Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XXXVIII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA., WEDNESDAY. MARCH 5, 1884. NO. 10.

DON'T YOU TELL.

If you have a cherished secret,
Don't you tell.
Not your friend—for his tympanum
Is a bell,
With its echoes, wide rebounding,
Multiplied and far resounding;
Don't you tell.

If yourself, you cannot keep it,
Then, who can?
Could you more expect of any
Other man?
Yet you put him, if he tells it—
If he gives away or sells it,
Under ban.

Sell your gems to any buyer
In the mart;
Of your wealth to feed the hungry
Spare a part.
Blessings on the open pocket,
But your secret—keep it, lock it
In your heart.

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

A small, superior cottage of bright red brick, sweet-scented woodbine trailing over its rustic porch, a green lawn before it surrounded by flowers, and charming country landscape spreading out in the distance. Inside, in its small but pretty parlor, on the red table-cover, waited the tea-tray, with its cups and saucers. The window stood open to the still, warm autumn air, and the French porcelain clock on the mantelpiece was striking five.

A slender girl of some twenty years came in. She was very lovely. But her bright, blue eyes bore a sort of weary or discontented look, and her bright brown hair was somewhat ruffled. She wore a print washing-dress of black and white, neither very smooth nor very fresh, and a lace neck-collar fastened with a bow of black ribbon.

She had made an appointment to meet Reginald Vavasour, a rich young gentleman who made her acquaintance, down by the willow walk, and her lover, Thomas Watkyn, had told her he could call that evening. Just before he left she said:

"May I ask you to do me a little favor, Thomas?"

"What is it?" he repeated.

"If you would not very much mind going home by the hill and would leave this note at Miss Ford's. I particularly wish her to have it this evening."

He paused for an instant, not replying. She went on hurriedly:

"I see that it is disagreeable to you. I have offended you too much."

"Not that," he answered, holding out his hand for the note. "But I can hardly spare the time for the long way this evening, as I have to call at Killick's for my father. However—" he said no more, but took the note.

"Good-bye, Thomas."

"Good-bye."

"I'm glad he took the note! I shall be safe now."

Miss Alison Reece was a clever young lady. The direct and near way to Mr. Watkyn's home would lead him past the willow walk. She had devised this impromptu note to her dressmaker in the afternoon to prevent his taking that usual route. Had he seen young Vavasour cooling his heels within the precincts of the willow walk he would inevitably suspect he was waiting to keep a lover's tryst.

Alison was busy in the kitchen next morning when she heard her mother open the front door and some one come in. "It is that chattering Mrs. Bennett," thought she, as she dried the teaspoons.

"Alison, come here," called her mother, in a quick voice.

She went to the parlor just as she was—her sleeves turned back at the wrist, a large brown Holland apron on. Very pretty she looked with it all. But it was not Mrs. Bennett who sat with her mother; it was a venerable, white-haired old gentleman—Mr. Watkyn, the elder.

"I am come to ask about Thomas," said he. "I believe he came here last night, Miss Alison; at what time did he leave you?"

A prevision struck her with a sort of terror that something was wrong. "He left me quite early," she faltered.

"Well, he has never come home."

"Not come home!" she said, with a whitening face.

"I sat up till one o'clock, and then I thought the mist must have kept him; that he had stayed at some friend's house. I knew not what to think, and that he would be home the first thing this morning. But we have not seen him, and I cannot hear of him."

Mrs. Reece was impressed with the frightened, guilty look that Alison could not keep out of her countenance, and began to feel uneasy.

"Cannot you tell what time it was when he left you?" she demanded sternly.

"It was after dusk. It was just after sunset—before the mist came on. It must have been near 7 o'clock."

"Which road did he take?" pursued Mrs. Reece. And very reluctantly Alison answered, for she foresaw it would bring on further questioning:

"The long road—round by the hill."

"Round by the hill?" echoed Mr. Watkyn, in alarmed surprise. "Why did he take that way?"

Alison flushed and paled alternately; her lips were trembling. The fear creeping upon her was that he and young Vavasour had met and quarreled. Perhaps fought and injured one another fatally. In these dread moments of suspense the mind is apt to conjure up far-fetched and unlucky thoughts.

"I asked him to go around that way," she replied, in a timid tone "I wanted him to leave a note for me at the dressmaker's

Old Mr. Watkyn sank into a chair, putting his hands before his troubled face. "I see it all," he breathed faintly. "He must have fallen down the Scar."

Alison uttered a scream of horror.

"Deceived by the mist, he must have walked to, near the edge," continued the old man. "Heaven grant that it may not be so, but I fear it. Was he mad, to attempt to cross the plateau on such a night?"

Catching up his hat, Mr. Watkyn went out swiftly. Mrs. Reece grabbed her daughter's hands. They were icy cold.

"Alison, what passed between you and Thomas last night?"

"Don't ask me, mother. Let me follow Mr. Watkyn. I cannot rest indoors. Oh, it cannot, cannot be as he fears!"

