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 22, 1887. NO. 26

Lowly But Aspiring.

Mine may not be the shining of the sun,
Lighting the pathway of great worlds afar;
No more the moon's full light, when day is done,
Nor yet the golden twinkling of a star;
But if a glow-worm's soft and steady light
Be only mine to give it sweet content—
A tiny glow-worm's fire in the night—
To break the gloom for some poor pilgrim sent,
Perchance in ways Time's saintly feet have trod,
I still may light some soul to Heaven and God!

Mine may not be the beauty of the rose,
Fragrant and fresh with morning's dewy balm,
Nor orange blossoms pure as falling snows,
And sweet as ever strain of wedding psalm;
But if in lowliness my whole life through
A lily of the valley I may be—
A lily of the valley to a few
In some Spring hour in gladness drawn to me,
I still may hope through God's good will and grace
To woo some soul to seek and find His face.

I am what God has made me, and I know
I have a place and time, a work and way;
So with a happy heart I would bestow
My humbler meed of blessings while I may,
Content each golden day to find my place,
Do well my work, and mark my way with love,
To be what God would have me, by His grace,
Serenely climbing to the hills above,
And there at His great blessing, I shall see
Crowned ones won to their crowning by my plea.

THE WIDOW FIDESSA.

"Have you ever worn a collar spiked by time and the laundress?" asked Amys, my fidus Achates, as he and I were strolling leisurely through the park—"a collar which made you—"

"As chary of turning the head as a dude of bending the knee? I can't say I have ever worn one, exactly. I have had one on occasionally, for a brief space."

"What is your opinion," continued Amys, with apparent inconsequence, "of a woman who will ask—"

"Questions? Find me one who doesn't and I'll tell you what I think of her."

"Not alone questions, Amylion. Deeds, man—favors—kindnesses—services—small and great."

"Reasonable and unreasonable, in season and out of season, I suppose you mean," put in I, too impatient to wait his explanation; for I had guessed, as usual, what he was aiming at more quickly than he, slow old fellow that he is, could express it. "I see the point of your comparison, and I think it is a deuced pity we can't dispose of one annoyance as readily as of the other. If our collar irritates the cuticle, we may tear it off and chuck it away. If a fellowman disturbs our equanimity, we can curse him and hustle him aside. In either case we enjoy a blissful sense of relief, not unmingled with self-approval. But let a woman be the destroyer of our nerves or comfort, and no matter how savage the mood into which she compels us, any effort we make to put her down, be she never so deserving of a snub, leaves us with an uncomfortable suspicion of our own brutality, even more harassing than the original annoyance to which she subjected us. A man has no defense against such a woman as you mean, Amys. I know whom you are thinking of—your friend, Fidessa, the widow. There is but one way for you to escape the infliction of that woman's ceaseless demands. Avoid her. But you seem utterly unable to do that, my friend. You have as good as confessed that she irritates you. Yet she hasn't a more willing slave, apparently, than yourself. Has she been victimizing you again, lately?"

"Ah, no; not exactly that. What she asked me to do wasn't so far out of the way. It wouldn't have mattered, you know, if that infernal parrot had been less vicious, and if those cursed old women hadn't been on the spot to report the affair as even more ridiculous than it really was."

"This is interesting, Amys. This latest parrot story! Let us have it, old fellow, without delay."

"Well, you see, I dropped in on Fidessa the other afternoon, at a most inopportune moment, as it proved. She was moving. Leaving the Marsden House and going to housekeeping. She has a parrot. Thinks the world of it. Was afraid to trust it—"

"To the expressman. I see. So she asked you to carry it through the streets on your finger from the Marsden House to her new place of abode. How many miles did it prove?"

"Not on my finger, Amylion," he said, ignoring my question. "It had a nice stand to which it was chained. After a block or two I found it rather heavy, and it was an awkward thing to carry, so I got into the passing dummy. I put it on the step beside me, clutched it tight with my left hand—"

"What, the parrot?"

"Hang it, no! How stupid you are. The stand—the perch—with the parrot upon it. Well, just as the bird began to flap its wings and scream like mad, drawing after us all the boys in creation, who should come around the corner but old Mother Bunch and Mother Cary."

"The biggest old gossips in town. Did they see you?"

"Hang them, yes. How could they help it, though? That green devil was making noise enough to rouse the city. I had to bow to the old witches, and just as I was in the act of raising my hat, something seized my left upper arm. I thought for an instant it was the conductor.

"Introducing a newly invented method of soliciting car fares. Ha! ha! Was it the parrot?"

"It was the parrot. It had buried its beak in my arm, and was twisting and turning it in the flesh. My coat was a new one. Torn flesh heals, but torn cloth does not. Scars can be respectable, darns are disreputable. A patch on my skin, I could endure, but one on my coat sleeve, never. But of a sudden the stand, upon which I had let go my hold, toppled over into the street, and dragged away the parrot by its chain. The boys set up a howl of delight, while the old women stood still, taking in every detail, and more besides. I jumped off to pick up my charge, and found it a crushed and lifeless green mass upon the car track. Devil that it was, it seemed to have fluttered under the wheels simply to crown my discomfiture. Any decent bird would have flown clear of the rails. If I didn't look a fool as I stood there clutching my arm and gazing upon the wreck, I shall never do so to my dying day."

