THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOL. VI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1873. NO. 50.

My Heart's a Carrier-Dove.

My heart's a carrier-dove to-night!
From out my breast I set it free,
To wing a swift, unerring flight,
O Sweet, to thee!

Doth some rare prescience stir thy sleep,
Some mystic dream, begot of love?
Rise, tender Heart; nor waiting keep
My carrier-dove.

Lo! at thy window-sill his flight
Is stayed: he's weary, give him rest;
Thou know'st where lieth by day and night
His fragrant nest.

Ope the soul's casement, take him home
With fond caress and gracious word;
Joy, peace, serene content, will come
With that fair bird.

—PAUL HAYNE.

Thou Art Mine.

Thou art mine, thou hast given thy word;
Close, close in my arms thou art clinging;
Alone for my ear thou art singing
A song which no stranger hath heard;
But afar from me yet, like a bird,
Thy soul, in some region unstirred,
On its mystical circle is winging.

Thou art mine, I have made thee mine own;
Henceforth we are mingled forever;
But in vain, all in vain, I endeavor—
Though round thee my garlands are thrown,
And thou yieldest thy lips and thy zone—
To master the spell that alone
My hold on thy being can sever.

Thou art mine, thou hast come unto me!
But thy soul, when I strive to be near it—
The innermost fold of thy spirit—
Is as far from my grasp, is as free,
As the stars from the mountain tops be,
As the pearl in the depths of the sea
From the portionless ring that would wear it.

MARK TUFTS.

Ten years ago, I was spending the summer in Epping—a quiet, pleasant country town in New England.

One morning in the middle of July I was evolving a plan of action as I stood by the window in the office of my friend Wynn, whose guest I then was. While I stood there an individual entered the office, whom in spite of multifarious disguises, such as dyed hair and whiskers, false teeth, and an assumed name, I at once recognized as my own fellow-townsman, and as arrant a scoundrel as it had ever been my lot to encounter. He had an air of much pretension, wore a large seal ring, a showy breast-pin, and several crossings of heavy gold chain, over a bright-patterned vest, all of which decorative trumpery served the purpose of varnish to a very ugly picture, hightening the distinctness of every bad point. His errand, to obtain the use of the town-hall for the delivery of a lecture on animal magnetism, being speedily accomplished, he took his leave.

"Wynn," said I, as the door closed upon him, "do you remember Mark Tufts, who was convicted of burglary in Charleston, and who afterward escaped from the State Prison?"

"Yes," answered Wynn; "and I could not think of whom this man reminds me; yes, it is of Mark Tufts."

"It is Tufts himself," I replied. "I recognized him before he had uttered three sentences. I came across the room just now to look for the scar of a wound on the left cheek, given him by a companion in a drunken broil. The mark is there. And I know that the little finger and the first joint from the one next it are missing from the hand which he carries in a sling, and which he avers to have been hurt in a recent railroad accident."

"Pierson E. Leffingwell," was elaborately engraved on the card with which he had introduced himself. I looked from the window; the man had crossed the street and was standing on the piazza of the Epping House. Presently he entered, and shortly after reappeared, accompanied by a showily dressed woman and a young girl; in the appearance of the latter I remarked nothing except peahaps extreme fragility.

A programme indicated that at the close of the lecture some interesting demonstrations would be exhibited. Mrs. and Miss Louise Leffingwell, it was stated, were both mediums, and the former gifted with remarkable powers of reading the future.

We decided at once to "assist" at this prelection. The man's extreme villainy and audacity made him interesting. Indeed, so entire had been the popular conviction, in the trial to which I have referred, of the man's deliberate, vindictive malice, that there had been felt a very general disappointment that his sentence was not more severe.

Not a very large audience, of course, was to be expected in a place like Epping; but it was a pretty fair turnout—several hundreds—and they were mostly collected before Mrs. Leffingwell and the young lady made their appearance. On a platform at one side of the hall were placed a table with lights and several chairs. Mr. Leffingwell came in, arranged these, withdrew again, and soon returned conducting his assistants. The woman seated herself in a bustling, important way, arranging and rearranging her dress. The girl took her place quietly, without raising her eyes, until the falling of a window, which had not been properly fastened; then she lifted them a moment, with a startled, expectant look. I observed the group closely, for I had begun to grow interested in them.

The lecture was a tissue of trashy plagiarism, through which what the man would be at was not clearly perceptible. It was evident, however, that he had himself a sort of grotesque faith in what he was trying to say; a kind of trembling belief involved in his diabolism. And this suggested to me a plan for the solution of a query which had entered my mind; how far, namely, that slight young girl, sitting there with an air of such utter abstraction, was a voluntary accomplice of Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell. That *they* were well matched admitted scarcely a doubt.