"Not one step until you tell me what passed," said the mother firmly. There's more in all this than what greets the eye."

"He asked me to give up talking to Mr. Vavasour."

"And you refused. Well?"

"He told me I must choose between them," continued Alison, bursting into tears. "Oh, mother it was all my folly, all my temper; he could not see that, and when he went away he said he went for good."

Mrs. Reece drew in her thin lips sternly. She was thinking.

"And what does it mean about your giving him a note for the dressmaker? I do not understand. You had nothing to write about."

The girl had got her hands free and flung them before her face to deaden the sobs. But Mrs. Reece was a resolute mother at times, and she extorted the confession. Alison had improvised the note, and sent Thomas around the long way to deliver it, and so keep him from passing by the willow walk.

"Oh, child, child!" moaned the dismayed woman, If he has indeed fallen over the Scar it is you who have given himhis death."

And it proved to be so. In taking the two miles round between the cottage and the farm a high and perpendicular precipice, called the Scar, had to be passed. The tableland, or plateau on the top, was wide and a perfectly safe road by daylight, since a traveler could keep as far from the unprotected edge as he pleased, but on a dark night or in a thick fog it was most dangerous. Deceived by the mist of the previous night, Thomas Watkyn must have drawn near the edge unwittingly and fallen over it. There he lay on the sharp rock, when the poor father and others went to look for him, his death-like face upturned toward the blue sky.

"Speak to me, Thomas, speak to me!" wailed Alison, quite beside herself with remorse and grief, as she knelt by him, wringing her hands. "Oh, Thomas, speak to me! I loved you all the while."

But Thomas neither spoke nor moved. The voice that had nothing but tender words was silent now; the heart she had grieved might never beat in sorrow or joy again.

No person had seen or spoken with him after quitting her the previous night, save the dressmaker, little, industrious Miss Ford. She had answered his knock herself, she related, and he put the note into her hands, saying, Miss Reece had asked him to leave it in passing. "What a thick mist it is that has come on," he remarked to her in his pleasant, chatty way, "Aye, it is indeed, sir," she answered, and shut the door as he walked away.

For many weeks Alison Reece lay ill with brain fever, hovering between life and death. Some people said it was the shock that made her ill and took her senses away; others thought that she must have loved the poor young man to distraction; no one, save her mother, knew it was the memory of her last interview with him, and the scheming to send him on the route that led to his accident, that had well-nigh killed her. But the young are strong in their tenacity of life, and she grew better by slow degrees,

One warm April afternoon, when the winter months had given place to spring, Alison, leaning on the arm of her mother, went to sit on the porch. She was very feeble yet. It was the first she had sat there since that memorable evening with her ill-fated lover. There she remained thinking and dreaming. They could not persuade her to come in, and so wrapped her in a warm shawl.

Sunset came on, and was almost as beautiful, curious, perhaps, that it should be so, as the one he and she had watched together more than six months before. The brilliant beams shone like molten gold in the glowing west, the blue sky around was flecked with pink and amethyst. Alison's eyes were fixed on the lovely scene with an enraptured gaze, her lips slightly parted with emotion.

"Alison, what are you thinking of?"

"Of him, mother. Of his happiness. He is living in all that glorious beauty. I think there must have been an unconscious prevision in his mind by what he said that evening as we watched it, that he should soon be there. Oh, mother, I wish I was going to him! I wish I could be with him to-morrow."

The mother paused; she felt inclined to say something, but she feared the agitation it might cause.

"Well, well, child, you are getting better," she presently answered.

"Yes, I do get better," sighed the girl. "I supposed it pleased God that I should."

"Time soothes all things, Alison, again In time you will be strong and able to fulfill life's various duties with a zest. Trials are good—oh, so very good!—for the soul. But for meeting with them we might never learn the way to heaven."

Alison did not answer. Her feeble hands were clasped in silent prayer, her face was listed to the glories of the evening sky.

It was at the same sunset hour, an eveneng or two later, that Alison, who was picking up strength daily, strolled away to the churchyard. She wanted to look for a newly-made grave in that corner where so many of the Watkyns lay buried.

She could not see it; the same grave stones that were there now were there before; there was no fresh one,

"Perhaps they opened the old vault for him," thought Alison, as she sat down on a bench just inside the gate, for she was too weak to walk back again without a rest.

The sun was going down to-night without any loveliness, just as a crimson ball, which seemed to give red light to the atmosphere, and to light up redly the face of a pale, tottering man who was coming up to the gate by the help of a stick. He halted when he reached it. Alison turned sick and faint with all manner of emotions as she gazed at him, fright being uppermost.

"Alison!"

"Thomas!"

He held out his hand; he came inside; his pale, sad face wore for her its old, sweet expression.

"Oh, Thomas, I thought you were dead," she burst out in a storm of sobs. "I came here to look for your grave. I thought I had killed you."

