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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, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1888. NO. 48.

MORE than a sixth part of the land of the globe and nearly a sixth part of the population of the world are under the control of Great Britain; Russia ranks second in territorial extent and the United States third.

BOULANGER'S original proposition to revise the French Constitution clings to the French people so that the Government which professed to despise the impetuous General feels it necessary to bring forward a motion for the same purpose.

THE STEAMSHIP CITY OF NEW YORK has begun to meet the expectations of her builders, having made the best third trip time on record. Perhaps, after all, she may make the voyage in less than six days, as she was intended to do.

THE new Persian ambassador at Washington expresses himself as much pleased with this country, and says with true Oriental enthusiasm that its women are the most beautiful in the world. He left Mrs. Hadji Hassein Ghooly Khan Motamed el Vasari at home.

THE next trouble in the territories will be in dealing with squatters on lands owned by railroad companies. These vast tracts extend in so many directions as to render it next to impossible to understand their limits and settlers on them are only interfered with after they have improved the land and added to its value.

IT IS TIME TO HURRY UP the construction of a new navy. Even when such an insignificant power as Hayti requires looking after, the Government has no vessel immediately available for that service. Another year, however, will give us several cruisers that may, at least, be used to enforce respect for American citizens in the West Indies.

"WHEN JONES AND I WENT INTO PARTNERSHIP I had the cash and he had the experience; before we closed out the concern he had the cash and I had the experience." This is testimony familiar to many men. It seems to be about that way, too, with a cause famous wealthy estate in New York city. The estate is in possession of a notable fund of experience, but the wealth—where is that?

IT SEEMS STRANGE to read of the discovery of a waterfall in Colorado rivaling in beauty, though not in size or grandeur, the famous Niagara Falls. But there is room for a good many discoveries in this great country. Many of the States west of the Mississippi have only been casually examined in the immediate neighborhood of railroads and a few highways. Even the Alleghany Mountains, in Pennsylvania and other States, have not been thoroughly explored.

MANITOBA is in a bad way with the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the Dominion Government, and annexation to the United States is talked of as one means of getting away from corporate tyranny. Considering the amount of talk there is on this side of the line about corporate monopoly and control of State and other Governments, the remedy does not appear to lie in the direction of annexation. But it is a matter of no consequence to this country. When annexation comes, if it ever should come, it must be of the whole Dominion, not of one section.

FROM THE REPORTS OF THE CHIEF OF ORDNANCE, it appears that the United States Government is experimenting with arms of small calibre, with a view of following France's lead in this matter. If a satisfactory powder can be found the calibre of small arms will be greatly reduced, thus enabling the soldiers to carry a larger number of cartridges. The smaller arms will probably be less deadly than those now in use, but more effective in placing the enemy *hors du combat*, since wounded men cripple an army more than dead ones.

I HEAR that the Emperor's tour in Austria and Italy will cost not less than $200,000. The amount which he has given away to the servants of the sovereign whom he visits is something fabulous, and his presents of various kinds cost a frightful sum. The Emperor took with him from Berlin 80 diamond rings, 150 silver stars, 50 scarf pins, all richly jewelled; 30 diamond bracelets, 6 splendid presentation swords, 30 large photographs of himself, with the Empress and their children, all in gold frames; 30 gold watches, with chains; 100 cigar cases, with the imperial arms and monogram in gold, and 30 stars in diamonds of the Orders of the Black and Red Eagle.

EFFORTS TO DEVELOP electricity from heat directly without the use of a dynamo are not yet meeting commercial success, but the inventors are hard at work and are reported to be making important advances. The product of one European thermopile is reported to be not more than five or six times as costly as the product of a dynamo and gas engine, and though that does not look very promising to a capitalist, it marks a great advance to the electrician.

HERE COMES A DECISION that dairy butter, colored with annotto boiled in cottonseed oil, although it may be 99 per cent. butter, comes within the letter of the statue defining oleomargarine. If that should hold, the dairymen may be forced to obey the law which they had passed to plague their oleomargarine rivals. The discovery comes at a bad time for having the law amended. The vote of the farmers will not be wanted again for two years, and possibly not for four, so that the next Congress may do as it pleases with the oleomargarine question uninfluenced by fear of the Grangers.

