# Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

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### IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late.
If to hope over much be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred,
And how oft have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith—and thy faith will sustain thee
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible hands to embrace thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By this spirit supported and gladdened;
Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred;
Just think how oft hearts have been saddened,
By fear of what never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We can make it still shorter by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear.
Half our troubles are our own invention,
And often from blessings conferred;
Yet we shrink in wild apprehension
From evils that never occurred.

### A BOLD BACKWOODS BOY.

Jad was eleven years old and little Chlo, his sister, was two years younger. But this was a great many years ago when their father, Mr. Dunlap, had just moved into a township in the western part of Maine, which was then a wild, uninhabited region, save where here and there an adventurous settler had planted his little log hut in the heart of the wilderness, and laid bare a few acres of the forest as a nucleus of the future home of himself and thriving family—almost always a small colony in itself.

Ah, who can tell what homesick moments and longings for the old associations our pioneer fathers and mothers endured, coming as did many of them, from wealthy States and pleasant surroundings. There must have been a mighty attraction in the wild, free life of the backwood man and a genuine love of the simple and homely joys of the rough hearthstone, to have held them in these rude homes, almost isolated, as they were, from the world. But they lived in anticipation, looking eagerly forward to a future of plenty, when the wilderness should become cultivated and fruitful through their first persistent and hardy efforts.

With an energy characteristic of the first settlers, Mr. Dunlap pushed his way on through toil, hardships and many privations, at first felling and clearing a patch large enough to put up a log cabin for his family, then by degrees cutting farther and farther into the primitive forest, till now quite a large tract lay open to the sun, a part of which was under tolerable cultivation, the rest laying black and still smoking from recent burnings.

As before stated, Jad was now eleven. He was a dark faced, sinewy lad; tough as a thong, inheriting much of his father's pluck and endurance. Whatever he undertook to do he was pretty sure to carry through.

In these unsettled regions wild animals were numerous, especially the wild-cat, lynx and glutton, or wolverine. These creatures often come into the clearings, and their frequent depredations became a great pest to the settlers.

There was also an abundance of smaller game to be had for the trapping, and this fall Jad was anticipating no end of enjoyment in the warm Indian summer days, trapping for "musquash" (muskrat) and mink along Renny brook, which ran past the clearing half a mile away in the woods. His father had helped him make his traps, and on his very first visit he was greatly elated by finding a sleek and glossy mink in one of them. This piece of good luck had set Jad half wild, for mink skins brought a high price at the "big settlement," twenty five miles down the country, where his father always went to do his trading.

Jad watched his traps eagerly as a miser watches his money bags. But with all his vigilance what was his dismay to find, one morning in the trap farthest up stream, that a mink had been caught and taken out by some wild beast and devoured. The tail and little featherly clumps of fur lay scattered about the trap. Dire venegance against the wild marauder at once possessed his heart.

Little Chlo was a keen sympathizer in his troubles. She was also his companion in this trapping expedition, in which it was her duty to carry the bait—sometimes a squirrel, oftener a trout caught from the brook.

"What d'you s'pose got him?" asked Chlo, as Jad stood looking ruefully at the tail, which he held between his thumb and finger.

"I don't know, unless 'twas a glutton, or a wildcat. Pa says they are always nosin' round to get the bait out of traps and what's caught in 'em. Confound him! Seven dollars gone down his throat!" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

"It's too bad," cried little Chlo. "Can't you catch him?"

Jad thought a moment. His father had a steel fox-trap. He would set that and have the thief. Leaving Chlo, he hastened to the house, got the trap and raced back to the brook. It was set at last to his satisfaction, and baited with a squirrel, which he had brought along to bait his mink-traps with. He drove a stake down through the ring in the trap-chain, so as to hold whatever was caught.

Two days passed and not a mink had been near, but the bait was gone out of the steel trap, and also from two of the mink-traps. With his usual perseverance, Jad rebaited them and waited. The bait was again eaten out of most of his mink-traps, and, what was more exasperating, another mink had been caught and eaten.

Jad's patience now nearly gave way, and he was tempted to tear his trap up. But on second thought resolved to try once more. He would bait only the fox trap. Jad did not visit it the next morning as usual, for he was obliged to finish harvesting the potatoes. But after dinner, his father having gone to assist at putting up a log cabin for a newly-arrived settler, some two miles distant, Jad and Chlo set off for the brook, hatchet and fishpole in hand.

As they neared the place where the fox-trap was set they heard the chain clinking.

"I bet my head we've got him!" Jad cried excitedly, dashing through a clump of cedars.

And, sure enough, there he was. A big, round-headed wild-cat!

At Jad's sudden appearance the creature bounded and leaped frantically to free himself; but the stake was a strong one.

After cutting a stout green club three or four feet in length, Jad stuck the hatchet beneath the strap which he wore for a belt, and going as near as he dared struck at the creature with all his might. He missed, however, and the cat darted round to the other side of the stake bringing up with a sudden jerk, where it crouched, growling low and watching the boy with fiercy eyes and ears laid back.

