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B. F. SCHWEIER,

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THE REAPERS.

The reapers bend their backs;
Their sounding sickles sway;
As every stroke the golden ear
Becomes to give the way.
The heavy ears fall bowing down
And nod to their feet.
Such will each work as theirs, perchance,
Must win—no must homage meet.
So true, so steady,
The whitening travesty on the road
Leads o'er the gate to sea;
With marvel of the moon-fair breath,
The louping gossips tell;
But the reapers labor for us all;
To need they should work well.
Ere the great sun that burns above,
Shall cross the western sky,
And the children's poppy nosegay fade,
And they lie down to rest,
Each golden spear the upward points
Shall fall upon the field,
And the farmer draws a sparkling glass,
Rejoicing o'er the yield.
Fly, honey men, your sickles bright,
And give the people bread!
At every conquering stride you take,
On want and woe you tread.
Drop heavy ears, and give the strength
You gathered from this p. a. a.
That man may rise refreshed and firm,
And do good things again.
God bless the hands, all hard and brown,
That guide the clearing plow!
That cast abroad the sowing seed,
And build the wealthy woe!
That rear the bread our children eat;
To by their toil we live;
Hurray! give hearts the loud cheer
That grateful hearts can give!

Bobbles' Mistake.

Mr. Julius Bobbles is an independent gentleman. In his youth he entered a large commission house as errand boy. By industry and a certain amount of cunning, he raised himself, step by step, to the position of confidential clerk. During his clerkship he managed, by several little successful speculations, to amass a fortune, and after thirty-five years' hard service he retired.

He was fat, forty-seven years of age, and had a bald place on the top of his head, which he tried to conceal by carefully brushing his hair over it. He wore no beard or mustache, and during the latter part of his business career he caused the discharge of no less than seventeen clerks who insisted upon wearing moustaches.

Mr. Bobbles was very particular about his dress. He always wore black, the somberness of which was relieved by a white waistcoat and necktie. There is a man who has seen a speck on the one or a wrinkle on the other. Mr. Bobbles had been known to send a shirt back to the washerwoman five times, simply because there was a minute stain on the wristband.

The middlest day never caught Mr. Bobbles with a spot of mud on his highly-polished boots. Mr. Bobbles missed the pleasures of business, for business was to him pleasure, and became melancholy.

One morning, as he was taking his solitary stroll, he looked round his room and heaved a deep sigh. "Julius," he began, mentally addressing himself, "you ought to get married—you want somebody to look over your linen, and see that your toast is properly done; for the last three mornings Mrs. Wigley has burnt it. You can afford it, Julius, and you are not ugly—no," said Mr. Bobbles, looking at himself in the glass. "You are not ugly, Julius, far from it. Ah, you cunning dog, you!"

And Mr. Bobbles playfully shook his fingers at the reflection of himself. "What will people say at your marrying, Julius? Pooh! I don't care what they say. I'll get married the other day, and he's ten years older than I am, and not half so rich. Pity you have not mixed more in society, Julius, for I really don't know who to choose. Poor Fannie!" sighed Bobbles, while a tear stole into his eye. "I had no idea, when we parted, that I loved you so much. Why was I not richer? Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Bobbles, "I was only five-and-twenty then," and Mr. Bobbles threw a piece of toast at a fly that was about to consult suicide in the milk-jug.

Mr. Bobbles was one of those men who have not the moral courage to marry on two hundred a year. Poor fool! he broke a poor girl's heart, and a fussy old bachelor himself, in consequence.

"Yes, I certainly ought to marry," thought Mr. Bobbles. "Nature intends man to marry. Dear me, how shabby my coat is getting. I must get a new one. Yes, I'll buy a blue one for a woman that I think blue would become me—don't you, Julius?" and Mr. Bobbles stopped before the glass for a reply.

As the glass did not answer him, he resumed: "I wonder how a moustache would become me? Egad! I think I'll let mine grow and see."

How much longer Mr. Bobbles might have missed I know not, if Mrs. Wigley hadn't entered the room to clear away the breakfast things.

"Ah, Mrs. Wigley," said Mr. Bobbles, "good morning to you. I wish to ask you a question. I had a dispute with a friend of mine, last evening, about my own age. How old would you suppose me to be?"

