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, APRIL 7, 1880. | NO. 15.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

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BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

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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

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DOES IN EVERY CASE.

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

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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.

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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.

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Druggist and Chemist,
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SOLD EVERYWHERE

CHARITY.

There's not that difference in the scale
Of human life, that some pretend;
The cock may flaunt a rainbow tail,
And be a cockerel to the end.

Up from the earth alike we come;
To Mother Earth alike we tend;
One path we tread; one common home,
Invites us at the journey's end.

"High born" or low; 'tis all the same;
Who follows best God's righteous plan,
For honest living best may claim,
The title of a nobleman.

Ere while from yonder crawling worm,
An airy form of beauty springs!
So many an humble human form,
But half conceals the angel wings.

Let's have a care, then, how we tread,
Lest we despoil some humble friend,
That by a different path is led.—
What life we cannot comprehend.

And if, perchance, some brother stray,
From wisdom's straight and narrow track;
Though priest and Levite turn away,
Be it ours to lead the wand'rer back.

One may be weak, another strong;
Even holiest men do err most blindly;
Yet, though the deed itself be wrong,
'Twere well to judge the motive kindly.

Forgiveness.

A short winter afternoon was fast deepening into twilight, and the snow, that had been threatening all day, was beginning to toss about the first of its white favors, as a lady stood at a large casement anxiously gazing across the valley on the cedar-fringed mountain road opposite.

She was apparently about twenty-five years of age, with soft gray eyes and a clear though pale complexion. Could she have been transported to Chestnut Street or Broadway, with the accompaniments of crimps, rats, turban and pheasant wing, she might have passed for scarcely twenty; but here at home, in her soft lavender dress which harmonized so well with the shining brown hair plainly braided back from her face, and the tiny blue bow at her throat, the five years seemed rather to be on the other side. But her countenance was not dependent for its charm on either youth or beauty; but one of those quiet home faces, which as the years pass along, gather by the side of sick-beds, over cradles—and it may be over graves—a beauty which the evanescent glow of youth rarely equals. So at least thought Dr. Ashley, when three years before, he took her from the village school, and the tuition of rough miner's children, to be the light and comfort of his home.

It is for him that she is straining her eyes with looking into the darkness, and a glad smile rises to her face as something moves among the cedars, clatters across the bridge in the valley where the village lights are already twinkling, and a moment later the well-known gig rattles up to the door.

He was only a rough old country doctor, this husband of Lucy Ashley, but to her he was a hero—demigod—the representative of all that is noble and good in manhood. And, indeed, we might make heroes of worse material than of some of those bronzed and weather-beaten disciples of the healing art, who, regardless alike of heat or cold, day or night, spend their lives in attending suffering humanity.

"Watching, Lucy?" cried the cheery voice, as having shaken off the feathery snowflakes the doctor entered the casement which she held open for him.

It was a very plain room; deriving the most of its charm from the white curtains, fragrant plants, and neatly arranged teatable, yet pervaded by an air of comfort which in more luxurious apartments is often lacking.

After the pleasant tea was over and the doctor established in dressing-gown and slippers by the fireside (a position he might possibly hold throughout the evening, but from whence it was more probably that he would soon be called to drive six or eight miles over the mountains), Lucy brought her low chair and her knitting and sat beside him. Evidently she had something of importance to say, for her work progressed fitfully, till at last throwing it down in desperation, and raising her eyes, she exclaimed, hurriedly, as though the subject was disagreeable and must be gotten through quickly:

"Robert, another letter came to-day from Mrs. Hervey."

"To you?"

"Yes; at least addressed to me, though of course it concerns you more nearly. I'll bring it."

"No," said he, detaining her. "I don't care to see it. I suppose it is only a reassertion of her husband's innocence?"

"Yes, principally; she says that his last words were, 'ask Cousin Robert to forgive me for these years of estrangement, and tell him, on the word of a dying man, that I know nothing of the deed which has caused, all the trouble."

"I've heard all that before! Had the woman sent the deed it would have made a difference; but as she won't, why should she presume to trouble you about it?"

"I suppose she thought that I could plead her cause better than herself, and indeed Robert, I cannot help thinking that there may have been some mistake. Another reason is, she says, that she is herself sinking rapidly, that she has no relations in the world, and asks us to receive her little boy, who is your namesake. She adds that if she only could get your forgiveness to carry to her husband, she would be willing to travel on foot lay her baby in my arms, and die.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the doctor. She need do nothing more melodramatic than sending on the deed. And as for her husband, if he has God's forgiveness he does not need mine. I tell you, Lucy, that man injured me more than you can understand; but for him, I might now be in possession of a lucrative city practice, instead of dragging out a beggarly existence among these hills."

