Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XLIV. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1890. NO. 42.

WORRY.

There is much unavoidable sorrow and anxiety in our lives, but it would be safe to say that at least one-half of our troubles are unnecessary—are caused by needless worry. We find this idea well expressed by Paul Siegvolk in the Home Journal. He says—

"It is a common observation that no ordinary bad habit of mind is more unwise and useless than self-worrying. The matters usually causing this kind of mental disquietude, if they be at all practical, will concern either others or one's self. If they do concern others a man can only do his duty as he comprehends it. This being found and done, one should be content and accept the result as inevitable, without regrets, longings or self reproach. If, however, the matters concern one's self there is still less cause for this fruitless discontent. Besides, one should reflect of how little importance such matters are, for the most part, in the economy of the universe—whether they be done well or ill, or not done at all—and how insignificant in a large view and to every one else is anything that pertains only to one's self, and how wasteful even of power is all idle fretting about them.

Probably the secret of this habit, so persistent in spite of its being so contrary to reason, is that the things worried about are seen in such undue proportions, because they are too near the mind. Like any small objects very close to the eye, they obscure other things a little distant and take on a consequence they do not deserve. When time, or the occurrence of some other matter of greater interest, has adapted us to the trouble before us—so that it more nearly assumes its true significance—our anxiety diminishes or ceases altogether. But if we act, while under such a vicious excitement, we are liable to act foolishly. Indeed worry is the vice of a shallow nature and implies poverty in the possession of patience.

One available method of putting down this tendency to unreasonable fretting over personal disappointment or apprehended evil may be to recall how many of our dearest friends have more real cause to worry than ourselves. While thus discovering that we are comparatively happy, we may be stirred to act somewhat in relieving their troubles; and as nearly all worry comes from excessive egoism we shall sometimes find its best cure in active altruism. I once knew a man of this latter tendency, who by his friends was said to be continually looking on the dark side of things. His present enjoyment was usually clouded by fear of coming evil. When misfortune overtook him or his friends, he was liable to the reproach of insensibility; but he had really gone through with all the agony of suffering from the mischief incurred many times before it had actually happened! Instead of hanging "twixt an smile and a tear," he was always on the side of the tear, but so accustomed to the element that he was seldom in danger of being overwhelmed by it. In fact by continually keeping the tone of his mind and heart in one lugubrious strain, he had lost all spontaneity—even of grief, and had apparently become either proud of, or callous to, all natural feeling!

This man's wife was his opposite in all these things. She was not however frivolous or even light-hearted. Indeed, although she appeared like a stream of sunshine, diffusing sweetness wherever she went, yet one who knew her thoroughly might have found no lack of innate sadness in her nature. Nevertheless, perhaps from the very breadth and profoundness of her character, she never anticipated misfortune, nor dwelt upon past calamity, but resolutely accepted things as they happened. The result was that she was always natural and spontaneous, fresh in her impulses, genuine and hearty in her sympathies. She wept with those who wept, and laughed with those who laughed—ever appearing bright and happy, or otherwise, as the passing hour permitted.

Every act of the mind, we are taught, costs an expenditure of nerve force; a loss of so much power—to be supplied by retaking the recuperative sources of our nature. It is doubtless a draft upon a capital far from inexhaustible, and of easily definable limits. In this view it is painful to reflect how prodigal we are of our vital inheritance, and how much of it we waste by sheer bad self-management.

While one constant drain upon our reservoir is the most common habit of fretting over the irreparable or the inevitable, another like foolish extravagance, in this way of dissipating brain or spirit power, lies in that impertinent curiosity which—through imaginative speculations or by silly consultations with preposterous mountebanks and oracles of many different forms—strives to penetrate the suppositious mysteries of the inscrutable, and—sometimes more absurd than this inquest itself—a helpless habit of deploring uncertain, though possible evils, which a morbid fancy, so stimulated, will sometimes suggest.

Indeed it has not unfrequently seemed to some as if even religion itself—designed as it is to be the great consoler of the bruised spirit in its most trying afflictions—had been often perverted into an engine of immense proportions for mischief—through this very waste of the power to act, and to suffer in the real business of life—by occupying so much of our thoughts and time with reference to that future state of which necessarily—from our limited powers and the scantiness of Revelation—we know so little, in comparison with its infiniteness, as to count for almost absolutely nothing. It would perhaps not be irrational to believe that this world might be happier, and its work better done, if some of its temporary residents would ponder more the absolute gain of making a profitable use of the present, with only a judicious, and a far less anxious, foresight of the remote and unsearchable future.

THE moment we come to understand God we love God.

A QUARREL.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

There's a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Look it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true.
In a fish without a foe,
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will spend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wrath,
And the strife begun,
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done;
If but one shall join the breach,
He will quickly mend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Harper's Young People.

Telephones and Ear-Troubles.

