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## WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

For pleasure or pain, for woe or for woe—  
Tis the law of our being—we reap what we  
sow.  
We may try to avoid them—may do what we  
will,  
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us  
still.  
The world is a wonderful chemist, he sure,  
And detects in a moment the base or the pure.  
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,  
But the world takes a man for just what he's  
worth.  
We start in the race for fortune or fame,  
And then, when we fall, the world bears the  
blame.  
But now, times in ten, it plans to be seen,  
There's a "new somewhere" loose in the  
human machine.  
Are you wearied and worn in this hard, earth-  
strife?  
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your  
life?  
Remember—this great truth has often been  
proved:  
We must make ourselves lovable, would we be  
loved.  
Though life may appear as a desolate track,  
Lift the bread that we cast on the waters come  
back.  
This law was enacted by Heaven above,  
That like attracts like, and love begets love.  
We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for  
gold,  
Till health becomes broken and youth becomes  
old.  
All I did was the same for a beautiful love,  
Our life might be music for angels above.  
We reap what we sow. Oh! wonderful truth—  
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth.  
But it shines out at last as "the hand on the  
wall."  
For the world has its "debt" and "credit" for  
all.

## The Ladies' Doctor.

A large, elegantly furnished bedroom,  
comfort was the very ideal of luxurious  
ornament and convenience.  
It was a picture of artistic beauty  
and tasteful wealth, and the sweet,  
lovely face, lying on the lace-edged  
pillow was itself a picture, with its  
pure, ivory complexion, dark, wistful  
eyes, heavy brows and lashes, and the  
luxuriant golden hair, that trailed  
almost to the floor, as the invalid swept  
it wearily aside.  
She had been lying there such a long  
wearisome time, and she didn't get any  
repose—rather, she grew weaker and  
more nervous with every passing day,  
although her sweetness of temper did  
not desert her, nor her patient endurance.  
Every day for months Dr. Grassmere  
would drive up in his carriage and  
make his professional visit, and leave  
the orders for the day, and then report  
in Mr. Nugent's study, below, and depart.  
And yet Mrs. Nugent did not get  
well, and there came to be a look of fear  
and pain in her husband's face, and one  
of puzzled dismay on Dr. Grassmere's  
countenance.  
"I am entirely at a loss to account  
for your wife's persistence in remaining  
ill, Harry. I've given her enough tonic  
to enable her to shoulder a cathedral,  
and yet there she lies as you see her—  
patient, resigned, obedient, but—no  
better. I can't see that there is any  
organic trouble anywhere. Beyond a  
general debility and depression of  
spirits, nothing ails her."  
Harry Nugent looked anxiously in  
the good-natured face of this trusty,  
sensible old doctor, who had been the  
family physician of the Nugents ever  
since the time he had attended young  
Harry into the world, twenty-five  
years ago, who had known him well as  
a baby, boy, and man, and who was  
friend and adviser.  
"But she suffers, doctor; she certainly  
suffers. There are times when she  
feels so faint, and says she feels so  
dreadfully, and her poor heart will  
pant as if it would leap from side to  
side. My darling little Nellie! Oh! Dr.  
Grassmere, you know I would give  
half my fortune to see her well and  
about again, light-hearted and sun-  
shiny as she was six months ago,  
before baby came and died."  
Dr. Grassmere was corrugating his  
big, bald forehead into a perfect nest  
of deep, puzzled wrinkles.  
"Bless her sweet face, I believe I'd  
give all of mine if I could get her out  
again. Honestly, Harry, my skill is  
exhausted. I don't know what else  
to do. There's no use pouring any more  
medicine down her. I will confess, my  
boy, I'm discouraged."  
Harry's handsome face blanched.  
"Good heavens, doctor! Is she so bad  
as that? Will she die? She's not dy-  
ing, is she?"  
He sprang to his feet as he spoke,  
agitated and heart sick.  
"Not positively dying, Harry, but I  
tell you she can't live very long in this  
pale condition in which she rests,  
month in and month out. To save my  
soul, I couldn't persuade her to be  
helped up in the easy chair for awhile  
this morning—I never was so tempted  
in my life as I was to pick her up bodily  
and carry her into the next room."  
Harry gave a little cry of dismay.  
"Oh, doctor, how could you dream  
of such a thing? Why, it would have  
killed her. She's so weak she faints  
yesterday, when I told her there were  
a couple of lady friends in the drawing  
room, who wanted to see her."  
Dr. Grassmere gave an extra polish  
to his speckled, gold-rimmed glasses.  
"That's it, precisely! She won't see  
anybody, and thus get a change of  
being cheered up a little. She's just  
lying there, letting her life ooze away,  
while her nurse croaks to her, and  
reads pages on pages of the "Glorious  
Heavenly Rest," and "Comforts to Dy-  
ing Souls"—two admirable books, I  
grant, but hardly the sort of reading  
suitable to any one for whose life we  
are fighting."  
Harry's face was grave and thought-  
ful.  
"Do you really think I had better  
dismiss Mrs. Carter and get a younger  
and more cheerful nurse?"  
"Emphatically, I am prolonging my

