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B. F. SCHWEIER,

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Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 39.

### H. T. HELMBOLD'S

THE HOUSE OF CLAY.

There was a house of clay,  
Wherein the inmate sat all day,  
Merry and poor;  
For hope and heart, heart to heart,  
Fond and kind.  
Vowing he never would depart—  
Till all at once he changed his mind:  
"Sweetheart, good by!" He skipped away  
And shut the door.

But love came past, and looking in,  
With smile that proved like sunbeam thin,  
Through wall, roof, floor,  
Stood in the midst of that poor room,  
Grand and fair,  
Making a glory out of gloom—  
Till at the window nacked grim Care;  
Love signed: "All lose, and nothing win!"  
He shut the door.

Then o'er the close-barred house of clay  
Kind gleams and woe-borne gay  
Came and went,  
And he hummed merrily outside,  
Loud and strong.  
The inner silence to hide,  
The patient silence all day long;  
Till evening touched with finger gray  
The bolted door.

Most like the next steps passing by  
Will be the Angel's, whose calm eye  
Mark's rich, marks poor;  
Who, fearing not, at any gate  
Stands and calls;  
At which the inmate opens straight—  
Whom, etc., the crumbly old clay house falls,  
He takes in kind arms securely,  
And shuts the door.

### Turning The Tables.

Tom Hills, sometime huntsman of the Old Surrey Hounds, was once sent to buy a fox in Leadenhall Market for service the next day. The commission was not at all to Tom's liking; but obeying orders, he rode to town, got his fox, and putting him, securely strapped, legs upward, in a capacious pocket in his overcoat, turned his horse's head homeward. Some where about midnight he reached Streatham Common, and he suddenly stopped with the once familiar challenge: "Your money or your life!"

"My money!" exclaimed Hills. "I haven't got any; I am only a servant; and you wouldn't take my life, surely?"

The highwayman told him to look sharp, emphasizing the injunction by pointing a pistol at the huntsman's head.

"Well, my man," said the latter, "my money will fall out. I want my life; so, as I've no money, I suppose you must have money's worth. You'll find something quite as good in my pocket here; so pray help yourself."

The robber's disengaged hand dived into Tom's pocket instantly, and Master Reynolds's teeth closed as quickly upon it, causing the fellow to yell in dismay, and drop pistol and reins; while Tom galloped off at his best pace, leaving his unwelcome acquaintance to bandage his hand and digest his disappointment at leisure.

Relating his Indian experiences, Colonel Meadows Taylor tells of his being beset by hundreds of pilgrims and travelers, crying out against the burden, or four-wheelers, who not only gave their customers short weight, but adulterated the flour so shamefully, with sand that cakes made of it were utterly unpalatable. The colonel determined to punish the cheats; and this is how he did it. "I told," says he, "some reliable man of my escort to go quietly into the bazaar, and catch by flour at a separate shop, being careful to note whose shop it was. The flour was brought to me. I tested every sample, and found it full of sand as I passed it under my teeth. I then desired all the persons named in my list to be sent to me, with their buckets of flour, their weights and scales. Shortly afterward they arrived, evidently suspecting nothing, and were placed in a row on the grass before my tent. 'Now,' said I, 'weigh, each of you is to weigh out a seer [two pounds] of your flour,' which was done.

"'Is it for the pilgrims?'" asked one.

"No, said I, quietly, though I had much difficulty to keep my countenance. 'You must eat it yourselves.'

"They saw that I was in earnest, and offered to pay any fine I imposed.

"Not so," I returned; 'you have made many to eat your flour; why should you object to eat it yourselves?'

"They were horribly frightened; and amid the screams of laughter and jeers of the by-standers some of them actually began to eat, spluttering out the half-moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth. At last some of them flung themselves on their faces, abjectly beseeching pardon." And so, with a severe admonition, they were let off. No more was heard of the flour thief.

It is a pity rarely at home can not be served in the same way, pure food would be the rule, if the connoisseurs and vendors of vile make-believers were liable to compulsory consumption of their own wares.

Sir John McNeill, a shrewd Scotch diplomat, gained the reputation of being the only European who ever got the better of a dervish. During the New Year's festival the Persian religious mendicants ply their vociferous most vigorously, not merely asking for alms but demanding such sums as they deem proper, according to the rank of the giver. A dervish tried to extract an extravagant tribute from Sir John, and the ambassador proving obstinate, proceeded to "sit upon him;" that is to say, he established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study windows, and relieved his feelings by making a hideous hulla-balloo day and night. The diplomatist was inclined to make short work of the nuisance, but was warned that violent measures would be dangerous.

