# THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. V. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1872. NO. 8.


### The Hidden Joy.

Through leafy by-paths, sheltered and apart,
Whistling the carol of a careless heart,
In idle gladness strolled a truant boy.

Up in a tree-top swayed a little bird,
And sang and sang, nor cared if any heard
His solitary roundelay of joy.

A brook flowed through the silence of a wood;
Some gorgeous flowers upon its margin stood,
And waved their scarlet banners of delight.

From evening's dusky blue shone out a star,
And through the darkness trailed its splendor far,
Though all the world was buried in the night.

Joy asks no seeing eye, nor listening ear;
But carols, blooms, and shines when none is near,
Only because it feels so fully blest.

The mated bird flies not on open wing,
But sings from out the bough—and so I sing
The happy secret hidden in my breast.

### Cold!—Bitterly Cold.

Cold!—bitterly cold!
The moon is bright,
And the snow is white,
Beautiful to behold;
But the wind is howling,
Like hungry, prowling
Wolves on the wintry wol!—
Cold!—bitterly cold!

My shawl is ragged and old,
The hearth deserted and dark,
Gladdened by never a spark;
And my only light
Is the pitiless white
Of the moonbeam's chill,
Silvery chill,
Cruelly—splendidly bright—
Cold!—bitterly cold!

Babe, more precious than gold,
Rest, little one, rest!
Sleep, my own one,
Clasped to thy mother's breast,
Though thin and wasted her form,
Her arms shall enfold,
And shield thee from cold;
For the love in her breast is warm,
Though the chill night breeze;
May the life-blood freeze
Cold!—bitterly cold!

Cold!—bitterly cold!
My eyes are dim,
And my senses swim,
I am prematurely old!
Foodless and fireless,
Almost attireless,
Wrapt in rags so scanty and thin,
With bones that stare through the colorless skin,
Weary and worn,
Tattered and torn,
If I should wish I had ne'er been born.
Tell me, is it a sin?
Cold world—bitterly cold!

### Afternoon in February.

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.
Through cloud's like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences,
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;
While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;
Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within,
Like a funeral bell.

### JASON CREEL.

AN INCIDENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The mists of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain-top above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led toward it were crowded with the varied population of the surrounding country from far and near. At Aylesbury the shops were closed; the hammer of the blacksmith lay upon its anvil; not a wagon of any description was to be seen in the street; and even the bar of the tavern was locked, and the key gone with its proprietor toward the cliff, as a token of an important era which was without a parallel in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looking through a broken pane in some closed-up house, with an air of sad disappointment; or the cries of a little nursling were heard, betokening that in the general flight, it had been left in unskillful hands; or, mayhap, here and there a solitary, ragged and ill-natured school-boy was seen, or a not less solitary and ill-natured dog, either seeming but half-appeased by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home—the whole village exhibited a picture of desertion and silence which had been un known before.

But in proportion as you drew nearer the ponderous cliffs, in the midst of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bustle and motion of the world, of men, and women, and boys, and horses, and dogs, and all living, moving, and creeping things that inhabit the wild districts of Pennsylvania.

The village itself was crowded to overflowing long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valley, in which it lay. There the bar of an inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whisky, the jingling of small change, and the perpetual clamor of the throng, were sufficient to rack a brain of common flexibility. In the streets, there was a greeting of old and long-parted acquaintances; the bartering of horses; the settling of old accounts; the buffoonery of half in toxicated men; the clatter of women; the crying and halooing of children and boys, and the barking and quarreling of stranger dogs.

To look upon the scene, to mingle with the crowd, to listen to the conversation, or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude, led to no satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone jail, at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp, and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had traveled a hundred miles to meet him once more on the threshold of the grave; they met, and from that gloomy vault the hymn ascended with the ascending sun; and the jailer, as he listened to the melodious voices of three persons whom he looked upon as the most desolate and lost of all in the wide world, almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and stood in fixed astonishment at the massive door. Could these be the voices of a murderer, and a murderer's wife and child?

This brief, and to be final interview, had passed, however; those unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly Parent, and parted; he to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they, as they said, to return by weary journeys to their sorrowful home. The convict, worn out with sickness and watching, now slept soundly.

His name was Jason Creel; his place of residence said to be in Virginia. He had been taken up while traveling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at a country town some miles distant, for the murder of a traveler, who had borne him company from the Lakes, and was ascertained to have a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which they both slept at a country inn, near Redcliff, with his throat cut.

