

Juniata Sentinel

B. F. SCHWEIER,

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NO. 31.

TO A SCRAP OF SEAWOOD.

Scattered flower that in the ocean blooms,
Peek from the fragrant groves of earth.
What sorrow rises in thy salt perfume,
To what sad thoughts thy humble charm gives birth?

Tossed by the tempest and the fluctuant tide,
The vulgar plaything of the windy sea,
Crushed by the vessel's keel or cast aside,
What bitterness thy injured sense must feel?

Thy lovely sisters blush on field and lawn,
The lily, pink and rose are kin to thee;
Yet thou art destined from grim night till dawn
To hide thy envy in the moaning sea!

Alas! some know why thou wert cruelly torn,
From leafy woodlands and fair orchards born,
Nay why thou shouldst not have been purely born,
A tabesore, to grace some gentle breast—
Empress the Eternal, in His august might,
A secret usage to thy beauty found,
And made thee to fulfill some sacred rite
Upon the ghastly forehead of the drowned!

—F. S. Saltus.

ALIAS THE PARSON.

Even in '50, so long ago as that,
When few western towns could boast
a street lamp or a postoffice—
to say nothing of churches and schoolhouses—
Four Hole City was generally
classified as a "desperat hard place."

"It was the toughest of the toughest."
"Though a comparatively young town
at the date of the incident about to be
recorded, its notorious wickedness had
advertised it far and wide, and Four
Hole City was an accepted synonym
for the unique and superlative in western
wretchedness.

Its population varied according to the
distance and direction of the latest
gold find.

A clear spring of water had made
the spot a favorite camping place for
miners, and a contraband barrel or two
of whisky had established a bar and
made the spring place a "city."

It could hardly be said that the
growth of Four Hole City was phenomenal—that it was a magic city or
anything of that sort. But it grew.

Trade was lively at the Red Finger
bar, and the cemetery spread like a
green bay tree. In due course of time
there was another barroom and another
burying ground.

Then Little Jug Nancy came, the
first woman, and forthwith another
graveyard was added to the list—three
of them in seven months.

So alluring was the opportunity,
in fact, that a speculative undertaker
was tempted across the mountains from
Frisco with a wagon load of coffins.

The market was all right, but it's a
part of the record that the Frisco
undertaker was the first man ever buried
in a coffin at Four Hole City. Little
Jug Nancy officiated.

But in spite of all that the town
grew.

And as it grew there became mani-
fest, at irregular long intervals, a
natural tendency towards something
like reform. At even rarer intervals
this usually vague manifestation took
definite shape and proportions.

The first effort of the sort was when
Shoestring Mike and that gang had an
election. Mike set himself up for
mayor, and the rest of the boys were
concomitant. Long Dicky Bass was
the marshal.

It was all right while it lasted.
They buried the mayor and the
marshal in one grave and two of the coun-
cillors in another. Another one of the
councilmen reformed, and was hung
six months later for horse stealing.
The others escaped.

Then the law-and-order fever struck
Four Hole City. They hung Jimmy
Doonan, of the Red Finger bar. Little
Jug Nancy followed suit, same day,
same limb. Three or four of the oppo-
sition lights snuffed out in amazing-
ly rapid succession—and then the law-
and-order gang came.

This was when the "Frisco under-
taker" saw his opportunity.

Then Nigger-Foot Jim tried to run
it. This reform was pre-eminently
successful. It must be acknowledged,
so far as it went. Jim was a dead
shot, and as quick as a cat.

His government terminated very
abruptly, however, a few hours after
it started, just as Jim stepped out the
door of the Red Finger bar. It was
done in the dark and they never did
find out who did it.

They made him a grave beside Little
Jug Nancy, and Four Hole City drop-
ped back into the old rut. It relapsed,
in other words.

Then a United States man came
along. Poor fellow—they were looking
for him, they had his grave dug
twenty-four hours in advance of his
arrival. They had his tombstone fixed
and the epitaph, and one of those
"Frisco coffins" marked for his own private
use.

Those brass buttons—six big ones
and nine little ones—made elegant
slippers.

These were by no means the only
efforts at reform, nor by any means
the only failures. Suffice it to say
that there had been precisely as many
failures as there were efforts, and exactly
as many of both as failures, when
"person Joshy" came in that bright, breezy,
beautiful day in autumn, 1850.

