

B. F. SCHWEIER,

VOL. XXXVI.

THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1882.

NO. 14

VANISHED

Gone are the beautiful dreams of the past Vanished and buried from sight, I knew they were all too happy to last, still I clasped them to me, close and fast Till tacy perished in darkness and night O, life was so pleasant and love so sweet, The days so long and bright : I love your outstretched hand to meet While my heart with love and laughter beat, You-you were my life and light But now you are lying calmly at rest, Your hands so white and chill Are folded peacefully over your breast While I, with a spirit of sad unrest, Nander up to your grave on the hill. I think how I saw you last, as you lay So calm and stately and fair, Your memory maketh all my day, I see you e car blue eyes alway And your misty golden hair

Oh. I hear your voice, I clasp your hand-But awake-the dream has fled And I am alone in this desolate land This dreary desert of burning sand, And you, my darling, are dead.

THE COPPERING PET.

I was wandering through the suburbs of one of our smallest and most venera-and I am certain old Wonderment would ble seaport towns, when I came upon not offer to pilot us if he did not know the graveyard. One of the graves par- the bar. He can't help knowing it; he ticularly attracted my attention. It was has lived here all his life. covered by a large and flat stone, which It was not long after this that the bore an inscription reading as follows :

stance of Captain William Mercen, a along toward the narrow entrance to the skipper of this port, and father of Polly Mercen who sailed from here in the Cop-pering Pet in June, 1869. In 1801 he and his frequent orders were passed to the emotion may be true enough; but to 1871. The body shall remain here until most reached the bar. On either side resurrected by the last trumpet, and the worldly substance shall stay with it until beach, with a gentle surf rolling up on the bank of us stretched a long expanse of sandy beach, with a gentle surf rolling up on "It shames man not to his daughter Polly shall raise this stone it. and take from under it her own."

I saw on the road an elderly man approaching. I had met him before, He and a grind, and the vessel stopped. We was a weather beaten personage, with were aground on the north beach. a seataring demeanor, and his name was a hurry, but I stopped him and asked in the town where she had taken lodgif he could explain the inscription on ings. Captain Polly was much troubled,

like I'll take you out with me, and I'll town. tell you all about that tombstone on the

I replied that nothing would please

Thereupon Wonderment told the story box, before I said a word about it. I've of Captain Mercen's death and the sin hauled her on board agen." gular disposition of his worldly sub-

I the matter to her. "It will soon be high water," she said, be. "I'm satisfied too "

"and I don't want to wait outside twelve

sails were set to a fresh southeastern breeze, and we were steadily moving along toward the narrow entrance to the breeze to the narrow entrance to the along toward the narrow entrance to the the never knew fear." No one possessing "Here lies the body and wordly sub-breeze, and we were steadily moving

"Hard-a-port! Starbu'd! Hard-star-As I was turning away from the grave bu'd Starbu'd! D-!" should Won-The next day after this I was sitting Wonderment Sanchez. I saw he was in with Polly in the parlor of a little house

"It's cur'us," he said, "that you should ask me such a thing at this time. I felt anxious to help her in every way Fear The Copperin' Pet is lyin' off the bar; that I could, and I was now discussing rational of the passions. It is not always The Copperint Pet is tyle of the out, I've been a watchin' fur her fur years, and I can't be mistook in her. She'll come over at high water, and I've been the north beach. Every effort had been the north beach. Every effort had been to hunt our pilots, but all three of 'em made by the crew and the inhabitants of faccitul alarm. The duke of Schonberg have gone up the river fishing. I'm no the town to get her off, but all were un- could face an enemy with reasty courage pilot, but I'm going over to the Pet in availing. It had been decided to send but fied from the room if he saw a cat in my boat. The Captain ought to know the bar, fur he was raised here, and per-haps he'll bring her in himself. If you man, Sarah, had taken lodgings in the the 'Turkish Spy'' states that if he had a

