THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOL. V. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1872. NO. 49.

COMMONPLACE.

She tossed the curls from her blushing face;
She sadly sighed, with a girlish grace,
"I'm weary of life—it's so commonplace;

"Weary of music, forever sweet;
Weary of rose-leaves beneath my feet;
Sick of the days that themselves repeat."

Faded the roses, the music stilled;
Change has come, as the maiden willed;
Sorrow the pulse of her life has thrilled—

Sorrow too deep to be sighed away;
Where is that wearisome yesterday,
Bright with a beauty too fair to stay?

Into the silence that sits apart,
Keeping watch o'er the aching heart,
Stealeth thought like an arrowy dart;

"Through the swift cycles of time and space
One is the fate that befalls the race—
Happy lives only are commonplace."

Rome Wasn' Built in a Day.

The boy who does a stroke and stops
Will never a great man be;
The the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

The mountain was not at its birth
A mountain, so to speak;
The little atoms of sand and earth
Have made its peak a peak.

Not all at once the morning streams
The gold above the gray;
'Tis a thousand little yellow gleams
That make the day the day.

Not from the snow-drift May awakes
In purples, reds and greens;
Spring's whole bright retinue it takes
To make her queen of queens.

Upon the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from root to root;
And blossoms bloom and fade withal
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till,
And wait the wheaten bread;
Then cradle, thrash and go to mill,
Before the bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the patient holding out,
That makes the winner win.

Make this your motto then, at start,
'Twill help to smooth the way,
And steady up both hand and heart,
"Rome wasn't built in a day!"

LOU'S BALLOON.

I was sitting quietly in my room one morning, when a note from my old friend, Lou Livermore, was brought in. I was very fond of Lou, as, indeed, all her friends are; though she still remains, like Holmes's aunt,—

"The sole ungathered rose
On her ancestral tree."

She lives far up in the country, but occasionally comes to Boston on a visit. Her note was as follows:—

Dear Hipsey.—Here I am at the Hub at the west end of it: is that the hubbiest part, I wonder? I am coming over to see you on Thursday. I meant to go to-day; but I can't; I'm all used up,—"clear tuckered out," as Aunt Polly used to say. "What has done it?" Why, my new dress; and such a dress! It will give you fits to see how my back is butched up and puffed out. I'm a regular balloon; a fashion-plate; a anything that is huge and hideous—a caricature of roundabout, for example: only they, poor things! were born with humps on their backs, and I wasn't. "How came it so deformed?" In an evil hour I listened to the voice of the tempter, and put myself into the hands of a city dressmaker.

"She's very stylish," quoth the tempter.

Little wrecked I in my ignorance what that meant; and I went to her rooms in sweet, confiding simplicity, bearing in an innocent-looking dress pattern under my arm. I had three *seances* with Mrs. Cuttit, a most imposing personage, of whom I stood in moral terror; and at length emerged, transformed. I went in slim; I came out stout; I went in plain; I came out hump-backed; I went in with forty dollars in my purse; I came out with just enough to pay my fare home on the street-car,—the collapse having been transferred from my person to my purse with incredible celerity and ease.

Verily, fashion "doth make cowards of us all;" yes, and puff-balls also! I wish I had the courage to go through the world in a gored gown without a pinch or puff or pucker on it; but I haven't; so I am a balloon, that by some incomprehensible machinery is raised into mountainous ridges. Surmounting these ridges at right angles to my body—if there be a body inside this corrugated globe, of which I am in serious doubt, to say nothing of an immortal soul—projects a fan-shaped, be-fringed, be-puckered basque, looking, for all the world, like a spread turkey-tail. On the top of this projection a good-sized trunk could be comfortably seated; only it might fall in! I wonder if a pappoose couldn't be inserted somewhere: I do so long to blend the useful with the ornamental!

Now, Hepsibah, you are a sensible married woman, competent to give good advice; and I ask you, what am I to do? Go round the world in this harlequin guise, or give the whole thing a great smash! I should be glad to preserve a modicum of self-respect; but how can I, inside of a balloon?

I shall appear in full sprend on Thursday to spend the day. I can't sit down; but I *should* like the lean of a bed-post and a cord: I might go up, you know. Till then, in every fibre of my stiffening. Yours truly,

THE GREAT EXPANDED.

I sat laughing over this; when in walked Hester Graywood, another old friend. After the first salutation, she slowly twirled herself round, and sank into a chair exclaiming: "Behold the woman who dressed!"

Ah! I saw; she, too, had on a new dress. It was of silvery-gray silk, made with one skirt, without a particle of trimming on it, and a sacque just bound with a bias fold of the same. Yes, she had dared. It was really a refreshing sight; and she looked perfectly bewitching in the quaker-like costume. But, then, Hester Graywood is such a pretty little creature, she can't help looking lovely in anything; and she knows it, so it does not require so great courage in her to dare. Yes, she looked charming. Yet, on a second glance, there seemed a kind of bareness about her, as if something were wanting. Was this because I had looked so long on mountains of frippery that my eye and taste had both been corrupted? Ten years ago we all wore such plain, single skirts, and considered ourselves elegantly dressed; why should they look mean and skimpy now?

