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### GOLDEN ROD.

Golden rod is a common plant, and is found in all parts of the country. It is a member of the composite family, and is one of the most useful plants in our gardens. It is a hardy plant, and will grow in any soil. It is a beautiful plant, and is well adapted for the border. It is a useful plant, and is well adapted for the garden. It is a beautiful plant, and is well adapted for the border. It is a useful plant, and is well adapted for the garden.

### WANTED—A DONKEY.

Maggie was in trouble—that was the first thing that came into her mind. There she sat on the nursery stool, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She was a little girl, and she was very much troubled. She had a donkey, and she was very fond of it. She had a donkey, and she was very fond of it. She had a donkey, and she was very fond of it.

road and streets, and after about an hour's choosing, they bought a donkey, not without wistful glances at the two-bling large one, that might have been bought the next week. Still this was a capital Noddy, when one kept one's eyes off the other. Tom and Maggie took a good look at their purchase before it was rolled up in paper. Tom even made Maggie laugh out loud by making Noddy look 'ashamed of himself'—an expression which a toy-donkey shows at once, when his head is unhooked from the wire and pushed in as far as it will go, so to leave him with a hanging head and no neck whatever. This donkey had a beautiful neck with a woolly mane, when it hung properly; his bridle was decked with plated trappings, little basket work paniers were slung across his saddle, and his stand had the delicious smell of new toys.

It was only when Maggie proudly brought her parcel out of the shop that Tom revealed the real cause of his anxiety to come alone with her to day. He went and bought gunpowder, and other chemicals in their blue packages, for making fireworks—an art forbidden at home. "I'm not afraid, you know," he explained, "but I must take care of you, Maggie, and girls always get in the way. Oh! I say, there's the donkey yonder with his head over the gate."

At last, when coaxing and thumping were in vain, Tom climbed down again, vowing it a silly animal, and Maggie, holding her own parcel, was put up instead. Now this donkey of Farmer Stubbins was apt to take odd whims into that patient-looking head of his. No sooner was the little girl on his back than he turned away from the gate, and to her great delight went off with her at a most leisurely walk.

"Oh! it's beautiful! Chuk, chuk, chuk! go up! what a dear Noddy!" shouted Maggie with pride and glee. "Why, it is quite easy to ride without a saddle. Anybody could do it, and—" The words ended in a scream. Over went the deceptive Noddy, legs in air, rolling on the grass. And Maggie was down on the grass too, all pain, all fright, struggling out of the way, and content to scramble anyhow through the mud and wet of yesterday's rain.

"The brute!" roared Tom, running to her. "Oh! Maggie, Maggie, are you hurt?" "Not much—Tom, dear—oh! take me home!" she sobbed, sitting on the grass; and then she could only cry out loud, with choking sobs. Tom was in great trouble for her, but he was in a greater rage with the donkey.

"The big shaggy beast had got up again, and after a good shake all over seemed hamlessly to forget the fit of mischief and frolic. "I'll give it to him! I'll make him go! I'll break him in!" cried Tom, snatching a knobby branch from under the hedge. And somehow he sprang upon the donkey's back in a trice, and so vigorously "gave it" to Noddy with the stick, that in half a minute he found himself clinging to the donkey's neck, and going nose at a trot, and now at a canter down the field.

He was riding a barebacked steed now at last, but the difficulty was not to keep on, but to get off. He clung to the mane tenaciously; no prospect of stopping, no prospect of escaping. At the end of the field there was a shallow, slimy pool, looking very uninviting, and now straight into the middle of this waded the donkey to cool his obstinate legs. There he came to a stand-still, and putting his long ears back viciously, lifted his head on high, opened his mouth, and sang, and snorted, and heaved, till the very air rang with the braying.

Tom let go of the mane, and sat straight up with a sense of relief. "He must walk out of this some time," he reflected, "and the moment I'm over dry ground, off'll go with a jump. The vicious brute—wouldn't I like to kick him!" All at once the braying ceased, and the frolicsome mood caught the donkey again. Up he went rearing straight, and away out of the pool, plunging and whisking his tail, and splash-splash went Tom at full length into the stagnant water!

and they might ride the pony as they liked; for he meant to keep it there as Maggie's own—a birthday present not yet too late. Now they could not go, for poor Maggie's foot was sprained, and she would be laid up for a fortnight; and as for that disgraced fellow, Tom, he should not go, papa said, until Maggie was well. And serve him right too!