"They thought I was dead at first. They thought for a long while that I should die," he answered, as he sat down beside her, keeping her hands in his. "But the skillful medical men have raised me up, under God. I hope in time to be strong and well again."

"Can you ever forgive me?" she wailed, bitter, painful tears falling down her cheeks like rain. "I shall never forgive myself."

"No? Then you must atone to me instead, Alison. Be all the more loving to me during our future lives. We must pass them together, my dear."

"Do you mean it still?" she gasped. "Oh, Thomas, how good and true you are. If I can only be a little bit worthy of you."

They walked home slowly; arm in arm. Neither could walk fast yet. Mrs. Reece came to the porch to meet them. God is full of mercy, she thought.

"I did not tell her, Thomas," she said; she was so dreadfully low when she came out of the fever."

"I have told her myself; it was best so," answered Thomas Watkyn.

A Winter Resort for Health or Rest.

The rapid pace at which our business affairs are driven at the present time necessitates more frequent pauses for rest than in the days of old when business was conducted more slowly and with greater deliberation. Not only in the exhausting heat of summer, but there should be pauses for rest also in the equally trying days of midwinter. It is most fortunate, therefore, that for the people of the United States, especially from New York and Philadelphia, there is easily accessible in Atlantic City a place where not only a season of repose for the weary worker may be found but likewise a sanitarium, generously endowed by nature with balmy breezes, warm suns and a uniform temperature, accompanied by all the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life. Four hours ride over the Pennsylvania railroad from New York, and two hours from Philadelphia will bring the invalid or the visitor for pleasure to the delightful city by the sea.

Atlantic City is situated on an island bounded on the south and east by the ocean, and on the other sides by an arm of the sea. Its main exposure is southern, and the welcome rays of the winter sun bathe it in a flood of soft and mellow light. The surrounding waters are open during the year, and only in the coldest snaps does ice form on the inlet. The winds as well as the wave favor this fortunate spot. From the north, northwest and southwest the winds travel for miles over arid and porous sands on which snow never lies, and become dried and warmed in their passage. The southern and eastern winds come in from the sea laden with the heated vapor of the Gulf Stream to tone down the temperature to a delightful degree. We are told by meteorologists that the Gulf Stream, in consequence of its proximity to the coast, affects the temperature more powerfully here than at any other part of the Atlantic coast. Just opposite Atlantic City the stream sweeps in landward to within forty-five miles of the shore, and the heated waters of the Tropics serve as a natural radiator, tempering the harshness of this northern latitude. With all these advantages of site it is not surprisiug that the thermometer conducts itself with charming propriety at Atlantic City. As winters go it rarely drops below thirty-two degrees, and trustworthy observations show that a fair average for its noon-day reading in mid-winter is forty-five or fifty degrees.

Atlantic City is a city not only in name but in fact having a resident population of seven thousand people. It is laid out in straight, wide avenues bordered with trees and adorned with handsome hotels and artistic villas. Electric lights, a street railway, and a uniformed police attest its municipal importance. There are fine drives along the avenues or on the beach, and all the facilities are at call.

Of hotels there is an unlimited supply. There are rich apartments for the wealthy, comfortable quarters for the indepentent, humble lodgings for the poor. Many of the first-class hotels remain open throughout the year. With this view they are adapted to use as winter homes, and are as comfortable in mid-winter as they are agreeable in the heat of the dog-days. They are heated by steam and made cosily attractive by open grates. Several of them, have been thoroughly refitted since the close of the summer season. Many of them have bath-houses where one can indulge the luxury of a salt-water bath; and well-arranged sun-parlors, where invalids or others may bask in the bright sunlight without encountering the outer air. These parlors are glass-inclosed porticos, affording excellent indoor promenades.

The health record of Atlantic City is unsurpassed. No epidimic has ever raged there. The drainage is good, the streets are well cleaned and the drinking water is brought fresh and pure from the mainland. Thousands of patients have been sent here by their physicians and returned well and hearty.

Why should we go to Europe in search of health and at great expense when we have here, at our own doors, all the appliances for comfort, invigorating breezes, warm suns, entertainments and sports of all kinds, all of these at prices within the reach of all?

Lamps are very fashionable, and not chiefly on account of high and poor gas though that may not be without its effect, but for the reason that they can be without its effect, but for the reason that they can be very handsome ornaments for the drawing-room table. Again, their steady light is by many preferred to that of gas. They are troublesome, to be sure, but they pay for the trouble, though ladies are not always willing to trust their servants to fill the expensive articles, and perform this not very agreeable work themselves. The styles now out are very beautiful, and some of them very costly. Even when unlighted they are decidedly pretty, and it is evident that certain of the prettiest are never lighted, but are kept for mere show. The double student's lamp comes now in a variety of styles and is peculiarly adapted for reading, embroidering and the like. In fact, a handsome room is no longer complete in its furniture without a handsome lamp.

INDIAN meal and rye meal are in danger of fermenting in summer,—particularly Indian. They should be kept in a cool place, and stirred open to the air once in a while. A large stone put in the middle of a barrel of meal is a good thing to keep it cool,

Sprats and Spratting.

