Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XLI. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1887. NO. 25

To a Young Friend.

Look down, brother youth, just below us there lies
The blossom-linked kingdom of childish delight;
The valley of laughter, where so't baby eyes
Look long on the grass with no thought of the blight.

But here on the slope of the mountain of life,
Lift eyes! look away! what ship-whitened seas!
What music of bugles that call to the strife!
What visions of vineyards impurple the leas!

Do not waver; climb on; base croakers may prate,
And murmur against the hard verdict of Time;
The vile with foul living carve out a foul fate,
The idle must eat of the rue and the rime.

They may tell you the visions you witness are air,
But mocking mist-seas, lands of ashes and blight;
Believe them not, friend; to the pure life is fair,
And well worth the living if lived but aright.

Then up! look away! lift steady, keen eyes;
The marvels of dreams may seem seen from the slope;
The marvels of fact lie there 'neath the skies,
Then kindle and cherish the guess work of hope.

We see with the heart; then keep the heart clear,
Lest jaundice-hued vapors rise into the sight;
From the base to the crown grander views shall appear
If you feed but the bosom on unclouded light.

All dreams are not true, but the way shall be sweet,
If the heart be sweet that looks out through the eyes;
A stair of clear gold shall bend down for the feet
Then seek by a stair of gold deeds to arise.

DOLLY'S FLIRTATION.

I am Kitty, and Dolly is my twin sister. I was also sedate, mother used to say, but Dolly was giddy and fond of flirting.

When we were 17 Dolly became engaged, with our mother's consent, to Frank Wilmot, a young man of 24, son of a banker, free and cheery in manner and disposition. He was very indulgent to Dolly, for he felt so confident of her love, and was himself so sincere, that the admiration she excited was his triumph. The freedom with which she received and encouraged it never pained him, though mother and I used to watch her with serious anxiety.

Sometimes our mother would say a few impressive words; then Dolly would throw her arms around her, and with kisses assure her she would be a better girl, or she would pout a little, with tears in her bright blue eyes. She would be very demure through two balls, and at the third worse than ever, scarcely could Frank get one waltz for himself.

One evening he brought to her house a cousin of his; a barrister, a man some years older than himself. He was rather famous, though he was only 30, being an acute lawyer, and he was consequently looked up to at the bar.

Dolly had owned to me that evening that Frank had confided to her that I was Jack Dacre's ideal woman.

"Don't flush so angrily, my darling," said she, "for it would be the most delightful arrangement. He is Frank's ideal man, and dearest friend. It would be the happiest thing for us all!" And Dolly gave me a hug and kiss, and ran off to bed.

Mr. Dacre came very often after that one visit, and I soon found that he was my ideal man, for he strangely resembled my father, both in manners and chivalrous courtesy to women, as well as in appearance. It was with a chill at my heart that I was the first to make the discovery that he was falling in love with Dolly—he, the soul of honor, seemed bewitched by the charms of his bosom friend's affianced wife. I knew it before he did, but of course not before Dolly, who had a genius for unerringly detecting every symptom, however obscure, of dawning love, either in her own case or another's.

My mother and Frank were utterly blind to the danger. I was very unhappy, and exceedingly sorry for Dolly, for Frank, for Mr. Dacre, and, I own it, for myself, for, though I had not fallen in love with Frank's cousin, I must say he was the only man I had seen whom I felt I could fall in love with.

But an accident brought matters to a climax.

We were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner one evening, when a noise in the street drew us to the window. The pole of a carriage had entered the shoulder of a cab-horse. Dolly became ill and fainted at the sight, and Mr. Dacre, who was at her side, threw his arms around her to save her from falling. He led her to a sofa, and stood aside as Frank drew near; but from that night he never came any more. He and I only had seen the half-petulant way in which Dolly had turned from Frank, had caught another expression on her face, and had seen her vivid blush.

From that evening she became cold, petulant, teasing to Frank. At first he laughed, then was hurt, and finally the engagement was broken off.

This soon told; but what my mother and I suffered must be imagined. I dared neither to tell her the truth nor to hint to Dolly that I knew to whom her heart was given, though I loved her so dearly; and I felt so sure that this was the first true love of her life. This determined, decided, somewhat stern man, was sure to charm our little butterfly if she noticed him at all.

Mother and I arranged that Dolly should go away on a short visit. Frank was to come one evening to return the letters Dolly had sent him. They would not feel the abruptness of this rupture so much if they were placed personally by him in my hands, and I had his letters also to give to him. Mother was quite unequal to seeing him, for she loved him dearly, and the task was left to me. I was not sorry, for I felt I could say all that was likely to comfort him, loving both of them so deeply.

So Frank produced his sorrowful little packet, receiving the one I had for him, and stood leaning against the chimney-piece, while I sat quite unable to utter a word, but with tears dropping quietly from my eyes. At last he told me that he knew Dolly had been faithless to him. He felt sure that she and Jack Dacre loved each other, and he spoke so humbly of himself, as if it was quite to be expected that his cousin should be preferred above any other man, that I was greatly touched, and my tears fell faster and faster.

