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## THE SWALLOW.

Of all the birds that swim the air  
I'd rather be the swallow;  
And, summer days, when days were fair,  
I'd follow, follow, follow  
The hurrying clouds across the sky,  
And with the singing winds I'd fly.

My eager wings would need no rest  
If I were but a swallow;  
I'd scale the highest mountain crest  
And sound the deepest hollow.  
No forest could my path-way hide;  
No ocean-flood should be too wide.

I'd find the sources of the Nile,  
I'd see the Sandwich Islands,  
And Chimborazo's granite pile,  
And Scotland's rugged Highlands;  
I'd skim the sands of Timbuctoo;  
Constantinople's mosque I'd view.

I'd visit the temples of Greece,  
The pride of great Apollo,  
And circle round the lay of Nice,  
If I were but a swallow,  
And see the sunny hills of France,  
The vineyards merry with the dance.

I'd see my shadow in the Illinois  
Dart swiftly like an arrow,  
And catch the breath of giantess  
Along the banks of the river;  
I'd roam the sunny hills of France,  
If I could have my heart's desire!

## My Ministering Angel.

We were all at Long Branch. All, including Tom and his wife, Nettie and her humble servant, Walter Byrne, Tom's cousin, and a wandering wail of a rich man, without occupation, home, or family ties. Nettie was Tom's wife's cousin. I had heard it said before I went down to Long Branch, on Tom's invitation, that Nettie had emphatically declared that she knew she should detest Walter Byrne, for she hated an idle man, she despised a roving man, and rich young men were always horrid.

Being gifted with a moderate amount of self-control, and accustomed to receiving rather flattering attentions from the fair sex, I stroked my moustache and shrugged my shoulders, resolved that Miss Annette Raymond's detestation was a matter of profound indifference to me.

The first time I saw her she was bobbing up and down, holding on to the bathers' rope. Tom was driving me over to his cottage, and pulled up his horse.

"There's Nettie," he said, "in the broad straw hat and scarlet suit. Hallo, Net!"

A pair of saucy black eyes gazed at us, and a piquant, pretty face was visible under the straw hat.

"What's Amy?" shouted Tom.  
"Got a headache."

Tom laughed as we drove on.  
"Amy won't bathe unless I am with her," he said; "she is nine-tenths afraid."

While I was in my room, arranging my bachelor belongings, Nettie came across the garden in a crisp, pink muslin, with her black hair loosely braided and tied with pink ribbons. She was more than pretty then, the most brilliant brunette beauty, not more than seventeen years old, slender, graceful and altogether bewitching.

For three weeks we quarrelled about ten times a day. Nettie mocked at my lazy speech, taunted my stylish costumes, made fun of my neckties and my gloves, and gave me fully to understand that I was a coxcomb. I bore it philosophically, but in my heart I resented it. I was not accustomed to being treated in that style, but Nettie seemed to ignore my bank account entirely.

We nearly came to a better understanding once, when Miss Nettie was carried off by the undertow, and might have been drowned, if I had not been a powerful fellow and a good swimmer. I brought her home, all limp and senseless, and she was very quiet all day, and almost begged my pardon for all former offences in her gratitude. But the next day she was worse than ever, and the day after that I left.

I wandered about aimlessly to the White Mountains, Niagara, up and down, until October, when a party going to Europe tempted me, and I sailed away from New York and Nettie. I was not in love, but certainly I thought more frequently of those saucy black eyes, the sweet rippling voice and beautiful face of Nettie Raymond than I had ever before thought of any woman's charms.

It would be too long a story to tell all my adventures in the next two years, but it was just so much later in my life when I found myself traveling homeward from Florida, sick and wretched.

We had been wrecked off the coast of Florida, and I was ill with fever contracted in New Orleans, when I was tossed up, high and dry, in a suit of sailor's clothes, hurriedly snatched up as my sailor nurse and myself dressed in the confusion, unconsciously appropriating each other's clothes. My watch, purse, papers, were all in my pockets, but in the sailor's coat I found money enough to carry me home, to such a home as I could command, a room in a boarding house.

