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FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1889.

It seems as if Brother Halstead is not being welcomed with open arms by Brother Foraker for a Senatorship. There are also other Buckeye brothers who are not receiving him with open arms as a Senatorial aspirant.

An Ohio farmer drove into Cincinnati the other day and for the first time heard of Harrison's election, and was so delighted that he drove out of town with his family so suddenly that he could not be told of Tanner.

A MEMBER of the Indian Bureau in writing of the marriage of a Washington young lady to the Seneca Indian, remarks: "We have a few more young men to spare if Washington should desire to send some more of her daughters among the dusky braves."

THE yacht Manatee party wasn't much of a haul after all. It seems that the plunder secured by the pirates from Senator Quay's party, when summed up, is not great. The clever thief only got away with two gold watches, one scarf pin and forty-eight dollars and thirty cents in cash. Under the circumstances this is not much of a haul.

IN HIS MIND'S EYE.

There is a correspondent of Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York papers in town who as Polonius says of Hamlet, is "still harping on my daughter." Special dispatches have appeared in the papers every morning about the great dissatisfaction existing among the residents of Johnstown, first, about the manner in which the Commission distributed the money, second, relative to the manner in which the late Judge Cummin conducted the business of his office, and the third and last call is that Beaver has determined to stop the work of cleaning up his week. The fact of the matter is that dissatisfaction exists only in the mind of the correspondent. And as to the intention of Gov. Beaver stopping the State work, he has no means whatever of knowing what the Governor is going to do. While the Governor has acted so awfully strangely in handling the Johnstown relief fund, yet no one here imagines he is going to stop the work of cleaning up at present.

HE DIED AS HE HAD LIVED.

After many years the violent life of a violent man, the killer of Senator Broderick met with a violent death. There is a moral in the case of the killing of Judge Terry, which is that "a violent life will end in a violent death." The killing of Broderick more than a quarter of a century ago, by Terry, was a crime which aroused the sympathies of the whole country, and the story of that murder is still fresh in the minds of many now living. In regard to the act of the United States Marshal killing Terry, there can be but one opinion. The contumacy that Terry put upon Judge Field, was the insult which was before the premeditated murder of him. Had not the United States Marshal killed Terry when he did, Terry would have killed Field. But for the Marshal Field would have been another of Terry's victims.

During all his life Terry never asked nor gave quarters, and it was doubtless the knowledge of that fact which inspired United States Marshal Nagle's action. Terry was a man of brute courage and violence, and died with his hands raised against moral order and the law. After a long and stormy career, reddened with blood and darkened by crime, he at last met with the fate he deserved.

"He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." This sober justice of decree has stood through all ages and all lands.

Judge Terry and his wife were well matched. She was no less remarkable as a woman than he was as a man. Her chief victim, like her husband's, was a United States Senator.

Terry was a terror. His name almost spelled terror. Terry had nerve, but in the case of men of his type of nerve, it has always been misdirected.

THE UNRECOGNIZED.

The large number of colored men who have congregated in Washington since March 4th, and who have remained there in an unsuccessful hunt for "recognition" are dissatisfied with the attitude of the Administration. They have held several consultations, and have decided to call a national convention of colored men to meet in that city in October. The announced object of the conference is to consider the condition of the colored people of the South, present their grievances to President Harrison and Congress, and urge the passage of Senator Sherman's national election law. Among the prominent colored men who are

interested in the movement looking to the national conference are ex-Senator Bruce of Mississippi, and Prof. John M. Langston of Virginia. Bruce, who was Register of the Treasury under Arthur, has not yet received an offer of a place from Harrison, and Langston has little hope of getting into the Congress seat for which he is fighting since Mahone, his wide-awake enemy, has been put in control of the Republican party in Virginia, and backed up by the support of the Administration. Many leading colored men are opposed to the proposed conference, on the ground that it can accomplish no good, but those who are determined to present their grievances against the Administration were in a majority and so the conference, which is not likely to be a harmonious one, will be held. A. F. Atkinson of Georgia, a leader among the colored Republicans, is there. He expects to head the delegation to the conference from his State. He thinks that it is high time for the colored Republicans of the South to assert their rights, and ascertain what treatment they are to receive from the White House and Congress.

