

Junia and Republican

B. F. SCHWEIER,

VOL. XXXV.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1881.

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 32.

THE WINDS.

The south wind sings of happy springs,
And summers hastening on their way;
The north winds smelt of cowslip bells,
And blossom scattered seeds of May;
But sweeter is her red, red mouth,
Than all the kisses of the south.

The west wind breathes of russet leaves,
And yellow pine of woods grown old;
The east wind smelt of autumn skies,
And suns and clouds overhead with gold;
But the bright locks I love the best
Outshine the glories of the west.

The north wind whistles from crystal deeps,
The Arctic hills of endless night;
The north wind blows over drifted snows,
And mountains robed in white;
But purer far her maiden's eyes,
Than all the snows that shroud the pines.

The east wind shrills over desert hills
And dreary coasts of barren sand;
The east wind moans of sea-blanching bones,
And ships that sink in sight of land;
But the cold east may rave and moan,
For her warm heart is all my own.

HIS LEAP YEAR.

"It's a very pretty parish," said the Rev. Mr. Raquet, "and a very pleasant people. The elderly ladies are steady, consistent workers; the younger, active and enthusiastic. I don't think, if I had possessed the privilege of selecting for myself, I could have found a more delightful position."

Mr. Boderic Raquet was six-and-twenty, with a straight nose, pleasant blue eyes, and a general talent for being satisfied with everything and everybody. He was located in his first parish, a picturesque little town of a hundred, over a hundred a brick catwalk, which made a road for mills and factories, and so far he was one of those exceptions in life, a perfectly satisfied man.

"Ah," said his friend, Mr. Alton, who was a misanthrope. "The ladies, eh?"

"Yes," said Mr. Raquet, quietly; "for of course, much of the prosperity of a country parish depends upon its female members."

"Yes," observed Mr. Alton, dryly. "You are an unmarried man, I believe."

"I am an unmarried man—yes, certainly."

"And this is—Leap Year?"

"Nonsense!" cried the parson, briskly.

"I hope you may find it nonsense," said Mr. Alton, prying up his lip; "but I am told that there are a good many single ladies this year who are driven desperate by the prospect of spinsterhood."

"Nonsense!" again exclaimed Mr. Raquet. "My dear Alton, this is a little too much of a burlesque. You don't seriously believe in this—this absurdity?"

Mr. Alton only shook his head, as he rose and reached for his hat.

"I'll get my book, Raquet," said he as he looked indignantly at the parson's face; "and go out for a stroll in these pleasant woods. My doctor says that pine soup is very healthy for lungs that are consumptively inclined."

"Very well," said the Rev. Mr. Raquet, with a glance at the scattering sheets of the half-composed sermon that lay on his desk; "and I will join you after a little."

He took up his pen, dipped it determinedly in the inkstand, and went restlessly to writing; but, the words of his inconspicuous friend rang persistently in his ears.

"If there should be any foundation for Alton's absurd idea," he pondered, with his pen suspended above the partially written sheet. "But of course there can't be; but if such a possibility did exist, a married man is really a better member of society than a single one. I never did adhere to the doctrine that clergymen should be celibates!"

And all the while Rosa Appleton's cherry cheeks and yellow hair were dancing a willow-wisp before the horizon of his mind's eye.

"She's young," he said to himself; "and perhaps a trifle inclined to be giddy, but she's certainly very charming. And, since the Appletons have failed, and the mother has opened a boarding house, and Lucilla has come to teaching, I do not think I could do better than marry—"

"Rose Appleton, sir, if you please."

It was a timid little voice that broke in upon his reflection, and Rosa herself stood before him, coloring like a pink carnation, with a basket of late peaches in her hand.

"I've called on business, sir," said Rosa.

The Rev. Boderic moved forward a chair.

"Pray be seated, Miss Appleton," said he, not without some confusion on his own part.

Miss Appleton sat down, pulling nervously at the fingers of her thread gloves.

"It's about our Lucilla," said she.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Raquet.

"We want to get her well settled in life," said Rosa, appealingly.

"But I thought she was teaching?" cried Mr. Raquet.

"She doesn't like teaching," confessed Rosa; "or, rather, to be candid with you, the trustees don't like her. She isn't very young, you know, and has some odd, formal little ways and only one eye; and the children make fun of her, and the trustees say she has no dignity."

"Very unfortunate," said Mr. Raquet, bending a pearl paper cutter back and forth, with the sublime indifference which we are all apt to display toward the tribulations of others. "If there was anything I could do—"

"Oh, but there isn't," said Rosa.

"Eh?" ejaculated Rev. Boderic.

"She thinks, and mamma thinks—"

"Well?"

"That she might come here," said Rosa, with her blue eyes fixed on the young clergyman's face.

