

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, JUNE 21, 1882.

NO. 24.

ONLY.
Only a baby,
Kissed and caressed.
Gently held to mother's breast.
Only a child,
Trotting along,
Brightening now his happy home.
Only a boy,
Trotting to school,
Governed now by stern rule.
Only a youth,
Living in dreams,
Full of promise life now seems.
Only a man,
Battling with life,
Sharing in now loving wife.
Only a father,
Bundled with care,
Silver threads in dark brown hair.
Only a gray beard,
Trotting again,
Growing old and full of pain.
Only a moment,
Overgrown with grass,
Dream unrealized—rest at last.

A HAPPY MOVE.

Viva, dear, it's getting near the first of May!
And gentle Mrs. Rayner laid down the coat that was perpetually becoming clobbered, and looked across the lamp-lit table with anxious eyes.
"Yes, mamma, I know," a trifle wearily.
Viva, a slender, pretty girl, with dark brown hair gathered loosely behind shell-pink ears, and lips red as a rose, met her mother's gaze with eyes bright with wistful thoughtfulness.
"And we must move, of course," cried a shrill young voice from the sofa, where sat Jessie, a volatile, overgrown schoolgirl, "because the front gate's off its hinges, and the roof leaks, and—"
"Yes, Jessie, we all know the reasons for moving, but give mamma an opportunity to suggest where."
"There's hardly much choice about that," the pale-faced little woman said sadly.
"Some place where the rent would be moderate; but"—a sudden look of longing shining out of the pain-worn face—
"I would give all the world dear, to see the country again."
A gleam of quick determination came into Viva's velvety brown eyes.
"And so you shall, mamma!" she said emphatically.
"My darling, how?" said her mother, in mild surprise.
"Well"—Viva poked up her hair, while Brown, and tried to look wise and business-like—
"You see we could get a cottage a little way out of town for half what a city house would cost. Besides, everything is so much cheaper in the country and we could return to the city the coming winter. There!"
"But your pupils, Viva?"
"I could manage to give all the lessons in three days of the week, taking the train up, you know, is almost as cheap, and do work for Crumley the intervening days. Now, mamma!" triumphantly.
"It looks plausible at first, my pet, but I'm almost afraid to hope. Dear, dear! how the boy does wear out his clothing," she said.
Viva came over and clasped two marooned arms around the invalid figure before her.
"Hope as much as you like, mamma darling," she cried daily; "for we'll watch the papers till we see a treasure advertised cheap—in itches, you know—and then—"
The rest was too glorious to describe. Three days later Viva danced in, out of an April shower, with rose-red cheeks and starry eyes.
"Here it is, mamma," she cried, indignantly, with a hearty kiss and a laugh that almost demolished the small figure in the arm-chair.
"Now listen."
"From the open paper of that morning she read aloud—
TO BE LET—In suburban village, twenty minutes ride from the city, an eight-room cottage, with garden attached. Cheap, to good tenant. Apply to Clifford Chaudos, Room 12, Blank St., City.
"I'm sure this will suit—'cheap' in itches, as I said mamma. You will have your happy countryified summer after all," with an exultant little laugh.
"Now, for awhile, good-bye."
Where are you going, dear?
"To see about it's, mamma. Lessons are over—"
"Yes, but I do not quite like your going alone, Viva."
"What! An old-maid-nurse-teacher like me? I almost have the dignity of age, in this voluminous waterproof and green veil. Green! Just think of it! I might as well have red hair and spectacles. My nervous old darling, I'll be back before you know I'm gone."
And with this decidedly sweeping but scarcely possible assertion, she was out again under the drifting April sky, and again cityward as fast as the omnibus could take her.
In the thickest, busiest portion of the city, up two flights of dingy stairs went Viva.
A timid knock at room 12.
"Come in!"
She turned the handle, and with the green veil well down, went in.
Two or three gentlemen, writing at baize-covered desks, looked up curiously as she entered, and went on with their work.
A gentleman enveloped in clouds of cigar smoke, with feet considerably elevated above the level of his head, glanced towards the door, as the graceful figure in the threadbare waterproof came timidly in the room.
Down came the feet, out went the cigar, and Clifford Chaudos, pushing a chair forward, bowed gravely, quest ioningly, to the lady before him.

