Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

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A LAWN tennis enthusiast calls the game quiet and gentlemanly." Why, nobody wants to play lawn tennis without a lady partner, and its fundamental principal consists in raising a racquet.

THOSE who entertain hopes that the reported peach-crop failure was false will be disappointed. We may as well accept the situation and give up all idea of getting a feast of the luscious fruit this year.

THE policeman who arrested the organ-grinder who was playing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," deserves credit. Johnny marched home a quarter of a century ago and he doesn't want any more marching.

A MAN in St. Paul has been refused a divorce on the ground that his wife is a kleptomaniac and concealed the fact from him at the time of her marriage. Wives who have a propensity for going through their husbands' pockets will feel reassured by this decision.

IN New York city the people are confronted with the novel experience of bursting water pipes, due to increased pressure from the rapidly filling reservoirs. There are many communities that would gladly be companions in this sort of misfortune with the denizens of the metropolis.

THE frequency with which drivers of reapers and mowers have been getting sliced up into sausage meat by their own machines ought to lead some inventive genius to devise an attachment for gripping the unlucky fellow who loses his balance while perched above the cutter-bar.

ROMAN L. ZUBOF, the alleged Russian Count, stands convicted in Boston of having copied a poem from an Irish book and having it published over his own name. This is the same Zubof that Mr. William Dean Howells introduced to society at the Hub as an eminent Russian novelist and nobleman.

THE shipments of gold are not as heavy as was expected. Only $634,000 went out last week, and from this must be subtracted $520,000 which was engaged during the previous week but not shipped. All the leading foreign banks gained in specie last week, and the Bank of England sent only the trifling amount of £45,000 to South America.

TWO New York ladies, who have founded a home for friendless, indigent and decayed cats, are called philanthropists by one of the newspapers. If their aim is to relieve suffering humanity by furnishing a retreat for musical felines that now spend the night on inhospitable back fences they are entitled to the name. But if the cats are the primary object of their sympathy a deep hatred of mankind is evinced in their act.

A QUIET Sunday at the sea shore, Atlantic City, Cape May and elsewhere, is very properly enforced by local law. For the most wearied or dulled visitor from the city the refreshment of the salt air, the picturesque board walk, the grand swinging and rolling of the waves on the shore, is quite enough distraction, and without merry-go-rounds or ten-pins. It is not necessary to be noisy to have the full benefit of a Sunday by the sea.

ONE of the immediate results of the beginning of operations on the Nicaragua Interoceanic Canal is the reopening of the harbor at Greytown—the old bay of San Juan del Norte, which has been closed by a huge sand-bar for nearly twenty-five years. The rapid work of the dredgers in clearing away the obstructions in Greytown Harbor has afforded much encouragement to those actively interested in the prosecution of the work; and if equal good fortune shall attend them throughout their task the twentieth century may dawn upon a completed interoceanic waterway.

SO LONG as drovers and butchers are permitted to drive cattle through the streets, or keep them in more or less frail pens within the city, such scenes as those on North Broad street, Philadelphia, recently will be of periodic occurrence. A terrified and enraged steer will not always consent to spend its wrath in demolishing bicycles. The assumed necessity for killing cattle at or near the point of consumption cannot be pleaded when beef is brought here fresh and sweet from points as far distant as Chicago. The appearance of maddened steers on our streets should be as impossible as the irruption of so many bears or wolves. We are not a frontier town and our citizens should not be exposed to its peculiar perils.

CHILI has been for years ruled by a small oligarchy of wealthy landholders, and while their rule has been far from democratic, it has been liberal, orderly, progressive and efficient beyond that of any other South American State. The quinquennial Presidential election is now approaching and it has raised the first serious political struggle between the present President, Balmaceda, and the ruling majority in the Senate and House. The current issue is the attempt of Balmaceda to nominate a candidate, Sanfuentes, little to the liking of the Liberal majority; but the real point of difference is the old struggle between an irresponsible executive and representative chambers. The Chilian Congress would be certain to win, as it always has in the past, but for the fact that Chili in her career of conquest has greatly strengthened her army and navy, and this weapon may prove destructive to those which have served it.

MYSTERY PLAY AT NICE.

Curious Spectacle Which Mingled Theology with the Antics of a Clown.

John Swinton, in an interesting letter to the N. Y. *Sun* describes the so-called "Mystery Play" witnessed by him at the city of Nice: The play was performed in a weather beaten tabernacle known as the Theatre Risso, located in a part of the city with which fashionable visitors are not apt to be familiar. It is approached through a narrow old courtyard, near which are scores of these very narrow streets lined with strong and high stone houses that were built ages and ages ago, and that are likely to stand for ages yet to come unless their demolition is brought about in the interest of sanitary science. It is entered through a curious opening at one end, where a burly and large-mouthed individual (who afterward turned out to be one of the actors) announces that admission is free to all, an announcement which is qualified, however, by the fact that the desirable seats must be paid for, and also by the "passing of the hat" at the end of each act of the play.