"How did you break the blow to Madame?"

"I didn't venture to. I went down town, got a parrot as like the dead devil as one pea to another, and sent it with a new perch up to the house. It got there before Fidessa arrived, and she would never have discovered the difference if old Mother Bunch hadn't called upon her to condole. Then she sent for me, tragically requested me to remove the alien bird, and wept over the memory of her lost pet. But I told you, Amylion, she was good-hearted, with all her faults. When I described to her the bite—"

"She wanted to send you a new coat?"

"She forgave me, consented to keep the bird——"

"And borrowed $20 upon the strength of her pardon. Satisfactory finale."

"I never told you that, Amylion. How on earth——"

"I remember you telling me that you had lost $20 about that time, as a reason for not going out of town for the Fourth. Giving, friend Amys, is one of the luxuries of like. But just so soon as generosity suffers coercion it ceases to be a gratification to give. No man would relish an enforced diet of pate de foie gras, yet it's a luxury fit for the gods. To be asked for a loan by one who, on principle, never repays it, is perhaps the most trying form of compulsory gitt. The borrower evades the stigma of begging, while the lender wholly misses the credit of giving. I think, Amys, I would rather avoid a more intimate acquaintance with your fair friend."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, for I promised to call upon her next Sunday, and I relied upon your accompanying me. Did you know that your little friend Oriana is down from Virginia City, and staying with Fidessa."

Now, Oriana is a pet of mine, and I had not seen her for an age. I was anxious, moreover, to keep a brotherly eye upon Amys; so I determined that if he would go to Fidessa's the following Sunday, so would I. When the day came I found that he was not to be turned from his purpose. Therefore, we called together upon the widow. I carried with me into her house my prejudice against her. In her presence it seemed to melt away in defiance of my will. She was certainly a wonderfully agreeable woman, and she appeared sincerely desirous to put forward little Oriana, who is shy, modest and retiring. She evinced no feminine jealousy of her superior advantages of youth and good looks. Such not being always the habit of widows, I was pleasantly surprised.

We were asked to remain to dinner. Fidessa pressed—insisted. It was no kindness to ask us, she said, for she had forgotten to market yesterday, and she didn't believe there was anything fit to eat in the house. Then she went out of the room to ransack the pantries, she told us, and Oriana was left to entertain us. The latter was unusually quiet and silent. There was an embarrassment in her manner that I could not fathom. Was she distressed at our remaining to what she knew would be a shabby dinner? If so, she placed insufficient faith in the powers of our hostess. A more toothsome, inviting little dinner I never sat down to. The dishes were few, but dainty enough to set before royalty. And the whole was exquisitely served. If I formed a better opinion of Fidessa as I sat at her table enjoying the delicacies she evidently took genuine pleasure in pressing upon us, than I had thought it possible I could entertain toward one of whose inveterate and inconsiderate habits of asking favors I had heard much and experienced little. Two items that told strongly in her favor with me were her kind manner to Oriana and her evident ability as a housekeeper and hostess.

Amys fairly beamed under the influence of the tidbits she slipped on to his plate and the smiles she lavished upon him. The sherry was incomparable, and I confess her solicitude in keeping my glass in a brimming state had a most mellowing effect upon my humor. I could not understand how little Oriana, usually so bright and gay, could not resist the effecte of this genial atmosphere. She had grown quieter and more silent since we sat down to dinner, and all my efforts failed to draw her out.

We dined early, and the better part of the evening was still before us when we left Fidessa's house. Amys suggested some calls in the neighborhood. I acquiesced. Our first visit was to the browns. They were at tea, and insisted upon our each taking a cup. The six-year-old daughter of the house, who had a childish fondness for me, came and cuddled down in a corner of the sofa beside me. We were somewhat apart from the others.

"There is no cake for tea to-night," she said condolingly. "We always have lots of cake, and Bridget made some that was awful good yesterday; but the lady who lives in the little house across the street begged it all away from us to-day. She had company that came unexpected, and the mice had spoiled all her cake. And we gave her some soup, too. She's a nice lady and I like her, but I wish her soup didn't get burned up sometimes, 'cause I like soup, and to-day there was not enough for dinner to give me any, 'cause her soup all got burned up again to-day and mamma lent her some of ours."

I was deeply interested.

"Does this lady's soup often get burned?" I asked.

"Oh! yes—'most every Sunday! And papa was awful mad to-day, 'cause it was gumbo soup we had, and he likes gumbo soup, and he didn't have but a little wee bit. And he was awful cross with mamma 'cause he had a crushed napkin, 'cause mamma lent all the clean ones to the lady. And you know, she hasn't brought back the silver butter-knife mamma lent her ever so long ago. And papa says it won't do; mamma must stop lending her things, 'cause she's an infernal plague. What's a plague?"

