SENTINEL & REPUBLICAN

MIFFLINTOWN.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 18, 1895.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE Philadelphia Judges have decided to wear gowns while sitting on the bench, under the belief that the gown will add dignity and solemnity to the appearance of the court

ACCORDING to telegrams from London, American peaches sold at high prices in London last week. Peaches can be landed in London and Paris in 7 to 8 days, if the steam ships have favorable weather.

WHEN the Czar of Russia goes fishing they put a guard of ten thousand troops around the fishing grounds to keep him from being assassinated. How would you like to be the Czar of Russia.

THE Religious Garb law and kindred legislation is disgusting the people in many places of this Commonwealth. The School Boards of Lancaster county having examined the late religious legislative enactments, have given notice that religious meetings and Sunday Schools shall no longer be held in the public school houses.

THERE was another flurry among the gold bugs last week, and a corresponding agitation in Washington over the reduction of the hundred million gold reserve in the U. S. Treasury.. But such flurries and perhaps worse ones are to be looked for, till a Republican administration so adjusts the tariff that gold enough can be obtained to keep up the Treasury reserve without resorting to borrowing.

IT is a good while to wait till a Republican President with a Republican Congress has been selected for better times. But that is what will have to be done. The people elected a Democratic low tariff President and low tariff Congress, and they are suffering now financially for their folly. When a Republican President with higher tariff views has been elected, the times will grow better, but not till then.

THERE are many men and women of good intentions who make the greatest of blunders that precipitate upon themselves and all who have fellowship with them, misfortunes of various degrees Such has been the case with the Democratic party the past generation. Its northern leaders have been men of good intention, but aside from the quality of energy and ambition, they have no qualities for leadership They are blunderers, that lead all who follow them into mistakes, the effects of which are widespread.

THE times cannot get better till the Government gets as much money as it prays. Government is now paying out more money than it gets in. It has been falling into debt every year, since the Cleveland administration lowered the tariff. If the Government was getting something every time it makes a new debt, there would be nothing to complain of, but it is getting nothing but a bigger pile of lost. The times cannot get better till there is a change in the management of the Government, so that it gets as much money as will pay expenses, and that will not be till the Republicans get into power and raise the tariff Then the trouble will gradually disappear, and Government will get enough money to pay its way, and manufacturing establishments will again resume work, and men will find more opportunity to work, and times will grow better, and there will be more demand for all kind of farm products.

A RUMOR in Washington prevails, that President Cleveland will call Congress in extra session to consider the financial situation. The President has been unfortunate with the finances of the country, not because of an intention to bring about a panic, but because of a want of proper understanding of what should be done. The course that he has been pursueing is the way to produce hard times. He and his Congress have produced the financial misery that afflicts the country by their low tariff legislation, which has so cut down the income of the Government that it does not pay expenses. Government is just like an individual. What would be thought of an individual, who would stop a large part of his income out his income away below his expenses, and they borrow money to pay the expenses. The new Congress will be Republican, but even if it does provide a revised tariff, the President is so blinded or so incompetent that he will refuse to sign any tariff law that will give financial relief to the country. He believes he has a war, but like many another man who believed he had a war, he has the wrong way that leads to financial disaster. The times will get better after the next Republican President and Congress has been elected.

The Performing Bear.

The people living in the suberbs of Greensburg were cleverly taken in by an Italian and a performing bear, says a despatch from that place. The animal was trained up to nature, and at the command of the Italian would turn somersaults, walk on his hind legs add such acts. The women and children, who were delighted with the performance, fed the animal candy and crackers, and loaded the fellow who fed the bear with hard-earned cash. In the evening the man and bear took up quarters at a remote spot two miles from town, and curious urchins who followed them saw a full grown Italian step from the bear skin and proceeded to assist in dividing the day's earnings

Shot in a Peach Orchard.

