THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1873. NO. 7.

The Journey of Life.

Beneath the waning moon I walk at night,
And muse on human life, for all around
Are dim, uncertain shapes that cheat the night,
And pitfalls lurk in shade along the ground,
And broken gleams of brightness, here and there,
Glance through, and leave unwarmed the death-like air.

The trampled earth returns a sound of fe ,—
A hollow sound, as if I walked on tombs;
And lights, that tell of cheerful homes, appear
Far off, and die like hope amid the glooms.
A mournful wind across the landscape flies,
And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs.

And I, with faltering footsteps journey on,
Watching the stars that roll the hours away,
Till the faint light that guides me now is gone,
And, like another life, the glorious day
Shall open o'er me from the empyreal height,
With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light. —BRYANT.

A Woman's Dream.

"Wilt thou begin thy life again
O woman of the whitening hair?
Become a child, with shining train
Of angel children in the air?
Wilt feel thy mother's kisses press;
Thou cradled warmly at her feet?"
"What?—find my vanished Eden? Yes,
Ah yes, my God! It was so sweet!"

Wilt thou in blissful faith resume
Thy sire's fond shelter as of old,
While, breathing innocent perfume,
The white flowers of thy heart unfold?
Back to thy vernal happiness
Fly like a bird on pinions fleet?"
"Might but that joy continue—yes,
Ah yes, my God! It was so sweet!"

"Wilt thou unlearn thy sorry lore,
And slyly peep life's leaves between,
And, feeling youngest hopes once more,
Forget the winters thou hast seen?
The daisied banks, the dove of peace,
The morning freshness round thy track;
Shall these return?" "My God, ah yes!
All but the wayside graves give back!"

"Have, then, thy wish! Thy steps retrace!
Flowers, perfume, song, be thine once more!
Yet shall time lead thee to the place
Of tears as surely as before.
Rekindle passion's fires and view
Their ever baleful radiance!"
"What, light those earth-born flames anew?
Ah, no, my Savior! Take me hence!"

The Husband's Lesson.

"The clock key," said Mrs. Farquhar pressing her hand to her bewildered brow. "Well, I declare I can't exactly remember what I did with it."

"That is singular; very singular, indeed!" oracularly observed her husband a fussy, bald headed little man. "And how am I to wind the clock without a key, I'd like to know? I never forget Mrs. Farquhar. Did you ever know me to forget? And the long and the short of the matter is, that I shall have to buy a new clock key—a new clock key, Mrs. Farquhar, just at this time, of all others, when our expenses are so o-ver-whelm-ing."

"A man with a wife and six children cannot expect to live for nothing," said Mrs. Farquhar composedly. "Starch, soap, candles, flannel—"

"Yes, yes—exactly so," said Mr. Farquhar. "But I have no time to argue the matter this morning."

"And if you had," mercilessly persisted Mrs. Farquhar, "you might argue from now until doomsday without altering the state of affairs. Here is your hat, my dear; and don't forget the paregoric, and Willie's shoes; and Harry's hat, and the plumber's bill."

The ong business day lapsed slowly away, and Mr. Farquhar returned home just as the gray shadows of dusk were closing in, greatly rejoicing.

"Fifty dollars clear gain," said he, rubbing his palms together as he sat down by the tea table. "Jones borrowed it of me a month ago, and when I heard he had sailed for California I put it down as a dead loss. Never expected to see or hear from the man again; and when he turned up to-day with a new fifty dollar bill, I give you my word it seemed just like a present."

"And what are you going to do with it?" said Mrs. Farquhar, who was fastening the baby's bib.

"I don't know—I haven't thought yet. I might go to Washington with Allen and Ferguson, and the other fellows."

"You might," said Mrs. Farquhar dryly; "and I might have it for a new cloak. But I think it would be rather a more sensible way of spending the money to pay the doctor's bill."

Mr. Farquhar laughed.

"Well, my dear, I don't know but that you're right," said he, "and I guess you may go around and pay it to-morrow."

The arrival of Master Tommy and Miss Lizzy, fresh from the nursery, broke up all further financial discussions, and Mr. Farquhar thrust the bill into his vest pocket.

About midnight, Mrs. Farquhar awoke her husband to tell him about the burglary next door.

"Eh" said Mr. Farquhar, a little uneasily. "A burglary? At Mr. Morris's? And what was taken?

"Watches—silver—clothing—everything," said Mrs. Farquhar, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper. "In the dead of night, while the family were all asleep. Lemuel, dear, are are you sure you recollected to bolt the front door and put up the chain?"

"Of course I recollected it," said Mr. Farquhar a little crossly. "I make it my business to recollect everything. Go to sleep, my dear, and don't fret!"

And just as he was sinking off into a delicious slumber, Mr. Farquhar bethought himself of the fifty dollar bill.

