Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXVI. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1882. NO. 16.

IRISH SONG.

Oh! the Spring's delight
Is a cowslip bright,
As she laughs to the warblin' linnet;
And a whistlin' thrush
On a white May bush,
And his mate in the nest widin it.

Summer she shows
Her rose, her rose!
And oh! all the happy night long
The nightingale woes her;
At dawn the lark sues her,
Wid the crystal surprise of his song.

King Autumn's crown
Is the barley brown,
Red over wid rosy fruit;
And the yellow trees,
As they sigh in the breeze,
Are the strings of this solemn lute.

Ould Winter's breath
Is could as Death,
Wirra! lonesome he's left the earth;
Yet the thrush he sings
And the rose she springs
From the flame of his fairy hearth.

AN ELIGIBLE BOARDING PLACE.

"No hotel?" said Mr. Percival Payne.

"Nothing in the shape of one," answered his friend, Lucius Warden, with the subdued triumph of one who announces a startling fact.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life!" said Payne.

"Nor I, nither," serenely remarked Warden.

"But how do you account for it?" demanded the would-be tourist, smiting his forehead in despair.

"I don't account for it at all," said Mr. Warden, surveying the nails which he had just been carefully trimming with his pen-knife, "except that nobody knows anything about the place as yet. There's a factory—wall paper, I believe, or something of that sort—and a cigar shop, and a beer shop and two thread and needle stores, and a postoffice where the mails come twice a week; and there's the Magalloway River, all carpeted over with water lilies, and half a dozen glorious little trout streams running into it, and the finest bit of scenery you ever saw. But—there's no hotel!"

"But where's a fellow to stay!" helplessly demanded Payne.

"Get an outfit and camp out, as I did," said Warden, cheerfully. "A blanket, a canvas tent, with pegs and loops; a little smudge of bran, or pine needles, to keep the mosquitoes off at night, and—"

"But I don't enjoy camping out," vehemently remonstrated Payne. "It is all very well for those who like it, but I'm not one of that sort, I like four good walls, a feather pillow, and regular meals served three times a day."

"Well, then, look here," said Warden. "Go to the Widow Buck's. She takes boarders now and then."

"Who is the Widow Buck?" asked Payne.

"That I do not know," replied his friend.

"And where does she live?"

"There you have me again."

"Man alive! are you crazy?" despairingly questioned Payne. "How am I to find her?"

"Inquire," calmly responded Mr. Warden, as he shut up his knife and replaced it in his vest pocket. "Go to Mailzie Ford—11 a. m. train—stage coach—through in one day. Ask for the Widow Buck's! Bless my heart! nothing in the wide world could be easier. I always heard that people got good fare there and comfortable beds. And Mailzie Ford is a perfect little Paradise, when once you get there!"

"Well" said Payne, dejectedly, "it seems a wild goose chase, I've a mind to try it. A man can but come back again."

It was rather early in the season for the conventional operation known to the American public as "summering," but Percival Payne being a bachelor of independent fortune and cultivated tastes, felt that he could do as he pleased. And it was rather a luxury to anticipate the first mad rush of travel, when all the seats are engaged, the cozy corners taken and the most desirable points of observation usurped.

So he packed his valise, did up his fishing tackle, laid in a great store of crayons and sketching paper, and started for the far northern wilderness of Mailzie Ford.

Of course, the train was late—trains always are late—and it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Payne found himself perched up in an open box wagon alongside of two trunks, a package of salt codfish, a mail bag, and a pretty girl, with eyes as soft as black pools of water, and one of those odd, fringy hats of black straw, all covered with loops and ribbon, that make people look so picturesque.

"Where do we meet the stage?" said Mr. Payne, as he settled himself so as to inconvenience his pretty neighbor as little as possible.

The driver stared at him.

"This 'ere's the stage!" said he. "Git up, Sorrel!"

Mr. Payne stared.

"But stages have tops," said he.

"This 'ere stage don't," said the driver.

It was rather a trying situation—steep up hill part of the way, and steep down hill the rest, with the codfish and the mail bag alternately tumbling into Mr. Payne's lap, and the pretty girl laughing in her sleeve at his embarrassment.

"I'm very rude, I know," said she; "but if you'd just tie that codfish to the back of the wagon with your fishing line it wouldn't trouble you so much."

"A good idea!" said Payne, briskly. "Thanks, very much, for suggesting it!"

"I've traveled over this road before," said the pretty girl, laughing.

"Are you going to Mailzie Ford?" said Mr. Payne, with a sudden gleam of animation.

"No," said the pretty girl. "To Catley's Dam."

"Perhaps you know something about Mailzie Ford?" hazarded our hero.

"Oh, yes!" said the nymph with the dark eyes. "It's a lovely place! I used to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's."

"Do you know the Widow Buck?" asked Payne with interest.

"Very well," nodded the pretty girl.

"I'm going there to look for board," said Mr. Payne.

"I hope you'll be suited," said the girl.

And then they began to talk about the tall, blue crested mountains, which were beginning to close in around them.

