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, NOVEMBER 2, 1881. NO. 43.

THE WELL.

Dark and cool the water lies
In the old time-honored well;
Down deep the bucket flies,
And how oft, who can tell?

For the schoolboy hot with play,
For the laborer tired with toil,
For the traveler on his way,
Doth the tireless rope unroll.

And how often, who can tell?
Or, who first the gracious draught
Drew up from the bounteous well?
Or, who sunk the ancient shaft?

They are dust who slaked their thirst
At the little silver fount
In the wild woods, where it first
Called the huntsman to dismount.

They are dust, the pioneers,
Who the strong-armed forest broke,
Where the old well now appears;
Where now curls the village smoke.

So shall we within the vale
With our children's children dwell,
But the waters ne'er shall fail
In the old time-honored well.

CALLED FOR.

Bessie Lynn sat alone in the wide, shady kitchen, busily engaged in picking over whortleberries. Without, the sunshine of an August afternoon bathed the green fields and dusty road that wound to the village, and touched with richer hue the nasturtiums and geraniums in the tiny garden, and the Virginia creeper that climbed and blossomed above the door. Bessie made a pretty picture as she sat on a low cricket with a big calico apron spread over her blue, spring muslin dress to defend it from the stains that had soiled her little brown hands. She was a petite, and daintily rounded maiden of about eighteen, with great eyes and glossy curls, shading a fair brow and cheeks that had a touch of wild rose bloom upon them.

The kitchen, too, was such a pretty picture with its well-scoured floor and dresers, its asparagus-topped clock, its shining stove with bunches of herbs hung behind, and great bouquet of vivid cardinal flowers set on the snowy table. The kitchen was perfectly still, save the buzz of the flies and the ticking of the clock; and outside the cricket and the insects alone disturbed the peace. Bessie believed that every one in the house was asleep but herself, and yawned somewhat wearily as she tossed over the berries, finishing the yawn with a bit of soliloquy uttered about half aloud. "Oh, dear, this having summer boarders, isn't very pleasant!"

"Miss Bessie,' said a voice in the door-way so suddenly that Bessie nearly upset her berries in her great surprise.

"Oh? Mr. Vane, is it you?" she said bashfully, bending down to pick up a few berries that had rolled from her apron.

"I'll pick 'em up!" exclaimed the new comer, a tall, and handsome-looking youth of about twenty-one, with merry blue eyes, short auburn hair curled closely under a straw hat, diving for the missing berries with ungraceful dexterity. "Yes, it is I, of course. Have you forgotten your promise to go for lilies with me this afternoon?"

"Oh, but I didn't say this afternoon, you know; only some afternoon this week," responded Bessie, demurely.

"Well, we'll call it this afternoon, won't we?" was the persuasive rejoinder as the straw hat was tossed on the chair. "I'll help you. Lend me half that apron and we will have them picked over in a trice."

"But I shall have supper to get. Mother is away, and there will be biscuit to make," insisted Bessie, turning her face away to hid a smile that would curve her lips,

"Never mind that," responded Maurice Vane, bringing a chair to her side. "Tea is at half-past six, isn't it? and it is now only half-past two. We'll be back at five, without fail, and have time to get half the lilies in the river," and he began to assort a handful of berries with much earnestness.

"W-e-l-l," assented Bessie, after a pause for consideration and a glance at the clock. "I can go for a little while, perhaps. Oh! don't stain your coat, Mr. Vane." But Mr. Vane was sublimely indifferent to his coat and worked with such good will that the berries were soon picked over, and Bessie and himself on their way to the river.

Five minutes later, Bessie with her draperies daintily bestowed around her, was seated in the stern of the boat, which, propelled by Maurice Vane's practical hand, shot swiftly down the stream, Although Mr. Vane said to Bessie five times within an hour, that it was a lovely day, and although Bessie assented every time, I hardly think they appreciated the beauty around them, for Bessie was quite absorbed in the lilies and their reflection in water, and Mr. Vane looked more at his companion than at the aspect of nature. They had enough lilies to satisfy them, and Bessie was leaning backward and idly trailing one hand in the water, when she suddenly uttered a little scream and sat erect with white cheeks, from which the color had been frightened.

"Oh! I almost lost it. How careless I am!" she exclaimed, replacing an old-fashioned ring, set with a tiny circle of rubies, on her finger.

"Did the water sweep it out of your hand?"

"I suppose so. It's too large for me. I'm always loosing it and finding it again. I wouldn't lose it entirely for the world, because it used to be grandmother's. She gave it to me."

"What a curious old ring it is!" said Mr. Vane, without interest. "May I look at it? Don't trouble yourself to take it off," he said, drawing in his oars and leaning toward his companion.

Bessie allowed her tiny brown hand to lie in his aristocratic white one a moment, then as coquettishly withdrew it. "Isn't it pretty?" she inquired, archly.

"Very pretty. Shall I tell you how to guard against losing it in the future?"

