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 26, 1884. NO. 13.

EVENING.

Slow sinks the sun, far distant in the west,
Coloring with richest hues the evening skies;
The deepening shadows lull the earth to rest,
And as they onward creep the bright day flies
Before the gloming, with reluctant tread,
And sadly joins the hours so quickly fled.

The nodding flowers have closed their perfumed bells;
The night wind softly waves the rustling leaves;
And thro' the woods, whispering, the tale it tells,
How for the dying day the lone night grieves;
Dripping her dewy tears on wood and plain
'Till morning brightens in the East again.

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

"Cheerily, boys!" shouted the master. "We must be nearing the coast. Hold hard the helm, Jean! Make fast the rope, Pierre!"

Over the raging sea the fishing smack shot like a flash. The previous day they had set out amid superb weather. There was a stiff breeze, covering with light foam the waves, upon the surface of which the sun was mirrored with bright silvery reflections. Nevertheless, on passing the lookout house Pere Landure, the master had paused with an uneasy air. In less than an hour the barometer the column of mercury which glittered at the door, had fallen a centimetre. The old man had remained there a second, seeming to reflect. Then he had glanced at the sky, sniffed the wind, and had ended by shrugging his shoulders. A tempest in such weather, was that possible? He would nave felt it, he who scented the gales a day in advance, and he did not scent anything at all, save a good catch of fish. The barometer was certainly wide of the mark.

That was why Pere Landure had set out with his two young men, Pierre and Jean.

Were they his sons? No. Pere Landure had only a daughter Marie, the pearl of the coast, a superb lass of 20, robust and delightful, with eyes of velvet and skin like a ripe peach. Pierre and Jean were mariners of the district, very resolute fellows, persistent workers, understanding their business, whom he had employed for a year past to go fishing in his vessel. With them every thing went splendidly. It was a question which of the twain had most heart in his toil. They were genuine rivals, forsooth! The master had his suspicions as to what caused this laudable zeal. The young fellows were after his daughter. That was clear. There was a struggle between them as to which of the pair should deserve to be accepted as Marie's husband. Well, let that go ahead! Pere Landure was not disturbed. His daughter was sage, and sound in mind as well as in body. When she wished she would make her choice, and everything would be arranged.

She would perhaps do well not to delay too long, all the same. For to wait thus in impatience is not the best thing for two lads equally smitten. For about a month past Pere Landure had detected black looks between them, on Jean's side particularly; who was more ardent than Pierre, more choleric also, perhaps, and more underhanded. But all that would be settled on the wedding day and the rejected lover would console himself with a double share of cider. It would not be the first time such a thing had been seen—vexation drowned in a stout bumper—and pretty girls were not scarce in the neighborhood!

Meanwhile they had worked hard all the afternoon, very calmly. But suddenly toward 4 o'clock, the breeze had freshened.

Hola! sailors, what does this mean? Pere Landure had raised his head, put his hand above his eyes and scanned the horizon. Down there, away down there, a black cloud was scurrying along at the utmost speed.

"Let go behind!" the master had shouted, "and make for land!"

And they hastened toward the coast. But suddenly the wind had shifted, driving the vessel before it toward the open sea. What a tempest, great Jupiter! Never had the two young fellows, never had Pere Landure himself, old as he was, seen anything like it. It was surely one of those diabolical hurricanes mentioned by those who have voyaged in southern seas; one of those frightful cyclones that surround one with a circle of furious winds had made a mistake as to the ocean and had fallen upon the wrong waters. Every half hour the wind shifted and the mad bark, turning about, shot off in an unknown direction through whirlpools of waves as high as houses. How was it that it had not foundered twenty times? Its ribs must be solidly bolted! Stoutly decked as it was, it rolled from wave to wave, plunging, then rising as if by a miracle, shaken, tossed, dashed, speeding along constantly at a fearful rate.

Where was it going now? That, forsooth, the three sailors would have found it very difficult to say. The night had come on—an inky night—and they couldn't see sixty feet in front of them. For an instant they had perceived the Belle-Isle lighthouse. Now they saw nothing save the horror of the darkness, heard nothing but the sinister howls of the wind as it tore its way through the cordage.

"Master," said Pierre, suddenly the watch-light is out!"

"Try to relight it below, and be careful of the fire," answered Pere Landure. "But, no," added he, taking a second bought; "I will do it myself."

And quitting the mast, to which he had been clinging, the aged sailor took two steps toward the hatchway. Just at that moment the sea swept the deck. A cry burst forth. The deck was empty.

"Malheur!" cried Pierre, "the master is overboard!"

"He is done for!" said Jean clinging to the tiller.

The two men leaned over the rail searching the darkness with their dilated eyes. They saw nothing.

"Tonnerre!" resumed Pierre, "what will Marie say?"

"The chances are that we shall never know!" replied Jean.

"Why?"

"Because we also will be drowned."

"Do you think so?"