"Jack is the soul of honor, Kitty, but I must make it clear to him that he is free to do as his heart dictates. His and her happiness must not be wrecked. I will get my father to send me to our branch house in India, and will not return till they are married. Jack is rich enough to marry at once. I shall embark on Thursday."

Then he charged me with tender blessings for Dolly, and at his request I went to ask my mother to bid him farewell. Presently she glided in, pale as death. She held out her hand in silence, but Frank folded her in his arms, and she sobbed on his breast. I stood by, weeping bitterly, and when we were calmer Frank embraced us both, finally, and, placing me in my mother's arms, left us. Poor fellow! how brave he was, how gentle, how patient!

In a month from that time Dolly was affianced to Mr. Dacre, and the marriage was arranged to take place at the beginning of the long vacation. We were by this time convinced that it was the best thing that could happen. No one could see Dolly and doubt that this was the only man she loved. His calm, intense character impressed her; his great talents awed her, and her pretty, innocent pride in her manly lover, her meekness and quietness, were most promising symptoms of happiness in her married life.

Dear mother was supremely happy. I was very fond of my new brother; he was such a power for good and peace in our home that we never had been so contented before. Frank wrote freely to us, manly patient letters, full of unselfish interest in all around him. His sorrow had sweetened, not embittered his character. He had set himself to alleviate his anguish by doing good, and his first act on reaching his destination had been to use his keen commercial gifts for the welfare of the widow and children of an officer of the army, and at a cost of time, talent and energy; to rescue her small fortune from unsafe hands, and invest it profitably. His letters were filled with similar incidents, naturally and simply told, and our affection increased for this truly brave man.

Dolly's grandmother took it into her head that it was her grandchild's duty to pay her a farewell visit before her marriage. Though, as she had never troubled herself much about us, we were rather startled at this demand; we all thought it would be best to accept this invitation—for my sister was not looking well—and it was settled that she should go and spend a month with the old lady in her lovely north country home. Mr. Dacre was pressed to go as often as his professional engagements would permit; so Dolly left us in pretty good spirits, in charge of the elderly servant who was our substitute for our regular ladies' maid.

She wrote to tell us how she was enjoying the repose and beauty of the country. Mr. Dacre had managed to run down from Saturday till Monday at the end of the first week, and had, of course, made a great impression, but was afraid he could not come again—a long case was pending at Westminster. The letter which followed this, I give in its entirety:

HIGHWOOD, July 20.

DEAREST KITTY.—I hope you will get this in time to send my hat here instead of to grandmamma's. I am on a fortnight's visit to Lady Millicent North. Such a charming woman—a widow about 28 years old. She persuaded Mrs. Lloyd to let her have me for a week or two; and, as her daughter-in-law, a confirmed invalid, was coming to spend just that time with her, my grandmother was glad to get me out of her way, I know. I can't write much, for the post leaves here at eight o'clock, and we drop our letters in the hall-box as we go in to dinner. I expect the gong every minute. This place is lovely, and the new baronet—Sir Charles—is the dearest——. The gong. Your own DOLLY.

I felt uneasy concerning this letter. I was sorry Dolly should have left her grandmother's quiet home just as she was sobering down and growing such a thoughtful little love. It might unsettle her again to pass a fortnight in a country house with a fascinating baronet; and I knew that Jack Dacre would never permit, never pardon, the smallest suspicion of flirting. He had pardoned her defection in Frank's case, for Frank himself had pleaded eloquently, saying that he was very young, so naturally affectionate. But mamma and I felt sure that not for an hour would he permit the slightest approach to disloyalty to his deep tenderness for his girlish betrothed. Neither her youth, her love of fun, nor her merry heart, would plead one atom in her favor; so I read this letter with a heavy heart. My answer was as follows:

DEAREST DOLLY.—Your letter reached me in time to have the box sent to Highwood. You will receive it soon after this reaches you. Write very fully, for your letter was tantalizing. Send me a full description of every one, for you have roused my curiosity; as to Sir Charles, who is "the dearest——"

The rest of the letter contained home news, and I need not transcribe it. But Dolly's answer I will transcribe:

"You ask me for the description of everybody, darling. Lady Millicent is very beautiful, very clever, and devotedly attached to this Sir Charles; but I feel sure her heart is buried in the grave of her devoted husband. I send her photograph, so need no words in describing her.

"Sir Charles is very fascinating, though I fear my description may not predispose him in your favor, but you beg me to be particular. He is short and stout, has a very fine head, but rather thin, light hair, fine eyes, good mouth, but not much of a nose—in fact, it is all tip—very nice hands and feet. He is, I believe, very talented, but does not employ his gifts, seldom talks, never reads, is a little fond of eating. In spite of these drawbacks, he is very charming, and all the girls far and near make a great deal of him. Of course he is rich. He likes Lady Millicent to live in the house. She has complete influence over him."