"But I would never have known you, then," said Lucy, laying her clasped hands on his knee.

"Which means, I suppose," he rejoined, smiling and smoothing back a stray tress from her face, "that I would never have known you; but I should, pet; I would have found you out somehow, and then you might have had silk dresses, and all manner of fine things as other ladies have."

"I don't want them," she answered quietly. "I would much rather that you would let me have that little baby boy."

"That is perfectly ridiculous!" he exclaimed. "Why should you wish to take upon yourself that burden?" But noticing the expression of her face (he had seen too much of the maternal instinct in his profession not to know what it meant) he relented. "Well, my dear, as you desire it so much I wish you could have him. Whatever makes the woman so stubborn? Tardy justice is better than none at all. And I solemnly declare that unless she sends that paper, which I have every reason to suppose was in her husband's possession, neither the mother nor the child shall cross my threshold."

This seemed to end the discussion, and, for a long time Lucy sat looking into the fire. At last raising her eyes pleadingly, she said: "Robert, you won't like my saying this, and I dont like to seem as though I were preaching, but all day as though they were written on my brain, I have seen the words: "If you forgive not men their trespasses"—"

A loud knocking interrupted the sentence. A tall miner stood at the door asking for the doctor.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor, who was already drawing on his overcoat.

"Bill Barton's child has gots fits—two miles t'other side of Lennox Bluff."

All right! Ill be there as soon as possible.

The hardness had all vanished from his manner again, he was the sympathizing physician as he turned to his wife saying:

"Good night, Lucy, do not sit up; I may not be in much before morning. This poor child has been subject to these attacks from her birth. I fear each will be the last."

After his departure, Lucy sat a long time gazing thoughtfully into the fire. "There is no use hunting the garret again," she mused. "It is only in stories that missing wills and deeds are found in old furniture. So, having sent her little maid to bed, and prepared some fragrant chocolate, setting it where it would simmer slowly till the doctor's return, she resumed her seat by the fire, and her sad mediations.

Meanwhile Doctor Ashly pursued his journey through the stormy night, and those last words spoken by his wife were exerting a spell on him too. The mountain wind, rushing through the cedars, seemed to sing in trumpet tones, "If ye forgive not," while on every hand the dry tongued laurels whispered "forgive, forgive!"

Arrived at his destination, he found the little patient better, lying pale and exhausted on her mother's lap. The paroxism was over—the danger was passed once more, and the mother expressed real sorrow for having brought the doctor out in the storm.

"Oh, no matter about that!" he answered, hastily; then, after preparing a composing draught, he bade them good-night, and started upon his homeward journey.

But the thoughts from which he would gladly have been free were only interrupted, not dispelled. Again the unseen spirit voices seemed to whisper around him, and memory went back to his childhood, when blue-eyed Cousin Fred was his dearest companion. He thought of the green summer days when, together, they had fished in the old millpond, and sailed mimic boats under the willows. Then, of the old college times, when the gay young student had clung to him as unto an elderly brother. And now! Ah! now he was dead.

The storm had increased in violence, but the doctor scarcely heeded it, for remorse was knawing like bitter hunger at his heart. Away to the right he heard, above the noise of the elements, the shrill whistle of a midnight train. The startling cry, that clearer than clan call, or blast of toesin, reminds the lonely of the great brotherhood of man. It aroused the doctor from his musings. He remembered that half an hour ago, a train arrived in the village behind him, but, having overtaken no travelers he felt thankful that no one had to seek his home among the hills to-night. A moment later he saw something directly in front of him.

"Only a cedar bush," he reasoned; but watching closely, he saw it waver more and more, and at last sink down upon the snow.

As he sprung from his sleigh he heard a low moan, and hurrying forward, he found a sad sight, a woman completely paralyzed with cold and weakness, and in her arms, closely pressed against her bosom, an unconscious, sleeping babe. He placed them hastily in his sleigh, and five minutes later, Lucy by her fireside was startled by an unwanton noise at the door.

"It is well you're up, Lucy!" exclaimed the doctor, as he came in with his burden; "get some water, quick!" Lucy hastily brought the necessary remedies, and while the doctor applied them, she took the now wakened babe, warmed him, gave him a drink of warm milk, hushed him to sleep again, and placed him snugly in bed. At last the patient opened her eyes. "Oh, where am I?" she cried; "where is Robbie?"

"He is safe," replied Lucy, holding warm wine to her lips; "he is sleeping sweetly."