I was spared the desired definition by my little friend's mamma, who at this moment descended upon her and carried her off to bed. No one had heard her confidences. Amys sat and sipped his tea in blissful ignorance of the evidence I had been gleaning from the child's prattle of his friend's peculiar and unique method of getting together an impromptu entertainment for unexpected guests. Yesterday I should have harshly condemned her conduct. To-day, still under the influence of the new impression she had made upon me, I felt annoyed that so clever and agreeable a woman should be capable of such devices.

I said nothing to Amys when we got outside of the revelation made to me.

We next called upon the Robinsons. Fate urged Amys to his undoing. He mentioned where he had dined, and went into raptures over Fidessa's culinary skill, dwelling particularly upon her ability as a maker of calf's-foot jelly.

A peculiar smile made itself visible on the collective family countenance.

"Now, I think it's too bad," cried the oldest girl, "that my sister and I should lose not only our jelly, but the credit of having made it. We devoted the whole of yesterday to its manufacture, and the chief result of all our trouble was to give that angelic sister of mine an opportunity to supply an accidental deficiency in a certain lady's dessert. That cat of hers must be a victim of dyspepsia, if it really gets away with all it is said to. I felt tempted to ask if it ever had the D. T.'s when she came around to ask for a 'drop' of sherry in a gallon demijohn. I would have given her what was left from clearing the jelly, but papa turned up, and insisted upon letting her have the best. With such encouragement, she will ask next for champagne."

Amy's face was a study. I fairly roared. If it had not been too late to pay any more visits, I am sure we should have traced out in our further progress through that vicinity, the origin of the entire menu to which we had done honor at Fidessa's table.

About a week later I encountered Oriana one morning early, upon Kearny street. I did not recognize her till she spoke to me, for she was thickly veiled.

"Ah, I am so glad to have met you," she said, excitedly. "I am in such a dilemma, and I could not bear to speak of it to anyone. I—I want so much to know—perhaps you could tell me, and I don't mind so much speaking of it to you—what Uncle Harris would be likely to give me for this?" She opened her hand wide enough to show me a glimpse of a tiny, blue-enameled watch. "I was afraid they would insult me if I asked for more than I should."

"What do you want money for?" It was a rude, blunt question, and I put it harshly; but old bachelor friends are privileged to be rude and blunt, and I was annoyed to think that Fidessa's influence might be telling upon her.

She hung her head.

"I want to go home, and I have nothing to take me."

"Didn't your father——"

"Ah, yes; but you see—I spent all he gave me, and don't want to trouble him for more. Perhaps he couldn't spare it very well. I'd much rather get it this way," holding up the watch.

"What have you spent your money upon?"

She was silent. A new inspiration struck me.

"You didn't spend it all. You lent it. It was borrowed from you by—"

"Ah, hush!" she cried. "I didn't want you to know that. Please don't tell it to any one. She really is so good hearted and she has been so kind to me. She has given me so many presents. Still——"

"Still, you would rather be out of her house and home again. You are right. It is no place for you, let her be as kind and generous as she may."

The next day I saw the child off home, without, however, calling in the aid of Uncle Harris.

When Oriana was gone I set about maturing a scheme I had formed. It was Quixotic, perhaps, but I thought the possible cure of a fault like Fidessa's in one whom, despite her idiocyncrasy, few could help liking, was worth the trouble of trying to effect. I called upon a carefully chosen number of her most intimate friends whom I could trust, I hoped, not to betray me. They entered with spirit into my plan. Simultaneously they all began to borrow from her. And she lent it to them as unhesitatingly as she had borrowed from them, showing no reluctance to grant all their requests, though they ran the gamut from a lace scarf to a bucket of coal, taking even the gas globes and door keys. Those in the secret derived no little amusement in comparing notes and consulting as to what out-of-the-way articles they should ask for next. This thing grew more and more exciting as the days went by. Each conspirator's house contained a vast and miscellaneous collection of Fidessa's worldly goods. By the end of a fortnight the discomfiture of a rifled home would have been unendurable to one less amiable, but with undiminished good humor she continued to lend. At last a period came when those in the plot began to doubt its success. There was no punishment in it to one who felt not its inconvenience and knew no reluctance in parting with her belongings. The intended lesson would prove no lesson at all if she never took in its meaning. Fidessa continued amiably and exasperatingly obtuse. There was nothing for it in the end but to confide the secret to old Mother Cary, under a solemn vow of silence. Before the week was out Fidessa's eyes had been opened. First she called on her female friends and wept. Then she began to toss her head when she met them in the street and looked the other way. Finally the ludicrous side of the affair seemed to strike her, good nature prevailed and she laughed about it with those who persisted in speaking to her. She confessed herself justly served, and professed to be wholly cured. Never again, so long as she lived, would she ask anything of anybody. This resolve was openly expressed, and to no one did it prove more gratifying than to Amys. But alas! poor fellow, his satisfaction with the result of our scheme was short lived. One day he came to me with the most rueful expression on his good-natured face that I have ever seen there.

"We have banished Fidessa," he said. "I knew she was no longer happy among us, though she tried so amiably to hide her chagrin. She has broken up housekeeping and gone away."

"So I have been told," I said quietly. "She has gone east—on a pass."

Music Without Charms.

Dr. Johnson being at a concert, and very inattentive while a celebrated violinist was performing a solo, a musical friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him how extremely difficult it was. "Sir," replied the doctor, "I could wish it were impossible."