I was much relieved after reading this letter. I felt so easy in my mind that I told Dolly how I had feared for her.

"But," I wrote, "of course you never could admire a fat little man, who never reads or talks, and with a nose all tip, and who cares for nothing but eating."

It turned out that the most unfortunate thing I could have done was to confess my fears to my provoking sister. She answered me vehemently, declaring that Sir Charles was the most loveable fellow she had met for a long time, and really was so excited that I posted a letter to her at once.

"You distress me, Dolly. You know Mr. Dacre would never forgive you if he saw your letters. I hide them even from mother. Oh! pray do think before you madly risk the loss of his love, for that will follow the very hour he loses his high opinion of you!"

This is how Dolly answered my tender appeal:

"What a lecturing little thing you are getting, Kitty! I am very much attached to Sir Charles, and if Jack is ever so angry, I can't help it."

Thus flippantly the letter ran on.

I was very angry and distressed, but resolved to try no more lectures; they clearly made matters worse. So, the next time, I gave a full description of a day we had spent in court hearing Mr. Dacre plead. I described his dignified appearance, his easy, graceful gestures—above all, I dwelt on the beauty of his nose.

Dolly answered:

"I am quite shocked at you, Kitty, to make such an idol of a nose!"

And then she continued, as usual about Sir Charles.

Meanwhile, Mr. Dacre seemed quite happy, and said he had daily letters from Dolly as regularly as when she was with Mrs. Lloyd. Was my beloved sister growing deceitful?

I kept all this from my mother, but I grew more and more wretched over Dolly's letters. A picnic would be "glorious," for Sir Charles was going. She had spent the whole morning "quietly with Sir Charles." Once he was indisposed, and she had "nursed him, played for him, sung to him."

"Well, I could do nothing more. I resolved to say not another word about him to anyone else. I began to dislike the sound of his name, or, rather, the sight of it; and, when Dolly declared I should like him as much as everyone else did, I made up my mind that I hated him. I wrote one more tender appeal, which I said was my last.

Every Tuesday mother and I had Dolly's letters, but one day there was none by my breakfast plate as usual. Mother read hers.

"Dolly says she has written to you," she observed presently. "How can it be that you have not received it?"

Mistakes of the post-office are so rare we could but suppose she had omitted to post it. By the next delivery, however, I received a letter from Mr. Dacre containing an inclosure which turned out to be a letter to me from Dolly. A few lines from him ran thus:

"DEAR KITTY.—I had read too much of the enclosed before I discovered the mistake. If you received a letter from Dolly before this reaches you, you will have discovered she has missent the letters. I shall run down to Highwood without loss of time."

I had not received any letters then, but by the second country delivery came one directed to Jack at once. The letter he had read began thus:

"All you say is useless, my darling. I love Sir Charles devotedly, and he has this day declared he loves me. You ask me, does he know I am engaged? I told him a gentleman was coming to see me; but he seemed little concerned at this piece of information.

So far Mr. Dacre had read, and the mine was sprung.

I locked my room door and fell back, despairingly, into an easy chair. I was resolved to hide all from my mother till Mr. Dacre had seen Dolly. I hunted up Bradshaw, and found that a train started about 4 o'clock that would convey me to Highwood by 7.50. If Dolly wrote to me at once I should get her letter by Thursday; but of course I should hear from Jack on Wednesday. I dreaded every ring, every postman's knock. All day Wednesday passed and no letter arrived from my sister or her lover.

On Thursday morning I ran down when I heard the usual welcome sound. On the table lay a thick letter addressed in Dolly's handwriting. I ran up to mamma and gave her the one I found inclosed in it for her; then I sat down to read mine, after fortifying myself with a cup of coffee. I must give every word of it:

"You are well aware that a catastrophy has happened through my heedlessness. The best thing will be for me to describe fully the whole consequences of that misfortune. On our return from the garden party on Tuesday I found a telegram awaiting me from Jack: 'Shall be with you by 7.55.' Of course I awoke no fears in my mind, for I knew Jack might run down at any moment the trains permit. Lady Millicent sent me off at once to be dressed by her artist-maid. What she made of me you must have seen to believe, Kitty. I would not look at myself till the whole process was complete; and when I glanced in the long glass I was really amazed at what I saw. It was the result, I now know, of many discussions between Lady Millicent and this gifted young person. You may imagine how I exulted in the thought that Jack would see me look as he had never seen me look before, for I am so improved in health that my whole appearance is changed. Well, the bell rang. Lady Millicent received Mr. Dacre in the morning-room, and came to send me down at once.

"I ran down with my heart bounding. I entered the room. I noticed Jack give one start, but receive me in such an un-Jack-like manner that I was terrified. 'Mama—Kitty?' I cried. "Quite well when I left them,' said Mr. Dacre; but when he placed me in a chair and one opposite me, I felt matters were desperate. 'What is wrong?' I gasped; 'dearest Jack, only speak!' 'Only an address,' said he, and he put the unfortunate envelope in my hands. 'This contained a letter, which I, perhaps fortunately, read before I perceived the mistake. I have just 17 minutes before I leave for the return train, so if you wish to say anything, let me beg of you to speak out at once.'

