THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOL. VII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1874. NO. 42.

The Light at Home.

The light at home, how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall;
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort all;
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will lisp our name
Around the light at home!

The light at home—how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door,
The weary laborer to greet,
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that its beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light at home.

"Ramon."

[EL REFUGIO MINE, NORTHERN MEXICO.]

Drunk and senseless in his place,
Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man
Alive or dead,—
By his great pump out of gear,
Lay the peon engineer,
Waking only just to hear,
Overhead,
Angry tones that called his name,
Oaths and cries of bitter blame—
Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cries intendant Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—
"Bring the sot alive or dead,
I will give him to you," he said,
"Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine:
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath—
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below,
Came the miners each, the bolder,
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
Grappling, clinging to their hold or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well—
To the poisoned pit of hell,
Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee,—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—
"Brings them out and sets them free,
I will give that man," says he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope
Face to face with Death shall cope,
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw
Fainting figures reappear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skilful hand from below;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained,—
He the hero and the last,
He whose skilful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer!"

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine;
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards. Senor, my name
Is Ramon!
I'm the drunken engineer—
I'm the coward, by that sign,"
He fell over, by that sign,
Dead as stone!

—Bret Harte.

SPONGE-CAKE.

Lottie Hanscom sat on the back porch of her mother's house. A basket of pease half shelled was beside her, and she was abstractedly tossing empty pods at the heavy-headed poppies in the garden border. When the time for summer boarders came Lottie had to be "second girl;" and a very piquant little housemaid she looked, with her black curls pushed into a net, and her bright calico skirt fastened back. She was humming in a low tone, and listening between times to the gay laughter of the group on the front piazza, where three young ladies were embroidering with Berlin wools and two gentlemen lounged on the steps smoking.

The air she was humming was a sad one, but she felt merry enough. It is true that she was a little tired with her morning's work, and a little indolent because of the heat of the day. It is true, too, that she was conscious of a faint twinge of envy when Mr. Davenport's barouche was drawn up to the house by a pair of panting horses, and its owner, leaping to the ground, assisted a lady companion to alight.

Lottie would have liked to go riding in a barouche with—well, with some one who was not Mr. Davenport. It is a pity the "some one" in question could not have seen the crimson deepen in her cheeks as she pulled the basket of pease toward her and commenced the song over again:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

A step and voice behind her arrested the next words on her lips. Turning, she saw Mr. Davenport, who had come through the hall, and stood looking down on her, with his hat in one hand and a half-finished cigar in the other.

"All the birds seem to be singing on this side the house, Miss Lottie."

"Yes," was the demure reply. "Silas says there are two oriole nests in those elms. They're very pretty singers."

Mr. Davenport did not see the mischief in Lottie's downcast eyes. He was more amused than vexed by her literal answer.

"Will you allow me to sit down here a while? Perhaps they may go on singing."

Lottie made no objections, only shelled pease very vigorously. When Mr. Davenport had seated himself, thus bringing his hair, which was already beginning to be streaked with gray, on a level with the top of the basket, she did cast a sly glance of admiration at the heavy gold chain at his side and the rings that adorned the hand with which he was wiping his heated face.

"It's excessively warm. Can't I help you with those pease, Miss Lottie? It is a pity to stain such pretty fingers as yours."

Lottie blushed, more at his glance than his words, and replied, hastily,

"Oh, no, certainly not. I'm used to it."

"But you don't like house-work, do you? You'd as lief somebody else would shell the pease, and so forth. Eh?"

"Why, yes. That's of course."

"Ah! I'm glad you're frank with me. Do you know I've been curious about you often, when we've all been enjoying ourselves, and you've been working away hard like a good little Cinderella? Do you know I've actually worn a path under the kitchen windows trying to get a peep at you."

"No," said Lottie, with a frank look of surprise; but something in Mr. Davenport's answering gaze suddenly caused her to bend over the basket, to hide the vexed color that burned on her cheek.

"Miss Lottie!"

The voice was almost a whisper, and a hand softly tried to draw away the basket of pease.