But I was terribly ill, and every day the prostrating fever was weakening to me. It was like insanity, the longing I had for a breath of Northern air, and I sped on and over the iron road, looking more like a walking corpse than a living man.

My journey was nearly accomplished when I sat in the train, carrying me from Washington to New York, my last dollar spent, my rough clothes travel-worn and shabby, my life almost gone from me.

I don't know exactly when I fainted, but I came to consciousness perceiving a fragrance of cologne water near me, and knowing something was held to my lips. I tasted wine, but I was too weak to speak. Little cool hands arranged some soft bundle under my head, and then a fan stirred the air

around me. I must have slept, and again I awoke.  
Very near me, on the next seat, I heard a sweet, low voice, saying:  
"We get off at the next station, and I hate to awaken that poor sailor for his handkerchief. I put it over his bundle for a pillow, and there is another on his forehead."

A voice, pettish and familiar, answered:  
"Just like your impudence! Now that common fellow will have your handkerchief? You are so horribly impudently. It is very forward and unkindly of me to have been fussing over a strange man, at any rate. You don't know how he may annoy you."

Low and sweet, quivering a little, came a voice in answer:  
"He will never annoy any one. If ever death was written in a face, I saw it in his face."  
"It is none of your business."  
"It is my business. You may soiled as you like. It is unkindly of me to stretch out a hand to a dying man for five minutes, then I shall never meet your ideas of decorum."

And as if to prove her words, the speaker arose from her seat and leaned over mine.  
My head was lower than the back of the seat, resting on the window sill, and my feet stretched out to the next space.

I kept my eyes closed, and I knew the handkerchief upon my forehead was moistened again with cologne water, just as the train stopped. The conductor shouted "Elizabeth!" and the ladies behind me gathered up their traps and departed.

I could only see linen dusters and brown veils, as they walked down between the car seats, but I kept my seat.

Elizabeth had been my own destination, for Tom had always a cordial welcome for me, and I longed to die where there was so friendly a face in sight. But I kept on to New York, presenting myself to my old landlady, who had some difficulty in believing in my identity, but being convinced, nursed me as if I had been her own son.

Tom came to see me when my lawyer informed him of my return, but the ladies had gone to the Delaware Water Gap for the summer, and I was well pleased. Much of my faith in Amy's friendship had evaporated, and I waded my shaved head to be covered—my emaciated face to fill out before Nettie saw me again.

I had my taste again gratified, and rebelled when the doctor ordered a sea voyage to perfect my recovery. But he had his way, and it was summer before I returned home again, and accepted Tom's invitation to his cottage at Long Branch.

"We have concluded to take a cottage at Long Branch this summer," he wrote, "and want you to join us, if possible, in July."

How can I describe Nettie—Nettie Raymond still—after three years of separation? Beautiful as ever; animated, accomplished, she was fascinating to all. But the imp of mischief had not quite deserted her, though she was more dignified. She was not openly saucy as she had been, but could put stings into quiet, apparently innocent speeches, and I often winced under her satire.

For I did love her then. Every hour added to my admiration—my affection—yet there was never in her manner one atom of encouragement on which to hang a rope.

Although I had recovered my health and strength almost entirely, I was still subject to attacks of headaches that prostrated me for hours—conscious of nothing but terrible pain.

The first one I had at Long Branch came on about three weeks after my arrival, when I had walked too far in the sun. Tom was alone when I staggered into the house, nearly blind, and he put me down on a wide lounge in a lower room, darkened the windows, and put cold water on my head.

"Amy will be here presently," he said, "she has gone to ride with Nettie. I'll keep Nettie out of your way, old fellow. She must be rather a torture to a sick man. Vivacity is all very well in its place, but I had as lief shut up a swarm of mosquitoes in a sick room as Nettie."

I made no reply, and lay mute and miserable until the carriage drew up. "Hi! Walter here!" I heard Amy say in a low voice. "Go in, Nettie, and see if he wants anything."

"You can attend to him," said Nettie, coldly. "I have my dress to arrange for the hop."

