THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOL. VI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1873. NO. 24.

Sonnets.

TO ONE WHO ASKED HIM OF A LADY'S GRACE.

I like her brown small hand that some time strays,
To find the place, through the same books with mine.
I like her feet—and O, her eyes are fine;
And when I say farewell, perhaps she stays
With downward look, awhile, love lingering—
Then quick, as she would have that pain soon over.
I like the mandolin whereon she plays;
I like her voice better than anything.
Yet I like, too, the scarf her neck doth cover;
Also the little ribbon in her hair.
I like to see her stepping down a stair,
And well I like the door that she comes through.
And then you know I am that lady's lover,
And every new day there is something new.

OF HIS LOVE FOR A LADY.

I know not if I love her overmuch—
But this I know, that when unto her face
She lifts her hand, which rests there still a space,
Then slowly falls—'tis I who feel that touch.
And when she sudden shakes her head with such
A look, I soon her secret meaning trace;
So when she runs I think 'tis I who race.
Like a poor cripple who has lost his crutch
I am if she is gone; and when she goes,
I know not why—for that is a strange art,
As if myself should from myself depart.
I know not if I love her more than those,
Her lovers. But when she shall fall asleep,
It is not I who will be left to weep.

MRS. PERCY'S PERIL.

Arthur Percy, captain in Her Majesty's dragoons, is my husband, and the adventure I am about to relate befell me about eighteen months after our marriage, when the regiment was quartered in Ireland.

A detachment was stationed in one of the most unquiet parts of that country, which I refrain, from obvious reasons, from naming. Arthur was ordered to take command of it, and so I, of course, accompanied him with our baby, an infant of about five months. We thought ourselves very fortunate in having secured a small but extremely pretty cottage at an almost nominal rent, distant about one mile from the barracks.

I cannot better describe the cottage than by telling you that it was called "The Bungalow," and like its namesake, was a long, one-storied building, with a veranda in front of the principal windows. A small entrance hall in which were two doors was the first thing observed on entering; one led to the drawing-room, dining-room, and three bedrooms, while the other led directly to the kitchen, servants' room, and into a passage leading to the outer offices.

Our establishment consisted of two women servants and one man; the latter, being a soldier, returned every night to the barracks, which happened to be the nearest habitation to us, not even the humblest dwelling breaking the loneliness of the way between them and the Bungalow.

I have already said that the distance from them was about a mile, and the road, which was partly grass-grown, lay through a narrow sort of lane, enclosed on each side by very high hedges.

These hedges were a continual horror to me. Scarcely ever did I see Arthur start in the morning without visions arising of desperadoes concealed behind them, dressed in the inevitable long-tailed, ragged coat, the high-crowned, narrow-rimmed hat, and the murderous weapon, all of which things I invariably associated with an Irish ruffian.

The dragoons had been sent to quell some risings, and to support the authorities, consequently they were not regarded by the natives in any very friendly light.

As the weeks went on and every afternoon brought Arthur safely back to me, my fears were somewhat allayed, and occasionally I walked through the lane towards the town to meet him—always, however, feeling glad when I got safely past any chance passer-by whom I might encounter.

Arthur used to laugh at my fears, and as I knew I was a desperate coward, I tried to think they were groundless, and merely the result of my own natural timidity.

The year was drawing to a close, and on the 10th of January we were to bid adieu to the Bungalow, Ireland, and the Irish. The regiment was under orders for England in the spring, and till then Arthur was to go on leave.

I was in raptures at the prospect of being settled in my own part of the world again, and, best of all, leaving Ireland, against which I entertained so profound a prejudice. It was Christmas Eve; Arthur was obliged, most unwillingly, to spend it at the barracks, as the few officers there wished to have a farewell dinner, and, in addition, there was to be an entertainment for the soldiers at an early hour.

It had been snowing heavily all day, and when Arthur left, about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, darkness was beginning to come on.

I begged him not to return if the snow continued, as I knew it might be very late ere the party broke up, and I could not bear the idea of his coming home through that dark, narrow road, in the middle of a snowy December night. If he did come he was to tap at my window, which would enable me to let him in without disturbing the servants, who slept at the other side of the house.