Juggling With the Constitution.

Notwithstanding the "Constitution is Constitutional," as declared by Attorney-General William S. Kirkpatrick, it is not so considered by the presiding officers of the Senate and House of Representatives. Lieutenant-Governor Davies and Speaker Boyer are both juggling with the Constitution, the highest law of the State, in a most disrespectful and discreditable manner. The Lieutenant-Governor issued a writ for an election to fill the vacancy in the Senate in Collector Cooper's district, and withheld like writs in the Allegheny districts, and Speaker Boyer withheld the writs for electing a Representative in the same district where the Lieutenant-Governor issues a writ to fill the Senatorial vacancy. This juggling with the Constitution upon the parts of the officers of the two Houses is most disrespectful and discreditable. Why this juggling with the Constitution?

The Philadelphia Times asks: "If a Representative is not needed in Delaware county, why a Senator? and if a Senator is needed in Delaware, why not in Allegheny and Lancaster? The Constitution is equally mandatory in all these cases, and why this juggling even in the same district?"

Rather Hard on Russell.

Mr. Russell B. Harrison leaves the wondering Old World to-day, and starts for his native shores. The steamer that carries the elastic and pervasive younker has the most impressive job that has been intrusted to any boat since the days of the famous dory that carried Caesar and his fortunes. Besides the Republican policy, a fine checkstone, given him by the Shah, a napkin marked "V. R." and a diary shock full of reminiscences of Nobs That He Has Met, the Markis of Montana brings with him a choice lot of English Trousers in the Latest London Style, so that the meeting between him and Wanamaker will be doubly affecting. The return of the Markis of Montana will be an event to make strong men grin. It will add to the gaiety of nations. It will freshen Republican politics. Blow, leviathan-lunged Wagners that contribute wind to brass! Show your tickets, ladies and gentlemen! The circus is about to begin.—N. Y. Sun.

"Hobo."

From the crash and debris of the flood a new word has sprung into general use about the city, which may yet creep into our dictionaries. The word is "Hobo," a contraction of Hello! boy, which was addressed to all strangers seen picking up relics after the flood. It was first used as a notice to drop whatever was picked up and go, but now is a term of recognition when friend meets friend. The latest edition of it is "Hobo got any 'rundum' in your pocket?" "Rundum" is a synonym for Jersey lightning.

The Cause Explained.

A number of cases of sickness in Moxham, led the State Board of Health to analyze the waters of a well just back of Camp Moxham. It was found to contain impurities from a cess pool near by. A card notified the people that the water was not healthy, but the warning was disregarded. To prevent its further use and that the health of the community might not further be impaired the pump was removed and carbolic acid thrown into the well.

The O'Callahan Family.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Callahan, with their daughter, Ella, and Mrs. O'Brien and her daughter, occupied the house No. 19 Iron street, Millville borough, before the deluge. When the great water struck that part of the city they were swept out of existence and no trace of them has ever been found. A daughter who was in Beaver Falls at the time came on shortly after the disaster and has been here ever since, but so far has been unable to find the faintest clue.

She Blossomed Again.

Hon. Frederick Watts, ex-President Judge of the Cumberland, Perry and Juniata County Courts, and Commissioner of Agriculture under President Grant, died at Carlisle on Saturday last, at the age of eighty-nine years. He was President of the Cumberland Valley Railroad for many years.

Death of Judge Watts.

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There was once a little girl by the name of Coralie who took pleasure in telling falsehoods. Some children think very little of not speaking the truth, and a small falsehood or a great one, in case of necessity, that saves them from a duty or a punishment, procures them a pleasure or gratifies their self-love, seems to them the most allowable thing in the world.

Now Coralie was one of this sort. The truth was a thing of which she had no idea, and any excuse was good to her, provided it was believed. Her parents were for a long time deceived by her stories; but they saw at last that she was telling them what was not true, and from that moment they had not the least confidence in anything she said.

It is a terrible thing for parents not to be able to believe their children words. It would be better almost to have no children, for the habit of lying, early acquired, may lead them in after years to the most shameful crimes, and what parent can help trembling at the thought that he may be bringing up his children to dishonor?