But after all, they knew that though papa was angry he would forgive and get Maggie well, and hurry them both off to Uncle John's and the pony; and though mamma was grieved, all would brighten up with pity and kisses, as indeed all had brightened already for Maggie, who was being soothed in loving arms, while she whistled: "Oh, mamma, I wish we had left the donkey till next week!"

And Tom was wishing exactly the same thing—but with regard to Farmer Stubbins' donkey. Washington Introducing Lafayette.

The following letter from Gov. Washington, introducing to Gov. Lee, of Maryland, the Marquis de Lafayette, together with several French officers of distinction, has been published by Mr. Charles O'D. Lee, the great grandson of Gov. Thomas Simas Lee, in whose family it has been for many years a cherished possession: New-Wisconsin, 8th Dec. 1780.

Sir: I have the honor of introducing to your Excellency the Marquis de Lafayette, Mayor-General in our army and an officer of rank in that of France. This gentleman's character, illustrious birth, and fortune cannot be unknown to you, though you may be unacquainted with his person. I should be wanting in that justice which is due to his great merit, to his early attachment to the American cause, and to his powerful support of it here and at the Court of Versailles, as I permit him to depart for the Southern army without this testimony of the sense I entertain of his worth and recommendation of him to your attention.

He will probably be accompanied by his brother-in-law, the Viscount de Noailles, and Count Damas, a gentleman of family, fortune and rank in the French army at Rhode Island, whose zeal to serve America has prompted them to make a winter's campaign to the southward if permission can be obtained from the Court de Rochambeau to be absent from their respective commands so long. With much esteem and respect, I have the honor to be your Excellency's most obedient and humble servant. Gov. Washington.

His Excellency, Gov. Lee. An Old Painting.

The National Gallery in London has been lately credited with the possession of two authentic paintings by Michelangelo—the "Holy Family" and the "Entombment"—but it is at least possible that this claim must be abandoned. Mr. J. C. Robinson has recently printed a letter in the London Times stating his conviction that the "Entombment" was designed by Baccio Bandinelli, a Florentine artist and a contemporary of Michelangelo, and executed by a young painter, Agnolo Bigio by name, to whom Bandinelli, conscious of his own deficiencies in the matter of coloring, committed this and other works. Mr. Robinson supports his opinion by a passage in Vasari's life of Bandinelli describing a large painting designed by that artist for the church of Costello, which was entrusted to Agnolo Bigio to be executed, and which corresponded perfectly with the "Entombment." It never was entirely finished, nor is the "Entombment" in a completed state. Critics have generally concluded that a prime obstacle in the way of attributing the famous picture in the National Gallery to Michelangelo existed in the fact that it was painted in oil colors, for which he had a notorious dislike. Other circumstances, too, have cast a doubt upon its authenticity. On the other hand, no competent judge would deny that its coloring is superior to the admitted work of Bandinelli. Mr. Robinson's hypothesis removes both these difficulties at once and establishes a prima facie case worthy of patient investigation.

Earth-Eating Tribes. M. Crevaux, a French naval surgeon, has lately been exploring the northern parts of South America, more especially in the valley of the Orinoco and its affluents. Among other facts of observation, he states that the Guaranos, at the delta of that river, take refuge in the trees when the delta is inundated. There they make a sort of dwelling with branches and clay. The women light, on a small piece of floor, the fire needed for cooking, and the traveller on the river by night often sees with surprise long rows of flames at a considerable height in the air. The Guaranos dispose of their dead by hanging them in hammocks in the tops of trees. Dr. Crevaux, in the course of his travels, met with geophagous or earth-eating tribes. The clay, which often serves for their food, holds much iron, and is a mixture of oxide iron and some organic substances. They have recourse to it more especially in times of scarcity; but, strange to say, there are eager gourmands for the substance, individuals in whom the depraved taste becomes so pronounced that they may be seen tearing pieces of ferruginous clay from their made of it, and putting them in their mouths.