After I had watched his figure disappear I re-entered the cottage with a disagreeable sense of solitude and weariness, which I tried to dispel by ringing for the nurse to bring my baby, stirring the fire into a cheerful blaze, and otherwise occupying myself. Though almost quite dark, it was now only about four o'clock, and the blinds in the little sitting room were still undrawn. I was sitting on the hearth rug, with baby on my lap, amusing her with my watch and its glittering appendages, which were an unfailing source of pleasure to her; and as she stretched out her little hands to grasp them, I was suddenly attracted to the direction of the window, through which, to my unutterable horror, I distinguished distinctly the face of a man gleaming upon me. In that swift, momentary glance I could see that it was a pale, sinister, malevolent countenance, with small, hungry eyes. My heart beat wildly, but I dissembled my terror well, I suppose, as had I done otherwise baby and I might have fared differently. So rapidly had I comprehended the necessity for appearing not to have observed him, that I hardly stopped speaking to my baby, but a thousand projects for escape from my present position revolved themselves through my whirling brain. How could I escape from that little room, with its dark, unshaded window? Furtively I looked again, and was infinitely relieved to find that the apparation had vanished, for the present, at least, from its late close proximity to the window. I got up at last, still chattering to my unconscious child, and moved slowly towards the door, even pausing for an instant at the table, partly to gather strength to proceed, as my limbs were tottering beneath me, partly because I dreaded lest the lurker without might still be marking my movements. I had scarcely strength left to turn the handle of the door, but once on the other side of it, I rushed across the hall and gained the kitchen, where I found my two domestics seated at their tea.

I briefly told them of the fright I had got, and was not much reassured on finding that both were, if possible, greater cowards than I was myself.

The sound of a whistle at no great distance from the cottage roused me to the necessity of instantly making every place as secure as possible. Accompanied by the two trembling servants, and with baby in my arms, I began my tour of inspection. At last every bolt was drawn, every shutter closed, and nothing more remained to be done. I found, on looking at the clock, that it was little past five, so that a long evening was before me.

Not a sound was to be heard; nothing fresh occurred to alarm us in the least, and at last I grew almost ashamed of the panic I had given way to, merely from having seen a man glance through the window. Very probably he was some strolling vagrant who had been attracted by the bright light of the fire to look in, without doing us any harm.

So I reasoned with myself, and so I tried to reassure the servants. Under any circumstances, I was glad to feel that we were safely shut up for the night, and determined to go soon to my room, where I felt less lonely than in the empty drawing-room.

Had there not been the chance of Arthur returning, I would have proposed that the servants should sleep in a bed there happened to be in his dressing-room; but as they assured me they were not at all afraid, now that nothing more had been heard of the man, and I knew it would be a great nuisance to Arthur, if he did return, I concluded that it was wiser to let them sleep in their own room, though it was at some distance from mine.

I went to my room at about half-past nine, and proceeded to undress; after which I put on my white flannel dressing-gown, placed my candles behind me, and seating myself in front of the fire began to read.

In spite of all my assurances to myself and my servants, I felt strangely nervous and restless. My book was a very interesting one, but it failed to obliterate from my mind the horrible remembrance of the face at the window. Perhaps he was there still—perhaps he was watching for Arthur's return to waylay and murder him. All sorts of wild visions presented themselves to my mind. Once baby moved slightly, and it made me start nearly to my feet with terror.

I was thoroughly upset, and the only thought that consoled me was, that I had begged Arthur not to return; so he was, no doubt, safely at the barracks, little dreaming of my state of mind.

It was snowing heavily still. I knew it by the dropping that came steadily down the chimney. The atmosphere seemed to choke me somehow. And ever and anon I found myself listening intently.

The hall clock struck eleven, every stroke vibrating through me. Still I sat on; my fire growing dim, and myself feeling cramped, cold and almost immovable.

What was I so afraid of? I asked myself a hundred times. I could not tell; it was a vague, shadowy terror that seemed to be chaining me down. I had heard of people's hair turning white in a night from fear. Surely mine would be as snowy as the ground without if I had to spend the whole night thus.

Oh, for the sound of Arthur's voice. Perhaps I should never hear it again—perhaps he would never know what a night I had spent, as either he or I might be murdered before morning. Half-past eleven—only thirty minutes since the clock struck. In eight hours our servant from the barracks would come, even if Arthur had settled not to return till morning. Eight hours of this!

A quarter from twelve. By a mighty effort I forced myself to get up. Glancing at the glass, my own ghostly reflection terrified me. I laid my watch under my pillow, and was in the act of lying down beside baby—not to sleep, as till two o'clock I should hope for Arthur—when a sound, awful, wild, unearthly, broke the stillness of the dark December night. It was a scream from a woman's voice in dire distress; another followed, and it came from somewhere in the house. Not a moment did I hesitate.

Springing out of bed and putting on only my slippers—happily having kept on my dressing-gown—I seized my child, pausing only to snatch up her little shawl that lay beside her on the bed. I unbarred my shutter, opened the window, and the next moment was on the veranda. It needed not a third wild shriek to impel me to a speed beyond what I had ever dreamed of as possible.

In a second or two I was beyond the gate, flying for life, for my own and another existence, dearer far, in my arms, clasped tightly to me—flying through the lanes, past the dreadful hedges, on, stumbling now and then, but recovering myself only to resume my race for life with greater desperation. Death was surely behind us. If the pale, piercing face of the outside watcher overtook me now, what would be my fate?

God was merciful indeed to me, and gave me the power to proceed in my awful extremity.

Heaven's portals could hardly have been more rapturously reached than the barrack gates, as I flew inside of them. I saw a group of men standing in the doorway; and towards them I rushed, recognizing, to my unutterable thankfulness, among them my husband.