"Well, sir?"

"Put these away a while, and let me talk to you."

"Why, I'm listening! I sha'n't have the pease ready for dinner!"

Nevertheless, she let him put the basket one side, only saying, with a nervous attempt at a laugh,

"There! now are you satisfied?"

Mr. Davenport deliberately took the basket's place at her side, and, bending his dark, bearded face very near to her own, answered,

"No, not yet. How can I be satisfied, Miss Lottie, when you show so plainly that you don't like me?"

His hearer confusedly disclaimed this conclusion.

"Why, Mr. Daveuport, I—I— Of course I do!"

"Well, I don't want you to like me. I don't like you."

Her puzzled and somewhat resentful glance made him smile. He continued, bending so near that a fringe of hair brushed Lottie's curls:

"I believe you know already what I mean. You little coy, black-eyed sprite, I love you. Didn't you guess it before I told you?"

The garden, the overhanging vines, and the sky whirled before Lottie's eyes. Love her?—the rich Mr. Davenport, who had more money than he knew what to do with! Love her? She was too much amazed to resist when he took her hands in his, or to comprehend the disconnected sentence which confirmed his declaration. The first words she heard distinctly were uttered by lips that almost touched her cheek:

"Will you marry me?"

"I—I— Somebody will see us," she said, struggling in vain to free herself.

"That isn't answering my question. Poor little stained fingers! they shall never do any more hard work. How would you like to be a rich lady, Lottie?"

He saw the quick sparkle in her eyes. Ah, how beautiful! To dress, to drive, to dance, to see a thousand things she had heard of! She let the clasping arm draw her closer and closer, and the bearded lips touch hers once. The clump of marigolds in the garden gleamed like a prophecy of the wealth she might possess if she would. No more calicoes and kitchen-work; but, instead—

"Are you never going to tell me yes?"

Some answer that Lottie managed to utter earned her so many kisses that she struggled again to rise.

"Let me go, please!" she entreated, scarlet with shame.

"Well, I want to put this ring on your finger. There! and now—"

An approaching footstep startled them. Mr. Davenport rose hastily, and Lottie, too, sprang to her feet. Susan, the house-maid, appeared in the doorway, and Mr. Davenport turned abruptly down the garden path.

"Be them peas shelled, Miss Lottie?"

"No, but almost. What time is it?"

"Eleven and a quarter."

Lottie went to work in serious earnest, despite her excitement; but she was fated to have another interruption, in the shape of a tall, blue-eyed youth, who came up the garden path with several fish dangling from a rod.

"There!" he said, dropping these on the piazza, and throwing himself down in the place Mr. Davenport had just vacated, "there are for Susan, if she wants them. I've had good luck this morning. I suppose the fishes wanted to celebrate my last holiday. Don't you think so, Miss Lottie?"

"Your last holiday!" was the blank rejoinder. "What do you mean?"

"I've got to go back to the city tomorrow. Two of the clerks are sick. Ho for cashmeres and muslin again!"

He looked up at Lottie rather expectantly, hoping for some expression of regret; but not a word did she say. A sudden pallor had replaced the flush on her face, however. The heavy seal ring that Mr. Davenport had placed on her finger most inopportunely slipped off just here, fell from her lap, and rolled along the step slowly. The newcomer picked it up, changed color as his eyes fell upon it, but merely said, as he handed it back.

"You have a new ring, haven't you?"

"Ye-yes."

He watched her as she hastily pushed it on again; then said, rather indignantly:

"You haven't told me whether you're sorry I'm going or not."

"Of course I'm sorry, Mr. Willard," was the reply, in stifled tones; for Lottie was bending over another handful of pods.

"'Of course!' Is that all? Well, that's the way with women. A man believes a woman will perhaps think kindly of him when he is gone, will perhaps regret his departure from her, as he regrets it himself; and she tells him calmly, why 'of course,' she is sorry!"

Lottie was making sad work with the pease. Spite of all she could do, a little quiver of the lips betrayed her agitation as she responded hurriedly,

"Why, I mean it. What—what can I say but just that—that I'm sorry?"

