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A GENERATION BACK.

We are apt to think of the present times as a happy one. As a matter of fact, however, the present times are not so happy as they seem. The general feeling of the people is one of gloom and despair. The people are weary of the present times, and they are looking for a change. The people are looking for a better future, and they are looking for a better government. The people are looking for a better life, and they are looking for a better world. The people are looking for a better future, and they are looking for a better government. The people are looking for a better life, and they are looking for a better world.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"An old bachelor?" said Honora Maywood. "That's what he told me, in just so many words," said Mrs. Pennyacker, who stood on the threshold of her best room, with her head tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and a hair-broom in her hand, as she looked at the girl. "What a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood sat all and slender as a willow, stood in the hall with a roll of muslin under her arms and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby black shawl. "And he's willing to pay my price, cash, every Sunday night. Never attempted to beat me down a penny, if you'll believe it, dear." "Why should he?" said Honora. "Most people do, my dear," said Mrs. Pennyacker. "A wrinkled old widow woman like me, who has her living to earn is mostly fair game for everybody. But he never objected to my terms. A real gentleman, my dear—every inch of him. But he's a little peculiar I'm afraid." "I suppose most old bachelors are," said Miss Maywood, smiling. "Yes, my dear—yes," nodded Mrs. Pennyacker. "But this gentleman is beyond the average, I think." "And if he is?" "Nothing," said Mrs. Pennyacker, making a dab with her broom-handle at a stray moth-miller which was fluttering blindly against the garnet damask window curtain; "nothing except that one don't quite know where to have him. He drinks only English breakfast tea, and he wants his pie-crust made with the best Alsatian butter, instead of lard, as is good enough for other people; and he must have ventilators to all the windows and as open gate, instead of the base burning stove; and—I hope you'll not feel offended, my dear—but he particularly dislikes a piano."

covered that basket of clothes, she gave a little start. "Shirts," said Honora, "and socks, and turn over collars No. 16, and great big pocket-handkerchiefs, like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and—goodness me, what does it all mean? Mrs. Mulvey has sent me some gentleman's wardrobe by mistake. I must send these things back at once." But then Miss Maywood looked down at the articles in grave consideration. "I never had a brother, much Miss Maywood; and I can't remember my father; but of this I am quite certain—if I had either one or the other, I should thank any girl to mend their dilapidated wardrobe, if they looked like this. And Mrs. Mulvey can't send before night and unfortunately I've nothing to do, so I'll just mend this poor young fellow's clothes whoever he may be. A half-studied student, perhaps, training for the Polynesian Islands; or perhaps a newspaper reporter, or a pale clerk, under the dazzling skylight of some dry goods palace. At all events he's worse off than I am, for he can't mend his own clothes, and I can." And the smile dimpled around Honora Maywood's little roselip of a month ago as she sat down to darn holes, sew on tapes, and insert patches. "He'll never know who did it," said Honora to herself; "but I dare say, he'll be thankful; and if you can get a chance to do some little good in this world, one ought not to grudge one's time and trouble." And as Honora stitched away, she mused sadly whether or not she ought to accept a position which had offered itself to assist a matron in an orphan asylum, where the work would be almost unendurable, and the pay next to nothing, with no Sundays nor holidays, and a ladies committee, consisting of three starched old maids, to "visit" upon her the first Friday of every month. "I almost think I'd rather starve," said Honora. But dear me! starving is a serious business, when one comes to consider it face to face. Sally Mulvey came back puffing and blowing like a human whale, in about two hours. "Mother says she's sent the wrong basket," said she breathlessly. "I thought it very probable, Sally," said Miss Maywood. "And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things no longer, Miss Maywood, 'cause she does a cash business, and there ain't nothing been paid on your account since last June." Honora felt herself turning scarlet. "I am very sorry, Sally," said she. "Tell your mother I will settle my bill as soon as I possibly can." Sally fanned out of the room red and indignant, like an overcharged thundercloud, and poor little Honora, dropping her head on her hands, burst into tears. "Pretty girl that—very pretty," said Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor, to his landlady. "Do you mean—?" "I mean the young lady boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then," said Mr. Broderick. "Nice figure—big, soft eyes, like a gazelle. Didn't some one tell me she was a music teacher?" "That's her profession," said Mrs. Pennyacker. But there ain't many pupils as wants tuition, and poor little dear, she has but a hard time of it. "Humph!" granted Mr. Broderick. "What fools women are not to have a regular profession! If I had a daughter I'd bring her up a self-supporting institution."