"Get rid of him if you can," said his Persian advisers; "but do not touch him."

Sir John sent for a bricklayer, and gave the order: "Build a wall all round that howling beggar in my garden, and then roof it in."

The dervish looked on comically while the wall slowly rose round him, and made more noise than before; but when the roof more process commenced, and he was invoked to the knowledge that it was really intended to entomb him alive, he chambered over the wall, and rushed away like a madman, never to trouble McNeill again.

Some sixty years ago, a certain York-

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Does in every case.

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Invigorates the Stomach,

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### Bee-Ranching in California.

This is a famous country for bees and the making of honey, and at many a breakfast table in distant Europe to-day the waffle is spread with sweets that have been flched from the hives of a thousand California flowers. In the month of almost every canon there is a bee ranch or apiary, whose owner grows indolent and prosperous from the labors of his industrious subjects. Here there are no long winters with their dearth of flowers, through which the patient workers must be nursed and fed in order that they may live until the opening of the next field season. These bee-ranches are models of neatness and domestic comfort, and the profession of bee-keeping is rapidly becoming popular among persons of little physical strength or small financial capital, or both; such as maiden ladies, broken-down ministers, bachelor students, and those illiterate farmers who fancy that the royal road to bacchic happiness lies through the flowery beds of a bee-pasture. The bees are kept in light as those of a hermit in his cave, and whose stores of honey are laid up so much clear gain, as the bees board themselves while they work, and work unceasingly in preparation for the winter which never comes. When the hive is full the cakes of comb are removed, the liquid is strained from the cells, and the empty cups are replaced to be filled again and again. This economical process prevents a waste of labor and time in the gathering of wax and the building of new hives in the store-house. Walking out in the morning in the green brushwood of these canons you hear a loud and continuous buzzing of wings, and, although there may not be a flower in sight, it is as ceaseless and strong as in a backwater patch or clover field at home. This humming of bees is nature's tenor voice, as the roaring of water is her bass. There is a cure for homesickness in the bees' monotone, even though the authors thereof be perfectly wild, as, indeed, many of these are. In such a country you cannot feel utterly lonesome and lost.

### The Most Wonderful of Calculating Boys.

When Bidder was ten years old he answered in two minutes the following question: "What is the interest of \$4,141 for 4,444 days at 4 1/2 per cent. per annum?" The answer is \$2,431 1/2 5/8.

A few months later, when he was seven years old, he was asked, how long would a cistern one mile cube be filling if receiving from a river 120 gallons per minute, without interruption? In two minutes he gave the correct answer, 14,300 years 285 days 12 hours and 49 minutes. A year later he divided correctly in less than a minute 68,592,413,263 by 9,079. I have tried how long this takes me with pen and paper; and, after getting an incorrect result in one and a quarter minutes, went through the sum again, with correct result, (51,629,838 and 5,575 over) in about the same time. At twelve years of age he answered in less than a minute the question, if a distance of 9 1/2 inches is passed over in a second of time, how many inches will be passed over in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 25 seconds? No data is given to the boy, however, was his success, when 15 years old, in dealing with the question, what is the cube root of 897,339,274,574,021,53? He obtained the answer, 962 and a half minutes, viz., 391,337. I do not believe on arithmetician in a thousand would get out this answer correctly, at a first trial, in less than a quarter of an hour. But I confess I have not tried the experiment, feeling, indeed, pretty satisfied that I should not get the answer correctly in half a dozen trials. No data is given to the following case: "The question was put by Sir William Herschel, at Slough, near Windsor, to Master Bidder, and answered in one minute: Light travels from the sun to the earth in eight minutes, and the sun being 99,000,000 of miles off, of course, this is quite wrong, but sixty years ago it might have taken six years and four months traveling at the same rate from the nearest fixed star, how far is that from the earth, reckoning 293 days and six hours each year, and 125 days to each month?" The correct answer was quickly given to this pleasing question, viz., 49,633,849,000,000 miles. On one occasion he solved the proposer of a question was not satisfied with Bidder's answer. The boy said the answer was correct, and requested the proposer to work his sum over again. During the operation, Bidder said he felt certain he was right, for he had worked the question in another way, and before the proposer found that he was wrong and Bidder right the boy told the company that he had calculated the question by a third method.

