Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XLVI. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1892. NO. 49

IF I HAD KNOWN.

BY HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

If I had thought so soon she would have died,
He said, I had been tender in my speech.
I had a moment lingered at her side
And held her ere she passed beyond my reach
If I had thought so soon she would have died.

That day she looked up with her startled eyes,
Like some hurt creature where the woods are deep;
With kisses I had stilled those breaking sighs,
With kisses closed those eyelids into sleep.
That day she looked up with her startled eyes.

Oh, had I known she would have died so soon
Love had not wasted on a barren land—
Love, like those rivers under torrid noon,
Lost on the desert, poured out on the sand.
Oh, had I known she would have died so soon!

A COSTLY EARTHQUAKE.

It was at Havre, during the height of the season; the low tide signal was flying and the usual crowd of men that one always sees the bathing hour had ranged themselves along the edge of little wooden walk from the cluster of bath houses to the water's edge to see the fair bathers trip in.

I had seen it all a hundred times at least and knew the scene by heart. The fat women satiated me, the thin ones repelled me, the sands of this pebbly beach were never intended to be sat on comfortably, and I was about to retreat to the shaded corridors of Frascati's well-known hostelry, when M. le Qual, a tall, robust, well-preserved compatriot, whom I had first met at the table d'hote a week ago, approached and took a seat beside me. He was alone and naturally I remarked, scanning the crowd of heads bobbing about on the waves before us:

"Madame, I presume, is in the bath, monsieur?"

"Yes," replied he, pointing her out to me; behold her!"

She was standing erect now, the waves leaving to view a charming head. A beautiful head, I should have said—rich black hair, soft dark eyes, red lips and transparent skin—in short, an ideal and piquant brunette, so pretty that I could not help telling the husband of my admiration.

"But," said I, "she surely cannot be French, monsieur; she looks too much like a Spanish woman."

"No," he answered, "she is neither the one nor the other," and then, without further preamble or hesitation, he began, and told me the following story:

"It was a Summer evening in the year 187—," said he, "and I was sitting on the veranda of a charming dwelling in the outskirts of the city of Caracas. Before me stretched a perspective of beautifully kept lawn and shaded walks, while farther along, among the shady trees, shone the silvery gleam of a tiny lake, and far off in the distance the dazzling white of the Caracas houses against a background of sun and sombre mountains.

"But it was not at Nature's painting that I was gazing at that moment. I did not need to search the landscape for beauties to charm the eye when at my side was seated what seemed to me then and still—for she is now my wife, sir—the lovellest woman that I had ever set eyes on.

"To describe to you the ardor with which I regarded the lustre of the dark hair, the gentle depths of the black eyes, the scarlet curves of the smiling lips and sylph-like figure is simply impossible. Suffice it that I appreciated them so thoroughly that I had just proposed to her—though it took the courage of a Napoleon to do it—and was waiting breathlessly to receive my answer.

"She liked me, I knew, her father also, and I had been a great deal at their house; but liking is not love, and whether Nina de Latore loved me or not, the cool friendliness of her manner, so tantalizing to a lover who fears his doom ahead, had hitherto prevented my finding out.

"You know of course, sir," pursued M. le Qual, diverging a moment from the line of his story, "how frequent earthquakes are in that part of South America, especially in summer, when they occur almost daily. At the day I speak of, every since early morning, the ground had been shivering inwardly, while from time to time a low, deep rumble could be heard, like the mutter of distant thunder.

"Like every one else, however, who lived in Caracas, I had grown accustomed to and in a measure indifferent to these constant seismic disturbances, but now, even in the absorbing interest of the subject that filled my thoughts, I could not help noticing how greatly of late these quaking tremors had increased.

"In fact, I had hardly finished my lover's plea, when a huge porcelain vase at the foot of the steps was jostled from its pedestal and shivered to atoms and at the same instant I was thrown violently to the floor of the balcony. With a haste that great peril only inspires, I was on my feet again and turning to seek Nina to seize her in my arms and if possible to bear her to place of safety. She was no longer beside me, and looking about me, dazed though I was, I could no longer see her.

