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, JULY 14, 1880. NO. 29.

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, dear and cold;
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife,
And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed.
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void,
Whose Dead-Sea fruit, long, long ago has cloyed,
Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife—
And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amid the broken treasures scattered there,
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair;
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife—
And yet a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf;
Three angels share the lot of human strife,
Three angels glorify the path of life.

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way,
Love, Hope and Patience form our spirit's stay,
Love, Hope and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

Miss Mildred's Warning.

"There, girls!"

Elfrida Moore held aloft before us a dreadful image. "A home-made ghost," she called it, laughing at the terrific result of her half-hour of sedulous occupation.

It *was* horrible!

We had been reading, that afternoon, about the Princess Amelia, the ill-fated sister of Frederick, King of Prussia.

One thing brought up another. And when an allusion was made to the "Woman with the Broom," who was said to have haunted the Prussian palace, at that time, Elfrida sought a carpet brush with a long handle, in the closet at the head of the stairs, and, standing in the outer chamber alone, began to dress it artistically in a sheet, by way of showing us her own idea of the phantom that troubled the rest of Prussia's kings.

We girls were alone in the wing chamber, which had been allotted for our occupancy by Miss Mildred Fay, the owner of the lovely farm, and the comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, in Western Pennsylvania, where, with our parents, and other friends, we were spending the early vacation months of the opening summer.

One other girl, Elfrida's first cousin, Evelyn Moore, shared the wing chamber with us.

She had now gone to the village, two miles distant, for the evening mail.

And Elfrida, who was somewhat envious of Evelyn's superior scholarship, social position and good looks, declared that she would leave her "woman with the broom" so near the door of our chamber, and in such a position, that it would inevitably fall against Evelyn, as soon as she entered to bring our letters.

"She *says* that she is afraid of nothing—that she does not *believe* in ghosts and apparitions," she said to us. "Now let's try her courage. We will hide in the unfinished chamber, outside, where we can see and hear all that passes between her and my phantom."

While we were eyeing the image from a respectful distance, and feeling half afraid of the hideous face and the flaming eyes, which Elfrida had drawn with a few touches of her crayon and a little phosphorus on the white surface of the sheet, a rustling sound and movement in the outer chamber made us all huddle together, and strain our eyes fearfully toward its dusky entrance.

We all felt relieved, I think (I own that I did, for one), when our hostess, Miss Mildred, emerged from the gloom, and entered our room without pausing to knock.

Elfrida tried to thrust the home-made ghost into a corner, quite out of sight. But it was useless to try to conceal from Miss Mildred's searching, comprehensive glance the hapless apparition.

"Which of you girls made this? Why did you make it?" she asked, holding it out at arm's length.

Elfrida told her.

"And please, Miss Mildred, don't tell Evelyn," she said, coaxingly. "We only wish to find out whether she is *really* braver about such things than we are. She says she is; and she declared the other evening that the real 'woman with the broom,' would not have frightened *her* in the least—if she had seen and heard her sweeping, I mean, in the passages of the royal palace."

"And did you believe her?" asked Miss Mildred, bending her keen, gray eyes on Elfrida's eager face.

"No; I did not," confessed Elfrida.

"Did you?"

Miss Mildred addressed us.

I owned that I had my doubts.

Marion Hurst, with a half-averted, timid look at the dreadful object, that was still held by our hostess, declared that she had no doubt whatever.

"No one could *help* feeling terrified at such a sight coming suddenly upon them," she averred.

"You are none of you without your fair share of common sense," said Miss Mildred. "And yet you can deliberately plan and aid and abet a deed like this!"

She tossed the image out into the dark, open chamber

With an angry exclamation, Elfrida was springing after it; but she found herself held back by a strong hand.

"No, girls! that same thing has been done in this very house once before. Wait till I tell you what came of it before you try again to carry it out,"

At the thought of hearing a story, Elfrida forgot her momentary anger, and crowded in beside us, near the chair at the window, where Miss Mildred had now seated herself.

She looked at us very sadly. The half-light may have deceived me, but I thought then, and I still think, that her keen gray eyes were full of tears, as she began to speak.

"I did not alway live here by myself, girls, in the old homestead," she said. "Five and-twenty years ago, my dear mother and father were here; and I had a darling brother, one year older than myself, named Oliver, and a sister, younger than either of us, who was called Isadore, after the heroine of a story that my mother had read, and liked very much, just before her birth.

"I was always tall, and thin, and gaunt, as you see me now, girls. I took after my father. He looked well enough for a man, mind you. But his features and figure did not suit a girl, and I was always called 'homely' from a child.

"But Oliver was handsome, like my mother. He had great blue eyes, and curling brown hair, and the brightest color, and the sweetest smile. And Isadore was like him, only far more beautiful. You have seen her portrait, down stairs."

