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## MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Was not till the little hands are at rest  
Ere you fall from them with flowers;  
Was not for the crowing tabernacle  
To make sweet the last sad hours;  
But while, in the busy household band,  
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,  
Oh, all their lives with sweetest  
Was not till the little hearts are still,  
For the loving look and phrase;  
But while you gently chide a fault,  
The good deed kindly praise.  
The word you would speak beside the bier  
Is sweeter far on the living ear;  
Oh, all young lives with sweetest  
Ah! what are kisses on cold clay lips  
To the rosy mouth we press,  
When we see the one flow from mother's arms,  
For love's tenderest caress?  
Let never a worldly bubble keep  
Your heart from the joy each day should reap;  
Caring young lives with sweetest,  
Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy boy,  
Give thanks for the fairy girl;  
With a roser of wealth like this at home,  
Would you rife the earth for pearls?  
Was not for death to gem Love's crown,  
But did shower life's blessings down,  
And fill young hearts with sweetest,  
Remember the homes where the light has  
Faded,  
Where the rose has faded away;  
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,  
Oh, cherish it while you may!  
And make your home a garden of flowers,  
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's  
hours,  
And fill young lives with sweetest.

## The Vehm Court.

The terror which the secret Tribunals of that so-called Vehm Court, in the thirteenth century, had struck into the hearts of the arrogant nobility of North-western Germany, and especially of the rich districts now constituting the Prussian province of Westphalia, had long died away, when in the year 1417 it was suddenly revived, and speedily became so intense and widespread that many noblemen fled to Austria, and that even such powerful Princes as the Bishops of Munster and Paderborn, who ruled over large districts of Westphalia were trembling in their strongholds, which had been frequently but vainly besieged by neighboring Princes.

It was a fine July evening in the above-mentioned year that a horseman covered with dust galloped up to the door of the Red Earth Tavern in the village of Bergen, near Munster.

He jumped from his horse, threw the bridle to a hooded man, and rushed into the bar-room, where some twenty villagers were seated at the long oak tables.

"Bad news! bad news!" he gasped, breathlessly.

"What is it, Berthold Meynen?" asked the fat landlord, while the others rose from their seats.

"First give me a large glass of your red wine," said the new comer, throwing himself into an arm-chair and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "I left Castle Freyenberg but two hours ago. You may imagine what a state that was. I am utterly exhausted."

The landlord brought him a goblet filled with wine, which he quickly gulped down.

"Now, tell us the news, Berthold Meynen," cried the villagers, who had crowded around him with pale, excited faces.

"Our noble lord the Count of Freyenberg, was murdered last night."

These words produced a profound sensation among the hearers.

"What?" they cried, "our good, kind landlord murdered? Why, he had no enemies!"

"He was found this morning," said Berthold Meynen, "with his throat cut from ear to ear, near the grove of Hadden. The corpse was lying under a tree, to which, by means of a small dagger, there were fastened a piece of parchment containing the words: 'He has been judged!'"

The villagers looked puzzled.

The landlord's expression of countenance was one of intense horror.

"Good friends," he whispered, "say no more about this. The Count had been condemned by a Vehm Court, the parchment and the dagger show it. Baron Eistenstein, near Herford, was killed by them last week. They are terrible judges. I tell you, those members of the so-called sacred Vehm. Many years ago they sat in sacred judgment in Westphalia for long months, and 200 noblemen and thousands of burghers were executed by their orders."

"But," said one of the villagers, "why do not our Princes stop these murderous villains?"

"Hush! hush!" if you love your life say nothing about the Vehm Courts; or you will pay dearly for your evil tongue," interrupted the landlord.

At this moment a middle-aged man, in a well-worn uniform of the Hessian infantry, entered the room.

"A pint of wine," he said, sitting near one of the open windows.

He was evidently a stranger to the villagers, for they looked curiously at him while the landlord was getting the wine for him.

While he was drinking it the landlord motioned to the villagers to keep silence, but he did not see that the stranger had noticed the signs he had made.

The villagers then speedily left the bar-room.

Only Berthold Meynen, the stranger and the landlord remained in the room. It was about dusk.

"I suppose you have already heard the news about Count Freyenberg's execution by the Vehm Court?"

"Ye-ye-yes," stammered the landlord turning very pale.