"It was useless as well as madness to wait longer, and with difficulty keeping my footing on the rocking floor I fled down the staggering steps and from the dangerous neighborhood of the groaning house. To go far, however, on the tossing ground was impossible; sick and dizzy, I was forced to my knees. The house behind me swayed and swung from side to side; the chimneys cracked and toppled down on the roof; whole planks wrenched by the strain, burst from their fastenings, leaving great holes in the walls; the stairs writhed and fell apart; the beams slid from their supports and crashed to the earth in a debris of wrecked wood, glass, brick and plaster.

"In less than a moment, it seems to me, the beautiful villa of an hour ago, was reduced to a heap of dust and broken rubbish. All this happened in less time than it takes to tell it, but a still more terrible scene remained to be enacted, for all of a sudden, with a report like musketry, the earth cracked open and the ruins were swallowed up in its depths.

"At the same instant there was a scream behind me in Nina's voice. I turned, but alas! only in time to see the earth open again where she lay and engulf my beloved as the ruins had been.

"'God have mercy upon us!' I cried, and sought on hands and knees to fight my way towards the crevice that I believed had swallowed her, but now on every side great rents were coming and going, nearer and nearer each time to where I crouched, reckless and paralyzed with despair, and then, before I had time to realize the horror of it, and with only a momentary vision of dense blackness before my eyes, I too was engulfed in the earth!"

M. le Qual paused to wipe his damp brow, beaded with sweat at the mere recollection of that hideous moment.

"Monsieur," resumed he, presently, when he had somewhat conquered his emotion, "if ever you have dreamed that you were buried alive, then you have had a foretaste of the feeling with which I once recovered consciousness. No hell could have been blacker than the place where, on regaining my senses, I found myself, prone on my back. No crack or cranny permitted entrance to a single ray of God's blessed light, and to know the full torture of eternal darkness you have only once to experience it. The deadly silence, too, of the place was awful; my breathing sounded to me like the hissing of a furnace. I could plainly see my heart beat, and even, it seemed to me, the blood surge through my veins."

"When I tried to move, sharp pains shot through my whole body, but I soon found, to my joy, that I was only bruised and no bones broken. God knows why I was not killed, for the floor of my prison was of solid rock.

"How far had I fallen? With an effort, I dragged myself to my feet, and taking a trinket hung to my watch-chain, I hurled it with all my strength up into the darkness. It struck, but not before its force was nearly spent. The last hope left me. I was buried alive in a pit—a pit more than a hundred feet deep

"Overcome by the anguish of my thoughts and the oppression of the pitchy darkness, I sank again to the ground and gave myself up to utter despair.

"After a while, an eternity in length, I determined to explore the extent of the cavern into which fate had plunged me and which was destined to be my grave. Perhaps, too, a sound that for a little while past had been gradually becoming audible to me had something to do with rousing me to action.

"This noise came from a distance, and to my heated fancy and sensitive ears, sounded like the wheezing of a subterranean bellows. I cautiously moved forward and found the ground seemed to slope towards the point whence the noise came.

"Walking on slowly, with outstretched hand, groping, you may say, it was not very long before I struck against a wall of rock. Retracing my way, I came against another, equally solid.

"'I am swallowed in a cleft!' thought I, shudderingly, 'high, narrow, burrowing deeper and deeper with every inch and leading—God knows where!—to the bowels of the earth, perhaps!'

"Crushed by this discovery, for awhile I was powerless to advance a step, but then, as I had nothing to lose, I determined to make an effort to press on and leave no stone unturned that might set me at liberty. Creeping little by little down the stony gorge, I was at last close to the point whence those panting puffs came. My heart beat like a hammer.

"'It is a precipice,' I thought, 'and the wheezing sound the wind in its depths. Better be killed outright than die a slow death of starvation!'

"And I put out my foot expecting to encounter only space. Instead I stumbled over something soft and fell forward. Blindly I felt about me and my hand touched something warm—a human face!

"I felt again, running my hand along the body as the blind explore, and made out a dress! Like a flash it dawned upon me. 'Nina, Nina!' I cried aloud, my voice rolling and reverberating like the voice of a thousand.

"She was not dead, either, for it was the sound of her breathing that I had taken for a wind in the subterranean depths or the smothered rushing of a volcanic stream. I caught her hands—I chafed them in mine—but it is useless, monsieur, to go over again those dragging moments of agony when I worked over the half-dead body of my love, or those moments of mingled joy and torture when her returning consciousness had to struggle with the fearful reality.

"I told her as well as I could where we were and how we had come there. To her piteous pleas for comfort I could only respond with a sorrowful silence or an equally piteous entreaty to her to be hopeful.

