

Amity and Republic

B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1878.

NO. 41.

WHAT MAKES A NOBLEMAN? I deem the man a nobleman...

"I took them as such at first." "What did they refer to?" "I refuse to answer that question!"

bonous crime. The supposition that Count Nostikoff had committed suicide was refuted by the nature and position of his wounds.

Important Use of Natural Gas. The petroleum product of Pennsylvania now reaches the fabulous sum of eighty millions of dollars per year.

block of amibatch wood they patiently wait it for about an hour. Then they jump into the water they never wear any clothes on a hunt, and they try to get the block.

Food. The two great duties which food has to perform in the system are to maintain the heat in the body and to supply material for its growth and renewal.

haze, became a speck in the clear sky. When Rodolphe came up the bank she found that one of her jewelled slippers had been carried away, and she said to her maids, "The eagle has taken it."

A Modern Ghost Story. Among the many recollections of my long travels the following incident was a great puzzle to all at the time I first placed, and is still shrouded in profound mystery.

Unjustly Condemned. On the 13th of January, 1871, the people of Moscow, in Russia, were startled by the news that Count Adolph Nostikoff, a young nobleman, and the prospective heir of vast estates in the central part of the empire, had been found murdered, shortly after day-break, near a small garden house belonging to the country seat of Voleslar Staninoff, a wealthy merchant of Moscow.

"I am utterly at a loss to understand how it got there. I generally kept it on the writing desk in my study. It is horrible beyond expression to think that this knife of mine should have been used for so fearful a purpose."

"Mlle. Alida told the truth. She did not murder Count Nostikoff; I killed him myself. After leaving the coachman in the garden, I went to Mlle. Alida's boudoir in order to get a shawl, because it was very cold in the garden. I saw her knife on her writing desk, and took it with me for protection in case the coachman should meet me again in the garden, and insult me. Then I went back to the garden, but I did not find anybody there. At the garden house Count Nostikoff, who was just going to leave the place caught sight of me. He hastened towards me, and before I was able to resist, dragged me into the garden house. There he tried at once to do violence to me. I struggled as best I could, but no one heard my cries. He was very strong; my dress was torn, my strength was about giving way, and then I drew the knife and struck him twice with it. He staggered back with a cry, and I fled hurriedly back to the house. My remorse since Mlle. Alida's conviction has been intense. I have led a wretched life ever since. I hope God will forgive me."

Hunting the Hippopotamus. The Schumann-Reiche party took twenty Hommans with them last September, and pushed on to the region of the Atbara, the Sudd, and the Salam rivers, tributaries of the Nile. Whenever they met a native they inquired about the Assinns, the native name for the hippopotamus.

When the hunting party begins to move back the hippos and other young and the dangerous animals are placed in strong wooden boxes, perforated with holes, and are carried by camels. The camels go single file one after the other, with long bars running from the sides of each camel, and fastened to the saddle of the one in front, and to the saddle of the camel in the rear. The boxes in which the animals are then enclosed are put on the bars and fastened securely in the middle between the two camels. Besides the captured animals the party had to transport from the Homman country 80 or 90 goats, to furnish milk to the young ones. It takes the milk of 25 goats for one baby hippopotamus. It was not out of the question with them all the way from the country of the Hommans to Marseilles, in France, but as the railroad company there charged 45 francs apiece for transportation of the goats through France, they sold them in Marseilles for 10 francs apiece, and fed the young animals from that time forth on cows milk and eggs.

Mr. Lazard, in a letter from the New Hebrides, a group of islands north of Australia belonging to the Prussian group, writes that several extremely dangerous and think nothing of making a meal of a missionary, thus describes the dreadful poisoned spears of these islands, made with long carved points of human bones. These points are made from the leg-bones of either friend or enemy, a thigh-bone being split into four points, while a shin-bone suffices for only two. The natives are very particular about the selection of the bone, and the quality of the material. From twenty to forty they are at their best. After that age they become too brittle. Some spears have as many as two hundred and fifty points and splinters fastened on them—three or four vastly exceeding the others in size, being in fact the main points. A fragment of one of these spears, if it is out of the water when all of the spears and rancings up and down the river of the wounded hippo. All this took place quicker than it takes to tell the story. When the female hippo was wounded by the Homman hunter of the Reiche party. The old hippo first dashed into the water, but soon rose to the surface, and the Hommans pursued it with harpoons and the Germans with the shark. When the hippo was fired at first it tried to escape, but a large ball striking against the softer part of the skull, it became infuriated, and seemed to lose all sense of danger, rushed up the bank out of the river, attacked a Homman, tearing a piece of flesh out of his thigh with its great protruding teeth, and would have killed him if he had not fled, and then, as if the Hommans had not closed around it, it was despatched by their arrows.

He looked up, and beheld with delight and awe an eagle descending, and wheeling above his head, with something sparkling in his talons. He looked upon the bird as a messenger from the sun.

It was Rodolphe's jewelled slipper. The next day Psaemeticus issued a proclamation which caused all Memphians to wonder. Whoever would find the mate to the jewelled slipper, which the eagle had brought to the palace, should be loaded with riches, and taken into the service of the king. Rodolphe heard the great news. She believes that the eagle was indeed a messenger of the gods to point out her destiny. So she came to magnificence Memphis to answer the proclamation of the king. With one slipperless foot she ascended the grand porticoes of the Pharaohs, and stood before the king with downcast eyes, lifting her dress just above her dainty feet—a perfect vision of beauty.

