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B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW.

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NO. 1.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

Together they trilled along the street,  
Those old-time chums called wad and rain,  
Playing the strangest tricks with your feet.  
Till you tumble and stagger apart.  
But little care I  
While I can see  
A light in the window  
At home for me.  
I hasten faster, with heart grown light,  
I can almost see the cozy room,  
Defiance to you, Storm King, to-night:  
You can't keep me out in the gloom.  
For the season is bright  
And I can see  
A face in the window  
At home for me.  
Cheerily blinking the street lamps shine,  
Waiting to see the doors bang wide,  
And in the radiance of home divine  
Some one's waiting for me inside.  
Some one's waiting  
And I can see  
Red lips holding  
A kiss for me!

## THE LAST OF NINE.

"Did you know that Tom Bailey had passed in his checks?"  
"Yes; heard it by telephone an hour ago."  
The speaker was John McWilliams, and we were sitting on the piazza of his home in Bradford.

"Do you know the particulars, John?"  
"Particulars? Well, I don't know as there are any. Same old story, you know. Didn't pack the nitro-glycerine in the wagon carefully, and when the wagon went over a log the load exploded, and—"

"There was no need of further explanation, for I could read it all out clearly enough, and could almost fancy I saw the ghastly remains of the ill-starred Tom Bailey, who went out one morning to superintend the shooting of a well, and never came back. Bailey was an employe of the Roberts Torpedo Company, and John McWilliams, the man with whom I was in conversation, was his Division Superintendent on the same 'train' or district."

"Family, John?"  
"No; that is, he had a wife, but he had a widowed mother and a young sister."

"What will they do?"  
"O, the company won't see them starve, and, besides, I guess poor old Tom didn't die a beggar. Poor old boy!" and the bearded man at my side sobbed like a heart-broken child.

"I never told you about Tom and the rest of the boys, did I?" continued the sorrowing man.

"The rest?"  
"Yes, there were nine of us, you know—but you don't know, for I have never told a living soul. This sudden death of Tom's quite unnerves me, for I am now the only one left—the last of nine."

I waited a long while for John to gain control of his feelings, for I knew he had a story to tell of more than usual interest. It was a beautiful night, full of soft moonlight, and drowsy with the hum of humanity in the city beneath the mist hung about the city, and from our hillside piazzas we could see far down the valley, where the Tunung went straitly, and where the huge iron tanks of oil loomed up gloomy and black against the mellow brightness of the night. Over at Prospect Park, on Mount Keab, the light was flashing and smoldering, while faintly to our ears came flapping, and the strains of a Strauss waltz. Away off on another hill the sound of a laboring engine and the sound of a walking-beam told that the ponderous drill at a well was being worked into the earth as fast as men working night and day could sink the hole. Down below, the city flashed up at us its countless lights and shadows, and faintly floated up the hum of business and pleasure. It was a strangely beautiful night for a story of oil. John spoke at last, slowly, and with evident hesitation.

"Yes," he said, "there were nine of us, and I'm the last one alive. It's a queer thing, and it makes me feel very strange; perhaps more so now that poor Tom is—is—"

He couldn't bring himself to say the word; he couldn't say that his friend was dead. With a great effort he continued:

"You doubtless know that I was in the army during the late war. I saw some pretty tough fighting, too, and after Shiloh I was made a captain, and at the same time Tom Bailey, who was in the same company, was promoted to a lieutenant for bravery. He deserved it, too, for there never was a better or a braver boy; a trifle reckless, you might say, but brave and generous to a fault. At the close of the war we went home together, and with us went what was left of the company. There wasn't much, to be sure, for we had done some terrible fighting, and many of the boys had gone down through the valley of the shadow. Like the rest of the returned soldiers, we went into the oil country, which was just then turning the heads of the people, and after knocking around awhile and losing what money we had, we concluded to go into business of shooting wells. Tom and I went into the business ourselves, and soon hired four of the men who had been in our company, and a friend of mine who had been wealthy, but was 'broke,' to work for us. Two fishermen came along that we had known before, and we engaged them. That made nine of us, and we used to live in one room, and do all our own cooking, for women were scarce in the oil country at that time. Everything went along finely, and we made money hand over fist. Old Colonel Roberts hadn't got the monopoly of the nitro-glycerine business then, and any man could engage in it who cared to run the risk.