"At that moment, sir—how strangely does the aspect of things change as the wheel of life goes!—we would both of us have given ten years of our lives to have escaped from our living tomb. Now I, at least, would not have escaped that experience. I should then never have known those bitter-sweet hours when my love and I, buried together and with death staring us in the face, were drawn together by the strongest tie humanity knows—the bonds of a common adversity.

"When at last, on my persuasion, Nina sought to move, she fell back helpless with a loud cry of pain; she had sprained her ankle and could not stir without agony. Nothing could be done but to lie there where she had fallen.

"How long we remained thus I do not know. Hunger and thirst came in time, two new troubles added to the rest. Though we could not lose ourselves in sleep, still our minds were tortured with waking dreams, horrible to think of now. The strain, in truth, was so hideously cruel, that Nina, at times, grew delirious, tossed and writhed regardless of the pain she gave herself and filled the darkness with her heartrending cries.

"Then again peace would return and she would cling to my hand for human companionship simply to feel that some one was near. As I say, how long this lasted, I do not know, but, suddenly, after an eternal torture, a shiver struck brusquely through walls and floor, followed by another and still another, accompanied at first by a faint rumble that died away in the echoing bowels of the earth.

"But soon the rumble grew to a roar, the roar to thunder. The noise was deafening. The rocky ground heaved like the ocean. It was my turn now to lose my reason. I knew not what I did, but Nina tells me that I seized her in my arms, that in a frenzy of despairing love I covered her face, her hands with kisses, crying aloud wildly:

"'If die we must, Nina, we can at least die together! You are mine, mine forever now! Not even death itself can part us!'

"Proportinately as I lost my senses Nina became calm, besought me to regain my composure and pleaded with me to think only of the next world—so near.

"But heaven ordered otherwise. In the midst of the tumultuous tossing of the earth the roof of our cavern suddenly split in twain, letting in so blinding a glare of light that even with our eyes closed our eyeballs felt as if pierced with red-hot knives. Either this was the signal for quiet again or the dying throe of the giant chained in those rock-ribbed vitals; the rumbling died away, the sickening quaking ceased.

"When we at last dared to open our eyes and look at each other we found ourselves in a rift of comparatively shallow depth. The second earthquake had been our savior and forced up the bed of the subterranean gorge that imprisoned us perhaps eighty feet."

"But how did you get out then?" cried I, shivering with interest, as if I myself had been the victim of this terrible catastrophe.

"With no trouble at all, monsieur," Mme. le Qual responded, who had long since come from the water and now advanced from the shelter of her bath-house, "the Caracas people drew us out with ropes, you know. They had run, as usual, to the earthquake ground to give what help they could, and the rest was easy."

"My poor little girl!" murmured her husband tenderly, as he drew her to his side, "you speak of it lightly, but that earthquake cost you dearly—home and father at a blow, with only a husband to balance the loss."

"Exactly," she answered, laughing lightly and pulling him to his feet with the roguish abandon of a happy child, "a husband too infatuated to mind the fact that owing to that self-same earthquake his goddess—limps!"

SPAIN'S NEW MINISTER.

Senor Henry Dupuy de Lome and His Long Diplomatic Career.

Henry Dupuy de Lome, the new Spanish Minister to this country, comes of a distinguished ancestry, and has already, at the age of 41, achieved a renowned reputation. His family is French, his ancestry dating back to Hugo Raimundo Dupuy, who served with Godefroy de Bouillon, and one

HENRY DUPUY DE LOME

of whose many estates was that of L'Ome, which was added to the family name. Senor de Lome studied in the famous college of Barcelona, and subsequently pursued the study of law. Entering a diplomatic career, he was employed in the Spanish State Department in 1869, and in 1872 was made third secretary in the Ministry of State. In the following year he was attached to the Spanish legation in Japan; in 1875 was sent to Brussels; in 1877 became Secretary of Legation at Montevideo; in 1880 was advanced to the Secretaryship of Legation at Buenos Ayres, and was for a time charge d'affaires.