"Oh, yes, if you please."

"Well, wear this little ring of mine to guard it, or better yet, exchange with me. Give me yours and take this instead," said the young man, daringly."

Bessie looked at the heavy chased gold ring be held out to her, then looked back at the water with an innocent "Oh. I don't think it would fit?"

"Try it," suggested her companion, softly.

Bessie shook her head, but finally agreed, blushingly, that it would be no harm to try, and slipped the ring on her forefinger.

"It's a perfect fit," cried Mr. Vane. delightedly; "nothing can be better. Why, Miss Bessie, you surely don't mean to give it back?"

"Of course I do," was the saucy rejoinder, "Why not?"

"Because," said Mr. Vane, speaking earnestly and disregarding his fears altogether, while he tried to get a glimpse of the face hidden by the flat hat, "because I meant to ask you to wear it for my sake. I meant to ask you—"

"Oh. Mr. Vane," cried the listener, "do you see that lily on your left? Won't you get it for me?"

"I'll get that and twenty others if you will listen to me first. Do you care for me? Will you marry me?"

Bessie's head was turned away, and her head bend lower. A crimson flush stole over her ears, neck and chin. "Bessie;" no answer. Her companion leaned over and took her hand, venturously.

"Bessie, will you wear the ring?" he questioned, softly. But the hand was hastily drawn away; a pair of saucy black eyes flashed into his own, and Bessie's merry laughter rang over the water.

"I'd rather have grandma's, please. I ought to go home, Mr. Vane, for I know it's almost tea time,"

Mr. Vane put the ring in his pocket and took up the oars again energetically, without a word. He was fresh from college and held the stroke oar in many a race, but never made better time than he made that afternoon in rowing up the river. The light boat shot along with the rower's brow knitted and his teeth set. Not once did he look at Bessie, who sat in half-puzzled, half-alarmed silence, now and then stealing a sidewise glance at the offended young Hercules from under her hat. Mr. Vane drew a breath of relief when the boat at last grated on the sand, and having assisted Bessie to land and curtly offered to carry her lilies, he shouldered the oars and marched firmly toward at home by her side. Bessie, somewhat bewildered and more angry, made no effort to break the silence and studiously endeavored to keep from crying. When at last he left her at the door with a cold "Thank you Miss Bessie," and departed to carry the oars to the barn, it was well he did not look back, for Miss Bessie tossed the lilies aside with a petulant gesture and had a fit of crying with her head on the kitchen table.

When Mr. Vane returned from the barn half an hour later, he did see a picture which comforted him a little through the hop-wreathed pantry window. It was Bessie with her sleeves pinned up, molding biscuits in desperate haste, while the tears fell thickly on the high calico apron. This picture so amazed Mr. Vane that he retreated hastily behind a lilac bush to observe it; and lingered so long that he was late at tea. This was a model supper. There was the great dish of berries with snowy cream beside, flanked by cheese and raspberry jam. There were too mountains or plates of snowy biscuits contrasting with sponge cake and the richer gold of the butter. Mr. Vane, who had supposed he should never have an appetite again, felt quite revived by the sight of this table and the memory of the picture.

The rest of the boarders seemed to share the sensation, for the group was very hilarious and the eatables disappeared rapidly. Bessie, presiding between the pots, seemed rather out of spirits, but Farmer Lynn atoned for her silence by unusual jolity. When the biscuit passed a second time, to Mr. Vane, he saw that only one was left, and would have decorously refused, but the hospitable farmer pressed it upon him. "Don't be afraid of it, there's plenty more in the kitchen, ain't there Bessie?"

Thus pressed, Mr. Vane accepted the biscuits and Bessie disappeared to replenish the plate. Mr. Vane divided the biscuit, then dropped it suddenly with an exclamation that brought every eye upon him. There imbedded in the light, white bread, lay Bessie's ring. Shouts of laughter arose that brought Bessie back from the kitchen in haste, just in time to see Mr. Vane coolly remove the ring from the biscuits, amidst the merry chorus, and drop it into the waistcoat pocket to "be kept till called for," he said, with a significant look at her scarlet face. Poor Bessie! There was no peace for her after that. An army of jokes quite overwhelmed her protestations and disclaimings, and she was thankful to beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen when the meal was over. But there even she was pursued by a laughing trio of ladies who harassed her with questions and wonderment, and merriment, until the last dish was set away, and she started to the village for letters. Instead of going to the village, she stole along the hedge, climbed the wall, and ran to the other end of the orchard, where she flung herself on the ground and cried as if her heart would break. She perhaps had cried half an hour when a step crushing the dry grass at her side roused her, and the very voice she most dreaded to her, said:

"I've come to return your ring, Miss Bessie."

Poor little Bessie sat up hastily, and took the unfortunate ring with a faltering "Thank you," then immediately hid her face again.

"You needn't thank me; I should have brought it before, but I couldn't find you. I hope you are not troubled about those ridiculous jokes?" he added.