"And you call me Mr. Willard."

"Harry, then!" with an apprehensive glance down the garden path.

"Lottie, I believe you have made a vow not to look at me. Do put those con—I mean those pease—out of the way!"

"I can't!—you mustn't! There, now! see what you've done!" cried Lottie, in real distress, as an unguarded movement sent the basket and its contents rolling down the steps.

"I'll pick up every pea if you'll sit still five minutes and talk to me. Lottie, now tell me truly are you sorry I'm going? Shall you ever want to see me when I'm miles away from this little town, back in New York?"

"Oh, don't, don't! How can you bother me so? Indeed, I must pick up the pease this minute!"

The tears rolling down the round cheeks were sufficient answer; but, man-like, Harry persisted.

"I don't see how I bother you. It's only a simple question; but I know what the real answer is—you don't care a straw! I'm only a poor clerk, and there are plenty of rich widowers in the world."

"Oh, Harry!"

This time Lottie sobbed outright, and so piteously that Harry was conquered.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself, I know I had! Don't cry; please don't cry, dear. If you knew half how sorry I am myself—how it seems to me I never can go away from you—you wouldn't blame me; you'd forgive me if I am a brute! You do care about me, don't you, Lottie?"

No answer, but unrestrained sobs and mute resistance as he tried to take her hand.

"Lottie!" There was a whole volume of reproach in the one word.

"Oh, don't! don't! You mustn't talk to me any longer."

"And you won't answer me?"

No reply.

"And you don't love me?"

Silence still.

Suddenly his arm stole around Lottie's waist, and the hidden face was lifted and scanned by a pair of blue eyes.

"Lottie, do you love me or not?"

"I—I don't know. I mean I don't—I can't— You mustn't talk to me so."

"Why not?"

"Because I—I must shell the pease."

"What in the world is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said Lottie, freeing herself desperately, as the odor of a cigar was wafted toward them, and the top of a beaver hat became visible at the extreme end of the garden walk. "Go away—oh, do go away!"

"I'll go when you've answered. It is a little thing enough to ask. Just say yes or no. I tell you I love you; you know I do. I'm a poor man, but I can make my wife comfortable, and I'm certain I can make her happy. Lottie, I was sure you cared for me this morning; if you say you don't, I never shall be happy again. Say yes or no."

What Lottie meant to answer is hard to tell. Mr. Davenport came into view suddenly, and her mother's voice sounded from the kitchen,

"Lottie! Lottie! where are those pease?"

She tore her hands away, and sprang down the steps, saying, hastily and contradictorily,

"No, no; certainly. Yes, in a minute."

Without a word more, Harry picked up the pease for her—the work of full five minutes—set the basket on the porch, and walked away. Ten minutes later the pease were finally shelled and put on the kitchen table, but Lottie was no where to be found. She was locked in her chamber. The seal ring had been tossed indignantly on the floor, and its new owner was crying as if her heart would break.

Half that long summer afternoon she staid shut up, too miserable to face any comment, too hopeless to see any way out of the trouble she had brought upon herself; for if she had said "no" to Mr. Davenport and "yes" to Harry Willard, she would have been a happy girl. What was there to do but face the consequences? She might unsay the yes, but never the no; and yet if she were to write to Harry—if she were to tell him she never meant it! There was still a little of his holiday left—if, indeed, he did not let his anger hurry him away.

The sunshine of mid-afternoon was slanting in on the faded carpet and yellow wash-stand as Lottie hastily bathed her eyes and pulled a writing-desk toward her. It slanted more and more from the west as she sat considering, perplexedly biting the end of her pen, writing and re-writing and tossing and tossing aside tiny cream-tinted sheets of paper, until the table was littered with beginnings, and only one sheet was left in the box. This she finally took up despairingly, and wrote the date and the commencement:

"MY DEAR HARRY.—I don't know how to write this to you, and I am very much ashamed to take back what I said, but I never meant to say it. I had to, because Mr. Davenport was coming, and that was his ring I had on my finger, and he had just asked me to marry him, and I had said yes, because, you know, he is so rich, and I thought it would be nice to be a lady. I don't know what made me say yes, for I don't love him, and I do love you. I am so sorry I said what I did. You'll forgive me, won't you, now you know that I really don't care for any body but you? Please! "LOTTIE."