"Our crowd was extremely fortunate

at first, and we were beginning to feel that nitro-glycerine wasn't such a terrible thing as some persons made it out. Well, we worked along about six months without an accident, when one day one of our men was killed while taking glycerine from a wagon. This gave us considerable of a shock, but we laid the blame on the man's carelessness, and worked on as usual. Within a year three more of our men were blown to fragments at the same time, through pure recklessness. None of the men drank liquor to excess; so you couldn't attribute their death to intoxication.

The rest of us were mighty careful after that, and only stayed in the business because we could make money faster than at any thing else. We didn't have any more accidents while we were doing business for ourselves, and we began to take courage.

"When the Roberts Company gained monopolistic control of the torpedo business, the remaining five of our crowd went to work. Everything went on swimmingly for some time, but at last three of the crowd had some trouble—real or fancied—with the company, and the result was that the men quit entirely and went to moonlighting—shooting wells at night in defiance of the law giving the Roberts Company the monopoly. Moonlighting is just twice as dangerous as torpedoing in the lawful way, and it wasn't long before those three fellows were blown skyward. I wasn't a bit surprised, for when a man goes down so low as to go into moonlighting when he can make good wages at a legitimate business, I naturally look to see his death announced before a great while in the papers.

"Well, that just left two—Tom Bailey and I—of the original nine that went into the business only a few years ago. One by one our boys have dropped off, until to-day I helped to bury what remained of poor Tom. Poor old boy! I know it wasn't his fault, for he was the most careful man I ever saw. There were nine of us when we started—all banded together to work for one another's interests—and now they are all gone but me, and I am—the last—of nine."

His musketed cigar slipped from his nervous fingers and fell to the ground. He trembled violently, and with ague, a nameless horror and fear looking out of his eyes into vacancy.

"John," said I, gently touching his arm, "come into the house; it is chilly out here."  
"Yes, yes, let us go in. But stay—I—feel—so strangely. I never thought of it before, but if my wife should—should see as I saw Tom Bailey to-day it would—it would—would kill her!" and the strong man sank into a chair, completely overpowered with the awful thought.

Business called me away from Bradford and the oil country the next day, and I did not return for some weeks. Having business at Sunbury, the county seat of McKean County, I passed through that village and started for Bradford, by the way of the Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Railway. When within a few miles of Bradford an accident happened to the locomotive, which would delay the train several hours. Being anxious to reach the city as soon as possible, four of the passengers, including myself, started over the mountains afoot, hoping to reach our destination by three o'clock in the afternoon. We walked along quite briskly, and, while following the ridge of a mountain, were halted by a voice which I recognized as belonging to the torpedo superintendent having in charge the district adjoining that of John McWilliams.

"Hello! come over here!" the man shouted, accompanying his words with emphatic gestures.

Curiously wondering what Smolley could want, we went toward him. Two or three men were leaning against the stump of a tree, and merely nodded as we approached. Smolley was searching on the ground for something at some distance from his companions.

"What's the trouble, Smolley?" and as I spoke the glycerine man raised a pained looking face, and mutely pointed his finger in the direction of the men around the stump.

I looked and saw a strange sight. The wreck of an oil derrick and its machinery lay scattered over the ground in small pieces. In an instant it all came to me—there had been an explosion of nitro-glycerine. The derrick had been blown to atoms and scattered far and wide; the ponderous bull-wheels were dismantled and broken into a thousand fragments. On every hand was ruin such as only nitro-glycerine can produce. The thought came, was anybody hurt? I glanced inquiringly at the three men. One of them pointed silently at a small black powder box lying at their feet. I stepped forward.

