

prolonged locomotive whistle from the direction of the station.

"There's the train now!" exclaims Mrs. Bush.

"Yes, and there's your Mary with the sweet-brier," says Hannah, as a girl of twelve with a handful of wild roses comes in at the gate. "Thank you, Mary, I wouldn't have missed of them flowers, not for anything. You must come over to-morrow; there'll be somebody for you to play with."

"Yes'm," Mary replies with a shy smile.

"What is it about those brier roses?" Mrs. Robbins asks of Mrs. Bush as they walked away together, leaving Hannah to receive the travellers alone.

"Why, Elder Dale told Hannah very particular, that he wanted her to have some sweet-brier roses on the tea-table when they got here—no other flowers—only just them. Funny notion, isn't it?"

WOMEN IN GERMANY.

EVERYWHERE in Continental Europe there is a contempt for and an oppression of woman. Everywhere there is laid on her the menial drudgery that must be done, but which men will not assist in doing, nor for the performance of which will they provide mechanical appliances as American men do. Every where she is robbed of a proper compensation for her labor. But Germany, the land of literature, science, scholarship, music, art, culture—to whose universities we send our sons for thorough mental equipment—the land that boasts of its advanced civilization—this Germany leads in mean treatment of women, and has a pre-eminence in that kind of civilization which leaves nothing undone to exalt man, but is content to regard and treat woman as a serf.

The country was in the perfection of its midsummer beauty as we journeyed through it. But I could not enjoy its beauty, for here, as in Virginia years and years ago, women were forced into employments unsuited to them, degraded to extreme menial service, and robbed of all that makes life worth living to a woman.

Eight-tenths of all the agricultural laborers were women. They were hoeing the immense sugar-beet fields, or, on their hands and knees, were weeding where a hoe could not be safely used. Staggering under heavy loads of manure, which they brought from a distant place of deposit, they distributed it as it was needed. They were mowing, raking, pitching the hay on carts, or loading it as it was pitched. They were reaping, and stacking the grain in the fields, or bearing it home on their heads and shoulders, which had been so loaded that we scrutinized long and closely, before we discovered the motive power of the peripatetic grain stacks marching away. In the fields where the first crop had been removed, women were driving the ox or cow to plough—for we saw no ploughing with a yoke of oxen—the ox or cow was dispensed with, and one woman drew the plough while another held it.

If there was extra hard work to be done, loaded carts to be hauled away, wheelbarrow loads removed, the work was assigned to women, who bent themselves to the task with patient and persistent energy, while men looked on, smoking their eternal pipes, without so much as lifting a finger in help. Scantily dressed, generally bare-headed in the blazing sun, quite as often bare-footed and bare-legged, they were bronzed in complexion, thin of flesh, bent and inelegant in figure, without joy in their work, or hope in their faces.

For work of a day, twelve hours long, when these women boarded themselves, they are paid an average of twenty-five cents. When they are boarded by their employers, their wages average ten and twelve cents a day. Men doing the same work, working side by side with these women, receive nearly twice as much. Hard as is this farm work, women prefer it to house-service, when they have the strength for it—as the great majority of house-servants work for board and clothing, and very meagre board and clothing at that.

When we went to German cities we saw what was more repellent! Women, bare-footed, or wearing modern clogs, were at work everywhere in the streets, with brooms of rods, and stiff brushes, with hoes and shovels and hand-carts, directing the floods of the gutters, clearing them of debris, shoveling it into carts, and repairing whatever damage the heavy rain had wrought.

We took an early drive through Munich, before the city had awakened. Early as was the hour, the sun only just touching the lips of the majestic Bavaria, women were astir everywhere. They were collecting the offal and refuse from houses and stores; sweeping yesterday's dirt from the streets into piles, which other women shoveled into hand-carts; clearing the tracks of the tram-cars from obstructions; harnessed into bakers' and milk carts, and distributing their sup-

plies to their customers; scrubbing the floors of shops; moving in all directions to prepare for the business of the day, that men might not only find their breakfast ready, on rising, but the streets and the shops in tidiness and order.