In June, 1881, he became Secretary of Legation at Paris, and in October of the year following became First Secretary of Legation in Washington. At the time of the suicide of the minister, Senor Barca, he was charge d'affaires, and his services were largely appreciated in connection with the adjustment of the filibuster troubles. In 1884 he was transferred to Berlin as First Secretary; in 1886 he was the Spanish delegate to the International Congress for the consideration of commercial questions of importance. In the same year he became the representative of Spain in Montevideo, where his services commanded wide commendation. After serving for a time as chief of the section of commerce and consulates in the Spanish Ministry he has now been made Minister at Washington. Thus he has for twenty years been continuously engaged in the diplomatic service of his country.

WORRY IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

Truly, the first necessity now is to teach a girl to approach her work, physical or mental, in a moral, healthy way—to accomplish what she has to do naturally, using only the force required to gain her point; not worrying all the time she studies for fear the lesson will not be learned; not feeling rushed from morning to night for fear her work will not be done; not going about with a burden of unnecessary anxiety, a morbid fear of her teachers, and a general attitude toward life which means strain, and constant strain. A glance forward intensifies the gravity of the case. Such habits, once developed in a girl who is fitting herself to teach, are strongly felt by her pupils when she takes the position of a teacher. The nervous strain is reflected back and forth from teacher to pupil, and is thus forcing itself on the notice of others, and proving day by day more clearly what is the greatest physical need.

Those who have observed this tendency are wont to say, "Give the girls plenty of exercise, plenty of fresh air; see that they sleep and eat well, and this greatest need will be supplied without thought." If the unhealthy condition we have noted was just making its appearance, the remedy would be sufficient. As it is, such a remedy suffices in a few cases, in most cases partially, but in some not at all. The habit has stood now through too many generations to be overcome without a distinct recognition of the loss of power, and a strong realization of the need of regaining this power. Indeed, so great a hold on the community has this want of quiet and easy activity in study and in play, that it is not rare to find young girls who believe the abnormal to be the natural life, and the other unnatural. As one girl told me once, in perfect good faith, "I keep well on excitement, but it tires me terribly to carry a pitcher of water up stairs." This I know is an extreme instance, and yet not so uncommon as I wish it were.—*A. P. Call.*

Some interesting experiments in submarine lighting have been made at Toulon, France. An electric lamp was lowered in the roadstead, and illuminated the sea-bed and the water around it to a distance of more than 100 feet.

ABOUT RED HAIR.

It Has Long Been Held in Ill-Repute, and as Indicating Villainy.

For centuries the popular notions throughout Europe associated hair of this unlucky color with villainy, untrustworthiness and deceit. In Henry Bebel's "Collection of Proverbs," published in 1512, occurs the following: "Proud are the short, untrustworthy the red-haired."

An old French proverb, which is known to be over five hundred years old, says: "Salute a red-haired man or a bearded woman at thirty feet off with three stones in thy fists to defend thee if need be."

In very early times all pictures of Judas, Christ's betrayer, were shown with great shocks of red hair falling down well on the shoulders. This and the fact that the Judas in the "Miracle Plays" was provided with a red hirsute worked the superstitious people of the middle ages up to such a degree that it was actually unsafe for a red-haired person to appear in company. Seeing that things were coming to a serious pass, writers of all classes began to rebuke and denounce "the senseless prejudice against those of lively colored hair." Cyrano de Bergerac, in his "States and Empires of the Sun," boldly praised and glorified the despised color in the following words:

"A brave head, covered with red hair, is nothing else but the sun in the midst of his rays, yet many speak ill of it because few have the honor to be so."

The adjective, "Judas-colored hair," and many similar allusions are often met with in writings of the older authors. In "As You Like It," Rosalind says of Orlando, "His very hair is of that dissembling color," to which Celia replies, "Something browner than Judas'."

Dryden in writing of Jacob Tonson, a publisher whom he thoroughly despised, says:

He has leering looks, bull-faced and freckled fair,
Two left legs and Judas-colored hair.

Hundreds of other citations to this popular prejudice could be given, but the above are sufficient to prove that the red-haired person's position was not an enviable one in the years gone by.—Republic.

No Silver Wanted.

A gentleman who last winter visited in the South relates that upon one occasion he went with some friends to a colored service. At the close of the sermon a contribution was taken up, and as the plate was passed to him he dropped into it a half dollar, meaning this to do for the whole party. The colored deacon who was passing the plate regarded it an instant with a stupefied air, and then said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Take out dat ar silber!"

"Isn't it enough?" the gentleman asked, much amused.

"Lor' bless ye," responded the deacon, "we don't put silver inter dis yer plate. Dat old nigger preacher get so puffed up dat we uns couldn't libe wid him noway."