Some days ago John Noy, aged about 20 years, went to the woods in Oliver township, Perry county, to hunt squirrels On his return he passed through the peach orchard of John Myers While passing through the orchard, he [illegible] in the face. When he started to run he was again shot in the back. Noy managed to make his way to the public road, where he was observed by James McClure Barnett, a member of the Perry county bar, and Miss Julia Tressler of Philadelphia, who were out driving. Miss Tressler at once volunteered to remain by the roadside while Mr. Barnett drove the wounded man home, a distance of several miles. Dr. Orris of Newport, was immediately summoned, and on examination discovered that Noy had been dangerously wounded in the groin, side, hip and head. It is thought he cannot live. Sheriff Rice arrested Myers and his son. They were placed under bail to answer at court.

AN INNOCENT PARSON.

HIS ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE A RAM FIGHT IN RING VERNACULAR.

The Bride Ventured a Suggestion, Which Caught On—The Preacher Didn't Fully Succeed In Appearing Unsophisticated. The Little Ram's Ring Tactics.

A preacher told this story at a wedding supper on the South Side the other evening:

"I was riding along a country road near Bloomington," he said, "when I noticed a group of sheep in a pasture. There was a large open space in the midst of the flock, and at either end of the space stood a ram. In the center, but standing a little at one side, was a third ram. The two rams had evidently had a falling out about something, or else they had come to settle in a friendly contest which was the better ram. Ram No. 3 seemed to be acting as—judge, umpire—what do you call it? Referee? Yes, that's it, the third ram was the referee. I don't know under what rules the meeting took place. It may have been Queensberry or Rosebery. You see I am not up to these technical matters.

"When all the preliminaries had been arranged and both contestants had been cautioned apparently that there was to be no 'butting'—I think I have seen that word in the sporting [illegible] occasionally, and therefore I suppose it is a correct word to use in this connection—each backed off to the farthest limits of the circle, which, by the way, was not a regulated circle. The referee stepped out of the way, and the rams dashed toward each other. When their heads came together, there was a terrific crash, and the force of the concussion threw them as far apart as the length of this table."

All the guests looked the full length of the table from the passion flowers at one end to the bride's cake in the far perspective, and then at the preacher in the middle distance, but nobody said anything.

"Then," continued the preacher, "they took their places, apparently none the worse for the encounter. Again, evidently at a prescribed signal from the referee, they dashed together. This time the shock was even more terrific than the first, and I noticed that as one of them went back to his—ah, what do they call it, corner?—he was a little unsteady on his legs."

"Groggy!" ventured the bride.

"I believe that is the technical term," replied the preacher, "although, as I have intimated, I am not at all familiar with sporting phraseology. When time was called for the third round—ahem—that is, I mean to say when the rams had recovered strength for a third collision—there was another rush, a crash, and one of the rams, the one you so aptly described as 'groggy' (with an acknowledgment to the bride) fell to his knees. His adversary did not seem inclined to follow up his advantage, but possibly he may have been restrained by the rules of the meeting. At any rate, after contemplating his fallen foe gravely for a moment he walked back to his place. The other ram, after resting briefly, struggled to his feet. The third ram—the one I have called the referee—looked at him rather inquiringly, as it seemed to me, but the warrior showed no sign of recognition. He ambled to his side of the ring and faced about. A murmur of some sort seemed to go through the flock. The odds were apparently 3 to 1 in favor of the other ram—that is to say, it seemed to be the general opinion that the ram with the weak knees had been outclassed, as the other one was decidedly the heavier of the two.

"However, the smaller ram seemed to have wonderful recuperative powers. When the proper interval had elapsed, he came up smiling, as it were. I even thought I could see a twinkle in his eye, for I was quite close to the fence, and this thing took place only a little distance away. As the referee stepped back from the center of the ring, where he kept his position between the meetings, the other two rams drove at each other pellmell. At the very instant when their hard horns would have met, however, the smaller ram suddenly changed his course to the right, and he other went through the ranks like a catapult.

"Just as he turned about, evidently boiling over with indignation at the trick which had been played on him, the other one, with the added force given by a longer run from one side of the circle to a point several feet outside of it, where the larger ram's momentum had carried him, shot as him. He is an man tall, striking him full in the face and driving him several feet away, where he lay [illegible] and helpless. The third ram, who was promptly on the spot as I expected, [illegible] should be decided the hard several times—indeed it looked to me as if he was counting—and then the fallen ram failing to rise the victor took himself away toward a field in another part of the meadow with the victorious pain of the head. Presently the defeated man got on his feet and made his way to a secluded spot down by a little run, where I saw him reclining in the shade of a large willow tree as I rode away."