The dewy eyed damsel had read Longfellow; she knew all about Thoreau she was even "up" in Ruskin, and she expressed herself with grace and spirit, which set Mr. Payne to wondering it all the Maine girls were equally cutilvated and beautiful.

And then the codfish tumbled down again and had to be tightened anew, and by that time they had come to a house in the midst of a lonely belt of woods, which the driver said was "Catley's Dam," upon which the pretty girl disappeared into the purple twilight, and Mr, Payne and the codfish went on, sorrowful, much jolted and alone.

A glimpse of the beautiful Magalloway River by moonlight; the cry of a wild bird in the woods; the noise of the hidden cascades; a blur of lighted windows, which the driver said was the factory; down a blind lane, and checking the tired horses at a one storied stone house behind a wall of cedar trees, and then the Jehu cried out:

"Now, then! Here we be! Widow Buck's!"

Mr. Payne got stiffly out and helped to unload the various paraphernalia of travel which belonged to him—all of them by this time considerably flavored with codfish.

"Perhaps you had better wait," said he, as the driver turned around and chirruped to his horse.

"What for?" demanded the man.

"In case Mrs. Buck should not be able to accommodate me, or—"

"Oh, it's all right!" said the driver. "She'll take you in. Naomi would have told you else."

And away he drove, leaving our hero alone in the spectral moonlight, with a pile of luggage at his feet, and a gaunt dog smelling at the skirts of his coat.

"Who's Naomi?" said Mr. Payne, addressing the moon. "And what would she have told me?"

He raised an old-fashioned brass knocker that hung at the door, and rattled it briskly. The gaunt dog aroused to a sense of his duty, left off snuffing; and began to bark. Presently, a tall, thin woman, with a red pocket handkerchief tied on her head, with a kerosene lamp, in her hand, opened the door.

"Oh," said she, peering sharply at him, "you're the young man from the city, are you?"

With the initiative thus taken out of his hands, Mr. Payne could only incline his head.

"All them traps your'n?" demanded the Widow Buck, abruptly.

"Yes, madam," Mr. Payne admitted.

"Humph!" said the widow, "Pears to me it's purty tolerable cheeky of you mister, to take it for granted you'd be asked to stay!"

"I thought, madam—"

"I'm a-talkin' now," said the widow, sharply. "To begin right straight at the beginning, we don't know anything about you. You may be a bank burglar or a counterfeiter for all we know!"

"My references, madam—"

"Yes, I know," said the widow. "And them very references is most likely forged, But I'm willin' to be reasonable. How old are you?"

And Mr. Payne secretly wondering if this was the way they managed thing in Maine, answered meekly.

"Two and thirty?"

"Ever been married before?" sharply questioned the widow.

"Certainly not, madam! I am a single man!" answered Mr. Payne, with a very justifiable spark of indignation in his manner.

"Any business?" went on his catechist.

"None madam."

"Well, I like that!' said the widow with a scornful sniff. "Like your impudence, to come here and own to such a disgrace as that. Expect to live on me, hey?"

"Madam!" gasped poor Mr. Payne.

"How d'ye suppose you're ever going to keep my Naomi, even if I allowed you to marry her?" sharply went on the woman. "which I shant do, and don't you think it! She don't care for you anyway! When she heard you was coming, she made up her mind to stop off at Catley's Dam, just to get rid of the sight of you. There! So just pick up your traps and go back again the way you come! You won't never be a son-in-law of mine!"

But while Widow Buck was volubly uttering these last glib sentences, a faint light began to dawn on Mr. Payne's semi-obscured brain.

"I think, Mrs. Buck," said he, "that you must be laboring under a little misapprehension. My name is Percival Payne, I am from Boston I was recommended here, as an eligible boarding place, by Mr. Warren, of 15 Peppermint Place."

Mrs. Buck nearly dropped her lamp in her consternation.

"Well, I never!" said she, instantly flinging the door wide open. "Please to walk in, sir. I'll send the boy out after your trunks and things in half a minute. I beg your pardon, I'm sure, for mistaking you for Peleg Driggs, from Lowell, as was comin' here after my daughter Naomi! She works in the Lowell mills, Naomi does. To think however I could have made such a blunder! Do walk in, sir."

And Mr. Payne was promptly introduced to a delightful little "interior" of red carpet, round table spread for tea, shaded lamplight and a fire of logs, burning on an open hearth, to keep out the damp of the summer evening.

After ten o'clock, when the weary traveler was in bed, in a pretty little room, where there was an eight day clock in a cherrywood case, and a carpet made of woven rags, he heard the opening and shutting of the doors below, the clear sound of a familiar voice—the voice of his black-eyed travelling companion.

"Well, mother, did he come?" she asked.

"Peleg didn't come," said the Widow Buck. "But a young gentleman from the city came. And don't you b'lieve, Naomi, I took him for Peleg, and I peppered away at him well!"

"Oh, mother, what will he think," cried the softer young voice.