"My God! John—John McWilliams!" and I would have fallen had not one of the men supported me.

The last of nine! I stood and looked down into a little wooden box filled with ghastly flesh and blood and bones—all that was mortal of noble-hearted John McWilliams. A side of the head and face remained as noble and handsome as in life, but what remained of the body could have been placed in a ten-quart pail. Smolley came and leaned his arm against my shoulder in silent sympathy.

"How did it happen, Smolley?" This after a long period of silence.

"The well made a heavy flow of gas and oil as John was lowering the torpedo, and when the shell came to the top of the hole John stood there and caught it in his hands, and as he turned to take the thing away it exploded in his hands, with the result you see. There

never was a more careful man than John."

For years and years ago John Williams had laughed at nitro-glycerine, and had toyed with it as with a shackled monster, but at last the monster, waiting patiently for years, had sprung upon him and avenged its wrongs. Sorrowfully we lifted the little box and carried it homeward. Along the mountain ridge we moved, a melancholy procession, and when on the summit of Mount Ranb we rested and looked down on the clustering buildings of Bradford. In the glory of the afternoon sun, even Bradford's homely buildings were beautiful, the city presenting the very picture of loveliness of life, while over and beyond the hills, looking down in silent grandeur, were voiceless witnesses of God's immortality.

One of the passengers who had come with me from the train produced a powerful field-glass. Almost mechanically I turned and looked at John McWilliams' hillside home. A door was standing wide open, a lace curtain streamed idly from a window. In through the open door I could see the tea-table set and waiting. On the lawn a handsome, graceful woman romped with two children, frequently shading her eyes with her hands and looking down the street long and earnestly. It was Mrs. McWilliams, and she was waiting and watching for her loving husband and father who would never come again on this earth, never, never.

Slowly the sun crept behind the western hills, and, with aching hearts, we took up our burden again and prepared to descend into the city, my own ringing with the words of the ill-fated John on that night many weeks before: "If my wife should—should see me as I saw Tom Bailey to-day, it would—it would—would kill her!"

## The Old Sexton.

Not long ago a traveling agent called at Dolson's house, Carson City, with a yard sprinker. It was a simple affair, only cost a dollar and a quarter, and when tested on the end of a hose could be stuck anywhere in the ground. Each evening the children came in drenched to their skins, were spanked in due form and sent to bed, while their garments were dried before the kitchen stove. The next thing on the programme was a woman attending to four sick children. Yesterday the door-bell rang and a woman came in with a package and a woman walked into the parlor, and unpacking a valve, remarked:

"I presume, madam, that you sometimes have the black-winged angel of death flap its fly in this house, eh?" The lady was forced to admit that such indeed was the case.

"Here is a new style of coffin plate especially adapted to the wants of large families. It has a place for the photograph of the deceased. Persons looking at the corpse can compare this waxy feature of the dead with the photographic counterpart of the living, and judge at a glance of the change wrought by the fell destroyer."

"Ah, yes, you will; they cost but a trifle and can always be kept ready for use. You simply tuck it on the top of the coffin. No undertaker objects. I hear a child coughing in the next room. There is death in that cough, madam. The summons of Azriel, the destroyer, is at hand. I know that only last week you brought a yard sprinker of a little red-headed man in gray clothes. I keep right behind him. Every family that buys a sprinker needs a patent coffin-plate. He belongs to the same firm with me."

The woman controlled her feelings sufficiently to decline, and the man asked to be directed to the family where a death was likely to occur. Being directed to a house on the next street where a bull-dog was kept in the front yard, the agent skipped gayly away, whistling "The Old Sexton" in a joyous key.

## Children at the Banquet.

A low moan caused the city editor of a western paper, to look up from the work of writing a notice of Colonel Bunker, who had merely called to announce his arrival, declaring that these "newspaper fellows will find it out anyway."

Another low moan, like the coo of a wounded dove.

"Can I do anything for you madam?" She removed a tattered shawl and handed the scribe a paper, which, in bad chirography, stated that Mrs. Milkriver was a poor widow with six children.