Few of the thousands, who welcome the arrival of these "small deer" in England at the beginning of winter either think or care much where they come from or what their history may be. That they come up from the coast by rail is enough knowledge for the poor who eat them; and the sprat is far too cheap and common to excite much interest among the middle and upper classes, especially since it has been pretty well settled for them by those learned in such things that he is neither overgrown whitebait nor young herring. But from the 1st of November to All Fools' Day sprats are a continual feast to many, and a source of speculation and income to fish-dealers and to hundreds of costermongers, who watch and wait for them early and late in London or at the quays of certain coast towns. Spratting again, in one form or other, affords a welcome means of tiding over two or three of the deadest winter months to many coast boatmen, owners of quite small open boats, using fine drift-nets as for herrings. From such beaches as Deal and Walmer a little fleet of these boats will start before sunset in the afternoon, make one haul, and return early in the evening with their net stuck full of the best and most regular-sized sprats. A seine is also used for spratting in bays where the shore is clean; but, from the small mesh required, a sprat-seine of any size is costly, and may lie too long idle to be very profitable. And though now and then hundreds of bushels of sprats have been actually dipped from the sea in buckets and baskets, yet it is to the stow-boats of the mouth of the Thames and Solent that the London poor owe their chief supply of these valuable little fish. Late in October an old cutter, which, just floating on the top of the tide, has lain for months pillowed upon some high mud-bank, becomes all at once a centre of interest and busy work to a party of four or five men, who, under the direction and example of an experienced skipper, soon change the forsaken-looking old craft into a floating home for the winter. She may have been a pleasure-yacht in her day, but can never be so again; for once a spratter, always a spratter: the oily liquor which has drained from tons of fish down among her timbers leaving "an ancient and fish-like smell" about her that no amount of tar or paint can rid her of. One has but to go down the three low steps into her cabin to understand how large and airy the finest yacht's forecastle must appear to men who spend their winter on board a stow-boat. The middle part of the vessel is given up to the stowage of the fish. Abaft this space, with a small sliding door opening into it, is the sitting-room, some 8 feet by 7 feet and 4 feet 6 inches high. At the foreend of it a fire is burning in a large old rusty grate; the first idea of men engaged in such cold damp work being warmth. Giving upon it, and round this cabin, are ranged three berths—hard to find at first, each having but one opening of sixteen by twenty inches square, closed by a sliding panel. These berths, though not always so occupied, are supposed to hold two persons; and a berth which lies athwartships, just over the steps going back into the smack's tail or counter, and having the rudder-case passing through it, is allotted to one man and "the cook." This is a small boy, who even now is busy doing his feeble best to remove the smoke and dirt of last winter's cruise from the cabin—a task in which he can never quite succeed. By-and-by, when their net is down, one hand being left on deck to watch it, the rest of the crew, kicking off their heavy sea-boots, will creep into and coil themselves up in these closely boarded little cupboards, warm and dry at any rate; and despite the rattle and clatter of the outer arrangements of a small craft riding in a short sea, they will get five or six hours' sounder sleep than falls to the lot of many ashore in the best ordered bed-rooms.

If the look of the spratter below is not very yacht-like, that of her deck is still less so; for, after it has been carefully caulked, it is made as black as two good coats of coal-tar can make it. But when the old Enterprise is moved from her self-made dock in the mud, and lies ashore upon some clean "hard," shining in all the glory of a fresh coat of tar after the dirt and weeds have been "breamed" or burnt off, she is the pride and admiration of the skipper and his crew; who walk around her again and again before the tide comes, looking out for "holidays" or giving a touch here and there to some dull spot. As the tide flows and the vessel floats again, the long brown funnel-shaped net is carefully taken over her side and triced up in the rigging to air. The small mesh of the stow-net only half an inch from knot to knot in parts, gives it a very solid look when so hanging, quite distinguishing it from the trawlers nets. Then the upper and lower beams, spars of some 30 feet long, together with a strange-looking long-limbed anchor and many fathoms of stout rope-cable, are taken on board. This anchor will often have to hold both net and vessel against strong tides, wind, and sea; the net riding to it, mouth to tide, nearly under the vessel's bottom, by a cable made fast to the lower beam. This beam is loaded with iron to steady the mouth of the net; while the upper beam is held horizontally in position 30 feet above it by the "hip ropes," which, made fast to the ends of it, pass up to either side of the smack's forward rail. When open, the mouth of the net has a gape of some 900 square feet. It is closed by a rope starting from the middle of the lower lip or beam, passing through a ring on the upper one up to a block upon the vessel's bowsprit; this rope, when hauled in, bringing the two beams together to the surface. Strange to say, spratters, especially in rough weather, rather dread getting the net full of fish. This at times occurs very suddenly; when the net floats as long as there is life in the fish; but must be at once swept and slung by many ropes alongside, for should it sink it may be impossible to raise it again. At such times a full net has often to be cut across in several places to start the fish out of it; so enabling the men, by throwing away some tons of fish, to save their net and the rest of the catch. A net full would weigh out of water eighty or ninety tons, while the whole capacity of the stow-boat is seldom much over thirty tons.

