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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 they left the sleeping town in its profoundest rest, there is a ship comes sailing down upon the river's breast.

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 our poor mortals is really astonishing.

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

Now Father Deane, himself had passed by from a comfortable night between twinges of neuralgia in his head and thimble pines down his back, but nothing in the crossing of a certain blind which never made the least noise except when it was in this one direction.

Miss Winnie Deane was the only bright face at the breakfast table. She scarcely noticed her father's frowns or her mother's sighs.

Father Deane started off down town walking unusually fast on account of the disagreeable air. Therefore he was a trifle earlier as the office boy was a trifle later than common.

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 cheerfulness and an air of confidence as to his reception.

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

Women's Queer Pets.

Women must have something to pet, it is said, and it would appear so if all the said, and it would appear so if all the said, and it would appear so if all the said.

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.

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 his office, Father Deane thought of Charley.

"I declare!" he said to himself. "I'm afraid I was a little nasty this morning. Let me see, no, it can't be; yes, that's so, as true as I'm alive Charley Traver should 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."

Meanwhile mother Deane had exerted herself to cure the cook's toothache, and, having succeeded after a time, her patient, in her gratitude, did her 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 other I'd rather have for a son-in-law than Charley Traver."

A very downcast, disconsolate-looking person was the Charley who came in 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 shorn branches of the one evergreen by the park window, the wind no longer 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 was interwoven with the Bockle 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, slitting 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 a 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 call 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 message, and after going through his pockets with like success, he discovered the note in his hand. What did the man do? He went to the hallway, and after lighting his own gas looked all over his room for the note. He didn't know what the message was, nor 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 call boy."

Well-Paid Archbishops.

The Austrian Archbishops are probably the most highly paid in the world. The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna has only about \$60,000 a year, but the Cardinal Archbishop of Olmutz has \$40,000, the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague has \$35,000, and the Archbishop of Erius has \$60,000. And the primate of Hungary, the Cardinal Archbishop of Gran, has \$200,000 a year.

Severe, but Just.

Bankruptcy in England ranks next to a high crime. If a member of Parliament loses his property and is adjudged a bankrupt, he at once loses his seat in that august body. A mayor, alderman, councillor, guardian, overseer, member of school board, highway board, burial board or select vestry, also forfeits his office if he proves so derelict in his business affairs as to be unable to pay his debts.

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, washing parties and balls at the village hotel for the brass band. There was no expense attendant on the first mentioned entertainments, and the \$20 a month pedagogy couldn't think of compromising his dignity by going to the ball. In the five months I stayed my expenses were just 49 cents; 25 to the church, 24 for postage stamps.

Her Fortune Willied 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 breed. She provides that a sufficient sum shall be reserved from her personality 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. If at the end of that term her task has been duly 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 parson, 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, a splendid thing when we give big suppers, as we often do. This large room adjoining is to be the Sabbath-school room, but we haven't got it started yet, and there is no organ, either. We hope to have a Sabbath-school organized some time this winter."

A Unique Comparison.

A facetious watchmaker says: "A watch is like the human body. It is just as sensitive as the most delicate child, it needs more care and protection than it ever receives. It is affected by climatic influences, and its vitals are just as liable to derangement as those of our bodies. Its heart beats govern its action and its hands and face tell its condition at all times."

The Comfortable Hansom Cab.

"Women all like hansom cabs," writes a correspondent. "I saw one pretty thing driving through Fairmount Park with her beau the other day, and they both thought the hansom so nice. She stared right over the groom and so did he. If you hadn't been in a hansom once or twice yourself you wouldn't have known that they had hold of hands at all. She wore a white hair muslin dress, cut Mother Hubbard fashion. Around her arm, besides her hand, she wore a cream-colored ribbon. Her hands were encased in his and a pair of yellow silk mitts. About her neck was a string of pearls. Ah me, youth and poverty! And two wheels and love!"

A Young Lady's Apology Which Only Made It Much Worse.