As civilization advances new diseases are not only discovered, but are actually produced by the novel agencies which are brought to bear on man's body and mind. The increase of insanity throughout the world is unquestionably due to the "storm and stress" of our crowded modern life, and almost every addition which science makes to the convenience of the majority seems to bring with it some new form of suffering to the few. Railway travelling has its amari aliquid in the shape of slight, but possibly not unimportant jolting of the nervous centres; the electric light has already created a special form of opthalmia; and now we have the telephone indicted as a cause of ear troubles, which react on the spirits, and indirectly on the general health. M. Gelle has observed, not in women only, but in strong-minded and able-bodied men, symptoms of what we may call "aural over-pressure," caused by the condition of almost constant strain of the auditory apparatus, in which persons who use the telephone much have to spend a considerable portion of each working day. In some cases also the ear seemed to be irritated by the constantly recurring sharp tinkle of the bell, or by the nearness of the sounds conveyed through the tube into a state of over-sensitiveness which made it intolerable of sound, as the eye, when inflamed or irritable, becomes unable to bear the light. The patients suffered from nervous excitability, with buzzing noises in the ear, giddiness, and neuralgic pains.

How They Carried a Million.

Two men walked rapidly down Wall street, New York, and entered one of the prominent banking institutions. They were sturdy, heavy-set men. One carried a small black satchel. Both kept their eyes roaming from side to side. I followed them into the bank. The man with the satchel sat down, dropping the bag carelessly on the floor. The other went into the receiving teller's inclosure, reached down into his breast pocket and extracted a package of bills. These were hastily counted, and the two strangers left. The teller jammed the bills into an envelope, sealed it and pitched it into a safe, afterward closing the door in a perfunctory manner. The entire transaction occupied less than two minutes. Then the teller turned to me and said:

"How much do you think was in that package?"

"Why, about $500."

"Yes, and a little more. It contained one million four hundred and forty odd thousand?"

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes," he said, showing his memoranda. "You see, it's nearly all in $10,000 bills. There is not great danger in carrying notes of that denomination, because, except here in New York, they are so seldom used that suspicion would at once be directed toward any one who would attempt to negotiate them."

One thing still puzzled me.

"What did the messenger have in his satchel?"

"Nothing but a half brick. The satchel is carried as a blind, to throw any possible thief off the track."

Window Cleaning as a Trade.

A novel enterprise in New York is an establishment which makes a business of cleaning windows. Although public attention has only recently been attracted to it, the company was organized last February, and has already established a fairly paying trade. The cleaners all wear uniforms, which consist of a blue suit, and a peak-cap with a shield, on which is the company's name. They all carry ladders, which are painted red and white. At the top, where the ladder tapers to a point, there is a square block of rubber, so that when the ladder is placed against a window on account of the size of the block and the elasticity of the rubber, the pressure is not great enough to break the glass, the rubber also preventing the ladder from scratching the pane. The company charges according to the size of the window; for washing an ordinary-sized window it charges $1 a month. Each employe cleans from 100 to 150 windows a day.

A Stowaway Reporter.

A Philadelphia reporter was so determined to go on the second trial trip of the Baltimore that he hid in one of the coal bunkers, where he remained for hours. The Cramps were informed that he was on board and made an ineffectual search for him. As the fog was very heavy the Baltimore did not start at the appointed time, but her engine was started while she was still tied at the wharf and kept running for four hours. At the end of that time the reporter concluded he must be far enough down the river, so he came out from his place of concealment and was much chagrined to find he was still at the wharf. He was entertained at luncheon, however, before he was escorted to shore, the officers greatly enjoying the accidental defeat of his enterprising puprose.

A Romantic Marriage.

James Hall, of Cochransville, O., and Carrie Malsen, of Tyler County, West Virginia, were married last week under romantic circumstances. The couple met the minister at the railroad station opposite Cochransville, after night, and, after reading the license by the light of a lantern, the light was extinguished and the couple were made one amid the silence which was broken only by the minister's voice and that of the hooting and screeching night owls, and in the presence of the gentleman who accompanied the minister. Then the company dispersed.

Bobby—Pa, why can a man run faster than a boy?

Pa—Because he is bigger, of course.

Bobby—(after pondering for a moment)—Well, pa, then why don't the hind wheels of a wagon run faster than the front wheels?—*Texas Siftings.*

WORK and Worth are twin brothers.

A pair of shoes for a Georgia negro weighed four hundred pounds and five ounces. They were numbered fifteen.

MAKING CLAY PIPES

CURIOUS PROCESS THEY ARE PUT THROUGH.

There Are About 150 Kinds and Styles of Pipes.