Esau's bushel of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make good mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

The Ball at Brandon. "You look unhappy this afternoon, my love." "Still, I'm not unhappy, George." "Cross, perhaps." "No, not even cross." "What, then?" "I am annoyed."

George Gaylor opened his big, blue eyes, tossed his cigarette over the vine-clad rail of the piazza, and fixed a comical, half-sarcastic glance upon his pretty fiancée. "Can it be that you are annoyed with me, Lucy?" he asked. "Yes, with you."

"Is it possible?" he laughed. "Pray, how have I offended your highness?" The little white hands flew more rapidly than ever over the embroidery, and Lucy Herbert did not look up as she answered: "Well, since you insist upon knowing, I must say that your conduct with Daisy Marden last evening was unbecomingly unbecoming."

"I don't pretend to dictate," she cried, "and never shall. At any time that you desire your freedom it is at your disposal." "Lucy!" "I mean what I say, George."

"Now you are angry," he said; "I wouldn't believe you could be jealous when you know how I love you." This was a "poor," and Lucy sat down again. In a voice that was tremulous with tears, she replied: "You wouldn't want to see me first even if I were sure of my love."

"I should think you would," she said. "You are angry, don't think me foolish, you see fit, to do exactly as you see fit." There was a moment of silence, and then taking up her embroidery again, Lucy said: "Very well."

So George lighted another cigarette, and for the time being this dangerous quicksand was passed safely over. "Perhaps the whole affair had passed out of the young man's recollection, when on the following evening he entered the ball-room at the village hotel with Lucy on his arm, lovely in an impecunious costume of pale blue gauze and sprays of blackberry blossoms."

Of course Daisy Marden was there, and no sooner had she sighted the lover than she floated up to them, a perfect vision of piquant loveliness in a cloud of white tulle and garlands of wild roses. "Oh, Lucy," exclaimed the irresistible young lady, when she was within hailing distance, "who do you suppose is here?" "I can't imagine," was Miss Herbert's calm rejoinder. "Ceil Andrews, your old flame."

Lucy's face brightened. "I shall be very happy to meet Mr. Andrews again," she said. "And oh, his ten-times handsome than he was before he left Brandon," supplemented Miss Daisy. "He's just crazy to see you. Here's my card, Mr. Gaylor, if you care to dance with me this evening."

his carriage, if you are looking for Miss Herbert," murmured the malicious voice of Miss Daisy Marden, close at his side. George Gaylor did not thank her nor even say good-night to her; she was hateful to him now, and he could not bear the sight of her mocking smile. Crushing his hat upon his head, he strode with feverish haste through the peaceful night and never drew breath until he reached the pretty villa beneath the beeches where dwelt the one he loved best in the world.

As he approached the gate, a carriage rolled rapidly away in the star-light, while upon the steps he saw a graceful form with trailing robes of faint blue and white blossoms. It was Lucy; he could speak to her and end all that night. But when he came towards her, she smiled and held out her hand. "Where is Daisy?" she asked. "Don't mention her name to me," he cried, hotly; "permit me to ask you where your friend is?"

"Ceil has gone back to the hotel to his wife," she said; "she was too tired after her journey to be present at the ball." George listened in open-mouthed wonder, and stood so long in that unromantic position that Lucy burst into a peal of merry laughter. "Forgive me," she cried, "but I could not help teaching you the lesson you taught me. We are quits now."

"Quits," he echoed, "now let us forgive and forget." "With all my heart!" "Kiss me, dear." "And good-night!" Dr. Agnew's Guest Patient.

