Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXIV. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1880. NO. 10.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill-Health.
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

Helmbold's Buchu

Invigorates the Stomach,

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:

1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office?
2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. Height, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes?
8. Have you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to Dispensatory, 1217 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

QUIET HOURS.

The morning will soon be here,
For over the purple hill
The daylight is chasing the night away
With a foot that is noiseless and still.
Oh, the night was so long, so long!
As I sat by the window alone,
Watching the moon as it slowly rose
Till above the trees it shone.
It looked, as it hung in the sky,
Like a goblet filled to the brim
With wine of an amber, golden hue;
But now it is white and dim,
As if it had all been quaffed,
And only the glass remained,
With the faintest, palest, shimmering tinge
To show what it then contained.
At once, when it fullest seemed,
With the sparkling, glittering wine,
A single star, like a fleck of foam
Of the precious juice of the vine,
Went drifting, drifting off,
As we sometimes lose a day
That, when the goblet of life is full,
Silently floats away.
But now the daylight is here,
And the sad, vague thoughts of night
Have died away, as the sunbeams fall
Like arrows of golden light.
Ah, 'tis quiet hours like these,
When we wistfully look above,
And see the works of the great, good God,
And think of His tender love,
That help us to braver be,
And strengthen us on our way,
Till the beautiful night of life at last
Is merged in eternity's day.

With Golden Locks.

There she is, Frank," eagerly exclaimed Guy Everett. "Did you ever see anything so lovely before?"

"Indeed, no," answered his companion. "Take me up and introduce me. I will promise not to become a rival, but to aid you, if I can."

The introduction was soon effected, and Mr. Maynard asked permission to dance with Miss Graham, which permission was gracefully accorded.

They soon became friends, and when after awhile, Blanche Graham was claimed by another partner, Frank left her with regret, and betook himself to his friend, Guy Everett.

As the two young men walked home that night, leisurely smoking their cigars, and admiring the moon, which spread its soft light around them, Frank drew from Guy the story of his love for Miss Graham.

"She is very beautiful, you know, Frank, and from the first time I saw her, my heart was hers. You know I never cared much for the ladies; but having once looked on her face, I could think of nothing else. Like a fool, I wrote and offered myself. She returned me a very civil but cold reply, to the effect that she thought my acquaintance with her hardly warranted my having proposed, but that as I had done so, she could but give me a positive answer in the negative. Of course there is no chance for me now, and I might as well give up trying to win her affection."

"Give up! Indeed I would do no such thing! 'Faint heart,' &c., you know. Just let me try my hand for you, and I bet I will have the fair one vanquished ere long."

"Try your hand! Why you scarcely know her; and besides, you would be certain to fall in love with her yourself, if you did know her; so there's no use talking about it."

"Guy, here's my hand—and I promise you that not only will I not fall in love with Miss Graham, but I will do all in my power to promote your interest. Old friend, you can trust me, can you not?"

The young men looked at one another for a moment and then with a hearty grip of their hands, separated.

And Frank Maynard was as true as his word. He called frequently on Miss Graham, and soon became one of her special friends. On all occasions he spoke of his friend in the highest terms, and took every opportunity of praising him, until at last Blanche thought that she had undervalued Mr. Everett, and that perhaps she had made a mistake in discarding him.

So easily influenced was she by Frank Maynard's words.

The summer months Blanche usually spent among the Welsh mountains, where she enjoyed the pleasure of riding on horseback to her heart's content. A splendid horsewoman she was; and the inhabitants of the village would open their eyes many a summer evening to see this vision of beauty dashing through their quiet streets, her blue riding habit contrasting well with the shower of golden hair falling far down her shoulders, and lovingly caressed by the setting sun, as if his rays were loth to part anything so bright and beautiful.

Generally she was attended by a groom; but occasionally it happened that she preferred riding alone, when putting her sketch book and pencil in her pocket, she would choose a quiet spot among the hills, where undisturbed she could copy some of the beauties so lavishly displayed around her.

One day, after a solitary ride of this kind, she was passing through the village, when her horse suddenly took fright and plunged violently. He would soon have become unmanageable, and undoubtedly she would have been thrown, but for the strong hand of a man who at that moment appeared, and catching the bridle, after a short struggle with the frightened animal, succeeded in calming him.

As Blanche recognized Frank Maynard, she extended her hand, and said in a low voice—

"Mr. Maynard, you may have saved my life, and heaven knows how grateful I am. Accept my warmest thanks for the service you have rendered me, and if there is anything I can do for you, do not hesitate to call upon me.