Creel had always protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep; but the circumstances were against him; and although the money was not found on him, he was sentenced to be hanged, and had been removed to the old stone jail at Redcliff for security, the county jail being deemed unsafe. This was the day the execution was to take place; the scaffold was already erected; the crowd pressed round the building, and frequent cries of "Bring out the murderer!" were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay; the convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who aroused him with the information that all was ready for him without, and bade him hasten to his execution; they laid hands upon him, and pinioned him tight, while he looked up toward heaven in wild astonishment, as one new born, and only said: "The dream—the dream!"

"What dream, Mr. Jason?" said the sheriff. "You would do me a great kindness, if you would dream yourself and me out of this disagreeable business."

"I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us, in a gray dress, with a white hat and large whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him, and sang distinctly: "This is Lewis, the murderer of the traveler."

The officers and jailer held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharply after the man in grey with white hat; accompanied with many hints of the resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by a supernatural agency. The prison doors were cleared; and Creel, pale and feeble, with a hymn-book in his hand, and a mien all meekness and humility, was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it, than his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people around him, with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams; and while the sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety appeared to increase; he looked, and look again; then raised his hands and eyes a moment to the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when, lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described stood within six feet of the ladder!

The prisoner's eye caught thesight, and flashed with fire while he called out: "There is Lewis the murderer of the traveler!" and the jailer at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape; but being secured, and taken before the magistrates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for trial—while Creel was set at liberty, and hastened, like a man out of his senses, from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed; Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and contounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband; that she had concealed the disguise, and performed the whole part by his direction; that he had given her the money; which he had successfully concealed; and that the whole from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape, which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her—she was set at liberty, and neither she nor her husband was heard of again.

### How A Newspaper Was Started.

Years ago, an educated, but rather fast young Englishman, having run through all his ready money by a long course of fashionable dissipation in the chief cities of the continent, found himself one day in Paris with his means of livelihood nearly exhausted, and credit entirely gone. This state of things—almost face to face with want—set him to reflecting seriously, for the first time in several years. "Something must be done," mused he, "and that right quickly." "Bread and butter must be had, and there is no money in my trowsers wheewith to get it; or, at best, only sufficient to last, with economy, three or four days longer; and, then what? Being naturally shrewd, of an inventive turn of mind, and a very ready ink-slingist, he quickly formed the determination of turning these qualities to present account. "Necessity is the mother of invention," it is said. His resolution to strike out in his new course was no sooner taken than he proceeded to put it into execution.

On-taking account of stock, our impecunious friend finds he has just sufficient funds on hand to settle up with his landlady for his last lodgings, take him across the channel to London, and to insert an advertisement he had studied up and prepared, three times in two daily papers of the city. "And what was this curious advertisement?" very naturally asks the reader. It simply called for five hundred newsboys to sell a new daily paper about to start. As their commission for doing this, they were to receive an extra percentage, but as a guarantee (and here comes in the joke), each boy to be employed must leave with his employer just one pound sterling. This condition was peremptorily insisted on in every case. But the extra inducement had the desired effect—in fact it took admirably, for in less than a week the five hundred boys, or their friends for them, had applied, registered their names, and £500 sterling were duly deposited.

Mr. Smithson, our embryo journalist, now set himself to work night and day to get up a daily paper. Aside from a few paying advertisements, and some shilling notices, he himself wrote up the entire contents of the little sheet, and on the day the boys were told to come for their papers, the first number was ready. The paper was no longer a myth, but a living reality. Little did these ragged urchins or their friends suspect, however, that the whole thing was got up on their money! The venture proved a great success; but, on the other hand, had it been a failure—then what? Ah! in that case our friend would suddenly have found it necessary to resume his travels again, otherwise he would have found himself ticketed ten years, at least, to Bridewell.

From the first number of the paper the enterprise rapidly grew and flourished; the shoeless little fellows, who so unwittingly furnished the capital to set up a newspaper, soon had their money returned, and none were the wiser, none the worse, for the clever *ruse* that had been played.

Thus was ushered into the world that powerful institution, known to-day all over two hemispheres as the London *Daily Telegraph*, with correspondents in every part of the globe, employing a corps of writers and wielding an influence second only to the "Thunderer" itself. Mr. S., the projector, died several years ago, wealthy from the proceeds of an enterprise begotten of sheer desperation, and, though rash in its inception, yet highly successful in its results.

THE VICTIM OF THE MENAGERIE.—Apropos of sensational exhibitions, says a London letter, it will be in your recollection that an unfortunate lion-tamer named McCarthy was torn to pieces a few weeks ago at Rochdale, by the lions whom, poor creature, he professed to have "tamed." No less a personage than Tom King, the retired pugilist, has come forward to beard the lions in their den, but it is satisfactory to be assured that his overtures have declined. I knew a lion-tamer who shook in his shoes at the approach of his wife, and yet that henpecked man not only put his head in a lion's mouth, but, what is more remarkable, he drew it out again. He could bully a lion, but he would run in a rathole from his wife. At last she eloped with a Methodist parson, and the poor lion-tamer took her loss to heart so much that he never again had the pluck to look a lion in the face. He caught the jaundice, poor fellow! and died at Greenwich in the flower of his youth and beauty. I never hear of a lion-tamer without thinking of poor Jackson; but let us hope that the race is now extinct.

