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NO. 51.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's often talk of noble deeds,
And never of the bad ones,
And sing about the happy days,
And not about the sorry days.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps, to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.
Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul,
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.
Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Send light and joy to others;
Thanks be to them for countless years,
We never had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own, if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

My Uncle George.

I suppose you wonder George, why it is I have never married—wondered, and most probably rejoiced for, at my death, you know, the old place will come to you, as it came to me, free from debt or incumbrance. I suppose you have attributed my confirmed bachelorhood to some disappointment in love in early life, eh?

Oh, well; I'll tell you the whole story. It may serve as a warning to you, I was going to say, I do not believe in one man's experience being of any use to another. And as to warnings—bah! they never serve. But I am in a retrospective mood to night; so if you care to hear the story, you shall.

My Uncle George and I were staying up at Barling, a small fishing-place of his in the Highlands, to which we resorted regularly twice a year for about a fortnight, in pursuit of salmon. I had lost my father when I was four years old, and since that time his brother, my Uncle George, had been my father in all but the name. Indeed, I think we were fonder of each other than fathers and sons usually are in these days.

It has always been a wonder to me, and to every one else, that Uncle George had never married. Some people declared that he had been hopelessly in love with the beautiful Duchess de—, and that it was for her sake he had remained single; others hinted at some entanglement; while some maintained boldly that Sir George Wyville was married, and that I, his nephew and heir presumptive in the eyes of the world, should look very foolish some day on the baronetcy and Wyville Castle, being claimed by the son of my uncle's old college bed maker.

But to all these stories I turned a deaf ear. I knew enough of Uncle George to feel sure that there was not a shadow of truth in all of them. My uncle often spoke of the Duchess de—as what she was—one of the handsomest women and most finished coquettes of her day. But I felt certain that he had never cared for her; he would not have talked so much about her if he had. And as to an entanglement or a secret marriage, why, I knew all my uncle's affairs as well as I knew those of Charles Baynesford, my cousin, friend and brother officer, who had been gazetted as ensign and lieutenant in the Fifth Foot Guards the same day as myself, about two months before. No; what ever reason my uncle may have had for remaining single, it was one that he had carefully guarded from the whole world. I was glad that I was going to hear it at last.

I lit my pipe, about the coloring of which I was so anxious, and drawing my chair nearer to the fire, prepared to listen in comfort. George, when I first saw Nora O'Byrne, I was at Eaton town, and she was a flower girl in the streets of Windsor. The first day I ever saw her—I remember it as well as if it were yesterday—it was a bitterly cold March afternoon, and she was standing outside the then only hotel in the place, selling violets. To this hour I cannot stand seeing a girl selling violets in the street. I gave her all the money I had in my pocket, and with it. It is no use attempting to describe her. All descriptions of real beauty are futile. She was simply the loveliest girl, as I ever beheld. Day after day I used to see her. I contrived to meet her quietly. I did all I could for her, and it went to my heart to feel that I could do so little. I went to give her food, and she was so used to my visits, that she would take it away again directly, and panned it to buy gin.

"I need scarcely tell you that Nora was no common beggar-girl. Her father had been a well-to-do workman, and during his life-time she had been reduced to beggary, through her mother's fatal propensity for drink. Every shilling I could spare upon that child, and I loved her as I have never loved any other human being. And what is more, I kept my boyish love a secret from every one—no easy matter, as you may imagine.

"When I was fifteen I had a bad attack of typhus fever. I was staying at Wyville at the time of the summer vacation with my uncle, Sir Rupert. He had a perfect horror of sickness, and of fevers especially; and directly I was taken ill he left the house to pay a visit to some friends near Windsor. He promised me that when the school met again he would ride over, and give the fellows at my house the latest accounts of me.

"I did not return to Eaton till after the Christmas holidays, and Nora was gone—where I could not learn. In vain I made inquiries of different people in the town who knew the girl by sight. All I could learn was that neither she nor her mother had been seen since the beginning of September. I was nearly

frantic with anxiety. I give you my word, George, that never but once again in my life have I felt anything like the utter grief and desolation of that time, when I thought of Nora, with her extraordinary beauty, thrown upon the wide world with no other protection than that drunken old mother.