Frank answered her in a few words, and saying he would see her in the evening, raised his hat and left her. Blanche rode slowly homeward. Was she thinking of Frank Maynard, of Guy Everett, or of whom?

In the evening, when Frank called, he found Blanche as charming as ever, and again he spoke of his friend Guy.

"Miss Blanche, did you not say that if you could do anything for me you would? Well, then, you can, by promising to look favorably on the suit of my friend, Everett. It may seem strange that I should plead this cause——"

"Indeed it does seem strange, Mr. Maynard," she interrupted; "and if Mr. Everett has asked you to undertake the task of winning my affections for him, you can assure him at once that such an effort on your part is entirely unavailing."

Here Frank hastened to assure her that no such task had been imposed on him, and that it was simply his interest in his friend which had prompted his remarks.

"Poor Guy," he continued, "is so afraid that he has offended you, that he scarcely dares trust himself in your presence. Promise me that if I bring him here to-morrow you will be kind to him."

She looked at him for a moment, and then gave the promise.

And after that first visit he came again and again. Frank gave his place to his friend, and when the long summer days had drawn to a close, and the falling leaves betokened the approach of winter, Blanche Graham placed her hand in Guy Everett's, and said she would be his wife.

Did she love him? Perhaps she thought so; but had she examined her heart more thoroughly, would she not have found that the desire to please the one she really cared for had induced her to give herself to his friend?

And so when spring time came once more, they were married. Blanche's new home was a pretty one, and Frank Maynard found it pleasant to lounge into his friend's parlor in the evenings and find his friend's wife ready to talk to him. And so the days passed on, and Blanche had been married several months. She often spoke of Frank in the highest terms to her husband, and sometimes said that but for his friend he might never have won her.

No wonder then that Guy become jealous, and soon Frank saw that his frequent visits were no longer acceptable. He discontinued them; and though it seemed as if a ray of sunshine had faded from his life, he still struggled on, thinking he had nothing with which to reproach himself. But was not his voluntary promise to his friend a mistake in the beginning?

And now Blanche pined and faded.

"She loved him," thought her husband; and then he determined to take her to Italy, thinking the change of air would benefit her, and hoping that if once far removed from Frank, she would forget him.

So to Italy they went; but while there Guy was taken suddenly ill, and almost before she could realize it, Blanche Everett was left a widow.

She never knew how Frank found her; but one day some time after her husband's death he came to her, and taking her in his arms, whispered——

"My darling, can you love me—can you be mine? Heaven forgive me the mistake I made in pressing my friend's suit instead of my own! Tell me, dear one, may I not some day become your husband?"

She looked up at him through the tears that filled her eyes, and in that glance he read his answer.

Dear reader, do you remember the fairy tales of your childhood? It never occurred to you then, did it, that in after life you might come across persons who, should they choose to reveal their past, might weave you a story as full of interest, even as that of the fair one "With Golden Locks?"

Washington Society in 1825.

The circle of what was termed "good society" at Washington had been, and was then, very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few senators or representatives brought their wives to cheer their congressional labors, and a parlor of ordinary size would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend social gatherings. A few diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at headquarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally a few visitors of social distinction. The most friendly and cordial intercourse prevailed, and those who met at dinner parties and at evening entertainments were like members of one family, in general sympathy. The costume of the ladies was classic in its scantiness, especially at balls and parties. The fashionable ball dress was of white India crape, and five breadths, each a quarter of a yard wide, were all that was asked to make a skirt, which only came down to the ankles, and was elaborately trimmed with a dozen or more rows of narrow flounces. Silk or cotton stockings were adorned with embroidered "clocks," and thin slippers were ornamented with silk rosettes and tiny buckles. Those gentlemen who dressed fashionably wore "Bolivar" frock coats of some gay-colored cloth, blue, green or claret, with large lappels and gilded buttons. Their linen was ruffled; their "Cossack" trousers were voluminous in size, and were tucked into high "Hessian" boots with gold tassels. They wore two and sometimes three waistcoats each, of different colors, and from their watch-pocket dangled a ribbon, with a bunch of large seals. When in full dress, gentlemen wore dress-coats with enormous collars and short waists, well-stuffed white cambric cravats, small-clothes or tight-fitting pantaloons, silk stockings, and pumps.

Ladies' Habits.