Good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

—A 6-months-old child, weighing only two and one-half pounds, is a subject of curiosity near Capac, Mich.

In stock breeding, blood from the sire, beauty from the dam, should be the rule.

It is a mistake to set up your own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly.

At the Tomb of Mother Eve.

With the exception of those whom business takes thither, the ports of the Red Sea are but seldom visited by Europeans. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider the evil reputation in which that part of the world has long been held by travelers. And yet during the first three months of the year it would be hard to find a more perfect climate, and the country on either side of the sea is at least as full of interest, as many of the better known tourist-tracks. Jeddah is easily reached from Suez by the steamers of the Khedevich Company, which accomplishes the journey in from three to four days. During the pilgrim season the steamers call at Tor on their way to and from Jeddah. Here there is a large sanotorium and quarantine station for the use of the Hadjis returning from their pilgrimage to Mecca, and a government doctor and a company of soldiers are stationed here by the Egyptian Government. Tor is the most convenient landing place for people desirous of visiting Mount Sinai, which is only thirty-five miles distant. Soon after leaving Tor, the island of Shadusag is sighted, and after passing it, a straight course is steered for Jeddah. The city of Jeddah is built in the form of a square, with the south side facing the sea. On the three sides which looks landward, the city is protected by a high wall, a gate on each side forming the only means of entrance to, or egress from the city. A regiment of Turkish soldiers stationed here mounts guard at these gates, which are closed about two hours after sunset. The streets of Jeddah are narrow, and, as a rule, dirty, but the fantastic shapes of the houses make up for these defects. The prevailing architecture, which is as picturesque as it is unique, cannot fail to strike the visitor who will also be impressed with the vast size of many of the buildings. Imagine a lofty, five-storied house, built entirely of white coral. Dotted about its sides, in all sorts of unexpected places, and of the most varied shapes and sizes are numerous hanging windows. The entrance to the house is usually guarded by large folding doors, elaborately ornamented with brass work, much of which is really very fine, and would do credit to skilled European workmen. The ground floor of the house is devoted to the camels, goats and other live-stock belonging to the owner, though in the case of merchants, part of this floor is also put aside for offices. Each of the upper stories of the house contains, as a rule, a complete suite of apartments, it being a common custom for several families to dwell under one roof. The rooms are large, according to European ideas, and owing to their huge windows are admirably adapted to a hot climate. The roofs of the houses are all flat and form pleasant places to sit in the cool of the evening. From them fine views are obtained of the surrounding sea and land. But if you would see Jeddah to perfection, "go visit it by the pale moonlight." Then the view from the housetop is a veritable fairy scene—such depth of light and shade, such fantastic shadows! Below, in the narrow streets, the heavy casements seem to defy the pale moonlight to enter, while beyond the white walls of the city, the dreary desert is lit up as brightly as the noon-day sun.

As in most eastern towns, the centre of life in Jeddah, is the Bazaar. Here beats the pulse of the city. Here, the current news is discussed and commented on. Here the merchants buy and sell, and haggle over their bargains. Throughout the morning there is a perfect Babel of voices. Owing to the large number of pilgrims who pass through Jeddah, on their way to Mecca, the bazaar is far larger than the size of the town would lead you to expect; it consists of one broad thoroughfare about half a mile in length, lined on either side with shops and cafes, and covered in with coarse matting, as a protection from the sun's rays. Out of this main thoroughfare lead numerous small streets, each street, as a rule, being occupied by the workmen at some particular trade, or the venders of similar wares. All nationalities are represented; but Turks, Greeks and Syrians predominate. Every type and variety of the Arab race is to be met with in the bazaar—picturesque Bedouins, armed to the teeth; grave merchants from Nedje and other far-off towns, true aristocrats in appearance and mien; swarthy Nubians and degenerate Egyptians; all these, and many others, mingled with Persians, Turks, Greeks and Banians, form indeed a motley crew.

The only industries peculiar to Jeddah—and they are hardly worthy of the name—are the manufacture of black coral into brads and cigarette holders, and the ornamentation of pearl shell. The former, which is peculiar to this part of the Red Sea, takes a polish equal to the finest jet, and is of considerable value. Excellent artificers in silver, brass and iron are found in Jeddah, the brass-work being fully equal to that for which Benares has so long been famous. The Turkish shops are perhaps the most brilliant with their amber and embroidered robes. Altogether the bazaar presents a bright and animated scene, and the contrast is great as you pass from it into the deserted streets outside. Travellers from Jeddah to Mecca pass out of the city by the northern or, as it is generally called, the "Mecca Gate." Close to this gate is a small bazaar, consisting for the most part of cook-shops, where pilgrims buy their provisions for the march to Mecca. During the pilgrim season a continuous stream of caravans passes under the frowning archway; caravans composed of Mussulmans from the most distant parts of the world; from Afghanistan, from Ceylon, from Burmah, and the Malay Peninsula; from the far-off waters of the Blue Nile, over desert and sea, as through fire and water, thousands press yearly to offer a prayer at the birthplace of their prophet. No wonder, then, that the Moslem thinks the "prayerless Christian" cold and wanting in religious zeal. The road to Mecca passes, for the first ten miles, over level desert, and thence rises gradually over a small range of hills, and again descends to Mecca. Christians are not allowed to pass into the territory of the High Cheril without permission, and on no consideration are they allowed to approach within sight of the holy city. A Christian, however, with a good knowledge of Arabic would now-a-days have little difficulty in visiting the city in disguise; whether the journey is worth the trouble and risk attending it is a matter on which travelers who have made it differ.