The argument was too convincing to be resisted, especially as by this time the whole congregation were watching the colloquy between the deacon and the stranger, and the gentleman hastily exchanged a handful of pennies for the silver piece. The deacon passed on, smiling, with the air of a man who had skilfully brought the church bark past a dangerous rapid, while the visitors exchanged secret glances indicative rather of amusement than devotion.

The Laughing Plant.

A curious plant grows in Arabia, called the laughing plant. It is of moderate size, with bright yellow flowers and soft, velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds, resembling black beans. The natives frequently dry the seeds and reduce them to powder. It is said that a dose of this powder produces a similar effect to that of laughing gas. It causes the most sober person to dance, shout and laugh in an extremely boisterous manner, and to run about doing the most ridiculous things for an interval of half an hour or more. "As the effects of the powder wear off," says the World's Progress, "exhaustion sets in, and the person falls into a deep sleep. When he awakes several hours later, he has not the slightest recollection of anything he did while under the influence of the drug."

She Did Not Forget.

Everybody is familiar with the story of Queen Victoria and the old peasant women with the umbrella. Ex-Mayor Smith of Philadelphia, had an experience of somewhat similar nature with the conditions reversed. He loaned his umbrella to an old woman on crutches who was hobbling along in the rain, and a friend with him at the time intimated that the parachute was as good as lost, but Col. Smith expressed his faith in her honesty. A short time ago the aged borrower received a heavy award from the spoliation claims committee, and her first act was to send the ex-Mayor a magnificent gold-headed silk umbrella.—New York World.

The Word "Fur."

"Fur" is a word well understood and so is "father." Outwardly observed there is very little in common between them. Inwardly considered they are related closely—both meaning protection—both from the Aryan root-word pa, to protect, to feed, to cherish. Through its paternity fur has many sister words, such as posse, hospital, hotel, fodder, papa, pope, despot, panic, pantry, palace, pastor, potent, and many more. A slight knowledge of letter changes that come from varying pronunciation in different languages makes the relationship perfectly clear.—Davenport Democrat-Gazette.

A novel case of poisoning has been reported in one of the Berlin hospitals. A common metal thimble, which was found to have small spots of verdigris inside, caused the poisoning through a small scratch on the end of the finger.

Near the summit of the Cascade range, east of Roseburg, Oregon, were recently found porphyry boulders that so closely resembled watermelons in size, shape and color that it would puzzle an expert to tell the difference without putting his hands on them.

LIGHT TO THE BLIND.

HOW THEY ARE TAUGHT TO READ IN IOWA.

Books and Maps Through Which They Acquire Knowledge—Quick of Perception, They Make Excellent Musicians and Are Handy at Fancy Work.

An Interesting Institution.

Vinton is the seat of the Iowa College for the Blind, a most interesting institution supported by the State. During a recent visit to it the writer learned many things pertaining to its management, and the class of afflicted people whom it is intended to aid and educate.

The Iowa school was opened April 4, 1853, at Iowa City. In August, 1862, it was removed to its present site. The first principal, through whose exertions the institution was founded, was Samuel Bacon, a blind man, graduate of the institution at Columbus, Ohio. The school is supported by three classes of appropriations: First, $10,000 per annum for salaries of officers and teachers; second, $40 per quarter for each pupil enrolled—this is called the current expense or living fund; third, special appropriations for furniture, building purposes, etc. Students from other States and Territories may be admitted on payment of $216 yearly. The law states in substance that every blind person of school age and every person of age with sight so defective that he cannot obtain an education in the public schools is entitled to instruction in the college for the blind. This liberality admits three classes of pupils

COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND.

First, the blind; second, the partially blind, or those who would not attend the public schools under any consideration; third, the defective sighted, or those whose vision is almost normal, but who would become blind by the visual strain necessary in schools for the sighted. The law also states that the township secretaries shall report to their county superintendents the names of all blind persons in their respective townships, and that the county superintendents shall report such names to the principal of the college for the blind. Theoretically the law is perfect; practically it is of very little value. Not 10 per cent. of the young blind are reported to the college through this channel. Six trustees, appointed for a term of four years by the Legislature of the State, have entire control of the institution. They appoint the principal and other officers and are responsible to the Legislature.