His amazement may be better imagined than described, as he beheld us; and as I could not do more than point behind me. I believe poor Arthur must have thought I had gone suddenly raving mad. I only heard their voices murmuring round me, and I felt baby lifted out of my arms, though they told me afterwards I held her so tightly they could scarcely separate us. The next thing I knew was that Arthur had laid me on a sofa in a bright warm room, and that we were safe—Arthur, baby and I—and together

But the servants. I conveyed to Arthur, as coherently as I could, the events of the afternoon, and my conviction that nothing short of murder had been committed. In less than five minutes he was off, with some of the others, to the cottage, where the awful scene presented itself to their view as they entered.

In the passage from the kitchen to the entrance hall lay the dead body of our unfortunate cook. A blow from some heavy weapon had actually smashed in the back of the head, and life was quite extinct; our other servant was found in an insensible state; but, after some time, recovered sufficiently to be able to give the particulars of the attack, and a description of their assailant, who proved to be no other than the monster who had glared in upon me that very afternoon. It seemed that, after I had seen everything was secure, the servants had gone out to the coal-house, and during their temporary absence from the kitchen door the ruffian had slipped in, secreted himself in a cupboard in the passage, and thus been actually locked into the house with ourselves!

Imagining, it was supposed, that Arthur would not return, and knowing that we had a good deal of plate in the house, he had arranged to begin operations after all was quiet, and the first scream that I had heard had been elicited from the unfortunate servants, at whose bedside he suddenly made his appearance.

The miscreant had struck down the cook, while she attempted to escape, which, happily for herself, the other servant was too paralyzed to do. The scream I had heard as I left the house must have been the last dying one of the poor cook, whom the murderer had pursued and overtaken before she could gain my door, which was, no doubt, the point to which she was flying for succor. Not a moment too soon had I gone. An accomplice had been admitted by the front door, which was found wide open, my bedroom door shattered, but nothing touched, my flight having, doubtless, scared them. The tracks of their pursuing footsteps were discerned easily when the blessed morning light of Christmas Day shone. They had evidently gone in pursuit of me, but probably my safety was due greatly to the whiteness of my garments, which must have rendered my flying figure almost invisible against the snowy ground. The police were soon in quest, and ere many hours elapsed the retreat of the assassins was discovered.

A desperate struggle ensued, and recognizing in one man an escaped and notorious convict, and in the conflict, feeling his own life was in danger, the constable fired on him, and the miserable corpse was conveyed to the police station, where our servant identified it as the murderer of the cook and the assailant of herself. The wretched man had, with his companion and accomplice, escaped only two days before from prison, to which the latter was safely escorted back by a couple of policemen. The funeral of our poor servant took place a few days afterwards, and the Bungalow was finally deserted by us. The other servant recovered completely, and the policeman, who had been wounded by the convict rather severely, was reported convalescent before our departure.

I never saw the Bungalow again; and very joyfully did I enter the steamer which conveyed us to dear old England. —*London Society.*

Nobody's Child.

A little more than a century and a half ago a benevolent English sea-captain, Thomas Coram, who had retired from active service upon a moderate fortune, was greatly distressed in his daily walks about London at the sight of infants left exposed in the public streets. Having come to the conclusion that the desertion and destruction of children was attributable to the want of proper means for preventing the disgrace and succoring the necessities of their parents, he set heartily to work to provide a refuge to which wretched mothers might carry their offspring, and themselves be enabled to return to a virtuous and honest life. In this benevolent and praiseworthy undertaking the honest captain met with unexpected and disheartening opposition. Society, in its terrible determination to discountenance immorality, shrank from doing anything to alleviate the misery of the outcast mother of an illegitimate child; nor was the law more merciful. It was considered so necessary to uphold the sanctity of marriage that society and the law alike refused to do anything to save the innocent offspring of sin from falling a prey to the misery, wretchedness, and immorality of their parents. Nearly twenty years elapsed before the good old sea-captain had obtained subscriptions sufficient for founding a hospital, when a wing of the building now known as the "Foundling Hospital" was erected in London.

It was announced that at eight o'clock on a certain evening twenty children, all for whom there were then accommodations, would be received; that the persons bringing them should come in at the outer door and ring a bell at the inner door, and not go away until notice was given of reception; that no questions whatever should be asked of any person bringing a child; and that to each child should be affixed some distinguishing mark or token, that it might be afterward known if necessary. These tokens, many of which are still preserved, mostly consisted of small silver coins, crosses, lockets, empty purses, doggerel verses pinned to the infant's clothes, and mottoes supposed to be appropriate to the forlorn condition of the poor little waif.

The number of applicants increased so rapidly after the opening of the institution that painful scenes were soon presented at the doors, where sometimes a hundred women might be seen struggling and fighting for precedence. A plan was then devised for receiving the children by ballot, but this did not remedy the evil, all kinds of fraud being practiced to place the little things in the hospital.