"I sank back in my chair and covered my face with my hands. 'Will you hear my explanation?' I stammered. 'Needless; the letter can have but one meaning. I came to release you from your engagement with me. Did this scoundrel know you were engaged?' I covered my face again. To hear Sir Charles North called a scoundrel was too much for me. I did not speak for several minutes; but time was flying fast, and at length I said: 'If this is in truth our last meeting, grant me one favor? Say that you will, before I tell you what it is. Of course it is a reasonable, honorable request that I wish to make; but I own it is one that you will not wish to grant.' He paused a moment and then said, 'I will do whatever you ask.' 'I ask you to see Sir Charles North.' He winced, but bowed silently. I left the room to see the baronet. I found him in his own room, intently studying an immense book—but only the illustrations, I believe. I asked him to come with me to speak to a gentleman who was waiting to see him. He flatly refused. Time was rushing on. I knelt by him, implored him. At last I kissed him, and he yielded.

"Taking my hand in a firm clasp, he descended with me to the room where I had left Mr. Dacre. Jack stood moody and stern, pale as ashes, when I had left him. We entered. I led Sir Charles toward him. Mr. Dacre,' said I, 'let me present to you Sir Charles North, baronet.' Jack started, paused, seized Sir Charles in his strong arms, and—threw him out of the window?—no, kissed him! For, this 'scoundrel,' this 'fat, greedy, idle little man is the dear little son of Lady Millicent, aged just two years! Now you see Miss Kitty, you had better have had a little faith in your sister for once. You put all this into my head, and I could not resist the joke; but it shall be my last, for never more do I wish to see such a look of pain in the face I loved best in all the world.

"Jack did not go back by the return train, though he was obliged to leave early this morning; but I do not think I can go away from him one day over a month. Lady Millicent says you must come to take my place. She will write and ask mamma. You will soon be as madly in love with Sir Charles.'

And so it proved. I went to stay with Lady Millicent; and of all the darling, quaint, chubby, little pets I had seen Sir Charles was the king. At the end of the year Frank returned in time for Christmas. He did not go back to India; he settled in England. He and I were married about six months after Dolly.

We both live in a lovely part of Kent. Dolly's husband pets and loves her devoutly. My husband adds to his love a delicate, tender homage infinitely precious to me.

"Kitty, dearest," my mother once said to me, "you and I have tasted the fullest earthly happiness. We both know that reverence is the perfectly peerless jewel in love's crown; but we must earn it."

A brave Eaton boy spends as much time with us as his mother can bear to spare him, and the most welcome guest in Jack Dacre's home is Sir Charles North, baronet.

NEARLY FIFTY MILLION BIBLES

Printed in 165 Languages and Distributed Broadcast Over the World.

The American Bible society has just completed the results of its work for the past year. It has issued 977,603 volumes, besides 500,000 in foreign lands. This makes the total number of Bibles issued by the society since its organization in 1816, 48,356,251. The corrected proof of the last pages of the New Testament in Ponape have been returned from Micronesia, and the last pages of the Muskokee Testament from Okmulgee. The Dakotans want a new edition in their language.

The American Bible society has published the Bible in all the languages of Europe, and in Reval-Estonian, Irish, Finnish, four dialects of Africa, Grebo-Mpongwe, Benga, Dikele, Zulu: in the languages of the Sandwich Islands and Micronesia; in the Sluvic, Bulgarian, Chinese and Japanese, and in ten North American Indian dialects, making forty-eight in all. Those issued by the British and Foreign Bible society makes the total number of languages and dialects in which the Bible is printed to-day by these societies 165. Of these the oddest looking are the Irish, Slavonic, Turkish and Azerbijan, or Tartar-Turkish, Georgian, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Tigre (which has a colon after every word) Amharic, Persian, Pali, Pari-Gujerati, Sindhi, Cararese, Malaylam, Undu, Orissa, Siamese, Burman, Tibetah, Karen, Javanese, Coptic, Cree, Tinne and Cherokee.

"How many translators do you employ?" was asked of the Rev. Dr. Alexander McLean, one of the secretaries.

"We have no translators. The work is done by the missionaries, who have to study the language of the country in which they labor. The Bible society pays their expenses while they are translating for us."

"How many Bibles have been printed for the blind?"

"There were issued last year 207; the entire number in forty years is 14,181. These are in the raised letter form."

"What are the new Bibles for the blind?"

"We printed twelve years ago a Bible in the New York point print, and have printed the Psalms in the same, and have now completed the Gospel according to St. John."

"What is the point print?"

"It is a system of points that represent either separately or by combination the letters of the alphabet. The old raised letters could not be readily detected by fingers that had become calloused by basket making, at which many blind people work. The points can be felt by the dullest finger."