"I—I called to inquire about a cottage advertised."
"The cottage? Oh, yes, to be sure. Will you please be seated, and I will give you the particulars?"
And Viva, taking the proffered seat, listened while the grave man, with straight black brows, and with kindly eyes explained the terms with pleasant courtesy.
And when she lifted the obnoxious green veil a moment, to conclude some necessary arrangement, Clifford Chaudos started over so slightly as he saw the pretty girlish face before him, as serene and dignified in its grave business-like composure, as though its owner were eight and fifty, instead of eight and ten.
"When will we look at the place, Miss Rayner?"
"Rayner," supplemented Viva.
"Miss Rayner, shall we say to-morrow at one?"
"At two, if it is convenient."
"Certainly; two, if preferable."
Then he held the door open as courteously as though she were soaking and diamonds, while, with a quiet grace she bowed slightly, and passed from the room.
And Clifford Chaudos went back to his chair, a softer light in his keen gray eyes, and, actually, for once in his life, forgot to re-light his cigar.
The day came at last when, from the stuffy city house, the Rayners moved to the pretty roomy cottage, where honey-suckle and wild roses straggled at their own sweet will over roof and porch.
And Viva, coming home from the dusky city three evenings in the week, pale and tired, brightened and laughed her own low happy laugh at the sight of her mother's face—growing young again—at the window, at the sound of Dick and Jessie's boisterous laughter.
It was curious all the repairing that cottage needed after they moved in.
It was more curious that their quiet, handsome landlord should insist on supervising it all himself.
He grew into their simple lives in those days.
Mrs. Rayner came to think the cheery voices better than medicine, the children to shout lustily at sight of him and Viva to listen for the sound of his firm foot-steps on the garden path.
One evening, the soft May wind was swaying the "lady fingers," as the children call them, over the door.
Viva snatched up her hat and strolled down to the pretty rustic gate.
Just a little more tired than usual, after a desperate struggle to teach an irritable obtuse pupil the mysteries of crochets, and quavers, and demi-quavers.
She stood there, a fair, girlish figure, in her soft white dress, a great bunch of blue-seed violets at her slender throat and waist.
The scented wind gently loosened the dark-brown hair, and blew a fitful drift of rose-bloom into the pure pale face.
Very pretty?
Well, Clifford Chaudos thought so all night, as he came along the uneven country road with his light firm foot-fall.
"Good evening, Miss Rayner!"
She turned suddenly, the faint flush deepening to carnation.
"Good evening, Mr. Chaudos!"
I think a person can give one a very tolerable shake hands without holding one's fingers quite a minute.
But apparently Mr. Chaudos thought differently.
"Miss Rayner, will you come for a walk—just a little way down the road?"
"There is a place there I would like you to see."
He asked pleadingly, hungrily, as though fearful of a refusal.
"Is it far?"
"No," eagerly; "quite near. Besides, Miss Viva, I have something to tell you or rather, ask you."
They were already strolling on.
She paused, and looked up in vague alarm.
"To ask me, Mr. Chaudos?"
"Yes, Viva, I want to ask you to leave Rose Cottage."
"To leave Rose Cottage?" she repeated blankly.
She stopped short, and looked up at him with brown bewildered eyes.
"Are you not satisfied with us as tenants? What will mamma say?"
"I did not ask your mother to leave Rose Cottage"—and his voice was trembling and low—"I ask you."
"Me? Why, Mr. Chaudos—"
She broke off abruptly as she saw the look in the eyes of the man regarding her.
Such a look as would make more successful woos in the world to-day—a look of passionate love and resolute determination to have her in spite of herself.
"Viva, my darling—my darling," he cried, all the mischief in his voice swept away in his fiery earnestness, "won't you understand?"
"I love you very dearly, Viva, and I want you to be my wife."
"Yes, I understand," she said simply.
"I am not a very rich man, dear, but I would give my life to make you happy."
She looked up at him with bright outshining eyes, and though her cheeks flamed hotly, she said, in her gentle straight-forward girlish way—
"I would be honored to be your wife were you penniless, Mr. Chaudos."
"Mr. Chaudos," sternly. "Little wife, say 'Clifford!'"
And, her hand in his, she said it, simply.
"Clifford!"
In a short time they paused before a

