# Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XLII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1888. NO. 44.


### Outlived.

I often hear it spoken now, the name
That once had power my inmost soul to thrill,
To kindle all my face with sudden flame,
And all my heart with secret raptures fill.

I listen calmly to it wondering
Where vanished they—those old time hopes and fears
That used to blanch my cheek, or swiftly bring
Before my sight a blinding mist of tears.

I meet the eyes now, tranquil, unconcerned,
Where once a single frightened glance I stole—
Those eyes that long ago a pathway burned
Into the inner temple of my soul.

I hear the old, familiar voice, unmoved,
Whose faintest tone was music in that day;
No quickened pulse proclaims the voice beloved,
My quiet heart goes steadfast on her way.

No bitterness, no shadow of regret
Comes up to mar my peace with secret doubt;
I would not live the past again, nor yet
Be quite content to have it blotted out.

Wan memory, hovering near the far off grave
Of our young love, calls back, across the waste,
That all she finds is cold and lifeless save
The few pale mourning flowers herself has placed.

Sleep on, thou short lived love; thy grave is deep;
Thy life was bitter, but thy rest is sweet;
Though o'er thy burial place none pause to weep,
It is approached by none save unshod feet.

## CALCATRONI'S REVENGE.

Do you remember the incident that made so much talk four or five years ago, at the marriage of Antonin Leroux, the banker's son, with Mlle. de la Combe-aux-Fontaines? Certainly ugly rumors ran at that time upon the solvability of this speculator, who had been partner with an Italian, the Count Calcatroni; the Italian occasionally visited the Leroux at that epoch, but he has since ceased to appear at the house.

On two or three occasions some charitable souls pretended that the marriage was broken off, but the ceremony took place, in spite of the oracles. The wedding gifts were numerous and splendid, and the envious persons asked themselves where that filabuster Leroux had taken all that, maliciously emphasizing the word.

Among the witnesses for the bride was the learned Desroches, librarian at the National Library, and a great friend of the Combe-aux-Fontaines. His functions of librarian imposed duties that seemed contradictory. He was obliged to be the most obliging of men, but also the most defiant. In each one of the readers who called upon him his role was to see a brother in science and almost a friend, but a friend whose fingers he must watch unceasingly, and whose pockets he must sound with an exercised regard. Desroches often said:

"I have known faithful cashiers who never stole; but there does not exist a human being who is not capable, at some hour in his life, of stuffing a rare or curious book under his coat."

"In leaving the church the guests went to the house of Mme. Leroux, who offered a lunch. In one of the parlors the bridal gifts were displayed. Among the jewels exhibited was a diamond necklace, given by Antonin's father. This present attracted all the attention, and reduced to nothing the evil reports spread about the speculator's affairs. The necklace was worth at least six thousand dollars. All at once, as the elegant crowd attacked the buffet, a clamor arose. "The diamond necklace is stolen!"

In this circumstance Leroux acted like a veritable grand seignior. After turning very red at first, he immediately recovered himself, and as the confusion increased, he said:

"My friends, it is an incident without consequence; don't let such a trifle trouble this beautiful day! A money wound is not mortal. My dear children, may this light and premature shadow be only one that ever obscures your happiness!"

"Let us close the doors and call the roll," cried some of the guests.

"Never!" protested the master of the house, in an indignant tone. "I will not allow any one to suspect the honor of my guest and those of my daughter-in-law!"

In an adjoining room Mme. de la Combe-aux-Fontaines made her daughter breathe salts while saying to her friends:

"This is what they call business society! I don't say anything against my son-in-law, of course, but a speculator's friends are always rather mixed!"

In short, the adventure was painful, and a great many of the guests breathed more freely when they were in the open air. In ten minutes the Leroux parlors were empty. Just at that moment a servant said to the speculator that some one was waiting for him in his private room. He went there and found the old servant, Desroches, greatly agitated.

"Monsieur!" began the librarian, "I am accustomed by professional duty to watch everything that takes place around me. I saw the theft committed. The one who did the act is a man of about fifty, lean and very dark complexioned. You know him, for you shook his hand several times at the church. Here is a detail which renders all mistake impossible; that estimable gentleman was the only one this morning who wore his decorations on a little chain. I followed him into the street, and as I was about to speak to him, the crowd separated us, and the fellow jumped into a cab. But I took the number of the cab, and here it is. The rest is your affair. It is useless for me to say that I am ready to give my testimony. Shall we go?"

At these words Leroux got up, and with a stride placed himself against the door. To see the movement you would have believed that Desroches was the thief. "Think a little," said Antonin's father. "You know the—the person that you suspect—"

"Suspect!" cried the librarian. "I don't suspect him; I saw him commit the theft, thanks to a mirror, and put the diamonds in his pocket. This jewel-robber shall sleep in prison to-night, if he sleeps at all. But don't let us lose precious time."