### The Cunning Wolves.

It is said, a traveler in Germany writes, that whenever several of the large wolves associate together for mischief, in the German forests and their neighborhood, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amazing to witness this ingenious mode of attack. If there be no snow, or but little, the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling and frisking about, until the two crotchulous and unsuspecting victims is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time, the gang, snatched on the ground, looks on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, and the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack their frolicsome ways are abandoned, and each approaches become very interesting. It is right good earnest; the former is a

### Fast Horses and Personal Equations.

We hear much nowadays about the extraordinary speed shown by this or that horse at some race meeting. These time tests are regarded as much a part of the record as the winning of the race itself. But while the general public may be satisfied with announced results some of us would like to know more about the contest than is told in the brief statement that "Rarus trotted a mile here-to-day in 2 1/3," or whatever it may be. It has become so that a fraction of a second makes a great difference in the record as well as well as in the value of a horse; and yet it seldom happens that two men in the timbers stand agree as to the exact time made. While it is true that in the well regulated mind of man, the will possess supreme direction over the whole current of thought, policy and action, can be said with positiveness that he who occupies the position of a timing judge on a race course has a well-regulated mind? Sensation and perception are named the things most intimately connected with the proper timing of fast horses. The horse speeds around the course, he approaches "the wire," and amid great excitement, passes under it. The timer, who may or may not be imbued with this same excitement, or who may have an active or an inactive brain, sees the horse and becomes conscious of the fact, but he is not done yet. There has to go back from the brain, so to speak, an electric spark along the nerves, which produces a contraction of the muscles of the arm, a motion of the thumb and finger follows. These press the spring, and the hands of the watch are stopped. But the activity with which all this is accomplished differs in men materially. At best, the nerves transmit their share in the work at the rate of only seventy feet a second, which is less than double the rate of speed at which the horse is moving in the same period of time. There exists a phenomenon called "personal equation," and so long as quick-witted persons and slow-witted persons are to decide the speed at which racers travel, just so long will the time test be an irresponsible one. In making the common observation of the exact moment when a star travels across the fine vertical wire intersecting the field of view of a telescope some astronomers always anticipate the event, and others allow it to pass before they succeed in noting it. This is by no means the effect of inexperience or inattention; but is a persistent characteristic of each individual, however practiced in the art of making observations he may be. The difference between the time of actual occurrence is called his personal equation, and is carefully ascertained for every assistant in every laboratory. The adoption of a similar plan on our race courses can alone give us the correct time made by fast horses.

### Too Polite for Boarders.

The dual beaches of this sandy coast have been considerably stirred over an event that will be heard around the world. You know what Narragansett is—at least you know what it has been, for the place, I believe is yours by discovery. I would not like to say how many years ago you and Doctor Gamaliel Bailey and his lovely family found by mere accident that opposite Newport was a beach quite as favorable to bathing, and adjoining it was one hotel and one boarding house. The one was Whalley's, lineal descendant of Whalley; the other a crude little place, half tavern and half boarding house, filled with people from Philadelphia. In those days one left the railway at Kingston, and wended his weary way to the Pier by an old-fashioned coach. At the Pier there was one horse, known as Old Smooth Tooth, that could be hired at a dollar a day, with a vehicle drawn by it, and a driver, with the belief that it had been Noah's family carriage, and had yet clinging to its wheels, some of the mud left from the flood. Primitive ways and primitive people. I remember the Taylor people took on airs and pretended to look down on the Whalleys'. They were poor snobs, whose pocket books would not permit life at Newport, so they spent Newport at Taylor's. A good story was told of Taylor's Schenck about this tavern. He was there one day, when he encountered a couple of females splashing in the breakers, and very courteously offered his services to them. After a lively time the General escorted his damsels to the bathing houses, and coming out himself was met by a grinning friend. "I say, Schenck, we have enjoyed a laugh at your expense," he cried. "How so?" responded the grim M. C. "Why don't you know you have been bathing two of Taylor's servant girls?" "Well, replied S., "I thought they were too polite for boarders."

### Tame Hornets.

There is no accounting for tastes. Mrs. Lincoln, of Boston keeps two big pet lions, and now we hear of a Western farmer who has domesticated a lot of creatures that belong quite as approximately to our kind. In a letter he says: "In the middle of my parlor I have a curious repulsive of industrious hornets; their nest hangs to the ceiling by the same twig on which it was so admirably built and contrived in the woods. Its removal did not displease them, for they find in my house plenty of food, and I have left a little hole in one of the panes of glass that answers all purposes. By this kind usage they have become quite harmless. They come to us through the summer. They are constantly busy catching them, even on the eyelids of my children. By their assistance I am but little troubled with flies. All my family are so accustomed to their strong buzzing that no one takes any notice of them, and though they are fierce and vindictive, yet kindness has made them useful and harmless."

