

Juniata Sentinel and Republic

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

MIFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1879. NO. 34.

T. HELMBOLD'S COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

Helmbold's Buchu

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Helmbold's Buchu

Invigorates the Stomach,

PRICE \$1 PER BOTTLE

Or Six Bottles for \$5.

HARVEST HYMN.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
In nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with Autumn leaves.

O favors old, yet ever new!
O blessings won't the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
Her smiles shame our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden fair,
And richer fruit to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his active fruit and bloom,
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous home of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with Northern seas cold.

And by these altars wreathed with flowers,
And fields of fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

Did She Do Right?

A fearful cold blustering day it was late in December as she stood alone at the door with the sweeping gale as it dashed by laden with fine dust and stinging chill, almost freezing her in its ruthless pitilessness, Isabel Kent, the daughter and once the heiress of proud Thomas Kent, was tonight to leave her home a poor girl, to battle with the world, which had once been her slave and was now her master.

A cab rolled up to the door and when the driver had attended to her luggage she was whirled away—to what? she wondered, with a worthless little laugh.

At the station she had little time to think, the crowds, the noise, the glare, the peering and departing trains gave no opportunity.

After she had procured her ticket she sat down on a seat just opposite the door; and so when Charles Roberts came in she saw him before he saw her. He advanced straight toward her as soon as he recognized the black-robed girl.

"Isabel, I am tempted to take you away from here by simple force. I have been to the house, but you were too quick for me, Isabel, will you persist in this foolishness?"

He had taken a seat next to her; but near as he was, he could not see the paling anguish that lay in her pure classic face, or the flush of momentary wrath that followed his eager, impulsive words.

"It is not foolishness, Charles. What should I do if I did not go to Mrs. Craven?"

He interrupted her in his quick, hot-headed, earnest way.

"Where should you go, truly enough, my darling? Is not my home lonely for the want of you? Does not my heart cry out for you, my queen? Isabel, there is yet ten minutes; won't you think of it again and let me take you from this place to be married to me, and to my home forever? Remember, my Isabel, how I love you."

Under her thick cape Isabel's lips grew tightly compressed and a slow red bloom came to her cheeks. It was a great temptation; she is lonely, so fragile, to go out into the world, nothing but a companion to a rich, strange woman, whose face she had never seen; and here was Charles Roberts, with his splendid house, his land, some face, and irreproachable character, who sat beside her, begging her to accept it.

But she could not brook the idea of marrying for a home, even if she knew the offer came from the man whom she felt worshipped her. She did not love Charles Roberts; with the chilling look out on the world before her, she decided that she would work to the death before she would be the wife of a man to whom she could not give her affections.

"I had made up my mind long ago, Charles, and indeed it grieves me to find that you still cling to me. I am sorry; I wish for your sake I might view these things in the same light you do; but I can not; it is impossible, that is all. There comes the train."

She arose, as the long train came in, with a sad, pitying look at her lover's face.

"We will try to be friends, then, Isabel, though heaven knows how mocking and empty friendship is after love. Write to me; if ever trouble comes, command me to any extent. You'll promise that?"

"She was really gone at last, on the way to her destination. That was a long, lonely ride, and many tears fell back off her cheek, masking veil, before she arrived at Colbyton, on a clear, bright morning, when the streets were swarming with life and gaiety.

Mrs. Craven was an invalid, possibly good-looking, who received her newly engaged companion with a polite welcoming and interest that would have gone straight to Isabel's heart, had not her pride and reserve been challenged by the young lady to whom Mrs. Craven introduced her.

Isabel acknowledged the presentation; and was stung to the quick by the frigid hauteur of the fair girl. Miss Folsom was engaged by Isabel's indifferently graceful bow.

"Aunt Clara," she said, when Isabel had gone to her room that night, to weep and suffer all the long hours, "shall you allow her to mingle with our visitors? She is more than too elegant and aristocratic to pass unnoticed among company."

"As often as I can spare her, of course. Why should she not see a little enjoyment, poor child? You are getting jealous again, Ellen."