massive entrance-gate and pretty Gothic lodge.
"This is the great place of the neighborhood, Viva. Shall we go up and have a look at it?"
They paused at the great stone steps of an ideal country seat, stretching, verandahed, porticoed, with huge stone lions on guard at the door.
"Come in, dear!" holding out his hand, with a earnest smile.
"But the owner?"
"I go with his permission."
Then passing the servant at the door, he led her through rooms where the mighty touch of Midas was softened and made perfect by the mightier touch of taste.
Through a conservatory where birds and flowers were divinely falling asleep, and marble statues gleamed palely forth from tropical lush woods.
"It's a handsome place, dear, isn't it?" he asked, when once again they stood beneath the darkening sky.
"Handsomely, Oh Clifford!" with an ecstatic long-drawn breath.
"I hardly know how much rent I ought to charge you, little woman," he cried quizzically, drawing her closer to him; "but I'll be moderate. Suppose we say—one thousand kisses per annum."
"Yours!" she gasped. "You said you were not rich."
"Well, I am not Rothschild, love, but, with a sudden change of tone, "richer than all the world, sweetheart, in you."
So, after all, Viva gives a home worthy of her.
And Jessie sentimentally remarks—
"Twas well we moved."
And Viva nods and smiles, as she slips her little sparkling hand into her husband's loving clasp.

The Cuban Gentleman.

He appears to you at first a man all hair, eyes, teeth and shirt collar. It is not precisely the correct view, but such is apt to be the impression conveyed to a conservative and doubting mind. After better acquaintance he gives you the air of a man who is at least *qui generis*, with a unique form of body and a hitherto unclassified type of mind. After a year or two he begins to seem to you to be a rather clever fellow, with traits that are seldom observed to exist in a character otherwise excellent, but an agreeable man in many respects. To a contentment always expressive of a certain refinement, often of great beauty, and almost never coarse, angular or hard, he joins a physique the thinnest and most attenuated ever found compatible with locomotion and the general control of a muscular system. His legs are spindly, his arms much like flattened sticks somewhat enlarged at the articulations. Of stomach he usually has about as much as birds of the crane species are remarkable for, and is seldom disposed to undue indulgence in the region of the waist-band. His shoulders are thin and sharp, and if he stoops slightly, it need not necessarily be regarded as an indication either of scholastic or of manual labor. His complexion is sallow fair, and generally of a not unhandsome swarthyness, though sometimes approaching a hue that, by the present opinion of prejudiced mankind, is not exactly a society color. But I have never seen a Cuban with what we call a "dumb" face or an unintelligent eye.
This man is the born dandy. He wears jewelry like a woman and like a woman's. His pocket watch is small enough to slip naturally into agonizing shoes. He wears collars monstrous in size or ridiculous in smallness, with shreds of dazzling colors and cut so very decorative that you may observe the sharp ends of his collar-ends at the very bottom of his thin throat.
At the date of this writing he goes about the streets with pantaloons that hang upon his little legs like bairns, and flap and yaw in the breeze. His coat seems to have been made for a taller man, whereas a year ago it had a tendency to creep upward toward the back of his neck. But the center-piece and glory of his costume is his hat. When such a small enough man as he delights himself with really hair their origin I know not. As the climate is warm, and seemingly for this reason, the hat is narrow, black, heavy and shaped like an inverted stove-pipe. This man sometimes wears a ball in a black dress suit, a white necktie and a green shirt. A Cuban town is full of such figures, and few of them are, by any means, at work at anything. Here in a slave country, the presumptive, probable or actual heir to a share in some sugar plantation, or if not, living by his wits or upon his relations, the young Cuban naturally has his destiny set to ornament the tropics; to be a thing of beauty, and kill time while he is thus elegantly occupied.

The Lay Torpedo.

As excellent as the Lay torpedo undoubtedly is, it still has some defect as others, namely, want of sufficient speed; this, however, does not seem to be an insuperable obstacle, and with each successive construction a greater speed is obtained. The boat is always under the control of the operator, who can stop or start it, steer it either on one side or the other, or fire the charge whenever he pleases. All these things are of course extremely advantageous, and greatly enhance the value of the weapon. The motive power is carbonic acid gas. This gas (as is well known) becomes liquefied under a pressure of forty atmospheres, and in this state it is stored in a tank in the boat. When the valve closing the tank is open, vaporization ensues, and the gas is taken to the engine, first passing an automatically acting reducing valve, so that the pressure will not be too great. As the liquid expands, great cold is produced, and trouble is experienced from its use as a motor; this, however, is not a serious difficulty, and some remedy will doubtless be found. The explosive chamber containing 500 pounds of material, is at the bow, and is so constructed that on contact with a vessel it is discharged from its resting place, and drops several feet, the idea being that an explosion in that position will do more damage than at the water-line. In one compartment of the boat is a drum, from which is paid out the cable through which the electric current passes. A suitable arrangement of magnets opens a valve which allows gas to enter a cylinder, the piston in which causes the helm to be put in the desired direction; and a similar arrangement causes the throttle of the engine to open and close. The explosion is caused on contact if it is desired, or it may always be kept under the operator's control. Some of these boats have but one wire in the cable, over which the various functions are caused to operate; others have a multiple cable, with a wire for each thing required to be done. Over a mile and a half of wire is carried, so that the effective range becomes very much greater than that of any of its kind. Mr. Lay is constantly at work introducing improvements, all of which are protected by numerous patents. His system has been definitely adopted by Russia after a satisfactory trial of ten of the boats built for her. A factory has been established, and it is proposed to use them very extensively in any future war.

Storm Season.

All atmospheric conditions, and notably storms, are controlled by unvarying laws that are easily comprehended and susceptible of application by any intelligent observer, who, noting the latter conditions that exist, may reason therefrom to the conditions that must ensue. In other words, by understanding the laws of meteorology and considering the observations daily reported in the newspapers, one may make his own forecasts one, two, or three days in advance, the value of which will depend only on the carefulness of his predictions. It must be understood, in the first place, that a storm is not of local origin. For instance, a storm does not form at one point at the same time another forming at Cairo, Omaha, Buffalo or Duluth. This is a popular error, and the cause of many delusions. On the contrary, the origin of every hundred storms in the United States is at the same point, the arid plains east of the Rocky Mountains, and from there move eastward. The process of the origin of a storm, now well understood, consists of the formation of a "storm center," or area of low barometer, terms which are practically synonymous.
The atmosphere is a varying deposit of sun-baked air, directly from the surface of the earth, and from the surface of the sea. On the barren and sandy plains this acquisition of heat is augmented by the more powerful reflection of the sand, and presently a body of air, many miles in circumference, will become superheated, with heat which induces a greater absorption of moisture from the earth's surface and surrounding atmosphere. This heated body of air, true to that law which causes the heated atmosphere to ascend (nowhere better demonstrated than at the ordinary chimney), commences to rise; other air rushes in below, which, encountering the same heating surface is in turn heated, rises, and gives place to the next layer. This is a storm center and the country over which this operation is going is an area of low barometer (and high thermometer), called so from the fact that the barometer has a tendency to decrease, counteracts in a measure its downward pressure, and for other minor reasons not necessary to detail. This rising body of air, highly charged with vapor (another name for moisture) ascends until it reaches the dew point, which is the point where the moisture in the atmosphere will begin to resolve itself again into water and descend in rain.
This operation of the condensation of moisture from vapor, and the result, outside of a patch of ice-water, on the water-pipes in houses, or on any metallic surface in a damp house where there is no fire.
The ascending body of atmosphere at each point of its ascent encounters colder air, and the latent heat, released by the condensation of vapor augmenting its temperature, its progress upward is increased instead of diminished, until finally reaching the higher strata of air it spreads outward, on top as it were, piling up, if the expression may be used, and so deepening at the circumference of the storm, which, together with the rain that falls from it, has a slightly circular motion at the same point, creates a circle of high barometer, or great air pressure outside the storm.
The operation of condensation of moisture may be applied to the sky, by the formation of clouds which is an intermediate stage between vapor and water, and which, with the significance of their varied formations in relation to future weather, will be treated below.
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At last the Andre monument. At Tappan, New York, has topped over. The side on which there is no inscription, but which was begrimed by the recent attempt to shatter it with nitro-glycerine, lies on the ground with its apex to the east. Of the base nothing is left but some large and irregular masses, the smallest not weighing less than 200 pounds. All the smaller pieces being carried away by relic-hunters. Some enthusiastic collector has gone so far as to break off and remove one of the upright bars of the iron fence from the north side of the inclosure, and through this opening visitors can squeeze through, despite the fact that the gate is still carefully locked.
Mr. Storms, whose house is close by the fallen monument, said to a reporter that the shaft fell over some time ago; "I was reading the morning papers," said Mr. Storms, "when my wife came from down cellar and asked me if I heard the thunder. I said 'No' and went to look if there was a storm coming up. Then I saw that the blamed thing had tipped over."
"Was anyone there at the time?" asked the reporter.
"Not a soul. There had been several people there in the morning, but it hadn't been out of my sight five minutes. The last person there was a photographer taking views of it, and he couldn't have more than got to the foot of the hill before she went over."
"How do you account for its falling?"
"Oh, it had to go sooner or later. The visitors had been digging at it and carting off all the pieces ever since the explosion. I had propped it up several times, but it was like a man trying to stand on one leg. It couldn't keep it up. I had noticed that the fragments which kept it standing were 'checking' every day, and the parts where the nitro-glycerine got in its work were so rotten that the weather wore it away. No sir, 'I don't think its fall was the result of intention or malice. They undermined it for relics till there was nothing left to hold it up. They can't do anything more except to bury it."
"Why didn't you sell the pieces as relics, instead of letting everyone help himself?"
"I might have done that, and I could have taken in \$200 for pieces of the stone; but it didn't belong to me, and I had nothing to do about it."
Mr. Storms says the monument is utterly worthless as an attraction, and that the explosion has frightened away the people who had engaged rooms with him for the summer. The villagers generally appear to have lost all interest in the subject.

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Mr. Storms, whose house is close by the fallen monument, said to a reporter that the shaft fell over some time ago; "I was reading the morning papers," said Mr. Storms, "when my wife came from down cellar and asked me if I heard the thunder. I said 'No' and went to look if there was a storm coming up. Then I saw that the blamed thing had tipped over."
"Was anyone there at the time?" asked the reporter.
"Not a soul. There had been several people there in the morning, but it hadn't been out of my sight five minutes. The last person there was a photographer taking views of it, and he couldn't have more than got to the foot of the hill before she went over."
"How do you account for its falling?"
"Oh, it had to go sooner or later. The visitors had been digging at it and carting off all the pieces ever since the explosion. I had propped it up several times, but it was like a man trying to stand on one leg. It couldn't keep it up. I had noticed that the fragments which kept it standing were 'checking' every day, and the parts where the nitro-glycerine got in its work were so rotten that the weather wore it away. No sir, 'I don't think its fall was the result of intention or malice. They undermined it for relics till there was nothing left to hold it up. They can't do anything more except to bury it."
"Why didn't you sell the pieces as relics, instead of letting everyone help himself?"
"I might have done that, and I could have taken in \$200 for pieces of the stone; but it didn't belong to me, and I had nothing to do about it."
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Keeping His Birthday.

As little Mrs. Blifkins was getting supper the other night, she was startled by the abrupt and unexpected entrance of her neighbor over the way, Miss Parrot, who was evidently charged with news.
"How long since you have seen Mr. Blifkins?" she asked, breathlessly.
"Little Mrs. Blifkins dropped the tea-pot she was just about to fill, and screamed convulsively as loudly as possible."
"Be composed," ejaculated Miss Parrot, taking off her hat and fanning her heated face with it. "Try and bear up; it's dreadful, but other women have suffered and lived. I may as well tell you and not keep you in suspense. Mr. Blifkins is dead—"
"Oh-oh-oh-oh gracious mercy!" shrieked Mrs. Blifkins, tracing herself into Miss Parrot's arms. "What have I done to deserve this, and it was his birthday too, poor, dear David; you can't mean it, and we are so happy."
"Yes, I do mean it," said Miss Parrot firmly. "It is a cruel truth. I said I'll go and tell his poor wife, for she must know it sooner or later, and he was found lying dead."
"Oh-oh-oh-oh," sobbed the little wife, "and I had such a nice supper all ready for him, too! Oh, how well I'll believe it. Who saw him, poor, dear David?"
"I saw him," said Miss Parrot, with a grimace of disgust. "We all saw him! He wasn't the only one that there were a dozen of 'em and they were all hopelessly dead little."
Then little Mrs. Blifkins turned on Miss Parrot like a small fury. "You're a nasty, prying old maid," she said vindictively, "and I'll tell you to go home and attend to your own affairs. My David, indeed! It's a pity a man can't keep his own birthday to himself, but prying folks must make such a fuss about it, come here to frighten me out of my senses and spoil my supper!" And Miss Parrot heard the door slam as she skinned through it on her way out to inform the neighborhood.

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