"Oh, don't go so near him, Jad!" cautioned little Chlo, retreating across the brook. "He'll fly at ye 'fore ye know it!"

"Let 'im fly!" cried the now-excited boy "He's going to get his head cracked 'fore I'm done with 'im! Take that ye sneakin' thief!" he added, venturing up and bringing down the club, with a quick blow, just grazing the animal as he again jumped to the other side.

Then round and round the stake they flew, Jad thumping the ground, trap, anything but the cat, which adroitly kept out of his reach, all the time furiously snarling and spitting. It was hard telling which was pursuer as they gyrated about the stake amid a perfect whirlwind of dead leaves.

But in an unlucky moment Jad's club got under the trap chain, and bringing it up suddenly he threw the ring over the top of the stake. With a bound the creature was off, the chain rattling after him and catching under roots and stones.

There was not a second to lose, and the boy gave hot chase. They ran on for fifty rods or more; then, seeing Jad so close upon him, the cat scratched up the trunk of a hemlock, trap and all, and from the branches glared at the panting and excited boy.

Jad's courage was now up to the highest pitch, and throwing down his club he began to climb the rough trunk.

"Don't go up there, Jad, for pity's sake, don't!" implored little Chlo, now coming up all out of breath.

"Yes, an' let him go off with pa's trap in his foot, wouldn't ye? Just like a girl—'fraid of her own shadder!" cried Jad scornfully. "I tell yer, he's got to pay for them mink with his skin—see if he don't!" and he climbed on laboriously, giving vent to his indignation in threats which he meant to put into execution.

Reaching the lower limbs, Jad grasped the hatchet firmly, ready for an assault. As he came within a yard of the cat it kept clawing and making attempts to leap down upon the boy's head, all the time growling fiercely. Throwing the hatchet back over his shoulder as far as he could reach, Jad struck at the big head in the crotch of the tree just above him. But the creature dodged the blow. He again struck and missed; but the next time he was fortunate enough to hit the cat on the head, fairly knocking it off the limb to the ground, where for a moment it lay stunned and motionless.

Jad slipped quickly down the trunk, thinking the victory won. But the animal, recovering itself, set upon the boy with true feline grit, and the next moment they were engaged in a lively tussle, while little Chlo ran back and forth shouting for help at the top of her voice.

The woods resounded with the confused medley. Jad now found that he must fight for his life, and with another desperate blow he again stunned the creature, and, before he could recover, the resolute boy dispatched him.

Dropping the hatchet, Jad threw himself on the ground, panting and exhausted. Poor Chlo now came timidly forward, trembling and casting frightened glances at the animal, as it she half expected it would even now leap upon her.

"Oh, Jad!" cried the little girl, seeing the boy's tattered frock, "you must be awful hurt! And, oh, see your arm!"

"No, I ain't hurt, neither," declared Jad, stoutly, sitting up, "not much, anyway. That's only a little scratch!" regarding his arm ruefully.

It was a pretty big one, however. Binding some birch withes firmly about the creature's hind legs, Jad, with little Chlo's assistance, dragged him to the house.

"My patience alive!" cried their mother, running to the door, as she caught sight of the children. "Jad Dunlap! you venturesome boy, where did you get that wildcat?"

"He got into our trap, an' then run off up a tree with it, and Jad clim' up after 'im," little Chlo hastened to explain. "I told him not to," she added, seeing the gathering reproof in her mother's eyes.

"And you got well scratched," said Mrs. Dunlap, turning Jad about and eyeing his bleeding arm. "I guess 'twill learn you to let the wildcats alone!"

"He won't eat any more of my mink, anyway," muttered Jad.

He did not get much sympathy from his father either, who chided him severely for his want of prudence, and bade him be more cautious in the future about attacking such animals.

It took a long time to heal up Jad's lacerated arms and shoulders, and it was a number of days before he got over the soreness and lameness enough to visit his traps. However, Jad was not troubled again that fall, while two more mink were added to this little pile of furs, which he sent on his father's load down to the "settlement" not long after.

### How To Spoil.

To spoil steak—fry it.

To spoil tea or coffee—boil it.

To spoil custard—bake it to long.

To spoil house-plants—water them too much.

To spoil butter—do not work out all the milk.

To spoil a carpet—sweep it with a stiff broom.

To spoil pan-cakes—bake them on a luke-warm griddle

To spoil a breakfast—grumble all the while you are eating.

To spoil potatoes—let them he and soak in water after boiling.

To spoil bread—use poor flour and sour yeast and let it rise until too light and it runs over.

To spoil scissors—cut everything from a sheet of paper to a bar of cast iron.

To spoil garments in making—cut them out carelessly and run all the seams.

To spoil a school—change teachers every time some one in the distric finds fault.