A Kiss of Peace.

Sweet, when you passed from living into death,
No love-word faltered on the trembling air,
No dying whisper hushed the sobbing breath
With which I knelt in motionless despair.
I had no right to mourn you. Other eyes
Might watch the glory fading from your own,
And other hands to distant Paradise
Might soothe your way, while I knelt on alone.
But when the hours had passed, and all the room
Was wrapped in silence, and the steady light
From yonder lamp was all that pierced the gloom?
When masses of fresh roses, red and white,
Lay rich with fragrance at your head and feet,
With one bud lying twixt your finger tips,
I stood beside you for one moment, Sweet,
And stooping, kissed you on the pure, pale lips.
Dear, when you wakened did your spirit weep,
Or in its new-found wisdom understand
The piteous love which watched that dreamless sleep,
And sought to follow to the unknown land?
When the clouds lifted from your patient head
And flooded you in light of life divine,
Did my kiss quiver o'er your lips' soft red?
Did any heart-throb whisper it was mine?
If on your peacefulness there sometimes break
A sudden pity for the hopes that died,—
If you grow gladder that for your dear sake
A life-work has been blessed and purified,—
Keep ever in your heart untouched with pain
The memory of that kiss of sanctity.
And when in God's own time we meet again,
In holy greeting give it back to me.

JIM'S MEG.

Once when I was a young man my day's journeying lay between a certain quiet lodging, situated where the Edgware Road merges into the country, and a certain Court of Justice, where it was my duty to report cases for a newspaper.

One evening, just as my omnibus was starting on the familiar road home, a girl got in and sat in the corner by the door. She might be fifteen or more; she looked at her fellow-passengers defiantly, for there was a distinctive movement away from her. She was aggressively dirty; surely there was a week's dirt on those rounded cheeks, through which the rosy tinges of youth and health shone faintly. Her short petticoats showed stradly feet in country boots, and on her dirty childish finger was a wedding ring.

How came she by that ring? Surely the solemn circlet was rare enough in the court where we met her home. Half some fair-faced curate, ardent in a crusade against vice, persuaded her to "go to the church" with her boy husband, perhaps, out of his poverty forgiving her the fee?

It was idle wondering. The girl sat there, paid for her seat—I marveled that she should possess so large a sum the two pence for her fare, and her fellow passengers scanned her.

An old gentleman sat opposite to her, and fondling for his money, he dropped a coin. She saw it shining in the straw, and leaning eagerly forward, pointed a small straight finger where it lay.

"There it is!" she cried in a childish voice, and was going to stoop and pick it up for the owner, when some instinct drew her back. Her neck and cheeks and brow flushed crimson through their dirt, and she sat upright in her place.

What made her blush? Had she noted our furtive movement away from her, and fancied that we should doubt her honest motive in touching the money.

But there was a modest dignity in her simple action, an innocence in the sudden hot flush on her face, which carried rebuke with it, and stirred one's heart in sympathy. Just where a narrow street opened from the chief thoroughfare, she stopped the omnibus, gathered her bundle in her arms, still holding it mysteriously under her cloak, and disappeared into darkness.

Two months afterward I was in court as usual, and we were trying a prisoner. It was a common crime, robbery with violence.

His name was James Bond.

He could neither read nor write; he knew no trade but that of garroter, and it appeared he had been engaged as a specialist in that line by the men who had left him to face the police alone when disturbed at their work.

All went as usual; he was convicted and sentenced as usual.

I had let my thoughts wander a little, and was asking a man near me the term of the sentence, when I was startled by a loud childish voice shouting across the court.

"Never mind, Jim; I'll look for ye?" I raised my hand and met the round eyes of the girl I had seen in the omnibus.

She had evidently addressed the prisoner, for he looked sullenly at her face for a moment as he was led away, and muttered something which might have been either a curse or a blessing, it was so far removed from any human language I know.

Of course she was taken out of court, and this time I followed her. She saw me and approached with a half confidence which reminded me of a timid venture of a frightened animal whom hunger or terror has urged to an unusual shelter.

"How much did he get?" she asked. I told her the number of months James Bond was to be in prison.

Her round eyes were full of fear, but not of tears. I remembered that such as he was, James Bond was probably her only protection.