"Nettie!" this in a provoked whisper, "you are not going to let half a million of money—"

"Hush!" was the sharp reply. "I wish he was a beggar."  
"He would be very much obliged to you."  
But Amy little dreamed she spoke the truth. Nettie wished I was a beggar. Why? Could it be that my wealth was the barrier between us, that as a beggar I might have won her love?

My heart throbed heavily as Amy opened the door of the room where I lay and came softly to my side.

"Walter!" she whispered, and then stole out again.

"He is asleep!" she said, and I heard her go up stairs. But presently there was a soft rustle in the room, and a ray of sunshine that had crept to a crack in the shutters was shut out. A perfume hovered about me, though the handkerchief was not laid upon my head, and then a little choking whisper came to my ears.

"Poor fellow. I can never forget he saved my life once."  
The soft rustle came nearer, and Nettie was looking down at me, when I opened my eyes. She was startled, but only showed it by a faint flush on each fair cheek. Her voice was quiet as she said:

"Can I do anything for you?"  
"Won't you please fan me?" I said, after trying to think of an occupation

that would keep her near me. Still she fanned in a hasty way and I said:  
"You have not improved since last summer. You made a fan imitate the gentlest of summer breezes then."  
"I never fanned you before?"  
"No, before," I said, "you fanned me, but you fanned and pillowed my head on this!" and I drew out from my breast pocket a flimsy handkerchief marked "Annette Raymond."

But Nettie was only bewildered. The gentle act of pity and charity I had cherished as a memory almost sacred, she had almost forgotten.

"You did not recognize me," I said, "I am the sailor you thought dying in the cars last summer."  
"It can't be possible!" she cried.

"It is true, Nettie," I continued imploringly, catching her hand as she was going to arise, "why must all your gentleness and pity be kept for beggars? Can you not give me a little corner to a rich man who loves you? See how I need you as much as I did last summer, when you thought I was a pauper and dying. Now my heart is dying for your love, Nettie."

She was trembling, blushing, yielding, and I did not care my pleading. With all the eloquence at my command I wooed her, and at last the little hand in mine struggled for freedom no longer, and Nettie consented to be my wife, my ministering angel for life.

A Wise Horse.

The writer has recently lost a horse of old age (34 years), that had some remarkable traits. He was a white pony that came into my service in December, 1855, at twelve years old. He was quite fat, having about a three-minute gait at his best. I used him principally as a run-about horse, and driving him to the station when I went to the city. I taught him to go back to the farm alone, and very soon on arriving at the station it was only necessary to throw the lines over the dash board, and let him find his own way across the track and among the trains. He never attempted to cross in front of a train in motion, but he would walk up near the track and stand till the train got nearly past, when he moved by nearer and nearer, and then he would make the hind car pass him. Sometimes boys seeing him going along the street leisurly, would try to get a ride, but no sooner did they see their movements to that end than he started off, on a smart trot, and eluded them.

A new and shorter road having been opened to the station, and before it was worked, passing through a narrow bar-way, I thought, judging from his habit of taking the off side of the road, that he might hit the buggy against the post in going through; so I watched him on his return to see how he would get over the difficulty. He hit the off fore hub, stopped, backed up a few feet, hawed off, cleared the hub and went on. He did precisely as a good driver would have guided him. He eluded in taking short cuts, and often went across his back when the way was open. He created much merriment one day, when a neighbor passed him while on a walk, just at a point where he might go some sixty rods across a lot and cut off a bend in the road. After the man passed him on a smart trot, he turned into the shorter cut and trotted briskly across the field to the road ahead of him, where he stopped till the man came past, and showed unmistakably in his manner, the pleasure he felt in the triumph. He was perfectly true in all ways ready to do reasonable service, appreciated good treatment, but he highly resented any loud and boisterous yelling at him. One day when a new hand was using him to haul manure on a cart, and talked loudly to him, he would not draw the load, and I went to him, spoke kindly, and he drew it over a difficult piece of ground where there was to be left. When the man had unloaded, he attempted to drive the pony back to the barn, but he would not draw the empty cart for him. When, in summer, he had been put at work that he did not relish after coming home from the station, the next day he would stop under the shade of a tree till the farm bell rang for his dinner, when he would come promptly for his rations. Although he was sent home in this way, probably more than a thousand times, he never broke anything; often threaded his way between logs piled on both sides of the track; and he manifested a discretion in regard to passing trains, little short of human. Who can say, after observing the conduct of the horse under various conditions, that he does not reason?