CHILDREN.—Cross, crying, or suffering children may be a heavy care to mothers, but the care may be quickly changed to remorseful grief if they administer "sleeping medicine" without proper medical advice. At Huddersfield, England, two infants six weeks old were recently killed by administering a mixture of opium and aniseed, which had been recommended to the mother by another woman. The children were fretful, and the mother prepared the decoction. It was not long before she was relieved of all her care of the little twins, who died from the effects of the opium.

### The Game of "Succotash."

Our young folks at home have been kept wide awake many evenings by the new game of succotash. As every boy and girl ought to know, succotash has two parts—viz.: beans and corn. It is best in learning the game to commence with the first part—corn—in this way: All the players being seated, one begins by counting one, his next right-hand neighbor says two, the next three, and so on until seven is reached, but instead of saying seven the player says "beans." Then keep right on counting, each naming his proper number in turn, eight, nine, ten, etc., until fourteen: but say "beans" instead of fourteen. Go on again, saying "beans" instead of seventeen or twenty-one, or twenty seven. In other words, the rule of the game is: "Beans" is to be said instead of seven or any multiple or compound of seven. Of course, when seventy is reached it will be "beans" all the way through, with "beans, beans," for seventy-seven. Whoever fails to say "beans" in the right place, or says it at a wrong number, is out, and the others play on until all are out. The counting s continued up to eighty-four, then begins at one again.

When "beans" are mastered, begin with "corn," using it wherever nine occurs, or any multiple or compound of nine, and continue the counting up to one hundred and eight.

Next try and mix them, for succotash; naming "beans" and "corn" in all the right places at the sevens, nines, etc. Be sure and call out "succotash" at twenty-seven, because it is a multiple of nine and also a compound of seven; at forty nine, which is a multiple of seven and a compound of nine, and at any other number where these parts both occur as multiples or compounds. To play the game lively, without mistakes, will require quick thinking and careful speaking. The game can be varied by using any any other numbers, and those who have had hard work to remember the multiplication table will find it a capital exercise to fix the figures in mind so that they will stay in their places.—*Agriculturist.*

### Goldsmith Maid's Time.

Among the decisions just promulgated by the Board of Appeals of the American Trotting Congress for their meeting held in Providence, R. I., on the 9th and 10th of January, is that in the matter of S. D. Bruce et. al., for a decision respecting the validity of the record of 2:17 claimed to have been made by the bay mare Goldsmith Maid on the Cold Spring Track, at Milwaukee, Wis., on the 6th of September, 1871. After viewing the case at length, the Board decides:

First—That said Cold Spring Course, on the day of said race, exceeded a mile in length, measured in the manner required by article 19 in the by-laws.

Second—That said race was a public race, within the scope and meaning of rule 42.

Third—That the official record of said association presents no protest or other allegation of any disqualification as to either horse; and that said record contains conclusive evidence that Goldsmith Maid won said race in three heats, of which the time, as taken by the judges and properly placed in the record of said association, was severally 2:20 1-2, 2:17, and 2:20 1-4.

Fourth—That the proof is conclusive that in each heat of said race said Goldsmith Maid trotted fairly and performed a full mile.

Fifth—That the judges of said race employed the assistance of all necessary persons to enable themselves to properly understand and judge the race in all its parts; and that the knowledge which they thus possessed of the performance, and the aforesaid decision of said race which they have recorded, were not in any reasonable sense invalidated in consequence of an interruption of their personal view over a part of the course caused by objects occupying the range of their vision.

For these reasons we confirm the validity of the record produced by said association, which establishes that Goldsmith Maid, in the second heat of said race, trotted a mile in 2:17.