The shorter and tighter ladies habit skirts are the safer they are; also there should be two straps of elastic—one for the right foot and the other to go on the heel of the left foot. By these means, if the habit be well cut, there is no possibility of the skirt getting caught on the leaping-head. I have had several falls and have always come clear from the saddle. Another safety is to have the leaping-head quite close up to the pommel round which the right leg is put. Saddle-makers are very fond of putting it low down and making it long and curved, which prevents ladies being kicked or bucked off, but which keeps them fixed like a vice, so that if their horse comes down they cannot get away from him. If the pommel is small, high up, and close to the other, it ought to be quite sufficient for a good rider, and at the same time, if the horse falls, it leaves you free to get away from him, for it is almost impossible for a lady to throw herself out of the saddle when the horse falls and thus get clear of him as most men do. The number of hunting ladies has increased so much of late years that every precaution ought to be taken to avoid possible accidents.

—An early maple sugar season is anticipated.

Montagu as a Fairy God-Father.

On a certain occasion, whilst walking near the Mall in St. James, Park, London, as was the fashion of the nobles and fops of his time, his Grace observed a middle-aged gentleman in a half-military garb, decidedly the worse for wear, but exceedingly neat and precise withal in the cut and arrangement of his dress. And it so happened that two or three days running, he noticed the poor gentleman walking at the same hour of the day, in the same place, with a grave and solemn step, and a face evidently full of care. Becoming interested in the gentleman's appearance, the Duke caused inquiries to be made about him, and with difficulty, through one of his gentlemen, found out some little portion of his private history. He was a gentleman from one of the northern counties, who in early life had sold his estate in order to purchase a commission, and had served with distinction, or at all events with credit, in more than one foreign country, but was now placed of necessity on half-pay, by reason of the conclusion of the war. He learned further that the poor officer had a wife and a family down in Yorkshire—then nearly a week distant from the Metropolis—to whom he sent regularly half of his pay, whilst he supported himself in poor lodgings near Charing-cross upon the rest, living on from day to day in the hope that he might somehow or other obtain an office under Government, or from the Horse Guards, which would add a little to his income. The Duke, having assured himself that the veteran was worthy of relief, determined to make him happy quite in a way of his own; so he sent his servant with a polite invitation for him to come and dine with his grace at Montagu House, in Whitehall. The unfortunate officer stared in amazement, as well he might, at first thinking it a joke, until he saw the ducal crest on the top of the seal of the note. He soon, however, sufficiently recovered his self-possession to reply that he thanked the Duke for his kindness, and would obey his summons at the day and hour named by him. Not the less, however, was he lost in wonder how the Duke had found him out, and still more why he had chosen thus to honor him.

When the day fixed for the dinner had arrived the officer appeared at Montagu House, where the Duke received him with every sign of courtesy and even respect. And when he expressed his surprise at being so honored, the Duke took him quietly aside and told him, with an air of great gravity and secrecy, that he had a particular reason for his conduct in the matter. "To tell you the plain truth," said his Grace, "there is in my house a lady who has often seen you, and who has become so much interested in you and your fortunes that she very much wishes for a personal interview with you, and I am anxious for reasons of my own, to fall in with her wishes. Upon my soul, she is a most worthy and excellent lady; and I think, between you and me, that she looks upon you with no slight regard." The poor officer on this began to feel a little alarmed; for he did not like the idea of being handed over to the tender mercies of a strange lady—a married man, too, as he was, and with children to boot. In his perplexity and distress, therefore, he began to mutter his fears that "really there must be some mistake," and added. "Some one or other has been trying to impose on your Grace, or else on me. The fact is that I have a wife down in Yorkshire, and she is the only person for whom I care, or ever did care, and I know of no lady beside her who has a right to feel any keen interest in me."

"Never mind," replied the good-natured Duke, "no harm shall happen to you; only just follow me into the next apartment, my good friend." And with these words he led his guest into a sumptuous dining-room, into which he had no sooner entered than he saw his own wife and his three rosy, countrified children, for whom the Duke had sent down into Yorkshire, and whom he had brought up to the great Metropolis to meet him. At first he felt not only perplexed, but alarmed; for were they his wife and children, or only their ghosts and wraiths? A closer inspection, however, soon reassured him that the objects of his love and affection were present before him in flesh; and before the third course of the dinner was over the party were as happy and merry as could be. The officer was invited and pressed to stay the night at Montagu House, instead of returning to his dingy and uncomfortable lodgings, and to spend a day or two with his wife and children there before going back home. He did so, and expressed his deep sense of gratitude for the hospitality so kindly and so unexpectedly shown to him. A few mornings afterward, when he was packing up his traps preparatory to his departure, the Duke called the poor officer into his study, and presented him with a legal document which secured to him a comfortable annuity for life, remarking at the same time that he need really feel no hesitation in accepting it. "You must know," added his Grace with a smile, "I am trying, though rather late in life perhaps, to do the best that I can with my money, of which I have more than I know what to do with; and I assure you that I should not have done what I have in respect of yourself if I had known how else, or where else, I could have found more pleasure and satisfaction from my outlay."