I read Lou's note to Hester, and she promised to join us at dinner on Thursday.

"Extremes should meet," she said.

She stayed on awhile, and we had a little talk on dress, and the bondage fashion imposes; or how the taste of the community is corrupted by the overloaded, ungraceful styles in vogue now, and on many other things, such as sensible women do talk about when they get together.

"One of the greatest evils of this absurd overloading," said Hester, "is that it so fearfully overworks women. We hear a great deal about the hardships of the poor shirt-makers in our cities; and they are to be pitied, I know. But there are other women to be pitied too. Look, for example, at my neighbor, Mrs. T. She is a fair representative of a large class, and not an exaggerated case. Her husband is a hard-working mechanic, who earns a good living, and ought to lay up something for a wet day; but he can't support a wife and six children in luxury, especially as four of them are girls. Mrs. T. is an ambitious woman, and says she will have her children 'decently dressed;' that means fashionably dressed. She can't afford to hire her sewing done; so, in addition to all her housework, she makes their dresses; and if you have seen Gracie, the eldest one, you can judge what that implies.

"She's a very stylish-looking girl," I said.

"Yes; and her mother is very proud of her, as is natural. She is just seventeen; and what wonderful costumes she does bloom out in! They are all afloat with puffs and ruffles, quills and frills, till there's scarce an inch of untrimmed space about her. And Clara and Nellie go by to school every morning, each with another set of furbelowed upper skirts and under skirts, basques and sacks, while baby Belle—bless her dear little heart!—is all afloat, too, with tiny ruffles on her tiny skirt."

"Isn't she a darling?" I cried.

"Yes, lovely, with her blue eyes and apple-blossom cheeks; but wouldn't she be just as pretty in a plain white dress with a bit of edging round the neck and sleeves, if it were the fashion? And the pretty Gracie—is the charm in her, her lovely complexion and fine expression, or in her furbelows and fringes?"

"In her, of course," I said. "Children and young girls are never so pleasing as when simply dressed."

"Certainly; and our taste is corrupted when we do not see this. But there's poor Mrs. T. thinks it absolutely necessary to follow the last fashion-plate; so she works like a slave from morning till night and her sewing-machine is often going till after midnight. No wonder she looks broken down, and has neuralgia and a diseased spine. She has done the work of two women, and it is the hardest kind of work, too. Every inch of those interminable yards of hemming and binding, gathering and fastening, passes through her fingers, to say nothing of the contriving and fitting, and basting and ripping. I wonder the woman is alive. I don't believe there is a woman in the city harder worked."

"But why don't the daughters help her?"

"Those in school haven't any time. Gracie does all she can; but with her calls and callers, practising and picnicking, croquetting and coquetting, it would be cruel to expect her to do more than make the plainest portion of her under-clothes."

"But it's absurd," I said, "for a mechanic's wife to go into such extravagance."

"I don't know as a mechanic's wife can be expected to be more sensible than any other woman," said Hester dryly. "A reform must begin somewhere else, I fancy."

"I suppose so," I said with a sigh; "but the whole subject is full of difficulties."

"All of which might be overcome if women had a spark of independence. Here is a tangible evil for them to grapple with, now that they have waked up to a sense of their strength and capabilities."

"Yes; they may as well begin a reform here, as of the nation at the ballot-box," I said, laughing. "But how to do it is the question. Is there any standard by which dress can be judged and regulated."

"Not now," said Hester; "but I believe the principles of art, true art, might be applied to dress as to other things; that there is an essential, intrinsic beauty or ugliness in our garments, entirely irrespective of fashion; in other words, that it is one thing to be well dressed, and another to be fashionably dressed."

"Yes," I said; "but what is it to be well dressed?"

"I can tell you what it isn't," said Hester. "It isn't to wear a huge protuberance on your head or your back, which, if you had been born with it, would have been considered a shocking deformity. It isn't to conceal all the lines of the human figure, or to make it one mountain of trimming, when trimming should always be subservient, adding grace, and defining outlines. And then, too, it must be something permanent. It can't be the changing style of fashionable dressing is. Art wouldn't make a balloon of us this month, and a scanily-draped statue the next; she wouldn't tilt us up on heels that agonize our toes, and pitch us down stairs to-day, and to-morrow see us on the ground like so many bare-footed Indians."

"That would be comfort," I said. "If, when a dress was made, it would stay made, and look well till it was worn out, it would lessen half our labors."