"What an interesting study natural history is," said the bride's grandmother as she adjusted her glasses.

"It is indeed," said the groom's father, coughing behind his napkin.—Chicago Tribune.

Fishermen's Queer Ways.

Fishermen have queer customs. A few years ago the fishermen of Preston, Lancashire, used actually to go fishing on Sunday. It seems incredible, but they did. A clergyman of the town used to preach against this Sabbath desecration and pray that they might catch no fish. And they did not! But they found out how to make his prayers of no avail. The fishermen used to make a little effigy of the parson in rags and put this small "guy" up their chimneys. While his reverence was slowly smoked and consumed, the fish bit—like anything!—London Fishing Gazette.

Logwood is the marrow of a peculiar tree in the West Indies. It is shipped in long, thick pieces of firm, heavy, dark red wood. It is split up and moistened in water or acid for use

A WAITER WHO LOST MONEY.

He Intruded Upon a Conversation and Didn't Get a Tip.

From their conversation they were evidently uncle and niece, and the latter was from the country. Her gown was trimmed with many ribbons, and it bore the unmistakable stamp of the rural dressmaker.

Notwithstanding that fact, she was good to look upon, and her interest in everything around her was vigorous and broad. They found a table in a restaurant in the Tenderloin not far from the intersection of Broadway and Sixth avenue at the dinner hour.

"Yes," said the uncle, "I have been here long enough to become a pretty thorough New Yorker," and then he ordered a modest dinner. "This is one of the bang up restaurants, and you'll always find first rate people here. My boarding house is bang up, but this beats it all hollow."

The niece straightened out a ribbon and then looked around in an embarrassed way. She was struggling with a question. As if the suggestion were altogether improbable she asked:

"Did you ever see Jay Gould?"

"Sure I have," he answered; "lots and lots of times."

"Did you ever see Mr. Vanderbilt?"

"Cornele?" said the uncle inquiringly. "Yes, indeed. When I boarded up town, I used to see Cornele nearly every day."

"What did he look like?" asked the niece, beginning to feel the importance of dining with a New York uncle who had seen millionaires.

"Why, Cornele Vanderbilt is one man in a thousand," said the uncle, puffing up with pride. "He is a tall, fine looking man with a heavy black beard. You would know him in any crowd for a man of importance. He wears his hair long and'—

"Pardon, m'sieur," interrupted the waiter, who had begun to serve the soup, and who had stopped in surprise as the city uncle began to describe Cornelius Vanderbilt. "Pardon, m'sieur, but I haf had ze honor to serf Mesdar Cornelius Vanderblit, and you make zees mistake. He is not beeg, and he has not ze black whiskers, full beard, so. He is one"—

"Just bring me a large spoon, waiter," interrupted the uncle. As the waiter got out of earshot he said: "You see, I haven't seen Cornelius Vanderbilt, since I moved down town. He's changed a good deal since then, and I have heard that his whiskers had been trimmed."

The waiter didn't have another opportunity to intrude in the conversation, and he received no tip.—New York Sun.

The Influence of Persia.

To understand the relation of Mussulman rule to religious and intellectual freedom we must note the influence of the conquest of Persia on the Arab mind. When the invaders took the capital city of Khosru, they did not know the value of booty. Some offered to exchange gold for silver, and others mistook camphor for sulphur. They came like swarms of half starved locusts to devour the land. They were banditti of the desert, with no culture but the inspiration of the clans. The only idea of government in these tribes was the leadership of age and valor, as represented in the sheik, with a natural mixture of hereditary respect. On the death of Mohammed they broke into rebellion. Islam really came on the world like a fierce descent of desert clans on their foes.

Mohammed's ideal of government was just to send his governors through Arabia to establish Islam and then to collect tribute from the poor in camels and sheep; also as plunder to meet the expense of his campaign. Under these circumstances, it was an absolute necessity for the founders of the Mussulman empire in the east to adopt in the main the financial and administrative experience of their more cultured subjects. Arabic names, customs, language, rites, penetrated the empire, but under their external forms appeared the native ideas and methods. Persians were the leaders and shapers of Islamic culture. The simple Arabs learned of these larger brains and more sensuous imaginations, music, architecture, sculpture, philosophy, wine and fine apparel. Persians were the real founders and teachers of the great academic clubs and schools. —Johnson's "Oriental Religions."