The parson didn't make any bones
about it. He called out the boys and
told them what to look for.

"Ef the Lord don't hinder," said
the parson, "I'll preach here twice a
week an' pray the same. Ef you don't
like it, don't come. This yer's busi-
ness, and business is business. All
invited. Smokin' allowed, but I'll
lick the fust man as laughs in meetin'.
I ain't er seekin' no fuss. I'm er
peaceable man, but business is busi-
ness. I'm yer ter save souls, an' they
must be order in meetin'. All I want
is a square deal."

He had come in on horseback, and
without taking his feet from the stir-
rups he pronounced the benediction,
nodded pleasantly to the crowd and
galloped off in the direction from which
he had come.

It was done absolutely before a man
in the crowd could realize it. The
idea—preaching in Four Hole City!
Benediction! Prayer!

The strangest part of it all was that
the parson had compelled an unmitiga-
ble feeling of respect. He had left
them impressed with the idea that
he was a superior somebody, amply
able to take care of himself, and not
too sanctified to fight.

Three days later he came again.

This time they were ready for him.
Slippery Sam Digger was the spokes-
man for the crowd.

"This yer town," said Sam, "is Four
Hole City. We are the gang as lives
yer, in Four Hole City. We don't
want no preachin' 'er—

"We won't have none of it!"

The parson was thoughtful for a
few seconds, weighing the matter de-
liberately, and then quietly announced
that there would be meeting, and that
if Sam didn't like it he'd have to
move.

Then they hitched. It didn't last
long. Sam was carried off on one of
the benches, and the parson took his
position at the out-door pulpit as
quietly as if nothing had happened.

"Owin' ter the racket," said the
parson, "they won't be nothin' 'ter
this event, but the benediction. Hereafter
they won't be no racket, an' reg'lar
services will be held."

Then he pronounced the benediction
upon as orderly and appreciative a
congregation as ever faced a preacher.

Then he rode off leisurely, just as he
had before, without ever once looking
behind him.

After that, as the parson had pre-
dicted, there was no disturbance at
the meetings. The parson soon be-
came an established and very impor-
tant institution. He knew that coun-
try like a book, and every mine in it,
and his advice was reliable. His in-
fluence had on more than one occa-
sion prevented bloodshed. In many
ways the parson made himself popular
and a power for good. Somehow or other
they had learned that his name was
Josh, but even this information was
rarely made use of, and he was simply
"the parson."

Four Hole City was slowly but surely
undergoing a change.

It was becoming civilized.

The first step was taken. The par-
son had led them.

One afternoon a year or so after the
parson appeared first in Four Hole
City, eighteen or twenty men, covered
with dust and riding jaded horses, rode
into town with a prisoner. That pris-
oner was the parson.

"Mistake! Mistake! Mistake!" said
the citizens.

No, it wasn't a mistake. That was
Red Murphy, murderer and horse thief.
He had learned that his name was
Josh, but even this information was
rarely made use of, and he was simply
"the parson."

"Proof!" demanded the citizens.

"Plenty of proof. The horse he was
killed by was one he had stolen.

The citizens were obliged to believe
it. The parson said nothing in answer
to questions, and seemed as indifferent
of danger as the horse he was riding.

His legs were unstrapped and he
was taken from the horse. The rope
was put around his neck, and thrown
over a limb.

"Wanter pray?" he was asked.

He looked doubtful for a moment.

"Unbind my hands," said he.

"There're enough of you ———
to rat me. Let me pray with my hands
tied."

In consideration of the good he had
done the request was granted, though
there was some objection. His own
concern was another consideration
in granting the request. He seemed
resigned to his fate, they noticed. It
couldn't do any harm.

The parson raised his hands, his face
turned upward.

"I have done some good," he said
slowly, "an' some bad. I have stole
some horses, but I never took the last
'un from a po' man. I have killed
some men, but I done it fair. All I
want, O Lord, is a square deal in this.
I kin lick any two in this crowd—any
three. They know it—"

The parson stooped suddenly, a knife
in his hands.

In another instant the rope around
his knees was loosed, and then at his
feet, and he was fairly in the saddle
and started before a shot was fired.

The parson was off—pursuit was out
of the question. They fired reck-
lessly, and he escaped unhurt.