"Well, Hepsy, I believe the good time is coming—the time when we shall have a higher civilization, and break the chains fashion fetters us with now. Then we shall distinguish between true beauty and deformity; and our milliners and dressmakers will be *artists*, and not *mokises*; and, instead of lopping and stretching us all on one iron bed, they will study adaptation to age, complexion, and character, till we come out of their hands individual, as well as comfortable and attractive. When we think of it, isn't it strange how it ever came about that we let ourselves all be worried into exactly the same shaped garments, no matter how different we are in size and figure?"

"Very strange and absurd," I said; and Hester went away.

Exactly at one o'clock on Thursday the Great Expanded arrived. She was a good deal puffed out truly, and made all manner of fun of herself. When Hester Graywood came in, wearing her untrimmed gray silk, she made a low obeisance.

"I do thee homage, thou most heroic of womankind!" she cried. "I cast myself in the dust at thy feet, I envy, I adore thee, thou woman who dared!"

Finally we got a little quieted; though naturally enough, our thoughts still ran on dress.

"I am disgusted with myself," said Lou; "I really am. I don't want to be fashionable; I couldn't afford it if I did; but my tastes are all plain and simple. I consider such an over-loaded, puffed-out concern as this not only ridiculous, but vulgar; yet here I am wearing it; and I lose my self-respect in consequence. But how could I help myself? How in the world did you manage, Hester, to get a sensible dress made?"

"Just by my horribly obstinate temper," said Hester, laughing. "First I had a pitched battle with Mrs. Cuttit, and came off victorious; then I ran the gantlet of her twenty sewing-girls, who opened all their forty eyes in holy terror at the trying on."

"I should as soon think of tackling Hercules," said Lou. "There's no place where I am so thoroughly cowed as in dressmakers' rooms, I don't dare to peep or mutter."

"Yes;—amiable people like you rather submit than make a fuss."

"But they ought to make a fuss," said Lou; "it's sheer cowardice in my case, not amiability. Every lady's dress should be an expression of her own individual taste and character—but look at us! we are all turned out just alike, like so many ninepins."

"Well, what is to be done about it?" I asked.

"Why not form an anti-fashion society," said Hester, "and get all sensible women to pledge themselves to dress according to their own ideas of propriety, without regard to fashion? 'Union is strength,' and organized effort the order of the day."

"Capital!" cried Lou—"we'll draft and sign a declaration of independence; and you, Hester, shall put down your name with a great dash, John Hancock-like."

"I'll make out the list of grievances," said I.

"Easy enough to do that," said Lou; wornout mothers, bankrupted fathers, neglected babies, disgusted husbands"——

"Hold there!" I cried. "Husbands are as fond of dress as wives, so far as my experience goes."

"Why do they keep up such an everlasting fault-finding with our extravagance, then?"

"Well, my dear, men are not always severely consistent—they are eloquent on that theme, I know; but put a plainly-dressed girl on one side of a man, and a fluttering piece of millinery on the other, and ten to one he will be enchanted with the latter John Seymour is not the only victim of 'pink and white tyranny.'"

"Then men are in a measure responsible for the evil," said Hester.

"So I tell Tom," I said. "Let every man who approves of simplicity and economy devote himself to the plainest-dressed girl in the room, turning a cold shoulder on those who wear diamonds and such like sinful things, and he will do more to effect a reformation than by years of preaching. Girls like to please nice young men, and no harm done either, just as young men like to please nice young girls. The influence is mutual and wholesome. Let young men frown on extravagantly-dressed young women, and young women scorn on dissipated, fast young men, and a vital change in manners and morals would soon follow."

At this point in our discussion I heard Tom's step in the hall; and with him came Prof. Downing, an old friend of his, whom he had asked to dine with us. The professor is a fine-looking man, besides being learned, agreeable, and a bachelor. Now, Tom and I never make matches; but, having had such a good time together ourselves, we do sometimes wish certain of our friends would take a fancy to each other; and the night before we had spoken of the professor and Hester, saying how nice it was he should happen to be in the city just then to meet her.

Moreover, knowing his refined, almost severe taste, and his dislike of all display, I had all the morning inwardly chuckled over Hester's untrimmed dress; it was exactly the thing to suit his fastidious taste. How lucky it was she wore it!

The dinner passed off delightfully. Tom was in his most hospitable mood; Lou and Hester brilliant; the professor genial; and, the soups, salmon, and roast lamb, all being done to a turn, the hostess serene. The learned professor and the pretty Hester could not have come together under more auspicious influences; and Tom and I had great complacency in our little plan

A few days after, Tom told me he had been drawing the professor out a little on our guests.

"And what did he say at Hester?" I asked eagerly.

"He said this: 'Miss Graywood is certainly quite pretty; but what a pity it is she doesn't dress better! Your friend, Miss Livermore, sets her a good example there.

