# 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, OCTOBER 5, 1887. NO. 41.


### A Seaside Flirtation.

With sorrow in her eyes of blue,
With trembling hands she slowly penned
The little parting billet doux
That conscience told her now should end
Those tête-à-tête along the shore,
Those strolling with fern-filled basket,
Those joints the dear delights of yore
And only live in memory's casket.

There never was a heart like Jack's:
He told his passion in his glances.
She sealed her not with scented wax,
But could not drown her dismal fancies.
When he should read his suit denied,
So long the theme of idle gazers,
She pictured him a suicide,
And shuddered at the thought of razors!

At last she slept—but not till dawn
Has blossomed through the ocean vapors.
Jack smiled her missive with a yawn
When he had read the morning papers.
He gave his beard a languid twirl,
And murmured as he sat a-smoking:
"Poor creature!—By Jove!—poor little girl—
I thought she knew that I was joking!"

## PLAYING WITH SHARP TOOLS.

A snowy, blustery, windy, stormy evening, verging towards night. An evening in which even a dog would have hesitated to leave the shelter of his kennel; but through the blinding drifts, a slender girl, well wrapped from the cold, was struggling on to her home.

Her face, hidden by a brown veil, could but dimly be seen, yet her figure and step showed her to be young. She carried a dressmaker's basket on her arm, and was evidently a serving girl, returning from her daily tasks.

As she turned a corner she ran fairly against a gentleman who was hurrying in the opposite direction.

"Beg pardon, Miss!" he hastily exclaimed as he put out his hands to prevent her falling. A gust of wind blew her veil aside, and he suddenly added, "Why, it is Miss Darnall! What can you be doing out on such an evening?"

"I have been sewing at Miss Elliott's all day," returned the girl, "I tried to get through one dress, but I could not. And it got too late to stay longer, I am taking it home to finish."

"And did Laura allow you to come so far alone in this storm, at this late hour?" cried the young man, a thrill of indignation in his tones. "She should have kept you all night."

"Oh, no, I could not stay. It would leave my mother all alone!" hastily said the girl.

"Very well, I cannot let you carry that heavy basket so far 'all alone,'" laughed Norton Davis, kindly. "So just give it to me."

"Oh, please not, Mr. Davis!" said the girl, blushing deeply. "Miss Elliott might not like it!"

"Nonsense!" answered Norton, "Miss Elliott would not like me if I did so ungentlemanly an act as to leave you in this storm. So just hand me that basket, and let us hasten."

"But it will take you out of your way!" said Miss Darnell, as he took the basket from her half-frozen fingers.

"Not so far but that I shall speedily retrace!" he said, smiling.

Eva resisted no more. It was growing dusk so fast, it would be dark before she could reach home, and she was afraid. Surely if Mr. Davis was willing to be so kind there was no harm in accepting his kindness.

So she walked on, and was undistinguished even when, a moment or two later, a handsome sleigh dashed by and Laura Elliott's voice said with a mocking intonation which Norton knew well, though innocent Eva did not:

"A peasant walk to you!"

"Yes."

"Mr. Davis, I am afraid she will be displeased at your walking with me!"

"I have answered you once on that point, Miss Darnall. But I will explain it to Miss Elliott, to satisfy you. Miss Eva, you have my permission to take my arm. These drifts are getting tedious."

And Eva placed her hand upon the arm of Norton Davis, who was to marry Laura Elliott in a month—indeed, it was a part of one of the wedding dresses she had in that basket—and walked on to her humble home, glad and grateful for his protection.

She did not know that in his heart Norton was severely condemning the heartlessness of the selfish girl who could come directly the same road in her warm, copofortable sleigh, yet send this slender girl out to walk alone in the storm.

"I knew Laura was selfish, but I did not think she could be so unkind to this modest, lady-like little thing!" he thought.

At her mother's door, he bade Eva good-night, and hurried back. While the weal into the house thinking how kind and noble he was and how happy Laura ought to be with the love and care of such a man. There would never be anything like that for her!

Laura rode on, furiously jealous at meeting them together, with the little, mean jealousy which only a shallow, selfish nature can feel.

"I dare say he walks home with her every night!" she thought. "Eva Darnall is a pretty little thing, and I've been a fool to let her be in the room every day when he was there. I'll not do it again, I'm sure!"

The next day when Norton Davis came for his usual call, Miss Elliott met him at the door of the sewing-room, and took him into the parlor.

After a few moments she said to him:

"How long since have you been taking evening walks with my seamstress?"

Norton colored slightly, but it was with indignation at her tone, not at what he had done. In a few rapid words he explained to her how he happened to be with Eva.

"I am sure you would not have had me do otherwise," he added, gently.

Laura tossed her head and answered sneringly:

"Oh, of course, if you want to constitute yourself the squire of all the forlorn damsels you meet, it's nothing to me! I dare say you enjoy it!"

"I should have enjoyed seeing you take her home in your own sleigh, Laura," said Norton, very gravely.