"Yes, my vest pocket," he meditated "just where the thieving scoundrels would be most apt to lay their hands upon it. I wish I had sent to pay the doctor's bill to-night, instead of postponing it until to-morrow. Halloo, though; I have it!" as a bright inspiration flashed into his drowsy brain. "Nobody would ever dream of looking in an old boot; it will be safe there until to-morrow, and I'll get rid of it as quick as I can."

Mr. Farquhar went to bed and slept the sleep of the righteous. And the next morning, totally oblivious of the whole proceeding, he arose and put on his slippers in a beaming mood.

"What's that, Bridget? a beggar at the door?" he demanded.

"He says he's no shoes, sir, said Bridget, "an' the toes of him are on the bare ground entirely."

"Poor fellow! And it's a sharp frosty morning too," said Mr. Farquhar. "Give him my old boots, Bridget. I was going to have 'em half soled, but I guess this man needs them more than I do!"

"Where are they, sir?" said Bridget.

"On the floor, by the bed up stairs. Run quick, and don't leave the door open. Run, that's a good girl.

The beggar man took the boots and went on his way rejoicing, and just as Mr. Farquhar was buttoning his overcoat to depart for the regions of downdown, Mrs. Farquhar entered the room.

"Don't forget to give me that fifty-dollar bill, Lemuel, before you go—for the doctor you remember."

Mr. Farquhar's hands dropped to his side—his face turned a dull tallowy tint.

"The—fifty—dollar—bill," repeated he mechanically. "Good Heavens! it's gone!"

"Gone! Gone where?"

Mr. Farquhar made a blind rush at the door, as if to overtake the beggar who had shaken the dust of the threshold off his feet two good hours ago, and then stood still. It was bad enough to lose the fifty-dollar bill, but it was still worse to be compelled to confess it to his wife. Yet what loop hole of escape was there?

"I've lost it." said he doggedly. "I put it away, and I forgot all about it!"

Mrs. Farquhar's eyes sparkled mischievously.

"I thought you never forgot anything my dear," said she.

"I am a fool!" confessed Mr. Farquhar—"and a conceited fool too! But," with a piteous inflection in his voice, "I would like to have paid the doctor's bill. The times are hard, and— But never mind. I won't get that new overcoat I was thinking of. This one is a little thin, but I dare say I can make it do."

"Yes, you will get the new overcoat, Lemuel, dear," laughed Mrs. Farquhar producing a slip of crackling brown paper from her pocket. "Here's the fifty dollar bill."

Mr. Farquhar caught at it like a hungry wolf at a piece of raw meat.

"My dear Bessie, where did you find it?"

"Where you put it, my dear—in the boot. I heard you get up in the night and go prowling around. I perceived in the morning that you had entirely forgotten the whole transaction, and I myself took the bill out, before the old boots became the prey of the beggar. Here it is, and all I have to ask of you is to be a little more careful next time."

"My dear," said Mr. Farquhar, "you are a trump!"

"And now," his wife roguishly asked, "are we quits about the clock key?"

Mr. Farquhar thought they were.

A French Fire Bug.

In December a young man of talent and education was guillotined in the public square of Caen, France, in the presence of a great multitude of people. He was a fire bug, and during the two or three months preceding his capture had lit the skies of all Normandy with the light of burning villas, farm houses, hay ricks, and barns. There was nothing in his character and position to attract suspicion to him. He was an assistant teller in the Caen branch of the Bank of France, and was noted for the decorum and blamelessness of his life. An intrigue with a stock jobber, the pivot of which was that he the (teller,) should communicate confidently to the jobber information which his position in the bank enabled him to acquire, and share the profit of stock speculation founded thereon, led ultimately to a quarrel. After the quarrel the young man took five glasses of absinthe, and when night came set fire to the stock jobber's villa, destroying it and all its contents, including the wife and infant child of the occupant. Although on the following day, when told of the occurrence, he manifested more emotion than a Frenchman usually exhibits when his neighbor's house and wife burns up he was no more suspected of having occasioned it than the Emperor or Bishop Dupanloup. From this time forward an incendiary mania possessed him. He resigned his position at the bank on the plea of ill health, and set off on a leisurely journey through Normandy, leaving the night skies behind him red with the glare of the flames he had secretly kindled. Nobody suspected him. He was an invalid banker, pale, interesting, well attired with plenty of money, and irreproachable credentials. One night a farm laborer, sitting at a rear window of a farm-house making love to one of the maids, saw a flicker of fire at the foot of one of the straw ricks. He was courting economically in the dark. and this strange flash, darting mysteriously on the night, made his girl scream and his personal stock of hair stand up like an electrified mop. But he rushed out courageously and caught a man whom he proceeded to pound with much energy and constancy, at the same time raising an alarm of fire. His furious bellowings immediately assembled all the inmates of the farmhouse as well as the neighbors. They found their captive to be a well dressed person with his pockets full of patent matches and divers ingenious and mysterious appliances for exciting combustion. When taken before the Maire of the neighboring village the fire bug immediately made a frank and full confession, and the sequel thereof was, as we have related, his execution in the market place of Caen amid the curses and execrations of the citizens. He had destroyed twenty-one houses and fourteen lives.

