of a court invariably confers. Signs of wealth, too, are manifold. Fashionable equipages abound, as well appointed as to be found in Hyde Park during the London season. Ladies dress as luxuriously as those of Paris, and possibly the small rivalries and jealousies that reign in the two great capitals are not absent here. Human nature is much the same all the world over, and like causes bring forth similar results.

One of the chief attractions of the Hagia is its admirable picture-gallery, containing some of the finest examples of the Dutch school to be met with in the wide world. Paul Potter's famous "Cow in a Field" is in safe possession. It was carried away to the Louvre, and kept there a considerable time as one of its chief attractions. It is a picture great in size and stupendous in execution, faithful to the very life. One wonders at the amazing vigor possessed by so young a man; a man, too, whose constitution yielded to consumption before he reached his thirtieth year. In the same set of the Hagia, and the general outline of the profile, as seen in his bust, there is something which reminds one slightly of Gustave Dore. There are few who have not seen or heard of Paul Potter's Bull, for it has been produced in engravings and engravings without number.

Slaves of the Ring—engaged maidens.

who can walk there and back had better do so, if they care for the sweet wild flowers that grow in profusion along the banks and in the wood, and also to make little side dashes for beautiful peeps where even a mule's sure feet would scarcely carry him. There is plenty of time for resting in the gardens of the monastery when you get there. An old monk—one of the four survivors of the once flourishing establishment, who are suffered to finish their lives as they have begun, but without successors—who will come to you in his white wadded robe as you sit on the marble bench that looks across the bay to Ischia and Procida, and point out the objects of historic interest in the view.

Such a view as this can scarcely be seen elsewhere, and there are different versions of it from different points, but all beautiful. One other version is from the windows of the Carthusian monastery of St. Martino, just below the castle of St. Elnio, whence the town is seen spread out like a gigantic map below you—the flat roofs where the women lounge or work, gossip or stare, and the glittering gold and blue tiled cupolas of the churches giving it a curious Oriental look. The museum of the convent is well worth seeing, and there are grand old pictures and wood carvings and mosaics in the churches, chapels, etc. Some roses of Egyptian granite are especially commendable in the way of carved marble, and the mosaic pavement and high altar are payment sufficient for the drive, if it has been a treacherous one.

Of the churches, however—those 300 churches—the most notable are the cathedrals, Santa Chiara and Santa Maria del Carmine. In Santa Chiara, which is wonderfully rich and elaborate, and the reverse of beautiful, are some fine gothic monuments; that of Robert the Wise (d. 1343), and executed by Masaccio II., is a masterpiece. But it is set behind the high altar, so that you can only see it by climbing up a rickety little stair with a slender hand rail, not suited to the grasp of a stout, shortsighted or nervous woman. When you get on the platform behind the altar and can examine the details of the work, it is a fine thing to see; and like all the rest, pays for the trouble of seeing it. Else the coarse traces of gilding, and the sprawling boys holding up medallions, holy water, shells and various things after the manner of those in St. Peter's at Rome, are not in the most refined style.

The Cathedral or Duomo of the Arcivescovo, as it is called, with its lofty towers and pointed arches, is rich in fine pictures and historic monuments. In Santa Maria del Carmine we have the fine statue of poor young Conrad, the last of the Hohenstaufen, made by Schopf, of Munich, after a design by Thorwaldsen, and placed there in 1847; Maximilian II., of Bavaria, when Crown Prince. The tomb was originally behind the high altar, but now what little dust remains of the unfortunate youth lies beneath the statue. It is said by some, and denied by others, that Masaccio is buried in this church, at all events, in the Largo del Mercato close by, the largest of the three fontaines is called Fontana di Masanello, to commemorate the rebellion in 1347, which broke out on this spot, that Conrad was executed. There are but a few of the attractions of Naples.—London Queen.

Adaptability.