"What! that lovely, that angelic child? cried Elfrida, wonderingly. "I thought that was an artist's ideal picture."

"It was the image of our Isadore at nine years of age," replied Miss Mildred, trying to cover the sudden break and tremble in her voice by a loud "Hem!"

"And at sixteen she was far beyond that painting for beauty," continued Miss Mildred. Strangers used to stop in the street to look at her and to inquire who she was. But she appeared to know nothing, and to care nothing, about her wonderful good looks. She was good and gentle, and always amiable, without the least apparent sign of vanity.

"Ripe for heaven," our good old minister used to say. I wish she might have gone there *then*!" said Miss Mildred with a stifled groan.

"She did not die, then!" exclaimed Elfrida. "I was so fraid you were going to tell us of her death!"

"She did not die, God help her!" replied Miss Mildred, with a sigh so deep and sad that it was almost a groan. "Here, in this very wing chamber, my brother Oliver thought of it," she said, after a long pause. "Here he called me to help him decide how to carry out the plan. You see, girls, Isadore was like your friend Evelyn—she possessed great courage. She seemed to have no fear of anything on earth. Oliver knew this; so did I. And neither of us expected anything more than a hearty laugh at her expense, or at our own, when the evening frolic ended.

"It was Hallow Eve. Isadore and her dearest friend, a Nancy Bruce (who lived then at the farm just below this one), had agreed to try their fate, with 'spells,' on that evening. They 'dared' each other to one thing and another, and finally Isadore pledged herself to go into the lonely old north rooms, with a candle, at nine o'clock that evening, and eat an apple before Grandmamma Thorne's great mirror, that had been stored away there for safe-keeping for fifty years or more.

"You see, girls, the idea was that her future husband's face was to appear to her, looking over her shoulders, in that mirror, as she stood before it eating her apple.

"Well, Oliver overheard the girls planning this that afternoon, and he told me. And, as I said before, I helped him. here in this very room, that evening, while he disguised himself in a long white dress, and painted his face all over a deathly white, with heavy, frowning black eyebrows that formed a black arch across his forehead.

"It changed him terribly, and he looked so like a corpse in that shroud-like dress that I was half scared myself at him. But neither of us thought of *Isadore's* being frightened.

"And so we stole into the north room, and contrived to get the mirror out of its frame. Oliver put his face into the vacant space. I hung a drapery around it, and charged him to keep perfectly still, and then stole away, to watch for Isadore in the hall.

"In a few minutes she came down the stairs with her candle and apple in her hands. She was smiling roguishly to herself as she opened the door of the north room and went in."

"And what happened?" asked Elfrida, eagerly, as Miss Mildred paused.

"Where was your mother? How could she let Isadore go into that dreadful room?" breathed Marion Hurst.

"Father and mother were both staying with a sick neighbor as watchers that night," said Miss Mildred; "and I watched and waited, in the outer hall, till Nancy Bruce came crying, down stairs, to tell some one what they had planned to do, because she thought something awful had happened to keep Isadore so long in the north room

"When Nancy saw me she caught hold of me and dragged me with her to the door of the north room. We went in. The candle was burning on the table. The apple had fallen to the floor. Beside it my brother Oliver was lying senseless, in a fit. His face looked like white fire, in the half darkness. The poor foolish boy had rubbed phosphorus all over it, after I left him to make it look still more ghastly and ghost-like."

"And Isadore—where was Isadore?" cried Marion Hurst, beginning to shiver with nervous dread.

"We found her huddled down in a heap in a distant corner, with her face to the wall. She knew no one. Oliver told us, long afterward, that she stood gazing at him in silence so long that he advanced his face toward her, through the mirror, meaning in play to offer her a kiss.

"The light, the life, the intelligence, all went out of her own face at that moment," he said. "She fled and crouched down in the corner; and he, believing then that he had fatally injured her, fell fainting to the floor."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Elfrida. "Where is he now, Miss Mildred?"

"In heaven, I hope! He was one of our first volunteers from this town, and one of the first officers who was killed in the last war. They told me that he exposed his life in leading his men into action. I did not mourn for him girls; I knew *how glad* he was to go. Our parents died heart-broken, one year from that fatal Hallowe'en."

"But Isadore, where is she?" asked Elfrida, half fearfully.

"At the State Lunatic Asylum. At first, she seemed only idiotic, and I kept her at home, devoting my life to her, as some small return for the wrong that I had helped to work. But she is now a raging, raving, dangerous maniac! Oh, girls; there is nothing left now of the beautiful child, or of the lovely girl! It was all our fault!" said poor Miss Mildred, bursting into tears and hurrying out of the room.

Elfrida's eyes were wet, like ours, as she brought back and silently demolished the fearful "woman with the broom." And Evelyn Moore, returning an hour later with the letters, never knew why we girls greeted her so kindly and lovingly, upon that one particular night.

