

Bellefonte, Pa., June 20, 1890.

THE SPIRIT ROSEBUD.

Baby is dead—speak low, step light; How tranquil is her rest!

Next day, while sorrowing neighbors stood Holding sweet flowers of spring,

The clergyman, with trembling voice And deep emotion said:

A CHANGE OF BASE.

The Deacon Concludes That the Beautiful Is also Useful.

Deacon Tilden had the squarest, neatest white face that ever showed its keen angles from the dusky clumps of old lilac bushes.

Everybody was soon standing round it in open-mouthed admiration, and poor Mrs. Tilden wiped her eyes more than once as she looked on it.

"Very pretty, I s'pose," said the deacon, doubtfully—for like most fathers of spirited twenty-three-olders, he began to feel a little awe of his son-in-law.

"I think," said Jothre, looking at his mother's sufficed eyes, "it is one of the most useful things that has been brought into the house this many a day."

"I don't see how you're going to make it out," said the deacon, looking apprehensively at the young Wisdom that had risen in his household.

"Well now, father, what is the use of your cart and oxen?"

"Why, I could not work the farm without them, and you'd all have nothing to eat, drink or wear."

"Well, what is the use of our eating, drinking and wearing?"

"The use of our keeping alive?"

"Yes, to be sure; why do we try and strive and twist and turn to keep alive, and what's the use of living?"

"Living—why do we want to live; we enjoy living—all creatures do—dogs and cats and every kind of beast. Life is sweet."

"The use of living, then, is that we enjoy it?"

"Yes."

"Well, we all enjoy this statuette, so that there is the same value to that in living; and if your oxen and carts and clothes, and all that you call necessary things, have no value except the enjoyment, then this statuette is a short cut to the great thing for which your farm and every thing else is designed. You do not enjoy your cart for what it is, but because of its use to get food and clothes—and food and clothes we value for the enjoyment they give. But statuette or picture or any beautiful thing gives enjoyment at once. We enjoy it the moment we see it—for itself and not for any use we mean to make of it. So that it strikes the great end of this life quicker than anything else, don't it? Hey, father—haven't I got my case?"

"I believe the pigs are getting into the garden," said the deacon, rushing out of the front door.

But to his wife he said before going to bed: "Isn't it amazing the way Jethro can talk. I could not do myself, but I had it in me tho' I'd had his advantages. Jethro is a chip of the old block.—Mrs. H. B. Stone, in Farm, Field and Stockman.

them out of the window—he "couldn't bear to see weeds growing round."

The poor failure woman had a kind of chronic heart sickness, like the pining of a teething child; but she never knew exactly what it was she wanted.

If she ever was sick, no man could be kinder than the deacon. He had been known to harness in all haste and rush to the neighboring town at four o'clock in the morning that he might bring her some delicacy she had a fancy for that he could see the use of.

He could not sympathize in her craving desire to see Power's Greek Slave, which was exhibiting in a neighboring town.

"What did Christian people want of sun images?" he wanted to know. He thought the Scripture put that thing down—"Eyes have they, but they see not—ears have they, but they hear not—neither speak they through their mouth."

But it came to pass that the deacon's eldest son went to live in New York, and from that time strange changes began to appear in the family that the deacon didn't like; but as Jethro was a smart, driving lad, and making money at a great pace, he at first said nothing.

But on his mother's birthday down he came and brought a box for his mother, which, being unpacked, contained a Parian statuette of Paul and Virginia—a lovely, simple little group as ever held its story in clay.

Everybody was soon standing round it in open-mouthed admiration, and poor Mrs. Tilden wiped her eyes more than once as she looked on it. It seemed a vision of beauty in the desolate neatness of the best room.

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"What will you wader me, farther, that I will prove out of your own mouth that this statuette is as useful as your cart and oxen?"

"I know you've got a great way of coming round folks, and twitching them up before they fairly know where they are; but I'll stan' you on this question, anyway."