Click! click! and the two pieces of the paper cutter flew into opposite corners of the room.

"Here!" cried Mr. Raquet—"to the parsonage!"

Wolves and Coyotes.

The coyote is much smaller than his gray brother. The latter is nearly as large as a Newfoundland dog, the former about twice the size of a cat. The coyote fancies a camp fire, and sits on a hillock within sight of its place, barking for hours. The gray wolf bays the moon like a dog. Graham says he has seen them sitting on the highest rocks gazing at the bright orb with their heads thrown back uttering unearthly howls. The wolf scorns the coyote. When the large wolves drag down an old buffalo bull the coyotes huddle in the vicinity, watching their chops and barking, as though begging a share of the prey. Should utter ominous groans, and the coyotes sink away, tails between their legs and heads turned over their shoulders. The coyote quickly determines the status of a hunter. If he finds him killing wolves he keeps at a respectful distance; but if he is only hunting bears, antelope or buffalo, the little fellow becomes quite social. While a bear hunter was watching his operation, and a gray wolf loped hungrily on an outer circle. The trapper threw a piece of meat to the small fellows, who ran off and were waylaid by the big wolf. They dropped the meat and returned, but seemed to learn nothing by experience, for they fed the robber as long as the hunter checked them the least.

Toads Among Plants.

In the matter of feeding the toad is not very particular, either as to quality or quantity. Anything that creeps or crawls will do for him—wood lice, beetles, spiders, slugs, worms, even snails with their shells, are put out of sight as if by magic, for he has a peculiar way of catching his prey. He watches the moving insect for a second or two; then suddenly darting out his tongue at a distance of one or two inches, the insect is snatched up and swallowed instantly. One evening a gentleman gave one a wasp and a bumble bee. Both were devoured in the twinkling of an eye, and he was left without a single one of them. He was not a little surprised, but he was not a little amused, when he saw the toad, after he had been told of his feat, eating a piece of bread and butter. He was not a little surprised, but he was not a little amused, when he saw the toad, after he had been told of his feat, eating a piece of bread and butter. He was not a little surprised, but he was not a little amused, when he saw the toad, after he had been told of his feat, eating a piece of bread and butter.

A Snake Charmer's Feats.

Mr. Howe, of Camden, New Jersey, is a snake charmer. Behind the counter of his liquor and billiard room, corner of Arch and Fifth streets, Camden, stands a pine box which he uses as a table. He has a six-foot snake, which he keeps at a distance of three or four feet, closely coiled around the table. He has a six-foot snake, which he keeps at a distance of three or four feet, closely coiled around the table. He has a six-foot snake, which he keeps at a distance of three or four feet, closely coiled around the table.

At the White House.

In the cosy family dining-room of the President's seat is midway the length of the table on its west side, and Mrs. Garfield sits opposite with Harry, her eldest son, aged 19, on her right. He is a quiet, reserved, but by no means uninteresting, young man. He is a quiet, reserved, but by no means uninteresting, young man. He is a quiet, reserved, but by no means uninteresting, young man.

The Nocturnal Cow.

Laramie has a few cows that annoy me a good deal. The prevailing custom for this season seems to be a seal-brown cow with a stub tail, which is arranged as a night-keep. She wears it bangled. The other day I had just planted my rhubarb turkeys, and was watering them with my watering-can, when I heard a low, muffled sound. I looked up and saw a cow standing in the yard. I was a little startled, but I did not think it was anything unusual. I went on with my watering, and the cow disappeared.

West Point.