Attacked by a Moose.

A correspondent, writing from Mecunoma, Muskoka, to the Montreal Witness, gives an interesting account of an adventure with a moose. While making a toboggan trail through a pine forest he came upon a moose yard, and on looking round saw one of the "giants of the forest" about 50 yards distant.

After a moment, he writes, the moose turned and walked behind a hill, which, though not high, was steep. I ran to the top with all speed, hoping to get a view of the lordly creature as he made his way through the bush. I could not see him at first, but on looking down the steep incline there he was, and ten yards away.

He turned to make off, but striking his ribs against the projecting limb of a small hemlock he was thrown down and round the tree, and as he rose he faced me. It was now my turn to run, for the moose charged at me with erected mane, expressing his rage by a fierce bellow.

In turning I stumbled, the ground being very uneven, and his feet nearly came down on me as I dodged among some trees. I tried to strike with my hatchet, the only weapon I had, but did not succeed in injuring my pursuer. With some difficulty I at last got into the deep snow, where my snowshoes were of more use to me.

The moose still pursued me, roaring at intervals, and one who has not heard a moose roar can form but little idea of the terrible bellowing. After several attempts to strike me with his front feet he balked and stood about 20 yards away pawing and roaring. I seized this opportunity to climb a tree, and soon after the animal turned and made off.

Of all the adventures I have had in the bush—and they number a few—the one I have just related came the nearest to being my death.

Rubinstein and Bulow.

Rubinstein was undoubtedly inaccurate at times. People who held scores through those long programmes could easily find that out. He not only embroidered even Beethoven, but he would invent Bach. What he invented was probably quite as good as what he happened to forget and always extremely interesting. Still, it was not note for note, and that is what the dullards gloated over. Bulow was more accurate, but even Bulow forgot or manufactured a bar or two occasionally. But these, if spots, were spots in the sun, and certainly all Rubinstein did or left undone serve but to accentuate his individuality and display his genius in new and startling lights.—Fortnightly Review.

A Sulu Diver.

It appears the most gifted native diver—a Sulu islander of the finest physique and in perfect training—cannot stay longer under water than about 2½ minutes. The greatest depth such divers [illegible]

HE JUST STANDS STILL.

That Is His Business, and He Makes Fun For the Crowd.

Any man can have lots of fun in this world if he only knows how to start out for it. No hard work is necessary. This is proved by the fact that the man who probably furnishes more fun for himself and other folks than any single individual on or off the stage doesn't do a single thing but stand still.

Probably every man, woman and child in Chicago has seen standing in front of a big business house at the corner of Clark and Madison streets a tall, well built colored man, wearing a bottle green coachman's livery, white helmet and white gloves. His name is Alphonso Costello. He was formerly a member of the city police force and has been a private detective and a constable. His duty now is really only to attract attention to the house where he is employed and to act as usher to patrons who come in carriages.

Some men would get mighty tired and lonesome with nothing to do but stand in front of a big store all day, but he doesn't. Whenever time hangs heavily on his hands and he feels the need of recreation, he strikes a statuesque position and fixes his eye on the advertisement of a "sure death to cockroaches" sign across the street.

The attitude never fails to attract the attention of passersby. As soon as one person stops to satisfy himself whether "it" is a statue or a real, live man the fun begins. Everybody else stops to look too. The comments of the crowd make no impression on the figure standing before it. Then the more inquisitive—and that doesn't bar the gentler sex—begin poking with parasols or their fingers "to see if the thing will move."

Alphonso catches his breath and another crowd. He repeats the trick maybe 20 times a day, and it always works to his satisfaction and that of the clerks inside.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A TRUE HERO.

Though a Complete Physical Wreck, a Chicago Man Lives For Others.