"What is your name?" I ventured to ask.

"They call me Jim's Meg."

"You are his wife?" I said, remembering her wedding ring.

"Ay, I'm all that," Meg answered, and her face flushed with something that looked like happiness.

"Are you going home?"

She shook her head vigorously.

"Jim swapped our corner just before he was took," she exclaimed. "They let me sleep there last night, but I won't again. Old Bet was drunk, and my boots aren't heavy like Jim's to throw at her. No, I'll sleep there somewhere with Dick."

"Who is Dick?" I asked.

"Jim's dog." And following her glance, I saw, shivering with his back against a lamp-post just outside the court, a white bull-terrior. We were near the door by this time and went out together. The dog looked at Meg, but did not move.

"He's waiting for Jim," she said with much concern. "Jim set a lot on him. He's won many a fight. You see he's only half bull, and fellows bet against him when they see him first; but he's plucky, and he holds on when he hear's Jim's voice, and pots a lot."

"Ah," I said, "and he will take care of you?"

"I must take care of him," Meg answered, an anxious look coming into her eyes. "Jim would never look at me if I lost Dick."

Poor Meg! This was the beginning of our acquaintance; but I learned to know her simple heart pretty well in the months of Jim's absence. I got her lodging with a decent woman, where she could sleep in peace, without having a boot ready to throw; but that was all she would let me do for her.

Once, on one of our rare meetings, for Meg had independence of life which I respected—I ventured to speak of James Bond, and even to urge her leaving him. I had made inquiries of the police, to whom Bond's career seemed pretty well known. The present was his third term of imprisonment. He was a bad lot, selfish, cruel, brutish; not the kind to marry, the inspector assured me.

I was convinced of this, and yet had not the heart to warn her, until one day I saw her walking upon the Edgware road in front of me, with Dick at her heels. She was soon overtaken, when the dog recognized me with a growl of recognition—like his master's, his blessings sounded somewhat like curses.

"Meg," I said, "do you mean to go back to Jim when he comes out?" I had fallen into her unconventional way of going directly to the subject.

She looked hurriedly at dick as he plodded behind.

"If I don't lose the dog," she said.

"Is he hired to you, Meg?" I asked with some diffidence.

"He's kinder than some, and I belongs to him," she said simply.

Here was my difficulty; she belonged to him or she thought so.

"He got me a ring," she said, twisting the little brass circle round and round on her finger. "He don't think much of them himself, but he got it for me. Mother had one, and I wanted one. It was kind of him."

"Where were you married, Meg—in church?" I asked.

She looked puzzled. I do not think she connected marriage with church at all.

"I can't remember—I don't know what you mean—churches are for rich folks," she answered in broken snatches.

"Was your mother there?"

"Where? Mother's been dead three years. We made it out hopping in the country; when we came to London he got my ring."

"But, Meg," I said plainly, "if you leave Jim I could get you taught to read and write, and you could earn some money and live a less rough life where was her home.

"It's not rougher than out hopping," she said—Meg was a regular Mark Tapley in petticoats. "I don't want to read and write, Jim would only, laugh at me. No, I can't leave him, he gave me my ring, and I'll wait til he comes out."

As she spoke a shadow crossed her face, and she looked down.

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I did not speak to her again for many months. I think she avoided me, for once or twice I caught sight of Dick's dirty whiteness in the distance, but Meg was not to be seen, though she could not have been far off. James Bond came out of prison, and, much to my surprise, found her out and took her "home."

When I went to pay her rent one Saturday, the woman with whom she lodged told me her "man" had fetched her, and that Meg had taken her bundle, and told her landlady to thank me.

"Did he seemed pleased to find her?" I said.

"Well, the dog knew him, and he looked half pleased at that; and he asked a lot, as far as I could find out, about how she got a room here, and told her she was a fool not to get more out of you, and then he said he was going to supper, and she could come too, if she liked, and he whistled to the dog and went."

And she followed him. Affection, in the sense of the word as we understand it, she had never known. He came for her, he had inquired for her—or for Dick—among their old companions, and he fetched her home, it was not much, but she expected no more, and followed him.

