

Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

E. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLV.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1891.

NO. 9.



The Ship of Dreams.

When silent lies the sleeping town
In its profoundest rest,
There is a ship comes sailing down
Upon the river's breast.

Wide winged as that enchanted swan,
She saith through the night,
And purple grows the gloom upon
The magic of her flight.

The bark she bears no mortal name,
No voice of mortal mold,
Unseen ship of dreams and dams,
Of cedar wood and gold!

She is the ship that Turner knew
On the enchanted seas;
She floats far-sides of music through,
And tales of memories.

And she is mystically fraught;
With dreams remembered long,
That drift on all the tides of thought
And all the seas of song.

She hath Ulysses by her helm,
As to the older time—
The ship of a divine realm
And of a future clime.

AN EAST WIND.

It was the east wind. Not a doubt about that.

The amount of mischief that an east wind can work in the daily lives of us poor mortals is really astonishing.

When I had got up some morning with a sort of edgewise feeling toward the world, if things seemed inclined to topple over and get out of place at the merest touch—in fact, everything goes wrong in a peculiarly exasperating manner, you have good reason to suspect that the wind is in the east. That is certainly where it was on this particular morning at the Deane's.

For several days the cook's tooth had given ominous threatenings. And when did an eastern wind ever propitiate the toothache?

In this case at least it aggravated the dull grindings into what the sufferer termed the "jumpy toothache," with the awful throbings of which it was not to be expected that she would be over solicitous in regard to the quality of the coffee or the state of the beef-steak.

Father Deane, himself, had passed from a comfortable night into two twinges of neuralgia in his head and rheumatic aches down his back, to say nothing of the creaking of a certain blind which never made the least noise except when the wind was in this one direction. The breakfast, muddy coffee and weak at that, the cook having simply poured in more water upon the old grounds without so much as adding a grain of fresh coffee, and steak burnt in respect to outward appearance but raw in inward reality—no, the breakfast did not tend to soothe him into a better frame of mind. Generally he was a pretty jolly, good-natured man, but when he was down, as the cook said, "he was down indeed." He was down "indeed" this morning. So poor Mother Deane sighed very often. She was a sinster little body, kindly alive to her husband's moods.

Miss Winnie Deane's was the only bright face at the breakfast table. She scarcely noticed her father's frowns or her mother's sighs. The words which Charley Traver had whispered the evening before rang too loudly through her happy thoughts. It was to see her father at the office this very morning. And, knowing by actual experience that after a good breakfast Father Deane had lost the heart to refuse his daughter anything she had charged Charley to be sure and go early before business began. She felt very confident that it would be the most favorable of time to speak to her father, but then there wasn't the slightest doubt as to his answer any way; for, had not Charley Traver always been a great favorite of his?

Miss Winnie little realized what queer changes come about with a shifting wind as well as with a turn of the tide.

Father Deane started off down town walking unusually fast on account of the disagreeable air. Therefore he was a trifle earlier than the office boy was, a trifle later than common, the latter having run on an errand for his mother, who, being something of an invalid, could not go out in all kinds of weather. And consequently, Father Deane had his choice of the dust from the boy's vigorous sweeping or of a tramp up and down the draughty hall.

He had just settled himself at the desk when Charley Traver came in. The young man's face was somewhat flushed, but he said "Good morning, Mr. Deane," with bright cheeriness and air of confidence as to his reception. "Good morning," responded that gentleman coldly. He turned about from his desk and looked over his glasses at his early caller. Some people have such an upsetting way of peering over the tops of their glasses at one; it would disconcert the coolest heart and strongest soul. Charley Traver was a self-possest young man, but I suppose the most self-possest have moments of awkwardness. Charley had come now. Nevertheless he plunged bravely to the point.

"I presume you have noticed, Mr. Deane, that I have been quite a frequent visitor at your home lately."

Father Deane's bold head gave an almost imperceptible nod which was not very perceptible to the young man.

"The fact is," said he, growing more and more nervous, "Miss Winnie has promised to be my wife with your consent, which I hope I have."

Unlucky Charley! he did not know that, as he sat facing his visitor, a breath of that selfsame wind having found a chink somewhere in the office window, was blowing directly upon the back of Father Deane's head, sending keen darts through it in every direction.