Situated in the desert, about a quarter of a mile from the western gate of the City of Jeddah, is an object of interest to Christian and Mussulman alike—the grave of Eve, or, as she is called in Arabic, "Sittna Hawwa," the mother of mankind. It is difficult to trace the origin of the legend that allots to Eve this desert tomb as her last resting-place, and it is doubtful whether it is of any great antiquity. However this may be, the tomb is regarded with great veneration by the numerous pilgrims who visit Jeddah, and few fail to worship at the shrine. The grave itself bears witness to the truth of the saying, that "there were giants in the earth in those days," for it is no less than 370 feet in length. The outline of the grave is marked by two low parallel walls, about 3 feet 6 inches in height, and 8 feet apart. Two date palms are planted at the foot of the grave which lies toward Mecca. Over the centre of the grave a small dome-shaped mosque has been erected, in which pilgrims offer up their prayers. In the centre of this mosque is a dark-colored oblong stone, supposed to rest on the womb of our common ancestress; this stone, which is worn smooth by the kisses of pilgrims, is hidden from the vulgar gaze by a covering of curtains, which are, however, drawn aside by the attendant on the presentation of a small "backsheesh." A number of degenerate, and not very respectable specimen's of Eve's sex haunt the vicinity of the tomb and clamor for alms.

Three Hundred Years Ago.

What would servants in the present day say to such a code of rules and regulations as was adopted three hundred years ago in the household of Sir J. Harrington, the translator of "Ariosto?"

A servant absent from prayers to be fined two pence.

For uttering an oath; one penny.

For leaving a door open, one penny.

A fine of two pence, from Lady Day to Michaelmas, for all who are in bed after seven, or out after nine.

A fine of one penny for any beds unmade, a fire unlit, or candle-box uncleaned after eight.

A fine of four pence for any man detected teaching the children obscene words.

A fine of a penny for any man waiting without a trencher, or who is absent at a meal.

For any one breaking any of the butler's glass, twelve pence.

A fine of two pence for any one who has not laid the table for dinner by half past ten, or the supper by six.

A fine of four pence for any one absent a day without leave.

For any man striking another, a fine of one penny.

For any follower visiting the cook, one penny.

A fine of one penny for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, untied shoes, or torn doublet.

A fine of one penny for any stranger's room left for hours after he be dressed.

A fine of one penny if the hall be not cleansed by eight in winter and seven in summer.

The porter to be fined one penny if the court gate be not shut during meals.

A fine of three pence if the stairs be not cleaned every Friday after dinner.

All there fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages.

An Underground Opera House.

What is called the Grand Cavern or Caverns is about one and a half miles from Manitou, directly up the Ute pass—a road worn and cut out of the rock that winds up in the Rockies, over which the Utes were accustomed to pass in the old times of thirty years ago. In prospecting among the ledges about a thousand feet above the pass, the present owner, Mr. Snider, discovered a small opening, and by working at it soon found himself in the large hall that is the commencement of a series of rooms and tunnels that now constitutes one of the wonders of the country. All along the road numerous stalactites and stalagmites are seen, covered by wire netting, and safe from the hands of vandals. On the right are a lot of bones, also protected by wire, said to be those of the bear, but they are really fox and wildcat bones, and probably those of some other small mammal that had crawled into the cave to die. From this interesting walk we enter into Stalactite Hall, where many strange forms have been moulded by nature. Here is a deer's head, seemingly in white marble, the antlers almost perfect; birds, trees, human faces, and a hundred and one fanciful shapes worthy of attention. Passing on we reach the rotunda, where some fine stalactites pass down to the floor, forming pillars. Near by is a large room, about sixty feet high, called, very appropriately, the opera house, having a parquet and two tiers of galleries all round. Further along is a natural organ or set of chimes. This is by far the best in the country, and in this respect the Manitou cavern is ahead of all others. The chimes are a set of stalactite formations, connected with the wall, forming a series of thin upright slabs placed side by side. When struck with a stick they give out metallic bell-like notes, and with a little practice the entire scale can be sounded and tuneful chimes rung. In the opera house are many curious shapes resembling statuary, and human forms appear attached to the walls. From this we pass to the churn room, where a series of stalactites and stalagmites forms a perfect churn, the newly churned butter being represented in the stone by its side.

Her Color Changed.

A young lady who was much worried about her complexion, asked the advice of a vegetarian friend as to the best means of improving her appearance.

"Take to vegetarianism," said the friend.