Help! Thunder

A romantic young man asked his sweetheart to take a walk with him by moonlight on the river bluff in East Dubuque, Iowa. She went gladly. When half way up the extension they halted to admire the prospect. Suddenly a stone slipped underneath the young man's feet, and he went down like a curtain stick. He caught hold of some vines which clung to the rocks and hung on for dear life, expecting to fall a hundred feet and be dashed in pieces on the rocks below. The young woman could not pull him up, so she fell on her knees and prayed for him. The young man united with her after this fashion: "Help! Murder! Oh, Lord! I know I'll be all broke up! Now I lay me! Confound it, I forgot. Oh, Jerusalem! I've got to let go pretty quick! Give us some daily bread! Oh, that ain't right! Oh, Lord! Send somebody to help me out of this scrape! Help! Thunder!" At this point he could hold on no longer, but went down. But not a hundred feet. Only a few feet, for he landed on a ledge which neither he nor she had seen in their excitement. A small fragment of cuticle rubbed off his knee was his sole injury.

A Russian Contractor.

The millionaire Nicoli Ivanoyitch Putiloff, who died a few days ago at St. Petersburg, was in many respects, an excellent representative of a class of men indigenous to Russia. Up to the outbreak of the Crimean war he was simply a naval officer, devoted to his profession, but, at the same time, on the outlook for any short cut that might lead to fortune. The arrival of the allied fleet in the Baltic afforded him the chance he had long been waiting for. He obtained the contract for the construction of the gunboats that subsequently tried the temper of England so sorely, and within a couple of years had turned out at Cronstadt by means of an elaborate system of piece work, eighty-one gunboats and corvettes, provided with an aggregate of ten thousand horse power and armed with 297 guns of the largest caliber. It is almost unnecessary to say that Putiloff made a fortune out of the contract, for the epoch of the Crimean war was remarkable, even in the annals of Russia, for the enormity of official corruption. After the war was over he went north and built three iron rolling mills, worked by water power, obtaining from the Finnish government a mining monopoly over an area inclosing 385 lakes and 40,000 square miles. Transferring these to a company, he started with Obouchoff, the huge "Obouchoff steel works" at St. Petersburg, and, after receiving a large sum of money in the shape of subsidies, he sold the concern to the war department in 1873, by whose exertions half a dozen big guns have been turned out, at a cost estimated by the Novosti recently at £1,500,000. Putiloff's next enterprise was the iron rolling mills bearing his name at the mouth of the Neva, where 5,000 men are employed and £640,000 worth of iron and steel rails turned out every year, besides a thousand railroad wagons. This little business was converted into a joint stock concern four or five years ago, when Putiloff secured the contract for constructing the great sea canal from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg. Of the 7,500,000 roubles voted for the project, a large proportion is said to have already passed into the pockets of Putiloff and the government officials without either having done anything to show for it. The Finnish rolling mills long ago collapsed, the Obouchoff steel works is a by word for a gigantic government job, the smash of the Putiloff works is daily expected, and it is believed that the colossal fortune of Putiloff himself, ravaged by extravagance, will be found to be in as rotten a condition as the great sea canal scheme at St. Petersburg.

The Daily Life of Admiral Porter.

Admiral Porter is a man of the quietest habits. He never goes to the Navy Department, and really does little toward the actual command of the navy. He is, of course, Inspector-General of the Navy, and has a board of officers who inspect every ship when she goes out or comes in. Examining the reports of his officers and giving orders constitute the larger share of his work. He has a secretary and a staff officer, who come every day to his office, and their duties, no doubt, are quite onerous. The admiral is not one of your early risers. He is much like all other good people who live long, except in the matter of early rising. He generally turns out (how easy it is to become nautical!) about eight or half-past eight, and by nine or ten he is in his office. The latter part of the day he is less busy, and he will smoke a cigar with a friend in his free and easy office with entire freedom. He sticks close to his house, and is rarely seen in the streets. He owns good horses, but when he is out he is as likely to be in his daughter's pony phaeton as in the dignified family carriage. He entertains handsomely, but mostly at dinners. He goes out only enough to keep him in the circle of society. In appearance Admiral Porter has not a military air, and he looks no more like an old salt than any business man. He is about five feet nine inches high, with a figure well knit and straight and just stout enough. He weighs about 180 pounds. His full trained whiskers are turning gray slowly; his hair is full and black, with a few hairs (too many) turning gray here and there. He is not a particularly striking man, but if you talk with him you will find that he reads and thinks, and that his ideas are nearly as right as they can be. He is now sixty-five years old, but he looks fifteen years younger. He has been engaged for several years in writing a history of the navy during the war.

A Thrilling Romance.