Honor Not Sought For

It appears that, when a lady becomes the wife of a Chinese Emperor, her family never sets eyes on her again. She ascends into the clouds almost as literally as did the Bayadere who became the spouse of Bramah. Hence, the honor of the Imperial alliance is not coveted, but rather the reverse, by the great Chinese families; and, by consequence, a little gentle coercion becomes necessary. Thus, if the charms of any special young beauty are noised abroad, a vermilion edict commands her appearance at the Palace. In the case of the Emperor who has just been several times married, seven hundred lovely girls were thus brought together. Their attractions were carefully inspected by two Empresses of China, who, after deep consideration, told off the fifty most approved and let the rest go. The fifty were then examined with still greater care, and, by a similar process reduced to thirty. A like elimination brought the number, by successive stages, to twenty, ten and finally five; and from these the Pearl of Love and Queen of Beauty, the future Empress, was solemnly picked out. After so much labor and trouble the marriage ought to be a happy one if it is not.

Prompt Change of Mind.

A few days ago, a tall, rough looking mountaineer entered the Union Railroad ticket office at Denver, and through mistake, purchased a ticket for New York via the Kansas Pacific line, when he wanted to go over the Union Pacific. He did not discover this fact, until after the ticket had been paid for, and on asking the agent to change it, the latter refused to do so.

'You won't change this ticket, won't you?"

"No, sir," replied the agent: "if you want a ticket over the other route you will have to buy it."

Very quietly the stranger twisted his ticket into a small roll; very serenely he drew from his pocket a six-shooter about the dimensions of a mountain howitzer, coolly and deliberately he stuck that twisted ticket into the muzzle of that six-shooter, and sticking the ugly thing through the window of the ticket office, and almost into the agent's face, and speaking in a tone that left no doubt of his determination, said:

"Stranger, thar's that ticket; take it yourself and change it, or I'll blow it clean through you.'

The ticket was changed immediately, and the mountaineer walked away, saying, "I jest thought I could induce him to change his mind a leetle."

Wonderful.

Although the eyes of some animals are incapable of motion—as the fly, the beetle, and several other insects—yet the Creator has shown His wisdom and goodness in furnishing their eyes with thousands of little globules, and by placing their eyes more in front of their head, so that these little insects can see almost all around them without turning their heads. A gentleman who has examined the eyes of a fly says, that the two eyes of a common one are composed of 8,000 little globes, through every one of which it is capable of forming an image of an object. Having prepared the eye of a fly for the purpose, he placed it before his microscope, and then looked through both, in the manner of the telescope, at a steeple which was 299 feet high and 750 distant, and he said he could plainly see through every little hemisphere, the whole steeple inverted or turned upside down.

Hints to Smokers.

There are thousands of men who would be willing to abandon the use of tobacco, provided they could do so without inconvenience. Those who make the attempt usually find that after a day or two of total abstinence, they suffer from an irritability of the nerves, which seriously interferes with their comfort. They therefore return to their cigars with renewed zest, and postpone the period of their emancipation from tobacco until "next Christmas," or "the beginning of the new year."

Thereare, of course, philanthropic opponents of tobacco who profer to the smoker systems of their own invention, by the adoption of which he can easily abandon tobacco without the slightest inconvenience. One system, proposed by a popular writer, who is himself a reformed smoker, has the merit of cheapness and simplicity. He assures his clients that they will never feel the want of the abandoned cigar, provided that upon the first day of abstinence they will take a glass of whisky whenever the hour at which they have been accustomed to smoke returns. On the second and each succeeding day, they should diminish their allowance by one glass. In a few days, remarks this benefactor of his race, the habit and desire of smoking will be entirely broken up, and the supplementary whisky can be discontinued.

Now this plan may work very well in cases where the smoker has been in the habit of consuming only one or two cigars per day. Suppose, however, that he is accustomed to smoke say ten cigars daily. Upon abandoning this habit, he will proceed to drink ten glasses of whisky during the first day, nine during the second, and so on. In other words, he will drink forty-nine glasses, or about four quarts, of whisky during the first week of his abandonment of tobacco. Doubtloss he will emancipate from cigars, but he will have made good progress in the gloomy and uncomfortable direction of a drunkard's grave.

This view of the matter is one which undoubtedly presented itself to the mind of a young man who, until last week, resided in Indianapolis. He wished to adandon tobacco, but did not desire to adopt whisky. He therefore hit upon the happy expedient of substituting ice-water for the latter beverage. During the first day of his reformatory process, he drank, three gallons of ice-water, and still feeling the desire for his accustomed narcotic, he ate a quantity of frozen meat, and washed it down with a moderate libation of two quarts of buttermilk. He went to bed with the cheerful belief that he had discovered an infallible antidote to the craving for tobacco, and doubtless expected on the following day to reduce his ration of ice-water by at least a pint. It is unfortunate that so promising an experiment accidentally failed. On the following morning he did not feel very well, and in spite of the aid of two physicians he rapidly grew worse and died.

