Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XXXV. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1881. NO. 3.

OUR LONGINGS.

There is Something beyond—Something beyond—
But where is it hiding that vague, fair dream?
Always above us, always beyond us,
A beacon as bright as the sun's glad beam.
Alas! how oft we try to grasp it,
And our eager hands are outstretched in vain!
And our yearning eyes gaze always upward,
Striving our weakly purpose to gain.
How grand it seems to our expectation—
That unknown Something, so veiled from our sight!
How bitter our cry of blind displeasure
Against the just God who ordains all right
But harder, far harder, the painful wisdom
(For it comes at last after weary years).
When the long-for Something is in our grasp,
So faded and poor 'midst our bitter tears.
Years—when we find our idol shattered,
Or our cherished hope as a thing of air;
Knowing that years have been spent in longing
For something unworthy of love or care.
Then is the hour when the heart is riven—
Then is the time when the blinding tears fall;
To know that what we have loved is worthless;
Oh, that is the cruelest pain of all!

A Church Mouse.

"I must trust to your instinct," muttered the traveler, letting the bridle fall upon his horse's neck. "The eyes of an owl would be at fault on such a night as this. Be quiet, you brute! Do you mean to repay my confidence by breaking my neck?"

The animal had shied so violently as nearly to throw his rider, and stood trembling in every muscle. His master peered through the darkness in the endeavor to make out the cause of his terror. He could perceive before him the dim outlines of a dismantled church, with its broad avenues of gravestones clustered about it. Beside the road, so close that he could have touched it with his whip, he discovered an indistinct white object crouching upon one of the graves.

Resolved upon knowing what it was, he dismounted and approached it. As he did so, it arose and fled rapidly away. With his curiosity now fully aroused he followed it. As it neared the church it turned suddenly and confronted him. At this moment a broad glare of lighting flashed athwart the sky and he saw before him a young girl dressed in a thin, water-soaked garment, her hair falling in drenched coils upon her shoulders. For an instant her white, scared face was turned toward him and her large, sorrowful eyes met his with an appealing look, then she seemed to melt into the solid body of the church.

As well as the darkness permitted, he examined the spot where she had disappeared, but could find no opening through which she could have escaped.

He called aloud that he was a friend, and that she had nothing to fear. The only answer was the weird wail of the tempest through the broken arches. With a feeling akin to superstitious terror, he hastily remounted his horse, and did not draw rein until he reached the village inn.

"Who occupies the old church yonder?" he inquired of this landlord.

"Ah! you too have seen it," exclaimed the landlord, mysteriously.

"It!" echoed the traveler. "I saw what I thought to be a poor, demented girl."

"You saw the spirit of one," answered the host, solemnly. "Every one here knows the story. When she was alive her name was Ada Morton. Her father died a year back, leaving her heiress to his property. As she was yet a minor, he appointed his friend Stephen Eastburn her guardian, who, in case of her death unmarried, was to inherit the property. It is said that he beat, starved, and cruelly ill-treated her. One night—just such a night as this—she disappeared. Her hat and cloak were found on the river bank next morning. It was plain that the poor creature had sought deliverance from her persecutor by suicide. That was three months ago. Her body was never found, but her spirit had been often seen in the churchyard, where her father lies. Meanwhile, the man who drove her to her death lives at his ease in her father's house on the hill."

The traveler was evidently deeply interested in the story, but he made no comment upon it. Merely informing the landlord that he should remain for a week or two, he returned to his room.

Like many another young man of fortune, Charles Barclay was afflicted with too much leisure. His sole object in this part of the country was merely a languid search after amusement. The landlord's story had strongly aroused his curiosity. Moreover, the young girl's sad face and beseeching glance in the churchyard had made a strange impression upon him. Something in her improbable history had led him to form a vague suspicion of a truth nearly as improbable. Eagerly accepting the possible chance of an exciting experience, he determined to sift the matter to the bottom.

Without dropping a hint as to his intentions, he left the inn on the next night shortly after eleven o'clock and proceeded to the old church. The place was silent and deserted; not even a stray dog was to be seen wandering about the churchyard. An ineffably dreary air hung about the place, depressing his spirits and almost resolving him to abandon his object. But a sentiment of pride urged him on, and he cautiously made his way into the church and sat down in one of the pews.

For more than an hour nothing occurred to attract his attention. He became drowsy, and was on the point of falling asleep where he sat, when a low weird peal from the old organ moaned through the church. He sat erect and listened with suspended breath. The sound rose higher and clearer, and presently the sweet but mournful tones of a woman's voice joined it. He could make out the words of a prayer for the wretched.

After a moment the music ceased, and he could hear the singer sobbing in a low, heart-broken way, that brought tears to his eyes. He strained his eyes through the darkness, but could make out nothing. Arising, he called out:

"Whoever you are, you are in sorrow and affliction. I cannot see you. I will not pursue you. All I desire is to be your friend. Will you answer me?"

