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

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1878.

NO. 44.

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE.

There's a beautiful isle in the great sea of Time... With mountains of beauty, and valleys sublime...

The Two Orchards.

Solomon Watts and Stephen Green were two well-to-do farmers, and they both owned good orchards. Their fruit was mostly of a choice kind, and they were mostly found a ready market...

over to pick up a few, not noticing that the owner was near. "Good day, sir," said Mr. Watts, approaching the spot...

The Shakers.

An old broom, bearing the label "Manufactured by the United Society called Shakers," was sweeping quiescently in the hall of an Eastern New York town...

the sheep-shed. "You remember my brother Frank?" "Yes." "And don't you remember, ten years ago, when he was a boy, how he saved Green's life..."

Florida in Summer.

Florida ought to be a summer paradise for sportsmen. But there are drawbacks. The air is black with mosquitoes, and swarms of sandflies annoy the hunter...

ence singing, the others marching in a circle while the singers remain stationary in the middle of the floor, those marching lifting up and dropping their hands in a monotonous series of way...

An Old-Fashioned Election.

Election day in Salem, sixty years ago, was a carnival of four days. Key-note of the "Star-Spangled Banner," while a prisoner on board an English corvette, did not more anxiously look up to the flag at Fort McHenry, singing "Does that flag still wave?" than he looked south on election day morning to see if that flag waved over Mr. Colchins' funeral election-house...

Why the Benedict Family Did Not Go to the Concert. The whole family had planned to go. Even little Annita had been promised to be allowed to go, with the strict understanding that she was to sit still, and hold up her head and not to sleep...

Vagaries of Wild Animals at Sea.

It is a fact perhaps not widely known that most of the wild animals procured for the menageries and zoological gardens of Europe and America are brought from Africa mainly through North Germany. It seems they are collected in Africa, (mainly Cuba) brought to the continent, and then distributed to the countries where they are needed...

found anything, for Sam had not been and had to look at them most of the time, and Henry, whose name was William Henry Harrison, and who was to be a celebrity, turned round and round in the garden walk and scratched his head. That was the way he always hunted his hat...

Waking up the Baby.

Just at dusk the other dismal day three children the eldest of whom did not seem to be over ten years old, were huddled together on the rickety steps of an old house on Beaubien street. A pedestrian peeped over their heads to read the number on the door, and the children looked so frightened that he asked: "Children where are your father and mother?"

Eight with a Bear. Recently several young men went out hunting on horseback, and when near William Nelson's farm, in Washington Territory, they suddenly came upon two huge bears. They fired upon them and succeeded in killing one, but the other ran for the timber and passed out of sight, notwithstanding that one of the boys put four charges of buckshot into him at short range...

Charmed by a Snake.

Mr. J. S. Rogers says that while he was feeding his stock, recently, his attention was attracted by a squirrel on the ground whose strange actions interested him. He approached near, and the squirrel apparently disregarded his approach. He soon discovered a rattlesnake, about three and one half feet long, in front of the squirrel. He noticed that the squirrel moved nearer to the snake. Nearer and nearer the squirrel approached the snake, continuing its strange actions, until the snake opened its mouth and seized the little animal. After the snake had partly swallowed the squirrel, Mr. Rogers tried with a pole to kill the snake. The pole struck a flub, when the snake threw the squirrel from its mouth and jumped at Mr. Rogers, a distance of eight feet. A second stroke killed the snake as it was preparing for another leap.

Eighty years ago, Jock Gibson, a farmer's son, told his old father that he must have a watch. "A watch, Jock, there's my grandfather's, he wore at Drumlogie, I've got 'em," and so Jock was left in the old heirloom. For a few days Jock's attention was centered on his new acquisition to the exclusion of every other thing except his parrot. His joys were short-lived. One afternoon the tickler ceased to beat, so Jock unyoked his team, and after putting up his horses, went off to his chandler to consult William I., the druggist. On reaching the watchmaker's, sweating, and excited like, he shouted out: "Neebour, ye man leuk my watch."

Near Fort Osborne, Manitoba, is a dwelling-house shrouded and roofed with tin obtained from old copper and fruit cans. All the joints are perfect, and the house is water-proof.