"It looks like it!"

"But we do not know."

"I know. At all events I have an idea."

"What is it?"

"That if the smack should escape it should take only one of us back to land."

"Why?"

"Because of Marie."

"You are mad, Jean!"

"I am not. We are one too many, and you know it. The occasion is good. If you are not a coward we will profit by it.

"How?"

"Let one of us follow Pere Landure."

"Which?"

"Let's leave that to Fate, to the first sea shipped. If its starboard, it's you. If it is to larboard, it's me." Will that work.

"It will."

The two men were silent. A minute elapsed—as long as a century. The tempest seemed to have abated a trifle. The waves came less swiftly. At last one of them swept the deck.

"Larboard!" cried Jean. "It's me!"

"He stood nailed to his place, silent. Then he resumed: "You are in luck! Besides the sea is growing calm. You are likely to see Marie again!" He paused once more for an instant. "You have too much luck!" cried he at last in a choking voice. Suddenly he stood erect and walked toward the hatchway.

"Where are you going?" demanded Pierre.

"Where I please," replied Jean in a tone of brutal rage. "You will give me five minutes' grace, I hope."

He opened the hatchway and went down. Pierre remained above in the darkness, his visage scourged by the foam.

When five minutes had elapsed Jean returned to the deck. He placed his back to the mast and seemed to be waiting for something.

Pierre said to him: "Jean, you are mad. You are surely not going to cast yourself into the sea?"

"Why not?" answered Jean. "Have I not lost?"

"I release you. Remain on board!" At that moment Pierre listened. "What is going on below?" resumed he. "Is the smack on fire?"

"You had too much luck, my boy," said Jean, with a sullen sneer. "I have fired the vessel!"

"Coward!" cried Pierre.

"I am no coward!" replied Jean. "The proof of it is that I am going to pay my debt!" And clearing the bulwarks at a bound he vanished.

Pierre rushed to the hatchway and went down three steps. He came up choked. Biting smoke filled his throat. The wretched Jean had made good use of his five minutes' grace. He had emptied the keg of brandy upon a heap of tarred rope and already the entire hold was in flames. How was Pierre to quench the fire? Five men would not have sufficed for that!

Then Pierre set down on the bench at the stern and mechanically seized the tiller, clinging instinctively to the life he was about to quit. Almost at once the wind had fallen. The sea was yet disturbed, but its fury had visibly weakened.

Pierre remained upon the bench as if stupefied, hearing the plank partitions crack beneath him as the fire gnawed them. Suddenly a jet of red flame escaped through the open hatchway. The deck was burning.

From minute to minute the fire increased. Shortly before the sea sweeping over the smack would have extinguished it, or at least, fought it. Now, having doubtless escaped from the furious hurricane, the vessel no longer shipped water. It went along inert, tossed from wave to wave, plunging and coming up again, sending forth, as each succeeding billow lifted it, a blinding plume of fire.

The remainder of the wind that was blowing coming from behind, it was to the fore of the smack that the flames made headway. For the half hour his agony had lasted Pierre had remained motionless, staring around him at the bloody light with which the blazing smack empurpled the waves. Now, suddenly, feeling the approaching fire, he threw himself upon his knees, made the sign of the cross and fell flat on the deck, his face against the burning planks.

How long did he lie there in the torpor of his mute resignation? A few minutes, perhaps. Suddenly shouts burst upon his ear. He raised his head: there, very near him, a boat manned by four sailors was coming on as rapidly as oars could bring it, fantastically illuminated by the wild glare of the fire.

"Ho, there!" cried a voice.

Pierre opened his lips to reply. But, just at that moment, he felt the smack sink under him and a flood of salt water roughly filled his mouth and ears.

Pere Landure's vessel plunged downward, bow first.

When he came to himself, lying upon his back in the lifeboat, Pierre saw a huge bearded face bending over him. As he opened his eyes the face spoke.

"It was lucky for you, my boy, that your smack caught fire! Had it not been for that we should never have seen you amid the thick darkness!"

* * * * * *

When Pierre, a year later, married Marie, he told her the story of that terrible night.

"He was a bad fellow, that Jean," said he; "don't you think so, my love? Still it is because he tried to kill me that I am alive to-day!"

"If you think proper, my own Pierre," said Marie, "we will burn a wax candle for his poor soul!"

Teach Your Boys.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade is worth a dozen professions.

Teach them that "honesty is the best policy"—that it is better to be poor, than rich on profits of crooked dealing.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they can not too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them God is no respecter of sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment he meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by endulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not to become the husbands of pure girls.

—The canned fruit product of California has largely increased within the last decade. The product of 1875 aggregated in value about $300,000. In 1878 it had reached $1,250,000; in 1880 $1,500,000, and in 1882 the product was set down as worth $2,600,000.

Doctrines are of use only as they are practiced; men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth.

The Prisoner of Ceylon.