"Well, time passed on, and when I was eighteen I left Eaton and went into the Guards. My mother took a house on Hartford street, and I lived with her. I went everywhere, and was made and fifteen thousand a year—to say nothing of the baronetcy; and I could have married—as my uncle and mother was always telling me—almost any body I chose. But I did not choose. Strange as it may appear, I never met a girl I could care for—never met any one who could make me forget for one moment my childhood love. I grew tired of everything sooner than most men, and I had not long obtained several months' leave of absence. I started for a tour in the East with my old friend Baynesford, who was then Captain Fellowes. When we were at Smyrna I received a letter from my mother, telling me that my uncle was going to be married. As I had been taught from childhood to consider myself his heir, you may fancy, George, with what feelings of disgust I received the intelligence. My mother wrote a very illegible hand, and moreover always crossed her pages, consequently deciphering her letters was no easy task. I could not make out the name of my uncle's fiancee, although Fellowes and I sat up half the night trying to discover it. My mother said Sir Rupert had met her in Paris, and I thought the word we could not decipher looked like a French name.

"I had, however, directly I received it, decided, and determined to leave the Guards and exchange into some regiment going to Canada—a country I was particularly anxious to see. We lingered a good deal of the time on our way home, and were a great part of the time out-of-the-way places where we saw no newspapers. Thus I missed reading the announcement of my uncle's marriage. When I arrived in town I heard of nothing but the extraordinary beauty of Lady Wyville; and many were the warnings I received—half in jest—half in earnest—not to fall in love with my aunt. It was very odd, but I felt no curiosity to see her. On the contrary, the idea of making her acquaintance was rather repugnant to me.

"I left a card for my uncle in Grosvenor square, a day or two after I returned home at an hour when I knew she would be out; and I declined, on the plea of a prior engagement, an invitation that I received to dine with her the following evening.

"A few nights afterwards there was a large ball given at the Russian Embassy. I heard, directly I entered the hall, that my uncle and his bride were there; but there was a great crowd, and I never caught sight of them. Towards the end of the evening, just as I was going away, the Duchess de—came up to me in the conservatory, and told me that my uncle and aunt were just then on the staircase.

"You must come and see her, George," she said to me; "she is perfectly beautiful."
"I made some commonplace reply, such as that it was only very pretty women who ever admitted beauty in others, and then, with the little duchess on my arm, I went to greet my uncle and his bride.

"She was dressed all in white—not the faintest trace of color about her, and her lovely face turned as white as her bridal wreath, as she came face to face with me. It was Nora—Nora whom I had last seen in rags, barefooted, asking alms from the passers-by, and now met again thus—at an ambassador's ball, and talking to a foreign prince!

"My uncle introduced me to his bride, and I made a profound bow, and with a face as white as her own, congratulated her on her marriage, and expressed the gratification I felt at making her acquaintance.

"She gave me such a look, poor girl! I knew then that she had never forgotten me. I passed on with the duchess into the ball-room, and I felt rather than saw that Nora turned to look after us.

"I shall follow your advice," I said; "I mean to see as little of her as possible."
Something in my voice made my companion glance up; and then, with true tact and good breeding, she hastened to change the subject. She was a kind hearted little woman, in spite of her trifling language. I knew that never again to me or any living being did she recur to what she had noticed more than she chose to say I felt certain.

"I never saw Nora again so far as to speak to her during uncle's lifetime. I exchanged at once into a regiment under orders for Canada. There I remained three years, until the death of Sir Rupert recalled me to England. Nora had no children, so I was now Sir George Wyville. "She might as well have waited for me," I thought bitterly. I met her once at our solitary business, just after my return home, and that was the last time I ever saw her in the world. She lived entirely in London, doing an immense deal of good, I believe, among the Irish poor. But her career of usefulness was a short one. She only survived Sir Rupert four years. To me she died the hour when she became an orphan. I wrote to me once after the circumstances of the marriage—how that Sir Rupert had rescued her from a life of beggary in the streets, and sent her to school for four years, and that she had felt herself bound in honor and gratitude to marry him.

"She concluded her letter by expressing her hope that I should be able to control his passions. Who is rich? He who is contented with what he has. Never fall to tell the truth. If truth, you get your reward. You will get your punishment if you desire. To-morrow is the day on which little men work, and fools return.

ing a hypothesis we might still be friends. Friends! I had no more friendship to offer her than I had love to offer any woman; and my uncle's widow was sacred in my eyes.