Eighteen years a physical wreck, laid upon his back, with the principal joints of the body as rigid as iron, and yet with a brain as bright and active and useful as many of the most active men of Chicago, describes the condition of one whom we often see as we pass his office window. He is a lawyer and has quite a good paying business, although to see him you would wonder how he could hold a pen. He is the editor of a paper called The Cripples' Friend, which is bright and cheery. He is the head of a society for the relief of the needy, but especially cripples, by raising funds for them and getting suitable employment and places of usefulness suited to each case. He is also attorney for some society that seeks the enforcement of law and the protection of innocent people from imposition, and he is ready to assist the churches in their work and do good in all directions.

This man is an example of what a Christian can do under difficulties by the grace of God. Many would say that they could do nothing, but depend on others to be fed and cared for as babes. But not so with this man. He not only maintains himself, but makes himself a blessing all around. With no hope of ever rising from his cot, except as lifted by other hands, he patiently works and waits for the coming of his Lord. How many there are who, with strong, healthy bodies, use their powers only to drown their souls in destruction and perdition!—Christian Instructor.

The Motionless Tiger.

Now and then a soldier has been found kneeling on the battlefield as if about to take aim at the enemy, but stone dead. A bullet in the brain had converted him into a statue of himself. Captain Forsyth, in his "Highland of Central India," tells of a similar effect produced by an explosive shell on a tiger.

The captain, while in the howdah of his trained elephant hunting a tiger, saw the beast crouching under a bush on the bank of a ravine. He got a steady shot and fired a three ounce shell at the tiger's broad forehead.

To his surprise, for the distance was but 30 yards, there was no result. Not a motion of the tiger acknowledged the shot.

He rode round a quarter of the circle, but still the tiger remained motionless, but looking intently in the same direction. Growing more and more amazed, the captain rode nearer, with his rifle on full cock, but the tiger did not move. Then he caused the elephant to kick the beast. The tiger fell over. He was stone dead. The shell had struck him full in the center of the forehead, burst in his brain and killed him instantly.

A NEW WAY TO PURIFY WATER.

Chemicals Said to Be Superior to Either Boiling or Filtering.

According to Dr. Dupont, a physician of Paris, writing in Les Annales d'Hygiene Publique, a safe and effective method of purifying water by chemical action has been discovered. Dr. Dupont notes that hitherto the methods of purifying drinking water have been by filtration and by the action of heat. Filtration is the oldest and least effective method. Even filtration through porous porcelain, the most effective substance known, cannot always be trusted, especially after the apparatus has been long in use. Dr. Dupont does not assert that boiling fails to destroy noxious germs, but he says that it often leaves in the water organic matter that might be dangerous to health, and that boiling makes water less digestible by robbing it of its gases. He instances a case in which water from the Seine was found after boiling to contain more microbes than before.

M. Girar, director of the municipal laboratory of Paris, and Dr. Bordas, a pupil of Professor Brouardel, have recently presented to the Academy of Sciences, through the chemist Friedel, a communication on the purification of water by chemical action. The chemicals used are permanganate of lime and binoxide of manganese. The permanganate of lime, coming in contact with organic matter and micro organisms, destroys them and decomposes itself into oxygen, oxide of manganese and lime. Then, to carry off the surplus of permanganate and complete the purification, the water is poured over binoxide of manganese. Oxygen in the nascent state is thus freed, and it burns up any remaining germs. There remain then in the apparatus inferior oxides of manganese, which hasten to reoxidize themselves and furnish again a certain quantity of binoxide of manganese. The water, as thus finally purified, contains a little lime in the form of a bicarbonate and traces of oxygenated water.

A very small quantity of permanganate of lime is used in this process. Not more than 1.3 grains troy to about a quart of water taken from the Seine at a point near Paris resulted in the production of perfectly pure water as wholesome as spring water. Dr. Dupont says that if the process can be made successful on a large scale the question of purifying water is settled. Water containing 100,000 colonies of microbes per cubit centimeter can thus be purified, and ice placed in water with permanganate of lime is also quickly sterilized.

THE INDIAN'S LAMENT

HE MOURNS FOR THE VANISHED HAPPINESS OF HIS RACE.

A Chippewa Talks Familiarly of the Customs of His Tribe—He Feels That the Whites Did the Indian Grievous Wrong. The Paradise That Is Gone.