Arabi Boy's home of exile stands about three miles out of Colombo. It is a very squalid quarter, the houses being mere huts thatched with palm leaves. Many of them are not six feet high, and the elders of the fmialy crawl into them like animals returning to their holes. They have no windows, and have not reached the skilful contrivance of the Japanese, whose sliding shutters drawn back leave the domicile easy of access. There is a plain wooden shutter that contrives a double debt to pay, being a window by day a door by night. When the Cingalese retires to rest this board is put up, and the arrangements are complete. There are plentiful chinks which admit air and some rays of light; but neither is a matter that seems greatly to concern the householder.

There is no difficulty in approaching the prisoner of Ceylon. He has neither jailor nor guard, and is free to do what he pleases within the limits of the island. When we drove up he was sitting in the broad veranda which fronts the house—a heavy stone building with nothing lovable about it. It stands in a garden which seems left pretty much to its own devices. Arabi was dressed in a loose, light brown overcoat of unmistakable British make, with white duck trousers and waistcoat, and the inseparable fez. He was at work writing, with his back to the garden and his face to the dead wall, which might with a little care bloom with jessamine, with the breath of which the garden is sweet. He showed us his work a little latter, displaying with childlike pride the laboriously-made English characters by which he had spelled out "by-and by," "a time will come," and other simple sentences, which formed his English lesson. His exercise book had originally been designed for accounts, and he now filled the money column with an Arabic phrase, translating it into English on the border slip. As he opened the book he disclosed a couple of cheap New Year cards, the remembrance of unknown admirers in England. The literature was execrable, but the gay colors seemed to please the Egyptian, and he evidently treasured them. Two or three men in native dress were standing about the stables, which flanked one side of the house. A gentleman whom we subsequently knew as the interpreter advanced to receive us as the carriage entered the grounds. Arabi silently bowed a welcome, but did not seem inclined for conversation with casual strangers. Many passers by call in, and he is not quite sure that all are friendly. We had an introduction from a trusted personal friend, which smoothed matters, and presently the cold, suspicious manner was altered, and the silent man became quite loquacious. He has so far profited by his studies in English as to be able to carry forward simple conversation. He will soon pass by his interpreter, whose command of English is not extensive, the effort of translation causing him piteously to perspire.

Arabi has no objection whatever to discuss political affairs; but he even ostentatiously persisted in doing so from the stand-point of a permanent exile. "I will never go back to Egypt as long as it is enslaved by Tewnik," Arabi says, with unwanted excess of animation. "I have no desire to see Egypt while it is a land of slaves. Once it was a country that smelt sweet to the nostrils; now it stinks. Its wells are covered with earth; there is no refreshment in it. Why does not England make Egypt free?" Talking again of Tewfik, and contrasting him with man, but a rogue. Tewfik is not clever enough to be a rogue; he is simply foolish. I do not think he knows the difference between right and wrong? Of England, whose arms chased him from Alexandria and routed him at Tel-el-Kebir, Arabi speaks with unfeigned respect, and with an affectionate regard which, if not real, is well assumed. "I hope to see England some day," he said. "I am learning English fast, and write it too. Look here." Then he brought out his lesson book, and gazed with a pleased, fond smile upon his tremendous and painful feats of calligraphy. He was so engrossed with his scholastic pursuits that he forthwith proceeded to give an English lady who was present lessons in Arabic, reciting from his stock of English phrases, and putting them in Arabic. He wrote his name for her on the card, setting himself resolutely down at the table, inking his fingers a good deal, and spending seven or eight minutes upon the task. When concluded it ran: "Ahmed Arabi, the Egyptian Colombo," with the date. He might almost have stormed a town with a similar expenditure of time and physical labor.

Whatever discontent may have ruffled the bosom of Arabi on first taking up his residence on the island has now disappeared or is judiciously controlled. He declares himself happy and contented, cut adrift from war and politics and passing a peaceful life, battling only for supremacy over English verbs, and giving up his mind to circumventing the tendency of the plural to creep into his exercise when grammatical accuracy demands the singular.

Bac-Ninh.

This town, the theatre of military movements in China is about twenty miles north of Hanoi, on the Red river. The road there from Hanoi is a portion of the grand route leading to China. After crossing the Red river the road leads to the Canal of the Rapids, which it crosses not far from a place called Phu Tu Son, and thence leads in a straight line to Bac-Ninh. This grand route is a simple causeway, three or four yards wide, with rice fields on either side. There are numerous villages through which the road passes, and which would be difficult to take if resistance is offered, for they are surrounded with almost impenetrable bambo plantations, from which an enemy could be dislodged only by setting them on fire. On the right of the road, at a distance of a few hundred yards from Bac-Ninh, are two small eminences, some sixty-five feet in height. These barren hillocks command both the town and the passage of the Song Cau, but they can be defended only by a few pieces of artillery. The citadel of Bac Ninh is one of the smallest in Tonquin. Around the citadel some 500 or 600 thatched houses are clustered. These are surrounded with high fences of cactus and bamboo, and are scattered about without regard to order, in a tangle of bamboo clumps and palm trees. The town is of small importance, except for the fact that it is in the hands of the Chinese and commands the main road leading from the Upper Delta to China.