The moral of this anedote seems to be the ice-water, when drank by the gallon, may supersede the carving for tobacco, but only at the cost of the drunkard's life. Whether the ice-water remedy is preferable to the whisky treatment may be left to the decision of the anti-tobacconists. Those who do not find that moderate indulgence in smoking is running their health, destroying their moral perceptions, and breaking up their business, will probably regard both immediate suicide by ice-water, and ultimate death by alcohol as undesirable substitutes for the morning cigar and the afternoon pipe.—*Exchange.*

A Breach of Promise Suit.

A young man engaged himself to a girl. became dissatisfied with her conduct. and at last, by dint of constant quarrelling, found his affection worn out. He told her so, and asked for his release, which she gave him, as an honest girl ought. And then, because four months after he sees fit to marry somebody else, the girl who has released him marches up, presents a process at his head and cooly strips him of his fortune of $2,500, while the sympathizing bystanders applaud. There is no thought, apparently, for the other woman who is concerned in the affair, the actual wife, who is thus put in danger of want, perhaps, to gratify a rival's vanity. There is no chance given to the poor wretch to hesitate between his money and his happiness by marrying the woman he has ceased to love. In all respects this is certainly a model breach of promise suit, of a sort that we trust to see long confined to the latitude of Indiana, where the incident we have related took place only a short time since.

Old Time Architecture.

It would be amusing, says the American Builder, or mere truly perhaps the reverse, to note in what manner an average architect or engineer of the present age would deal with some of the problems presented to the old masters, for instance, such a one as that successfully solved by the Saracenic builder of the justly celebrated tomb of Mahomet at Bejapore, India, which was as follows: Given a building 135 ft. sq. on plain, and 110 ft. high, required to cover the same with a circular dome 124 ft. in diameter, and weighing some 12,000 or 14,000 tons. It would be curious to observe how many hundreds of tons of iron our men would consider it imperative to throw into the work. The Saracen, knowing the capabilities of his material, acted for no iron work, but fearlessly trusted to his masonary, and skillfully corbelled out the square walls at the top to meet and support the circular dome, and to such a bold extent, that at the angles of the building the projection of the corbelling measured no less than 46 ft.

AN INGENIOUS IMITATION.—By a very simple process, our American slate is now transformed into a beautiful substitute for marble. The rough blocks of slate are first planed down to the required thickness, and the patterns are then drawn upon the slabs, which are cut into the proper shapes and polished. The marbleizing is the peculiar feature in the operation. The material is prepared in a vat, and the slab is let down upon the composition, which adheres to the surface of the slate. The slab is next baked in an oven for one night and then receives a coat of varnish, manufactured for this especial purpose, and after six repetitions of these processes it is finally removed and polished, the surface presenting a beautiful appearance. So firmly united to the slate is this coating, that it cannot be scaled or clipped off without taking the slaty particles with it.

LACE POLONAISES.—Lace polonaises are among the dressy articles lately imported. A French fancy is to make these entirely of stripes of white insertion, either of Valenciennes or duchesse lace, alternating with stripes of black velvet ribbon two inches wide. The garment is then edged with white lace laid over black, and is worn with a belt and sash of black velvet lined with white silk. This makes a very pretty over dress for the black and light colored silks that are worn to dinner parties and small receptions.

Irish Ladies.

Happening to be in Queenstown, Ireland, one evening in July last, I was invited to attend a grand ball. I had been doing some of the interior districts of Ireland, and was so tired that at first I was rather inclined to excuse myself. But before deciding, I asked a question or two: "Is it a big thing?"

"Never saw anything so grand in town."

"What class of women?"

"The first class; the very best from Queenstown, Cork—in fact, the most beautiful women in the world."

I knew how the common women of Ireland looked. I had seen hundreds of them about Killarney selling "mountain dew and goat's milk," and in fact for some time had seen almost nothing else. But I had seen the common class only—the servants, peddlers and peasants. I had not seen the aristocracy. I make up my mind to go. I thanked the gentleman, and began at once on my hair and clothes.

The number of ladies was about one hundred and fifty. Their dress was like that of American ladies on similar occasions, only a trifle more so—sleeves a little shorter, and the corsage a little lower. The ladies were remarkably self-possessed, quiet and graceful, and I think on the whole averaged prettier than I have ever seen for the number on such an occasion.

Some of our naval officers were present in their stunning uniforms, and were honored with marked attention and the sweetest smiles.

I have written all this rigmarole in order to say something about the physical development of those Irish ladies.

The Irish girls we have seen in America have full chests, large, fine arms, and are altogether plump and vital. When an American lady has shown me her arms—candle-dips, No. 8—and has asked, "How can I get such arms as Bridget's?" and I have said, "*Work—work* as she does, and you will have her arms," the lady has generally said, "Oh, that is not work, that comes from climate. I tell you if I had been brought up in Bridget's climate, I should have had her fine bust, but this terrible, dry American air takes all the juices out of us."