Now Mrs. Wigley had had an eye on Mr. Bobbles for a long time past. "If I flatter him he may propose," thought Mrs. Wigley, whose thoughts by day and dreams by night were of her initial night be changed from W to B. "About thirty-five I should say, sir."

Wigley's reply. He thought her a remarkably intelligent woman, and he resolved to raise her wages immediately, but prudence stepped in, and Mr. Bobbles put off doing so for a short time.

After ordering some chops to be cooked for his dinner, Mr. Bobbles dressed himself with immense pains and went out, called on his tailor, and ordered a blue coat. As Mr. Bobbles was never known to wear any other color than black the order so surprised the tailor that he could hardly enter it for agitation.

"If I understand you aright, sir, you said blue?"

"Yes, Mr. Snipem, I said blue, and I have said so four times. I suppose there is nothing so very extraordinary in a gentleman ordering a blue coat?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir," said Mr. Snipem, rubbing his hands together. "Well, then, if I like to wear a black, blue, red, yellow, or green coat, it's nothing to you, if I pay for it, is it?" asked Mr. Bobbles, slightly irritated.

Mr. Snipem gave an apologetic wave of the hand. "Well, then, send it home this week, and don't disappoint me. Good morning."

Mr. Bobbles left off shaving his upper lip; consequently, in about a fortnight, it assumed the appearance of a cheap tooth-brush.

Mr. Bobbles, to add grace and dignity to his carriage determined to learn dancing, and joined a well-known school for that purpose. A grand ball was about to take place at Mr. Bobbles' school. All the pupils were invited, and they had invited a number of their friends. It was to be the grand affair of the season, and the friend of any pupil could be invited by the payment of five shillings.

Mr. Bobbles had made great progress in dancing. He could dance a polka and a schottische, and could go through a quadrille very creditably by being told what to do at the commencement of every set.

The evening of the ball came at last. Mr. Bobbles was gorgeously arrayed in a blue dress-coat, with white satin facings, a fancy waistcoat with a gold vine running all over it, a fancy shirt front, so fanciful that it would bewilder any person to find out the pattern, and patent-leather boots, that hurt his corns exceedingly, but he bore it like a martyr, and white kid gloves. The master of ceremonies introduced Mr. Bobbles to Mrs. Gleeson.

"Will you allow me the pleasure of your hand for the next polka?" asked Mr. Bobbles.

"I shall be happy," said Mrs. Gleeson, as she looked the engagement and Mr. Bobbles departed.

Mrs. Gleeson was not handsome, but she was exceedingly pretty. She had a finely formed face, with such lovely hair and eyes, while her laugh—she had such a charming little laugh that it captivated a fool immediately.

Mr. Bobbles danced with Mrs. Gleeson, and he was so charmed that he took her in to supper. She told Mr. Bobbles she was a widow. Mr. Bobbles told her he was a bachelor, and they both laughed. Ah, that winning laugh of Mrs. Gleeson! Take care—take care—there—there it goes. I knew how it would be; Bobbles, you've lost your heart.

When the ball was over Mr. Bobbles hired a carriage, and saw Mrs. Gleeson to her home. He took her hand at parting, and, giving it a gentle squeeze, said:

"You will allow me to call upon you to-morrow?"

"If I were to say no, what then?" asked Mrs. Gleeson, playfully.

"I should be the most miserable of men."

"Flatterer!"

"No flattery; only the honest truth."

"Well, then, you may. Good-night." And Bobbles went home in an extraordinary state of mind.

Mr. Bobbles called on Mrs. Gleeson the following day, with a fine bouquet, and was made happy by her smiling on him.

Things went on this way for some days. Bobbles calling upon her every day, and occasionally enjoying a tete-a-tete supper with her. Bobbles had made her any number of presents, from a silver thimble to a gold watch, and from a reel of cotton to a Cashmere shawl. She smiled upon him, and he was remarkably happy.

One day Bobbles called upon her—he had his moustache very carefully dyed for the occasion—and found her reclining on the sofa, reading the last new novel. Bobbles sat down beside her, took her delicate little hand in his, and said:

"Julia, I love you. You are the only woman that can make me happy. Will you marry me?"

And Mr. Bobbles dropped upon one knee, and placed one hand upon his heart.