"If you please," replied Leroux, "this unhappy man will sleep in his bed. Let him go and hang himself elsewhere. I know him, slightly, it is true, but we formerly had certain business affairs together. I do not wish any prosecution. Just think of the newly-wedded couple, their families and yourself appearing in the witness box at the criminal court! And all that for a paltry five or six thousand dollars. I have not yet arrived at that point, thank Heaven! So, my dear sir, you have seen nothing, have you? It goes without saying that in the future this rascal will be deprived of shaking my hand. I am very much obliged to you."

Desroches went out of the house completely astonished. For this frankly-honest man such exaggerated mercy seemed like complicity. So, after reflecting a while, he went straight to the police office and made his report, giving a description of the culprit, the number of the cab, as well as the address indicated to the driver. Then he went home, his conscience much lighter.

The following day, as Leroux was starting for an early morning ride, he received a visit from a detective, who presented himself armed with all the details given by Desroches. The banker clenched his fist and vowed the indiscreet librarian to all the fines; then, becoming calm, he declared that he would not make a complaint against the thief. The detective was obliged to withdraw without even knowing the name of the jeweler who had sold the necklace. Leroux refused to give him the empty jewel-case.

"If you do not wish to prosecute the government will do so on its own account," said the detective, in retiring.

This declaration made a cold perspiration appear on the financier's brow. But, like a strong-minded man that he was, he soon took a decision. He got into his carriage and was driven to the corner of the Boulevard and the Faubourg Saint-Martin. There he sent away his carriage and went up to the Foubourg on foot, until he reached a modest-looking house. He mounted three flights, rang at the door, and handed his card. Five minutes afterwards he was alone with the famous coindart, formerly employed at the prefecture of police, and now at the head of the best private detective agency in Paris.

"Monsieur," he said, "in two words here is what happened to me. Yesterday I married my son. Among the guests was a certain Italian count, who was formerly associated with me in some speculations, and who has since become one of those numerous well-dressed swindlers that abound in Paris. The man's name is Calcatroni, and he has stolen the diamond necklace that I gave to my daughter-in-law."

"And you want us to follow him?" said Coindart, in taking notes.

"I want you to follow him, but, understand, I don't want him arrested. I want his arrest prevented, and I must tell you that an imbecile has put the prefecture on his track. My request must astonish you, but without entering—"

"Nothing astonishes me, sir," said the ex-policemen. "You are not the first one who has asked me to perform a service of this kind. If the public knew all it would be less astonished at seeing the police fail in certain cases. But let us return to your affair. You desire that no disagreeable thing happen to him! that is understood. But do you wish to have the necklace restored to you?"

The financier reflected for a moment.

"That would be, perhaps, the best thing. But for myself the monetary question is a secondary affair. What I wish to avoid is an arrest; I don't want any scandal or any judicial debates. It goes without saying that the necessary credit is placed at your disposal. Above all, don't lose any time, for the other side is already at work."

Thereupon the two men took leave of each other.

That very evening, as Calcatroni came out of the opera, he stopped to light his cigar. A stranger stepped up to him and very politely asked him for a light. Taking off his hat to thank Calcatroni for the favor, the unknown gentleman said to him, "Monsieur Calcatroni, do you intend to return home this evening?"

Leroux's former partner shrugged his shoulders in hearing his name pronounced by this stranger, but he at once recovered his self possession, and with the smile of a man who was very much amused, said:

"My dear sir, this is the first time in the last thirty years that a human being ever troubled himself about my habits. However, I don't mind telling you that in half an hour I shall be in my bed."

"That's where you make a mistake," replied Coindart. "In less than ten minutes you will be in a cab with two detectives who are waiting for you at your door. So, if you believe me, let us turn about and sleep at my house. By the way, where are the diamonds?"

Calcatroni remained perplexed for a few seconds. He had the jewels in his pocket. He finally said, haughtily: "This joke has gone far enough. To begin with, who are you?"

"A fairy and a good angel, as in the 'Black Domino,'" said Coindart. "I am the confidant of your friend Leroux, who does not wish a hair of your head to fall under the prison shears. You don't believe me. Come with me and I will show you in the distance the two detectives ready to nab you."

"Let us go to your house at once," said the Italian. "We can talk better there."

But they had scarcely turned the corner of the Faubourg St. Martin when Calcatroni had admitted his "hallucination."

"A debt of honor," he explained. "Three thousand dollars lost at play that I must pay to-day. I put the diamonds in pawn for that sum. Leroux needn't have any fear; I will return them to him. That dear Leroux! It is very kind on his part to have spared his old chum! You will tell him how grateful I am."

Calcatroni did not sleep very well at his protector's house; but, at least, the detectives who watched for him were obliged to return without their prey.

From that moment it was an homeric struggle between Coindart and his former comrades at the prefecture; while they tried to track their man he manœuvred to outwit them until he should find an opportunity to send Calcatroni to England. Between two alarms, Coindart went to Leroux and rendered an account of his stratagems, and told him about the Italian's gratitude.

"I will call it square," said the banker, "provided he returns you my necklace."