"Nonsense!" growled the old gentleman fiercely; "you are both too young. Neither of you know your own minds yet."

"We are willing to wait if that be

"your wish," replied Charley. "I only wanted your consent that it might take place some time."

"I'll not consent to anything. Never did believe in long engagements. When you are both older than you are now I'll consider the matter, not before. Good morning, sir."

Poor Charley! he had always supposed that Mr. Deane was rather partial to him. Poor Charley! who went out in a state of sore perplexity, wondering what in the world he could have done to offend Mr. Deane. Poor Charley! who suddenly wakened up to the fact that it was a horrid morning in particular and a most dismal world in general.

We may scoff about it as much as we please, but variable weather is a blessed thing sometimes, especially when it changes for the better.

Father Deane was had always supposed that Mr. Deane was rather partial to him. Poor Charley! who went out in a state of sore perplexity, wondering what in the world he could have done to offend Mr. Deane. Poor Charley! who suddenly wakened up to the fact that it was a horrid morning in particular and a most dismal world in general.

We may scoff about it as much as we please, but variable weather is a blessed thing sometimes, especially when it changes for the better.

Father Deane always lunched at a restaurant, dining at home after office hours. Now, it so happened that the wind took a sudden turn, and by the time he went out for his lunch there was the gentlest of breezes from the south with good hot sun, which, shining down upon his head and back, did wonders for the neuralgia and rheumatism. Then, at the restaurant whom should he meet but an old friend from New York, who said: "Why, Deane, I don't believe you look a day older than you did ten years ago."

While a man may despise ordinary compliments, I am inclined to think he would find such a greeting preferable to "Why, how old and gray you've grown!"

Meeting thus pleasantly, the friends prolonged the lunch as long as possible and walked back as far as the office door together.

As soon as ever he had parted from his friend and stepped inside the office, Father Deane thought of Charley.

"I declare!" he said to himself. "I'm afraid I was a little hasty this morning. Let me see; no, it can't be; yes, that's so, as true as I'm alive Charley Traver must be twenty-three or four; has a good business too. As for little Winnie—well, well, well, I suppose it's got to come some time. Charley said he'd wait awhile. He bore it better, too, than I should if I'd been in his shoes. But I dare say he's horribly vexed at me; wouldn't blame him a bit, either if he were. I must have Winnie apologize for me, she'll make it all right. I can keep my word too. Lucky for me that I put that in; I hate to go back on my word. Of course they will both be older than they were this morning. I must have been a good deal out of sorts to have acted that way, I always did like Charley."

Meantime mother Deane had exerted herself to cure the cook's toothache, and, having succeeded after a time, her patient, in her gratitude, did very best in the matter of a dinner of which it may be said that after Father Deane had done ample justice to it, he was entirely his jolly, good-natured self again. And when anxious Winnie perched herself on his knee to whisper, "Did Charley come to the office this morning?" he kissed her blushing cheeks and said a little confusedly, "Yes, dear; but I was somewhat out of sorts and shouldn't wonder if I answered the poor fellow rather shortly. When he calls you can explain it to him and tell him I said it was all right if he'd wait a couple of years before taking you away. I can't lose you just yet," this with another kiss, "but I don't know of any I'd rather have for a son-in-law than Charley Traver."

A very downcast, disconsolate-looking person was the Charley who came in hour later. But, when Winnie had explained and delivered her father's message he laughed with a sudden elevation of spirits. "It's all right now," he declared, "but I did feel most awfully cut up over it." However, like a wise young man, he refrained from entering into further particulars of the interview in her father's office. While within, with loving hearts, the two sat planning the beautiful future they were to spend together outside, among the shores of the lake or the greenery by the popular window. They were to disregard a mischievous east wind, but the sweetest of southern breezes—was softly whispering. But neither of the two listened to it for they did not know how it had mixed itself up with the day's doings, nor how closely the happy outcome of it all was interwoven with the sickle caprice of an idle, shifting wind.

He Was Absent Minded.