"I asked his pardon, of course," said the old lady. "And he took it all as a joke."

And when Peleg Driggs himself, the next day, put in an appearance, he was summarily dismissed, While Mr. Percival Payne and the fair Naomi were sitting by a trout pool in the cool wood below; for Naomi knew all about the haunts and nooks of the neighborhood, and handled a fishing pole most skillfully.

Mr. Payne liked Mailzie Ford. and stayed there all summer. And as there were several boarders in the old stone-house, Miss Naomi concluded not to return to factory life in the Lowell mills, but stay and help her mother with the housework; and when the autumn came she was engaged—to Mr. Percival Payne.

"The sweetest wild flower in all the Northern woods," he wrote, enthusiastically, to his friend Warden.

Warden went up to Mailzie Ford. He was introduced to Miss Naomi. He agreed with his friend.

"She's a jewel," said he. "You're a lucky fellow, Payne. But I didn't know when you wrote me that you were so well suited with the accommodations here—"

"That I was suiting myself for life!" interrupted Payne. But you see that such was the fact."

Strange Marriage Customs.

The recent discoveries of M. Revillout, the Egyptologist, are not so fresh but that they are referred to in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the head of "Family." They were made, not in caverns of the hills, but in one Demotic papyri of the French and other national collections. The Demotic writing, as most people know, is an abbreviated form of the hieratic, which, again, is a cursive form of the hieroglyphic. The Demotic hand is thus much the most modern form of old Egyptian. Documents in those texts often belong to the time of the Ptolemies, when holy Egypt had long been invaded by all manner of Western and Asiatic peoples and ideas. The texts deciphered by M. Revillout are just like those which would be found in the cabinet of any French notary. Old-established firms in France still preserve contracts and similar documents of very considerable age; they are the happy hunting-ground of French biographers, and from dusty garrets M. Soulie, for example, rescued the precious inventories that minutely describe the domestic interior of Moliere. M. Revillout's discoveries in the same way enabled him to reconstruct the domestic life of the Egyptians of late dynasties. We propose now to glance at the holy state of matrimony as it was in Egypt, and to elucidate, if possible, a very singular feature of Egyptian law. We refer to the predominance insured by the most stringent of marriage settlements. Thus, in the thirty-third year of Ptolemy Philadelphus, we find that the Pastophorus of Amen Api, son of Pohelkhons, whose mother is Tahret, saith unto the woman, Tarreteus, daughter of Relon, whose mother is Tarreteus, "I have accepted thee for my wife." Note here, first the naming of the mothers of both contracting parties—a fact which in itself demonstrates the importance of the woman in the family, and a survival of a time when (as among so many savage races, among the Lycians, and the pre historic Athenians) family names were derived, not from the father, but from the mother. First the man says, "I have accepted thee," and, later, adds, "I will make thee my wife." The preliminary "acceptance" was a marriage for a year of probation, like the "hand-fasting" for a year, with power at the end of the year to break the contract, which used to prevail among the Highlanders in Scotland. Certain German usages, and some other customs of the same dubious sort, are perhaps relics of the same old practice, After accepting and establishing the woman as his wife, the man makes her a nuptial gift, a promise of an annual allowance for dress, a declaration that the eldest son of both shall inherit all his property, a promise to pay certain damages if he takes another wife, and, last, a guarantee in the form of a mortgage upon all his property. Another example is quoted in which one Petonpa assigns to his wife, Neshorpehrat, "not only his house and all his landed property, present and future, but likewise his silver and copper money, his furniture, and all the little deeds and documents concerning the property."

He leaves himself absolutely nothing, and the only clause in his favor is that his wife shall provide for him while he lives, and pay for his funeral liturgies, and for embalming his body when he dies. And this is not a singular instance. Still more remarkable, the Egyptian bridegroom took his wife's name, and Egyptian sons, "instead of being called after their fathers, were designated by the names of their mothers."

Learning Farming.

It is generally understood that to be a mechanic a man must serve an apprenticeship at the trade. The mechanical principles, as well as the application of them, must be learned.

If merchantile pursuits are to be engaged in, a course of education in a commercial and business college is essential; and then the practical details of the business must be learned under the eye of one experienced in the business. No man expects to enter on a successful career in any of these without years of study and preparation. And no one would think of employing any one professsionally who had not qualified himself for his calling by this course of thorough preparation.

This being the case in regard to the other callings in life, it would seem but reasonable that the farmer, who for the highest success in his vocation requires a more general and varied knowledge than is necessary for any other business, should seek for that previous training which alone can qualify him for such success.

But such is not usually the case. It seems to be the prevailing opinion among men—and especially among farmers—that anybody can farm, whether he has had any previous knowledge of the business or preparation for it, or not.

There is, happily, a change in the public mind on this subject; and the time is doubtless near when a man will no more think of engaging in agricultural pursuits without an agricultural education than he would now engage in professional life without a suitable education. The young man who intends to engage in farming should serve a thorough apprenticeship under the eye of a first-class practical farmer.

