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

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1878.

NO. 49.

THE ROOTS OF THE ROSES.

The leaves are falling and falling. The weeds are rough and wild. The birds have ceased their calling. But let me tell you, my child—

Mrs. Bland.

Rippling Beach some three years ago had the advantages of quiet and seclusion. It was an out-of-the-way place on the sound, which I believed then I had almost discovered. There was a modest, comfortable hotel, where food and mosquitoes might be had at a minimum of cost. With two weeks' lodging and an exceedingly moderate sum of money to devote to my pleasures, after due consideration, I had selected Rippling Beach for my fairing. As a third clerk in the bank, my vacations were few and far between, and I had determined to make the best of the occasion. When Mr. Howland, the assistant teller, whose business it was to pay the employees their salaries, had given me my check, he had casually asked me where I was going, and I had expatiated on the charms of Rippling Beach, and its being one of the lost places on Long Island.

neck a delicate chain, and among numerous rattling appendages here and there was a gold pencil. With as pretty a diamond white hand as ever I saw, she bent over and offered her pencil.

first, then continued on its journey to a small tavern further up the coast. "You were saying, Mrs. Bland—pray continue."

A Pincy Horse. After the 7-1/2 Long Island Railroad express train from Hempstead passed Garden City recently, the engineer, John Townsend, espied a grant, black horse grazing by the fence. As the train neared the horse he bounded out on the track with a snort of defiance, and started on a fast trot ahead of the locomotive. He was not swift-footed enough to keep ahead, however, and as the train crept close to his flying legs, Engineer Townsend shoved down the brakes and set the whistle to shrieking. At this the horse redoubled his speed, and the train started ahead, and was quickly at his heels again. For over a mile the race was kept up in this way. Every time the train overtook the horse it would be slackened up, and a wild whistle would make the horse renew his efforts. Still he determinedly kept on the track. In one place there was a small culvert crossing the road-bed, and the horse got one of his feet in this and went down heels over head. His nose struck the track, and he made a somersault on his back, and then rolled on his side. The engineer then stopped the train and went with some of the passengers to see whether the horse was dead, but before they could reach him he was on his feet and away down the track again at a tremendous pace, still snorting defiance at his pursuers. At the end of the next half mile he stumbled and fell a second time, but pluckily picked himself up and ran on. A little further on, as the engine was close to him, he dropped on his knees again, but was instantly erect and off once more. After he had run nearly three miles, he came to a road diagonally crossing the railroad, and wheeled into it just as the train was again rushing and howling close behind him. The horse kicked up his heels as he dashed snorting down the road and disappeared. The train lost about seven minutes on its schedule by the race, but the passengers quietly enjoyed it.

on fire from his detachment, and after vainly endeavoring to get up, called for a glass of water. Almost instantly a withered and hideous negro, who had been squatting in the doorway of the room, appeared with the required beverage. The planter swallowed it at a draught and demanded more. At this second glass, which he consumed more slowly, he snatched his lips several times and finally asked, suspiciously: "What is the matter with this water? It tastes strange."