"They say the Count was a bad man," continued the stranger, with a lurking expression of countenance.

"No, he was not, stranger!" cried Berthold Meynen, indignantly. "He was the kindest and best of all landed noblemen in Westphalia! He was murdered by some scound—"

"For God's sake Berthold!" cried the landlord, imploringly.

"You will rue those words this very

night, young man," said the stranger to Meynen.

He whistled three times in a shrill tone out of the window.

"Oh, heavens!" cried the landlord, falling on his knees.

A minute later two masked men rushed in.

They seized the landlord and Meynen and handcuffed them. Then they gagged them and put black hoods over their heads. All this had been done without a word being exchanged between the middle-aged soldier and the two masked men.

He made a sign to the latter, who nodded their heads and carried their two prisoners out of the tavern to a neighboring grove followed by the soldier.

The masked men laid their living burdens on the ground. They then got three horses, one of which the soldiers mounted. To the other two the hapless landlord and Meynen were fastened by means of leather straps. The masked men jumped into the saddles. They then set out on a brisk trot.

In half an hour they reached the wooded hill fringing the southern part of the old Principality of Diepenloef.

The soldier whistled three times, as he had done at the tavern.

The signals were immediately answered. A herculean man, dressed in black velvet, with a mask of the same color, bare his face, made his appearance. The soldier said to him: "for justice's sake."

"Justice will be done!" said the herculean man, in a sepulchral tone.

The two unfortunate prisoners were untied and then hustled into a small grove, dimly lit up by a few torchlights, where a number of persons were lying on the ground.

They wore black hoods over their heads, and the fact that their hands were shackled showed they were prisoners. Meynen and the landlord were likewise stretched out in their midst.

Six masked men with long halberds, kept guard over them.

As time went on, many additional prisoners were brought in.

These hapless persons in the vague light of the crowded grove, with the masked watchmen who did not utter a single word presented a weird and terrible scene.

A solemn solemn chant was intoned close to the grove by a number of male voices.

Then a loud, deep bass voice was heard to shout out:

"Undo Count Von Fincken!"

Two masked men entered the grove. They seized one of the prisoners, conducted him through a short subterranean passage into a second grove, which presented a still more startling appearance than the one where the prisoners were confined.

Round the dead table eleven men in black cowls with black hoods were seated.

A single torchlight illuminated the grove. On the table lay a grinning skull.

When the prisoner stood before the cowed hooded men, he was unshackled, the hood was removed from his head, and the gag taken from his mouth.

He was a middle-aged man, in the rich costume of the nobility of that period. His countenance was decidedly handsome, but its good looks decidedly marred by an air of sullenness and brutality.

The twelve men rose from their seats. Lifting up their right hands, they cried: "woe! woe! woe!"

"This was the ancient watchword of the Vehm Court Judges.

Upon hearing it the prisoners turned very pale. The Vehm Judge occupying the raised seat at the table—all, broad-shouldered man—said to the prisoner: "Count Von Fincken, the Vehm Court accuses you of being a highway robber, an adulterer, a disturber of public peace."

"I protest!" he cried.

"Is he guilty?" asked the presiding Judge.

"Guilty! Guilty!" said the other Judges.

"For your manifold crimes," said the presiding Judge to the prisoner, "you deserve exemplary punishment. Your hands and feet shall be cut off. Your eyes will be dug out. Your tongue shall be torn out. If you survive this you shall be buried alive!"

The unfortunate Count howled in his anguish and terror. But the executioner was called in, and dragged him out of the grove.

A few minutes later his heart-rending yells were heard, as the executioner was carrying out the dread sentence upon him.

Fortunately when the tongue had been torn from his mouth, he died, suffocated from the rush of blood from his throat.

Forty-one prisoners were judged by the terrible Tribunal in less than two hours. Sentence of death was passed upon all of them. During all this time the wails and cries of the victims as they were bleeding under the knife of the executioner continued to rend the air.

Among the sufferers was the landlord and Berthold Meynen, who were accused of having kidnapped young girls to gratify the lust of Count Freyenberg. Their hands were hacked off, and then they were hung to the stonilimb of a tree, with their heads downward. They died in the most terrible agony.

Next morning the Vehm Judges and their attendants had disappeared. But the mutilated bodies of their sufferers were found in the grove, with parchments and tell-tale daggers fastened above their remains.