"I believe the world talked a good deal about my strange conduct towards my aunt, and pronounced it to be 'very bad taste,' now that I had come into the title and estate. Only the Duchess de—, gave me credit for having some good reason for thus avoiding Lady Wyville.

"There, George, you know now the story of my life—why I have remained a bachelor all my days. I was not aware that there is any particular moral to be deduced from my tale, unless it is 'Only to fall in love in your own rank of life.' A piece of advice that was very frequently given to me when I was young. I hope you will profit by it better than I have done."

The Cat.

"What is this?"
"That is a cat. Do you see the beautiful curve to his back? If you continue to be a good boy you shall some day have a thousand cats."

"Are cats a useful animal?"
"Yes, very. If it wasn't for the cat every house would be overrun with canary birds."

"Are cats very brave?"
"Yes. They'll hang round a corner for four hours to get their claws into a poor little mouse, not one fourth part their size."

"What food do cats prefer?"
"A \$20 mocking-bird is their first choice. If the family are not able to keep a mocking-bird, the cat must put up with an oriole or a German canary. It is only when suffering for food that a cat will accept of a striped steak."

"Can cats sing, can they?"
"No; but bless 'em! they keep trying to learn how. They have got so they can sound the first four notes on the scale, and they are determined to get the rest."

"What time do they sing the sweetest?"
"At night, between the hours of 11 P. M. and 1 A. M. You have probably read items about bold and meddling bootleggers, sticks of wood and other missiles at singing cats. Don't ever associate with such people. Cats have as much right in America as anybody else, and it is only the meanest kind of folks who will try to keep them from rising up in the world."

"Nobody knows, as no cat ever had a fair show to see how many years he could put in. He has his hung round one neighborhood for fifteen or twenty years—somebody murders him in cold blood."

"Do cats suck children's breath?"
"They do. Mothers should let their children eat onions as a preventive. Plug tobacco will answer the same purpose."

A Four-Ton Fish—Stopped a Steamship.
A collision between a steamship and a gigantic fish, took place on the 10th in the vicinity of the Tong Tong Islands. The Messageries Maritimes steamer *Androy*, on its voyage to Shanghai, was suddenly brought to a stop by a violent shock. The cause of the collision was found to be an enormous ray or flat fish, estimated by those on board to weigh from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds. The monster was lying asleep on the top of the water when its repose was rudely disturbed by a "dig in the ribs" from the stern of the steamer. After the first alarm had subsided, efforts were made to haul the creature on board; but, owing to its unwieldiness, all attempts in this direction proved fruitless, and as was placed in the big chair labelled, "Meditation," he had made up his mind to die in the last ditch.

"Your mother didn't have time to explain your conduct, or detail your history," remarked Bijah in a fatherly tone, "but I think she wants the Ellixir applied on general principles."

"Murder!" shouted the boy as he tried to get out of the chair.
"I should like to sit here and study your disposition, mused Bijah, "but time flies, and I am a little bit anxious to try this new sparker."

"Don't you dare!" shouted the boy, having a dim idea of what was coming.
"You observe, my son, that I fasten this sheet-iron pad around my left leg as a protection. If you feel like biting away, then I place the Ellixir handy, bring you out of the chair, so bend you over in this shape, and now we are ready for business. Let me remark at this stage of the proceedings that my heart aches for you."

"Maw! Maw!" screamed John Henry.
"Your dear maw is far, far away, my son, and I am now ready for business. Here I go."

He went. The sound of a shingle striking a boy was heard in the land. It was also felt in the land, but from the first stroke the boy snub his teeth together hard and refused to utter a sound. He had been there before, and he didn't believe it was going to be much of a shower.

"I hate to do it, but—" remarked Bijah, as he worked his elbow with more zeal, and the silence was broken only by the deep-toned whacks of the shingle. It was shingle vs. boy, and the boy had bet ten to one that he would come in ahead! After two minutes'

Driving Off the Fog.

On a late passage of the steamer *Evros* on the Hudson she was detained below Albany by a heavy fog. Captain Roe was standing near the pilot house on the lookout, when he was approached by a venerable gentleman of rural appearance. The boat was pushing forward with half speed and great caution. "Captain," said the stranger, "why don't you drive off the fog?"

"Just the thing I should like to have you tell me how to do."