Obituary Notice.

"You see," observed the law reporter, leaning back to sharpen his pencil and contemplating his work with much misgiving, "you see I'm a little behind on this obituary business. So far as I've got I think it a top-shelf production, but I seem to get knocked out on the wind up."

"Help you any?" inquired the police reporter. "How have you got it?"

"I've told all about who he was and what he was," replied the law reporter, and then I say:

"'Our loss is his eternal gain, and let us hope that while he rests in the peaceful usufruct of such gain——'

"'And there I stop.'"

"Have you put in anything about casting a deep gloom over the community?" asked the police reporter. "If you haven't, there's just the place for it."

"Is that necessary?" inquired the law reporter, doubtfully.

"I never saw one without it," replied the police reporter, positively. "I don't think his friends will be satisfied if it is left out."

"Suppose I make it read:

"Our loss is his eternal gain, and let us hope that though he has cast a deep gloom over the community, he rests in the peaceful usufruct of such gain ——"

"Can't you ring in Roscoe Conkling's speech on Oliver P. Morton?" asked the police reporter, as the law reporter looked up inquiringly. "That runs: 'He needs no epitaph but his name.' Try it and see how it will look."

"I guess that's a pretty good idea," assented the law reporter filling it in. "Can you think of something about his goodness? He was up in charitable matters, and the folks always like to hear it alluded to."

"I saw rather a neat thing once," said the police reporter. "It said of a man that he would always be remembered as possessing the highest attribute of mankind for his fellow men. How's that strike you?"

"Couldn't be better!" exclaimed the law reporter, putting it down. "Now I'll ring in a send off for the man who gave me the facts, and we've got something to be proud of."

"How does it read?" asked the police reporter, as the law reporter shoved his pencil behind his ear after a few moments of hard work.

"First rate! Tip top!" smiled the law reporter. "Just listen to this:

"Our loss is his eternal gain, and let us hope that though he has cast a deep gloom over the community he rests in the peaceful usufruct of such gain. He needs no epitaph but his name, and he will be remembered as possessing the highest attributes, for he loved his fellow-men, and was the father-in-law of ex-Police Justice Jim Swell, now of Colorado!"

"I regard it as a touch of nature," conceded the police reporter, as the law reporter led the way to the billiard-rooms. "We couldn't use the 'dull thud' because he didn't go out in that way; but as it is I look upon it as a gem."

And the law reporter smiled pleasantly and, with the air of a man who could go outside the line of his duties and still shine.

Tumbler Pigeons.

The tumbling of a pigeon is a habit which, if seen in a wild bird, would certainly have been called instinctive; more especially if, as has been asserted, it aids these birds in escaping from hawks. There must have been some physical cause which induced the first tumbler to spend its activity in a manner unlike that of any other bird in the world. The behavior of the ground tumbler or Lotan of India renders it highly probable that in this sub-breed the tumbling is due to some affection of the brain, which has been transmitted from before the year 1600 to the present day. It is only necessary to gently shake these birds, or, in the case of the Kalmi Lotan, to touch them on the neck with a wand, in order to make them begin rolling over backward on the ground. This they continue to do with extraordinary rapidity until they are utterly exhausted, or even, as some say, until they die, unless they are taken up, held in the hands and soothed; and then they recover. It is well known that certain lesions of the brain, or internal parasites, cause animals to turn incessantly round and round either to the right or left, sometimes accompanied by a backward movement; and Mr. Moore gives an account of the somewhat analogous result which followed from pricking the brain of a pigeon with a needle. Birds thus treated roll over backward in convulsions, in exactly the same manner as do the ground tumblers; and the same effect is produced by giving them hydrocyanic acid with strychnine. One pigeon which had its brain thus pricked recovered perfectly, but continued ever afterward to perform somersaults like a tumbler, though not belonging to any tumbling breed.

The movement appears to be of the nature of a recurrent spasm or convulsion, which throws the bird backward, as in tetanus; it then recovers its balance and is again thrown backward. Whether this tendency originated from some accidental injury, or, as seems more probable, from some morbid affection of the brain, cannot be told; but at the present time the affection can hardly be called morbid in the case of common tumblers, as these birds are perfectly healthy and seem to enjoy performing their feats; or, as an old writer expresses it, "showing like footballs in the air." The habit apparently can be controlled to a certain extent by the will. But what more particularly concerns us is that it is strictly inherited. Young birds in an aviary which have never seen a pigeon tumble take to it when first let free. The habit also varies much in degree in different individuals and in different sub-breeds, and it can be greatly augmented by continued selection, as seen in the house tumblers, which can hardly rise more than a foot or two above the ground without going head over heels in the air.