Nearly all the clay used in the manufacture of clay pipes is obtained at Woodbridge and Amboy, N. J., where there are immense beds and mines, some open and others reached only by deep shafts, where clay is mined in the same manner as coal. Three kinds of clay are mixed together to give the required properties. One kind when mined is nearly as black as coal. This has a very fine grain and gives the pipe the smooth finish. Another kind has an altogether different appearance in the rough state. It is quite white and resembles a piece of cheese. This kind furnishes the tenacity. Without this second kind the other two would not be able to hold together, but would crumble as they dried.

The third kind is brown when damp, and stands the burning process well. These three kinds of clay, without any one of which the composition would be incomplete, are the only ingredients of a clay pipe. The clay is brought to this city by canal boat and stored away in the cellar. In preparing the clay for the workshop it is first put into a huge vat to soak. About equal parts of the three kinds are used. This is allowed to stand from twelve to twenty hours, according to the length of time the clay has been exposed to the air and hardened. When it has been soaked enough it is shovelled into a huge pug-mill. The pug-mill looks like an old-fashioned churn. A horse is hitched to the end of a bar, while the other end is set into a pivot in the centre of a huge upright cylinder. To the pivot, which revolves as the horse is driven around in a circle, are attached twelve heavy knives about three inches broad. These knives are slightly turned up, and, as they pass around through the mass, mix the different kinds of clay and force it down and out a four by six inch hole at the bottom.

The clay oozing from the bottom is cut into huge bricks called babbitts, and stored away until wanted. Great care must be taken not to let these babbitts dry too much, or they will have to be soaked and ground over again. These babbitts or bricks of the prepared clay, which look like black loaves of bread, are taken to the moulding room and there soaked again to bring it back to the proper moulding temper. Then comes the part of the labor that would delight a child. A workman takes a knife and cuts the babbitts into pieces about an inch square and six or eight inches long. These he works and rolls them on a board with his hands, and ending up with a dexterous clip, turns out a roll of soft, pliable clay with a knob at one end, like a pipe bowl. These rolls are laid out on a rack and partly dried again. They are again soaked and passed to the moulding machines. The moulder holds a medium-sized piece of wire in his right hand, and sticking the point into the small end of the roll, with his left he works the clay on the wire, after the manner of drawing on a glove.

The roll with the wire still sticking out of the smaller end is put into an iron mould of the required shape and the two sides of the mould snapped together. The mould is then put into the machine with the top of the knob, soon to be the bowl, up. A lever is pulled down, and the smooth, round end of an iron rod forced into the mass, forming the bowl. As the lever is let go, it flies up of its own weight and a spring knife passes across the large end of the mould cutting off the waste clay that remains on the top of the bowl. The mould is opened immediately, the wire drawn out and the pipe placed on a rack to dry. These half-finished pipes are allowed to stand just long enough to dry the oil with which the mould is lubricated, and are then passed to a girl, who trims off the seams where the two halves of the mould come together. The soft, damp pipes are then allowed to dry thoroughly.

The burning kiln is about eight feet in diameter and ten feet high and built of fire brick. The pipes are carefully packed in heavy earthern sagers about ten inches in diameter and ten or twelve inches deep, and these sagers are piled up in tiers with hot air flues between each tier. About 325 gross of pipes are burned at a time. The burning process requires a white heat and it must be maintained from ten to fourteen hours. About thirty-six hours are required to cool the furnace. After the pipe has become thoroughly cool the small end is dipped into a solution, the composition of which is a secret, to glaze the mouthpiece, otherwise, until the pipe had been used some time, the lips would stick to it unpleasantly. The pipes are packed in one, two, and three gross boxes with shavings to prevent breakage and shipped to the wholesaler. There are about 150 different styles of pipes and as a rule ten different kinds are packed in a box.

To Be Kept From King Humbert.

"Tom" Ochiltree wanted to control a large slice of the patronage in Texas, and asked an audience with General Harrison for the purpose of explaining matters. The President sent out word that he would give the former member from the cowboy district of Texas five minutes of his time in the library.

"What!" exclaimed Thomas Porterhouse, "five minutes for me, for me who was almost raised in the White House, who has slept in the same bed with a President, who has been the confident and chum of kings and princes—five minutes for me, for me! Tell that little bow-legged lawyer from Indianapolis, that sawed-off Hoosier, that Thomas P. Ochiltree has not the five minutes to waste on him."

As Ochiltree sailed out of the White House he paused long enough to say to a newspaper man:

"For heaven's sake, don't print a word of this. I don't want my friend King Humbert of Italy to hear of it, you know. Hummy, old boy, is so fond of me that I am afraid he would declare war on the United States if he heard I had been snubbed by Harrison, and I don't want that on my conscience."

THE DAWN.