"I'll tell you now an old German friend of mine years ago did it. He and the passenger commenced by saying: 'In the rich valley of the Mohawk there is a quiet little village called Spraker's Basin. Many years ago, before there was such a thing as a railroad in the State of New York, the veritable Mr. Spraker, the patriarch and founder of Spraker's Basin, was keeping a tavern a mile or so from the village, upon the thoroughfare known as Johnstown Road. Spraker's as it is generally called, was in early times the great rendezvous for the Mohawk farmers, while journeying to Albany with their wheat, and of the Jefferson and Lewis County drovers. Now and then a New York merchant on his trip to the Northern settlements was to be seen before the great wood fire in Spraker's tavern. This class of travelers were held in much respect by old Spraker and the honest Dutch farmers on the river. One of this class accosted the old man on the porch one foggy morning, with: 'Mr. Spraker, do you have much of this sort of weather, down here in this valley?'

"Oh, yes, but we don't mind it, Mr. Stewart. I have a way of trying it offish no matter at all, fish fog."

"How's that, Mr. Spraker. I should like to know the process of driving off a fog?"
"Well, I will tell you, I take a tram, and go out and feed the pigs, and if he fog don't go off pretty soon, I take an other tram, and don't go out and feed the pigs, and if he fog don't go off by dis time, I takes another dram, and den I goes out and chops wood like thunder, and if he fog don't go by dis time, I takes another dram, and so on Mr. Stewart, I keep a doin' 'till the fog all goes away."

"Well, upon my word, Mr. Spraker, this is a novel mode of getting clear of a fog. How many drams did you ever take of a morning before you succeeded in driving off the fog?"
"Let me see; and about two years ago, I think I had to take about twenty trams, but it was a tam foggy morning."

The Ellixir.
A woman and boy slowly approached the station.
They were mother and son.
The boy looked serious and the mother was doing a great deal of talking. She said she'd heard that he had opened a museum at the station, and she asked John Henry if he'd like to go in and see the animals.

"Suppose they've got any snakes?" he asked.
"Lots of 'em."
"And baboons?"
"More'n a dozen."
"And stuffed bridlegrooms?"
"Yes, heeps of 'em."

The boy had his suspicions, but curiosity overcame them, and he finally consented to go in. As he entered the museum he noticed the mother wink at Bijah over his head, whispered the one word "Ellixir," and she was gone before John Henry could realize the situation.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," remarked Bijah, by way of breaking the ice.
"Where's them baboons?" demanded the boy, as he looked around.
"My son, the way of the transgressor is hard, no matter whether the spelling book says so or not."

"Where's that stuffed bridlegroom?"
"He has gone out for a walk in the mellow sunlight, Johnny, but come up stairs and I'll show you the Ellixir."
"There is do fooling about this. On the contrary, this is a very solemn occasion. Come on."

The boy suspected the worst, and making a dive to get under the table he upset it and came near getting out doors. He was finally secured and elevated to the second story, the door locked, and as was placed in the big chair labelled, "Meditation," he had made up his mind to die in the last ditch.

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steadily motion Bijah let up and kindly inquired:
"My son, do you now feel as if you owned this town?"

"I feel as if I'm a mind to!" was the brief reply.
"What! haven't I got down to your feelings yet! Just wait a moment!"

The lad was adjusted and the Ellixir again applied. The arm rose higher and came down faster, and at the fifth stroke a new stratum of soil was reached. At the tenth the boy wasn't sure which would beat. At the fifteenth he concluded that he was a goner, but just when Bijah halted and asked:
"My son, do you think you run the house?"

"I kin run half of it," replied the lad, suddenly taking courage.

"Am I growing weak in my old age?" sighed the janitor, as he reached for a new sparker, "or is this an unusual case?"

It was simply an unusual case. The sparker started off like a dose of buckshot and he had the regular motion when the boy gave in. Before the shingle let go he was ready to promise anything. He took the most solemn vow to stay in nights, go to Sunday-school, quit fighting and earn money for his mother and as a proof of his desire to reform, he took a tablespoonful of castor oil without a wince.

"Don't you shudder when you realize through an \$20 hole in the wall of the room from the gallus?" queried Bijah, as he wiped off the spoon on his elbow.
"I do, and I shall always love you."

"One day longer and you might have turned out a pirate. I tell you, boy, a shingle of the right size, laid on the right spot, will put new and better thoughts into a boy's mind as sure as your born. You can't mention a single goner man in this country, from Peter Cooper to Brother Gardner, who didn't get his regular dose of the Ellixir when a boy. You can now sit with me down stairs and learn a lesson in history while I darn my socks."