"Speaking of absent mindedness," said the hotel clerk to the Expressman, "that old fellow sitting over there by the window, sucking his cane, will some day forget that he is on earth, and will come down to breakfast with a sheet wrapped around him, doing the angel act. He's an old bachelor, and has lived here at least ten years. Last night a business man called to see him. He was in great haste. He wrote a note to be sent up to the old fellow's room, and then rushed off, saying, 'That's a very important message; please see that he gets it.' When the boy got to the room he found that the old fellow had gone asleep in his chair while reading. The room had grown dark. The boy woke the old fellow up, gave him the note, and went out. After failing to find the match-safe, and after going through his pockets with like success, he discovered the note in his hand. What did the man do but twist it up, light the paper in a gas jet in the hallway, and after lighting his own gas looked all over his room for the note. He don't know what the message was, who sent it, nor how important it was, and I have forgotten how the business man looked. He has been sucking that cane over there all day, thinking about it, and cursing the val' boy."

"A YOUNG lady to whom a little four-year-old was much attached, bore the name of Grace. Hearing it for a few times the little chit asked: 'Mamma, isn't Grace a serious name? It makes me think of prayer.'

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1891.

LIVING ON \$10 A WEEK.

The Experiences of a Young Man Who Was Limited to That Sum.

Newspaper writers have dwelt fully on the subject of "How to live on \$10 a week." They have demonstrated to the satisfaction of all save those who have to live on that sum that it is fairly sufficient. The young man who can't keep himself on \$10 a week and save money is set down as extravagant.

Under certain conditions the thing is easy. Ten years ago I taught school in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and received \$20 a month salary. I paid \$3 a month board, which included washing and mending. It was a farming district and there wasn't any chance to spend money. When there was a sleighing party the farmer boys brought the fathers' sleighs and the girls brought the eatables and drinkables. The other society events were corn huskings, threshing parties and balls at the village hotel for the brass band. There was no expense attendant on the two first mentioned entertainments, and the \$20 a month pedagogue couldn't think of compromising his dignity by going to the ball. In the five months I stayed to my expenses were just 40 cents, 25 to the church, 21 for postage stamps.

Three years ago I worked in the anthracite coal mines and boarded in a town of about 10,000 population. In one year the miners worked 160 days. The day rate of a laborer is \$1.70 a day, or \$10.20 a week. This gave an income of \$372. I paid \$4.50 a week board, or \$24 a year. This left \$38 to clothe myself and pay wash bills and all current expenses of the year. At the end of the year I was 90 cents in debt. I thought I was doing well to come out that near.

I went to Vermont and in a small town secured steady work with the owner of a weekly newspaper at a salary of \$10 a week. I worked 313 days and at the end of the year I found I had saved only \$10. Clothing, shoes, hats and all the other incidentals came high there. The spirit of the townspeople was such that I would have been boycotted had I ordered my shirts, cuffs and collar by mail from Philadelphia. Indeed my employer would have discharged me if I didn't patronize his advertiser.

The animals are of the commonest.

She provides that a sufficient sum shall be reserved from her personalty to maintain these dogs in comfort as long as they live, and especially orders one bed and clothing for their occupancy. A young lady whom she adopted is made secondary beneficiary, upon the condition that she will live in the house and care for the dogs for a period of eight years. At the end of the term her task has been dutifully performed she shall come into possession of the entire property.—Denver Republican.

Her Fortune Willed to Two Dogs.

The most extraordinary will ever made was probated in Nashville yesterday. Mrs. Mary Ann Schaub, an aged German lady who has lived in Nashville for the past sixty years, died at her home in the northern suburbs of the city, where she has lived for nearly half a century. She had no kin in the world of whom any one knows, and had surrounded herself by a number of dogs and cats. She had accumulated a handsome property, valued at about \$6,000, and this she leaves in trust for two of her favorite dogs.

The animals are of the commonest.

She provides that a sufficient sum shall be reserved from her personalty to maintain these dogs in comfort as long as they live, and especially orders one bed and clothing for their occupancy. A young lady whom she adopted is made secondary beneficiary, upon the condition that she will live in the house and care for the dogs for a period of eight years. At the end of the term her task has been dutifully performed she shall come into possession of the entire property.—Denver Republican.

The New Theology.

"I am sure you will like our church," showing the new minister around: "you will be the first man to preach in it. These are the church parishes, for our social gatherings; aren't they handsome? They cost a heap of money, but it's worth while to do things well. We have a neat little stage, you see, for recitations and little concerts and such things. Here is the kitchen, large, well equipped, the animals are of the commonest.