When the news of the terrible butchery became known the population of the neighboring districts were filled with such alarm that a great many people left their property and fled in hot haste toward the Rhine.

Most of the families of the nobility deserted their castles.

Then the new Vehm Judges became so bold that they threw off their disguises. Their first victim was Count Freyenberg, himself Prince De Cleves announced in a most bombastic proclamation, that he and his associates had come to

purify the land of the Red Earth (Westphalia) from its rapacious and vicious nobility, and to bring about an equal distribution of the landed property among the poorer classes.

The new trick is most easily performed by a person of English appearance, inasmuch as the use of an umbrella is essential for it; and as every one knows out-crymen are not expected to abandon, even under the clearest sky, a companion so familiar to them. The operator, provided with his umbrella, enters a shop with it in his hands, having pulled down the silk covering, but not securely fastened it, so that the folds hang round the handle in a loose mass, forming a sort of openmouthed net. Into the net thus opened it is not difficult to jerk a ring or two, or even a larger article which will fall into it without the slightest sound, and remain safely ensconced there as long as may be required.

If the shopman should miss the Bijou thus abstracted, he will of course run after his customer, and equally, as a matter of course, the other will protest indignantly. A search will ensue at the end of which, just as everyone is beginning to be hopelessly baffled the owner of the umbrella, will be struck by a bright thought, and will himself bring to light the desired object, apologizing in the blindest way, and making merry over a joke which he so nearly as he says, assuming a serious character. The trick has been tried as usual once too often but it is dreadful to think what success it may have had throughout a month which has been so exceptionally favorable for the use of umbrellas in Paris.

## Mr. Greeley's Wood Farm.

Among the recent entries of real estate at the Land Office in White Plains, is one for eighty-three and five-eighths acres at Chappaqua, sold to A. J. Quinby for \$10,000. The property is memorable as being a portion of the Greeley farm, though not immediately connected with the old homestead. This still remains in possession of Mr. Greeley's daughter, Ida and Gabrielle, who are living at Barrytown, Ida with her husband, Colonel Smith, and Gabrielle as a member of the household. Many who were privileged to visit Mr. Greeley at his Chappaqua home will remember the hill farm, or the woodland known far and wide from the mention of it in the "Recollections" of Mr. Greeley. When a bit of leisure offered itself from grubbing among his \$11 cabages, or carrying out his very radical idea of pruning, Mr. Greeley would harness up a nondescript vehicle known in the whole country around as "Greeley's ark," and drive out about two miles in the eighty-three acres just now sold. It was an unsightly and rickety-looking landscape as the eye of man ever fell upon. Some few spots of it might have been turned into a possible use as a sheep pasture, but the rest was strewn with boulders and filled with ruts. Mr. Greeley had planted over the whole plot a crop of locust trees, and these had come up in a rather promiscuous fashion. Mr. Greeley drove his stout piece of horse-drawn machinery, in his short-sightedness paying not the slightest attention to such trifling obstacles as holes a yard deep, boulders as high, young saplings or overhanging boughs, though his guests were apt to be of a different mind, and all the time would talk about the great advantages of forest planting from a politico-social-scientific view. When no visitor offered him a victim he found his way out to the wood-farm and chopped about with an axe. At present, the plot is covered with a scrubby growth of locusts as big as a man's arm.

## A Veteran of Waterloo.

Charles Winter is the name of an aged Frenchman who resides now in Chippewa, and who claims to be 99 years old. He claims Strasburg, in Alsace, as his native town. He says that in 1812 he was conscripted into the French army under the first Napoleon. He was placed in the 21st Cavalry Regiment, and took part in the famous entry into and retreat from Moscow. He says that himself and ten others were the only men in the 21st who returned to France alive; all the rest fell under Russian bullets, Cossack spears, or from the effects of the terrible cold. They were discharged from the service on their return, but the next year (1813) he was again conscripted, and remained in the French army until the star of Napoleon's destiny finally set on the bloody field of Waterloo. He claims to have been in several of the great battles fought by Napoleon, and in one of them was wounded in the right foot. He has been a man of powerful physique, and looks as though he was good for several years yet. The old man's story does not hang together perfectly, but we are inclined to think that in the main it is true.

Where He Gained.