Straggle. The keeper of a lager beer saloon in Rochester, N. Y., was the other night put to his wits' ends to keep in the well-earned reputation of the establishment for good order. Two young men entered arm-in-arm, their noisy manner showing that they had been drinking too much. Approaching the pair, Mr. R. shook hands with each of them and said, "See here, John, will you please excuse me for a moment, I want to talk with Jake."

"No, I am not awake a good while yet, but did not hear her." "Did you communicate what you heard and saw to M. Staninoff?" "No; he was not at home."

Pearl Fishing off Ceylon. No sum of money, however large, no temptation held out would be sufficient to induce thievers to descend into the ocean unless two shark charmers were present, who, as they believe, by means of their charms and potent spells, can prevent the finny monsters of the deep from injuring the pearl seekers.

Naughty Papa. About noon lately, a portly, dignified gentleman chanced to meet his daughter, a handsome, stylish little miss, wearing a jaunty velvet hat, and with her hair rolled up in the shape of a Vienna bun, sauntering down Vine street under the escort of a young man dressed with exulting scrupulousness and exceeding taste. The old gentleman stopped his daughter, and without noticing the confusion there meeting there her mother, commenced to talk about the weather, her shopping, etc. She listened dutifully a moment or two, and then remarked, referring to her escort, "Papa, this is Mr. A."

How a Check was Cashed. It wouldn't do for some of the defaulting bank cashiers to live out in Kansas City, Mo. There is a policeman out there known as Long John. He belongs to one of the oldest and most respectable families, but he was a wastard youth, and got away with his share of the estate early in life. Then with commendable pluck he got on the force, straightened up, and has been a faithful and temperate man ever since.

Prison Life in France. There are twenty-one central prisons in France for prisoners with sentences of five years and over. The cell system is adopted in prisons for the detention of prisoners not sent up for more than a year and a day, but in the central prisons as many as 100 sleep in one ward, certain of their number being responsible for the preservation of order. The dormitories are lighted, and there are openings from the galleries through which the guards may inspect them.

Ice Water. Five gallons of ice-water per man is the quantity allowed each day to the miners in the Constock lode. The heat is so intense that a man can work but a few moments at a time, and he not only drinks copiously of the ice water, but pours it freely upon his person. Editors who are writing nonsense about the evil effects of ice water will be puzzled to account for the healthful condition of these miners, who alternate the exhausting heat—often rises to 110 and 115 degrees—by this means without injury to health. Frequenters of Turkish baths drink ice water freely with the thermometer at 100 to 180 deg. without injury—nay, with positive benefit. Among the causes of death in hot weather ice water is never mentioned. And think of the myriads of human beings who are relieved and comforted by its use during the torrid season. It is absolutely indispensable to the sick, and the utterly wicked in pandering to base, uncomfortable, and unwholesome appetites to say anything against ice water, because the only other recourse people then have is to alcohol in some of its protean forms.

The True Cinderella. In true Cinderella history there are no fairy god-mothers, no mice and no pumpkins. A wise old eagle takes all the management of the slipper, and we can fancy see him carrying it over the silver sands and dark pyramids of Egypt, without greatly taxing our belief.

"I did not know," she said, with a disdainful glance at her French maid, "that Marie Verin was acting the spy towards me. But I must say that all she said about my interview with Count Adolph is true, except that the count did not use the words 'How could you do this?' All I can do is to reiterate the protestation of my perfect innocence of this foul murder, no matter how suspicious everything may look for me."

"Yes, Marie Verin, Mademoiselle Alida's maid." "Did you speak to Marie Verin?" "Yes, I caught her stealing up to the garden house. I asked her what she was doing there. She answered that the master had sent her out to watch his daughter. She became very angry, and threatened that M. Staninoff would have me flogged if I interfered with her. This frightened me and I ran back into the house."

"Did you see him last night?" "Yes, I saw him in the garden, and he was with Mlle. Alida." "Together with Mlle. Alida?" "Yes, she had told me to watch and prevent any one coming near them."

"England's crop of wheat is rated at 11,500,000 quarters, leaving 13,000,000 quarters, or 104,000,000 bushels to be imported." "The first successful attempt to ascend Mount Blanc on the Italian side was recently made by four members of the Italian Alpine Club.

She went out to bathe one day among the white hills of the Nile. While she and her maids were sporting in the water, a great shower passed over them, and they saw an eagle alight on the bank where their clothes had been left. Presently it arose with something in its talons, and wheeling through the golden

She was sitting in a cool portico of his palace toward evening. The crimson sun was blazing low on the hot sands of the desert, but cool winds tripped with light feet along the dimpling waves of the Nile, and fanned the king as they passed. He arose, walked into an open court, when a great shadow passed above him.

Just then the eagle began to descend, dropping the glittering treasure from his talons into his bosom.

It was Rodolphe's jewelled slipper. The next day Psaemeticus issued a proclamation which caused all Memphians to wonder. Whoever would find the mate to the jewelled slipper, which the eagle had brought to the palace, should be loaded with riches, and taken into the service of the king. Rodolphe heard the great news. She believes that the eagle was indeed a messenger of the gods to point out her destiny. So she came to magnificence Memphis to answer the proclamation of the king. With one slipperless foot she ascended the grand porticoes of the Pharaohs, and stood before the king with downcast eyes, lifting her dress just above her dainty feet—a perfect vision of beauty.