As she sat looking at this rather crude production of hers a difficulty occurred to her. How should she send it? Carry it to the post-office, and let the post-mistress, who had known her from a baby, discover that she had written to Harry Willard? Never. Drop it into the post-box? No, for the handwritting would betray her, and the whole town would hear of it. Could she give it to Harry herself? No, not that! Or give it to Susan to give him? Worse yet. Thoroughly perplexed and disheartened, Lottie fell a prey to her own fears. If Harry had the letter, he might be disgusted by her forwardness, or else too much displeased to forgive her at all. Perhaps it was unlady-like to think of sending the letter, and yet, if she did not send it, Harry would go away.

A miserable half hour of indecision followed, at the end of which she tossed all the scattered sheets in a heap into her writting-desk, locked it, and then cried with renewed abandon. A series of sharp raps on the door and a voice by no means gentle roused her.

"Lottie! I say, Lottie! For goodness' sake, what are you about? Here it's after four, and no cake for supper, and Mr. Willard going in the six o'clock train! Come right down stairs, and don't let us have any more dawdling! Come! there's no time to spare."

How Lottie ever got into the kitchen, and in what manner she contrived to begin her cake-making, she never knew. Harry going at six! She was such a child that his going away seemed to her to end everything finally between them. She should never see him again! Over and over she said it to herself as she mechanically weighed the flour and the sugar for sponge-cake, beat her eggs, and commenced to mix the ingredients. A great many tears fell into that cake, and they so blinded her that she did not see her mother at her elbow, as she was dropping it into the pans, until a sharp voice startled her:

"Lottie, what has come over you? You haven't put a bit of paper in the bottom of those pans! It would have burned for certain, and here it is almost five. Hurry! run and get some paper, quick!"

Lottie, still mechanically, searched the drawers of the dresser in vain; then, spurred to action by the sharp voice and by the sound of the clock striking five, she rushed up stairs to her own room, tore off two half sheets of paper from the pile she had thrust into her desk, ran down again, and had the cake in the oven in such a miraculously short time that even her mother was astonished.

"There, now, pick over those berries, and set the table. Susan hasn't finished ironing. And fetch up the butter, and—"

The voice buzzed in Lottie's ears, as she hurried from one thing to another. At last everything was done and on the table, but the cake, and the shrill ringing of the supper-bell admonished Lottie to hurry with that. Never was cake so unceremoniously tipped out of the pans and so roughly cut up. The papers had burned on, and there was no time to stop to pull the fragments off. So Lottie made the best of it, and left them on, dumping the cake-basket down on the sideboard, with a long sigh of relief.

She did not dare to go into supper on account of her swollen eyes, and on account of Mr. Davenport, whom she was afraid to meet. And if Harry was going, what was the use? She could not let him go unwatched, however; so, running up stairs, she hastily donned a walking dress and hurried out of the back-door toward the village. From the post-office she would be sure to see him pass, and it "would be some comfort just to do that," thought poor Lottie, trying to swallow the lump in her throat as she hastened along.

Once in the post-office, she dawdled aimlessly about the counters, asking for this and that, and keeping her broad hat pulled low over her face lest the marks of tears should be seen. She waited a long time, watching the street, but Harry did not pass. The clock pointed to five minutes of six—perhaps he would be late for the train. At any rate, he had not passed, and there was no other road to the station.