Power of Imagination.

In the year 1789, Elijah Barnes, of Bucks county, assisted by his people working in his vat, killed a rattlesnake, and soon after, having occasion to go home, took by mistake his son's jacket and both the jackets were made out of the same cloth; the old man being warm, did not button the jacket until he got to the house, when he found it much too little for him. He instantly conceived the idea that he had been bitten by the effect of the poison. He grew very suddenly ill, and was put to bed. The people about him were very much alarmed, and sent for two or three physicians; one of them poured down his throat a pint of melted lead; another gave him a dose of wild plumbain; the third made him drink hot round tea, made very strong. Notwithstanding all, he grew worse, and at all appearances was on the verge of dissolution, when his son came home with the old gentleman's jacket hanging like a bag about him. The whole mystery was at once unraveled and poor Elijah Barnes, notwithstanding his drenches of hogs' fat, plantain and horshoorn, was well in an instant.

—During 1877 there were 8,159 horses brought to Chicago and disposed of at the public yards; 1,666,745 beef cattle, 4,190,000 hogs, and 354,000 sheep.

## A Fool's Practical Joke.

Clarence Newcomb, son of ex-Governor Newcomb, underwent an experience a few days ago which he will not soon forget. The sportive humor of a friend led to the perpetration of a joke which came near having a serious and fatal termination. Mr. Newcomb had stepped into the vault attached to the office of Loneragan & Thiel, of the detective agency St. Louis, where he is interested.

The vault is used for the storing of valuable books, papers, &c. A gentleman who was the officer at the time closed the door upon Newcomb by way of a practical joke. The door closed with a snap, and Mr. Newcomb had some misgivings as he felt himself surrounded with a darkness which was almost palpable. His fears were increased by the recollection of the fact that, except himself and Mr. Thiel, no one was in possession of the numerical combination by which the safe was unlocked, and that Mr. Thiel had stepped out a few minutes before. In the meantime the practical joker went out exulting in the funny plight in which his victim must find himself when he discovered that he could not get out. Mr. Newcomb's reflections were becoming more and more serious every moment. He could not hear any sounds from the outside, and wondered what had become of his friend. He tried to cry out, but knew that his voice, even if raised to its highest pitch, could not penetrate through the thick walls that surrounded him. He tried, but the reverberations of his voice in the narrow tomb were almost deafening. He pounded against the walls, bruising his hand in an attempt that he knew must be ineffectual to attract attention. A strong and powerful man, he felt himself to be a hopeless prisoner, almost without the slightest hope of relief.

The ticking of his watch, plainly audible in the dense darkness, admonished him of the rapid flight of time. The intervals between the seconds seemed longer than he had ever known before. The quiet had become so intense that he could plainly hear the beating of his heart. It thumped against his side, like the sound of a pile-driver, falling at regular intervals, and driving—so he thought—his burial place deeper and deeper into the earth. He thought he could hear his blood as it was pumped out of his heart and coursed through his veins. It reminded him of the murmur of a brook flowing through the woods and trickling over mossy stones. The action of his lungs had become suddenly and strangely audible. Respiration was becoming difficult. The regular inhalation and exhalation of his breath sounded like a bellows that was being worked with difficulty. The laborious action of his lungs, constantly becoming harder and harder, brought to his mind the terrible question how much longer could he live in this confined atmosphere. He calculated how much air was contained in these narrow walls, and how long it would support life. At the farthest it appeared to him that he could not live more than twenty minutes, and then he would have to breathe this vitiated air over and over again. He cried out again but stopped at the reflection that this was a useless expenditure of the very hydrogen on which he must depend for life for some time to come. The silence began to be broken by a murmur, which he could not at first understand. The murmur gradually increased to a loud buzz, and then he realized that this must be caused by a rush of blood to the head, the effect of his continued confinement. The buzzing increased to a roaring thunder. He felt himself stagger and then lost consciousness.