There was no reply, and the weeping suddenly ceased. After a moment of hesitation he made his way to the organ loft and struck a match. No one was visible, nor was there the smallest trace of the recent presence of any living being. Considerably startled, he left the church, determined to repeat his experience on the following night.

Providing himself with a dark lantern he went to the church on the next night, and secreted himself near the organ. As before it was nearly midnight before he became conscious of the presence of another person in the building. On this occasion the organ was not played, but there was a rustle as of a woman's dress, and presently he heard the same low bitter weeping.

Quickly arising he shot the rays of the lantern in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. Not more than three yards from him in the broad glare of the light he beheld the girl whom he had met in the churchyard. She was looking at him with an expression of intense terror in her white face and tear-wet eyes. As she stood cowering before him she reminded him of some innocent animal crouching at the hunter's feet. With an accent of deep pity he addressed her:

"I saw you in the churchyard night before last, I spoke to you last night. I am not an enemy, nor an idle curiosity seeker. I earnestly want to aid you. Will you not trust me?"

Keeping her eyes fixed upon him with the same distrustful look, she answered in a faint, far-off voice:

"Your friendship or your enmity can be nothing to me. The world you live in by its wickedness and cruelty, drove me to my death. I am doomed to this place until justice is done upon my destroyer."

"You are trying to mislead me," exclaimed Barclay. "You are no spirit, but a poor, starving, homeless young girl. You have suffered miserably and I have resolved to restore you to your rights, as well as exact reparation from the man who has wronged you."

He advanced toward her as he spoke and stretched out his arms to seize her. In an instant she seemed uncertain how to act, then even as his hand seemed to pass boldly through her shape, she melted into the shadows of the place. This time he did not pursue her. Her mysterious escape, which seemed to confirm her own words, began to impress him with the belief that he had indeed confronted a visitant from the other world.

Next morning, however, cool reflection taught him that he might easily have deceive himself in his excitement. He therefore resolved all the more obstinately to pursue the investigation.

For three nights following the secreted himself in the church and awaited her appearance, but his watch was fruitless. This caution on her part fully convinced him that he was dealing with a human being and not with an impalpable phantom.

Meantime in pursuance of the suspicion which the landlord's story had imparted to him, he found a pretence on which to make the acquaintance of Stephen Eastburn. The man impressed him unfavorably at the first sight. Tall and gaunt of figure, with small, restless gray eyes and a false smile, he seemed to Barclay to be capable of any villainy. The young man was careful to avoid mentioning the supposed ghost, and departed with an invitation to call again.

On the fourth night Barclay again secreted himself in the church. It was cold for the season, and he shivered in his hiding place despite his warm clothing. Hour after hour passed away, and he was beginning to fear that his errand would again prove fruitless, when a faint light in the body of the church caught his eye. As it rose higher, he could see that it proceeded from a small heap of sticks collected upon the stone floor. Crouching over it, and extending her thin fingers to the flame, he beheld the figure of the young girl. Evidently overcome with the cold, she had ventured to indulge in this small comfort in the hope that it might escape notice.

Pulling off his shoes, Barclay crept up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence, seized her in his strong grasp.

"I knew you were no ghost," he said, smiling; "though if you continue this life much longer you will become one."

She uttered a faint cry of terror, and sunk upon her knees.

"Spare me," she sobbed. "I am only a poor homeless, friendles girl," who never wronged any one. Why do you pursue me?"

"For your own good, my poor girl," he said kindly. "Why will you not believe me in my good intentions?"

"Why should I?" she cried passionately. "Did not my father's trusted friend, the man who had sworn to be my second father, seek my life?"

"Ah!" said Barclay, with a start. "My conjecture was true, then. He decoyed you to the river, and after believing you safely out of the way, he left your cloak and hat upon the bank to give the impression that you had committed suicide?"

"Yes," she answered; "but the river was more merciful than he, for it cast me ashore alive. Sick with horror, and madly afraid of the whole world, I came here where my father lay, to die upon his grave. But it is hard for one so young to die. I have lived here these three months, suffering, freezing, dying. That I was taken for my own ghost was fortunate for me, for it kept every one away from me, and aided me to get what little would keep me alive, after nightfall. And I encouraged the superstition. Now you know all. If you are that man's emissary, may God forgive you and help me."

"I am the emissary of mercy," returned Barclay. "I am here to do justice on a villain and to restore you to your rights. Will you trust and help me?"

She looked at him.

"You have a good, kind face," she said, offering him her hand, "I will trust you."

"Then," said Barclay, "keep up the character you have assumed for one more day. To-morrow night I shall bring Eastburn here with witnesses. Do you play on that organ when you hear us enter. When I turn the dark lantern upon you, rise; and denounce him as a murderer. We can safely leave him to accuse himself."

"I will do as you wish," she answered, brokenly. "How can I thank you?"