"N-o," responded Bessie, miserably, between her sobs. "I—I thought you'd think I did it on purpose."

"How could I have thought so? It was a mere accident my getting that particular biscuit. I'm very sorry you've been so annoyed in this way. I'm going away to-morrow, Miss Bessie."

The sobs partially ceased, and Miss Bessie said, surprisedly, "Are you?"

"Won't you bid me good-by?"

"Yes," Bessie siad unsteadily, but did not raised her head.

"You'll shake hands, won't you, Miss Bessie?" No answer. "I can't go away while you are offended with me. Won't you at least tell me why you are crying?"

"Because I—I lost my grandma's ring," sobbed Bessie, making a great effort for composure. Mr. Vane laughed in spite of himself. "Why, it's safe on your finger, and not a whit the worse for its baking. Is there really no other reason?"

"No—o."

"But there is. I shall never have another happy hour if I've offended you," said Mr. Vane, tragically. "I was a brute to treat you as I did this afternoon; but I'm going away and shan't annoy you again. Won't you forgive me now and shake hands?" Another long silence. Mr. Vane turned away in despair, but was detained by a faltering voice.

"I—I'll forgive you if——"

"Well?" was the breathless interposition.

"You—won't—go—away?"

The more observant boarders noticed at breakfast the next morning that Maurice wore the ring he found in the biscuit on the little finger of his left hand, and Bessie wore a heavily chased gold circle in the place of her last ornament.

To use the words of one of the before-named boarders, "That tells the whole story."

Found in the Grave.

A handsome maiden of about twenty summers entered the Coroner's office in Philadelphia recently, and presented herself before the desk at which Clerk Ashbridge was sitting. There were evidences of refinement in her dress and style, but the handsome countenance was beclouded by a look which told as forcibly as words that her heart was heavy with sorrow and anxiety. She paused for a moment, and then in a timid, hesitating manner inquired: "Can you kindly tell me if you have recently held an inquest upon a young man named Egbert F. Wilson?"

Clerk Ashbridge pondered for a moment, and then shook his head.

"You are quite sure?" urged the maiden, and her face lightened somewhat.

The official looked through his file for three weeks back, while the questioner watched his face intently. When the last entry had been scrutinized he shook his head again and the fair inquirer breathed a sigh of relief. She then went on to explain that the young man to whom she had reference was her lover, and that the marriage day was near at hand. He had been employed in the city for some time, his folks, who are in pretty good circumstances, living up in the State. Up to a couple of weeks ago, she went on to say, he had been regular in his visits, but during that time she had not once seen him. Becoming alarmed, she made inquiries among some of his acquaintances, one of whom told her that Egbert had been taken sick and was in the hospital. The same day upon which she received this information she visited every institution of suffering in the city, but not a trace of her betrothed could be found. Then as a last resort she had determined to try the Cororner's office. After hearing this simple story. Clerk Ashbridge gave her a few words of good cheer, prophesying that her lover would soon come back with satisfactory explanations The maiden listened expressed her thanks in a musical voice, and tripped away with a far more cheerful look than she had worn when entering

But the maiden had barely crossed the threshold of the door when Doctor Wallace, of the Muncipal (small pox) Hospital, entered the room. As soon as the clerk saw the approaching form, and forgetting that the young lady was still within hearing, it flashed across his mind that here might be found some solace for the young girl, so he called out: "Doctor have you had a young man named Egbert F. Wilson up at your place?"

"I *had*," was the doctor's reply, in a hesitating way. "I ought to remember it, for it was one of the worst cases I ever saw."

The maiden paused on the landing and looked back at the speaker with eyes like those of a startled fawn.

"Is he getting well, Doctor?" inquired Mr. Ashbridge. who had not noticed the emphasis which Dr. Wallace had put on the "had."

"*Well!*" ejaculated the medical attendant. "Why, man, he's dead and buried. He was admitted last Wednesday a week, and died on the following day. It was a terrible case, and——"

There was a faint shriek, and the listener on the landing fell back against the balusters in a semi-unconscious condition, the glow on her countenance giving way to a deathly pallor. Thus she stood for a couple of moments, refusing, with a movement of the head, the proffers of a glass of water and a chair. Then the big briny tears welled up into her eyes and coursed down her cheeks. This evidence of emotion was momentary; but as she turned and descended to the open air, holding her handkerchief tightly to her mouth to repress the sobs, there was a look of pain on her face which made her appear older by years than when fifteen minutes before she had entered the office.

Pink Finger-Nails.