### The Century Plant.

The American aloes, or century plant—a rarely fine specimen of which is now growing in Brooklyn, and about to flower, seldom reaches that perfection which results in flowers, in temperate climates. Its growth here is so slow that its popular name is derived from the belief that a full term of 100 years is required before the blossoms appear. But in its native soil, in tropical and semi-tropical climates, extending to the thirty-second parallel on either side of the equator, it comes to perfection in much less time; often in twenty or thirty years. The same plant never blooms more than once. When the time comes the flower-stalk shoots up with great rapidity from the centre of the crown, around which the leaves radiate, growing often fifteen or eighteen inches a day, until a height of thirty and sometimes, in an exceptionally vigorous plant, of forty feet is reached. The arms of this stalk, like those of a branching candlestick, bear the cup-shaped flowers, which have no remarkable beauty. The aloes belongs to the agave family of the order of Amaryllidaceae. The leaves are thick at the base and terminate in a sharp point. It is one of the most useful plants found in Mexico and Central America. From the fibres of the leaves a thread is obtained which can be woven into cloth and twisted into ropes, and these leaves make a substantial thatch roof. A part of the stalk is used for food, and the hard pithy centre at the base forms a good wheaten, as silica enters largely into its composition, while the fermented sap of the aloes, or maguay, as it is called, is an intoxicating beverage known as pulque, which is largely consumed by the natives. Large specimens of the century plant are valued highly by florists here, and as much as several hundred dollars is not uncommonly paid for a fine one.

### A Stranger's Nose.

Some of those chaps who wear their elbows down thin leaning on saloon counters have an artificial fly with a fine thread attached to the back, and sometimes these toys can be handled to the amusement of a small crowd. When an unknown man fell asleep in a saloon the young man with an artificial fly was there. He took postures behind his victim, who was lying back on his chair, and presently the fly alighted on the stranger's nose, walked up the bridge and down, and settled for a moment on the tip. The sleeper never moved a muscle. The fly went over the nose into the corner of the eye, and came down to the ground and on the dead run, but the sleeper slept on. It began to appear that he was used to dies, and so the game was changed. By sticking a pin through one of these toys you can make quite a bee of it, the pin being the stinger.

When the "bee" descended on the stranger's nose everybody expected to see a sudden start, but it did not come. After a job at the tip end of the "bee" crawled along up, waiting for developments, and getting in an occasional sting, but not even a slight wince of sleep. The young man with the insect was getting tired, when the stranger lazily opened his eyes, slowly rose up from his chair, and coolly remarked: "Now, then, if you have got through fooling with my nose, I'll fool with yours for awhile!"

It isn't likely that particular young man will ever dangle artificial flies any more. He was dozing up, straggling about, choked, mopped and slammed so thoroughly that his appetite will run to chicken broth and arnica for some days to come. When the cyclone had passed the stranger called for gin, drank it, and said to the white-faced crowd on the bench:

"Gentlemen, if any more of you see anything peculiar about my nose, please call around and let me know!"

### Two Little Shoes.

Charley Bunnell was running messenger on the J. M. and I. R. R. and tells this story: "Bluff old Jack Mills, rough, but kind hearted, was the engineer. About a mile and a half this side of Columbus there is a fine stretch of road, and Jack had 'pooled her wide open' to make up lost time, and the old engine and train were rocking about at a rate of about thirty miles an hour. A country road runs parallel with the track here for some distance, and finally crosses it. But a short distance from the crossing, on a day referred to, there was suddenly discovered a man, evidently half drunk in a two horse country wagon, and in it was his wife with him. The man was standing up driving like mad, but the train was so close upon him that no one dreamed of his attempting to cross, but making a sudden turn to the left, he endeavored to cross the railroad track. By the time the locomotive struck it, smashed the wagon to splinters, killed the horses, and mangled to death the man and woman. The train ran some distance before it could be stopped, and when it was finally checked Bunnell went forward and found Engineer Jack Mills, swearing like a trooper, his engine all 'awred,' and he was damning the drunken fool in the wagon for his criminal carelessness which brought on the accident. Jack was hot. As he turned to get on his engine to reverse her and return to the scene of the accident, his eyes caught sight of a tiny pair of baby's shoes, which had been among other of the purchases of the man in the wagon and knocked out. They had fallen on the boiler of the locomotive, and there they rested as gently as a dove sitting in a cannon's mouth. A flood of recollections of the little ones at home watching and waiting for their parents who would never come—thoughts, it may be, of the little feet at home—was too much for the true and tender heart of the rough and hardy engineer, and he leaned on Charlie Bunnell's shoulder and sobbed aloud. "Just look at them little shoes, Charlie," he said, between his tears, "I—I—didn't mind so much running over that drunken fool who tried to cross ahead of us when he couldn't, but the little ones, Charlie, the little kids that's waitin' for 'em, that's too rough!"