The cost of supplying the Bible in foreign lands is $100,692.24 more than is received from them. One-ninth of all the families visited by the agents are destitute of the Bible.

It took Dr. Eli Smith and Dr. Van Dyck sixteen years to translate the Bible into the Arabic. Dr. Schauffler spent fourteen years on the Osmanlee version. Dr. Schereschewsky fifteen years to render the Old Testament into the Mandarin Colloquial. Dr. Williamson and Dr Riggs spent forty years on the Dakota version. One of them estimates that he spent on an average thirty minutes on every verse he translated. Since Bible societies were organized 250 versions have been produced in about 200 languages and dialects.

A Canary's Four Notes.

In the song of a canary four notes are recognized by dealers, and they can tell by listening to it for a very few minutes whether the bird is German or American. They are the water note, which is a rippling, gurgling, attractive bit of warbling like the murmur of a rill; the flute note, clear and ringing; the whistling note, of the same class but very much finer, and the rolling note, which is a continuous melody rising and falling only to rise again It is in the last named note that American birds fail. They cannot hold it. Another difference between the two is that German canaries are night singers—they will sing until the light is extinguished. But American birds put their heads under their wings with darkness.

He that once is good is ever great.

THE COBRA'S VICTIM.

A Terrible Story from Real Life in the East Indian Settlement.

On a boiling hot day, such as one often experiences in the East Indies, the sun was pouring down its fierce rays upon the scorched earth, life seemed to be extinct, all was so calm and silent, and even the few men employed around my house moved noiselessly about, as if to be in keeping with the rest of nature.

My house situated a little distance from a busy town, was built of stone, with a veranda overgrown with creepers all around it, such as seen in most Anglo-Indian residences, and surrounded by a small garden in which all the beauties of a tropical climate flourished.

During this afternoon I was resting myself in an easy bamboo chair alone in my room; the blinds were drawn down to keep it as cool as possible, but nevertheless the heat was intense, making me feel restless and irritible. Novel after novel I opened, and after reading a few pages flung the book aside; and having tried for a few minutes to sleep, I got up and went to one of the windows. Drawing up the blind quietly, I saw on the veranda my little daughter Gladiz.

She was adored by my wife and myself, being our only child, and I was about to tap the glass in order to attract her attention, when I noticed that she was carrying a bowl of what appeared to be bread and milk, and seemed to be looking for some one. At the same time I saw, to my horror, a huge snake of the most venomous kind—cobra—creeping from the side of the house along the veranda toward her. She went slowly to meet it.

I knew that it would now be impossible for me to go out or to make the slightest sound without attracting the snake's attention, and then I shuddered, for when once it was alarmed the consequences might be fearful, so I had to watch what was going to happen in a cold perspiration of fear for the safety of my child

The cobra, on reaching the child, reared its loathsome head in the air until level with the bowl, meanwhile darting its tongue backward and forward and casting fierce glances around to see if danger was near, while it devoured the bread and milk. Gladiz stroked its head gently and called the reptile "her pet," "her pretty snake."

I watched the food gradually disappear, and could have cried for relief when I saw the snake had finished its meal, which I inwardly vowed should be its last. It then crept slowly toward a hole in the side of the house to which it disappeared.

I rushed from the room, and, meeting Gladiz coming into the hall, picked her up in my arms and kissed her frantically, exclaiming. "Oh, Gladiz, Gladiz, the snake!" The child began to cry, knowing then I had seen her with her pet. Her nurse, coming up to see what was the matter, I gave Gladiz into her charge and went to find my wife, to whom I told all that had occurred.

My wife learned from Gladiz that she had been accustomed to feed the snake twice a day—after breakfast and during the afternoon—for the last three months and often, if she thought she was being watched, she would leave the bowl on the veranda, fetching it away at another time.

We, my wife and myself, arranged that the bowl should be put in its place as usual to-morrow morning, and that I should shoot the snake from the window of my room while it was eating. We also thought it best that Gladiz should not be told that her pet was going to be killed.

Breakfast was rather hurried next morning for I was anxious to get this dangerous pet killed as soon as possible. The bowl was temptingly put in its place, as directed by Gladiz, and I took up my position with a gun at the window of my room, completely hidden from the outside by the Venetian blind. The child was taken by my wife to the nursery, as arranged between us the evening before. All was ready now, the snake alone was wanting.

It did not keep me long waiting. Soon I saw its head appear out of the hole. The snake looked around with its glittering eyes, and, seeing the bowl crawled out on to the veranda and made its way toward it.

It seemed frightened, once or twice it turned round as if to return.

My time had come; the cobra was rapidly eating its meal. I, carefully bringing the gun to my shoulder, fired. The brute rolled over, quivering and writhing on the ground.

I began to pull up the blind with the intention of going out and giving the cobra the death-blow, when I heard a fearful scream and a moment after saw Gladiz run past the window—her golden hair loose, her dress torn—toward the wounded snake.