They watched him then until he
was gone by and by, however, stalking
his horse over a speck on the horizon.
"Red Murphy's luck," growled one

TO FRISCO FOR A DOLLAR

HOW AN OLD SCOTCHMAN MADE THE TRIP.

Lodged in Jail Twice, but Not Without Reason.

James Hall is an old Scotchman
formerly well to do, but for the past
year or two sadly "down on his luck."
He made a small fortune in the grain
and hop business in San Francisco, took
his money home to Glasgow, and lost
it. A year ago he made up his mind
to go back to "Frisco," and had just
money enough to pay his fare from
Glasgow to this city. His wife and
his countrymen whom he encountered
en route, then took him on his trans-
continental journey, and three weeks
ago he reached the Golden Gate after
a series of adventures which he has
quaintly put upon paper. He knocked
about the metropolis three months be-
fore he got started on his trip. He says:

"My overcoat and ring had quietly
gone down my esophagus or gullet,
along with the occasional dollar, and
within I was in a predicament. I was
losing flesh every day. My quiet
friends or correspondents were grow-
ing tired of me, and at last, one after
the other, they would give a little with
a look that said as plainly as if they
said it in many words, 'See here,
we give you this, but that shuts the
door. Do you understand?'"

He got a start financially in the
shape of a ticket to Chicago from a Scotch-
man whose sympathies were excited
by his plight, and the Chicago Great
Exchange gave him another lift to
St. Louis. "At this point," he says,
"I began my very veritable struggle
to get West. I was asked by a gentle-
man to go down the Mississippi 120
miles to his pavement parities. He
thought he would get some work for
me at Apple Creek. There was noth-
ing. He left me sticking there. I
walked up the bank of the giant river
seven miles in the moonlight, and only
got home at about five o'clock, with a
Missouri side. I came at last to a vil-
lage, where I remained till morning.
Then I got over to Grand Tower, Ill.,
by the Post Office boat, where I fell in
with a young Scotch engine driver,
who gave me some information on the
train to Murfreesboro. I found some
good Scotchies in this small town. I
had a little money in my pocket, but
preferred to go to it, and seeing three
empty cars on a train about to start
for St. Louis I jumped in, got into a dark
corner, and lay down to rest. I
got as far as Waterloo, 110 miles,
where the three cars were quickly
shunted. This was my first ride as a
"ham," but my last. Twenty-two
miles to St. Louis I actually drifted
after a good sleep. I pedestrianized it
in six hours and twenty minutes to the
Post Office. This gave me my first
lesson and first experience of what was
before me."

He succeeded in reaching Burlington
by stages, and the Masons there
put him through to Omaha, where he
was stranded for a month. Then a
fellow countryman who owns a 1,000-
acre ranch near Columbus gave him a
ride to that town. Then he had to
rough it.

"Columbus was too small to interest
me. I walked out to Duncan and
waited there for a freight train to pass.
One came along soon. I saw a chance
to jump in. I actually drifted, but
tired and went straight until we
reached Kearney—a two-thousand-and-
forty-mile free ride! I was walking
moodily along, wondering what was
to happen next, when I happened to
stumble into a store, and there was
name over it. This, as luck would
have it, was no other than the Mayor's
place of business. He calls in the
Marshal, who was at the door. 'Now,'
he says, 'I'm in for it. He says:
'If you can get me a ticket to
Chicago, I will give you a hundred
dollars.' I turned to the next division,
viz., Plum Creek. And turning to me,
he says: 'That's all I can do for you as
mayor of these few shanties.' I was never
more put out. I expected ten days,
but I only waited ten hours. I had
money enough to pay his fare to North
Platte, where he found many Glasgow
boys. "One engine driver says to me:
'Be at hand, and when the bell rings
jump up and sit by me.' I got to Jules-
burg, 150 miles from the north, and
comfortably, the weather by this time
being mild and delicious. I would like
to mention the engine driver's name,
but he was such a gentleman in the native
sense of the word. He died, and up
with him went his co-witness, but he
hunted up the next conductor—engine
and caboose both change at each divi-
sion—and got him to take me along
with him; so I made my first ride in a
caboose, and very comfortable it was,
from Julesburg to Cheyenne, nearly
240 miles, level and easy. The Union
Pacific Company's machine shops are
being built here, and some of them
were in full blast. You may guess,
therefore, that I had little difficulty in
finding the path of lots of Clyde lad-
dies. Did you ever notice there is a
more distinctive love of country—a
thrilling of the heart in the natives of
small countries, such as Switzerland,
Belgium, and Holland, more markedly
in the mountains, as in the first two,
but decidedly in them all? Is it be-
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too extensive to be enclosed within the
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"I was talking with a Treasury
official on the subject of forgery. 'Did
it ever occur to you,' said the official,
'that a forger has half his work done
when he can get a suitable man to
pen with which the owner of the signa-
ture habitually writes? A great
many men, bank Presidents and the
like use the same pen for their names
only for a year or two without change.
And then they sell the pen to a man
writing his name hundreds of times,
and never used for anything else, will
always write the name of itself. It
gets imbued with the spirit of the signa-
ture. In the hands of a fairly good
forger, it will preserve the character-
istics of the original. The reason for
this is that the point of the pen has
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tive hand of the forger when he at-
tempts to write the name.'"