Dr. Agnew has in front of his country house at Haverford, just outside of Philadelphia, Pa., a noble chestnut tree, high stands alone upon the lawn. When the doctor bought the place because of its sylvan shade, and singled out a spot upon which to build, his selection was determined by the tree. Instead of planting the tree beside the house, the house was planted beside the tree. The cottage was made to face the fine old forest monarch; the porch was fashioned as a vantage ground from which to view its beauties, and the roof was sloped so as not to crowd it or shut out the good morning welcome of the sun. Dr. Agnew said himself that the tree was "the finest thing around." It grew in rugged girth and garb until at last in such piny company it looked like some grained and knotty homespun hero at a fashionable evening party. But one day in all its verdant vigor, this splendid specimen of nature was stricken by an insectivorous assassin. A tree-trunk borer of the variety named *Diabrotica*, shot his projectile and wounded the chestnut in the spine. An abscess formed, and soon, with its functions all arrested, the tree had every symptom of a serious case of vegetable septisemia.

Dr. Agnew was very much disturbed about the condition of his arborial friend. He saw the vigorous branches gradually sinking, some limbs were losing their vitality, and as the septic state advanced the respiration was disturbed and the leafy lungs failed to perform their functions. Theoretically the doctor, as he stood each morning after breakfast and lightly passed his hand across the lowest extended arm, felt the patient's pulse. In a little time the osteo growth of the wound was deep and complicated. Dr. Agnew probed the wound. He then removed the abscess took out the splintered parts and cleared the orifice, and channelled it in a little while there was "a healthy flow of pus."

The tree grew better. Only two other operations were needed, one of an upper and the other of a lower limb, after which recovery was rapid. A plastic application to the wound wound up the treatment. This Fall, for the first time since attacked, the tree is in splendid growth. When Dr. Agnew comes out in the morning the chestnut nods its head as if it knew him. Its limbs are lusty, its leaves are musical; its trunk is like a massive iron column, it bends, it waves, it sighs, it sings, it thrills and trembles in the sun. Between Dr. Agnew and the tree the greatest sympathy has sprung up.

Something Like Alligators. It is a very rare occurrence that Stilleys lake, Louisiana, becomes dry. During the summer months there have always existed holes which became the resort of alligators. This year the customary drought has evaporated even this enormous moisture, leaving only a few slash spots. Recently a party of citizens repaired to the lake armed with long rods of iron and ropes, for the purpose of destroying the alligators which, from time immemorial, have infested this place. These reptiles had buried themselves deep in the moisture of the lake bed, and were easily discovered by the huge burrows in the ground, the entrances to which were smooth by the passage of the ugly denizens. The moles operated of catching them was to thrust a long rod, with a hook formed at one end and turned downward, into one of these caverns and stir up the occupant. It would invariably snap at the object of the disturbance, and a jerk fastened the hook into the soft part of the lower jaw, when it was drawn forth and dispatched with a hatchet. The party killed six or seven alligators, one measuring nine feet, two about seven feet, two six and one five feet. A number of logheads of the marine species of turtles were also killed. These were found buried in the mud by sounding with a rod, and then hooked and dragged to the surface. One of the party declared that there was a layer of them beneath the surface, they were so numerous, and the sport of killing them was too tame and laborious to afford any recreation.

Specimen Thieves. Most mining companies whose lodges contain mining is known as "specimen ore" sustain heavy losses through the tricks of dishonest employees. Numerous cases are reported in Nevada, where miners working for \$3 a day and supporting large families, have accumulated wealth with such remarkable rapidity that in a very few years they have been enabled to retire from the field of active labor, and live on the fat of the land, and this when it was positively known that they had not been dealing in stocks. The "tricks of the trade" are numerous, and in view of recent happenings it may not be amiss to describe some of those connected with the history of gold mining in that locality.

One trustee employee of a well known company that frequently developed pockets in the course of its operations had a practice of lighting his tobacco pipe every time he was coming off shift, and enjoying a smoke as he rode to the surface and walked homeward. The pipe had a bowl that held almost a handful of tobacco, but despite this extravagance the man, in addition to having a snug bank account, lived in good style, dressed his family nicely and gave his children quite an expensive education. How he could do so much on \$3 a day was a mystery for several years. Finally, one morning, as he stepped into the dry-room after ascending to the surface, the bowl of his pipe separated from the stem and fell to the floor. The Superintendent of the mine happened to be there, and it rolled to his feet. He courteously stopped to recover it for the owner. As he did so he observed that it was very heavy, and turned it over in his hand with curiosity. The miner saw the motion, and got nervous. The Superintendent noticed the peculiar action of the miner, and a ray of suspicion entered his not over-astute mind. He walked out of the room with the pipe, leaving the miner in a greatly excited condition. When he got to his office he made an examination. In the bowl he found a rich specimen covered by a thin layer of tobacco. The smoker never worked in that mine again.