"That is impossible for the present; it is in pawn for three thousand dollars."

"Three thousand dollars," repeated Leroux, raising his arm wildly in the air. "Then the lender did not look at the diamonds!"

"Are they worth much more?" asked Coindart, who appeared to be greatly interested.

"Three thousand dollars," insisted Leroux, without hearing. "How shall I get out of it? If that miserable receiver of stolen goods wishes to sell them! Monsieur Coindart, I beg you to bring me, to-morrow morning, the name of the man who loaned the three thousand dollars."

But on the following morning it was not Coindart who called upon the financier. Calcatroni proudly sent in his card, and did not have to wait a minute in the ante-chamber. When the two men were alone and the door well closed, the Italian advanced with a firm step towards his former partner, who seemed to be confounded. Had you seen him you would have said that it was Leroux who was "wanted" by the police.

"Monsieur," began the visitor, "what they say is, then, true? You are about ruined?"

"Really," stammered Antonin's father, "this language in your mouth."

"Don't be so haughty," interrupted the Italian. "During a whole week I was stupid enough to believe that the remembrance of our former relations inspired your conduct towards me. I was touched by it. I understand to-day why you were so afraid of having the police look into your affairs."

"My affairs!" protested Leroux, with what little energy remained.

"This morning," continued the Italian, coldly, "I did what I had not thought of doing, considering you are an honest man—I examined the diamonds."

"Then you did not pawn them?" cried the banker, radiant.

"Pawn them? How long is it since gentlemen gave glass as security?"

Leroux fell back into his chair, trembling in every limb.

"Ah, you are not so proud at this moment! So, in order to deceive the public on the state of your affairs, you did not blush to place upon the neck of your daughter-in-law an ignoble lot of glass beads! To conceal the gulf which is about to swallow up the fortune of your victims, you began by dressing a poor young girl who was proud in advance of decking herself with these splendid imitations."

"I should have told her," stammered the speculator. "She would have comprehended that at the present moment. I am waiting for some returns."

"Don't say any more, sir; its useless. In leaving here I am going to present myself before the justice of my country, which accuses me of an imaginary crime. They do not condemn a man for a few pieces of crystal. It is you who will succumb under the ridicule of the public; it is you who will be dishonored. To-morrow the crowd will besiege your office, demanding the sums deposited with you. That is what frightened you. That explains your care in preventing my arrest. I am going to the prefecture."

"Wait, I beseech you!" moaned Leroux. "What can I do to detain you?"

"I want three thousand dollars, I declared on the very first day that I needed this amount, and I don't contradict myself. If your diamonds enter the recorders office, they will cost you more than three thousand dollars."

How the three thousand dollars were found is what I ignore. All I know is that Leroux did not find them in his cash-box. But, in fine, after long waiting Calcatroni pocketed them and went out with the prim and easy step of a man who had just accomplished an act of justice.

He took with him to post a letter from Leroux addressed to the government attorney, declaring that the necklace believed to be stolen had just been discovered behind a piece of furniture, and now reposed in its blue velvet jewel-case.

Since then the banker's affairs have grown brighter. His daughter-in-law now wears real diamonds. But Calcatroni replies, whenever any one speaks to him of his former partner and the family:

"I no longer frequent those people."

### Removal of Large Palm Trees;

The huge palm trees on the Saunders place on San Pedro street have long been a source of admiration to thousands of people. They were there long before the present occupant took possession, and are estimated to be from sixty-five to seventy-years old. The diameter of the largest is fully four feet and the height over sixty feet, while the bodies of all rise like well-rounded pillars symmetrically formed for forty feet or more to the well-proportioned but not wide spreadings tops. Recently Mr. Saunders disposed of three of them to the Southern Pacific Company for ornamentation of their spacious grounds surrounding the Wolfskill station. The work of removing the first of these stately trees has been successfully accomplished, requiring the carrying along of a body of earth ten feet square and six feet deep, attached to and surrounding the roots. The apparatus for removal is similar to that used in transferring buildings, and when the tree was properly placed upon it in an upright position it was moved along without the use of guy ropes to steady it until its place of deposit was reached. A well is situated between where this tree stood and two others known as the twins, and the roots of the trees penetrated the well at a depth of twenty feet or more.

### Banquet to the Deaf and Dumb.

A banquet to 200 deaf and dumb men and women took place at St. Mande, near Paris, recently. Several speeches were made, which were eagerly followed, if not listened to, and very much applauded. Perhaps this needs an explanation. The term deaf and dumb has become a misnomer. Children born deaf are no longer dumb, as they were necessarily of old. They are now taught by ingenious methods to understand and imitate the motions of the lips in ordinary speech. The Abbe de l Epee is said to have originated the system whereby those born deaf and dumb are put into communion with the rest of mankind. His school was placed under the patronage of the nation by an act of July 23d, 1791, and it was to celebrate this anniversary that the members of the Friendly Society of the Deaf and Dumb met at the Salon des Familles.