To spoil children—humor them to everything they happen to think they want.

### A Desolate Region.

Soda Springs, Monroe County, Cal., has been called the dead-sea of the Sierra, and a writer from that section says:

"The southern end of Monroe Valley is a chain of obsidian hills and mountains of scoria, which coffin volcanoes, extinct for hundreds, maybe thousands of years. These rise to an elevation of a thousand feet above the floor of the valley, and add a picturesqueness which aids the entrancing panorama furnished by the valley itself. They are three miles long, and although surrounded by an almost barren waste, so desolate are they that they seem deserted here and left in isolation, rising like the parent limb from which all other desolation had strayed and become lost in its wanderings. Their base is skirted by a belt of pines, and anon along their sides trees are perched and withered shrubs, but these do not diminish, but rather add another dreary feature to their loneliness. No song bird's notes, it seems, have ever awakened an echo here, and silence and desert solitude hold eternal court. When the snow storm rests her tired wings about their forms and when the midnight wraps them in its sable shroud, no deeper hush invades that stillness. Well pacified at best, no death could calm, no grave subdue it more. I have seen, deep in the East, when the gathered clans of the elements stalked threatening upon the darkness, the lightning bent on some terrible mission of vengeance, burn a path through the muttering storm and pass like a vision of death, to destruction; I have seen the last rays of the retreating sun creep into the clouds, lighting them in their raised station into radient splendor; I have viewed those rays retreat, leaving the clouds hung like a banner of crape across the barren sky, and I have seen the moon stalk from the midnight like a ghost to the grave, but nothing so suggestive of glory departed as this, a submerged cabin.

But probably the most romantic and interesting object the lake contains beneath its surface is the walls of a cabin which lies against the base of one of the islands under fifteen feet of water. Who built the cabin here is a mystery. Indians born and raised in the vicinity, who count their years in gray hairs, say the surface of the lake has never been but a few feet below its present level, and that less than sixty years ago it was higher by 100 feet. They know nothing of the cabin's origin. Some accredit the edifice with being the job of a primeval white race—some stone mason of the time of the man of ancient Carson footprint fame; others find an author for the work in the nomadic priests, who a century since were in that section. Whoever built it, nobody occupies it now. The roof is gone, the door has fallen down, and there is a general air of sad neglect about it. The owner has passed away and the agent for the property is out of town. But one day some enterprising showman will nail a legend on the front garden wall and make a fortune exhibiting it to the tourist, who will then journey to view the live sea of the Sierra. The two islands on Mono lake, like most of its local surroundings, are of volcanic origin, and upon one of them internal fires are still apparent.

Hot and cold mineral springs are numerous about the lake, and everywhere signs exist of the terrible tumult of nature which long ago convulsed it, but now so silent it seems even a sighing wind must be lost to wonder here. Awed, we approached the solemn scene, and silently we gathered around the sad and neglected grave and bared our brows. We were standing by the tomb ot a buried monarch which had given birth to mountains—grand, awful, lasting. We had never stood in such presence before, we might never again. Our feelings could be imagined but by those who would unearth the remains of a mammoth animal of extinct species among those of her sons, for such was this. No marble stone was reared above the lonesome spot, no dated page. Its work alone stood to sentinel its slumbers. And this is the grandest monument that beautifies the earth. Well may the man who leaves such living trace of his existence sleep upon the ocean's bed, or melt alone among the desert's solitude, for a memorial of magnificence rises over him, wherever he be. No other monument is fit to mark the sleep of such greatness, and no other sleep is fit to be marked, We had no fear now. It seemed so subdued that we stood recklessly upon its brink, much as the timid citizen stands beside the corpse of the murdered desperado, and gazed fearlessly down at its impenetrable darkness.

We talked in subdued tones, standing by it, of it affecting solitude and of its desolate surroundings. Far down in the mountain subdued voices repeated what we had said. We tried again and again and learned that here was one of the most wonderful of echoes. It will repeat any conversation, however lengthy, it may hear. By standing here an orator may become an audience to his own speech and hear it repeated as he recites it in a refraction of his own voice. I have a weird melody regarding the late John Brown which I delight to sing to echoes, and I tried it here. I sang the first verse and chorus and we sat down and waited. Presently, from deep in the crater, a distant but singularly distinct voice begun, in a solemn, unearthly basso, to sing "John Brown." There was sadness in the tone and it seemed to burden the air without with a melancholy that was affecting. It gradually receded as if being sung by a body retreating, and finally died away and all was silent. Earthly songs sweeten as they grow fainter in the distance. This sad, weird, far away voice from the dead, grew sadder as it passed and ceased, leaving sorrow in the oppressive silence succeeding it. The sound is no longer heard in the crater of Mono, but it haunts my ear and my memory, and I shall hear it again through every silence in my life. Unconsciously our eyes moistened, and it was minutes before either of us spoke.