PRACTICAL DARWINISM.—We "owe Michigan one" for an illustration of practical Darwinism. Monkeys are in that region, but they are very sharp. A Detroit saddler owns one which usually sits on the counter, and is no doubt a genuine attraction. A countryman came in one day, while the proprietor was in the back room, and seeing a saddle that suited him asked the price. Monkey said nothing. Customer said, "I'll give you twenty dollars for it," laying down the money, which monkey shoved into the drawer. The man then took the saddle, but monkey mounted him, tore his hair, scratched his face, and made the frightened rustic scream for dear life. Proprietor rushed in and wanted to know what the fuss was. "Fuss!" said the customer, "fuss! I bought a saddle of your son, sitting there, and when I went to take it he would not let me have it." The saddler apologized for the monkey but denied the relationship.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

CATTLE DISEASE.—A bill for the prevention of pleuro-pneumonia and other contagious diseases among cattle, introduced in the New Jersey Senate, provides for the appointment of three commissioners, with power to make all needful regulations for the quarantine, treatment and cure of cattle exposed to or affected with any disease whose spread it is desirable to prevent. The commissioners may, when in their opinion necessary, kill and bury all infected cattle, and all owners thereof are required, under heavy penalties, to notify the commissioners of that fact. The pay of the commissioners is fixed at eight dollars per day for each day of actual service.

SUCH A BEAR.—A traveler was once making a pedestrian tour of the Alps, when suddenly, in a narrow path, he came face to face with a large brown bear. He drew a revolver and was about to fire when, to his amazement, the bear cried out, "Don't fire!" It turned out that the pretended bear was a man employed by some guides, who sent him out dressed in a bear-skin when they had a timid traveler to escort. At a preconcerted spot the bear would such upon them; and when put to flight by the exertions of the guides, the traveler never failed to reward their courage and devotion by a handsome present, of which the bear received a liberal share.

THE CROPS.—The Department of Agriculture reports that the following States have gathered in crops better than the average during the season that has just closed. If the average crop be represented by 100, then the large crops are in the following proportion: New Hampshire, 111; Massachusetts, 103; Rhode Island, 100; Connecticut, 105; New Jersey, 102; Delaware, 108; Maryland, 103; Arkansas, 102; Missouri, 112; Ohio, 104; Wisconsin, 108; Minnesota, 110; Iowa, 114; Nebraska, 112; and Kansas, 119. The total production of which is about 7 per cent. less than last year.

John G. Saxe is responsible for the following paraphrase from Martial:

Your nose and your eyes your father gave, you say
Your mouth your grandsire, and your mother meek
Your fine expression; tell me now, I pray,
Where, in the name of heaven, you got your *cheek?*

### Vaccination and Disease.

The most experienced vaccinators, on the one hand, and those who have had most to do with the treatment of infantile ailments, on the other, agree in the belief that disease is not communicable by vaccination. Mr. Marsom, an English physician, in the performance of more than fifty thousand vaccinations, "has never seen other diseases communicated with the vaccine disease, nor does he believe in the popular reports that they are so communicated." Mr. Lees, whose observations were equally extensive, has borne similar testimony.

Dr. W. Jenner, who in six years had some thirteen thousand sick adults and children under observation, states "that in no case had he reason to believe, or even to suspect, that any unconstitutional taint had been conveyed from one person to another by vaccination." During a period of seventeen years, Dr. West treated twenty-six thousand infants and children, with a like experience; and Prof. Paget, after an extensive familiarity with the diseases of children, expresses the opinion that the worst which can be charged upon vaccination is that, by disturbing for a time the general health, it may rarely give opportunity for the external manifestation and complete evolution of some constitutional affection which but for it might have remained rather longer latent.

Where every person in a community has been properly vaccinated, there is little chance for small-pox to obtain a foothold; and it is also very certain that the presence of the unvaccinated is a standing invitation to the development and spread of epidemics. The opponents of vaccination, and a far larger number who from ignorance or carelessness neglect the precaution, thus become, so far as the public health is concerned, a "dangerous class," which, like other dangerous classes, it is for the interest of the community at large to remove.

### Breach of Promise Suit.

In the United States Circuit Court, of New York, a declaration was filed by Sadie E. Wilkinson vs. Mark M. Pomeroy, who is known as "Brick" Pomeroy, alleging a breach of promise of marriage against the defendant.

The chief points of the allegations of the bill are set out in the subjoined statement:—

The plaintiff alleges that on the 30th of May, 1866, the defendant, at New Haven, Conn., and at New York, solicited her in marriage; that she is now unmarried; and that in consideration of the promise of the plaintiff that she would marry the defendant when requested to do so within a reasonable time, the defendant promised and agreed to marry her, but has failed to do so, having as the declaration alleges, and in violation of his promise, married another woman, whose name is not known to the plaintiff, who claims $25,000 damages.

It is further set up in the bill that on the 1st of January, 1866, the defendant, being a married man and having a lawful wife, did at New Haven, Conn., pay court to the plaintiff in view of marriage, and held himself out then and there to the plaintiff as a single, unmarried man, capable of contracting a legal marriage with Miss Wilkinson, and undertook to marry her within a reasonable time when requested to do so. The lady states that she did entertain the solicitations of Pomeroy to marry her, not knowing that he was not sole and incapable of contracting a lawful union with her. She alleges that the defendant was, in fact, married and had a lawful wife alive, which fact, she says, the defendant knew. For these reasons, she states, she has been hurt in her good name and reputation, and prevented from receiving the attentions of other men in view of marriage, having remained single up to the present time.