At this moment Mr. Thiel came in hurriedly, having been informed of the situation, and unlocked the safe. Mr. Newcomb had fainted; but was restored by the free use of water, mixed with some stimulants. Luckily no bad effects followed the experience, and Mr. Newcomb was completely restored in a few minutes.

## Parisian Detectives.

Most important and valuable to the public safety is that branch of the active Division of the police known as *Les Serrets*, whose business it is to detect and arrest all malefactors. Though all the personnel of that division have more or less to do with the criminal classes of the city, it is to this picked brigade alone that the work specially belongs. This branch is of comparatively recent creation, having been founded by the liberal Emperor Napoleon III. At first its members were chosen from among the liberal Catholics and former convicts of the Capital, under the mistaken notion that the best way of catching a knave was to set a knave to catch him. But in later days all this has been changed. The members of *Les Serrets* are now selected from men of the highest moral standing belonging to the force. Of unimpeachable respectability, almost invariably married men and heads of families, their private life contrasts strangely with their public functions, which lead them through all the most hideous sinks of crime in the metropolis. This chosen band, the army which holds in check all the malefactors of Paris, consists of one hundred and fifty persons only—a singularly small number when one recalls the fact that the arrests executed by them amount on an average to over forty thousand annually. These men are the trained bloodhounds of the law. The quick and keen sagacity whereby they discover a scrap of paper, or the smallest indication, is only to be equalled by their courage, patience and perseverance in following up a scent. In glancing over the annals of this division of the Parisian police, one comes upon facts that makes the incidents of Gaborian's novels and the exploits of his hero, M. Lecocq, pale their ineffectual fires. It is on record, for instance, how the discovery of a scrap of paper, on which were written the words, "Two pounds of butter," led to the arrest of a dangerous burglar. Their quickness of

## Black Vespers.

On Oct. 26, 1823, Blackfriars was the scene of a party which has come down to us under the name of the Black Vespers or Dismal Evensong. Three hundred persons, English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish, chiefly Catholics with a sprinkling of Protestants, had assembled at the house of the French Ambassador, Count de Tillyer, in Blackfriars, for sermon and service, not in the chapel of the embassy, but in the chamber occupied by one Father Bealy, a room sixty feet by twenty, on the third floor from the ground, substantially built of brick and mortar. Father Drury a member of a Jesuit Norfolk family, and, although a Jesuit, much respected by unprejudiced Protestants, was to be the preacher. A presentation seems to have shadowed his mind. Although of a lively disposition, he had sat silent all the time of the sermon, and he is off with his friends to keep his appointment. When he reached the room, a gentleman warned him that she did not retract it, but then it was too late to retract. Clad, according to the custom of his order, in a surplice with a linen girdle, and having on his head a red cap with a white one under it, the father proceeded to a raised chair in the middle of the room, crossed himself, offered silent prayer, and then took his text from the gospel in the party—Matthew xviii.—emphasizing in particular the last part of the passage he had selected—"I forgive thee all that debt because thou didst not care for it." He then proceeded to read the text, and he was interrupted by a loud noise, which he supposed to be the sound of a crowd of people, and he was proceeding when, in the midst of his sermon, a fire broke out in the gallery, and crashed, with the bulk of the congregation, through that of the room beneath, down to the ground. A few persons, some twenty or thirty, remained on fragments of the floor which still clung to the walls. "Lifting up their hands for help, and beating their breasts for life." Eventually they cut their way through the thick and plastered walls, which divided them from another room in the ambassador's house. At the sound of the crash a crowd suddenly assembled—as crowds do congregate, as if they had sprung up from the earth, in London,—some coming simply to stare, others with spade and pickaxe to assist. For the protection of the French embassy, the recorder, Sergeant Finch, placed guards at heads of all the passages. The scene within was awful. All night, by the light of lanterns and torches; and part of next day, the work of exhumation went on. Ninety-five corpses were dug out; among them those of Father Drury and his friend Father Rolyate. Having first shut up Ludgate, and doubled the guards to keep out the crowd, the recorder and the sheriffs met at the emergency to view the place, and a coroner's inquest was held. The verdict they brought in was "accidental death," but rabid Romanists attributed the catastrophe to Protestant conspirators, whilst rabid Protestants again cried, "God's judgment on the idolaters!" For some time afterwards the officiating priests in Roman Catholic places of worship in England used, after the benediction, to call for three Paternosters and three Ave Marias "for those who died at Blackfriars."