"You remember how my governess rolled me in that affair with Warren Raymond; I don't care that this girl and I should run a race with Charles Roberts."

"You have no reason to suppose that Charles Roberts cares for you; you never met him more than a dozen times."

Could We Live in the Polar Regions?

If we carefully examine, the almost universal features of all the land known to us, we find a prevailing form wherever we turn. Each territorial area of magnitude seems to have an appendage trending southward. If we apply this rule, by turning the North Pole of a globe toward us, we readily see at a glance that Greenland, which is known to us, may bear to an unknown Arctic Continent the same relation that South America does to North America, or Africa to Europe. Hence it is perfectly logical to infer, by the great analogy of nature, that an Arctic Continent exists beneath the North Pole, extending three and a half to four degrees south from the northern axis of the earth. As previous Arctic expeditions have advanced to 83 degrees, 26 minutes, north latitude—or within 24 miles of the Pole, the distance thence to such a continent would not exceed 150 to 180 miles. This intervening space, however, is difficult to traverse, as it presents a very rough surface. If the sea during the height of a gale, when the waves run mountain high, were instantly frozen, it would present much the appearance here encountered. For ethnologists, the question is: Can an Arctic Continent be inhabited, should one exist? This may be met by the well known fact that the latitude of 78 degrees is about the point of lowest mean temperature. The earth is about thirty-seven miles more in diameter at the equator than from pole to pole, having enlarged at one point and flattened at another, because of its revolving motion. Now it is well known that lower temperatures are encountered as we ascend high altitudes, and the depression at the poles may, by lessening the distance of the surface from the earth's center, afford a warmer temperature, which will enable the hardy Esquimaux, Algon, or some Hyperborean race, to exist upon an Arctic Continent.

After a Mouse.

I was quietly reading my newspaper the other morning, when I heard a scream like the whistle of a locomotive, coming from the dining-room.

I rushed in to see what was the matter, and found my wife standing on a chair, with her skirts drawn tight around her ankles.

"It's a mouse!" she said wildly.

"Where?" I demanded.

"There—here—no, yes, I don't know! Oh, for pity's sake, kill it! Kill it!"

"Where is it?" I asked again.

"There's no mouse here."

"Yes, there is, you old fool! Don't you see it? There!—somewhere—anywhere—everywhere—I don't know where! Why don't you kill it?"

Mrs. B. isn't fond of mice. She would rather have a hundred dollars about the house than a single mouse; and the sight of one makes the hairpins drop out of her head.

"Madam," said I, with an awful calmness, "tell me where that diminutive rodent mammal is, or forever hold your peace."

"It is in the cupboard," she gasped.

"I saw it run under the cupboard door."

I walked over to the cupboard and opened it.

Before I could get my eyes in range to look for the mouse, it jumped out and ran right over my foot.

"I gave an awful kick—a tremendous heart-rending kick. And my foot went clear up to the top of the cupboard, and the back of my head struck the floor so hard that I saw all the planets and comets that were ever invented."

I picked myself up and looked wildly around for the mouse.

"There it is!" shrieked Mrs. B.

"There—there! Quick!"

"Where?" I roared.

"Behind the table!"

I sprang to the table, seized one end of it, and gave it a jerk that brought it to the middle of the floor.

The mouse scampered.

I saw him running around the room, and plunged after.

I tried my best to step on him, but only succeeded on stepping on a spoon of thread, which my wife had dropped in her excitement.

The spoon rolled, and before I had time to shut my eyes I found myself standing on my shoulders, gazing curiously up at my feet, which were trying to scrape a picture of Benjamin Franklin off the wall.

As soon as I got on my legs again, I made another bolt for the mouse.

I saw it whizzing across the floor, and I bounded toward it, and gave one furious kick.

And kicked the table.

Then I just grabbed myself up, and carried myself round on one foot howling like a prairie-wolf, and calling for arica and corn salve, till I heard Mrs. B. screaming:

"Don't let it get away, you fool! Get something and kill it!"

I was desperate.