"The horrid man! and he pretending to have classic tastes!" I cried. And (will you believe it?) Tom and I are now both quite sure that the professor, who detests fashion and frippery, who admires only "chaste designs" and "classic outlines," is actually in love with Lou. And the balloon did it! yes, the balloon did it!

Oh, the consistency of men!

Effects of the Boston Calamity on Business affairs.

The N. Y. *Evening Post* — good authority in financial and commercial affairs—says:

It is fortunate, at least so far as immediate effects are concerned, that the sad news of the Boston conflagration reached us on Sunday, so that a day's reflection could intervene before business began. Had the blow come more suddenly, a disastrous and widespread panic might have followed immediately. As it is, business men have had time to recover their presence of mind and to a considerate survey of the situation—in a word, time has been given for the exercise of their reason. The losses by the fire cannot fail to be large, but we believe that they have been greatly exaggerated by the sensational part of the press. An attempt has also been made to draw a parallel between this fire and the Chicago fire, but the circumstances, at least so far as they bear on business, are very different. Chicago owed nearly everything to the East, the debts being, in part, ordinary mercantile obligations and in part in the share of real estate mortgages. In fact Chicago was originally built up on eastern capital, and its business was in a large measure conducted on Eastern credits. It has been rebuilt, to a large extent, by eastern and English, or Canadian capital. Boston, on the other hand, while old and rich, is a creditor city both in current business and in investment operations. The losses, if we exclude those by the shareholders of insurance companies in the Middle States and the foreign insurance companies, will fall most heavily on Boston itself and on New England, in the latter on the manufacturing districts and on cities identified with insurance interests. If such a calamity had to overtake any city in the country, none was better able to bear it than Boston, and particularly the section destroyed, which included, in a business point of view, the wealthiest and most solid part of the city. A good share of the real estate in the burnt district is owned by wealthy estates as an investment; and perhaps no like amount of property in the United States was so free of incumbrance. The principal disturbance, in a legitimate way, which our market for securities here will feel, will be caused by sales of the securities of insurance companies; and these sales, as has been demonstrated in the past, will extend over a considerable space of time. A good part of these securities are government bonds, and it has been intimated that the Treasury will, in case of need, buy an extra amount of bonds; in a word, will give relief to the money market if necessary. If we are to have trouble, which, however, can be averted by wise and firm action, it is the opinion of cool heads that the trouble will come rather from the foreign markets than from the Boston fire. There are good reasons, however, to believe that every means will be used by the Treasury to restore confidence and steadiness to the markets, and that the worst is past.

Loss of Life at the Boston Fire.

Hundreds of persons were injured, but only a few fatally, in the progress of the great conflagration, a letter-writer describes a terrible scene which took place at the furnishing store of Hickman, on Washington street, where the walls had been wrapt in a deadly embrace by the flames, and had become weak and tottering through the intense heat. At length they fell, and three men were buried up to the shoulders among the heavy fragments of brick and stone. The terrible physical agony of their cries of anguish which they suffered filled the frightened crowd with horror, but at first no one advanced to their succor. After a few moments two or three men crossed the street to where a portion of the wall was still overhanging the spot where the poor victims were begging and shrieking for help, and tried by the utmost exertion of main strength to pull and wrench them out of the horrible vice, but these efforts only made greater their suffering, and the bricks and other debris were still falling at every moment. The men relinquished the perilous and fruitless risk and retreated from the dangerous spot, and shortly afterwards, in frightful paroxysms of pain and with cries that will ring in the ears of many of the spectators to their dying day, the crushed masses of humanity gave up the breath of life and were a moment afterwards buried by another crashing fall of the wall. A fireman named Martin Spencer, belonging to the Medford force, was injured by the toppling over of another wall on Summer street, with a serious cut in the head. Mr. Daniel McClellan, of the firm of Charles Crosby & Co., No 46 Water street, and an employe went into the building when it was blown up. Strange to relate, Mr. McClellan escaped with only a blackened countenance and the natural shock to his nervous system consequent upon such an experience. The employe also got away, but the extent of his injuries are unknown.

Wanted to Arrive.

A seedy-looking individual walked into the Crawford House in Cleveland, a few evenings ago, and stepping up to the register, seized the pen and registered his name at the foot of the long list of the day's arrivals. It was a noble name—George Washington Botts—written in a firm, bold hand, and with a big flourish underneath. It was plain that the seedy man was accustomed to making a flourish in the world, if it were only with a pen.

"Have a room?" inquired the clerk, incidentally measuring the man with his eagle eye to see if he wouldn't fit in one of his sky *Boudoirs*.

"No," said seedy shortly, picking his teeth with a splinter toothpick he had selected from the well assorted supply always found on the counter.

"Supper then, I suppose?" added the clerk, preparing to add an S to the end of George Washington Botts' name.