The last time I saw Meg was when James Bond had been out of prison for two or three months. It was a Scrooge-like Christmas eve, which seemed resolved to gratify itself by making everybody miserable.

I walked home, since I could find no omnibus that would venture beyond Chapel street, and had nearly reached my destination, the fog having lifted a little towards the end of my journey, when just beyond the cheering glimmer of a little public house not a hundred yards from my own door, I was confronted by a short, girlish figure, which I knew at once to be that of Jim's Meg."

"They've run him in," she whispered through the fog."

"How's that, Meg?" I asked, not very much surprised at her statement. "What has he been doing—his old ways again?"

She came close to me.

"Worse than that, worst of all, the worst there is," she whispered.

"Not —"

"Ay, that's it, though you can't say it; but I can—it's murder.

"Good God! are you sure, Meg?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Come in and tell me. Can nothing be done?"

And as I took her into the house, starting my old servant by doing so, I confess that for the moment all thought of justice fled, and I was filled with the simple human longing to save a fellow man from a dreadful penalty. When I got her in by the lamplight, I saw how Meg was changed. Her girlish roundness of face had sharpened, her country color had faded. She could not have been much more than sixteen, seventeen at the most, but round her mouth and in her eyes was the touching dignity of sorrow.

"What is it, Meg?" I asked.

"It's his pal," she answered, almost silently. I could see that she was thinking of something beyond. "They quarreled about the dogs. Jim struck him with a knife they say, and he's dead."

"You are sure; I mean you know, Jim had a knife, and that he struck the man?"

"Yes—I know; that's what I'm come about." And for the first time her eyes fell, and she plucked her shawl nervously. "There's a girl, a pal of mine, she saw him and she's got to tell. What can I do?"

"She's got to tell—what do you mean, is she called as a witness?"

"Yes, that's it—be a witness; that means tell all you know. I made it out—somebody was bound to make it out, and I did. You see I belong to him."

A wonderful transfiguration came over her face, and filled it with tender womanhood, linking it to another womanhood higher and purer than hers, and from which she had hitherto seemed far away. I think she would have said, 'I love him,' had she known know, but as was, her old phrase told it all.

"What can I do?" she asked again, as I said nothing.

"You mean how can I keep her silent, preventing her telling what she knows."

"It's not that, she's game for that, she'd lie for him, and she'd swing for him, we're all pals, you see; but—" and with the unusual effort at the thought poor Meg's face grew troubled and her words—"they've told me, the man who came about it and others, that you can't help peaching if they get you in there." I knew she meant in the witness box. "They ask you questions and you speak, though you'd rather bite your tongue out. It is true?"

"Yes, Meg, I am afraid she cannot hide the truth; it is better to tell it simply and hope that—" I stopped abruptly. "Did no one else see the quarrel?" I asked.

"No, that's it, Jim and the man were alone, only she was there, she'd only just come in; if she'd not come in they might have thought it an accident—she's the only one."

"Can't you make up something for her to say? she'll say it," she cried eagerly.

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A JAPANESE PRISON.

The Interesting Things Seen by an American Correspondent.

With the exception of the Yoshiwara, of which plenty hereafter, the two prisons of Tokio are the most interesting things I have seen in Japan. These are, first, the great prison upon the Island of Ishikawa, at the south of the city, and, second, the convict and female prison of Ichigawa, in the center of the city itself. The former is completely isolated all communication with the main land being by police ferry, and contains 2,052 men and boys, all of whom are serving terms of ten years or less. The latter contains 1,400 men and 110 women, among whom are many serving life sentences. There is a convict farm attached, and it is here that capital punishment is inflicted. Otherwise the two prisons resemble each other so closely that it is not necessary to distinguish between them in description.

The entrance is through a massive wooden gateway into a guard room, adjoining which are the offices of the director and officials. The prison itself consists of a score or more of detached one story buildings, all of wood and some of them merely substantial sheds, under which the rougher labor, like stone breaking, is performed. The dormitories are enormous wooden cages, the front and part of the back formed of bars as thick as one's arm, before which again is a narrow covered passage where the warder on guard walks at night.