As a general thing, birds have their own ideas concerning the occupation they desire to follow in life, and are grievously disappointed if circumstances prevent them from following the bent of their inclinations. It is true that the natural bent is not always to be followed, and it is necessary to help to decide on a calling for life. And yet, come to think of it, it is very hard to pick out the tastes that were born with us, and those that come by early education. Daniel Webster would have followed the sea if his father had not turned his mind in an opposite direction. He set his two boys to argue cases with one another. His first case was in behalf of a captive woodchuck, which they had in a trap. Zeke was for drowning it, and making a very good case. But when it came Daniel's turn he put quite another face on the question. His appeal was so effective that the old man roared out, "Zeke, do you let that woodchuck go!" A great seedsmen and florist said he never took any interest in plants until he bought a geranium to help sell his painted flower pots. That one went off so quickly that he bought two more and placed in his window, which were likewise quickly sold. From these small beginnings grew a large and prosperous business. He was settled in life before he began the study of plants and flowers, but he carried his practical knowledge to a rare extent. And yet he began without any particular "fancy for it." The fact is, there is a wonderful adaptability in the human mind to almost anything resolutely required of it. Like the old Indian who was laboriously munching a very hard crust, and was asked if he liked it, he replied, "It is my victual and I will like him." So, boys, say, "It is my work and I will like him." If it is right and honorable work you will be sure to succeed.

A Primitive Extinguisher.

An old German woman, says the Indianapolis Sentinel, who came here not long ago, from the land where the Stars and Stripes are not, and who had never seen a steam fire-engine, created quite a scene at her abode, on South Delaware street. She had her dough set to make bread for supper, but on seeing so many people running by the house and hearing the clanging of bells, she inquired what the rumpus was all about. On being informed, she ran into the house, got two buckets, and then started in the direction of the fire, having on only a short skirt and a small sack, with a long blue handkerchief for a head-dress. By the time she arrived on the scene, the fire was extinguished, but directly afterward she heard the alarm from another direction, and started for that locality with other people. When she arrived, she talked in her native tongue to all, and wanted to know where the bucket brigade was. Some German ladies asked her why. She said she had come with her buckets "to help put out the fire the way they do it in Schwabland." There all the burgers come with their pails and form a procession from the well to the house afame. Those on one side hand the water to the others, and these empty the pails and return them. The old lady was shown the engines and other apparatus. She thought that the engine was a railroad "mashine" to bring people to help put out the fire. She was disgusted with our system, and did not get home until the Stars and Stripes were waving for her at the door, and was a little angry because she had not his supper ready. When she entered the kitchen, nearly exhausted from the long trip, she looked at her bread dough and found that it had not risen. She called her better half to look at it, and said: "Yetz guckamold; dua bist gescheider gewiss als ich; ich bin begangen, und du bist nicht begangen." "You had more sense than I; I went and you did not." The word "gegangen" is translated as "gone," or more freely, rising. Her husband laughed at her remark until the tears came from his eyes.

Cooke and Mathews.

One night Mathews having played *Morriest* to Cooke's *Sir Archy Macrannan* in Macklin's "Love a la Mode" much to the latter's satisfaction, he was invited to sup and share a jug of whiskey punch in the latter's room. The young novice delightfully accepted the invitation, thinking himself much honored, and failed not to pour forth those laudations upon his host's talents which were so grateful to George Frederick's ears. One jug of punch was quickly emptied and a second filled, and Cooke began to praise his guest in a patronizing way. "You are young," he said, "and want some one to advise and guide you. Take my word for it, there is nothing like industry and sobriety. In our profession, dissipation is the bane of youth, villainous company, low company, leads them from study," etc. Holding forth thus, the jug of punch continued to disappear with ever increased rapidity. Mathews arose to leave, but was pushed back into his seat again. "You shan't stir; we'll have one more cruisee now, my dear fellow, and then you shall go to bed," said the tragedian, now growing very drunk. "You don't know me. Many an hour that they suppose I have wasted in drinking I have devoted to the study of my profession, the passions and all their variations, their nice and imperceptible gradations. You shall see me delineate the passions of the human mind by facial expression." The power of the whiskey, however, acting in direct opposition to the will on his strong and flexible features produced contortions and distortions of which he was insensible. Mathews, a little hazy himself from the potent liquor, half alarmed, and yet with difficulty repressing his laughter at these extraordinary grimaces, sat staring at him, endeavoring to understand these delineations, and wishing himself out of the room. After each horrible face, Cooke demanded with an air of intense self-approval, "Well, Sir, and what is that?" "It's very fine, Sir," answered Mathews, without the remotest conception what he should say. "Yes, but what is that?" "You're a blockhead," roared the tragedian; "the whiskey has muddled your brains. Its fear—fear, Sir." Then followed more contortions and more questions. But Mathews never guessed right. "Now, Sir," said the angry delineator at last, "I will show you something you cannot possibly mistake." And he made a hideous face, compounded of Satanic malignancy and the leer of a drunken satyr. "What's that, Sir?" That oh, revenge!" "Doit, idiot! despite o'erwhelm thee!" burst forth Cooke, furiously; "its love!" This was too much, and forgetful of consequences, Mathews fell back in his chair and roared with laughter.

