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## LETTER.

Down the slumberous land we river flows,  
 Sings, silent under light of stars or moon,  
 From far a land that no one knows,  
 To a great sea where all the streams are free.

A bloom of white upon its breast,  
 Whose cold roots grasp the sunless shades below,  
 Never hath passion broken on their rest,  
 Nor any one tear drop on their loveless snow.

What time the sun throws wide his golden door,  
 And kindly peeks on peak to peak,  
 A white wreath of those wreaths of snow,  
 And through the twinkling trees trails the snow-mist.

Rolling through glens; gleams that stream  
 shall glide,  
 Weeping, those ghosts shall stand upon the shore,  
 And sorrow with oblivion shall abide,  
 Till snow, and sea, and mountain be no more.

## The Black Decoy;

Or A Ride For Life.

"I guess I never told you about that horse, did I?" asked Major Maxwell, an old veteran of the American war, as he pointed out a large black horse that was quietly feeding in the pasture just across the road. "That is the famous Black Decoy; and he cost me an even thousand dollars, to say nothing of the vacation and the peril attending his purchase."

"I bought him out in the mountains it was before the war. I had two good arms then, and this leg wasn't a stick I was on escort duty. Something had happened to some of the wagons, and the trail lay in camp a day for repairs. Nearly all the boys went out after buffalo, but my horse was lame, so I remained in camp."

"There was only one companionable person left with me, and that was old Jacob Stockton. He was going out to Montana, to meet his daughter. He had been in Montana for years, leaving his child with friends in the East, and early in the spring he went to visit her. He found, however, that she had gone to visit him, so he hurried back, and by chance joined the train I was escorting."

"We had become very good friends, and at every opportunity I sought his company, and was always well repaid."

"On that day I found him stretched at full length under a tree, pulling away at his old blanket. I followed his example, excepting the pipe, and was soon an interested listener to the old gentleman's tales of travel and adventure."

"In the midst of one of his most exciting narrations, he started unexpectedly to his feet, exclaiming:

"'The Black Decoy, as sure as I live! I wonder what ill-luck is coming to us now?'"

"I quickly changed my recumbent position for one better suited for observation, and saw, coming towards camp, a stranger riding one horse and leading another."

"There was nothing remarkable about the stranger, nor the animal he rode; but the horse was the most perfect thing in the way of horse-flesh I ever saw. I was smitten at once. My poor boy, though he had served me faithfully for a year or more, looked like a cart horse by the side of this splendid black; and I decided at once that if this animal could be bought for money, I would buy him."

"'Don't do it, major,' said old Jacob, although I had not spoken a word. 'I had rather see you astride a Bengal tiger, than that horse, with all its beauty.'"

"'Beatty!' I exclaimed. 'Why, Mr. Stockton, that word does not half express it. It is absolutely incomparable! I will give a round thousand for just that black horse, and consider it cheap, too!'"

"'Don't think of it, major!' cried the old man, grasping my arm as I rose to my feet. 'I wouldn't ride nor own that horse for the whole of Montana—no, not if every stone were pure gold!'"

"'Both my friend, you are wild! I'll ride him, and buy him, too, if I can.'"

"'The old man shook his head.'"

"'Major, if you know when you are well off, you'll not go nigh him.'"

"'Your reasons,' said I, half vexed at his superstitiousness."

"'I have but one,' he replied solemnly. 'If you mount that horse you are no better than a dead man!'"

"I laughed outright."

"'You have forgotten the text, Jacob! Death comes on a pale horse.'"

"'Black or white, you will find it as I say, major.'"

"'By this time the new comer was within speaking distance. I latched him and went out to where he stopped. It was no hard matter to trade with him; and in less than ten minutes I was leading the horse away, and the seller was rifling off with a thousand dollars added to his pocket-money."

"'Actions to try my new purchase, I saddled and bridled him, and mounted."

"'Major! major! don't do it!'"

"'I had forgotten old Jacob; but there he stood, holding the horse by the bridle.'"

"'Major, you will certainly ride to your death!'"

"'I was too much excited to pay any attention to his warnings, and touching the horse lightly with my sharp Mexican spurs, I left the old man still talking to me.'"

"'My beautiful black went charmingly. I never had an easier seat; and I never saw a horse that could get over the ground with less exertion. Twice one thousand dollars would not have taken him from me.'"