On leaving the dormitories we passed a small, isolated square erection, peaked and gauled like a little temple. The door was solemnly unlocked and flung back, and I was motioned to enter. It was the punishment cell, a darker spotless wooden box, well ventilated but perfectly dark, and with walls so thick as to render it practically silent. "How many prisoners have been in it during the last month?" I asked. The director summoned the chief warder and repeated my question to him. "H'tori mo gozaimasen," come whatever," was the reply. "What other punishments have you?" "None whatever." "No flogging?" When this question was translated the director and the little group of officials all laughed together at the bare idea. I could not help wondering whether there was another prison in the world with no method of punishment for 2,000 criminals except one dark cell, and that not used for a month. And the recollection of the filthy and suffocating sty used as a punishment cell in the city prison of San Francisco came upon me like a nausea.

A Japanese prison may be divided into two parts—dormitories and workshops. Of cells or prison buildings, properly speaking, there is nothing whatever. Walking across the yard we entered the first workshop, where a couple of hundred prisoners were making machinery and steam boilers. One warder, armed only with a sword, is reckoned for every fifteen men, and here the prisoners were working on contract orders for outside firms, under the supervision of one skilled teacher and one representative of the firm giving the contract. So it was in the fine art department and every other of the score of workshops.

Prisoners employed at the higher classes of labor are credited with one-tenth the sum received for their hand work. But as the work was so good and the running expenses seemed so light I was much surprised to learn that the prison was not yet self supporting, only seven-tenths of the total cost being realized from the sale of prisoner's work. Another curious fact is that every adult prisoner is detained for six months after his sentence expires if he is not claimed in the mean time by his friends, and until he is of adult age if he has not reached it and is unclaimed. These prisoners wear blue instead of red, after their sentences have expired.

The women's quarter at Ichigawa is separated from the men's by a high wooden fence and gateway guarded by a sentinel, and consists of two or three dormitories and one large, comfortable workshop, where all the 110 are employed together, at labor let out by contract. When I was there they were all hemming silk handkerchiefs, each seated upon the matted floor before a little table, and very neat they all looked and very pretty some of them, with their loose red gowns and simply twisted hair. "Those are forgers," said the officer, pointing to three of them; "I do not like them to be so pretty." One of the women had a young baby playing beside her, and another of them, as she glanced up at us, showed a face entirely different from the rest, pale, sad and refined, and I saw that her hands were small and very white. It was Hanai Ume, the once famous geisha of Tokio, famous for her beauty, her samisen playing, her dancing, her pride, and most famous of all for her affaire d'amour.

Mother's "Punkin" Pie.

It was a perfectly harmless remark in itself and made without reflection or fore-thought. We were sipping our coffee after dinner, and there was a casual reference to Thanksgiving. Something prompted me to say:

"How I used to look forward to Thanksgiving when I was a boy. It was one of the events of the year to select and bring in from the cornfield the Thanksgiving pumpkin, and what pies it made! Somehow I don't get any punkin pies nowadays such as mother used to make!"

And I took a sip of coffee and lazily puffed at my cigarette without a suspicion of having turned on the consequences, as it were.

An ominous sort of silence made me glance, after a minute, across at my wife.

Her face was flushed, and she choked a little as she began to speak:

"To begin with, John," she said, "don't say punkin. The p should be distinctly sounded; and in the next place, do you know what I have a mind to do?"

I confessed that to prognosticate her mental gyrations was beyond me.

"Well," she went on, ignoring the interruption, "I have a strong mind to give you one of those same pumpkin pies such as your mother used to make. I hope I am superior to any small jealousies concerning your mother's virtues, but I am thoroughly weary about this talk of old-fashioned cookery. Why, do you know, John, that I have eaten fried steak at your mother's table, and had baked potatoes served in a covered dish? What would you say to have either offered you now? The actual fact is that the cooking of fifteen or twenty years ago is not to be compared in any way with that of to-day. We have advanced in that as in all of the sciences." And she shook her fingers out of her finger bowl with unnecessary vim, and rubbed them with her napkin more vigorously than the occasion demanded.

"All this may be true," I allowed judiciously; "but spare me, I pray you, that idol of my boyhood, the Thanksgiving pumpkin pie;" and I sounded the p broadly, hoping to appease the iconoclastic indignation, I had unwittingly aroused.

"I can't," replied Mrs. John, relentlessly. "I can't, really and be honest.