Prevent weeds by keeping the land occupied as constantly as possible with a crop of some kind.

### HISTORY OF THE CANE.

#### Its Different Usages.

The antiquity of the cane or walking-stick is a little obscure. Here and there history has mentioned a walking-stick, but the article in those times, like the people, seemed best qualified for war. Abraham introduced the fashion of carrying sticks. When he went up into the mountains to sacrifice his son he took a stick with him as a companion. Then Moses commended the cane to the prohibitionists of his time. He smote a rock with a rod and the rock immediately gave forth water. The three wise men from the East are painted, though not described, as carrying sticks, and it is often mentioned in Biblical history that shepherds used a two-story walking-stick to guard their flocks, dogs not being generally known in those days. Adonis, the Adonis of mythology, had a sort of walking-stick given him that was magical in its power, but he paid little attention to his present, having a mania for the cross-bow. And with a short jump into Greece, just across the Hellespont, the Alemanni carried short, thick sticks as sidearms to their broadswords.

Having apparently fulfilled their mission as weapons of war, walking sticks fell into disrepute. For centuries nothing was heard, or at least nothing was written, about them that outlived them. In the last chapters of mediæval history they came to the front, but as an article of the preserver's wardrobe instead of the destroyer. It is said that in the sixteenth century physicians began the carrying of canes as an emblem of their office. In the court of France, in the days of the latter Louis, the court physician carried a hollow cane filled with smelling salts. The custom extended to England, and in the canes of some of the physicians all sorts of medical properties were stowed. The fashion developed into the doctor placing a disinfectant in the chamber of his walking-stick when he was obliged to associate with contagious diseases.

It seems that the Mexicans first used canes in America. When the Spanish conquered the country a queer custom was introduced. The chief executive of the town carried a stick with a gold or silver head. It was a kind of sceptre. The people, of course, rarely knew how to read or write, and when any one was wanted for a crime one of the Mayor's subordinates would take the cane, find the culprit and place it horizontally upon the latter's chest. The proceeding was equivalent to a summons, and the man had to appear before the Mayor under the penalty of being cast into prison. This custom was borrowed from Spain, where it still prevails in the more important sections.

The English, first to dispense with the sword, doubtless originated the cheme of using a cane as an article of ashion merely. It is said of Dr. Johnson, the philosopher of the last century, that he had a weakness for canes which grew out of prospective slander. Samuel Foote was an actor of very little merit, but as a mimic and caricaturist probably never had an equal. Foote was a cripple, having but one leg. Johnson affected to despise him. Foote was anxious to obtain recognition from so great a man, and he thought it would gain him the acquaintance of the philosopher and the applause of the public if he would mimic Johnson. He thereupon announced that he would burlesque the stage. Johnson learned of Foote's intentions.

"How much can a stout cane be purchased for?" he asked of a friend.

"Half a crown," was the reply.

"Then," commanded Johnson, in his premptory way, 'here is a crown. Buy me a doubly stout one. I'll make that fellow walk with no legs."

Shortly after Johnson died the walking-stick fell into disuse. A crutch made T. shape was affected for a while, but never gained popularity, and the walking-stick came to the front once more, and its place as an assistance to gentlemanly carriage has never since been usurped.

The cane of early American history, like that of Biblical times, was part of the repertory of the leaders of the church. It was the principal badge of the deacon. The cane was about five feet long. One end was embellished with a big knob, the other with feathers. When the small boy rebelled against the straight-backed pew, he got hit on the head with the uncharitable end of the cane. If the head of the family got to dreaming about his old English home and the cosy little nest in one of the shires, the turkey's plumage on the deacon's cane feathered the sleeper into life again.

The Irish have always been associated with a blackthorn stick of short and thick dimensions. They used these queer little side-arms in the invasions of the English Kings and in the religious wars. Even in its unpolished state the blackthorn stick is one of the most cherished by cane connoisseurs.

### HINTS FOR BOYS.

What boys need is a few hints in the art of living. Mistakes made early in life go on with us, either to be fought with the strength valuable years or else to wreck our chances. You want, or need to want, first of all, to see clearly that you have but one chance in life to make the most of yourself—only once that you can go over the ground; and you must be sure and positive as to what you are doing. Then it will never hurt any body to stop and see how very few do have a fair sort of life; and then consider why so large a proportion of human beings have a petty, low, or even brutal plane to live on.

The next thing that I am quite sure a young chap needs is to get a good glimpse of himself. This is not the hardest task in the world, although some make the accomplishment very difficult. A good deal of self knowledge can be obtained by a quiet consideration and moderate estimate of what we like to do, to be, and with whom we like to associate. And one who really wishes can find out his special dangers, and his special advantages and powers. He can know if he is liable to hasty outbreaks of temper, or to sensuality; or is naturally revengeful or fickle, or envious. Can any one tell us why a person shall not go to work upon himself as he would at anything else; to change and modify, and eradicate the evil and increase the good? There is no property more directly our own than ourselves; and it is every hour reshaped by our wills. But the best plan does not seem to be to try to kill out evil in our dispositions, but to give cultivation to the good. The evil will get smothered out.