Coppering Pet remained firm upon the in a room with a spider. Many people beach. The tug had arrived, but it had tave similiar fanciful antipathies, which

ing for such matters, and he'd had his town and turned to me as if I had been should fall. When twice the number ing for such matters, and he'd had his own bones made of whales' jaws if he could a done it. He had che child, named Polly, and her mother died when she was little. Nine years ago, when Polly was eighteen, she married young Alba, of this town, and sailed away, as is stated on that stone. Two years after that the old man died, and he left all he had to Polly. As I've been told, every-thin' was turned into money, which was put into an iron box, and buried under his grave stone. Accordin' to directions he left, the money is to wait there fur

John's Thanksgiving

A few years ago 1 was advised by my stance. "This is a strange story," said Cap tain Polly, "and I must think it over take Pet over the bar?" "I didn't come fur that," said the ol man, inspired by the grog; "but, though fr m to a pilot by trade, I've see advised. The beautifies and for ards as often this bar back'ards an

Manifestations of Fear.

It is said that the Emperor Charles V. Mitchell was gazing into those dark eyes reading an epitaph, "here hes one who never knew fear," remarked, "Then he

never snuffed a candle with his fingers," others. enced fear is simply impossible. As Lord she felt her own littleness, felt that there

"It shames man not to feel man's mertal fear, It shames man only if that fear subdue. There is a story of a young recruit in

the thirty years' war going into action for the first time in his life in the highest spirits. "Look at Johann," remarked one of his comrades, as the troops were drawnup ready to charge, "ne is ful of jokes; how brave he is?" "Not at all," replacd the veteran addressed; "he knows nothing of what is coming. You and I, old comrade, are far braver ; we still sit

on our horses, though we are terribly for life?

sword in his hand he would rather en-Two weeks elapsed during which the counter a lion in the desert than be alone

The Golden Crown.

world. Ah: it was, shall I say an evil day when Agnes Barnard came to that quiet little village. A young girl just from the city, schooled in all the arts of coquetry, bright and sparkling, with a fascination about her that was irresistible, and while John With cheerful faces, were looking earnestly in one direction, where I could discern nething but a deep sandy road, unshaded by trees. A murnur of impatience was heard through the confused sound of voices.

"Who are they expecting ?" I asked of he forgot that they could be untrue, forgot that they had miled as tenderly upon bench. bench.

parbleu, they are waiting for the "Eb. Yet Agnes Barnard was not a bad dear old Father. He is always so exact. woman at heart, she was only what her education had made her. She would have by this time had he not been delayed." and the children would have been dancing been true could she have cast off the chains the world had thrown around her, making her sacrifice her best feelings for a sort of dais raised within the circle. It was born in this town, where he died in the man at the wheel. We had now al-say that at no period of his nfe he experi-pomp and show. There were times when was composed of a board laid on two bar rels, and the chair placed on it seemed was something better worth striving for ashamed of its solitude; an old desk stood than to reign a star in fashionable life before it, to hold the music. Soon a joyand coquette that she was, this man had ous hurrah came from the peanuts, and and cognetic that she was, this her heart. I perceived a poor old man, hobbling pain- all he possessed. He was so true, so noble, so different from fully through the dust. His head was the shallow-hearted men that she had nearly bald, bat his form was massive, known all her life, and as time rolled on and the face was still handsome. He apshe was forced to acknowlege to herself peared to be about 80, yet his eye still re. tained the softned reflection of its youth that she loved John Mitchell; but could she marry him? She weighed the question ful fire. His smile was all goodness as

well in her mind. Could she give up the he affectionately pressed the hands of the andsome establishment that was waiting young ones who gathered around him. to be hers, as soon as she consented to be come Archer Deane's wife, the old graysaired banker, worth half a million, and

settle down in that little obscure village She shook her head. The sacrifice o great. Could she tell hum this! No! and she closed her eyes against the vision of the future, that in spite of all efforts to prevent it, would float before her mind, arose to return as if by magnetic attracand reveled on in the bliss of the present. Ah! they were happy days. Earth and all tion, and walked beside two peasants its vanities seemed so far away; and in who were on their way to the feast. I remarked: "It is impossible to waltz to go into the business." after years the remembrance of those days

came back to her as a bright casis in the desert of her life. And John Mitchell, no "You are right," replied the young man;

I replied that nothing would please me better, and in fifteen minutes we were rowing over the harbor toward the bar, "Billy Mereen," said Wonderment, "was an old friend of mine. He made many voyages and brought back many eur'ns things, principally made out of whales' jaw bones. He had a great like

