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 30, 1881. NO. 47.

WHAT IS THE GAIN?

What is the gain?
If one should run a noble race,
And at the last, with weary pace,
Win to the goal and find his years
A harvest-field of waste and tears,
Of turmoil and of buried trust,
Rich with dead hopes and bitter dust,
And strife, and sneer, and ceaseless pain,
What is the gain?

What is the gain?
When, having reached a sunlit height
Through barren sweeps of gloomful night,
Hoping to see beyond the crest
Fair lands of beauty and of rest,
There lies before, stretched far away
Into the confines of the day,
A desolate and shadeless plain,
What is the gain?

What is the gain?
To sail for months of cold and toil
Across wide seas, where winds recoil
Only to gather strength and roar
A bolder challenge than before,
And find, when through fogs thick and dun
The rocky coast at last is won,
No haven from the storm-vexed main,
What is the gain?

What is the gain?
The race is won; we see the light;
We conquer where the storm-winds fight;
We show the way to those who wait
With faint hearts by the walls of Fate;
Our banners flutter in the van
Of battles fought for Thought and Man,
And ignorance and darkness wane:
What is the gain?

JOE DAYTON'S MODEL.

"Mark, you will never find a model to illustrate your idea. There's no woman in America with a face beautiful enough."

"Joe, I've found her."

"Where is she?"

Joe Dayton knocked over the cigar stand and stood up before Mark Hatfield.

"She may be in the next room for aught I know. I expect her every moment, and I'm sure I don't want to frighten her away."

"Where did you find her?"

"In B—square, No, 12."

"Why that is Clifton's!"

"Precisely!"

"You don't mean Isabel Clifton? She is as ugly as a squaw."

"No, I don't mean Bel Clifton. Joe keep still, I hear the bell."

"Ah, Miss Clifton! You are very punctual. Please walk this way. This is my studio; where you are to spend many tedious hours." He held the door wide open and she entered.

She was a tall, plainly dressed girl, without a tinge of color in her face, save in the curved lips, and with ripples of black hair sweeping back in graceful bandeaux from her queenly forehead. But there was all the artist desired—great soulful eyes and an exquisite regularity and perfection of features.

"My friend and brother artist, Mr. Dayton, Miss Clifton."

She turned and scrutinized him with her clear eyes, and bowed quietly.

"When am I to begin my work?"

"At once, if you are ready," he said, with his impatience showing itself plainly in the fevered flush on his cheek.

She went forward with that same quiet air, and sat back in the arm-chair which Mr. Dayton arranged for her, and submitted to the artist's arrangement of the graceful folds of the curtain, and the turning of her splendid head to enable him to trace its outline.

Once when he put his hand beneath her chin, there came a grieved expression about the fine mouth, and strange to say, Joe Dayton, who had delicately stepped into the deep recess of the window, and yet, man-fashion, was watching her all the while, gave an ottoman a furious kick and frowned like a brigand.

Then an idea struck him, and he picked up one of Mark's pencils from the floor and went on sketching for an hour on more, until the lovely model went out with a regal sweep of her plain black dress.

"Where on earth did you find her?" said Joe.

"I told you—at Clifton's."

"And I suppose you are in love with her?"

"My dear boy, she has not a dime to bless herself, or why should she come here? She is a sort of a nursery governess to her cousins, the young Cliftons. I'm not a marrying man. If I was I should make advances to some one like the fair Isabel, who has dollars enough to hide any little imperfections of feature she may have."

"H'm! I suppose you will be around there to-night?"

"Without fail."

The home of the Clifftons was quite up town, and was a wonder of elegance and taste, consequently there was a crowd of pleasure-seekers ever ready to respond to even a shadow of an invitation. There were very few present on this evening, but Isabel, the oldest, was in excellent humor, and came forward and with good grace greeted the artist friends without distinction, although one numbered his wealth by thousands and the other by pennies. Mamma Clifton was radiant. There was a big, bronzed-faced old fellow, with a heavy tread and a voice of small thunder, who was towed along by this good lady, like a man of war by a wheezy puffing tug boat, and who looked quite as uncomforable as his conductress did happy.

"Dr. Dayton, my brother, Captain Clifton; Mr. Hatfield, Captain Clifton. These are our artist friends of whom we have spoken."

"Yes," growled the old fellow, "I remember. Are you making your fortune?"

"Mr. Dayton's fortune is already made, and I expect my own will be founded when I complete the work I have now in hand," said Mark.

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir. And we have a member of your family to thank. He found his model here," said Joe.