I snatched the first thing I could lay my hands on, which happened to be a base-ball bat belonging to Lot, and I made one murderous sweep.

But instead of killing the mouse, I upset the chair on which my wife was standing, and the result was that she turned a very graceful somersault over against the pantry door.

She screamed for help, and declared the mouse was eating her up, and refused to be comforted till I had placed her on the chair again.

Then she didn't have breath enough left to call me a brute, though she tried until she was black in the face.

By this time I was thoroughly excited, but I knew I must try another kind of weapon.

I saw something on the table, and I made a grab for it. It proved to be a warm huckleberry pie, but I didn't know it at the time.

I thought I saw the mouse running up the wall, and I hurled the pie at it. But at that moment my daughter opened the door, and walked into the

Remarkable Vitality.

Col Jones, of Louisiana, was lynched for the murder of Gen. Lyell. He fought a duel before the war and received an ounce rifle ball through his heart. He not only recovered, but was never afterward troubled with disease of that organ, from which he had previously suffered. At the time of his killing he was shot no less than a dozen times with heavy charges of buckshot before he expired. A private soldier in Pover's regiment of Confederate cavalry, while charging at Olive Branch was thrust through the bowels with a bayonet, and literally "pitchforked" from the horse, but he disengaged himself, staggered to his feet and spit his assailant's skull in twain with a sabre. Within four months he was again in active service. T. B. Edwards and E. Deigre, of the Second Louisiana Cavalry, were both shot through the bowels at the battle of Rapahoe Crossing and were pronounced by the surgeons as fatally wounded, the bullets not glancing as in some other cases, but cutting through the intestines. Both men recovered and did duty afterwards in two or three campaigns. Auguste Morey, a scout for the Trans-Mississippi army, was shot between the eyes, the bullet lodging in the back of his head, where it is yet. After his fall an Ohio infantryman rushed up and transfixed him through the breast with his bayonet. Morey was found alive on the field and sent by his captors to a prison hospital, from whence he was exchanged in time to have several brushes with his foes before the final "break up." I saw him in 1868, and he told me that he had never suffered any inconvenience from the leaden pellet that he was carrying in his cranium. In 1869 I made the acquaintance of a retired old lieutenant colonel of the French army, and he showed me a ghastly wound he had received from an artilleryman's outlass at the storming of the Malakoff. The cut had been down through his left shoulder, severing his collar bone and nearly lopping off that arm. That side of the old gentleman's body was about an inch lower than the other, but he was not otherwise bothered by the Crimean reminiscence.

A Pie of Living Serpents.

In the savannas of Iacabo, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, the most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it is not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveler has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead in order to sound the passage, while I preferred to skirt the great forest. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard returned at fall gallop, and called to the rest of us, "Come and see serpents in a pie!" He pointed out to something elevated in the middle of the savanna, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company then said, "This is certainly one of those assemblages of serpents which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest. I have heard of these but never have seen any. Let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near."

When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our approach, to which, however, none of us were inclined. Suddenly the pyramidal mass became agitated, horrible sounds issued from it, and thousands of serpents rolled spirally over each other, shooting forth out of the circle their hideous heads and presenting their venomous fangs and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back. But when I saw that this formidable phalanx remained at this post, and appeared to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode round it in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage, and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded some colossal enemy, which might be the great serpent, or the cayman, and that, having seen this enemy, they unite themselves in order to resist them in mass.

Robins in Church.

One pleasant April Sunday the parish clerk of a church in Wiltshire, England, stood at his reading desk turning to the morning "lesson" in the prayer book. The congregation waited for the responses, but he did not begin as soon as usual. Something curious had caught his eye, partly hidden under the Bible rack, a slanting ledge, slightly raised above the main desk. He looked more closely and there, directly beneath the Bible, he saw a robin red-breast's nest, with two pretty blue eggs in it. Mrs. Redbreast and her mate had found a hole left by a small missing pane in one of the quaint old leaden windows and entered the sacred house to make their little home where the sparrow and the swallow did that are mentioned in the 8th Psalm. The clerk could not resist so pretty an intrusion, and did not disturb the nest; and when one of the birds flew in before the close of service nothing was done to frighten it. And there the nest remained through the rest of April and nearly the whole of May, the red-breasts becoming so tame that the gathering of the worshippers and the voices and music of the service on Sundays or other days did not alarm them away. The sitting bird would stay, quietly brooding her eggs, while the clerk was reading almost directly over her head. After the young were hatched the male robin would fly in with worms in his bill to feed them, and his coming never disturbed the litany or the rector's sermon. This pleasant sanctuary partnership lasted till the fall fledged young were able to leave the church and trust to their own new wings. The people felt that the birds had brought a blessing with them and were sorry when they went away.