"I am sorry that your husband is dead madam. Several of your friends in Memphis died years ago, I suppose, or was probably recognized as a St. Louis man and shot."

"No, sir," she answered, with a sigh, "he was killed by a mule."

"You draw a large draft on my sympathy, madam, but I am moneyless. You have heard of Stacion's moneyless man? Well, that piece of poetic literature was mistaken to me."

"You mistake me, sir. I do not want money."

"No, sir, I am poor and my children are in need, but I do not want anything to eat."

"Want to get a relation out of the penitentiary?"

"No, I have no relation there."

"Then what can I do for you?"

## Handling Millions a Day.

In a small room on the main floor of the Custom House, San Francisco, and occupying the southwest corner of it, the cashier, with a force of fifteen clerks, receives all the money for duties levied by the Government on imports and exports of the small amount assessed on passengers' baggage, which is collected on the wharf. Some idea of the amount of business done in this office may be gained by the fact that the money received in a single day has several times lately amounted to \$1,000,000, and the number of entries made has exceeded 1,000. The manner in which this large amount of money is handled is as follows: The merchant or broker's clerk, after first making out his entry in the rotunda of the building where the amount of duty is calculated on the entry by the entry clerks, takes his place in the line before one of the receiving clerks, and deposits the amount of his entry in a small box, and with it a ticket on which he has entered the merchant's name, with the date and sum involved. The gold, silver, notes or certificates. Guts-percha boxes are used to prevent unnecessary noise from the clinking of the coin. The receiving clerk hands the box of money and hands it to a teller, who enters the amount on a check, and returns it to the receiving clerk, who then signs a permit for the delivery of the goods. The entries then go to the book-keepers, who enter the amount on "sheets," and at the close of the day the money is counted and compared with this record of the book-keepers. So carefully is this system carried out that there is rarely a variation of a cent between the money and the accounts, and the office has thereby gained a reputation of being more exact than any other similar institution in the country which handles such an amount of money coming in so many different payments, from \$5 to \$5,000. Should any discrepancy occur, the clerks carefully compare both sides of the tickets with the clerk's blotter, and then the blotter is checked off with the book-keepers. By some of these methods the error is certain to be discovered. As account is kept of each kind of money separately, the tellers can see at a glance if a mistake is made in the gold, silver, certificates or notes.

When the coin has been counted and put in small canvas bags, it is placed in boxes holding \$20,000 in gold. These boxes are put in a hand cart outside the building, and are taken to the treasury, where they give a receipt to the Custom House officer. The tellers acquire great skill in detecting counterfeit gold as well as rapid counting. Some of the ways of counterfeiting, which cannot be detected by the tellers, are as follows: The Chinese in San Francisco are expert enough to split a \$10 gold piece, cut out the center, fill it with base metal and join it together so nicely that only an expert could detect the fraud. The tellers can also find it profitable to 'swear' gold by shaking the coin in a bag and gathering the dust which adheres to the brass on the metal. Another device is to file gold pieces at the edges, thus destroying the raised milling. All silver and nickel coins are counterfeited, from the 3-cent piece to the legal tender dollar. They are first stamped from base metal and then plated with silver. Even the counterfeiter does not buy, but obtains by immersing silver coin in acid, which removes from the coin enough silver for the counterfeiter's use, while the rest of the metal can still be passed at par. The cashier's office performs only a small portion of the work of the Custom House in all its branches, but, as it is one of the main-resources of the public purse, it is perhaps the most important of the offices. Along the dingy corridors, he catches sight of three lines of men crumpled and crooked around in the little room, boys and gray haired men, with their little gas-pens and boxes ready to be emptied in the capacious pockets of Uncle Sam.