Having revived a little more, she resumed: "I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to a stranger, but if you will tell me where Dr. Ashley lives I will be going, I must reach there to-night. I came in the train, but I must have mistaken the direction."

"You are there now. I am Doctor Ashley."

"Are you indeed?" exclaimed the poor creature. "Oh, will you forgive me for coming? I could do nothing else."

"Forgive you!" cried the doctor, with a great sob in his voice. "Ah, Mary, if for Fred's sake you will forgive, it is enough mine has been the sin of remorseless cruelty."

So the poor wanderer had found home and love at last. But not for long, for when the snowdrifts melted beneath an April sun, she too vanished from the earth, gladly going to rejoin her husband.

Years have passed; the doctor's step is not quite so firm as of old, and some silver hairs have found their way among Lucy's shining braids. But Robbie, or the young doctor, as they call him now, is the comfort of his uncle's declining years, and the very pride and joy of Aunt Lucy's heart.

The Conquest of the Mule.

The western pack-mule is small, sinewy, and, like old Joey Bagstock; "tough, sir, tough! but de-e-vilish sly!" Most of them are bred from Indian ponies and are born on the open plains. Having previously been lassoed and branded, when three years old they are driven (or inveigled) into a coral and exhibited for sale at bronchos. An untamed horse is a model of gentleness beside them. Sometimes they are accustomed at once to the saddle by one of those wonderful riders who can stick on the back of anything that runs, and more rarely they are broken to harness; but ordinarily their backs are trained to bear the pack, which is generally the only practicable method of transporting freight through these rugged mountains. The first time the pack-saddles are put on, the excitement may be imagined. The green mule, strong in his youth, having been adroitly "roped" or lassoed, is led out into an open space, stepping timidly, but, not seeing any cause for alarm, quietly; before he understands what it all means, he finds that a noose of the rawhide lariat about his neck has been slipped over his nose, and discovers that his tormentors have an advantage. He pulls, shakes his head, stands upright on opposite ends, but all to no avail. The harder he pulls, the tighter the noose pinches his nostrils, so at last he comes down and keeps still. Then a man approaches slowly and circumspectly, holding behind him a leather blinder which he seeks to slip over the mule's eyes. But two long ears stand in the way, and the first touch of the leather is the signal for two jumps—one by the beast and one by the man, for packers are wise enough in their day and generation to fight shy of the business end of a mule. The next attempt is less a matter of caution and more of strength, and here the animal has so much advantage that often it must be lassoed again and thrown to the ground. It is a fine sight to witness the indignation of such a fellow! He falls heavily, yet holds his head high and essays to rise. But his fore-feet are manacled by ropes and his head is fast. Yet he will shake almost free, get upon his hind-feet, stand straight up and dash down with all his weight in futile efforts for liberty. Secured with more ropes, allowed but three legs to stand upon and cursed frightfully, he must submit, though he never does it with good grace. It is not always, however, that this extremity is resorted to. Some animals make little resistance while the strange thing is being put upon their backs and the fastenings adjusted—all but one; but when an effort is made to put that institution called a crupper under a young mule's tail, language fails to express the character of the kicking! The light heels describe an arc from the ground to ten feet above it and then strike out at a tangent. They cut through the air like whip-lashes and would penetrate an impediment like bullets. But even mule-flesh tires. Strategy wins. The crupper is gained and the first hard pull made upon the sinch (as the girth is termed), which holds firmly every hair-breath, and will finally crease the contour of the mule's belly into the semblance of Cupid's bow. But this one pull suffices to set him springing again—bucking, now, with arched back and head between his knees, landing on stiff legs to jar his burden off, or falling full weight on his side and rolling over to scrape it free. He will sit on his haunches and hurl himself backward; will duck his head and turn a somersault; finally will stand still, trembling with anger and exhaustion, and let you lead him away, conquered.

An Avalanche in Nevada.

An avalanche recently occurred on the slope of the Sierras in Nevada by which three men were instantly swept away and buried, and a fourth dangerously wounded. The slide occurred at the head of Marlette Canyon, near the mouth of the tunnel of the water company. Five men—McLane, Kennedy, Birney, McCaul and Tait—started on a recent occasion to go up the mountain to work. Tait told the others that he feared there would be a snow-slide, as the conditions were favorable. Soon after the snow was seen to start over a large space on the side of the mountain at the head of Marlette Canyon, and in an instant the avalanche was upon them. Tait saved himself by a stump and hanging on like "grim death." McLane, Kennedy and Birney were swept away and buried under the snow. McCaul was swept about fifty yards and was found by Tait buried to the shoulders, the snow so tightly packed about him that he could not move his hands or arms. A hat belonging to one of the others was found some distance below where McCaul was discovered, and this was the only trace of them that was to be seen. About fifty woodchoppers were soon on the ground and engaged in searching for the missing men, but at last accounts none of them had been found. Some are of the opinion that the bodies will not be found until the snow melts off in the spring, as Marlette Canyon is said to be filled up to its full width for a considerable distance. It was a slide of the dry, new snow, which had fallen upon the crust that covered the old snow. The stump behind which Tait took shelter was not so large but that he was able to clasp his hand around it and in this position he held on until the slide had passed over him.