"Well now, father, what is the use of your cart and oxen?"

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"Well, what is the use of our eating, drinking and wearing?"

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It is well known that muscles put to any unusual or severe strain are likely to suffer lameness and soreness. Some times this spaves the way for rheumatism. A brisk rubbing of the parts that have been overworked will save subsequent lameness. If the lower limbs are treated in this way after an unusual and fatiguing walk, the naturally-expected lameness will be quite sure to be missed the following day. Those who find it difficult to get to sleep at night should try the experiment of giving the body a brisk and thorough rubbing just before retiring, using the palms of the hands, or a moderately stiff towel, or flesh-brush, while the effect of freeing the pores of the skin from deleterious matter would be beneficial to the general health. With babies, a gentle but thorough rubbing of the whole body with the hands at night not only quiets the nerves and renders the little ones generally comfortable, but induces refreshing sleep. This is a fact with which many mothers are unfamiliar, but which, if followed, would add much to the comfort and well-being both of themselves and their children. Harsh or long-continued friction is to be avoided since this would irritate the skin and cause discomfort. To assist in freeing the pores of their impurities, a gentle pressure or kneading of the surface of the body is beneficial for those who are somewhat advanced in years.

To the Farmers.

A little over thirty years ago, says the Philadelphia Record, the merchants of the United States owned 75 per cent. of the vessels carrying the foreign tonnage of America.

So extinct has become the American flag upon the seas of the world that Nellie Bly, in her trip lasting 73 days, never saw the Stars and Stripes floating from the masthead of a vessel from the time of her leaving this country until her return.

This grand old emblem of Liberty has been "protected"—that is taxed—off of the ocean highways of the world. Its freedom has been paralyzed by trade restrictions. Just as a caged eagle pines and dies in captivity so has the American flag drooped and died in the captivity of protection.

So well did the merchants and sailors in the early history of our government understand their calling and their interests that it was with them that the cry "Free trade and sailors' rights" originated.

Free trade in commerce—which is the right to do business with whom you please—is a thing of the past; and "sailors' rights" have died with the death of the commerce of the United States.

This has happened within the last thirty years of the history of this country.

The same influences are now undermining and destroying the farmers and farming industries of the United States. More farms are being sold out every month in the counties adjacent to Philadelphia than were sold ten or twelve years ago during an entire year.

Excepting its foreign commerce, no industry of this country is so paralyzed to-day as that of farming. It is fast becoming a business of the past; not only so far as it is profitable to the farmer, but as a living for himself and family in every respect.

History is repeating with the farmers the experience of the sailors: The farmers as a class do not seem to understand what is meant by selling in a free trade market and buying in a taxed market. They seem to fail to appreciate the fact that Liverpool makes the price of this country Pennsylvania, the same as it does for Russia and India, and do not comprehend that it is the price of their surplus products that makes them either successful or bankrupt.

The farmers of this country are now doing a business on a basis of buying milk by dry measure and selling it by wine measure. They are buying by the short ton of 2,000 pounds and selling by the long ton of 2,240 pounds. They are doing just the reverse of what they should do in order to become successful farmers or successful traders.

Of all the callings in this country the one that could stand free trade more absolutely than any other is that of the farmer. If the McKinley tariff bill should become a law, and be enforced for three years, it is safe to say that no farmer in Pennsylvania would be able to pursue his calling and make his expenses. When it is understood that about 45 per cent of the people of the United States are farmers or are interested in farming industries, it may be realized how disastrous to the industrial of this country would be the enforcement of the provisions of the McKinley Tariff bill.

A Few Don'ts.

Dear boys and girls, may I say a few "don'ts" to you? I am smiling and pleasant about it? They are agreeable, I know, but like some other bitter medicine, they may do good. So come, all you who are "willing-hearted" and who want to grow up into the very best of men and women, and listen to me just for a few minutes.