## There is a Monsieur!

That well-known artist X has a regular Othello of a wife, for whose devotion insane jealousy is no name. The other evening when he appeared dressed and prepared to go out the following dialogue took place:

"Where are you going?"  
"To dinner."  
"With who?"  
"Oh, a college friend, you don't know him."  
"You know you ain't telling the truth."  
"I swear that!"  
"I'll go with you."  
"You won't!"  
"Then you'll stay at home."  
"I'll be spiffed if I do."

"If you air out of this house I'll throw myself out of the window!"  
"All right, madame!" called the infuriated artist, jamming on his hat and dashing out of the room, slamming the door.

"Great heavens!" he gasps, when he has been dug out of the wreck of his hat, "I never thought she—where is she—it—that thing, you know?"

"There it is, monsieur!"  
And they point with awe to the lay figure which his wife had thrown out of the window on his hat with mingled force and dexterity.

## Whose to Blame?

A man went off on a fishing excursion with a party of friends. Returning at midnight he pounded on the door and awoke his wife. As she let him into the hall she saw that something ailed him and she cried out:

"Why, Henry, your face is as red as paint."  
"Guess n't," he replied, feeling along down the hall.

"And I believe you have been drinking," she added.

"Whizzer mean by zhat?" he inquired trying to stand still.

"Oh! Henry, your face would not look like that if you had not been drinking," she said.

"Mi to blame?" he asked with tears in his eyes. "Spoken big bass jump up'n hit me in th' face an' mal' it red—mi to blame?"

## Winked at each Other.

There were several men clustering around the store in the back room of a Galveston saloon, Texas and somehow or other the subject of newspapers came up for discussion. One man said that editors were more jealous than any other class, that they never had a good word for each other, etc.

A long haired youth, with a solemn, look spoke up, and heaving a sigh, said he had had some experience with editors and found them the reverse; that a Texas editor was always willing to deny himself comforts for the benefit of a brother editor.

"Where did that happen?"  
"It happened in a Western Texas town where I lived," sighed the young man. "I had dashed off a little poem of fifteen stanzas about 'Beautiful Spring.' There were two rival papers in the place—The Bugle and Trombone. I had heard that the editors were deadly enemies and sighed to shed each other's gore, and I was afraid that if I let the Trombone publish my poem first there would be a deadly encounter. I finally resolved to have it appear simultaneously in both papers. When I called on the editor of the Trombone he said the editor of the Bugle had a large family, and that he would prefer it would appear in the Bugle, as personally he loved the editor of the Bugle. I went then to the Bugle man and he said the editor of the Trombone was his warmest personal friend, and he would be glad if I would let him have the poem, as it would be putting bread in his mouth and clothes on his back. So, owing to the love those two editors had for each other, I couldn't get my poem into either of the papers, and it hasn't been published yet. I never saw men so anxious to help each other out of distress, and once more the long-haired poet sighed like a bellows."

There was a pause and an old man with a frost-bitten nose drawled out:

"Yer never tried them editors with a cash advertisement, did yer?"  
The poet answered in the negative, whereat, the audience significantly nodded their heads and winked at each other.

## The French Army.

The total effective strength of the French army, in 1882, will amount to nearly half a million men and 126,000 horses on the active establishment, without taking into consideration the Reserve and the Territorial forces. Of these 472,000 and 113,000 horses belong to the army, the remainder being accounted for in the gendarmerie, who are under the same administration as the army. The infantry consists of 327,780 men, divided into 144 line regiments, 30 battalions of Rifles, four regiments of Zouaves, three African battalions, five companies of Light Infantry, three regiments of Spahis, or native troops, a foreign legion of four battalions, and sixty-five sections of troops of administration, corresponding with our brigade depots. The cavalry consists of 77 regiments, viz., 12 of cuirassiers, 26 of dragons, 20 of chasseurs, 12 of hussars, 4 of chasseurs d'Afrique, and 3 of Spahis—making a total of 69,000 men. The 38 regiments of artillery comprise 56,000 men, and pontoons, workmen, artificers, etc., bring the total of this branch of the service up to 78,000. The Engineers are divided into four regiments, containing 11,000 men; and the Military train consists of twenty squadrons, with a total effective strength of 11,700. To officer this army the French estimates provide for 371 general officers, not so very many more than England has to command less than half the number of men. The title of Marshal shall be held by three officers, McMahon, Canrobert, and Lescaut, but in future the highest rank in the army will be that of General of Division.