My curiosity was on tip-toe to see how Irish ladies, brought up in this moist, even climate, but without work, would look.

I have said there were one hundred and fifty ladies present. They were certainly very pretty and very prettily dressed, but now, taking the witness-stand, I testify that I have never in America seen one hundred and fifty young women together with arms so small and chests so flat and thin.

They belonged to the idle class, and all the world over women of the idle class have spindle arms and thin chests, unless they become merely fat, which, with their weak muscles, is a sad embarrassment.

Elegance, education, rank, aspiration, ambition, prayer,—these will not produce a strong, full, muscular body. They are not the appointed means. *Exercise, exercise! work, work!* this produces strong muscles, full chests and physical beauty. *Work* is the appointed means.—*Dio Lewis.*

A Bee Story.

Dr. Campbell, president of Rutgers College, having discovered, beneath two horse-chestnut trees in the "campus," great numbers of carpenter-bees, much to the head detached, directed the attention of Rev. Samuel Lockwood, the eminent naturalist, to the fact, and a series of careful observations were made, with most interesting results. It was first noted that these bees were all of the same species, and were, moreover, all males or honey-gatherers. The case at first appeared one of wanton massacre, the merciless executioners being common Baltimore orioles. On making a more thorough examination of these headless trunks, it was discovered that every body was empty, the insect having been literally eviscerated at the annular opening made at the neck by the separation of the head. The interesting fact disclosed by these observations is, that these birds had learned that the bodies of these particular bees—the stingless males—were filled, or contained honey sipped from the blossoms of the horse-chestnut, and so they watched the insects till they were fully gorged, then, darting down upon them, snipped off their heads, and always at one place, the articulation, thus showing themselves acquainted with the anatomy of their victims as well as their habits, and taking advantage of both for the gratification of their love for sweets.

VALUE OF A GOOD REPUTATION.—A young man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with the money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night she said: "Did you pay that bill?" "Yes," he answered. In a few days the bill was sent in a second time. "I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this!" "I really don't remember, mother, you know I have had so many things on my mind." "But you said you did." "Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did." He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show. "I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this bill some days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it, but he told me that day that he had, and he says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure that he did." "Well," said the man, "I forgot about it; but if he ever said he did, he did."

THE NERVE TUNER.—An interesting discovery has, it is stated, been made lately by an Italian. He has hit upon a method by which nerves may be tuned like harp strings, and brought into harmony with each other. His theory is that nervous systems, like musical instruments, are all liable to change of tone, and this change is of little importance if all the nerves change together, as by attention to diet and temperature the evil may be corrected *en masse*; but when, owing to accident or uneven wear, the general harmony of the nerves is destroyed, a disconnected action is the result, and a special mode of treatment is required, of which he professes to possess the key. He calls himself a "nerve tuner," and contracts to keep nerves in order by the month or year.

GUNS.—Shot-guns make such nice playthings for children. It is such fun for them to aim at their little playfellows, to play war and deer-shooting with them. Of course they are not loaded—oh, no! but sometimes they have a way of going off whether they are loaded or not, and it is safe to say that coroners and undertakers have received as many fees on account of these "empty" playthings, as they have from parafine. A little fellow tried to frighten another little five-year-older by pointing his father's gun at him. The coroner thought the child might have been frightened at one time, but he was cool and collected enough when he called to see him.

There are 90 woolen mills in Iowa.

A Singular Experiment.

The following history is given of an iron ball now in Sacramento, Cal:

The ball is about three feet in diameter, and weighs 4,740 pounds. It was taken from a hole near Washington, Yolo county, a long time ago, and there is a curious history connected with it. Many years ago I. Nelson Underwood, who was noted as a lecturer on spiritualism and who believed that diamonds could be manufactured by some chemical or scientific process by which carbon could be crystalized, tried many experiments to accomplish this end.

Finally he had several iron balls, of which this is one, cast, and he and other members of the Diamond Manufacturing Company, which he organized, took the balls over the river, near Washington, and tried an experiment.

These large spheres were not entirely solid, but each contained a vacuum in the center, in which the carbon was deposited. By use of chemicals and the application of a powerful galvanic battery, an intense heat was to be created, by which the diamonds were to be produced. Like the recent diamond scheme of San Francisco, a few favorites only were offered the opportunity to take stock in the company. They all accompanied the discoverer to the rear of Washington, where a temporary building had been constructed for the experiment.

Everything was adjusted, and the parties fortunately retired several hundred feet from the building. The batteries were connected by wires, so that Underwood with his friends could maintain a safe position.

