

Summary

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CHARITY cannot be better employed than to give the Johnstown people an opportunity to care for themselves. They must have food, shelter and employment until they can earn these for themselves, but the sooner they can be put in a way to earn once more the better for them all. The Commission seems to be surveying the field from this wise point of view.

The following report of the output of the cotton seed oil mill of St. Martinville, La., for the last nine months, will give some idea of the variety and value of the products of cotton seed: Its output was 4,000 barrels of oil, 2,500 tons of cotton seed meal, 240 bales of lint, and 1,100 bales of cotton—all this from the seed as turned out by the planters' gins.

CONYER ISLAND hasn't got any elephant this year, and as a consequence the local editors of the big New York dailies are sore pressed for special sensations. The picture of a New York local editor tearing out his hair in the effort to evolve a sensation in the presence of the void created by the absence of the elephant and his trunk is worthy of the trash of a whitewash artist.

BERBERGS have become very plentiful in the track of ocean steamers. The officers of the steamer State of Pennsylvania and the steamer Wyoming, which arrived in New York recently, saw herds of great size. One of them was but eight miles away. It would cost more to take a southern route, but greater safety would be assured. The northern route is dangerous during the iceberg season, and sooner or later a disaster of appalling character will take place, if the Atlantic steamers do not change their course. It is only a question of time and a little carelessness. The danger is there.

NEWS from Johnstown is of a most encouraging character as to the restoration of the industries of the place. The Cambria Company is actively at work, and day by day is increasing the number of workmen employed at productive labor. It is also recovering large quantities of material and machinery from the debris, which will help to lessen its losses and hasten the work of restoration. This activity furnishes the best kind of relief for survivors. Work that keeps them engaged during the day and furnishes them with the means of living and of starting life anew is doubly beneficial. It helps them to recover their former spirit of enterprise and hopefulness, and gives them material aid towards a reconstruction of their homes.

GOVERNOR GREEN tells a good story at his own expense. A few days ago, while he was waiting for a train at the Elizabeth station, he engaged the services of a juvenile bootblack. As the youth piled his brushes the governor grew sociable, and pleasantly inquired: "How's business, Johnny?" "Name ain't John, but I leonically answered the last, "name's Tommy." Slightly taken back by Tommy's indisposition to be sociable, the Governor said nothing for a while, but finally, deciding to impress the youngster to a slight extent, he remarked: "Well, Tommy, I guess you don't know who I am, do you?" "Yes, knowed you long ago," said Tommy. "Well, who am I?" "Yes, yer Bob Green's father."

LONDON is declared to be one of the healthiest large cities in the world, the death rate being only 16.6 per thousand of population. There is a marked absence of the so-called "fifth diseases" that cause so much mortality in New York every year. This remarkable salubrity is due to the rigorous enforcement of the health laws by the authorities, and the cheerful and intelligent obedience to those laws, and to the edicts of the authorities, by the people. The water supply is good, great pains are taken to keep the streets clean, and there is a rigorous oversight of the sanitary habits of the people.

A WOMAN dentist, says a New England exchange, is somewhat of an innovation, but that she is likely to make her mark in the profession is indicated by the high standing of the young woman who has just been graduated from the Boston Dental College. According to the announcement of the Dean, she stood No. 1 in a class of between 30 and 40, and in the race she had run she was so far ahead of her classmates that she could hardly hear the tread of the fellow next behind her. The dentist's chair is not exactly a synonym for everything that is comfortable and inviting, but the presence of a gentle woman operator promises to extract something from its terrors.

AN Englishman in California purchased a gold brick for \$8,000, thinking that he was getting ahead of an ignorant Indian, and would clear a handsome profit on the transaction. It was the Englishman and not the Indian who came out loser, for the brick turned out to be only copper, though its quality had been tested in the presence of the purchaser. That is one case. Here is another: A country minister visiting New York got in with some sharpers, who told him that one of them had a debt to collect from a man who would not pay, and offered him \$1,000 if he would help to collect it. He tried to get ahead of anybody else in a bargain or to get some one else's money without giving full value for it.