I saw the gibbous moon, all glowing red,
Sink down below the far horizon's rim;
The stars, night's candles, burned but pale and dim;
A blush of light the eastern skies o'erspread,
While purple tints filled all the arch o'erhead;
In darkling grove, upon his chosen limb,
Some wild bird warbled low his morning hymn;
The cock his clarion sounded from his shed;
Then grew and spread the light still more and more:
The village church spire caught the flying ray;
A thousand feathered throats did then outpour
A joyous welcome to the new-born day;
I saw the dew-drops glisten on the lawn,
And all the glories of the summer dawn.

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Jonas' Wedding Trip.

"I never thought to come to this," said Mrs. Aikin, dolefully, as she looked around the disordered kitchen. "And the cream all spoiling for lack of some one to churn, and the young turkeys all down with the pip, and the white calf ailing, and me tired, hand and foot like this!"

"Don't fret, mother," said Jonas, who, after a most clumsy and manlike fashion, was frying potatoes over the fire. "It'll all come right."

"It can't all come right," said Mrs. Aikin, jerking out the words between the spasms of rheumatism. "Everything will go to rack and ruin. Oh, dear, Jonas, you'll have to hire a help. The men are coming next week to cut down the grass in the forty-acre medder—four of 'em, and all expected to be boarded here, and the doctor says it'll be a chance if I get back my strength in six weeks."

"I can put 'em off, mother," suggested Jonas, cheerfully.

"And spoil the finest hay-crop we've ever growed," said Mrs. Aikin. "That will never do. Hired help is the only way out of it."

"I don't know of any one to be hired," said Jonas, dishing up his potatoes in a way that struck a chill to his mother's heart. "There's Phebe Potter, but she asks two dollars a week."

"She must be crazy," said Mrs. Aikin. "What does she take people for, I wonder? Twelve shillings is an exorbitant price for any girl to expect. No one can earn it."

"Euretta Clay?"

"Mrs. Hopkins had her once. She's as slow as Old Time, and untidy at that."

Jonas was silent; his resources had evidently reached their limit. He began to cut the bread in big, irregular chunks.

"Thinner, Jonas, thinner!" cried his mother. "Oh, dear, what a squealing them pigs keep up; they know it's past their regular feedin' time, as well as though they were Christians."

"I guess the pigs'll keep," observed philosophic Jonas, trudging slowly down cellar after a pot of butter. Mrs. Aikin moved uneasily in her chair, and uttered a groan.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! we never can get along this way," mused she. "Something has got to be done. Jonas!"

"Yes."

The curly head and sunburned face appeared at the top of the cellar stairs, like the Good Genii coming up through the stage floor in the pantomime.

"Look here, Jonas—you must get married!"

Jonas sat the butter-plate down on the table with a bang.

"Me!" said he. "Good Lord, mother!" he exclaimed, "what are you thinking of?"

"Why, I don't see any better arrangement," said Mrs. Aikin. "You're six-and-twenty, and I'm gettin' feebler and more good-for-nothin' every day. There aint no gal we can hire short of twelve shillings a week. A wife would come a great deal cheaper, Jonas—and she wouldn't want no clothes for a year, at least—and she'd sort o' take an interest, and do lots o' things a hired help wouldn't undertake! There's Letty Hooper, Jonas, she's a right smart, stirring gal, and as pretty as a picter."

Jonas whistled; the idea commended itself to him, on further reflection, as eminently practicable.

"It might be better economy," remarked he.

"Of course it would," said Mrs. Aikin, "There's the new rag carpet ready for the loom, and the spring house-cleanin' not attended to yet, and all the milk and butter, and the turkeys and goslings, and the young calves, and the vegetable garden—I sold three dollars' worth of green peas out of the garden last year; and there's no sense in hiring a man to make garden when any smart woman can look arter it, odd times; and your clothes need attending to, and my new alpaca dress aint made yet, and—why, la me! there's work for three women, at least, about the place! Go and see Letitia Hooper this very afternoon, before Nat Pellett gets the start of you!" she added.

Jonas Aikin had come home at ten o'clock that night, and told his mother that Letty Hooper had accepted him.

"Good!" said Mrs. Aikin. "Now we'll get something done about the premises. Hurry up the wedding as soon as ever you can, my son; it's an awful inconvenient time of year to get married in!"

"Are you sure you're doing a wise thing, Letty?" said old Eben Hooper, when his daughter showed him her wedding dress with blushing pride.

"Why not, father?"

"Those Aikins have the name of being very hard. And Mrs. Green, their neighbor, says Jonas is only getting married to save the expense of a hired girl."

"I think he likes me," said Letty, shyly. "And I'm awfully sorry for his poor rheumatic mother."

"I guess you'd better keep your pity for yourself," observed Mr. Hooper, shrewdly. "By all accounts, you'll need it! Going to Uncle Prickett's for your wedding trip, eh? Well, it's a pleasant part of the country. I dare say you'll like it."

Uncle Prickett was a leather-complexioned old man, with keen black eyes, and sharp, yellow teeth, like those of an elderly monkey. He gave them a cordial welcome.