"No, Sir, no supper," said Mr. Botts, with severity; "I simply want to *arrive*. A-r ar, r-i-v-e rive, arrive. I want neither room, supper nor anything else, but I particularly desire to arrive. It is a long time since I have arrived at a hotel—a very long time" (his voice choked a little), "and I thought, if you hadn't any objection, I—I would like to arrive once more before I died."

Here he was compelled to hide his emotions in his coat tail, in the absence of a pocket handkerchief. The clerk, always ready to do a good action, generously allowed the unfortunate individual to arrive, and George Washington Botts, hastily drying his eyes with a pen wiper, wrung the captain's hand in mute though heartfelt gratitude, and then stalked gloomily forth into darkness and the night.

It is interesting to find that the so-called silver mines of Athens, from the profits of which Pericles is said to have built the Parthenon, are now attracting special attention. The mines of Laurium are some veins of argentiferous galena running between the mica schist and limestone formations of the promontory of Laurium, stretching from Senium to Athens. From the remains of the ancient workings, there are now being obtained about 9,000 tuns of bar lead, lowered in value by being very antimonial, which contains above ten ounces of silver to the tun.

Ending of a Remarkable lawsuit.

A very remarkable lawsuit, which has been for some time pending in the courts of Kentucky and Indiana, was brought to a termination a day or two ago by the agreement of the parties to the suit to a compromise.

Some years ago a German gentleman named Gustavus Schurman resided in Louisville. He was the possessor of a considerable amount of property, lived in good style, drove fine horses, sported a footman in livery, and claimed to be a German nobleman. He was married to a German young lady, had a young and interesting family, and to all appearances was prosperous and happy. But as in so many families, there was a ghost in this one, the secret of whose existence did not come to light until the death of the principal actor in this little social drama.

Gustavus was a resident of Aix-la-Chapelle, a little city in Rhenish Prussia, pursued the business of cloth manufacturer, and was what might be considered well off, his real and personal estate being worth about $100,000. He loved, or thought he loved, a lady named Amelia Eberhardine Goll, daughter of one of the royal counselors, and in 1845 he proposed marriage, was accepted, and the marriage ceremony was performed in that year. An ante-nuptial contract was entered into between the two, according to the code Napoleon, which was in force at Aix-la-Chapelle, by which in case of the death of the husband before the wife, she became entitled to one-eighth in fee simple of his entire estate, and one-fourth of the estate during her life time, besides having a community of interest in all acquisitions to the common fund after marriage, which community of interest would entitle her to one half.

The two lived happily together for some time, or apparently so. The life of the wife, however, was soon rendered wretched by the discovery that another had supplanted her in her husband's affections. This however, was not exactly the case; it was she in reality, who had taken the place which nature had assigned to another. Schurman had in his employ a number of factory girls, one of whom, Catherine Bengels, was possessed of more than ordinary beauty. The impressible young bachelor, was smitten with her beauty, but the inexorable laws of society governing the little Rhenish province in which he lived held over him a terror of proscription which prevented him from doing that which his heart prompted. He loved Catherine Bengels and his love was returned, but he married Amelia E. Goll, who brought to him a proud name and an extensive dower. But for the crime which Schurman had committed against his nature he was amply punished.

His married life was unhappy, while his love for the lowly Cathari Beneasuw became more intense, now that it gels impossible for them to be legally united. They met clandestinely, and the intercourse owing to the knowledge of the unhappy wife, she became depressed beyond measure, upbraided her husband with his perfidy, and threatened divorce. This rendered the husband desperate, and, openly avowing his attachment, took Catherine Bengels into his domicile. Becoming discontented with this condition of things, Schurman decided upon emigrating to America, and came to this country. He returned in 1849, and gathering together what property he could, departed in 1850 for the United States, in company with Catharine Bengels. Before his departure, his wife instituted suit for divorce.

On the arrival of Schurman in America he proceeded to Louisville, where he took up his residence, and sued for a divorce from his wife Amelia, which was granted when he immediately married the woman who had eloped with him.

Gustavus Schurman purchased real estate in Indianapolis and Louisville, and by his tact and business management increased his wealth to over a million of dollars. At the time of his death he had seven children, two by his first wife and five by his second wife. In making his will he left his Prussian property to his two German heirs and his American property to his American heirs

The first wife Amelia, learning of the death of her husband, obtained possession by legal process of the Prussian estate, and sued for her share, as per marriage contract, of the descendants' estate in America. Her son, Gustavus F. Schurman, represented her with power of attorney, and the ablest lawyers in the city were employed to prosecute the case. The pleadings were voluminous and as a vast amount of property was involved, great interest was manifested in the result. It apeared, however, that as the case progressed the plaintiff weakened somewhat in enforcing her claims. Being in a foreign country, and copies of proceedings in foreign courts being frequently rendered necessary as testimony in the American courts, she became wearied and finally agreed to a compromise, in lieu of all claims, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

The Old Soldier.