### The Rattlesnake.

It has been observed by some naturalists that if we withhold water from snakes when about to shed their epidermis, they are thereby prevented from divesting themselves entirely of the old skin. I always kept a small bird's bathing cup, filled with clean water once a day, in the case containing my rattlesnake. The first skin he cast off, in July, was entire and without a blemish. At the second change, however, about the last of September, I removed the cup one night, intending to replace it shortly afterward, but I forgot to do so. The next morning I found portions of loose skin all over the floor of the case, and much more hanging in shreds from various parts of the body of the snake. Other parts seemed not to be detached yet. I had not supposed that the old skin was quite ready for a change. He was over two months in divesting himself of his torn trousers. Was it due to the fact that water had been withheld at the last time? Both changes occurred in the night, and I failed to observe the interesting process of divestment. To test the question of so-called blindness occurring during the time when the pupil is covered by a whitish film or thin membrane becoming detached, and excluding the sight of the eye, I placed some very active mice repeatedly in the case during the period of change of epidermis. The ophidian attacked the mice in quick turn, without even missing his first victim. On other occasions, however, when his sight was unobstructed, I have seen him strike at and miss the mark repeatedly. After making a few misses he would then strike about with intensified fury. The snake never without first striking his victim. He did not eat more than two mice at a meal, and sometimes an hour lapsed before eating the second one. He never killed his prey wantonly; on the contrary he permitted mice to keep his company while his appetite was appeased.

### Cutting Glass With Scissors.

Many persons may not be aware that glass can be cut under water with great ease to almost any shape by simply using a pair of shears or strong scissors. In order to insure success two points must be attended to. First and most important, the glass must be kept quite level in the water while the scissors are applied, and, secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to begin the cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and so reduce the shape gradually to that required, as if any attempt is made to cut the glass all at once to the shape as we could cut a piece of card board, it will most likely break where it is not wanted. Some kinds of glass cut much better than others, the softer glasses being the best for this purpose. The scissors need not be at all sharp, as their action does not appear to depend on the state of the edges presented to the glass. When the operation goes on well the glass breaks away from the scissors in small pieces in a straight line with the blades. This method of cutting glass has often been of service when a diamond has not been at hand for cutting ovals and segments, and though the edges are not so smooth as might be desired for some purposes, yet it will answer in a great many cases. The hints given above, if strictly followed, will always insure success.

### Adventure With a Snake.

Robert G. Pillow, a son of the late ex-Confederate General Pillow, lives on an Arkansas plantation, across the river from Memphis. A few days ago, accompanied by Aleck, one of the colored men on the place, he was out hunting a wild hog that had been seen in the vicinity. Pillow had a gun and Aleck had armed himself with a pint bottle filled with whiskey. The hog was found and shot, and just as Pillow went up to the writhing animal an immense "cotton-mouth" snake, whose bite is fatal as that of a rattlesnake, fastened its fangs on the calf of his leg. Pillow is not easily frightened. He took in the situation in a moment, and instead of exhibiting alarm he turned to his companion and quietly remarked: "Aleck, I think I'll try a little of that whiskey now," whiskey being considered an infallible remedy. He poured every drop down his throat without stopping to venture any remarks as to its quality. Then shouldering his gun he rapidly walked to the house, a half mile distant, where he drank the contents of three ordinary glass tumblers filled with whiskey. He was soon in what he calls a "Nagara Falls" of perspiration, which rapidly expelled the poison and saved his life. For a day or two after he says that he was the sickest man in all Arkansas.

### Length of Days.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day lasts but 16 1/2 hours. At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and a half hours. At Hamburg, Germany, and Danzig, Prussia, the longest day has nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. At Berno, Finland, the longest day has twenty-one and a half, and the shortest two and a half. At Wardby in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 23rd of July, without interruption, and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half. At New York, the longest day, June 18, has fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes; at Montreal it has a half-hour more; but the longest day of all, though never seen by a civilized person, is that at the poles, where it lasts for six months, and is succeeded by a night equally as long.