Don't chew gum. It hurts you. You were not made to chew a cud like cows, and any departure from the plan on which your bodies were made will bring evil upon you, in some way. It may not make you feel bad in any way, for while, but you are opening wide the door for that terror, "King Dyspepsia."

Then you'll lose your rosy cheeks and bright eyes; in fact, you will lose all enjoyment of living. Will the present pleasure of chewing pay for the future misery?

And, oh! boys, it will make you an easy prey to the temptation to chew tobacco—it is a stepping-stone to tobacco—and that is a form of temptation is about hard enough to resist now. Don't make it any harder.

Don't talk in a loud voice on the streets, or any public place. Don't do anything to attract attention to yourselves in public. I assure you that older people have eyes and opinions; and they watch you more closely than you think; don't think they do see because they make no sign. They judge you by your actions and the quiet modest boy, or girl, is the one who is most admired.

Don't be selfish in public. Don't be so busy having a good time yourselves that you prevent others around you from enjoying anything. If it is unkind, and you don't want to be unkind, I know. Don't go to a public place to have a frolic. If you do not want to give attention to what is going on there, stay away, and have your frolic at home.

Morton's Case.

The Synod Says He Derives Profit Indirectly from the Sale of Liquors.

NEW YORK, June 11.—At the afternoon session of the Presbyterian synod, Rev. Acheson, of Iowa, called the attention of the synod to the editorial comments of the press on the report of the committee on temperance in which it was asserted that Vice President Morton derives profit from the sale of liquors in the property he owns or controls.

The reverend gentleman suggested that the report be amended unless it was strictly accurate. Dr. McCallister of Pittsburgh, said that it was certainly true that the vice president rented his property in Washington for a purpose which the moral sense of the nation condemned. The Rev. George, of Beaver Falls, Pa., claimed that Morton derived direct profit from the sale of wine on his property. Opposition of Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of Philadelphia, the report of the committee was amended so as to read "Derives profit indirectly from the sale of liquors." This seemed satisfactory and there were no dissenting votes.

The Cigarette Evil.

Heart failure is one of the almost certain results of cigarette smoking, and is no doubt the cause of death in more cases than is suspected. When the law forbidding the sale of cigarettes to boys under 16 was passed, it was thought the evil would be at least partially abated, and for a time such was the case, but within a few months it has broken out afresh, and seemingly with more vigor than ever.

The Philadelphia Star would like to know whose duty it is to see that the anti-cigarette law is enforced. There is every reason to believe that no more attention is paid to it than if it had never been enacted. Boys get their supplies of the forbidden articles from some source and seemingly in any desired quantity. It is just such neglect as this that brings so many of our laws and ordinances into disrepute and renders them null and void.

A Sure Help for Pneumonia.

The following recipe for pneumonia has been handed us by a gentleman who tells us that he knows it will help sufferers from the disease, as it has been tried recently by a friend to whom he gave it and afforded instant relief. The following is the recipe: Take ten or twelve raw onions and chop fine, and put in a large spider over a hot fire, then add about the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to form a thick paste; let it simmer five or ten minutes. In the meantime stir it thoroughly, then put it in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs, and apply to the chest as hot as the patient can bear, when this gets cold apply another, and thus continue by repeating the poultices, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger. This valuable recipe was given him several years ago by an old physician, who stated that it had never failed in a single instance to effect a cure of this too often fatal malady.

The House in Which Abraham Was Born.

Not far from Aleppo is situated the little town of Orfah (the ancient Ur of the Chaldees), which is of great historical interest, it having been the birthplace of the patriarch Abraham. There are few Jews in the place, but the Arabs still point out a small building, lying outside the town, which they declare to be the house wherein Abraham first saw the light and which they therefore term Beit El-Chall (the house of the friend of God). It is most improbable that the actual house should have stood for thousands of years, but there is no doubt that the building in question is of great antiquity. By its present owner, an Arab peasant, as well as the Arabs generally, it is held in utmost veneration, the more so since it is feared that within a few years it will fall to the ground a victim of natural decay.—St. Louis Republic.