"By following my directions," replied Barclay, brusquely, to hide his own emotion.

With a few words more of advice he left her. His next move was to go directly to the landlord of the inn, relate the whole story, and secure his support.

At ten o'clock on the next night, in company with the landlord, he called upon Stephen Eastburn. Cutting short his smooth salutation, Barclay said:

"Mr. Eastburn, the obscure manner of your ward's death has given rise to strange rumors in the village. Her spirit is said to wander in the old church. We desire you to accompany us there to-night in order to set these stories at rest."

Eastburn's jaw dropped, his face grew livid, and he was barely able to reply in a quavering voice.

"Ghost! absurd! Do you mean to make a fool of me? I will not go to the church at this hour of the night."

"Allow me to observe," said Barclay, sternly, "that the rumors, unless you aid in dissipating them, may culminate in a charge of murder."

Something significant in his tone seemed to render Eastburn suddenly submissive.

"Of course I will go, out of politeness, if you insist. We shall probably bag a church mouse. They are proverbially so starved as to be incapable of flight."

No reply was made to his lame attempt at humor, and in a very uncomfortable frame of mind he went with them to the church, and was shown into a pew in the dark between them. After a moment's silence the low tones of the organ sounded through the church, accompanied by a woman's voice.

"What is this?" cried Eastburn, starting up. "Whose voice is that?"

"Be silent," said Barclay, sternly. "Good reason have you to hear that voice with guilty horror."

At the same instant the glass from his lantern fell broadly upon the organ. Standing before it, looking down at them, was the figure of Ada Morton.

"Oh, God," groaned Eastburn, chokingly. "My sins have found me out. She has come back from the other world to accuse me of her death."

"Yes," said the girl solemnly. "Stephen Eastburn, you are my murderer."

"I confess it," Shrieked the terror-maddened wretch. "I ask no mercy from men, for the grave has condemned me. Take me away—hide me from this awful sight."

The light was turned out and the girl's figure disappeared. The horror-smitten Eastburn, shrieking mingled prayers and curses, was taken to the village and imprisoned on the double charge of fraud and attempted murder. In course of time he was convicted and punished.

On the same day that he was sentenced, Barclay called upon Ada Morton, now installed in her father's house. With her restoration to her rights she had recovered her health and beauty, and it was with a strange feeling of mingled hope and fear that the young man took her hand and said:

"I have called to say good-bye, Miss Morton."

"The bright smile faded from her face, and a look of pain came in its place.

"You are going away? I had hoped you would stay with us."

"My work here is done," he answered, "I have restored you to your home, and to-day your enemy receives the punishment of his crimes. What more is there to do?"

"Nothing," she returned brokenly, "but to forget the poor girl whom you have befriended. That will be easy."

"No," he replied earnestly, "so difficult that I shall never accomplish it. To stay as your friend is impossible. I must go away and labor to crush out this longing, this love for you which has overgrown my whole heart, or stay to cherish it for your sake. Tell me, dear Ada, which must I do?"

She looked up at him shyly, and came nearer to his side as she whispered: "Stay."

A Viking's War Ship.

An interesting discovery has been made at Sandeherred in Norway, of a Scandinavian war vessel. Buried under a hillock, a sailing vessel was found, which is thought to belong to those terrible highwaymen of the ocean, the Vikings, or Norwegian pirates. It measures about seventy-five feet in length, and is an almost perfect state of preservation. It was armed and equipped as though it had been abandoned where found when on the point of sailing on some adventurous expedition. All the apparatus used by nautical Norsemen are met with in this ancient craft, the most of which is still pretty well intact. There are fragments of sails and cordage remaining, as well as many specimens, either perfect or incomplete, of utensils and instruments, which have been eagerly examined by authorities. Among other things are a number of pieces of oak wood, peculiarly shaped, hollowed out in the centre to admit of ropes being passed through them. Spades and shields, or bucklers, have also been found, or rather the iron portion of the bucklers, for the wooden part is entirely gone. Near the rudder the skeletons of three horses were discovered. The form of the shields, and also the manner in which they are suspended round the interior of the ship, is absolutely the same as one sees represented on the beautiful tapestry of Bayeux, in Normandy which date back to the eleventh century.

The Nightingale.

One of the most celebrated of song-birds is the nightingale, or night singer. It is a migratory bird. Do you know what this is? It is a bird that visits its northern home early in the spring, and quits it for the south early in the autumn. It migrates.

This famous bird is common in nearly all parts of Europe. It haunts woods, thickets, and gardens. It migrates into Egypt and Syria. It has been seen among the willows of Jordan and the olive trees of Judæa. In no part of Europe is it more common than in Spain or Italy; but even in these southern regions the bird is migratory.

The nightingale is shy in its habits. Its nest is placed low, and hidden from view. Its eggs, five in number, are of an olive brown. Its food consists of insects. In color it is brown, with a reddish tinge on the back and tail.