After vainly trying every means to reform her, Coralie's parents resolved to take her to the enchanter Merlin, who was celebrated at that time over all the globe, and who was the greatest friend of truth that ever lived. For this reason, little children that were in the habit of telling falsehoods were brought to him from all directions in order that he might cure them.

The enchanter Merlin lived in a glass palace, the walls of which were transparent, and never in his whole life had the idea crossed his mind of disguising one of his actions, of causing others to believe what was not true, or even of suffering them to believe it by being silent when he might have spoken. He knew liars by their odor a league off; and when Coralie approached the palace he was obliged to burn vinegar to prevent himself from being ill.

Coralie's mother, with a beating heart, undertook to explain the vile disease which had attacked her daughter, and blushing commenced a confused speech rendered rusty by shame, when Merlin stopped her short.

"I know what is the matter, my good lady," said he. "I felt your daughter's approach long ago. She is one of the greatest liars in the world, and she has made me very uncomfortable."

The parents perceived that fame had not deceived them in praising the skill of the enchanter, and Coralie, covered with confusion, knew not where to hide her head. She took refuge under the apron of her mother, who sheltered her as well as she could, terrified at the turn affairs were taking while her father stood before her to protect her at all risks.

"I am very good," said one of them. "If I were in your place, I should soon send back that necklace; handsome as it is, it is a great deal too troublesome. What hinders you from taking it off?"

Poor Coralie was silent, but the stones began to dance up and down and to make a terrible clatter.

"There is something that you have not told us," said the girls, their merriment restored by this extraordinary dance.

"I like to wear it." The diamonds and amethysts danced and clattered worse than ever.

"There is a reason which you are hiding from us." "Well, since I can conceal nothing from you, I forbade me to take it off, under penalty of some great calamity."

You can imagine that with a companion of this kind, which turned dull whenever the wearer did not tell the truth, which grew longer whenever she added to it, which shrunk whenever she subtracted from it, and which danced and clattered whenever she was silent—a companion, moreover, of which she could not rid herself, it was impossible even for the most hardened liar not to keep closely to the truth.

When Coralie once was fully convinced that falsehood was useless and that it would be instantly discovered, it was not difficult for her to abandon it. The consequence was that when she became accustomed to always tell the truth she felt herself so light and her mind so calm that she began to abhor falsehood for its own sake, and the necklace had nothing more to do. Long before the year had passed, therefore, Merlin came for his necklace, which he needed for another child that was addicted to lying, and which, thanks to his art, he knew was of no more use to Coralie.

No one can tell me what has become of this wonderful Necklace of Truth; but it is thought that Merlin's heirs hid it after his death for fear of the ravages that it might cause on earth. You can imagine what a calamity it would be to many people—I do not speak only of children—if they were forced to wear it. Some travelers, who have returned from Central Africa declare that they have seen it in the hands of a negro king, who knew not how to use it, but they have never been able to prove their words. Search is still being made for it, however, and if I were a little child in the habit of telling falsehoods I should not feel quite sure that it might not some day be found again.—From "Mace's Home Fairy Tales." Copyright, 1867, by Harper & Brothers.

"I was sick for a long time," said she, boldly, "and on my recovery my people gave me this beautiful necklace."

A low cry rose from all about her. The diamonds of the step, which had shone forth so brilliant a light, had suddenly become dim, and were turned to coarse glass.

"Well, yes, I have been sick! What are you making such a fuss about?" At this second falsehood the amethysts in a turn changed to ugly yellow stones. A new cry arose. Coralie seeing all eyes fixed on her necklace, looked that way herself and was struck with terror.

"I have been to the enchanter Merlin's," said she, humbly, understanding from what direction the blow came, and not daring to persist in her falsehood. Scarcely had she confessed the truth when the necklace recovered all its beauty, but the loud bursts of laughter that sounded around her mortified her to such a degree that she felt the need of saying something to retrieve her reputation.