A lady from New York, writes as follows, in relation to pink finger nails. When my time came I sat in a row with five other ladies, all in the easiest of arm-chairs, and with damask napkins in our laps. Finger-bowls of stained glass on plates of painted French china, filled with tepid water perfumed and containing an acid to soften the skin, were given us, and solemnly we sat and soaked our fingers for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time an "operator" on a low stool seated herself before me, dried one hand, posed it on a pink satin cushion, and with a fine steel instrument quickly scraped away all the soft skin round the nail, then she filed it into a point at the top and clipped the sides with sharp scissors, then she rubbed a red salve, called rosaline, over it; wiped it off and proceeded to polish with the diamond powder, using the palm of her hand, until the nail fairly glittered, and finally warm water, castile soap and a soft brush left it clean, smooth and shining. The process was repeated on every finger and in half an hour, for the sum of $1.50 was finished, and the result was ten pink and brilliant weapons of defence so sharp and pointed as to suggest the advantages of peace. The fashion of wearing these long and pointed nails has become so exaggerated that it necessitates long-fingered gloves and extreme care to prevent their breaking off.

How She was Fooled.

A tradesman living in the Rue St. Honore possesses a young and pretty wife who is passionately fond of theatre; but, being continually occupied in business, he is rarely able to indulge her. A short time ago she got a ticket for the Porte St. Martin, and telling him that he had given to her, asked him to accompany her. He promised to do so, but when the evening came was unable to go. The wife, who was *en grande toilette*, was furious at her disappointment; but, determined not to be balked, she made her servant accompany her. On leaving the theatre she was followed by two young men, who were very insolent. To escape them she called a cab that was passing, but the coachman made a sign that he had some one in the vehicle. She was turning away, when the cab stopped, and an elegantly-dressed young man jumped from it.

"I see, ladies," he said, with a low bow, "that you are annoyed by two insolent fellows. Deign to accept this cab. I will seek another."

The tradeswoman accepted the offer with thanks, and the gentleman handed her and her servant in with the greatest politeness. She gave her address to the cabman, and the vehicle drove off. Arrived near her own residence, she stopped the cab and asked what there was to pay.

"Twenty one francs," said the cabman.

"What—twenty-one francs!" cried the tradeswoman, in astonishment. "Why, you have only come from the Porte St. Denis, and have not been half an hour on your way."

"Do not talk nonsense," said the cabman rudely. "I have been driving the gentleman about since morning. But where is he? Disappeared?!"

On discovering that his fare had really disappeared, the man thought the women were in connivance with him to cheat him, and he became very insolent. The tradeswoman had not money enough to satisfy his demand, and he gave her and her companion into custody. They had to pass the whole night in the guard-house de la Linjeries, and were not released until the next morning, when the tradesman, claimed them, and indemnified the coachman. The tradeswoman vows that she will never go to the theatre again without her husband.

Profanity's Provocatives.

There are some things with human nature cannot endure with anything like equanimity. No matter to how many churches a man belongs when he sits down on a tack he always thinks the swear he may not utter, and when a diabolical bit of ice with malicious intent gets in his way and he comes down on the sidewalk with an impact like that of a Roman catapult, and he nearly bites the end of his tongue off, while his hat in hilarious mood rushes down the street as fast as a schoolboy out of school at recess, and his glasses sink in the turbid stream that flows in the gutter, good Christian people will remember that the provocation is great, and lend a deaf ear to the volcanic expletives with which he expresses his opinion of the way in which this world is put together. When a man is habitually profane there is no excuse for him whatever. But when in great emergencies such as we have described the mother tongue offers its most explosive words, and they are accepted, even the deacon of a church must be forgiven. We are all human, some more so and others less, and an active hornet industriously inclined and thoroughly acquainted with his business will throw us off our balance before we know it, and leave us with a large lump on our face and a big, big D in our heart of hearts.

Trying on the Bonnet.

A New Haven gentleman, whose business keeps him up late at nights, was persuaded to do a millinery errand for his wife the other night, and as a result stumbled up the front stairs about two o'clock in the morning with a brand new bonnet held carefully under his arm in a tissue paper. As soon as he turned on the gas, his better half rubbed open her eyes and drowsily inquired:

"You—forgot my—bonnet, didn't—you?"

"No, I didn't. Here's the business."

"Oh, it is!" and that woman sprang up and ripped the wrappings off in a jiffy, and slapping her nightcap into the corner, adjusted the new purchase carefully on her head. "How do you like it? It's becoming, isn't it?"

"Madam," responded the husband, "the bonnet certainly is becoming, but, some how, the remainder of your costume don't jibe. Your dress, if I may call it such, has too much Hamburg edging and not enough overskirt. I think you need a little knife pleating and a couple of extra ruffles—"

"Oh, you horrid—"

"And then, too, that bonnet has too much color for the *tout ensemble*, if I may borrow from the French."

"You hateful, I'll throw the thing out of the window if you don't tell me how it looks, so, there."

"That's what I am trying to do, my dear. The bonnet looks 'immense.' In your present costume you couldn't fail to make a hit on the street, and just as like as not land in the police station. I should think some milliner had hired the statue of Queen Zenobia for a dummy to show off her goods."