Fifteen years after the opening of the institution notice was given that exposed and abandoned young children from all parts of the country would be admitted, money for their support being guaranteed by Parliament. The first day on which this was announced a basket was hung outside the hospital gates, and 117 children were deposited as claimants of government support.

It was soon found that parents with large families resorted to this easy means of reducing their anxieties and expenses. The conveyance of helpless children from remote country districts, and their consignment, dead or alive, to the hospital, became a distinct branch of the carrier's trade, work-houses were emptied of pauper infants, newly born children were taken from mothers, who required parish relief, and within four months 15,000 infants were deposited in the hospital basket. The provisions for dealing with such continual claims were insufficient, and the precautions for preserving life were but partially understood. Of these 15,000 foundlings only 4,400 lived to be apprenticed. The refuge became not a hospital, but a charnel-house.

We have not the space to follow out the subsequent history of the institution founded by the exertions of good Captain Coram, or to trace the large development of his philanthropic idea in England and our own country. Extensive as that development has been, every one who has investigated the matter knows but too well how inadequate are all our provisions to check and mitigate the evils growing out of the abandonment of children. Pathetic scenes are still of daily—we might say almost hourly—occurrence in the great cities of Christian England and America.

Social Chit-Chat.

Polonaises with basque fronts are much worn.

Flowers have succeeded feathers as bonnet trimmings.

Velvet is used as a trimming on all kinds of light materials, this spring.

Suits of gray English waterproof cloth are the correct costume for ocean travel.

Hysteria must be a fashionable disease among ladies, else why the universal vinaigrette.

Normandy caps of white Swiss over blue or pink silk are in great favor for breakfast toilettes.

It is said that hereafter a band of music will be the correct thing at all fashionable weddings.

Ladies' wearing apparel can be rendered uninflamable by a solution of sulphate of potash and alum.

The mania for old laces again rages; cold coffee produces the desirable tint of age quickly and effectively.

We are getting back in fashions further than ever. Ruffs are now worn so large that they have to be stiffened with wire.

Serenades will be quite the thing this spring, on account of the great favor into which part-singing has come of late.

The new thing in fans is the "Trianon." It measures eighteen inches from point to tip. The larger they are the more stylish.

The loose-fronted polonaises which have been introduced, look too much like morning wrappers to be liked for street wear, and are very common.

Prince Talleyrand.

A Chequered Career---A Great Diplomatist---Specimens of his Wit.

It has been trully said that next to Napoleon Bonaparte, by far the most extraordinary man of the French Revolution was Talleyrand. He was born in January, 1754, and died in May, 1838, in his eighty-fifth year. He was the oldest son of a noble family, but meeting with an accident, when he was a boy, which lamed him for life, he was thereby rendered unfit for military service, and was obliged to renounce his birthright in favor of his next brother, and, at once to get rid of him and get him out of the way, was condemned to become a clergyman.

When only twenty-nine years old, Talleyrand was appointed Bishop of Autun, but, being fond of Parisian society, did not often visit his diocese, over one hundred and sixty miles distant. When the Revolution broke out in 1789, he took part with the movement party, because he saw it was the strongest, became an active member of the National Assembly, resigned his bishopric, and at last, some months before Louis XVI was guillotined, retired to England for a year or two, and finally reached the United States; what little money in his possession being obtained from the sale of his library. This was a poor look-out for an ambitious man, fond of luxurious living and gay society, and only forty-two years old. He chiefly resided in Philadelphia. In some eighteen months, after the fall of Robespierre and the close of the Reign of Terror, he returned to Paris—in May 1796.

From that time Talleyrand filled the highest stations, at home or abroad, in the service of his country, except during the reign of the restored Bourbons, who seem to have dreaded the ability of this astute diplomatist. His holding office under so many changes and chiefs has been charged against his political character. It was said that, on taking the oath of allegiance to Louis Phillippe, in 1830, he was heard to mutter: "This is the thirteenth of these oaths that I have sworn." The *fact* was true, but Talleyrand, of all men, was the least likely to *speak* of it.

It was Talleyrand, and none other, who, in 1830, on the accession of the Duke of Orleans to the crown of France, negotiated that treaty of amity (the *entente cordiale*) between France and England which has subsisted, amid various changes, to the present day.

To Talleyrand has been attributed the well-known saying that "Language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts." But before Talleyrand was born, Doctor Edward Young had written this couplet:

"Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind."

And the germ of this thought is to be found in the writings of Bishop Jeremy Taylor; and Lloyd, Smith, Butler and Goldsmith also used it.

Among other sayings of Talleyrand's is: "It is the beginning of the end;" but this occurs in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," where we find:

"To show our simple skill—
That is the true beginning of the end."

Like Byron, who was an avowed picker-up of unconsidered trifles, whenever Talleyrand found a good thought or a happy expression, he did not scruple to adopt and use it, mostly improving it.