The Polar Night.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Arctic winter, in the higher latitudes, is a long, dreary one of opaque darkness. The highest latitude yet reached by man is 82 deg., 20 min., 20 sec., and there twilight lasts four hours and forty-two minutes on Dec. 22d, the shortest day of the northern year. Man will have to go some 225 miles further north than he has yet gone if he is to reach the region of absolute darkness. The pole itself is in the dark but seventy-seven days—from Nov. 12th to Jan. 29th. There is a period of about four days in the year during which the sun shines on both poles at the same time. This is due to the fact that the sun is larger than the earth, and that his rays are bent by the earth's atmosphere in such a way as to converge upon his own surface.

A Dutiful Girl.

On the 23d of December, 1783, the floor of the United States senate chamber at Annapolis was filled to overflowing by stately dames and gentle maidens who had flocked to the capitol as if the weight of state questions had been for this one hour intrusted to their wise deliberations. Washington, the mighty yet unambitious hero of the time, while still the idol of the public heart, was on this day to lay down his laurels by resigning to Congress his commission as commander-in-chief of the brave little army, whose triumphs he had directed and whose sufferings he had shared.

Accompanied by his aides, Colonel Benjamin Walker and Colonel David Humphreys and the officers appointed as escort, Washington entered the hall where the assembled congress awaited him, every manly voice among the spectators cheering, and every feminine kerchief waving an enthusiasm of approval and welcome; but the cheers were hushed into breathless silence by the first words of the great hero's dignified address, to which General Mifflin, as President of the senate, made an eloquent and appropriate reply.

On Washington's left stood the valient soldier Colonel John Eager Howard of Maryland, and facing Colonel Howard, conspicuous among the foremost group of senators, was General Read of South Carolina, the hero of this short legend of a by-gone love. How little did either of these young men, strangers to one another, dream of the day to come when a son and daughter of each were to become husband and wife to the daughter and son of the other!

Many were the men whose names were already distinguished or to become historic. who were present, either as members of congress or spectators of the impressive scene. Madison, Jefferson, Monroe; Lee of Virginia, Osgood of Massachusetts, Morris of Pennsylvania, McComb of Delaware and Gen. Otho Williams, Gens. Smith and Swan of Maryland. The well-known Charles Carroll of Carrollton was accompanied by his two daughters, one of whom was afterward, as Mrs. Caton, mother of the celebrated trio of American beauties who became respectively Lady Stafford, the Marchioness of Wellesley, and the Duchess of Leeds.

But absorbing as was the attention given to Washington by the august assemblage of heroes and patriots, who recognized in him the greatest hero and patriot of any, the young Carolinian's eyes wandered up to the gallery above, where Mrs. Washington, with her young grandchildren at her knee, was seated in all the dignity and legitimate pride of the wife who crowns herself with her husband's glory.

Grouped around her chair were the three Calvert sisters, Maryland's blood royal, the family of Lord Baltimore; and never was the fame of Maryland beauty better maintained than by the contrasting loveliness of the youngest, Miss Ariana Calvert, with the more brilliant charms of her elder sisters, who had been espoused during all the perils of the war, both on the same evening, the one by Washington's step-son, Parke Curtis, and the other by Mr. George Stuart, of Maryland.

It is told of these gentlemen that each received the announcement of the birth of a son—born on the same day, a year after the marriages—while on the battle-field.

But it was not the rich bloom or dark eyes of the beautiful young matrons which so riveted the attention of the young southerner that even the sublime presence of Washington was for a while forgotten. To his eyes the youngest sister was much the fairest; and he gazed up at the unconscious young girl until the friend at his elbow, Mr. James Monroe—too thorough a Virginian not to recognize the phenomena of a love at first sight—whispered her name in his ear, and the offer to present him before the lady quitted Annapolis town for her home in the country. The offer was gratefully accepted, and ere the winter was half over Miss Calvert was affianced to her eager and enraptured young lover; but not, alas! with the entire consent and approbation of her family and friends, and thence arose the cloud which darkened the horizon of this love legend.

As usual, that passion youth defies, age coldly ignored. The Carolinian was wealthy, of prominent position and good birth, and of distinguished education; but the lady was threatened with decline. She was also the youngest darling of the household; her sisters had married so well, yet remained in their midst; and her family grew more and more reluctant that this comparative stranger should bear away their tender and fragile flower to his far-off southern home, to pine away, and die, perhaps, out of sight and hearing of those who loved her from her cradle; and the angered lover saw the feeble health of his lady-love give way under the conflict of duty with feeling, until she became indeed seriously ill.

But the passionate southerner was not to have the woman of his heart granted to his wishes. The sensibility which could doom the gentle Ariana Calvert to an early death could not permit her to sacrifice family affection to her own and lover's happiness. What bitter tears and faltering words were exchanged in their parting none can tell; but the miniatures, given once as the fair tokens of union, each still retained, to be sorrowful consolation and reminder of a life-long separation.

Problems in Arithmetic.