He was a strawberry man. He drove his old horse and wagon under the shade of a tree tired of screaming and anxious to measure up what he had left and see if his receipts agreed. He measured, and there were eleven quarts. He counted up his money, and he found he was a quart of strawberries ahead. He measured again and counted again, and he was puzzled.

"Let's see!" he mused, as he hid a lad berry under the pile, "I measured my thumb along with a quart of berries twice on High street, three times on Columbia, once on Bagg, and twice on this street, and that accounts for a pint. Now, how did I save that other pint? I slid off six berries at that brick house, three at the cottage, seven or eight when I sold to that boy, and—"

He reflected for a moment, and then a bright smile crossed his face, he exclaimed:

"Egad! I have it! I remember now that I measured both thumbs at once over on Montcalm street! That tallies to a berry, and my mind is relieved of a great burden!"

The Umbrella Trick in Paris.

The thief of the period has begun to take himself to a new system of warfare, in which the defensive is largely combined with the offensive art. A very simple but effective strategem has been doing duty in the jewellers shops in Paris, which has never before in its history been so full of "knights of industry." The new trick is most easily performed by a person of English appearance, inasmuch as the use of an umbrella is essential for it; and as every one knows out-crymen are not expected to abandon, even under the clearest sky, a companion so familiar to them. The operator, provided with his umbrella, enters a shop with it in his hands, having pulled down the silk covering, but not securely fastened it, so that the folds hang round the handle in a loose mass, forming a sort of openmouthed net. Into the net thus opened it is not difficult to jerk a ring or two, or even a larger article which will fall into it without the slightest sound, and remain safely ensconced there as long as may be required.

If the shopman should miss the Bijou thus abstracted, he will of course run after his customer, and equally, as a matter of course, the other will protest indignantly. A search will ensue at the end of which, just as everyone is beginning to be hopelessly baffled the owner of the umbrella, will be struck by a bright thought, and will himself bring to light the desired object, apologizing in the blindest way, and making merry over a joke which he so nearly as he says, assuming a serious character. The trick has been tried as usual once too often but it is dreadful to think what success it may have had throughout a month which has been so exceptionally favorable for the use of umbrellas in Paris.

## In the Rogues' Gallery.

"Do you have much difficulty in getting these characters to sit for their portraits?" asked a New York reporter of the operator in that branch of business.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Heckt, "but I find that if I treat them kindly and reason with them they give in."

"What do you call reasoning with them?"

"Well," said Mr. Heckt, assuming a logical air, "I talk to them something in this way: 'What's the use of losing time about this thing? If I don't get your picture to-day you've got to go back to the station-house over night and come again in the morning—you know they are photographed before they are taken, and that argument generally strikes them as pretty reasonable.'"

"Don't do anything until I find that reasoning does no good, and then I do the best I can," which rather vague response Mr. Heckt supplemented with the observation that once he had sent up to headquarters for two extra policemen. That was on the 21st of last March. The fellow's name was Frank Wyatt. He was a forger. He swore he wouldn't sit "for no smoozer alive," and when he was finally got into the chair he pulled the side of his head over his ear.

James Baxter on the 14th of last February took off his coat and vest and dared any fellow to get him into the seat. He offered to lick any man in the crowd by any style he wanted, and was finally appraised, and when he left a very excellent photograph had been obtained.

"Yes, kind words does considerable," Mr. Heckt added.

"I've got strict orders," he continued, "to take off their hats; but occasionally some fellows come along who are so set against me that I have some difficulty in getting them to take them off. They think it spoils their looks, and there's as high toned chaps among the forgers as there is in other aristocratic circles."

"Once in a while they hang their heads, and they get their chins under their shirt collars, but I kinder coax 'em into good positions. You know, Wyatt, he was a forger. He swore he wouldn't sit 'for no smoozer alive,' and when he was finally got into the chair he pulled the side of his head over his ear."

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Mr. Smith said that by telling them of all the things he had done with his hands by placing their hats over them, he did away with that difficulty.

"What has been your experience with women?"

"They are the hardest to take when they object, because they are the shyest. They sometimes burst into tears and contort their faces in that way, or else they have hysterical fits of laughter, or else they bury their heads in their hands, or they get their hair all over their faces. You know women have a more mobile countenance than a man as a general rule, and they can keep up the contortion business longer."