It was amusing to hear its grim rendition of a lively song. I exchanged song and hymns with it until I became hoarse, and then bade it adieu and was about to depart, but my companion said he was anxious to have his voice repeated from the mouth of a mountain and I waited for him. He is a composer of verse, and has many romantic idyls of his own which he warbles, but his efforts in getting any of them popular with the public have been entirely unsuccessful. I detected his designs. Never having been able to get one of his songs repeated by anybody, he was going to take advantage of this mountain, and make it sing one. Out of compassion I reluctantly consented to become an audience, but not without many misgivings. He opened the concert with one of his favorites, and we both rather impatiently waited. It was nearly fifteen minutes before the echo ventured on it, and then it made two jerky discords and became silent. After a brief interval it tried again, ceased again, and in the third attempt went off into a series of chattering, like the drivelings of a maniac. I waited for no more, but started down the mountain on a mad run, and the reckless poet followed close at my heels. We did not stop until the valley was reached, and when we paused and looked back, the crater was swaying with convulsions, and that volcano, which had slept away ages, turned over in its slumbers and muttered a terrible imprecation, and in fear that it would boil over and follow us with its fiery rath, we fled again, nor paused until we stood upon the sky piercing summit of Sierra and looked down upon it fearlessly from our haven of safety.

### At the "Tip-end" of England.

A fire and dinner put us all right; having determined to come here, I was also determined to see all that could be seen. And so, as there was a slight lull in the storm, but not in the wind, we went out. All around the aspect is bare; a heavy mist has settled down upon everything, so that we cannot see many miles distant. The roar of the waves at the foot of the cliffs is loudly heard, and as they break upon the distant rocks the sea is white with their foam. The land here is 225 feet above the water, according to government survey. Endeavoring to get to the bottom, we zigzag here and there, and slip over the rough granite rocks, or around them, with difficulty. Overhanging are some detached ones, which seemingly might be easily toppled over. With considerable difficulty we went as far as it is possible to go; no human being could do more than this, so we were obliged to be content. Seventy feet or more sheer down the precipitous rocks, the sea is beating with a thundering noise, and sending up the spray in our faces.

Here, then, we must stop, we are at the very western extremity; in a cleft a few feet beyond there is a bunch of grass, which we secure as a memento of the place. It is as near the base as can be reached, and we muse, and muse and muse. All around and below, the split and jagged points of granits are standing up, threatening death to any unfortunate mariner who comes near them. The rushing sea, driven by the strong west wind, has honeycombed and made caverns in them, whence the gulls fly crying out; and as the wind howls among these caverns and crags, it seems as if the demons of the air were let loose. The shading of the sea from its foam of white into a light green, and then into a darker hue, I never seen so perfect before. Sitting here, in a sheltered nook of the rocks, and endeavoring to describe the scene, I wish not a suggestion to be made nor a word to be spoken; silence becomes us now; the cruel, trackless sea is before me. At the very extremity of England I sit and look westward. Between me and the rocky New England shore, there is not an inch of dry land. Straining my eyes ont over these troublous waves, there is nothing to be seen but mist and heavy clouds.

### Foreign Shores.

He was a porter in a wholesale dry goods house. His salary was not large enough to warrant him in buying a fast horse and wearing silk undershirts, but he was growing fat and smoking fair to medium cigars. In an evil moment the tempter came and whispered in his ear that he could make $20,000 as easy as rolling off a log. With that much money in his hind pocket, he could cheese the racket and have a new tailor every week in the year.

Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock the porter invited the senior partner to go upon the roof with him to see about repairs. There was a wicked leer on his face and a queer light in his eyes, but the guileless senior partner noticed nothing but the fact that that the porter was getting a brandy-flush on his nose. No sooner had they reached the roof than the villain seized his employer and held him suspended oyer the dizzy height and cried out:

"Your check for $20,000 or I drop you into the alley!"

"Say $15,000."

"Never!"

"Make it $17,000."

"I will not! Give me what I ask or over you go!"

"Very well—I knock under."

The senior partner sat down on the icy cover of the trap door and wrote the check for the sum named. The porter seized it and swiftly descended and closed the trap to keep the victim on the roof. It was but the work of five minutes to run to the bank and present the check.

"Never had a cent on deposit with us!" said the cashier as he shoved it back.

The porter had made a false move, and he had lost. He crossed the river on the ice, and is now a wanderer on foreign shores.

### Tea.

Young Hyson and "rosebud," form the attractions at those delightful social entertainments known as "teas." There is something so charmingly informal about them, so chatty, so unostentatious, and, withal, so dignified and respectable, that they capture the hearts of maids and matrons. People who think balls "horrid," who claim that the hundreds of dollars spent for terrapin and such delicacies at evening entertainments might be better spent, and who look upon champagne as a "delusion and a snare," such people just dote on teas. Some of these teas are unique in surprises that originate with the hostess—some of them very charming. Beautiful bits of china are introduced; there are sometimes separate small tables for groups, and flowers as pretty favors or gifts to give away are not made much of. As they do not require much effort they are frequently made occasions for the first introduction in an official social way, if it may be so termed, of a daughter. After a girl has distinguished herself pouring out tea for others and older ladies and serving a few gentlemen she may safely venture upon the more trying ordeal of a large reception.