Wandering among the architectural wonders of Vienna, where everything old and ugly is being displaced by modern and beautiful structures, we halted beside a magnificent building in process of erection, to study its design. Immediately, we came upon women mixing mortar, and far above us, at a dizzy height, saw other women climbing ladders, bearing on their heads and shoulders hods of brick, stone and mortar, for the use of masons.

We spent a day in the picture gallery at Dresden; I stepped out on the street, and found myself launched in a stream of women, all bending under the loads of the baskets strapped to their backs, each of which is made to carry sixty pounds. Some were young, but many were past middle age, and some were white-haired, tottering under their load, their sad eyes looking into mine wearily and hopelessly.

In some of the towns of Wurtemberg there are brigades of women water-carriers attached to the fire departments. They buy their own equipment of fire costume and tin water-pail, and at stated times are drawn up in line before the district inspector, to go through a drill and sham fire to test their efficiency. In short, there is no sort of menial work that is not done by German women, and Austrian women as well. I have seen them sawing and splitting wood on the streets, and then carrying it on their backs up several stories into houses. I have seen them moulding brick; unloading freight cars at depots; building the road-beds of railroads; getting stone out of quarries; yoked with dogs, cows and oxen, pulling heavy loads along the highways; making and mending the roads; repairing the embankments of canals; dredging rivers and small streams for the sake of the fertilizing mud; doing any drudgery that men are glad to be rid of.

The German universities, to which we send our sons, each of which numbers its students by thousands and its eminent professors by hundreds, are not for German women. Hardly is a "higher education for women" thought of in Germany. The German woman is completely subordinate to the German man, who treats her as his intellectual inferior, and evidently so regards her. He is willing she should share the beer garden with him, and the theatre, but not the university nor the field of literature.

In A Dizzy Tower.

A New York Journalist, who has just climbed a shot tower, 175 feet tall, thus tells in the *Star* of that city how he felt:

The reporter followed and climbed, and climbed, until his feet ached. It was one continued narrow circle, mounting higher and higher into the vaults of the heavens above. The helix of the stairs were so narrow that the reporter was in continual dread lest he should run against and dash his brains out. Then his head grew dizzy, and it was no longer possible for him to tell whether he was going up or down, or merely chasing himself around a circle with a bewitched lantern as his guiding star. At first an effort was made to reach some clear perception of what was going on, but it was soon abandoned in hopeless bewilderment.

There was one thing certain, however, and that was that however cool the top of the tower might be its interior was very warm, and that each moment it seemed to be growing warmer. This, added to the dizziness and the fatigue of climbing, rendered the ascent anything but pleasant. There suddenly occurred an incident which banished all thoughts of dizziness, fatigue and heat. This was the sudden descent of a shower of hot shot through the narrow opening around which the staircase circled.

"Good heavens! What's that?" exclaimed the reporter, as he pressed himself against the outer railing.

"That? Why that's the shot going down. They pour the melted lead thro' a sieve at the top, and by the time it gets to the bottom it forms itself into globules of lead, or shot, as we call it."

"And do they pour it down in that reckless manner? Isn't it liable to scatter?"

"Oh, no, not if they're steady up above."

It was very comforting to know that if the boiling lead was poured down by a steady hand, it would graze one's elbow by about an inch, and if not, that a shower of molten lead would fall upon one's head and shoulders.

To descend was about as risky as to keep on climbing up—more so, in fact, for the shot was more apt to scatter down below than it was near its point of departure; at least that was how the reporter reasoned with what little powers of reasoning were left in him.