Putting the Churn in Mourning.

"Yes, Mr. Spicer," said the Colonel, "there were quaint characters enough in the old service to have furnished recruits for our Spice column for a long time if I could recall them all. There was old Dr. Lance, one of the most skilful physicians in the south, and well and faithful he served us as surgeon of the—th. Wrapped up in his profession the doctor was careless of his personal appearance, and often oblivious of his surroundings. Returning after a brief furlough which he had taken to attend the funeral of a relative, the doctor rode into camp mounted on his well-known sorry white steed, and wearing on his head, instead of the customary slouched head covering a tall white hat with two thirds of the crown encircled with rusty crape.

"Now a 'plug' hat of any kind was a rarity in the army, but such a peculiar plug as the doctor's could not escape observation and many a gibe was leveled at it unheard by the absent-minded Esculapius until a soldier who had more whisky than discretion in him laid hand on the doctor's bridle and greeted him with:

"Hello, Doc!"

"Arousing himself, he bestowed a freezing look and a 'Sir!' upon the audacious one.

"In no way disconcerted the soldier cheerfully remarked;

"Well, doctor, the old cow has died at last, hasn' she?"

"Cow! What do you mean, sir!" said the doctor sternly.

"Mean?" drawled the son of Mars, as he stood back and bestowed a long look of mock pity at the doctor's tall white hat: "why I supposed the old cow must be dead, as you have put the churn in mournin."

Garibaldi's Marriage.

The marriage of Garibaldi, which has just been annulled in the Court of Appeals, took place under romantic circumstances, which are more widely known in their general burden than in their detail. Everybody in Europe is aware how, on the morrow of his wedding with Signora Raimondi, he took his departure for Caprera, and never again consented to see his wife. How the unfortunate affair was brought about only a few friends remember. It was at the opening of the campaign of 1859. Garibaldi was scouting the country between Varese and Como, and was about to give his troops the order to advance, when a handsome young lady on horseback entered the camp and requested the favor of an audience. She was the eldest daughter of the Marchese Raimondi by a sister of the celebrated cantatrice, Signora Ronconi; and she brought to Garibaldi, on what seemed to be undoubted authority, the news of a concentration of Austrian troops, under Gen. Urban, on the Cona route. Garibaldi profited by the advice, went through the Borgho Vico pass, and swept the Austrians past the lake. The young Iris on horseback, however, had made such an impression on his stout heart, that, directly after the peace of Villafranco, he proceeded to the Castello Fino, the seat of the Raimondi family, where he was hailed as the liberator of Italy by his fair friend among all others; seeing which on the same evening, he asked her hand from her father. It may be doubted if even a princess would not have considered such a proposal from the hero just then highly flattering. When it is added that the young lady was an illegitimate child, and the Marchese an enthusiastic patriot, it will be readily understood with what pride and joy the latter at once gave his consent. Indeed, he never seemed to imagine that his daughter might see the proffered match with other feelings than himself. He hastened to announce it to the world, and fixed an early day for the marriage. Meanwhile the girl was silent and abashed, as if overwhelmed with a sense of the honor that befell her, and as the day of the ceremony approached, she seemed to be unwell and took to her bed. Numerous friends had been summoned. The illustrious bridegroom's best man had come on purpose from the end of Italy, and the whole country was in expectation of the event. As the young lady, although she complained of general weakness, had evidently no serious ailment, the Marchese insisted that, on the appointed day, she should be carried to the chapel in an arm-chair. She fainted on being brought to the altar, but the wedding took place none the less, and thus she became the General's wife. It was on the following morning that Garibaldi left the castle, on the unhappy girl's confession that she had been false to him. She has since lived in Switzerland in close retirement.

Strange Marriages Last Year.