"O, Mr. Bobbles, this is so sudden," said Mrs. Gleeson, "simpering."

"O, Julia, say that you love me, please do," continued Mr. Bobbles. "If any one should happen to come in," said Mrs. Gleeson, knowing very well that no one would like to come in.

"What have you got here?" he asked, uncovering a pair of ducks. "Ducks, as I am a sinner. I'm fond of ducks!" and so saying he commenced to devour them.

Mr. Bobbles almost choked himself with anger.

"Sir, said Mr. Bobbles, rising in great wrath, "this supper is mine, sir, mine, sir, prepared expressly for Mrs. Gleeson and myself; so you will oblige me, sir, by not touching it."

"Mrs. Gleeson won't mind my having some," said the man; "for I am hungry."

Mr. Bobbles looked as if he would like to have pitched the man out of the window, but he was about a size too big, so he refrained. Mrs. Gleeson entered the room.

"Julia," asked Mr. Bobbles, "who is that man?"

"Yes, who am I?" said the man.

Mrs. Gleeson gave a startled scream, and exclaimed in a low voice:

"My husband!"

"Your husband?" almost shrieked Mr. Bobbles. "Why, ain't your husband dead?"

But Mrs. Gleeson didn't answer for she had fainted.

"This woman is my wife," said the man; "and I think you had better go while you are safe."

Mr. Bobbles didn't answer him, but took his hat and made for home.

It was too true; the man was Mrs. Gleeson's husband. He had been a dissipated fellow, and had married her when she was quite a girl, and long before she knew her own mind. He had gone abroad, and she, not hearing anything of him for ten years, concluded that he was dead, and gave out that she was a widow. When Mr. Bobbles came, she thought him an elegant catch, and determined upon marrying him, if possible. But she was prevented by the sudden and unexpected arrival of her husband.

Mr. Bobbles had discarded blue coats and moustaches, and has gone back to his old-fashioned black coat and white waistcoats, and is still a bachelor.

The Land of the Pharaohs.

The past lends to Egypt a charm more singular than in cloudless skies and delicious climate. Go where you will, and you will find it like a martyr, and white kid gloves. The master of ceremonies introduced Mr. Bobbles to Mrs. Gleeson.

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"I will not rise till you answer me," said Mr. Bobbles, passionately. "O, Julia! take your Julius to your heart, and make him happy."

About a week before the nuptial knot was to be tied, Bobbles arranged that they should have a quiet little supper together at Mrs. Gleeson's apartments. Mr. Bobbles provided the supper and a very nice supper it was, too, with one or two bottles of choice wine to wash it down. The supper was on the table, and Mr. Bobbles, who had taken his seat, was waiting for the appearance of Mrs. Gleeson, who had just retired to her room to arrange her hair, when a man with a ferocious beard and moustache entered the room and sat down. Mr. Bobbles was petrified with astonishment.

"I beg your pardon," said Bobbles, as soon as he could use his tongue; "I think you have made a mistake."

"I have not," replied the man.

day might be drawn from this source. The daily average quantity now used is 120,000,000, but it is believed not more than 8,000,000 are used for drinking and culinary purposes. The plan contemplates the building of reservoirs on the high ground to the north and south of London at a height of 100 feet above the level. These reservoirs would be supplied by pumping engines drawing their supply of spring water at distances of from eight to fifteen miles beyond the reservoirs. The reservoirs would be united by large arterial mains traversing London from north to south. Service pipes would take the water into a close vessel having a draw-off tap, and containing, according to the size of the house, from three to ten gallons, and filling up gradually after having been emptied. The annual cost of the plan proposed is thus stated. Interest at 3 1/2 per cent. on £5,500,000, £192,500; works for pumping and laying out, £2,250,000; £2,250,000. This would be equal to about 25 s. in the pound on the ratable value of the metropolis. It is estimated, on the other hand, that the expense of buying up the privileges of the present companies and adding the pumping facilities for fire purposes would be £28,000,000, and the annual running expenses £1,612,250, or about 16 s. in the pound on the ratable value.