He Forgot Them.

There was an alarm of fire the other night, and Mr. Tolimglower, of Union street, being awakened by the noise of the bells, sprang hastily from his bed, and thrust his head out of the window. A man was rushing by, and Mr. Tolimglower hailed him with.

"Whash ish shwire?"

The man stopped in his mad speed, and yelled, "What?"

"Whash ish shwire?" repeated Mr. Tolimglower, craning his head still further out of the window, and scanning the darkened heavens anxiously.

"I don't know what you're talking about," shouted the man, beginning to get his legs ready for another run.

"Ish shez whash ish shwire—crash shuttersthash!" yelled Mr. Tolimglower in a rage.

"Oh, go swallow yourself," muttered the man, darting off with an exclamatory "fire!"

And just as Mr. Tolimglower was going to shriek after him a wrathful malediction, his wife touched him on the shoulder and handed him his false teeth, which he had forgotten in his excitement to put on. And when Mr. Tolimglower had donned that most essential portion of his wardrobe, he was enabled to shout to a passing boy, in a perfectly intelligible manner:

"Where is the fire?"

A Notable Wager.

The life of Ben. Perley Poore has been an eventful one, and his warm friendship for Charles Sumner and other prominent men has closely connected him with public events. Maj. Poore was a great dinner-out, and a frequent guest of Gen. Burnside. His round form and florid complexion tell that he is a high liver. He is short in stature and weighs 270 pounds. In conversation the other day, his wife related an old story of her husband. During Pierce's canvass for the presidency, Maj. Poore, then a young man, wagered with a friend living in Boston that Pierce would not be elected. He agreed if he lost the bet to wheel a barrel of apples from his home, 30 miles distant, through the streets of Boston to his friend's door. The election came off, and the friend held the major to his wager. Mrs. Poore thought it too severe a task, and begged her husband to have the barrel sent in a wagon. The major was too conscientious to do that, and insisted on fulfilling his wager. He went to a neighboring farm and bought the fullest barrel of apples to be had. Witnesses saw that the barrel was well and closely packed. He put on a pair of snuff-colored pants, tucked into his heavy farm boots, a velvet vest, a jacket and a large red felt hat some one had sent him from California. Thus arrayed, he started at daybreak for Boston, wheeling his heavy load on a wheelbarrow. His wife sent a man with a wagon after him, so that in case he gave out, there would be some one at hand to help him. After the sun was up the country people began to pass him as he trudged along, perspiring and dusty. Each one offered him a lift or tried to persuade him to give up the job. He kept on 15 miles, tired and sore, then he concluded to put his apples in a farmer's barn and go back home for the night, and start afresh the next morning. He rode home and was glad to rest. He was sore and bruised, but after a good rubbing and a night's rest he was able to proceed with his task. By this time the people along the road heard of his coming and they gathered together to meet him. Boys followed him and women stood at their door to see him go by. There was great excitement, and the news soon traveled to Boston. It reached the ears of the authorities. They sent him word not to enter the city in the evening, but to stop outside and come in the morning. A few miles from Boston he stopped over night. The next morning on the outskirts of the city he was met by a large crowd of people and a brass band. He was escorted by this procession through the principal streets of the city to his friend's home, and from there to the Tremont house to a $600 breakfast. He had accomplished his feat and was amply repaid by the reception and breakfast given him by the city authorities. It was many days before he could appear without being stopped and asked "if he was the man who rolled a barrel of apples through the streets of Boston."

Men Who Keep Hotels.

"Beg pardon, but you are mistaken in the hotel! You don't want to stop at this house."

These words were uttered by the proprietor of a Detroit hotel one day last week to a stranger who had picked up a pen and started to register his name.

The man stepped back, looked first astonished and then indignant, and after the two had stared steadily at each other for twenty seconds, the stranger laid down the pen and walked out of the house without a word.

"Rather cool, I admit," explained the hotel man, "but that fellow is a beat.—Five years ago come next month, he beat this house out of three days' board."

"And you remember him?"

"In an instant. He has grown a full set of whiskers since then, and is, of course, five years older, but I remember that nose. I never forget a face, and I can call 5,000 travelers by name.