When it was bulletined on the board that the great prize fight had come off there was a struggle to get nearer and read the particulars. Just at this time a well-known city pastor happened along, and seeing the crowd he began inquiring what had happened. "Ryan is laid out, they say," answered one of the persons appealed to. "Ryan? Ryan? Who is Mr. Ryan, and what was he running for?" softly queried the good man of himself. "And there was only nine rounds," continued the other as he turned from the bulletin. "I tell you that Sullivan is a Sullivan! Sullivan! I don't remember reading anything of Mr. Sullivan." No one paid any attention to his further questions until he dropped back and said to a newsboy who had both feet on the ground he was breathing hard in his excitement: "Boy, what is it?" "All about the fight," was the answer. "Has any mill blow up or been burned down?" "The boy stepped back and looked his questioner over with withering contempt, and then cried out: "You infernal idiot, don't you know anything! I tell you Sullivan knocked Ryan out of time on the eighth round, and I lost \$1.50 by it, and if you don't know what that means, you'd better go to school and study rhetoric!" "Who mented 'em," demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk eye had already caught sight of the dainty needle work upon his garments. "Nobody mented 'em," said Sally. "And mother she says it's easy to see as the new gent is a bachelor, on account of the holes in his heels and toes, and strings off his!" "I can tell you who mented 'em," said Mrs. Pennyacker, "for I see her at it, the pretty dear—Miss Maywood! And she says, 'I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennyacker; but,' says she, 'they need mending;—and a kind action, never comes amiss.'—No more it does, Lord! bless her!" "Humph!" said Mr. Broderick; "she's right—no more it does. And she's regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch, Mrs. Pennyacker! Enclid's Geometry couldn't produce a straighter line or truer angles. See the toe of that stocking! It's like a piece of Gobelin tapestry! That's the way I like to see things done!" And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formally introduced to Honora Maywood, and had thanked her with equal formality for the good offices she had unwittingly rendered him. It was a golden October evening that Honora came down into the kitchen

where Mrs. Pennyacker was baking pies for her eccentric boarder, with the crusts made of the best Alsatian butter instead of lard. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Pennyacker; "what a thing it is to be an old bachelor." "He won't be a bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and coloring as she laid her cheek on the good landlady's cushioning shoulder. "What do you mean?" said Mrs. Pennyacker. "He has asked me to marry him," said Honora, "after only two week's acquaintance. He says that a girl who can mend stockings as I do needs no other text. And he says he loves me;—and—"

The head of the dead man was pilloved on his daughter's lap, and to the stiffened lips she pressed her own repeatedly. But friends interposed, and the man was carried into the house. "Have you any idea who did it?" I asked of the young lady. She hesitated for a moment. Not even her overwhelming sorrow had power to suppress the blush that stained neck and face with a burning glow. "I have none," she said, faltering. I did not believe her. Whoever the assassin was she knew him. I was satisfied of this, although some reason, for which I could not then account, kept her silent. This was all the public learned from the daily papers, and for a while it passed through men's thoughts. But you know what others forget we remember. The detective's work is never done. The clew lost must be regained. But in this instance the mystery seemed impenetrable. Still the belief that the girl knew by whom the fatal shot was fired, kept her constantly in my mind. I watched her incessantly. I searched out her history—learned of her loves—her courtships and all the secrets that young ladies guard so secretly. I ascertained from them that she had been addressed by a young man of dissolute habits, and a wild, wayward character. She was an heiress in her own right, but her fortune depended on her marrying with her father's consent. This could not be obtained. I now settled in my own mind who was the murderer. But I had no proof. Since the night of the tragedy he had not come near her. But something assured me that an interview would yet take place. To this end I waited impatiently. It was Mardi-Gras night—the night of the carnival. The brilliantly lighted city was wild with excitement. The population was en masse, the sound of music—the sound of echoing feet reached the street from many a palatial home and public building—a night of revelry. I stood in the centre of a room thronged with dancers, my eyes never straying from a blue domino. I had traced it here. I knew the lady who wore it; I had seen the milliner who had fashioned it; I had seen it fitted to the beautiful face. I had not lost sight of her from early dawn. She was standing underneath the chandelier when a man approached her dressed as a harlequin. Instinct would have told me who he was had I not recognized the sound of his voice—the simple word. "Mary!" The girl trembled violently, but I heard the reply. "Murderer!" "It was for love of you!" "It was for love of my money—go! I have not and will not betray you. But I will never willingly look on your face again." "You will desert me, then?" "Would you have me marry the man who killed my parent?" "Mary, what else could I do?" I did not wait for the reply. I had proof enough now. I whispered in his ear and he followed me from the room. "You are my prisoner!" "For what he inquired haughtily. "For murder!" I replied looking him steadily in the eye. He bore the look unflinchingly for a moment, and then broke down utterly. "Mary has betrayed me!" he said. "Not so! but I heard your conversation!" "No matter, I will confess it!" And he did. It is useless to repeat the recital. It was such a wild impetuous nature inured to crime would be likely to make. A great effort was made by his friends to save him, but in vain, the crime he perpetrated was too cruel—the deed too heinous. He is in middle age, but his hair is white, and his face is wrinkled with care—an old man, whose remorse has chased away youth. The girl yet lives in the city unmarried. She has a strange heart, and a mind warped by affection. She refused to testify even at the trial.