It was the wild midnight. The tame midnight was off watch and had gone to bed three hours before. A storm brooded over the eastern heavens. Hop brewed, for it was coming from the yeast. Hawk Eye creek was rolling tumultuously in its sandy bed. Bugs, probably, or it might have been nervousness. A little form cowered at the garden gate. Many a manly form has been cowered at just such gates, ever since summer nights and gnats and beauty, and love and June bugs were invented.

"He does not come," she murmured softly, as she peeped into the darkness. "I cannot see him, I will call him."

She was wrong. If she couldn't see him, she certainly couldn't call him with the same hand. A manly step scraping down the sidewalk. It was Desmond.

She threw open the gate, and the next instant he clasped in his great strong arms, twenty-seven yards of fourlard, three yards of ruching, seven dozen Breton buttons and a Pompadour panier as big as a dog house. It was all his own.

"All is lost," he exclaimed: Constance de Belvidere, the Russians have crossed the Balkans. "We must fly."

He wanted to fly to some lone desert isle, but she submitted an amendment providing that they should fly to the ice-cream saloon.

They flew.

To the crowded saloon, where the soft light fell upon fair women and brave men, and the insects of a summer night fell in the ice-cream freezer. They spoke no word.

When two sentimental human beings are engulfing spoonfuls of corn starch and eggs and skim-milk, language is a mockery.

At length Desmond broke the tender silence. He said:

"More, dearest?"

She smiled and bowed her lovely head, but did not speak. She was too full for utterance.

Desmond gloomily ordered more. And more when that was gone. And a supplement to that. And an addendum to that. And an exhibit to that.

Gloom sat enthroned upon his brow. Constance saw it. She said:

"What is it, dearest?"

He spoke not, but sighed.

A dreadful suspicion stabbed her heart like a knife.

"Desmond," she said, "you are not tired of me, darling?"

He denied it bitterly, and bade her remain where she was while he settled with the man.

She, guided by the unerring instinct of her sex peeped through the curtains of the saloon. She saw her Desmond holding earnest discussion with the man. She saw the man shake his head resolutely in answer to Desmond's pleading looks and appealing gestures. She saw him lock the door; take out the key, put it in his pocket and lean up against the door. She saw her own Desmond draw from his own pockets and pile up on the counter a pearl handle pocket knife, six nickles, four green postage stamps, a key, two lead pencils, a memorandum book, a theater ticket (of the variety denomination,) a pocket comb, an ivory toothpick, a shirt stud, one sleeve button, a photograph of herself, a package of trix, two street car checks, a card with a funny (wicked) story on it, a silk handkerchief and a pair of gloves. And then she knew that Desmond was a bankrupt, and when the man swept the assets of the concern into the drawer and opened the door, she sobbed convulsively. "And it was my extravagance which bath done this thing."

They did not talk much on their way home. Once she asked him if he was rich, and he only said:

"Enormously."

Such is life.

A Monkey in Court.

On the arraignment of the prisoners in the Tombs Police Court, New York, a monkey approached the bar with the rest. He wore a scarlet coat and a velvet cap trimmed with gilt lace. He pulled hard at a string by which an Italian held him, and, being led in front of the bench, climbed nimbly to the railing that separates prisoners from the presiding magistrate. Steadying himself on that perch by encircling the iron with his tail, he turned his wry face towards Justice Flammer, chattered volubly, pulled off his cap, and bowed with profound gravity. The gray hair bristled thick on the top of his head, and his face was wrinkled, so that he looked astonishingly like a very small and very old man.

"What is this?" Justice Flammer asked.

"A prisoner," replied officer Hatton. "His name is Jimmy Dilleo. I arrested him for assaulting Mary Shea."

"A monkey arrested for assault!" the justice exclaimed.

Jimmy blinked his eyes, showed his teeth and bowed a good many times, as though the proceeding, as he viewed it, was very funny indeed.

"Where is the complainant?" the Justice asked.

Mary Shea step forward. She took her right forefinger out of a handkerchief and showed that it was lacerated. She said she was a neighbor of Jimmy in Bottle alley, that notorious adjunct of Mulberry street; that she kindly offered him a stick of candy, that he grabbed it greedily and bit her finger.

Jimmy sat on the railing with his head on one side and constantly taking off his cap and putting it on again, as though successively forgesting and remembering that he was in a court of justice.

"What do you think ought to be done with Jimmy?" said Justice Flammer.

"Why, sir," Mrs. Shea answered, "I think he ought to be locked up."

"But we can't imprison a monkey, you know. Your remedy is to bring a civil suit against the owner for damages."

"And ain't there any justice to be had against the miserable brute?"

"I don't know any law that makes a monkey criminally liable for biting."