Farmers have a good way of going through their corn once with a hoe to cut off weeds. But when the corn is well up and strong they only go through to stir the soil and hill up the stalks. They say the corn itself will kill the weeds, it depends on which gets the best start. If you give your weeds the best chance they will come out ahead in the character. But if you give good willing the better start very shortly it will overshadow evil, and you will have little trouble. I have known people, young and old, work on the other plan, spending a great deal of time in remorse and repentance. All which is nonsense and time wasted. They only grow weaker wilted and punier in character. No one gets a hard job done by regretting that he has done something else. So take my advice in this matter and simply go to work and keep to work, cultivating fine things. If evil habits are formed, don't fight them, but smother them with the opposite. To tell you the truth, what set me to writing this article was a very doleful letter from a reader, who is miserably eating up his time and his force on remorse. Plan something noble, my boy! Get at something useful, and always be cheerful about it. The Greeks had a name for honorable men, that is men of the right sort; they called them "upward lookers." The finest thing one can be is to be an upward looker.

Unless one has self control, or control of self, of course some one else has control of him. It is quite a study, and a study well worth the while, to find out who really is in control of you. It is not impossible that, when you think it well over, you will see that it is a very contemptible lout who is ruling you. A boy said to me not long ago: "I have made up my mind that if I cannot rule myself I shall never amount to anything." To be sure, lad, you will not amount to anything unless the one who rules you is a very noble person, and if he is that, he will only aim to teach you to control yourself. There is something very grand about a well managed body and mind. There is no other such property in the world.

I think very few boys ever have any idea how much they are good for. The result is they aim for something quite too cheap and small. What a world this would be if all the millions born into the world each year should do their best. The worst of all ideas is a bad or insignificant notion of life—a cheap notion. If you get the right ideal of life to aim at you have at least a right purpose. Does this sound too much like preaching? If it does, some preaching is just what we all need. Like a preacher, I now make another point. It ought to be very strongly emphasized; that is, learn to like good company. If I knew how you had been brought up just right, I would put it this way, "Never learn to like bad company." I do not at all mean to seek always to be with pious people—people of high strung goodness—and generally of the goody goodness sort. I do not know more charming people than those who are all the time worried about their neighbors.

There is, however, a law of nature that we become like those with whom we associate. It is a fixed law, and sometimes seems a great pity, because weak witted persons find it so difficult to get away from strong leaders. I am quite sure I have seen one boy lead twenty of his mates, and almost take control of them. So far as I can judge, about one person in twenty is a born leader; the rest are naturally followers. If you have an ambition to lead, and are high spirited, take care not to be selfish, but to be generous and kind. If you are naturally led, then of course you must be careful who leads you. Some people are made up as boys make a snow man—each boy puts on a handful of snow. So I have seen a person made up of bits of everybody about him; a notion from Tom Jones, a prejudice from another, a belief from another, a habit from another—and, all in all, a queer hodge podge.

### Postal Chirography.

"How about the difficulty of illegible handwritings?" asked a reporter of the Superintendent of the Chicago Post Office.

"Well, that is, generally speaking, not as bad as might be expected, especially in a cosmopolitan city like Chicago, which can boast of all sorts of national handwritings. Long practice has skilled our eyesight and gift of distinction so that we but rarely have difficulty in deciphering any style of writing. In my twenty years' experience I think I remember only two or three occasions when I was unable to make the writing out. Judged by nationalities the Chinese are by all odds the worst penmen—that is, of our style of writing. You'd die laughing if you could see sometimes the chirography some of those almond-eyed gentlemen indulge in.

"The Italians come next as illegible writers, and then some of the Scandinavians and a few of the Germans, who affect German script and get off some very bold figures with the pen. The Americans are, that goes without saying, the plainest and most distinct writers. But even among them there are a good many who affect such peculiarities of handwriting that puzzle us not a little. Especially what's called the 'back-handed' ones—it may look pretty enough, but the characters all run into each other and make the effect of blurring the whole. It takes study to decipher this style of writing, and you often have to twist the letter and turn it sideways and upside down to get any sence of it."

### Ozone and Malarious Emanations.

The air of mountains possesses a greater amount of ozone than that of the seashore. What particular effect ozone may have upon the health of man has not yet been clearly made out. In some directions it seems to be absolutely injurious. There is good evidence to show that it is often productive of bronchial affections and especially of influenza. During epidemics of this disease an increased amount of ozone has been found in the atmosphere. On the other hand there is no doubt that ozone is a great purifier of the atmosphere, and it is doubtless owing to the increased amount of this agent in the air of mountain regions that its salubrity is in a great measure due. I have subjected putrescent meat and vegetables to the action of ozone, and invariably the bad smell was at once corrected. It may, therefore, be regarded as a destroyer of certain germs which are capable of producing disease. This is especially true as regards what we call malaria, and which, as everybody knows, produces in the human system some very characteristic diseases. Several observers have found that this antagonism between ozone and malarious emanations really exists.