A miner, who had always enjoyed a spotless reputation for being upright and industrious, went to a Grass Valley physician some years ago to be treated for what the patient claimed was "dilated piles." An examination showed that the patient's only chance for recovery was to submit to a surgical operation. The operation was performed and a rugged chunk of gold was found in the anus. The man died, thus paying the penalty of his dishonesty.

Another instance was where a miner, who was regarded as eccentric because he let his hair grow nearly to his shoulders, used sassafras wax to fasten specimens close to the roots of his hair, and covered, and he is supposed to have carried on the robbery for some years before being detected.

Another was the object of frequent jests because of the size of his nose in the vicinity of his bridge. The nostrils were contracted at the outlet, and expanded as they went upwards. It was not until some one finally detected him in smuggling nuggets out of the mine by putting them in his nostrils that the advantage of such a nose was fully appreciated by his fellow-workmen.

A dentist in Nevada recently had a call from a miner who was suffering with the toothache. While examining the offending ivory, which was hollow one, he pried out a small piece of quartz, heavily charged with gold. He accepted it as pay for his work and considered himself well remunerated. It is probably unnecessary to add that the quartz was not put there by a dentist.

There are other dodges daily resorted to by specimen thieves. The cases we have referred to are those of quartz miners. A Grass Widow.

She was a boxy grass widow, and sitting into a photograph gallery she handed the proprietor a newspaper clipping, saying: "Read that, will you?" The proprietor read aloud as follows: "The latest fad for young women with shapely, handsome hands is to have them photographed singly. A certain Boston lady, celebrated for her beautiful feet, once had them photographed, to the great pleasure of a few favored friends." "That's it," said the lady; "I want some of those." "Those hands and feet?" "Exactly! Hands and feet." "Feet of the Boston lady?" "Boston lady! No; she is hanged! My own. What do I want with her feet?" "Well, by your showing me the newspaper clipping I naturally thought it a picture of the Boston lady's feet you wanted."

"Other people have feet besides the Boston lady! I suppose you can take mine?" "I haven't looked at 'em yet, but I suppose I can—if they are placed far enough away." "Yes, but I want them taken as close as possible." "Well, but about how much—how much handle would you like to the foot?" "Well, enough to show it's a foot. You can take as much as you think will look well." This matter having been thus amicably adjusted, the customer stripped her right foot in order that it might be placed in position.

Chemistry in Crime. The recent death in the State Penitentiary of South Carolina of W. W. Ward, the former Sheriff of Williamsburg county, recalls the circumstances that led to the discovery of his crime, which are the most extraordinary in our criminal annals. At the spring term, 1879, of the Court of Common Pleas for Williamsburg county, J. H. Livingston brought suit against Ward to recover the sum of \$5,000, money loaned on Ward's sealed note. His Honor, Judge T. J. Mackey, presided, and by consent of counsel heard the case without a jury. The plaintiff proved the execution of the note and then closed his case. Ward's counsel produced the receipt of Livingston dated two days previous to the trial, for the whole amount due, principal and interest, and a witness testified that he had seen the payment made in \$100 bills and four \$500 bills to Livingston himself on the day named in the receipt. The plaintiff took the witness-stand and on examining the receipt admitted that it bore his true and genuine signature, but solemnly protested that he had not received one dollar from Ward and had not entered Ward's house in his life for any purpose. He declared that he and his wife would be made homeless by a false receipt which he could not explain, but which he never knowingly signed. On cross-examination, Livingston, who was an old man, admitted that his memory was very infirm and that he had on previous occasions received \$200 from another debtor which he afterwards denied receiving, but which he recalled to memory when shown his receipt.