"When the mother came softly in, a look of maternal anxiety on her countenance, Bijah was pushing a darning needle through a pink tulle through an \$20 hole in the wall of a sky-blue woollen sock, and the boy was reading aloud.

"Is the hen on her nest? Yes, the hen is on her nest. Is the sun up? Yes, the sun is up, and no good boy will laugh at a man who is blind?"

The Ellixir is a success. All orders by mail promptly attended to.

Amusing Jugglery.
In Delhi, India, we saw the celebrated basket trick, which is sometimes poorly imitated by professional jugglers in this country. A native produced a basket and a blanket, and after permitting us to see that they contained nothing, inverted the basket on the street and covered it with the blanket. We paid no attention to his incantations, but kept our eyes fixed on the basket and the space around it, resolved that no boy should be smuggled into it or out of it without seeing him. What made the trick still more wonderful was the fact that the performer stood in a clear space, and we could look down upon him as he proceeded. He went through the customary act of thrusting a sword through the interstices of the basket, when the cries of a boy were heard as if in mortal pain issuing from the basket. Turning it over, there was a boy apparently unharmed and seemingly enjoying the fun. Restoring the basket, with the blanket over it, to its former position, with the boy under it, the juggler went through the same incantations, and then running his sword under the blanket, tossed it away from him. Turning over the basket, no boy was to be seen. So far as anything could be observed there was no possible place in which the little fellow could be concealed. Another feat quite astonishing we saw performed in the streets of Constantinople. An itinerant magician showed the names of plenty of the appearance of being of wood and very knotty. This he tossed in the air as high as he could, and when it touched the ground it took the form of a live serpent, with blazing eyes and rapid movements. It looked like a dangerous specimen, and one which no man would like to approach. Catching up the serpent, he held it in his hand, and exhibited the most venomous qualities. Throwing it high up in the air it fell to the ground the same as when we had handled a live snake.

Corn Stalk Sugar.
A Westmoreland county, Pa., farmer and scientist, has discovered a process by which sugar can be made from the common corn stalks, at a cost of three cents per pound, and the plant being only slightly inferior to the sugar cane of Louisiana, and containing two per cent. more saccharine matter than the best root. The name of the discoverer is Mr. F. S. Stewart, and his process, discovered after several years' experiment for crystallizing the liquid, is as follows: The costly bone black and carbonic acid are no longer required. The stalks are cut after the ear has arrived at an age suitable for drying or curing—the full value of the corn crop being thus obtained entirely independent of the sugar growth—and sent to an ordinary crushing mill. The juice placed in pans, after being heated to 180 degrees, is then heavily limed so as to make it exceedingly alkaline. After being decanted and impurities removed, a liquid dioxide of sulphur is then introduced in sufficient quantities to make the syrup highly acidulous. As impurities are precipitated, they continue to be removed, and more dioxide of sulphur added to keep the syrup in its acidulous condition, until the syrup is reduced to the density necessary to form sugar. It is then thrown into a cooler and allowed to crystallize, the draining being performed by a centrifugal machine, or other modern process. The color of this sugar as it comes from the draining machine is much better than that of ordinary cane sugar, the syrup of the cane being red, while this is nearly white.

A Mythical Bear Story.

Hugh Dycart was introduced all around Carson the other day as a State Senator from California. This reminds one of a little joke practiced by that jolly San Francisco Bohemian, Dan O'Connell. Dan was on the train going to Eureka, when he fell in with a crowd of English tourists. If there is one thing particular that Dan likes to manipulate, for practical jokes, it is a British tourist. He opened the ball by paying the porter of the train to bring to come along occasionally and address him as "Governor." The porter earned his money and was earnestly rushing up to Dan with:
"Governor, did you want anything, sah?"

Presently one of the tourists remarked:
"Mr. O'Connell, I see you are called Governor; 'ave you the 'onor intended to be ban him in honor of 'officer?"

"Yes, replied Dan; 'ave had the honor of occupying the gubernatorial chair of this State for five years, and expect to be re-elected in the fall."