"If a detective strikes three cases out of five where he has to identity faces, he is lucky," continued mine host, "but if we did not do better than that we should make no profits. I take an inventory of every face. Some are so peculiar as a whole that they are never forgotten. Many faces have the same general expression. In such cases you must look for a squint in the eye, something peculiar about the nose and mouth, a limp in the gait, a peculiarity in the speech, and even the teeth are not to be overlooked. I can mark my man while he is registering. I can tell the moment he begins to write his name whether it is his own cognomen or one borrowed for the occasion. Hundreds of men travel under assumed names. Some do not want to be published in hotel reports; others are on private business which they do not wish exposed; others are private detectives, and others still up to trickery of some sort. It is by no means a sign that a man means to beat his hotel bill because he takes another name, and it is seldom that we consider that a point against a guest."

"As to my memory of faces," continued the landlord, "I had a test case recently. Some four or five years ago a stranger jumped the house on a two day's board bill. He returned the other day, greatly changed, and to be remembered only by a little red scar on one side of his nose. When he called for his one day's bill I added the old account. He looked the figures over, hesitated, looked at me, and paid the whole without a word. I was prepared to give the number of the room he occupied, the hour he came and the color of the coat he had on."

"In the reading and smoking rooms and the office," said the host, as he looked around, "are fifty strangers. More are coming and going all the time. Now you would think it very easy to sly up stairs or come down and go out and not be seen by any of the employes, but many have tried it to their cost. There are three of us here in the office most of the time, and porters and bell boys have their eyes about them. Men do come and go and never dream that their movements are noticed. They are honest men and a glance at them is enough. Let a person not registered here come in and go up stairs, and in two minutes we will know his business. He has either called upon a friend or he is up to mischief. It won't take thirty seconds for word to come down here as to what room he has entered."

"No, we hardly ever ask a person to pay in advance," he replied to the question. "It would be no insult on an honest man, but yet it is not the rule, I believe. I do not get mistaken in my man more than once in 5,000 times. You or any other man stopping here with money to pay your bill have a freedom of mind and body which cannot be assumed. You come and go, take everything easy, and call for your bill when ready to leave. The penniless man who tries to assume that easy demeanor always overdoes it. It is a part which few actors could play with success. A man coming here without baggage will generally tender his money in advance if he has it. If he is penniless, he will most always state the fact, and give his excuses and promises.

"The regular hotel beat is not the penniless man. It takes more nerve than most men have got to walk into a hotel with empty pockets and register as a guest. That is, men who cannot give good references or reasonable excuses for being 'dead broke.' We have guests here every day who have been robbed or lost their money or been swindled or something of the sort, but they can send home for funds or give security. No, the out-and-out hotel beat has money, but tries to beat us on general principles. He goes on the theory that every hotel owes him a living, and he is a hard bird to catch. He dresses well, seems to have plenty of money, calls for the best, and is gone before you even become suspicious. Few of them ever come back on the second visit, and our only revenge is to give them away to some other hotel men. The system of passing a dead-beat from man to man is now so perfect that the professional dead-beat has almost been driven to the wall."

The Baobab Tree and Fruit.

Monkey-bread grows on an enormous tree called baobab; botanically named for Adanson, a French botanist. The tree is a native of Senegal, in Africa; also found on the banks of the white Nile. It has been raised in England from the seed, and in India. At Alipore, near Calcutta, there is one whose trunk measures in some places over sixty feet in circumference. The height of baobab is not in proportion to its diameter. It has very long roots, seeming to like the earth better than do many trees. They have been measured one hundred feet laid bare and were doubless much longer still. The lower branches of the tree bend to the ground, almost concealing the trunk. They have large, dark-green, abundant leaves. The flower is large and white, its stamens gathered into a tube below, and spreading like an umbrella above. The tree is mucilaginous in all its parts, the fruit being, the most useful. It is, for what reason cannot be ascertained, called Monkey-bread. It measures from nine to twelve inches long, and four in diameter, at the middle, being rather pointed at each end. It has a brownish color when ripe. The pulp is slightly acid; that between the seeds tastes like cream tartar, and is used for fevers. Strong cords are made from the bark of the tree. The baobab was long thought to be the largest tree in the world. The discovery of the mammoth sequoias in California has proven the mistake of this supposition. Livingstone judged a baobab which he examined, in Africa, to be at least, 1,400 years old. The tree is not easy to destroy, but it is subject to a natural disease, a sort of correspondence to what is called brain softening. Can it be that this vegetable giant becomes dizzy with its grandeur and superiority, and thus grows both vain and weak? It is sometimes easy for imagination to invest inanimate life with soul-life; and what man shall say where the mysterious lines of distinction begin or end in the divine plan and fulfillment? It is a question often asked before—one that sounds unreasonable, chimerical; but God has so constituted the human mind as to give it the impulse and curiosity of inquiry. The baobab tree appears to have a positive limit for its age. It will sicken and die by a softening process, finally falling, by its own weight, into a ruined heap. The trunk is usually hollow. Executed criminals, to whom the law denies rites of sepulture, have been entombed in these trunks. The bodies soon withered and became dry like mummies.