"That's a pretty little new wife o' yours, Mr. Aikin," said he. "And as smart as steel, too, though she is my niece!"

"Yes," said Jonas, with modest exultation, "I calculate she'll be helpful like around the farm. We need a stirring woman at home."

"Not too heipful, I hope," said Uncle Prickett.

"Eh?" said Jonas.

"Look here," said Uncle Prickett.

"Sir?" stammered Jonas.

"Fond of her, eh?" questioned Uncle Prickett.

"You bet I am!" Jonas promptly responded.

"Then don't murder her!"

"Murder her!"

"Look here again." And Uncle Prickett drew Jonas towards the window. "D'ye see the church-yard over there on the hill?"

Jonas shivered a little.

"Yes," said he, "I see it. Thme white stones gleamin' through the trees, aint it?"

"My wife lies there," said Uncle Prickett.

"Indeed!" said Jonas, a little uneasily.

"I killed her!" said Uncle Prickett. Jonas started back.

"Eh?" he exclaimed a second time.

"Don't look at me that way," said Uncle Prickett. "I didn't stab her, nor poison her. I loved her, young man, just as well as you love your wife. And yet—I killed her. Do you want to know how it was done?"

Jonas started at him. Had the man gone crazy?

"Work!" said Uncle Prickett. "Hard work! We were proud of the farm and of the dairy. We liked to take premiums at the county fairs. We added up our bank account every night. Jenny was as anxious to save money as I was. She rose at three o'clock in the morning, and sat up sewing until eleven at night. Well, here's the farm, and there's the bank account; but Jenny lies buried under the biggest gray shaft on yonder side hill. She died the day before her twenty-ninth birthday, and I knew just as well as if a coroner's inquest had said so that I had been her death."

"No, no!" pleaded Jonas. "Don't say that!"

"As true as I stand here," said Uncle Prickett. "I should have been careful of her. A woman aint an iron machine. I should have cherished her—aint that what the 'Marriage Service' says?—instead of letting her work herself into a decline. What sort o' good do you suppose all that money does me now? She ain't here to share it with me. Now you know what I mean, young man."

And Uncle Prickett turned on his heel and went out of the room.

"Letty," he said to his niece, who was gathering the first ripe raspberries that grew on the sunny garden wall, "I've been giving your husband a word of advice. I've been telling him he mustn't let you work yourself to death, like your Aunt Jenny did."

"Do you think he needs advice, Uncle Prickett?"

"All young men do at one period or another of their lives," said Mr. Prickett.

It was of a Saturday night when Jonas brought his bride home. Mrs. Green, the nearest neighbor, had been helping around the house, and had prepared a savory supper. The evening meal was scarcely concluded, when a wagon drove up to the door, and out stepped a stout Welsh girl, with a bundle under her arm, and a yellow cotton umbrella.

"Who's this?" said Mrs. Aikin, viewing the new arrival with disfavor.

"It's the hired help," Jonas answered.

"The hired help! Why, I thought you'd got married to—"

"The fact is, mother," said Jonas, kindly, "I've a sort o' changed my mind about some things. You've most killed yourself with hard work. You never would have got this rheumatism fastened on you if you hadn't stuck to it you'd whitewash the cellar yourself that damp spell in May, and I mean Letty shall start on a different platform. We aint rich, but we can afford to live comfortable, and I don't mean my wife shall lose her round cheeks and fresh color. She'll find enough to do, without turning into a drudge; and so I've hired Joan Llannis for a year."

Mrs. Aikin uttered a hollow groan.

"I do believe you've gone crazy, she said. "We shall all go to the poor-house together."

But they did not. Joan Llannis proved a domestic treasure, especially as nurse-in-chief to the poor old rheumatic invalid.

Lucky and Unlucky Days.

Superstitions regarding the days of the week are many. The following doggerel is an old Scotch rhyme, not often quoted nowadays:

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no day at all.

In Judea, a rainy day was always considered unlucky for a wedding. Here is more doggerel regarding lucky and unlucky days:

Born of a Monday,
Fair in face;
Born of a Tuesday,
Full of God's grace;
Born of a Wednesday
Merry and glad;
Born of a Thursday,
Sour and sad;
Born of a Friday,
Godly given;
Born of a Saturday,
Work for your living;
Born of a Sunday,
Never shall want.
So there's the week,
And the end on't.

The idea of Friday being an unlucky day is almost universal, and it is known as hangman's day. In Scandinavia, Thursday is considered the day of bad omen. It is a very old belief that the hair, like the nails, should be cut at certain times. There is another ancient rhyme that reads:

Friday cut and Sunday shorn,
Better never had been born.

Few persons in Iceland cut the hair on Friday.—Youth's Companion.

Emperor William's Rank.