### Why January 1 is New Year.

Every one knows that January 1 is the beginning of the year, but not every one knows why it is so. It marks no natural division of time nor any event in the world's history which would give it such distinction. The winter solstice—that is, the period when the sun appears to reach its greatest southern declension, or furthest point south of the equator, occurs December 22, nine days before the new year begins. The summer solstice, another natural division of time, occurs on June 22, a point nearly as far removed from the new year as the calendar permits. The natural divisions of time which suggest themselves at once to the practical observer are the winter and summer solstices and the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, periods at which the days and nights have equal length or their greatest difference. These having been neglected, the moon's phases would seem to have been been most likely to be fixed upon. But imperial Cæsar, who in 46 B. C. gave us our new year, governed by caprice or reasons of the most temporary duration; departed from the former Roman system of reckoning the year from the winter solstice and made the commencement on January 1 for no better reason than the desire to inaugurate his reform with a new moon.

The Cæsarean system, devised by the aid of Losigenes, constituted the ordinary year of 365 days and the fourth or extraordinary year of 366. The subdivision of the year into months was similar to the present system. This division of time, though imperfect, is still practiced in Russia. The error was in giving the year 365¼ days, which is too much by about eleven minutes. Pope Gregory XIII ordered October 5, 1582, to be called the 15th, and that all certurial years which are not multiples of 400 should not be leap years, which omission of three leap years in every 400 years gives the civil year an average length of 365 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes and 12 seconds, which still exceeds the true solar year by a fraction of a second, which amounts to a day only in 3,866 years. The present, or Gregorian, system is used by all Christendom, except Russia. It was adopted by England in 1752 and by France in 1564.

Prior to the reformation of the calendar by Julius Cæsar, and many centuries afterward, the methods of dividing time were various, complicated and imperfect. The moon was the planet which influenced and governed most nations, and gave rise to universal variance between the natural and civil year. The religious feasts of the Christian church are still regulated by the moon. The Council of Nice provided that Easter, the central point by which all other days in the church calendar are fixed, should fall on the first Sunday after the first full moon occurring on or after March 21. The complex method of making these lunar periods correspond with the civil year is evidence enough of the difficulty of arranging any system for the computation of time by the "inconstant moon." Our week and month are not natural divisions of time, though some ingenious efforts have been made to trace some connection between natural phenomena and the period of seven days.

### Economizing the Use of Coal.

The opening winter calls up once more the waste that is visible on all sides in the burning of coal. There are no bills that come along so promptly at this season of the year as those for coal, and they are pretty large ones, too, just now, for coal is not to be had at a merely nominal price. One would induce the utmost economy on the part of all who use this valuable fuel, but it seems to have no such effect. Perhaps one half the people who use anthracite coal are indifferent to getting the worth of their money out of the coal they buy. The stoves, ranges and furnaces are filled day after day, the ashes, cinder and unconsumed coal removed and thrown away without thought or care. Nothing is more common in spring time, when cellars and yards are cleared of their accumulated winter ashes, than to see cart load after cart load of this material hauled away to the dumping grounds without an effort to separate the unconsumed coal from the mass. In most cases the result of doing this would well reward the labor required. Where large furnaces are used in heating houses tons of most excellent coal could be saved What is true in this case applies in a lesser degree to the domestic stoves in ordinary use. There are, perhaps, none that entirely burn up all the fuel put into them. The common coal sieve will rescue many a pound of valuable coal. Let it be more generally employed than it now is. It seems but a small matter in every household, but in the aggregate it amounts to many thousands of tuns which are recklessly wasted.

### Ice and Quinine.

It is alleged that the Senate of the United States consumed during the months of July and August, 1882, no less than two hundred and one thousand pounds of ice, which, according to the chalk and blackboard of our esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, gave no less than three thousand pounds of ice to each Senator.

People will be puzzled to know how each Senator disposed of three thousand pounds. Of course, some of it was used in connection with cooling drinks—such as iced water and iced tea—but no man could drink three thousand pounds of melted ice in two months and live through it. Perhaps enterprising Senators sent part of their ice to their families through the postoffice, but it is difficult to see how a package of ice could be so wrapped up as to be sent from Washington to New Orleans, for example, without melting and filling the mail bag with water. It is possible that the Senators have adopted the practice of packing ice under their seats in the Senate Chamber, so as to enable them to conduct important public business with coolness and comfort, If so, the practice ought to be adopted in the other house, so that Mr. Richelieu Robinson could cool his heated brain and freeze into harmlessness the terrible British specires which now haunt him. Still there is no evidence that the Senate sits on ice during the hot months, and it is therefore impossible to accept this hypothesis as an explaination of the enormous Senatorial consumption of ice. In whatever way the ice was used it is clear that the Senators chilled themselves to an extent that was positively injurious, for they were compelled to take seventeen hundred two-grain quinine pills at the expense of the nation in order to tone up their several systems.