Resuming their dizzy ascent, a plat-

form was at last reached where there glowed a red-hot furnace, on which was placed a hissing pot of boiling lead. Two men were at work there pouring the dippers full of the metal into a pan with a sieve-like bottom, through which it fell into a well of water at the foot of the tower. The atmosphere on this platform was too warm to make a prolonged stay agreeable, and the ascent was continued. What amount of time it took to reach the top is not known. It seemed to be about six weeks; but the watchman said it was not quite so long, and he appeared to be a truth-telling man. When the top was gained, however, the reporter was far from inclined to cry "Excelsior!" What he felt like doing, and did in fact do, was to seat himself on the last step and try to breathe.

After a time he succeeded, and with time also the whirling sensation in his head began to abate. Then he looked from the tower to the ground, 175 feet below, and drew back to the centre of what seemed to him a ridiculously narrow platform. Some people say that when they stand upon a great height they feel a desire to jump down. Not the slightest longing of that kind arose in the *Star* reporter's breast. He felt that he would like to get down, but the jumping process never even suggested itself to him. The desire to descend was not lessened by the discovery that the tower was swaying to and fro in the breeze, and that he expected each moment to see it topple over.

Just as day had fully opened, the watchman of the tower thrust his head above the scuttle door and bade the reporter good morning. If he wished to get some idea of shot-making, now was the time, he said, as he was about to make his last tour of the tower and building, and could explain the details as he went around. The explanations were given intelligently and fully, and the following is an attempt to summarize the information obtained:

Lead shot, though sometimes made of lead alone, are almost always formed of an alloy of arsenic and lead, the arsenic being introduced in the form of arsenious acid or the sulphuret (orpiment). The object of the addition of the arsenic is to render the hard, brittle qualities of the lead, which is contaminated by iron and antimony, softer and more ductile, and of the proper consistence, when melted, for taking the globular form.

Up in the lofty apartment, from which descends the stream of lead, stand two men, their hands incased in thick bags and grasping heavy iron ladders with which they dip out the molten metal from the kettle and pour it into the collenders. Blistering as the molten metal is, the men dash their ladders into it as if it were water. This is hard labor, and rapid besides, for the lead runs through the collender almost like quicksilver; while if it is allowed to become a little chilled in the bottom of the vessel then the holes are stopped, and the careless workmen have no easy job in cleaning them. Five tons of lead are often thrown down in half an hour in the establishment visited. The collender is simply a copper pan, the bottom of which is perforated and which rests in an iron ring. In falling to the base of the tower the particles of semi-fluid lead, acted upon alike over their whole surface by a current of air, are made to assume the globular form, and by the time they reach the bottom they are sufficiently hardened by cooling to bear the shock of striking the surface of the water in the well below.

The size of the shot is only approximately fixed by the sizes of the holes in the collenders. The mass is always larger than the hole from which it exudes, and, as the period of dropping is not exactly uniform, perhaps half a dozen sizes are produced from the same sieve. Again, large sized shot require to be dropped from a greater height than small sized, and while in some cases 100 feet is sufficient, in others an elevation of 150 feet is hardly enough.

After the shot has reached the bottom of the well they are at once lifted out by an elevator and thrown upon an inclined drying table, over which they slide, falling ultimately into a wire gauze rotating cylinder. Here they are rolled and ground together, and in this way the minute burrs upon them are removed. From the cylinder another elevator lifts the shot upon a screening table. This consists of a series of planes arranged at gradually decreasing heights. Between each there is an interval. The shot being started at the end of the highest plane will, if perfect, roll from one plane to another, jumping over the intermediate spaces; if imperfect, however, the latter become pitfalls into which, sooner or later, it tumbles and is carried off into a receptacle, the contents of which go back to the melting kettle. The good shot, after passing this ordeal, reach the separators. This is for convenience in future separating.

The shot are next elevated to the top cylinder of a series arranged on an incline. They are conical in form and inclined, and are covered with perforated sheet brass. Each cylinder serves as a

sieve for a particular size of shot, retaining that and allowing all smaller sizes to escape. The shot, as the cylinder revolves, traverse its entire length, and then the small ones run out into the next cylinder below, and thus the sifting goes on until each cylinder has picked out the particular class of shot to which it is adapted.