Effective preachers always hit persons who sit in others' pews.

An Imaginary Cool Room.

Here is my idea of a cool room, such as I mean to have when I shall have realized from some large estates in Spain. The room, first of all is a parallelogram, and the most noticeable feature therein is the small windows which are placed in the center of the upper lantern, which is now protected on the outside by awnings. Thus such light as reaches the apartment is toned down, and unless special effort is made, the occupant has no knowledge of the sultry atmosphere without. The windows, moreover, are protected on the inside by lace curtains of light gray tint, upon which airy floral designs are traced. The drapery falls nearly to the floor, and is suspended by means of rings to an arched of pale green color with gilt bars and feather. The green cords and tassels which are fastened below the window proper draw the curtains back, and are confined in a gilt quiver. Between the lace folds these drawn back are hung suggestive cool pictures. The green cords and tassels, with occasional parian statues on brackets. One third of the wall is painted of the same green tint as the arched shaft and cords, while the remainder is white. In place of a border there is a graceful running vine picture, with the green cords and tassels at the corners. A band of cool gray, with a slight striping of gold at the edges, marks the point of distinction between the green dais and white wall. Upon this is painted the wandering coral, with its green and there a flower, and an occasional petal glittering with dew. The floor is of marquetry work, mostly in light woods, upon which are spread rugs, all of modest color and design, but none with long nap or fringe. The chandelier is of graceful design, glittering with glass lenses and exceedingly light gilt tapers. The light is furnished by wax lamps. In lieu of a fireplace or elaborate mantel there is a central recess in the wall, shaped in the form of a shell, the bottom of which is a basin with a slight lip, which extends into the room. Upon this is built, in an irregular pyramid, a quantity of rock crystal, from an occasional interspace of which nodding ferns wave to and fro. When desirable, a fine spray of water is thrown upward against the marble-lined recess, from which it drips over the translucent crystal into the marble basin below, and is finally discharged by a concealed waste pipe. About the room, in antique vases, stand a few plants with shining green leaves. The furniture, for the most part, is rattan, and consists of easy chairs, several light lounges, a light table for games, and one with writing material. On a sideboard of almost fragile character a few articles of bric-a-brac are standing, while in the center of the room a circular etagere, designed as an "ornum circularum," holds books, papers, wine glasses, cigars, and any of the many articles which fancy may incline us to take into the cool room. Nor must I fail to mention one window much larger than the rest and directly opposite the entrance. The window has green glass and curtains, but beyond the sash appears a lanky den, down which a limpid mountain stream dashes, both over and under fern rocks and moss-grown logs. Through its cool, misty atmosphere one may see the sunlit gleams upon the foliage, dripping from the late summer shower. One third of the room may be cut off by means of two curtains, which are of the same prevailing green tint, but upon which a pattern of white lace is traced. The curtains run upon which these curtains run is let half way into the ceiling, and when the curtains are not in use they are drawn into a recess in the wall. A rod precisely situated as the one on which the curtains run, passes the other end of the room, and these in turn are crossed at right angles by similar rods. With these as a relief to the ceiling, and a pale tinted center design about the chandelier, the effect is most charming. Hammocks may be suspended from these rods, at certain places where they have been specially strengthened to sustain such a weight. There are some other details which might be mentioned, but enough has been written to give a general idea of the room, of course, must needs be modified by means, tastes and surroundings. The main features of such a room should be its light colors, cool-looking furniture and furnishings, and above all, absence of over-conspicuousness, often use of brilliant colors or glaring contrasts.