As a songster, the bird is unsurpassed. Though its notes are heard at intervals during the day, they are poured forth in their greatest perfection on quiet evenings, an hour or two after sunset; and when the moon is nearly full, and the weather is serene, the melodious song of the nightingale may be heard at midnight.

The late Bishop Stanley, of England, gives an account of one that he raised from the nest. It was kept in a cage two years; then the cage was hung open at the door, and the bird was allowed to go out.

At first it returned regularly every evening. As the season advanced, it sometimes stayed out all night in the garden; but if called by some one whose voice it knew, it would return and feed from his hand. In the autumn, as the evenings got cool, it returned to its cage again before nightfall. It was taken as usual into the house, and was kept there for the winter. This is a curious instance of the force of habit overcoming the instinct of a bird.

A Touching Story.

On a narrow island near the New England coast, where primitive customs still obtain, where the crier goes about the streets by day and the watchman by night, where they dispose of sulphur meat by auction, and the merry maiden and the tar go junketing together in an ancient calash, lives an old lady, Auntie B———. The same roof has sheltered three generations of her family, and it would require little less than an earthquake to dislodge her from her seat by the old fashioned fireplace. There she sits, a picture of peace and contentment. "Haven't you a single regret in your whole life?" we asked her once. She dropped her knitting, and a dreamy look crept over her placid eyes. "Yes," she said at length, "I have. Ten years ago, when my dear dead sister was alive, a man with a hand-organ came to this island by the steamer. Oh! he could play beautifully. He came near our street, and my sister says to me: "Let us go down to the corner and see him play." Well, do you know, I didn't go, after all, but she said it was just splendid, and, I suppose I shall regret not hearing that hand-organ to my dying day." And the dear old soul dropped a tear on the half-heeled stocking.

Life in the Tyrol.

In the secluded valleys of the Austrian Tyrol, as this region is sometimes called, the sports and recreations of the people are in strict accordance with the spirit of by-gone days which characterizes the staunch old race dwelling in the recesses of these almost inaccessible mountains. Living in a country lying between two of the lowest passes of the Alps, which formed the chief highways between civilized Italy and rough Germany, and constantly crossed by victorious or defeated armies, marching to or returning from Italy, they have preserved a sturdy, warlike spirit, fostered by their traditional and steadfast attachment to the ruling house of Hapsburg. The gentry and superior class of peasantry and mountaineers are very fond of target-shooting, which almost invariably follows their weddings, dances and merry-makings, which usually continue throughout the day and night. The targets are placed at a distance of about two hundred yards, and consist of a fixed bull's-eye and rings, a figure of a deer at rest and a "running stag." This consists of the wooden figure of a stag, rigged up by means of a huge pendulum in such a manner that when loosened it darts across an open space eight feet in width, between tall and dense bushes. The pace at which this imitation stag traveled was about equal to a living specimen in full flight, and the target, set over the region of the heart, must be hit while it passes this space, a momentous feat, considering the speed with which the object passes; but I have seen it done several times in succession by these expert riflemen. A love of the chase seems inherent to this hardy people. The black cock (*tetrao tetrix*) belongs to the grouse species, and the sport requires great hardihood and patience, and an accurate knowledge of his peculiarities. Like the pinnated grouse of the prairies, he is polygamous, but, unlike them, is shot during the pairing season, the hens being carefully spared. The descriptions the hunters give of the love-sick bird strutting and gamboling around the base of a tree for the edification of the hens, who crowd around their lord and master, are ludicrous in the extreme. His lone song, which consists of three distinct notes repeated constantly at more or less regular intervals, is frequently his ruin, for in the midst of his ecstacies, during the execution of the third note, he is insensible to danger, and becomes an easy prey to the rifle of the expert huntsman. Of course, if you adopt the English idea of sport you can build a miniature hut or blind of bushes in the course of the day, close to the tree selected by the jealous old cock for his morning song, patiently await the advent of the game, and then murder him in cold blood. But this is far different from the genuine sport, where foot and hand, eye and ear, are on the alert to take advantage of any indiscretion of your quick-witted opponent. It is a contest between the acute intellect of the featherless biped and the keen instinct of his feathered prototype. The golden eagle, the tiger of his race, is occasionally seen circling around his eyrie among the lofty crags, and his young are sometimes captured by the intrepid hunter. They are of immense size, sometimes measuring eight feet from tip to tip of the wings, and are the greatest foes of the chamois and roe buck, as well as the farmer's stock of young pigs, kids and lambs. I had the pleasurable excitement of seeing one of these rapacious birds carrying off a young chamois, which he had swooped down upon with resistless fury, and by the mere force of the concussion hurled down the abyss, at the brink of which it happened to be feeding. Several times the great weight of the prey obliged him to loosen his hold upon it while circling at a terrible height over ravine and peak. As it fell the eagle darted after it, and catching it in his claws, and sinking thirty or forty feet by the mere impetuosity of his downward flight, he spread his mighty wings to their widest extent and resumed his circling ascent, with his prey firmly clutched in his strong talons. The weddings of the peasantry are solemnized in the chapel, after the usual form of the Catholic Church, but there are some observances connected with them which have a character of their own. One of these consists of presentation of money to the newly-married couple by each person, be it man, woman or child, present at the wedding. The gifts are received by the godmother of the bride, the mother never being permitted to be present at any part of her daughter's wedding. The name of the donor and the amount of the gift is carefully noted down by a brother or other relation of the bride, and when the giver marries he expects the exact amount of his gift to be returned by the bridegroom. The gift is never less than two florins, about one dollar, one of which is to pay for the supper. Sometimes articles of household furniture are presented, and in some remote valleys the custom still exists of each of the discarded lovers of the bride presenting her with a cradle. Thus, a rustic belle who has for a series of years held her court in her summer palace, the Alp hut, will sometimes find a half-dozen of rough cradles at the front door on the morning after the wedding. But the most comical feature of all occurs when guest after guest stand forth and in rough, improvised rhyme and song, accuse the bride or bridegroom of any questionable incidents in their lives, and tell tales of former sins, accompanied by much laughter and shouting. They are usually assembled at the house of the "wirth," or landlord of the village, and dance the day and night away, fortified by copious potations of beer and numerous huge dishes of "speck," bacon; "knodels," balls of dough fried in lard, and "schmarn" flour, water, butter and salt. The dance is the universal valse, varied by an occasional independent "hoe-down," by some of the strapping fellows, who perform some strange gymnastics. I have seen one suddenly spring up from the floor and drop with a thud upon his knees, and then with folded arms throw his head back and strike the hard boards with three or four sounding raps, and then regain his feet with a sudden spring, without touching the floor with his hands—a feat that many an athlete of repute could not imitate. All this time their buxom partners are circling round the room alone, coquettishly spreading out their short but ample skirts, and encouraging their partners to still greater exertions. The music is generally a trombone, sax horn and flute, frequently accompanied by the "zither," which to many cultivated ears is the most charming musical instrument in existence.