### THE CAT'S NAME WAS SMITH.

#### The Embarrassing Mistake of an Absent-Minded Gentleman.

Up in New Hamphire, some few years ago, there lived a family who were engaged in farming, and who had employed a mysterious hired man, who gave no other name than "Mr. Smith," and was never called otherwise. He served his engagement faithfully, and, departing, left behind him a pretty kitten, which he had picked up somewhere, and which was named by the family in his honor "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Smith" grew to cathood, and was a greatly esteemed member of the family being affectionate and faithful, possessing all the feline virtues, so that when the family finally left the farm and moved down Lowell they brought Mr. Smith along with them.

One Sunday morning, after they were settled in their new home, which closely adjoined another house, the head of the house stepped to the back door, and seeing the cat, saluted him familiarly:

"Aha, Mr. Smith! Taking your airing, eh? You're a fine animal, Mr. Smith!"

He noticed that a spruce-looking man in the next yard looked up in some surprise at this remark, but said nothing.

Another day, later on, having gone out to call the cat, he again saluted him thus:

"Well, Mr. Smith, how do you like it down here? Do you get plenty of rats to eat?"

Glancing over he saw his neighbor again, and this time the neighbor appeared to be regarding him very intently, with a queer expression on his face. So he thought to propitiate him by a friendly salutation:

"Good morning, sir."

"Morning. But why in the world do you ask me whether I get rats enough to eat, and why do you call me a fine animal?"

"I—I didn't know I did, sir."

"Well, you did. I am the conductor on the Boston and Blank Railroad and my name is Smith; and you are always coming out of your door and calling 'Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!' or making some such confounded remark as you did just now. I want to know what it all means."

The explanation wasn't particularly difficult; but out of consideration for his neighbor the owner of the name "Mr. Smith" has given up the use of that name for the animal out of doors.

### The Publisher's Generosity.

A well known local author came out of the office of a publishing firm looking black as thunder.

"What's the trouble, old man?" asked a friend. "You look as if your mother-in-law had just arrived for a six months' visit."

"Trouble!" echoed the gloomy author. "Why, what do you think? Here I've worked night and day for three months on a 300-page story—a good, lively yarn, with an interesting plot and innumerable exciting incidents—just such a story as the depraved tastes of the times demand and get, and took it to that wretch in there (pointing scornfully toward the publisher's office); he read the manuscript, pronounced it excellent and timely, and asked what I'd sell it for. I am a little hard up for ready cash, so I thought I would be easy with the fellow and replied $300."

"'How much?' he screamed.

"'Three hundred dollars,' I repeated.

"'My dear sir,' responded the heartless scoundrel, 'you have extravagant ideas as to the value of literary work. Why, that is a preposterous figure. You must step down a little before I deal with you?'

"'Well, make me an offer,' I said, desperately, 'and be as liberal as you can.'

"'I'll give you $75 for the story,' he said, coolly drawing his checkbook toward him.

"'Seventy-five dollars,' I cried in amazement.

"'Yes, that's very liberal these times.'

"'Of course you will allow a royalty as well.'

"'Nary a royalty,' said the publisher. 'Seventy-five is for an out-and-out sale.'

"I grabbed the manuscript indignantly, and asked him how he could expect American literature to thrive under beggarly rates.

"'My dear sir,' he said blandly, 'I am not the conservator or promoter of American literature. I print and publish books to make a living. You turn up your nose at $75. Why, I can get the plates of works of popular English authors all ready for the press for $150, and those books command a ready sale at cheap prices. So you see I'm really dealing liberally with you. Come, you'd better take a check.'

"Of course you spurned the money."

"That's where you are wrong," answered the disconsolate scribbler of fiction. I owed two months' board and wanted money. Besides I knew what he said about those foreign works is true—that publishers get the plates for a mere song and are callous to the claims of native authors. He's got the manuscript, and I'm going to acquire a Milesian accent, join the hod-carriers' union, and shoulder bricks and mortar for the rest of my natural life."

### Colonel Joyce on Himself.

"I have travelled," he said to a Chicago newspaper man, "in every country of the globe. I have had dealings with the white, black and the red.

I speak several languages. I have seen prosperity and enjoyed it. I have seen adversity—I know what it is now. I have been in the insane asylum and in the penitentiary. I have never yet been in a corner that I didn't get out of it. I have never been broke very long, for just when the day seemed the darkest the dollar turned up somewhere. I have always been able to hold my own wherever I was.

"God endowed me with quick perception and abundant language. If I meet Mr. Gladstone I have the faculty of making Mr. Gladstone believe that I am his equal or as good as he. I have it in me to read men quickly. I am getting on my feet again now. The ploughshares of time are in my face, the snow is in my hair. Sometimes when I look into my mirror and think and think and think of all I have seen and of the people whom I have met, and what has occurred and the ingratitude of man, I wonder that I am living, I wonder why I was born."