## The Embroidery of History.

One of the bits of history most familiar to Americans is Jackson's battle of New Orleans, where, from behind his breastwork of cotton bales (a material which the enemy's cannon could not pierce), he repulsed with prodigious slaughter Packenham's veterans, fresh from their European victories. This story of the rampart of cotton, as related in both English and American histories, is, however, purely apocryphal. Its origin seems to have been the fact that, many days before the battle of January 8 (for Jackson's troops had been working steadily at the trenches since Christmas), about fifty cotton bales were taken out of a neighboring flat-boat and thrown into a line of earthworks to increase its bulk. About a week before the assault, in a preliminary skirmish, as Walker tells us in his "Jackson and New Orleans," the enemy's balls, striking one of these bales, knocked it out of the mound, set fire to the cotton, and sent it flying about to the great confusion of the question. All the bales were consequently repulsed. "After this," continues the account, "no cotton bales were ever used in the breastwork: the mound was composed entirely of earth dug from the canal and the field in the rear. The experiment of using cotton and other articles in raising the embankment had been discarded."

Again, for eighteen years after this battle, it was gospel with us that the British officers at dawn "promised their troops a plentiful dinner in New Orleans," and gave them "Booty and beauty" as the parole and counter-sing of the day. In 1833 General Lambert and four other officers, who had been engaged in the luckless expedition, denied this story, which accordingly has measurably vanished out of history. The absurd fiction of the "Booty and beauty" watchword reappears, however, at intervals in our own civil war, ascribed to General Beauregard and other Confederate officers.

Our ancestors, also, used to enjoy the story of Putnam's exploit at Horseneck, where he escaped from a party of Tryon's troops by forcing his horse down a flight of seventy steps (another account says that he leaped a hundred), and formed the stairway by which the villagers ascended to the church on the brow of the hill. This is the narrative in Peter's "History of Connecticut," a book which Dwight calls "a mass of folly and falsehood." The story of the stairway is sheer fabrication, founded on the fact that common stones here and there added the villagers to ascend the hill; yet there exist pictures of a man charging down a long tier of steps as well defined and regular as those of the capitol at Washington, while the discomfited dragons at the top pour in a volley that does not harm him.

A partial parallel to this exaggeration may be found in the current descriptions of "Sheridan's Ride," at Winchester, a solid exploit, brilliantly touched up in Buchanan Read's verse, concerning which the great cavalry general is said to have jocosely remarked that if he had had his horse, he never would have written the poem.—Galaxy.

The Hague.