Three Popes.

The Pope has given orders for the removal of the body of Innocent III from Perugia to Rome, where a splendid monument will be erected to him. The remains of Gregory VII will also be brought from Salerno and buried next to Alexander III, the author of the Lombard League. So the three Popes who have fought most for the church will be all buried together in the grand Basilica.

Curious Occupations.

There is a bright looking fellow perambulating the streets of New York with a huge sack on his shoulder who styles himself the "omnibus buyer." By this term, says a correspondent, he means that he deals in everything. He buys old hats, old bonnets, old clothes, old books; also canes, umbrellas, old gloves, wigs, and in fact almost every old thing about a house. The value of these things is very small and yet when people find that they can get something for them, how rapidly they save them for the buyer. The latter knows just what he can do with each article. He sorts his stock in his garret and disposes of them at a nice profit, and if he can clear ten dollars a week he is doing well. Another class of petty dealers which one finds among the poor are the "time peddlars" as they are called. They visit poor families and sell second-hand dresses, second-hand shoes and similar articles, taking pay in instalments, and as they afford good bargains, they have a good run of business. These dresses are bought at pawnbrokers' sales at a mere song, and hence pay a large profit. The "time peddlar" expects to lose occasionally, but he charges an extra rate, which enables him to meet the loss. There are hundreds of poor women who are clothed decently in this manner at a very small expense. There is a man here who deals in nothing but second-hand harness. He calls on the livery stables and buys anything that may be offered cheap. He repairs and cleans these articles, which he sells to the wagon peddlars and others who use second-hand work. Another man makes a business of starting toy venders on the sidewalk. Any one who passes up Broadway will notice the number of men selling amusing toys. These fellows are started by a man who makes purchases and then divides them up. If he has a dozen salesmen and makes a quarter of a dollar a day on each he is doing a good business. The small amount of capital required is also a noticeable feature. Many of these street venders have from $1 to $3 invested, and yet they contrive to get a living out of it.

Another curious "lay" is found in the bird-fortune-tellers, who do better than most of the street traffickers, since they work on curiosity, which is always a powerful element. The pretty little fortune-tellers are certainly interesting and you only pay a nickel for their service. The only secret of their penetration is found in the fact that they are kept hungry at least during business hours and a few seeds being placed in each envelope they are always ready to pick one out for their patrons. The seeds are cunningly dropped when the envelope is open and the birds thus get their reward. If you should follow up the owners of these canaries you would find them living well on the profits, since sometimes they take in five dollars per day. Another business of small figures but large amounts is the five cent eating house, where every dish is limited to a nickel, and where hundreds are fed in a decent manner. The five cent lodging house is another institution which New York finds indispensable. The proprietor has a basement or a loft which he hires for four dollars per week. He will sleep fifty to seventy-five every night, and will clear $10 per week on a capital of $25. The bedding consists of straw pallets laid on a wooden platform, and the covering is carpet and old bedclothes from auction. Those who cannot pay for such a lodging go to the station house, which, during the cold weather, is always full. This is commonly termed "taking the plank," since nothing is given but the privilege of full length on the floor. The interior of a station house affords a sad spectacle, which becomes still worse as one sees these wrecks of humanity turned out in the morning to take the chances of another cold.

Unpleasant Callers.

"I have given positive orders to my servants not to admit any stranger beyond the vestibule," said a lady recently. "The well-dressed pedler has become a complete abomination," she continued. "He is so well disguised now and has such a plausible manner that he easily deceives the servant into supposing he is some friend of the family and so gains admittance into a reception-room. He may be a thief; in that case he helps himself to anything he fancies in the way of bric-a-brac, umbrellas or overcoats, and leaves the house while the servant is bringing the neatly engraved card to me. Granted, however, the unknown caller be honest, the annoyance is almost as great as if he stole something. You receive the card—'Mr. Langley Jones.' You wonder who on earth 'Mr. Jones' is; presume he is somebody with a letter of introduction and hurriedly throw off your wrapper. You make a hasty toilette, wishing with all your heart that 'Mr. Jones' were in another country or would call at some more seasonable hour than 11 A. M. Still, your natural politeness overcomes your ill humor and you finally enter your drawing-room and bow courteously to the well-dressed stranger, who is 'Mr. Jones.' In well-chosen language the visitor apologizes for his intrusion and then produces from his pockdt a small package which he opens and informs you is furniture polish and he is the agent for its sale."

"Of course you at once ring for a servant and order him out!"

"Not at all. The man is so polite, so choice in his words, that you are forced to listen and you generally purchase a package of the polish for an extortionate sum in order to get rid of the fellow."