Washington's Appearance.

"General Washington is a tall, well made man," said a writer in 1798, "rather large boned, and has a tolerably genteel address. His features are manly and bold, his eyes of a blueish cast and very lively; his hair of a deep brown, his face rather long and marked with the small pox; his complexion sunburnt and without much color, and his countenance sensible, composed, and thoughtful; there is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness; candor, sincerity, affability, and simplicity seem to be the striking features of his character."

—Chicago has 300 churches and 3,300 saloons.

Cameo Cutting.

Cameo cutting is one of the most profitable arts to engage in. There are but a few cutters and there is a steady demand for all they can produce. The cutters are very secretive and greatly dislike to talk about their work. Most of the cameos are produced from sea shells. A visit to a cameo cutter's workshop found him seated at a table covered with tools, varying from a strong triangular-pointed steel instrument, to the most delicate pointed bits of steel wire fastened in handles. Very fine files and knitting needles, set in wooden grips and ground to infinitesimal points, figured in the lot. On a pad of leather, before the cameo cutter, was a block of wood just big enough to be grasped with his hand, and cemented to the middle of it was an oval object that looked like a piece of alabaster, just big enough to make a seal for the finger of a man who did not object to wearing large rings. Upon this the artist was just finishing a copy, with a pencil pointed to needle fineness, of a photograph in profile of a gentleman, which was leaned against a little photograph easel before him.

Having finished the outline, he laid his pencil by, and taking up a fine wire tool he scratched the pencil mark around with it. Then he took a darning-needle with a sharp point and scratched the line deeper. He worked with a magnifying glass at his eye, and stopped continually to inspect the progress of his work with critical minuteness. Then he went at it again, working slowly, scratching over the same line again and again, and always examining after each scratch. He changed his tools as he went on, and from the darning-needle descended to a trifling little fragment of steel wire, not as thick as an ordinary sewing needle, set in a slender handle. With this he scratched and rescratched, until the lines he had drawn with his pencil had quite vanished, and a thin, fine streak of a dark color had marked the outline of the head he had been tracing his way around. Next he took one of his burin-like tools, commenced again. This time he worked on the outside of the outline, cutting and scraping at the surface until the white turned gray, then brown, and finally vanished, leaving the face in relief, surrounded by a black ground; that is, the portrait remained intact in the white substance which formed the outer layer of the cameo, while it had been cut away around it to the lower or dark layer.