The title of the mystery was "The Manger of Bethlehem." It represented the incidents of the advent of Christ, as recorded in the gospels, from the announciation to the birth in the manger. The chief figures on the stage were Joseph and Mary, the Angel Gabriel and Satan; but there were also other characters not to be found in the scriptural narrative, including a clown and his partners, who introduced comic features that were greatly enjoyed by the spectators. In truth, one of the most singular things about the play was the mixture of fantastic elements with the solemn mysteries of the advent. The house was frequently rent with laughter just after or just before the highest religious sentiment had been evoked.

The characters of Joseph and Mary, as they appeared on the stage, were dignified and natural, and their discourse and intercourse was in every way becoming. The Angel Gabriel was represented by a stalwart and beautiful young woman clad in white, and she wielded her sword with success against Satan, who appeared with the traditional horns and garb, and sprang around with agility in his vain efforts to do battle against the advent.

The stage was well set and the scenery was plain but appropriate. At the end of the performance the infant was seen in his cradle beside Joseph and Mary, under the guardianship of Gabriel.

After having been notified at the door that admission was free, we paid for our seats, but this was not the last of the demands upon our purse. At the end of each act performers left the stage, took a plate, and went from seat to seat through the house soliciting gifts of money, and securing a good many copper coins. It looked queer to see the Angel Gabriel in flowing robes of white, with others among the actors, thus engaged; and it was pleasing to see that neither Joseph nor Mary had been chosen to do any part of this work.

The Colors of Lakes and Rivers.

What is the color of pure water? Almost any person who has no special knowledge of the subject will reply at once: "It has no color." Yet everybody knows, either through hearsay or by the evidence of his own eyes, that the ocean is blue. Why the ocean looks blue is a question that few who have crossed it have ever sought to solve, and there are, probably, many travelers who, though they have seen most of the famous rivers and lakes in the world, have failed to notice the remarkable differences in color which their waters present. Even the ocean is not uniform in color; in some places its waters are green, or even yellowish. Some lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grass-covered banks; a few are almost black. The Lake of Geneva is azure-hued; the Lake of Constance and the Lake of Lucerne are green, the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The Lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue. New York has both green and blue lakes. The colors of rivers differ yet more widely. The Rhone is blue, and so is the Danube, while the Rhine is green. The St. Lawrence is blue. These various hues are not caused by mud, or any opaque sediment, such as that which makes the Mississippi coffee colored, but belong to the waters, like the golden color of tea, without greatly impairing their transparency. Recently Professor Spring, of the University of Liege, has carefully investigated the question of the color of water, and has reached some interesting conclusions. According to him, absolute pure water, when seen in masses of sufficient thickness, is blue, and all the varieties of color exhibited in lakes and streams arise from the presence in the water of mineral salts of different degrees of solubility and in varying quantities. Water containing carbonate of lime in a state of almost complete solution remains blue, but if the solution is less complete the water will have a tinge of green, which will grow stronger as the point of precipitation is approached. Professor Spring concludes that, if lime is added to blue water in which so much carbonate of lime is already dissolved that the point of saturation is approached, the water will become green. In proof of this he cites the fact that the water from the shores of lakes and seas, where it comes in contact with limestone, is generally of a greener hue than elsewhere.—*Nature.*

The Day's Length.

St. Louis Republic.

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is 18½ hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is 3½ months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day is 16½ hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has 17 hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption.

According to experiments made by Fredgold, the adhesive force of fresh made glue, cementing together two pieces of dry ash, after being left for twenty-four hours, was found to be 715 pounds to the square inch, the pressure being applied gradually, and the surface separated being found on examination to be not entirely covered.

A Story of the "Barefoot Boy."

On Haverhill's pleasant hill there played,
Some seventy years ago,
In turned up trousers, battered hat,
Patches and freckles and all that,
The barefoot boy we know.

He roamed his berry fields content,
Put while, from bush and brier,
The nimble feet got many a scratch,
His wit, beneath its homely thatch,
Aspired to something higher.

Over his dog-eared spelling book,
Or school-boy composition,
Puzzling his head with some hard sum,
Going for nuts, or gathering gum,
He cherished his ambition.

Kind nature smiled on that wise child,
Nor could her love deny him
The large fulfillment of his plan:
Since he who lifts his brother man
Is sure to be lifted by him.

He reached the starry hights of peace
Before his head was hoary;
And now at fourscore years again
The blessings of his fellow men,
Waft him a crown of glory.

ALEXIA.

'She's come!'

'Alexy's arrivl'

'Here she be!'

One rough head after another was thrust into the open doorway of the long room which served as postoffice and general 'store,' to announce that the event of the day was at hand.

Willis Boothroyd followed the others to the street. He would satisfy his curiosity by a look at this 'Alexy,' whose name was in everybody's mouth.