The grounds surrounding the school comprise forty acres; twenty in pasture, ten in meadow and ten reserved for play and ornamental grounds. No more healthy or agreeable location can be found in Iowa. The college building is about three hundred feet long by fifty wide. It is four stories in height, heated by steam and reasonably well adapted for its office. It is built of stone, roofed with slate, supplied in every part with hot and cold water and contains large, airy halls and rooms. Four iron stairways lead from top to bottom, giving outlet to every part of the building. Provisions against fire are so complete that the whole house could be flooded in a few minutes. A watchman visits all parts of the institution every hour during the night.

The school was established in order that the citizens of the State might have for their blind children the same advantages afforded by the public schools. It is supported by tax, as the public schools are supported by tax. It is in fact a public boarding school, and is not and never can be a college, as its name indicates. Age for admission is not limited. Children of 6 years are here, and adults of any age may be admitted to the shops. The question which takes precedence of all others relating to candidates for admission is: Can the College for the Blind be of benefit to the applicant? The main characteristic of the school is coeducation of the blind and sighted. The present enrollment is 184. Of this number 36 per cent. are blind, 51 per cent. are partially blind and 13 per cent. have defective sight. Blind and sighted are educated together in perfect harmony with the best results.

Damp Walls.

A wall that is inclined to be damp may be made impervious to moisture by applying a varnish of one part shellac to two of naphtha. The disagreeable odor soon departs, and it is ready to be papered as soon as dry.

Churning.

It is now conceded by experts in dairy matters that from twenty to forty minutes, churning produces the best results in butter both for quantity and quality.

A spray of pure oil of turpentine, mixed with one per cent. of lavender oil, is said to have an astonishing effect in purifying the air of living rooms, the action being attributed to the ozone formed.

The Central Pacific Railroad has some monster engines in use on the western end of its route—those made at the Sacramento shops in 1883. Each of these gigantic locomotives weighs, exclusive of tender, 123,000 pounds.

CHINESE LAUNDRY MYSTERIES.

One Man Appears Able to Do Any Conceivable Amount of Work.

"Curious things about Chinese laundries—the Chinese laundry, whether the working force is one or many, refuse no work, and it is always finished at the time specified." This remark was made by a well-known clubman during a conversation with some friends a few weeks ago when the conversation had drifted to shirts. There were some fifteen gentlemen present, according to the New York World, and some one of the party suggested that it would be good fun for the crowd to look up all their laundry for that week, personally descend one at a time on some solitary Celestial and engulf him with custom unexpected.

A solitary Chinese laundryman was hard to find. But after some search there was found in a basement one who sprinkled clothes through his teeth. All that day a long line of customers dropped down and in, each loaded down with his washing for the week.

It could be seen that the exile from the Flowery Kingdom had already a very large business connection in the neighborhood. But he said no word at the influx of new custom, but took the packages one by one, tore his paper checks in two, handed a half to the customer and blandly remarked, "Slateday," and resumed his ironing. He seemed unconscious of the fact that the place was crowded so that moving around was difficult with the accumulation of new work.

And promptly Saturday afternoon it was all done. A watch had been set upon the place, and though the gaslight gleamed day and night until the week's end, no other hand save his own had rubbed a wristband or polished a collar. And the clubman said, "I told you so," and took the dinner that a friend was foolish enough to bet the other way.

But there is another curious fact about the same class of citizens. No matter how many Chinamen are at work in the laundry they never seem engaged in anything save ironing. No mortal eye has ever beheld a Chinaman over the tub in the beginning, or tying up the neat packages of snowy linen at the end, and yet the work is always finished at the time stated, nothing missing and neatly done, and every one of them is ironing still.

The American laundry boasts of steam washers that wash 100 dozen pieces at a time, rotating machines to dry, starching machines to starch, and ironing machines to iron. Many people believe that the Chinaman does not believe in machinery, that he scorns its use. But such is not the case. Chinese laundrymen can not get laundry machinery for either love or money. Each piece sold is with the solemn promise that it shall not fall into the hands of the Chinese competitor.

The American laundry journals—and there are five or six of them—keep up the crusade. The Chinaman is quick enough to see the advantage improved machinery would give him, but there is no Chinese laundry in all this land that has as much as a starch machine, save one solitary exception, duly chronicled in the laundry trade papers.