persons countries in Europe. It has a population of 460 per square mile, a larger population than any other country in the world. In 1830, when it became a nation, the population was scarcely 1,000,000; it is now more than five times that number. One fourth is engaged in agriculture, and another fourth in trades and manufactures, chiefly the staple industries, the iron and coal trades. In Belgium the state is the great railroad proprietor, the state railroads being one of the largest sources of the public revenue. The national debt, which is in gradual process of reduction, amounts to \$160,000,000, the annual interest on which is \$7,000,000. The debt was created, most of it, by the construction of railroads and other remunerative public works. King Leopold II. (who succeeded to the considerable property accumulated by his father, who, it was said, always looked at a franc nine times before he paid it away) has an allowance from the state of \$600,000 a year and the occupancy of handsome palaces in and near Brussels. He confirmed his personal and political stability by marrying an Austrian archduchess, and his second daughter is betrothed to the Archduke Rudolph, heir apparent to the crown of Austria, being the only son of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Christian IX., who succeeded to the sovereignty of Denmark in November, 1863, on the death of Frederick VII. without legitimate issue, had little more than an extended pedigree and a long title (Prince of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg), his estate, real and personal, being very small indeed. His annual allowance, voted him by the Danish rigsdag or parliament, is \$277,775, and his eldest son, married to the crown princess of Sweden and Norway, has been allowed \$33,330 since 1868. It is worthy of notice how wonderfully two of the smallest of the European states, Coburg and Denmark, have thriven by marriage since the fall of Napoleon. Leopold of Coburg, a younger son of a princely German house, which was poor and insignificant at that time, married, in 1816, Charlotte, the heiress-apparent to the British crown. On her death, in the following year, he was allowed, from England, was \$250,000 a year for life, with a palace in London and the country-seat of Clarenceau. After that he married a French princess. By his adroit management his widowed sister married the duke of Kent, the issue of such union being Victoria, queen empress or empress queen, of whom his nephew, Alfred, became the husband in 1840. By these and other politic alliances, the house of Coburg became connected with the reigning families of England, France, Portugal, Brazil, Austria and Bavaria.

The grounds must be three hundred and thirty feet in length, and one hundred and sixty feet in width. For absolute safety the players should be stationed at least a mile apart. The riot shall last an hour and a half, with intervals at every half hour, of ten minutes each, for drinks. If at the end of the game any of the players shall be unharmed, innings of fifteen minutes each shall be played until he is either killed or entirely disabled. A match shall be decided on by the number of bones broken. One dead man shall count according to his bones. Two teeth knocked out shall count as one bone, and shall count for the side not owning the teeth. The referee shall promptly disqualify men with false teeth. If one of your opponents has possession of the ball knock him down and take the ball away from him. This shall be called a safety knock-down. Four safety knock downs shall be equivalent to one fencer, or dead man, which will count as a goal. Trapping up shall not be allowed in this game. It is not a sufficiently painful way of upsetting your man. A drop kick is made by kicking one of your opponents after he has dropped. The captains of the respective sides shall wrestle before the commencement of the match. The winner shall have the option of kicking, or being kicked. The former, by express, is considered preferable. A funeral may be obtained by any kind of a kick; to avoid unpleasant complications it is better for the kicker to be larger than the kicked. When a funeral shall have been obtained the side which owns the corpse shall set up the bier. A fair catch is a catch made direct from a kick or a knock, by one of the opposite side only, provided the catcher has a mark of the ball on the spot where he has been caught. The ball is dead when the player carrying it shall be knocked down. In some instances this rule may also apply to the player. A player may get up and bowl whenever he has been rolled or pounded in a scrimmage. It is lawful for any player who bowls to run away, and, if he does so, it is called a run. A tackle is where the holder of the ball is jumped on by the whole of the opposite team. A maul in goal is when the holder of the ball is tackled inside the goal line, or is being tackled immediately outside, is stepped on, or is dragged through the mud and spun on his head until he or the opposition succeed in touching the ball down. A man who is "on side" cannot be "off side." The same rule applies to the "off side." A man to be off side must be on the side that is off. A safety touch-down shall consist of laying the other fellow out, in order to keep yourself in good condition.