"Here?" thundered the captain.

"Here?" cried Mrs. Clifton.

"Yes, here," went on the incurable Joe, without a glance at Mark's imploring face. "Your niece, I suppose, Mrs. Clifton. She is Mr. Hatfield's model."

"What, not my niece Honoria, sister? That is strange."

But Mrs. Clifton, with that skilful hand of hers, quietly varnished the matter over and whispered to Joe:

"Pray don't mind him. He is a strange creature; but, for all that, an angel. He is immensely rich and poor Bel is his heiress."

"Poor Bel!" thought Joe, and tehn he looked back at his discomfitted friend, from whom the blustering captain was pumping every drop of information he required.

Mark Hatfield went home that night honestly believing himself a ruined man, and that his model would never again make her appearance, but at the appointed time on the following day she swept in. She took her seat in the chair, as usual, and sat back without a murmur, and Joe Dayton peeped through the curtain until the sitting was over. Then he came out, and with almost unpardonable boldness, begged leave to see her to the stage.

She accepted the kindness, as she did everything, with perfect composure, and they walked away.

"It is tedious work for you, is it not?" he asked, when they were in the street.

"I do not like it."

"Why do you accept his offer?"

"Because I am poor," she answered, frankly.

He was treading on delicate ground so he called her attention to a handsome carriage whirling up the street and asked her if she liked driving.

"Very much."

"To morrow I shall be at your door with my carriage. Will you drive with me?"

She looked down at the plain black dress and shawl, and then looked up at him with a shadow on her face.

"If you will not be ashamed of me."

"Miss Clifton, you are hasty in your judgement."

"I am not certain that I can with propriety accept your invitation."

"I shall come," he said, smiling.

He did call and she came down on the arm of the sun-bronzed captain, who placed her in the light buggy, saying:

"I hope you will enjoy your afternoon ride. There's a regular nor'easter brewing, and I am going to just sit and enjoy it."

He pointed backward and laughed, and Joe caught a glimpse of Emma Clifton and Isabel looking wrathfully from the parlor window.

This was the first ride, but it was not the last. Never again did she walk alone from the studio, for Joe was always there to escort her, and, as of course you will infer, he asked her in good time to be his wife.

Even though she had held, since her father's death, the position of governess and nurse to her little cousins, for her board and an occasional present, and been treated in every respect as a menial, yet in her happiness she went to her aunt and cousin and told them of her engagement.

They had been in excellent humor all the afternoon, and when Honoria had completed her story she looked up for their approval. Isabel was white as death with suppressed rage; but the anger of the mother knew no bounds, and, springing to her feet, she pointed to the open door and cried, in a voice thick with passion:

"Do you see that door, you ungrateful wretch? Leave this room, gather up your effects and leave this house at once You are an arful hussy! You have tried your best to alienate the affections of your uncle from Isabel whom he adores, and now you have caught Joe Dayton. Not that I care for the act itself, but the misreable spirit you show. Go! I never want to see your face again!"

Honoria stood up, nervously working her trenbling hands, wondering where in her extremity she was to go, for in all the great city she knew no one of whom she might ask so much as a night's lodging.

"You need not hesitate," said her aunt.

"No, Honoria, you need not hesitate," said her uncle, stepping from the library.

"Get your hat and leave this house at once."

"You hear what your uncle says," said Mrs. Clifton, in triumph.

"And don't you ever dare, Honoria Clifton, to again set your foot over the threshold. I've got room at the Fifth avenue, and I rather think I can find you a suite there, too. I've been waiting for an outbreak of some kind that I might take you away. As for you, Sister Clifton, I'm afraid you'll have to find another purse, and your daughter Isabel another rich uncle, for I can assure you that you will never get a dollar from me, or another hour's drudgery from this wronged child."

In a luxurious carriage the girl was borne away to the hotel, and henceforward her life was an easy ons. She went steadily to the studio, where she met her bethrothed, until the picture was completed, and then resolved to be her husband's model alone. She was married before the year ended, and proud, happy Captain Clifton gave the bride away, and with her a brown stone palace, which made his grasping sister and her daughter turn green with envy.

As for Mark Hatfield, his picture was a success, and eventually he made a fortune and wedded for love.

Tattooing as a Trade.

Alongside the door of a house on Oak street, New York is a framed sign bearing an elaborately executed and vividly colored Goddess of Liberty, with the equally glaringly tinted words underneath: "Tattooing done here by Martin Hilderbrandt." Ascending a narrow stairway and turning to the right, the reporter found himself in a small room. Inquiring for the owner of the sign, the reporter was told that he was at present tattooing a man, but would be done directly. Under the impression that the reporter was a customer, the woman who had given the information handed him a book which she said contained the designs her husband was capable of executing on the human epidermis.