"Recall for yourself the actual pie of which you speak separated from all its surroundings, and answer me truthfully if I describe it aright. It was yellowish brown in color, except in occasional spots, where the blistered top had broken under uneven heat; it was very shallow; the filling barely twice exceeding the crust in thickness when it was cut, and its flavor was strong of pumpkin, with various spices more or less predominating.

"You were apt to find little pieces of the vegetable in your mouthful, which had escaped the coarse-holed colander through which it had been strained, and you were fortunate if the undercrust was not 'soggy,' as in 'those good old days' it was the fashion to bake 'batches' of pies weekly to last through the following seven days, a custom which did not add to the wholesomeness of such pies as survived the first day. And this, my dear, is the 'punkin' pie of your boyhood."

My silence attested the truth of this assertion.

"But what," she went on, "is the pumpkin pie of to-day? A very different and a much more successful gastronomic production. As a friend said to me the other day, 'I consider a pumpkin pie the excuse for all the good things I have in my storeroom—sugar, cream, eggs, a dash of sherry, a little lemon, mace, cinnamon, nutmeg—then repeat ad libitum,' she finished with a laugh.

"The modern pie," pursued my wife, "is a solitaire, or at most, two at a baking, and as the under crust is slightly baked first, before the filling is put in, the 'soggy' characteristic is entirely left out. You will miss, too, the limpy element from the property made pie of to-day: we strain the pumpkin through a sieve; we also use deep dishes, which takes away from the slab appearance of the delicacy. Finally, when this toothsome and altogether delicious article of food is offered at dessert, grated cheese is served with it, and if you will once more turn a retrospective eye upon the past you will discover that the cheese of the farm larder invariably appeared at supper, while the pastry dessert of the noonday dinner was unaccompanied by its natural and wholesome relish.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. John with sudden vehemence, "can't you recall those dreadful country teas with cubes of yellow-rubber cheese piled on one plate, and long, pale-green pickles on another, flanking the caster on either side? Was there ever a more complete embodiment of green and yellow melancholy than the combination?"

My mind naturally moves slowly, and before I found a reply to this sudden parenthetical appeal my wife had got back to the main road, so to speak, of her harangue.

"No, John," she continued rather sadly, "it is not the pumpkin pie, pure and simple, of your childhood which you fondly recall; it is the pumpkin pie seasoned with your boyish appetite, the pumpkin pie surrounded with the accessories of your dear and familiar home, the pumpkin pie, in fact, set in the glorious halo of your youth!

"You say it was the event of the year to bring in the Thanksgiving pumpkin. I am sure it was. Yet I don't suppose it would give you any especial pleasure to go down to Fulton Market and half carry, half roll home one of those great yellow vegetables.

"But out in the cornfield back of your father's house, the cornfield whose boundary was the sparkling, dancing brook, and whose background was the everlasting hills bathed in the lovely haze of autumn, out in that cornfield in the mellow October afternoon, every breath inspiring the delicious air which had in it such an indescribable mixture of summer languor and crisp, frosty vim, and every nerve tingling with the unconscious but vivifying essence of healthy, happy boyhood—that indeed was an event.

"Here amid the city's turmoil that grows at times so tiresome and monotonous, with the responsibilities and anxieties which every man of family feels, and with the weight of years beginning ever so little, to press. I do not wonder that the happenings of those care-free days stand out in bold relief, but in justice, my dear, to the science of gastronomy and to the development and progress of the day, tear down from its hallowed niche in your memory the dun and billous image of old-fashioned 'punkin' pie."

Wooden Toothpicks.

A toothpick factory is one of the flourishing woodworking establishments at Harbor Springs, Mich., and it is one of the largest factories of the kind in the country. White birch is exclusively used in the manufacture of the toothpicks, and about 7,500,000 of the handy little splinters are turned out daily. The logs are sawed up into bolts each 28 inches in length, then thoroughly steamed and cut up into long ribbons, three inches in width, and these ribbons, eight or ten of them at a time, are run through the toothpick machinery, coming out at the other end, the perfect pieces falling into the basket, the broken pieces and refuse falling into another. The picks are packed into boxes, 1500 in a box, by girls, mostly comely looking young squaws, and are then packed into cases and finally into big boxes, ready for shipment to all parts of the world. The white birch toothpicks are very neat and clean in appearance, sweet to the taste and there is a wide market for them. The goods sell at the factory at $1.90 a case of 150,000 picks, or 100 small boxes each containing 1500, and the small boxes retail at five cents each, or 300 picks for one cent, at which rate almost everybody can afford to take a fresh toothpick after each meal.