—A large flint arrow-head was found firmly imbedded in the back of a whale captured off San Diego the other day.

Her Majesty.

Several English journals seem to have been greatly exercised at the curtailment of the memorial services which have usually been held in the Frogmore mausoleum at the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, and it has been stated that the Queen's health is unequal to the fatigue of a long service, or to "the mental strain" involved by it; and that some of her children exerted their "influence" over her Majesty to induce her to modify the former arrangements. The Queen's health is excellent, and she is as entirely equal "to a mental strain" as she ever was in her life. As to the exerting of "influence" over her Majesty, none of her children have any influence whatever with her. Princess Beatrice might very probably have obtained a great deal of influence over the Queen, but she has never apparently cared to do so, and only exerts herself to carry out her wishes in quite trivial matters. The people who have great influence with the Queen are her favorite ladies—notably the Dowager Duchess of Athole, the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Ely.

I hear that the real reasons why the former elaborate service was abandoned was that the Queen felt that it would not be the same sort of thing, now that the two persons who were principally concerned in the affair have passed away. Dean Wellesley was on very intimate terms with Prince Albert for many years, he had read the service at his funeral, and had officiated at the mausoleum regularly every year. The present dean of Windsor was a schoolboy when the prince died. Sir George Elsey, who always arranged and conducted the musical portion of the service, was constantly employed by Prince Albert from the time when he superintended the first performance of the prince's own compositions in the private chapel at Windsor castle, just forty years ago. He has lately severed his connection with St. George's chapel, and his successor is a young man in no way associated with the past.

Vanity Fair announces that "there is no kind of foundation for the report that her Majesty intends to go to Baden this Spring," and adds that "nothing is at present settled as to her Majesty's movements, but it is not improbable that she may go abroad, but not to Baden." Two years ago, when it was announced in *Truth* that the Queen would go to the south of France in the Spring, the statement was contradicted in some quarters, but her Majesty went all the same; if the present arrangements are carried out, she will go to Darmstadt and Baden early in April, in spite of denials. The Queen's "movements" are necessarily settled long in advance when there is to be any deviation from the ordinary routine of Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral.

An account which appeared in *The Athenaeum* of the Queen's new book is not wholly correct. No copies of the work which is to be published have been given away to anybody, and it is not like to appear for some time to come. The book will contain accounts of the Queen's visits to Floors castle, to Dunkeld, and to Loch Maree, and will give much information respecting the Balmoral property and its management. In reality, however, it is to be a sort of tribute to the memory of John Brown, of whom there will be more than one portrait, and a considerable amount of it will be devoted to a history of his life, and the reasons for his gradual rise in royal favor will be explained. A number of particulars relating to the Queen's humble neighbors around Balmoral will also be given, and the book will contain numerous portraits of these people and illustrations depicting the Glassalt shiel, the Prince Consort's cairn, John Brown's grave, and other interesting spots in the district.

The Queen is about to present a portrait of herself to the National Portrait Gallery. I understand that it is a copy, "by an amateur," of the portrait of her Majesty by Angeli, which hangs in the private dining-room at Windsor Castle, opposite to one of the Duchess of Edinburgh by the same artist. It has never been considered to be one of the best pictures of the Queen, although it has been much favored by her Majesty, who took a great fancy to Angeli's style, and he was employed by her to paint the picture of Lord Beaconsfield which hangs in the corridor at Windsor. I hear that "the amateur" who has copied the picture is really Princess Beatrice.

Some Don'ts for 1884.

Don't forget the poor.

Don't go back on your swear-off.

Don't steal or lie. In other words, don't be a bank cashier.

Don't forget that $500 set of diamonds for your best girl this season. You may have to forget that $2 wash-bill you have owed your washerwoman for a year and a half, but you can put her off and the girl may put *you* off.

Don't look sour at the world or it will look sour at you. It acts on the looking glass principle, as Thackeray says.

Don't insist on a friend's taking a drink with you when he refuses. If you insist you may find he has sworn off. Then he will be sure to get a drink on you.

Don't look down on a man or a laboring man. Who was your father? Who was your grandfather? Who was your uncle? Who was your great-uncle? Who are you, anyway?

Don't smile when you are sad. There is nothing in this style of sentimental lying, except that it looks pretty in novels—where, of course, it never really exists.

Don't mix in when some one else is telling a story, lest "breaks a man all up" to have another take words out of his mouth, and when he tells a story he likes to tell it himself.

Don't grumble. Of all the friendless, forsaken, despised, disagreeable people, the grumbler is the boss. He ought to be taken out and lathered with a barrel-stave every time he grumbles. Nobody likes him, nobody loves him, while everybody is ashamed of him.