The advantages of the new scheme are apparent, but it is open to serious objections, one of which the London Times has noticed. The supply of 16,000,000 gallons daily will not be sufficient when the wants of the country about the chalk beds increase, as they promise to do, and their supplies are taken from this source. It may be doubted also whether the average household can be depended on to save the chalk-bed water only for drinking and cooking. On the other hand, the adoption of the plan would remove at once all difficulties as to the existing companies, and would furnish a supply for the extinction of fires under an enormous pressure, so that the reduction in rates of insurance might in a short time cover the expenses of the alterations. It is understood that householders would always have the choice whether they should use the turbid Thames water or the pure water from the chalk-beds, or both.

The London Cat.

A Londoner's house may be his castle, but his garden is decidedly his cat's. No, not his cat—the London cat recognizes an Arab, the oasis in whose Sahara is a dust heap, or a sung corner on the garden wall. It cannot be disputed that the London cat is a species apart. Take, for instance, his cynical indifference to broken bottles. The felina community all over the world like to lie softly, and are sensitive upon the subject of moisture; but now, watch the London cat stretched at his ease upon a couch of jagged glass, blinking up at you like a serpent, pouring November rain. His whiskers are drenched and drooping, his fur resembles the hat of the typical Leicester-square foreigner, but he is free and happy. His passionate love of independence and his rejection of a fixed place of abode (supposed to be the dearest desire of his race) are further proofs of his originality. In consideration of a little mousing an assured home has often been offered him, but always he has resisted such overtures. We have in mind a cat of an imposing presence, whose black coat, though dingy and lustreless from exposure and poor diet, was unspiced with any tinge of whiteness, and lent him so much dignity that he went by the name of the Black Prince. He was an inhabitant of London, and could not otherwise have specified his abode; but every day, at two o'clock precisely, when the bell rang for the children's dinner, he presented himself at certain hours, and waited on the window-ledge of the parlor until his wants were attended to. Although nothing could be more decorous than his behavior, he was reproached by the governess to be a corrupter of the children's manners, and to disturb that silence and absorption in their meals to which well bred young folk should be trained. Accordingly, various discouraging devices were attempted to induce him to renounce his wonted haunts. A bucket of cold water was poured over him; on another occasion the housemaid assailed him with the broom; on a third, he was taken by a member of the family five miles in an omnibus, and then dropped by the wayside; and finally he was given over to the butcher boy who was bribed to make away with him. But even this last attempt failed. On the following day, as the dinner bell rang, precisely at two o'clock, Black Prince reappeared at his post. At length this persistence softened all hearts; it was decided that since he refused to be removed of the face of the earth, his reformation should be attempted. The window was thrown open, he was taken in, well fed, washed and decorated with a blue velvet collar, put to sleep in a basket filled with new hay in the back kitchen. The next morning he had disappeared. The dinner bell rang at two o'clock, but the parlor window ledge was deserted. Where cold water, the housemaid's broom and even the butcher's boy had failed this last cruel kindness proved effectual—the children saw Black Prince's face no more.

Not That Not Now.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up unopened. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words, while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

On Top of Mount Blanc.

The day was fully established when we halted for our second breakfast at the only rocks that are met with above the Grands Mulets. A great part of the way from this point to the summit required steadiness of head. At times you have to mount the angles of very steep crests of snow, feeling that below you are abysses unfathomable to the eye, and that right and left there is nothing nearer than the nearest planet; sometimes you have to travel the more level ridges of these crests, with little more space along the ridge than enough to set your foot on, and with rapid inclines on either side going down you cannot guess where. These situations, as is the case, I suppose, with every kind of danger, calm and steady some minds, while on others they have the opposite effect. At all events they keep out of your mind the thought of time, and so we were surprised, as we had been at the advent of day, at finding that our object was attained, and that we were standing on the summit of our continent. It was now 8:30 A. M., and we had been climbing seven hours and a half. To disengage ourselves from the rope was our first act. As I stepped out of the loop a sense of liberty and relief thrilled through me. My first thought was of the panorama of the Alps spread out beneath me; a slight I had often thought of, and should never again behold. The actual summit is a narrow level-topped spur about 200 yards in length. On its northern side is a rapid snow descent; on its southern some eight or ten feet below the summit is a parallel, almost level couch of snow, after which is a parallel descent which is soon lost to sight in precipices. I stood for some time on the summit list to receive an impression of the photograph of the many ranges and groups of the Alpine world all around. They were so far below that the whole scene had the appearance of an embossed map. That this was the aspect of the Alpine world brought home to me the meaning of being three miles up in the air. Having taken my fill, but as it were, a first deep draught of the grand panorama, breakfast—it was our third—was announced. On the couch, sheltered by the north-most rib from the current of air which on this morning came up the north side, my shawl, which a porter had brought up, had been spread for me on the snow to lie upon. The sunshine was delicious. It was a subtle ether pervading with invigorating warmth my mind as well as my body. My muscles, my bones, my very brain had an insatiable affinity for it. Its absorption, aided by the other adjuncts of the situation, constituted for the time their summum bonum, leaving nothing to be desired, or that could be thought of, as wanting or better. No thought about the difficulty some feel in breathing rarified air, any more than about the cold annually felt at these heights, occurred to me during the day; in fact, these matters were never at all in my mind, till in the evening, on my return to Chamouni. I was asked how I managed with respect to them. As to my clothing, I did not wear on the summit, nor at any time during the night or day, anything more than I wore throughout the whole excursion. My outer garb was a suit of light and rather flimsy chevot, and my inner of rather fine merino. There on so calm and sunny a day I found amply sufficient. In ascending, and again descending, I changed both sack and boots at the Grands Mulets.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