Mrs. Shea was exceedingly indignant, and as she wrapped her hurt finger in her handkerchief, she exclaimed: "This is a nice country for justice." Casseo Dilleo, the owner of Jimmy, said that the monkey was wildly fond of candy, and in his frantic delight had unintentionally bitten Mrs. Shea.

"He is discharged," said the justice.

Jimmy gleefully tried to climb up the gas fixtures on the justice's desk, and to sit on the glass globe. Then he reached to shake hands with his Honor, but, being repulsed, he screamed loud and long like a hurrah, took off his cap several times in a second, and bowed so low that his feet slipped from the railing and he hung by his tail. His owner carried him out of the room.

Beat at his Own Profession.

An English paper tells a pleasant anecdote of Partridge, the celebrated almanac maker, about one hundred years since. In traveling on horseback into the country, he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the hostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the almanac maker; "there is a sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you."

He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck by the man's prediction, and being always intent on the interests of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the hostler with a broad grin.

"Well, sir, you see I was right, after all."

"Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you; but I give it to you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain."

"To be sure, sir," replied the man; "why, the truth is, we have an almanac at our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac in-doors as 'settled fine weather; no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

The Exhibition at Rio.

Preparations for the permanent American exhibition at Rio de Janeiro, South America, have fully commenced. The whole enterprise, it will be remembered, is under the auspices of the Philanthropic and Mutual Protective Society of Rio de Janeiro. The iron, which will largely enter into the construction of the buildings will be ordered by the society, through the resident agent in New York. The machinery hall, which will consist of three buildings, will be in the suburbs, on ground given by the Government. Samples of everything adapted to the country are solicited, as well appear from an address to the Government of the United States, signed by the leading citizens of the country, endorsed by the Emperor and his parliament now in course of preparation. Branches of the main exhibition are being inaugurated in the different provinces, with the view of utilizing every product or invention from the United States as widely as possible. The importing houses and commission firms are said to be greatly alarmed, but the Emperor and directors of the Society are determined that the trade of the country shall no longer be controlled by a few local merchants who are hostile to any change which promises lower prices and reduced profits, regardless of the welfare of the consumer.

Soldiers' Dreams.

A week previous to the battle of Fair Oaks a New York volunteer who passed the night in a tent of a member of the third Michigan infantry got up in the morning looking very glum and downhearted, and when rallied about his fancied homesickness he said:

"I have only a week to live! I had a dream last night which has settled the business for me and lots of others. A week from to-day a battle will be fought and thousands will be slain. My regiment will lose over a hundred men, and I shall be killed while charging across a field."

The men laughed at his moody spirit, but he turned upon them and said:

"Your regiment will also be in the fight, and when the roll is called after the battle you will have nothing to be merry over. The two sergeants who were in here last night will be killed among the trees. I saw them lying dead as plainly as I now see you. One will be shot in the breast, and the other in the groin, and dead men will be thick around them."

The battle took place just a week after. The dreamer was killed in full sight of every man in the 3d before the fight was an hour old, and within twenty minutes after the two sergeants and six of their comrades were dead in the woods, hit exactly where the dreamer said they would be. More than fifty men will bear witness to the truth of this statement.

Just before the battle of Cedar Creek a camp sentinel, who was off duty temporally and trying to put in a little sleep, dreamed that he went out on a scout. A mile to the right of our camp he came upon a log barn, and as it began to rain just then he sought shelter, or was about to, when he heard voices and discovered that the place was already occupied. After a little investigation he ascertained that three confederate scouts had taken up their quarters for the night in the place, and he therefore moved away. The sentinel awoke with such a vivid remembrance of details that he asked permission to go over and confer with one of the scouts. When the log barn was described to this man he located it at once, having passed it a dozen times. The dreamer described the highway exactly as it was, giving every hill and turn, and the scout put such faith in the remainder of the dream that he took four soldiers, one of whom was the dreamer, and set out for the place. Three confederate scouts were asleep in the straw, and were taken without a shot being fired. The dream and its results were known to hundreds of Sheridan's cavalry, and has been alluded to at reunions.

The night before the cavalry fight at Brandy Station a trooper who slept as his horse jogged along in column dreamed that a certain captain in his regiment would be unhorsed in a fight the next day, and while rising from his fall would be wounded in the left knee. Everything was so clear to the dreamer that he took opportunity to find the captain and relate his dream.

"Go to Texas with your croaking," was all the thanks he received, but he had his revenge. In the very first charge, next day, the captain was unhorsed by the breaking of the girth, and was pitched head-over-heels into a patch of briars. As he struggled out a shell killed his horse and two men, and one of the flying pieces of iron mashed the captain's left leg to a bloody pulp. He is now a resident of Ohio, and his wooden leg is indisputable evidence that dreams sometimes come to pass.