"You do very wrong to laugh," said she, "for he treated us with the greatest possible respect. He sent his carriage to meet us at the next town, and you have no idea what a splendid carriage it was—six white horses, pink satin cushions with gold tassels, to say nothing of the negro coachman, with his hair powdered, and the three tall footmen behind! When we reached his palace, which is all of jasper and porphyry, he came to meet us at the vestibule, and led us to the dining room, where stood a table covered with things that I will not name to you, because you never even heard speak of them. There was, in the first place—"

The laughter, which had been suppressed with great difficulty ever since she commenced this fine story, became at that moment so boisterous that she stopped in amazement, and, casting her eyes once more on the unlucky necklace, she shuddered anew. At each detail that she had invented the necklace had become longer and longer until it already dragged on the ground.

"You are stretching the truth," cried the little girls.

"Well, I confess it; we went on foot and only stayed five minutes." The necklace instantly shrunk to its proper size.

"And the necklace—the necklace—where did it come from?" "He gave it to me without saying a word, probably."

She had not time to finish. The fatal necklace grew shorter and shorter until it choked her terribly, and she gasped for want of breath.

"You are keeping back part of the truth," cried her school fellows.

She hastened to alter the broken words while she could still speak.

"He said—that I was one of the greatest liars—in the world."

Instantly freed from the pressure that was strangling her she continued to cry with pain and mortification.

"That was why he gave me the necklace. He said that it was a guardian of the truth, and I have been a great fool to be proud of it. Now I am in a fine position!"

Her little companions had compassion on her grief, for they were good girls, and they reflected how they should feel in her place. You can imagine, indeed, that it was somewhat embarrassing for a girl to know that she could never more pervert the truth.

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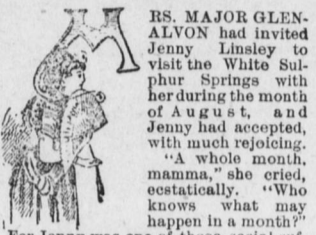
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Civil Lists. The civil list of the united kingdom amounts to £285,000; the revenue of the duchy of Lancaster amounts approximately to £50,000, making a total of £335,000. To this sum may be added the income of the Prince of Wales—annuity of £10,000 and £50,000 from the duchy of Cornwall—and annuities to the other members of the royal family, making a grand total of £395,000. In Austria the civil list is £780,000, and the emperor has a private fortune which probably brings in as much.

In Germany the emperor as king of Prussia has a civil list of £670,000, and besides has large domains, the revenues of which enable him to provide for all the princes and princesses of his house. The crown prince, however, is entitled to £50,000 per annum from the country. In Italy the civil list of the king is over £600,000. The revenue of the czar is probably as great as those of the other sovereigns combined.—London Standard.

LITAIENE. Death, come to me! Take this pain and striving Out of my brain. Take this gnawing misery Out of my heart. With your pale cold fingers Lay straight these bones That are weary! Shut from my sight The azure and the green, And the opaline splendor of nature, Ensuring the soul with hope And visions of life as splendid! Be numb my ears that I hear not The wail of the thousands Who labor with bleeding hands, Yet may not reap, Stop the ebb and flow of life That brings force only for defeat, And quicken the heart only Only that it may bear its anguish, At least bring silence and peace, O, tender and beautiful Death! —Harper's Magazine.

A SET OF SAPPHIRES.



RS. MAJOR GLENALVON had invited Jenny Linsley to visit the White Sulphur Springs with her during the month of August, and Jenny had accepted, with much rejoicing.

"A whole month, mamma," she cried, ecstatically. "Who knows what may happen in a month?"

"For Jenny was one of those social sufferers who are too genteel to work, and too poor to be idle. Captain Linsley had been dead a year, and his wife and daughter were already beginning to comprehend what an abyss of debt and difficulties had underlain his light and fascinating manner."

"Jenny is very handsome," Mrs. Linsley said wistfully to herself. "If only she had the opportunity, I think she might marry well."

"But, mamma," said Jenny, with a troubled look upon her apple-blossom face, "what have I got to wear? My mourning is a deal too shabby!"

"Of course, it is," Mrs. Linsley answered, briskly. "I shall make over my pearl-colored silk for you, with white brocade; and there is the black net, which will do very well, if it is brightened up with a few bows and loops of cherry ribbon. And then we really must order a new white gown—nun's veiling, or albatross cloth, or some of that inexpensive material which make such a good show, it needn't cost so much, you know. We can make it ourselves, you and I."