"Oh! hindeed; quite extraordinary for one—"

"Yes, to look young, and I am proud of the fact that for a man of 50 there are few better preserved specimens of physical humanity in this State. I came to this coast in '48 almost dead with consumption, but the glorious climate of California and the still more bracing atmosphere of Nevada had the delightful effect of rejuvenating my entire system. I now hunt the grizzlies in my bear park with as much ardor—"

"I'll beg pardon," interrupted one of the tourists, "did he understand you to say a bear-park?"
"Yes," continued Dan, without moving a muscle, "I have a range of four hundred acres, well stocked with grizzlies, black bear and the Rocky Mountain varieties. It is but a small park, but amply sufficient for what little rest and recreation I seek. It is twenty miles from here, and if you can spare a couple of weeks, my horses, dogs, and guns and bowie knives at your disposal."

"Really, though, your kind offer is appreciated. But is there any danger, you know?"
"Oh, yes, of course; an inexperienced land gets a little nervous when closing in on the monster. With a good knife, but if you do not care to take risks, you can shoot them with the rifle. My boy was killed last week, but he was too impetuous by half, and he was partly his fault. I might have interfered in time to save his life, but the fight was a fair one, and I hadn't the heart to fire at the brave beast from behind. A true Nevada and '48er never takes to noble an animal as the grizzly at a disadvantage, even though his own flesh and blood be at stake. But to change a subject, the recollections of which are painful (here Dan wiped away a tear), let me invite you to my deer park at Elko, where a thousand bucks roam at large, and my hounds are the best in the State."

The tourist promised to come and spend a month, and are now doubtless looking for the O'Connell preserves.

Game on the Sea Shore.
Wild geese and duck are the leading game birds on the coast in the vicinity of Atlantic City, on the ocean. The outfit to hunt these birds consists of a slight skin or small batteau, weighing only about seventy-five pounds, so as to be easily handled over the meadows, not exactly the perfect sneak boat of Barnegat, but similar in appearance and use; a large lot of wooden decoy ducks, an excellent double gun, breach loading preferred. Besides most of the duck, there is a small boat, or share in one, thin, easy, decked and cabined, about twenty-five feet long, with one huge sail. The boats are provisioned, so that their owners can spend a week at a time on board with three or four companions, sailing along the creeks and bays between the mainland and the sea. The more stormy the weather the greater the chances of plenty of ducks. They are hunted so much that they go to sea all day usually, but in high winds and rains they remain in the bays and the ponds on the marshes. At dusk and dawn each hunter leaves the yacht in his skiff, and taking separate places, generally within half of each other, they set out and anchor the decoys, haul their boats on the marshes, cover them from the right of the wary ducks by pulling grass and seaweed and throwing it over them, and then secrete themselves along the bank and wait for the flocks of ducks to approach and settle among the decoys. Here the hunter, freezing weather and storm they wait for hours, when a flock approaches, imitating their cries to lure them to the decoys that are hidden within gunshot, and if successful in luring them near enough, shooting both barrels among them and nimbly slipping in fresh charges, and, if possible, firing away again. They launch the boat and secure the killed and wounded game, and hide for another shot. The ducks visit the fresh water ponds and slushes for water. Hiding near these the gunners stay numbers. As they weigh about five pounds to the pair, it is occasionally being burdened to get the ducks home. It is a common thing here for gunners to start for the inlet, the boat houses of Higbee's, at midnight with a skiff, decoys, gun, and go five miles to a haunt, prepare for game and secrete himself before day. The money value of a pair of black ducks is generally seven or five cents, but the fascination and excitement of the pursuit attract many who would not sell the catch for money. Gunners are not always successful, sometimes returning with none or but few. Wild geese are not plentiful, and very few persons have outfits here save a few of the old-time gunners. Geese were killed more frequently here years ago. It is related that flocks of geese used to light in a big, deep pond where the United States Hotel is now located. Wild geese command about one dollar each, and are superior in flavor to ducks. Other game is abundant here in its season. In May and August im-

Volting Vesuvius.

