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BY THE SEA WAVES.

Backward and forward, to and fro,
The swift-winged swallows come and go;
Above the ocean's roar
I hear their cries, as whirling swift
To where the gull's wings sweep
They dart along the shore.

Looking around, on either hand,
The little cove in which I stand,
I see the fishing rocks,
The waves, broken, wrenched apart
As by some secret's magic art,
Or by three earthquake shocks.

Rising and falling, to my feet
The waves roll in, then swift retreat;
And on their outward way,
Among the pebbles and the sand,
They leave, as if with careless hand,
The spoils of many a day.

Perching and drifting, far and wide,
Here on the beach, and there on the tide,
By many a restless tide,
Scum-flecked and foam-drenched,
These fragments float on the sea
Until, perchance, through favored breeze
At length this part is given.

Shattered, worn, eaten, matted or
With seaweed, long and with a store
Of barnacles and shells,
This plank, long-riven from the deck
Of some forlorn and broken wreck,
A mournful story tells.

Lying beside it, on the strand,
The seaweed, from and the sand,
Or rocky soil turn,
Like up the beach with a grace
That shows the purple of its raw
Right rosy to the sun.

Trailing its misty robe of gray,
Inland the sea-fog takes its way;
As seaward turn my feet,
I hear the story of the sea,
Its wail, its sob, its cry,
In silence low and sweet.

HER SUMMER BOARDER.

It was a pleasant little place, a story
and a half high only, but spread over a
great deal of ground.

There was a big velvety lawn in front,
with half-a-dozen beech-trees that had
stood there for a hundred years—mag-
nificent old trees as ever cast their
waving shadows on a summer day.

There were old-fashioned flowers, and
an old-fashioned rope swing, a well
with a veritable mossy oaken bucket;
there were plenty of vegetables in the
little garden patch, lots of eggs from
every day, and all the milk that was
wanted.

There were berries and fruits, shade,
and pure water, and a quarter of a mile
away from the sandy beach of the
Atlantic and the young, new sea-side
resort that had lately grown up there.

"It is the very place for you," Isabel
Dale said, with a happy eager look
in her dark eyes.

And Mr. Felix Pontifex smiled back
at her, with that look a man gives a
pretty girl when he admires unusually
much.

"I shall decide upon it, then," Bech-
cliff Cottage, a pretty rural name, and
the landlady is—"
Isabel laughed, showing her distract-
ingly pretty dimple.

"Miss Amy Barry, a little ugly old
maid, and just as nice as she can be."
Mr. Pontifex affected a horrified
scowl, and helped Miss Dale into the
carriage again.

ing out one short dimpled arm inside
the oven to test its heat.

"That's pleasant to know, and es-
pecially from you Isabel, for I feel most
truly grateful to you for recommending
my little nest to him.

"He is a great friend of yours, isn't
he?"
Isabel laughed, and a little crimson
flush warmed her cheeks.

"Oh, I don't know! Yes, he is a
friend of course."
"I've known him for over a year
now. He's handsome, isn't he?"

"I think he is the finest looking
gentleman I ever saw," Amy answered
quietly, then bent a little puzzled look
upon Isabel.

"How did you come to send him
here? I should think you would prefer
to have him with you at the St. Robert."
"You little goose, can't you under-
stand that?"

"Indeed, I don't want him at the
hotel—why, there's Vera May, and
Jessie Dean, and that lovely Miss Hat-
away from the West—Amy."

"I am so glad he came here, where
there's no temptation for him to be made
a dead end at."

"A handsome rich widower, you know,
is a great catch."
"Here, he's safe you see."

"She certainly did not mean anything
crude but, it touched little plain Amy
as nothing had ever hurt her."

And, proud little woman as she was,
she suddenly had to rush to the pantry
for more sugar, to hide the tears she
felt coming to her eyes.

Mr. Pontifex was safe at Bechcliff
Cottage!

Yes, she was too old, too plain, too
decidedly an old maid to be dangerous
to any man's peace of mind.

It was all true, and she had known
it all her life, but somehow it occurred
to her as never before.

Little, and plain, and old, but with a
woman's heart beating warm and
strong in her bosom; and somehow
Isabel Dale's rare blossomy beauty
seemed, for a moment the most desir-
able possession in all the world, because
with it, such love, and devotion, and
admiration could be won.

She thrust the foolish thought away
from her, and came back, her sugar-
cane in her hand.

The Sullivan Farm.

The famous Sullivan farm of Illinois
is now a thing of the past. A short
history of this, at our time, the largest
farm in the world; will prove interesting.

Ex-Governor Sullivan was largely con-
nected with Government surveys, and,
through his influence, a large tract in
Ford county, about one hundred miles
south of Chicago, was entered as swam
land. This tract the far-seeing ex-
Governor then bought at about forty
cents per acre. Just in order to round
out his farm nicely, Mr. Sullivan bought
a few adjoining sections, and then had
a farm seven miles broad and ten miles
long. During the war Sullivan con-
tracted with the government to pasture
thousands of its worn-down horses and
mules. At the close of the war Mr.
Sullivan turned his attention to farming
being guided by the ambition to be the
largest farmer in the world. He owed
his failure to too much discipline.

His farm was divided into three sections.
Gangs of forty plows were at work on
each division. If the first plow sustain-
ed a break none of the others could pass
it, but must wait until the damage is
repaired. No overseer must discount
to perform any manual labor, no mat-
ter how urgent the demand. No sec-
ondary act of labor save what properly
belonged to his department. Thus con-
stant loss was being sustained through
delays and loss of time.

Sullivan had at one time twenty-
eight thousand acres of corn under
cultivation and employed six hundred
laborers. Failing to get sufficient labor,
he sent an agent to Europe and
brought over Germans and Swedes,
paying their passage and contracting
with them to pay him in work. The
importations would no sooner get their
employer paid than they would leave
him and set up for themselves. Be-
sides this drawback the farm was being
worked by inexperienced hands, as the
Europeans knew but little of farm-work.

The grain was hauled to Gibson, a city
on the Chicago and Alton road, and
there disposed of at a few cents per
bushel. At one time three-quarters of
a million bushels of corn were market-
ed through one sale.

Sullivan made an assignment, his
farm was reduced to twenty thousand
acres, and thousands of plows and har-
rows and other tools were sold. Next
the remainder of the land was sold out
in small tracts and a few days ago a
Swede made the last payment on the
last eighty-acre section of the great
Sullivan farm. Ex-Governor Sullivan
was reported to be worth in 1879 over
\$3,000,000. He died insolvent.

Silent scolding.

Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before
you know it your forehead will resem-
ble a small railroad map. There is a
great trunk line now from your neck
to the edge of your nose, intersected
by parallel lines running east and west,
with curves arching your eyebrows;
and how much older you look for it!
Scowling is a habit that steals upon us
unawares. We frown when the light
is too strong and when it is too weak.

We tie our brows into a knot when we
are thinking, and knit them even more
tightly when we cannot think. There
is nothing there are plenty of things to
scowl over. The baby in the cradle
frowns when something fails to suit.

"Constitutional scowl," says the
little toddler who likes sugar on his
bread and butter tells his trouble in
the same way when you leave the sugar
off. "Crossed," we say, about the
children; and "worried to death" about
the grown folks; and, as for ourselves,
we can't help it. But we must. Its
reflex influence makes others unhappy;
for face answers to face in life as
well as in water. It belies our religion.

We should possess our souls in such
peace that it will reflect itself in our
placid countenances. If your forehead
is ridged with wrinkles before forty,
what will it be at seventy? There is
one consoling thought about these
marks of time and trouble—the death
angel always crosses them. Even the
extremely aged, in death, often wear
a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leav-
ing our last memories of them calm and
tranquil. But our business is with life.

Scowling is a kind of silent scolding.
It shows that our souls need sweeten-
ing. For pity's sake let us take a sud-
den, or a glad-iron, or something cool
of some sort, and straighten these creases
out of our faces before they become
indelibly engraved upon our visage.

What Made a Minister Laugh.

"Well, brethren," said a Maine min-
ister to some of his fellow evangelists,
"I never was guilty of laughing in the
pulpit but once. Some years ago I
had in my congregation an old man who
universally went to sleep in church and
snored very loudly throughout the
entire service. One Sabbath morning,
glancing in his direction I saw him as
usual, with his head back enjoying a
nap, and right above him in the gallery
a young man was rolling a large quid
of tobacco sound in his mouth. As I
looked he took it out, and pressing it in
a ball below it. I became so interested
in the proceeding that I forgot to con-
tinue the sermon, but stood watching
the young man, who with a wicked smile
looked into the old man's mouth. With a
gulp he let the sleeper started up and
with a face red as a beet rushed from
the house. The people no doubt were
horrified, but I could not have kept
from laughing if a sword had hung over
my head ready to fall. The old man
did not come back for several Sabbaths,
and when he did he changed his seat and
remained wide awake."

Saving a Child.

Harry Lamoreux is an engineer on
the Manhattan Beach Railway. He
drives the locomotive Peter Stuyvesant.
Unlike the old wooden-legged Governor
of the embryo metropolis, it travels at
a high rate of speed. Recently the
Peter Stuyvesant, attached to a train of
nine cars, left Greenpoint at half past
6 P. M. Harry Lamoreux was at the
lever. It was an express train, and a
minute or two behind time. Nearing
the bridge at a deep cut at the old De
Kalb avenue station in East Brooklyn,
the engineer saw what he supposed to
be a dog playing between the rails of
the south-bound track. He whistled
and rang the bell, but the sapper of
animal did not move. The train was
running on schedule time. "My
God, it's a child!" he exclaimed, as the
locomotive flew towards it. He shut
off steam, put on the vacuum breaks and
reversed gear, climbed out of the cab
window along the running board, over
the steam chest and down to the pilot.
While the locomotive was under half
headway he reached down, grabbed up
the child, and with it safely folded it
to his breast, swung himself out into
the track at the right of his engine. A
man and woman were standing on the
top of the embankment, which was
about thirty feet high. He clambered
up, deposited his precious burden in
the arms of the man, and down to the
track, took command of his engine, and
went on his way. The child was not
hurt, and the woman was the cause of the stop-
page.

The Peter Stuyvesant rolled into the
Manhattan Beach depot at five minutes
past 10 last night. Harry Lamoreux,
a tall, broad-shouldered, athletic young
man, only twenty-eight years of age,
jumped out of the cab and began oiling
up. He was decidedly good-looking
and modest as a maiden. "I didn't
suppose there would be any fuss made
about it," he said to a reporter. "I'd
often read about such things and I
didn't believe half of them. When I
saw the little toddler playing there I
knew I had to make an attempt to save
it and I did. That's about all I can say
about it. It must have tumbled down
the embankment, for there was no other
way for it to get there."

"Was there no conversation between
you and the man to whom you gave
the child?"
"He didn't say a word. I said, 'don't
let it occur again.'"

And the hero went to his labors.
Harry Lamoreux has been an engineer
for seven years. For the past three
years he has been in the employ of the
Manhattan Beach Railway Company.
The officials of the road speak in the
highest terms of him. He is a widower.

Identity of Black and Green Tea.

Green and black tea are produced
from the same plant, although the Colo-
nists were long at issue about the mat-
ter. The idea of green tea being dried
upon copper is proven to be a popular
fallacy, for the tea would be flavored
and spoiled in the process; beside the
bloom can be given by harmless means.

Dr. Lettsom, by the way, thought
it was given by a vegetable process.

Mr. Ball, who has written a practical
volume on the "Cultivation and Manu-
facture of Tea," describes an experiment
made by him, proving that tea may be
dried black and green at once in the
same vessel and over the same fire. He
divided the pan, and the leaves of one
side he kept in motion and the other
quiet, when the latter became black and
the former green thus proving the dif-
ference of color to be not derived from
any management of heat, but from
manipulation, the heat being the same
in both cases.

At the same time certain Chinese
regards glaze our hyson most unscrupu-
lously, and it has been proved by chem-
ical analysis that the Chinese green teas
are artificially colored, though not with
indigo, as represented by the green-tea
merchants. We may add that green-
tea is dried at the highest tempera-
ture with Col. Forney, and, of course, a
call upon Forney was in order. The veteran
trader showed us through his picture
gallery and I happened to please him by
admiring his favorites, "Napoleon at the
Brennlin" and a pair of merry maidens
kneeling—I think they were. Presently
we stopped in front of a portrait of
Fitz-Greene Halleck, with whom all
three of us were acquainted when he
served as a sort of Newman Noggis in
the office of the Astors. ("Who would
have thought," said Forney, "that
such a chap as Halleck could have writ-
ten 'Marco Bozzaris,' a poem that fires
my blood whenever I recite those lines—

Strike! till the last arrow for expiring
sweat for men's sakes and your tree!
Strike! for the green graves of your sires!
God and your native land!

And strange enough," he continued,
"I met the son of Marco Bozzaris while
I was in Greece. He had seemed to me
a traditional personage, but to meet his
son gave him a reality which I have
never since lost." "What sort of a man
was young Bozzaris?" I inquired.

"Six feet two inches high," replied For-
rest; "straight and slim as a palm tree;
a face like the antique; a model, sir, of
manly beauty. Only a hero could have
equal to his physique?" "I could not
tell at first. He spoke no English, and
my French was not fluent. However,
we managed to understand each other a
little, and I told him about Halleck's
poem. He had never even heard of it,
but the mood was on me, and standing up
in that Greek key I recited the whole
of it to the son of the hero whom it had
immortalized. Sir, he understood that.
I could see the blood thrill in his veins,
his eyes flash lightning, the color come
and go in his cheeks, and when my voice
dropped and broke for the concluding
lines, where Bozzaris sleeps in sleep in
death at the very moment of victory,
the son's eyes filled with tears, which
dropped like diamonds on the ground
as he gazed at me. Ah! oratory, sir, is
the universal language. But I should
have liked Halleck to hear his poem re-
cited by me to such an audience."

Crops in August.

The August crop reports of the De-
partment of Agriculture show an im-
proved condition of cotton and corn,
and that the wheat not yet harvested is
in better condition than it has been for
several years. Tobacco is fair, barley
and buckwheat very good, and oats,
rye and potatoes excellent. This is
gratifying news, and with the announce-
ment of crop failures abroad, promise
for a year of both plenty and profit.

St. Gothard Raile.

Thus far the St. Gothard Railway has
not yielded a very promising revenue.
A foreign exchange says that for the
month of June the receipts were \$120,
000, and, assuming that the line is
worked for 60 per cent. of the receipts,
the net income would thus be only \$48,
000, which is only a third of the amount
required for interest upon its bonded
debt. In actual fact, the expenses are
probably greater than 60 per cent., for
the line is extremely expensive and dif-
ficult to work. The line in this country
would not be regarded as a commercial
success.

Some seeds.

Some seeds, like those of the balsam,
stock and wall flower, improve with age
to a certain extent.

Photographic Improvement.

The claim made recently by M. Albert
of Vienna, of having invented a process
for rendering the natural colors in pic-
tures by means of a peculiarly colored
teal photographic stein-press—and this
without the aid of a pencil—has excited
very great interest, reasoning, as it did,
if the statements concerning it be fully
confirmed, the great and long-sought
desideratum in photographic art.

The secret of this invention, as repre-
sented in the Vienna journals, consists
in the analysis of the white light into 3
colors—yellow blue and red—and in the
recovery of these three colors ready for
the operations of the press.

On a plate, chemically prepared, so as
to receive but the yellow parts of the
light, and the tones of the colors of the
object to be reflected, the first photo-
graph is taken, when a negative of that
plate is at once put under the press,
whose cylinder is dabbed over with yel-
low paint. None but the tones of the
yellow colors are now seen in the impres-
sion, for that, the object is photo-
graphed on a plate made to reflect but
the blue colors. This plate now under
the press reflects a blue impression, the
cylinder being dabbed over with blue
paint. In the same manner are re-
ceived the tones of the red colors, by
means of a third plate. Printing the
individual pictures of a yellow, blue and
red over each other, a picture is pro-
duced true to nature, the colors inter-
mixing by having been printed over
each other. As to the permanency of
this kind of coloration—a most impor-
tant point, of course—a determination
can now be made.

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as he gazed at me. Ah! oratory, sir, is
the universal language. But I should
have liked Halleck to hear his poem re-
cited by me to such an audience."

"Who are you?" says I, thinking that
was an innocent remark, as he com-
menced it, and a trying all the time to
collect myself.

"I'm the President of the bank,"
says he, kinder short; "something's the
matter with the lock?"

By George! the idea came to me then.
"Yes, sir," says I, toting my cap.
"Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this
morning as the lock was out of order
and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on
to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he
that he ought to get that lock fixed.
Where is he?"

"He's been a writing letters, and he's
gone up to his house to get another let-
ter he wanted for to answer."

A Burglar's Story.

My profession isn't a popular one.
There is considerable prejudice against
it. I don't myself think it much more
than a good many others. However,
that's nothing to do with my story.
Some years ago me and the gentleman
who was at that time connected with me
in business—his present with reverence since
then, and at present isn't able to go out
—was looking around for a job, being
at that time rather hard up, as you
might say. We struck a small country
town—I ain't aging to give it away by
telling where it was. There was one
bank there; the president was a rich
old duffer; owned the mills, owned the
bank, owned most of the town. There
wasn't no other officer but the cashier,
and they had a boy who used to sweep
out and run errands.

The bank was on the main street,
pretty well up one end of it—nice snug
place on the corner of a cross street,
with nothing very near it. We took
our observation, and found there wasn't
no trouble at all about it. There was
an old watchman that walked up and
down the street nights, when he didn't
fall asleep and forget it. The vault had
two doors; the outside one was chilled
iron, and had a three-wheel combina-
tion lock; the inner door wasn't no door
at all; you could kick it open. It didn't
pretend to be nothing but fire proof,
and it wasn't even that. The first key
we done, of course, was to fit a key to
the outside door. As the lock on the
outside door was an old fashioned Bar-
net lock, any gentleman of my profes-
sion who chances to read this article
will know just how easy the job was
and how we done it. I may say here
that the gentleman in my line of busi-
ness, having at times a great deal of
leisure on their hands, do considerable
reading, and are particularly fond of a
bit of literature. I have found among 'em
—however, this being digression, I drop
it, and go on with the main job again.

This was our plan: After the key
was fitted I was to go into the bank,
and Jim—that wasn't his name, of
course, but let it pass—was to keep
watch outside. When anyone passed
he was to tip me a whistle, and then I
dressed the gim and lay low; after they
got by I goes on again. Simple and
easy, you see. Well, the night we se-
lected the president happened to be out
of town; gone down to the city; as he
often did. I got inside all right, with a
little lantern, a bread drill, a small steel
jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a
green baize bag to stow the saw. I
fixed my light and rigged my breast
drill, and got to work on the door right
over the lock.

Probably a great many of our readers
is not so well posted as me about bank
locks, and I may say for them that
a three-wheel combination lock has
a three-wheeled in it, and a slot in each
wheel. In order to unlock the door
you have to get the three slots opposite
to each other at the top of the lock. Of
course if you can do the number the lock
is set on you can do this; but if you
can't you have to depend on your inge-
nuity. There is in each of these
wheels a small hole, through which you
put a wire through the back of the lock
when you change the combination. Now,
if you can bore a hole through the
door and pick up these wheels by
running a wire through these holes,
why you can open the door. I hope I
made myself clear. I was boring that
hole. The door was chilled iron, about
the nearest stuff I ever worked on. I
went on steady enough; only stopped
when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his
name—whistled, and the watchman tol-
dled by. By and by, I'd got to
nearly through, when I heard Jim so to
speak, whistle again. I stopped, and
I'm bound to admit I footstep outside,
and I'm bound to admit I come right
up the bank steps, and I heard a key
in the lock. I was so dumfounded
when I heard that that you could have
slipped the bracelets on me. I picked up
my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't
light the slide slip down and throw the
light right on the door, and there was
the president. Instead of calling for
help as I thought he would, he stepped
inside the door and shaded his eyes
with his hands and looked at me. I
knewed that I ought to knock him down
and out, but I'm blest if I could, I
was that surprised.

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"He's been a writing letters, and he's
gone up to his house to get another let-
ter he wanted for to answer."

"Why don't you go right on?" says
he.
"I've got almost through," says I;
and I didn't want to finish up and
open the vault till there was somebody
here."

"That's very creditable to you," says
he; "a very proper sentiment, my
man. You can't," he goes on, coming
round by the door, "be too particular
about avoiding the suspicion of evil."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest
like.
"What do you suppose is the matter
with the lock?" says he.
"I don't know lock yet," says I;
"but I rather think it's a little worse on

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The sea holds 60,000,000,000,000
tons of salt.

The right lung of a human body is
generally two ounces heavier than the
left one.

The Princess Louise is occupying
much of her time sketching Quebec
scenery.

Thus far this year 3365 miles of
new railroad have been built in the
United States.

The capital stock of the Rio Grande
and Pecos railroad has been increased
to \$20,000,000.

An ant watchman from six o'clock in
the morning to quarter of ten at night,
worked incessantly.

The Philadelphia Medical College
graduated 700 students in 1881. The
number for 1882 was 718.

The snow which in 1787, the ravine,
at the foot of Mount Washington,
still defies the hot weather.

The Russian government has de-
cided to donate 7,000,000 rubles to the
building of thirty gunboats.

There are in Belgium 2000 musical
societies and 1400 bands. The number of
executives being about 60,000.

The clerk of the United States Su-
preme Court has salaries and fees
amounting to about \$40,000 a year.

Migratory birds, when flying by
night are at an elevation from one to
four miles above the earth's surface.

Workmen on a railroad near Den-
ver, Col., came to a "perforated" forest
at a depth of from ten to twenty feet.

The Egyptian mode of attacking
horses to a chariot was to have one
trace on the inner side of each horse.