At this place officers are manufactured. During the Revolution this was the Gibraltar of the Hudson, and the saddest lesson of those stern days is connected with its history. Here Benedict Arnold, the story of whose treachery is familiar to every school-boy, was in command. It will be remembered that he met Andre at the house of Joshua Hett Smith, at a place now known as Treason Hill, near the village of Havestraw. Major Andre was sent as the representative of the British commander, Sir Henry Clinton, and with the papers and plans of Arnold secreted in his boots was captured on the Tarrytown road below, upon which a monument erected by the citizens of Westchester county now marks the spot, and it is said that the tree beneath which the arrest took place was struck by lightning on the very day of Arnold's death in London. Arnold returned from the meeting at Smith's house above alluded to the Beverly Hotel, where he was then living, which stands a mile south of the Garrison depot, near the magnificent residence of the Hon. Hamilton Fish. On the morning of that eventful day, September 21, 1792, when the breakfast table by Alexander Hamilton and General Lafayette, Colonel Jamison's letter was handed him, which he hastily perused, excused himself from table, bade his wife good-bye and told her he was a ruined man, kissed his baby-boy in the cradle, fled to Beverly cove, and ordered his men to pull off down the river. The English man-of-war "Valur," which lay near Teller's Point, received the traitor whose living treason was atoned for by the blood of the noble and true-hearted officer, Andre. Arnold lived long enough to be hanged in the House of Commons as he once took his seat in the gallery, and died as he deserved—friendly and despised.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Tobacco crop very poor in Connecticut. Germany has now 8,000 miles of underground wire. Hats were first made in England by Spaniards in 1510. A signature in lead pencil is as legal as any other. The rose gardens of Adrianople cover 1,000 acres. Watch spring temper in steel is obtained at 554 deg. F. Luay Cave, in Virginia, is to be lighted by electricity. The first man in France out of every 400 inhabitants. The silver is the best conductor of heat an electricity known. The first pharmacopoeia was published in Nuremberg in 1542. There were no horses on this continent at the time of its discovery. The floating population of New York City is estimated at 200,000. The oldest note in the possession of the Bank of England is dated 1698. Rhododendrons have been planted in St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Among the Gauls, cutting off the hair was inflicted as a punishment. The geography was known to Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century. The recent prosecution of ritualists cost the English Government \$21,000. Coal gas, for the purpose of lighting, was known ages ago to the Chinese. The idea of fertilizing land with salt was conceived by John Sapper in 1598. An Australian has produced during the past twenty years, \$1,355,000,000 in gold. Since 1851 there have emigrated altogether from Ireland—2,637,137 persons. Blind persons are admitted free to musical performances at the Boston Theatre. The estimated value of railroad property in the United States is \$4,416,540,847. The money owed in shape of foreign loans in default to England amounts to \$10,050,000. The last two steamers from China to San Francisco brought nearly a thousand Chinese each. Mr. Henry Irving has been elected President of the Shakespeare and Burns Societies of London. Building is active in Baltimore, over 1000 permits having been granted since the 1st of January. The hundred and thirty-three students of the entrance examinations at Princeton. Oregon's oldest pioneer, Amos LaShapelle, who recently died at 100 years of age, was a Canadian. The Miss Blood whom Lord Colin Campbell did not marry is named "Zulu" not "Gertrude." There is a chestnut tree in Oglethorpe County, Ga., which is nine feet in diameter at the base. Smith College, at Northampton, has received a gift of \$25,000 for the establishment of a new gallery. The Newfoundland cod fisheries promise to be more prolific this year than for the past thirty years. The great hearted nurse of the late war, is slowly dying at Washington. Contracts have been made in England to carry sixty thousand Swedes and Norwegians to the United States. The annual expenses of the British Government are more than one-third larger than those of the United States. The number of deaths from starvation, and of deaths accelerated by privation in London, during 1880, was 101. In 1855 the planet Neptune was discovered, by which the solar system was extended 2,000 miles beyond its former limits. Mrs. Van Pelt, of Nantux, Rockland county, N. Y., has just presented her husband with a sixth pair of twins in succession. Silk first came from China, and the Chinese still have many important secrets connected with it unknown to Europeans. Another monster war ironclad has just been built at Naples. The Italians say that the Mediterranean must be under their supremacy. In Nevada, within a few weeks, an Indian man has been sacrificed on the grave of a man whom she was charged with having bewitched. During the last six months there were, according to British statistics, 63 murders and 533 robberies in the beautiful island of Sicily. During the glacial period, the ice in America, latitude 44 N., is supposed, from evidences known to scientists, to have been 6,000 feet deep. Louis, Victoria and Maud, the three little daughters of the Prince of Wales, had a narrow escape from serious injury while driving out recently. The young men of Milwaukee, Wis., are actively interested themselves in the proposed erection of a monument to the memory of Senator Matt. H. Carpenter. The increase in the gross earnings of thirty-seven railroads during the month of March, is stated by the Financial Chronicle at \$1,154,612, or nearly 9 per cent. The number of converts made in San Francisco by Moody and Sankey during twenty weeks of revivalism is placed at 23,000, and the churches are greatly quickened in vitality. Notwithstanding the unprecedented immensity of the present year, it is said, at Castle Garden, that the demand for laborers cannot be met and that 1,000 men are now wanted. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, has purchased the Dinwiddie and Washington papers sold in London three months, and has presented them to the Virginia Historical Society. A little daughter of Mr. Wm. H. Seward was baptized last week at Auburn, N. Y., with water which was brought from the River Jordan by Secretary Seward many years ago. An Oregon man is allowed to take a drink at a public bar without taking out a \$5 license, and the newspapers publish interesting lists from time to time of the men who have obtained licenses. One of the choicest fans in the world is one that belonged to Mme. Pompadour. It is made of lace, and was made in making and cost \$30,000. The ivory fan that was presented by the city of Delft to Marie Antoinette, on the occasion of the birth of the Dauphin is still in existence. Plato died at 81—pen in hand.