JEAN'S LETTER.

The Strange Way in Which It Was Written and Answered.

This little Jean had resolved to write a letter to the Holy Virgin, he, only six years of age, with trousers worn at the knees, blonde hair tucked and curled, and a pair of great blue eyes that still tried to smile a little, though they spent nearly all their time in crying. His little coat was well cut and of good material, but falling to rags on his right foot was a girl's boot, on his left a collection's shoe, both of them too big for him, too wide and too long, and full of holes, displaying his toes in front and lacking in heels behind.

Withing, too, he was cold and hungry, for it was a bitter winter morning, and he had had no food since noon the day before. Yes, he would write a letter to the Holy Virgin, and since he could neither read or write, let me tell you how he did it.

Over beyond the home of this little Jean, in the quarter of the Gros-Caillois, at the corner of the avenue, there chanced to be the stall of a Public Writer, the sort of "have men" whose business it was to do the letter-writing of all those people who could not write for themselves. In the case I speak of the Public Writer was also an old soldier, a Frenchman, but a very good man, and whom Jean, saw, on arriving before his stall, through the dingy glass of his little window, tranquilly smoking his pipe and waiting for customers.

As for the name of the postman who carried letters like that of little Jean, I cannot tell you that either; but one thing I am certain, they always reach their destination.

The small boy was fond of music, and he had a little violin, which he had bought for him on Sunday night, but he stole out, having been refused permission by his mother, and got away down in front by the fiddler. He sat the listening delightedly, when he turned around and suddenly discovered his father all alone in the next occupied seat. He made no excuse. He looked up and nodded pleasantly.

"Does your mother know you are here?" "No, sir. She wouldn't let me come."

"And aren't you well-ahem—?" "A sense of justice struck the old man, and the small boy knew he was quite safe. So they enjoyed the opera together, and then they started home. There was an awkward silence between them. The small boy waited for his father to speak.

"What gentleman?" "The gentleman?" "This time Jean comprehended. "But it isn't a gentleman," he objected. "A lady then?" "No, a lady this is—"

him in his arms and to stride him with

"Yes, my little Jean," he said, "yes, I cry, and soon thou wilt cry with me, thou whom I love as I would love my own. I've had a mother once who loved me dearly, and who said to me on her dying bed: 'Be an honest man, Bouin, and be a Christian!' An honest man I have been, but a Christian—"

That is all—I have no more to tell you; it is a story without beginning or end, though well worth the quarter of an hour spent in its recital.

The poor mother died of hunger and illness, and some benevolent soul took it upon himself to help her. Who was she? I do not know. What had she suffered? I cannot tell; but there is no one in Paris a man still young, a child, a woman, but not with still her father Bouin's name.

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IN THE BLACK FOREST.

The Beautiful Legend Connected With One of Its Remarkable Lakes.

The Schluesselsee is the largest lake in the Black forest and one of the most picturesque. During the spring and summer it is a great resort for invalids from Strasburg and Heidelberg, attracted to the neighborhood by the breezy quality of the air and the fine water in this vicinity.

The lake itself affords excellent bathing, which is said to be a great restorative in cases of chronic disability or slow convalescence. The origin of this curative power is explained by another characteristic legend, which, although it excites the ridicule of the physicians of today, has nevertheless the merit of accounting for a fact otherwise inexplicable, like its sister stories of the Black Forest.

At the period of the Crusades when so many good Christians left their homes and native land to go to the deliverance of the Holy City, there lived in the Black forest a brave warrior called Conrad von Euberg. He accompanied Godfrey of Boulogne to the siege of Jerusalem, where his stout lance had laid many a Saracen in the dust.

The brave crusader reached the Black forest in safety and heard the valley of the Schluesselsee. One evening, as he was passing through the forest, he came to a lake which he did not remember having seen before. It was a beautiful lake, with a soft, green bank, and the turf was cool and soft, and Conrad, weary from his long journey, could not resist the temptation to repose. He lay down on the green sward with no thought of danger near.