Ready for Resurrectionists.

The death of Miss Susan Shepherd, of Wayne, Ohio, cast a gloom over the entire community in which she lived, and realized at her own place from the residence of her parents, and was unusually largely attended. Miss Shepherd's disease was of a character to baffie the skill of the best medical talent of that vicinity and of Ohio, and the result was, it is said, great diversity of opinion as to the proper mode of treatment. After her death her family offered the attending physicians an opportunity of making an autopsy, but they refused to do so, on account of the privilege. The friends of the deceased seemed to feel that they had just reason to fear that her body would be exhumed, and the thought of her grave being robbed grew upon them so strongly that they so resolved to them that, as a matter of safety and precaution, it was thought best to inter her remains in a grave in the yard at her parents' residence, instead of in the graveyard at Osborn. Accordingly a grave was dug in the yard, and a few feet from the front door of the residence, and her remains lie beneath the beautiful flowers and evergreens which she had loved so well, and which had been cultivated and reared by her own fair hands. To make the matter doubly sure that her grave would not be despoiled, a quantity of nitro-glycerine was so placed in the grave that should ghosts attempt to rob it they would be hoisted by a petard that would effectually end their infamous career.

How to Camp Out.

With regard to the provisions to be taken, that is a matter which the party should settle for themselves, as it depends altogether upon the amount of money they desire to invest and the kind of food they intend to enjoy. It might be said, however, that the most enjoyable meals are those which are of the plainest and most primitive character. In fact the humbler the fare the better, both with respect to the principles of health and cost. These suggestions are given as a result of actual experience, but as already observed the question of living is to be measured only by the purse and those directly interested. While nothing is needed in the way of red neckties, white kids and purple garterettes, careful attention should be given to the little things you may surely require, but cannot buy in the woods, or possibly in "the only country store" for miles around, even to a stout-bladed jack-knife.

Every persons—ure of at least one good friend if he will not abuse himself.

Maxims for Everybody.

Every dog has his day.
Eat no more than you earn.
Every winter hath its spring.
Extravagance often leads to villainy.
Endear yourself to all by worthy acts.
Every wrong brings its own vengeance.
Every tub must stand on its own bottom.
Easy chairs sometimes hold uneasy people.
Evil communications corrupt good manners.
Everybody's business is nobody's business.
Every man is the architect of his own fortune.
Eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves.
Every person should be bland, courteous and affable to all.
Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.
Experiences are more necessary to some persons than to others.
Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he himself sets the example.
Embark in no enterprise requiring capital until you shall possess the capital necessary for success.
Every act of dissipation and every species of drunkenness robs the mental parts of some portion of its growth.
Epidemics are not providential, but they proceed from causes as natural as are those of tornadoes and earthquakes.

Luck and Labor.

Many people complain of their bad luck when they ought to blame their own want of wisdom and action. Cobden, a distinguished writer in England thus wrote about luck and labor: Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, turns up something.

Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns at six o'clock, and with busy pen, or "inging hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chance.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigestion.

Labor strides upward to independence.

The Effect of a "Cold Wave."

It was early in the evening, while the thermometer marked ninety-four in the shade that a young man was seen staggering down West Broadway. He stumbled down the gutter, and when an officer assisted him to his feet and commanded him "come along," he began sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter?" the officer asked gruffly.

"My (hic) heart is broke!" he sobbed.

"Yer drunk," the officer said. "Where yer from?"

"Chicago," he answered. Then he sobbed and continued: "I (hic) came to New York to (hic) make a fortune for the old (hic) folks. (Hic) told her so. Told (hic) her I'd die for her. And when I (hic) went to bid her good-bye she (hic) waved me a cold adieu—gave me (hic) a cold wave. It (hic) broke my heart."

"Did yer bring it with you?" asked the officer, eagerly, as he mopped his brow.

"Y-y-yes."

Just then a sudden gust of wind blew the officer's hat across the street.

The "cold wave" had come.

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