Emperor William has but recently honored himself with any high military rank. Though as Kaiser he is the "War Lord" of the German army, he remained but a brigadier until a short time ago, when he rose to a major-general. Since Queen Victoria made him a general, Moltke has urged him to come up to the first rank, and he is now a commanding general.

DELVING FOR DIAMONDS

PRESENT CONDITION OF KIMBERLEY'S GREAT INDUSTRY.

One Mine Which Has Already Produced $45,000,000 Worth Of Diamonds.

Kimberley (South Africa) Letter in the New York Sun: The first annual meeting of the shareholders of the De Beers mines was held here last week. This company was formed about fifteen months ago to consolidate the whole of the diamond mining industry of South Africa, and it has so far succeeded that it has now the ownership first of the De Beers mine, which has an area of about fifteen acres, with 600 claims. Out of this mine there have already been excavated 3,250,000 cubic yards of diamondiferous ground, producing diamonds to the value of $9,000,000, or about one and one-half tons weight of precious stones, between 1871 and 1885. Since then its annual has averaged about £500,000.

This mine was originally worked by individual diggers. Then, as the depth increased and the cost of working became too great for individuals, claims were amalgamated and taken up by companies, till at length the whole mine came into the hands of the De Beers company, which has a nominal capital of about £2,000,000. Early last year the £10 shares of the company stood at £40, making the capital then more than £8,000,000. At that time it was taken over by the new company, the De Beers consolidated mines. The next step of the Consolidated was to take over the Kimberley mine. This mine, although smaller than the De Beers, possessing only about 280 workable claims, was and is much richer in its production, and by the end of 1885 had scooped out 9,000,000 cubic yards of stuff, half of which was diamondiferous. The yield of diamonds up to 1885 exceeded 17,500,000 carats valued at £20,000,000, or about three and one half tons of precious stones. The capital of the Kimberley mine when amalgamated stood nominally at about £2,000,000, and as the £10 shares were then selling at £50 the capital was nearly £9,000,000.

Having these two mines, the Consolidated company had virtually the control of the diamond production, but there were two other factors with which it was important to deal. These were the Dutoitspan and the Bultfontein diamond mines. These represented a capital of another 25,000,000, with an average annual production of nearly £4,000,000 in value.

All the productive diamond mines in Grigualand West are under the complete control of one consolidated company. This company has a nominal capital of £3,900,000 in £5 shares, which are to-day standing at nearly £16. During the year it has paid off amounts in the shape of transfer and other expenses which will only occur once amounting to nearly a quarter of a million pounds, leaving a profit of £400,000, out of which a dividend of 10 per cent. has been declared for the last half year. But this first year has been a trying one for the company. It is only within the last few months that diamonds have reached their present price. The expenses will not occur again which have been such a drain on the revenue. Savings have been effected and will be effected in the working which will reduce the cost of production, and as the price of 25 or 30 shillings per carat is to be maintained, it will materially add to the profits of the shareholders.

Such, for instance, is the accumulation of blue ground on the floors—i. e.: the diamondiferous ground taken from the mines which has to be pulverized by exposure to the atmosphere and by watering. The watering process has been expensive, but the new policy of checking production will leave the ground to be pulverized by nature's processes alone—i. e.: by long exposure to the atmosphere and rain, thus saving the cost of water.

At present there are on the floors of the two mines a stock of blue ground amounting to 786,000 loads, which represents an asset of £1,375,000, as each loid averages 1 1-3 carats of diamonds. Altogether, then, this company is in a most flourishing condition. The demand for diamonds has kept pace with the production ever since the mines were opened. That it will still keep pace is shown by the fact that even at the increased price all the diamonds have been cleared off, no stock remaining on hand.

The gold mines of South Africa which are now in the full swing of their development, are gradually attracting the notice of financial men and speculators in all parts of Europe. With only a few properties working the last month the production was 32,000 ounces of gold. There have been great drawbacks to the development of the mines, not the least being the difficulty of transport and the expense of fuel and labor. Every inch of machinery has to be conveyed over the worst roads in the world for more than 300 miles by the slow bullock wagon, but railways will soon be constructed to the fields, and then better things may be expected.

Great Curiosities.

The spur of a moment.
The horns of a dilemma.
A nick of time.
A bone of contention.
Parliamentary whips.
A man of straw.
A grain of truth.
The threads of stories.
A ship of state.
A fly on a wheel.
A bee in a bonnet.
The point of a joke.
The dark horse.
A political warming pan.
A circle in which men argue.
The historic sword and pen.
The silver tongue of an orator.
The features of a plucked candidate.

A Splendid Studio.

—The paintings on the panels of Miss Anna Tadema's studio are from the brushes of some of the best artists in London who did them as a sort of house-warming gift to the young artist. The ceiling of her father's famous studio is of aluminium. It looks like silver, and it would have been silver, said Mr. Alma-Tadema to Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, "but that silver tarnishes so quickly in this London air."