### French Horse-Cars.

"An amusing feature of Paris to a foreigner is the horse cars. The appearance of the car, driver and conductor would almost assure one that they had been imported from America, but certain rules to be observed in running the cars, very quickly remind him that he is in France. The cars are are allowed to carry only a certain number of passengers—ten standing on the platform and as many in the car as are allowed to have seats. Those inside pay 50 centimes (ten cents) and those on the outside 25 centimes. When a car has its complement, the gates are shut, a sign is hung out reading 'Complit,' and no one can enter. During the busy time of the day, between 5 and 6 o'clock when crowds are waiting for a car, it is necessary to apply at the office for a numbered ticket. For instance, say you applied and received No. 21. You wait for a car, and the driver, when ready, commences to call *une, deux, trois*, and so on until he reaches your number, when you must be ready to enter; if not, you must procure another ticket and wait your turn again. The system has its advantages as well as disadvantages, and the French think it a great thing, but the amusing part of it to foreigners is the calling of the numbers, and unless one is pretty well up in French, he is very apt to get left and has to go and get another ticket. Instead of ringing a bell like our conductor, they use a kind of horn, which is attached to the dash-board and blown by a rubber bell which the driver possesses. The sound, which is not unlike that of a cow horn, can be heard distinctly for a block. It is not unobjectionable unless the instrument happens to be out of order, and then it is very unmusical. The cars are a great convenience and are liberally patronized. One sees in them the economy of the French people as a class, very finely dressed ladies standing on the platform to save five cents Economy is observeble everywhere in France, and there is much truth in the aphorism 'the people could live on what the Americans waste.'"

### A Practical Joke.

Recently, while five of of the Pioneer Club six-oar crew, at San Francisco, were sitting in their shell and swearing vigorously at the non-appearance of the sixth man, who was half an hour late, a well dressed and modest young stranger strolled into the boat house and began inspecting the equipments with great interest.

"I'll tell you what to do, fellows," said the stroke. "As No. 4 isn't coming, suppose we coax that dude to take a row and bust him all up.

The perpetration of this time-honored joke upon a "softy" was received with approbation, and the new-comer was, with a grand show of hospitality, invited to take the vacant oar.

"Well, I don't know, gentlemen, said the young man, looking at his watch doubtfully. "I'm a stranger here. I do need a little exercise, though,"

"Oh, get in," said No. 2, winking at his companions, "a little spin will do you good," and they finally persuaded the victim of their kindly scheme to take off his coat and assume a club cap.

"Now, keep your eye on me and try to keep time," remarked the captain. "You'll never, never make an oarsman unless you watch the stroke."

"I'll do the best I can, gentlemen," said the guest meekly. "I'm always willing to improve."

The boat went down toward Hunter's Point, a couple of miles, at ah easy, three-quarter stroke, the new-comer pulling away manfully with the rest, and when they eased off to turn back they were surprised to observe that the stranger did not appear to be quite so much blown as they expected.

"Now, then, young feller," said the stroke, with a grin, "try and keep up with the procession, Hit her up, boys. Hard all."

But somehow the stranger scratched along with the rest, and though the pace was something like forty-six as they passed Butchertown, the victim serenely sawed away, and the bowman even imagined that he splashed less than any oar in the boat. When they finally drew up to the float, and while the crew were panting for wind, spitting cotton and wiping thrir dripping faces, the "passenger" looked around with a childish smile upon his unflushed face, and softly remarked:

"Why didn't you spurt her?"

"Spurt?" panted the stroke. "Why—er—what—er—I say, young feller, where did you come from?"

"From New York," replied the stranger, modestly, as he slipped on his coat and started up the wharf. "My name is Hanlan—Edward Hanlan."

### A Curious Railroad.

A correspondent writes: I wish I could give you a description that would do justice to a road I rode on in Oregon. There used to be some coal mines up at Coquille City, and a wooden tramway was run up from the head of Coos Bay. The mines ran out, but the tramway was left. I heard there was a railroad, and when I got there the train had backed up to the end of the track. Well, you would have laughed to see that train of cars. The old man who had appropriated the tramway had got an old engine out of the mine and mounted it on a hand car, and connected the driving shaft with the handle. This was the engine and tender. The baggage, mail and express cars, and the passenger coaches were comprised in two rubble coaches, such as are used in that section for carrying tools, rails, etc. The old man was a no less wonderful combination than the train. He was the company; and the working force of the road, president, vice president, stockholders, agent, conductor, engineer, fireman and peanut boy were all comprised in his lank form. He never had any trouble with the stockholders, and he carried the general office in his hat. My fellow passenger raised an umbrella when he got on board, and on my inquiry as to the need of an umbrella said I had better raise mine—I would need it. When the train started I found out he was right. The puffing, wheezy old engine sent soot and water flying over us in a perfect shower. We got along, however, very well, and would have made the trip as quickly as we could have walked it if the train had not stopped when we were about half way, and waited half an hour for a man who wanted to go with us, to finish his supper.