One minute of six. Surely the clock must be wrong. No; for the whistle of the train sounded with its first stroke, and Harry had not gone by. He had been late, then. Lottie turned toward home in a hurry. If she should see him—

She did not finish that sentence, for she had no idea how seeing him would help the matter; still she felt more cheerful as she hastened along the sunny road. She had almost reached home when she saw the object of her thoughts coming toward her at a round pace. There was no valise in his hand, and he still wore his fisher's coat. Lottie's heart gave a great bound, half of relief, half of apprehension. The first feeling quickly predominated, for Harry's strides soon brought him to her side, and he looked down on her from his altitude of six feet with a smile that betokened any thing but displeasure.

"Where have you been running to, you naughty child? And where—why, where's your seal ring?"

"At home," responded the puzzled Lottie, faintly.

"Why didn't you come to supper, and bid me good-bye?"

"You haven't gone."

"I'm going, though. Will you give me some sponge-cake for luncheon?"

More and more amazed, Lottie made no reply at all.

"Did you make the sponge-cake we had for supper?"

"Yes."

"Made it in a hurry, didn't you?"

"Why?"

"You didn't get all the paper off, that's all. See what was stuck on my piece, you small deceiver! Why didn't you use the post-office instead of the sponge-cake? Eh?"

A small strip of greasy paper was laid in Lottie's outstretched hand. Upon it she read the beginning of her last epistolary production of the afternoon:

"MY DEAR HARRY,—I don't know how to write this to you, and I am very much ashamed to take back what I said, but I never meant to say it. I had to, because Mr. Davenport—"

Here the paper was torn off, and, besides, was taken forcibly out of Lottie's hand, which was clasped in two others.

"You wrote that to me? You mean it? Say yes!"

For some time after Lottie's reply nothing connected or sensible was said on either side; but when they had reached the garden gate, and were philandering under the elms, Lottie said:

"But I don't see how you got so much paper on your cake. I thought it was all in little fragments."

Harry laughed.

"I couldn't break it easily, because it was so tough—no offense to the cook—so I took a whole bar. I couldn't eat it, for I had no appetite, so I turned it over and looked at it, and, singularly enough, I began to get hungry immediately. Let's have sponge-cake for our wedding-cake, Lottie!"

Travail of a Life.

In a late London paper appeared the following, appended to a notice of a woman starved to death:

"On Thursday her landlord opened the bare room, whence all the furniture had been taken bit by bit for food. There was no fuel, no food in the room; only a skeleton that a few days before had laid down her pen, never more to take it up again—laid it down in that moment when her childhood's home had risen before her, just as the waters of life rolled into eternity's deep sea!"

Who was it that thus went out a famished thing into the world to come? Her journal contained these words, the name of the owner having been carefully erased:

Fire I have gone without for days, and now I am trying to see how long this tired body can endure without food. Strange, that during the last few days I have lived over again my girlhood's life. I am again in the old rectory, once more I hear through the open church windows the flow of the river, I hear the hum of the bee, and smell the sweet-scented hay; and amidst all this dreamy, delicious Sabbath silence, a voice is preaching the law of charity to simple listeners. "Faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of all these is charity;" so far I have listened, and I am off again, eyes and thoughts following the gayly-winged butterfly which has just come in at the open window.

We penetrate into the very heart of the dense copse, and somehow or other silence keeps our tongues. The ripened nuts fall softly upon the dried leaves, and the nimble little squirrel overhead is eyeing us askance. Suddenly my brother leaps to his feet to gather some flowers growing near. I am by his side; he has extended his hand, but it is rapidly withdrawn—a viper's head had darted up from among the moss. * * * * Hunger tortures me, and the water I drink is icy cold; but I am in sunny France—sunny Southern France, and our convent grounds slope to the swift Rhone. We, a knot of happy girls, are talking of our future. I do not look so far as they; my eye is following the laden grape-carts as they wind slowly down the opposite hill, and some grape-gatherers are singing in their soft patois, so musical and sweet when draped in poetry. Schiller's "Maria Stuart" rings in my ears, mixed with the murmur of the Rhine, and I stay my pen to listen to its waters as they leap over Schaffhausen's Falls; the murmur grows louder, the waters are dashing along a mighty flood; they deafen me—they are coming nearer and nearer!—But "Wie die Arbeit, so der Lonn" repeats itself again and again: "As the labor, so the reward." I have labored, and my reward is hunger, cold, a pauper's grave. I will try a little longer. "Appeal to your relatives," I am told each time I ask for help. I did appeal. One sent me five shillings, another sent me two, and told me to make use of my education—that wound find me bread. I dropped the seven shillings into the poor-box last Sunday when I dragged myself to church. I could not buy bread with anything so grudgingly given. The four walls of my desolate room close around me, the roar of the cataract of the Rhine comes nearer, but a voice from its din of waters says: "The greatest of these is charity." Have I lived in vain? Shall I die in vain?