SOMETHING ABOUT TEA.

IT CAME FIRST FROM JAVA AND NOT FROM CHINA.

Prices Once Charged for the Drug—Chinese Exports Falling Off.

Contrary to the popular impression, says the London Standard, we did not receive our first supplies of what was then known as "chaw," and drunk out of "silver porringers," from China, but from Java, which, until the Dutch obtained possession of the island, was an English settlement. The commerce in the herb could not, however, have been great, for at first the price ranged from £6 to £10 per pound. Even during the reign of Charles II. and his brother it was disposed of at from 16s. to 50s., according to quality, the duty payable on every gallon of the beverage sold in the coffee-houses being eightpence. In the reign of William and Mary it was further burdened with an import duty of 4s. per pound and 5 per cent. of the value, and during the next century, when the average price was 16s., the imports mounted up to fully 200 per cent. on the value of the commoner qualities.

The tea trade, was, however, in that era a comparatively small branch of commerce, being mainly a monopoly in the hands of the East India Company. It was when the consumption increased enormously, while the business of supplying the demand was not too much subdivided, that it became and continued so remarkably lucrative. The prices were not high enough to be prohibitory, and yet were sufficiently good to permit of a handsome profit to grower, buyers, brokers and sellers. This is no longer the case. The people who expect to live by the traffic have multiplied out of all proportions to their customers, with the inevitable result that prices have been whittled down to a figure which admits of little margin. In China—so it is affirmed by those in a position to know—a suicidal attempt has been made by the native growers to recoup themselves for falling prices by more slovenly manufacture and even by flagrant adulteration. This, at least, is the verdict of a body so well qualified to pronounce on the evidence before them as the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce.

A fact even more conclusive is that while the exports of China tea have fallen off enormously, those of the newer tea-producing districts have increased in an inverse ratio. It is known that between 1861 and 1866 the export decreased by 24,000,000, and since then the disparity has been even greater. Thus it is obviously useless for China any longer to regard herself as able to control the tea trade of the world, or to conduct herself as if she were the prime producer. She may be fortunate, indeed, if India, Ceylon and Java leave her the second place in the struggle for supremacy.

The planters of Assam were the first to work their gardens on the principles of scientific high farming, and now they are reaping their reward. But of all the competitors who have disputed the China monopoly, Ceylon is likely to prove the most formidable, though she entered the field so recently that tea was only regarded as a likely crop when the destruction of their coffee plantations compelled the owners of estates to try other products. Now, thanks to the experience of India with which the planters began, and to the advantages of climate and soil, the export of Ceylon tea is increasing year by year, while the quality, taking one season with another, is of a decidedly high standard.

New Departure in Instrumental Music.

A peculiar feature of amusement life in New York is the growth of the women orchestras. Women now furnish all the instrumental music in the immense Atlantic Garden on the Bowery, in the Volks and Gander's Gardens and in more than one-dozen smaller places on the east side. Experience has taught the managers of such establishments that the women play as well as the average man instrumentalist, that they are reliable as to hours, that they never get drunk and that they never go on a strike, and with all these excellent qualities they cost much less money than the male performers. They receive from $10 to $30 a week for seven nights and three day performances, for which a man, according to the commands of the Musical Union, would be obliged to demand and receive $5 or $6 for each of the ten performances.

Other cities have inaugurated this change to a slighter degree, and this new condition of things is growing so rapidly that already the demand for women musicians is far in excess of the supply. The girls come mainly from Vienna, Berlin, Leipsic and Buda-Pesth. I am told by the head of a German amusement agency, which does a brokerage in this class of public entertainers, that they have now on hand fourteen unfulfilled contracts for orchestras of this kind, and that the necessary number of women players have started or are about starting from the other side of the ocean. It is a somewhat unexpected peculiarity that these blooming foreigners do not lose their heads and fall victims to the wiles of that unmitigated and pestiferous nuisance the American "Johnnie." For instance, Frau Roller and Fraulein Ricci have been installed as queens in the Atlantic Garden for a long time, where their music has fractured many hearts. They are remarkably beautiful women. Nightly scores of adorers worship at their feet, but they go on wielding their bows just as though a man had never existed, and no one yet has been able to boast that he has brought an encouraging smile to their faces.

Which goes to show that they have better heads on their shoulders than their American sisters.

The Better Way.

When the three grown-up boys of George Zadock, a New Jersey farmer of 65, protested against his taking a third wife, he turned to and licked them off the farm to prove that he was a better man than at 45. It was an argument which silenced all opposition.

GOD loves a cheerful giver. So do all the preachers.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Just 250,000 women are married yearly in England.

The tongue of the giraffe is nearly a foot and a half long.