stay this morning far beyond the pre-  
scribed limits, just because I am con-  
vinced something decided has to be  
done. I want you to spirit those dole-  
ful books away; I want you to try the  
experiment of reading a little to Nellie  
yourself—nothing funny or amusing,  
for the change would be too sudden—  
but something entertaining. Then—  
I want you to get another doctor."  
Harry looked at him in blank amaze-  
ment.  
"Another doctor?"  
"Just so, my dear boy. My skill has  
been tested to the full. I honestly think  
it will be best to treat your wife to a  
decided change. And I want you to  
send for a lady doctor, too—there's a  
sympathy between women that may  
turn to advantage in this case."  
Harry looked blither than ever.  
"A lady doctor?"  
"Yes—one I know, and will strongly  
recommend. A sensible, skilful, agree-  
able woman, to whom your wife will in-  
cline, and whose influence will be more  
palpable than mine. Do, Harry, and  
authorize me to send Dr. Gertrude Ash-  
ton here this afternoon. I'll see her  
and give her a history of the case, and  
I'll promise to have an eye after you  
and all, please heaven we'll make a  
desperate effort for Nellie's life."  
So it came to pass that Dr. Grassmere  
called at the surgery of Miss Ashton,  
and had a long consultation with her;  
and at 4 o'clock of that afternoon, when  
Harry was sitting at his wife's bedside,  
telling her that Mrs. Carter was obliged  
to leave her, and that another nurse  
was coming, a servant announced that  
Dr. Ashton was waiting.  
And a minute after there came into  
the room a fair-faced, graceful-looking  
girl, of perhaps twenty-two or three,  
with the sweetest, most thoughtful face  
Harry Nugent thought he had ever  
seen. Even Nellie, who took so little  
notice of everything, was instantly im-  
pressed by the beauty of the large,  
laughing, gray eyes, overshadowed by  
luxurious purple-black brows—eyes  
that seemed at constant variance with  
the gravity, dignity, and self-possession  
expressed by the firm, well-shaped  
mouth, with its warmly-red lips.  
"Mrs. Nugent, arise and bow."  
"Is this Dr. Ashton? I am glad to  
see you. This is our invalid—my wife,  
Mrs. Nugent."  
Then came a long list of professional  
questions, then several professional  
directions, one or two suggestions, and  
then a general conversation ensued, in  
which Harry and the pretty doctor had  
their fair share.  
And then Dr. Ashton said good morning  
to Nellie, promising to bring her a  
new book, of which they had been talk-  
ing, and was escorted down to her elegant  
little phaeton that awaited her at  
the door, with the groom in livery  
perched in his high back seat.  
"Before we say good morning, Mr.  
Nugent, there is one word to be said  
regarding your wife. I am convinced  
there is nothing the matter with her  
that might not be removed of her own  
will. She is prostrated and nervous  
because she persists in keeping her bed;  
she must be made to get out of it. In-  
stead, if I may speak so emphatically,  
I may declare that Mrs. Nugent will die  
of pure obstinacy in refusing to get  
well."  
Harry stood beside the phaeton, his  
handsome face wearing a look of gravity  
and bewilderment.  
"That is what Dr. Grassmere said.  
We all admit she ought to get out of  
her sick bed, but what good will it do  
to give her the shock necessary to rouse  
her?"  
Miss Ashton looked the very picture  
of professional skill as she answered:  
"A shock! Certainly not. An alarm  
of fire or a rumor of danger would per-  
haps kill—perhaps cure her, but the  
risk is not to be taken. It is just this,  
Mr. Nugent. Your wife honestly be-  
lieves she is too ill ever to recover, and  
you know, as well as I, what wonder-  
ful effects the mind produces electrically  
on the physical organization. Now,  
for the sake of her life, which can  
be saved, we must get her out of bed—  
let her know for herself she is  
able to do it—and to accomplish this,  
Dr. Grassmere asked me to take the  
case. We have arranged a plan of ac-  
tion which he will tell you; and I  
think in a very short time you will see  
Mrs. Nugent on the road to recovery."  
Shortly after, the doctor found the  
invalid propped up among the lace-trimmed  
pillows, looking very pale and  
tired, but gentle and patient as usual.  
"Well, Mrs. Nellie, how are you  
coming on, nowadays, with your new  
doctor? I declare, you do look better,  
feel better, I should say. Glorious  
weather to convalesce in! He held her  
little cold hand in his big one, and  
caressed it as one might a baby's  
fingers.  
"I am comfortable, Dr. Grassmere,  
and that is all I can expect. I am glad  
to see you, and so will Harry be.  
It's nearly time he was home to luncheon."  
Dr. Grassmere held out his watch.  
"Nearly—yes, quite time. Has Dr.  
Ashton called today? I was in hopes  
I should see her."  
Nellie twisted her ring on her poor  
thin finger—her one ring, her wedding  
ring.  
"We like her very much. She is very  
beautiful and fascinating, and she and  
Harry have such nice times together,  
laughing and talking."  
A faint sigh ended the remark.  
"So you think Harry admires her—  
not any more than he ought to, eh?"  
Nellie looked bewildered at him, and  
for the first time for months, a flush  
crept to her pale face.  
"More than he ought to? What do  
you mean, Dr. Grassmere?"  
And there was emphasis in the sweet,  
surprised voice, as Nellie put the ques-  
tion—a question that Dr. Grassmere  
did not answer, because there came a  
rap at the door, followed by the en-  
trance of a servant, bringing Mrs. Nu-  
gent's lunch—a quail on toast, a cup  
of chocolate, a soft-boiled egg, and a  
cup of luscious peaches and cream—  
of all which, perhaps, a half-dozen  
tastes would be taken. And, besides,  
there was a letter lying on the damask-