The book was a curiosity in itself. It contained about 50 crudely executed and highly colored drawings and designs. There were Goddesses of Liberty in profusion af all sizes and styles, the coats of arms of the United States, England, France. Germany, Spam, Italy, Sweden, Denmark and Russia; anchors and chains, a full-rigged man-of-war firing off a cannon, ships of all kinds; the flags of different nationalities; a ballet girl with a very short skirt and very muscular limbs; a Venus; a willow-surrounded tomb with the words, "My mother" on its face; butcher's knife and cleaver crossed; black smith's hammer and tongs: mermaids sitting on a rock playing on a lyre; Masonic emblems; burning hearts, eagles, lions etc. Underneath each design was the cost of having it executed, the prices ranging from 25 cts to $3. It was evident that the customers of the shop preferred realistic pictures to allegorical hints, and a heart pierced by an arrow cost only 25 cents, while the design of a jauntily clad sailor embracing a short-skirted female cost $2.

While the reporter was still admiring these works of art, the artist himself entered. He was a short thick-set man some 50 years of age. He was very willing to give information concerning his peculiar trade. Seeing his book of designs in the reporter's hands, he hastened to assure him that "them's not all the designs I kin make by a good deal; I kin tattoo anything a customer calls for."

"I suppose sailors are your chief customers?"

"Oh, no, mechanics, tradesmen and 'long-shoremen are the class of men I do most of my tattooing on. I have customers from all over the United States, all kinds of people, and have even had gentlemen come to my door in their private carriages. I am the only man in the city who has a permanent place of business. There's an old fellow who goes around among the sailors on the docks, but his trade isn't big."

"What designs are the most popular?"

"Well, that's all according to taste or hobby, American sailors like Goddesses of Liberty, sailors of other nations the coats-of-arms of their country. An Indian waving a tomahak is a great favorite with some tars. Then I've put many knives and cleavers on butcher's arms, hammers and tongs on blacksmiths'. Masonic emblems are always in demand. Sometimes there are sailors who want the initials of their sweethearts' names put on their arms. Sometimes men who have been jilted by their girls afterwards have their names or initials covered with other pictures. Some of the fellows who used 'to run wid der machine' in the old volunteer fire department days, have had me put pictures of a fireman with a speaking trumpet at the mouth on their hands or forearm. Young men have the coats-of arms of their country or State put on. A design of a willow-surrounded tomb with the words 'To the memory of my mother,' is a great favorite with old men."

"Have you executed a number of designs on any one person?"

"Yes, I've tattooned one man from head to foot. He has a large design of Washington's tomb on his breast, and smaller figures of flowers, leaves, etc., on the rest of his person. He exhibited at Coney island last year, and got $40 a week. Another man I almost covered with pictures was a Spaniard about 50 years of age, He brought his own design with him, and these I put on him, smaller or larger than the pattern. They were almost all of a religious character. On his back I put the Virgin Mary surrounded by 33 angels. A large picture of the crucifixion I put on his breast, Then there was a picture of a blind man led by a little girl to the end of a precipice, and saved from falling over by an angel. Three mermaids I tattood on one side, a rooster and cat respectively on each shoulder, and more religious figures on his arms."

"Did he go into the show business too?"

"No. I asked him if he intended to do so, he said, no: then I asked him his reason for having himself tattooed all over but he wouldn't tell me."

"Do many boys come to you to get tattooed?"

"Sometimes fathers bring their boys and have their name or some mark put on them, so that they can be recognized when stolen or lost. A sea captain was lately drowned in the East river, and his body was only recognized by an India ink mark on his arms. When I was with the army of the Potomac I put the names of hundred of soldiers on their breasts, and many were recognized by these marks after being killed or wounded. I learnt my business from an engraver with whom I served on board of the frigate United States during the Mexican war."

"What is the best time of the year for your work?"

"The winter, as the work dries quicker; but I am also busy in the summer, as there seems to be more money around."

"With what do you do the tattooing?"

"With six needles tied together in a line, one much higher than the others. The wounds are very slight and heal in a few days. The Burmese are the only nation who now practice tattooing. They use a hollow instrument containing the India ink, something like one o' them ere fountain pens."

"An India ink mark can never be erased?"