"What?" and Laura's eyes flashed.

"No, thank you! I only contracted to furnish her work, not to constitute myself her associate afterwards. I leave that for you!"

Norton was stung into retorting:

"I certainly found her society very pleasant!"

"I dare say! Pleasanter than mine, no doubt!" snapped Laura.

"Come, child, this is unbecoming to you and me," said Norton, gravely. "Do not let us quarrel over a matter that is really nothing."

He changed the subject at once. But Laura did not forget it. Too selfish to love anything very deeply, she was yet proud of Norton's wealth and position, and of her own distinction as his fiancee. And she could not tolerate the least interference with her rights, even in fancy.

She undertook to quiz Eva about Mr. Davis' attentions to her, and succeeded in tormenting the sensitive girl until she imagined that Eva's blushes and confusion were caused by thoughts of Norton, not by her own cruelty.

"The little fool has dared to fall in love with him herself!" she thought, in a jealous rage. "Oh, but I'll punish her well for it! Oh, but I'll pay her out! And Norton, too! I'll make him help me to my revenge!"

And she smiled—a terrible smile. For there was born in Laura's brain, just then, a plan for revenge cruel enough for a fiend much more for a woman. Take care, Miss Laura! You are playing with edged tools! Be very cautious, lest you cut your own fingers!

"Well, Miss Darnall," she said, turning to Eva with that wicked smile still on her face, "I will pardon you both this time. But you see, Mr. Davis has fallen in love with you, and I shan't like it if you let him be too attentive!"

"Oh, Miss Elliott! How can you say such cruel things?" pleaded poor Eva, coloring painfully.

"Tisn't cruel, it's true!" insisted Laura. "I dare say he'll tell you so some time, and if he does, I yield my claim! I don't want him if he likes you better."

And Miss Laura flounced out of the room, leaving poor, frightened Eva to cry and to think, and to wish—oh, so much!—that it were not wrong to think of Norton, and to hope that some day some one like him might love her a little!

An evening or two later Laura revealed her plan to Norton, and besought his aid to carry out her 'good joke' on Eva. Norton looked at her aghast. He could not believe one woman could be willing so to outrage another.

"Laura, are you in earnest? Do you actually wish me to lend myself to your scheme?" he asked.

"Certainly I do. It will be the best joke in the world!" cried Laura. "She will think it is all in earnest, and won't she be sold, when she finds it is only a joke?" And Laura laughed heartily in the intensity of her mirth.

Norton looked steadily at her, and kept down a feeling which wanted to show itself in his face.

"I think she will, indeed!" he said, grimly. "Well, Laura, I consent. Only—you must break the ice for me. Since you began it you must carry it a little further. I don't know just how to begin such an affair. You say the first words, and I'll follow. Otherwise, I'll have nothing to do with your 'joke.'"

"All right, I'll do that much" said Laura, gayly. "But you know you must seem very in earnest, Norton, or she will not believe you."

"I promise to seem so much in earnest as to astonish even you," answered Norton. And had Laura seen the expression of his face just then she might have hesitated to go on with her plan.

The next day, when Eva came into the room where she usually worked, she found Miss Laura and Davis both there.

Turning, with a blush, she was about to retire instantly from the room, when Miss Laura called out:

"Come in, Miss Darnall. We were waiting for you!"

"For me?" repeated Eva, pausing, confusedly.

"You; come here and shut the door. Mr. Davis has something to say to you, and he is afraid you will be angry, so I have agreed to help him. Miss Darnall, Mr. Davis and I have mutually agreed that we are tired of each other, and have broken our engagement. He wishes to marry you, and he is afraid to ask you. There, now I've told it settle it between you."

And Laura vanished from the room, leaving Norton and Eva together.

Eva, too, tried to run away.

"Oh, let me go!" she cried. "This is too cruel a joke!"

But Norton caught her and held her fast, as he said with a singularly earnest air for a man who was playing a joke:

"No, by Heaven, Eva, it is not a joke! It is as true as truth can be! I have broken with Laura, and I have seen how good and true and gentle you are, and I love you, and I want you for my own little wife! If you will have me, I will try all my life to make you happy, my own sweet, sweet Eva! Will you darling? Could you learn to love me?"

He drew her head to his shoulder, and Eva, bewildered, frightened, but oh, so happy, let it lie there, as she confessed that she had learned already, and promised that he asked.

Laura excused Eva from working any more, and Norton took her home, where he asked, and gained, her mother's consent to their marriage.

He urged it at once, saying there was no need of waiting. He was entirely free, Laura herself had set him free, and he would like to make Eva his own before any gossip got wind. He convinced both Eva and her mother that he was not marrying her merely because Laura had jilted him but because he really loved her, and wanted to make her happy. She needed his care and his pleasant home, he said, and at last she consented.

So while Laura sat at home that afternoon, laughing over her fine fun, and waiting to hear from Norton how soon the wedding would take place, that she might assist in carrying out the farce, a neighbor or two met in Mrs. Darnall's pretty cottage, and very soon Norton Davis came it with a minister.