covered silver tray—a letter whose en-  
velope was jagged, as if it had been  
hurriedly torn open.  
"Oh, a letter for you, Mrs. Nugent."  
Dr. Grassmere put on his glasses as  
he prepared to cut Nellie's quail toast,  
but was interrupted by a faint excla-  
mation from Nellie, who had taken the  
letter, and seen—first, the superscrip-  
tion, "Mr. Harry Nugent," and then,  
hurriedly tearing it open, the begin-  
ning, "My darling Harry," and the  
"Evered, your own true Ger-  
trude."  
"Where did you get it?" she asked,  
almost gasping, of the maid.  
"Indeed, and it was a lay-in' on the  
floor of the hall, as I can 'long, ma'am,  
and I only just minded me to pick it up,  
thinking it was best to give it to yez. In-  
deed, and it was not knowin' the writin' on  
it, I thought it—"  
But Nellie was not listening.  
She had pushed away the little table  
where the luncheon stood, and in her  
excitement and horror, had risen from  
her bed, and was leaning on her elbow,  
devouring the horrible letter that read  
that her husband had become tired of  
her whining invalidism, and had con-  
cluded to take French leave for awhile,  
and in answer to his entreaties that Dr.  
Ashton would practically prove the  
case she had so often declared, was this  
letter from her, consenting to fly with  
him, and agreeing to meet him at the  
Clarendon Hotel that very day, at  
10 o'clock, to make their final arrangements.  
Then, when she had read it, Nellie  
fainted, and while she lay there, several  
seconds, white and unconscious, Dr.  
Grassmere read the letter and laughed.  
"Fretful good first-rate! I declare  
I could not a' done it better myself.  
Clarendon, eh? Now, I'll bet on Nellie  
when she comes to!"  
And almost as soon as she opened her  
eyes, Nellie struggled up in bed, her  
eyes more expressive than Dr. Grass-  
mere had seen them for many a day.  
"Go for a carriage—quick! Send  
Pauline to me. I must get up, some-  
how—anyhow. Oh, Dr. Grassmere—  
to think my Harry—"  
She swallowed back her tears, and  
looked determinedly at him.  
"If I find them—if I find her—do be  
quick, Dr. Grassmere—do be quick!"  
And the moment the door had closed  
on him, Nellie Nugent was on her feet  
for the first time in months—trembling,  
weak, it was true, but fired by a vehem-  
entness that sent her blood pulsing riotously  
along in her veins.  
With the assistance of Pauline, she  
was soon dressed and wrapped in her  
shawl, and then, chucking it to herself,  
Dr. Grassmere escorted her down  
stairs, every step she took firmer than  
the other, every moment adding bright-  
er indignation to her eyes, until after  
what seemed a longer drive than neces-  
sary their carriage drove up to the  
ladies' entrance to the Clarendon.