The Hague is the most fashionable, the handsomest, and the most modern looking tower in Constantinople. It is the residence of the court. Here the King has his palace within the town, and the Queen her palace in the woods. The latter is reached by a short but delightful drive, amid trees which shelter you from the glare of the sunshine. It is not a large house, and it is built after a very straggling style of architecture; but the portion inhabited by the Queen is fitted up with an exquisite taste and in a most elegant manner. The palace is of far greater pretensions to gorgeousness and grandeur. One of the few pictures in the Japanese saloon was a portrait of Motley, showing a refined intellectual face, but scarcely doing justice to the expression of the eyes. The Queen is universally beloved and revered for her great virtue, piety, and amiability; but she lives a somewhat retired and secluded life. The King and Queen rarely meet. The appearance of the Hagia Sophia is quite different from that of any other town in Holland. There is an atmosphere of fashion and gaiety about its broad, well-built streets suggestive of a small Paris or Berlin; an atmosphere which the presence of a court invariably confers. Signs of wealth, too, are manifold. Fashionable equipages abound, as well appointed as to be found in Hyde Park during the London season. Ladies dress as luxuriously as those of Paris, and possibly the small rivalries and jealousies that reign in the two great capitals are not absent here. Human nature is much the same all the world over, and like causes bring forth similar results.

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Slaves of the Ring—engaged maidens.

"What, Sir! Do you laugh? Am not George Frederick Cooke? born to command 1,000 slaves like these?" Mathews immediately apologized, averting that the punch had stupefied him. This mollified his host's indignation, and finding the jug empty he called for his landlady to refill it. But he had faithfully promised the previous evening to keep him to his word. "Sure, Mr. Cooke," he answered from below, "I am gone to bed, and you can't have any more to-night." "Indeed, but I will," he replied. Mathews tried to get away, but was again thrust in his chair, while Cooke reiterated his demand for more punch. But Mrs. Burns remained obdurate. Cooke took the jug and smashed it upon the floor over her head. "Do you hear that, Mrs. Burns?" "Yes, I do, Mr. Cooke." Then smothered went the chairs, the fire-irons, the table, and between each the question, "Do you hear that, Mrs. Burns?" "Indeed, but I do, and you'll be sorry for it to-morrow." Up went the window, and out, one after another, went the fragments of the broken furniture into the street. Mathews, believing he was in company with a madman, and now thoroughly frightened, endeavored to make a bolt, but was seized and dragged back. Finding him struggle violently, Cooke threw up the window and shouted, "Watch! watch!" A watchman, attracted by the uproar, was already beneath. "I give this man in charge," roared Cooke; "he has committed murder." "What do you mean?" cried the alarmed youth. "Yes, to my certain knowledge he has this night committed an atrocious, cold-blooded murder. He has most barbarously murdered an inoffensive Jew gentleman named Mordecai. I charge him with it in the name of Macklin, the author of 'Love a la Mode.'" Here Mathews, by a desperate effort wrenched himself away and fled, Cooke hurrying after him the candle and candlestick.—Temple Bar.

A Horrible Punishment.

The Persian Government inflicts a terrible punishment upon robbers who are captured by the authorities. Barbarous expedients are resorted to in order to frighten them from their illegitimate calling. Of fifty men who were recently captured, twenty-three had their throats cut. Others were crucified, being nailed to the walls of the town by their hands and feet, and then left to perish slowly of exhaustion and starvation. Others again were buried alive in pits of brick-work, in which they were placed erect, with their heads just above ground. Pinioned and naked, the robbers were placed in these short, open columns, and a white plaster, not unlike plaster-of-Paris, was then poured, neck-deep, over their bodies, around which it set with the hardness of stone. In their dying hours the miserable men were barbarously ill-treated on their exposed and defenseless heads, by the rabble and the soldiery of Shiraz. Despite the adoption of these frightful measures for the punishment of highway robbery, the crime is of constant occurrence, especially in Southern Persia, and is except in the most bitter weather, winter, the persons and effects of travelers are in constant peril.

Russian Soldiers upon marches sing to while away tedium, and the solos, always in a minor key and monotonous, are varied by lively bursts in the chorus. The solo singer always improvises, and is usually accompanied by a man with a fiddle, a triangle, a clarinet, or by one who grunts right. The ordinary uniform of the infantry consists of a kepi, a tunic, and pantaloons of dark green cloth, the latter garment being inserted in the boots. The gray overcoat is carried in a roll at the back, but is right shoulder to the left hip. Two cartridge boxes are attached to the leather belt in front. A canvas haversack hangs at the right behind the bayonet, and the knapsack behind the back.

A Healing Mellin—A cobbler.

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