### About Children.

DR. O. W. Holmes, in the February *Atlantic*, thus discourses about children: The Old Master, who is a bachelor, has a kindly feeling for this little monkey, and those of his kind.

"I like children," he said to me one day at table. "I like 'em, and I respect 'em. Pretty much all the honest truth-telling there is in the world is done by them. Do you know they play the part in the household which the king's jester, who very often had a mighty long head under his cap and bells, used to play for a monarch? There's no radical club like a nest of little folks in a nursery. Did you ever watch a baby's fingers? I have, often enough, though I never knew what it was to own one." The master paused half a minute or so, sighed—perhaps at thinking what he had missed in life,—looking up at me a little vacantly. I saw what was the matter; he had lost the thread of his talk.

"Baby's fingers," I interpolated.

"Yes, yes; did you ever see how they will poke those wonderful little fingers of theirs into every fold and crack and crevice they can get at? That is their first education, feeling their way into the solid facts of the material world. When they begin to talk, it is the same thing over and over again in another shape. If there is a crack or a flaw in your answer to their confounded shoulder-hitting questions, they will poke and poke until they have got it gaping, just as the baby's fingers have made a rent out of that atom of a hole in his pinafore that your old eyes never took notice of. Then they make such fools of us by copying on a small scale what we do in the grand manner.

THE PARTRIDGE.—At a meeting of horticulturists in Illinois strong ground was taken against the destruction of these birds. To show how useful this bird is it was stated that a flock of partridges were seen running along the rows of corn just sprouting, and seeing them engaged in something which was believed to be pulling up the young plants, one of them was killed and its "crop" examined, which was found to contain one cutworm, twenty-one striped bugs, and over one hundred chinch bugs. Another member related that he had adopted measures to protect the bird, and that they had become so numerous and so tame that hundreds of them, after snow falls, could be seen in his barnyard with the fowls where they were fed. As a result of their presence upon his premises his wheat crops were unusually abundant, while in many other places not far off the chinch bug and other insects had destroyed half the crop.

WHAT BRIGHAM SAID.—The Mormons tell a good story of Brigham Young. Among the applicants for the special privilege of taking a second wife, there came, one day, a brother of unusually doubtful character, a drunkard and a rascal generally, when something like the following dialogue ensued: "So you want another wife, do you?" "Yes, if you please, Brother Brigham." "Well, the short of the matter is, that you can't have one." "Why can't I have one as well as the other saints?" "So you want to know the whole story, do you?" "Yes; I should like to know why I can't have more than one wife, as well as the rest of 'em." "Well, you shall know, then, in short order. I want your race to die out."

WANTS HIS SALARY REDUCED.—The Mayor of Salem, Mass., gets sixteen hundred dollars a year for his services, which he contends is too much, and he has applied to the Common Council to have it reduced to eight hundred.

### What can Honor Be.

The child and the old man sat alone
In the quiet peaceful shade
Of the old green boughs that had richly grown
In the deep, thick forest glade.
It was a soft and pleasant sound,
That rustling of the oak;
And the gentle breeze played lightly round,
As thus the fair boy spoke:

"Dear father, what can honor be,
Of which I hear men rave?
Field, cell and cloister, land and sea,
The tempest and the grave;
It lives in all, 'tis sought in each,
'Tis never heard or seen:
Now tell me, father, I beseech,
What can this honor mean?"

"It is a name—a name, my child,
It lived in other days,
When men were rude, their passions wild,
Their sport, thick battle frays.
When in armor bright, the warrior bold
Knelt to his lady's eyes;
Beneath the abbey pavement old,
That warrior's dust now lies.

"The iron hearts of that old day
Have mouldered in the grave;
And chivalry has passed away,
With knights so true and brave;
The honor which to them was life,
Throbs in no bosom now;
It only gilds the gambler's strife,
Or decks the worthless vow."

### THE TWO TROMBONES.

Mr. Whiffles—the respected parent of our hero, Mr. Adolphus Whiffles—was an opulent Berkshire farmer, who, before retiring from his business and leaving it to his son, fancied that a visit to the great metropolis would have the effect of sharpening the wits of that amiable youth, an operation of which that young gentleman stood greatly in need. The son jumped at the idea, especially when he learned that he was to set out on his travels alone. With the parental blessing and his purse well filled, Mr. Whiffles, junior, duly arrived in London and installed himself in economical quarters in Savoy street, Strand.