"But among women, too, you find some willing to be photographed?"

"Will? I should say so; they go up to the looking-glass and fix their split curls and their back hair and straighten their polonaises and spruce up generally. Every now and then one or the other will bring forth a powder-puff and take to beautifying herself for the occasion."

"How many pictures do you average?"

"About one a day."

"What do you get for them?"

"Two dollars each—and I furnish eight copies."

Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Heckt have but recently become the photographers for the rogues' galleries of their respective cities. The experiences of the men previously employed are more varied, as the criminal formerly, before they had to accept the gallery, was a necessary institution, were more rebellious, and had to be broken in. Odd stories are told by policemen about the different methods employed in bringing them to terms. Not long ago a pick-pocket, who absolutely refused to be photographed in spite of argument or force, and whose keen sense of the disgrace was the cause of his refusal, was taken to the Red Earth Tavern with the placard "pick-pocket" on his back. He finally succumbed in self-defense. Another man, a forger, when placed in front of the camera, got blinking and screwing his face to such an extent that it was impossible to do anything with him. While his facial gymnastics were in progress the photographers, with a sudden inspiration and by an extremely dexterous movement, slipped a mustard plaster on the back of the culprit's neck. In a minute all his facial expressions ciphered itself down into a shape of the lips necessary to produce the vowel sound of "oo," and catching this expression in a jiffy, the artist got his negative and brought out a fine picture of a man with an astonished countenance.

## A Mysterious Pit.

Nearly fourteen miles on almost a direct line southeast from Bowling Green Kentucky, there is a singular and mysterious pit in the ground. It is situated on a high bluff, in a wild, hilly locality, tangled with vine, bramble, briars, bushes, trees, and shrubbery, on the waters of Drake's creek, below the mouth of Tammell. The aperture is a dark, gaping hole cleft through the stony rock, about the size of a man's head and neck, and the opening is some ten feet long and four feet wide at the widest part, its rocky yawning lips being spread something in the shape of a horse-collar, the apex, so to speak, pointing westward. By some of the people in that region it is known as "Hell Hole," while others call it "Indian Pit." One remarkable feature of the abyss is that there issues from its deep depths, ceaseless as the rours of the seasons, a volume of misty vapor, which, especially on crisp, frosty mornings, can be seen ascending above the tree tops, and floating off on the air, whitened with rays of the rising sun. Flint, boulder-shaped stones, and others worn by the friction of time to perfect roundness are scattered profusely all about the place, as though thrown high by some unknown agency, and about the place are to be seen halibones of all dimensions. In the fall and winter this fog volume is warmer than the cutting blasts that sweep along the deep gorge. In summer the mist is cooler and not so dense. The pit widens from the top in its downward course, and woe to any living thing once swallowed through its dark mouth. Throw a boulder or stone into it, and not a faintest echo ever reaches the ear as to whether it went. Some seasons since a party of persons assembled at the pit, determined to fathom its hidden bottom. They were provided with a strong cord over six hundred feet long, to which was attached a stilliard weight. They dropped the weight into the hole and paid out the line. Down, down, and down went the weight till not a foot of cord was left, while not a faintest echo ever reached the ear as to whether it went. Some seasons since a party of persons assembled at the pit, determined to fathom its hidden bottom. They were provided with a strong cord over six hundred feet long, to which was attached a stilliard weight. They dropped the weight into the hole and paid out the line. Down, down, and down went the weight till not a foot of cord was left, while not a faintest echo ever reached the ear as to whether it went. Some seasons since a party of persons assembled at the pit, determined to fathom its hidden bottom. They were provided with a strong cord over six hundred feet long, to which was attached a stilliard weight. They dropped the weight into the hole and paid out the line. Down, down, and down went the weight till not a foot of cord was left, while not a faintest echo ever reached the ear as to whether it went.