Leaves of the Palm.

A tribe in the palm region of the Amazon cradles the young in palm leaves. A single leaf turned up round the edges by some native process makes an excellent cradle, and now and then it is made to do service as a bath tub.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Miss Ada Harvey, the first female child born in Denver, is 28 years old, and is now visiting the scenes of her babyhood.

—The Duchess of Marlborough is credited with saying that the fate of nations has sometimes been decided on a perfectly matched ribbon.

—Kentucky has raised a tomato this year which just fits into a four quart measure, while Missouri produces a pumpkin which wouldn't go into a washtub.

—Rafael, an old gypsy, has asked the Emperor of Austria to invest him with the dignity of King of the Gypsies, because he can prove his direct descent from King Pharaoh.

—Two Buffalo girls are carrying on a drug store. They both have taken a course in pharmacy at the medical college, and are eminently qualified to make a success of the enterprise.

—A New York girl dropped dead the other day, two hours after becoming engaged to be married. It is supposed her death was caused by an attack of heart disease, brought on by joy.

—The old-time, delicate soap-bubble watch crystals have gone out of use for ordinary watches, and the introduction of thick crystals, is driving out the hunting-case in favor of the open-faced watch.

—An electric light wire in West Chester fell on the platform of a passing railroad car, and, catching in the clothing of one of the train hands, dragged him from the coach. He was only slightly injured.

—Lord Shrewsbury, the English peer who has made a fortune in London by supplying the public with hansom cabs, is about to push his venture in Paris. He will place 300 cabs, drawn by English horses, in the French capital.

—Among the graduates in this year's class of the New York University Medical College, were men from Turkey, Bulgaria, Russia, and other foreign lands. The fame of this country's institutions in medicine is increasing widely.

—Prince Bismarck recently gave a fete to his servants and tenants at Friedrichsruhe to celebrate the despatch to Berly of 5,000 telegraph poles cut in his forests. Bismarck has supplied Germany with 100,000 telegraph poles during the last ten years.

—Succi, the Italian faster, who claims to possess an elixir which renders food unnecessary, has completed the fast of thirty days at Barcelona, Spain. He walked, fenced, and slept during his foodless month, and retained his health and strength.

—In the little town of Arvesnes, in France, it has been discovered that there are forty-two young marriageable girls and only three bachelors who are candidates for matrimony, and one of these has proved so recreant to home influence that he is about to marry a girl belonging to a neighboring village.

—In various parts of China there is a belief that the souls of very atrocious criminals who have either been executed or died in prison, are sent back from hades by Yenlo, the judge there, to undergo a further term of imprisonment, one death not being enough to expiate their crimes.

—William Klausman, a 9-year-old New York boy, has the distinction of possessing the hardest head known in that city. The other day, when playing in the street, he was run over by a heavy wagon, the wheels of which passed directly over his head. Strange to say the only injuries received were a few skin bruises.

—Denver, Colorado, will soon have one of the finest Masonic temples in the West, costing not far from $250,000. It will be seven stories high with a frontage of 125 feet and a depth of 100 feet. Every girder and beam throughout the building will be of iron, not even a wooden step or staircase being used.

—"You'd be surprised," said a New York safe manufacturer, "at the number of sham pasteboard safes in New York, and they're made so well that any ordinary person would be deceived. They have a business-like appearance and give an office a thrifty look, all for $5 or $6, whereas the real article would cost something like $100.

—A small boy recently found a fine topaz on Bald Face mountain in Chatham (N. H.), and sold it for a small sum to a man who realized $60 for it after it had been cut and polished. Several others of less value have been found in the region, and they are mostly white. So close is the resemblance to diamonds, it is said, that only an expert can tell the difference.

—The highest personal revenue received by a Protestant Episcopal Bishop in this country is said to be that