He beheld her, the centre of an admiring group, mounted man fashion upon a sturdy mustang. Her costume of dark blue flannel, with its loose blouse and full Turkish trousers, met below the knee by untanned, close-fitting boots, might be different from ordinary, but was not unwomanly. Her pomegranate-colored face, with its rich browns and reds, half hidden under the deep visor of a trim little cap, showed perfect health; and the dark eyes roamed pleasantly over the assembled countenances—seeing them only as those of friends—until they came to Boothroyd's own.

Then the expression was changed, and a touch of defiance was added to the fearlessness. She bestowed upon him no second glance, and as soon as the postmaster had securely fastened the mail bags behind her saddle she made a dashing little military salute to all, chirruped to Bolero, and was off like the wind. As she galloped out of sight the idlers sent up a lusty cheer; a moment later there floated back the echo of a musical 'Yo-oh-ho!' and Crimmins' Station returned to its gossiping laziness.

'How long has Miss Rae carried the mail?'

'Ha-ow long? Let me see! I reckon 't must be abaout a year—come August. Jim, ha-ow long's Alexy b'en on the rowt?'

'Nigh a year. Ever sence she come hum from th' East. She went ter school in Bostin, t'other coast—crost country—so to speak.'

'Then she is an educated woman?'

'Eddycated! Ed-dy-cated? Wa-all, stranger, that thar is abaout the greenest thing 't ye've said yit. Eddycated! I should say so. That thar gal knows more'n all creation. She larned so much she busted the college she was tu, an' so they packed her back West, whar thar's some room. She kin write her name 'ith a hull string o' initials art'r it, an' each one on 'em means some kind o' diplomy she's took. I ain't no great scho and myself, but what that thar Alexy Rae dunno ain't worth much. Humph! Eddycated! Hu-mf'

The speaker tilted back his chair and puffed his indignation through his pipe. His silence was another's opportunity.

'Where'd you come from stranger? Askin and answerin's the same game—er 'd orter be.'

'Oh!' laughed Boothroyd, good naturedly, 'I came from that same Boston which was honored by your favorite's presence. I am a geologist—one of a party traveling through these mountains; but I've cut loose from the others for a few days to make a little tour on my own account.'

'Then you ain't a-prospectin'?'

'For gold? No. I, too, have been sent West by a college, but not, like your handsome mail carrier, because I knew too much—rather in pursuit of more knowledge.'

'Law!' grunted the man with the pipe, 'ye've no call ter tell on't.'

A laugh ran around the circle.

'Then ye must a-knowed her thar?'

'No. I regret that I had not that pleasure.'

'How came she to take up such a life?'

'Nateral enough,' replied the postmaster. 'Her father owns the stage line that runs atween Bloomin' City an' Herrick's Station, further daown stream. She cum hum, an' hadn't nothin' ter do. Old Rae's rich as thunder, an' the gal likes the open. She believes in work, tu. Hain't a lazy bone in her hull body. So she arns the reglar wages, an' supports an ole feller what usen ter carry the mail, till he got 'held up and shot, an' left ter be half chawed up by b'ars.'

'On this same route?'

'Yes, sir! Old Rae he believes the 'Hermit' robbed the mail himself, an' won't do nothin' fer him; but Alexy, she don't, an' she takes keer o' him splendid.'

'Speakin' o' b'ars,' interjected the pipe-smoker; 'thar's the gal fer yel Why, one day long back in the spring she was comin' 'long toward Crimminses when, my gracious! thar sot three b'ars right ahead on her in the road. Bolero, he got scairt an' throwed her, then star'd off back toward Bloomin' City. But she up an' arter him! I tell ye, she runs like a deer. She outrun the mustang an' caught him; then she jumped on the saddle an' jes' rode him back agin, right amongst them thar grizzly cusses, an' by 'em, on ter Crimminses! Reckin twor the b'ars was scairt that time. Sence then she's met two uv the critters, but they didn't dast to tackle her. Reckin them relations o' theirn 'd spread the story; 'cause them two jest sneaked off outen the road 's if they couldn't look sech a gal in the eye. Smart an' plucky? You bet!'

Willis Boothroyd spent that night at Crimmins's. He heard many more stories of the pretty carrier's adventures over her twenty-mile route, which lay directly through the heart of the mountains, and was lonely in the extreme. But the girl seemed utterly fearless, and there was not a man in the whole country but what would have laid down his life to defend or avenge her had need arisen.

Yet that which interested him most was her devotion to the neglected, misjudged 'Hermit,' her predecessor, who by his enemies' own showing, must have been a man of no ordinary daring and intelligence. He fancied a sympathy between the rough frontiersman and the cultured girl born of a common courage, and his interest so grew that he resolved to make his next day's walk lead to the cabin of the cripple to see for himself what manner of man he was. It is quite possible that he was aided in this decision by the knowledge that Alexia's return trip on the morrow would also bring her to the same cabin, and at about the same hour he proposed for his visit. He had a while to compel those dark, contemptuous eyes beneath the sheltering visor, to glance at him once with something less of indifference in their depths.