"how can a man of your intellectual

I'm not applied of yurger, we been over
this bar back ards and for ards as often
as any man livin.'' Was, shall a synch contact hard
erg'lar pilots had been in town I sup-
pose they'd a come; but they're away,
and here'l a some; but they're away,
shall take us over.''
"'All right, "said Captain Polly; "you
shall take us over.''
I'was not at all satisfied with this de-
cisand, words cardel, w friendships, true joy, and simple feelings. I admire their ignorance more than to see me as I am to see them ?' pointed modern philosophy, and I am happier out as their immediate cockney answer N. J., recently.

they would ridicule me." .Our conversation was carried on for a Our conversation was carried on for a long time, and I promised to come and see him the following year. I did so: but only to find the door closed. The pigeons ker and expose themselves to danger

were no longer on the roof; no dog barked a triendly welcome. An old Stockmar came over nearly every year woman I met told me that the musician to visit the Queen and the Prince, and had died the previous February. All the villagers around had wept over his tomb. almost entirely took the management When his will was opened, it was found of the whole menage into his hands. that he had bequeathed 3,000 frances to He put all the details of the management each of the villages, his furniture to the of the royal household on a sort of philold woman who waited on him, and his much-prized possession, the crown of weber, to the city of Munich. This was the broadest generalizations on the British Constitution to the smallest de-

"There's Money in It."

taurant in Chicago, who paused to give his his letters he writes: "The nursery young ones who gathered around him. A country ministrel seldom pleases the rick chicken-"I wonder if there isn't ment of a kingdom would do." We may Cod. refined taste; and, to escape from the money in raising chickens for the market? I wish this hen was alive so that I could mention that the little Princess (the a small group of benches, and began to get her views upon the matter, for she must Crown Princess of Prussia), now a wemread the book which was my constant have had a long and varied experience, an blooming with health and life, was read the book which was my constant companion. Presently I heard sounds so soft, penetrating and sweet, that the memory of them will never be effaced. It memory of them will never be effaced. It was one of Weber's waltzes, executed by a master's hand on an excellent violin. I of good food they would be ready for the tapeism pervaded the management of to law. market as spring chickens in two or three the royal household. It was in the months. I believe there's money in it, hands of three great state officers-the and I'll be hanged if I'm not half inclined Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain

a friend sitting opposite, who was vainly are always noblemen of high rank and one could tell the worth of those days to but in the intervals of the country dances trying to rend the muscle of a drumstick. great political position, who of course "I know of a man who made \$1,000 out

Queen Victoria at Home. NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Arkansas claims twenty watering - Chicago put up 500,000 yards o

mourning. -Commodore Roe, of the navy, is

ngerously ill in Washington, -Mrs. Garfield received another autograph letter from Queen Victoria.

-Second-Lieutenant Rollen A. Ives, of the Fifth Ar illery, died at Summit,

modern philosophy, and I am mapplet among these rustics who love me than I should be in those drawing rooms where touching incident that when the Queen hunting seat in Butlandshire, England, drove one day to the Park, just after a for the coming season.

-Japan produces over 90,000,000 pounds of tes annually, and the yield is steadily increasing.

-Archbishop Purcell is reported by the Cincinnati Commercial to be "gradually passing away."

-Tanners' bark for hot beds was first used by the Dutch, from whom England borrowed the idea in 1688.

-The Prussian government is to buy this year 20,300 tons of iron railroad sleepers at a cost of §35 a ton.

--In- early times shad and salmon were caught in large quantities in the Willimantie River as far up as Tolland. tails of the nursery. The organization -Among the Saxons on New Year's

and superintendence of the children's day the "wassail bowi" was carried from door to door with song and merriment, -In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold, a

mariner of the west of England, discovgives me more trouble than the govern- ered and named the peninsular of Cape

-In the fourteenth century glass mirrors were extremely rare in France, while metallic ones were in common

-The question is raised whether the business men who stamp their adverticements on silver coins, are amenable

-Judge Folger was congratulated ormally by his feltow-citizens of Geneva, N. Y., upon his appointment to the Treasury portfolio

-It is said that Monsigner Thomas J. Capel, the distinguished Roman Catho-lic theologian of England, will soon visit delegate all the practical duties into the the United States,

-According to the latest consus returns the population of the Bulgarian Principality is now 1,998,983. Of this number 16,625 are soldi

-The Texas and Pacific railway company have established an experimental

department occupied a considerable portion of Stockmar's time. In one of "I wonder," remarked a diner at a res

"Of course there's money in it," rejoined and the Master of the Horse, These

dies to the oldest one left, and so on until it's all gone. I thought old Billy Mercen was the What a correction of the cargo, sold at a sacri-fice in the town, and he had gone away.