Talleyrand's brother wrote a memorandum for Mr. Fournier, to the effect that the only book he used, in the forty years after his return from America, was "L'Improvisateur Francais," a compilation of anecdotes and *bon-mots*, in twenty-one pocket volumes.

Nevertheless, Talleyrand was a genuine wit—keen, ready and inventive. Here are a few specimens of his rapid utterances in this line: Ruthieres, the celebrated author of a work on the Polish Revolution once said:

"I never did but one mischievous thing in my life."

"And when will it end?" was Talleyrand's reply.

"Ah, I feel the torments of hell!" said a person, in great agony, whose life had been somewhat of the loosest.

"Already?" was the suggestive inquiry of the wit.

To *him*, no doubt, it came originally, but the Cardinal de Retz's physician is recorded as having made a similar exclamation on a like occasion.

"Isn't Geneva dull?" asked a friend.

"Especially when they amuse themselves," said Talleyrand, which was imitated not long since by the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, when he wrote that "life would be very tolerable, if it were not for its amusements."

When Madame de Stael published a novel entitled "Delphine," she was reported to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand as that of an elderly lady, who is one of the principal characters.

"They tell me," he said, the next time he met her, "that both of us are in your novel, in the disguise of women."

That remark, however, might have been elaborated beforehand. Another time:

"She is insupportable!" he said, with marked emphasis; but as if he had gone too far, and to take off something of what he had laid on, he added; "It is her only defect."

Asked whether a certain authoress, whom he had known long since, but who belonged to the last age, was not a "little tiresome?" he answered:

"Not at all; she was *perfectly* tiresome."

A gentleman in company was one day making a somewhat zealous eulogy of his mother's beauty, dwelling upon the topic at uncalled-for length—he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents.

"It was your father, then, apparently, who may not have been very well-looking," was the remark, which at once released the circle from the subject.

When the Duchess de Berri (mother of the present Count de Chambord, now the last of the Bourbon family), was performing some very foolish freaks some fifty years ago, Talleyrand advised Louis Philippe that she should be visited with this rescript to herself and faction:

"Madam, no hope remains for you. You will be tried, condemned and pardoned!"

When Charles X, then the Count d'Artois, returned to France in 1814, on seeing, like Charles II of England at a similar reception, that all the enemies of his family had disappeared, he said, loud enough to have the *bon-mot* heard and repeated with praise:

"There's only one Frenchman the more!"

This, the only clever sentence ever spoken by the prince, was put his into mouth by Talleyrand, who madeit.

Between Talleyrand and Fouche (head of Napoleon's police) there was no love lost. Fouche used to say that Talleyrand was nothing until he had drank a bottle of Madeira—which could scarcely be true, as his breakfast was one rusk and one cup of black, strong coffee; his only meal, in the whole day being his dinner, which occupied two hours and consisted of several courses; but this was not taken until six or seven o'clock, when the day's official work was over.

On Napoleon's return from Elba, he reinstated Fouche as Minister of Police, and, no doubt, was betrayed by him—duplicates of all his plans for the campaign of June, 1815, in Belgium, having been sent on to the Duke of Wellington. Before the arrangements for that last blow were all completed, Napoleon asked Fouche whether it would not be easy to obtain the adhesion of Talleyrand, then French Ambassador at Vienna, by sending him a handsome gold-and-diamond snuff-box—which, by the way, he would receive from other parties at the conclusion of the treaty.

"He will open it," said Fouche, who knew something of Talleyrand's rapacity. "Put in it an order for two millions of francs (four hundred thousand dollars), one-half payable on his return to France."

Napoleon said, "No; that would be too expensive."

So the present was not made. Had it been offered and accepted, perhaps Napoleon I. might have died Emperor in Paris, instead of exile in St. Helena.

Mozart's Requiem.

One day, as Mozart was seated in his study, in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced, who asked to speak with him. He was an aged man, very well dressed, and of noble and imposing manner. He said to the composer:

"I am commissioned by a great man to come and find you."

"The name of this man, if you please?" said Mozart.

"He does not wish to be known."

"Very well; what are his wishes?"

"He has lost a very dear friend, whose memory will be for ever precious to him. He wishes to commemorate her death, every year, by a solemn service, and he wants you to compose a requiem for the occasion."

Mozart was deeply impressed by these words spoken so solemnly, and by the air of mystery that seemed to pervade the interview. He promised to compose the requiem. The stranger continued:

"Put to this work your entire genius, for you compose it for a connoisseur in music."

"So much the better," said Mozart.

"How much time do you want for the task?"

"Four weeks."

"Well, I will come for it in four weeks. What will be your price?"

"One hundred ducats."

The stranger counted out the money upon the table and disappeared. Mozart remained plunged in deep thought for a few moments, then called for pen, ink, and paper and began to write the requiem. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his wife, he wrought upon it night and day. But his body, already feeble, could not endure this continual strain, and he finally fell fainting at his task. Then he was obliged to rest. Several days after, his wife sought to divert his mind from its sadness by some playful remark. He replied earnestly:

"One thing is certain; I am composing my own requiem; it will serve to perpetuate my own memory."

In proportion as he wrought, his strength diminished, from day to day, and the requiem advanced very slowly. The four weeks were finally gone, and the stranger returned.

"It has been impossible for me to keep my word," said Mozart, sadly.

"Never mind," said the man, "how much more time do you require?"

"I want four weeks more. The work has inspired me with deeper interest than I supposed, and I have given to it more study than I intended."

"In that case it is right that I increase the price. Here are fifty ducats more for your pay."

In astonishment Mozart asked, "Who are you?"

"That is nothing to the purpose. I will return in four weeks."

As the stranger left the house, Mozart called a servant and requested him to follow this extraordinary man and find out who he was; but the blundering man soon returned, saying that he could find no trace of him. Poor Mozart had conceived the idea that this stranger was no ordinary mortal, but was one of his friends in the immortal world, sent to warn him of his approaching death. He applied himself with redoubled ardor to his requiem, which he regarded as the most enduring monument to his genius. He fainted many times at his toil. Finally, it was accomplished before the expiration of the four weeks.

The stranger came for it at the given time, but Mozart was dead.

A Singular Disease.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis is a disease which seems quite incomprehensible to the non-medical classes in the community; and, indeed, even among the best-informed and most skillful physicians there is a great diversity of opinion respecting the causes and the proper method of treating this disease. It has assumed an epidemic form several times in different parts of our country, seemingly independent of any agency referable to peculiarities of climate, season, or locality. The first epidemic visitation was in 1806, when it gradually spread through the New England and Middle States and Canada. It again became epidemic in 1840, was widely prevalent during the civil war, and has never since altogether disappeared from the country. According to Dr. Moore, a physician of St. Louis, where the disease has prevailed recently, the first symptoms of cerebro-spinal meningitis are exceedingly varied in different individuals. The attack is usually very sudden, seizing the patient when apparently in ordinary health. Pain in the head, constant or intermittent, pain in the back of the neck and along the spine, with soreness in limbs and joints, are common symptoms. Sometimes the attack is preceded by giddiness or by ague, or by cold extremities, flushed face, and quick pulse; in other cases by lassitude and prestration, by a deep stupor, or even by severe nausea and vomiting. These initiatory symptoms are followed by a state of violent agitation, which is replaced by stupor. The body of the patient becomes excessively sensitive, the slightest touch being painful. The most striking symptoms of cerebro-spinal meningitis are those presented by the muscular system. The muscles of the neck become rigidly contracted, drawing the head back and firmly fixing it in that position. Rigidity is very comman in the muscles of the extremities; sometimes the muscles of the whole spine are so violently contracted as to force the spine backward.

Hints to Whist Players.

Reviewing a small work on whist, the following rhyming rules strikes the *Pall Mall Gazette* as being particularly good:

"Mind well the rules for trumps—you'll
often need them
When you hold five, 'tis right to lead them.
Watch also for your partner's trump request.
To which, with less than four, lead out your best.
When you discard, weak suits you ought to choose—
For strong ones are to valuable too lose."

A thief recently snatched $20,000 from a collector of the Cienfuegos Railroad in the streets of Puerto Principe, Cuba, and got away with it.

A Brother's Devotion.

The Attempt to Secure the Escape of Flynn, the Murderer.

There was a tragic episode in the case of the California murderer Flynn, alias Mortimer, which brought to light the family affairs of the unfortunate Mortimer. It cost the life of his brother and gave touching proof of powerful fraternal affection. There arrived from the Eastern States, by Pacific railroad, at Sacramento, on the 8th of April, three weeks after the conviction of Mortimer, a young man who registered at the City Hotel, as "J. H. Williams, Jersey City." He was under medium size, not very stout built, with brown hair and mutton-chop whiskers. His general appearance was that of a highly respectable man, and his likeness to Mortimer was plain to be seen. He had plenty of money and was frequently to be observed in the saloons, and becoming talkative, often spoke of Mortimer. The stranger said the condemned man was innocent, and on one occasion he pulled out a bundle of papers, remarking that they contained everything, and that in a few days the prisoner would be at liberty. He admitted in confidence he was Mortimer's brother.

He was permitted to visit the jail on several occasions, but was not allowed to have any conversation with the prisoner. He was noticed to gaze fixedly at Mortimer in his cell, but not a word passed between them. Between two and three o'clock on the morning of April 16 a loud ringing of the bell at the jail door awoke the keeper, and, with cocked pistol in hand, he went cautiously to the door. It was moonlight, and there was nobody visible in the yard. He advanced toward the gate and suddenly saw a man, wearing a coat inside out, and with a handkerchief bound around his head. The keeper instantly fell on his knees and fired. The ball took effect in the breast of the intruder. He fired again, and this time the shot entered his mouth. The man, after being thus twice wounded, ran into the jail, and after going round the tier of cells, stopped in front of Mortimer's, reached his hand through the iron grating to its inmate, who clasped it, and his brother fell a corpse.

The guest of the City Hotel had procured a ladder, with which he scaled the walls of the prison, and by means of a line had descended to the yard. His object was to effect the release of Mortimer, and he made the reckless attempt without any confederates. On his person were found two pistols, one of which he had purchased a few days before; a dirk, a diagram of the interior of the jail and a badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. On his arm were the words, "William J. Flynn, Lynn, Mass." There can be little doubt that Mortimer recognized his brother, and was aware of his intention to seek his release. The prisoner had on his boots when the firing took place, and expressed indignation at the shooting of his brother, and asking why the officers, knowing him to be prowling around the jail, and that his suspicious character was a subject of town talk in Sacramento, had not arrested him.

Mortimer made another visit to the Coroner's office. On reaching the rough coffin he instantly recognized the remains, and, after looking long and earnestly upon the cold, stark, contracted features of the deceased, placed his hand affectionately upon the corpse, and exclaimed, "Yes, that is my younger brother, and he was twenty-nine years old last Christmas. I had not seen him for sixteen years until he visited me in the jail a few days since." The body was further identified by Mortimer by the mark of a wound on the forehead, inflicted by a stone he threw one day years ago, and by the dislocation of a finger, which happened when he was a boy. The Cononer's jury acquitted the keeper of all blame for the killing of William J. Flynn. On Mortimer's arm appear the letters, marked with India ink, two N's and an F, leaving no doubt of the family name being Flynn. Further developments have shown that he had four brothers, and that their original residence was Lynn, Mass., where they were all born.

Lassoing Women.

A youth named Verzeni was lately sentenced by the Court of Assizes at Bergamo, Italy, to hard labor for life, for having strangled two women and attempted to strangle several more. He always strenuously denied having had any hand in these crimes. Some days ago, however, a man employed to catch dogs straying about the town called on M. Dona, the President of the Court, and told him that a young conntryman had come to him at one time, begging to be taught the knack of throwing the running noose over the dogs' heads. At the end of two or three lessons this young man became so expert in the art that he never missed his aim. As the dog-catcher declared that he should recognize his former pupil if he had an opportunity of seeing him, the President ordered the convict to be brought forward, with some of his companions. The man instantly pointed out Verzeni as the young peasant who had learned to noose dogs so cleverly. This corroboration of the evidence against a notorious criminal has produced great excitement in the town, but the culprit declares that the dog-catcher dreamt the whole thing.

A Slight Difference.

Ex-Gov. Donnelly, of Minnesota, in an address before a "Grange" in that State, said:

A sewing-machine costs for the work and material $12. We pay $70 for it. The same machines are exported to Europe and sold for $32, after paying freight across the Atlantic. I found in the Belfast *News*, of December 4, 1872, the advertisement of the Singer sewing machine for £5 10s. about $32.50 of our money. We pay the difference of nearly $40 under our patent laws, for being the most patient and gullible fools that ever pretended to a capacity for self-government.

McCormick gave evidence in a law suit recently that his reapers cost $50 to manufacture. We pay nearly two hundred dollars for them.

The thrashing machines, for which we pay $700, could, I am informed, be built for $100. And so of all other implements.

A Mother's Care.

Think what an excellent woman was Mary Clarke, the mother of that famous man who commentated on the Bible. This was what she inculcated on her sons: "Do nothing carelessly, and then, with the ability you have, you will do most things well. Be exact in all you do, nor let the least matter pass you unexamined. In your reading, too, investigate your subject, and be not satisfied with skimming on the surface of things, nor make any attempt to grasp the whole without attending to every part in order. Paying attention to particulars as well as to generalities will by degrees give you a habit of mental observation, while at the same time it will deepen your knowledge. Do not forget to bear your needs and your heart in private before God, that He may grant you grace and direct all your future path in life."

Meat in London costs double what it did forty years ago.

LOST AND FOUND.

A proud, stern man was Geoffrey Peyton, and rich withal, in wealth and honors.

He had won distinction at the bar and on the bench, and had filled the executive chair of his state.

How deeply his proud heart had suffered, those familiar only with his cold and haughty bearing would have been surprised to know.

Not very early in life he married one whom he had long loved with an ardent devotion, often characteristic of men like him, and of which weaker natures are incapable.

In his early struggles with poverty, he had kept his love a secret. He would have suffered his heart to break sooner than have had it whispered he was seeking advancement through an alliance with rich old Ronald Mason's daughter.

But when he could hold up his head with the highest in the land, he no longer hesitated to speak the words he had been so many years waiting to utter, and which Alice Mason had been waiting to hear.

A few years of unalloyed felicity followed their marriage. Though proud and stern as ever to the outside world, not the same man was Geoffrey Peyton at home, his wife by his side and his bright-eyed boy prattling on his knee. There he forgot his pride, save that he felt in those he loved, forgot fame and ambition and greatness, and remembered only that he was happy.