A Chinamen on Nineteenth street, near Third avenue, Birmingham, Ala., has an old-style collar and cuff iron, the motive power of which is supplied by an aged but muscular negro, who industriously turns the handle, while the almond-eyed proprietor of the place gazes at the workings of the gas-heated rollers with complacent pride. For he is the only Chinaman in this country, so far as known, who has a machine to assist him in his work. Where he got it is a mystery the laundry papers are still trying to solve.

In Book Binding.

Yet another application has been found for metal, which is now being substituted for cardboard in book binding. This novelty is known as the "British Pellisfort" binding, and it consists in the use of thin sheet metal for covers. The metal is specially prepared, and the cover may be bent and straightened again without perceptible damage. The metal is, of course, covered with the leather usually employed in book binding, and the finished book presents no difference in appearance except in the greater thinness of the cover.

Automatic Scuttle.

An ingenious man has invented an automatic coalscuttle, which, on the pressure of a pedal, shoots a lump of coal into the fire.

Fences.

All wire fences are made visible to stock by attaching scrap tin to the top wire. A good use for waste product.

THERE are men with natures so small that, if there is anything in transmigration, they will probably appear as microbes.

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Diamond Cut Diamond.

She—Are you really engaged to her?

His Lordship—Yaas. I tried to make her think I was proposing without really proposing, don't you know—just to find out what she'd say.

She—What did she say?

His Lordship—Funny thing—by Jove—she made me think I was proposing.—Life.

This Is Success in Traveling.

Friend—Did you enjoy your sojourn in Europe?

Relic Hunter—Enjoy it? I should say so. I cut some gold fringe from the emperor's throne in Berlin, hooked a door-knob from the vatican, broke an ear off an old statue in Italy and chipped off a piece of Shakespeare's tomb. I wouldn't take $1,000 for 'em.—Puck.

Too Unanimous.

Husband—Your jealousy of that woman is wholly unreasonable. I haven't seen her for a month.

Wife—I happen to know that you write to her every day though.

Husband—Humph! I'm merely declining her invitations.—Judge.

Both.

Rastus—What yo' doin' now, Claude?

Claude—I'se runnin' a coal business.

Rastus—Wholesale or retail?

Claude—Bofe. Some gits it by de quart, an' some by de peck!—Truth.

Not Very Flattering.

Dumley—Miss Ethel paid me such a ridiculous compliment, dontcher know.

Miss Sweet—Indeed! What did she say?

Dumley—That Homer could not have seen a more heroic figure than myself.

Miss Sweet—That's so. Homer was blind.—Judge.

Spirited Fishing.

Little Girl—Papa, what's in those bottles?

Papa—That's the bait.

Little Girl—Well, don't they have trouble to keep the bait on their hooks?

Papa—No. The trouble is to keep their hooks off the bait.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

An Attack of Conscience.

Coal Dealer—We'll have to stop mixing slate and stones and old iron and things with our coal.

Yardman—Phwat's the matter, sor?

Coal Dealer—The stuff won't burn, and one ton lasts a customer all winter.—New York Weekly.

Exactly the Reverse.

Clubson—Is Spongely much given to drink?

Treatly—Quite the reverse.

Clubson—What! a total abstainer?

Treatly—No; much drink is given to Spongely.—Puck.

Sold.

Bangs—What is the matter with your face?

Fangs—Oh, I got into a scrape.

Bangs—Who did it?

Fangs—The barber.—Exchange.

A Serious Offense.

Justice (in surprise)—What's the charge, officer?

McGlathery (new member of the force)—For resistin' an officer, yer Anner. Ot troied t' flirt wid her all th' way from Twinty-sicond Strate down to Union Square an' she resisted me ivery attintion.—Puck.

No Place for Her.

Deck-Hand—You're on the wrong side of the ferryboat this is the "men's cabin."

Mrs. Maloney—An' that's the "wimmin's" over there. Where do the ladies be after going?—Life.

It Affected Both Alike.

Miss Bleecker—We have had such a long walk, I almost gave out.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—I, too, approached the verge of making an external presentation.—Judge.

A WELL-KNOWN divine, in his wise old age, once took a newly married pair aside and said: "I want to give you this advice, my children—don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her; but just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you."

As late as 1772 women rode astride.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—A Pullman coach costs $30,000.

—England has a 125-year-old grape vine.

—The helmet of Richard I. weighed 25 pounds.

—The pulley-drawn cross-bow had a range of forty rods.