"Dummy! Dummy, did you say? I'll let you know I'm no dummy;" and she sat on the edge of the bed and lectured, and lectured, until the deluded man had been hummed to sleep by the monotony of her voice. But she didn't take that bonnet off. She went and rigged herself up in the best duds she had, and when he awoke in the morning she was promenading about the room trying the effect by posing in attitudes before the mirror.

—At Pembroke College, Cambridge (England), has been brought to light the solid silver mitre and crozier which belonged to Bishop Wren, the uncle of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's. Bishop Wren was successively Bishop of Hereford, of Norwich, and of Ely.

Lightning on Trees Near a Telegraph Wire.

Some instructive facts in this connection have been brought to light by M. Montigny, in a recent examination of poplars bordering part of a road in Belgium between Rochefort and Dinant. The part in question is some 4,600 metres in length, and runs westward; it is level for some distance, then rises gradually to a height of 61 metres through a wood, traverses a wooded plateau 200 metres in length, then descends, still through wood, to a plain. A telegraph wire runs near the row of Virginia poplars on the north side, and it appears that, out of nearly 500 poplars forming this row, 81, or a sixth, have been struck by lightning. Hardly any have been struck in the other row. The trunks have been mostly struck on their south side and nearly opposite the wire. Comparing different portions of the road, it is found that in horizontal part none of the (129) trees show injury from lightning or at most only one (a doubtful case); but as the road rises through the wood the cases quickly mutiply, and on the wooded plateau as many as nine out of fourteen trees, or 64 per cent., have beenst ruck. On the slopes the proportion is 25 per cent. M. Montigny distinguishes three kinds of injuries; (1) the bark torn and detached on a limited part of the trunk; (2) a furrow straight or (rarely) spiral, made on the tree from near the wire down to the ground; and (3) a peculiar oval wound with longer axis vertical, and lips colored light brown. Now, the furrows, which are probably due to the most violent discharges, are relatively most frequent on the plateau and on the western slope, which the storms usually reach first. M. Montigny is of the opinion that the lightning, while provoked by the wire, does not strike this first, then the tree, but it strikes the tree directly. His conception of the process is to the following effect: Suppose a thunder cloud charged with positive electricity. A long telegraph wire under it, though insulated, may acquire as great negative tension in the nearest part as if in direct communication with the ground, and the tension is greater the nearer to the cloud. While the inductive influence affects the wire most, near objects, such as trees share in the influence according to their conductive power. The lightning, attracted in the direction of the wire, yet does not strike this, the insulating cups presenting an obstacle to its prompt and rapid escape. It finds a better conductor to earth in a neighboring poplar, wet with rain. From the facts indicated it results that of two similar houses, one built on a plain, the other in a wood, and having a telegraph wire fixed to them, the latter is the more liable to injury by lightning, and the danger is greater if the wood enclosing the house be upon an eminence.

A Talking To.

"Come here, Sis, and sit down beside me, and let me give you a little talking to. I wish to speak to you of your mother. It may be you have seen a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to try and chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at it and shake your skirts and tell it to 'shoo,' as you would a hen, nor do I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw old oyster cans and barrel staves at it. But I want you to get up early in the morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes down and begins to express her surprise, go up to her and kiss her. You can't imagine how it will brighten up her dear old face. Her face has more wrinkles than yours; far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear to be as beautiful as an angel's; as it hovered over you, watching every chance to minister to your wants, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets chasing each other over that dear old face. She will leave you one of these days. Those burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. There, don't cry; she has not left you yet. She is in the kitchen stringing beans for dinner, and if you feel so bad you might go and finish them and let her change her dress and rest an hour before dinner. After dinner you might wash up the dishes while she takes a little nap. Then you might take down her hair and do it up for her. You need not wind it over your finger and fuss to make spit curls as she used to make yours, but give it a gentle brushing and wind it up tenderly as though you enjoyed doing it for her. The gentleman in the parlor can wait until you have performed these duties. If he expresses any impatience you can explain to him that you feel under more obligations to your mother than you do to him."

Do You Hear?

"My son," said a Little Rock mother, "go down to the grocery and get me a can of condensed milk."

"I should squirm to wiggle," answered the boy.

"Go on, I tell you."

"I should limp to jump."

"If you don't go this instant I'll tell your father when he comes home."

"I should blow to tattle."

"Never mind, sir."

"I should whoop to squeal."

When the father came the mother said: "I wish that you'd whip Tom. He positively refused to go down to the grocery, and told me that I was a tattler, and that he would jump on me."

"Tom."

"Yes, sir."

"What was that you said to your mother?"

"Never said nothin'."

"Then I am a story teller and you are a pretty boy," said the mother.

"Look here, young man, if you don't behave yourself I'll thrash you. Do you hear?"

"I should titter to snort."

"Come here to me sir," and the young man squirmed to wiggle, limped to jump, blew to tattle, whooped to squeal and tittered to snort.

Railroad Stockings.