## The American Antelope.

The average adult male antelope  
measures about five feet from the  
extremity of the nose to that of the tail,  
and about three feet in height at the  
hips, which are considerably higher  
than the shoulders. Its eyes are large  
and intensely black, yet of a gentle and  
gazelle-like expression. The ears of  
medium size, erect, and pointed, which  
give it an air of great animation. Its  
horns are strikingly characteristic, hol-  
low and yet deciduous, being shed late  
in the autumn or early in the winter.  
They are generally vigorous, especially  
during the fall and winter months,  
when bucks, does and kids are all  
found together in large herds. But  
early in the spring the does are apt to  
drop out of the company in order to  
care for their young alone, of which  
they uniformly have twins. During  
the late spring and summer months the  
does with their young gather in large  
herds, apparently for mutual protection.  
At the same time the male antelopes  
approach from the west or east, and  
the younger animals gather in small bands.  
During their period of separation the  
old bucks wander over vast extents of  
country, and also frequent the wood-  
lands, where no other antelopes go,  
and where they are known at no other  
season of the year. But as the sum-  
mer advances the younger animals with  
the does and their kids come together,  
and, finally, about the end of summer,  
all are united again in herds of hun-  
dreds. They are very local in their  
habits; for a particular band of antelopes  
usually remain permanently within  
a range of only a few miles in extent.

As the antelopes usually feed in the  
open plains, and can be seen at a great  
distance, they afford fine pastime to the  
sportsmen in pursuing them. They are  
not quick of sight, but their scent is the  
keenest, and their hearing is also very  
acute. They are also very rapid in  
their motions, distancing both dogs and  
horses in a race. They can, therefore,  
be come at only by the most stealthy  
approaches from the leeward side. When  
hit, they are slow to give up and  
taken, but one with a broken leg and  
with a shot through the body will  
bound away as if unhurt. Where the  
game is broken, or overgrown with  
sage bushes of cacti, the work of stalk-  
ing is less difficult, if care is taken  
always to have the wind blowing in the  
right direction. When pursued on the  
open plains they are inclined to run in  
circles, and, knowing this, the hunters  
by pressing upon them from the center  
of the circle, gradually drive them  
together, and into the center, where  
they are forced to pass within range  
of the hunter's gun. The flesh, though  
sometimes praised as delicate, is not  
usually much valued for eating; nor is  
it entirely free from an unpleasant  
taste and odor, which seems to increase  
with age.

## A Tussle with a King.

Victor Emmanuel one day, hunting in  
the neighborhood of Rome, shot at a  
hare at the very moment when a stout  
citizen, enjoying the pleasure of the  
chase, discharged his piece at the same  
object. The King claimed that he had  
killed the hare, and the citizen ignor-  
ant of the person of his rival, de-  
clared in very impolite terms that he  
himself was the successful marksman.  
The result was a regular trial of strength  
for possession of the game—a tussle  
which resulted in favor of the King,  
who walked off with his prize, while  
the citizen poured upon him a perfect  
flood of such abuse as only an Italian  
of a certain sort has at command. At  
the city gate the King ordered the com-  
mandant of the guard to follow the  
angry citizen and report his name and  
residence.  
After a few hours the officer was able  
to say that the unknown hunter was a  
honest cabinet maker of the Porta del  
Popolo, when the King sent one of  
his carriages to bring him to the palace.  
Naturally the man was terribly anxious  
as well as full of wonder why he should  
be wanted at the palace, and he was not  
much relieved when he recognized in  
the King the man whom he had abused.  
"Master Salvinia," said his Majesty,  
and at the sound of his own name from  
royal lips, the man trembled in every  
nerve—"Master Salvinia, I have sent  
you because I have found shot differ-  
ent from mine in the hare; we both  
hit the beast. Come, we will eat the  
hare together, and thereupon the door  
of the dining room was opened, where,  
between two plates with appurtenances,  
smoked the hare properly roasted.