—Projecting engines were first invented by the Greeks.

—Mixed chain and plate armor was used from 1300 to 1400.

—Damascus blades were famous all over the world B. C. 500.

—The Chinese Holy Land is India, the native land of Buddha.

—An Indianapolisman has invented a process for "aging" violins.

—The first silver coin was made by Phidon, King of Argos, 869 B. C.

—Gold mines about Nevada City are the deepest and richest in the world.

Daniel Wiser, of Pottstown, Penn., to win a wager, ate a dozen angleworms.

—Cross-bowmen were always attended by shield bearers, who protected them in action.

—Married couples in Norway are privileged to ride on railroads at a fare and a half.

—The Greek and Roman ships of largest size had two towers filled with archers and catapaults.

—The linen manufactured yearly in England could be wrapped round the earth seven times.

—Gas was first made from coal by Clayton in 1739 and first used for illumination in 1792.

—An old man in St. Louis, who had been hiccoughing at half-minute intervals for two days, was stopped by hypnotism.

—At a public entertainment in Paris a young man was hypnotized. Two days elapsed before he was restored to consciousness.

—In Endicott's day in Salem, Mass., an offender was sentenced to have his long hair sliced from his head.

—The Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Siamese, New Zealanders and North American Indians are all but beardless.

—There are only two congregations of Armenians in this country—one at Worcester, Mass., and the other at Hoboken, N. J.

—A 300-pound sea bass was caught the other day in San Diego, Cal., Bay. It took four men to get the fish into a boat.

—Death by the sword is inflicted in China, Turkey and Russia. Decapitation by block and axe, is the death penalty in Brunswick, Germany.

—Among 200,000,000 of the world's population slavery still exists.

—John F. Stone of Dedham Centre, Mass., has a horse that chews tobacco. When its driver takes a chew the animal wants one also.

—No bird can fly backward without turning. The dragon fly, however, can do this, and can outstrip the swallow in speed.

—Allen Milton Browning, of Huntingdon, W. Va., has been married six times, has been the father of sixty-seven children and is now only 60 years old.

—There is a surface of 5000 acres in Silesia, Prussia, which is usually dry, but which every thirty years fills with water in some unknown way and becomes a lake.

—The prefix "O" before so many names of Irish leaders is an abbreviation of the word ogha, meaning grandchild. O'Connor, therefore, means grandchild of Connor.

—Bees are said to have such an antipathy to dark colored objects that black chickens have been stung to death, while white ones of the same brood were untouched.

—As a result of the widespread use of macaroni in Italy, the peasants of that country consume more flour than than the peasants of any other land.

—A flume forty-five miles long is to be constructed from the headwaters of the San Juan river to Poliasky, a station on the Mountain Railroad, near Fresno, Cal.

—Brass pins have been in use for nearly eleven hundred years. They were first imported into England by Catherine of Aragon, the wife of Henry VIII.

—In one of the Canary islands there is a tree of the laurel family that rains down occasionally in the early morning quite a copious shower of tears of water from its tufted foliage.

—The longest pontoon bridge ever built was constructed by Company F, Fifteenth New York Volunteers, across the Chickahominy, when McClellan withdrew from Harrison Landing.

—Even to this day certain communities of Buddhists and Mohammedans pray by the hour before their favorite plant or flower. In India this species of worship seems to be most prevalent.

The First Maine heavy artillery regiment lost more men killed and died of wounds than any other Federal regiment during the war, the percentage being 18.7. The Second Wisconsin came next with 17 per cent., and the One hundred and fortieth Pennsylvania next with 16.4 per cent.

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN has undertaken to raise one million dollars from the women of the United States for the American University, the National institution founded by the Methodists of Washington. Mrs. Logan's plan is to organize the women into State, congressional, district and local leagues, these leagues to co-operate with her in raising the money to aid in this great enterprise. Women students will be admitted to all the privileges of the University on equal terms with men.

A BOILING tea-kettle does its best to whistle like a steam engine.

A NEW YORK dentist has been sued for pulling the wrong tooth, and, what is more, the patient refuses to pay for the molar which was extracted, though the job was well and speedily done. Dentists must arrange a pull with the courts.

THE advocates of cremation are taking advantage of the cholera plague where it exists, and the scare where the scourge is dreaded, to urge their method of disposing of the dead because of the thoroughness with which it destroys disease germs of every kind.