While McClellan was besieging Yorktown the fun was not all on one side. The confederates had plenty of shot and shell, and they sent them out with intent to kill. One morning a Michigan man who was in the trenches walked back to a spot on which three officers were eating breakfast and warned them that they were in great peril. On the night previous he had dreamed that he had looked at his watch and marked that it was a quarter to seven, when a shell hit the ground behind him and tore up the earth in a terrible way. It was now twenty minutes of seven, and he be ought the officers to leave the spot at once. His earnest manner induced them to comply, and they had only reached cover when a confederate shell struck the earth where they had been grouped and made an excavation into which a horse could have been rolled with room to spare.

Three days before the affair at Kelly's Ford a corporal in the 6th Michigan cavalry dreamed that a brother of his, who was a sergeant in another company, would have his horse killed in action, and would almost immediately mount a dark bay horse with a white nose. Within five minutes both horse and rider would be killed by a shell. This dream was related to more than a score of comrades fully two days before the fight. Early in the action the sergeant's horse was struck square in the forehead by a bullet, and dropped dead in his tracks. It was scarcely three minutes before a white horse, carrying a blood-stained saddle, galloped up to the sergeant and halted. He remembered the dream, and refused to mount the animal, and soon after picked up a black horse. The white-nosed animal was mounted by a second coporal in another regiment, and horse and rider were torn to fragments by a shell in full sight of four companies of the 6th. These things may seem very foolish now, but there was a time when a soldier's dream saved Gen. Kilpatrick's life; when a dream changed Custer's plans for three days; when a dream prevented Gen. Tolbert's camp from a surprise and capture; and when a dream gave Gen. Sheridan more accurate knowledge of Early's forces than all the scouts.

Jacking for Angle-Worms.

As a reporter was hurrying across the Battery, at New York, his attention was attracted to two lights that, at some distance from him, moved slowly, with the irregularity of a will-o'-the-wisp, close to the ground, over one of the grass-plots.

"What are those?" he asked of a passing policeman, pointing to the lights.

"Worm-hunters," answered the guardian of the peace, passing on without deigning further information.

"Worm-hunters," said the reporter to himself, as he walked toward the dancing lights, his mind reverting to the hours of hard digging that in his boyhood he had found necessary before worms for fishing could be be beguiled from their deep-hidden haunts. "Worm hunters! I thought sparrows were the only worm-hunters in New York!"

As he drew near to the mysterious lights he saw that they were primitive dark lanterns, made of cigar boxes, minus covers, held perpendicularly, and each with a lighted candle inside made fast to the bottom by four shingle-nails. Behind each of these lanterns was a small boy holding it in his left hand, so that the light was thrown on the ground directly in front of him. With his right hand each made frequent and vigorous clutches at the wet grass, and with nearly every clutch drew out a long shining object that he deposited in another cigar box at his side. They work their way across the grass plot on their knees, and were so intent upon their pursuit as not to notice the presence of a spectator.

"What are you catching?" asked the reporter.

"Worms," laconically answered the smaller of the boys without looking up.

"What for?" asked the reporter.

"Fishing," answered the boy.

"What for?"

"Eels."

"Where?"

"In the docks."

"Why don't you catch them in the daytime?"

"Cause they only comes out in the night after a—there! now you scared him in. Can't yer look out?"

"After a what?"

"After a rain. An' they are mighty scary, an' if you don't catch 'em first nab they're gone like a streak into their holes."

"Can you get as many as you want here in the Battery?"

"Course you can, gobs of 'em." And it looked as if he could find "gobs of 'em," for his box was nearly filled with a writhing mass of large fat angle-worms fit to delight the heart of the most epicurean eel. The policeman did not order the boy away, for, as he afterward said, "it was good for the grass to have a lot of them pesky worms rooted out."

Riding at West Point.

So far as the visitors are concerned the exhibition drills are naturally of far more interest than the examination of the "poor fellows," who are being dragged one by one before the professors and the Board of Examiners, in order that a test may be made of the thoroughness of the last year's instruction.