Marriage by telegraph has become quite a common thing in this country. On the 22d of May, 1879, Mr. L. W. Walker and Miss M. E. Buddington were married, the bride being in the Northwestern Telegraph Company's office at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and the groom in the office at Owatonna, Minnesota. "The ceremony," says a local report, "began at eight o'clock, and in a very short time the couple, having responded to the conundrums usually propounded on such occasions, were pronounced man and wife, and were dismissed with a benediction. The bride wore an evening dress of black, with black crepe shawl, and bore in her hand a bouquet of flowers." Upon this marriage a legal newspaper commented that, as an ordained minister's authority to marry extended only "throughout the State," the bride only was married; that the statute providing that the declaration of both parties must be made in the "presence" of the minister was violated; that witnesses were not present, or, if they were, they must have witnessed the bride's marriage of the telegraph operator, and that no certificate could have been given specifying the place of the marriage. Among the marriages of last year that were odd in the manner of their celebration, may be mentioned that of Mr. Horace Tell and Miss Jones, on a public road in Calvert county, Maryland, in July. They set out from home at seven o'clock A. M., and so did the clergyman. At the point where they met the happy couple were united on horseback, beneath a shading oak. June 18th, 1879, at Monticello, Illinois, the Rev. Duncan McMillan of Utah was united in marriage to Emily Kent Johnston, daughter of the Rev. Adam Johnston, who officiated. The ceremony took place under two grand hickory trees, the branches above forming a natural bower. Guests assembled under the trees, and the bride and groom came to the shade preceded by two little girls, who dropped lilies on the path. A Mormon bishop named Allen performed a wedding on the line between Utah and Nevada, having one foot in the State and one in the Territory, while the bride was in Nevada and the groom in Utah. In New Haven, Connecticut, there was a marriage on the stage. At the close of the regular performance it was announced that "Mr. James Jones, of Jones and Creston, the rifle shots, would be united in marriage to Miss Josephine Blanchard, a member of the company." After Miss Ferrand and the Ross sisters had finished dancing, the curtain was lowered and the orchestra played the "Wedding March." The curtain was then rung up, disclosing the happy pair, surrounded by the entire company. After the applause had ceased, Hugh Dailey, a Justice of the Peace, stepped forward and performed the service of the Episcopal Church. The audience kept order till the service was over, and then applauded and called the happy pair before the curtain. Mr. J. C. Sexton, of Cleveland, Ohio, had a large company to his house on Euclid avenue, to see some private theatricals. At the conclusion of the play the guests were asked to keep their seats. The curtain went up, and the unexpected tableau was presented of the host's granddaughter, Miss Addie Sexton, in bride's robes, with her betrothed, Mr. Otto Arnold, standing under a wedding-bell of flowers before Dr. Noakes, rector of Emmanuel Chapel, who read the Episcopal service and married them, the bride concluding the ceremony by repeating Alice Cary's poem, "The Marriage-Wreath." Mr. Gibbons, of Orangeville, Indiana, would not let his daughter marry James Scarlett. She went down to the river with a bucket for water, and found there Squire Lem Ross, Mr. Scarlett, the necessary witnesses, and two horses—one with a side-saddle. The marriage took place, and the happy couple left for the country. While all this was going on the old man was at home at work in the garden. When he heard of it he allowed that if he'd "been thar somebody would' a' got hurt, so they would." Near Lithonia, De Kalb county, Georgia, a couple of runaway lovers were married standing on a log in the swamp. They engaged the services of Rev. E. H. Clarke, who reached the rendezvous about nine o'clock at night. The lovers were hidden in the swamp, and as the reverend gentleman passed through whistled to him and called out: "Here we are!" In a few moments they were man and wife, and went on their way rejoicing. Mr. Joseph Pentz took a rifle to his wedding at St. Mark's Gap, Texas. The sexton tried to persuade him to leave it at the door on entering the church; but he persisted in carrying it across his shoulder as he walked with his bride up to the altar rail. His explanation was that a rival suitor had threatened to shoot him on this occasion, and he meant to be prepared for defence. At Port Townsend, Oregon, a suitor took his licence, the clergyman, and a Winchester rifle to the girl's residence, where they were married in the front yard, he keeping off father and uncle with his weapon.

The "German."

The german, which many persons regard as a wearisome dance, despite its abundant waltzing and variety, is greatly relished by a number of young persons, particularly young women, to whom the diversity and quantity, not to speak of the "favors," are a special attraction. It gets its name from the country whence it was borrowed, and was the rage there for many seasons, but of late had been neglected until this winter, when it has sprung into new countenance, and is danced with more fervor and zest than ever. The german has received so many elaborations and improvements in this country that it is quite another thing from what it was at its first introduction into American society. It has always been fashionable on this side the sea, because they who give a german need a large drawing or ball room, provide a luxurious supper and expensive favors, demanding, of course, a spacious house and a liberal income. Fashion means money and plenty of it. If there be money enough, other things like good taste, delicacy, fitness—ranked as secondary in exclusively modish circles—may be modified or omitted. They who are enamored of dancing ought to be attached to the german, which usually lasts from four to six hours. The whole evening, or rather the whole night, is devoted to it. It begins late and ends early—in the morning. Not infrequently the dance is interrupted in order to partake of an early breakfast, physical exhaustion requiring sustainment from food and wine. Carriages containing martyrs to the german are seen rolling home by the light of the dawn, and so tired are they that they not seldom fall asleep on the way, and with difficulty drag themselves to bed, where they spend most of the day. The protracted dance is certainly a dissipation, for it dissipates youth, freshness, health, and a great deal of money. Any young woman who will dance the german habitually for five Winters can be sure of looking prematurely old. One feature of the dance this season is that it has drawn many persons of ripe maturity into it. Usually in most cities, society people cease to dance when they get married, and even bachelors relinquish terpsichorean measures at thirty or thereabouts. Now, the german is led not rarely by grandfathers, and mothers move in the same figure with their married or marriageable daughters. Perhaps the german is renewing our youth. It should do something of the sort as compensation for the youth it lays waste.