The actual crater of Vesuvius is placed almost in an amphitheatre, three-fourths of which are enclosed, while one-fourth is open. The enclosing walls rise above the bed of the crater from 250 or more feet, in some parts apparently composed of sulphur. The diameter, judging by the eye, from outside to the other, is about 300 yards, and the whole of this area is filled with lava on fire, but crusted on the surface with a skin some inches deep of lava that has been chilled. All who have crossed the Mor de Grace, at Chamouni, are aware of the character of its formation; the deep, intensely blue tints of the crevasses, the huge boulders of ice, the uncertain and irregular character of the blocks, and sometimes the fantastic shapes assumed. Imagine just the same formation, but substitute heat for cold, intense fiery red color for the blue, and the appearance of the crater may be realized. The surface of the lava blocks is black, contorted into myriads of forms, hot, rough, and somewhat brittle, and lying more or less at one level. Looking between the cracks or down the "crevasses," however, the glowing fires a few feet below one foot, and in a few blocks whereon we were standing, were seen. When the mouth of the volcano since it was not raised much above the rest of the bed. Its ten months activity, however, has enabled it to raise a cone almost in the centre of the crater, at least a hundred feet in height, very wide at the base, converging at the summit like a sugar-loaf, but with the summit of the lava removed. We saw a pulsation as regular and as marked as that of the piston of a steam-engine in full motion, did the huge mountain carry on its work, so that how we were clearly able to understand what was meant by "every pulsation of the volcano being fully registered at the observatory." Clouds of smoke and fumes were issuing from the summit of the cone—now densely dark, and now a pulsation of coal had been heaped on the fire; then intensely light, as if the engine were blowing off steam; then most beautifully and delicately tinted with the tenderest rose pink, as if an artist were testing how best to combine the loveliest tints of his art; then a pale salmon a little white; and then, as if five thousand tons of powder were suddenly exploded. The huge mountain seemed to heave, and forth from its mouth issued immense quantities of molten lava, shot scores of feet high into the air—apparently, at the mouth, all in one body; but, there, separating into millions of pieces great and small, all glowing with most intense red heat that can possibly be seen. With a powerful opera glass we silently watched the visible operations of the volcano. Each piece as it ascended into the air was separate; no piece was partly red and partly black, but was on fire, and at red heat throughout; mostly the lava emitted fell back again into the bosom of the heaving mass, but with every emission, quantities, large or small, fell on the plain. We saw the powerful operation of the volcano, and thus we saw reality, low the ground gradually, but continuously, increased in size and height. Every now and then, a huge mass would drop outside, and then would be heard an immense crash, followed by vast quantities of lava rolling down the sides of the cone. As we stood watching, at intervals of some minutes, the firing of ten thousand guns might be heard, more than Krupp's, and we soon found that this was the precursor of a grand display. Up rose, possibly one hundred feet above the cone, an immense mass, spreading in the shape of a lady's fan, and presenting one of the most magnificent sights the eye of man can ever see. As this upheaval was not a thing for which we had any preparation, we were exhausted, and to wonder if it would be repeated or not, but was continuous and incessant and almost seemed as if every renewed explosion were grander than its predecessor, or as indicating a trial of actual strength prior to the great event proposed to be completed. As we descended to the crater, the rain had ceased; what there it again fell heavily for a time; then the whole surface seemed "frizzling and hissing and steaming," as the two bodies came into contact; the thunder overhead was pulling like the roar of fifty parks of artillery in concert, and the lightning flashed with intense vivacity; then the rain and thunder and lightning ceased, and there was a perfect calm; nothing to be heard beyond the "mashinery" in full vigor and "steam up," then the sunlight lightened briefly the whole scene, deepening impressions that time can never erase. As the day was drawing on, it at last became necessary to think of returning to Naples. With much effort and the aid of our porter, we again got out of the crater to the summit, but our descent was to be by another way from that by which we ascended. It was down the side of the mountain, at a far more acute angle than that now proposed for the roof of St. Alban's abbey, but being of loose friable materials, similar to those we have previously described, there was little danger of rolling to the bottom. Stepping out bravely, and making long strides, with the foot and leg half-way up, plunging into the mess at every step, our American friends made the descent of the outer cone in nine minutes; we traveled two to fifteen. The Hermitage was soon reached and at once taking carriage we started for the hotel.

Think little of yourself, and you will not be injured when others think little of you.

How to Discourage a Miser.
Go to church only occasionally, and when you go, go late; take no part in singing, but keep up whispering. Find all the fault you can; point out his deficiencies before your children and others. Don't do his work, but despise his lack of good sense. Tell tales to him about the people and their criticisms of him. Tell him how much his predecessors were thought of. Keep away from week-day meetings. Get up gayeties, particularly some entertainment near the communion season. Require him to be present every where. Keep back his salary. Keep talking about general dissatisfaction. Patient continuance in these practices will surely drive away both the spirit and the minister of God.

Show me a people whose trade is dishonest and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham.

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