This wagon-load of girls simply drew the military from their posts and made them captive. They clustered at the springs and the springs bubbled with joy. It seems that several of the young ladies went down to bathe and occupied two bath rooms. They could neither keep quiet nor keep their conversation confined to the four walls that surrounded them. They had to converse freely and aloud with one another, not stopping to think that somebody might be within hearing distance. As a fact, a young military gentleman was in the immediate neighborhood, and a lively conversation floated over his head. "I think the militia boys are the plainest men ever saw," a gentle female voice whispered over. "There isn't good looking one in the whole crowd," came back, and this kind of complimentary praise for fifteen minutes. There was a blackness among the young men when the girls turned upon the veranda all wreathed in smiles and ready to receive the compliments of the brave. It didn't take them long to find out what the matter was. The military were prepared to evacuate, but they taxed the young ladies first. One of them admitted she had been of the party, and stuck to what she said. The army was insulted—so mad that it declined to accept the apology tendered by one young lady, who was very nervous and thought they had gone too far. "Yes, but you know, we all said we liked ugly men."

Do Not Drink Strong Coffee Just Before Retiring, or in the Evening at All. It is apt to cause sleeplessness.

No man is a hero to his fellow-hero.

Literature for the Force.

The celebrated novelist, Count Leo Tolstoy, is well-known, gave up his literary work to a great extent, and busied himself with manual labor, and the spread of the "gospel of brotherly love." A short time ago, when driving in the city of Moscow, he saw a policeman arrest a peasant and treated him very slightly against the police regulations and lead him along the street. Ordering his coachman to halt, the count rushed up to the policeman and asked him if he could read.

Japanese Paper.

The Japanese beat the world for hand-made paper. The Japanese paper is especially good for etching, and is greatly in vogue among artists. It is exceedingly durable and highly finished, and prints from it are very much finer than any other quality of paper. The hand-made parchment paper is made from the inner bark of the sycamore tree, and is of very tough fibre and is beautifully finished. The Japanese government has official documents in its possession printed upon this parchment, which are as good as new to-day, after fifteen hundred years' wear and tear. The Japs themselves use this paper for houses, coats, umbrellas, screens and every imaginable purpose. The manufacture of hand-made paper is now being principally conducted by the Japanese government as a national enterprise. Some of the finest residences in the United States, and many public buildings, have been lately decorated with the Japanese paper. This is fast becoming one of their leading lines for export. The papers are most gorgeous in hue and design, and are very strong and durable. Another attractive feature about them is that they can be polished with their hands without any trouble or injury to the wall.

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, the neighbor in a managerie. One of the young elephants, 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. Next the young elephant stepped on the camel, dreamily eating hay. The elephant touched the brush and streaked the camel's side. The keeper came along just then, and watched events. The elephant appeared highly pleased when he saw the red lines of paint on the camel's gray flanks. When the painter returned, the brush was back in its place, the elephant was gazing earnestly into space, and the camel was embellished all over with red stripes, like a crimson zebra.

The Whole Truth.

It was a horse case. Horse cases are difficult to deal with, and in the course of the trial a horsey looking witness was put in the box. Counsel asked him what had happened. "I don't know," he said. "How about the horse?" And he said he'd give me ten dollars to say nothing about him. "He did not say he would give you ten dollars, my good man." "Yes, he did—that's exactly what he did say." "He could not have said 'he,' he must have spoken in the first person. 'No; I was the first person that spoke. I see, sir, I. How about the horse?" But he did not speak in the third person. "There was no third person present—only he and me." "The judge interrupted—"Listen to me, witness. He could not have said 'he' if you hadn't ten dollars to say nothing about it; but I will give you ten dollars." "He said nothing about you. If he said anything about you, I never heard him. And if there was a third person present, I never saw him." Point given up.

A Valuable Bible.

Millions of people regard the Bible as the most valuable book in the world, aside from its mechanical make-up and appearance. But in a commercial sense it is the most valuable book in Rome is said to be the most valuable book in the world. In 1512 Pope Julius, then in great financial straits, refused to sell it to a syndicate of rich Venetian Jews for its weight in gold. The Bible weighed 235 pounds, and is never carried by less than three men. The price refused by Pope Julius was, therefore, about \$125,000, and that too, when gold was worth at least twice what it is now worth.

Care of Vehicles.