Eva had tremblingly arrayed herself in her best dress, and in a few moments more she was standing upon the floor, leaning upon Norton Davis' arm, and the Reverend Doctor Barbour was speaking the magic words which made her Norton's wife.

If Norton Davis was carrying out a joke, he was doing it in a manner so cruel as to exceed even Miss Laura Elliott herself!

And it was, in that case, very wrong in him to clasp Eva to his heart and kiss her as he did the very moment the ceremony was ended, and whisper:

"My own now forever, past any one's taking from me!"

Really, Norton Davis wore a very strange manner for a man who was deceiving not only a trusting girl, but an earnest minister of the Gospel, and doing a very daring thing besides!

That night Laura waited for Norton, who would come to tell her how her plan prospered. She would have to lend him to his new lady-love for a few days, but afterwards she would be fully repaid for that, by enjoying her revenge upon poor Eva.

There was a ring at the door.

"There he comes!" thought Laura. But it was not Norton, only a note from him. And it read thus.

"LAURA: Eva and I were married this afternoon, as fast as church, State and Doctor Barbour could tie us. When you thought I would lend myself to such a deed, you mistook me, and turned my heart from you forever. I broke with you in earnest, and my beloved, good little Eva is now my wife, in truth, not in jest. We wish you well, and hope that in future you will be more honest. NORTON DAVIS.

Poor Laura! She gave a cry, and sank, half senseless, in her chair. She had played with sharp tools—and cut herself to the heart.

Laura is now fast growing into a cross old maid. And whenever she sees Norton Davis and his happy wife drive by, she thinks of the past, and vainly wishes that she had been true and kind like Eva, and never thought of playing so wicked and heartless a joke against the peace of an innocent girl. And she knows that her punishment is a just one.

### PERCEPTION OF THE BLIND.

**A Sort of "Sixth Sense," Resulting from the Union of Hearing and Touch.**

The question is often asked: By what means does a person unable to see find his way from place to place, or know when to turn a corner, or even keep on the sidewalk, etc. That some such power is possessed, to a greater or less degree, by most blind people, is well known; but just what it is or how far it may be carried, few understand, even among those using it, to whom it is a matter of course, a simple everyday experience, few, if any, have succeeded in analyzing it satisfactorily. Though the faculty is as difficult to explain clearly to those not gifted with it as would be the perception of the difference in colors or as sight is to the blind. I will try to give some little idea of it for the benefit of those wishing to learn for themselves or others.

It does not consist, as is sometimes fancied, in the skilful use of a cane or the exact memory of distances, though these are minor aids. It results from the union of hearing and the sense of touch, both trained to extraordinary delicacy and habituated to unusual services, coming to form a sort of "sixth sense," as instinctive, instantaneous and trustworthy in its activity as any of the familia five. To illustrate: If you walk rapidly along a quiet street, listening carefully to your footsteps, you will notice that the solid buildings and walls close to the sidewalk give back a distinct echo, which instantly cease at the openings and crossings. This to the blind is equivalent to light and shadow, and is in its crudest beginnings the first element in the "sixth sense" already mentioned. Again, you walk slowly, in the dark, up against a wall or closed door, you will feel just, before striking it, upon the delicate nerves of the exposed portion of the face a slight sensation like that which might be produced by an infinitely fine and light gossamer veil. It is caused by the increased compression or resistance of the elastic air when forced up against one solid body by the approach of another.

Repeat the experiement, and you find that the same thing is noticeable at a greater distance than at first. This is the germ of the second element already spoken of. These two perceptions, blended into one consciousness and trained to perfection by long years of practice, enable one to become aware at a considerable distance of any obstacle in his path, to determine the size and approximate shape of objects he is passing, to tell the height of a wall without touching it; in short, to take cognizance of any and all landmarks necessary in making his way or finding a given locality.

This faculty, based upon simple though generally unfamiliar natural laws, is, in some of its many forms of application, the source of most of the seemingly remarkable feats performed by sightless persons in this connection; and it is with them so habitually in use, so much a part of daily life, that its exercise is instinctive and unconscious, and the blind scarcely realize that others employ a different process to arrive at the same results. It is susceptible of almost immeasurable development. The writer has known a number besides himself who could count the shade trees when riding at full gallop along the middle of the street, tell the difference between a close or open fence, the distance of buildings from roadways, etc. The position of corners, gateways and the like are much more easily learned. In walking everything is of course much nearer, and the difficulty is greatly diminished. So every change in sidewalk or fence, every inequality beneath the feet or smallest post by the wayside, is a guide, as definite and trustworthy as are buildings or signboards to him who sees.