London's Water-Supply.

There are in London close upon 4,000,000 human beings, and the problem how to supply them with water is full of difficulties. A paper on this subject was read in the section of Economic Science and Statistics of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at the recent Plymouth session. The conditions of a water-supply in any city ought to be, first, a sufficient quantity; second, a good quality; third, a high pressure; and, fourth, accessibility, so that the expense of the service may be brought within moderate limits. The present water-supply of London meets only the first and last of these conditions. Its impurity unfit it for use for drinking purposes, and the pressure is not high enough to secure the efficiency of the Fire Department. The supply is provided by eight companies, which have an aggregate capital of £11,196,000, a gross income of £1,157,000, and a net income of £705,700, giving a rate of interest on all the capital employed of approximately 6.3 per cent. The water is taken from the River Lea, and from the Thames, the Trent, and the Great Ouse. Its impurity has been attested by chemists, and might be expected from the fact that the streams from which it is drawn drain a richly manured country and many populous towns above London. The pressure will not afford on the average more than 2,000 per gallon at any fire, and this at the street level, where fire engines will be required. "But there can be no question," says the report, "that to insure the prompt extinction of fires it would be the highest degree desirable to be able to supply an effective jet from the water-main, without the intervention of an engine."

The remedy for the deficiencies is outlined in the scientific paper alluded to, which was drawn up at the request of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and has been approved by such an eminent authority as the London Times. The plan is to have a double-service—one to furnish water for drinking and for the extinction of fires, and the other to supply water for washing, street-cleaning and miscellaneous purposes. The companies now in existence would be charged with the latter work, while the corporation would undertake the former. The new supply would be taken from the vast stores which lie unused in the chalk formations fifteen or twenty miles distant from London. It is estimated that 16,000,000 gallons a

day might be drawn from this source. The daily average quantity now used is 120,000,000, but it is believed not more than 8,000,000 are used for drinking and culinary purposes. The plan contemplates the building of reservoirs on the high ground to the north and south of London at a height of 100 feet above the level. These reservoirs would be supplied by pumping engines drawing their supply of spring water at distances of from eight to fifteen miles beyond the reservoirs. The reservoirs would be united by large arterial mains traversing London from north to south. Service pipes would take the water into a close vessel having a draw-off tap, and containing, according to the size of the house, from three to ten gallons, and filling up gradually after having been emptied. The annual cost of the plan proposed is thus stated. Interest at 3 1/2 per cent. on £5,500,000, £192,500; works for pumping and laying out, £2,250,000; £2,250,000. This would be equal to about 25 s. in the pound on the ratable value of the metropolis. It is estimated, on the other hand, that the expense of buying up the privileges of the present companies and adding the pumping facilities for fire purposes would be £28,000,000, and the annual running expenses £1,612,250, or about 16 s. in the pound on the ratable value.

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Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up unopened. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words, while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

Silk—Something of Its History—A Case of Pious Superstition.