"Before the white men came we were men," said a Chippewa friend. These people look back upon their past as upon a lost paradise, in which there were happiness and innocence. They repudiate the descriptions of them written by white historians as the work of enemies, seeking to justify cruelties and wrongs. "Our fathers always did what was right, and they punished bad men. They were kind and true to their friends and terrible only to their enemies. We were great warriors, and we fought for our own a long time. It was not the white men's arms, but their vices, which ruined us."

"What makes you think that the old times were so much better? You have good laws, no wars, and the government will not let you go hungry. Is not this better than the old precarious and dangerous way of living?"

"We did not go hungry. We had more than we wanted. You can see for yourself what we had from what is left after so much destruction. There was no end to the deer, moose, caribou, beaver, lynx and all the smaller fur bearers, and as for the fish, you said there was no fun catching them when you came, they were too plenty—trout, bass, pike, pickerel, sturgeon—the waters swarmed with them. Then look at the wild rice, nuts, blueberries, wild plums—oceans of them. And then we had cornfields, and for smoking the kinnikinic. The plains were black with buffalo. We had no hard work to do. What we did was manly sport, while it provided us with food and clothing. And then we were free, the freest people in the world, with a whole continent in which to enjoy it. We are not now what we were. Our people have become drunkards, beggars and cowards. The white man has destroyed us, along with everything else. I see that you have among your photographs the picture of a Chippewa grave. That is the grave of the last of the Five Brothers, great warriors. You may say that is the grave of the last of the Chippewas, because what were left after the Seven Brothers and the Five Brothers were no longer true specimens of our great and noble people. The Seven Brothers were Tecumseh's best men. They were known all over the Mississippi valley, and the Five Brothers, who came after them, were as good. They adopted me when my father died. The last one died 30 years ago, a very old man."

"I suppose you think the Seven Brothers made a president of the United States because he beat them at Tippecanoe?"

"Yes, they made two, and the Cherokees made two. The white men thought it was a great thing when, four or five to one, they could whip an Indian, and they made heroes of those who did it. That is what the white man thought of the Indian."

"What about your sign language and picture writing?"

"That is nearly forgotten. Only a few know anything about it, and they are old men. The sign language was what deaf and dumb people have, only it was simpler, and all the tribes understood it. For example, if you came a stranger to a tepee of a village, a stamp of the foot on the ground meant that you were welcome—two or three stamps, that you were very welcome. Hunting signals were made with the hands. Four fingers and the thumb down meant a bear—with the thumb up a deer. If a lynx or other climber, climbing signs. If the animal were running, the hand with fingers down made bounding motions. If a man, the forefinger was held up. If the man were hiding, the finger was closed down to the hand. Picture writing was done on bark and was a map with various signs and animals here and there upon it. A circle meant a yell—by which the reader was instructed to call when he reached a certain point."

"You had a freemasonry for your families, did you not?"

"Yes, I can recognize a relative, though I never met him before. The use for this has died out, but we cannot give it to any one not entitled to it."

"What was your totem?"

"The alligator. The alligator can live in the water and on the land. He lives to be very old. It means long life and good luck in hunting and fishing. It was the totem of the Five Brothers, and they gave it to me when they adopted me."

My friend thinks that the Indians would have developed civilization by this time if they had been let alone. They were already cultivators of the soil and were no longer nomadic. One element of their success in war was their endurance and speed on foot. When he was a youth, he led a dog team on the snow 65 miles in one day. He walked from the St. Croix to Bayfield, 72 miles, in 28 hours, and this was not exceptional among them. The suddenness of attack and swiftness in retreat rendered them the most difficult native people ever conquered. But their paradise is gone.—Chicago Interior.

A Chinaman's Ideal Wife.

The Chinamen of Australia, when they take a notion to marry, write to a matrimonial agent in Hongkong something as follows: "I want a wife. She must be a maiden, under 20 years of age, and must not have left her father's house. She must also have never read a book, and her eyelashes must be half an inch in length. Her teeth must be as sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon. Her breath must be like unto the scents of the magnificent odorous groves of Java, and her attire must be from the silken weaves of Ka-la-Ching, which are on the banks of the greatest river in the world—the overflowing Yang-tse-Kiang."

Servants Who Will Not Take Tips.