Fish Poaching.

Fish poaching is simple and yet clever in its way. In the spawning time jack fish, which at other periods are apparently of a solitary disposition, go in pairs, and sometimes in trios, and are more tame than usual. A long slender ash stick is selected, slender enough to fit tight in the hand and strong enough to bear a sudden weight. A loop and running nose are formed of a piece of thin copper wire, the other end of which is twisted round and firmly attached to the smallest end of the stick. The loop is adjusted to the size of the fish—it should not be very much larger, else it will not draw up quick enough, nor too small, else it may touch and disturb the jack. It does not make much practice to hit the happy medium. Approaching the bank quietly, so as not to shake the ground, to the vibrations of which fish are peculiarly sensitive, the poacher tries if possible to avoid letting his shadow fall across the water. Some persons' eyes seem to have an extraordinary power of seeing through water, and of distinguishing at a glance a fish from a long swaying strip of dead brown flag, or the rotting pieces of wood which lie at the bottom of the water. The poacher, the only at the curve, or the sparkle of the sunshine cannot deceive them; while others, and by far the greater number, are dazzled and see nothing. The poacher, having marked his prey, in the shallow water, gently extends his rod slowly across the water three or four yards higher up the stream, and lets the wire noise sink without noise till it almost or quite touches the bottom. It is easier to guide the nose to its destination when it occasionally touches the mud, for refraction distorts the true position of objects in water, and accuracy is important. Gradually the wire swims down with the current, just as if it were any ordinary twig or root carried along, such as the jack is accustomed to see, and he therefore feels no alarm. By degrees the loop comes closer to the fish, till with steady hand the poacher slips it over the head, past the first fin, and passes when it has reached a place corresponding to about one-third of the length of the fish, reckoning from the head. That end of the jack is heavier than the other, and the "lines" of the body are there nearly straight. Thus the poacher gets a firm hold—for a fish, of course, is slippery—and a good balance. If the operation is performed gently the jack will remain quite still, though the wire rags against his side—silence and stillness have such power over all living creatures. The poacher now clears his arm, and with a sudden jerk, lifts the fish right out of the stream and lands him on the sward. So sharp is the grasp of the wire that it

is surprising. They are thoroughly well acquainted with the art, so to speak of every professional criminal in Paris. Thus, after the celebrated theft of medals from the Bibliotheque Imperiale, the police had only to investigate the saw, the cord and the lantern left behind by the robbers to pronounce with certainty respecting their identity. And when, after the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin, the then existing chief of *Les Serrets*, M. Allard, was admitted to view the frightfully mutilated corpse, but his first remark was, "This is not the work of a professional, but of an amateur."

The inborn dramatic talent of the French nation makes it comparatively easy for the members of the detective force to disguise themselves, which they are often called upon to do. But respecting the motives and the style of these disguises they are remarkably reticent, being unwilling to confess that such a ruse is ever practiced. Yet an experienced observer may sometimes detect amid the elegant promenades at the *Actresses' ball* or the *Bal de l'Opera* the individual whom he saw in the morning selling oranges form a barrow or distributing advertisements, clad in a soiled blouse and a workman's cap. Not long ago it was necessary to exercise a strict surveillance over the movements of certain personages who were stopped at one of the most fashionable hotels of Paris. Two police inspectors, one in the guise of an elderly and distinguished-looking gentleman, who gave himself out as a former ambassador, and the other acting as his servant, took rooms at that hotel, and played their parts to admiration for a fortnight, departing at the conclusion of that time with their mission fully accomplished and going unperceived to their homes.