The players are seated in a circle; one walks round holding a pen, pencil or anything he pleases to use, representing an old soldier.

He holds it up and says, "What will you give this poor old soldier?"

The person asked must not use the words, white, black, yes or no, in her answer. If she does she must pay a forfeit. We will give an example:

Frank holds up his "old soldier" and asks Susie, "What will you give this old soldier?"

Susie replies, "A watch."

"Please don't give that; my soldier needs a coat."

"I could not give him that." (She avoids "no.")

"What will you give him then; a hat?"

"I think I will."

As only three questions can be asked each player, Frank passes on to Louisa, having failed to make Susan pay a forfeit.

"Louisa, what will you give my soldier?"

"A pair of mittens."

"What color shall they be?"

"Gray."

"Gray mittens! O, do give him black ones."

"No, I cannot."

"A forfeit, Louisa, pleaze, you said 'no.'"

Thus the game goes round the circle.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Olive Logan, in her new lecture on "Successful People," was, when she spoke in Philadelphia, somewhat "personal" in reference to a rising newspaper man of that city. "You have," said she, "in Philadelphia a man who is the living embodiment of some of the principles of my lecture. At eighteen he had a fixed purpose in life, occupying an obscure position in a newspaper office, without influence of any account. He said, 'I will one day own this establishment.' It was regarded as an idle boast; but he had energy and persistence, and to-day he does own and control it, If I would hold up one of many successful men as an example to the youth of this city, I would mention one whom you all know and honor—George W. Childs, of the *Ledger*. Success may not bring happiness, but the day will come when judgement will sit upon our actions, and he who has achieved it worthily shall receive the grandest crown from the King of Kings."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

In his report as Secretary of the Wisconsin State Society, Dr. J. W. Hoyt gives expression to some very sensible views on the importance of regarding special conditions in agriculture. That a man living a thousand miles from any sufficient market, and with no means of transportation but wagons drawn by ox teams, should devote his energies to the raising of potatoes or turnips; that a farmer having elevated lands and dry pastures, only fit for sheep breeding, should devote himself wholly to the breeding and rearing of short horn cattle; or that a man located within 20 miles of New York or Philadelphia, and upon lands admirably adopted to the production of vegetables and small fruit, should sow every square yard of it to wheat and rye; this should strike any thinking and intelligent person as the height of absurdity. And yet blunders equally senseless are made by not a few farmers, and are persevered in from year to year. Again, one would suppose that when an intelligent farmer saw all his neighbors and everybody else's neighbors turning exclusive attention to pork raising, that it would be a good time for him to raise corn, meanwhile omitting nothing essential to steady and uniform success. But observation proves that such men are rare, and the result is that very soon everybody has more hogs than his own crops will supply, and corn has gone up quite beyond reach for profitable feeding. Dr. Hoyt says he once knew a farmer in Ohio who started out under the guidance of the rule always to do just what his neighbors pretty generally did not do. He was not far from being a philosopher. The neighbors are still plodding and grumbling. The philosopher has added farm to farm, owns his thousands in bank stock, and finds no difficulty in keeping his temper. Another farmer has flourished nearly as well in the practice of doing what his neighbors did, but doing it first. He was the leader of fashion in agriculture, and was always ready to discard the model he had given about the time the majority adopted it. During the late low prices of wool, when so many sheep-men became disgusted, and either slaughtered their flocks or sold them out of the State at a sacrifice, one large wool-grower persevered, and when the dejected wool-growing interest began to look up a little he was ready to take advantage of the rise, while others were buying back new flocks at a second sacrifice.

The Valley of Chamounix.

Our ride of thirty miles was nearly ended, writes a correspondent, and we were entering the Valley of Chamounix. We were greeted here by the tinkling of bells around the necks of the cattle. We had heard that music for some time, but now there was a pastoral melody upon all sides.

It is said that the finest herds are provided with a harmonious set of bells, which produce a tune as the cattle walk home at milking-time, resembling the air of the national Swiss anthem, and that this tune so powerfully excites the feelings of the Swiss heart in a strange land that it is forbidden, upon pain of death, to be played in the Swiss regiments serving France, so many desertions have followed the awakening of home longings in the hearts of those who have heard it.

We entered Chamounix tired but very happy. The fatigues of mule-riding would have been noticed sooner but that our thoughts were diverted by the continuous panorama we were passing. The proprietor of the Hotel d'Angleterre met us most pleasantly, and we were taken at once to our rooms, and soon after met again at the table d'hote.

The gay appearance of the dining-hall would make you sooner think you were in some fashionable circle in London or Paris than at the foot of Mont Blanc, in a valley where man had not yet brought the iron horse or electric spark.

The sight of laces and diamonds, drawing-room airs and all the paraphernalia of the city took of the keeness of Alpine ramblings. After dinner we walked upon the terrace to look over the glaciers and snow-fields of Mont Blanc.