## The Swallow-Tailed Coat.

When M. Brisson first took the Presidential chair in the French Assembly vacated by his predecessor, he proceeded to stand in the aisle, and his garments were always scrupulously observed. He appeared in a frock coat, instead of the orthodox evening dress, which the Chamber had always been accustomed to see worn in this place. Further reflection caused the new President to alter his mind, and he returned meekly, after a very short interval, to the dress consecrated by former usage. The incident has not failed to be the subject of an inquiry as to the origin of these tail coats—the most queer, though not the least comfortable of modern habiliments. According to the received pedigree of the garment, it is a direct descendant of the old French dress worn in the time of Louis XIV. The chief differences between the two are that the ancient habit had a stand-up collar, and it was of various colors, and especially of brighter tints. This coat, which is pretty familiar in prints of the last century, was made of cloth, velvet or bours, and was a mixture of gaiter-bar wool, or skin, and was often called 'barbed' in imitation of camel's hair garments worn in the East. The inside of the coat was, however lined with some rich stuff of a better material; and it was with a view to display this lining that the top part of the coat on each side was turned back as far as possible, and kept back by buttons placed near the shoulders. In the course of time the habit altered its shape repeatedly, but never lost its essential distinction of open cuttings and swallow-tails behind, called by the French 'co's tails.' The color, which had been light, as aforesaid, became darker in the Revolutionary period; and in the time of the Emperor Napoleon was the favorite hue, with gold buttons, or embroidery of gold, silver, or silk.

Queen Victoria's eldest child, the Princess Royal of England, was born in 1840.

The practice of burying in churches was abolished in France early in 1777.

Dr. Elias is said to be writing a book about the late Presidents illness.

Speaker Keifer has invested a large part of his fortune in Nebraska farming land.

England bought nearly half of all the wheat and flour exported from the United States last year.

## A Wonderful Tree.

A farmer living near Schooley Mountain, New Jersey, has greatly excited his neighbors by an account of a wonderful tree which he discovered several years ago and which he has been watching ever since. He says that for three years it has gone through the cold weather without shedding a leaf. It is a maple tree and its sap makes very good maple sugar. The farmer noticed it first while following the trail of a fox up over the mountain, early in December 1878. All the other trees, even of the same species, were entirely bare, while this tree had not, to all appearances, lost a single leaf. There were no dried leaves underneath it and the leaves on the branches were all green. It was with great difficulty that a leaf could be pulled from the twig to which it was fastened, and a strong breeze, which was blowing at the time, had no effect upon the leaves. So astonished was the discoverer of the phenomenon that he forgot all about the fox he was after and several days later with a clergyman living in the vicinity, they determined to mark several of the leaves and see how long they remained where they were. They also resolved to keep the thing a secret and watch its progress until spring. This they did. When April arrived the leaves which they had marked were just as green and fresh as in December, and the tree itself was not affected in the least by the severity of the weather and the many windy blasts.

The bark was tapped every week and yielded a plentiful supply of sapsagony to keep both the farmer and the minister's families in syrup all winter long. The same has been tried ever since; not a leaf has fallen to the best of their belief since the day the tree was noticed, and the sap has flowed with the same regularity and profusion. As far as can be ascertained there is no cause for the mysterious vitality of that particular maple. There is nothing in the soil or sub-soil to render growth more available or make the trunk and branches better able to stand the storms and cold weather. A number of people have lately visited the curiosity, but each on coming away perfectly mystified. At the present time not another tree on the whole mountain, with the exception of several evergreens near the hotels, has a leaf on it and the trunks and branches stand out bleak and bare. This maple is in an exposed spot, unprotected from the winds and surrounded by rocks. Just why it is as it is baffles the ingenuity of all beholders. Even the December fox hunt is cast in the shade by this perpetually green maple tree.