A Remarkable Fountain.

Taking a narrow path I crossed through some dense underwood, and all at once I stood on the banks of Wakulla spring, Florida. There was a basin of water one hundred yards in diameter, almost circular. The thick bushes were growing almost to the water's edge, and bowing their heads under its unrippled surface. I stepped into the water, and saw a school of immense fishes attracted my attention, and I seized a spear to strike them. The boatman laughed and asked me how far below the surface I supposed they were. I answered about four feet. He assured me that they were at least twenty feet from me, and it was so. The water is of the most marvellous transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in the water, forty feet down, and it lay in the bottom, as distinct as if it were on the bottom. As we approached the centre I noticed a jagged, grayish limestone rock beneath us, pierced with holes. Through these holes one seemed to look into unfathomable depths. The boat moved slowly on, and now we hung trembling over the edge of the sunken cliff, and far below it lies a dark, yawning, unbottomed abyss. From its interior some pouring forth, with immense velocity, a living river. Pushing on just beyond its mouth, I dropped a ten cent piece into the water, which in less than 190 feet in depth, and I clearly saw it shining on the bottom. This seems incredible. I think the water possesses a magnifying power. I am confident the piece could not be so plainly seen from the top of a tower 190 feet high. We rode on towards the west side, and we suddenly perceived in the water, in which the fish were darting hither and thither, the long, flexible roots and wide, luxuriant grasses on the bottom, all arrayed in the most brilliant prismatic hues. The gentle swell occasioned by the boat gave to the whole an undulating motion. Deathlike stillness reigned around, and a more fairy-like scene I never before beheld. So great is the quantity of water here poured forth that it forms a river of itself large enough to float flatboats laden with cotton. The planter who lives here has thus transported his cotton to St. Marks. Near the fountain we saw some of the remains of a mastodon which had been taken from it. The triangular bone below the knee measures six inches on each side. The Indian name of the fountain, Wakulla, means "The Mystery." It is said that the Spanish discoverers sprang into it with almost frantic joy, supposing they had discovered the long-sought "Fons Juventutis," or "Fountain of youth," which should rejuvenate them again.

## A Locomotive on a Dirt Road.

The Farwell, (Mich.) Register of a recent date says: "Perhaps the most novel sight ever seen in Michigan was witnessed here to-day, in the way of a railroad engine, steamed up, running through the woods on a common dirt road. This engine arrived, a day or two since, on the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad, from Pittsburgh, made expressly for their railroad north of the place, used for hauling logs to the Muskegon River. As it arrived here, the question was how to get the engine to its destination, some fifteen miles distant. Two hundred dollars having been offered for the job without avail, the managers conceived the plan of getting up steam and trying the wagon road, which was put into execution. This morning steam was gotten up, and the engine started northward on the Iowa & Houghton Lake State road at the west end of the town, with cheers and hurrahs from the assembled crowd. It moved off slowly and steadily without any apparent difficulty, followed by a force of men with levers, and teams with water to supply its wants."

## Pete Whetstone and the Mail Boy.

Pete Whetstone, of Arkansas, was once traveling on horseback through the interior of the State, and called one evening at stay all night at a little log house near the road, where, entertainment and the postoffice were kept. Two other strangers were there, and the mail rider rode up about dark. Supper being over, the mail carrier and the three strangers were taken into a small room, furnished with a good fire and two beds, which were to accommodate the four persons for the night. The mail carrier was a little, shabby, dirty, hard-looking wretch, with whom none of the gentlemen liked the idea of sleeping. Pete Whetstone eyed him closely as he asked:

"Where do you sleep to-night, and kind?"  
"I'll thleep with you, I reckon," lisped the youth, "or with one o' them other fellers. I don't care which."

The other two gentlemen took the hint and occupied one of the beds immediately, leaving the other and mail boy to be enjoyed by Pete and the mail carrier as best they could. Pete and the boy both commenced handling of their beds, and Pete getting into bed first, and wishing to get rid of sleeping with the boy, remarked very earnestly:

"My friend, I'll tell you beforehand, I've got the itch, and you'd better not get in here with me, for the disease is catching."