Cricket for ladies in England seems likely to become popular.

### TOO BIG A HURRY.

#### Advice to City People—The Craze for Rapid Transit.

Rapid transit! So that is what you want? Well, you don't want anything of the kind, taking want to mean need, as properly it does. What you mean to say is that you desire rapid transit. Very well; you are a very foolish person; that's all. You desire rapid transit for them. Why do you pine for rapid transit? What are you in a hurry about? To get to business? Then start ten minutes earlier and take your time; you will do your work better and more easily if you take it up with unshaken nerves. To get home? Home will be "there" at 5.35 P. M. just as surely as at 5.25; "the kids"—children, if you are too proper a person to accept t e classic slang—and their mother had rather see you come home in a placid than a ruffled state of mind. What are you in a hurry about, anyhow?

For every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

So sung a very pious and truthful versifier of the last century. Why do you desire to double the number of pulse beats by the uncomfortable excitement of "rapid transit?" "The numberless" is accomplished rapidly enough by the slowest process. "Soon shalt thou forget all things; soon by all things shalt thou be forgotten," said Marcus Aurelius some 2,000 years ago. Why do you desire to quicken the trot of the procession toward the inevitable chasm of oblivion?

What you need—no matter what you desire—is comfortable transit. Transit that jars no nerve by rumbling cable jolting spring, clatter of hoof on stony pavement, direful groan of laboring engine, more direful shriek of steam whistle or most direful jangle of brass bells out of tune. You don't want to be packed in a surface traveling car of any sort; you dont want your nerves to quiver with apprehension for the fate of the reckless newsboy—too often newschild—who exposes himself to more danger while "hopping cars" for an hour than many a battle field disclosed in a day. And you don't want to be hoisted into an enlarged edition of a cash and parcels basket, and whirled by steam or electricity at an elevation too high for safety, too low for comfort. High enough to insure disaster in case of accident, low enough to catch the smoke of household chimneys, and the odors of household cooking. Still less do you want to be shot through the bowels of the earth by atmospheric or other force. As has been said, you will explore the subterranean regions soon enough. "Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes," said Horace. They were too wise to hanker after underground railways in his day.

But the more comfortable transit, how are you going to get that? Easily, if you have a talented pair of legs; otherwise, with difficulty or not at all. And even the most gifted legs will suffer disquiet at the bridges and crossings of the most crowded streets. Comfortable transit is as yet afar off from you. Your grandfather had it; your uncle who lives in the country has it. But your grandfather was never in a hurry, and your uncle never is. Therefore your grandfather's nerves were as your uncle's are as of steel. The fierce jolt and hideous rumble of the thimble skein farm wagon are and were to them luxurious and musical. You have hurried your nerves into a jumble of sensitive mucus. For you comfort means quiet. It will be so—"only more so"—with your unfortunate children. Science and humanity will provide for them; they can hardly be expected to help you, who are the original sinful hurrier. The coming man may cease from being in a hurry, or humanity may decree that every other street be reserved for passenger traffic and foot travel only; or some large and strong tamable birds, graceful as the swans of Lœla, may be discovered, upon whose backs, or drawn by whom in aerial cars, the tired and nervous may be borne quietly, and quickly, too, to and from business; or balloons may convey people at salubrious heights through the calm of air, or chloroform may be administered to each street car passenger by the conductor in such quantities as to render him or her oblivious to the perils and discomforts of travel. This latter experiment might well be essayed under the existing condition of street transit which is neither comfortable nor rapid.

### A Romantic Maiden's Mistake.

She was very romantic. Her father was a millionaire, whose life had been devoted to sausage raising. He was very practical naturally, but all the poetry of her family was right in her. She was beloved by another millionaire's son, but she had been reading romances and stuff, and when he proposed to her she declared he must do something poetical for her.

"Dearest, what can I do?"

"Become a poor artist."

"I couldn't be any other kind of an artist."

"I mean you must pretend to be a poor artist. Pa does not know you. You must come and make love to me and I will fall in love with you. Pa will object and make a row. We will elope and get married, and when it's all over we'll tell him, and it will be delightful."

And so he became a poor artist and took a poor studio and daubed on canvasses and pretended to paint pictures. And there was another millionaire's daughter got to coming to his studio and sitting for her picture. In those delightful little tete-a-tetes he forgot all about the romantic maiden, and when the romantic maiden came one night in peasant costume as a sweet surprise to run away with him she found he was married to the other girl and had gone off on his honeymoon. She thinks that romances are all lies now, and that nothing happens in real life as it happens in books. She's about right.

### Severity of Scarlet Fever.

From an analysis of over 6,000 cases of scarlet fever, it appears that liability to the disease is very slight during early infancy, reaches the maximum in the fourth or fifth year, and diminishes every year afterward. The severity is greatest in the first two years, lessening year by year throughout childhood and adolescence. Females are more liable to attack after infancy than males, but attacks among males are more fatal.