One could hardly help recalling his idea of the appearance of Mt. Sinai, as it was filled with the glory of God, for the setting sun had glorified everything. The labor of the journey was forgotten in the excitement of our emotions, and we could but wonder with David in the midst of all about us, what was man that God should be so mindful of him.

It seemed as if the sun were loth to part with the world, and had allowed his colors to rest most lovingly upon the snows that capped the summits, which, changing from gold to rose color, made one vast illumination of beauty; and when night cast a vail over the whole, we lingered none the less entranced, remembering what had been there, and with something, perhaps, of the feeling we have when we must hide from our eyes what has given us a sweet joy upon earth. After planning to ascend the Montanvert to cross the Mer de Glace, the following day, we bade each other good night.

A NEW INVENTION.—Necessity is the mother of invention, and the horse necessity caused a fearful strain on the inventive powers of the ingenious population of the United States. It is now announced that a new engine for propelling street-cars has been invented, so compact as to occupy no more space than an ordinary base-burning parlor stove, and which does not intrude upon passenger room. By the peculiar arrangement of the various parts economy of fuel is accomplished, the smoke itself is consumed, and there is no soot, cinders or noise. The engine has the power of five horses, and the cars, which are of the usual dimensions, can be controlled, as to stoppage and propulsion, quite as handily as though drawn by horses. The power can be increased at pleasure up to capacity of a twenty-five horse power engine, thus enabling it to ascend grades of four hundred feet to the mile. The engineer can "slow up" in the space of thirty-two feet when the cars are going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The engine is placed upon the rear platform, so that the windows can be left open in pleasant weather, without the annoyance of smoke or cinders, as there is none of either, while any dust that might be raised is left behind, thus conferring a vast amount of pleasure and comfort upon the passenger. The tests made thus far have been most satisfactory.

EATING THE BANANA.—A correspondent says: There is a way we have of eating bananas in the East which is worth knowing, thus—take a soup plate, strip half a dozen bananas, and with a silver fork mash them up, adding sufficient sherry and sugar to make the whole of about the consistency of a thick soup. When so treated there is a flavor which may almost vie with that of the most delicious fruit in the world—the Mangosteen. There is a great difference in bananas abroad; the best I remember eating were at Singapore, They were also particularly good at the Cape de Verd Isles; In china and Japan not so good, the slightest pink always preferred

---

The Duke of Bedford has given Mr. Boehm an order for a statue of John Bunyan, to be presented to the town in whose jail the "Pilgrim's Progress" was written during its author's thirteen years imprisonment.

A Mammoth Ship.

That the Devastation the new English ship of war, is a success, so far as she has been tried, is now admitted. The ponderous monster which squats upon the astonished waters with a dead weight of 10,000 tons, takes any ordinary waves with stolid indifference, whether she receives them end-on, or upon bow, beam or quarter. The prodigious hill of foam which her stem piles up when under way, washes, as was expected, clean over her forward deck, and she is often submerged aft; but her massive mid-section rides quietly enough, and those on board her when anchored in the rolling tide way at Spithead, say that she was "steadier than the houses ashore." She turns with great readiness and in a small circle, and her speed, as proved in six trials along the measured mile, is not only equal to the promise of her designers, but it exceeds expectation. The mighty engines driving this island of iron with an indicated power of 6,500 horses, with seventy-seven revolutions per minute, got fifteen knots and a half out of the ship, and her mean rate at full steam is thirteen knots and three-quarters. Here, therefore is a craft which is vulnerable only to a very few guns, has the swiftness of a mail packet, and the handiness—thanks to her twin screws—of a tug, while she could utilize these qualities to hurl upon the sides of an opponent the awful force of all her ten thousand tons moving with the velocity of a spear. On board this remarkable man-of-war there are no less than thirty-four distinct and separate engines, and, indeed, the value which she represents is as serious as her fighting capacity What remains to be learned is the behavior of the ugly giant in a real Biscay gale; and whether or no the *cul de-sac* which she carries aft will or will not, prove a mistake in a heavy following sea. With stability assured to 55°, with no top gear to set her over, and with decks which can be hermetically sealed, she would be safe enough; but whenever she does roll, or pitch, or scud, the rivets and fittings in her huge body will be shrewdly tried. Except the Russian monitor Peter the Great, nothing floating could resist or even challenge such a vessel at once so strong and swift. The torpedo, no doubt, may yet be so developed as to make the Devastation, and all her terrible sisters impotent against a defended coast. On the high seas at present she has no superior.

The Marriage Ceremony.