When a person is overheated and exhausted, both the hands and feet should be bathed in cold water, and something warm should be taken at once—hot lemonade, ginger water, or something of that kind.

shire living was held by a company-loving person much in request at marriage merry-makings, whose clerk was equally welcome at christening tea-fights. These two worthies contrived to fall out; so it came to pass that when the clerk was due at a tea party, he found himself obliged to forego the anticipated merriment for reason of the person requiring his attendance. He bore the disappointment with tolerably good grace, hoping for an opportunity for retaliation. It was not long coming. On Sunday-morning advised that the clergyman was going to dine with a newly wedded pair, instead of giving out only part of the hundred and nineteenth psalm, the wicked fellow said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the hundred-and-nineteenth psalm—all on't." Before his victim was well aware of the treat in store, the musicians were fairly on their way, resolved to go through their task, come what might. It was weary work, but they bravely persevered. Sometimes only one instrument accompanying a single voice was to be heard; but singers and players were determined to do their duty, and held on somehow to the end; and the person had to dine at home, inwardly confessing the tables had fairly been turned upon him.

The Rev. Dr. Macleod, father of Dr. Norman Macleod, passing through the crowd gathered before the doors of a new church he was about to open, was stopped by an elderly man with: "Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you." Asked if he could not wait until after worship, he replied that it was a matter upon his conscience.

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience," Duncan, said the good-natured minister, "I'll hear what it is."

"Well, doctor," said Duncan, "the matter is this. Ye see the clock yonder on the new church. Now there is really no clock there, only the face of one; there is no truth there, only one in twelve hours; and in my mind that is wrong, very wrong, and quite against the conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

The doctor promised to consider the matter.

"But," said he, "I'm glad to see you looking so well, man. 'You're not young, I remember you for many years; but you have a fine head of hair still."

"Eh, doctor?" exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan, "now ye're joking. It's long since I had my hair."

Dr. Macleod looked shocked, and answered, in a tone of reproach: "Oh Duncan! Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?" He heard no more of the lie on the face of the church.

A well-merited reprimand was dealt by a smart shipmate to the daughter of a K. C. B. at a ball given by the latter to the naval officers on the North Pacific station. The middy was bold enough to ask the young lady to accept him for her partner.

"Oh dear, no," said the supercilious beauty. "Ma never allows me to dance with middiepoons." Somebody let her know the middy was a Lord, and she repented, and reminded him that he was engaged to her for the next dance.

The youngest however, was not so easily mollified, and remembering the lady had native blood in her veins, smilingly replied: "Oh dear, no. Ma never allows me to dance with squaws."

Said one play-going young fellow to another: "I was at the Gaiety last night for the sixteenth time, and took a look round the pit to see if you were there."

But noways disconcerted by the insinuation, the subject of his "chaff" retorted: "What! been so many times to the Gaiety, and not know that you can't see the pit from the gallery?"

Fairly puffed in her own coals was the Parisian dame who, answering a wet-trodden visitor's request for the loan of a pair of slippers, by saying, "Certainly, my dear, if you think mine will fit you," received the clever rejoinder: "I dare say they will, if you tell your maid to put a cork inside them."

"You have given me Scotch whisky; I asked for Irish," complained a hurried imbibitor.

"Never mind," said the publican: "fancy it's Irish."

The man drank up the liquor, and made for the door.

"Stop!" cried Boniface: "you haven't paid me."

"Never mind; fancy I have," said his customer, and away he went.

### Humming Birds.

There are about ten thousand different kinds known, and these are classed in one hundred and thirty families, one of the largest of which is the hummingbird family, which has about four hundred different species. They live mostly in very warm countries, and are so beautiful that Audubon, the great naturalist, called them the "glittering gems of the air." They have a green and gold body, and a red throat with a white collar. Their nests are an inch wide, and an inch deep, and they will fight anything that comes near them. They live for weeks on honey, or sugar and water, and will become very tame. If not frightened they will come year after year to the same flowers.

### Too Testing.

"Mary Jane Marx, didn't I say to last week that the next time you came here under the charge of drunkenness I should send you up for sixty days?" asked his Honor of a five-and-forty-year-old man.

"I think you said so, Judge, but I think I had too much faith in you to believe you'd do any such thing," she replied.

"Well, you trusted too much. You are regularly booked,"

"And I'm regularly sorry. Your Honor, because I can never believe in you again. It's a sad day when a man loses the confidence of the public in his word."

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and never say anything for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.