Getting Fat.

Growing fat seems to be a constitutional and hereditary affair, and to depend very little on one's own personal habits, or the amount that one eats and drinks. Although at his death Daniel Lambert weighed more than seven hundred pounds, and was not quite six feet tall—his vast bulk never, however, seeming to incommode him—yet when he weighed over four hundred he walked with a light step, and was less fatigued than he was when he weighed 700. He was endeavored by his companions who weighed comparatively nothing, and until shortly before his death he was active in field exercises. He never spent much time in bed, sleeping less than eight hours in the twenty-four, was a moderate eater, and drank only water, and still, in spite of all this, he went on accumulating adipose in a way that leads one to inquire seriously if eating, and drinking, and indolence, and self-indulgence have really a great deal to do with the laying on of fat.—Eeachange.

At the Bottom of the Sea.

In St. Nicholas, for May, O. F. Halder gives his experience as a diver off the Florida coast: "The fishes were beautiful," he writes, "I saw swam over my arms and legs. Some swam over my head and some over my feet. They were in the main not true. I have had a shark come within five feet of me, and when I raised my arm it darted off in such a hurry that the boiling of the water nearly threw me off my feet. Of course there may be cases where a very large shark might attack a diver; but if he should attack one wearing the modern diver's helmet or armor, I think the shark would have a hard time of it—copper and glass would not make a very good mouthful."

A friend of mine had a funny experience. He was walking on a sandy bottom, when suddenly he was lifted upward, then thrown backward, and, but for his pike, would have fallen. For a few seconds the water was not clear. Then he saw that the cause of his upset was a big snake that had been lying partly buried in the sand—sleep perhaps. He had stepped with his leaden shoes right on its back.

Among the strange things that may be seen by divers is the ocean forest, off the eastern coast. The sandy bottom there is covered with the hardened roots of great trees, and in some instances parts of trunks are standing, showing that the coast there must have been settled, and that the sea there must have rolled in over the land. Sometimes we go down at night, and then the scene under water is often a beautiful sight. Every jelly fish and living creature seems to be ablaze with light. Your rope appears to be on fire, and every motion makes the water glimmer. The crabs and fishes sparkle, many with a light of their own. So, you see, instead of being a dark and barren place, as the majority of the people seem to regard it, the ocean even at the greatest depth, is probably made bright by the very animals that most need the light."

Thunder storms are more frequent in Java than in any other part of the globe. On an average they occur in the island on ninety-seven days in the year. In England the average marks thunder storms on about seven days in the year—only half the number recorded in France.

Blockade Runners.

How They Were Built and Painted—Some Exciting Captures.

The vessels engaged in blockade running were built for the purpose. They were long, narrow, low sidewheel steamers with sharp bows that cut the water like a knife, powerful engines, raking funnels, and two masts, rigged as schooners. The hull rose only a few feet above the water. They were painted gray, so that even in the day-time it would be difficult to see them far away. The forward part of the deck was covered over, so that they could run through heavy seas. Before the war there was very little commerce between England and the Bermuda Islands, but now the harbors were alive with ships—great seagoing steamers from England loaded with arms, cannon, powder, and goods of all kinds—returning to England freighted with cotton. The blockade runners brought the cotton from Wilmington and Charleston, delivered it to the large steamers, took on board the goods, arms and ammunition, and steamed back to those ports, always planning to run past the blockade vessels in the night. When coming in all lights were put out, and steam was blown off under water. A man up in the "crow's nest" on the forward mast kept a sharp lookout on the Union vessels. The pilot knew every channel and sandbar. The vessels were under tight draft. The blockade runner, was only a runner, not a fighter. If he came too close to a war ship he took to his heels. The runners were so swift, the war ships so slow, that they were rarely captured when the chase was a stern one.