His plan promised well. He found the 'Hermit,' a man whose roughness was a top-coat for a native refinement; who had spent his youth in Eastern civilization, and, like many another pioneer, had won his 'sheepskin' at a leading college. They talked of many things, and drifted at last to geology, and to Boothroyd's delight, the lonely old cripple could render him inestimable service in the business which had brought him to the locality.

'Up yender, [in Dragon's Canon, you'll find some o' the purtiest specimens they is in all Ameriky,' he said to his eager listener, in the perverted English which had been acquired on the frontier.

Boothroyd pulled out his watch.

'Oh! you'll have time to get back to dinner,' and—lowering his voice and looking cautiously around—'I hope you won't forget it. I—I suppose you've heern tell o' Alexy Rae?'

With an admirable air of indifference Willis 'believed that he had.' Whereupon his host launched into a panegyric of that remarkable young woman, and ended with the explanation; 'I'm kind o' suspectin' trouble. They 's b'en a gang scoutin' 'round these digging's fer nigh onter a week, an' they've sot here an' quizzed me an' sassed me till, if 't hadn't b'en 't I was a no 'count cripple, they'd a-b'en somebody's blood runnin' loose. Ye see, ol' man Rae, he's got a habit o' sendin' money down ter Herrick's ter his partner thar, and onct in a while it don't git thar—ner the carrier neither. That's what happened ter me. I was shot an' left fer dead not fur away in the road thar, an' the money took. Then the grizzlies nigh took me, but was headed off in time. What's left o' me 's bleeged ter stay ter hum the heft o' the season'—pointing amusedly to his stump of a leg and his one helpless arm—'but I allers did live alone, an' that I don't mind. I'm too poor ter be robbed nowadays, an' I'm too ol' an' tough ter be eat. 'Tain't so with purty Alexy, an—stranger, ye've got an honest face. I sh'd sent word to some o' the boys at Crimminses, but ther ain't b'en a soul this way sence I seen them scaly cattle, nigh onter a week back, 'cept an' savin' Alexy herself. An' I wouldn't tell her, in course. An' so—we-ell, I hope ye won't be late ter dinner.'

Boothroyd did not intend to be. He had been forcibly struck by the apparent foolhardiness of Miss Rae's life and undertaking, a view of the matter which seemed not in the least to have suggested itself to her stanch admirers of Crimmins's Station. Why, who and what could hurt her? Her name had spread the country through, and there could be no man so vile as to molest her. That would have been foolhardiness indeed. And the villain would have lived but few hours to regret his crime.

The man who sets out to crack the earth to pieces with his little geological hammer generally loses his head. Dame Nature is the most fascinating of women, and Willis Boothroyd did not escape the common fate of those who test her charms. She yielded him so many gems from her bosom, and so bewildered him by her beauty, that one result was inevitable. He forgot everything else but her—and he was late to dinner.

Deep in the heart of the canon a sudden sense of being wanted elsewhere came over him. He paused—hammer in hand—and pulled out his watch. Ten minutes past one! He was to have been at the 'Hermit's' cabin before twelve. In the next quarter of an hour he did some of the fastest traveling of his life, and came out upon the plain beside the post-road spent with fatigue and overcome with heat. He dropped upon the ground to rally, but was almost immediately oppressed by a sense of impending danger. From whence it would come he did not guess, but he rose and pressed forward to the cabin.

He fancied he heard the neighing of a horse from a distant clump of trees but the only one which he expected to see was Alexia Rae's mustang, and that was nowhere in sight.

The cabin door was open, and as he turned to enter, he stopped, rooted with horror upon the threshold.

The old 'Hermit' lay under his own dinner table, apparently dead; while the beautiful mail-carrier sat strapped to a chair in the centre of the room, bound and gagged, and staring helplessly before her.

Even yet there was more of indignation than fear in her dark eyes, and the blood flowed in a fury to her blanched cheek as he sprang to her relief and set her free.

Yet she neither spoke nor moved till the last cut and she tried to rise but could not for the tremor which seized her.

'Water,' she whispered; and Boothroyd held it to her lips. Then she motioned to the cripple upon the floor, and Willis was forced to turn and do her bidding.

'But tell me first, are you wounded in any way?'

'No—no—but poor old Job—is dying. Quick! It was a gang of thieves—'

Even in her weakness her glance flashed, and her tone thrilled with anger.

'Yes, I know. He told me—'

Her eyes opened in amazement.

'He—told—you? He knew—'

'Not what you imagine. He only feared. I promised to return long ago. Why did I not!'