### The French Lucky Stone.

The talisman of Charlemagne is in the possession of the French empress. Its pedigree is undoubted, having been found fastened around the neck of Charlemagne at the opening of his tomb. It was appropriated by the town council of Aix-la-Chapelle, and by them presented to the first emperor. He, in turn, made a gift of it to Hortense, at whose death it came back by descent to the husband of the present owner. It is somewhat larger than a walnut, the centre is composed of two rough sapphires—which stone is said to repel gout and ague and endow the wearer with courage—a portion of the Holy Cross and some other relics of the Holy Land. These are inclosed in a filigree work of fine gold, set with rare gems. A French journal while describing the talisman as "La plus belle relique del Europe," seems to hint that the former good fortune of the late Emperor Napoleon III may in some degree be attributed to the charm of the great talisman. It, however, had not sufficient power to avert his downfall and the triumph of the country from whence first came his talisman; nor did it save the third Napoleon from ruin.

*Those* who were entitled to receive gold medals at the Calcutta Exhibition are informed that they can have the same upon payment of £10 13s. each, if they do not desire to pay this sum they have the alternative of accepting a silver medal. We wonder if some of the exhibitors at the Railway Exposition in Chicago did not have a somewhat similar experience. An exhibitor cannot take the greatest amount of satisfaction in a medal which he is compelled to pay for.

### THROUGH THE DARK;

**Or, The Love That Lived.**

There were many pretty girls in the town of Claremont, but none so lovely as Jewell Hastings. Yet, though every young man in the village would have braved any danger to win her smile, she kept all her would be suitors at a distance, all except Harry Lawton, the young doctor.

He understood, however, that Jewell had only a s sterly love for him and as the girl had no male protector, but lived humbly with an old aunt, he was glad to be of service to her.

The family were supposed to be poor, yet Jewell dressed better than any other girl in town, and naturally the town folks wondered from what source she derived her income.

About the time when Jewell was twenty-two a Mrs. Fielding and her son came to Claremont and settled in the old manor house. They were friends of Dr. Lawton, and it was his dearest wish that Ernst Fielding would take a fancy to Jewell and marry her, because he thought them so well suited to each other. One day after church Harry pointed the young lady out to his friend.

Jewell had not failed to notice the handsome stranger; and Dr. Lawton had a cordial consent to his bringing his friend the next evening.

As Harry Lawton had expected, very soon Ernest Fielding was loving Jewell with the full strength of his ardent, loving nature. Of course, Harry was his confidant, and to him he said:

"It seems as though my life had been almost a blank—that I never truly lived before I knew her. If I do not win her, the light of my life is lost. The world will be perfect darkness."

Little thought his friend how prophetic were his words.

"Nonsense, Fielding! You will win our Jewell, I feel sure. If she intended sending you from her she never would have permitted your getting near enough to think of winning her. Hope everything."

The next evening Fielding had been realizing to her. Closing the book, he said, his voice trembling with emotion:

"Oh, how can I read to you of others' loves when my heart is almost bursting to tell its own? Miss Hastings—Jewell, may I tell you?"

The beautiful eyes, which a moment before were raised to his, dropped, a rosy flush suffused the fair face.

"Oh, do you know how truly I love you?" he said, clasping the hand he had gained, and pressing it to his lips.

"I thought and hoped so," Jewell answered, raising her eyes, filled with truth and love, to his.

"Oh, do you mean this? Can it be that you will try to return some of the great love I give you, my precious Jewell? Dear love, I never before tonight have breathed or known another love! Speak, Jewell!"

"I love you," she whispered sow.

And Ernst was satisfied and profoundly happy.

"Good-night, sweet love! To-morrow I may come, or I shall think this joy only a bright, deceiving dream if I do not see you and hear one little loving word in the daylight."

Ah, a dr am it was, as brief as bright. The next day, while waiting Ernest's coming, she received the following note:

MY OWN JEWELL—An unexpected and pressing commission to P—— will prevent my being with you until this evening. I shall return by 8 o'clock and hasten to you. Heaven bless and keep you, darling. Devotedly,

ERNEST

A few hours after the reception of this Jewell still was seated in her little parlor, when the servant opening the door said:

"Mrs. Fielding, Miss Jewell."

With a warm, bright smile Jewell extended her hand and drew toward her guest the most comfortable chair.

An expression of suppressed admiration nearly escaped Mrs. Fielding's lips. And she thought:

"No wonder! She is beautiful enough to turn any man's brain."

She said:

"Miss Hastings,"—the face was rigid and cold—"my visit is not a pleasant one. Last night Ernest told me of this foolish affair." She hesitated. "Well, I may as well explain my business at once. But you must not tell Ernest I've been here. This morning I sent him off, to have the opportunity of seeing you. I want him to marry a distant cousin. They were pledged to each other when babies."

"Rest assured, madame, I shall not enter any family unless they are happy and proud to welcome me. Your son shall never hear from my lips that his mother is not all he would wish her. Now, madame, if you will excuse me, I will bid you good afternoon."

That same afternoon Jewell left Claremont. Her aunt followed a few days later, leaving the cotttage and its effects for Dr. Lawton to either sell or rent.