The full power of the batteries was applied, and in a few moments an explosion as terrific as that of an ordinary steam boiler occurred. The iron globe was broken into fragments, and some of the pieces were scattered several hundred feet. Everybody was frightened but nobody was hurt. This ended the series of Underwood's experiments. It is possible that the vicinity of Washington is as well salted with diamonds as the Colorado diamond fields, but they don't lie upon the surface and sparkle in the sun. Underwood died several years ago, and as nobody seems inclined to carry on the business of diamond-making, the remaining iron globe has been dug up and will be converted into old iron.

The Horrors of a Storm.

A gentleman from Blue Earth county, Minn., tells of an instance where, in driving along after the great storm, a team of horses was noticed a little off the beaten track, and on examination the horses were found frozen stiff, standing on their feet, and looking perfectly life-like. Sitting on the seat in an erect position, with the reins in his hand, was the driver, dead, and in the bottom of the sleigh, covered up with blankets and straw, were the bodies of seven persons, all dead.

One instance is related of a farmer who was at the town of New Ulm on the day of the storm. Not apprehending danger, he started to go to the town of Nicolett, a few miles distant. This was on Tuesday, at about 2 P. M. Nothing was heard of the man until the next day, when some of the citizens of Nicolett, who came out to see what damage had been done by the storm, discovered the top of the head of a horse sticking out of the snow. An excavation was made, and the missing man was found sitting in his wagon with the reins in his hand, frozen to death. The horse was also dead. The man was found only about twenty rods from Nicolett, where his journey would have terminated. It was supposed that he became bewildered in the blinding snow, and had fruitlessly travelled around in a circle, as is aften the case under such circumstances.

A sad case is that of a young man returning from Canada with his bride. At Pomme de Terre the father of the young man met the couple, and they started for their home, near Fergus Falls. The storm came on, and losing their way the two men left the bride in the sleigh and started to find the road. Nothing has since been heard of them, and they undoubtedly perished. The men not returning, the bride left the sleigh, and after wandering about for some time came to some logs, where she took shelter, where she was found two days afterward so badly frozen that she can's live. A man and a boy living northeast of Morris went out on Tuesday to get some wood. The team was found on Friday, but no traces of the men. A Norwegian named Fladerland left Morris for home Tuesday, since when neither man nor team has been seen or heard from.

A Romantic Incident.

Dr. Ralph V. Aulick, a son of Commodore Aulick, died very suddenly at his father's residence in Washington some months ago, the family believing at the time that he was unmarried. On the following morning a young lady employed in the Treasury Department, known as Miss Oler, on hearing the announcement of his death read from a newspaper, fainted, and it was soon made known that the deceased was her husbard. In October last, the will of the deceased, made in Philadelphia in May last, was filed in the Probate Court, by which he left his property, consisting of ten shares of Cincinnati Gas-light Company's stock, worth nearly $30,000, to his widow. The father of deceased filed a caveat to the will, and the Judge ordered that issues be made for trial at the Circuit Court. The counsel for the caveators, after preliminary remarks, said that the family had come to the conclusion not to interpose further objections to the probate of the will. The counsel for the widow said that there was now no course to take but to obtain a verdict. A jury was accordingly sworn, and the issues being read, they returned a verdict that the testator was of sound mind at the time of making the will, and that it was not procured by fraud, artifice, or undue influence.

Ten Cows for a Wife.

Corners are not confined to Wall street, New York, or to State street, Boston. Neither are they made wholly by dealers in stocks and bonds. The Zulus of South Africa do not need a missionary to teach them to be shrewd. Though a strong and robust people, they have a decided weakness for womankind. They have as many wives as they have means to purchase, and, unlike many in civilized countries, they buy not with gold, or houses, or estates but with cows. Twenty, thirty, or a hundred cows are given for a wife, according as the girl is young and beautiful, or otherwise. One bold Zulo operator with large capital once bought up all the young and desirable girls in the market of the whole region, and compelled all who wanted to buy to pay exhorbitant prices for wives. Of course there was much distress, and this disastrous state of things attracted the attention of their government, and the recurence of it was prevented by a law, which fixes the legal price of a wife to be only ten cows. No man can collect more than this by law. He may receive fifty if he will, but he can force no one to pay more than ten.

A new process for preserving meats consists in dipping the meat in melted butter and then packing in salt.

An Intelligent Elephant.

In July, 1810, the largest elephant ever seen in England was advertised as "just arrived." Henry Harris, the manager of Convent Garden Theatre, purchased it for the sum of nine hundred guineas. Mrs. Henry Johnson was to ride it; and Miss Packer, the Columbine was to play up to it. Young happened to be one morning at the box-office, adjoining the theatre, when his ears were assailed by a strange and unusual uproar within the walls. On asking one of the carpenters the cause of it, he was told "it was something going wrong with the elephant, he could not tell what."