She provides that a sufficient sum shall be reserved from her personalty to maintain these dogs in comfort as long as they live, and especially orders one bed and clothing for their occupancy. A young lady whom she adopted is made secondary beneficiary, upon the condition that she will live in the house and care for the dogs for a period of eight years. At the end of the term her task has been dutifully performed she shall come into possession of the entire property.—Denver Republican.

A Fondness for Color.

The ponderous elephant may be credited with a keen sense of the humorous; at least, many of their tricks would justify the belief. Here is the story of an amusing trick played by one of them upon a camel, his neighbor is a manager. One of the workmen had been engaged in painting a portion of the house, touching off the ornamental projections with red paint. The young elephant watched him with great interest, apparently amused at the bright bits of color. The painter was absorbed in his work when the dinner-bell rang. He put his pot and brush down and went off to his meal. The elephant waited till he was out of sight, then carefully felt for the brush with his trunk. Next the young elephant stood a sleepy camel took the brush and streaked the camel's side. The painter came along at last and searched for the brush. The elephant appeared highly pleased when he saw the red lines of paint on the camel's gray flanks. When the painter took the brush was back in its place, the elephant was gazing earnestly into space, and the camel was emblazoned all over with red stripes like a crimson zebra.

A Fondness for Color.

"Well, ye see, some of them celebrites writ such poor writin' that I had all the names copied off in a neat hand in a big book. You have no idea how much better they look."

"What other truck that nobody couldn't make out I just burned up,"—America.

Autograph Collecting.

"Are you fond of autographs, Mrs. Moshroom?" asked the asthetic young lady of the practical visitor.

"No, I don't much go on 'em, but my son who's away at college has a big collection of the handwriting of great celebrities. I reckon I'll surprise him some when he gets back this summer."

A Fondness for Color.

"Well, ye see, some of them celebrites writ such poor writin' that I had all the names copied off in a neat hand in a big book. You have no idea how much better they look."

"What other truck that nobody couldn't make out I just burned up,"—America.

A Strong Recommendation.

"I Strongly recommend—Foreman—I want to employ a good strong man to wheel brick. Have you been engaged in work that would harden your muscles?"

Applicant—Yes, sir. I've been employed in Wheeling West Virginia.—Omaha World.

America's Richest Woman.

The richest woman in America is a resident of South America. She is not only the richest woman in America, but she is the richest woman in the world. She has one of the largest fortunes held by either sex. This woman is Dona Isadora Cousino, of Chile. She is the biggest estate owner in Santiago and Valparaiso. South American fortunes are hard to estimate, but many people have put hers above \$200,000,000. Money multiplies fast in her hands, for her eye is every where.

A Peculiar Fish.

A peculiar fish has recently been taken off Clay Head, Block Island. It is called a sucking fish, and is of a variety found in the Mediterranean Sea, and also on the Florida coast. The peculiar structure of the top of its head gives it its name. It is a flat surface, arranged so that by suction it adheres with great tenacity to any object to which it becomes attached. Several of these fish have been taken off Watch Hill this season. They have been unknown in these waters before.

A New Version.

A popular physician of Brooklyn, says the New York Tribune, has a little girl who expounded the Scriptures to him in the following remarkable manner while reciting her Sunday-school lesson on Friday night: "The Lord is my shepherd, and I shall not want. He maketh me lie (hesitating). He maketh me lie—and do lots of other things."

It Was Authentic.

"Sure it's new?" asked the editor as an esteemed contributor handed in an interesting anecdote about a national celebrity. "Certain," replied the E. C. "I invented it myself."—New York Herald.

A Shower of Frogs.

Frogs covered the streets in the neighborhood of Twenty-first and Bank streets yesterday morning during the hard rain. They came down with the rain, and an area of about four squares was strewn with them. The frog shower lasted about half an hour, and as some of the superstitious people were unable to account for the presence of the reptiles, for a time considerable alarm prevailed in that locality. One old negro who was averse to believing that such a thing as a frog shower could occur, ran wildly about the street, telling his friends to prepare for death for the world was coming to an end. The frogs were about the size of a silver quarter of a dollar.