A delightful employment and beautiful articles of dress is accomplished by knitting what are termed railroad stockings. The most stupid person can knit round and round, and that is all that is required in this matter. Cast on twenty-eigh tstitches on the needles, knit away till you have a slender pipe (entirely suggestive of a stocking) and about one-half a yard long—not that, if the stocking is not desired an extra length. Then knit round once, dropping every fourth stitch; these dropped stitches will run to the top of the stocking, striping it in lovely open work, and making it instantaneously one-third longer, and wide enough for the largest sort of leg. After this, the stocking being as many stitches smaller as you have dropped, you knit about three inches at that size and then toe off "What! no heel?" I hear the uninitiated exclaim. No heel. "It's a poor foot that won't shape its own stocking" the old lady said when she knit them this way; but the extreme elasticity of the railroad hose makes a heel unnecessary. They are durable, they are handsome, and they are such jolly things to have round for work.

Queer Packages.

Odd freight? Well, I should say we have!" said D. F. Masters, one of the oldest clerks in the main office of the Adams Express Company on Market street, Philadelphia, as he twirled himself around on a high stool and faced an inquiring reporter. Mr. Master talks with great volubility, and as he is in the habit of dropping many small words, his conversation was decidedly jerky. "Yes, we ship a little of every thing, from diamonds to Chester-white pigs and Limburg cheese. Remarkable thing about that cheese. Ever smell any? Rich, penetrating sort of fragrance, ain't it? Case burst in the freight-room last spring. Made every one sick. Two Irishmen tried to shovel it up. Smell nearly turned 'em inside out. Got a Dutchman, regular out and out eat a-sand-wich-in-a-minute sort of a fellow from Bergmyer's saloon across the way, but he gave up in ten minutes. Only finished it with the help of a box of deodorizer. Phew! They should charge double rates to ship such stuff," and the speaker elevated his nose as though a trace of the diabolical aroma still lingered in his nostrils.

"Two babies have come through this office—one from Chicago for New York, and the other from Washington to this city. The men on the line made a great fuss when the Chicago young one was shipped. Telegraph operators all along the route sent despatches ahead, and crowds of people went to the depots to see the baby. Came all the way in the cars. Had a hammock all rigged up. New idea, you know, and messengers thought it was kind of a joke, but they wouldn't like too much of that kind. Baby's mother died in Chicago, father lived in New York; weighed 41 pounds I believe; cost about $2 50 to send it through. Philadelphia baby came along some time after. Both made their trip first-class, and seemed to enjoy things generall. Fed 'em regulation spoon victuals from hotels along the line. Often have dead folks shipped. Don't know why they send 'em by express, tho'. Tain' likely any one's going to walk off with a corpse. Yes; a man shipped three shorthorn cattle clean through to Nebraska about a month ago. Unless he got them for nothing they must have cost him a power of money when he got them. Just think of a man expressing a whole deer carcass two or three thousand miles. About as sensible for a butcher to express a beef through from here to Camden. Last fall a lunatic sent a 1,200 pound block of cedar from California clear to New York. That't nothing, however, for I see some one sent twenty barrels of mess pork to the Pottstown military camp by express and the charges amounted to over $100. A cinnamon bear came through from Nevada by express last January for the Zoological Garden. Said he was tame when they shipped him. Got loose near Omaha, drove everyone out of the car, chewed up half a deer, ripped around among the freight and had a circus all to himself until he was lassoed and tied in the corner of the car with a log-chain. Oh, yes, they ship lots of mirrors, but the men don't like 'em. Seven years' bad luck to smash a looking-glass, you know. Snakes till you can't rest, but they keep them in boxes. Messengers don't mind 'em. Now, you might think eggs are a nice freight, but they ain't. More expressmen grow bald on account of worrying over baskets of eggs than anything I know of," and Mr. Masters turned from the reporter to receive a package of hymn-books consigned to a missionary in the Black Hills.

The Holy Well at Mecca.

When Mohammed captured Mecca, which had been regarded for ages by his countrymen as a place of peculiar sanctity, he interfered with the worship of the Black Stone (probably a meteorite) which the angels had brought from heaven, and of the Zemzem, or Holy Well of Hagar, only so far as to suppress the ancient polytheistic rites. This well is close besides the Caaba or Square House, the chief sanctuary of the Mohammedan world.

The princes of Islam maintain at Mecca keepers of the Holy Well, who annually supply them with water to be used on great occasions and in great emergencies, as when stricken with disease. Every pilgrim to Mecca—and thousands come thither from all countries—visits the well and is purified by drinking the water or pouring it over his person, or both. The water is described as unpleasant in taste and cathartic in effect—qualities which are now to be accounted for without recourse to miracle.