"Now I will tell you what actually happened a few days ago to a friend of mine, Mrs. —— of Spruce street. She had so instructed her man servant in regard to strange callers, and he is such an intelligent person, that she considered herself safe from unwarranted intrusion. However, one morning the servant brings up an engraved card and says that a 'perfect gentleman' is in the sitting-room. Mrs. —— did not know the name on the card, but did not doubt it was some friend of her husband's from a distance, and hastened down stairs to see the visitor. He bowed, made some general remarks about the pleasure it gave him to see her, and while he was speaking opened a little box, took out a piece of chamois skin from his pocket, dipped it in the little box and quietly began to polish a silver candlestick which stood on a sideboard. My friend could not speak or move from astonishment. She simply sat and watched the man, who, by-the-way, spoke excellent English, and really was interesting in his conversation. Well, to make a long story short, that man polished a second candlestick and a silver cup and retired with a five-dollar bill of my friend's, leaving the alleged equivalent in silver polishing powder behind him."

Amber and Meerschaum.

Within the last thirty years, the amber and meerschaum industry of Austria has grown from a small beginning to an independent and special branch, which is at present capable of producing excellent results, so that goods of great beauty and excellent quality are sold at comparatively low prices. The manufacture of articles from amber and meerschaum, is chiefly concentrated in Vienna, although very respectable representatives of this branch can be pointed to in other large cities in that Empire.

It is scarcely credible how wonderfully these two substances can be wrought, and what a variety of different articles can be made from them, simple or complex in form, and all in excellent taste and elegantly made. It is only necessary to cast a glance into the show cases of the large Vienna amber and meerschaum firms, in order to obtain an idea of the numerous elegant and artistic articles of magnificent workmanship that catch the eye of the passer-by and involuntarily invite purchase.

First of all in elegance and variety is the immense collection of neat and elegant cigar-holders, of the simplest, as well as the most fantastic shapes. While in former years the magnificent pipes ruled the day, at present, when cigars and cigarettes are used by nearly all civilized people, they are almost entirely superseded by cigar and cigarette holders. In addition to a variety of plainer figures, there are veiled Venuses, sleeping Cupids, Indians with amber lances, jockeys with their horses, etc., also heads of women, of Zouaves, and of Bedouins, and we are astonished at the thousands of ways of combining these substances, amber and meerschaum, and no less at the artistic design and execution of the articles.

Equally varied is the collection of meerschaum pipes, that must enchant every passionate smoker. We see there the Dublin pipe of amber and meerschaum, the Albert, the Rigolbouche, the Irish, and the Belgian pipes; also the curved London and French pipes, and the Suez Canal pipes mounted in silver, meerschaum hand-pipes with egys, serpents, fruit, etc., all neatly and tastefully cut in meerschaum. Then, there are the celebrated Turkish pipes, both flat and pointed, and a legion of pipes ornamented with character heads and other carvings. Then the never-failing artistic objects with which large pipes are ornamented, carved in larger dimensions. Cigar holders ornamented with initials, monograms, or whole names, sell well.

We must also state, that, like meerschaum, amber is used alone, or both together are used as smokers' articles. For many years past a new mass called artificial meerschaum has been made from the chips and turnings of genuine meerschaum, and at present it is largely employed.

Amber is distinguished for its remarkably fine color, and like meerschaum it is turned on the lathe, filed, cut and sawed, and from this expensive material magnificent ornaments are made, such as necklaces, earrings, pins, brooches, and bracelets; also smokers' articles, especially mouthpieces and cigar holders, and also coral, cups, saucers, wreaths, etc.

Austria imports both of these raw materials—amber and meerschaum—in very large quantities, the former mostly from Danzig, the latter chiefly from Russia in Asia Minor. The quantity of raw material imported, as well as of finished goods exported, is simply enormous.

A German Patriot's Lot.

The vicissitudes of life are well illustrated in a citizen of Atlanta, Georgia, who now makes an humble living as a barber. August Schelpert was the son of well-to-do German parents. He was given a thorough military education, one of his classmates being Franz Sigel. On their graduation, out of a class of fifty, Schelpert stood fifth and Sigel forty seventh. They were assigned as lieutenants to the same regiment. Then came the troublous times of 1848, when Germany was rocked in the cradle of contention. The young men of the Fatherland were longing for a Government which would represent the greatness of the German name, and were anxious to get rid of the innumerable princelings who devoured the fat of the land. This feeling spread to the army, and the younger officers almost without exception were ripe for revolution. Their desire was not so much to vindicate the spirit of liberty as it was to see a grand German Army, whose number and prowess should render it invincible. About this time a young orator, Carl Schurz, began to attract attention, and the three, Schelpert, Schurz and Sigel, became inseparable friends. The eloquence of Schurz played havoc with the discretion of the two lieutenants, and the three found it necessary to seek flight under cover of night. After several narrow escapes from capture the three took ship for New York, where they had to begin the battle of life under new influences. Sigel went West, where his countrymen welcomed him, and when the war for the Union began, his name became the watchword for the thousands of brave Germans who rallied to the defence of the land of their adoption. Thus fame and comfort came to him. Carl Schurz also sought the great centers of German population, went to Missouri, finally reached the Senate and from the Senate Chamber he still advanced to a place at the council table of President Hayes. He was the only man who ever held a seat in the Cabinet as the peculiar representative of the foreign element. Schelpert, the brightest and most promising of the trio, went to Madison, Ga., whither some relative had preceded him. He soon found himself to be a stranger in a strange land. Backed by no constituency of his own race, as were his two companions in the West, he was spoken of as the only Dutchman in the town. As a temporary expedient he resorted to the razor, and for years shaved ex-Senator Joshua Hill. He was alone, with no incentive to spur up his ambition, and timorous of seeking more congenial surroundings. In his solitude he indulged in his love for natural history, and never allowed a day to pass in which he did add to his cabinet of insects. As a result he has now three large frames containing such a collection and variety of shade, size and subject as is not to be met with elsewhere. It has cost him thirty years of toil and thirty years of such intelligence as but few men possess. He has been offered large sums for his treasures, but with childlike devotion he refuses to part with them. They now adorn the walls of an Atlanta barber shop, where the least fortunate of the three young rebels is employed. He is poor, but feels rich in the memory of his short life in Germany, and does not repine at the good fortune of his two more fortunate companions.