A jaguar will rather attack a black man than a white one.

The coins of Siam are made of porcelain; those of Japan are principally of iron.

Heligoland has a national debt of £10. The revenue is between £8,000 and £9,000.

A failure of the potato crop is threatened in Ireland, and famine will follow if it happens.

W. L. Osborne, of Phoenix, Arizona, has collected ten tons of honey this season from 171 hives.

A hunter of Chepalis, Wash., recently killed a cougar which measured 9 feet 5 inches in length.

A large sturgeon, with a chain five feet long attached to it, has been caught off the coast of Oregon.

A man in Jefferson County, Penn., is said to have lost his sight from drinking ice water when heated.

Consul Meyers, of Honolulu, declares that of the 1159 lepers at Melohair only twenty-eight are Chinese.

A Louisville physician a few days ago married his six wife. He is eighty-one and she is forty years old.

A Los Angeles (Cal.) pickle factory bought eighty tons of cucumbers at Atalusin recently at one cent a pound.

In Bradford county, Florida, is a hollow stump from which comes a noise similar to that of a boiling kettle.

In clearing up the post office at Astoria, Oregon, recently, a package of letters mailed in 1887 was found.

He is a cured cynic who declares that people who eat most at summer hotels are those who are said to be invalids.

A Portsmouth, Ohio, man has a well developed apple growing on an ordinary grapevine, the result of skillful grafting.

The famous Physic Garden in Chelsea England, whose preservation is now a matter of discussion, has 20,000 different herbs and plants.

A North Sea codfisher carries a set of lines 7250 fathoms in length, and having an amazing number of 4080 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

Lincoln Me., has a blind man who is a clever croquet player. He plays by information as to direction and by measuring the distance by walking to the object ball.

A Waterloo veteran who resides near Oswestry, England, has just attained his ninetieth year. He has been married four times, and is the father of twenty-four children.

A unique horticultural exhibition held in England is devoted to carnations and ferns. One large tent is filled with the button-hole carnation, and the air is heavy with perfume.

Parasols made of the best linden wood, manufactured by Finnish peasants in the suburbs of Viborg, are in fashion in the Russian summer resorts along lines of the Russo-Finnish railroads. They are light, elegant and very cheap.

Pemberton, N. J., has a curious freak of nature. At the farm of Alfred Johnson are twin calves, under sized, yet healthy, covered with white, fleecy wool and with tails like those of a rabbit.

Domestic servants are so scarce in Montreal that women in want of help are said to visit the jail with a view to engaging young women to work for them at the close of their term of imprisonment.

A triplet steer team is one of the curiosities to be seen at Old Orchard. The steers are hitched to a vehicle resembling those used in chariot races in circuses, and 10 cents pays for a short ride in this novel turnout.

A vessel has left San Francisco to secure $2,000,000 that lies at the bottom of the Pacific in the wreck of the ill-fated Brother Jonathan, which was lost many years ago on the coast, somewhere in the vicinity of Crescent City.

The effect of gum-chewing has been studied carefully by an expert. In gum-chewing the masseter muscles which move the jaw are abnormally developed and the fatty substance which produces fair, plump cheeks is deteriorated.

It is said to be not at all unlikely that the house in which President Lincoln died will follow Libby Prison to Chicago, a Western syndicate having made an offer for it. The intention is to put it on exhibition during the World's Fair.

One of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between Ural and the Okhotsk Sea, in Russian Siberia. A well was recently dug in this region, when it was found that at a depth of 116 metres the ground was still frozen.

The French order, the Legion of Honor, was established by Napoleon in 1802. There are five grades, that of chevalier, officer, commander, grand officer and grand croix. Recipients receive $80, $100, $200, $400, $500 a year respectively.

Richard Tevithick, of England, built the first locomotive in 1804, but the first locomotive after the modern idea was built by George Stevenson in 1829; the idea of the construction of a locomotive was given to the world by James Watt in 1769, and patented by him 1784.

Lewis Ledger, of New York city, on a wager recently ate thirty hard-boiled eggs in fifteen minutes.

A sparrow at Colestown, Penn., built a nest in the running gear of a farmer's wagon, and makes a trip to market every week.

The American druggist is called a chemist in England, many of the oldest practitioners retaining the old spelling "chymist."

A sign over the office counter in the leading hotel of Leadville, Col., reads: "Dogs boarded at $40 a month."

What He Was Afraid Of.

Foreign power (sarcastically). "Backing out, I see." Uncle Sam (sorrowfully): "Yes; do as you please, I won't make any resistance." Foreign power (proudly): "I knew you would not dare defy me." Uncle Sam (hotly): "It isn't you I am afraid of, you old fool. I wouldn't mind a war. What I am afraid of is the pensions."

One of the Ithaca (N. Y.) enumerators, found a family of ten persons, each member of which was born in a different State.