"No, it is impossible to remove it. See here,"—showing his right hand, covered with the design of a ship—"I had a gathering here some time ago, and put a poultice on that ate away the skin. When the new skin came there was the design as plain as ever. I've made as much as $30 in one day. I've been in the business for the last 25 years."

"Do you ever have any women customers?"

"Very rarely. I've had some, though who had their lover's or husband's names surrounded by roses and other flowers, put on their arms."

Mr. Hildebrandt's business is evidently well-known in the neighborhood, for as the reporter was stepping out of the door he was accosted by two small boys with the question: "Say, mister, wot did yer have put on yer arm? A ship or yer gal's name?"

Her Flock.

An irascible sea captain settled down to Portland life by the side of a well-tempered man, and the two got along very well until the bee question came up. Said the captain: "I like you as a neighbor, but I don't like your hens, and if they trouble me more I'll shoot them."

The mild mannered neighbor studied over the matter some, but knowing the captain's reputation well by report, he replied:

"Well, if we can't get along any other way, shoot the hens, but I would take it as a favor if you would throw them when dead over into my yard and yell to my wife."

"All right" said the captain.

The next day the captains gun was heard, and a dead hen fell in the quiet man's yard The next day another hen was thrown over, the next two, and the day after three.

"Say," said the quiet man, "couldn't you scatter them along? We really cannot dispose of the number you are killing."

"Give them to your poor relations," gruffly replied the captain.

And the quiet man did. He kept his neighbors well supplied in chickens for some weeks.

A few months after the captain said to the quiet man:

"I have half a dozen nice hens I am going to give you if you will keep quiet about that affair."

"How is that?" said the quiet man. "Are you sorry because you killed my hens?"

"Your hens!" said the captain. "Those hens belonged to my wife. I did not know she had any until I fed you and your neighbors all summer out of her flock."

Do Not Trespass.

Don't occupy the attention of your friend or acquaintance, or indeed anybody else, longer than is absolutely necessary. When you exceed the measure of necessity you commit a trespass on his time which you have no right to perpetrate. Whether you meet him in the street, or call on him at his store, his stall, his office, his workshop, or whatever may be the title of his place of business, you have no right to presume that he has time to spare because you happen to have a superabundance of it, or that he is not pressed by the demand of business, because you have nothing to do. It is a moral impropriety, which some are in the habit of indulging in, that of trespassing unnecessarily upon the time of their friends and acquaintances thus forcing them either to neglect their business, explain the nature of their engagements, or incur the imputation of a breach of politeness. Do not then put your friend into such a disagreeable position. If you meet him on the street, and he gives sign of haste, do not stop him unless to do so be indispensable, nor delay him longer than is absolutely necessary; and if you have to call upon him at his office, store, or shop transact your business with him as soon as possible, and then—'be off.'

The Ruins of Nineveh.

There were four sites of the royal Assyrian residences discovered on the left side of the Tigris, in what was considered Assyria proper, and which were in the time of the preaching of the prophet Jonah, within the metropolis Nineveh. These are Kuyunjik, Nebi Yunis, Nimrud, and Khorsabad. There are other important ruins within what I consider to be the radius of that 'great city,' such as Yarinija, Balawat, Karamlais, Bahshika, and Sharifkhan. Taking the oblong distances of these different ruins, together with Kuyunjik and Nebi Yunis on the western limit, Nimrud on its southern border, and Khorsabad on its northern side, they make the size of the old city around about sixty miles, or three days' journey, as mentioned in Holy Writ; because twenty miles are reckoned in that country, according to the traveling of a pedestrian, about a day's journey. In all these mounds there have been discovered Assyrian remains; and at Balawat especially the famous bronze gates and temple dedicated to the god of war by Assur-nazir-pal. There are besides these mounds, several others, scattered all over the above-mentioned space, which must have been formerly temples or watch-towers to guard the several quarters of the great town, with gardens and orchards enclosed.

Read This Paper.

One of Detroit's millionaires was walking homeward, when he encountered a lame man with a greasy paper in his hand. As the pair came to a halt the lame man asked;

"Will you do me the favor to read this paper?"

"Can't do it—left my eye-glasses home," was the reply.

"Then I will state the contents to you."

"No use—no use. I'm so deaf that I couldn't catch more than one word out of three."

"I'm a poor man with a wooden leg, sir."

"Yes—I see—I see. Lots of poor men have no wooden legs. You are lucky, sir, and I congratulate you. Must have cost you fifty dollars, and I presume it is a nice leg."

"If you had any clothes sir."

"Yes, but I haven't."

"Or old boots."

"I'm wearing my old boots, you see. You are just six months too early to get 'em."