The Chinese Cuisine.

The shark's fin is a delicacy which is rarely omitted from the *menu* at a Chinese feast. It is one of the "great classic dishes" forming the *pieces de resistance* of an official banquet, and is eaten either in the form of a joint, garnished with crabs, or served up in small pieces in cups placed before each guest. The consumption of rats, though it seems to be somewhat on the decline, is the cause of a very important traffic in the principal towns of certain districts, and especially in a street in Canton called Hing-Loung-Kai. Here these animals may be seen in enormous multitudes hanging up in the shop windows amongst chickens and ducks and geese. They are for the most part dried and salted, and when in that state are esteemed a sovereign recipe for those whose hair is getting thin. Besides the dishes peculiar to the Celestials alone, there are a variety of differences in their mode of cooking and eating foods unknown to our cuisine. Hams, for instance, are kept for a year, or even two years, buried in sawdust, which imparts to them a taste of wood much appreciated by the gourmets. Broad beans are fermented, and after being mixed with salt, form a very favorite sauce eaten with all sorts of viands. Finally, the habit of eating "rotten eggs," which sounds so strange to European ears, is explained by showing that the so-called rotten eggs is only a duck's egg preserved for a long time in an air-tight envelope made of ashes, chalk, tea leaves, and a number of other strange substances, until the yolks turns first to a green color, and then to a fine black, when it is considered fit to be eaten.

Tableaux Vivants.

In tableaux vivants poems may be illustrated by a series of living pictures. This is more interesting than simply to personify some one picture. Any of the magazine pictures will give ideas for tableaux. Many of these can be represented with music, keeping the musicians in the background out of sight. Many of the scenes in song may be represented in this way. We will give one, as for example, the "Mistletoe Bough;" first represent a room decorated with green, a company assembled, gayly dressed and dancing, while a lady or gentleman behind the scene sings the verse represented, in distinct tones, and so on through the whole song, the last scene representing the children in a lumber room, opening an old chest and exposing a skeleton, old flowers, etc. "Auld Robin Grey" and "The Three Fishers" are easily represented. Still another variety of tableaux is a song represented in pantomine, for instance, the song of "Blue Beard," and "O, They Marched Through the Town." "A Gipsy Camp" makes a very pretty tableaux. "The Madonna." "Coming Through the Rye," "An Artist's Studio," "Paul and Virginia," (under an umbrella). "Saturday Night"—the mother scrubbing her young hopeful's face; all of Rogers' group of statuary make excellent subjects for tableaux vivants.

Infant Labor.

The inspectors of factories in Prussia are working hard to put down infant labor. At Berlin, thirty-three factories have ceased employing children, and in the others there are only nine under fourteen years of age. The same has been the case in nearly all the provinces, notably in the district of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where in the 330 cloth factories, employing 14,000 hands, there are now only 1500 minors, this being a diminution of twenty-three per-cent. since 1876; while in the districts of Cologne, Coblentz and Treves, the total number of children employed has fallen from 5334 to 4237, and of these all but sixty-one are over fourteen years of age. The inspectors take great care, also, that proper sanitary arrangements are made, and that the masters do all they can to protect their workmen from accident. One curious fact brought out by the inspector in Westphalia is the wandering disposition of the workmen. He instances a manufactory, employing 2000 hands, in which from one to two hundred of them leave every month.

A Corrupt Judge Outwitted.