The boy, who was just getting into bed too, drawled out very coolly:

"Wal, I reckon that don't make a bit o' difference—I've had it now for nearly these threen years," and pitched and pitched along with Pete, who pitched out in as great a hurry as if he had waked up a hornet's nest in the bed. The other two gentlemen roared, and the mail boy, who had got peaceable possession of a bed to himself, drawled out—"Why you must be a thet of darna fool—man and dad's got the catch a heap worse than I is, and they're thert in that bed last night when they were here at the quilting."

The other two strangers were now in a worse predicament than Pete had been, jumped out as if the bed had been on fire, stripped, shook off their clothes, put them on again, ordered their horses, and though it was nearly ten o'clock, they all three left, and rode several miles to the next town before they slept, leaving the imperturbable mail carrier to the task of scratching and sleeping alone. The three men vowed to keep the affair a secret but it eventually leaked out.

## One of the World's Wonders.

The great four-fold water fall, the Fall of Ghorappa, on the west of India, near Hanore, is known as it is, is one of the wonders of the world. A writer says of it: "Difficult it is to convey in words any picture of the stupendous scene. There is the river, some three hundred yards in width, flowing through soft woodland, its waters split into many glassy currents, gliding round worn boulders and islets, when instantly bed and banks are gone, and in their place are savage, terrific walls of foam pink tinged to depths one dare not look into, down which the shuddering waters fall at four points nearly equidistant on the irregular curve of the rim of the abyss."

From the lip of the precipice to the dark pool at its foot is an accurately measured distance of eight hundred and thirty feet, and down this prodigious descent pour the four cataracts, each arrayed in its own robes of special beauty. One on the western side is the Great or Rajah fall; a branch of the river runs over a projecting ledge, and nowhere touching the Titanic wall, which hollows in, descends in a stately unbroken column, gradually widening its shining skirts into a black, unfathomable pool eight hundred and thirty feet below. The precipice runs backward, curving in an irregular bay, on whose farther side the fall, named the Roarer, shoots slanting down a third of the way into a rocky basin that shoulders out, whence it boils out in a broad massive cataract, plunging five hundred feet into the same pool opposite its kingly neighbor.

Leaving the bay next on the general plane of the precipice comes the Rocket fall, running impetuously over the brim and down the face of the stupendous wall, to which it only just clings with a few rods of glistening foam-white water, speeding in quick gusts, incessantly darting out myriads of watery rockets and vaporous arroyos, and pouring clear at last a dense shining curtain into its own pool. Last and loveliest, La Dame Blanche glides down the grim colossal rampart in large soft laps of delicate lace, now blowing out in bright, misty spray, and again quickly gathering up the white folds, and so stealing downward with a whispering murmur, till gently sinking in a sparkling shower into a pool whose ink-black surface is hardly ruffled. The exact depth scientifically measured is eight hundred and thirty feet.

## Business Maxims.

Be silent when a fool talks.  
Caution is the father of security.  
Great bargains have ruined many.  
The sleeping fox catches no poultry.  
Never take back a discharged servant.  
Never speak boastfully of your business.

Do not waste time in useless regrets over losses.  
No man can be successful who neglects his business.  
Word by word Webster's big dictionary was made.

Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.  
Give a fool a rope and he will hang himself.

An hour of triumph comes at last to those who watch and wait.  
It is harder for the hungry man to wait when he smells the roast meat.

If you post your servants upon your affairs they will one day read you.  
Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.

Systematize your business and keep an eye on little expenses. Small leaks sink great ships.

The best government is that which teaches self-government.

## On a Locomotive.

The writer climbed aboard the engine of the Pacific express one morning at Harrisburg Pa., long before daylight and was assigned a seat on the fireman's box, which was on the left side of the engine. When the little round clock over the boiler showed four hours and twenty minutes the bell in the roof above tapped once, the engineer pulled back the shining lever a notch or two and slowly at first, then rapidly we puffed out into the night. To one unaccustomed the scene inside and out was a strange one and calculated to stir up somewhat feelings of awe and solemnity. It has often since returned in