### Change for a Double-Eagle.

"I recollect another instance," and the conductor's face lost its look of indignation and a smile crept over it, "in which I completely cured a fat, fussy old woman of her efforts to beat her way. She would invariably tender me either a $20 gold piece or a bill of the same amount, We don't generally carry enough change for such large denominations, and it so happened that I was caught half a dozen times, and I guess she began to think she had a soft Summer's snap, and became a regular patron of my car, One day I fixed myself. I literally loaded myself down for the occasion, and laughed about it to myself so often that my driver wanted to know if I thought I had mashed the pretty girl who sat in the corner on a previous trip. Well, at the proper corner stood my small monument of flesh waiting my coming. I stopped the car with cheerful alacrity, and assisted the woman on board with such a beaming countenance that I really feared I might give myself away. After she had fairly settled herself I started in to collect her fare. She looked up so innocently at me and said, 'Really, I have nothing smaller than this $20 piece,' at the same time handing me a shining double eagle. 'Well, I think I can change it for you this time,' says I, and I did. I reached down in a pocket where there was a good sized leather bag, untied the string, and held it upside down over her lap. 'There,' I said as the contents jingled downward, you'll find just 1,995 cents in that pile, I guess—your exact change. 'Oh!' says she, 'I think I have a nickel in my pocketbook, 'All right; you'd better keep it, or else I'll take it for some of the other fares you owe me.' At first she was disposed to make a row, but I was so perfectly independent, and the passengers were all laughing, that finally she took her handkerchief, made a sack and tied up all the money she could, filled her purse, her pockets, and then had a respectable little pile to shovel into her hand bag. You may think I'm stretching this, but a man who works on a princely salary has no inducement to lie for a few paltry pennies." said the innocent looking conductor, as he jerked the bell cord and took on a dude, starting the car again so quickly as to land the misrepresentation of humanity into the lap of a spinster who sat in the farther corner.

### Door Decoration.

The door, which is so frequently a source of anxiety to the ornamentist and decorator, might be made the means of greatly enhancing the artistic completeness of a room. Much of the difficulty experienced in its treatment arises from the desire to disguise its functions. For this reason doors having their panels covered—I cannot say decorated—with wall papers, etc., no matter how beautiful or costly, fail to please, and the palpable effort at disguise is not only bad but reprehensible, and whenever the position or purpose of a door is thus sought to be hidden, the result is a failure. In modern-built houses the architects are devoting more care and thought to the design and proportion, and the cabinet maker to the construction, than hitherto, and it is now, fortunately not uncommon to find doors so original, thoughtfully proportioned, and broken up into panels, that they are in themselves perfect and, as a piece of decorative work, charming. An attempt to still further decorate such doors as these would be unpardonable and a piece of vanity on the part of the artist; but, on the other hand, there are thousands of houses—many of a superior kind if we take the rental as a criterion—the rooms of which are positively disfigured by doors out of all proportion to their position, many being too short and wide, too high and narrow, or in an intermediate state, which is more aggravating than either, effectually preventing a successful treatment of the room as a whole. Such doors form a stumbling-block and eyesore to many otherwise comprehensive schemes of decoration. The embellishment becomes a necessity, the difficulty is what to do? It may be only necessary to decorate it slightly to harmonize it with the rest of the room, or it may require much more substantial and heavy treatment, both in ornament and color, the surroundings will, of necessity, determine this point. A most satisfactory and effective treatment is to be obtained by outlining the design in warm browns, allowing the figure of the wood to show through; but the door must be a new one, and capable of such treatment. If, on the contrary, as is far more likely, it be an old and badly painted door, then some such treatment as I lately saw would prove effective. The dimensions of the panels were taken from an existing door divided into four, those shown me being the upper ones. This door being disproportionate, and the panels consequently so, it has been sought to make it appear wider by running the flower spray behind the centre stile into the other panel. Had the panels been too wide, a contrary treatment would have been followed. The desire to elongate panels may be realized by each having a separate design of some upward growth, and, if found necessary, marginal lines to still further help the illusion. We might advantageously make our doors an object of interest by using them as an opportunity for displaying decorative ornaments. In such positions there is more latitude allowed, and a greater freedom to the artistic fancy; thus, representations of the figure, birds, animals, etc., are here permissible, all of which are out of place and unfit for the walls of our dwelling rooms, owing to the necessary repetition becoming objectionable and devoid of beauty, and to the accessories hiding and mutilating their parts. The subjects for such panels should bear the impress of having been designed to fit the place they occupy, and for no other purpose. There is plenty of scope for our selection, the panels of doors offering not only a valuable and legitimate means for the display of the wood-carver's art, but for porcelain painting, inlay, hand-painted or stenciled ornaments, needlework, painted silk or tapestry, the latter being sometimes particularly pleasing and effective

### Think.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

They who do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

Be happy if you can, but do not despise those who are otherwise, for you know not their troubles.