It was a hard, exciting service which the blockading fleets endured. During the day the vessels cruised along the shores, looking into all inlets, or sailed eastward to discover any approaching blockade runner, but at sunset they came close in-shore, almost under the guns of Fort Sumpter at Charle's or Fort Fisher at Wilmington. All lights were put out except the one lantern at the masthead of the Commodore's vessel. Men were up in the rigging straining their eyes through the night to catch a sight of the swift runners.

On an October night, 1863, the Venus from Nassau, approached Wilmington. The lookout up at the masthead of the steamer Nansmond, discovered her. Lieut. Lamsor, commanding the Nansmond, when he had a duty to perform was always ready. The fires were blazing under his boilers—the steam was up. In an instant the Nansmond was away.

"Give her a shot!" he shouted.—The long rifled guns flashed. The shot shattered the forecastle of the Venus; another shot goes through her cabin; the third crashes through the forecabin, killing a sailor; the fourth struck the hull below the water line. Both vessels are fast, going fourteen knots an hour. The captain of the Venus sees that he cannot make the harbor, and runs for the shore. She strikes hard and fast; the crew leaped into the water and reached the sandy beach. The Nansmond lowers her boats and the Venus cannot be moved; she is set on fire and the Nansmond, at daylight, steams away.

"There she is!" the lookout of the Nippon shouted at daybreak a few mornings later. Captain Breck, commanding the Nippon, saw a side wheel steamer close in shore, making for Wilmington harbor. Another blockade runner was in pursuit. The Nippon was in a position to intercept the runner—the Ella and Anna. The captain of the runner sees that he is cut off and he determines to run the Nippon down.

Capt. Breck sees the situation. "Ready, boarders!" he shouts, and the sailors, who have been thoroughly drilled, seize their pistols and swords. The cannon of the Nippon send a shower of canister. The next moment there is a crash, and the bowsprit of the Nippon breaks like a pipstern. Over the rail swarm the boarders and the next moment the Ella and Anna is theirs, with 300 cases of rifles and cargo worth \$118,000. The vessel is renamed the Malvern, and becomes one of the blockading fleet.

A great many blockade runners were captured and destroyed, but the profits were so enormous that others were being sent out. The runners were willing to run the risk for the high wages they received. A captain received \$5,000 for each successful trip, each one of the crew \$250, the chief engineer \$2,500, and the pilot \$3,500.—National Tribune.

Extension of Dining Car Service on the Pennsylvania Lines.

In these days of hurry and rapid transit the dining car has become an essential element of every through train. The Pennsylvania Railroad was the pioneer in the East of this branch of the service, and its dining cars won a well-merited reputation among travelers. In order to better provide for the comfort of its through passengers dining cars will, on and after June 16th, be added to the equipment of all through trains running over the lines west of Pittsburgh between the East and Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis. The principal trains on the lines east of Pittsburgh are now equipped with these cars, and their addition to those of the West will greatly enhance the convenience of passengers destined to the three great Western termini.

Practicing the Australian System.

Many people in Baltimore are getting acquainted with the Australian system of voting. An assembly of the Knights of Labor has erected in one of the halls of the city a voting room with two booths. All the officers and clerks are appointed just as in a regular election and tickets are supplied. The voters have been pleasantly disappointed by their experiences. At first the system looked difficult and the complications seemed hard to understand, but practical tests soon showed that it was the perfection of simplicity. Many workmen and citizens generally visited the rooms, and all were delighted with the new law. The booths will be kept open at night as long as public interest in the experiment remains. There is no charge, and the whole thing is due to the public spirit of Electoral Assembly, No. 6280, Knights of Labor.

Effect of Climate Upon Hair.

I am told by a scientist of high standing that there is less red hair as generation succeeds generation in this country. He explains it by saying that the effect of the American climate is to produce brown hair, and that all extremes of color will some day be blended in a deep chestnut brown. It is a matter of observation that white horses are more numerous now than girls with red hair, although it was not more than three years ago a popular superstition that you could not see one on the street without the other.—New York Press.

Dehorning of Cattle.