A writer in *All the Year Round* says:—The two Greek monks who, hiding a handful of silkworms' eggs within the hollow of a cane, eluded the lynx-eyed officers of the Chinese Custom House, and robbed the Flowery Land of its most cherished monopoly, could hardly have known how immense was the boon which their evasion of the revenue laws bestowed upon the Roman Empire of the East. Previous to this act of pious smuggling, Europe, Persia, and even India, were dependent on the pigtail producers of Kathay for every pound of the raw material. Pagan Rome, like Tyre of Persepolis, had to be content with such silk as the monsoons enabled Moored and Gentoos to carry in their square-sailed craft from the Yellow to the Red Sea. The small store of the silk raised within the Greek monks brought home proved fruitful exceedingly, and presently Constantinople, not Canton or Nankin, became the centre of the silk trade and the chief seat of what speedily rose to the dignity of a national industry. Thrace and Hellas, the Ionian Provinces of Asia Minor, and above all, Cyprus and Syria, possessed a climate admirably suited to the new cultivation and to the growth of the mulberry-tree. The soil, and, to the advantage of a numerous population of gentle, patient workers, well fitted to make the most of this novel source of wealth. For hundreds of years Byzantine silk was as well known in the marts of East and West as that of Lyons is now. The journals of the Turk and of barbarous invaders, Avar, Oghur, and Bolgar, less known than the Turk, gradually dried up the well-springs of prosperity. Every year saw a lessening of the area of cultivation, a diminution in the number of buyers, as fertile lands were laid waste and fair cities plundered, until at last the headquarters of silk production were in the Lebanon, out of reach, for a while, of the Paynim robber. Silk, like tobacco, had to face what might be called the personal hatred of enemies who were in a position to give practical effect to their antipathy. The Gothic conquerors, such as Aharic, had taken to it kindly enough. But the devoted Attila proscribed it, and the rulers of Islam denounced it with Puritanic fervor of bitter contempt. The austere Caliph Abubekr ordered such Moslems as were strutting in silken garb—to be "flogged" or captured Greek towns—to be rolled ignominiously in the mire, as unworthy believers. Grim Omar's footstep was not to be approached by Emir or Kaimakan, glittering in the emerald robes from the Syrian loom. But fashion, as usual, got the better of summary laws, and silk was soon in as high demand in Bagdad or Cairo as ever it had been in Christian Antioch or Damascus. Singularly enough, sericulture was not an art which commenced itself to the wealthy and industrious Italy of the middle ages, and that in spite of the fact that Milan, Mantua, and Florence supplied half-Christendom with holiday clothes. Lombard and Tuscan weavers looked to the Orient for silk, as they looked to England and Spain for wool. Mulberries were planted in Italy, as they were planted in France, by some exceptionally far-sighted prince or statesman, but the systematic rearing of silkworms dates from a period more recent than that which saw the great city commonwealths flourishing in their free splendor. As the steadiness of the demand called into being fresh sources of supply, and as France grew larger and more powerful, the once imperial town of Lyons began to claim a silken pre-eminence. From the earliest days of the Renaissance the silk manufacture had been with French kings a petted industry. Shrewd, sordid Louis XI. tried to make Tours rival Pisa. Superb Francis I. desired that the Gallic shuttle, as well as the Gallic spear, should combat the foreign competitor. And free trade being as undreamed of as the steam horse and the electric wire, the manufactures of aliens were heavily handicapped by protective duties, while France learned to dress no longer in the Spanish or the Italian, but distinctively in the French style.

How to Stay at Home without Grumbling.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

The first thing is to go home, and this sometimes seems to be the hardest part of all. There is no use in denying the fact; it is very charming to stay in other people's houses. There is a good deal of the tramp in all of us. One eats with a greater relish at a table he has not ordered. The flavor somehow is apt to escape from the joint you have skewered (Heaven send that joints are skewered!); the cucumbers you have hunted down in three markets; the potatoes whose sauce has enlisted your own anxieties, not to say energies. To come to a table spread for you as the ravens and the robins find theirs spread, to be surrounded by a gay and kindly folk, to be called upon to take no thought for the morrow—it is exceedingly pleasant. You may feel that the mould is gathering on your books at home, that the weeds are flourishing like a green bay-tree in your path, that the canker worm is devouring your substance, and what the canker worm hath left the caterpillar hath eaten; and yet you linger, beguiled by pleasant words and friendly ways.