The sizes of shot are standard. The smallest is known as "dust," and then comes No. 12, which is 0.05 inch in diameter, 2,326 shot going to the ounce. The sizes then increase by one-hundredth of an inch to up to twenty-three hundredths, of which there are twenty-four shot to the ounce.

The shot being now assorted, polishing alone remains to be done. This is accomplished by placing the shot together with plumbago in a box, which is rapidly rotated. This imparts the glossy black smoothness demanded by sportsmen. The shot are then weighed, bagged and are ready for commerce.

Buckshot, which range in size from twenty-two to thirty-two hundredths of an inch, are moulded. The moulds consist of a series of pivoted bars, the outer pair of which have handles. The upper edges of these bars are hollowed to form the moulds, so that when they are closed together, the upper half of each cavity unite and it is only necessary to pour the lead into the apertures. The shot are thus at once moulded to the proper size, so that rumbering and polishing only are subsequently required.

THE CONTENTS OF AN EMPTY BARREL.

GAZE at an empty barrel. It has not the appearance of possessing the capacity of exciting men to fierce hate and deeds of blood. But listen. The Finnegan brothers reside in the same house. Now it chanced the other day that James wanted to pack stuff in a barrel, and he wanted the barrel perfectly dry. So he set the article out in the back yard where the sun would shine on it. He did not explain this to his brother, and when Michael came along and saw the barrel there he thought: "If that barrel stands there it will dry up and fall to pieces." As it was a good barrel he desired to save it, and so got a pail and filled the barrel with water. Then he left, and presently James came out to see the barrel. He found it full. "Dang it," said he, "why can't they let things alone!" and he dumped the barrel. He hadn't been gone ten minutes when Michael returned. Happening to glance at the barrel he observed that it was empty. He thought the water had leaked out and proceeded to refill it. When James came round again to see if the barrel was dry, he was put into a state of great wrath. He dumped the barrel and went to tell his mother not to use it for a cistern. And while he was gone Michael strolled around again. "Begorra, that bar'l lakes fasht," he remarked, and was rather ugly at having to lug another barrelful of water to refill it. But he did it, and when James found it that time he was so mad he danced up and down and tore his hair and swore. He dumped the barrel, and as he did so Michael looked out of the window and saw him. In a minute they were face to face in the yard. "What d'ye mane, makin' me work by dumpin' the bar'l?" yelled Michael. "Ye dang fool, why can't ye lave it alone?" asked James in a whisper that could be heard in the next yard. When two brothers fight they always put more ugliness into it than they would with anyone else. But a policeman heard the racket and came in and separated them and bore them to the station. Thus you see that a fight came out of the empty barrel.

About Cheek.

No, my son, cheek is not better than wisdom; it is not better than modesty; it is not better than anything. Don't listen to the siren who tells you to blow your own horn or it will never be tooted upon. The world is not to be deceived by cheek, and it does search for merit, and when it finds it, merit is rewarded. Cheek never deceives the world, my son. It appears to do so to the cheeky man, but he is the one who is deceived. Do you know one cheeky man in all your acquaintance who is not reviled for his cheek the moment his back is turned? Almost everybody hates a cheeky man, my son. Society tires at the brassy glare of his face, the noisy assumption of his forwardness. The triumphs of cheek are only apparent. He bores his way along through the world, and frequently better people give way for him. But so they give way, my boy, for a man with a paint-pot in each hand. Not because they respect the man with the paint-pots particularly, but because they want to take care of their clothes. You sell goods without it, and your customers won't run and hide in the cellar when they see you coming.

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones.

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All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to
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WALLACE DEWITT, Administrator.
Sept. 23, 1881. [Harrisburg, Pa.]