The plaintiff and counsel at this stage of the proceedings were in utter despair, for their case was apparently lost. Judge Mackey, however, whose subtle brain and practiced eye nothing can escape, and who follows crime through all its windings, directed that the receipt should be handed to him. He then ordered the Sheriff to proceed to the nearest drug store and purchase a drachm of muriatic acid and a small piece of sponge. On the return of the officer with the articles named, the Judge said to the plaintiff, "Mr. Livingston, did you ever write a letter to the defendant, Ward, demanding payment of your money?" The plaintiff answered, "Yes, sir; I wrote him many letters, but never received an answer from him." Judge Mackey then observed to counsel, "I perceive on the face of this receipt there are several peculiar brown spots and other expensive dishes. Are you two the savory dishes away he complained now and then of his lack of appetite."

"You see, stranger," he said, "I got kinder shook up like on the kids, and it's clean broke up for eatin. When I'm hungry these faint wouldn't be nothin' for me. Here, waiter, bring me some roast beef and Saragota potatoes, and let's have some more beer. I feel kind of dry like. You don't seem to be eatin' very hearty, stranger?" The doubtful one had indeed lost his appetite, and he was really growing very nervous, and inwardly asking "when the fresh was going to let up?" "I've heard tell of your wines down here, stranger," said the countryman, leaning back and picking his teeth, after having finished six separate courses. "Suppose we try a bottle of 'somethin' high-toned. Waiter, bring us a bottle of—what shall it be, stranger?"

A wild, reckless look came into the eyes of the doubtful one. He made a movement to get up from the table, but the waiter was at his side in an instant with a check. He fumbled nervously in his vest pocket for a moment and then said: "Awfully sorry to trouble you, my friend, but one doesn't like to give those waiters a large bill. I haven't anything less than a twenty. If you will 'sist-settle for the lunch we'll get the bill—'hanged, and I'll fix it with you."

"Now, that's tarshun unlucky," said the countryman. "But I ain't got the cost of 'em even the chowder in my clothes. You see, I left all my money at the hotel, and—"

The doubtful one here interrupted him with an exclamation not used in polite society, paid the bill and left. "Well, these city chaps have queer ways," mused the countryman, as he sauntered off toward the boat.

The Yak. To the Kirghis the Yak, or kasagor, is an invaluable as the reindeer to the Laplander; or in another way, as the camel to the Arab. Its milk is richer than that of the cow; and its hair is woven into clothes and fabrics. Where a man can walk, a yak can be ridden. It is remarkably sure-footed; like the elephant it has a wonderful sagacity in knowing what will bear its weight, and avoiding hidden depths and chasms; and when a pass or gorge becomes blocked by snow (provided it is not frozen), a score of yaks driven in front will make a highway. This strange creature frequents the mountain slopes and their level summits; it needs no tending, and finds its food at all seasons. If the snow on the height lies too deep for him to find the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes, and eats his way up again, displacing the snow as he ascends. When arrived at the top, he performs a second somersault down the slope, and displaces a second groove of snow as he eats his way to the top again. The yak cannot bear a temperature above freezing; and in summer it leaves the haunts of men and ascends far up the mountains to the "old ice," above the limits of perpetual snow, its calf being retained below as a pledge for the mother's return, in which she never fails.

Wedded by a Boat. Last year, says a fashionable shoe maker, I made a pair of shoes for a lady who had as pretty feet as were ever fashioned. It was a pleasure for me to make the shoes, and when they were finished I put them in the show-window in a very conspicuous place, where I could view them at my leisure. Pretty soon a nicely dressed gentleman stopped and began viewing them very attentively. Presently he entered the store and inquired if they were for sale. I told him no, that they were made for one of my customers. He looked surprised, and asked the lady's name. I would not give him this much satisfaction, but told him where she lived, however. I was considerably surprised to learn afterward that he was calling at the house, and more surprised still, when the lady, accompanied by the gentleman, called at the store three months later. She called him "dear" then, so I guess they were married.

There are 500 men in New York worth \$3,000,000 or more.