With Occidental irreverence the British Consul-General at Jeddah has sent a bottle of the water to the Royal College of Chemistry at South Kensington to be analysed. Dr. E. Frankland, in his report of the analysis, says that the water is of the most abominable character. "In fact, it is sewage more than seven times as concentrated as London sewage, and it contains no less than 579 grains of solid matter per gallon. Knowing the composition of this water, and the mode of propagation of Asiatic cholera by excrementitious matters, it is not to be wondered at that outbreaks of this disease should often occur among pilgrims to Mecca, while it would scarcely be possible to provide a more effective means for the distribution of cholera poison throughout Mohammedan countries.

It would be interesting to know the composition of the waters of other holy wells of which Islam has by no means the monopoly,

Under Water Lamps.

A new method of illuminating the tanks at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, was lately shown by means of the "Faure" electric battery, and which, so far as it went, was a successful character. The lights shown were, to the number of six, submerged in the tank at the foot of the west staircase with excellent effect, showing up every fish and plant with great distinctness—a result impossible to attain under the old system of gas illumination. One of the great advantages of the electric over the gas lighting system is that the fish do not seem to mind in the least the close proximity of the incandescent lamps, while at the same time they do not suffer from the noxious emanations evolved during the combustion of gas. Under Mr. Faure's system a steady light of almost any intensity can be obtained, while the engines which can be run without cessation during the whole of the twenty-four hours of the day, effect a great many savings by their power of storing the electric energy, while at the same time they obviate the danger of a sudden accidental extinction of the other light employed. The electricity used for the lighting of the tank was generated in Woolwich and carried down to the aquarium, where it arrived but a short time before it was used.

A Letter Carrier's Secret.

An ex-letter carrier says the amount of clandestine correspondence that is carried on would astonish even the actors themselves, and it is about equally divided between the sexes. I have never violated a confidence by giving a name or anything that would lead to suspicion, but if so minded I could give the names of persons prominent in business and social circles that would astonish the uninitiated.

One man used to beg me every day, "For God's sake don't let my wife get hold of any of my letters," and at the same time the wife was equally solicitous that her husband should not get hold of her correspondence. They are playing the same game yet, perhaps.

Another married woman, who was engaged in a clandestine correspondence, suspected that her husband was engaged in the same business, and used to work all kinds of devices to get possession of his letters. She would instruct me if any letters came for him from Philadelphia to quietly give them to her. The letters came regularly, but she never got hold of them, through me, at least.

Another lady, who was living apart from her husband, and corresponding with a man in the old country, used to keep a supply of stamped envelopes in my hands. When I received a letter for her bearing a foreign postmark I would enclose it in one of the envelopes and have it postmarked at Cincinnati. By this means her friends were completely misled. After getting a divorce, for which she was then plaging she married her correspondent, and is now doubtless living a happy, contented life.

One young lady used to meet me every Friday evening, at a certain street corner, and receive a letter from a forbidden correspondent, and at the same time would hand me a letter to be mailed to him. Her family were under the impression that they had her movements completely under a watchful eye. As the young lady was of age I did not consider it any part of my sworn duty to expose her. Every letter carrier could relate just such experience if he would.

What part of his duties does a carrier dislike most?

Walking a half mile out of his way to deliver circulars of no earthly use, and which will be thrown into the fire, in all probability, without being opened. The next thing is walking the same distance to deliver a letter. If he has a handful of letters to deliver all along the route he does not mind the extra tramp. These are some of the "tricks of the trade," and if you can make any use of them you are at liberity to do so.

A City of Perfumes.

Tunisian Arabs have a passion for flowers, and as soon as their Spring commences, even the poorest and raggedest may be seen with a delicately scented blossom stuck above his ear, the stalk resting amid the folds of his turban and the flower projecting forward over his dark cheek. I have been told by those who have 30 years' knowledge of these people, that they will almost go without bread to buy flowers. And there is something in the sight of a gaunt, toil-worn Arab, whose sole garments may consist of a piece of coarse sacking and a ragged old turban, with a bunch of delicate Spring blossoms drooping their cool freshness against his swarthy cheek, which stirs a strange mingling of sympathy and pity and admiration.

The perfumes distilled at Tunis have been famous from time immemoral, and I really think the Tunisians are right when they declare that their roses are sweeter than all others. There is one very large, rather pale rose in particular, from which the famous attar is extracted, exhales an odor so powerful and yet so delicate that it scarcely seems a figure of speech to speak of "odors of Paradise," and one can understand that the Mohammedan's heaven would hardly be complete without it. But at Tunis it is not only the rose which is made to yield up it sweets breath, to be afterwards imprisoned in cunning little caskets and sparkling crystal flasks enriched with gilding, suggesting to the wandering fancy of the Arabian Nights' haunted traveler (and who is there who is not continually haunted by that wonderful book from the moment he finds himself among Oriental scenes?) the imprisoned spirit of some fairy, in eternal subjection to the powerful genii, man. The odors of the violet, the jasmine, the orange-flower, and many others are extracted with equal skill, and the bazaars mingle their scents with the perfume of sandal-wood and other sweet-smelling woods whose names I do not know, and with that of the curious most odoriferous dark substance which the natives call amber. If you go to buy perfumes the vendor will perhaps offer you a little ivory box (Arabian Nights again!) or porcelain vase containing a scented unguent for the hair, or may be a string of beads to hang around the neck, apparently thinking it of small consequence in what way you perfume your person so that the desired odor is conveyed to the senses. In Arab households incense and sandal-wood are requently burned on charcoal braizers. The Arabian women of the higher class are extravagrntly fond of highly scented ear-rings, bracelets, &c., and a lady told me that on being introduced into the apartment of a newly married wife she saw suspended on the wall a magnificent kind of necklace, almost as large as a collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece, formed of scented woods and amber, enriched with plates and beads of pure gold finely worked. This ornament perfumed the the whole apartment, and my friend was informed that in well-to-do households is always to be found in the chamber of the newest wife.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The laws against begging are now rigidly enforced in Italy.