It had been arranged that Mrs. Henry Johnson, seated on a howdah on the elephant's back, should pass over a bridge, in the centre of a numerous group of followers, and it was thought expedient that the unwieldy monster's tractability should be tested. On stepping up to the bridge, which was slight and temporary, the sagacious brute drew back his fore feet and refused to budge. It is well known as a fact in natural history that the elephant, aware of its unusual bulk, will never trust its weight on any object which is unequal to its support. The stage manager, seeing how resolutely the animal resisted every effort to compel or induce it to go over the bridge in question, proposed that they should stay proceedings till next day, when he might be in a better mood. It was during the repetition of the experiment that my father having heard the extraordinary sounds, determined to go upon the stage and see if he could ascertain the cause of them. The first sight that met his eyes kindled his indignation. There stood the huge animal, with downcast eyes and flapping ears, meekly submitting to blow after blow from a sharp iron goad, which his keeper was driving ferociously into the fleshy part of his neck at the root of the ear. The floor on which he stood was converted into a pool of blood. One of the proprietors, impatient at what he regarded as senseless obstinacy kept urging the driver to proceed to still severer extremities, when Charles Young, who was a great lover of animals, expostulated with him, went up to the poor patient sufferer, and patted and caressed him; and when the driver was about to wield his instrument with even more vigor, he caught him by the wrist as in a vice, and stayed his hand from further violence. While an angry altercation was going on between Young and the man of color who was the driver, Captain Hay, of the "Ashel," who had brought over "Chuny" in his ship and petted him greatly, came in and begged to know what was the matter. Before a word of explanation could be given, the much-wronged creature spoke for himself; for as soon as he perceived the entrance of his patron, he waddled up to him, and with a look of gentle appeal, caught hold of his hand with his proboscis, plunged it into the bleeding wound, and then thrust it before his eyes. The gesture seemed to say as plainly as if enforced by speech, "See how these cruel men treat Chuny." Can *you* approve of it? The hearts of the hardest present were sensibly touched by what they saw, and among them that of the gentleman who had been so energetic in proposing its harsh treatment. It was under a far better impulse that he ran out into the street, purchased a few apples at a stall, and offered them to him. Chuny eyed him askance, took them, threw them between his feet, and when he had crushed them to pulp, spurned them from him. Young, who had gone into Convent Garden on the same errand as the gentleman who had proceeded him, shortly after re-entered, and also held out to him some fruit, when, to the astonishment of the bystanders, the elephant ate every morsel; and then twined his trunk with studied gentleness around Young's waist, marking by his action that though he had resented a wrong, he did not forget a kindness.

Early Greenlanders in America.

We have precise information as to the visits of the early Greenland colonists to the continent of America. It was indeed doubted at one time whether Old Greenland itself was not a creation of Scandinavian romance. But the actual remains of the colony have been brought to light, and modern discoveries have verified the ancient descriptions of the country, its climate, and products. Besides the foundations and walls of houses, now overgrown with dwarf willows and scurvy-grass, large churches and portions of graveyards have been found in the situations mentioned in the ancient Icelandic records. In one plain, once a meadow, but now overgrown with dandelions and juniper-brush, many fragments of bell-metal, parts of church-bells, were picked up by the natives and hoarded as specimens of gold. Runic inscriptions have been found as far north as the Woman Islands in latitude 72° 55′, and the most recent expeditions have confirmed the existence of all the natural landmarks mentioned by the chroniclers. Their "veins of gold" are shown to be deposits of iron pyrites; the warm winds in winter, which seem so marvellous to the ancient colonists, have been described by Sir I. McClintock, and the hot springs of Onartok confirm the old Norsemen's account of the boiling fountains at which the monks in Greenland cooked their food. Greenland was colonized at the end of the tenth century, and the settlement prospered for 400 years. After the devastations of the Black Death, the settlers had to recede gradually before the advance of the Esquimaux or "Skrœlings," and a valuable account of the state of the country just before the time when intercourse with Europe ceased is to be found in *Purchas' Pilgrims.* Ivor Bardson, high steward to the bishop, was sent to the northern parts of the colony to drive back the Esquimaux. "There," he wrote, "is still standing a church where formerly our bishop dwelt; but now the wild Skrœlings have all that land, and there are many cattle but no people, Christian or heathen, but all have been carried off by the enemy, the Skrœlings." That is the last that was heard of the doomed colony, and no one knows the fate of the last handfuls of settlers. Danish writers have been fond of imagining the migrations of their countrymen to the ice-bound recesses of the east coast of Greenland, where they are supposed to remain "carrying on a perpetual war with the savages in revenge for the ruin of their ancestors." But this is a mere fancy which has been gradually disproved, and except in the books of the antiquarians and the vague rumors of the seas, the memory of Old Greenland has long since passed away.

A COMPETENT CLERK.—The Washington correspondent of the Norwalk *Gazette* says: "It was left to the expertness and vigilant scrutiny of a Connecticut lady clerk in the Treasury to detect the $500 bogus note which had escaped the detection of bank officials, and been sent to the Treasury for redemption. It came from Chicago, and is said to be the most finished bit of counterfeiting yet discovered. It was a $5 and $100 bill evenly split through the centre and pasted on to a back split from another bill, and so nicely adjusted that the five took the place of the one in the figure mark and printed the word as perfectly as in the genuine bill. It is to be retained as a specimen of mosaic work in counterfeiting."