A carriage should be kept in a dry, dry coach-house, with a moderate amount of light; otherwise the colors will be destroyed. There should be no communication between the stables and the coach-house. The manure-heap or pit should be kept as far away possible. Ammonia cracks varnish, and fades the colors both of the painting and the lining. Whenever standing for days together, a carriage should always have on it a large cotton cover, sufficiently strong to keep out the dust

OVER THE BANISTER.

Over the banister leans a face, Tender and full of meaning. I see her still, with a dusky grace, Above her banjo leaning. While by her side I watch her hand, Over the soft notes straining. Weaving her thoughts as I idly stand, Into the tune she is playing.

GLOOM DISPELLERS.

The tombstone is about the only thing that can stand upright and lie on face at the same time.—Terre Haute Express. Every man has his role in life, especially the man who tries to ride the bucking mule at the circus.—Burlington Free Press. Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but by that time the funeral of some one's character is all over.—Jamestown News. Before offering yourself to the pump-looking toboggan girl you met last winter, perhaps it would be as well to wait until you see her on the beach this summer.—Life. The widow is less selfish than the maiden, for, while the latter is always looking out for No. 1, she is fastidious in watching for No. 2.—Yorker Statesman. "My dear," said Mr. Phunnyman, "why is the Prince of Wales a geographical paradox?" "Give it up." "Why, because he is allowed so much latitude that he is without a parallel."—Philadelphia Press. Ais for humblity, Lack of rigidity, Under the sun, Oh, it was pitiful, Near a whole world, Not a student one.—Clothes and Furthest. A Strong Recommendation.—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. The story of Alice and George.—No, George; you must not put your arm around my waist. George—Be careful, Alice. Alice—Careful! What do you mean? George—Haven't you heard that the full waist makes a woman want?—Lawrence American. Tom—Hello, Tagg. What's that sign on your front door for, 'No admittance Except on Business'? Tagg—There have been so many young men calling on my daughters, and their visits have been so fruitless, that I have adopted this means to reduce the surplus.—Yankee Blade. Smith—I think Miss De Blank is very rude. Jones—What causes you to think that? I never thought her so. Smith—I met her down town this afternoon and asked if I might see her home. She said yes; I could see it from the top of the high school building, and that it wasn't necessary to go any further.—Omaha World. They were seated in the parlor and he was declaring his love in fervent tones. All at once she stopped him with an imperious gesture, and a look of pain overpread her countenance. "Wait! wait!" she exclaimed in short, sharp tones. In a moment the squeeze came, and Heloise, looking tenderly up into his face, said: "As you were saying George!"—Judge. Visitor—You say this ruined castle is haunted? Guide—Undoubtedly. The spectre can be seen almost every night. "It is probably the ghost of some robber?" "No, it is the ghost of an actor, who neglected while living to have himself photographed in his favorite role, and who consequently cannot rest in his grave."—German Fun. The Price of Royalty.—Mrs. Smith—Yes, my daughter Lucy married a blacksmith, and they have a nice home and are getting along nicely. Mary married a butcher and is very comfortably provided for. Jennie married a section hand and they are happily situated. Mrs. Jones—And your daughter Gladys? Mrs. Smith—Alas! she married a foreign nobleman. I send her \$2 per week and some discarded dresses, and by taking in washing she manages to support the family.—Omaha World. The highest price ever paid for a book it is said, was \$50,000. The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

GLOOM DISPELLERS.

A buy-word—"How much?" Why hasn't the debt of nature been paid; she's got the rocks? A girl will naturally express a candid opinion of the young man who is constantly bringing her confectionery. Girl's solemn promise to be the wife of doctors, lawyers or business men, But when the wedding day arrives, The minister usually marries them. First Newspaper Man—"Did you do any literary work on your voyage across?" Second Newspaper Man—"Yes, I contributed extensively to the Atlantic." "I hear that young Lazlo passed his examination in anatomy with honors; did he have a private tutor?" "No, he went in bathing every day at Asbury Park." Accepted Suitor—"Won't you find it awkward when you meet your other two husbands in heaven?" Interesting Widow—"I don't expect to meet either of them there."

GLOOM DISPELLERS.