Don't imagine for the shadow-hair line of a second that you are the smartest man in town. There are men—good-looking men, too, who know a great deal more than you ever thought you knew.

Don't forget that to be honest, to be manly, to be true, to be temperate and pleasant, is to be happy and contented; and there are more pearls in a cup of laughter than in a barrel of tears; more joy in a good deed than in the remorse of a cross word. The best you can make of life is to act on the square with yourself and everybody else.

A French metallurgist is said to produce malleable brass by the following method: Thirty-three parts of copper and twenty-five of zinc are alloyed, the copper being first put into the crucible, which is loosely covered; as soon as the copper is melted, zinc, purified by sulphur is added. The alloy is then cast into moulding sand, in the shape of bars, being ready for use.

Dynamite in War.

A long brass tube, with a two-inch bore, lay upon the western parapet of Fort Hamilton recently. Colonel Hamilton, commander of the fort, an umbrella, and a reporter stood near by.

The long brass tube was a gun, although an ordinary observer might take it to be a portion of water-pipe used for draining the parapet.

"This gun," continued Colonel Hamilton, "is twenty-eight feet long with a two-inch bore. It was invented by a Mr. Mifford, an American, and is the property of Mr. Windsor, the torpedo builder. We were asked to experiment with it here, which we are doing, under the direction of Lieutenant Zallinski, an expert in projectiles and harbor defense weapons. We have been trying it at half-mile range with good results, notwithstanding that it is incomplete as to its manufacture and mountings, and has by no means realized its possibilities.

"The motor is compressed air, with which it is proposed to experiment at 600 to 850 pounds pressure. The missile has been proved to have good power of penetration and is formidable as a direct weapon. But that is not the main object. The weapons are made long like an arrow and headed with brass cases intended to be charged with dynamite, the explosion of which is to produce the intended effect. As yet we have not experimented with dymamite, but have loaded the cases with sand in order to give them weight. The missiles are of light pine wood, made to fit the bore, are 34, 40, and 48 inches in length. The brass cases, which are fitted at the head, are 14 and 24 inches long, their diameter being 1¼, 1½ and 1¾ inches. These cases, when charged give wieght and steady the flight of the missile or arrow. The openings at the head of the cases are closed with a wooden plug, through which a needle penetrates connecting with a cap. When the projectile strikes the object the dynamite is at once exploded.

"As yet very little is known about condensed gases as a motor for projectiles, though it has been successfully utilized as a motive power. The great problem has been to throw dynamite shells with safety. The concussion of gunpowder will immediately explode dynamite, and the result is the gun is destroyed, as well as everything in the neighborhood. With this gun, however, I think that dynamite can be thrown with perfect safety to the gunner, and with disastrous effect to the object it strikes."

The gun when in position is mounted on a tripod and has the appearance of a slender telescope. Two small tubes connect with a receiver, which in turn is connected with a twenty-five horse-power steam-engine with a long hose.

The engine and boiler are located in the fort.

Experiments have been made with the gun at a half-mile range. The missile penetrated a heavy wooden target, backed with hard packed earth, twenty-six inches. During the passage it obtained a fall of twelve degrees. The gun, however, is not intended to throw a projectile as a direct weapon, but as a carrier for dynamite. So rapid is the explosion of dynamite that its force is always downward. Consequently a dynamite shell exploding on the side of a vessel would not produce as disastrous an effect as it would if it struck on the deck.

This gun is constructed to meet all the necessary requirements. The projectile, though resembling a base ball bat, will, when shot from the gun by an expert marksman, make a graceful curve in the air, like an arrow and descend head downwards upon the deck of a vessel. With a heavier pressure it can be shot as a direct weapon. The pressure can be regulated at will. When discharged there is no report, but the missile leaves the gun with a shrill whistle which produces as disagreeable a sensation in one's ears as a buzz-saw when it strikes a hard knot. The force obtained by 200 pounds of pressure was remarkable. At the first discharge the three quarter-inch iron bars which support the gun were bent nearly double by the reaction, while the projectile shot from the bore like a ball from a heavy gun and penetrated the target twenty-six inches.

"I believe," said Colonel Hamilton, "that the gun will prove to be an effective weapon for harbor defense. Lieutenant Zallinski is very enthusiastic over it and is confident of its success. As soon as we have favorable weather we will make experiments on the water."

Doing Good.

Every human being has a mission to perform. Every man has a part to act in the world's great drama—one of most unspeakable importance. But how few are there who come fully up to its standard and endeavor by divine assistance to fulfill it. Man was created for a noble purpose, endowed with an immortal mind and is capable of performing a good work. Consider how great may be the influence of a single individual, either for good or evil. If we have been influential in reforming one, a being made in the image of God, but sadly misled by the contaminating influence of vice, we have performed a good work.