Joseph Horst, a wealthy farmer of Heidelberg, Lebanon county, was acquitted of the charge of cruelty to animals in sawing off the horns of his cattle in November. It was a test case, and had defendant been convicted a number of prosecutions would have followed. The dehorning of cattle, which has been practiced for some years in the West, has been but recently introduced in Eastern Pennsylvania. Many farmers are opposed to it. Experts were examined from all parts of the country. The preponderance of testimony was in favor of the defendant. A number of witnesses swore that they regarded the practice a humane one. It was shown that Horst had dehorned fifty head of cattle.

What Paresis Is.

"Paresis," said a physician last night, as he lighted a cigar and told a patient that smoking was a dangerous vice, "is a disease of which men, particularly men of affairs, are very much afraid. It is a hopeless disease, and physicians have never been able to cure it. The fear that it excites is due to the fact that it is a mainly that men measure as it grows from day to day. Paresis, is popularly known as softening of the brain, but it is quite the reverse. The brain hardens and contracts. The popular idea that this awful malady is due to excesses of an improper sort is altogether wrong. The great cause is worry, overwork, a too constant application of the brain along with the one idea that is dominant in the United States—a desire to grow rich. I saw an article in the newspapers not long ago that stated that the man of undisciplined mentality, the self-made man, in fact, the man whose brain was not trained and the working of whose brain was not systematized by a good education, was more susceptible to paresis than any other type of man, and it has been my observation that this is true. Men who cannot stand success, men who, to use a popular vulgarism, have the 'swelled head,' fall quicker than others. Yes, it is true that no newspaper man has died of paresis."

A Few Fashion Points.

Black grenadine with flowered borders will be very much worn. A very natty coat for home or visiting wear is the yachting jacket, striped or plain. India silks are elaborately made up and very much trimmed with lace and ribbons. Bodices and blouses in plaid sarah will be popular this summer for seaside and country wear. Parasometer trappings of all kinds—silver, gilt, silk and wool—are characterized by a pleasing modesty of design. A parasol of red India silk, with spider web designs in white rustic handle and red silk cord and tassel, is a pretty novelty. Parasols of white bolting cloth with elaborate puffings of white crepe de Chine and enameled white handles are especially ornate. White sailor hats with lace straw crowns and straight Milan brims appeal on sight to the fancy of young and pretty lady shoppers. Buckles in antique and oxidized silver, steel, smoked pearl, jet and jeweled effects are all the rage and the popular shape is a palm leaf. A canoe-shaped hat of almost universal becomingness is the "Julia," in black Neapolitan with a rosette bow of black gauze ribbon, gold pins and embroidery. The fancy of the hour for floral garnitures bids fair to develop into a mania. They form some part of every article of a lady's dress, and new arrangements may be continually noted.

Chloroform Discovered by Chance.

Chloroform, which has proved such an inestimable boon to thousands of sufferers, was discovered by chance. Dr. Simpson (who was afterwards knighted) set himself to find some anesthetic to take the place of ether, which had gained a bad name owing to the fact that several deaths had occurred through the careless use of it. Other scientists joined him in his researches, and carefully analyzed every substance which they thought was in the least likely to give the desired result. One night the party were busily engaged in their self-imposed task. They had tested every subject which had been selected for experiment without anything approaching to a favorable issue, and were beginning to feel disheartened by their lack of success.

As one of them was poking about the laboratory to see if he would find anything else which might be put into the little testing glass with which each was provided, he happened upon a small bottle of old brandy which was looked upon more as a curiosity than as possessing any useful properties. With scarcely a thought of success he poured a little of it into each of the tubes, and the members of the party began to inhale it. For a few moments they seemed seized with an unusual gladness, but soon they one after another fell to the ground, overcome by the powerful fumes. As they gradually came to again they recognized that their search was over, and from that occasion dates the use of chloroform as an anesthetic.—Montreal Star.

It appears that of the immigrants coming into this country more Italians go back to their native land than any other nationality.