Chief-justice Pyne, who was appointed Chief-justice of the King's Bench of England, in 1694, had the reputation of being influenced in his judicial capacity by gifts. He had landed property on the banks of the Blackwater, in Munster, called Waterpark, to which he repaired after the fatigues of the Munster Circuit. Being of a bucolic taste, he cultivated good breeds of cattle, and was noted for the value of his stock. The trial of a very important record, in which the claims of a Mr. Weller were opposed to those of a Mr. Nangle, was fixed for the Court Assizes. On the day before that on which the Chief-justice was to leave Waterpark for Cork, he received a present of twenty-five splendid heifers from Mr. Weller, the defendant in action. The Chief-justice returned a very gracious message to Mr. Weller by his steward, who came in charge of the cattle. This man was treated with great courtesy. He returned home to his master, well pleased wite the urbanity and kindness of Chief-justice Pyne. The Judge set forth next day for Cork. When driving along in his coach-and-six, passing near Rathcormac, where the bridge spans the Bride River, the road was blocked up by a drove of cattle. The Chief-justice looked out and beheld a prime herd of most valuable short horns. He beckoned the man who was driving the cattle to approach him, and demanded:

"Whose beasts are these, my man?"

"They belong, please your honor, to a great gentleman of these parts, Judge Pyne, your honor," replied the countryman.

"Indeed!" cried the Chief-justice in much surprise, "and where are you taking them now?"

"They were grazing in my master's, Mr. Nangle's, farm, your honor; and as the assizes are coming on at Cork, my master thought the Judge might like to see that he took good care of them, so I'm taking them to Waterpark, to show them to the Judge."

The Judge felt the delicacy of Mr. Nangle's mode of giving his present. Putting his hand in his pocket, he presented the herdsman with a guinea, said he was Judge Pyne, and "that as his master, Mr. Nangle, had taken such good care of his cattle, he, the Judge, would take care of him."

At parting he desired the herdsman to give the animals to his steward at Waterpark, and bade his coachman "drive on," which he did.

During the hearing of the action of Nangle vs. Weller, the bearing of the Chief-justice seemed, at first, quite in favor of the defendant, and that gentleman nodded often to his attorney, as much as to say, "It's all right; I have secured the Judge." But as the case went on, and it was the province of the Chief-justice to charge the jury, he put the case so strongly for the plaintiff, that, to the dismay of Mr. Weller, the jury brought in a verdict for Mr. Nangle without leaving the box, and the Judge certified for immediate execution. Mr. Nangle and his counsel were, of course, quite satisfied. No exceptions were taken in the Judge's charge and the case was won. When, on his return from the Munster Circuit, the learned Judge arrived at Waterpark, his first question was,

"Are the cattle all safe?"

"Perfectly, my lord," replied the steward.

"Where have you put the beasts I received when leaving for the Cork Assizes?"

"They are where you left them, my lord."

"Where I left them—that is impossible!" exclaimed the Chief-justice. "I left them on the road, near Rathcormac."

The steward was puzzled. He thought the wits of the Chief-justice were not so clear as those of a Chief-justice ought to be.

"Con," said Sir Richard Pyne, putting on his hat, "I'll have a look at them myself."

The steward led the way across the lawn to a grassy paddock, and there were found within twenty-five fine heifers cropping the grass, as happy as if their late master retained his property.

"I don't mean these," said the Chief-justice, rather testily. "I want to see those fifty short horns which came after I left home."

"Bedad! the long and short of it is, them's all the cattle on the land, except what we bred ourselves, my lord."

And so it was; the sagacious Mr. Nangle had so timed the departure of his cattle as to meet the Chief-justice on the road. He had properly drilled his herdsman, who, with the tact of his country, relished the plot of "doing" the Judge, for Mr. Nangle had no great faith in the integrity of that functionary. The Judge's coach was no sooner out of sight than the herdsman turned his cattle, and before nightfall they were once more in the familiar fields of Mr. Nangle, where they were reared.

The Chief-justice felt he had been outwitted, but, of course, had no power of showing his disappointment.

Willie's Winter Coat and its Lessons.

In a peasant's home, poor but thrifty, sat a young mother, plying her needle, in the soft, summer twilight, for the wee Willie whose ringing laughter from the little garden told its own sweet tale. The husband sat near his wife in that wearied listlessness which is made such a luxury by a hard day's toil.

"How shall we ever get on when winter comes, George? 'Tis hard enough in summer; but what will it be then?" The question awoke something within that man's slumbering soul that sent a quiet glow over every look and tone, "Mary, lass, what art thou making there?"

"A warm winter coat for Willie, George!"

"I guessed as much. Does the young rogue know about it?"

"Not he dear lamb!"

"Won't you tell him to prevent his worrying about winter?"

"He worry! Why hearken to him, George. He's as happy as the day is long; and even if he had the sense to think about winter, he'd trust mother to keep him warm."

"Aye, lass, and I vow the boy is wiser than his mother."

Mary's eyes filled as she caught her husband's upward look, and the cloud of distrust was rolled from the hearth by their child's trustfulness.

Musical Instruments.