The portrait or figure is then modulated upon its surface until it assumes the roundness of nature. The edges are left square to the dark ground. This is necessary, as, if they are gradually rounded down, the outline becomes undefined toward its juncture with the relieving surface, owing to the white of the raised portion being partially transparent and permitting the dark to show through when it is thinned down. Care is taken to finish this dark surface as much as possible with the cutting tools, and so separate the white from it as to leave it smooth and unscratched. A final polish is given it, however, with putty powder, applied dry with a stiff brush, but the utmost care is necessary in this operation, as the slightest slip will ruin the work. This ends the cameo-cutter's work, the mounting being the jeweler's work. The cameos sell unmounted for about $25.

Italy is the home of cameo cutting, and the finest works of art in that line are still turned out there. Genoa and Rome are the centres of production. There is a colony of several thousand cameo-cutters in Paris who produce some very good work. The cameos made abroad are, as a rule, fanciful works, copies of statues, mythological figures and the like. The shells used in cameo cutting are of several sorts, but all are ordinary sea shells or conchs. Some come from the East and others from the West Indies. Many are imported, as there is commonly only enough material available in each one for a single cameo. These shells all have a white surface; but the inner layer is red, black and dark claret in color, according to the species. The pieces to be used by the artist are sawed from the shells and shaped into the square or oval form required on a grindstone. Then they are ready for the artist.

The Rotchschilds.

The Rothschilds have been attracting no little attention to themselves here in Paris by the announcement of the extension of the act of partnership, which expires September, 50, 1880, to 1905. The Paris branch of the famous family is quite large. The Dowager Baroness Rothschild, who lives in the family mansion in the Rue Lafflitte, had five children—Baroness Alphonso, who is at this date the head of the family; Baron Solomon, who died a long time ago; Baron Gustave, Baron Edmond and the Baroness Nathaniel Rothschild. The venerable dowager is a veritable fountain of charity. She gives away hundreds of thousands of francs every year. In summer she lives in a splendid country house at Boulogne where apartments for each of her sons and daughters are kept constantly in order. Baron and Baroness Alphonso Rothschild live in the old mansion in the Rue Saint Florentine, where Talleyrand once resided. They are gay and extremely fond of society, and are seen everywhere in the monde; the Baroness is one of the most accomplished equestriennes who frequent the Bois de Boulogne. Her husband is an enthusiastic patron of the turf. He has stables at Meantrif and Chantilly and lavishes millions on them. Solomon Rothschild was a delicate-minded man, fond of conversation, books, pictures and society. His widow has a daughter who will, it is said, be the richest heiress in the Paris family. Baron Gustave is the only one who has married outside the family. One of the sons of the late Nathaniel Rothschild just purchased the splendid mansion of Count Tolstoi, in the Avenue de Friedland; and another, named Arthur, spends his life in collecting books. It is said that no one else in France except the Duke d' Aumale possesses such inestimable treasures of rare editions and luxurious binding as this young Rothschild.

A New Idea.

"Why, George, now are you getting along said one young man to another in front of the post office the other day.

"Splendid! never had so much fun in all my life," was the other's answer.

"How's that, George?"

"Well, you see, Ned, after I lost my situation all my friends left me. I was determined to get even, so I circulated a report among them that I was the fortunate holder of one half of a lottery ticket that had just drawn a big prize."

"Did it take?"

"You just bet it took! Why, in two days I received no less than a dozen invitations from fellows that I had almost forgotten. I was presented with two suits of clothes, four new hats, two dozen embroidered handkerchiefs, a silk umbrella, a beautiful amethyst ring and a handsome pair of gold sleeve buttons. I visited Spanish fort five times, took one trip to the jetties on the Cannon and borrowed, all told, $150 in United States currency. Did it take? Well I should smile."

"They Spit on the Spider."

It was in a smoking-car on the Hudson River Road. A New Yorker was exhibiting an invention to several gentlemen, when an old farmer with a settled look of sadness on his face, heaved a sigh, and said:

"I never see any such thing without wanting to weep."

"Nothing about this invention to weep over that I can see," replied the inventor.

"Wall it sort o' calls up old recollections. Twenty years ago this month I thought I had a fortune in my grasp. Yes, sir. I believed I had struck the biggest thing since steam was brought into use."

"What was it?"

"One day when the old woman was flat down with her lame leg I had to cook my own dinner. Avter I got the pancake batter all fixed up, I couldn't find the greased rag the old woman used to rub over the spider. Sort o' absent-minded like I picked up a piece of raw turnip from the table and used it instead. It worked to a charm—no smell—no smoke—no stick."

He paused here to wipe away a tear, and then continued:

"There was the fortune. I figured that 9,000,000 greased rags were in use in this country five months in the year. 50,000 barrels of grease were used up greasing spiders. Over a hundred thousand dollars wasted and gone. One turnip would make six greasers; 1,000 bushels would make enough to supply the country. All that was needed was to cut them out in fancy style, affix a handle, and go to supplying the demand at ten cents each."

"There was money in it."

"No, there wasn't. I bought a hundred bushels of turnips. $56 worth of wire, and hired two men to go to work, and then I took a greaser and went over into Vermont to see how it would take. They wouldn't have it. They had something more simple and much cheaper."