"Omaha Wife—"I see that even Sullivan is a monopolist." Husband—"So? I thought he was among the strikers." Wife—"No, all of his 'mills' are in 'the ring.'" "Are you fond of diamonds, Mr. De Smythe?" said a young lady. "Well," said he, absent-mindedly, "that would naturally depend on what was trumps, wouldn't it?" Mr. Oldbean—"And your husband?" Widow—"In heaven these two years." Mr. Oldbean—"I'm shocked at the news! He and I used to go out together. I never would have dreamed it." "Pa!" (Inquired Bobby, as they were returning from a revivalist meeting), "why do those people shout so loud; is God deaf?" "No, Bobby, but in a case of that kind, He is a good way off."

GLOOM DISPELLERS.

"I really don't see what is the matter with my razor today. It is so dull that it don't cut at all," said Johnny. "Why, pa," said Johnny, "it was sharp the other day, when I used it to make a ship with."—Epoch. "Mrs. MacPowers, don't be atter pokin' yer tongue out at me, but act loike a lady for wurst an' come outside the door for a wurst an' o'll make it up to the telegraph room lookin' like the Pan Handle Route to Chicago!" "What on earth is the matter with that razor?" shouted the victim, as he writhed in the barber's chair. "Deed, sab, dere isn't nuffin' de matted wurf de razor, but you whisksis senny caks ez if dey'd bin nicked plated." Sharpe—"Just give that messenger call a whirl, will you?" Clerk—"Yes, sir. What shall I tell the boy when he comes?" Sharpe—"Send him word to the telegraph room to notify them that I want to use the telephone."—America. Multiplying the candle power—"Miss Kelly, O! notice yez got yez a new mirror." "Yes; O yez? "twould be more economy to buy wan to set the candle in front av, soze to have two candles, one to burn a kerochene lamp."—Judge. Mrs. Colden—"We must plan an extra fine dinner for tomorrow. It is Mr. Colden's birthday. Let me see; what shall we have for the piece de resistance?" New boarder—"Why not have the usual piece de resistance—the steak?"—America. "City her husband, City dame (who has bought a little farm)—"Marry, all these fresh eggs are soft, go out in the barn and see if some of the chickens haven't laid some hard-boiled eggs; I'm going to make a salad." Mary—"Yes, mum."—From Time. "Well, my dear, how would Farmer Brown suit you for a husband? He seems to be uncommonly well-to-do lately." "Perhaps, so, father; but his hair is so red that—" "True, true, my child; but you should recollect that there is very little of it."—Judge. Coming home from a picnic: John—"But, now, look a here, Susie, do you doubt that I love you?" Susan—"Not a bit of it, John. I know you wouldn't have squandered sixty cents for ice cream and things unless you were in dead earnest."—Rochester Post Express. Perils of the Summer Outing.—Mr. Dudley Spungler—"Oh, I say, chap, we can't stay here. My tailor's registered and I owe him a cool hundred." Mr. Eustachy Bloom—"He with you, old man, I borrowed fifty of Charley Lawrence yesterday, and he's here, too."—Boston Beacon. Something wrong—A child who had just mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed, because, she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment, and honor my paps and mammas, yet my many days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am still put to bed at 7 o'clock."—Times of India. "I don't believe you have been to the Sunday school. You've been in swimming. Your hair is wet and your trousers are hindpart foremost." "Well you see, innar, I was runnin' so hard to Sunday school that my head got wet wid perspiration, and then I fell down, and I was going so fast I turned over in my trousers." The Bitter Before the Sweet.—Jimmy—"Mamma, I wish you'd lick me real good and hard." Mother (surprised)—"Whip you! Why, Jimmy, you haven't done anything wrong, have you?" Jimmy—"No, but me an' Bill Jones are goin' swimmin' and you know you told me you'd lick me if I went, so I thought I'd enjoy the swim a good deal better if you'd do it beforehand."—Lawrence American. The Present Lord Chesterfield. The present Lord Chesterfield, a man of about thirty-seven years of age, has just returned to England after an exhaustive trip through the United States. His lordship is said by those who had the pleasure of meeting him to be not only a man of fine appearance, but of manners quite worthy of his distinguished ancestor, of whose famous letters he is a diligent reader.