In the Monkey World.

It was a wild and dreary part of the country, says a writer in a late London magazine, in the plains of India, while journeying, that one day a friend and self sat down under the shade of an umbrageous banyan-tree, and we were enjoying a meal of various edibles, to be washed down by a glass of Bass' best, when we were disturbed by the arrival and the noise of a troop of large black-faced monkeys—the branches overhead literally swarmed with them. They looked on us as interlopers, no doubt, and for some time their gestures appeared so menacing that we were apprehensive they would dispute the ground with us. But after a time things seemed to settle down, and we went on with our repast in peace. We had just risen from our meal, and were strolling forth from under the shade, when, to our surprise, one of the monkeys, a young one, fell down from a high branch at our feet. It was quite dead. The clamor that arose above us, on the occurrence of this calamity, was deafening. The whole assembly of monkeys clustered together for a confab. Long and loud were the chatterings and varied the grimaneces of the tribe, each individual vying with the other in the loudness of his tongue. Their looks and gestures made it apparent that they suspected us as being the cause of the death of their juvenile comrade; and had we had guns in our hands, or any other murderous weapons, we should no doubt have been set upon and maltreated. But we were unarmed, and the good sense of the monkeys seemed to tell them that there must be some other culprit. Having come to this conclusion, one monkey, apparently the senior and leader of the whole tribe, separated himself from the rest, ran to the spot on the branch whence the young monkey had fallen, examined it carefully, smelt the branch, and then glided nimbly down one of the pillars or pendant roots, with which the banyan-tree is so richly furnished, and came to the corpse of the monkey, took it up, examined it minutely, particularly the shoulder, where there was a wound—not a gun-shot, but one somewhat smaller. Instinct immediately turned suspicion into a certainty. He placed the corpse on the ground again, and turning his gaze in every direction, endeavored to pierce the foliage in his search for the murderer. After a little while something seemed to rivet his attention; it was but for a moment—the next instant he had mounted the tree, sprung to the spot, and with one hand had seized a long whip-snake, with which he hastened to the ground. Now occurred a most curious scene. The whole monkey rabble, following their leader in his rapid movement, were on the ground almost as soon as he; and then, as many as could, ranged themselves on each side of the snake; each monkey put his hand on the reptile, clinching hold of the skin of the back tightly. At a given signal the executioners dragged the body of the writhing snake backward and forward on the ground, till nothing was left of the murderer but the backbone. The mode of execution was at once summary and effectual; and in the way in which it was carried out, was manifested the clear understanding which the monkey language conveys. It reminds me of the lingo of some of the Paharee tribes of Himalayas, which consists of a string or succession of sounds like *ha-ha-coo-hoo—hin-hin*—equally unintelligible to us as the chatterings of the monkey, but very well understood by the "hoo-noomans," by whom it is used; even as the monkeys can comprehend one another.

English Laborers in Brazil.

A party of over one hundred English agricultural laborers, who were induced to emigrate to Brazil in the expectation of greatly improving their condition, appear to have been much disappointed with the results of their experiments. These laborers were shamefully deceived by the persons who induced them to emigrate. It was represented to them that when they arrived in South America they would be received by Brazilian officials and conducted to the colony of Cananea, where they were all to live together in a happy and prosperous community on small farms to be granted by the Government, who would find tools and seeds in addition to an allowance of two shillingsa day until the gathering in of the first harvest—the food to be "chiefly duck, fowl and eggs." If they wished to work for wages, instead of holding farms, they were to be paid four shillings a day for the first six months, and eight shillings a day afterward. They were further told that the soil was rich in gold, lead and other minerals, "tons of which were dug up almost pure and abandoned, because the road to the port was not completed." It may readily be imagined how tempting were these prospects to the poor laborers, who had been reared in abject poverty, and how cruel was their disappointment when on arriving in Brazil they found themselves obliged to live on black beans and rice, and to huddle for shelter into sheds poorer than the meanest cottages in England, while the fine stories of farms and profitable occupation were discovered to be as illusory as the promises of abundant duck, and gold lying around loose for want of transportation.

Mysteries and Miseries of the Lottery.

An English mathematician, familiar with the theory of probabilities, demonstrated that, in a particular year, the chances were 34,999 to 1 against a particular number winning the £10,000 prize; 11,669 to 1 against a £5,000 prize; and 6 to 1 against any prize at all. But all such warnings were of no use. A banker's clerk was one day found raving mad in the street; he had bought a ticket bearing a favorite number, and was robbed of it; on the day of the drawing of the lottery that number came up a £30,000 prize, and grief and rage were too much for him.

One Mr. Barnes, a grocer, bought four consecutive numbers; fearing that this would be unluc