NEWS IN BRIEF
—The reports of the last United States census will occupy 20,000 printed pages.
—Dr. T. Storry Hunt has received the honorary degree of doctor of laws from Cambridge University, England.
—The Cambria Iron Company is erecting a large iron mill at Johnston, Penna.
—A church adjoining that of the "Holy Stars," at Rome, is used by the Italian Government as a stable.
—Mr. F. Wise, of Ireland, has given \$100,000 toward the restoration of the Cathedral in Cork.
—A Philadelphia magistrate has been fined \$50 for making an excessive charge of 35 cents in a fee.
—The population of the city of Rome, Italy, and suburbs is 300,292, an increase since 1871 of 55,808.
—A narrow gauge road of three feet costs in construction about five-eighths as much as a broad gauge.
—Nearly 3,000 tons of wrapping paper were made in one month, by fifty-one mills, in the United States.
—General Tom Thum celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his marriage by a dinner in St. Louis recently.
—The favorite maxim of Philip II. of Spain was: "It is better not to reign at all than to reign over heretics."
—The Basque costumes near Bayonne and the villages in the Pyrenees are beginning to be replaced by Paris fashions.
—Toward the end of a eighth century the sale of slaves beyond their native provinces was in most countries forbidden.
—The American consul-general at Shanghai has lately sent twenty boxes of bamboo cuttings for transplanting in Oregon.
—The attempts to light the streets of Liverpool by electricity have not proved successful, and the project is to be abandoned.
—A colossal pine which was lately uprooted by an inundation in Oulais, Finland, was found to have 1029 annual rings.
—At the beginning of the fourteenth century the church for the first time gave permission for the dissection of human bodies.
—It is estimated that there are in Philadelphia between 27,000 and 28,000 children who are not attending any school.
—Toole, the English comedian, a favorite of the Prince of Wales, is building a theatre for his own performances in London.
—In Switzerland no child who cannot present a certificate of vaccination is permitted to attend a public or private school.
—Twenty years ago nearly 35,000 men in the British army were returned, who could neither write nor read. The number has now been reduced to a little over 7000.
—Since 1840 the Atlantic steamers have increased their average speed from 8.3 knots to 15.6 knots, or nearly double while the consumption of fuel per horse power has been diminished about sixty per cent.
—Ex-King Amadeus was recently robbed by one of his servants in his palace at Turin, of 100,000 francs worth of jewels and silver.
—Agriculture is taught in 27,000 of the 34,000 schools of France, which have gardens attached in which practical instruction can be given.
—Bath, Lucon, Albani and Minnie Hank are the only leucers of the "Kammer Saengerin" to the Imperial Court of Germany.
—The commission appointed in Germany to revise Luther's translation of the Bible, has held its first sitting and brought its work to a close.
—It is estimated that the total length of submarine telegraph cables in the world is 62,000 miles, having a money value of about \$200,000,000.
—President Arthur has rented the cottage on Cedar avenue, Long Branch, opposite the lodge of Hollywood Park. The cottage is nearly completed.
—In Europe a copy of the first edition of the Decameron has been sold for over \$11,000, and one of the Gutenberg Bibles on vellum for \$17,000.
—In the year 630 A. U. C., Caius Gracchus caused a law to be made supplying the poor with corn at a price that was little more than nominal.
—Massachusetts has 3,148 miles of railroad track representing with rolling stock \$122,155,614. Last year 184 persons were killed and 115 injured.
—Two Mormon colonies in Arizona pay no territorial or county taxes. They are so isolated that they are not included in the census more than the projected.
—It is understood that the projected ship canal across Cape Cod has been abandoned. Recent surveys show it will cost a million more than expected.
—The city of Boston boasts that the cost of its public schools during the past ten months has been \$25,000 less than for the corresponding period last year.
—The design for the Expiatory Chapel, which is to be erected on the site of Alexander III's assassination, have been exhibited at the St. Petersburg Hotel de Ville.
—Newsals used to send out wealth; now it is taking it in. All the mines in the state yielded during 1881 about \$4,500,000 less than enough to pay the cost of operating them.
—The silver coins of the United States and of France are made of nine parts of silver and one part of copper. Less copper is used in making the silver of Great Britain.
—A life-size bronze statue of General Mosquera, President of the Colombian Republic, has just been successfully cast at Munich. It is intended for the Colombian capital, Bogota.
—The women teachers of the Junior Divisions of the Toronto schools have applied to the School Board for increased salaries, arguing that at \$27 a month they cannot support themselves.
—The coronation of Alexander III. if ever it takes place, will cost the pretty little sum of twenty-one million roubles. The coronation of the Czar Nicolas cost six million of roubles, and that Alexander II. seventeen millions.
—An anemist has been found in a cavity near the centre of the stone. This is an uncommon occurrence in the case of quartz crystals, but a cavity in amethyst is said to be unique.