Not so the girl claimed by the Leffingwells as their daughter. She looked at most fourteen, and might be a year or two younger. Her face was too pale, but the features were exquisite in outline; the brow low, with shadowy chestnut hair; the eyes, blue, were so large and fringed with such thick, long lashes, that they seemed to make half her face. There was an occasional slight compression of the under lip that showed her to be ill at ease. She wore no ornaments.

Of course I do not pretend in any way to account for the phenomena I am about to describe. No theory that ever came in my way has seemed to me to bear adequate credentials. In most instances, too, which have been related to me, I have felt myself compelled to doubt facts and references. I will give an unvarnished statement of occurrences, premising only that I had previously, and precisely when I had found myself in a mood similar to that which I have described as particularly belonging to me on this day, been able to exert the influence to which have been given the epithets magnetic, odic and the like, over some very refractory subjects.

At the close of Mr. Leffingwell's declamatory farrago, he came to the front of the platform and proposed, for the more satisfactory demonstration of his science, to experiment on any one or several among his auditors who might solicit proof in their own persons. A middle-aged man of solid aspect and a boy of sixteen presented themselves. Directing them to be seated in chairs on the right of the staging, and observing that he would begin with the elder individual, he took his station nearly opposite and commenced his craft.

I commenced too, and in earnest. For about three minutes, during which I felt my concentrative power—I know no better name for it—growing stronger, I perceived no outward token of success; but then there was a perceptible toning down, a manifest smoldering of the audacity of his look. Let me endeavor to describe my own experience at the time.

It seemed as if I projected a circle of influence extending to an indefinite distance from the man, and inclosing him as a centre. The circumference, irregular at first, and wavering, it was my effort to integrate, and then with a steady, tidal pulsation to contract toward and around the person I was endeavoring to control. It was in my favor that he, intent on his own purpose, was unaware of mine. I was succeeding—nearer and nearer came the inclosing wave—I saw it become faintly luminous, while points of lambent, blueish flame projected from it inward; a needle of light glided toward his hand—he rubbed it hastily—the next moment the faint blue circle, invisible to all but myself, was contracted to a hazy, luminous, irregular centre. My aim was accomplished; his eyelids quivered, then drooped, and with a slow, audible respiration, he sat back in his chair, rigid and white.

I breathed freely then, and I became aware that two persons were intently watching me; one was Wynn, whom I had taken into my confidence at the outset; with a glance he directed my attention to my other observer, the young girl on the platform. Her hands were firmly clasped, her lips slightly apart, and her dilated eyes, fixed full upon me, expressed an indescribable blending of pleading and terror.

But my work with Leffingwell was not done; the audience had perceived the change in his countenance, but supposed it the result of his own efforts. Now, however, they began to suspect some counter-plot. Wynn, well known to the whole assembly, broke the silence with a few words.

"It happens that an individual possessing a higher degree of the power to which Mr. Leffingwell lays claim is paesent this evening, so that the fowler is apparently caught in his own snare."

Several exclamations of "Good! Let the gentleman come forward," were the response.

"I did not, however, leave my place, but asked to be allowed to interrogate Mr. Leffingwell; an immediate and perfect stillness succeeded. The replies were made by Leffingwell with deliberate distinctness.

My first query was, "Were you, six years ago, in Concord, New Hampshire?"

Answer—"I was."

"Will you allow me to look at your left hand?"

He replied by withdrawing it from the sling which supported it, unwrapping from it the enveloping handkerchief, and held it out. The fourth finger and a part of the third were wanting.

"Is Leffingwell the name by which you were known in Concord?"

"It is not."

"Is the young woman who accompanies you a relative either of yourself or of Mrs. Leffingwell?"

"Of neither."

"Is she voluntarily associated with you?"

"No."

"What is her real name?"

"Janet Ware.

"Why is she thus connected with you?"

"She believes herself to be Mrs. Leffingwell's niece."

She supposes this through the agency of yourself and Mrs. Leffingwell?

"Through our agency."

At this juncture Janet Ware, since such was the girl's name, who had listened with intense interest to every word of our colloquy, made an attempt to rise. Mrs. Leffingwell arrested her motion, at the same time addressing to her a whispered remark.

I spoke to the woman then with a degree of confidence for which I felt full warrant: "Mrs. Leffingwell, let me assure you that it will be for your interest, your own and Mr. Leffingwell's, to remain passive." There was more, probably, in my tones than in my words, for the woman cowered and desisted.

The girl spoke with a passionate energy which set fear aside: "I am not with them of my own will, God knows! They said they had a claim to me, that they were my only relatives, and I feared it was true. Thank God, it is not true! Do not, oh, do not let them take me away with them!"

I am unused to the melting mood, but I confess the girl's words and tones appealed to me as no acting ever did. Indeed, the effect on all present was electric.

Wynn spoke in a low tone with his sister, who sat next him, and both arose and went toward the platform. Miss Wynn addressed Janet Ware, who gazed in her face searchingly a moment and then clung to her arm.

I resumed my dialogue with Mr. Leffingwell.

"Has Miss Ware relatives? and, if any, who are they?"

"An uncle, her mother's brother, Paul Williams."

"Where is he now?"

"In Boston."

And now, reader mine, if you doubt whether all this be very convincing, I acknowledge the reasonableness of your doubts, but then and there I did not take time to weigh the matter. It was, however, no part of my plan to establish the identity of Leffingwell and Mark Tufts, even if such a result had been possible. I decided to withdraw the influence, which, as all experimenters in this bizarre branch of psychology are aware, is comparatively an easy process. The man awoke, much as from an ordinary sleep, looked about him, and finally, as he recognized the place and missed Janet, with whom Wynn and his sister had withdrawn, his features assumed a ludicrous mixture of bravado and consternation, visibly heightened as I approached him. Intimidation, though, was not my sole object. I spoke to him in a tone audible to himself only.

"You are foiled with your own weapons, Tufts," said I. "There are several of us who know you; I have no personal grudge against you, and if you are discreet—this return to your native State scarcely looks like it—you will not delay to make the distance between yourself and the State Prison wider than it is now. You have not exposed yourself to-night, but you have put it in our power to expose you at a moment's warning."

He scrutinized my features rapidly; I premitted it a moment, and then walked away. He exchanged a few sentences with Mrs. Leffingwell, and then approaching the audience, assured them that it was not his fault if an entertainment different from that laid down in the programme had been offered them this evening. That he hoped to meet them again to-morrow evening, when he would resume the subject, and, he trusted, convince the most skeptical that neither himself nor Mrs. Leffingwell urged claims of any kind which they were unable satisfactorily to establish.

I doubted if they would let him go, but they did, I presume on account of the presence of Mrs. Leffingwell.

The next morning the Leffingwells were gone. They had taken the midnight train down. If they waited they might have had Wynn's company, for he went to Boston in the morning train. As he had arranged previously to go at this time, and as his usual stopping place was the Revere House, the drama of the preceding evening did not probably influence him in these circumstances, but it may have furnished the motive which prompted him to inquire of the clerk if Mr. Paul Williams were among the guests, and the reply being affirmative, it may have induced him to search out that gentleman.

The result was the confirmation in each particular of the items elicited from Tufts.

Janet Ware was the daughter of Mr. Williams' only sister, who had married, and with her husband removed to Illinois. Their sole child was Janet, and when she had attained her twelfth year both her parents fell victims to that terrible scourge, cholera. A neighbor had taken home the child, and written to Mr. Williams a letter which had never reached its destination. A year afterward Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell, on a tour through the Western States, had accidentally encountered Janet, and discovered in her such a susceptibility to the odic influence, so termed by Mr. Leffingwell, as to make her a very desirable acquisition. She was timid and easily wrought upon, and the myth of kinship, invented on the spur of the moment, had been overpowering.

The child had a tolerably hard discipline, though it might have been worse. For the six months and more that she had been wandering about, good care had been taken that she should find no opportunity of escape, and entire seclusion, except when under the eye of Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell, secured to her at least a degree of immunity from bad influences.

Mrs. Williams was induced to accompany Wynn on his return to Epping; and when she saw Janet, who bore her mother's name, her strong resemblance to that mother was convincing proof that her sister's child was before him.

I have since seen a full length portrait by Sully of Mrs. Ware before her marriage. I should unhesitatingly have pronounced it an incomparable likeness of Janet, or, as she is now, Mrs. Wynn. There were just the same large, shadowy, violet eyes, fringed with lashes of uncommon length and richness; the same low, pearly brow and profuse brown, waving hair, with golden lights on it; the same faint tinge on the cheek, just like the inside of a sea shell; the same curve of the bright red lip; the same poise of the head on the white, slender neck. A little sad, I should say, the face is, but Elinor, Wynn's sister, now my wife, affirms that Janet is as cheerful a little sprite as ever gladdened a man's hearthstone.

A Chapter on Oysters.

The oyster, when spawning does not cast its eggs like other fish, but dissolves, as it were, a part of its own body, which passes off in long, slender threads, as fine as a spider's web, upon which are congregated millions of little eggs, not visible to the naked eye, but which, when put under a powerful magnifying glass, astonish the beholder by their number. It is estimated that about seventy per cent. of the spawn is destroyed by fish, and about ten per cent. from other causes, leaving twenty per cent. to find their way into market. These little seed cling to whatever they touch, generally old oysters; and the many little shells one often sees clinging to large oysters are but the growth of these seeds. When oysters have spawned in a clear space, and free from fish enemies, their growth is very rapid until they attain the size of a quarter of a dollar, and it is at this period of their existence that the oystermen take them for transplanting. The shells are very thin, and the inside meat scarcely larger than a shirt-button, and having the rest of the shell filled with a milky fluid, which, in time, forms the body of the fish. Oysters, after they are transplanted, are, with a few exceptions, not fit to eat under three years. It might be supposed that the oyster, with its hard shell, was free from danger, but such is not the case. He has two deadly enemies—the star-fish and the borer. The former will fasten an the mouth of an oyster, and in a short time suck the life out of him. The other, with his little saw and gimlet bill, bores through his shell, and, once through, the oyster is soon destroyed.

Anecdote of Professor Snell.

An Amherst correspondent of the St. Louis *Journal* tells the following little story: Speaking of finances reminds me of a capital story they tell of Professor Snell. Snell has been professor of mathematics in Amherst College from time immemorial. He is nearly as old as Methuselah was when he built the ark, and I presume he knows more about arks new than Methuselah did. Snell, in common with the other instructors, drew a very small salary—$800 a year, I believe. After the war the wealth began to roll in upon Amherst College. This man gave $50,000, that man another $50,000, and so on till the coffers were filled to overflowing. Then the college trustees concluded to raise the salaries of the professors, and from $800 they put it to $2,500 per annum. Snell was sitting in his study when his wife came in to announce the good news. He was poring over a well-thumbed mathematical treatise. "Ebenezer!" said she, "what do you think? They've done it!" "Done it!" said he, "done what? who?" "Why, the trustees! They've raised your salary to $2,500 a year!" Snell's face became radiant. He threw down his book, jumped up and hugged his wife. "Thank God, Elmira!" said he, "now we can have a codfish!"

Present Duty.

The way to make easy times is as clear as daylight.

Let every man or woman who owes money pay it at once, if it is possible.

Be willing to make a sacrifice in order to meet promptly all your engagements.

Stop grumbling at the faults or mistakes of others, and attend faithfully to your own affairs.

Deal fairly, leniently, and cheerfully with all persons who owe you or are in pecuniary trouble.

If you are out of debt, thank the Lord; and then go around among your friends, and enemies too, if you have them, and render them all the assistance in your power.

Don't hoard your money; but loan it or use it to relieve the needy, on the same principle as you would give bread to the needy in a day of famine.

Do what you can in every way to relieve pecuniary distress, to check the current of financial embarrassments and restore public confidence.

If you are a bank officer or director, don't be cross a minute. Smile, as a Christian duty, from morning till night. Give an encouraging word, if possible, to all, and by all means strain every nerve to help all who need it.

Touched his Heart.

One of the things you read of recently occurred in Wilmington, Del. A man was detected hurrying away from a butcher's stall with a steak which he had stolen under his coat. A policeman followed him to his home, and peeping through the window, saw him give the steak to his children, who devoured it raw. Upon report of this being made to the butcher, his bosom so glowed with benevolent sympathy, that instead of prosecuting, he sent the starving family a large basket of meat and a little cash to buy wood to cook it.

The Transits of Venus.

The Transit of 1874 of Great Importance Scientifically.

The history of the transits of Venus is not without its interest. When Kepler, in 1627, had completed the "Rudolphine Tables" (Rudolph II. being Emperor of Bohemia), he was in a better position to calculate the motions of the planets. His first important discovery was that Venus would traverse the sun's disc on December 6, 1631. This, in a little tract, he published to the world in 1629. His calculations were that the ingress would take place at sunset. Gassendi, a French astronomer, doubting the accuracy of Kepler's calculations, began his watch on the 4th, and continued it to the 7th. Both he and Kepler were unsuccessful. The calculations were only approximately true. It is now known that the transit occurred during the night of December 6, 1631. His calculations were, therefore, correct.

The next transit of Venus (the first actually observed), took place November 24, 1639. Kepler had not foreseen it. He had said that after 1631 none would take place till 1761. But far off in England, where court and parliament were engaged in a quarrel that finally led to civil war, there was a boy of nineteen who had got hold of the Rudolphine Tables. Jeremiah Horrocks, of Hoole, a rural village fifteen miles from Liverpool, discovered, as he thought, an error in Kepler's prediction, and set himself at work to verify his suspicion. The tables indicated that on the approaching 24th of November the planet would cross the heavens a little below the sun. By some older tables it was predicted that this would occur above the sun. The thought struck the boy that the mean of the two results would show Venus actually on the sun. Further calculations confirmed his hopes. A transit upon which no human eyes had ever looked, and which the great astronomer of the age had postponed till four generations at least should have passed away, was to occur within ten days. Horrocks had not the means of making his discovery known, save to an amateur astronomer, William Crabtree, a neighbor and friend.

Both the young men prepared to watch for the phenomenon—the one at Hoole, the other at Broughton. Horrocks had watched all Saturday (23d) to give wide margin for allowance of errors. Nothing appeared. Sunday came and he resumed his gaze. But he was a religious man, and to be absent from church services on the Lord's day, even to make a discovery that would benefit in future time millions of his race, was to him a sin. He therefore left his telescope and screen, and went to church. As soon as he was again at leisure—that is at one-quarter past three in the afternoon—he resumed his labors. Strictly the planet appeared like a black globe upon the sun's disc and moved across it from east to west. Here his own account of the phenomenon: "At this time an opening in the clouds, which rendered the sun distinctly visible, seemed as if Divine Providence, encouraged my aspirations, when O most gratifying spectacle! the object of so many earnest wishes, I perceived a new spot of unusual magnitude and of a perfectly round form that had just wholly entered upon the left limb of the sun, so that the margin of the sun and spot coincided with each other, forming the angle of contact." Owing to the near approach of sunset, Horrocks was unable to observe the transit longer than half an hour. But enough; he had seen it, followed it, measured and transcribed it, and had made his name immortal.

Crabtree, on the contrary, had been watching his screen in the darkened room during the whole day. Up to nearly evening the sun had been obscured by thick clouds, without a break since the morning, and the weary watcher, well-nigh hopeless, was about giving up in despair, when, just before sunset, as if a veil had been drawn aside from the heavens, the face of the great luminary, with the planet crawling over it, was plainly depicted on the screen. The young astronomer was entranced. He lost sight of everything—measurements, time, drawing and colors—in his extremity of delight. But the vision, though it was only momentary, remained so clear upon his mind that he was able afterwards to project a correct diagram from the memory.

One hundred and twenty-two years brought the world to June 5, 1761, and thousands of eager faces in many parts of Europe and Asia were gazing on the second recognized transit of Venus across the sun. Halley had now suggested that, by accurate observations at distant places, the solar parallax be ascertained. For reasons which have ever been unaccountable the whole affair was a failure. Observations did not coincide nor did observers agree, and it has long been fortunate for mankind that the results derived from another transit have been approximately reliable.

Of the extensive preparations made for observing the last transit just alluded to, we have already spoken. On June 3, 1769, there were on the watch better men, and in use more perfect instruments. Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator, who afterwards lost his life at Otaheite, made the events of the Sandwich Islands observations known to the world by his published "Voyages." The reports of the French Academy of Sciences, the "memoirs" of what was done by the Italian astronomers, and papers furnished by *savans* at Madrid and St. Petersburgh, have all been before the world for a century, and the observations they record were long looked upon as trustworthy. They were, in fact, discussed by all the principal mathematicians in Europe, and Lalande collected and published them as a whole in a treatise on the subject.

The results of these observations were, on the whole, accordant.

In 1824, Encke, a celebrated German astronomer, published two elaborate treatises, scrutinizing the observations both of 1761 and 1769. His definite result for the solar parallax was 8" .578. This value was accepted. For nearly half a century it has been taken as the best data for the sun's distance from the earth. Astronomical works and philosophical lectures, popular treatises and school-books, sermons from the pulpit and parental teachings at the fireside, have all taken the fact as fixed that the sun is distant from the earth ninety-five millions of miles.

Let us now return to the necessity of perfect observations being made on the approaching transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882. Dr. Hooker, in his address to the British Association four years ago, remarked that "while fully admitting, and proudly, as every scientific man ought, that astronomy is the most certain in its methods and results of all sciences, that she has called forth some of the highest efforts of the intellect, and that her results far transcend in grandeur those of any other science. I think we may hesitate before we therefore admit her queenship, her perfection, or her sole claims to interpretation and to prophecy. No science is really perfect; certainly not that which lately erred two millions of miles in so fundamental a datum as the earth's distance from the sun."

No doubt similar views are held by others, and the fact cannot be denied that astronomers are now generally agreed that the hitherto received value of the sun's distance ought to be considerably modified. The theories of astronomy, however, are less in fault than the incorrectness of heavenly observations, whenever such a mistake is made. That errors are almost unavoidable—even with the utmost care, when the gaze is directed into the star-depths—will be manifest, if the reader will remember that four millions of miles of the sun's distance from the earth are represented by the angular measurement of three-tenths of a second of an arc, or the apparent breadth of a human hair one hundred and twenty-five feet distant.

No solar phenomenon has ever been awaited with such interest as is that which is to occur December 8, 1874. If the observations which will be made upon this transit of Venus should be successful; or, in other words, if the actual distance of the sun from the earth be accurately ascertained, it will be the noblest triumph which the human mind has ever achieved in the domain of physical science.

Cuba from the Pulpit.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon, said of the Virginius matter: "There is no question of the horrible nature of the outrage. Had it been done in the heat of battle it would have been horrible, but it was coolly, deliberately infamous. It was a brute love for blood. It is as bad a thing as has happened in my day. If such things are to be permitted, then the devil is stronger on earth than Christ."

Mr. Beecher added: "Deeply as I sympathize with this cause, and I have had my heart in it since its inception, still I do not think that our Government should be driven into action by the disorganized clamor of the people. It is bound to act with respect to the relations of this country with every other country. It should decree such wise things that it shall be considered a leader among nations. We must not seek the gratification of a moment's anger. Spain has been the victor and the victim of ages. It is a land full of noble influences and of debasing passions. This great nation is now herself seeking to rise. If, now, we can punish the monsters of Cuba in such a way as to strengthen the hands of the republicans in Spain, let us do it. But if we find that our flag has been insulted in Cuba, and the responsible Spanish Government cannot or will not put a stop to such abomination, then let the hand of justice fall. Let it so fall as to give safety, knowledge, and freedom to the long-suffering island; but let it not be in passion, nor in the mad riot of an excited people. Whatever is done, let it be done with deliberation, and without cruelty. May it be for America to quench the fires of war, not to kindle them. If God has put into Columbia's hand the bitter medicine for the nations, may it not be administered with wrath, fury, and revenge."

Something Like Sport.

We have just had an exciting chase after three bears, says the Renovo, Pa., *Record*. Rev. Bell first came in contact with them on what is called the "Bank," near Goodman's mill, when he immediately gave the alarm, and the neighboring people—men, women, and children—with guns and dogs, gave rapid chase. The first and largest bear was shot while in the act of demolishing several of the dogs. Then followed the most exciting time imaginable. The second bear was surrounded in the creek, nearly opposite the parsonage, and a number of shots were fired in quick succession, but without effect, when Mr. Goodman, with club in hand, and one of his dogs, waded in and met the bear in mid-water, and the battle commenced in earnest. Shrieks of terror went up from the women and children on the bank; guns were exploded in mid-air; hardy lumbermen trembled for the fate of the man and dog in the water, while the crowd on the bank with one accord gave directions as to where to hit the bear next, &c. A Mr. Campbell then rushed to the rescue, and with one shot from his rifle put an end to the strife, and bruin was dragged to the shore. The two bears now lay dead upon the bank, and the excited and terror-stricken crowd gathered around, each with clubs and stones ready to renew the fight should the dead come to life. The third bear is still at large, but is destined to meet a similar fate. At Oleona, back of Henry Anderson's residence, one Saturday recently, eight bears emerged from the woods. Chase was made by Mr. Yerger and another gentleman, who succeeded in killing two of them and mortally wounding a third. The mountains are now alive with excited hunters, and the chances of the remaining bears are slim.

Opinion of an Old Sea Dog.

Admiral Porter has been giving his views on the Cuban question. We quote:

"If our flag," said he, "doesn't protect the deck it waves over, we had better haul it in." "After all," said he, "our guns are more respected than our flag, and if a disposition to use them a little more was shown it might be better for the flag." Spain is now crippled and weak, and is therefore to be pitied," said he, "and it wouldn't be creditable to us to force a war upon her, but the principle for which, under circumstances infinitely more hazardous, we went to war in 1812 must be maintained. Spain, moreover, is now republican, and President Castelar is our friend, from whom we may expect a vigorous effort toward ample reparation." The Admiral furthermore thinks that the Home Government of Spain will be terribly shocked by this news from Cuba. He expressed himself as well satisfied that our Government will exhaust every measure proper in the case, and felt that a proper degree of diplomatic courtesy should and would be observed in the case, whatever the ultimate designs of the Washington authorities may be. "A proper showing of politeness," said he, "is always commendable, even as a preliminary to the operation of knocking a man down."

New Pavement.

A new street pavement has been tried in San Francisco. It is called "hydro-carbolized brick," and is made of bricks of a soft, porous nature, which are boiled in coal tar, which renders them tough and nearly as hard as granite. A road-bed is made by leveling the sand and packing it with water. A layer of prepared brick is then laid flatwise, each brick being dipped in boiling tar as it is put down. This is overlaid by a second course of prepared brick placed close together edgewise, each brick dipped as before. The interstices are then filled with boiling tar, and the whole covered with a thin layer of screened gravel. The cost is about thirty-six or thirty-seven cents per square foot.

WORK DEMANDED.—A mass meeting of working men was held at Tammany Hall, New York, to demand work for the unemployed laborers and mechanics on the public works of this city. There were about 800 present, and it was insisted that work by the city should be given the poor.

The Law of Longevity.

At the meeting of the American Board Health Association, a paper was read by Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, Mass., upon what he denominated the "Law of Longevity." In this essay some new and, if true, very important views were presented. This gentleman has devoted special attention for many years to physiology in its bearings upon the the changes and increase of population, and is the author of several pamphlets upon this and kindred subjects, which have attracted much attention.

He maintains that nature has established a great law of increase, which applies not only to the human race, but prevails with modified conditions throughout the whole animal and vegetable kingdom. This law is based in physiology upon the perfectionism of structure and harmony of function, or, in other words, that every organ in the system should be perfect in its structure, and that all should perform fully their respective functions in harmony with each other. Upon this same basis or foundation Dr. Allen places the law of longevity, and in the paper referred to addueed many striking facts and arguments in its favor, of which we can give only a brief synopsis. The existence of such a law is supported by all the well-known truths in Physiology and Pathology. Every change from a normal to an abnormal state, or in the prevention and cure of disease, affords evidence of such a law.

The pre-requisites to, or necessary conditions of longevity, Dr. Allen discussed under three heads: first, sound constitution; second, laws of inheritance, and third, obedience to the laws of hygiene. In order to secure good health and long life, a sound and well-balanced physical organization is found indispensable. But where is our guide or standard to test this soundness or balance? We have only approximations towards this standard, and a great diversity of opinions respecting them, because there is no universal type or perfect model upon which to base our judgments.

In some respects the human body, in its normal state, may be compared to a perfect machine made of many complicated parts. How different the working or running of such a machine from that of one imperfectly constructed and unequally balanced? The one seldom needs repairs; the other, frequently. It is so in referance to the body. Whenever a certain organ or class of organs are relatively too large or too small, or are exercised too much or not enough, causing a want of harmony in their action, there must be greater liability to disease. How often it happens that some slight derangement or trifling weakness operates as an entering wedge to the most serious and dangerous diseases? Hence the importance of a sound and well-balanced constitution, and the nearer the approximation can be made to it the better. This is indispensable, not only for good health, but for long life. But such a constitution can be secured only from long-lived ancestry. This accords with universal experience, as well as with all the principles of physiology. If we apply the well-known law, that "like begets like," to the healthiest families found, and observe it through several generations, the result will be, that we obtain very sound and healthy constitutions.

Longevity is not dependent so much upon climate or food or employment as upon the physical organization itself. If it is true these have a powerful influence upon health, but they are secondary agents. The general law exists in the body, and not outside. The laws of inheritance are a part of it; so are the principles of hygiene. It is not a mere theory or speculative hypothesis, but can be easily comprehended and applied. There is one place where it can be made of incalculable value, viz., in the matter of life insurance. It furnishes the medical examiner a standard of organization of which the constitution of all persons applying for life insurance can be compared, enabling him to judge very correctly what are the deviations from the normal standard; then, what are the liabilities to disease, and what are the probabilities of long life?

It points out the true sources and means of health and life, and that there is no chance or mystery in them. It shows that all the changes that occur in the human system are governed by law; that disease of whatever character, or wherever found, is a violation of law, and all treatment, whether provided by Nature or not, must be viewed as an agent to repair the injury. To describe all the various ways in which this law of longevity may be practically applied, would require, said the writer, a volume. The closing paragraph of this paper was as follows: It expounds correctly the great laws of inheritance which furnish the groundwork—the prerequisite, for good health and long life. It teaches the absolute necessity in the outset of possessing a sound constitution—a well-balanced organization. It shows the relation and importance which human agency holds in propogating a sound and healthy stock. It presents constantly before us for imitation that perfect standard and image in which man was created, together with an embodiment of those laws and conditions with which we must comply in order to secure the greatest amount of happiness and the longest duration of life. It teaches every individual more clearly what are the peculiarities and weaknesses of his own constitution, as well as what are his particular dangers or liabilities to disease. It is this exact, this definite and personal knowledge that may be turned to the greatest account in the preservation of health. If every individual could thus be made thoroughly acquainted with his own physiology, together with the laws of hygiene in his own case, we should soon see a most surprising diminution of sickness as well as of early mortality.

Newspapers.

Their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content without their newspaper. The county newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents as eagerly devoured.

Newspapers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise the village, county, or locality. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design and progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel he first inquires for the village newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance, the very next thing after family greeting, he inquires for your village or county paper, and you feel discomfitted if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it.

Newspapers are just as necessary to fit a man for his true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, barefooted boy rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child who is eager for newspapers. He will make his mark in the world if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things being equal, it is a rule that never fails.

Give your children newspapers.

The Spanish Warfare.

Hon. S. S. Cox, in his address to the Cuban meeting, said:

This question is one which concerns our Government and flag. It does not go to the enfranchisement of Cuba. That is incidental and consequential. It has in it none of the elements of sympathy. What, then, is the reparation? Is the loss of the vessel only to be made good? Are the lives of the butcher Burriel and his mob of volunteers to be demanded? Will that restore the life of Fry or of Ryan or the men who were sacred under our flag? Is not the remedy one which reaches farther? Is our flag nothing? Nothing to commerce? Is it only a dish-rag, or an emblem of power? This inquiry is one that turns us back to the peculiar rule of Spain in Cuba. The power of Spain has been for a century dying on our continent; but as she has retreated from the hemisphere her skirts have been bedragged and clogged with gore. The last massacre is but the horrible and damnable iteration of thousands of other butcheries. Since October, 1868, when the insurrection began, Spain has waged relentless war. In 1869 we had the record then of 107,000 Spanish troops sent out to conquer 1,500,000 people. There were infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, marines, and volunteers, not to speak of fifty vessels of war with over 200 guns, and since then probably as many troops more. In such a warfare, so extensive and prolonged, one might have supposed that the laws of moderation and humanity, as laid down by Vattel for such cases, would obtain. But it has been a war without pity, without remorse. Rapacity and despotism, confiscation and butchery, have added daily significance to the flag of Spain, which—red and yellow—is a river of blood between margins of gold. There are no prisoners in this war. Whether taken on sea or land, death—sudden and horrible—death with mutilation, death without even the consolations of religion to the condemned. These volunteer fiends would not even allow the Bishop sent from Spain to land at Havana, because he believed in giving to the dying patriot the holy sacrament. Look at this book of blood which I hold in my hand—"Martyrs of Liberty in Cuba!" See the numbers of those executed from 1868 to 1871. There are 1,828, whose names and residences are given, and from the Spanish official record. Here are 2,650 names whose fate is unrecorded. Sixty-one dedicated in death to the garrotte! The rest of the list are of the condemned and transported. Bloody annals. How much of terrible suffering do these victims represent? God knows! Nearly 5,000 persons not killed on the battle-field. Others condemned who are absent; among them both sexes, many of them upon the chain-gang. Do you wonder, then, at such atrocities as those the other day at Santiago? Wonder no more when you read the sanguinary orders of the various Captains General. On March 24, 1869, Dulce orders all vessels "in Spanish waters or upon the high seas near the island" to be seized and the men on board to be treated as pirates, and, without regard to their number, to be immediately executed. In April following the Tiger of Jiguani, Valmaseda, at Bayamo, issues an order that "every man above fifteen years of age, away from home and without a justified motive, shall be shot." The habitations are to be burned and the women to be forcibly ejected if found away from their homes, and what not of brutal despotism. It curdles the blood to read or ponder over these diabolical orders, so infernally executed. Was there no protest made by our Government? Yes. In the following August Gen. Grant instructed our Minister to say to Spain that the time had come when the struggle should be carried on in a more humane manner. In October, 1869, Mr. Fish told the Spanish Minister that on the score of humanity and neighborhood foreign intervention was justifiable. So, too, there was special protest against seizure on the high seas, emphatic and cogent, on paper.

Importance of Continuous Advertising.

The following good illustration of the manner in which advertising pays lately occurred in our experience. One of our patrons, who makes paper machinery, had a card in the *Journal*, the time of insertion on which had expired. A bill was sent for the same, with a request to know whether the advertisement should be continued. After quite a long delay, a reply in the affirmative was received, which came almost on the day of publication, so that the card barely escaped being left out in the succeeding number of the paper. A short time later one of our large mill-owners, wishing to buy some machinery like that made by the firm in question, looked through the *Journal*, and having his attention attracted by their card, wrote at once, and gave them an order, adding that if this was filled satisfactorily he would in a short time largely increase it. But for the fact that renewal of the advertisement came just at that time, other parties would doubtless have obtained these orders, the profits on which amounted to far more than the cost of the card for a whole year. It is not necessary to mention the names of the parties concerned, though we are quite willing to do so, if it is desired, but the incident is one among hundreds which show the value of continuous advertising.—*Boston Journal.*

Church Property in the United States.

The ninth census reports the aggregate amount of church property in the United States in 1870 at $354,483,581, against $171,397,932 in 1860 and $87,328,801 in 1850. The distribution of this property among the several religious sects in 1870 was as follows:

Baptist (regular)	$39,229,221
Baptist (other)	2,378,977
Christian	6,423,137
Congregational	25,069,698
Episcopal, Protestant	36,514,549
Evangelical Association	2,301,650
Friends	3,939,560
Jewish	5,155,234
Lutheran	14,917,747
Methodist	69,854,121
Miscellaneous	135,650
Moravian (*Unitas Fratrum*)	709,100
Mormon	656,750
New Jerasalem (Swedenborgian)	869,700
Presbyterian (regular)	47,828,732
Presbyterian (other)	5,436,524
Reformed Church in America	10,359,255
Reformed Church in United States	5,775,215
Roman Catholic	60,985,566
Second Advent	306,240
Shaker	86,900
Spiritualist	100,150
Unitarian	6,282,675
United Brethren in Christ	1,819,810
Universalist	5,692,325
Unknown (Local Missions)	687,800
Unknown (Union)	965,295
Total	$354,483,581

TEACHERS' SALARIES.—New York city has fixed the maximum annual salary of the male principals of grammar schools at $3,000, of male vice-principals at $2,500, of male first assistants at $2,000, and of other male assistants at $1,000. It is also provided that the maximum salary of female principals shall be $2,000; of female vice-principals, $1,500; of female first assistants (