"I haven't had a meal since yesterday."

"Nor I. either. We are cleaning house, and for the last three days I've had to eat a cold lunch off the piano."

"Then you couldn't spare a nickel?"

"How can I? Ain't I walking home because I haven't money to ride on the cars?"

"Is that so? Then we're both hard up."

"Of course we are."

"And being you're the worst off her'es a cold sassage I got at the house below, and here's a nickel to ride on the car! I tell you, sir, us poor folks has got to have more pity for the rich and do better by 'em or we'll all go to the poorhouse!"

In the Penitentiary.

"You are living a very secluded life," said a traveler to a man at whose cabin he had stopped for a drink of water.

"Yes, rather. I got tired of society."

"Must find it lonesome out here in the woods. I must confess that you like the woods of Arkansas better than I do. Say, are you tired of society?"

"Yes, worn out. I have been in different circumstances. Last year I lived in Little Rock. I had a fine house and plenty of company. Frequently when men came to town from the country they'd stop with me, but I grew tired of company. I gave up the large house and left town."

"Got into debt, I suppose."

"No; didn't owe a cent. Gave up the house willingly, and am much more contented in this little hut."

"Very strange case. Don't understand it."

"Perfectly plain. I was in the Penitentiary."

Snake Poison.

M. Gautier the celebrated French savant has just shown, indeed, that there is not much difference between human saliva and the secretions from snake fangs. Taking some twenty grammes of the salivary fluid and purifying it the other day, he obtained a substance which, after being ejected in the form of a solution under the skin of a bird, threw it into a state of coma and complete stupor, and finally killed it in half an hour. Impressed with so strange experiment, M. Gautier went further and found that the poisonous character of saliva was not effected even when heated to a very considerable degree, and after much careful research he came to the conclusion that, inasmuch as in its effects it greatly resembled the bite of the cobra, both as respects the periods of coma, excitation, convulsions and tetanic contraction, it is after all only a modified form of the venom from which we fly when the Indian terror shows its teeth. Further experiments reveal the fact that the poisonous matter of saliva when mixed with the ferrocyanide of potassium, produces, like cobra poison, a Prussian blue; and there is now reason to believe that the active principle of it is an alkaloid similar to the cadaveric poisons called ptomaines, which MM. Brouardel and Boulmy have isolated. There is nothing at all unreasonable in all this. Possibly enough the poison serpents conceal in the glands at the back of their fangs do aid them in the digestion of food, just in the same way as the human saliva is utilized by men; and if it is somewhat degrading to think that Rabelais was right after all when he claimed a poisonous property for the human bite, it is just as well that we should know precisely what is in that the cobra injects into its victim, so as to be able eventually to counteract the effects.

Mineral Products of South Africa.

The diamond industry in South Africa continues to be exceedingly productive. The gross weight of diamonds sent through the Kimberley post office last year was 1,440 pounds avoirdupois, valued at nearly $17,000,000. According to the Manchester *Courier*, the annual value is estimated as follows: Kimberley, £4,600,000; Old de Beer's, £2,000,000; Du Toit's Pan, £2, 000,000; Bultfontein, £1,500,000. At the end of last year 22,000 black and 1,700 white men were employed at these mines. From the Kimberley and Old de Beer's mines alone diamonds to the extent of 3,200,000 carats are annually raised, while the other two mines above named yielded 300,000 carats last year. At the diggings on the Vaal River about 250 men were at work last year. The other important mining industries of the colony are the copper mines of Namaqualand, from which last year 15,310 tons of copper were exported, valued at £306,790. From the manganese mines in the Paarl division 206 tons were exported; while at the coal mines in the Wodehouse and Albert divisions about 1,000 were raised. The salt pans in Simon's Town, Malmesbury, Piquetberg Fraserberg, Uitenhage, and Cradock, yielded about 6,000 tons of salt. Mineral springs abound in the colony, many of them being well resorted to, but accommodation for visitors is, as a rule indifferent.

The Value of Scraps.

Few people appreciate the value of little and apparently insignificant things. In some foreign countries the litter of domestic animals is carefully collected and sold to farmers. Not a few people make a living gathering fertilizers in this way. In the shop of jewelers and others where articles are manufactured of gold and silver great care is taken to prevent the waste of the precious metals. Every particle of filing, scraping and grinding is preserved for the assayer. The wheels upon which gold and silver have been polished, when worn out, are burnt, and the fire develops particles of the precious metals which cannot be seen by the naked eye. Even the sweepings, after great care has been taken to pick up every bit of metal that may have fallen to the floor, are preserved, and in New York city sell for $70 a barrel. It is calculated that when a jeweler's shop floor is to be renewed, the dirt accumulated in the crevices will more than pay the cost of the new floor.