I thought old Billy Mercen was the most foolish testator I had yet heard of, but I did not say so. I suggested how-war the the town, and he had gone away. When everything had been done, and Polly's affairs had been placed in the innut of a remaniful to the town, and he had gone away.

and was almost as auxious as old Won detment himself to get out to the Coppering Pet and see what would come of

We were soon out to sea, and as w approached the vessel I saw that Wonderment had not been mistaken. Her name, the Coppering Pet, was painted in fresh white letters on her bow. As she lay to, before a moderate breeze we were soon on board.

When we reached the deck Wonder ment asked for the Captain.

"All right, sir!" said a sailor, "she i coming." She! The old man and I opened wide our eyes, but none too wide for the sight we saw. Up a short companion way there stepped a young woman, who, with a quick and sea trimmed step,

came toward us. She wore a close fitting dress of blue and a broad straw "Why, if this isn't Wonderment she exclaimed, advancing toward the old man with outstretched hands.

"I'm real glad to see you, Polly," said Wonderment; "You're looking finely, And how's..." "He is not living," said Polly, quiet-

"I am so glad you come on board. ly. "I am so glad you come on This is your friend, I suppose." Wonderment introduced me.

"Come into the cabin," she said "and I will tell you overything that has

brought, Peliy told her story. It was not a very long one. Her husband had died about three years after they first sailed away in the Coppering Pet. this happened when they were in the Japanese seas. She would have sold sel and returned to her home, suitable arrangements of this kind ; and through agents, I made myself your then, before any p'an could be carried out she heard of her father's death. When she recovered from this new shock she did not want to come home, and if she did not want to come home, and if she sold her vessel, she felt that she would have no abiding place in this world, so she determined to keep the "threw that box overboard!" ind, Arab, and Zicelecas pones are hardy as a rost, and cost no more to raise. They roam over the large pastures like a flock of sheep, and present a novel aspect. They world, so she determined to keep the Coppering Pet, the only home she had, and having a competent mate and a good crew, and being accompanied by a middle aged Sootch woman, who acted as both maid and companion, she had sailed and traded in those Eastern wat-

I looked in her eyes, and then I took he left, the money is to wait there fur her fur a bundred years, fur some of the I looked in her eyes, and then I took ther in my arms. The matter was settled. In the common of the In the common of the look, was found

her far a bundred years, fur some of the women Mereens live a long time. If she don't come fur it in the hundred high tides it hauled and pulled at the Walpole, whose disreputable abbess litershe don't come in it in it in the given to the oldest man in the town, and when he her. Her Captain had been paid with

Earth and Moon.

but I did not say so. I suggested how-ever, that the iron box might be stolen. "Some folks think," said the old man, "that there's nothin' much in that box, and some folks thinks there stots. But however 'tis, there's no man in this town however 'tis, there's no man in this town would touch that grave." I was greatly interested in this story, I was greatly interested in this story.

and as we were walking along the water front of town we saw a little boat approaching, with a man in it rowing vio- ay was gitting longer and longer as the

moon was receding farther and farther. lently. "It's old Wonderment," said Polly. If they looked back to earlieer periods, the And we stood to await his coming. He moon, must, therefore, have been closer ran his boat ashore, and when he landed and saw us he was so excited he could went back." At one epoch, which he put at about two-hundred and fifty million of scarcely speak.

scarcely speak. "She's off!" he grasped; "the Copper-ing Pet's afloat. There was the highest tide this afternoon we've had for seven year, and the men working on board have got her off the beach. She's an-chored now just outside the bar." was to the earth the more quickly it re-volved; and, looking back to that remote

"The Coppering Pet afloat! cried period, they had the extracrdinary state of things in which the earth was spinning Polly, grasping me by both hands, while her eyes sparkled with delight. "Whereround once in every three hours, and the moon rotating once in three hours also ever we go we go in her!" At that time the earth was really a mass And go in her we did.

of semi-molten matter, an1 if the oceans On a lovely afternoon late in the sum-On a lovely atternoon late in the sum-mer we sailed out of the harbor. Owing to his reneated and carnet normalized and showed that the to his repeated and earnest requests old nearer the moon to the earth the greater Wonderment was with us; but this time was the rise of the tide; and he calculated

Rearing Poples.