There are various ways in which good may be accomplished, but when a good resolution is formed the work is too often begun with a lack of confidence and perseverance, and impatient to accomplish the undertaking, we despair at the first difficulty. This should not be, but with more faith, the more distant the day of reward, the harder we should labor, and not let our arms become palsied because we do not meet with immediate and large results of our labors: but in time or eternity we shall receive the reward.

Much good may be done with the pen, and how much good has been done in this way, by which the influence of many still live while they have long since gone to their final resting place. But we would not have you vainly ambitious to render your name immortal, thinking to make a speck in the world by figuring in the papers, or assume the importance of a fly that imagined itself turning the wheel upon which it was only turned round. But whatever you do let it be done to the glory of God, and remember that "He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

—The Lord Mayor's day banquet and procession in London recently cost nearly $20,000, the dinner costing about $8,000. Half the bill is paid by the Lord Mayor and the other half by the two Sheriffs.

The Dog Pinchers.

"A dog pincher," said a Chicago detective, "is a man who makes a business of stealing pet dogs, either as a speculation of his own or to order. He tramps around the residence portion of the city from morning until night, and if he sees a valuable dog he induces it to follow him away, and then he sells it. Very often a man about town sees a fine dog he would like to own, and he induces some 'pincher' that he knows to 'lay for it' and steal it for him. He usually has to pay a pretty good price for it, too."

"How do they entice dogs away from their homes?"

"That is a secret known only to professional 'dog pinchers.' They rub some stuff on their hands or pants, and when a dog gets a smell of it no one can call him away. What this stuff is I don't know, but I think it's oil of anise. You know all animals are fond of that. If you don't know it, just put a little bit of it on some bread in a rat trap and you'll have the trap full of rats."

"Do you know any of the Chicago 'dog pinchers?'"

"No, not now. Since I have left the force I have lost all track of them. 'Hungry Dick' used to be the boss of them all. He could 'pinch' a dog when there wasn't any around. I remember a very funny thing about Dick. Poor fellow is dead now. Some years ago I had a beautiful Yorkshire bitch given to me. She had fine, long, silky hair, and was a perfect picture. My folks were moving at the time, and, as I had no place to keep her, I asked Dick to take care of her for me. He consented, and I told him if he lost her or sold her I would kill him.

"Well, Dick took her, washed her thoroughly, combed out her beautiful hair, and she was a fine looker, I tell you. Dick took her through the streets with him, and I guess he was stopped every block by some one who wanted to buy her. He would always say that she was not for sale, but he would sell one or two of her pups. Almost every one would jump at this chance, and I guess Dick sold about sixty of her pups. One day Sarah Bernhardt's agent—who was here at the time—saw the bitch and insisted that Madame Bernhardt see her. Well, Dick took her up to the Grand Pacific, and Bernhardt declared that she must have her. Dick knew that it was as much as his life was worth to sell her, so he said he would sell two pups. The madame agreed to pay $50 for them, and Dick went out and got a poodle and a little spaniel, for which he received the $50. Then he disappeared mysteriously, and did not turn up until Bernhardt had left town. He told me he had planted himself and the fifty in Bridgeport, fearing that Bernhardt would discover the swindle and send for him."

"What is your secret for making a dog follow you off?" asked a reporter of one of the "pinchers," who frankly said:

"I was brought up among dogs, and I know their peculiarities. My father was a dog-fancier, and when I was still a very small boy I was trained by him to 'pinch' dogs. I did most of my 'pinching' through petting and good feeding. I would worm myself into the good graces of a dog by giving him little bits of meat and cheese on the sly, and when he began to expect it as a regular thing I would go to him and then walk away. Of course he would follow me, expecting to get his usual portion, and when I had him some way from his home I would take him in my arms, or chain him, and make off with him."

"But don't the 'pinchers' have some secret means of inducing dogs to follow them?"

"Yes, they use oil of anise sometimes. They rub it on their hands and on their pants, and then they pat a dog and allow him to smell it. The dog likes the smell, and he follows it away; but I think the feeding and petting is the best plan, though it is not as rapid and easy as the other."

"Do they sell the dogs at once, or hold them for rewards?"

"Generally they hold them for a few days, until search is given up by the owners. Then they sell them in hotels or saloons. They don't offer them for sale, but wait for an offer, and as they always 'pinch' good dogs the offer is not long in coming. Sometimes a lap-dog or a pet is stolen just for the reward. Actors and actresses will invariably offer large rewards for lost dogs, and it pays to 'pinch' their animals."

The Declaration of Independence.