A Many-Sided Institution.

A Norwich school-ma'am put the
word "Trust" in a spelling lesson the
other day. Trust used to be simple
word meaning confidence—a word
without guile and within the grasp of
the youngest pupil. The effect of the
times upon the word became painfully
apparent the moment the definition
was called for.

"Define Trust," commanded the
teacher.

The little fellow at the head of the
class, who evidently read the papers,
replied, "Trust is big a snake."

"Where did you learn that?" asked
the teacher.

"In our newspaper," replied the
boy. "It said Trust is an anaconda!"

"That wasn't what I saw" in my
paper," spoke up a clever pupil. "for
it said a Trust was like a devil of a
fish!"

"It's a monster," said the third boy.

"Where on earth did you get that
idea?" asked the astonished teacher.

"Outen the papers," replied number
three.

"I guess the papers dunno it," re-
marked the fourth, "for mine said it
was an octopus."

A Discussion on Trust.

Trust used to be a simple word
meaning confidence—a word without
guile and within the grasp of the
youngest pupil. The effect of the
times upon the word became painfully
apparent at a Norwich (Conn.) school
the moment the definition was called
for.

"Define trust," commanded the
teacher.

The little fellow at the head of the
class, who evidently read the papers,
replied, "Trust is big a snake."

"Where did you learn that?" asked
the teacher.

"In our newspaper," replied the
boy. "It said a trust was an ana-
conda!"

"That wasn't what I saw in my
paper," spoke up a clever pupil, "for
it said a trust is a devil of a fish."

"It's a monster," said the third boy.

"Where on earth did you get that
idea?" asked the astonished teacher.

"Outen the papers," replied number
three.

"I guess the papers is off their
case," remarked the fourth, "for
mine said it was an octopus!"—Nor-
walk Bulletin.

A Big-Footed Family.

Down in Grayson county, says a
Louisville dispatch, in the vicinity of
Dicey's mill, there is a most remark-
able family named Hutton. It is com-
posed of father, mother and eight sons
and daughters, all of the children full
grown. Not one of them weighs less
than 175 pounds, and the second oldest
son tips the beam at 255. This, how-
ever, would not be uncommon, as large
people are abundant in Kentucky, but
every member of the family has feet
of most extraordinary size, far out of
proportion to their bodies.

There are no manufactured shoes
large enough for them, and it keeps a
country shoemaker busy supplying
padding coverings for the entire family.
Not one of them uses a shoe smaller
than that made on a 15 last, and the
largest foot measures eighteen inches
in length. No other white persons in
Kentucky are known to have feet ap-
proaching these in size, although colored
people frequently wear No. 14 shoes,
the ordinary foot requiring a 7 or an 8.

Novel Meat Chopper.

A new meat chopper for domestic
use is distinguished by the fact that
the meat is cut by an action like that
of a pair of scissors and is not torn
apart; neither is it ground into a
gruesy pulp. The forcing screw feeds
the meat up to a knife with eight
radial blades, revolving between a
fixed two-bladed knife and a cutting
plate of novel construction. The plate
has a number of grooves converging
towards a central aperture, the ribs
between the grooves having sharp cut-
ting edges. The work is well and
rapidly done. A medium-sized ma-
chine will produce four pounds of
filled sausages per minute.—(New
York Commercial Advertiser)

Washing the Imperial Elephants.