He had lifted the poor 'Hermit' and laid him on his rude couch, and now bent over him, examining him anxiously. The gravity on his face grew deeper, and when Alexia moved to his side, questioning him eagerly, 'Does he still live?' he could only shake his head in mournful answer.

'It cannot be that he is dead! If so, he died defending me—poor cripple that he was!'

It was too true.

'But you—are you surely uninjured?'

'Surely.' A wonderful calmness had come over her at sight of the rigid face upon the narrow pillow. 'Listen. We were sitting at dinner. He had told me about you—and we were watching to see you come out of the canon. I had laid aside my knapsack—where the money was—and was resting before I went on to Herrick's. Suddenly the cabin seemed to swarm with masked men; but I think there were only four. Three of them seized me, the other struck him down. They offered me no indignity beyond what you see, but they rifled the mail-bag, and seized the knapsack of my father's money. Then they disappeared as suddenly as they had come—almost as noiselessly.'

'Did they ride away?'

'It did not sound so. But there is no cover near; it is all level stretch except the canyon yonder, and a bit of brush a little to the right.'

'Your mustang?'

'Isn't Bolero there, outside?'

'He was not when I came in.'

'They must have taken him. Oh, for a man or two to help us!'

Boothroyd winced and went to the door. A welcome sight met his eyes. Bolero was galloping cabinward, and presently stopped at its door. He had come from the clump of scrub-oak and brush-wood on the west.

Alexia heard the creature's footfall and flew to his side.

'Oh, my old comrade, if they had attacked me on your back, they would not have gotten off so well! But I had put aside my revolvers. They were cowards—they did not dare—'

Her eyes flashed. Every trace of weakness had left her. A wild idea leaped into Boothroyd's mind.

'Will you lend me Bolero?'

'No one but I can manage him. Still—why?' She searched his face, as his eyes traveled toward the clump of oaks, followed it and read his meaning. The outlaws, secure in the utter loneliness of the place, were taking their ease in the nearest shelter. An immediate surprise upon them there might mean an easy capture—or it might mean death.

For an instant the girl gazed into Boothroyd's eyes. Blue and gentle as they had looked to her before, they were at last alive with a steely glitter. She held out her brown, shapely hands to him, and he clasped them impetuously.

'To avenge his death!' she cried, 'Amen!'

A few seconds later, the trusty little mustang, bearing double, and with Willis behind, was headed toward the brushwood. Alexia held the bridle and a revolver ready cocked. Her companion was armed to the teeth with the dead frontiersman's weapons.

Bolero sped softly over the grass, and the mail-carrier's trained eye kept him in line of the densest cover. The approach was as noiseless as the departure of the marauder's had been; whom they discovered through the branches, seated upon the ground dividing their spoils, and, in the carelessness of their fancied complete obscurity—with their own fire-arms laid aside, though close at hand.

'Disable—not kill!' whispered Alexia, and Boothroyd aimed low. At the same instant the barrels of her own bejeweled weapon were discharged, and the outlaws knew that the game was up.

* * * *

Some time later the assembled idlers who watched from Crimmins's Station beheld Bolero coming down the post-road. He was long past time; and he paced along as if he was weary, or else in courtesy bound to subdue his speed to that of the pedestrian beside him.

'I swan ter gracious! Ef thar don't come Alexy with that thar stranger alongside! Dot rot his blue-eyed carkiss! He ain't got enough fer her, an' afore he shall carry her outen these mountins he'll hev ter court the hull passel on us!'

Still the blue-eyed stranger was not abashed by the unfriendly glances of the irate loungers. 'Friends,' he said, quietly, as he offered his hand to the mail-carrier, who, for the first time in their experience, accepted assistance in dismounting, 'it will be necessary for the proper authorities to go to the brush beyond the 'Hermits' cabin and take charge of a few highwaymen whom they will find there, bound and wounded. And some to care for all that remains of faithful old Job Aldrich, a misjudged hero, who gave his life for your Alexia.'

Public opinion at Crimmins's changes swiftly. Twenty-four hours afterward, when Alexia's red lips had told the story of the stranger's quick wit, prompt bravery and 'splendid aim,' the voice of the community was uttered in the pipe-smoker's tones: 'They'd orter git married! Them two ain't no or'nery kin, an' ef they ain't matched in pluck, an' looks, an' eddycashun, I swan!'

Willis Boothroyd accepted public opinion. So, before he returned to the East, as he stood with the mail-carrier in her father's garden at Blooming City, he tested its effects on her fair self.

'Alexia,' he said, taking her brown, supple hand in his, 'I love you. You are the bravest woman in the world, and I want you for my wife. Dare you risk the chances of a poor scientist's future, and share it with me?'

Though the hand he held trembled, and the dark eyes dropped before the passion of his blue ones, it could not have been from fear, for a witching smile came out about her red lips, and she answered low, but firmly, 'Yes, I dare; because I—also—love.'

Where the Patents Come From.