An Honest Miner.

If you go into a mining district in Cornwall, England, you will see, not far from the mine works, rows of neat little cottages; most of them extremely clean in the interior, and here the miners may be found seated at comfortable fires, frequently reading, or in the summer evenings working in their little gardens or in the potato fields. Frequently they become experienced floriculturists, and at the flower shows that occur annually in several of the Cornish towns they often carry off the prizes. A pleasing anecdote is recorded of the honesty of a poor Cornish miner. There lived at St. Ives a lady named Prudence Worth, whose charity was remarkable. A miner living at Camborne had his goods seized for rent, which he could not pay. He had heard of the many good deeds done by "Madam" Worth, as she was usually called, and he determined to apply to her for assistance. He said:

"Madam, I have come to you in great trouble. My goods are seized for rent, and they will be sold if I can not get the money immediately."

"Where do you live?" inquired Mrs. Worth.

"In Camborne, and I work in Stray Park Mine."

"I know nothing of you," observed the lady, and you may be a drunkard or an imposter."

"Madam," replied the miner, with energy, "as I live, I am neither; and if you will lend me the money, I will return it in four months."

The money was lent, the period of four months elapsed, and, true to his promise, the poor miner, notwithstanding that bad luck had attended him, had managed to get the amount borrowed together, and set off on foot with it. Arriving at Hayle River, he found the tide coming up, but to save a journey of three miles round by St. Erith Bridge, he resolved to cross the water, which appeared to him shallow enough for this purpose. The poor fellow had, however, miscalculated the depth, and was drowned. When the body was brought to shore, his wife said that he had left home with three guineas in his pocket for Madam Worth. Search was made in his pockets, and no money was found, but some one observed that his right hand was firmly clinched. It was opened, and found to contain the three guineas.

A White Squall.

One day, in 911, Notker, a monk of St. Gall, while watching some workmen building a bridge, at the peril of their lives, composed a Latin anthem. From it the solemn words in the burial service of the Episcopal Church, "In the midst of life we are in death," were taken. The following incident recalls the occasion of their first utterance:

Some years ago two large ships met in mid-ocean, one heading for Australia, and the other homeward bound. The day was fair, and the wind dying away, the vessels were becalmed close together.

The passengers at once busied themselves to write letters home, and officers and crew became occupied in the interchange of courtesies.

The placidity of the weather led to a feeling of careless security that can never be safely indulged in at sea. All the canvass was set, idly flapping against the masts, when a squall struck both ships and passed off in a few moments.

When the confusion and excitement resulting from it were over, and the crew of one of these vessels were able to relax the attention demanded for their own safety, they looked for the other ship in vain.

She had gone down with all on board, and not a vestige of her was to be seen anywhere on the wide sea, which looked serene and beautiful as if nothing had happened.

The Czar's Tenants.