It is said that the receipts from the sale of the refuse of starch mills, which is used by farmers as feed for hogs and other stock, constitute a large part of the profits, and that if this refuse could not be sold some mills would be compelled to stop or run at a loss. The paper "trimmings" of a large printing office like the Harpers or Appletons, are worth thousands of dollars a year. Lumbermen have found uses for nearly every part of a tree, and scraps that a few years ago accumulated so rapidly as to be a source of inconvenience and consequently expense, are now sold for a good price and are in great demand. There are in nearly every branch of business "scraps" of various kinds that, if carefully collected, could be sold at a pecuniary advantage, but is particularly so in the tobacco business. The value of the tobacco scraps is more highly appreciated in Europe than in America, but even here in the manufacture of cigars very little is allowed to go to waste. Tobacco costs too much to be wasted by the manufacturer.

Beauty in America.

Thanks to more generous diet, a freer outdoor air, and a larger outlook, the present generation will leave a rich heritage to posterity. It is astonishing to see the improvements in the human form that have accompanied the increase of wealth in this country. Poverty may be, and often is respectable, but is the ruin of many a fine physique, and it is a matter for jubilation that we have within our borders a large and growing class who can afford to be comfortable. Of course there is danger of running to the extreme. The sleek and well-fed business man is sometimes suggestive of a gouty old age; as is the buxom and robustuous beauty of the waddling dowager; but, on the whole, there is a most decided betterment. And, although it may not be in our times, we may indulge a reasonabe hope for a not far distant future when the rulling race of New England farmers' wives, that sallow, skinny, saleratus-fed sisterhood, shall be extinct, and in their places shall stand a hale, hearty and happy following, who live on the fat of the land and sell only that which they cannot use themselves; who have time to array themselves in something besides a damp cotton gown, and gladly make concessions to fashion in the matter of coiffure; who read something besides the Bible, and, on the whole, have almost as easy a time as their spouses' beast of burden. Take it for all in all, we believe we have good right to felicitate ourselves in the face of the world over our fair women. The great and overwhelming advantage that *la belle Americaine* possesses over her foreign compeers is that, although she revels, as a girl, in what the French call *la beaute du diable*, her charms do not fade with the fleeting years of youth, and we are spared the horror of seeing the English transformation of delicate, highborn lovelinses into the semblance of a big, flabby and somewhat intemperate cook, or the frightful spectacle afforded by our continental sisters of the shrinking and changing of a pretty, piquant face to the weazened features of an elderly female monkey. Of course, innocent, unconscious beauty is a thing of the past that we cannot hope to regain. The young woman of the present day knows her good points as well as she does the contents of her pocketbook, and what they will buy in the market a good deal better; but what she has lost in ingenuousness she has probably gained in practical common sense.

German Wives.

Some statistician has discovered that in Germany the best ages for marriage among women are from twenty-five to thirty-five years; that few take place before nineteen, the number slowly increasing until twenty-five is reached, when the high numbers appear, receeding after thirty-five. Few German girls marry before nineteen and few after forty. The German girls are taught housekeeping thoroughly, and by the time they marry they are able to take excellent care of a house, relying but little on imported cooks. A German lady's kingdom is her kitchen; her parlor she enjoys, but to display her talent as a pianist or conversationalist she would not sacrifice her ability to appeal to the hungry sentiments of her husband and his friends. Probably if there were more marriages before nineteen there would be less happy homes in Germany and less wives of experience, discretion and good temper.

Reading in Bed.

Reading in bed is not a custom to be commended. The brain should not be exercised when the rest of the body is giving itself up to repose. This rule applies especially, of course, at night, after the labors of the day, and when the brain is in a state of weariness. We apprehend that this is the point of the injunction not to read in bed. The mere recumbency of posture while reading is not calculated to injure the brain.

Ironing.