## Growing the Jasmine.

Nature does not present a more fragrant and beautiful exhibition than a mixture of roses and jasmies. The Arabian jasmine is very fragrant; but as it does not endure much cold or heat it should be planted in an eastern aspect. The yellow jasmine is not very fragrant, but it forms an elegant variety. The shoot of the jasmine grows so rapidly and so luxuriantly, that if the plant is allowed to luxuriate it will soon cover any frame-work, or other fanciful device, with its drooping beauty. It loves to hang downward. In pruning this beautiful plant, cut the branches to an eye or bud, just by the place from which they sprout and in such manner that the head, when trimmed, shall resemble the head of a willow. This method makes them throw out abundance of branched fine flowers. Give fresh soil to the jasmine every two years or they will become weakened in their blooms. The secret of having fine flowers is in keeping up the soil to a regular degree of strength. As the human frame languishes under change of diet, and becomes weakened for the want of food, so it is with the floral creation.

Bulger Pays his Taxes and Makes a Prognostication.

Bulger went down on Saturday to pay his delinquent tax. Bulger said: "I will go voluntarily and be swindled out of some money."

Then he went down to Smithfield street and up into Tom Phelps' gorgious headquarters like a man in a dream. He saw gilded walls and clerks with jewelry and books bound in gilt. He saw chandeliers and Brussels carpet and oiled walnut furniture. Bulger said to himself:

"This whole business is veneering; then he reflected and said, 'and I help to pay for it,' and then he reflected again and stated, 'because I can't help it.'"

Then Bulger went down into his clothes for his pocket book. It looked as though it had been subjected to a pressure of 17,900 pounds to the square inch, it was so flat.

But it contained all the money Bulger had, and Bulger leaned over the counter and said:

"Where is that whole-souled philanthropist whose big heart suffers a pang every time he is necessitated, by the stern fate, to collect taxes from a poor man?"

Where is that distinguished person who has inaugurated, according to report an installment plan whereby a man may pay his taxes in fragments? Where is that gentle youth who is so kind that he would rather see a wretched woman damned than see her sold out for taxes? I think his name is Tom Phelps."

Then a young man with gilt sleeve buttons arose and said to Bulger:

"What do you want?"

"I am in the delinquent list," said Bulger.

"I apprehend that before long the jail will be unaccountably crowded, and I would rather not go there. You may regard me, if you please, as a willing victim. I will pay up; I have the remnant of my fortune here in this pocket-book."

The young man opened a ponderous volume, and after some cogitation said:

"Five dollars and two cents for water tax and ten dollars for advertising; total, fifteen dollars and two cents."

Bulger leaned his elbows on the counter and said: "Two cents being about what I ought to pay, I presume the fifteen dollars goes to the poor."

"I-I-I," said the clerk, dreamily, "shall I make you out a receipt?"

"You shall," said Bulger, "and I would like to borrow a microscope, if you have one, in order to ascertain if there is anything left in my pocket-book."

"We have none," said the young man.

"Never mind," remarked Bulger, cheerfully, "if there's anything there my wife will find it; but say, don't you think it would have been cheaper for you fellows to have bought a Bullock press and done your own printing?"

"It makes no difference to us what it costs," returned the young man.

"I had not thought of that," exclaimed Bulger, smiling his brow. "Singular, I did not think of that. When I come to think of it, say, the people have to pay for the printing."

"Exactly," said the young man, with a sweet smile.

"Well, now," said Bulger, "there's a funny thing. You don't have to pay for it, and it makes no difference to us what it costs. See?"

"I can't say I do," remarked the young man, with a troubled expression.

"I am sorry," said Bulger. "It's a remarkable thing, and if you could put yourself in my place you would see it in half a minute," and then Bulger put his receipt into his empty pocketbook and placed his empty pocketbook in his empty pocket, and remarked to the young man, "God bless you," and went out.

When he got half way down the stairs a thought struck Bulger and he came back.

"Hi!" said he to the young man.

"We have some nice legislators now," said Bulger.

"There are some fine gentlemen in the legislature," answered the young man.

"There are a good many fine ones there," said Bulger.

"Yes."

"But they'll never go back there any more," said Bulger.

"No," inquired the young man.

"No," answered Bulger, "never, no more in this world." And then Bulger went away from the gilt and the glitter and the veneer, to try to borrow enough money to buy a ham and a sack of flour.