Before I could prevent her she had thrown herself on her knees before it, and lifting its head in her hands pressed it against her cheek, weeping bitterly while she did so; instantly the cobra buried its poisoned fangs into her delicate flesh. She screamed and unclasped her hands from around the snake.

A cry escaped my lips as I saw what happened, and taking Gladiz in my arms, carried her indoors. All the medical skill could do save our child was done, but of no avail. In less than two hours she was dead. Years have passed since then, but I cannot forget the events of that fearful day.

A White Hawk.

Albinos, whether bird, beast, or other creature, are very seldom seen. A bird totally different in color from that of its own species is a curiosity which one may chance to see once in a life time. An albino of any class of beings is always a novelty. A snow white owl of the common species was an object much sought after by the sportsmen of a near region a few winters ago. The rare bird, however, was never captured. A trapper captured a beautiful white specimen of mink a year or two ago. The writer has seen some nearly white ducks among the various classes of wild ducks, but of all the albinos observed the prettiest was a white turtle dove, which remained near us for several weeks during the summer of 1884. It was indeed a very rare sight. Quite recently another true specimen of this freak of nature we call albino was observed by the writer. It belonged to that order of hawks termed the hen harrier, and its uniform was of pale whiteness.

COST OF GOVERNMENT.

The Vast Sum Necessary to Cover the Expenditures of the Nation.

A statement has been made up showing the amounts appropriated by Congress at its late session for the support of the Government for the year which will end June 30, 1888. The total sum is about two hundred forty-eight and a half million of dollars. There were two appropriation bills that failed to become law—the River and Harbor bill which the President neither approved nor vetoed, and the Deficiency bill, which was passed by both branches of Congress, but could not be prepared for the President's signature before the time of adjournment. If we add the fourteen million dollars appropriated by these two bills, and the forty-eight millions required to pay the interest on the public debt to the sum above mentioned, we have three hundred and ten million dollars as the amount deemed by Congress necessary to meet the current annual expenses of Government.

The corresponding expenditures during Washington's administration averaged less than six million dollars a year. The population is fifteen times as great as it was then; the expenditure is fifty times as great. Yet this is not an evidence of extravagance, because the Government does for the people vastly more than it did in the time of Washington.

The largest single item of appropriation is that for pensions. No less a sum than eighty-three million dollars is granted for this purpose for the fiscal year. This sum alone would have paid all the ordinary expenses of the Government, except interest, for the first eighteen years under the Constitution, or until 1808. Next comes the post office, taking fifty-five and a half millions, but of this amount more than fifty millions will be derived from postage and other revenues of the department. The charge of the army is a little less than twenty-four millions. The appropriation for the navy is larger than usual, almost twenty-five millions, because some new ships are to be built. Most of the salaries paid to officers of the United States, and to Congress, are provided for in the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriations act. This act covers a sum of twenty and a half millions more than it was twelve years ago, when the population was much smaller than it is now. A great variety of matters are provided for under the bill known as the Sundry Civil Appropriations act—the mint; constructing, repairing and warming and lightning public buildings; the life saving service; light houses; collecting the revenue; paying back duties wrongly assessed; and a great many others. This act appropriated twenty-two millions, this year, about the usual amount.

We have thus accounted for all but about seventeen million dollars of the appropriations, which are disposed of thus: Indians, five millions; District of Columbia, four millions; Ministers and Consuls, abroad, one million and a half; Agricultural Department, one million; Military Academy, half a million; and the rest for miscellaneous small purposes.

Although there are some abuses in the Government, the public service is, on the whole, conducted in a manner that will compare creditably, for economy and efficiency, with that of any other country in the world. For example, the British civil service, which is so much praised, costs nearly thirteen million dollars, or twice as much as the corresponding service in this country, although the population of the United States outnumbers that of the United Kingdom by twenty-five millions.

It is quite beyond the bounds of human possibility to expend the three hundred millions and more which the Government pays out every year without some of it going to waste, by being paid to people who are not entitled to it; but we succeed as well as any other country in limiting these abuses. This success, however, should not have the effect of leading the people to cease their efforts still to improve the service. We must also remember that an increasing population must mean an increase of expenditures; and that the march of civilization itself is constantly adding to the requirements which the people make of their Government, while every new function of Government adds to the cost of maintaining it.

They Were Kind to the Fish.

There were four ladies once went fishing. They selected a very rainy and they had all their waterproof cloaks and head and feet covering. They were all by themselves when they took a boat and went to fish. It was in Maine With true feminine earnestness they started off without anything to put the fish in. They had an elegant time until they caught a pickerel. When they caught the pickerel they didn't knew what to do with it. It was alive and flopping. They had it in the bottom of the boat. They wondered why it didn't lie quiet. At last a happy and benign thought struck one of them.

"Poor thing! It's getting all wet lying in the rain."

And she whipped off her waterproof and wrapped it up in it. Each of the four caught a pickerel, and each of the four wrapped it up in her waterproof and the rain wet them through to the skin, but they kept their fish dry all the same.