The servants in a well ordered Japanese household are the most deferential beings alive. Every time they bring you a cup of tea or come to remove a dish at dinner or breakfast, they will kneel and bow until their foreheads touch the floor. Nor will any of them accept a fee. The other night, as we left the residence of the Japanese gentleman where we had been taking dinner, one of his servants piloted us through the grounds to the gate, where our carriage was waiting, and I attempted to give him a small coin. When I offered it, he clasped his hands together and made a very low bow, keeping his head down until the carriage started.—Chicago Record.

No Heaven For the Unmarried.

An unmarriageable age is something that is rarely seen in the Fiji islands. The reason of this is not far to seek. The natives believe that if a person dies while in an unmarried state his or her soul is doomed to wander about through endless ages of eternity in an intermediate region between heaven and hades. At the end of each moon they are allowed to look into heaven, but are never permitted to enter.—St. Louis Republic.

Fruit of the Sun to Sun, Womans Work is never done

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

PERRY COUNTY RAILROAD.

The following schedule went into effect Nov. 19, 1893, and the trains will be run as follows:

p. m	a. m	Leave	Arrive	a. m	p. m
4 30	9 15	Duncannon		8 40	3 50
4 36	9 21	*King's Mill		8 34	3 44
4 39	9 24	*Sulphur Springs		8 31	3 41
3 41	9 26	**Corman Siding		8 29	3 39
4 45	9 29	Montebello Park		8 26	3 36
4 46	9 31	*Weaver		8 24	3 34
4 51	9 36	*Roddy		8 19	3 29
4 54	9 39	*Hoffman		8 16	3 26
4 56	9 41	*Royer		8 14	3 24
4 59	9 44	*Mahanoy		8 11	3 21
5 10	10 00	Bloomfield		8 05	3 15
5 17	10 07	*Long's Road		7 52	2 45
5 22	10 13	*Neilson		7 46	2 39
5 25	10 16	*Dum's		7 43	2 36
5 28	10 19	Elliotsburg		7 40	2 33
5 24	10 25	*Bernheisl's		7 34	2 27
5 36	10 27	*Green Park		7 32	2 25
5 41	10 32	*Montour Junc		7 27	2 20
6 09	11 20	Landisburg		6 55	1 50
p. m	a. m	Arrive	Leave	a. m	p m

Train leaves Bloomfield at 6.10 a. m. and arrives at Landisburg at 6.47 a. m. Train leaver Landisburg at 6.14 p. m., and arrives at Bloomfield at 6. 50 p. m.

Trains leave Loysville for Duncannon at 7. 220 a. m., and 2. 15 p. m. Returning, arrive at 10 37 a. m., and 4.56 p. m.

Between Landisburg and Loysville trains run as follows: Leave Landisburg for Loysville 6 55 a. m., and 1 50 p m., Loysville for Landisburg 11 10 a. m., and 5 09 p. m.

All stations marked (*) are flag stations, at which trains will come to a full stop on signal.

LOUIS E. ATKINSON. F. M. M. PRINELL. ATKINSON & PENNELL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, MIFFLINTOWN, PA. Collecting and Conveyancing promptly attended to. OFFICE—On Main street, in place of residence of Louis E. Atkinson, Esq., south Bridge street. [Oct 26, 1892.

WILBERFORCE SCHWEYER, Attorney-at-Law—District Attorney. MIFFLINTOWN, PA. OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE.

DR. D. M. CRAWFORD, DR. DARWIN M. CRAWFORD. DR. D. M. CRAWFORD & SON, have formed a partnership for the practice of Medicine and their collateral branches. Office at old stand, corner of Third and Orange streets, Mifflintown, Pa. One or both of them will be found at their office at all times, unless otherwise professionally engaged. April 1st, 1895.

H. P. DERR, PRACTICAL DENTIST, (Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College,) formerly of Mifflinburg, Pa., has located permanently in Mifflintown, as successor to the late Dr. G. L. Derr, and will continue the dental business (established by the latter in 1860) at the well known office on Bridge street opposite Court House. TEETH EXTRACTED, ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN. No Chloroform, Ether, or Gas used. No Sore Gums or Discomfort to patient, either during extraction or afterwards. All these are Guaranteed or no charge will be made. All work guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Terms, strictly cash. H. P. DERR, Practical Dentist.