A merchant bought four barrels of sugar, seven barrels of molasses, and two barrels of meal. Find what per cent. of beans he mixed with his coffee.

A beggar met two boys; one gave him seven cents and the other gave him eight cents. Find out the name of the third boy who hit him in the ear with a snowball.

If one insect has six legs and another insect has seven, how many hornets does it take to lift a boy out of the old man Sabin's orchard?

In one field there are eight sheep; in another field there are seven horses. How many men will it take to properly conduct a village dog fight?

A county officer on a salary of $800 per year purchased two horses for $600, a carriage for $400, a set of silver for $200, four silk dresses for his wife at $60 each, and played poker to the tune of $180, how much did he save out of his year's salary, and what is the county going to do about it?

If a young man owns a a little cane, a rat-and-tan dog, a pair of lavender pants, three flash neckties, a frail moustache and a flirtation handkerchief, what will it cost to board six idiots at a first-class hotel for a year?

A bureau weighing sixty-eight pounds is to be carried up a flight of stairs twelve feet high. What lifting power must be exerted to the square foot to get it half way up?

A bureau weighing sixty-eight pounds has been tugged half way up a flight of stairs twelve feet high. How fast must the old man travel to get to the foot of the stairs and get his boots off before the infernal old thing smashes him?

Among the players in a poker room are three merchants two aldermen, four clerks, two lawyers, one butcher, and one grocer. A raid is made by the police and all are captured. Find how many of them "dropped in to see about selling the poker man a horse."

A plumber is called on to mend a leak in a water pipe. He sends an employe who surveys the leak; another who courts the servant girl; a third who has forgotten his accordeon; a fourth to look after the other three. He sends a bill for $4.12. At this rate how long will it take the plumber to secure a mortgage on the City Hall.

A asks B for a loan of $5 until Saturday. Six months later B reminds A that he has not returned that "V" yet. A denies that he ever borrowed a red cent of B, and offers to punch his head for insulting him. Find what B loses.

A tramp gets two kicks at one house, a cold pancake at another and a bite from a dog at a third. How long will it take him to get into the workhouse for sixty days?

Thirteen Mexicans cross the Rio Grande into the United States on a pleasure excursion. They concluded to invest in a drove of Texas cattle. Three-fifths of the number meet with accidents and remain permanently on this side, while another fifth feel hurt about something. What is the exact number of those who got home without feeling anything in particular?

St. Agnes.

Outside one of the gates of Rome—the resort of Sunday and holiday-keeping Romans, and, precisely, Porta Pia, through which Victor Emmanuel and his army entered in 1870—there stands, halfway between two wayside eating and drinking houses, a little church, dedicated to St. Agnes, a young virgin martyr, who suffered death rather than to be married to the son of the Governor of Rome, who was dying of love for her. She was only thirteen years of age; but girls of that age are women in Italy. So she answered his protestations of love by saying: "I am affianced to him whom angels serve, and whom the sun and moon adore."

She was then threatened—says her biographer—with being publicly dishonored in an infamous place, and then to be killed in a most cruel way. "My Divine Spouse," she answered—"the God of purity, whom I serve—will deliver me from your impious designs!" She was then thrown on a burning pile; but, laughing and singing praises to God, she defied the flames, which could not be made to burn her.

She was then made to walk naked through the streets of Rome, and was also exposed in a place of bad repute—the Agonal Circus. There her hair grew miraculously long and covered her like a cloak, and the Governor's son was struck with blindness. At last she was beheaded. The place of bad repute where she was exposed was afterwards transformed into a chapel, and over it was built one of the most beautiful churches in Rome. It is not there, however, that she was buried. The Christians of that day took her her body and buried it in a catacomb outside of Rome. The catacomb bears her name, and over her tomb was built a splendid church during Constantine's reign, and this church was restored by Paul III. in the sixteenth century, and still later by Pius IX. It is in this little church that on every anniversary of her death are brought on cushions two little lambs decorated with flowers and ribbons. They are blessed, and then they are taken to the Pope, who sends them to the Convent of St. Cecilia, were they are shorn of wool, which is afterwards woven into the *palliums* worn by the Pope and Cardinals and some of the Archbishops. The Church of St. Agnes, outside the walls, is known by the image of the lamb, which is outside the door. All visitors to Rome make a point of going to see it.

Life of Children.