Something in the Eye.

Foreign bodies frequently lodge within the eyelids. They are of all possible descriptions, and so long as they do not penetrate the globe are to be found either adhering to the cornea, or white of the eyeball, or to the inner side of one lid, more frequently the upper one. Here they may remain for long periods, causing great pain and destructive inflammation. In order to find any foreign substance thus lodged often requires the best of eyesight and a good light. If the material is small and light colored, lodged upon the cornea, then artificial light and the aid of a magnifying glass may be necessary to be sure of its detection. When it is attached to the upper lid the latter must be turned over, (everted) to permit thorough inspection. This requires some little tact and practice. When properly done it causes but little discomfort. If the irritating substance is imbedded in the cornea it should be removed by the skilled use of appropriate instruments. A few drops of a 4 per cent. solution of cocaine instilled into the eye for two or three minutes renders the search for and removal of such substance altogether painless.

SPRUCE GUM.

Gathering the Product of Spruce Trees in Maine.

A lump of clear, genuine spruce gum, fresh and fragrant from its native forest, is not to be despised as a chewing substance, and if everybody could get the real article, instead of cheap, adulterated stuff, the army of chewers would be vastly augmented. The natural gum is said by physicians to be beneficial to the teeth, and it is certainly a great improvement on tobacco. The woodsmen bring out considerable quantities of gum, sometimes packed in pretty miniature barrels, which they whittle and carve from blocks of white pine or cedar during idle hours by the camp fire, as presents for their friends, but there are people who make a business of gathering gum, and in certain sections of the spruce county it pays well.

Most of the spruce gum handled by the dealers comes from Canada and northern Maine, while Vermont and New Hamsphire contribute a moderate quantity to the total yield. The best gum comes from no particular section, but always from the biggest spruce trees, and it begins to run in July or August, when, in these high latitudes, the sun becomes so hot as to crack the bark. On the limbs, in the crothes, and even in the truck of the spruce, the molten gum forms during the heat of summer in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and when cold weather sets in it becomes hard. The first year after its run the gum is white and pitchy, then it begins to turn amber and red, and the second year it is fit to "pick" for the market, although it is better if allowed to remain on the trees until the third year. After the third season the gum remains in the same state for several years, and then begins to "turn old," as the pickers say, and the consumer complains that it "chews hard," and crumbles up. A little more age makes it dark colored and bitter, and then its value is gone.

Up in Canada much of the gum is picked in the autumn, beginning as early as October, but there, as in Maine, the best time for the work is during the deep snows of winter, when snowshoes are used, or in the early spring, when a man can travel along at a lively rate on the heavy crust, above the underbrush. The pickers are provided with long poles, on the end of which is fastened a sharp chisel, and underneath that a cup to receive the gum as it is chipped off. The cup holds from a pint to a quart, and when full it is emptied into a long bag which the packer carries slung to his back like a knapsack. These gum harvesters erect huts in the woods when far distant from a settlement or a logging camp, and stay from two days to a week on a trip. When they have secured all they can "tote" they come out, and then the women and children have the tedious job of scraping each and every lump from bark and moss. The clean, bright article offered for sale in the shops looks very much different from the brown nuggets in the picker's bag, although occasionally a clear, shiny piece is found on the limb of a large tree.

It is the cleaning of the gum that makes a first-class article expensive. An ordinary picker usually earns fair day's wages, although in localities that have not been explored he sometimes "strikes it rich." I have known a man to gather $30 worth of gum in one day.

There are two or three firms in Maine which buy large quantities of gum from lumbermen and pickers for the purpose of refining it, as they say. But, as a general rule, the refining consists of adulterating with rosin. They throw the gum into a big vat, bark, moss and all, and boil it to about the consistency of molasses, skimming off the the impurities as they rise to the surface. Then, if the purpose is to adulterate, some lard or grease and a lot of rosin is thrown in, with sometimes a little sugar. The mixture is stirred until thick, and then poured out on a slab, whence, while it is yet hot, it is rolled out in a sheet about a quarter of an inch thick, and afterward cut with a steel die into pieces half an inch wide and three-quarters of an inch long. These pieces are wrapped in colored tissue paper and packed in wooden boxes—two hundred pieces to a box. This is the so-called "patent" gum. Tons of it are sold south and west of us, but here on the verge of the primeval forest it is a drug in the market.

Laughing at Ma.