"What could it have been?"

"They spit on the spider!" replied the old man as a tear made a break down his nose and was swallowed up in the dust on the floor.

The Queen of Italy.

The Queen of Italy, was recently driving to the royal wood of Licalo, when the coachman mistook the road, and one of the gentlemen asked a countryman the way. The man, seeing the fine carriage and horses, thought he was being fooled. "As if you did not know!" he said, with a big grin. The Queen laughed, and assured him they were lost. Then only did the countryman condescend to point out the way, after which he walked off, as if fearing to be laughed at again.

"Give him twenty francs for his trouble," said the Queen to one of her escort, who going after the countryman said to him: "Here, my man, is a little present from the Queen of Italy, who thanks you."

"The Queen!" cried the countryman, returning to the carriage. "Forgive me that I did not know thee. But I had never seen thee before. Thou art as beautiful as a May rose. God bless thee." And the carriage drove off.

Now the countryman, who had once seen the Queen, wanted to see her pretty face again, and the following day he presented himself at the palace.

"I know her, you know," he added mysteriously. "I spoke to her yesterday, and I want to speak to her again."

Thinking he had to do with a madman, the porter was about to have the poor fellow arrested, when the very gentleman who had given him the twenty francs appeared and, recognizing the man, told him to wait. He informed the Queen of his presence. "Bring him here, by all means," was the answer.

When the man was, for the second time, before the Queen, he said: "Yes, 'tis thou. I thought I had seen a fairy. Thou art just an angel. I did not tell thee yesterday that I have two little ones without a mother. Wilt thou be their mother?"

"That I will," said the Queen.

"Then there's the twenty francs thou gavest me yesterday. I thank thee, but I want no money." And he went away, crying and smiling like a child.

The Queen has adopted the two little ones, and they are in an institution, under her special patronage.

Remarkable Case of "Grafting."

Lucy Osborn, who had her scalp torn from her head by getting her hair caught in a revolving shaft in a button factory at New Milford, six years ago, is still an inmate of St. Luke's Hospital in New York. During the past six years the doctors have been grafting on a new scalp by slow process, and the operation as a whole has been successful. The material for building the scalp has been furnished by hundreds of volunteers, and *over fourteen thousand different pieces* have entered into its construction. In the accident in which she was injured the scalp was taken clean off, the skin being peeled from the bone, and taking with it a piece of the integument of the right ear. The process of inducing the scalp to grow is a slow and tedious one, and out of three hundred and fifty grafts which had been planted up to May 1, 1875, but forty had taken. In 1877, grafting ceased for a time, and the head was strapped with adhesive plaster to draw together the newly formed skin, which appeared in patches over her head. The patient was discharged as improved July 1, 1876, but returned in the following September. She then had two uncovered spots on the head, the larger four and one-half inches long. More grafting was done, nearly covering these spots, and the patient went home. September she returned with two ulcers on the back of her head, and is again undergoing the grafting treatment.

Material Cantankerosity.

Two eminent men of one of the Cambridge colleges were one day taking a walk in their delicious grove. They had an argument, in which one of the men could not do justice to any view that conflicted with his own. "I tell you what it is, my friend," at last said his opponent, "the fact is that you have got a twist in your mind." The man of twisted mind has since become very famous, but many of his friends consider that the twist is very palpable. It was a favorite saying of Lessing, the philosopher, which his biographers call upon us to admire exceedingly, that if the truth were offered him on the one hand and the search after truth on the other hand, he would prefer to search. Now here is a case of "the twist." I humbly think that this is a case of mental cantankerosity. If truth were worth the searching for, it might be supposed that it would be worth the having. All those who have followed the Socratic dialogues of search know the great and peculiar charm of this method of investigation. Still, truth is the first thing necessary, and the second thing necessary, and the third thing necessary; and the man who could have talked this way must have been cantankerous, at least to the extent of not caring for the truth, an opinion which seems to gain ground the more one understands Lessing.

Animal Instinct.