When Ernest Fielding called that evening, to his infinite surprise and distress he received the following:

DEAR ERNEST—Last evening when I told you I loved you I meant it. You will doubt me now. Do not. I shall always love you and pray to God daily to remove the obstacle to our union. An unforseen circumstance separate us. Trust me, as I do Heaven, and pray that we may meet again, when no earthly power can separate us. Do not seek to find me. It would be useless, until the obstacle is removed. Then I will come to you. Only and truly yours. JEWELL.

Five years had passed since Ernest received this note. As he said truly, the light of his life went out. Not quickly, gradually the terrible truth came.

He was almost blind. To add to his misery the lawyer in charge of the family affairs defaulted, leaving the family almost penniless. Mrs. Fielding was reaping her reward. When Jewell heard the news she hastened to Dr. Lawton's office.

After the usual greetings she said:

"Doctor, I want you to go with me to Mrs. Fielding. I will tell you now. She sent me from Ernest five years ago. Perhaps she will let you me come to him now. For his sake I will try."

After Dr. Lawton had introduced Miss Hastings to Mrs. Fielding, he would have withdrawn, but Jewell put out her hand and said:

"Stay!" And turning again to Mrs. Fielding she asked: "Is the young lady you wished as a daughter willing to marry Ernest now?"

"Nay. Why do you wish to taunt me with my misery? No, no."

"Think you of any whom you would wish that would be his wife?" Jewell continued.

"No, no. What has he to offer! Blind and poor, too."

"Not one? Think!" Jewell cried—.

"Not one —unless—forgive me unless it be you!"

"And you—what say you?" Jewell's calmness had all fled, and almost wildly now she placed her hand on Mrs. Fielding's and cried again: "Speak!"

"I would gladly. But oh, no—no! You, in your pride and beauty"——

"Would willingly, gladly, ay, joyfully marry him this day! Where is he? Nay, I will find him. I will call you soon, doctor. Wait."

Her heart directed rightly. Gently she opened the door, and with noiseless steps reached his side.

Kneeling on a stool at his feet she threw off her hat, and resting her head on his breast she took the thin white hand and passed it over her hair, on her face and pressed it to her lips.

"Oh, God! Can it be? Jewell!—oh, my darling!" Ernest cried, his whole frame trembling with emotion.

"Yes, love; here I am. All is right now. I shall never leave you again."

"Yes, yes; I cannot permit this sacrifice. I have nothing to offer now," he said, yet clasping her closer.

"Your love is the dearest thing on earth to me. Unless I have lost that, I shall stay," and she nestled her beautiful head closer to his own.

A few days after there was a quiet wedding and then Ernest Fielding, his wife and Dr. Lawton sailed for France.

After an absence of scarcely a year they returned to Claremont.

Rapidly the joyful news spread through the surrounding country.

Light had again been given to Ernest's l fe. By God's blessing on a French oculist's skill, a wonderful operation had been successful.

### Tramping in Trinidad.

"When you take a tramp through Trinidad," says a writer, "you must bear in mind that it is the home of the snake and be sure to provide yourself with high boots and a stick. The mappiro, rattlesnake and boa-constrictor abound in these parts, and along the march below can be found the enormous anaconda or water-boa, for which I hold a great respect, having seen him in all his glory.

"There are two kinds of monkeys very common here—the red monkey or howler and the white sapajou or weeping monkey. The howler has a cup-shaped bone in his throttle, which enables him to make hideous noise which he does for the edification of his mate.

"These monkeys share the trees with a sort of porcupine with long prehensile tail. What the name of the creature is I have not been able to find out. The capybara, peccary, deer, armadillo and great antseat, frequent the wooded districts or borders of the streams. The nameneru or bell-bird, parrots and toucans, live in the more secluded parts, while the marshes swarm with flamingoes, pelicans and alligators.

"The bell-bird makes a sound like that produced by striking an anvil with a hammer, and its effect is very startling.

"The regions which these animals inhabit have been very little explored. The poisonous snake, centipede, scorpion and the pestiferous sand-fly have been hard matters to face, and the most persistent sportsman oft-times falters.

"It is no great wonder that Spanish navigators sailed home with queer reports of the country, after seeing the manatee or sea-cow, swordfish, sawfish, trunkfish and sea-porcupine, or having heard the yell of the howler or cry of the bell-bird."

### The Emperor Napoleon on Acting.

Talma used to go out of his way to get into a passion when people talked to him or the art of declamation, and he claimed, quite rightly, that he acted and did not declaim. Why should one not act Cinna, Britannicus, Mithridate, leaving them in the human and simple character? Why should not one pour one's blood, one s own blood, into these statue-like figures?