"Snatch Her!"

A Mississippi pilot knows the shape of the river quite as well as he knows the shape of the halls in his own house. In a dark night, when the appearance of the river changes, he steers by the shape that is in his head, and not by the one that is before his eyes.

Mark Twain, in his "Life on the Mississippi," describes the daring deed of a pilot, upon whose mind the shape of the river was so photographed that he ran an intricate and dangerous crossing at night. We condense the narrative:

There were several visiting pilots on board, going down to "look at the river." All agreed that it would be folly to attempt Hat Island crossing at night.

An hour before sunset Mr. Bixby took the wheel. At last somebody said, with a doomful sigh, "Well, yonder's Hat Island—and we can't make it."

The sun dropped behind the horizon, the boat went on. Inquiring looks passed. We bore steadily down the bend. More looks were exchanged. Insensibly the pilots drew behind Mr. Bixby as the sky darkened.

Mr. Bixby pulled the cord, and two deep, mellow notes from the big bell floated off on the night. Then a pause and one more note was struck. The watchman's voice followed from the hurricane deck—

"Labboard lead, there! Stabboard lead!"

The cries of the leadsman began to rise out of the distance.

"M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarter less three! Quarter less!"

Mr. Bixby pulled the bell ropes, and was answered by faint jinglings far below in the engine room, and our speed slackened.

Every pilot in the lot was on the watch now. Nobody was calm and easy but Mr. Bixby. He would put his wheel down and stand on a spoke, and as the steamer swung to her (to me) invisible marks—for we seemed to be in the midst of a wide and gloomy sea—he would meet and fasten her there.

Out of the murmur of half-audible talk, one caught a coherent sentence now and then—such as—

"There! she's over the first reef all right!"

"Her stern's coming down just exactly right!"

"Oh, it was done beautiful! beautiful!"

Now the engines were stopped, and we drifted with the current. Presently I discovered a blacker gloom than that which surrounded us. It was the head of the island.

We were closing right down upon it. We entered its deeper shadow. Mr. Bixby stood by his wheel, silent, intent, and all the pilots stood shoulder to shoulder at his back.

"She'll not make it!" somebody whispered.

The water grew shoaler and shoaler, by the leadsman's cries, till it was down to—

"Eight and a half . . . Eight feet! . . . Seven and"—

Mr. Bixby said warningly through his speaking tube to the engineer—

"Stand by, now!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Seven and a half! . . . Seven feet! Six and"—

We touched bottom! Instantly Mr. Bixby set a lot of bells ringing, and shouted through the tube—

"Now, let her have it—every ounce you've got!"

Then to his partner, "Put her hard down! Snatch her! snatch her."

The boat rasped and ground her way through the sand, hung upon the apex of disaster a single tremendous instant, and then over she went! And such a shout as went up at Mr. Bixby's back never loosened the roof of a pilot-house before! Mr. Bixby was a hero that night.

Fully to realize the marvelous precision required in laying the great steamer in her marks in that murky waste of water, one should know these facts:

She must pick her intricate way through snags and blind reefs, and then shave the head of the island so closely as to brush the overhanging foliage with her stern.

At one place she must pass almost within arm's length of a sunken and invisible wreck that would have pierced her had she struck it, and destroyed a steamboat and cargo, and maybe a hundred and fifty human lives.

"But he's a lightning pilot!" said one of our guests, and a criminally reckless one to take such a risk.

Flirtation to Some Purpose.