Recent investigations have dispelled the common belief that freezing purifies water.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

—An English amateur has purchased Milan a Stradivarius, dated 1716, for $4,000.

—The Atlantic cables vary in length from 2,050 to over 3,000 miles, according to the distance between connecting stations.

—The demand in the London market for lilies has become so great that lily growing has become a great industry in Bermuda.

—The largest railway station in Europe and probably in the world is the new Central Railway station at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

—People in Alaska at this time of the year can see to read without artificial light from 2 o'clock in the morning until 11 at night.

—The duke of Westminster has an income of $50 a minute. That is to say, he costs the country about $1 every time he breathes.

—The tanning of boa constrictor skins forms a branch of industry in Hamburg, N. J. They are made into pocketbooks principally.

—A "he-ho" whistle factory, near Erie, has manufactured 500,000 of them already this campaign and is making 20,000 per day.

—A milk-white gopher snake 17 feet 6 inches long, and having a part of his tail cut off at that, has just been slain down in Glynn county, Ga.

—Among lawyers, Erskine at the English bar and Pinkney at the American bar stand at the front for vanity combined with great abilities.

—England claims the largest electric light in the world. It is in the lighthouse at St. Catherine's, and its capacity is 60,000 candle power.

—There is a coachman at Saratoga who is attracting a great deal of attention by his wonderful resemblance to the pictures of the first Duke of Wellington.

—A Scotch paper has this singular advertisement: "To be let, a beggar's stand, in a good, charitable neighborhood, bringing in about thirty shillings per week. Some good will is required."

—A canary bird that had reached the age of eighteen years and six months died lately at Iroquois, D. T. He retained his singing powers until the last year, when he seemed to be in his dotage.

—The Italian coral fishery seems to be giving out. The 4,000 workmen who used to be employed in it have decreased to 1,000. Calcutta is now the chief market, America and Europe taking comparatively little.

—A cynic at a summer hotel finds amusement in the number of broken dishes. He says he expects to hear at least one terrific crash of crockery every day in the dining room, and during a visit of three weeks he has not been disappointed.

—A California company has been organized to manufacture soap out of a material that is skimmed from a boiling spring in that State. The substance hardens by exposure to the air, is like soft clay, and is supposed to be a mixture of borax, alkali and lubricating oil.

—"Among the Northern nations of Europe there was an ancient practice for newly married couples to drink metheglin or mead, a kind of wine made from honey (hydromel) for thirty days after marriage. Hence the term honeymoon." Tacitus says of the Germans. Attila, the Hun, drank so much mead at his wedding feast that he died."

—It would take, according to calculations, 6,340,000 years to transport the whole of the solid land down to the sea. Should the whole of the solid land be reduced to one level under the ocean then the surface of the earth would be covered to the ocean with a uniform depth of about two miles.

—At Porisdown Hill, England, an extremely curious grave and tribe was recently found. It was a human skeleton in a good state of preservation, which was buried in the chalky soil of the locality in the second century. The skeleton was six feet in length, and in its left hand were found twenty-two Roman coins.

—At one of the schools for colored people in the South the girls learn housekeeping practically by being placed four at a time, for a month at a time, in a cottage, where they live and have complete control, under the oversight of a matron. They keep strict account of their expenditures, practice economy, and sweep, cook, wash and iron.

—It is supposed that the veil was taken from ancient religious ceremonies. It is also supposed to represent the hair when left unconfined. The orange flower is appropriate to brides, from its delicate, creamy blossoms and leaves. The custom of wearing orange blossoms originated in the east, where it is the harbinger of a prosperous married life.

—Grant Allen suggests that the evolution of pottery may be traced to the gourds of various forms used by the primitive savages for containing water. The gourds were probably smeared with wet clay to protect them when held over the camp-fire, as is still done by savages, and the durable coat, during thus produced, outlasting the inner shell, gave the accidental lesson in molding dishes from natural objects.

—Queen Victoria has won quite a reputation among English agriculturists as what may be called a royal farmer of the gentler sex. At the show of the Isle of Wight Agricultural society recently she took three prizes for farm horses, one for Jersey cattle and four for Down sheep, winning the champion prize for the best ram and the award for the best pair of ewes.

—The Castle of Hapsburg, seat of the founders of the present Austrian dynasty, is owned by the State of Aargau, in Switzerland, and the government has just refused to sell it to the Austrians. It is true, the Swiss said that the castle is the ancestral seat of the imperial house of Austria, but it is also a monument of Swiss history, having been conquered by the Berne republican soldiers in 1415, when they wrestled Aargau from the Hapsburgs.

—A remarkable funeral took place at Binghamton. Dr. Wheaton, an old and influential citizen, a believer in the dogma of "good cheer," died, after having directed that no outward signs of mourning be assumed at his funeral. Accordingly the friends of the family, when they met at the appointed hour, were astonished to find the widow and daughters of the deceased attired in the purest white and wearing b