She took wildly; and fed on nothing but parsnips, washed down with copious draughts of dandelion tea, for one month. Toward the end of the twenty-eighth day she was nearly as pretty in color as butterine. Yet, somehow or other, the tint didn't please her, and after consulting her vegetarian friend again, the young lady subsisted for two months on pickled cabbage and raspberry vinegar neat. Slowly but surely her color changed, till she became a good copy of a red sunset. Still not satisfied, she varied her nourishment more, and existed on strawberry ice and turnips for six months, when she assumed a lovely pink and white hue. A very tasty tombstone has just been erected to her memory by her vegetarian friend.

A GORGEOUS PALACE.

Description of the Charming Mango Gardens of the King of Siam.

The Summer Palace of the King, the Mango Gardens, is considered the handsomest place in Siam. The main building is erected in the style of a French chateau, and is surrounded with grounds laid off with great skill by a landscape gardener, paths winding in serpentine sinuosity in every direction, flowers of all kinds fill the air with perfume, and to add to the charms of the place miniature lakes, dotted over with lotus plants in blossom, flash their sparkling waters in the sunshine.

These lakes are fed from the river that flows in front of the palace, which together with the yard, is enclosed by a wall containing a number of handsome buildings set apart for the various wives of the King. Through the kindness of the gardener in charge I was shown through the palace, the King being absent, he not staying there more than a month during the year.

The palace is built of teak and other costly woods, the walls paneled most handsomely; the hard wood polished like a mirror, bringing out the grain; the ceiling lofty, laid off in handsome designs and most elaborately gilded; the floors a mosaic of various woods also highly polished, each room a different design, while the broad flight of steps that leads to the second story—the sleeping apartments—is simply grand, in keeping with the magnificence of the interior.

The King's chamber, bath-rooms, etc., were worthy of the abode of royalty, and his couch a "thing of beauty," if not "a joy forever." It was made of rare wood and carved in the most exquisite designs, draped with rare lace fringed with gold; a gold embroidered spread covered the bed; the pillows and bolsters were also hemmed with lace, and above it swung a handsome punka to keep him cool. It seemed more like a work of art to please the eye than the resting place of one who courted slumber, surcease of business and trouble arising from the control of over 7,000,000 people.

In some of the rooms we noticed some very handsome furniture and pictures, costly tables, crystal and alabaster vases, etc., though the place was dismantled during the absence of royalty. It is a place that one tired of power and the world would retire to for a month and live in elysium or Oriental ease. In the center of several of the lakes handsome pavilions are erected, where the band discourses music, and on their rippling surface float barges ready to bear the wives and children or family of the King, when he concludes to pass his time there.

Scattered throughout the gardens are cages containing monkeys, birds, etc., that add not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene. For over an hour our party strolled through the well-kept gronnds and gardens, fifty men being constantly employed in beautifying and keeping them in order. Amid a grove of rarest foliage, musical with birds, is a handsome Italian monument, erected to the memory of the late Queen, who was drowned by the sinking of a yacht, erected by the King, and by his special direction kept in the neatest order.

As our time was limited we could see but a portion of the beauties of this lovely place. It would take a column to speak at length of the various palaces that are scattered over the grounds, the Oriental watch and bell-tower that stands like a giant sentinel towering over all, the handsome wat, built like a Gothic cathedral, stained glass windows, but the shrill whistle of our steam launch reminds us that "time is up," and, with a sigh of regret, our party left the lovely Mango Gardens, its world of flowers, its fragrant atmosphere and paradisical beauty—an elysium where one could dream life away, the Nepenthe of the poet, where no raven will ever "sit on pallid bust of Pallas," but eternal sunshine gilds the velvet curtains and casts a glory on the glistening floors.

A French Sentinel.

During one of Napoleon's remarkable campaigns, a detachment of a corps commanded by Davoust, occupied the Isle Rugen, which they were ordered to evacuate. They embarked with such precipitation that they forgot one of their sentinels posted in a retired spot, and who was so deeply absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper as to be totally unconscious of their departure. After pacing to and fro for many hours upon his post, he lost patience, and returned to the guard room, which he found empty. On inquiry he learned with despair what had happened, and cried:

"Alas! alas! I shall be looked upon as a deserter—dishonered, unhappy wretch that I am!"

His lamentation excited the compassion of a worthy tradesman, who took him to his house, did all in his power to console him, taught to make bread, for he was a baker—and, after some months, gave him his only daughter in marriage.

Five years afterward, a strange sail was seen to approach the island. The inhabitants flocked to the beach, and soon discovered in the advancing ship a number of soldiers wearing the uniform of the French army.

"I am done for, now!" cried the dismayed husband. "My bread is baked."

An idea, however, suddenly occurred to him, and revived his courage. He ran to the house, slipped into his uniform, and seizing his faithful firelock, returned to the beach and posted himself on sentry at the moment the French were landing.

"Who goes there?" he shouted in a voice like thunder.

"Who goes there, yourself?" shouted one in a boat. "Who are you?"

"A sentinel."

"How long have you been on guard?"

"Five year."

Davoust, for it was he, laughed at the quaint reply, and gave a discharge in due form to his involuntary deserter.

Small Measure.

Foote was dining with a thrifty Scotch peer, who decanted his wine sparingly, but descanted largely on its excellence and its age. "It is very little of its age," said Foote.