The theatres, of course, occupied a large share of Mr. Whiffles' attention during his stay in London, and the neighborhood of stage-doors afforded him a vast amount of satisfaction. The sight of "professionals" in their everyday costume was to him the source of great gratification, and his delight when he made the acquaintance of a prominent member of the orchestra of the Royal Dash Theatre exceeded all bounds. He vowed eternal friendship for him on the spot, and there and then ratified the agreement by entertaining his new acquaintance at a *recherche* supper at the Albion. Our story opens when Mr. Whiffles and his friend—O'Leary by name—had been almost inseparables for the space of six weeks. With pain Mr. Whiffles had lately observed an expression of settled melancholy on Mr. O'Leary's expressive countenance, and had resolutely determined to divine the cause.

"You are ill?" said our hero one evening, after they had supped at the hostelry above mentioned, and were quaffing various "whiskeys hot" to promote digestion.

Mr. O'Leary sighed, shook his head sadly, and emptied his glass by way of reply.

"Your supper has disagreed with you—you have eaten too much," continued Mr. Whiffles, tenderly.

"It isn't the supper that worrics me," observed his companion; "it's the substitute."

This mysterious answer puzzled Mr. Whiffles. He thought it over seriously, then gave it up in despair, and demanded an explanation. Mr. O'Leary vigorously puffed at his cigar, and then proceeded to enlighten Mr. Whiffles.

It appeared from Mr. O'Leary's account that it was customary in the Royal Dash Theatre for the management to allow various members of the orchestra to absent themselves from time to time from their posts in order to attend concerts or other entertainments, on the condition that they provided efficient substitutes to fulfil their ordinary duties. As a rule, these substitutes were not hard to find; but Mr. O'Leary confessed, with tears in his eyes, that although he had searched high and low, for some unaccountable reason he could find no one able or willing to supply his place at the theatre while he was absent to fulfil a most profitable engagement he had accepted to play at a fashionable West End concert the ensuing evening. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Whiffles threw himself into the breach and proffered his services.

"Stuff!" replied Mr. O'Leary, "what do you know about music?"

Mr. Whiffles couldn't tell. He was quite certain about what he didn't know, but that he refrained from mentioning. There was a painful pause. Mr. O'Leary smoked silently on for some time, now and then darting a searching glance upon the anxious face of Mr. Whiffles, as if he were revolving some great scheme in the innermost recesses of his own mind, but as yet scarcely saw the manner in which it could be carried out. Suddenly—"I have it. Thanks, Whiffles, my boy. I accept your generous offer. You shall be my substitute," said Mr. O'Leary.

To say that Mr. Whiffles was delighted would but feebly express the state of his mind. He grasped Mr. O'Leary's hand and shook it fervently. He trembled already with excitement. His proudest hopes were about to be realized. He would be admitted behind the scenes of a theatre. Words failed to convey any idea of his feelings, as he lent a willing ear to Mr. O'Leary, who proceeded to give him the necessary instructions.

In the first place, Mr. O'Leary pointed out that there were two trombone-players in the orchestra of the Royal Dash Theatre, he himself being one, and that for the especial guidance of Mr. Whiffles, he would summarily state the case as follows, premising that after the rise of the curtain on the first piece, a performance upon the two trombones heralded the approach of the villain of the piece.

Further, his (O'Leary's) experience induced him to believe that in a crowded assembly one trombone would probably make as much noise as two; and that all Mr. Whiffles had to do, after announcing himself as Mr. O'Leary's substitute, would be to take his seat leisurely in the orchestra, and, when the curtain rose, carefully watch the proceedings of the other trombone-player, and imitate his every movement; so that, in reality, one trombone would make all the noise, although, apparently, two were being played. Lastly, he advised Mr. Whiffles to be careful what he was about, as the leader was a ——!

Soon afterwards the friends left the Albion and proceeded on their several ways—Whiffles already more than half repenting his rashness in embarking in the undertaking.

The sombre shades of twilight were enwrapping, as with a shroud, the streets of London, when, carrying Mr. O'Leary's trombone in his hand, Mr. Whiffles might have been observed woefully picking his way through the purlieus of Drury Lane, endeavoring to find the stage entrance of the Royal Dash Theatre. Two or three sallow-faced gentlemen were smoking short pipes at the entrance, and occasionally a lady or gentleman passed hurriedly in, evidently under the impression that they were behind their time, but a glance at the clock in the hall seemed to reassure them, as they made their way more leisurely towards their respective dressing-rooms. Upon reference to his watch, Mr. Whiffles found that the doors had only just been opened, and he therefore had some leisure to look about him. He loitered at the door for some time, wondering, as the various members of the company made their appearance, who *this* one was, and who *that* one could possibly be, until a small but uncommonly sharp boy plucked him by the sleeve and said—"You'd better make haste—they're going to ring in."