Most of the women inventors of the country live in New England and the Middle States. Few patents are taken out by Southern women, but quite a number come from the West. Massachusetts has more inventive ladies than any other part of New England. Helen Marr, of Boston, has invented a patent dressing case and washstand combined, Mrs. Carpenter has a metal halter for hitching horses on the street, and Miss Mary Barber, another Massachusetts girl, has a patent pie-lifter, by which you can take a pie from the baking pan without burning your fingers. One of the best cutting machines for trimming the leaves of books is the patent of a Massachusetts lady named Semple, and it is used by the leading publishers of the country. There has been lots of money made in ironing boards. A Boston girl named Parker has a kitchen table and ironing board combined, which can be folded up and packed away in a trunk. There are patent beds by Massachusetts ladies, patent corsets, patent griddle greasers, and a hundred and one other new ideas put into mercantile shape. Connecticut women have invented dust-pans, fire-escapes, and there is one woman in Providence, Rhode Island, who has a patent chimney.

A true man of honor feels humbled himself when, owing to circumstances beyond his control, he cannot help humbling others.

The Baby.

BY EMMA J. GRAY.

HABITS.

When Miss Muloch wrote the poem, entitled "Philip, my King," she might have dedicated it to the mothers of the world, for her words give the keynote of the universal song of motherhood: but as there are babies and *babies*, just as truly are there mothers and *mothers*, and it may not be amiss to give suggestions which may prove helpful to both, therefore the following papers:

'Shall I rock the cradle?' said a visitor the other day to the mother of three little ones, whose infant of two months had been suddenly awakened and on account of her fright was crying lustily.

"Rock her cradle!" was the reponse, "she would not understand what you mean by it," and to the utter amazement of the visitor, the mother went on braiding her hair, apparently unheeding the little one's cries. After awhile, mistress baby gradually ceased, and laid broad awake, and was quietly contemplating her hands. The mother allowed her to do this for five or more minutes, and then, by way of excuse to the visitor, said, "Now, that she is learning that she is not to be taken up or rocked when she cries, I will attend to her, for she must be hungry; she has been asleep over four hours," After receiving food and other necessary attention, the visitor was further amazed by seeing the mother lay baby again in her crib.

"The child will be bed-ridden!" the visitor exclaimed.

"Oh, no; in a half an hour or so I'll let Sally take her, and so give her little legs opportunity to rest, for her body might be affected by too continuous lying in the crib; but if I do not put her down for awhile, now that she is awake, she would not learn that when she is awake when laid down, she must keep still, for while she was in bed for over four hours to-day, she was then asleep, and learning nothing. I do not mean that either my household or myself will be a slave to this small child; but isn't she lovely?' were then the mother's admiring word and surely she was. The great dewy blue eyes, so bright and restful with sleep, and the baby mouth quivering with smiles, at thus receiving notice, was surely a pleasant sight for any even chance beholder.

"You believe that 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,' don't you?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, I do; because babies are the future men and women—the future fathers and mothers. If I had allowed you to rock my baby's cradle, as your kindness suggested, I would have been doing my child an irrevocable wrong one that the future alone could calculate. She would think that all she had to do was to cry, and at once some one would fly to do her service. I would be teaching her to be selfish, stubborn, and self-conceited, an unpleasant trio to meet in babyhood, and in womanhood these same evils would be contemptible, and so she would be thus unfitted to do her share in rocking the world. Babies are much wiser than some grown-ups give them credit for, and, if they are in health, they cannot too early learn good, and evil; and that they learn something every day is proven. Of course babies have their rights, which all mothers should protect, and, in my wisdom, I am protecting one of my infant's rights in preventing her for being taught a bad habit. Before you came in, grandma thought she had slept long enough and wanted me to wake her, in order that she might exhibit her to our neighbor over the way. I persisted in keeping her asleep, as I did not want her little body raked and tortured, and her pretty eyes filled with tears, because of her discomfort in not being allowed to have her sleep out. Grandma thinks I am so set in my way, and not half as proud of the dear child as I should be; but I don't believe that, 'all a baby's made for is older folks to tease,' and no one shall interfere with my baby's rights as long as I am around to protect her. By the way, it is her right now to have a little fresh air, as she has been in the nursery all the morning."

Whereupon the nurse was called, and careful direction given to carry the child to a warm, sunny, well-ventilated room, as it was thought to be too cold that day for baby to be in direct exposure to out-door air. Thereupon the nursery windows were thrown wide open, and the sunshine and oxygen streamed in, so to purify the fetid atmosphere before the baby would again appear.

An untold amount of responsibility falls upon the motherhood in looking after these little people. Their helplessness appeals to all, and hard must be the mother's heart who can put aside the care of an infant into any hired hand. Mothers have the holiest rights but sometimes wealth and pleasure cause them to forget the infants who at one time tugged at their heart strings. And servants will, therefore, receive the love that by divine right is the mother's own. I have known mothers to smile exultantly while saying, "You see how much more she cares for her nurse than for me, but it is no wonder, as she scarcely ever sees me." Poor mother, she has lost one of the sweetest joys of her life not knowing the gentle touch of her baby's hand, or the response from the love-lit baby eye or smile.