—While a codfish produces 3,686,760 eggs, a mackerel lays only 454,860.

—Cherries were first planted in Britain 100 years B. C.

—The canary bird was introduced into Europe early in the sixteenth century.

—Vanderbilt's daily income from United States bonds is $2,700.

—The Prince and Princess of Wales will visit Ireland next year.

—Alexander H. Stephens is in comparatively good health.

—The library of the late Judge Clifford is valued at $30,000.

—The late President left material for a voluminous biography.

—Queen Victoria is worth about $80,000,000.

—On a train from Florence to Pisa a robbery of $60,000 was committed by brigands last month.

—It is stated from Rome that Father Beck, general of the Jesuits, is dangerously ill.

—The flag of the rebel cruiser Alabama is on exhibition in Boston. Its possessor says that he values it at $10,000.

—Out of 6,000,000 negroes in the southern states, only thirteen are communicants in the Lutheran church.

—The grandson of Lafayette has sent to the Mt. Vernon association an old chair once belonging to his grandfather.

—The thirteen trees planted by Alex. Hamilton in honor of the thirteen original states of the Union are still living.

—General Francis A. Walker has been asked to accept the presidency of the World's Fair at Boston.

—Berlin has a vegetarian restaurant, in which no animal food nor spirituous drink can be had.

—Emigration from Canada to the United States has risen from 37,871 in 1873 to 118,074 in 1781.

—Red and green are the colors which the color blind are the least able to appreciate.

—A man in Cumberland Mountain, Tenn., is shipping wild ferns to the North and realizing a good profit.

—A half tent, half shanty, at Sentinel Butte, Montana, bears the sign. "Rev. C. A Duffy, Sample Room.

—Mrs. Hannah Cox of Holderness, N. H., married when she was 82 years old, and died recently aged 105 years and 2 months.

—There are 163,293 more Baptists in this country than there were last year. The present total is set down as 2,290,327.

—The stamp duty in Great Britain of three pence on each pack of playing cards amounted in the last financial year to the sum of £14.652 15s. 9d.

—Mrs. Bayard Taylor is about to erect at Longwood, to her lamented husband's memory, a monument in the shape of a circular Greek altar.

—The first article made from California gold is believed to be a rosary, the metal of which was mined in 1842. It is on exhibition in Los Angeles.

—Kentucky is said to have 58,000,000 gallons of whiskey in store, very nearly four-fifths the annual production of the country.

—The next President *pro tempore* of the Senate will draw a $10,000 salary, this being the provision made for that officer when there is no Vice President.

—The shipments of grain from New York during September were nearly 6,000,000 bushels less than during September, 1880.

The first postage stamp used in this country was designed by Hon. E. A. Mitchell, postmaster of New Haven, Conn.

—During the year ending September 30, 30,552,500 pounds of tobacco were sold in Danville, Va., at an average of $10.89 per 100 lbs.

—Last week there were distrubted 656,493 standard silver dollars, against 781,450 in the corresponding week of 1880.

—Miss Menora Horn, of Peru, Nebraska, has a head of hair sixty-eight inches long. She has refused $500 for the treasure.

—The autograph of Martin Luther was recently sold for $150; that of Melanchton for $56. and that of Voltaire for $2250.

—The crops of British Columbia show an enormous yield; as many as fift bushels of oats to the acre are reported The hop crop is the most abundant for years.

—The Auditor of Virginia reports that there are 187,196 white and 114,193 colored voters in that State, a total of 301,380. The total vote for President a year ago was 217,615.

—Dean Bradley, the successor to Dean Stanley, intends to summon a meeting to consider a proposition to erect a monument to Dean Stanley in Westminister Abbey.

—Five hundred people find profit in pearl hunting in Stone' river, Rutherford county, Tennessee. One pearl has been found which sold for eighty dollars.

—The Agricultural Department estimates the Pennsylvania corn-crop this year at 1,374,000 bushels, and hence the State will rank "seventeen" among the different States.

—In the town of Nagar, in India, a destructive epidemic prevails among cats. During a single month recently more than 300 died of the disease—whatever the disease was.

—The