One of the most exciting of these drills took place recently at the riding academy, and was watched with great interest by the board of visitors, young ladies and officers. The riding hall is a large barn-like structure, with two little galleries from which the riding can be seen. The ground is covered with sawdust, and the scene as thirty-one of the first class men went galloping about under the command of Capt. Godfrey was a "perfect circus." After mounting their horses the cadets rode around in single file and practiced a great variety of saber thrusts and strokes at imaginary foes. The riding was good, and the slashing was vigorous and skillful. Then two frames from which iron rings were suspended were placed on opposite sides of the hall, and near the corners, upon some racks of a suitable height, were place some leather heads which the riders hacked most viciously as they went galloping around. On the ground were a couple more balls. Then the cadets went dashing around by twos and threes in opposite directions, trying to pierce the rings with their sabers, then to draw their pistols and blow off the unoffending wooden man's head, and finally to give the poor ball on the ground a slashing thrust. The sport was most exciting, and as the heavy horse pistols were fired off in rapid succession the "dear creatures" in the galleries stopped up their ears and trembled in affright. Some of the riders were very quick, and would succeed in going through all the maneuvers in rapid succession. The same exercises were then repeated after two well padded hurdles had been put up. Some of the balky horses caused considerable amusement. After the saddle had been taken off the horses the second part of the programme was begun. At first one-half of the men walked by the side of the other half, who were mounted. Suddenly the horses broke into a gallop, and the order to mount was given. Immediately each horse had two riders. This practice of leaping on and off a bareback horse was continued for some time, to the delight of the audience. Then the hurdles were brought in again, and the excitement increased. Each cadet had his horse, and as he came to the hurdle would leap off, jump the hurdle, clinging all the time to the horse's mane, and then leap on his back again. Many of the cadets did this very gracefully, and showed great skill and pluck in clinging to their rather wild chargers. Sometimes the horse would refuse to jump, and great confusion would follow. The "ring masters," as they were facetiously called, stood with whips in hand, so as to remind the balky horse of the danger of stopping. The cadets then varied the exercise by jumping off their horses while at full speed, and then leaping clear over their backs, and then on to their backs again. The exercise was, of course, very violent, and the young ladies bestowed many expressions of sympathy on the "poor boys." There were some narrow escapes from accidents and many scenes. As a rule however, the riding was excellent, and showed that the cadets were thorough masters of horsemanship. Many expressions of admiration were heard, and there was considerable applause at the exceptionally daring feats.

A Russian Robbery.

The robbery at the Imperial Bank at Kherson in Russia, in June last, was one of the most audacious things in the records of crime. Later developments in the case, as given in the foreign mails, show that the sum stolen amounted to nearly $1,000,000, and that the robbery was committed under the direction of an engineer named Saschka, son of a General in the Russian army, who had hired a house opposite the bank and driven a tunnel underneath the street into the cellars of the bank. The entrance was effected on a Sunday, when the bank was closed, so that the robbery was not discovered until the next day. It was at once taken for granted that the Nihilists were concerned in the robbery, as the money taken all belong to the State, while several large deposits belonging to private persons were left untouched. The researches of the police in the villages around Kherson resulted in the discovery of the greater part of the money, which was concealed in a cottage, and in the arrest of some fifteen persons suspected of complicity in the robbery, though Saschka himself, who is believed to have had a hand in the recent attempt to blow up the Czar's train near Moscow, has not since been heard of. These persons, who were recently brought before the court-martial sitting at Odessa, comprised the Baroness Vitten and three young ladies of good family, who were described as the instruments of Saschka, several other women, and about twelve tradesmen and peasants. The accused, who made no attempt to deny the charge, indignantly repudiated having been actuated by mercenary motives, declaring that they were engaged in political work. The Baroness Vitten was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and ten of the others to the same punishment for terms ranging from four to fifteen years.

The Kangaroo.

A curious story is told about the naming of this animal. When Captain Cook discovered Australia, he saw some of the natives on the shore with a dead animal of some sort in their possession, and sent sailors in a little boat to buy it of them. When it came aboard, he saw that it was something quite new, so he sent the sailors back to inquire its name. The sailors asked, but not being able to make the natives understand, received the answer, "I don't know," or in the Australian language, "Kan-ga-roo." The sailors supposed this was the name of the animal, and so reported it. Thus the name of that curious animal is literally I don't know.

The Mobility of the Asiatic.