## Low Die.

How the people of Vicksburg, sub-  
siding during the memorable siege of a  
wonder. "After the tenth day of the  
siege," says the report of General  
Stephen D. Lee, "the men lived on  
about half rations, and less than that  
toward the close." The ration has been  
described to consist of one-quarter  
pound of bacon, one-half pound of beef,  
one-quarter quart of meal, beside an  
allowance of peas, rice, sugar and  
molasses. Of this, anon. The citizens  
must have had less; and where they  
got that from was a mystery. Business,  
of course, was suspended. There were  
some stores that had supplies, and at  
these prices climbed steadily in a man-  
ner suggestive of the prophecy of Jeru-  
salem's undoing. A barrel of flour at  
last came to sell for \$100—an immense  
figure then, but worse than the figure  
were the two later facts—that nobody  
had the money; and then nobody had  
the flour. Some people eked out their  
supplies by cooking the tender sprouts  
of the common case, of which there  
was an immense "brake" just below  
Vicksburg. I have reason to believe  
that few applications, and those only  
by the poorest people, were made to the  
military powers for help throughout  
all this trial. Sympathy and patriotism  
must have improvised a practical com-  
munion.

How about the male meat? every-  
body will inquire while rations are  
being treated. Both horse and mule

## An Indian Manufacturer of Dishes.

Early in the present month Mr. An-  
gell, of Providence, R. I., while quar-  
tering about a ledge in Johnston, came  
upon what appeared to have been a  
manufactory of dishes. Let us now sup-  
pose that a building equipped with fur-  
naces and furnished with tools has  
been unearthed. The Indians who  
roamed over the Johnston hills were  
delightfully primitive in their manu-  
facturing enterprises, as in other things.  
They made their dishes of soapstone.  
The soapstone bed, the existence of  
which has hitherto been unknown, lies  
between two slate ledges. When Mr.  
Angell's workmen uncovered the bed it  
was about six feet under ground. At-  
tention was first attracted to it by find-  
ing quantities of pulverized stone. Cart-  
load after cartload was carried away  
before anyone had the least idea what  
the curious substance was. At last the  
workmen came upon a rock so curiously  
shaped as to attract attention at once.  
The whole surface of the rock was cov-  
ered with hollows and projections.  
Quantities of Indian hammers and axes  
were then discovered, and then the  
truth began to dawn upon the minds of  
the explorers. The soapstone bed was  
about twenty-five feet wide and it was  
cleared off as rapidly as possible for fifty  
or sixty feet.

## Devotion in Danger.

The Marquis de Pelleport, a short  
time before the French Revolution, was  
thrown into the Bastille for writing a  
pamphlet against the Count de Verge-  
nes and the Sieur de Noir, entitled,  
"Le Diable dans un Bonheur"—"The  
Devil in a Holy-Water-Pot." His am-  
bible wife, who had been left with four  
children with a relation in Switzerland,  
no sooner heard of her husband's cap-  
tivity than she flew to his assistance,  
and spent six months in fruitless solici-  
tation for his liberty, when she saw  
herself left without resource by the  
death of the relation who supported her.  
Thrown into despair at the thoughts of  
her husband in prison, and her children  
on the point of wanting bread, per-  
suaded death to begging it from a  
stranger's hand, and every day obliged  
to reject offers which in a corrupt town  
but too frequently puts virtue to the  
blush, she knew not what way to turn  
her eyes, when M. De Launay per-  
suaded her to solicit the Chevalier For-  
paul for the admission of her sons into  
the Military Orphan School. The chil-  
dren were admitted, and Madame de  
Pelleport had a lodging provided for  
her near the school, where she might  
take care of her children. For four  
years she employed herself in soliciting  
liberty for her husband and perform-  
ing the part of a mother to the  
youngest children of the school, when  
M. De Villedeuil came into the Minis-  
try; then he, on the case of M. De Pe-  
lleport being represented to him, ob-  
tained from the king an order for his  
release.