"I like you," said Napoleon to Talma, "because you are always the personage you represent. Pomey, Caesar, Augustus, that sly politician, can never have resembled actors who are always on the stage, and absorbed in getting themselves applauded. They used to speak, and not to declaim; and even at the tribune or at the head of armies they were orators, and not actors. Look you, Talma," added the emperor; "you often come to see me in the morning. You meet a number of people. There are princesses who have been robbed of their lovers, princes who have lost their dominions, kings of yesterday whom war has brought to the top, victorious generals who are hoping for or asking for crowns. There are round me deluded ambitions, ardent rivalries, catastrophes, sorrows concealed at the bottom of the heart, afflictions which force their way into notice. Certainly there is plenty of tragedy; my palace is full of it, and I myself am assuredly the most tragic of the figures of the time. Well, do you see us raise our arms in the air, study our gestures, assume attitudes, affect airs of greatness? Do you hear us utter cries? Doubtless no. We speak naturally, as each one speaks when he is inspired by an interest or a passion. So did the people who, before us, occupied the world's stage and also played tragedy on the stage. These are the examples to follow."

### Artificial Tropics.

In the belief that modern science can command climate, Dr. B. W. Richardson proposes that British invalids be given in their native isles the advantages of tropical resorts. This he would accomplish by establishing winter homes or health palaces, each containing fifty or more comfortable two-story houses, inclosing a large square of ornamental grounds, and provided with libraries, baths, amusement halls, etc. Flower-lined galleries, giving long promenades, would extend over the houses under glass roofs, while the central inclosure would be shut in by an immense arch of glass at a great height above the ground. Suitable heating and ventilating apparatus would give an equable and adjustable temperature to all parts of the structures, and any desired character might be imparted to the climate. Even cloudy days need not be known, as electric suns could be made to shine at pleasure.

### ABOUT NATIVE AFRICANS.

**Their Superstitions, Polygamy, Mohammedanism and Other Matters.**

When the little republic of Liberia was founded it found itself in the midst of the most degraded savages. They had some arts and trades, and some idea of a life hereafter, but they were cannibalistic and warlike, and the incoming government and civilization had to make its peace with those tribes that were within the borders of Liberia by being careful not to disturb too rudely their old habits and authority. It so happened, therefore, that to this day native kings and chiefs exist with more or less authority within the very limits of the republic.

These native kings and chiefs, who can perhaps boast a longer regal descent than some of the white rulers of Europe, are still allotted a wide dominion. The chiefs are subordinate to the kings. So that a king may have many chiefs under him, but upon each certain duties rest, which relate to the government of the native population in the republic. In one respect the line of succession is much more sensibly arranged, and is more democratic than the rule which regulates kingly succession among civilized Europeans. The kings have many wives, but it is not the oldest son of the first wife who is necessarily the successor in authority. On the contrary, when a king dies his successor is chosen from his children with a certain amount of discretion. The child who has the most commanding ability, or who gives promise of being the ablest ruler, is put on the vacant throne, and in some cases the Salic law prevails, and a queen succeeds her father.

As to the institution of polygamy in Africa, it is just about universal. The missionaries do what they can to root it out, but the prevailing custom is that a man, poor or rich, may have just as many wives as he can support. In one instance, where a native who had a good many wives was converted to Christianity, he sent them all back except the first one to their respective families, greatly to the scandal of his relatives on their side and to his unconverted native friends generally. Indeed, in this case, he punished his faithlessness to his family obligations by sentencing him to death when they found him in a position where the civilized power was unable to protect him. This unfortunate individual's name was Dow-a-dow, and the mode of death alloted him was by the trying process. As he had broken his family ties, he was himself bound tightly by cords, in a variety of places, so as to check the circulation of blood, which process produces a very painful and lingering death.

The superstitions of the native Africans are very numerous. They are continually feating danger, and they wear amulets and charms which are supposed to prevent death, sickness or capture. These, says Mrs. Barboza; are sometimes made of tigers' and leopards' teeth; but a common and potent charm is made of the white nodule found in the alligator, on which certain texts from the Koran are inscribed. This sort of amulet is often connected with the most elaborate decoration.

They also wear a great deal of silver in the form of earrings and ornaments on the supposition that it prevents their being poisoned. Poisoning is very much dreaded by the natives, as the danger from excessively poisonous plants makes its occurrence a frequent probability. There are wild plants in Africa the inhalations from which may cause death, and others which, if you rub against them, will prove often similarly destructive. The natives say, too, that the silver will tell you if you are poisoned, by turning its color, so that you can take antidotes against the effects incurred before it is too late. From certain plants the natives get an effect like that of ether or chloroform when they wish to diminish pain or secure sleep. They have, too, a sassa wood, which is the product of a beautiful tree, a decoction from which brings out sin, according to their notion, as saffron tea does the measles. It is commonly administered by husbands to their wives to determine whether they have done wrong; but the wives, I understand, are not permitted to turn the tables and test their husbands by it.

Nearly all the moon superstitions concerning the planting of crops and the beginning of enterprises, which still linger with civilized people, have their similarities or counterparts in Africa. But the Africans add to these. For instance, one that is peculiar to them: They say when they see a watery streak about the moon that it foretells the death of some eminent person.

The reason that when a great man dies a certain number of slaves or inferior persons are killed, is that he may have their company on his long journey. They think there is a future world somewhere, but that it is a great distance off. Their heaven is a place the peculiarity of which is that every one can do there, that which he most wished to do on earth, but which, here, he may have been prevented from doing.