An 8,000 acre ranch located near Leon

he did not pilot us over the bar. We that, when the mooa was so near to the sailed, and we sailed over summer seas earth, the tide must have been two han-

and were very happy. One beautiful moonlight evening we were sitting on deck, old Wonderment near by. "Well," said Polly, "I think, near by. "Well," said Polly, "I think, here is the tide must have been taken the but I could not, and if suffering can make present time. Rising two hundred and forty fret high, the tides would have washed over the whole of England. "AGNES BAENARD." for poor people, we are about as happy and independent as anybody could be."

"If you're poor," said the old man, "it's your own fault. Your father left

you everythin' he was worth, and all you had to do was to take it." "If he had left me any thing in a regu-Springs, Bexar county, Texas, has been fitted for the breeding of ponies for saddle lar way," said Polly, quietly, "I should have been glad to have it. But I can find. I am glad that every tempta-tion of the kind is left far behind us." "Tain't so far behind either," said Wonderment, "As you are actin'

as both maid and companion, she had sailed and traded in those Eastern wat-ers until a few months ago, when she had determined to see once more her native town. While Captain Polly was speaking I had watched her closely. She was really a vory handsome woman and her face was very little sunburned. "And now," she said, "I want to hear." "And now," she said, "I want to hear."

But she told him all; told him how she loved him, but could not marry him. Told him to hate ber-to cast her from his memory; that she was not worthy of his slightest thought, and then offered back with tears, the ring be had given her. "No, keep it," said he, "and it mafter years you should regret the words you have said to me, this ring will recall me." And they started; she to her home, and he to a city to become a cletk in a store. He gave up his studies, for they held no

He gave up his studies, for they held no

picasure for him now ; the world had me a blank, and he sought relief labor. Three long years passed. John Mitch.

Il was but a clerk still , but he hal faith. fully performed his duties and won the steem and confidence of his employers, nd one morning he found himself junior ing in the branches, which is far finer than chickens," and the fowl assault was re- Guizot relates that this was a circum-

partner of the firm. At last his efforts had been crowned with success, but he was not happy. The old dream was not dead, though he tried "To-morrow I will come," said I.press-

hard to bury it in oblivion. There are some so constituted that nothing the old man cordially by the hand more pleased with the invitation than if it had been to one of the grandest chateaux. ing, not even time, can efface their first love. Such was John Mitchell. He saw

Ten o'clock on the tollowing day tound Agnes Barnard, not as others saw her-a me before a detatched cottage, clean, small, and pleasantly shaded, beside a gay, worldly woman-but one under whose surface-vanity there glowed a warm, true heart ; and although he pitted her because her moral courage was so weak, yet he loved her as fervently as he had in the days long since gone by, and he knew that wherever Agnes was, she was suffering as greatly as he. It was Thanksgiving Day, John Mitch.

ell stood at a window of the store gazing out on the passers by, but he was think-

ing of the past, thinking of a Thankagiv. "Why not ?" "The illustrious Yangrel now changed ing Day years ago, when the earth seeme

to hold so much happiness for him. Then he was poor, now he was rich; but oh! how changed. It was with reluctance that he bade adieu to dreamland, and taking the letters the carrier handed him, ran his eye careessiy over them; but his heart gave sudden thrill when he glanced at a small white envelope directed in a manner that looked familiar, in the spite of the years that had passed since he had seen it. Hastily tearing it open, he read:

"DEAR JOHN :-- 1 am in your city. Yo once said that if ever I regretted the words I said to you, this ring would bring you back. I tried to forget you; tried to be happy in the way that I had chosen; but I could not, and if suffering can make

the ring. Count of the serving. be a real thank-gaving. "AGNES BARNARD." The earth receded, heaven came down,

and in a moment John Mitchell was

Shetland mares and 100 Zacetecas ponies, all for breeding purposes. The Zacetecas, Mexican ponies, are a small, hardy race of ponies, raised in the mountains of Mexico, and are universally good saddle ponies.
These Zacetecas mares are all spotted ponies, just suited for children. The Shet-land, Arab, and Zacetecas ponies are hardy

trom this cause, a herald of danger; and it is found that the springs in chalk districts increase their flow when the barometer fails, so that the millers are able to foreteli the coming of rain from the augmentatiop

of the stream. "SHO ULD suld acquaintance be forgot?" Not if they have money.

Weber's waltz, and when you reach my newed with higher temperature and signs tance which once actually happened to of his present term. He says that while himself. It was through this state of in Congress he neglects his private busi-

Leaden Coffins.

Two or three years ago it was our fate to inspect officially certain vaults in an ancient church of much historical interest ancient church of much insterioal interest that was undergoing repairs. The object was to ascertain beyond a doubt who had running stream, The old man came to been buried in three leaden coffins. They nobody whose business it was to attend ference, which last fall was unable to at-

been outlies great personages, but there best fare he could provide. When I asked was nothing to tell us who they were, and tic had the presence of mind to hail a semble at Paris on the 12th of April best fare he could provide. When I asked hum about his name, he said : "Sir, the pessant's have given me the name of the Father, because as you can guess I am still cheerful in my old age, but my real name is Vrangel." "The teacher of Weber, the chapel-""The teacher of Weber, the chapel-""The teacher of Bayaria !""

condition was lamentable. The lead was here and there broken into large fissures, through the forcible explosion of confined "The illustrious Yangrel now changed to a village minstrel !" "By my own choice, dear sir, which proves to you that Vrangel is a Christian of my life, but it has caused me unspeaka-ble sorrow and disappointment. I was the King's professor, and he loaded me with money and honors. I taught the noblest money and honors. I taught the noblest women in my country, and they paid for their lessons with gold. I have given my chain a station ragged skeletons dipped in tar, black, horrible and repulsive; the whole a painful satire on the so-called em-baiming system. One of the bodies was

women in my country, and they paid for their lessons with gold. I have given my children and grandchildren a love for the best music, the feeling which makes it eloquent, the science which gives it cor-rectness. Thus I know that my life has not been useless; I have gamed the great est prize, which I would not exchange for anything that earth could offer." "And what is this prize?" I akked, "Come with me," "said the old man, leading the way to another apartment. I entered a very small, whilewashed

I entered a very small, whitewashed room, where a walaut-wood bed concealed by curtains filled a space. He drew these back, and I saw a godeni crown of a laurel back and back an

There are noncet John Mitchell was the distribution of the second of the

-Cardinal Manning refused to drink wine, though ordered to do so by his doctor.

sident this time-of the Fremont

for to play my violin at marriages, bap-iums and feasts." "But," I said to this singular old man, New York.

things that the boy Jones was enabled ness. at 1 o'clock in the morning actually to -Prince Victor, eldest son and heir

-The International Monetary Con-

Seeing a clerk in a store insult a girl he made her sit on the counter while the in-sulter, coerced with the proximity of a cocked pistol, did penance by kissing the soles of her shoes. A few days afterward a sequel to this story was printed. The clerk came across Comanche Bill in a sa-loor, where both were unarmed and the correct and the set down as possessing about 500,000 volumes. —The area of ground covered by the city of St. Louis is 40 000 acres. New

spectators were impartial, and cooly gave city of St. Louis is 40,000 acres; New him his choice between an apology and a York covers 26 401; Cincinnati, 15,360; fight The desperado tried in vain to es- San Francisco, 26,880; Philadelphia, cape and received a sound thrashing to 82,803; Brooklyn, 13,338; Chicago, 22,-which he offered but a feeble resistance. 797; Boston, 4,416.

their gratitude by sending me poultry, eggs and milk. I angle in the stream

when I fancy fish for dinner; and I can walk four leagues, without weariness, to any of the seven villages, when I am sent -Rutherford B. Hayes is really pre--Clerk defaications are numerous