## New Testament Finest.

Julius Isaacotti was the first; he car-  
ried the common purse, and probably  
did the marketing of the little band in  
which he played so notorious a part.  
He was the great father of embezzlers.  
He took advantage of his office to fill  
his own pocket, Peter and John and  
the other apostles were the financiers  
on the day of Pentecost, when a great  
company of proselytes sold their lands  
and possessions and brought the price  
and put it into common stock. Peter,  
as the chief apostle, was doubtless the  
chief financier, but you see his integ-  
rity in the fact that some time after,  
when the lame man at the gate of the  
temple asked him for alms, he had to  
say, "Silver and gold have I none."  
Not a penny had stuck in his hands—  
he had distributed it all. Later in the  
history we find Paul in the character  
of financier. He was agent for the  
carrying on of the communistic relation,  
receiving funds from one church to re-  
lieve the necessities of another, thus  
maintaining an equality. So far from  
being an embezzler, Paul refused to  
take his living out of his agency. He  
worked with his own hands, that he  
might not be chargeable to those who  
loved him much more than a living.

## All for Nothing.

One of the most unfortunate men of  
our acquaintance is a good looking  
clergymen, a widower, who has six  
grown-up daughters. Of course they  
are violently opposed to his marrying  
again, but he has been subjected to a cruel  
espionage, and is compelled to take one  
or more of his daughters with him wher-  
ever he goes. The other day, however,  
he succeeded in escaping to a neighboring  
town without the presence of a daugh-  
ter or two, and after an absence of  
several days, a message came to the  
daughters that their father "had mar-  
ried a widow with six sprightly child-  
ren." Had a bomb-shell burst, greater  
consternation would not have been  
conveyed. The intelligence also conveyed  
that the clergyman would return at a  
certain time. The girls held a council  
at once, and it was unanimously agreed  
to give the "widow with six sprightly  
children" an exceedingly warm recep-  
tion—so hot, indeed, that the house and  
village could not hold them. The well-  
regulated house was turned topsy-turvy  
—the cellar and pantry emptied—  
serves confounded—baking neglected—  
Water was poured over the stove to  
give it a gray and rusty aspect, and the  
windows were spattered with dish-  
water. After all this had been done,  
the girls put on their shabbiest clothes,  
and awaited the arrival of the seven  
unwelcome persons. Rev. Mr. was  
finally come, but he was alone. He  
greeted his daughters as usual, and as  
he viewed the neglected parlors, there  
daughters were nervous and evidently  
anxious. At last the eldest mastered  
courage, and asked, "Where is mother?"  
"In Heaven," said the good man. "But  
where is the widow with six children  
of yours?"

## Double or Quits.

In the early days of California, miners  
would play poker, euchre or seven-up  
for pinches, or ounces, or nuggets of  
gold, and thousands of dollars would  
sometimes be lost and won in an hour.  
There was one gambling miner called  
Double-or-Quits, because when he lost  
the game he would cry "Double or  
quits!" and losing that would cry  
"Double or quits!" again; and then  
"Double or quits!" and "Double or  
quits!" again, until all was "quits"  
with him, and he had nothing left to  
"double" with. He was one of the  
luckiest of all the diggers around about;  
wherever he struck his pick gold seemed  
to spring up and beg of him to take it.  
He worked like a nigger all day; and  
when he made fifty or sixty ounces he  
would go and get rid of it on "Double  
or quits!"

## There was a trial of strength between Capt. Bogardus and Prof. William Miller, at Gilmore's Garden, in New York. The whole affair for the purpose of placed on the stage by Bogardus, at- tendants, and several huge dumb-bells by Miller's men. The Captain looked at the dumb-bells and Miller at the kegs of beer. Bogardus appeared in ordi- nary street costume, except that his coat and vest were removed. Miller was in full athletic dress. Mr. L. C. Bruce, the referee, came on the stage, when the articles of agreement were called for and read by Prof. Whittaker. They called for a trial of strength and "main grip," each man to perform two as he chose, and in case of a tie the fifth to be tossed for. Bogardus objected to the dumb-bell test, claiming that it would not show "actual grip," but the referee ordered the men to proceed. Miller first put up dumb-bells weighing 100 pounds, and followed it by lifting those of 110 pounds, one in each hand. Bogardus again called for the decision of the referee upon the objection he had made, and that official declining against him the Captain performed his first feat. He washed his hands with soap and water, to show there was no resin on them. Then he grasped with his fingers the larger beer keg by their climbs, carrying the two kegs across the stage. The kegs each weighed about 115 pounds. Miller looked at the feat and shook his head, and in answer to shouts of "Try it," made the attempt but failed. A dumb-bell of 160 pounds and then one of 180 pounds were suc- cessfully raised at arm's length above three trials. This exhibition of strength was received with approbation. Bogar- dus admitted that he could not do the dumb-bell feat, "But," said he, "I can carry some of them around," and, tak- ing hold of a pair, one in either hand, weighing 385 pounds, walked with them the entire circuit of the stage, which caused great applause. Bogar- dus then lifted one of the kegs with his fingers, using the right hand and then the left hand, one on top of the other, and finally lifted the keg on an ordi- nary table, saying, "This is my second feat." A decision was then asked for, and the referee caused it to be an- nounced that "each having performed what he specified in the articles of agreement, the match is a tie." Bogar- dus objected on the ground that Miller had not complied with the "main grip" stipulation, which objection seemed to find much favor with the audience.