To iron shirts well a bosom board is essential. It should be made in the following manner: The board ought to be well seasoned pine free from gum; it should be one and a half inches thick, one foot nine inches long, and eighteen inches wide; very smooth and straight, rounded one end, and cut smooth, leaving no edge; the square end should be smooth, with a hole in the middle near the edge, large enough to let through a strong spike or nail, to hang it up by; cover the board on one side with flannel, until it is as thick as a common cotton comfortable, tacking each layer to the edge so to draw it tightly over the board; the last two layers should be canton flannel. The other side cover with thick flour paste, and then cover it with Canton flannel; after it is perfectly dry, paste on another layer, and so on until four layers are pasted smoothly to the board. Make cotton cases to slip the board in, and change them every week. The soft side is for embroidery ironing, Marseilles vests, and other figured articles; and the hard side is to be used in giving a polish to shirts and collars. A clean ironing sheet should be spread on the table before ironing the starched articles; iron first the neck binding, after that the back folded in the middle, then the sleeves and remainder of the body, then the collar, if on the shirt, and lastly the bosom. If desired to have the collar and bosoms polished, turn the board, which should have been placed the soft side up, under the bosom on the hard side, pass the bosom over lightly with a damp cloth, and iron it hard and quickly with a polishing iron, which differs from others by being rounded instead of flat, without an edge, and being smooth as glass, leaves no mark of the iron as the flat irons do. This iron is useful in ironing vests, caps, and many other articles.

Get!

Recently a Nevada man invented a lying machine, and went around trying to sell 'em. The machine was warranted to trot out a first-class lie on any subject, at a moment's notice. But it didn't sell well. He took it to a horse trader. Said the trader: "Come, you, get out of this. I tell the truth in my business." The inventor presented it to a lawyer, but he also looked horror-stricken and offended. A fishing party looked hankeringly at it, but their language was to the effect that they abhorred untruth. A young man who was engaged to three different girls also felt indignant at the offer. At last the disheartened inventor tried an editor. The writer flew mad in a minute.

"You scoundrel," he cried, "do you mean to insult me?"

"No," tremblingly answered the poor man.

"Then what the blazes do you mean by offering me that thing?"

"Why, I—I thought you might occasionally want to use it in your business."

"You wretch, what do you take me for?"

"Oh, sir, I didn't mean to insinuate that you were a liar! I don't for a minute think, sir, you could tell a lie!"

"That's it!" cried the editor, "that's what I'm mad about! You conceited ass, you think you're able to invent a machine that I can't lie all around, and that without an effort. I never was so insulted in all my life! Get!!"

Eating Time For Children.

There comes a time in the household when the head thereof must decide the momentous question as to whether the children shall be allowed to eat between meals or not. The question can be decided; no matter how persistent a child may be, this can be settled, not simply be laid on the table. A woman who has even a very superficial knowledge of the working of the stomach can explain it to her child in such a way that it will make a strong impression upon his mind. To represent to an imaginative child that the stomach is like a man who when you have eaten your breakfast goes to work upon that with all his might, and who does not rest till he has ground the food up, and given the good part to the blood, so feeding each portion of the body, not forgetting the fingers and toes even, and who rejects all the bad, keeping you from sickness and pain, will awaken intense interest in the child's mind and be a great aid to obedience. Put it before him, and ask him if it is not unkind and even cruel to give out another task before the first is finished and a little time for rest been given. It will help you greatly in enforcing it upon his mind that he must not eat at irregular intervals. A child's digestive organs may be weak; he may need to eat more frequently than a grown person, but it should invariably be at some stated time. When an early breakfast has been eaten and children have a long walk to school, they may be allowed to have a simple lunch to eat at the recess which usually occurs long enough before the dinner to give time for digestion. A piece of bread and butter and an apple, or a little basket of berries, or one or two figs and some fresh crisp crackers make a wholesome lunch. It will be eaten with great relish if the children do not known just what is in the little basket and hidden by the neat napkin, and they will open it with a feeling of pleased wonder as to what mamma has given them to-day. While calling on a lady once, her little daughter of eight or nine years old, an extremely unhealthy looking child, with the dull eyes and muddy complexion that tell so plainly of indigestion, came into the room and whispered to her mother that she was hungry. "Go right to the cake jar, love, and help yourself." As she turned away, and while still within hearing, her mother said, "She is such a delicate child—is never well, in fact—that I can refuse her nothing." I thought—perhaps inhumanly—that it is a pity such a child should live to become a burden to herself and to those around her, or to perpetuate the false ideas, or the entire lack of ideas, exhibited in her training. This is a subject upon which I feel strongly, for I have the best interests of childhood at heart, and the amount of ignorance displayed by those who have the charge of children is something which partakes of crime—for it is inexcusable. It is terrible to think that a woman who knows no more of the human body than she does of the composition of the sun, has it in her power to ruin the digestive organs of a whole family of children!

A Celestial Barber.