## An Extraordinary Wound.

An instance of singular tolerance of a severe wound of the brain was recently communicated by M. Dubrissy to the Societe de Medecine de Paris. A man, aged 44, in an attempt at suicide, sent a small dagger through his skull into the brain. The weapon was ten centimetres long and one and a half inches wide. The street commissioners in some of our cities are now buying cobble stones, such as the farmers in the vicinity pick from their fields, and are paying 50 cts. a ton for them at the crusher. This price pays well for carting when the distance is not too great. Many farmers would do well to make permanent cart roads over their farms, by digging out the loam and filling in with stones, and then covering again with loam or gravel. We do not pay sufficient attention to roads, either public or private.

## A Sea Monster.

The finding of the remains of the large serpent in a mud pit at Marlborough, N. J., was supplemented by the discovery of the remains of another one. The last find was somewhat decomposed, and only two large tusks and portions of the jawbone of the reptile were found preserved, the other bones crumbling to pieces when exposed to the air. The bones found last week are remarkable for their size and fine natural polish. Professor Samuel Lockwood gives the following description of the reptile: "It was a monster of great bulk. It had two paddles well forward and two behind, the body being short and stout. The bones of the paddles, from their size and soidity, indicate extraordinary propelling power. The tail was stout, long and serpentine, but a little flattened, thus affording great aid in propulsion by a sculling movement. The neck was long, and yet thick enough to support the head high out of the water while the monster was engaged in devouring its prey. The huge jaws were armed with tusks which were more formidable than those of the crocodile. The lower jaw was very singular in structure, and had a joint like an elbow. In the act of swallowing, the reptile could enlarge its gullet by the action of this elbow joint. The act of swallowing was necessarily slow, and the reptile no doubt would have had great trouble in retaining in its mouth its struggling prey if it had not been for a supplementary jaw which was used as a grapple. This was armed with small teeth, which were curved in shape. As the large jaws, with their great tusks, were being opened so as to obtain a new hold, the little grapple jaw held the struggling prey fast, and the movements alternated until the fish or other prey was forced down the great throat. The curly bones of this monster reptile of the antediluvian age known as the 'mud pit,' and no name has yet been found for it by the scientists.

Secretary Hunt has been summoned to Boston by the sudden illness of his father.

## What to do with Stones.

One who is beginning to get the folly of building stone walls to get rid of the stones, asks what he can do with the stones if they are not laid up into fences. Almost all rocky land needs draining, or it lies very near to lands that do need it. Some writers object to the use of stones for drains, but having had a pretty long experience with stone drains we do not hesitate to recommend their judicious use. The ditches should be dug from three to four feet deep, the deeper the better, and the stones packed in as solid and closely as possible, the smaller ones being used to level off the top. The main point is to have the top layer of stones so fine as to keep the soil from being washed in and filling up the water course. A great many rocks which are too large to handle easily, can be sunk where they are, cheaper than they can be disposed of in any other way. Sinking rocks raises the level of the land while digging them out lowers it unless soil is carted in for filling the holes left by the removal of the stones. Sometimes it is advisable to dig a large hole in some low spot, and then fill it nearly full of boulders, such as can be drawn from a short distance. A hole ready dug, can be made twice as large, much easier than a new hole can be dug of the same size. On a side hill, the digging should generally be done below the rock to be sunk, as it can be moved down easier than up the hill.

There are a great many holes in muck swamps where the muck has been carted out for use in the yards and stables, which, if filled with stones and then covered over with a little of the muck, would make the very best of land for cultivation. The stones may be drawn out to the ice in winter, and left to sink into their places when the ice thaws in spring. It will be necessary to have the stones to be hauled in on blocks, boards or small small stones, to prevent freezing to the earth in winter. A great many stones of all sizes could be used to the best advantage in the public highways. If the walls which now line both sides of many of our highways, had been put in the middle of the road for a track, the roads would not be blocked by snow in winter, nor rendered impassable in spring when the frost is coming out. At first thought, one might think that paving a country road with stones would be a visionary idea, but if the labor expended in building the two walls had been used in placing the stones in the line of travel, it might not have been much slower work. Two walls, each four and a half feet high, laid in the middle of the road and covered with gravel, would make a track that would be solid and passable at all seasons. In low places, as at the foot of hills, which need to have the grade changed, a great many stones may often be disposed of.