Not long after Mrs. Barboza's father died she lost a son by drowning. The native told her that it was because no one was killed to go with her father on his death journey. He could not start upon it alone, they said, and so he lingered about, and when he had a good opportunity, drew the boy in the water to go with him. If a person in moderate station dies it is considered well enough for him to travel to the other world unattended. They bring to his grave, however, certain articles of food and clothing, and perhaps a few trinkets or utensils which they imagine he will need upon the route.

Mohammedanism is the prevailing belief and religion among the natives, but the superstitions of which I have been speaking are the remnants of a faith which came to them from their own early traditions. Neither Christianity nor any strictly modern faith seems adequate to uprooting these crude ideas which their forefathers handed down.

*A well deserved honor* has been conferred on M. Cailletet, one of the two physicians who liquefied the list of the gases. He has been nominated a "Membre libre" by the Academy of Sciences, Paris, in place of the late M. du Moncel.

*There* are 3,850 paper mills in the world, which turn out annually 1,904,000,000 pounds of paper. Half of this is used in printing generally, while 600,000,000 are used for newspapers. An average of 11½ pounds is used by every Englishman, and 10½ pounds by every American.

### WOMEN OF CENTRAL SOUDAN.

**A Bevy of African Beauties—Dress and Jewelry—Social Restrictions**

The women of the household have got over their first tremors, and come to the conclusion that we are a good-natured and a harmless looking sort of fellows. At first they peep over the wall or out of neighboring doorways, till, growing bolder, they venture in groups out of their hiding places to see, and doubtless to be seen. Not to alarm them, we take notes surreptitiously, and observe that they make up quite ethnological collection of African types, Fillani and Haussa women from the neighborhood, Nupe and Yoruba specimens from the Niger districts, and others from the tribes of Adamawa and the Benne region. Clearly our friend is a man of catholic tastes in the matter of women. His harem presents all kinds of face and figures, from the copper colored Fillani, with slender, lithe figure, well shaped face and positively beautiful eyes, to the shapeless form, black skin, ugly face and muddy eyes of the lowest negro type.

They are all dressed alike, with a lower turkedl or cloth around the waist, hanging to the ankles, a second sheet wound round the body under the armpits, and a third worn in the varied modes of a shawl on the head and shoulders. The hair is gathered into a solid ridge of grease and hair, which extends from the brow to the nape of the neck, something after the manner of the crest of a helmet. From each temple hangs a kind of stiff love lock. The ankles are adorned with enormously heavy anklets of solid brass, the bar being little short of an inch and a half in thickness, the ends ornamented with neatly made polygonal beads. Nothing better finished could be turned out of a European workshop. Round the wrist are placed several more bracelets, not so expensively made, but collectively so heavy that to ease their arms the wearers are frequently to be seen with hands clasped behind the head or hanging down their backs. Their ornaments usually include a string of agate beads made in the country. The women, unlike the men, do not affect white colors, the more fashionable cloths being checks of dark blue, a medium tint of the same, white and magenta. Among those who can afford expensive articles the latter two colors are prevalent.

Strangers are not usually admitted into the family compound, but it must not be supposed that the women are strictly kept inside and never let out. Quite the reverse. In the evenings they are almost invariably left at liberty to wander forth and join in any dance or merry-making there may be afoot, and I would not like to be responsible for the statement that their behavior is always best on these occasions. During the day, also, if any of the women have anything to buy or sell at the market there is no restriction to their going thither. In the more wealthy families, however, there is always one if not two wives who are kept in strict seclusion, and not infrequently eunuchs are employed to guard the morals of the harem.

### How the Maracaibans Live.

Going ashore early before sunrise, our first visit was made to the market place to see what Maracaibans live upon. A better and a cheaper market would be hard to find. Excellent beef, goat, pork and fowls averaged ten cents a pound, and all varieties of tropical fruits abounded at corresponding prices. Tied together in bunches were great green lizards two or three feet long, with brown warts all over them and vicious black beads of eyes. They snapped at us like dogs as we passed, and when teased with a stick or thing they bit like bull terriers. These were iguanas, the delicious white flesh is eagerly eaten by all classes. It tasts like chicken, but is more delicate. Of course considerable hunger would be needed to make them appetizing to a stranger who should recognize them in a stew. Farther on an animal with head and tail like a rat, feet like an alligator and a coat of mail like an ironclad man of war was tied to a post. Upon receiving a poke it rolled itself promptly into a ball, head and all being quite covered by its plates, and thus defied further attack. This was an armadillo, also a tidbit when properly stewed or roasted.

Monkeys were scarce in the market; and the old school book fable of travelers making use of them to get cocoanuts from lofty trees, by shying stones at them and dodging nuts that came down in return, came to mind as I watched the antics of a few of these poor brutes waiting their turn to be sold. The fact is, monkeys are very shy of their human cousins, and retreat from civilization with al speed. Cocoanut trees do not grow wild, but require careful cultivation and constant care, being planted for profit or for ornament near houses; so that a monkey is almost as likely to be found upon an apple tree as on a cocoa palm. And owners of plantations would probably welcome any stranger, whether two or four handed, who attempted to steal their fruit, very much in the same manner as they would with us. I fear that the story of monkey usefulness is exaggerated, not to say mythical.