Instruments are divided into stringed and wind instruments, and sub-divided into six classes, namely, bowed instruments (the family of violins), wind instruments, keyed instruments (piano and organ), stringed instruments (harp, guitar, etc.), instruments of percussion and mechanical instruments. At the head of these must be placed the human voice, the first and the most beautiful of all instruments. Instrumental music is a melody or a system of melodies appropriated either to a single instrument or to several together. This leads us to consider it in two points of view—first, as single music or solo; secondly, as concerted music. Solos, whether single or accompanied, comprehend an infinite number of pieces in various forms and styles, as studies, fantasis, sonatas and concertas. The inventor of the sonata form is Corelli, and of that of the concerto Torelli. By concerted music we understand instrumental music with different parts in which all the instruments are equally obligato. This class comprises the trio, the quartette, the quintette and other pieces where each instrument has its separate part, and the symphony. Boccherini was the first, who, in 1768, fixed the quartette and quintette, or chamber music. He was followed by Giardini, Cambrini and Pagnani, and in another school, by Pleyel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. The symphony, improved since the middle of the last century by Gossce, Washall and Emanuel Bach, was in its form perfected by Haydn, and in its instrumentation by Beethoven. Other symphony composers of various schools followed, as Berlioz, Spohr, Gade, Ruff and Rubinstein. A symphony orchestra consists of violins, violas and violoncellos, double basses, two flutes, two French horns, two trumpets and kettle drums. It has, during the last fifty years, been improved with four French horns, three trombones, tuba, harps and instruments of percussion, and necessarily calls for additional strings to balance. Thus the modern symphony composer has at his command five colors—strings, wooden instruments, brass, harps and instruments of percussion—with all the sub-variety of shades. As to the number of instruments, I consider an orchestra of thirty-five strings and twenty wind instruments, or about sixty performers, all that is needed to render any work satisfactory under one baton.

On Dogs.

I knew that Harris had got hold of some sheep meat somewhere, for he had another violent paragraph against dogs the next morning. I can always tell when he has had mutton for dinner. It seems to affect his head, though I never did consider him mutton-headed. He is too dogmatic for that. Old Bows is dead, my loving and trusting friend, the defender of my children, the protector of my household in the dark and silent watches of the night. For thirteen years he has been fond and faithful, and now we feel as if one of the family was dead. Bows was the best judge of human nature I ever saw. He knew an honest man and a gentleman by instinct. He never frightened a woman or child—he never went tearing down the front walk after anybody, but the very looks of him would mighty nigh skeer a nigger to death. When they had come to our house they began to holler "hello" a quarter of a mile off. Bows loved to skeer 'em, he did. He had character and emotions. Having no tail to wag (for he was curtailed) he did the best he could, and wagged where it ought to be. Bows was a dark brindle. He was a dog of ancestors. His father's name was Shylock and his grandfather's name was Sheriff. They were all honorable dogs. I never knew him to run up and down a neighbor's paling after the dog on the other side. He was above it—but he never dodged responsibility. He has come in violent personal contact with other dogs a thousand times, more or less, and was never the bottom dog in the fight. And then, what an honest voice he had. His bark was not on the C, but was a deep, short basso profundo. We buried him on the brow of the hill where he used to sit and watch for tramps and stragglers. Slowly and sadly we laid him down. Talk about your sheep—I wouldn't have given him for a whole flock. Sheep are to eat and wear, but Bows was a friend. It's like comparing appetite with emotion—the animal was the spiritual. But I am done now. Let Harris press on his dog law. I've got nothin' agin' sheep, in fact, I like 'em. Ever since Mary had a little lamb I've thought kindly of sheep, and I am perfectly willin' for a law that will exterminate all hounds and suck egg pups and yaller dogs and bench-leg fices. They are a reflection on Bowes memory.

A Favorite Horse.

Pantlind was going from Carson to California, and resolved to buy a horse and light wagon and travel in that way, because other people generally traveled on the railway, and Pantlind doesn't like to do things as other people do. He was offered a horse at a reasonable figure—"a horse that Hank Monk used to drive," the owner said. Pant, hunted up Monk and asked him what kind of a horse it was.

"That hoss," said Mr. Monk, in a drawling way; "that there hoss was always my favorite—"

Pantlind was in a hurry. He didn't wait for further particulars, but rushed off and bought "that hoss" at once. He hitched him up and started off—that is, he tried to start off, and put in a good deal of time trying. The horse was balky to the last degree. "Confound him," said Pant, "he'd balk going down hill." The bland smile of the hotel keeper was replaced by an angry frown when he found Hank Monk and reproached him for recommending the horse.

"I didn't recommend him, Pant. I wouldn't