There are artisan families in India and, we are told, in Damascus who have worked at the same work day by day for 1,000 years; pleasant families who have not only tilled the same fields, but have gone into them and left them at the same hour, according to the season, from a period before the birth of Christ. They have no wish for change, no ambition to do better, no inclination to roam, no sense of failure, because they are as their forefathers were, and as their sons will be. Such content, content which is consistent with permanent melancholy, and even in occasional instances with deep and persistent sadness, seems incomprehensible to the Englishman, who never witnesses it unless he has already uprooted himself from his own home, and he very readily exaggerates its limits. The Asiatic adheres to his home only when, as the result of this adherence, certain conditions are sure to be fulfilled. He requires a motive or movement other than that hope of enjoyment in change, or that desire of bettering himself, which is the impulse of the Western man, but once disturbed, once presented with a motive for going which is sufficient to his own mind, no man moves so easily. In India, in Persia, in Arabia, in Turkey, pilgrimage is a habit such as it never has been in any European land. The most customary accident—a death in the house, a sickness, a loss of money, an access of spiritual restlessness—is motive sufficient, and in a few days or hours the individual or the family is in motion toward some shrine or some sacred spot hundreds, it may be thousands, of miles away, on a journey which may take months or years, and through lands as unknown to the pilgrims as Egypt is to the Suffolk laborer or Thibet to an Esquimaux. The celebrated pilgrimage to Mecca is but one among the hundreds of such pilgrimages, undertaken every day by thousands of Asiatics as readily and as cheerfully as an English migration is undertaken to the next village. Throughout the Asiatic world there are spots toward which, through all ages and from all countries, a ceaseless stream of humanity is always slowly flowing, filled up by crowds whose objects and impulses are almost as obscure as their means of subsistence or their chances of return. Religious anxiety has destroyed content, and the Asiatic moves as readily as the Yankee or Missourian. Nor is religion the only motive. The Asiatic moves instantly if anything hateful and not visibly of God, like a flood or an earthquake, comes across him, moves out of the way of an army or of an oppressive Governor, or of an epidemic or of famine, or of taxation pressing unbearably, as he thinks, his land. All men who have set themselves to organize provinces filled with Asiatics know that there is a turn of the financial screw which will, even in Egypt, empty provinces, entire peoples taking flight to some more favored land. An Englishman, not a century ago, emptied Bundelcund in that way, and the province has never recovered; a stern Persian tax gatherer often depopulates a district, and an oppressive Governor in Turkey sometimes inflicts in one year a blow from which his Pashalic does not recover for a century. The people do not perish—they go away. The attraction to the soil once ended, the Asiatic moves even more easily than the European. He has no feeling about his "country," in the English sense; indeed, in many languages he cannot express the idea. He is not afraid to go far, if he has not to cross the sea, for once uprooted, distance makes little difference to him. He has no furniture to carry, for except a carpet and a few brass pans, he uses none. He has no trouble about meals, for he is content with parched grain, which his wife can cook anywhere, and dried dates, or dried flesh, or anything obtainable which will keep. He is, on a march, careless where he sleeps, provided his family are around him—in a stable, under a porch, or in the open air—he never changes his clothes at night, and he is profoundly indifferent to everything that the Western man understands by "comfort." If he has time, he takes his cattle with him, if not, he abandons them or sells them for any sum procurable, turns everything possible into money, and with all his possessions on his back or in a cart, marches on, perfectly secure of the favor of God, to the destination which, sometimes from a tradition as old as his own family, he has fixed in his own mind, with a certain stoicism, and even nobility of resignation which it is impossible not to admire.

De Soto.

A few years ago, about two miles east of Tallahassee, Florida, was found a ponderous spur of unique and curious workmanship, the like of which has not been seen in modern times. The burr was one and a half inches in diameter and the bar proportionately heavy. On either side of the rowell dangled small pendant bells that gave forth a tinkling sound in response to each step of the wearer—doubtless some steel-clad and bonneted warrior of the long ago. Not many days since, while parties were ploughing near the identical spot, a solid and shapeless mass was turned up, which upon closer examination proved to be an iron stirrup of ancient pattern, as heavy and as massive in proportion as the spur spoken of first, and firmly imbedded in a thick coating of clay and rust. When this was removed the stirrup was found to be in a remarkably good state of preservation. The sides represent two Ethiopian figures standing upon the footrest, leaning forward facing each other, while they support with outstretched arms what forms the top of the stirrup, or that part which is connected with the leather. So unlike are both these relics to anything known to the generations of this day and near the same place, it is not unreasonable to ascribe them to the same era and individual. Nor is the supposition at all improbable that one of the knightly followers of De Soto, lured on through this then unknown region and wilderness, like that dauntless son of Spain, by a thirst for the yellow heaps of gleaming gold that loomed up ahead of them in vain visions and heated fancies, here fell a victim to the tomahawk and scalping knife of the wronged and revengeful red man; and, no doubt, some one of the "Tallahassee Tribe," of which "Tiger Tail" claimed to be a descendant, boasted, as he displayed at his belt a yet bloody scalp, that he had "killed a pale face."

Lead in Aerated Water.

The use of siphons for lemonade has been condemned by some, on the ground of the action which free tartaric acid has upon lead, and the rapidity with which waters containing any free acid become charged with lead in siphons. According to investigations, 0.0175 grain of lead per gallon is not an unusual amount for average cistern water. It is found, however, that after such water has been aerated and put into a siphon, the amount of lead dissolved in it begins to rise in a rapid manner. Thus in potash water drawn from a siphon, 0.408 grain of lead per gallon were found to be present, being nearly 2.5 times the quantity found in the same water before it entered the siphon. Pure aerated water, again, drawn similarly from a siphon, gave 0.0816 grains of lead per gallon.

BRIEFS.

—England has nearly 20,000 gypsies, and most of them cannot read or write.

—A crystal palace of the most comprehensive character if to arise on the ruins of the St. Cloud.

—The birthplace, at Wo