This pleasantry, attributed in several quarters to Foote, is also told of the anonymous "witty countryman," in seventeenth century jest books, and probably dates back to remote antiquity The jest itself, is open to the reproach it conveys.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The Fruit a Member of the Great Rose Family.

Nature worked lovingly when she made apple blossoms. These petals that come down softly all over me are the color of a baby's cheek, and that is the lovingest thing in the world. I do not see why people should plant elms, and ash, and maple, for lawn trees, and put apples in a back lot. There is nothing like an apple tree for gentleness; and a gentle tree among trees is like a gentle man among men. Their outlines are graceful, but never formal; and their warm hearts are either breaking out in smiles or golden pippins. When you want a perfect front yard have a few apples; or, if you want a fine lawn, mix apples with the other trees.

The apple is a member of the great rose family; so are the pears, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots and the roses and strawberries—all cousins. Did it ever occur to you that there is a sort of family look about these things? To be sure the blossoms are all of a likeness, but that is not all, they belong to a class of rosy, hearty, loving trunks that never seem to have but two thoughts—to be as beautiful as possible and as useful as possible. I like the rustic simplicity of orchard trees. They do not have any fashionable ways.

Now, this special tree under which I have my hammock is a dear old friend. It is an Indian rareripe, six feet in girth, and when it blossoms it is a vast boquet, covering several square rods. Apples it bears by the thousand, but petals by the million. It stood here seventy years ago and has a sound heart yet. It was planted by old Sconondoah, the chieftain, and has a memory, as trees go, that I should like to recall.

There is one hollow limb that squeaks in the wind, and a squirrel has a family in it. She does not mind me at all, but runs up and down the trunk on her domestic duties, carrying a stolen bit of corn or scolding her lazy spouse. Some one has written a delightful book on the "Population of a Pear Tree." One cannot begin to tell the curious fellows that live under the bark or in the body or on the fruit or tender twigs of this tree of mine. The name is legion. Just now a golden woodpecker is running up and down, tapping here and there, as if to say, Sweet worm, are you at home? And with his sharp bill he picks the locks and makes a call, welcome or not welcome. Curious fellows, these woodpeckers! They know that we are friends and do not fear us, but perk up their heads with a jerk, and chirp as if to say, "these fellows are fat, and you don't know how good they are." Robins are specially fond of the rustic apple limbs for their mud cottages. Yellowhammers take to hollows in timber and limbs. These holes are curious places. If you wish to know who is inside tap on the outside. If yellowhammers are inside they will rap in reply.

Suppose we gather a huge boquet of these flesh tinted blooms, and lying down, place them lightly across the face. Now shut your eyes; lay out your hands on the satin turf, and drink in the perfume. You will be pretty sure to go to sleep; so it might be better to climb into the hammock. But I want you to observe the soothing power there is in this fragrance to lull your senses to rest. I think that nearly all flowers have a slight opiate effect. But while you are awake you will see what a wonderful sense is this of smell. We never quite bring it to its best. We rather despise it; but even roses and apple blossoms are not more than half revealed to the eye.

The crabs and wild apples have the finest flowers and the richest odors. But when it comes to fruit it is the smaller blossoms that show where the big apples are to be. Then it takes about ten to twenty blossoms to make a single Northern Spy or a Bellefleur; but one blossom makes a crab. I mean that nature, when she proposes to exert herself for quality sacrifices quantity. She throws away nearly all the bloom of the Spy and concentrates the energy of fruiting on a few select specimens. But is the only end of the tree to bear fruit. No; nor the end of human life. It is to blossom in sweetness and love; to give joy, and poems, and pean, and life of soul. So my blessed apple is this day feeding me with blessed thoughts and sweet memories. What else did Emerson mean when he sung:

One harvest from your field,
Homeward brought your oxen strong;
But another crop your acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

Cut an apple through into thin, smooth slices and hold them up to the sun. All about the core you will see spread out the form of the blossom. The apple is only the swollen ovary of the blossom. So a strawberry is an enlarged ovary carrying the seeds out upon it; but the raspberry, you see, is a swelling of the seed enclosure, and so is the blackberry. If one could go back to the origin of the rose family and see a little, puny potentilla growing under foot, how little would he be able to imagine the glorious future of the despised weed. Yet that stock has, by the slow process of evolution, during at least 500,000 years, ended in our glorious apples, pears, peaches and roses, as well as most delicious berries. Who can tell what future possibilities will be developed out of the weeds of to-day? The evolution of the apple is now simple, for man has taken charge of its improvements; but for ages it was a hard struggle. The finer flowers drew the most insects, to help in cross fertilization; but the finer flowers produced the poorer apples. On the other hand the better fruits drew the eye of birds and cattle, and so got planted. On the whole the battle was in favor of flowers. Yes there were apples good enough to eat as long ago as when the Iberians built lake dwelling in Europe—probably 20,000 years ago—and we find charred specimens in their kitchen waste.

"WHAT do we have a week's vacation in the Spring for?" asked one little six-year-old school-girl of another.

"Oh," answered her mate, "perhaps that is so we can have a week to take Spring medicine in."