In 1881 John Tolly Johns, a wealthy and eccentric citizen of Baltimore county, died, leaving an estate valued at about $100,000 and several wills. He was known to have been particularly erratic at the time he made his last will, which ignored his nearer relatives, and consequently the latter contested the will. The case came up for trial in the spring of 1882. One of the interested parties was Dr. John Caldwell, a prominent physician of Baltimore, who had his young and charming daughter Maud as a witness to old John's insanity. On the jury was a dashing young member of the Baltimore Corn and Flour Exchange. He became smitten with the fair witness, and could not refrain from gazing at her pretty face during the remainder of the trial. The young lady, becoming aware of his attentions, and being desirous of making as strong an impression on the jury as possible, smiled at the love-sick juror. He smiled back, and afterwards bowed, and the salutation was returned.

This flirtation was kept up to the dismay of the defendant's lawyers, who, when they lost the case, tried hard to get a new trial on the strength of this public flirtation. At the hearing of the motion for a new trial it was proved that Turner had fought hard in the jury room to have the will broken, and had spoken often of Miss Caldwell, saying at one time:—

"What a pity it would be to give a verdict against such a lovely girl."

Mr. Turner acknowledged that he had been smitten, but denied that it in any way influenced his action. As soon as the trial ended, however, he made haste to cultivate Miss Caldwell's acquaintance, and succeeded so well that in a short time they were engaged. The wedding quietly took place recently.

There are many vices which do not deprive us of friends; there are many virtues that prevent our having any.

Queen Charlotte's Island.

Probably no other group in the wide world carries more curiosities, natural and artificial, than Queen Charlotte's Island. The geologist, the mineralogist, the botanist, the agriculturist, may each of them find here a wide field for research, while the antiquarian, the teleologist and others of the ilk would be highly interested.

In their strange and wonderful sea margins, in their not less wonderful caverns, in which nature's work in long past ages is written as plainly as on the pages of a book; in their rocks, whose volcanic contortions smite the beholder with mute amazement; in their shells which as fossils are found deep down in the seams of their anthracite coal, while near Cape Ball the same sort are found alive in the sands of the sea shore; of these the geologist could write volumes. In their quartz ledges which have been traced from shore to shore, in which gold is plainly visible, in coal measures and other minerals, a wide field may yet be found for the mineralogist.

The various kinds of plants belonging to these islands, the tiny flowers in their natural beauty peeping out from behind the melting snow drift on the lonely mountains, the modest lupins and the luscious strawberries, nature's gift to man, and even the broad-leaved bush-grass—all these, as they follow in the wake of the receding waters of Queen Charlotte's stormy seas, would yield an ample store for the botanist.

Among their snow-clad mountains, by the wild torrent, and the gentle river, by the lights and shades reflected by the sunset hills in autumn's shortening days, a boundless range is offered for the pencil's magic skill, while the broad acres of rich alluvial bottoms, and the unlimited extent of lands whose nutritious grasses waver in the breeze, would lead the farmer to say: "Oh, if these lands were mine and my flocks and herds ranged over the luxuriant plenty they afford!" To the antiquarian, the ethnologist and other scientists, the rich carvings on the columns and the quaint legends they depict, and the legendary lore of the people, would afford a vast untrodden field. Even the conchologist would feel at home on the abalone shell-covered shores of Pillon Bay and on the rocks of North Island.

To the piscatorial disciples of Izaak Walton, an unlimited amount of sport is furnished by the streams. In them they can find the silver salmon and the dainty little trout of the mountain rill. If tired of these and wishing larger sport, let them go to the greater depths of ocean, down to where the stormy winds of winter are never felt, to where, deep in the ocean's caves, they will find a myriad throng of those denizens of the deep, the black cod.

She Was Not to be Beaten.

Mrs. Percy Yerger is one of those ambitious women who never allows herself to be surpassed by anybody in anything. She actually crowed over the neighbors, because one of her children was worse broken out with the measles than all the rest of the children in that part of Austin put together.

Not long since she made an afternoon call on Mrs. Watermelon, a near neighbor. Mrs. Watermelon brought out some tea and cakes and deprecated the tea being so weak, and the cakes not having the right flavor.

"What do you call this tea weak?" said Mrs. Yerger turning up her nose, and then smiling a most contemptuous smile.

"Yes, I am afraid the water wasn't boiling," replied Mrs. Watermelon demurely.

Mrs. Yerger sniffed the air scornfully. "I don't think the tea is poor at all, Mrs. Watermelon compared with mine." I hope you will return my call at an early day, and then it will be a pleasure to prove to you that I can make tea, one cup of which will be weaker than a whole pot full of this stuff that you are boasting about. Ask my husband, ask the University students, who are boarding with us, if they ever tasted such tea as I give them. When it comes to real thin tea I'll carry off the ribbon from any other woman in Austin, Mrs. Watermelon and I want you to know it."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Watermelon, I expect your's is the worst. You know you are so much older and more experienced than I am."

Mrs. Yerger gathered herself up, and with a glance that might do credit to a member of the Texas Legislature who has been caught in a lie, indignantly left the house.

Fashionable Idiosyncr