I have seen very many cases of the supposed *can't-afford-to-marry* disease, and examined many, and always found the symptoms to prove another complaint altogether. The diagnosis had been utterly false. It was a *don't-want-to-marry* trouble that was afflicting the patient. This was the story: Formosa had dwelt in marble halls, and clothed herself in acres of purple and fine linen. Marriage with her means twenty thousand a year. So I look at my two thousand, and *can't afford-to-marry*. Or the story was this: Pulchra *wishes* to dwell in marble halls, and clothe herself in acres of purple and fine linen. Marriage with *her*, therefore, means twenty thousand a year. So I look at my two thousand, and *can't afford to marry*. Formula-wise and truth-wise it is this: "Foolish girls wish to live idle, pampered and fashionable lives, and foolish young men are seeking after foolish girls." In such a complication, marriage loses its meaning, and it is very natural for a young man to say, "I can't afford to marry." The truth is, he cannot afford to marry after the style aforesaid, and he does not wish to marry in a sensible style, to which his two thousand would say Amen.—But there are other than foolish girls in the world. There are girls, modest men, industrious habits, and unselfish hearts. You are not apt to find them in the highways or in conspicuous places. They make the best wives in the world, while the Saratoga thing makes the worst. Look for them at home, not in *society*—that fizzing, bubbling caldron, where pride, vanity and vapidity, seasoned with vice, sputter into assimilation. Find them helping in nursery, pantry, or kitchen; not sauntering with brazen stare on a frequented promenade, or dawdling among French novels in the boudoir.—*Howard Crosby.*

The Great National Observatory.

Of the great national observatory, a Nevada paper says: "We understand that Professor Davidson has determined upon Pollard's Peak, Summit Station, as the proper place for the national observatory. his peak is located less than a mile from Summit Station, which is seven thousand and forty-eight feet above the sea-level, and the highest point of the Central Pacific Railroad. Castle Peak, seven miles from the summit, was examined by Professor Davidson with the view of making it the place for the observatory, but the atmosphere from the peak was found to be too hazy, and the mountain itself too difficult of access to make it a desirable place for astronomical, barometrical, and atmospherical observations. Castle Peak has the advantage in altitude, as it is nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-four feet above sea-level, or one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four feet higher than Pollard's Peak. The latter, however, is easily accessible, being less than half a mile from the railroad, and the atmosphere from its summit is remarkably clear, and for this latter reason it has been selected by Professor Davidson. An appropriation of fifty thousand dollars has been made by Congress for the erection of the necessary buildings, purchase of telescopes, and other necessary instruments. The telescope to be used will be second in size to none in the United States. Once established, the observatory will be a permanent fixture, and will receive an annual appropriation from Congress of from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars."

BE ECONOMICAL.—"Take care of the pennies." Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

It is said that the Mikado of Japan is going to England to look for a wife. The young emperor is tall for an Asiatic, about five feet ten inches high, of dignified bearing, slightly built, of darker complexion than the majority of higher-class Japanese, with a thin, composed face, somewhat Mongolian in cast, full lips, and dark eyes.

What Keeps Men Poor.

"Fate is against me. I never could succeed in anything. I am doomed to poverty. Here I am near the meridian of life, a large family upon my hands, sons and daughters just at that age when they become particularly expensive, and need much money spent upon them to fit them for the positions I wish them to occupy; but I have not got it to spend unless I involve myself deeper in difficulties which have always encompassed me. What is the reason I am poor?"

Such are the complaints of hundreds of men in our midst who are struggling as they struggled all their lives to maintain a style of living they fancy necessary for the happiness of themselves and families. The main points is to make others believe they are possessed of greater wealth than they really are—as to be thought poor would destroy all the comforts of real wealth, did they possess them. Hence they labor and plan to deceive their neighbors even as they are deceiving themselves. This is an infatuation which leads such men down a life of poverty as well of intense misery.

With but limited or small incomes they will spend money lavishly before the public in the dress and ornaments of their families and in their houses, followed by an equal parsimoniousness towards themselves and their business conveniences in private. Spending more than they receive, they are constantly in debt, and to maintain their credit among their friends and debtors, occupies much of their time, and monopolizes the best energies of their minds, and their capacity for making money is correspondingly weakened, and what is clearly the road to fortune is overlooked in the search for a path out of the entanglements of their vlountary position.

The habit of spending money twice over, viz.: once in anticipation of its receipt and again when it is received, is the cause of most of the poverty in the world among the intelligent classes—as no one can practice it without becoming involved pecuniarily, and if persisted in it will entail life-long poverty.

But let such a man stop where he is, forget the Mrs. Grundys and their gossip, strike out for himself a new path, never use a dime unless it is in his pocket, and only nine cents of it then; saving the other and putting it on interest. Let him learn that his children can enjoy themselves fully as well and fit themselves for life much better without the many fashionable pleasures, so common, so expensive, and so useless; let him, in fact, live independently and free from debt, and my word for it, his complaints of Fate will cease. Accumulation, though slow at first, will soon assert itself; and the fe