Few people know that the original Declaration of Independence is kept in the library of the State Department. It is in a cherry case and under glass. But the doors are thrown open all day long and strong rays of light are eating up its ink day by day. The Constitution is written on parchment. The text of it is in a hand as fine as copper plate and the ink of this part can still be plainly read. The signatures, however, are written in a different ink, and they are very fast disappearing under the action of the light. The bold signature of John A. Hancock is faded almost entirely out. Only a J. o, h and an H remain. Two lines of names are entirely removed from the paper; not a vestige of ink remains to show that names were ever there. Ben Franklin's name is gone. Roger Sherman's name is fast fading, I could not find the name of Thomas Jefferson, and Elbridge Gerry has lost its last sylable. Robert Carroll and John Adams have been scoured off by the light, and only eleven names out of the fifty odd can be read without a microscope. Just below the constitution lies the original of it in Jefferson's handwriting. It is on fools cap paper, yellow with age, and worn through where the manuscript has been folded. The writing is fine and close, and the whole Constitution occupies but two pages. The ink is good, and it remains as fresh as when it left the quill of Jefferson over 100 years ago. It is full of erasures and interlinations, some of which are in Franklin's handwriting and others in the strong script of John Adams.

It seems that the idea of constructing the long-thought-of canal wich is to connect the Baltic and the North Sea has at length assumed definite shape. Bismarck has reconsidered his former objections, and a bill for powers necessary to execute the works will be laid before the Reichstag during the coming season. The cost of making the cutting through Holstein is estimated at between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000.

Stained Floors.

The practice of staining boarded floors a darker shade than the original color of the wood, or to imitate some more costly timber than deal or pine, is now so universal that it may seem an insult to common sense and ordinary intelligence to offer any suggestions upon the subject. The mistake of sending coals to Newcastle, of gilding lilies, and performing works of supererogation generally, is frevuently alluded to in polite society; but with respect to floor-staining there are several modes, some good, some bad, some indifferent, and they all vary considerably in cost. So long as oak stain was the only one which society desired to see upon its boards, there was little choice of materials. Manufacturers advertised certain mixtures at so much per quart, and the householder purchased, only so far diluting the stain with water as to impart a lighter or a darker shade to the wood.

Advancing on these lines, the next stage was the production of stains already graduated in tone, and selection could be made of either No. 1, 2, 3 or 4, according to taste. But as the high art drawing-room became the great object of so many women's lives and labors, and the search after knowledge sent them running to and fro upon the earth, trade secrets leaked out, and as new fashions developed themselves in dwelling-houses, new resources were discovered to compass the ends desired.

The dark oak floor is no longer *de rigueur*, for light polished floors are very much more preferred just at present. Much depends upon the condition of the boards—if they are smooth, close in grain, and affording a fine surface to receive the future polish. If the floor be an old one which cannot be planed smooth, time, temper and trouble are wasted in trying to give a satin wood or pitch pine look to it. It is better to accept the inevitable, and go in for dark oak or dark mahogany.

Some stains can be rubbed in with a sponge or cloth; others, in which hurtful components are introduced, must be applied with a brush. Pour the staining liquid into a saucer, dip into it the brush or cloth, saturate thoroughly rub evenly over the wood and instantly dry off the stained surface with a handful of rags or other soft waste. To insure success this work must be done quickly, and, it is almost needless to add, evenly.

Taking the fashionable floor of the present day first, which is of a pale shade of oak, sized and varnished, it can be produced with sienna, a powder bought at the paint shops, and mixed with water. The first experience of a raw-sienna stain is calculated to strike horror to the breast of the mistress of the house, the result is so bright and so painfully, starlingly yellow. But sizing tones down the strong color surprisingly, and the polish brings it to ultimate perfection.

Should mahogany staining be desired a mixture is requisite. The following is a cheap and simple one: Half a pound of madder, two ounces of logwood chips boiled in a gallon of water, brush over the wood while hot. When dry go over the whole with pearlash solution—two drachms to a quart of water. Size the polish. If a redder shade is required it can be produced by smearing the surface with a strong solution of permanganate of potash, which is left on for a longer or shorter time, according to the shade required; in most cases five minutes will be enough. The wood is then carefully washed, dried and polished in the ordinary way.

Clutching an Ice-Cake.

A thrilling story comes from Niagara Falls about the narrow escape which two men named Tim Horn and Peter Scanlon, who were thrown into the rapids near Tugby's bazaar, recently, had from going over Niagara Falls. Had it not been for a cake of ice they would have been carried over the American Fall. Mr. C. Crawford, who was an eye-witness of the occurrence and helped to rescue the men, told the following to a reporter:

Horn and Scanlon, who are in the employ of Hill & Murray, were working on the upper race, where Crawford, who was also engaged is trying to raise the ice blockade, called for them to assist in removing some planks over the apron at the foot of the race. Before attempting to remove the planks, Crawford informed the men of the peculiarity of the work and the care necessary to be taken to avoid being thrown into the race. By some mishap the men lost their footing and were thrown out into the race, a few feet from the apron. In an instant they were carried out into the rapids just above Goat island bridge. Crawford at once crossed the race and started toward the brink of the fall with but very little hope of being able to render any assistance to his comrades. Near where the two men entered the rapids is a large cake of ice between which and the shore is a narrow channel, through which they must have passed, for had they gone on the outside they would have been carried out toward the middle of the river. A few feet below the bridge was another cake of ice about eight feet square, fastened to a rock against which they were hurled.

Whether the men realized their condition sufficiently to