In the time of Nicholas, the father of the present Czar, a number of sentries were posted on the roof to guard against fire or foes. Finding the climate up there not altogether so comfortable as could be wished, this permanent watch at length contrived to convey on to the roof the materials for a number of huts or cabins, which in course of time they erected under the shelter of the chimney stacks. So snug and cozy did they manage to make themselves that it at length occurred to the married men among them that, as there was plenty of room up there, they might as well enlarge their establishment. Accordingly wives and families, one after another, found their way out on to the imperial leads. Several of the single members of the guard, finding such a tempting opportunity of setting up housekeeping economically, took wives to themselves, and after a while quite a considerable colony had sprung up. How far the development might have gone on if the individuals composing this parasitic little village had been reasonably cautious and careful in their behavior it is difficult to guess; but the establishment of families among the chimneys of the palace led gradually to the accumulation of domestic animals. Fowls multiply amazingly, and goats become numerous and flourish so well in the bracing atmosphere that at length it was suggested that a cow might conveniently be added to the farm stock. How the animal was elevated we are not informed, but it is stated as a fact that it was by some means hoisted to the roof, and was eventually the ruin of the community. The lowing of the cow came to certain official ears, and led to an investigation and the total breaking up of the queer society. Even at that time it is said that the Russian emperor felt so little confidence in his personal security that nobody ever knew in which bedroom he was going to sleep. A large number was always kept ready and unoccupied, and at bedtime the Czar would quietly slip into one of them selected at the moment. The Winter Palace is described as the largest palace in the world, being one-third larger than that of the Emperor of Austria, and unsurpassed in point of splendor. It is the residence of the Czar and his court during the winter, and stands on the left bank of the Neva, on the site of a house, which in the reign of Peter the Great belonged to his high admiral, Count Apraxin, who bequeathed it to Emperor Peter II. It was so completely destroyed by fire in 1847 that it was necessary to rebuild it, and one of the not least remarkable facts connected with it is that its present form was the work of two short years. Custine gives a terrible description of the rise of this monstrous citadel. In order to complete the task at the time appointed by the Czar, the interior works were continued during the great frosts; and when the thermometer outside was thirty deg. below zero of Reaumur, 6,000 workman were daily shut up in halls heated to thirty deg. of Reaumur in order that the walls might dry the quicker; so that these poor wretches had to endure a difference of sixty deg. of temperature. No wonder a considerable number of them died daily; and it is said that those who were engaged to paint the interior of the most heated halls were obliged to place on their heads a kind of bonnet of ice in order to preserve use of their senses under the burning temperature.

The Old-Fashioned Cotillion.

Perhaps the only old-fashioned dance that survives is the cotillion. The dance is full of Spanish grace. In South America they introduce some odd tricks into their dancing. Ladies fill empty egg shells with eau de cologne and carry them to the ball; there they break them upon the heads of the gentlemen. It is meant as a challenge. The gentleman who receives this moist tribute is bound in gallantry to find out the lady and return the compliment. Another trick is for a young man to go behind a girl, place his sombrero directly over her head, letting it fall over her eyes, and then to spring back among the dancers. If the girl throws off the hat it means that she can dispense with any attention the gentleman would like to pay to her, and he is obliged to pick up his hat amid a general laugh. If the hat is retained, then at the end of the dance the owner claims it from the lady and with it her hand the rest of the evening. The cotillion is clearly based on fancies of this kind. The introduction of the chair, the seating of a lady, the presentation of the gentleman, the blindfolding of a gentleman, with a lady on either side of him, and his hazardous choice of one of them as a partner, are distinctly Southern elements, giving graceful life and laughter to the waltzing accompaniment. This survives, but the other dances are ended. Whether they are worth reviving is a question for girls to decide. At all events, one may believe a girl could never look more picturesque than when engaged in one of these old-fashioned dances, just as it is certain that a girl is never seen to worse advantage than when she has released herself from the grip of a man, after a long, panting, and perspiring waltz, as this dance is now performed.

Wine at Dinner.

Briefly, the rule, by general gastronomic consent for those who indulge in the luxury of wine, is to offer a glass of light pale sherry or dry Sauterne after soup; a delicate Rhine wine, if required, after fish; a glass of Bordeaux with the joint of mutton; the same or champagne—dry, but with some true vinous character in it, and not the tasteless spirit and water just now enjoying an evanescent popularity—during the entrees; the best red wine in the cellar, Bordeaux or Burgundy, with grouse or other roast game; and—but this ought to suffice even for that exceptional individual who is supposed to be little if at all injured by "moderate potations." With the ice or desert, a glass of full-flavored, but matured champagne or a liquor may be served; but at this point dietetic admonitions are out of place, and we have already sacrificed to luxury. The value of a cigarette at this moment is that with the first whiff of its fragrance the palate ceases to demand either food or wine. After a smoke the power to appreciate good wine is lost, and no judicious host cares to open a fresh bottle from his best bin for the smoker, nor will the former be blamed by any man for a disinclination.

Value of Spare Minutes.

Madame De Genlis composed several charming volumes while waiting in the school-room for the tardy princes to whom she gave daily lessons.

Daguesseau, one of the chancellors of France, wrote an able and bulky work in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner.

Elihu Burritt, when earning his living as a blacksmith, learned eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, by simply improving his "spare moments."

A celebrated physician in London translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage on his daily rounds.

Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, writing down his thoughts in a memorandum book which he carried for the purpose.

Kirk White also learned Greek while walking to and fro from a lawyers office.

An Old Grizzly.

A few years ago, on an August afternoon, mounted on a patient old horse, a man was leaving a cabin in California where some comrades lingered over the remains of a primitively cooked game dinner. The elder of a jolly quartett of hunters, he boasted the ownership of an ancient double-barreled shot-gun. His chums carried rifles and revolvers. It is far from incredible that he was the "colonel" of the group; often the butt of their ridicule, the target for concerted fun, and, too, because he so facetiously bore it.