CAUTION.

TRESSPASS NOTICE.

The undersigned persons have associated themselves together for the protection of Willow Run Trout stream in Lack township, Juniata Co., Pa. All persons are strictly forbidden not to trespass upon the land or stream of the said parties to fish as the stream has been stocked with trout Persons violating this notice, will be prosecuted according to law.

R. B. Patterson, T. H. Caruthers, J. P. Rob't A. Woodside, W. D. Walls, Frank Vawn, Dyson Vawn.

April 23, 1895.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

The undersigned persons have formed an Association for the protection of their respective properties. All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on the lands of the undersigned for the purpose of hunting gathering nuts, chiping timber or throwing down fences or firing timber in any way whatever. Any violation of the above notice will be dealt with according to law.

John Michael, William Puffenberger, Gideon Sieber, Beashor & Zook, Mary A. Brubaker, Joseph Rothrock, John Byler, Samuel Bell.

September 5, 1895.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On and after Sunday, May 20, 1895, trains will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, leaves Philadelphia at 4 30 a. m; Harrisburg 8 18 a. m; Duncannon 8 54 a. m; New Port 9 24 a. m; Millerstown 9 36 a. m; Dunwerd 9 43 a. m; Thompsontown 9 47 a. m; Van Dyke 9 55 a. m; Tuscarora 9 59 a. m; Mexico 10 02 a. m; Port Royal 10 07 a. m; Mifflin 10 14 a. m; Denholm 10 21 a. m; Lewistown 10 40 a m; McVeytown 11 08 a. m; Newton Hamilton 11 32 a. m; Mount Union 11 46 a. m; Huntingdon 12 10 p. m; Tyrone 1 02 p. m; Altoona 1 45 p m; Pittsburg 6 50 p. m.

Mail Train leaves Philadelphia at 7 00 a. m, Harrisburg 11 29 a. m; Duncannon 11 59 a. m; Newport 12 14 p. m; Mifflin 12 52 p. m; Lewistown 1 12 p. m; McVeytown 1 33 p. m; Mount Union 1 56 p m; Huntingdon 2 17 p. m; Petersburg 2 29 p. m; Tyrone 3 05 p. m; Altoona 3 40 p. m; Pittsburg 8 10 p. m.

Altoona Accommodation leaves Harrisburg at 5 00 p. m; Duncannon 5 34 p. m; Newport 6 02 p. m; Millerstown 6 18 p. m; Thompsontown 6 24 p. m; Tuscarora 6 35 p. m; Mexico 6 37 p m; Port Royal 6 42 p. m; Mifflin 6 47 p. m; Denholm 6 55 p. m; Lewistown 7 12 p. m; McVeytown 7 33 p. m; Newton Hamilton 8 00 p. m; Huntingdon 8 32 p. m; Tyrone 9 16 p. m; Altoona 9 50 p. m.

Pacific Express leaves Philadelphia at 12 20 p. m; Harrisburg 3 10 a. m; Marysville 3 21 a. m; Duncannon 3 38 a. m; Newport 3 59 a. m; Port Royal 4 31 a. m; Mifflin 4 37 a. m; Lewistown 4 58 a. m; McVeytown 5 30 a. m; Huntingdon 6 08 a. m; Tyrone 6 55 a. m; Altoona 7 40 a. m; Pittsburg 12 10 p. m.

Oyster Express leaves Philadelphia at 4 40 p.m; Harrisburg at 10 20 p. m; Newport 11 06 p. m; Mifflin 11 40 p. m; Lewistown 12 58 a. m; Huntingdon 12 55 a. m; Tyrone 1 42 a m; Altoona 2 00 a. m; Pittsburg 5 30 a. m.

Fast Line leaves Philadelphia at 12 25 p. m; Harrisburg 3 50 p. m; Duncannon 4 15 p. m; Newport 4 37 p. m; Mifflin 5 10 p. m. Lewistown 5 29 p. m; Mount Union 6 00 p. m; Huntingdon 6 28 p. m; Tyrone 7 06 p m; Altoona 7 40 p. m; Pittsburg 11 30 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Harrisburg Accommodation lea