### Beautiful Dreaming.

A good old lady near Seaford, Del., some time ago dreamed that three of her well-to-do neighbors each gave her $1,000. So strong was her faith in dreams and in the realization of this particular one, that early on the day following she mounted her snorting Bucephalus and under a lively "Canterbury gallop," struck a bee line for the home of one of the gentlemen who had given her, in her dreams, $1,000. She made known to him her dream, and naively assured him that her confidence in his liberality was such as to lead her to believe that he would cheerfully do his part toward the fulfilment of the pleasant dream. The gallant gentleman replied that he would with much cheerfulness transfer to her $1,000 of his surplus cash, provided the other gentlemen would come down with their thousands. Whereupon the good old lady hurriedly rode on to gentleman No. 2, and related her dream to him. No. 2 assured her that his $1,000 should be promptly forthcoming if the two other gentlemen would had over theirs. Bucephalus was soon on the road to house of man No. 3, who ungallantly pleaded that his bank account was so low that he could afford to give her only $500, and on condition that both the other men would give her $1,000. But the two gentlemen first approached were inflexible and would give only according to their original promise. Of course the upshot was that the credulous old lady never realized the fulfilment of that beautful dream. Two of the gentlemen have since been sick, one of them dying, and the third is a great sufferer from that Promethean vulture, the gnawing dyspepsia. And the simple old lady declares that their afflictions were put upon them by an even-handed and watchful Providence to punish them for cruelly allowing her lovely dream to go unfulfilled.

### An American Volcano.

It has long been known that a little butte, rising about the centre of the the Santa Cruz Valley, some nine miles south of Tucson, Arizona, has a crater. Recently a prospector said that when coming from the Omega copper camp he certainly saw smoke arising from the top of this butte. Two gentlemen who went out hunting to Arivaca some three weeks ago wandered off from their road and one night camped at the base of this volcanic butte, They heard strange, rumbling sounds in the night, as if water was boiling or some hard blasting was being done far beneath the earth's surface.

The next day a small party left Tucson to investigate the alleged crater. An old Indian trail led up over several well-defined ledges till the summit was reached, Here the character of the rock changed to a pumice-stone or lava, a variety that is always found where volcanic action has occurred. The hill rises about 300 feet above the plain and is all alone. Descending on the eastern slope a couple of rods to the northeast there were found two craters. The first one reached is the smaller of the two. The depth is some ten feet by about twenty in diameter. The rocks around the rim contained some warmth. When the thermometer was applied to them the mercury measured 123° Fahrenheit. On the opposite side a slight issuing of steam could be detected. A few palo verde trees and some greasewood bushes adorn the butte, but otherwise it is barren.

### A New Nut to Crack.

"Do you want to see a veritable curiosity?" asked a Chicago fruit and nut dealer, as he took a queer-looking object from a shelf and placed it in the reporter's hand.

"What is it, any way?"

"I can't tell you the exact name of it, but it is a nut from Demerara, and it not only came from that far-off land, but it is the first one ever seen in Chicago, and one of the first ever brought to the United States."

The nut is a strange-looking one. It has a very hard and rough shell, of a dark brown color. The size is about two by one and a half inches, and the shape hard to describe. It looks very much like a small tobacco-bag with the opening closed by pulling the strings together. The kernal is somewhat like that of a Brazil nut, and when the nut is shaken the kernel rattles.

"Where did you get it?" was asked.

"It was brought to me to-day by a gentleman who lives in New York. He was in Demerara a few months ago and brought fifteen barrels of them for $150 in gold. When he got them to New York he was unable to get them out of the custom house because the officers did not know what duty to charge on them, the nuts not being on the custom list of dutiable articles, and there being the first consignment which had passed through their hands. However, the gentleman tells me he he has made arrangements to give bond for whatever duty will be subsequently charged, and I have ordered a barrel of them sent to me as soon as they are released.'

"How is the nut trade this season?"

"Never better, Did you know that the favorite nut with the Germans is the English walnut? Now, Americans seldom buy these, but stick to the almond. Here is a nut," he continued, "which grows in China. It is called 'licneese,' and the heathen Chinee here in Chicago is crazy after them. A few days ago I got in a lot of beech nuts. Hundreds of people here in the city never saw them before, but my customers who were brought up in districts where the beech tree grows, and who had not seen any of the nuts for years, are only too glad to buy the little things for the sake of old recollections."

"Are you doing much in hickory nuts?"

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