## The Instinct of Birds.

No subject connected with the history of birds furnishes more interesting material for study than that of instinct. Young birds of different species show that they have different degrees of instinctive knowledge. Some are able to take entire care of themselves, and do not need a mother to watch over them; others, on the contrary, are perfectly helpless, and need teaching before they can do anything for themselves, except breathe, and swallow what is put into their mouths. The young chicken, a short time after it leaves the egg, knows how to take care of itself nearly as well as does the year old bird. It can run after its mother, use its eyes, pick up food, and answer the call of the old hen; and it does all this without instruction. How different it is in all these respects from the young barn swallow. This is blind, and unable to run, or even to stand, knowing only enough to open its mouth when it hears the old bird return to the nest, and to swallow the food placed in its open bill. Far from knowing by instinct how to use its wings, as the young chick does its legs, it does not learn this until it is well grown, and has had several lessons in flying, and even then it flies badly, and improves only after long practice. After it has learned to fly it is still very helpless and baby-like, and very different from the active, bright-eyed, independent little chick

of the barnyard, and, indeed, the young of all the Rassees, or screeching birds, such as the hen, the quail, the partridge, the pheasant and the turkey.

The scratching birds are not the only ones who can take care of themselves at an early age. This is true of the running birds, such as the ostrich, and the same is the case with many of the wading birds, such as the woodcock, and among the swimming birds, there are several kinds that take full care of themselves soon after leaving the shell.

Far from standing in any need of instruction, young ducks take to the water by instinct, even when they have been brought up by a hen, and they know that they are perfectly safe upon it, although the anxious hen tries in every way to restrain them and to call them back.

There are many ways in which some of our young birds show their really wonderful instincts, but there is nothing more curious in this respect than the habits of the little chickens, which most of us have opportunities of noticing, if we choose to take the trouble. The little creatures, almost as soon as they are born, understand what their mother "clucks" to them, they know that they must hide when a hawk is about; they often scratch the ground for food before they see their mother or any other chicken do so; they are careful not to catch bees instead of flies, and they show their early smartness in many ways which are well worth watching.

But, sometimes, a brood of these youngsters find something that puzzles them, as when they meet with a hard-shelled beetle, who looks too big to eat and yet too small for a playmate.

## Curious Facts About Gold.

The bulk of gold in the world steadily increases, though the amount is but roughly approximated. Ten years ago it was estimated at about \$5,500,000,000 in value. It must be greatly larger now, though we have no fixed data for approximating the amount. But it may be of interest to see what the bulk of the smaller coin ten years ago would be if it were all melted and run together. Pure gold is more than nineteen times as heavy as water, and a cubic foot of water weighs a thousand ounces avoirdupois. A cubic foot of gold weighs, then, over nineteen thousand ounces avoirdupois, and every such ounce of fine gold is worth (according to our coinage) somewhat more than eighteen dollars, so that the whole cubic foot of gold would be worth a little more than a third of a million dollars. A cubic yard of solid gold would be worth twenty seven times as much as that, or over nine million dollars; and 660 cubic yards would contain somewhat more than the \$5,500,000,000 of gold in the world ten years ago. These 660 cubic yards would be contained within a tract only about fifteen feet high, twenty-four feet wide, and forty-eight feet long; say, a good sized parlor or store of moderate size. "But," says some one, "gold is so malleable that even this small bulk of it would glide over the whole earth. But he either overestimated the malleability of gold, or more likely, under-estimated the size of the earth. It takes 1,280,000 leaves of the thinnest gold foil to make an inch thickness, or about fifteen millions and a third to make a foot, or 46,000,000 to a yard. A cubic yard of gold, then, could be beaten out so as to cover 46,000,000 square yards, somewhat less than 10,000 acres, for there are 4,840 square rods to the acre. Then, as there are 640 acres to the square mile the whole 660 cubic yards of gold could be beaten out so as to cover about 10,000 square miles; is, a tract only 100 miles square, less than the extent of Vermont, and a little more than a fifth of either New York or Pennsylvania.

## How to Avoid Sunstroke.

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of 11 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors, and where there is artificial heat—laundries, etc.—see that the room is well ventilated. If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat), straw, etc., and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a piece of green leaf frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella when walking, a canvas or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, but be excused from work, especially after 11 o'clock in the morning on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place; apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician, give the persons cool drinks of water or cold black tea or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head poulticed ice, wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand, keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint, and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.