Miss Birdie McHennipin is one of the belles of Austin. Her intellect, however, does not tower into the sublime heights reached by Susan B. Anthony, but, to use the cold language of truthfulness, she is very much the same kind of young lady that Gus De Smith is of young man. Not long since he proposed matrimony. He proposed in good faith, in a solemn, impressive manner, upon which Miss Birdie inaugurated a giggle, until Gus was very much disgusted, and, arising from his knees, his anger found vent in words. He was mad—too mad almost to speak. "Miss Hennipin," he finally ejaculated, "with me this is no laughing matter. Why should you see anything ridiculous about it?" "You must excuse me, Mr. De Smith—really you must, for I am not laughing at you; really, now, I am not; ma's so funny, you know; really, she is just too funny for any use; yes, I was laughing at ma." "At your ma?" "Yes, you see ma told me only this morning, 'Birdie, you are so green that some donkey will take you yet,' and here you come——" But he was gone. He was in the past tense. It was he who banged the door so violently. "I wonder," said the suddenly deserted Birdie, "I wonder now, really, if he is offended at what ma said? But then ma always was too awfully funny for any kind of use."

The Ramanas Rose.

The Japanese in their paintings make free use of this picturesque shrub. Happening to show the crimson ramanas rose to a decorative artist some days ago, he was silent for a few seconds, then exclaimed: "Now I understand it all," and went on to say he had been that morning examining a beautiful Japanese screen, but (unheeding the leaves) felt completely puzzled to know why they drew their apples with blossoms on the same branch. Now he recognized the large fruit of the rose in what he had mistaken for apples, and carried away a branch to design from.

Why sin against your conscience as that is immortal? Soul and conscience are twin brothers.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Shakespeare and Cervantes died on the same day, i. e., April 23, 1616.

—A naturalized Chinaman wants to be a constable in New Haven, Conn.

—The year 476 A. D. dates the fall of the great Western Roman Empire.

—Newark, New Jersey, has lost its last skating rink. The craze is completely dead there.

—Paper types, of a large size, are now made.

—Stored electricity, for illumination in railway cars, is in use on the Pennsylvania railroad.

—In Kentucky last year nearly 5,000,000 bushels more of corn were raised than in 1885.

—Tea, coffee and chocolate were introduced into England during the reign of Charles II.

—The long iron bridge at Bismarck, Dakota, contracts and expands eleven inches by the heat and cold.

—English colonies for settlement around about Los Angelos, California, are being formed in England.

—The town of Kuly, in Austrian Galicia, has been destroyed by fire, and 1,000 people made homeless.

—Paris theatres are declared to be the most poorly managed in Europe as to public comfort and convenience.

—Hoboken people talk of organizing a vigilance committee to rid the town of sneak thieves and burglars.

—A pianist in Paberton, Cape Colony, recently played the piano for twenty-four hours without a break.

—Theatrical ventures on either side of the Atlantic are said to have cost Lord Lonsdale $50,000 during the past year.

—The town of Llanwenog, Wales, proposes to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee in grand style by buying a new hearse.

—A white owl flew aboard a steamer from Hull, England, while 750 miles from land, recently, and was brought to Boston.

—A marsh, the mud of which is said to be an excellent hair restorer, has been discovered near Princeton, Kentucky.

—The vintage of California will this year amount to over 19,000,000 gallons, one-seventh of which will be turned into brandy.

—The State Library at Harrisburg is stated to contain about 62,000 volumes and its actual value is estimated to be over $1,000,000.

—In Vera Cruz, it is stated, it takes 104 Mexican copper cents to make a dollar, while 95 of them will pass for a dollar in Chihuahua.

—A crowd estimated to contain 5,000 people, viewed the hanging of a culprit in Kentucky last week and was harangued by him.

—The Mexican army, when on a war footing, has 160,963 men, divided as follows: Infantry, 131,522; cavalry, 25,690, and artillery, 3000.

—Bank note engraving is said to have been carried to greater perfection in the United States than anywhere else in the world.

—The longest continuous railway run now made is said to be that of the new Saratoga limited, from New York to Troy (148 miles) without stop.

—The largest insurance carried on the life of any individual, insurance men say, is that of $1,000,000 on the life of Dr. Hostetter, of Pittsburg.

—The official legal adviser of New York has advised the authorities of that city that the brushing of dust or rubbish already on the sidewalks into the gutter is not illegal.

—An English agricultural paper tells of a duck whose egg-laying record is as follows: In 1878 she laid 211; in 1879, 143; in 1880, 145; in 1881, 155; in 1882, 84; in 1883, 30; total, 769.

—Dr. C. Keller, of Zurich, claims that spiders perform an important part in the preservation of forests by defending the trees against the depredation of aphides and insects.

—A family of suicides is described in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—a father and four of his children had each committed suicide while laboring under attacks of temporary insanity.

—The skull of an Indian child, with a string of copper beads about the neck, was recently unearthed on the beach at Ipswich, Massachusetts. The teeth in the under jaw were perfect.

—Boston, her annual educational report for 1886 shows, has 542 scnools, with an average attendance of nearly 54,000 pupils, and 1382 teachers. The net expenditure for 1886 was $1,454,023.86.

—The abolition of slavery in the British colonies was consummated in 1833. Thus were emancipated 800,000 slaves, and £20,000,000 was appropriated for the compensation of their masters.

—It is now possible to construct complete sewing machines at the rate of one every minute or sixty in one hour; 300 watches in a day; a rea