At this era the Schluesselsee was haunted by fairies, who had many traits in common with the sprites of the Wiltis, or dancing spirits of the Munnelese. Soon a beautiful female arose from the tranquil waters of the lake, and she came to the young Crusader sleeping in the moonlight and gazed at him with some features with admiration. Then she enveloped him in her long sea-green tresses and began to chant a weird melody that had power to cast a spell over the senses of the man.

There is a host of men in these parts who are leading quiet, respectable lives, but the legend of the Schluesselsee and quiet. They came to the West when it was the fashion to shoot a man if you didn't like the cut of his coat or the sound of his tongue.

There used to be a young blind man who so curiously sat on a stool in the street or thereabouts, says the Boston Transcript. Ordinarily the sales were of single cigars or small packages of cigarettes, and the dealer, being expert in his trade, knew the exact quantity in making change. Sometimes paper money would be given him and then the blind man had to trust the honesty of his patrons not to give counterfeit.

"I should think," he said nonchalantly to the dealer, "that you'd sometimes have counterfeit money passed on you, no," said the dealer, "nobody would impose on a poor blind man like me."

Making Calls.

(I hope she's out of the tiresome thing! I can swim. I'll get him.)

"No! I'm so sorry she's not in; I'll try to call and see you soon." "I'll be home at home today." "This lovely afternoon."

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ELAINE VALLEAU.

It isn't anybody in the world—anybody at all—to look after him!

Elaine Valleur asked the question as she looked tenderly down into a sweet baby-face that nestled against her soft fur cloak in a most confiding manner.

"Nobly, as far as we know," the matron of the hospital replied. "He was born here, and his mother died soon after he came here. Just the night before he was born, and we never could find out anything about her. Nobody came to inquire, and the baby has been left on the street ever since."

"Poor little fellow!" Elaine murmured, softly, and she laid her cheek against the baby's little face. "He is such a pretty boy, Mrs. Johns. If you don't mind, I'll take care of him."

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Irish Wit.

The Irish are the most witty of all people, writes Edmund Kirke in the North American Review, and he tells two anecdotes to illustrate the quickness of their replies.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

A man with an artificial cheek, eye and palate has been attracting attention in an English watering place. It is said that he eats without difficulty and speaks distinctly.

A New York jeweler has two jewels, apparently diamonds, in his window, with the simple inscription over them: "Which is genuine?" Two young men, after holding a heated discussion on the question, made the jeweler the umpire and the simple inscription over them: "Which is genuine?"

Twenty-eight iron girders, said to be the largest ever used, will form a portion of the new Adams Island building of Natural History in New York. Each girder measures about 62 feet in length, and weighs 40,000 pounds.

A famous naval ship is attached to the United States post office. He belonged to the United States post office, and the ship in general. He has been in service in all quarters of the globe.

The oldest church structure still standing in the North America is believed undoubtedly to be the original First Church erected in Salem, Mass., in 1634, and now carefully protected, still standing in the rear of Manning Hall, in that city.

A number of Chinese workmen at Manilla tried to see which of them could continue exposed to the sun on a plank for two hours. One of them, who received a wager of \$12, several made the attempt, but all but one quickly abandoned it.

The Johns Hopkins Hospital was formally opened in Baltimore recently. It is said to be the most richly endowed of the kind in the world. It is open to the poor as well as to the rich. It cost \$2,000,000, and the seventeen buildings, with one or two exceptions, are connected by covered passages.

Among the antiquities recently acquired by the Christiania Museum are some belonging to the cradle of a child found in two barrows at Larvik. The consist of fragments of a lance, a shield with horn handle, a pair of shears or scissors, and a bucket of silver, besides a number of other objects.

Whenever there is offered in the United States a prize open to the whole country for the best specimen of the greatest length, breadth and thickness. Walker county, Georgia, through the Courier boys, will be sure to take it. A recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. de Malaret reported that the aggregate population of the countries in which the metric system was compulsory was over 302,000,000, being an increase of 55,000,000 in ten years.