HARD TIMES FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of dried apples, soaked over night, chopped rather coarse, three cups of molasses, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, all kinds of spice, flour as you would cup cake.

Beekeepers will find profit in the red raspberry, both as a honey and a fruit-bearing plant.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Mexico reports a big business boom, with a great rush of foreign capital.

—A law taxing cats at ten cents per capita is proposed by a legislator in Georgia.

—Augusta, Wisconsin, reports the fall of a yellowish snow there a day or two ago.

—The last census of Berlin places the number of Americans residing there at 979.

—A 25-foot shark is reported to have been taken in Monterey, California, bay a week ago.

—The remains of a mastodon of the largest size have been discovered near Atlanta, Georgia.

—Emil Mancke, a famous German wrestler, weighs 441 pounds, and is 5 feet 11 inches tall.

—Prohibition is expected to carry all the counties in Dakota outside of the Black Hills next Fall.

—"Jubilee" Juggins is the name by which the present "plunger" on the English turf is known.

—A projected underground railway is to use cables as a means of propulsion and be lighted by electricity.

—During the reign of Augustus Caesar, Rome, it is calculated, had a population of about 2,500,000.

—Monterey is said to remain more characteristically Mexican than any other city or town in California.

—A famous deer forest, Applecross, in West Ross-shire, is soon to be sold. It extends to about 70,000 acres.

—The Hot Springs, near Carson, Nevada, have suddenly fallen fifteen inches, although the flow of water has not diminished.

—A snail's pace, according to the Terre Haute *Express*, has been ascertained by experiment to be a mile in fourteen days.

—Sealing off Cape Flattery is improving. The arrivals are reported in myriads, and coming closer to the cape than ever before.

—Nine negro chieftains, with unpronounceable names, but who are said to talk English well, have been among the late "lions" in Paris.

—A pisciculturist of Vienna, N. J., is said to have 50,000 carp, the product of five young German carp received by him in the spring of 1882.

—A Pittsburg drummer is testing the right of Helena, Montana Territory, to collect a license from him under the recent Supreme Court decision.

—The Colonial Exhibition in England netted a profit of £35,235. Of this £25,000 were presented by the trustees to the Imperial Institute fund.

—Jacob Welch, of Ritchie county, West Virginia, cut down a hollow maple tree the other day, from which ran twenty-seven full grown squirrels.

—The widow of George A. Conly, the well-known basso of Phila., who was drowned some five years ago, died in New York recently, of consumption.

—The highest spot inhabited by human beings is said to be the Buddhist cloister of Hanie, Thibet, where 21 priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet.

—About 70 per cent. of the jurors drawn in New York city are of foreign birth, and many of them have slight knowledge of our laws or of the English language.

—Starvation, as found by coroner's juries, caused the deaths of forty persons, in London, during the year 1886, as shown by an official report to the House of Commons.

—Mary Queen of Scots was 45 years of age when executed in Fotheringay Castle. Queen Elizabeth, who signed her death warrant, was at that time (1587) 54 years old.

—A meteor that didn't "shoot," but which glowed for a quarter of an hour, according to the statement of a Quebec correspondent, lighted up that city and vicinity vividly a few nights ago.

—A young girl attacked a sneak thief in Newark, New Jersey, the other day, threw him on his back and held him there until assistance arrived. She had seen him steal a hat from a hat store.

—It is reported that a man in Pennsylvania has a hen which recently laid an egg measuring six and a half by eight and a half inches. The hen is a black Brahma, and is old enough to be on the retired list.

—Olive Oil, said to be of the finest quality, is being made this season in Sonoma, California, and the production of olives is confidently expected to become one of the most important industries of the place.

—A boy named Card, at Hayesville, near Salem, Oregon, died from the effects of a wound in the abdomen, caused a few weeks ago by a croquet mallet, which had slipped from the hands of a companion.

—The reign of Sennacherib (751-681 B. C.) was the golden age of Assyrian art; and in 625 B. C., a little more than half a century later, Assyria fell, never to rise again, by the hand of Cyaxares, the Median conqueror.

—The Plainfield (New Jersey) Electric Light Company offer to contract with householders for one incandescent lamp at $8 a year; two, $7 each; three, $6; seven, at $2 each, and $2 for each additional lamp.

—A steam omnibus, which is intended to run regularly over country roads, is said to be running now in Dresden, Saxony. It is managed by two men, and carries forty-six passengers, with considerable freight.

—Lucinda Easter, a colored resident of Newbery, South Carolina, is said to be 109 years of age. According to newspaper accounts her mother died at the advanced age of 119, and she, like her daughter, had 22 children.

—Illustrated journalism is becoming quite popular in Western Pennsylvania, at least it would seem so by the recent issue of a Pittsburg paper, the supplement of which alone contained thirty-two wood-cuts.

—Young chickens, the Microscopical Society of San Francisco fears, are filled with the seeds of consumption and may communicate the disease to people who eat them, but this will hardly bear the market for broilers to any extent.

—Two petrified articles have been going the rounds of the newspapers; one, a strawberry discovered in Georgia, and the other, a log, in Dakota It is supposed, however, that they are one and the same thing, the berry having grown to the size of a log by the time it reached Dakota.