## The Believer cannot sigh without his God observing it.

The migratory dairymen of California some time ago started for their summer homes in the Sierra. Their cows have all had calves and butchers have made away with them for veal. These migratory dairymen, though the name was applied to them does not indicate it, are the most prosperous of California dairymen. Their winter homes are located in the foot hills at about the altitude of Folsom, Latrobe, Shingles, Sirdans, Jackson and Oroville, and their summer homes, and really active dairy farms, are high upon the summit of the Sierras on the elevated plains watered by living springs gushing out of the surrounding elevations in the secluded vales and gulches and on the shores of the numerous lakes that bound in those regions. Their foot hill homes are the real homes of the family. Here are their comfortable family residences, nestled in some of the numerous cosy and picturesque localities so frequent in those sections. The first experiments in this new enterprise were made but a few years since. These experiments proved so successful and profitable that they were followed up by the enterprising pioneers in the business, and others followed suit, until to-day migratory dairies of the foot-hills and Sierra summits are not only numerous but extensive, and their owners are among the most successful and wealthy dairymen in the State. The business is conducted about as follows: The cows have their calves from February to the middle of April. Such of the heifer calves as are desirable on account of their promising dairy qualities to keep, are raised, all others are turned off for veal. From the time the cows begin to come in, till about the 1st to the 10th of May, some of the dairymen milk their butter, while some make cheese. At about the 10th of May all things being in readiness, the dairy including cows, herders, milkers, buttermakers and all the necessary dairy tools and furniture are started for the mountains, the owner and such of his family as intend to spend the summer with the dairy accompanying them. Arrived at the place of destination the Spring is just opening and the grasses are tender and the favorite ones, notably Red clover, white clover and various other California wild clovers, and nearly all the natural grasses of recognized value as forage plants, such as timothy, red-top, wild rye grass, orchard grass, bunch grass, are found in great abundance. Water for stock is plentiful everywhere and of the best quality in every respect. The weather is cool and the climate is healthy and invigorating. The summer residence and butter house is put in order, and the business of the season is commenced at once in earnest. With such feed and such water and in such a climate, the yield of milk comes up to the utmost capacity of the cows, the cream rises rapidly and fully and the butter comes readily, and is of the very best quality in every respect. The butter is tender and luscious and is naturally but in a business point of view. Being on the divide between the mining localities of Nevada and California, the very best market for butter, is at hand on either side. The bulk of the butter is generally sold each week, as it is made for immediate use. But such as is not demanded for use in this manner is readily contracted and packed for winter consumption. The season lasts from May to November, when the campaign closes and the party returns to the foot-hills and goes into winter quarters. The foot-hill home is made the main base of supplies and operations. And these homes generally show the result of thrifty enterprise and frugal prosperity. The cows are dried up when brought from the mountains in the fall and are kept upon the dry feed of the foot-hills until the till the rains set in, when they all are fed with hay till the early grasses make their appearance after the first rain. These grasses generally help very materially in wintering the cows and bringing them out in fine condition for the next summer campaign in the mountains. We have thus given an outline of one of the many successful industries of the interior of this State which is prosecuted where but a few years since, but little inviting for a home or business was supposed to exist. Each year develops new values for the foot-hills and mountainous regions of the State, and the time is not far distant when these sections will be among the most desirable localities for residences and business.

## The Puzzled Miner.

Down in the mine, underneath the ground, a red-shirted laborer, toiled the whole day long, and when evening came he ascended to the mouth of the pit to get a mouth of fresh air and a supper in his cabin. But there had been a tremendous storm during the afternoon. Many a house in Virginia City had been unroofed, and of his own cabin at the head of Carson street, not a vestige remained. It had been blown down, the boards had been scattered far and wide, and not a shingle remained to mark the spot where he had smoked his pipe, fried his potatoes, and played draw-poker, with a dummy. After the fury of the gale had come a heavy fall of snow, and the miner trudging home in the evening, found all things changed. He reached the spot where his cabin had stood when he went to work in the morning, but as he turned aside to walk towards the door he missed the house. Thinking that he had made a mistake, he went further up the street, and not finding his house, concluded that he must have passed it, and accordingly retraced his steps. Facing about, and noticing the familiar outlines of his neighbors' cabin, he whistled, and finally exclaimed: "What in the deuce has become of my house?" Then one of his neighbors opened a window and consoled him. "I say, you'll find your house down," said Seven-mile canon, as it was going "that when I last saw it." The dummy lost nothing "in the draw" that night.