The dipper or waterousel is well known to ornithologists as one of the most curious and interesting of British birds. Its special habitat is clear mountain streams. These it never leaves except to visit the lakes into which or from which they flow. Without the assistance of webbed feet, it has extraordinary powers of swimming and of diving—moving about upon and under the surface with more than the ease and dexterity of a fish—hunting along the bottom as if it had no power to float—floating on the top as if it had no power to sink—now diving where the stream is smooth, now where it is quick and broken, and suddenly reappearing perched on the summit of some projecting point. Its plumage is in perfect harmony with its haunts—dark, with a pure white breast, which looks exactly like one of the flashes of light so numerous in rapid streams, or one of the little balls of foam which loiter among the stones. Its very song is set to the music of rapid waters. From the top of a bank one can often get quite close to it when it is singing, and the harmony of its notes with the tinkling of the stream is really curious. It sings too, when all other birds but the robin is silent—when the stones on which it sits are circled and rimmed with ice. No bird, perhaps, is more specially adapted to a very special home and very peculiar habits of life. The same species of other forms so closely similar as to seem mere varieties, are found in almost every country of the world where there are mountain streams. And yet it is a species having no very near affinity with any other bird, and it constitutes by itself a separate genus. It is, therefore, a species of great interest to the naturalist, and raises some of the most perplexing questions connected with the "origin of species." In 1874 a pair of these birds built their nest at Inverary, in a hole in the wall of a small tunnel constructed to carry a rivulet under the walks of a pleasure-ground. The season was one of great drought, and the rivulet, during the whole time of incubation and the growth of the young in the nest, was nearly entirely dry. One of the nestlings, when almost fully fledged, was taken out by the hand for examination, an operation which so alarmed the others that they darted out of the hole and ran and fluttered down the tunnel towards its mouth. At that point a considerable pool of water had survived the drought, and lay in the path of the fugitives. They did not at all appear to seek it; on the contrary their flight seemed to be as aimless as that of any other fledgling would have been in the same predicament. But one of them stumbled into the pool. The effect was most curious. When the young bird touched the water, there was a moment of pause, as if the creature was surprised. Then instantly there seemed to wake within it the sense of its hereditary powers. Down it dived with all the facility of its parents, and the action of its wings under the water was a beautiful exhibition of the double adaptation to progression in two very different elements, which is peculiar to the wings of most of the diving birds. The young dipper was immediately lost to sight among some weeds, and so long did it remain under water that I feared it must be drowned. But in due time it reappeared all right, and being recaptured, was replaced in the nest.

A Terrible Country.

The Valley of Death, a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones, lies just north of the old Mormon road to California—a region thirty miles long by thirty broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkens its white, glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers which show the fate of the last Montgomery train, which went South from Salt Lake in 1850, guided by a Mormon. When near Death's Valley, some came to the conclusion that the Mormons knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from their party. The leader turned due West; so with the people and wagons and flocks he traveled three days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the centre but only the white sand, bounded by scorching peaks, met their gaze. And around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the sun. Then the children, crying for water, died at their mother's breasts, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals, the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered and raved and died. After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a mountain. It lasted but a short time, when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals, perished here, and now, after thirty-one years, the wagons stand still complete, the iron work and tire are bright, and the shriveled skeletons lie side by side.

John Chinaman, M. D.

Chinese quacks do a profitable business with white patients as well as with their Mongolian countrymen in San Francisco. In health the average citizen sneers at the methods of the Chinese empire; but tortured by incurable disease he flees to the Mongolian quack for the comfort denied by competent white practitioners. The Mongolian quack humors him to his full bent with promises of restored health, and the poor victim cheerfully bestows his last dollar on the impostor. A prominent physician has on exhibition a quantity of Chinese medicines, which were left unclaimed at the custom-house. The collection comprised roots, bark, dried lizards and toads, snake skins, unclassifiable herbs and a lot of pills as large as baseballs. The pills, which were the most remarkable things in the collection, were, literally speaking, gilt-edged and common-place. They were marked in the inventory which accompanied the medicine chest as "good for general debility." Among the medicines highly recommended was a "wasp's nest for pain in the back." For vertigo, the Celestial authority recommended scrapings of deers' horns; for rheumatism, a quart of boiled water made palatable by a toad's skin and the teeth of a snake; for every other kind of disease, medicines equally ridiculous and significant of a hopeless condition of ignorance. These quacks are simply shrewd adventurers. One of the most successful of these impostors was a fisherman, whom white speculators set up in business. The principal cause of the backwardness of the Chinese in medical science is their religion. They are spiritualists and fatalists. They have neither a very deep fear of death, nor do they believe that they can die in any way but as ordained by fate. Lately medical missions, with both American and English Professors, have been established in China, and some steps have been made from the barbarous position occupied by the healer's art.

BRIEFS.

—The Prince of Wales passed her thirty-sixth birthday on Christmas.

—Murphy induced 800 people to sign the temperance pledge in Indiana.

—Dubuque's school census shows 9,476 children between the ages 5 and 21.

—The late Judge Peleg Sprague, of Boston, left an estate valued at $194,983 58.

—A sausage fifty-two feet long was made at Altoona, Pa., by Jacob F. Almes.

—The population of Oregon is: Males, 103,388; females, 71,379 total, 74,768.

—Detroit reports the erection of twelve hundred buildings during the past year.

—The President of Buenos Ayres offers free lands to fifty thousand Irish emigrants.

—Messrs Moody and Sankey have refused to go and labor in Virginia City, Nev.

—The Edgar Thomson steel works are said to have orders for 80,000 tons of steel rails.

—The old home of President Lincoln in Springfield, Ill., is now a cheap lodging house.

—Speaker Randall has had an acute attack of gout since Congress adjourned,