Mr. Whiffles then became aware that he was almost entirely alone. Without having the faintest idea of the meaning of "ringing in," he mechanically followed the small boy down a gloomy passage, tumbled down a few steps, picked himself up and found himself upon the stage. He had hardly time to cast a hurried glance upon the novel, not to say dreary objects by which he was surrounded, when an elderly individual, in a white beard, and wh ose shirt-front appeared to be plentifully besprinkled with snuff, beckoned the boy.

"Tom," said he, "go to the music-room and ask Mr. Lovejoy for my copy of 'Old King Cole.'"

The boy at once complied. Rightly conjecturing that the music-room was the place wherein the musicians assembled previous to making their appearance in the orchestra, Mr. Whiffles followed the boy down a score or so of rickety stairs, to the great detriment of his shins, into a scantily-furnished apartment, situated immediately beneath the stage, wherein he found several gentlemen composedly tuning their instruments. Upon hearing Mr. Lovejoy, the leader, addressed by name, Mr. Whiffles nervously introduced himself as Mr. O'Leary's substitute.

"Very good," said Mr. Lovejoy, "he's told you everything, I suppose?"

Mr. Whiffles bowed assentingly, and darted a piercing glance into every corner of the apartment, in search of the other trombone. Horror! *He wasn't there!* The man upon whom he solely depended absent! What was to be done? Retreat was out of the question; as, while he was contemplating flight, a small bell sounded, and the musicians proceeded to take their places in the orchestra. Mr. Whiffles, still bearing the fatal trombone, despairingly followed, and, ere long, found himself in the presence of the British public. The novelty of his situation so confused him that he, for a moment, seated himself in the chair belonging to Mr. Lovejoy, and was received with a prodigious outburst of enthusiasm, the audience supposing him to be the talented Leader himself. This mistake was soon rectified by the appearance of the veritable leader, who muttered something under his breath by no means complimentary to our hero, and motioned him angrily to the seat usually occupied by Mr. O'Leary. The audience, perceiving the mistake, expressed their opinion of Mr. Whiffles in candid and unmistakable terms as he ruefully made his way to the spot indicated by the conductor. After trying to reduce to something like order the sheets of music on the stand before him, Mr. Whiffles gained sufficient courage to look around him. The house was packed from floor to ceiling—everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation, and sundry anxious voices appertaining to impatient "gods" implored the musicians to strike up at once, and appease their anxiety.

Again the small bell tinkled. Mr. Lovejoy tapped his desk—raised his baton—looked on each side of him, and—stopped. He whispered to the First Fiddle, and then left his seat and the orchestra. Mr. Whiffles asked his next neighbor what this might portend, and was informed in reply, that Puffler, the other Trombone, hadn't as yet put in an appearance.

"Couldn't they do without him?" asked Mr. Whiffles—devoutly hoping in his heart of hearts they couldn't.

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Wouldn't the big drum do as well?" inquired Mr. Whiffles.

His neighbor regarded him with some surprise, smiled, and continued:

"Do without him! how can they? Don't you know that you and he begin the moment the curtain rises, to bring on old Russet, the heavy man? He couldn't come on without his music, you know; as he appears at the back at first—then crosses the mountains from right to left—then from left to right, and finally comes down left upon the stage, where he expresses a variety of emotions in pantomime, and all to your music."

At these words, Mr. Whiffles resigned all hope, and was mentally calculating the dangers to which he would be exposed if he leaped into the stalls, from thence to the pit, and fought his way on out of the theatre; when the leader returned, an ominous frown upon his brow, followed by a short, fat, pale faced gentleman, apparently of foreign extraction, who carried a trombone under his left arm. Joy! Mr. Whiffles felt a man again. This, then, was Puffler! Mr. Whiffles remembered his instructions, and watched the newcomer attentively, who, upon his part, appeared to regard him with the uttermost concern. Mr. Whiffles had occasion to shift his trombone—Puffler did likewise. Mr. Whiffles felt for his handkerchief—Mr. Puffler followed his example. All this seemed very mysterious, and Mr. Whiffles was lost in wonderment when the overture commenced. Luckily, the trombones were not wanted until the commencement of the drama. The overture ceased.

"Now, look out," observed Mr. Whiffles' neighbor—"it's you now."