### Locomotion in Morocco.

Locomotion in and about Tangier has not yet arrived at a state of absolute perfection. The human leg is not an uncommon carrier, and those who do not care to patronize that mode of transit can use mules, donkeys and horses. The latter are not very good; the mules are the best I have ever seen. The donkeys are mostly of a Spanish breed, strong and untiring, and possessing like the mule, that distinguished trait in the hind legs which charms the observer, provided he is far enough away. With the exception of a few baby coaches there is not a wheel in Tangier. Everything for building, etc., is carried upon donkeys. I have seen a donkey walking along the uneven streets with a barrel of petroleum, or of Portland cement, or with an upright piano upon his back.

Charity is one of the virtues that always wear well and retain their loviness.

—Two hitherto unknown songs by Schubert have been discovered at Engelberg, where they have long been in the possession of the Mayor.

*The Bo* tree of Amarapoora, in Burmah, is about 2,170 years old, and it can be traced in historic documents as far back as 182 A. D. African and Californian specimens being computed at 5,000 years, but there is no evidence of it.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Mrs. R. L. Hughes, of Lexington, Georgia, owns a butter dish which her English ancestors ate out of in 1650.

—Georgia is again coming to the front. She has discovered "a well producing water that is an effective hair-dye."

—A train of gypsies, with nine wagons, are journeying up the Hudson, and telling fifty cent fortunes at a discount.

—Ex-Mayor Thomas de Bussey, of New Brunswick, who died lately, was the last male descendent of an old New Jersey family.

—A boy only 3 years of age was put into jail in St. Augustine, Florida, for stealing four plums from a garden.

—One mile of new electric road has been laid in Oakland, California. The electricity is conveyed by wires to conductors in a conduit midway between the tracks.

—The architectural aspect of Berlin is materially changing. Last year no less than 169 buildings were demolished, four times as many as were ever before dismantled in any one year.

—Mexico, which reported only about 500 miles of railroad in 1880, now has about seven times that extent, mostly owned and operated by Americans, and meanwhile the public revenues have more than doubled.

—San Francisco is to have a colossal statue of Liberty also. The figure will be 40 feet in height, and hold aloft electric lights on a site 960 feet high. The expense is to be borne by Adolph Sutro, of tunnel fame.

—The New York, Providence and Boston Railroad, has begun to use a new system of heating its passenger cars. The device is a water circulating method, utilizing the steam from the boiler of the engine.

—It is stated that plans for the organization of women and girls in trades unions are being quietly perfected at Boston, which city expects to be the pioneer in a movement that it is hoped will spread to other cities.

—Accounts in San Francisco papers go to show that an enormous fruit pack will be put up this season by the California canners, notwithstanding the increased shipments of fruit being made to Eastern canners.

—Twin elms, that have stood for more than a century in front of the historic Easter house in Medfield, Massachusetts, built in 1653, are to be cut down. The elms are very large, but hollow and much decayed.

—A bright, new dish pan and in it a coffee mill wrapped up in paper were placed on the sidewalk in front of a Sheboygan grocery. The rays of the sun were focused by the pan upon the paper, which took fire, and the mill was ruined.

—A stable boy, by charging the combatants with a pitchfork, is reported to have prevented a duel near Washington, recently, between the son of a Congressman and the brother of a member of one of the foreign legations at the capital.

—According to the figuring of somebody on the other side, who sets himself up as an authority, marriage restrains men from crime. He states that there are 30 criminals to every 1000 bachelors, while among married men the ratio is only 18.

—A four-year-old boy of Easthampton, Massachusetts, was discovered the other day chasing a large rattle snake about his father's yard with a toy whip. He said he wanted to catch the "big black worm with a bumble bee in his tail."

—Buffalo business men have started a movement looking to the utilization of the water power of the Niagara river at or near that city. A prize of $100,000 will be offered to the engineers of the world for the best method of applying the water power to practical use.

—There is a law in Washington Territory compelling the teachers of public schools to teach physiology and hygiene, and if they do not teach the same they cannot draw school money; also, if the pupils will not study those studies they can be expelled from the school.

—A coachman in London, unable to restrain his wrath at seeing a man maltreat and finally use his feet upon a prettily dressed child, that cried piteously the while, knocked the man down and rescued the little urchin, which proved to be a "dummy." The man was a ventriloquist.

—When showing the German Emperor through his great iron works the late Alfred Krupp pointed out the very spot where, an ill fed boy of 10 years, he was glad to take from one of his father's workmen a piece of bread to appease his hunger.

—The family of John Bush, of Peoria, consisting of himself, wife and child, were taken violently ill after partaking of chicken at dinner