"The colonel," he had more than once repeated, "will run foul of a grizzly some time; then his old Daniel Boone piece will be the death of him." But he frequently declared that he wanted to meet a grizzly, to which he was as often retorted:

"Aye, you'd scratch up the nearest tree, or beat for your life, if he didn't swallow you instanter."

"Leave the dishes until I come back. I'll have a treat for supper," said the "colonel," on this August afternoon. His three friends uncorked another bottle of wit, but he retreated too rapidly to see or hear the effervescence. Galloping toward a mountain stream, five miles distant, which in the summer's decrease of its volume left in the narrow valley pools here and there wherein small fish thrived, he hoped to spy a stray deer. A few occasionally loitered behind, after the herd that had roamed down from the mountain snow fields in the rainy season returned at the approach of the dry season. They seemed loath to leave the green willows and chaparrel around these pools.

Our horseman had trimmed his gun with nine piston shot bullets. He now descended the slope, and, having reached a grassy spot, was preparing to lariat, not having dismounted. Suddenly he discovered an enormous bear lying fast asleep under a scrub oak, not more than a hundred yards from where he had halted. His surprise may be imagined. He afterward declared that at the moment he felt no twinge of alarm, but that his first thought was to gallop to the cabin and bring the boys out for grizzly. Then his repeated boasting came to mind, and he thought, "I *must* shoot at him." And so he walked the horse cautiously some paces nearer to the "game" between the bushes. Now the old gun was leveled, his finger on the trigger, but his hands trembled slightly. "This won't do; what ails my arm?" thought the veteran hunter, who would not risk an unsteady shot ever so little short of firmness. He lowered the piece, and a sudden vision of a ghastly scene flashed across his brain. He thought of a young man whose bowels had been literally torn out in an encounter with a grizzly foe, and whom he had assisted in burying in a mining district.

He hesitated no longer; slid down on his feet; placed his arm within the bridle noose, and aiming at the bear's ear, discharged. Quicker than thought he sprang to the saddle, spurred to utmost speed, venturing not a glance backward till a mile or more up the slope. Then, hearing no roar or rush behind, he turned and slowly retraced. Almost incredible to his judgment his eyes beheld the bear in a slightly altered position stone dead. The effective, judicious shot had entered the brain.

Now the colonel rode triumphantly back to his comrades.

"There's a big old grizzly over yonder."

"Why didn't you shoot him?" all in a quick breath.

"I did shoot."

"Don't believe it. With a shotgun!"

"I tell you, boys, I have killed him."

"Tell that to the babies."

"I say he is as dead as other bears have died. Come with me and bring him home."

A two wheeled cart was borrowed of a neighbor. They all piled into it, and first drove impatiently in their hurry a mile in an opposite direction to enlist the services of two friendly Indians. When arriving on the ground, and convinced unmistakably of the shot-gun's victory, their huzzas made the desert ring. The Indians immediately addressed the hero colonel by the distinguishing title of "Waima Shactoo"—Bear King. His chums long afterward styled him Col. Shactoo, but his name is not King.

The dead animal was supposed to weigh 1,100 pounds; one of the largest bears ever shot in California. The Indians had their share of the meat with the hide, which after a rude manner they dressed and tanned, rendered it as hard as board. The writer has seen one of the toenails of this veritable grizzly. It is in a curve, of course, measuring at least four inches.

The Shaddick.

A consignment of fish quite new to the London markets was lately offered for sale at Billingsgate, under the name of "shaddick from Russia." They averaged eight to nine pounds, were very silvery, and somewhat peach-like in form. At first sight they were taken for sea bass, or, as they are called at Ramsgate and Margate, "white salmon." The shaddick, however, turns out to be the "pike-perch," *Perca lucio perca* or *Zander*. The pike perch is a name very appropriately applied to this lake or pond fish, as it combines the qualities both of the pike and perch. Its mouth is armed with a most formidable array of teeth, more carnivorous if possible, than those of the pike. On the upper jaw there are four terrible sharp conical canines. When the mouth is closed these six teeth fit together like a steel rat trap. The pike-perch is a common fish in Europe. It is excellent eating, and is frequently served at table d'hotes in Berlin and other Continental cities. Herr Max Von dun Borne, the author of a book on angling in Prussia, describes the pike perch as being an excellent rod fish, giving good sport, and biting freely. Pike perch would probably do well in this country, especially in large lakes and ponds with sandy or gravely bottoms. Several attempts have been made to bring them over, but they are