Then came a blow which fell none the lighter on the proud man's head because he gave no sign of yielding. Death crossed his threshold and took from him first his wife and then his child.

The last of these bereavements was peculiarly distressing. The child had gone for a walk with his nurse by the river side, and in a moment of inattention on the part of the nurse, had strayed out of sight. Soon after, his hat was found floating on the water. Alarm was given; search was made; the river was dragged; but in vain. The child was no where to be found. The body, in all likelihood, had been borne out by the tide.

Geoffrey Peyton bore his loss in silence. What his grief was no one knew, for no one was permitted to look upon it, and sympathy he would have resented as an impertinence.

* * * * * * *

Years sped, and Geoffrey Peyton had become an old man. At his death, his large fortune would descend by law to a distant relative, a young man whose avarice kept him free from all *costly* vices, and who, most vices *being* costly enjoyed, in consequence, an excellent reputation.

But Mr. Peyton had opinions of his own as to the disposition of his property. Like many men of his caste, he had an aversion to the division of estates; and while not inclined to disinherit his kinsman, of whom he knew nothing but his reputation, which, we have already said, was good, there was one other whose claims he felt it would be unjust to overlook.

He had brought up in his house, and in some sort adopted, Gertrude Gray, the orphan daughter of an old friend to whom he had been beholden in his days of struggle, and who had died leaving his only child destitute.

Mr. Peyton's plan, duly set forth in his will, was to settle his property, in equal portions, on Gertrude and his kinsman, provided they married each other in a given period. If either declined the match, the share of the one declining was to go to the other; and if both declined, the whole of his fortune was given in trust for certain charities.

Three years before the occurrences of which we are now to speak, George Hayne had sought and obtained employment of Mr. Peyton as his secretary. The young man proved faithful and diligent, manifesting, moreover, qualities of intellect which induced his employer to encourage the devotion of his leisure time to a course of legal study.

George made so good use of his opportunities, that by the end of three years he was prepared for admission to the bar. He had learned other things besides the law in the mean time. He had learned, for instance, how pretty Gertrude Gray was, and how devotedly he loved her; though he was too straightforward to tell her so without first asking permission of Mr. Peyton, with whom, at last, he sought an interview for that purpose.

Modestly, but unreservedly, the young man explained the state of his feelings, and was about to express the hope that he migt be allowed to speak to Gertrude herself on the subject, when Mr. Peyton cut him short.

"Is this the return you make for my confidence," he exclaimed—"you whom I have trusted and taken so much interest in?"

"I am unconscious, sir, of having abused your trust, or ill-requited your kindness," replied the youth, with a touch of the other's pride in his manner; "nor can I perceive aught that is reprehensible in the honest attachment I have this day declared for Gertrude Gray."

"Would you do her a real service?"

"I would die for her!" said George earnestly.

"You can do her a greater favor at less cost," returned the other dryly.

"Name it."

"Never see her—never speak to her. I am not one lightly to make or break a promise; and I solemnly promise that, should you repeat your foolish avowal to Gertrude, and should she be weak enough to listen to it, instead of bringing you the fortune with which it has been my purpose to endow her, she shall come to you a beggar like yourself."

"You do me rank injustice," replied George, whose cheek flushed, "by the intimation which has just escaped you. I have never thought of Miss Gray with an eye to any prospects she may have in connection with your fortune. I have loved her for her own sake."

"Then for *her* sake desist from a scheme which, if successful, must reduce her to beggary. If you possess a tithe of the unselfishness you profess, you will heed this warning and go your way. I have other plans for Gertrude."

A moment's reflection convinced George that, harsh as Mr. Peyton's words were, in one respect they were just. It *would* be selfishness to persist in seeking happiness at the cost of her whom he pretended to love.

"I shall leave this place to-morrow," he said, and turned away.

* * * * * * *

The morning papers announced the loss of a great steamer, bound for San Francisco. Nearly all on board had perished; and among the names of the lost was that of George Hayne. Gertrude Gray swooned when she read it, and Mr. Peyton felt not quite easy in his conscience.

That evening, as he stood moodily in his study, he was interrupted by a visitor, a woman, whose form, once tall, was bent with age, and whose wrinkled face and wild dark eye had something sinister in them.

"Pray be seated and explain the reason of your visit, madam," said Mr. Peyton, pointing to a chair.

Taking the proffered seat, she remained for a time silent, gazing intently on the face before her. Time had graven deep lines upon it, and sorrow deeper still. As she perused them, a smile of satisfaction, more like a shadow than a smile, flitted over her countenance.

"You had a son once," she said.

The lines grew deeper on the face she was studying, and a pained expression come over.

"I, too, had a son," she continued, "an only one, as yours was. In a sudden affray, he had the misfortune, in a moment of passion, to slay his antagonist, who was quite as blamable as himself. The jury decided it murder, but recommended him to mercy