The Emperor of China having com-
manded the Board of Astronomy to
appoint an auspicious day for the an-
nual washing of the Imperial ele-
phants, August 17, at the first hour,
was the day appointed, and the officers
of the Board of Ceremonies put up
temporarily tall sheds beautifully de-
corated on the north side of the creek,
outside the Hsuan Wu Men, Peking,
where the Imperial elephants received an
ovation. Various ceremonies were
performed before they took their an-
nual bath.—(St. James's Gazette.)

Public Roads.

In Massachusetts a chair has been
recently endowed at the Boston School
of Technology to be known as the
Chair of Public Roads. Mr. Ripley
says that he has reason to believe that
not only in Pennsylvania, Massachu-
setts and New York—a society having
recently been formed in this State to
promote the improvement of public
roads—has interest been awakened in
this subject, but that there is hardly
an Eastern or Middle State that has not
taken on new zeal in the matter of the
improvement of roads.

The Antrian Hangman.

In Austria the hangman is a man
named Selgfried, who wears a white
uniform, with a cocked hat and black
gloves. He has never had to hang a
woman, for the emperor thinks stran-
gulation is a punishment which should
be reserved for men.—(Chicago
Times.)

The Forger's Pen.

I was talking with a Treasury
official on the subject of forgery. "Did
it ever occur to you," said the official,
'that a forger has half his work done
when he can get a suitable man to
pen with which the owner of the signa-
ture habitually writes? A great
many men, bank Presidents and the
like use the same pen for their names
only for a year or two without change.
And then they sell the pen to a man
writing his name hundreds of times,
and never used for anything else, will
always write the name of itself. It
gets imbued with the spirit of the signa-
ture. In the hands of a fairly good
forger, it will preserve the character-
istics of the original. The reason for
this is that the point of the pen has
been ground down in a peculiar way
from being used always by the same
hand and for the same combination of
letters. It would splutter if held at a
wrong angle or forced on lines against
its will. It almost guides the sensi-
tive hand of the forger when he at-
tempts to write the name.'"

DOGS AS HORSES.

The Country Where They Are the Beasts of Burden.

I have met M. Nanet, the Belgian
author, who follows the usage of his
country in utilizing the dog as a
draught animal. He has a little
photon drawn by dogs in which he
drives about when at home, and in
which he has come from Brussels to
Paris. M. Nanet thinks that Bel-
gium, with her cheerless sky and sod-
den soil, is able to hold her own, and
be among the most prosperous nations
of Europe, because the dog is not only
the friend and comrade, but the
carrier of the poor man. The coster-
monger and his wife in Paris or Lon-
don are broken down prematurely from
fatigue, and the stabling and fodder
for a donkey is a heavy tax on their
profits, but their Belgian brethren can
boast their dogs with themselves. The
dogs, after being unharmed, dine
with their masters, and at winter sleep
before the kitchen fire.

The strength of a good draught dog
is marvellous. He does not sprain
like a horse, and when tired he asks
to be down, a favor, always granted;
and, on being rested, goes on again
cheerfully.

The pair which drew M. Nanet is of
average size and strength, and had a
long line of ancestors, who did good
work in their time as carriers. When
at an inn their master used to unham-
mer them and take them with him into
the coffee room, where they lay down at
his feet. He drove all the way, unless
when there was a steep hill to climb.

At a place called Lenoirville, Mayor
heard he had come into the town, and
informed him that his equipage came
within the reach of the Grammont Law
for the protection of animals. "Very
well," answered the Belgian, who was
preparing to start, and he ordered the
dogs to get into the pheton and sit on
the seat, while he drew them. They
obeyed, and stayed there until they were
beyond the bounds of the com-
mune, where they descended to be
harnessed. To avoid crowds, who
might think well to take part with
the dogs against their master, M. Nanet
kept clear of large towns. At Com-
pigne he telegraphed to a number of
Belgians here at what time he was likely
to reach Paris, and he ordered out to
meet him. When he was sighted, the
dogs were going at a brisk pace. He
thinks they could have done the journey
comfortably in five days, but as he is
as much their friend as their owner he
gave them seven.—London News.

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