He sits down upon one of the barber's stools—the other, which acts as a balance in the carrying, being headed with a brass basin filled with water, a liliputian towel, and underneath a series of drawers with all the paraphernalia of the trade—and has his queue unplaited. His hair reaches down nearly to his waist, but in its dressed condition it almost touches the ground—a little matter of authorized deception easily arranged by the addition, in the plaiting, of long black-colored silk threads, of which material the greater part of an ordinary Chinaman's pig-tail is composed. When in mourning, the color of the silk is changed to white or light blue. The hair being well combed (during which process the operated upon closes his eyes, as if, in a kind of trance, he was enjoying the soothing influence caused by the friction on his scalp) the barber sharpens his razor, which is a big lump of metal in shape like a butcher's chopper, and in size not much smaller than that weapon. Yet with its keenly sharpened edge he takes off the shortest hairs on the head, around the ears, and on the eyebrow. The Chinaman gets a "clean shave," that is, the whole of his face is traversed by the razor, and his head is shaved, save at the crown, on which a small circular patch is left, constituting the foundation for a pig-tail. And the ears are shaved inside and outside, a delicately shaped little lancet style of blade being inserted, and cunningly and dexterously twisted round and round, removing all hairs, but producing the common effect of deafness so proverbial among Chinese, as well as among their neighbors, the Japanese, who indulge in similar harmful treatment to the ear. The shaving being over, the hair is replaited, and being paid a few cash, off struts the merry little barber to tell his last good story to some one else.

Beds and Bed Clothes.

At least one-third of our lives is passed in our beds, their arrangement and furnishing is a matter of no small importance. The new steel spring bed is, of course, the bed of the future. Fulfilling every intention of flexibility, it is durable; it goes with the bedstead, as an actual part of it, and it can never be a nest or receptacle of any contagion or impurity. On the subject of bedclothes the points that have most to be enforced are that heavy bed-clothing is always a mistake, and weight in no true sense means warmth. The light down quilts or coverlets which are coming into general use are the greatest improvements that have been made in our time in regard to bed clothes. One of these quilts takes the place of two blankets, and they cause much less fatigue from weight than layer upon layer of blanket covering. The clothing must be regulated according to the needs of each individual; the body under the clothes must be neither too cold or too hot; but it is better to sleep with too little than too much clothing. The position of the bed in the bedroom is of moment. The foot of the bed to the fire place is the best arrangement when it can be carried out. The bed should be away from the door, so that the door does not open upon it, and should never, if it can be helped, be between the door and fire. If the head of the bed can be placed to the east, so that the body lies in the line of the earth's motion, I think it is the best for the sleeper. The furniture of the bedroom, other then the bed, should be of the simplest kind. The chairs should be uncovered, and free from stuffing of woolen or other material; the wardrobe should have closely fitting doors; the utensils should have closely fitting covers; and everything that can in any way gather dust should be carefully excluded.

Good Morning, Sir.

The family had only lately moved into the neighborhood. A day or two after their arrival the head of the family went to the grocer in the neighborhood and asked the price of a can of condensed milk.

"Fifteen cents," said the proprietor.

"Fifteen devils!" exclaimed the customer; "why, man alive, I don't want to buy a dozen cans, but only one. What do you ask for half a can, wholesale figure?"

"Never sell half a can."

"I reckon you never sell anything, if you make up your goods in that way. Suppose I take the whole can, will you come down to a dime?"

"Fifteen cents is the usual price."

"That may be with unreliable, transient customers, but I am an old citizen of Galveston, and the store that catches my permanent trade will have to be enlarged within six months. Say a dime, and throw in a pound or two of soda crackers, and it's a whack."

"Do you buy a good deal in the course of a year?" asked the proprietor, with a sneer.

"Do I buy a good deal? I should say I did. Why, it won't be more than two months before I'll buy a box of matches. The box I'm using now is more than half gone, and I only got it last February, too. Say a dime for the condensed milk, and one of them stale watermelons thrown in as a sorter inducement, and you can put these two nickles in your burglar-proof safe."

"Fifteen cents is the lowest price."

"I wish you could see my blacking brush. It can't hold out over Christmas, and then I am bound to negotiate for a new one Throw one box of blacking in with the condensed milk, and it's a transaction."

"I won't do it."

"All right! You won't do it. I'll just keep my eye on you. I'll bet your stock is insured for twice what it's worth, and you are going to have a fire pretty soon. When a merchant don't care to build up a trade, he is fixing to fail or swindle somebody somehow. Good morning, sir."

—Green county in Texas has two millions acres of unappropriated land.

NEVER breed from a vicious sire; temper is hereditary in animals as well as in man.