Apparently the meteorological disturbances that are so widespread on our side of the globe this year are severely felt on the other side also, for the continuous rains of which the reports come from Khartoum, in Africa, and which seem likely to fill "Africa's sunny fountains" uncomfortably full must be regarded as a similar expression of Nature's tendency to an extreme departure from averages. But incessant rains in the Sudan mean in Egypt a rise in the Nile of from six to ten feet beyond its usual height, between the 20th and 30th of September; and Egypt can stand that even less than we can stand the greater number of the remarkable consequences of meteorological derangements we have seen in recent seasons. In most countries in the world, farmers and others dependent upon the early and the later rains for the fertility of the soil, and a good yield of the fields have grumbled from time immemorial at the machinery that Nature had thus provided for their good, and have envied that she was niggardly in one year and abundantly, even ruinously, plentiful in another. They have complained that the mischief caused by a drought, was not compensated by the rains that came a year later, and the millions dead from Hindostan and China in these years, are evidences in support of that opinion. All the arguments at Nature's rain systems, as found in temperate countries, have been disposed of with that she had supplied the world at large with the scheme and apparatus given to Egypt. All Egypt's rain falls in far away countries, where it does not hurt any one's good clothes, and comes down the river conveniently at once "pooling its issues" all over Egypt's four thousand square miles of arable land. This system has a simple and beautiful appearance, but it is liable to derangements as ruinous as any other system. Even old father Nile has vagaries and comes down from time to time too full, or not full enough. Less than a fair moiety of his years are good ones. In Joseph's time the average was apparently seven good and seven bad; but in Pharaoh's dream "there came out of the river seven well favored kine and fat fleeced, and seven other kine came up after them out the river ill-favored and lean-fleeced. In a record of 66 years little more than eight, or grave and thirty are classed as good, the others being insufficient or excessive. An insufficient inundation is a cause of security and famine, and an excessive one causes such material damage as result in every country from floods in the rivers. It will be especially unfortunate for Egypt if a great calamity comes in the very year when promising attacks to reconstruct her financial system are on foot.

play—only an hour of intermission; but we crowded in as much sport as we could, and the time passed rapidly with one thing and another. It must have been nearly time for the teacher to come back to open afternoon school, and we were every minute expecting to hear some one say, "Oh, dear, there he comes!" when a shout or scream from the boys made us spring up in terror and direct every eye to the object from which they were running in hot haste, screaming, "A bear! a bear! jump, girls, jump!" and jump they did, every one, except me; for trotting along after the boys came a good sized bear out of the woods. Not in a great hurry to be sure, for he was too certain he would catch one of us; but coming right along and no mistake! The boys ran to the school house and scrambled in, shouting to the girls to "jump and run!"

The Cyprusian. The Cyprusian is a curious compound of fascination and oddities. Seen at her best, on one of those luminous nights when the stars do not work beyond tricking herself out in fine clothes and assisting her mother to dispense hospitality, she looks like a masquerade heroine, whatever her station. She sways up her hair with gold coin, twists it, plait it, and contrives, with a red and yellow handkerchief, a head-dress which looks like a beard, but is made top-heavy by being surrounded with an extraordinary quantity of cap and tassel. She wears baggy pantaloons, sky-blue or pink, which descend to the knee, the rest of the legs and feet being bare, except when to honor company she dons a pair of babouches, in which she feels uncomfortable. She is generally fat, and wears a short jacket profusely beaded, which does not reach to her waist; she rouses and whitens her complexion till it looks like the face of a wax image; she paints her eyebrows deep black, and by some cunning pencil touches at the corners of her eyes, she contrives to make them look twice their natural size. Then she feels happy, and giggles when complimented. She cannot read or write, but can sing, play guitar, and gaiter, and spin around in a fantastic dance which takes her breath away and makes her cry "ho!" while the stranger who watches her turns giddy with sympathy. Nor is she without religion; for during the long Lenten fast and on Friday through the year she lives on bread and olives, considering it a sin to eat anything that has been touched by a human hand. She was less in telling bits and dishing scandal. It takes some time to familiarize one's self with a Cyprusian girl; for something of the Mussulman practice of secluding women prevails among the Greeks, and a bevy of maidens will scurry away like frightened poultry, if a man approaches them to talk; but when once this shyness has worn off, the chief conversational topic of the bashful maiden will relate to her neighbor's shortcomings. She will tell you with smothered laughter things which she has learned in the most surreptitious manner, and her dark eyes will sparkle with the fun of the mischief-making. On working days the Cyprusian dresses loosely in her younger sisters' and chemise, and lets her hair fall down her back, tying it just below the neck with a string of beads. She is surprisingly active, despite her plumpness, and races about after goats, pigs and fowls with a fleetness that would do credit to a boy. If of marriageable age, she will not beg, but at sight of a stranger halloo to her younger sisters to come forth and claim back-sheesh; the which having been duly obtained (for these little Greek girls are wonderful coxcocks), she leans her share, which is expended in buying finery of the peddlers.