Babies have a right to their own mothers. To them she should seem omnipresent. They should be taught not to be too exacting regarding her, but certainly she should not be among the missing when she is needed. No matter how busy the day, surely some part of it should be the "baby's hour." Even when mothers are invalids, their little ones should, for a short time at least, be brought to them. They will not be babies always. All too fast time flies, and the infants in the cradle of to-day are the strong, stirring, wide awake boys and girls of to-morrow. The little shoes and dresses are so soon put aside, to give place to the larger needs of our big children. From the tender lullaby with which we sung our babies to sleep to-night, it hardly seems to-morrow night when we are guiding the stumbling fingers of these same children over the keyboard of the piano, or helping them out of some puzzling problem or thesis.

Therefore, mothers, let your kiss seal your baby's eyes in sleep, and let your voice be the answer the baby's cooing will first receive when waking. Will you be a slave, then? Memory will be your recompense. Besides, if you have wisdom, tact, and carefulness to help you, your slavery will know no other bondage than the tie of love, which between mothers and babies cannot be too strong.

The question might be asked, "Should I not take a child up if he cries for naughtiness?" Most positively, *no!* Then, more than at any other time, try, "let aloneness." It is astonishing how soon he will learn not to hope for your coming, if you never come. He may kick and scream for a long time, and try your nerves most mercilessly, but in the majority of instances whipping would not be as productive of good as simply to let him alone. Whipping is apt to produce increased excitement, and then the child's power to controll himself is impossible. After a few trials, the screaming fits will not be attempted and the baby will become as docile and playful as any mother could desire. Too often is it the case that the mother exclaims. "I cannot bear this; the child will either kill himself or me if he keeps on." But firmness must be your resource. If you yield once, you can continue so to do. The instances are rare where violent fits of crying from naughtiness have not been the direct result of the too ready yielding of the over-indulgent mother. It is better to have the annoyance of hearing your children scream until tired nature forces them to stop, than to let them know that they can have what they desire, if they only scream long enough. *Be sure* they are not crying from the result of a pin, or any other accident, and then simply leave them. Some children have been cared of screaming fits by being taken out of their cradles, and then laid on the bed, with their faces turned toward the wall, with a pillow placed at their backs, to prevent their turning. If they are old enough to scream for what they desire, they are old enough to understand what this treatment means. When an Indian baby cries from temper, the mother squeezes his nose with one hand, and covers his mouth with the other. When removing the hands, if the baby gives another scream, they are at once applied, as before. This is rather heroic treatment, and, therefore, I cannot advise its trial.

Each baby is or ought to be, the sweetest one in all the world to its own mother; but they need discipline long before they have outgrown their cradle, and it is wise to allow no habit to form in infancy that must be broken later on. Hard as it may be to prevent the form of evil, it will be still harder some day to do away with it. Nor is it necessary to spoil a baby in order to gain his love. Spoiled children are, perhaps, the most of all to be pitied, for they are so rarely happy.

It is a problem, which an intelligent, conscientious mother alone can solve, as how best to train her own little ones, for each child is so different from every other. But do not allow them to tyrannize. Pet them and love them all that you will, remember that they both want and need your love; besides, they appeal to you so entirely, that no true mother could help but love them. But do not allow them to be exacting.

"For they will rule, these tiny things,
Mothers as surely as their kings."

—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

SLEPT ON HIS POST.

How a Soldier's Life was Saved by the Late Judge Kelley.

In 1864 a young soldier of a Pennsylvania regiment was convicted by a court-martial for sleeping on post, and sentenced to be shot. Friends of the unfortunate boy hastened to Washington and enlisted the sympathies of the late Hon. William D. Kelley in his behalf. Their statements of the boy's grave offense indicated that there were mitigating circumstances which rendered him a proper subject for executive clemency. It was claimed that the soldier was in feeble health, but had refused to go to the hospital, remaining with his company, which was engaged in the campaign against Richmond. He had been marching and fighting for two days and nights without sleep, and it was under such circumstances that, overcome by exhaustion, he had suffered himself to fall asleep while on picket. Military law was rigidly enforced at that time and little mercy was shown to offenders.

Mr. Kelley at once went to the President, with which he was on terms of close intimacy. Few men enjoyed to a fuller extent than he the confidence of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Kelley laid before the President the case as presented by the friends of the soldier. Both agreed that if the facts were as stated the death sentence might properly be revoked in the interest of humanity, and without prejudice to the service. The time was short, as but a few hours, or days at most, intervened between the sentence of a court-martial and its execution. Mr. Kelley volunteered to go at once to the army and investigate. To enable him to do this Mr. Lincoln handed him a reprieve for three days. So fully did he trust the judgment of Mr. Kelley that he also wrote and signed a pardon which Kelley was to present in case he found the statements of the soldier's friends to be correct. If, upon the other hand, he should find the case to be without extenuating features he should not interfere with the execution beyond the reprieve granted for the inquiry.