"'At the start I gave the horse free rein, and he took a northern course towards the mountains. In this way I rode several miles; but the nearness of the sun to the zenith, and the admonitions of my inner man reminded me that it was time to return. I accordingly drew rein; but, instead of wheeling about, the horse broke into a gallop, nearly unseating me.

"'I had hitherto prided myself on my

command over anything of the horse kind; but that magnificent black took the conceit of me. All that I could do or say made no impression on him; and I was forced at last to give up and admit that I had found my match. It was very humiliating, I assure you; and there was Jacob Stockton's warning to think about. I was not alarmed, however; but I did wonder whether the old man had not some good reasons for his belief. And I was vexed, too I could ride as far as the horse could carry me; but I felt that I had the right to choose the direction. There was my dinner, too—a nice juicy buffalo steak. Take it all-in-all, I was decidedly uncomfortable; and had it not been for a weary tramp back to our camping-ground, I should have shot the animal dead in his tracks."

"The way grew rougher as I drew off the mountains; but the horse did not abate his speed in the least. He plunged like a ravine—the dry bed of some mountain stream—like one accustomed to the way. On the shoals, and up, the path growing narrower and the rocky sides steeper."

"Higher and higher were the walls, as we advanced, until they closed over our heads, shutting us into the gloom. Ten minutes of this darkness, and the horse emerged into an open space, lighted by the noontday sun. There he stopped as suddenly as he had started, and neighed loudly."

"Before I recovered from my surprise a quick, sharp, well-known sound struck upon my ear, and looking in the direction from whence it appeared to come, I saw two men starting down at me—two as rough, villainous-looking creatures as ever encumbered the earth."

"'Ah, my friend, I knew my peril then, and my thoughts went through my brain with wonderful rapidity. I had not a second to lose. Already two rifles were pointed at me. Whatever I did must do me instantly. There was but one chance—to stake a dumb brute's life against my own.'"

"I drew my revolver and placed the cold muzzle to the ear of my treacherous captor."

"'So soon as they comprehended my intentions, they disappeared; but I knew it was only to gain a more advantageous position. I dared not advance, however, for on him depended my safety; so I sat there still holding my revolver ready for any emergency, and watching all points. Vigilant as I was, however, I was surprised. Without any warning, a light form leaped upon the saddle behind me, and a human voice uttered some strange words—some magical word it seemed, for the horse, so motionless before, wheeled on the instant, and went dashing back through the path we had came."

"Then there was a rattle for life. The rocks seemed swirling with men. Hoofs flew about us like hail, and the clatter of hoofs over the hard stones came distinctly to our ears. I spared neither whip nor spur, and by strange good fortune we escaped the bullets and reached the open plain. Then, for the first time, I ventured to look behind, and I saw a woman's face. I cannot describe my feelings—my surprise, my gratitude, my admiration, my love. For once I forgot that there was such a man as Major Guy Maxwell. Neither knowing or caring who this stranger was, whether rich or poor, of high or low degree—I then and there gave her the noblest, truest, best love man ever gave to woman, nor thought perhaps it would ever be returned. My life then was nothing, only so far as it was necessary for her safety. The yelling demons in pursuit were welcome to it, if, by this means, she could be saved. But there was no surety of that. Both would be saved or both lost."

"'Our pursuers were gaining on us. Ever and anon a leaden messenger ploughed up the sand behind us, threatening our hope. Yet I urged him on, and we could only pray for deliverance: tired horse, and urge for deliverance."

"'A mile or two ahead of us was a belt of timber. I had no recollection of passing it in the morning; but, if we had lost our way, we could not turn back. If we could only reach the shelter of those trees, it would be better than remaining on the open plain, a target for a half score of rifles. But could we reach it? I had not the shadow of an idea that we could, for the horse was nearly spent. Yet I urged him on. He strained every muscle to the utmost, and those sinews of steel gave way at last. He staggered and fell, and I was just in time to save myself and my companion from being crushed beneath him."

"'The timber was yet a hundred yards away, and the ruffians scarcely fifty behind. Why they didn't fire upon us I never knew, but I think they wished to spare my companion's life.'

"'I grasped the small white hand of my companion in peril, and together we resumed the flight. But half the distance was covered, when one of the robbers galloped up to my side, and drew his sabre on me.'

"'Take that!'"

"'They were the last words he ever spoke. Puffs of white smoke appeared suddenly among the trees, and of the ten robbers but three escaped."

"'Well, there is but little more to tell. The timber which I had tried so hard to reach was our camping-ground, and it was the rifles of my own men that sent death and defeat into the robber ranks.'

"'Mr. Stockton stared at me as though I were a veritable ghost; but when I led forward the beautiful girl, it was my turn to be amazed.'

"'Minnie, my darling!' cried the old man."

"'And I knew then who had shared my ride from the robbers' stronghold.

"'She had been taken prisoner only the day before. Falling to him as he galloped, she was on her return, and the coach fell into the hands of the robbers.

By chance she saw me, and conceived the bold plan for escape; but what magic word she used to induce the horse to turn back with us I never knew, and she cannot tell."

"It came to me and went again when I had no further use for it; so I am contented with the benefits received, and ask no questions."

"We resumed our way next morning, Minnie accompanying us. The horse, too, I took with me, although it seemed utterly worthless. He grew better, however; and there he is now, pretty well the cheapest horse ever bought. Snide away, if you like. I do not care for the original investment—I paid enough for a share in the concern—but to the dividend received. Only one has been declared; yet I should not sell it for ten thousand dollars. Let me show you. Minnie! Minnie! O, here you are. My wife, Minnie! Stockton Maxwell—my dividend."

**Babies Mixed.**

The following accident happened at a party given in Nebraska. A great many ladies—sixteen—who were young mothers, attended the party, and their babies were laid together on a bed. As the party dispersed the mothers, without sufficient care, gathered up their babies and went home. Then it was discovered that mistakes had been made, and though three weeks have passed, the errors have not all been corrected, and the town is full of unrest. This is a very old story, and was much better told in the early days of California. As related then, stripped (the story, not the babies) of all embellishments, it ran as follows: The scene of the story was laid in the neighborhood of Shasta. There was a grand ball given, and ladies being scarce, all in the neighborhood, without regard to age or previous or present condition, were invited. A good many brought babies, and the babies were dressed, some in red, some in blue, some in pink, some in crimson, and some in white, until, as they were tumbled together upon a bed, all kicking, the effect upon the eyes of the misers gathered there was like a sudden vision of a morning rainbow. The dance went on, merry as a marriage bell, until nearly dawn, when the ladies retired, put on their bonnets and shawls and gathered up their babies to go home. Then the gentlemen present decided to have one more dance, and when the ladies objected because they had their darlings in their arms, some short-sighted sports in attendance volunteered to be dry nurses while the dance went on. The music was pulsating through the house; it would take only a few minutes; and the result was that the proposition of the sports was accepted. Now, these sports, in manipulating babies, had become experts with their fingers and in less than three minutes the babies were undressed and re-dressed. Blue dresses were exchanged for pink and white dresses; red was changed for yellow and orange for plaid. When the dance was completed the mothers found the sports as demure as sisters of Charity, humming low tunes to and gently trotting their darlings. With grateful thanks the mothers received their treasures, in their haste each merely taking the right dress without a close examination of the contents, and all hurried home. Then the difficulty began. Mothers found that dresses of girls had in a night changed to dresses of boys, and under the delightful overness of some, coarse garments appeared, while to their horror the coarse dress there were scollops and edgings and dainty embroidery. To say that there was a storm, that there was unrest and confusion, for many days, gives no idea of the real situation. The sports on the second day left town and never returned. We saw one of them many years afterward in a smiling camp in the mountains of California. He always wore a furtive and frightened look, and seemed perpetually watching for something. One day a wagon came to camp and a woman with a baby in her arms descended from it. The sport instantly disappeared and was never heard from again. The Shasta catastrophe happened about seventeen years ago. Last week a lad seventeen years of age killed his putative mother in Oakland, Cal. We are curious to learn whether that boy was born in the neighborhood of Shasta."

**A Matrimonial Sensation.**

Terre Haute has a sensation, and the end is not yet. A Dr. Reed died, leaving considerable property in Terre Haute and Chicago, and he left divided all his possessions to Mrs. Dr. Reed, who was the second wife. Mrs. Bayless Hanna is Dr. Reed's daughter by a former marriage. She entered suit against Mrs. Dr. Reed for a partition of the property, claiming that undue influence was used upon the doctor to induce him to leave all his property to his second wife and nothing to his children. The prosecution claimed that Mrs. Reed was a terrible woman in words and deeds, and had an array of fifty witnesses drawn from Terre Haute's most worthy citizens to prove the claim. It was alleged at the trial that Mrs. Reed caused poison to be administered to the first wife, and also to the doctor, and that both their deaths resulted from her doings.

It further came out in evidence that this woman had made many threats and not a few attempts to kill various citizens of Terre Haute. The feeling against her was becoming very strong, and in the midst of it she created another kind of sensation by directing her lawyer to ask the jury to find for the plaintiff. She gave up the case, and was evidently scared by the muttering and threatening of the poison theory. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff according to instructions, and the will case was thus ended, but further developments in law involving Mrs. Dr. Reed are expected. The peculiarity of her giving up her case seems to point to some adequate and governing cause. More of the sensation may be confidentially looked for.

**The Humming-Bird of the California Water Falls.**

One winter morning, when the Merced river was blue and green with unmelting snow, I observed one of my uncles perched on a snag out in the midst of a swift-rushing rapid. He sang cheerily, as if everything was just to his mind, and while I stood on the bank admiring him, he suddenly plunged into the slaty current, leaving his song broken abruptly off. After feeding a minute or two at the bottom, and when one would suppose he must inevitably be swept far down-stream, he emerged just where he went down, alighted on the same snag, showered the water beads from his feathers, and at once continued his unfinished song, splicing it together as if he had suffered no interruption.

The ozone along all birds dares to enter a white torrent. And though strictly terrestrial in structure, not even is so inseparably related to water, for other the duck, or bold ocean albatross, or storm-petrel. Ducks go ashore when they have done feeding in undisturbed places, and frequently make long overland flights from lake to lake or from field to field. The same is true of most other aquatic birds. But our ozone, born on the very brink of a river, seldom leaves it for a single moment. For notwithstanding he is often on the wing, he never flies overland, but whirrs with rapid, quill-like beat above the stream, tracing all its winding modulations with great minuteness. Even when the stream is quite small, say from five to ten feet wide, he will not try to shorten his flight by crossing a head, however abrupt it may be; and even when disturbed by meeting some one on the bank, he prefers to fly over her head, rather than to alight on the bank. When his flight along a crooked stream is reviewed endwise, it appears most strikingly wavered—an interperetration of every curve inscribed with lightning-like rapidity in the air.

The vertical curves and angles of the most precipitous Alpine torrents he traces with the same rigid fidelity. Sweeping down the inclines of cascades, dropping sheer over dizzy falls amid the spray, and ascending with the same fearlessness and ease, seldom pausing, he is frequently heard giving utterance to a long outdrawn of unmodulated notes, in no way connected with his song, but corresponding closely with his flight, his song, and his vigor, and homogeneity of substance.

**Home-Life of Thieves.**

"Tell me how men of your class live," asked a reporter recently of a New York thief.

"I have been crooked," the famous robber said, "but now I'm square. I've made it all up. If I should try, I couldn't mention more than five spoiled men of whom I have an intimate knowledge. I always try to associate with square men. I don't feel easy with a crooked man. I can only tell you my own experience and that of a few men like me. I never wanted a five dollar bill off of any man. The most of the crooked men I know are legally made, and they love their wives and children, not only as well as other people love theirs, but use them a great deal better. They set their hearts on them. These children and often the mother, know nothing of the father's way of making money. He must constantly be on his guard with square men and with his own kind. There is only one place in the world where he can feel at ease. That place is his home, and he learns to love it."

"When they are married, the thief makes it all up. I notice this when the man is arrested the woman will pawn her clothes and wear her shoes out in running to lawyers for him, but when the woman gets caught in her shoplifting, the man never comes near her. But the affection even of the woman is short-lived. Let either man or woman be sent to prison for a year or over, the other will not wait a month before he or she picks up another companion. If they are married, the man out of prison will not marry again, because it would be bigamy, but I never knew a case where real faithfulness existed between a pair of criminals. The wife may visit the prison, and so keep up a show of faithfulness, but it is only in form."

**A Laiter Dog's Experience Visited.**

The Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner says:—"A short time since the house of Dr. P. W. Hiestand, at Millersville, was burglariously entered while the family were quietly asleep in their beds. The bold intruder bored a hole in the outer cellar door, through which he managed to insert his hand and palm his way to the inside lock. In the cellar he found an axe, with which he cut a hole in the kitchen door at the head of the cellar stairs, and so succeeded in unlocking the door. In the kitchen he found and appropriated to his own use a pair of boots and twenty-five cents of the milk money. In the kitchen was the doctor's dog—small and gentle—quite unable to cope with a burglar, but, as the sequel will show, possessed of that sagacity which often is more effective than mere brute strength. After the burglar had thoroughly inspected the lower precincts of the house, with the indifferent result above stated, he behought himself of the more promising region above. But no sooner had he opened the door leading up stairs than the little dog barked his part of the drama. Quietly but that dog looked on while the villain prowled about on the first floor; without any audible protest had he seen his master's boots and the milk money of patient staidly upon the very edge of the door leading to the stairs. The door was what he had waited and hoped for. Unostentatiously lustrating his little body into the crack of the door and barking furiously at the doctor's chamber, and had told him of the robbery below and the danger above before the cautious thief had got half way up stairs. The Doctor spring to the rescue on the instant and made some noise in doing so. The burglar heard the noise, hastily retreated and made good his escape. But the house was saved, and saved by the dog; saved a good deal more intelligently and readily than the goose saved Rome. It will be some consolation to the failed burglar to know the cause of his ridiculous misadventure, and to learn that Dr. Hiestand got a good look at him, and will have no trouble in identifying him when the time comes."

**What to Teach our Girls.**

Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to make bread. Teach them to make shirts. Teach them not to paint or powder. Teach them to wash and iron clothes. Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes. Teach them how to cook a good meal. Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them to say "no," and mean it. Teach them how to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen. Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of their beaux. Teach them that a good, round, rosy rump is worth fifty delicate consumptive triceps. Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—and at a suitable time let them marry."

men I knew. I found them crooked. I guess their parents were square enough. I know my parents were. I was pushed into the business, I was square. I was pushed into the crooked business, and then the crooked man tried to ruin me. I was the only one that had money, and they wanted it. I can stand a thief, but I can't stand a liar. With a liar I don't know what to do."

The reporter then visited two criminal lawyers, each of extensive practice. One of them said: "You want to know about the domestic lives of men that handle the Jimmy, do you? Well, the best of them—I mean the most successful—are brave men. The man that takes the Jimmy in his hand to break into a house is not driven to it by any sudden impulse. The scheme must be planned. He always risks both his life and a long imprisonment. These men are just the kind to win a girl's heart. It is astonishing how often they marry into good families, with a mistress from them. The women are true to them when they get into trouble. The children generally do the wrong way through force of circumstances, though the parents are desirous of bringing them up virtuously. The usual home of a thief is in furnished rooms, where no references are required, and where there is no tea-table gossip. They eat at restaurants. The affection between husband and wife is often intense, but it seldom lasts long. A woman who pawns all of her jewelry to pay the cost of getting him out of prison will, perhaps, in the very next case be a witness against him."

"The same characters are coming up again and again in my business, but I never know until I talk to them what motives are actuating them. The impulses of the criminal classes are generally good. I know a woman, for example, who keeps a respectable house. Her husband is a well-to-do merchant, a fashionable convent school, but doesn't know how the money is got that pays her school bills."

The other criminal lawyer said: "The average thief cares no more for his children than he cares for lumps of wood. He generally becomes attached to a respectable woman. He may love her intensely for a time. He does nothing for day to day, while he lives on her earnings. Now and then he will make a strike in his line. This money soon goes in gambling, and then he lives on her money. I notice this when the man is arrested the woman will pawn her clothes and wear her shoes out in running to lawyers for him, but when the woman gets caught in her shoplifting, the man never comes near her. But the affection even of the woman is short-lived. Let either man or woman be sent to prison for a year or over, the other will not wait a month before he or she picks up another companion. If they are married, the man out of prison will not marry again, because it would be bigamy, but I never knew a case where real faithfulness existed between a pair of criminals. The wife may visit the prison, and so keep up a show of faithfulness, but it is only in form."

**Canibals in Texas.**

Mr. Iams, who still resides in Houston, Texas, to Texas, then a province of Mexico, in 1822. He and his father lived first at one place then another on the bayous emptying into Galveston Bay. The country was then a perfect wilderness—wild and desolate, inhabited by the wolf and the buffalo, the deer and the savage Indian, who roamed in its solitude, master of all he surveyed.

Mr. Iams being a young man, and of somewhat adventurous disposition, took every opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of the Indians and procuring their good will, especially as they were to be his neighbors. He became well acquainted with them, and he now delights in recounting bits of their history. According to his account, the great region stretching from the Trinity to the river Brazos on the south, was at the time of the advent of the white race inhabited chiefly by two tribes of savages. One of these was the Caronkawas, the other the Coushattas tribe. The home and headquarters of the latter was on the river Trinity, where there are two or three settlements of them still existing, the modern Coushattas adhering to the same manner of life as their fathers. They roamed over the prairies as far south as Buffalo Bayou, on which city of Houston now stands and in their hunting and fishing expeditions to the bayou and the bay into which it empties, they were frequently met by Mr. Iams.

They told him on one occasion that before that time (1822) they had been living in the same territory they then occupied for upwards of thirty years, which would date their residence back to 1792.

The Caronkawas were the immediate neighbors of the Coushattas on the

north, their dominions and hunting grounds extending from Indian Bayou to the river Brazos. They also held Galveston Island, and occupied or claimed the spot where Houston now stands. Iams states emphatically that these Indians were cannibals, and many years after his arrival in the wilderness one of their exploits was trying up a white man to an oak tree, butchering him like a fattenig hog, and ending the terrible and revolting spectacle by cutting him up like fresh pork, cooking and then eating the slices. It appeared to be delicious to their palates."

The Caronkawas in summer went entirely nude, and their only weapon consisted of bows and arrows, in the use of which they were great adepts. The women, except in winter—when they wore furs and skins—also went entirely nude, excepting a cloth made of grass bound about their loins. Their long black hair flowed down on their shoulders, giving them a truly graceful and picturesque appearance. There was a time, away back, when, as tradition has it, the Coushattas crossed over the bounds of the territory of their neighbors and a war resulted. A battle was fought on Clear Creek, near what is now known as Fort Bend County. The Coushattas were led by an Indian known as Big Mouthed Captain, and many were killed on both sides. The Caronkawas were defeated.

There was, at the time of the settlement of the country, a tradition among the Indians, and since handed down among the class of citizens known as "Old Texans," that the Caronkawas, on one occasion, fought a battle with an inferior tribe named Cenizas; who dwelt in a village on the banks of Buffalo Bayou, where the site known as City Mills, near Houston, now stands. The Caronkawas, the strongest and more powerful tribe of the two, attacked the Cenizas in their lodges, fighting with their bows and arrows. The Cenizas defended themselves to the last, but the Caronkawas finally getting the upper hand, after slaying the men and massacring the women and children set fire to the village.

The only one of the Cenizas who escaped was an old hag and sorceress, or at least reputed as such, and whom the superstitious fears of the Caronkawas alone prompted to spare. While the homes of her tribe were burning she climbed to the top of a low tree at the scene of the conflagration, uttered a curse upon the spot and flung herself into the flames—the last of her kindred and her tribe. To this day, strange as it may appear, no European has been at that spot has ever prospered; at least, the assertion of old citizens, particularly those disposed to be superstitious.

Many of the gourmands became great adepts in the use of the feather. Vitellius used it so effectively that he could cause himself to be invited to dinner by several different senators the same day. Little he cared if it should cause their ruin; for they could not venture on such a banquet at a less expense than 400,000 sesterces (\$16,000), and this was but a moderate sum. Lucullus served Cicero and Pompey with a little collation that cost \$5,000 and there were three of them to eat it. How they could expend so much may be easily seen if we examine their dishes, which were little prized unless procured at great expense. The hard flesh of peacocks, at forty dollars per pair, was preferred to that of cheaper but more delicious poultry. But since many could avail themselves of peacocks, even at this price, those who would not be outdone had dishes of peacocks' brains. Another dish was composed of the tongues of singing birds. Young pigs were fed on dates; geese were fattened on figs, and their livers alone were used, being soaked in milk and honey—the forerunner of the modern *petit de foie gras*. Fish were in great demand, and those which were brought the greatest dish were the most highly esteemed. Whole fleets of ships were employed in bringing in the produce of the sea. Roman nobles would not unfrequently pay one hundred dollars for a single laqueary. Mullett sold as high as from seventy-five to one hundred dollars each, and it is related that Cicerus paid three hundred dollars for one weighing six pounds, and considered it cheap at that. In the reign of Tiberius three of these were sold for over one thousand dollars. What, then, must be the cost of dishes composed only of the livers of these fish? Hellogabalus had upon occasion two large dishes filled with their gills only. At last the wealthy built expensive reservoirs and kept their own fish, though not with a view to economy, for they fed them with the rarest dainties. It was even said that slaves were sometimes thrown in to satiate these pets, but whether this be true or not, their sea-eels were commonly fed with veal from the river just where it received the filth from the entire city.

**A Human Body Petrified.**

It is a fact not generally known that the cemetery of the Methodist Church in Hendersonville, N. C., contains a petrified human body. About the year 1836 Miss Adeline Byers lived with her father, Francis C. Byers, fifteen miles south of this place, in Henderson county. She was a bright, sweet girl, much beloved by all who knew her, and her hand was sought in marriage even before she was of marriageable age. At last she was won by William Pinkney Murray, whom she had known long and well. Soon the nuptials were celebrated, and the bride and bridegroom set out in search of a new country, following the settler's trail to the Mississippi Valley. There they located and began the journey of life together in real earnest. Prosperity and happiness came to them, until at an unexpected moment death cut down Mrs. Murray in the very prime of life. The desolate widower, consigning the body of his deceased wife to the dust, as he supposed, sought "surcease of sorrow" in the wilds of Texas. A few years afterward Dr. Josiah Johnston, intending to return to North Carolina, whence he had removed with his brother-in-law, Mr. Murray, disinterred the body of Mrs. Murray for the purpose of carrying it back with him. Imagine how amazed he was to find it in the coffin just as he had seen it three years before. The same features—almost the very same expression. But what he saw was not flesh—it was solid stone. The whole body had petrified. In that condition he carried it to North Carolina, and deposed it into the aged father, Mr. Byers, who could hardly doubt that his daughter had come home to him asleep! The news spread that Adeline's body had been "turned into a rock," and great was the desire of everybody to see it. Attempts were made, it is said, to steal it out of the cellar where the old gentleman had carefully concealed it, but they were unsuccessful. All through the war it was guarded by the father as the most sacred trust, but few persons being allowed to see it. About six years ago, however, it was quietly buried in the Methodist cemetery at Hendersonville, where, it is hoped, it will be permitted to rest until the "resurrection morn."

**Sound Proverbs.**

In the company of strangers silence is best.

Good deeds remain; all things else perish.

He is a slave that cannot command himself.

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife.

Choose a wife rather by your ear than by your eye.

I know of nobody that wishes to die this year.

He that falls to day may be up again to-morrow.

Honest men's words are as good as their hands.

He that grasps at too much holds nothing fast.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

Children are certain cares but uncertain joys.

As love thinks no evil, so envy speaks no good.

Severely breeds fears, but roughness breeds love; at times neither eyes nor ears.

To see what is right and not do it is worse than doing wrong.

Frowns blight your children as frosty nights blight your plants.

Burke said: "Never despair; and, if you do, work in despair."

The best riches is contentment; the worst of poverty, low spirits.

**How They Call For It.**

Last winter when the mind of the average statesman was absorbed in the all engrossing topic incident to the presidential count, the *representative of the Senate* was ordered to abstain from the sale of all intoxicating drinks. Within twenty minutes after the usque had been promulgated, Senator Clayton, of Arkansas, appeared and gave one of these knowing winks to the man behind the counter. The wink falling to be interpreted, as the Senator thought, he threw up his finger (all drinkers know how it is done) but even this accompanied with the wink duplicated and triplicated, failed to penetrate the seeming stolidity of the attendant. Finally Clayton, out of patience, said: "Here, give me some whisky."

"Sorry, sorry," replied the attendant. "But Vice President Ferry has issued an order that no liquor."

"Hang Vice President Ferry, gimme a drink quick."

"But you will protect me if discovered?"

"Certainly I will. Gimme some whisky."

The tea cup was served, the Senator quaffed from it, smacked his lips and passed up stairs to legislate.

Presently Senator Jones, of Florida appeared.

"Ah," said he with a great deal of dignity, "You may give me one of those things in a cup. You know what I mean Mr. Love."

"Excuse me, Senator, but Vice President Ferry has warned me, under pain of dismissal, not to sell any liquor to—"

"I don't care Mr. Love what Vice President Ferry wants; I want a cup of comfort."

Jones assured him that, of course, certainly, ahem! Why to be sure he would protect Mr. Love if trouble came. The next customer on hand was Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania. Without making any round about attempts to indicate his wants, by facial or finger gymnastics, he called out: "Fetch me some brandy."

"But my dear Senator," said Love, "Vice President Ferry—"

The senator excited—"Oh, curse Vice President Ferry. Bring me some brandy, and I don't want any tea cup business about it, either. You may bring the jug."

Love saw that Simon meant business and without exacting any promise of protection, the Pennsylvania senator got the jug.

**Ancient Cookery.**

Ancient cookery was exceedingly simple. Our first glimpse of it is in the patriarchal tent of Abraham, when Sarah kneaded "fine meal" and made cakes upon the hearth, which were served with the dressed calf and butter and milk. For aught we can see in the text, the patriarch himself cooked the cakes, and if he did so, he was justified by noble company. His own grandson is represented as making a pottage so seductive as to beguile his brother of his birth-right. The heroes of Homer did their own cooking. Achilles tumbled the spit. Their exact methods of cooking are not very carefully recorded, and it is probable that the women did the most of the culinary work, yet the mention of many such circumstances seems to indicate that it was done with very little art and upon occasion by those who needed it. Roasting meat before the fire or setting it in a pot, and baking cakes in the hot ashes on the hearth were probably for ages the highest achievements in that line—wholesome and economical. Expensive eating came to be apparently the only ambition of the Roman people and their rulers. Their senators vied with each other in giving the most extravagant dinners, and their Emperors took the lead to such a degree that some of them are noted only for the extent of their appetites. The Emperor Claudius sat down to table at all hours and in any place; nor did he leave the repast until distended with food and soaked with drink, and then only to sleep. When he awoke, a tickling feather relieved him of his surfeit, and he was ready to eat again.

Many of the gourmands became great adepts in the use of the feather. Vitellius used it so effectively that he could cause himself to be invited to dinner by several different senators the same day. Little he cared if it should cause their ruin; for they could not venture on such a banquet at a less expense than 400,000 sesterces (\$16,000), and this was but a moderate sum. Lucullus served Cicero and Pompey with a little collation that cost \$5,000 and there were three of them to eat it. How they could expend so much may be easily seen if we examine their dishes, which were little prized unless procured at great expense. The hard flesh of peacocks, at forty dollars per pair, was preferred to that of cheaper but more delicious poultry. But since many could avail themselves of peacocks, even at this price, those who would not be outdone had dishes of peacocks' brains. Another dish was composed of the tongues of singing birds. Young pigs were fed on dates; geese were fattened on figs, and their livers alone were used, being soaked in milk and honey—the forerunner of the modern *petit de foie gras*. Fish were in great demand, and those which were brought the greatest dish were the most highly esteemed. Whole fleets of ships were employed in bringing in the produce of the sea. Roman nobles would not unfrequently pay one hundred dollars for a single laqueary. Mullett sold as high as from seventy-five to one hundred dollars each, and it is related that Cicerus paid three hundred dollars for one weighing six pounds, and considered it cheap at that. In the reign of Tiberius three of these were sold for over one thousand dollars. What, then, must be the cost of dishes composed only of the livers of these fish? Hellogabalus had upon occasion two large dishes filled with their gills only. At last the wealthy built expensive reservoirs and kept their own fish, though not with a view to economy, for they fed them with the rarest dainties. It was even said that slaves were sometimes thrown in to satiate these pets, but whether this be true or not, their sea-eels were commonly fed with veal from the river just where it received the filth from the entire city.