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GOLDEN ROD.

Wish Fortune waxes her wand of gold / Or cities by the sea. / You wild sea-shore takes Fashion's mould / And blooms in paye.

The Ghost of Holly Lodge.

"The old lady has taken Holly Lodge / For three years." / A low whistle escaped from the lips / Of a somewhat "swell" specimen of the / Clerk variety, on this announcement.

to literature and farming—that being in / allusion to the few acres, called grand- / lioquently the domain, which surround-

stairs lay a chain, to one end of which / was attached a small cannon ball. / "Now do you see it?" / "I see nothing," and he said this / he kicked the rusty affair out of his / way.

He Talked.

"Ah! I'm in luck," said Jones as he / entered the barber-shop and found the / barber reading a paper. "Swon't have / to wait for my next," and he tossed his / hat into a corner and seated himself for / a shave.

An Alpine Trip.

A Philadelphia traveler thus describes / a trip from Chamonnix to Martigny. / We started soon after daylight on a / cold, clear, frosty morning. Mont / Blanc and all of the two grand ranks of / snow-covered mountains that enclose / the famous valley were clearly visible.

Blotting Out the Sun.

The government party stationed at / Pike's Peak to observe the late eclipse / of the sun, had a fine opportunity to / witness that event. The sky was per- / fectly clear, not a cloud being visible, / for indeed speculators at Pike's Peak / for above the clouds. Probably the / better point could have been selected on / the path of totality, as the reports of / the astronomers will show. For two / minutes and some odd seconds old Sol / was completely shorn of his glory. It / was a scene of awful sublimity, from / first to last, and looking now at the mar- / vellous orb of day, slowly reëntering in / the west, it seems impossible that but a / few moments since he was utterly ex- / tinguished from the earth. There was / no want of preparation for the grand / event. The instruments were perfectly / mounted, the observations were instan- / taneous and all that could be desired, / and the photographs taken have never / been equalled in number or accuracy of / execution. A few minutes before the / contact (2:27), even a man was, at his / post, breathless with expectancy. By / degrees the brilliant blaze and scorch- / ing heat of the sun gradually dimmed, / and as the black disk of the moon / crawled onward and upward, slowly / blotting out the daylight and its king, / the spectacle became more and more / impressive. Gradually the fullness of / day dissolved into a dull, red-dish-gray / twilight, that looked like smoke or fog, / but was transparent to be mistaken / for either. The twilight perceptibly / increases. We smother with the con- / sciousness that we are passing into the / valley of the shadow of a darkness that / can be felt. The moon steadily but / slowly overlaps the disc of the great lu- / minary, but its shadow sweeps over the / mountain tops in many lines, or light / and shade more rapidly than the fastest / locomotive on a descending grade. / Gradually the sun seems to have become / a mere cone, and the opaque body of / the moon appears to be eating out the / light from this cone between her own / sphere and the vortex. We are becom- / ing involved in the blackness of night. / The brighter stars and planets near the / equator, look so near, though far be- / low, that you could almost throw a / stone and hit the little church spire. / We trotted briskly down hill, sometimes / in imminent danger of rolling over a / precipice; sometimes through woods / and bushes; sometimes on so narrow a / ledge that there was scarcely room for / the wagon; and the further we went, / though still down, down, the more dis- / tant seemed the town. Occasionally a / cow disputed the road with us, and / there was as much trouble getting her / out of the way as there usually is with / a stone on a railroad. We joined over / a snow and went around sharp angles, / all holding on tight, and the wagon- / brake fixed firmly. It was one of the / worst rides that anyone could take, and / after two hours of it down hill, with / every bone bruised sore, we at length / got down to Martigny, which had seem- / ed from the summit to be so near; and / near it was, so far as horizontal mea- / surement went, but perpendicularity it / was a great way off. After nine hours' / ride we were turned into the great St. Ber- / nard, and the horses trotted merrily / into the town. They had accomplish- / ed the worst day's work they could be / put to, and we had ridden through the / worst pass in Europe.

It Wasn't Her Hair at All.

Recently a couple of gentlemen were / walking down Main street, and a lady / with one of those pitch-forward hair / was walking ahead of them a few feet. / Said one of the gents, "Did you ever / see hair put up in that style before?" / "Upon my word I never did. It's / enough to spoil the best hair in the / trade."

An Actor's Terrible Death.

Mr. McWade, the popular actor, gives / the following account of the death of / Tom Jourdan, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Our / company was completely broken down / by the terrible calamity. Tom's death / was one which few could witness and / not afterward remember till the day of / judgment. I trust my eyes may never / again slip upon such horrors. Poor / Tom! He went out to meet the incom- / ing train which was expected to bring / him a package of the material out of / town to a friend to watch him board a / train as they do in Texas, he made the / fatal jump. His left hand missed its / hold, throwing his body backward be- / hind the cars. When the train had / passed over him he dragged his man- / gled remains to the side of the track. / Just then he presented a horrible spec- / tacle. Both legs and feet were mashed / as you have seen and fastened upon / the track. His clothes were literally / torn from his body. The flesh about / the abdomen was cut and torn, and / hung in bloody chunks, while the / viscera oozed and slipped out. Warm / blood, which seemed to come from the / heart, poured down and bathed the / pulpy mass. Tom raised himself upon / his hands and looked down upon his / awful condition, and moaned out: / "My God, what a sight for a man to / look at!" He was as conscious of his / condition as you are of yours at this / moment. Some one of the loungers / had run to a train that was on the point / of leaving the depot and brought from / a priest who was about to start on a / journey. / "My God, do you know me?" asked / the priest, rushing up to the mangled / mass of flesh. / Tom opened his eyes and cried pite- / ously: / "Oh, Father, forgive me, for I have / sinned." / The good man waved away the large / crowd of hearing distance, and there / upon the railroad bed, beneath the / canopy of the sky, and with the / graveled earth for a death bed, he took / poor Tom's confession. Meanwhile, / he sent for his robes and paraphernalia, / which came in time for him to ad- / minister the rite of extreme unction to

the slowly-dying man. Jourdan was / conscious and able to make all the re- / sponses, though he could only keep his / eyes open by great efforts. They would / close in spite of his efforts to keep the / lids up. "Keep your eyes open as long / as you can, my son," urged the priest. / At last they closed forever on the / world—before life and consciousness / left them, however—and he piteously / moaned, "I can't keep them open any / more." While all this had been going / on, a bystander picked up a huge hunk / of flesh which lay on the track feet / away, and placed it near the mutilated / body. When I came up to the horrid / scene, Tom looked in my face and / groaned, "Oh, Mr. McWade, isn't this / an awful condition?" Poor Tom! He / lived three-quarters of an hour, and / was conscious to the last. His body / was completely paralyzed, and he suf- / fered no pain whatever. He begged of / me to take charge of his remains and / see that they were decently interred, / as he had not a friend in the world / outside the profession. The kind father / who soled his dying moments, sang high / mass over the remains next morning. / I never shall forget that soul-sickening / death by the railroad track. That / three-quarters of an hour seemed an / age to me, but with an eternity it must / have been to poor Tom. / Bijaah-geogog. / Just as the old man was getting his / parcel in order for the train, he received / notice that his presence was desirable / at the Central Station. Making his way / down town he was kindly greeted by / his Honor, who tossed the remains of a / State Fair egg-plum out of the alley / window and said: / "There are four or five cases here / which seem to concern you more or / less. There is, for one, a female in the / number who says she is engaged to / you. If such is the case I don't want / to send her up, of course."