## The Earliest Form of Metal Money.

The first forms which could be called  
by the name of money, were ingots in  
various shapes, stamped or sealed with  
the seal of the ruler, as a certificate of  
the quality of the piece, no attempt  
being made to fashion the coin as to  
guard against alteration of weight.  
Some of the early pieces were stamped  
on but one side, and it was only by  
very gradual steps, that the handsome  
coins, were evolved. But these are  
still defined by Jevons as *ingots*, of  
which the weight and fineness are cer-  
tified by the integrity of the design  
impressed upon the surface of the metal.

The stamping of the bits of metal has  
always been assumed as a prerogative  
of the ruler, and to supply the people with  
coin, has become to be a generally con-  
sidered a function of government. It  
will be well to bear the above definition  
of coin in mind; for the fashioning,  
stamping and certification have caused  
a very important fact to be lost sight  
of which is, that throughout these changes  
the metals continue to be commodities  
and nothing more. The stamp  
works no alteration in the metal, any  
more than does the label on a bolt of  
muslin, showing the width and the  
number of yards, convert it into some-  
thing other than cotton cloth. The  
conversion of the unfashioned metal  
into coin in no way affects the principal  
of exchanges, and its transfer is bet-  
ter just as much as it was in the begin-  
ning.

## Living in Spite of Hygiene.

It is certainly a mystery that the in-  
habitants of the Ottoman empire did not  
all perish years ago from pulmonary  
diseases. Their feet are first swathed  
in a coarse rag, which is then wound  
round the lower part of the leg, and  
bound tightly with twine; on the rag  
is tied a piece of sole leather hammered  
into a rudely shaped sandal, with sides  
rising one inch up the sides of the foot.  
The holes are cut in the upper edges of the  
sandal and strings tied in them, and  
then fastened over the top of the foot.  
It is evident that their feet are wet the  
moment that they step into mud or  
water over an inch in depth. This they  
are doing constantly in bad weather;  
consequently, their feet are soaking wet  
for a week at a stretch, and yet they  
live and multiply. They violate every  
known law of hygiene in the ventilation  
and often the cleanliness of their dwell-  
ing, and yet their children are generally  
sturdy looking, and the adults show  
fair average physique. They sleep in  
rows on a mat laid upon the floor of  
their underground huts. Sometimes the  
floor is covered with them, and yet they  
do not appear to suffer from any of  
their oxygen.

ment were extensively sampled during  
the siege, though not in the way that  
by many may be imagined. On account  
of the want of provender nearly all the  
horses of the garrison were turned out  
of the lines, and as the other side could  
not safely take them unless they strayed  
within reach, many of them were killed  
by the cross-fires. Early in the siege,  
when some of the men complained of  
the scanty ration, General Smith, I be-  
lieve, who had seen the thing done on  
the plains, issued a circular to the  
brigades, recommending that the ex-  
periment of horse meat be tried to piece  
it out. I was on hand that very even-  
ing when somebody, waiting till dark,  
slid over the works and cut a steak out  
of a horse that had been shot that day  
beneath them. It was cooked at General  
Vanhook's fire, and everybody tasted a  
little; but the flesh was coarse and  
nobly hungry for any more. Some of  
the soldiers did like it and eat it;  
not to speak of rats and other small  
deer which the Louisianians, being  
Frenchmen, were said to prepare in  
many elegant styles for the table. When  
Pemberton was thinking about cutting  
his way out he had a half dozen fellows,  
men who looked like Mexicans or  
Indians, leading a mob of about a dozen  
approaches from the southern Railroad  
and jerking it over slow fires to make it  
handy and lasting. One morning, for  
trial, I bought a pound of mule meat at  
this market and had it served at break-  
fast for the mess. There was no need  
to try again. On the day of the sur-  
render, and only then, a ration of mule  
meat was actually issued; but nobody  
needed it, as General Grant issued  
abundant supplies of the best that his  
army had.

The Marquis de Pelleport, a short  
time before the French Revolution, was  
thrown into the Bastille for writing a  
pamphlet against the Count de Verge-  
nes and the Sieur de Noir, entitled,  
"Le Diable dans un Bonheur"—"The  
Devil in a Holy-Water-Pot." His am-  
bible wife, who had been left with four  
children with a relation in Switzerland,  
no sooner heard of her husband's cap-  
tivity than she flew to his assistance,  
and spent six months in fruitless solici-  
tation for his liberty, when she saw  
herself left without resource by the  
death of the relation who supported her.  
Thrown into despair at the thoughts of  
her husband in prison, and her children  
on the point of wanting bread, per-  
suaded death to begging it from a  
stranger's hand, and every day obliged  
to reject offers which in a corrupt town  
but too frequently puts virtue to the  
blush, she knew not what way to turn  
her eyes, when M. De Launay per-  
suaded her to solicit the Chevalier For-  
paul for the admission of her sons into  
the Military Orphan School. The chil-  
dren were admitted, and Madame de  
Pelleport had a lodging provided for  
her near the school, where she might  
take care of her children. For four  
years she employed herself in soliciting  
liberty for her husband and perform-  
ing the part of a mother to the  
youngest children of the school, when  
M. De Villedeuil came into the Minis-  
try; then he, on the case of M. De Pe-  
lleport being represented to him, ob-  
tained from the king an order for his  
release.

Julius Isaacotti was the first; he car-  
ried the common purse, and probably  
did the marketing of the little band in  
which he played so notorious a part.  
He was the great father of embezzlers.  
He took advantage of his office to fill  
his own pocket, Peter and John and  
the other apostles were the financiers  
on the day of Pentecost, when a great  
company of proselytes sold their lands  
and possessions and brought the price  
and put it into common stock. Peter,  
as the chief apostle, was doubtless the  
chief financier, but you see his integ-  
rity in the fact that some time after,  
when the lame man at the gate of the  
temple asked him for alms, he had to  
say, "Silver and gold have I none."  
Not a penny had stuck in his hands—  
he had distributed it all. Later in the  
history we find Paul in the character  
of financier. He was agent for the  
carrying on of the communistic relation,  
receiving funds from one church to re-  
lieve the necessities of another, thus  
maintaining an equality. So far from  
being an embezzler, Paul refused to  
take his living out of his agency. He  
worked with his own hands, that he  
might not be chargeable to those who  
loved him much more than a living.

One of the most unfortunate men of  
our acquaintance is a good looking  
clergymen, a widower, who has six  
grown-up daughters. Of course they  
are violently opposed to his marrying  
again, but he has been subjected to a cruel  
espionage, and is compelled to take one  
or more of his daughters with him wher-  
ever he goes. The other day, however,  
he succeeded in escaping to a neighboring  
town without the presence of a daugh-  
ter or two, and after an absence of  
several days, a message came to the  
daughters that their father "had mar-  
ried a widow with six sprightly child-  
ren." Had a bomb-shell burst, greater  
consternation would not have been  
conveyed. The intelligence also conveyed  
that the clergyman would return at a  
certain time. The girls held a council  
at once, and it was unanimously agreed  
to give the "widow with six sprightly  
children" an exceedingly warm recep-  
tion—so hot, indeed, that the house and  
village could not hold them. The well-  
regulated house was turned topsy-turvy  
—the cellar and pantry emptied—  
serves confounded—baking neglected—  
Water was poured over the stove to  
give it a gray and rusty aspect, and the  
windows were spattered with dish-  
water. After all this had been done,  
the girls put on their shabbiest clothes,  
and awaited the arrival of the seven  
unwelcome persons. Rev. Mr. was  
finally come, but he was alone. He  
greeted his daughters as usual, and as  
he viewed the neglected parlors, there  
daughters were nervous and evidently  
anxious. At last the eldest mastered  
courage, and asked, "Where is mother?"  
"In Heaven," said the good man. "But  
where is the widow with six children  
of yours?"

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