Crushed stone is also now used extensively for repairing old, and making new roads. Strong machines are now made, which will crush stones almost as large as a man can lift, and as fast as hungry hogs will eat sweet apples. The street commissioners in some of our cities are now buying cobble stones, such as the farmers in the vicinity pick from their fields, and are paying 50 cts. a ton for them at the crusher. This price pays well for carting when the distance is not too great. Many farmers would do well to make permanent cart roads over their farms, by digging out the loam and filling in with stones, and then covering again with loam or gravel. We do not pay sufficient attention to roads, either public or private.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Cyprus has a population of 185,860 souls.  
—There is red and green as well as black ebony.  
—Candle is from a Greek word meaning to shine.  
—General Grant has insured his life for \$100,000.  
—The Republic of New Grenada was organized in 1821.  
—A cod fish produces 3,686,760 eggs, a mackerel 454,850.  
—Voltaire, the great French free-thinker died in 1778.  
—General Butler is a communicant of the Episcopal church.  
—There were zoological gardens in China more than 2,000 years ago.  
—Tin mines in Cornwall, England, have been worked for three thousand years.  
—A Bath, Me., fisherman claims to have caught over 4,000 porgies this season.  
—Chief Justice French, of the British Supreme Court of China and Japan, is dead.  
—Major Edwin L. Moore, of General Lee's staff, died at Cumberland, Md., on Sunday.  
—General McDowell is expected to retire from active service in the army next spring.  
—Mr. Longfellow is now able to take long walks. His health appears to be improving.  
—The Mormons are obliged to pay to the church one-tenth of all they raise, or make, or earn.  
—It is found that brandy augments the rapidity and force of the pulse as much as 13 per cent.  
—Professor Goldwin Smith has finally refused the Mastership of University College, Oxford.  
—The Emperor Francis Joseph has left off smoking under the advice of the court physicians.  
—A farm of \$1,500 acres in Barry County, Missouri, is to be devoted to the breeding of mules.  
—The betting against Mr. Pierre Lottillier's Gerald for the Derby next year is only 7 to 1.  
—Hogg, one of Scotland's sweetest singers, usually styled the "Ettrick Shepherd" died in 1855.  
—The King of Siam has just purchased in London, through an agent, furniture valued at \$1,250,000.  
—The compound lens microscope was invented by the Jansens, spectacle makers in Middelburg in 1635.  
—Cardinal Mazarin played cards on his death-bed, as he sought that his hand had to be held by others.  
—The substitution of iron for bronze in the casting of cannon was first attempted in Queen Elizabeth's reign.  
—Napoleon issued his celebrated but futile "Berlin Decree" against British commerce, November 21, 1806.  
—According to Ehrenberg, a cubic inch of water may contain about 800,000,000 of animalcules.  
—The train from Paris to Milan by the new Saint Gothard route will make the journey in twenty-one hours.  
—The Count de Ferrollet, member of the French Chamber of Deputies for the Department of Sarthe, is dead.  
—During the last three years Germany consumed 2,657,539 tons of rails. Nearly all the rails were made of steel.  
—Counterfeit five and ten dollar gold pieces, bearing the date of 1880, are reported to be plentiful in San Francisco.  
—Mansur Paqia, the Turkish Ambassador to England, intends to publish a Greek translation of Dante's "Inferno."  
—The yield of potatoes of all kinds last year in Ireland amounted to 3.6 tons per acre, against 1.3 ton the previous year.  
—At a consistory to be held shortly after Christmas the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate