Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XXXVII. | MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1883. | NO. 39.

SWEETHEART.

The stars shine out on the wide, wide sea
With a light that is ne'er forgot;
But your eyes, sweetheart, shine out on me
With a light that the stars know not.

The larks sing soft, in the fresh green grass,
Their heaven-taught melody;
But the birds are dumb as your sweet words pass
Swift-winged as the light to me.

The rose climbs up to my window-seat,
And faints in its rich perfume;
But the breath of your lips is sweeter, my sweet,
And their crimson is love's ripe bloom.

Oh, lips that were fashioned for kissing mine,
That whisper in love's low tone!
Oh, eyes that out of love's vast deeps shine!
Sweetheart of my heart, mine own!

You have feasted me, love, as the rose the bee,
On the sweets of your lips and your eyes;
You have opened love's portals and given to me
The cycles of Paradise.

WAS IT FAIR OF HIM?

A lovely day in September. The rays of the sun are tempered by a slight haze that lies over the sea, while the air is so calm that the flag at the end of the pier has hung motionless the whole morning.

At the foot of the cliffs, among the boulders, sits a girl sketching—a girl, who, in her pretty pale tinted dress, relieved by a bunch of poppies at the neck and another in the becoming little sailor hat, makes a fair picture herself.

She has a sweet, earnest face framed with curly dark hair that falls softly on the white forehead, which is just now prettily puckered in the earnestness of her task.

By her side, stretched to the full length of his tall, athletic figure, reclines an equally fair specimen of the opposite sex, his thoughts apparently far away, judging by the absent look in the handsome gray eyes which are looking out to the sea.

Suddenly he rouses himself, and pushing his hat a little further back from his broad white brow, turns lazily on one elbow, and says, penitently:

"I am awful sorry, Miss Grey. You must think me a very dull companion, I am sure, but the fact is, that from being alone so much when I was abroad, I have acquired a very awkward habit of going into day dreams without the slightest regard to time and circumstances; so please accept my most humble apologies;" he concludes, looking pleadingly into his companion's face.

A soft laugh answers his words, and Dora Grey says, gently, without raising her eyes:

"Pray don't apologize, Mr. Carelton. I am afraid I must plead guilty to the weakness of absent-mindedness myself occasionally, and at the present moment I was so engrossed at this difficult piece of sky that I had almost forgotten your presence."

"Oh," says Frank Carelton, blandly, under his breath, while the girl's sweet voice resumes, unconscious of the interruption:

"I always think that one of the tests of true friendship is being able to be with a person, and either talk, think, or keep silence, as long as you choose, without the expectation of giving offence."

"Oh," says Frank, resuming his old attitude, "I suppose you go in for that sort of thing; most young ladies do—for a time."

"I don't know what you mean by 'going in for that sort of thing,' but I certainly believe that there are such people to be met with as real, sincere friends in every sense of the word."

"Naturally enough at your age, Miss Grey; but pardon me, when you have lived a little longer you will find people are not always what they seem, nor are their protestations of friendship much to be depended upon."

"However old I may live to be," says Dora, "I hope I shall always have as much faith in my fellow-creatures as I have now; and I firmly believe it possible to meet with those who will, through riches and poverty, good report and evil, be steadfast and unchanging friends." And blushing at her own earnestness Dora resumes the brush, which she had been neglecting for the last few minutes.

Frank smiles under his mustache at the girlish outburst, but turns and looks gravely enough into the charming, shy face and says with a sigh:

"Ah, child, you don't know what you are talking about. Just put it to yourself a moment, and tell me, do you think you could be such a friend if need be?"

"I do!" is the quiet, earnest answer, and something in the pure face makes Frank take the little bare hand nearest him into his and kiss it reverently. Then, letting it go, he says gently:

"I suppose, Miss Grey, your theory would not allow friendship between two of opposite sex?"

"Certainly it would," replied Dora. "I can never understand why the regard which may exist between a man and a woman should not be dictated by a feeling of true, earnest friendship, and, as such, be frankly shown before the world. I dare say you think me very foolish," the sweet, girlish voice concludes, a little hastily; "my sisters at home have often laughed at what they call my 'peculiar notions.'"

There is no reply for a moment, for Frank is looking earnestly over the sea; then he turns with an air of having made up his mind to something, and says, quietly:

"Dora, will you be such a friend to me?"

The girl's cheeks flushes, and she turns to meet the expected smile; but the glance which meets her is grave and earnest, and the clear gray eyes look honestly into hers.

There is a mementary pause; then she lays her pretty white fingers gently into the hand outstretched to meet them, and says, steadily:

"I will, Mr. Carelton, as far as it lies in my power, if you wish it."

"I do wish it," says Frank concisely, his hand closing firmly round the timid little fingers, over which he bends his handsome head before releasing them, and upon which he imprints a soft kiss to ratify the contract.

The pretty white house, nestling among the dark firs, which are such an addition to the beauty of the coast near Sandcombe, belongs to Mr. Barrington, and he and his pretty wife are never more pleased than when they can induce as many as possible of their numerous friends to visit them; and they are particularly happy in the selection of their guests, and are never tired of devising some pleasant plan of amusement—Ravenswood house is almost always gay and lively with pleasant laughter and merry chatter.

Mrs. Barrington was a Miss Grey, and Dora is her pet sister, so she often stays at Ravenswood for months together.

Frank Carelton has only been down from London a fortnight. He is a rising young barrister, with a good private income of his own; but this has not prevented his overworking himself a little, and he has accepted Oscar Barrington's pressing invitation to recruit his strength in the bracing air of Sandcombe.

There are not so many guests as usual at Ravenswood house just now, so Dora and Frank have been thrown together a good deal; and Mr Carelton is too fond of the society of pretty girls not to think it a very pleasant arrangement altogether.

The day following the little talk on the beach there is a large influx of visitors; but Dora finds, to her satisfaction, that in walks or drives Frank seems ever at her side, as usual.

One day she laughingly remarks the fact, but he merely says, quietly:

"I prefer friends to acquaintances, Dora. If you are tired already of our bargain, say so; but it is only natural that, under the circumstances, I should choose your society rather than that of anyone else."

So the two wander about together contentedly, though not unnoticed, for many are the glances and little innuendoes they have to encounter, much to Dora's expressed disgust as she freely discusses the matter with Frank.

"It is too utterly ridiculous," she says angrily, as they were one day walking through the woods; as if we were bound to be talking a lot of nonsense about love just because we are alone together.

"Ridiculous, indeed," calmly asserts Frank; "wait until Mr. and Miss Right appear, and we go off with them respectively; then these clever people will see the difference—eh, Dora?"

Dora's heart gave a sudden jump, but she answers in her usual gentle voice, though she is rather silent during the remainder of the walk.

"I am expecting Miss Bruce down here to-morrow, so I warn all those of you gentlemen who still possess that useful article, a heart, to guard it well, for Nelly is a fascinating pussy."

So says Mrs. Barrington at the luncheon table one day; and to those who know the young lady spoken of, the announcement appears to give universal satisfaction.

"And who is Miss Bruce?" asks Frank of Dora Grey, by whose side he is sitting.

"One of the loveliest girls you ever saw in your life," puts in Mr. Barrington, before Dora can reply; "and just your style, old man, I should imagine."

Frank Carelton looks at Dora, and repeats, in a low voice, meant for her ear alone.

"Just my style. Can my fate be approaching already?"

"Perhaps," is the only reply, given in equally low tones. "Do you hope it may be so?"

"I don't quite know," said the young man, gently. "I have my friend, you know, Dora."

"But, notwithstanding, Mr. Frank appears to find the charming, fair-haired girl, who is told off to his care the next evening at dinner, very attractive; and when the gentlemen rejoin the ladies he makes his way straight to the ottoman upon which Miss Bruce is sitting.

"How selfish I am," murmured Dora to herself, as she watches Frank's tall, handsome figure crossing the room in order to turn over Miss Bruce's music; and somehow everything seems a little dull and uninteresting to the girl's mind, and a heartache accompanied her to bed that night.

But it is gone by the morrow, and Dora is her own sweet self, and as days go on she resumes her rather neglected sketching, though by degrees she finds how often she is without her faithful friend, and she misses his cheerful chatter and genial laugh more than she will acknowledge. For Frank Carelton's jesting words seem to have come true, and he shows no signs of his evident admiration for pretty Nellie subsiding, for it is at her side he lingers now. And there is evidently a very good understanding between them, for it necessitates much low talk and apparent persuasive eloquence on Frank's part; and somehow the thought of those two will persist in obtruding itself on Dora's mind, no matter what she is doing.

At last matters came to a crisis. A picnic is arranged to be held in some woods a few miles inland, and during a luncheon on the grass Frank and Nellie are, as usual, together, and the girl is in such a merry mood that it is evident she fells very happy. Dora feels more than ever the foolish position into which her girlish ignorance has led her respecting Frank, for more than one remark reaches her, referring in no very flattering terms to his conduct. But she defends him on every occasion, and in such a sweet, unconscious manner that suspicion is at once disarmed respecting the state of her heart.

But the effort to dissemble her disappointment in Frank's sudden avoidance is too great to-day, and she manages, after luncheon, to steal away entirely alone, intending to sketch a pretty little glade she had often visited.

But when she reaches the spot she merely seats herself on the bank, and fiercely argues out her own unreasonableness, as she terms it. But the process does not seem to be satisfactory, for presently one or two tears force themselves slowly from behind the closed eyelids, and the girl gives way to a passionate flood of tears.

By degrees the sobs subside, and the soothing effect of the soft, warm air and subdued quiet around begin to be felt, and leaning her uncovered head against the hard trunk of a tree, she falls fast asleep. So fast, indeed, that the sound of advancing footsteps does not make an eyelid quiver; and when Frank Carelton reaches her he stands for a moment looking down at the little figure in its attitude of careless grace with an expression upon his face that is not exactly faithful to the memory of Miss Nellie Bruce.

Just then Dora stirs a little, and a weary little sob bursts from the pretty parted lips. This is more than Frank can bear, and in a moment he is kneeling beside her, and the startled girl is taken tenderly into his arms, while the curly head leans for a moment unconsciously against his breast.

"What is it? Where am I?" murmurs Dora, and looks up so quickly that a soft mustache brushes her cheek.

"Oh, Mr. Carelton," she stammers, trying to disengage herself and blushing deeply at the position in which she finds herself.

"Dora darling," says Frank, earnestly, "what do these tears mean? Tell me, dear." And he holds her so firmly she can scarcely move.

"Nothing much," falters the girl, blushing again as she recollects their true cause. "At least, nothing I could tell you," she concludes, as Frank's gray eyes look into hers as if to read her very heart.

"Now, Dora," he says reproachfully, "I thought you and I agreed always to tell each other our troubles. Do you call that looking upon me as your friend?"

"But I could not possibly tell you," repeats Dora, succeeding in drawing herself away, though her heart beat wildly at the tender look upon the handsome face looking into hers. "How is it you are here?" she asks, to change the subject; "and where is Nellie?"

"I followed you, child," is the reply, ignoring her latter question. "I intend to know the meaning of these pale cheeks. I have noticed them for the last two or three days, and I want to find out if there is any reason for them. Do you know what I would give half my life that they did mean?" he says passionately; while Dora, a little frightened, falters out a timid "No" without looking at him.

"Well, I won't tell you yet," he says, more quietly, "but I will let you into a secret that will interest you, about Nellie Bruce. What is it, child? Are you cold or faint?" for Dora started and closed her eyes.

"No," she says, with a smile, "Go on, Mr. Carelton."

"Well," he continues, "It turns out that Miss Nellie was a few months ago engaged to one of my most intimate friends, Harry Sylvester, and a rare good fellow he is, too; but they managed to quarrel over something, and the affair was broken off, though both were as desperately in love as could well be. I happened to hear poor old Hal's woes at the time, and from putting two and two together, and writing a letter or two to Sylvester, I think I have managed that all will be well again without any compromise of dignity on either side. Mrs. Barrington has asked Harry down next week, and so I told Nellie; so let us hope when they meet they will see the error of their ways once and for all. Why, Dora, how pleased you look; you care to hear about a love affair after all."

"It isn't that—I thought you cared—I mean, Nellie cared—"

"Were you jealous?" interrupts Frank, passionately. Dora, my own darling, is it possible that you love me after all?" and he takes the sweet, blushing face between his hands and looks down into it rapturously.

"Do you know, my dear one, I have loved you ever since the first week I came here, but you seemed such a sweet, calm little maiden that I despaired of making you even think of me, so, darling, may I confess and tell you I fell into your pretty little plan of friendship just to try and see if I could awaken any deeper feeling in that pure little heart."

"Oh, Frank," says Dora, reproachfully, lifting her lovely dark eyes to his face, then dropping them at what she read there, "was that quite fair?"

"Everything is fair in love and war," replies Frank, fondly kissing the pretty lips softly, with an air of proud possession, "especially when the strategem ends in surrender."

And Dora leans back her dark head against his shoulder, sighs contentedly, and says—nothing.

Pitcairn Island.

After a fine run the Bark Parsee dropped anchor a mile off Pitcairn Island, where she was boarded by eight descendants of the old mutineers of the ship Bounty. These people, in the cabin, sang several sacred songs and held religious services, and upon taking their departure sang "Pull for the shore" in as good style as the Captain ever heard, "even as good as the singing at the monster concert held in Boston several years ago," said he. They reported the number of inhabitants to be 105, and that all were well and in good spirits. The females were in the majority, and instead of provisions those boarding the ships seemed to prefer jewelry, castile soap and cologne. One young fellow was particularly anxious to secure a pair of sleeve-buttons: so pleased were the visitors with having been presented with some of these gewgaws that they went ashore without the provisions and clothing they had been presented with. They informed the Captain that the island was capable of producing enough for 500 people, and that they had goats, sheep, pigs, chickens, dogs and cats in plenty. They were all of somewhat dark color, showing their Tahitian blood, and while the men were strong and handsome, the women were well-formed and beautiful. One young fellow aboard the ship was so struck with the beauty of one fair damsel that he wished to leave the ship, but the islanders would not permit this, as according to their law no stranger can find a home with them.

A Horse's Queer Pedigree.

"It was," said Mr. Campbell, "in the old, old days, when conductors were conductors; when he was 'captain of the ship,' as it were. In those days conductors were nabobs: then it was that Billy Mains pulled the bell-cord of a glass window train on a Southern railroad. Billy was a nabob, and Billy's diamonds flashed scarcely less bright than the headlight of his train's locomotive. When his train pulled up at the end of the run the high-stepper that trotted at the front end of Billy's buggy champed his bit restlessly till his tony master took the ribbons from the 'culled pussen' who held him, and drove rapidly away to his hotel.

Billy never walked anywhere (and he always wore diamonds, no matter who was around), so when it came time for him to go to the general office to make out his report, the horse and buggy stood at the door and he went there at a 2:40 gait. One day, after having made his report, Billy came to the office door and met the President of the road (the horse and buggy and colored boy had waited for the conductor).

'Good morning, Billy. Nice horse you have there,' said the President.

'I should say so—a regular goer,' smiled Billy.

'Blooded stock, Billy? asked Mr. T.

'Yes, oh yes, sir.'

'What's his pedigree, Billy?' continued Mr. Tyler.

'He's out of 'Railroad' by 'Conductor,' replied William, and as he took up the ribbons again, he waited just long enough to say: 'and I think dammed by 'Stockholder'.'"

—The Kimball House at Atlanta is to be rebuilt.

The Haunted Loft.

There it was again.

That horrid scream.

Every hand in that great mill heard it and trembled with a dread of some unknown danger.

It was one of the most mysterious and evasive disturbers I had ever attempted to straighten out, and it proved a veritable puzzler, and took many long months before I at last got the ghost laid. And then it was by the merest acciden that—but I have not yet told the story.

In most old mills there are old men who have been for years among those who daily went their rounds, and on Saturday nights smoked the pipe of peace 'neath the shadow of their own lintel. In the Peacock, however, there was but one of these old fellows—Geo. Wood by name—a faithful old fellow who had seen the first spade full of earth dug which made a way for the heavy foundation, and he had almost literally counted each brick as the walls slowly rose to their "four-story-and-attic" height. Somehow the Peacock had always a difficulty in retaining its hands, various causes having operated to keep them changing, but George had, through all the years of disaster or prosperity, faithfully and regularly answered at the gate to the morning roll call. He had worked in all parts of the mill and at all times of the day or night, and was as familiar with all the ins and outs of the labyrinthine cellars and the cobwebby lofts as it was possible for any one person to be.

When I was first startled out of my composure by this most unearthly yell, and failed to find its cause, I sought George and asked if he had any idea of the cause, or if he knew anything of its origin. While I was yet talking with him, near one of the converters, the most heart-rending scream again sounded, apparently from the rag room, which was on the top floor of the east wing. It sounded loud and shrill, clear above the clatter of the mill machinery. Ugh. The marrow in my bones seems even now to freeze into a painful solidity as I think of it. There was a peculiar varity about it that was both startling and fascinating. Indeed, the thing came to have such a horrid fascination for me that I caught myself listening for it and speculating as to the probable character of the next performance; for, that it was human I felt quite well satisfied—though who could be playing the disturbing prank I could not for the life of me determine.

At times it was the wail of a lost soul, at another it was a cry of terror, then it would be as though in the agony of despair, but the most frightful of all was a yell of demoniac rage, which seemed to ring and echo through the remotest parts of the mill, and for a time completely upsetting the nerves of every one within its walls, and depriving them of all fitness for their work. Another peculiarity of it was that once outside the building—even a few feet away—not a sound could be heard.

I hunted high and low, but had so far failed to find it. I grew more and more determined that I would find it and stop it, or I'd own myself dead beat and leave the mill; for that something must be done was evident. I could scarcely keep together enough hands to keep the mill running. And, outside, it was the talk of the town. I studied the wind, read books on demonology and witchcraft, experimented with all kinds of hideous sounding whistles, but had not arrived at anything which gave even a clue to the mystery. Night work in the lofts was at a complete standstill, I could get no one to work up there.

"What! Go up there! Why, Mr. Green, I'd sooner die than do it."

"I'd die with fright," said another.

So I sought Wood in my desperation, hoping to strike a trail which my mind's eye had but dimly seen that evening. I'll let George tell the story in his own words, merely premising that he had a quaint delivery, which gave a peculiar charm to the narration, although it was of no advantage to me in unraveling the all-absorbing mystery.

GEORGE WOOD'S STORY.

"Lemme see, 'twas 'bout in '47 I reckon, thar stood right over that on what was then the river bank, a two-story frame house, which used to be used for a tavern; so they sed, at least, though it hadn't but two rooms up stairs an' two down so far as I know. But it was a drinking and fitin' place, bein' a kind o' headquarters fur the raftsmen and other hard nuts that b'long 'bout rivers and river towns. Us boys were all feared o' that house, an' wouldn't none of us go nigh it if we could git 'round it any way. People used to pint thar fingers at it an' look kind o' mysterious and shake their heads whenever it was mentioned. I guess it was a purty tough place, and that many a murder was committed thar that nobody never knowed about.

"'Long in the winter, or late in the fall o' 47, a handsome, big stranger came to town a huntin' for his brother. He sayed they was goin' to Mexico together, and that Jean had come down the river first, with some lumbermen, an' was to write when he got here. But they never got nary a word, and finally the brother came down to look after him. There was some ugly stories floating about, but nobody seemed inclined to take much part, for in truth most was afeared to git 'Ole Greasy,' the owner of the shanty, down on 'em. Well, one evening the stranger strayed in there, intendin' to keep his eyes open and his head clar and mebbe he would find out sump'n 'bout his brother. He had been thar praps an hour, when there was a terrible rumpus in the shanty—a big fight was apparently agoin' on. Soon a crowd of us boys congregated and stood with open eyes and stretched ears, but about all we could hear was a lot of cussin'; and one thing I heard the stranger say, 'You killed my brother and now you want to murder me.'

"They fit out to the door, and busted it open, and three men, with clubs in their hands, appeared pounding over the head of the stranger. They killed him right before our eyes. He told 'em that every drop of his blood and his brother's should grow into a demon to torment them, and that nothing should grow or prosper on the cursed spot."

"Boss, that wall stands on the very spot where he was killed. An', boss, you kin believe it or not, but, sure as you are a livin' man, that man's sperit walks along that wall every night at twelve o'clock, and if you'll take the trouble to put the lights out an' watch, as I've had to do many a night, you'll see yourself."

I thanked Wood for his story, but was no nearer a solution than before. Shortly after this we found it necessary to make some openings under the eaves for ventilation, and we found—what? An old fruit can hung by a string to a rafter just in front of a knot hole. In the can was a round pebble which very successfully imitated—at a distance—the death rattle which all had heard and shuddered at. The only mystery now was, how did the can get there.

Cut Glass.

The manufacture of glass has always been an attractive and interesting study, and many of your readers will doubtless recall with pleasure, probably, the only in-sight they have ever had into the details of its production, as they lingered around the glass-works of our Centennial Exposition, so fascinated with the process by which the fairy-like shapes were formed in crystal, they were loath to pass on to other attractions so patiently waiting to absorb their attention in some new quarter. It will probably be news to some, but nevertheless a fact, that the cut glass now being produced in America rivals the very finest specimens impored, in cutting as well as in purity and brilliancy of material.

The present demand upon the manufacturers, from the leading houses in New York and Philadelphia, and, in fact, all large cities, is so great they require a long time for delivering of orders. One of the largest furnaces for the manufacture of glass, from the most ordinary lamp chimney to the largest fruit bowl, destined to adorn some aristocratic sideboard on Fifth avenue, or perhaps our own West End, is located at Corning, in the State of New York, where one may follow the sand, creamy white and clean, to its fiery bed, note the addition of the "flux," and then turning to other apertures in the great stack, see the molten mass drawn from crucibles in incandescent bulbs deepening rapidly to orange, as it rolled, blown, and shaped into something comely and useful.

This pure white sand comes from Cheshire, in Berkshire county, Mass That it may be melted there is mixed with it oxide of lead, sulphurate of potash, saltpetre, borax, and arsenic in proper quantities. This is put into crucibles, which are subjected to the fiercest furnace heat for thirty-six hours before it becomes clear. These crucibles are made of clay from Missouri called "Christie fire-clay." This is mixed and softened by treading with the feet and then moulded into shape by hand. Each crucible will hold a ton. Ten of these are built into each furnace. In these furnaces fires are kept burning constantly, ten tons of coal being consumed in each one daily.

The crucibles require filling up every twenty-four, hours and time given for melting. When the glass is melted it is taken out in quantities needed, on the end of an iron tube, about five feet long and an inch in diameter, the glass being of about the consistency of molasses candy when ready to pull. By blowing in this tube the glass is made hollow, and of almost any shape which may be desired. After the glass is shaped it must be put into ovens and heated, and gradually cooled in order to anneal or toughen it. The best skilled workmen receive as high as $24 per week for their services.

The same deep interest follows the process of cutting. First comes the horizontal iron wheel, upon which water and grit or sand, drip continually. On this the edges of the glass are squared or smoothed. Then the article passes into the hands of the skilled artisan, who grinds out the glass into any desired figure, upon a grindstone brought from Cragleith, Scotland. This is a thin stone, brought down to an edge, and upon it the workmen grinds the glass according to the pattern before him, the glass often being entirely unmarked. This process is very slow, and therefore very expensive, many days being required upon elaborate places. If a mistake is made, ever so slight, or any flaw occurs, the whole is consigned to the waste as broken glass, fit only to be remelted. Ss precise are these manufacturers that some pieces upon which $20 worth of labor have been expended are frequently condemned for flaws which an unskilled eye would not detect. The cut dish goes next to a wheel made of wood of willow, for polishing, and then from washing and finishing to a wheel of tarapico brush, wet with putty. The cutters receive from $2,50 to $4 a day.

The Stomach.

The stomach has no more to do with digestion than have the liver, pancreas and intestines. Each contribute to the process of digestion. By the constant motion of the stomach, the food is more fully brought into contact with the digestive glands. In this, and its special action in at length forcibly expelling food from it, the stomach is not particularly different from the vermicular (worm-like) motion and expulsive power of the intestines.

The stomach acts as a receptacle by which we are enabled to take a sufficient quantity of food at convenient intervals, so that we may not be always eating. Even its power to reserve its action, as in vomiting, is possessed, and sometimes used, by the intestines.

The glands near the intestinal opening of the stomach (the pylorus) secrete an alkaline fluid; the others, an acid. Each, however, equally digests meat.

Vomiting does not necessarily imply a foul stomach. A thought—in a sensitive person—a blow on the head, tickling of the nerves near the gullet, the sympathetic influence of other organs, may cause vomiting. It is purely a nervous action, and the nerves causing it may be irritated in many ways. Even the foul contents of the stomach cause the vomiting only by irritating the nerves of the brain. Hence the pain and vomiting of sick headache may be due either to foul stomach or solely to an independent irritation of the central nerves.

Meat is digested in the stomach; fat, bread and other articles further along. But the stomach is not essential to the digestion even of meat. The latter can be digested just as rapidly and well in a bowl with pepsin at the right temperature. Of course, the pleasure of eating depends on nerves in the mouth, not in the stomach. And the food, too, is as readily digested if put into the stomach through a hole in the side. It is now found that, in certain diseases, the stomach may be thoroughly and advantageously washed out daily, and the food introduced through a tube, and the patients can be taught to do this themselves.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

The Art Loan.

A visit to the Art Loan Exposition building shows the work of decoration in the interior nearly completed and the hanging of pictures begun. This latter task is one of not only enormous proportions. but puzzling, exacting and ofttimes exasperating in the extreme, and there is none too much time to finish it. However, the same indomitable energy and tireless determination which have characterized the leading spirits in the enterprise from the out set, will undoubtedly succeed in having everything in readiness for the formal opening

Anything reflecting credit upon the City of Detroit in an art sense is of course peculiarly gratifying to the citizens, especially in view of the Art Loan Exposition, therefore it is that *The Free Press* speaks with pleasure of works by two Detroit boys, which are already on hand, and will be exhibited alongside the works of the leading artists of Europe and America, where the citizens may have a fine opportunity to make intelligent comparisons.

The Detroit artists thus alluded to are Gari J. Melchers and Mr. Rolshoven, sons respectively of Julius Melchers, the sculptor, and F. Rolshoven, the jeweler. The two young men went together to Europe a little over six years ago, since which time they studied at Dusseldorf and separating later sought according to their tastes, one the art schools of Paris and the other at Florence. Mr. Melcher's pictures are "The Letter" (which was admitted to the Salon in 1882), "The Gladiator" and "The Lictor," painted at Rome this year, a scene at Attina, Italy, and "In the Cloister." Mr. Rolshoven's pictures are "A Southern Moor" and two Italian landscapes. The first one of Mr. Melcher's pictures shows a mother and daughter in picturesque Brittany peasant dress standing near a window, the mother listening to her daughter as she joyfully reads the last letter from her sweetheart, who has gone to America. The drawing of the figures is decidedly correct, while the handling of the light as it comes through the window to the faces of the women, their clothing, and upon the window-sill and other articles in the domestic interior, shows fine strength and appreciation in modeling and handling colors. Mr. Rolshoven's "Southern Moor" shows an aged African of the intellectual type found on the Northern coast. He is draped in the bright yellow and white ropes of his nation, and is seated in a thoughtful attitude before the dark hangings of his cafe. The pose is perfect and has treatment of the anatomy and the contrasts in color evidences the utmost confidence in his ability on the part of the artist. In this connection it may be said that both young gentlemen are prospering artistically and financially in their chosen professions.

Dredging the Isthmus.

The second of the three dredges built in Philadelphia, for work on the Panama Canal, the Prosper Huerne, named after a distinguished French engineer, was launched recently from the shipyard on Petty's Island, formerly operated by Doughty & Kapella, and now leased and run by Slaven Brothers. The first dredge, the Count de Lesseps, was launched on the 17th of March, and has been used on the Panama work since August 1, dredging 10,000 cubic yards a day. The Prosper Huerne will be ready to start for the Isthmus about the first of October. Slaven Brothers are officers of the American Contracting and Dredging Company of New York, which has the contract for dredging seven and a half miles of the new canal on the Atlantic side to Gettun, which is an important station. The excavation to be made by them under this contract will involve the removal of 8,000,000 cubic yards, at a price of $2,000,000. The machines in operation dump the dredged matter into a discharge pipe which carries it off beyond the banks of the canal. The De Lesseps digs to a depth of twelve feet and to a width of 100 feet. The Huerne, following in the wake of the De Lesseps, digs to a width of 200 feet, and the third dredge in the rear will dig the canal to the full depth of twenty-seven and a half feet, giving the sides an easy slope and a width of 110 feet at the bottom.

Thus far the Panama Canal Company has spent $20,000,000 on the work of severing the two continents by a tidewater canal. As $30,000,000 of stock subscriptions have been paid in there is a margin of $10,000,000 on hand. De Lesseps promises to finish the canal by 1888, the contract of Slaven Bros. requiring them to finish their section in fifteen months. There are 10,000 men now at work in the service of the company. They have been brought from Jamaica and South America, and are presumed to be able to withstand the dangers of that region. There is a story which may be true, but probably is exaggerated, that pictures the terrors attending such enterprises across the Isthmus by figuring that more lives were lost in building the Panama Railroad than there are ties in the line of forty-seven miles of road. This line is now owned by the canal company, and is utilized in distributing the machinery and in the multitudinous uses incidental to such a great enterprise. The company has erected hundreds of houses for its workmen, it has extended and deepened the harbor at Aspinwall, and is building a breakwater there. A large sum has been spent in this country for land excavators, locomotives and construction trains. The highest point on the line of the proposed canal is 360 feet above sea level. All this must be razed.

The Reduction of Letter Postage.

The Postmasters throughout the country are now receiving circular instructions from the Department at Washington relative to the reduction of postage which is to occur on the 1st of October next. The new stamps will be ready on the 15th of September but are not to be placed on sale until October. A two cent stamp will carry matter after that date, and the three-cent stamp will be relegated to the macerating machine. There will also be issued a four-cent stamp for double postage. This will contain a head of Jackson, and be somewhat similar to the present two cent stamp. No change will be made in the present rates for drop-letters where there are free deliveris, and one cent will be charged for drop-letters where there is no delivery. The rates for second, third and fourth-cass mail matter will remain as at present. The Post Office here is being deluged with orders from stamp collectors who desire to purchase large amounts of stamps of all sorts, especially the threes and stamped envelopes. In a month or so the three-cent stamps will be very scarce.

"A Line and its Outfits."

"I used to think it was my duty to cut 'em with the whip, and I took satisfaction in striking hard, but I wouldn't strike a boy now for the best thousand dollars ever coined."

He was a car-driver, and his attention had been called to three or four boys stealing a ride on the rear platform.

"Yes, I was a sort o' terror on this route to the boys," he continued after a time. "Not one of the crowd could put his foot on the step and get away without a cut from the whip. Big or little, rough or gentle, I served all alike, and if the passengers scowled at me for lashing a little kid of 7 or 8, I solaced myself with the reflection that it was my duty."

A passenger was dropped at the corner, and as the car started up again the driver went on:

"Well, one day when the boys had bothered me more than usual, I dodged through the car and found a little bit of a chap, not over seven years old, seated on the lower step. He was all humped over and softly crying about something or other. At another time I might have felt pity, but the boys had got my mad up and what did I do but give the little chap a cut with the lash and call out with such a voice that off he tumbled into the dust. I saw him rise up and limp away, and there was something in the look he gave me that I shan't forget in a hurry. Whoa! now!"

The car stopped to take on two ladies and presently the driver resumed:

"Do you know that I felt so conscience stricken that I kept looking for that boy on every trip, calculating to make up with him and secure his forgiveness for my brutality. I did not see him again until the afternoon of the second day."

"And what did he say?" was asked as the driver hesitated.

"He was in his coffin!" was the reply. "It was his funeral procession which stopped my car two or three minutes. That child was ill when he tried to steal his way home with me, and death was twenty-four hours away when I lashed him and chuckled over the way he rolled into the street! I tell you, sir, when I saw his coffin in the hearse, and caught a look from the mother, which seemed to charge me with being his murderer, I got a stab at my heart that pains me yet, and I wouldn't strike another boy if the reward was to be the whole line and its outfit."

The Slide in the Franconia Flume

A recent writer says; I will try and describe the appearance of the Franconia Flume. After crossing the bridge (which was not carried away) instead of the open space where the platform for mounting and dismounting used to be, you find the place covered with large boulders, pebbles, paving-stones, and gravel, scattered in wild confusion to the depth of eight to ten feet, presenting a scene of desolation which makes the heart ache in remembrance of the former beauty and picturesqueness. Here and there are seen remnants of huge trees, stripped of their bark and splintered. Much of this debris has been removed in order to build the substantial wooden walks, which make the ascent of the flume much easier than before. Soon you come to the smooth stone floor, down which the water slides as formerly, the stones and rubbish thrown upon it by the avalanche having been removed to the sides. You go on to where the solid stone walls rise to 50 and 70 feet, formerly covered with beautiful mosses and ferns, now entirely denuded by the rush of the avalanche which carried away the boulder. All this mass of rocks, trees, and boulders, starting high up on Mount Liberty, swept down with irresistible and increasing force till the bridge was nearly reached, when it divided, part going to the left through the forest, and part to the right. This mass, coming in above with tremendous force, made an extension of the flume of several hundred feet beyond the end of the old passage. In passing, it choked the old channel and diverted the water to the top of the high wall on the left as you go up, and it now tumbles over the cliff 50 or 60 feet in a very beautiful waterfall. This is the only compensation for the loss of the old-time wonders and beauty. At the top where the channel was obstructed, a huge boulder has lodged, leaning against the right wall, which is tipped to meet it, making a sort of cave. From this point, looking down the whole length of the flume, the view is very grand.

Torments of the Horse.

Among the everyday torments to which the horse is subjected we will enumerate the following: 1. Abraded breast. 2. Inflamed back from defective saddle or harness pad. 3. Sore mouth from a too tight gag-rein, a severe bit, or both. 4. A sore tail from too tight or illy-made crupper. 5. An abrasion under the body, caused by a too tight or badly-fitted belly-band. 6. Irritation of the eyes from blinders being strapped too close together, or on the other hand being allowed to swing around, first striking one eye and then the other. 7. Ears chafed by the brow band being placed too high, or by metallic rosettes with a sharp outer rim, the base of the ear pressing across this at every motion. 8. The excessive fatigue of all the structures of the neck under the influence of the bearing rein. The bearing rein, if made taut, and kept so for any considerable length of time, is a source of great discomort to all horses, and an insufferable torment to many. A taut rein can be used with entire propriety on horses of fine easy up-carriage, especially while in motion; but if the muscles and bony structure of the neck extend forward horizontally from an upright shoulder, rather than striking out from a slanting shoulder, then the most intense suffering will be inflicted by straining the neck up to an angle entirely unnatural to the animal, especially if this strain be long kept up. To strain a culprit up by the thumbs till only his toes touch the ground is certainly one of the severest admissible punishments that can be inflicted upon mortal, and the check-rein is undoubtedly akin to it in its extreme application.

CARROTS AND CREAM.—Trim a quantity of the smallest new carrots that can be obtained, and boil them in salted water. When done, drain off the water. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan; add to it a dessertspoonful of flour, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, a pinch of powdered sugar, and a small quantity of cream. Put in the carrots, simmer gently a few minutes and serve.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—A single pea bean planted in Harmony, Maine, last spring, produced 657 beans.

—A crown of red hot iron was an ancient punishment for rebels and regicides.

—The Gauls loved to decorate their helmets, swords and bucklers with coral.

—Celluloid is a complex combination formed by mixing gun-cotton and camphor.

—The hair of the beard was sometimes added to the seals of ancient deeds and characters.

—The famous Marshal MacMahon, now 75 years of age, stands erect and soldierly as ever.

—Oil or essence of pine apple is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese and sugar.

—A hornet's nest—being the finest woody substance known—is the best polisher for glass lenses.

—The elephant was put upon the coins of Cæsar because that animal was called *Cæsar* in Mauritania.

—The average wages of workingmen in France are only 63½ cents a day; those of women 31½ cents.

—According to seamen a green hue of the ocean indicates soundings; an indigo blue profound depths.

—The annual cheese product is about 400,000,000 pounds, and the butter product 1,200,000,000 pounds.

—The brick walls of Libby Prison are covered with thousands of autographs of Northern visitors.

—It costs $75 in California to prepare an acre of land and grow grape vines to the period of production.

—The old Touro Jewish Synagogue at Newport, R. I., will be reopened under the charge of Rabbi H. P. Mendes.

—Among the Indians in the Indian Territory there are ninety Baptist churches, with nearly 6,000 church members.

—The Jewish papers are rejoicing over the fact that two Jews are members of the municipal council of Sophia, in Bulgaria.

—The value of the railroads in Ohio, as assessed by the State Board of Railroad Equalization, is $92,730,845.81. This is an increase of $4,629,562,81 over the valuation for 1882.

—Our imports averaged $487,398,451 for the first five years of the past decade, against $511,380,657 for the five years just closed. This increase is 14 per cent.

—Mrs. Alma Tadema, Mrs. E. W. Gosse and a third sister are the daughters of Epps, of cocoa fame, and are known as "Nutritious," Grateful" and "Comforting."

—In 1880, California produced from her vineyards 10,000,000 gallons of wine, 500,000 gallons of brandy, $400,000 worth of raisins and $150,000 worth of grapes for table use.

—The new cable rate between Brazil and the United States via Galveston is $2.92 per word. Before the establishment of the American line the charge was $4.60 per word from this country via London.

—Miles of spruce forests in Maine are dead. Lumbermen are not agreed as to the cause. About eight years ago the heavy autumn rains loosened the earth, and that was followed by terrible gales and a severe winter.

—Next to Texas, Wyoming is probably the greatest stock-growing region in the United States. It is said that about 1,000,000 cattle are now feeding on the plains, the estimated value of which is about $30,000,000.

—The mutual benefit societies in England are 15,379 in number, with a membership of 4,692,000, and funds to the amount of £12,148,000. The building societies have £28,250,000 in funds, and the industrial and provident societies about £5,000,000.

—There has recently visited New Orleans Mr. Packenham, a grandson of the British General who lost his life while leading the desperate attack upon General Jackson's cotton-bale ramparts on the plain of Chalmette.

—One hundred chests of tea have been rejected at the Bay of San Francisco by the inspector, on the ground of adulteration with foreign and exhausted leaves, sand and other impurities. The tea will be taken back to China.

—Canadian capitalists are talking about the region lying between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay. There is said to exist in that region 60,000 square miles of land, some of it valuable for farming purposes, much of it covered with fine forests, and some of it rich in mineral wealth.

—Humboldt has estimated 44,000 pounds of bananas can be produced on the soil that would be required for 1000 pounds of potatoes, and that the same area that would be required to raise wheat enough for one man would produce enough bananas to feed twenty-five men.

—It is estimated that when corn worth fifty cents a bushel is fed to fatten hogs the pork produced costs the farmer five cents a pound. When corn is worth much over twenty-five cents a bushel it does not pay to turn it into pork. The estimate is a bushel of corn for every ten and a half pounds of pork, gross.

—The South now has nearly 200, or, more exactly, 191 cotton factories in operation and in course of erection there, which is more than half the number in the New England States, though the former, of course, are on a much smaller scale, and they manufacture only the coarser yarns and fabrics.

—The large order for steel rails which the Burlington Road has given to the steel works of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company is not only a sign of continued prosperity for the works at Pueblo but an evidence that we can make as good rails in Colorado as can be made anywhere.

—The largest cable ever made on the Pacific coast was finished at the California Wire Works some time ago. It is 18,000 feet in length, and weighs 26 tons. Rolled on a shaft it makes a bundle about 20 feet in diameter and 10 in depth. It is made of steel wire, and cost $20,000. The cable is for the California Street Railroad.

—In Paris the Post-office Department is at work laying additional pneumatic tubes, which are to be utilized for the prompt delivery of letters from one part of Paris to another. All letters will be sent from the stations to their designation within an hour of their being posted, and in some localities ten minutes will be sufficient.