It has been calculated by a recent writer on vital statistics, that of ten children born in Norway a little over seven reach their twentieth year; that in England and the United States of America somewhat less than seven reach that age; that in France only five reach it, and in Ireland less than five. He tells us that in Norway, out of 10,000 born rather more than one out of three reaches the age of seventy; in England one out of four; in the United States, if both sexes be computed, less than one out of four; in France less than one out of eight, and in Ireland less than one out of eleven, and he adds this significant computation, based on what may be called the commercial view of the vital question. In producing dead machinery the cost of all that is broken in the making is charged to the cost of that which is completed. If we estimate by this same rule the cost of rearing children to manhood, if we calculate up the number of years lived by those who fell with the years of those who passed successfully to manhood, there would be found between the two extremes presented in Norway and Ireland—both, be it observed unnatural—a loss of 120 per cent. greater in the first year of life, 72 per cent. greater in the first four years of life, and 120 per cent. greater in the years between the fifth and the twentieth in Ireland than in Norway. In Norway the average length of life of the effective population is 39 and rather more than a half years, in England 35½ years, in France not quite 33 years, and in Ireland not quite 29 years. Thus again comparing the best with the worst of a scale of vitality, in which both are bad, in Norway the proportion of the population that reaches 20 survives nearly 40 years, or four-fifths of the effective period, to contribute to the wealth of the community; while in Ireland the same proportion survives less than 29, or considerably under three-fifths of the effective period.

—North Carolina sent 124,008 men to the confederate army.

—Over 2,500 men in Utah have more than one wife a piece.

Trying to Farm Terrapin.

Senator Gardner, of Atlantic City, New Jersey, an ardent and industrious sportsman has just developed a new hobby. He is now diving deep into the subject of terrapin-hatching and has prepared a farm in the meadows not far from the Inlet, where he is going to try to raise them. It is simply a canal dug down to low-water mark, about twenty feet wide, and extending straight from a small pond into Absecon Inlet, by which means it is kept supplied with ocean water when the tide rises. The farm or pond comprises an area of about two acres of water. His experiment is original in that the farming is done right in the native mud of the diamond-back, instead of uncongenial soil, where artificial means must be employed to make it adaptable to the terrapin. The Senator says that he has never yet seen a farm where the terrapins were hatched. the so-called farms being merely places to keep and fatten them for market. He purposes to try to raise the Native Egg Harbor terrapin, or diamond-back, directly from the egg. He says he and Dr. Reed, who is a partner in the undertaking, have experimented a great deal with them, and they feel quite familiar with their needs and modes of life.

The Terrapin feeds on bay cabbage, small mussels or minnows, but his great delicacy is soft-shell crabs. Next to the soft-shell, he will call for a dead hard-shell crab, a little dried beef, clams or oysters. The Senator says he used to let them get very hungry and lean and then experiment upon them with various kinds of food, with the above-mentioned results. But they are terribly afraid of a live hard-shell crab and if one is placed in the water near them they will toddle away as fast as their feet can carry them. In about October they go into the mud at high water mark, and it is said by some weather prophets that according to the depth they go into the ground the severity of the winter may be presaged. The usual depth is about two feet. They remain in a torpid state until May, when they emerge from their holes and begin to make preparations for a summer residence.

About the 1st of June they lay their eggs, which are a little larger than an ordinary marble, and are usually in strings of from fifteen to forty to each string, the older cows laying the most. The eggs are buried in the sand by the cows, and Senator Gardner asserts that he believes he has made the discovery that the principal cause for the small percentage of eggs that are hatched is due to the depredations made upon them by the crows. He says he has watched the crows, and he is convinced that they can instantly detect where the eggs are concealed. He purposes hatching the eggs of the farm in sand-boxes placed indoors. He states that the hatching process requires no particular attention. He recites an instance where he once placed some eggs in the pocket of an old coat, and forgetting to remove them on his return home, the coat hung unused from June until September, when small terrapins were discovered in the pocket.

But the most discouraging is the slow growth of the terrapin. They are of no use for market until they have attained a length of six inches on their under shell, and it takes them from eight to ten years to acquire this size. But the Senator wants to see just how much of that time may be shortened by careful treatment and his fattening processes. He says the undertaking is purely a scientific labor, as it will cost more to raise the terrapin for the first eight years than they will sell for, but he is ambitious to see the attempt successful. It is well known that the scarcity of diamond backs has led to much adulteration in terrapin dishes, and it is said that fully three-fourths of the terrapins served as diamond-backs are fresh water terrapins caught in the mountains and known as "yellow bellies." The farm is now well stocked and everything is in readiness for the terrapins to wake up.

Disraeli and Prince Albert.

Some of the papers have been quite hysterical about the Queen's long friendship for Lord Beaconsfield and her keen appreciation of his talents. The real fact is that the Queen had scarcely ever seen Lord Beaconsfield when he became Prime Minister in 1868. He had managed to offend her majesty and Prince Albert in the days when he was leading the protectionists; and it is a fact that, until Mr. Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was never once invited to a State entertainment. These functions were then more frequent and more brilliant than they are now, and a formal protest against the exclusion was secretly sent to the palace by several of Mr. Disraeli's followers, it being pointed out that it was an unprecedented thing for the leader of the opposition in the House of Commons to be thus neglected; but Prince Albert was not fond of Mr. Disraelie, and if he had lived it is quite certain that Lord Beaconsfield would never have been a court favorite. It is rather an odd fact, by the way, considering the high-flown eulogies of which the Prince Consort has ever been the subject, that the three statesmen whom he most disliked, and whom he did his best to thwart and put aside, were Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone. During the nine months Mr. Disraeli was in office in 1868, he managed to ingratiate himself with the Queen, who, in the first instance, would scarcely hear of his becoming Prime Minister, and the good impression he then left was rendered permanent during the first months of his second tenure of power.