Jenny clasped her plump white hands. "Oh, mamma, how perfectly delightful!" she cried. "But about jewelry?" Mrs. Linsley's countenance fell.

"Ribbons and flowers are most suitable for a young girl," she suggested. "But I ought to have something," pleaded Jenny. "Oh, mamma, if only I had Aunt Sabina's sapphires! And she is going to leave them to me at her death; or, at least, she always said so."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Linsley, "but she'll live to be a hundred years old yet."

Aunt Sabina, Mrs. Linsley's maiden aunt, had all the money there was in the family. She was a shrewd, wrinkled little old woman, who kept her parsings tightly tied.

Linsley and Barbara always were an extravagant pair, she said. "They've made their bed; now let them lie upon it. I don't feel called upon to interfere."

She had a snug little bank account, this eccentric maiden lady, and some valuable chief stones among which was a set of rare old sapphires, each one outlined with a glittering row of diamonds; and these were the jewels after which pretty Jenny's soul yearned so longingly.

"Mamma," said Jenny, after a moment or two of sad reflection, "would you write and ask her to lend them to me?" "It wouldn't be of the least use," said Mrs. Linsley, shaking her head. "Aunt Sabina never lends anything."

"Then, mamma," said Jenny, with glittering eyes, "I'll hire a set."

"Hire it?" repeated Mrs. Linsley. "Other girls do it," breathlessly declared Jenny. "And why shouldn't I? There is old Sangunetti, on Terrace street; he makes a business of renting jewelry; he'll afford to hire a set of diamonds for a month, because even to hire they are expensive. But sapphires are becoming to me, and sapphires I'll have."

"But, my dearest child," plaintively remonstrated Mrs. Linsley, "where on earth are you to get the money?" "Lilly Hayward will lend it to me," said Jenny. "It was she that told me about it. She hired a lovely pearl necklace to wear to Lucy Osmond's birthday party."

"People do the strangest things nowadays," said Mrs. Linsley, with a sigh. "So Jenny Linsley hired a set of sapphires; not so elegant as Aunt Sabina's, to be sure, but very handsome, in setting of antique gold; a link-bar, and a pair of earrings, which became her plump, blond loveliness like a cluster of blue-bells.

"Only twenty-five dollars for the month," said she, radiantly. "Twenty-five dollars!" said Mrs. Linsley. "Is not that very dear?" "Oh, mamma, I couldn't buy them for three hundred dollars," said Jenny. "But how are you ever going to pay Lilly Hayward?" sighed the mother. "Oh! time enough to think about that when I get back," said Jenny, saucily. "Perhaps I shall be engaged to some bonanza king, whose money is as exhaustless as the treasures of Aladdin's lamp. Just think what a blessed range of possibility there is within the thirty-one sunshiny days of August."

And she danced merrily away, leaving Mrs. Linsley to sigh over the elasticity which had long since died out of her own heart.

arm, she passed across the wide hall in search of what the captain termed, "a breath of fresh air," to meet face-to-face—Aunt Sabina!

Aunt Sabina, and not alone. Bessie Tait, a second cousin of Jenny's, was at her side, dressed in a neat little checked silk, trimmed with bands of inexpensive black velvet, while Aunt Sabina, herself, wore flashing diamonds, a broad-satin gown and old lace, the Metropolitan Art museum would have offered a ransom for.

"Ah!" said Aunt Sabina, graciously, while her keen glance took in every item of Jenny's costume. "It's my niece, Jenny Linsley. How do you do, my dear? I hope to see you well. Nice sapphires those you are wearing."

"Yes," said Jenny, faintly. She had not the moral courage, especially before Captain Steele, to confess that they were merely hired for the occasion.

"A gray place, this," said Aunt Sabina. "Bessie Tait and I have been here for a month. We are going away tomorrow." And then the crowd parted them.

"I am glad they are going," thought Jenny. "I should feel as uneasy under Aunt Sabina's regards as the wedding guest did when the Ancient Mariner fixed him with his glittering eye. I can breathe freely when she is gone."

"My Linsley had a delightful month. It was full of music, picnics, promenade concerts and flirtations; but when she came home, on the 1st of September, she wore no engagement ring.