Mr. Whiffles mechanically raised the instrument to his lips, keeping a steadfast gaze the while upon the proceedings of Mr. Puffler, who did his best to stare Mr. Whiffler out of countenance. Mr. Lovejoy looked round, and seeing the trombones perfectly ready, awaited the rising of the curtain. It was an agonizing moment. The silence was positively painful. One might have heard a pin drop. The small bell was heard again. Mr. Lovejoy tapped his desk, and the curtain slowly rose—*in solemn silence!* Mr. Lovejoy began beating the time slowly, and had even accomplished a few strokes before he realized the fact. Turning round to ascertain the meaning of this extraordinary circumstance, his surprise and bewilderment may well be imagined at perceiving the two trombone-players hard at work, distending their cheeks to their utmost capacity, nervously manipulating their instruments, and producing not a sound! And the most unaccountable thing was they never took their eyes off one another. Mr. Lovejoy was transfixed with amazement.

"This is very strange," thought Mr. Whiffles," "I wonder when that fellow is going to begin!"

The little bell tinkled again and again. Mr. Russet stepped upon the stage with some amount of dignity, and left it without any, under the impression that he was a trifle too soon. The stage manager, a gentleman of excitable temperament, and much addicted to the use of passionate language, who played one of the principal parts in the piece, rushed from his room, discharged on the spot an inoffensive "super" who, unfortunately, happened to cross his path at the time—went, half-a-dozen at a time, down the score of a rickety stairs, at the imminent hazard of breaking his neck, and, appearing at the little door under the stage that led into the orchestra, demanded in unmeasured terms what the—very bad word—Mr. Lovejoy meant by such conduct, and why the—excessively rude observation—he didn't go on? Mr. Lovejoy was too astounded too make a reply. He could only point in silent wonder to the two Trombones. There they sat puffing and blowing vigorously, but with no result. The stage-manager gesticulated violently and nearly had a fit. The audience, unable to comprehend what was going on before their eyes, hissed loudly; and, finally, the curtain fell. Then, Mr. Lovejoy gave vent to his feelings. He leaped from his seat and rushed towards Mr. Whiffles, who, panting with exhaustion after his unaccustomed exertions, was wiping the perspiration from his face, wondering what on earth was going to happen next. No sooner, however, did he see the angry Conductor advancing towards him than, with an intuitive perception that something unpleasant was about to occur, he made a precipitate rush through the little door under the stage, hotly pursued by Mr. Lovejoy, who opportunely came across the foreign gentleman quietly sneaking away, and fell upon him tooth and nail. The foreign gentleman, being choleric, knocked Mr. Lovejoy down. Mr. Lovejoy, being by no means deficient in pluck, regained the perpendicular, and—in the language of the Ring—let the foreign gentleman "have it." That individual next seized the astonished Whiffles and endeavored to drag him before Mr. Lovejoy, in order that he might undergo condign punishment, when the foreign gentleman slipped; they both fell, and the two trombone-players mysteriously disappeared.

They had fallen down an unused well under the stage, Mr. Whiffles undermost. There being but little water they were soon extricated, and, fortunately, no bones were broken.

The two gentlemen, after a very excited interview with the stage-manager, were shortly afterwards permitted to depart.

Mr. O'Leary, next day, was duly informed of the disaster, and lost his situation. The same fate befell the unfortunate Puffler, who, it appeared upon inquiry, was really laboring under some severe indisposition that threatened to confine him to his bed; and, being naturally unwilling to lose his salary, he provided a substitute, like Mr. Whiffles, utterly unable to play, and to whom he gave, in effect, instructions almost identical with those given by Mr. O'Leary to our hero.

Mr. Whiffles returned to the home of his ancestors a sadder and a wiser man. He has never been in a theatre since, and never thinks without a shudder of his terrible adventure connected with the Two Trombones.

### Normal School Exercises.

In the Richmond Normal school a few days ago, the lesson in elocution was upon "Articulation," and various examples of difficult enunciation were cited and practised. At the close of the exercise, the principal called for such examples to be handed in as the pupils might know or be able to find. The following are some of the results of the investigation, and furnish a very good collection of practice:

"Admist the mists and coldest frosts,
With barest wrists and stoutest boasts,
He thrusts his fingers against the post,
And still insists he sees the ghosts."

"Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws."

"Up the hill he heaves a huge round stone."

Crazy Craycroft caught a crate of crickled crabs; a crate of crickled crabs crazy Craycoft caught. If crazy Craycoft caught a crate of crickled crabs, Where's the crate of crickled crabs crazy Craycoft caught?

"Thou wreath'd'st and muzzl'd'st the far-fetch'd ox, and imprison'dst him in the volcanic Mexican mountain of P-o-p-c-at-a-pet-l in Co-to-pax i."

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppars; a peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?"

"Thou waft'd