The Composition of Glass.

Glass is a salt being the result of a combination of an acid with an alkaline base—that is, an alkaloid of organic nature. In the case of glass the acid is silica or silicic acid, and the base a mixture of an alkaline with an earthy base, such as lime, or with the oxide of one of the heavy metals, such as lead. Silica exists in nature in such minerals as flint, agate, rock crystal, or quartz. Its character as an acid was first clearly established by Berzelius. This does not appear until it is at a red heat, when it acts very powerfully, and, expelling other acids, combines with bases to form solid compounds or salts called silicates Glass may be made by substituting boracic acid for silica. It is remarkable that while the silicates formed by nature crystallize, those made by art do not. Potash and soda are the most important ingredients, next to silica itself, in glass. They act as a flux, rendering the glass easy to melt. Lead renders glass brilliant, clear, and fusible, but in excess softens it. Lime increases the density, hardness, and luster of glass. Carbon in the form of charcoal aids the fusion. Glauber's salt with lime is sometimes used instead of soda, and muriate of soda, or common salt, is extensively used as a flux for coarse ware. A small admixture of the black oxide of manganese is essential in making flint glass, its property being to clear and purify the mass from the discoloration caused by particles of carbon and iron, For this reason it is called the "glass-maker's soap," as it appears to wash away all impurities. In excess, manganese causes reddish color. This may be removed by agitating the glass. Coarse green glass is, however, made white by an excess of maganese. The purple-pink windows sometimes seen in the dwelling houses are made so with maganese. As a general principle, the glass is less fusible and offers greater resistance to the action of water and acids the larger its proportion of silica and alumina, while the contrary results from an excess of potash, soda, baryta, lime, magnesia, or oxide of lead, Luster and the refractive power of glass are produced in the highest degree by lead glass, next by baryta, next by potash, and least by soda glass.

A Tragic Tale.

All his life, he had toiled and saved and scraped, and pulled every string that had a dollar at the end of it. And now all his hard-earned wealth was gone and a great hateful, interest-eating mortgage spread its black wings over all that he owned, and loved on earth. He sank into a chair, and, folding his arms upon the table before him bowed his gray head upon them and groaned great groans. His heart seemed breaking.

"Did you mortgage the farm?" asked his wife, anxiously, stealing softly to his side.

"Yes," he growled, "both farms, and sold the wood lot over on Big Island."

"And did you have to mortgage the town house too?" she asked, with quivering lips and glistening eyes.

"Oh, yes," said the man in hollow tones, "Oh, yes, and sold all my stock in the Northern and hypothecated what I had in the Sixth street bridge."

"And was it enough?" she asked trembling with eagerness. "Was it enough?"

"Not quite," he growled, and then, as he saw the ghastly pallor of deathly disappointment spread over her face, he added, "but the milliner let me have it on ninety days' time for the balance at eight per cent."

"And you've brought my new hat home then," she caroled, joyously. "Oh, Phillip, you dear old duck!"

"Well, no, not all of it," he said. "I brought the plumes and one of the bows down with me in the express, but the hat itself is coming down from Chicago on a flat-car."

And the next week after that, eleven dark browed men, who sat behind Philip's wife at the theatre, waylaid the wretched man on his way home, hauled him off down Valley street, rolled him up into a wad, and stopped up the new sewer with him The hat had come.

Boss Dogs of America.

There is in Wilmington, Delaware, the finest kennel of English setter dogs owned in the United States. There are thirty in the kennel. Plantagenet is by all odds the finest dog in the pack and is generally conceded to be the champion living dog. He is two years old, sired by Dashing Monarch and out of Petrel. He took first prize in the open class of the dog show in Pittsburg and will compete in the high shows in New York, and in Boston early in May, appearing in both in the champion class. The only dog that can seriously compete with Plantagenet is Thunder, owned by Mr. Moore, of Philadelphia. Thunder is out of Fairy, a pure Laverack setter, now owned by Mr Goodsell. Plantagenet is of Llewellyn stock, which is but an outcross of Laverack. For Plantagenet $1,500 has been offered and refused. Money will not buy him.

Another splendid specimen of the canine race found in Mr. Martin's kennel is Fairy one of the last, if not the last surviving of Mr. Laverack's own breeding in America. Among the other notables in the kennel are Petrel, bred by Mr. Llewellyn, though of pure Laverack stock; Petrel II. by Pride of the Border, and Petrel III., by Carlowitz, who in his old age is also owned by Mr. Goodsell. Old Petrel took the championship prize at Birmingham dog show and was awarded the same honor in the show at Philadelphia in 1878. Petrel II, took the prize at the great show in New York last year and Petrel III. got second prize in the recent Pittsburg show.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The recent census of France shows a population of 38,000,000.

—Trained nurses readily get from $15 to $20 a week in New York.