"They were all delightful," she said, with a sigh and a smile, "but they never, any of them, came to the point. Oh, mamma, my campaign has been a failure after all."

"And here is a letter from Aunt Sabina," said Mrs. Linsley. "It came while you were gone. See what she says."

It was a shrewd, pleasant, sensible letter, congratulating "Niece Barbara" on Jenny's beauty and style.

"But," added Aunt Sabina, "it must cost a good deal to dress her as you have done. And, seeing she wears such handsome sapphires, I thought my set to Bessie Tait. As she cannot part without value, Bessie is delighted to have them, and your Jane will not miss them. Now ever Bessie is like a daughter to my old age, I have decided permanently to adopt her as my own."

Jenny looked aghast. "The set of sapphires," cried she, "belong to Bessie Tait! Oh, mamma! I told you not to hire those at Sangunetti's," said Mrs. Linsley, indignantly. "And she has looted Bessie, too!" said Jenny. "Then farewell, a long farewell, to all my hopes of inheritance."

"What are we to do?" said Mrs. Linsley. "An Enormous Globe. Among the many wonders of the Paris exposition there is none, says a writer in the "Boston Transcript," that shows more accurate scientific knowledge of the part of the makers than the enormous globe on which the earth's surface has been depicted. The diameter is forty-two feet and the surface is 525 square feet and these figures are said to represent just one-millionth of the dimensions of the great original. The scale permeate close detail. Large cities have the outlines and some of their principal thoroughfares expressed, all drawn to scale.

Everything that relates to the earth, its geography, its political divisions, all its means of communication on land and sea, is shown. The globe is made of stout pasteboard, in 400 pieces, covered with plaster, fastened to a skeleton of wrought-iron ribs, and although it is very heavy, so finely adjusted is the balance that it will turn at the slightest touch.

If it were rotated at the same velocity as that of the earth its movement would hardly be visible as a point at the equator where the speed would be highest would move at the rate of only an inch a minute.

Landscape Gardening at Chamont. Travelers who visit Chamont will be astonished, on approaching the village by the Geneva road, to see some extensive earthworks at the foot of the mountain side on the left of the valley. These unsightly works are being carried out by an eccentric Englishman, J. G. T. Sinclair, who has purchased at least 40,000 square meters of the mountain side and rocks in order to make an artificial lake, a fairy grotto, and a dripping well, etc.

In order to form the lake Mr. Sinclair has dammed up a small brook, and its level is regulated by a series of sluices. The lake is 60 meters long and 30 wide, and there is a diminutive island in the middle. At one end is an imitation grotto from the stucco. Water is brought to this by means of turning the course of a mountain torrent, which is made to run into a small basin at the foot of the towering rocks, and then through a pipe to the reservoir above the lake grotto. By this means a regular cascade can be illuminated from the interior of the grotto.

At one end of the lake imitation ruins of a Gothic chapel are to be erected. Mr. Sinclair has also built a fortress on the top of his rock, some 900 feet above the level of the lake.—Swiss Herald.

Inventor of the Thermometer. The actual inventor of the thermometer is not known. The honor of inventing it has been given to several natural philosophers—to Galileo, to Drebbel, to Santorio, to Paolo Sarpi and to Robert Fludd. The claims of Robert Fludd are more tangible than those of Drebbel, Santorio or Sarpi, but the instrument invented by Galileo before 1587 seems best entitled to be considered the precursor of accurate thermometers.

All the earlier instruments were air thermoscopes, and until the variation of atmospheric pressure was discovered their use was only deceptive. The great step in advance of inventing the alcohol thermometer is also due to Galileo, but the date, probably 1611 or 1612, is not precisely known. Edward Hailey introduced mercury as the liquid for the instrument in 1630.—Exchange.

Willing to See It. Washington guide—Have you ever seen a bird's-eye view of the capital? Mayor of Podunk—No; hev ye got a bird's eye with ye?—Judge.

CURTAIN LECTURE TOPICS. Consult with your wife. Better use, on a rainy day, mind and pen than tongue and jack-knife.

"All we do is to jack a dull boy," and no work makes Bill a very mean one. When the wife and children attend to the poultry, it isn't fair to exchange eggs for tobacco and machine oil.