Mr. Kelley took the first train for the front. Traveling as far as he could by rail, he rode on horseback nearly all night through the picket camps to reach the regiment he sought. The execution was to have taken place that morning, but was stayed by the President's order. Mr. Kelley satisfied himself that the demands of justice and the discipline of the army did not require the sacrifice of the young life, produced the pardon and the soldier was restored to duty.

Naturally Mr. Kelley watched with interest the future career of the boy whose life he had held in his hands, and was gratified to know that he had not erred in his judgment. The soldier fully redeemed himself by conspicuous gallantry, and lost an arm in the final assault upon Petersburg. After the war Mr. Kelley secured his appointment in one of the departments of Washington, where he remained till his death two or three years ago. In after years Mr. Kelley often remarked that no act of his life, public or private, gave him more satisfaction than his services in behalf of that condemned soldier. It goes without saying that the latter's affection for Mr. Kelley was beyond any power of language to express, continuing till the last moments of life.

—The discovery made by Explorer Stanley shows that the Nile is the longest river in the world, being at least 4 100 miles in length.

Originality, says Carlyle is a thing we constantly clamor for and constantly quarrel with:

LIKE lightning the cyclone seldom strikes the same spot twice, but the reason generally is that the spot isn't there.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—It takes three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.

—There are 200,000 more Germans in New York than in any second class city of Germany.

—A census enumerator in San Francisco discovered ten club-footed children in one family.

—A wild Westerner, in Winnipeg Manitoba, lit his pipe in church, and was fined $10 for it.

—A concert given recently in Reading was listened to in Philadelphia and Washington by telephone.

—There have been eighty-six designs submitted for the great tower in London, to surpass that of Eiffel's.

—Emperor William, of Germany, has his meals conveyed from his kitchen to his dining-room on an electric railway.

—Ancient fans had long handles, so that ladies used their fans for walking sticks, and it was by no means unusual for tasty dames to chastise unruly children by beating them with their fan-sticks.

—The danger to life and property from sparks emitted from electric wires has been so well recognized in London that it is recommended that the city authorities take the matter in hand and see the wires are properly insulated.

—Mrs. Catherine Sharp, of Philadelphia, when a little girl sold milk to General Washington and his staff from her father's farm. She is now 112 years old, and her mental facilities are unclouded.

—A new and popular development of electrical science is the electrical hair curler. It is said to be equal to the most exacting demands of the feminine coiffure, and the beard or moustache can be curled in any style in two minutes.

—At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the postage stamp, held recently in England, a stamp was shown worth 100 guineas. It was from the British Guinea collection and showed a rude postmark on pink paper.

—An Australian musician has invented a trombone that is played by steam. Its "God Save the Queen" can be heard at a distance of four miles. He had hard luck with it, however, for the people of his own town drove him out as a nuisance.

—Henry Fawcett, the blind English postmaster general, who died in 1884, was a greater man by half after the unfortunate accident which deprived him of sight than he ever was before. He was born in 1833 and lost his eyes in 1858, at the age of 25, from the effect of a gunshot wound.

—The discoveries made by Stanley show that the Nile is the longest river in the world, being at least 4,100 miles in length. Were the Mississippi regarded merely as a tributary to the Missouri, as some geographers contend, the latter would surpass the African water course, having a length of 4,500 miles.

—Throughout the most elegant periods of the "age of chivalry" handkerchiefs, or any substitute for them other than such as nature provided, were utterly unknown. Elaborate books of etiquette and treatises upon manners were written long before either handkerchiefs or table forks were thought of.

—Miss Caroline Whiting, 71 years of age, has been a teacher in New York city for fifty-three years. For fifty years she has not spent a day in bed; has taught always in the same school (No. 14), and worn out two school buildings; has been forty years principal, and has twenty teachers under her care and has had not fewer than 12,000 pupils.

—A monument is being constructed by the Vermont Marble Company at Rutland, Vt., to commemorate the loss of the ill-fated steamer Jeanette, of Arctic fame, her commander, the gallant De Long, and his company. It is to be paid for with funds raised from subscription among officers and men of the navy, and will occupy a conspicuous place in the Naval Academy Cemetery, at Annapolis, Md.

—John Gough, totally blind from the age of 3 years, became quite celebrated as a botanist and writer on subjects pertaining to natural philosophy. He arranged, by the sense of touch alone, and without the least aid from any living human being, one of the largest and most valuable collections of dried herbs and grasses at that time 1780 known in Britain.

—Mr. Herreshoff, the blind president of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, of Bristol, R. I., seems as much out of his