—New York has opened a coffee exchange, with 112 members.

—It costs $300,000 annually to support the poor in Wisconsin.

—A New England manufacturer has 30,000 snow shovels on hand.

—In the United States 6,471,787 men are available for military duty.

—The Detroit house of correction paid a profit of $36 000 in 1881.

—St. Louis numbers 10,000 native Kentuckians among her citizens.

—The new city directory of Denver gives that city 60,000 inhabitants.

—Fifty thousand slate pencils are made daily, at Castleton, Vermont.

—There are 275,000 acres less land seeded in wheat in Illinois than last year.

—One point in the Mississippi river was sixty miles wide during the late flood.

—At Tampa, Florida, $10,500 worth of land was bought and paid for in whisky.

—Japan is now full of schools, and the University of Tokio has over 200 students.

—San Francisco estimates at $850,460 the necessary school expenditures for next year.

—It is estimated that the Northern Pacific furnishes employment for 10,000 men in Montana.

—The savings banks of the State of New York represent financial resources of $443,000,000.

—Within one hour over 1,000 petitioners at Chicago signed a request that Mason be liberated.

—Boston has 12,896 street lamps, and 7,587 of them were broken during the past twelve months.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury has gone to the South of France, by the advice of his physicians.

—Over 2,500,000 horses are estimated to be running wild over the prairies of the Argentine Republic.

—A South Carolina lady has made feather fans of the value of $1500 for a prominent New York firm.

—In several English provincial towns butchers who have only American beef sell all that they can procure.

—Texas sells annually 400,000 head of cattle; at $20 per head it foots up a grand aggregate of $8,000,000.

—Sixty thousand bushels of seed are being distributed among the sufferers by the forest fires in Michigan.

—The exchanges at the Boston Clearing House during March were $12,000,000 less than during March, 1881.

—The last day of services by Barnes at Louisville Kentucky, resulted in 358 conversions. In all he made 2,473.

—Of the 17,061 persons committed to prison in Massachusetts last year only about eighteen per cent. were women.

—A single day's fog recently brought into the London gas company near $60,000, the price of 75,900,000 feet of gas.

—In June next there will be opened in Paris an exhibition of plans and models for school buildings of all kinds.

—The Commercial Club of Chicago proposes to establish a Manual Training School in that city at a cost of $100,000.

—In Georgia negroes pay taxes on between $6,000,000 and $7,000,000. In Louisiana they pay taxes on $25,000,000.

—A bell used by a Boston ferry was cast in South America for a convent in 1673, and after long use was sold for old junk

—It is estimated that beef shipped direct from Texas to London markets will, when sold at 9 cents a pound, yield a profit of 2 cents.

—Pope Leo XIII. rises at 6 and says Mass in his private chapel. He breakfasts early, dines at 2 and sups at 9. At 11 he goes to bed.

—It is estimated that the total length of submarine telegraph cables in the world is 62,100 miles, having a money value of about $200,000,000.

—The alligators of Florida appear to be doomed. A Fort Ogden man has a contract to deliver 5000 alligator hides to a St. Louis firm by May 1.

—The most populous township in the United States, not incorporated as a city, is Lake, Ill., with 23,000 inhabitants. It is a suburb of Chicago.

—It is stated that there are now over 200,000 telephones in use in this country. At the beginning of 1870 there were only 12,000; a year later 50,000.

—The property of the late King George of Hanover, which was confiscated by the Prussian Government in 1866, amounted to over £2 000,000 in the year 1868, bearing about £90,000 interest.

—In a recent computation made by the municipal authorities, it was found that in twenty-four consecutive hours 78,943 passengers and 10,733 vehicles crossed London Bridge.

—The Southern Methodists are engaged in an effort to raise funds for the erection of a monument over the grave of the late Bishop Wightman, in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C.

—A Marine bicycle was tested upon the ocean recently by two gentlemen, who started from Salem Neck for Boston. When off Nahant a blinding snow squall came on, and they put into Lynn.

—S. C. Dalrymple, one of the great wheat farmers of the Northwest, has sold $80,000 worth of his Dakota land to George Howe, of Bradford, Pa. He finds that it is necessary for him to decrease his acreage.

—In the village of Amsterdam, N. Y., nearly 1,000,000 brooms are made every year.

—Forty-three pounds of blasting powder at the Sandy Hill quarry, near Troy, N. Y., recently, removed a mass of stone sixty feet long, sixteen feet thick and fifteen feet wide and weighing nearly 1300 tons.

—It will astonish some people to learn that since 1877 there has been an increase in the consumption of tea grown in India amounting to 20,500,000 pounds while, at the same time, there has been a decrease in the consumption of the tea grown in China of about 9,000,000 pounds.

—A kingswoman of the Sieur de la Salle, the explorer, now lives in New Orleans in the person of Mrs. Blanchard, in her maidenhood Mlle. Hermione de la Salle, and now the wife of General A. G. Blanchard, of the United States army. She is the great-great-grand-niece of the discoverer.