Down a Pit.

Frank Mayer, a miner, walked into an abandoned shaft near Chestnut Hills, Pa., and fell to the bottom, a distance of over 100 feet. When he returned to consciousness he found himself encompassed by the carcasses of horses, cows, pigs, and goats that had blundered into the shaft at various times; and the horrid hissing of snakes that crawled about him warned him that although he had escaped death by his fall he was in danger of a more painful and lingering death by the slow poison of venemous reptiles. All that terrible night he lay quietly at the bottom of the shaft. The next morning he made an attempt to climb out, but soon discovered that all human efforts would be futile. He then sought to attract the attention of the people in the upper world, but as the shaft is a hundred yards from the public road it was several hours before his cries were heard. Ropes were brought, and a dozen strong men with willing hands soon had the sufferer out of the pit. Physicians examined him, but found no bones broken and hardly a bruise.

A SPEEDY MARRIAGE.

A Plainsman Woos a Detroit Waiter Girl, and Quickly Wins Her.

Four years ago a bright, intelligent, but not pretty-looking young miss, left a homeless and penniless orphan by the death of her father, came to this city, says a Detroit paper, and procured employment as a waiter girl at a well-known second-class hotel, making her home with a family—fifth cousins, or something of that sort, then residing on Second street. One day, at dinner time, there strode into the dining-room a tall, broad-shouldered, bronzed and bearded man, who was evidently from the far West. There was the unmistakable air of a plainsman about him; evidently one of the better sort. He seated himself at the table served by the girl in question, and watched her movements very closely. At supper on the second day after his arrival he remained at table until it was nearly deserted, and then as he was about rising he addressed the girl in courteous tones, saying that he desired an interview with her, as he had information of importance to communicate. She replied that she would see him in the ladies' parlor at a late hour. She did so, and was not a little surprised at receiving an offer of marriage. He stated that he was a resident of the grazing districts of California, owned a large stock ranch, and was a wealthy man. He had been out there thirteen years, during which time he had mined, prospected for rich diggings, hunted grizzlies, fought Indians, chased greasers, and pursued the usual avocations of an enterprising Californian. He was on his way east to visit his aged parents, who resided in Massachasetts, had stopped in Detroit to see the city, had met her as above described, was pleased with her appearance, and thought it would be for her advantage to quit her present employment and become the wife of a ranchman.

There was an honesty and sincerity in the man's voice as he made his declaration that convinced the girl that he was in earnest. She replied that she would consider his proposition and give him an answer at the breakfast table. During the night she thought the matter over seriously, and when in the morning she took her eccentric lover's order, and he asked in a low tone, "Are you going to California?" she replied "Yes," and then went for beefsteak and potatoes. That was the extent of the courtship.

As soon as the hungry guest had departed from the dining-room, she repaired to the parlor, where the lover was anxiously awaiting her. By his directions she informed the head waiter that she should not work any longer, donned her hat and shawl, and the two started out shopping. Dresses were ordered of nearly all the fashionable modistes in the city, the same to be completed within twenty-four hours. Hats were similarly ordered, and then the retail dealers in all manner of small wearing apparel were visited and large purchases made, the last one being two large Saratoga trunks. The next afternoon the pair were married at the residence of a clergyman, made a call on the bride's humble friends on Second street, and left for the East by the evening train.

Of course the few acquaintances of the bride who were aware of the circumstances of her marriage were all positive that she had acted rashly, and predicted all manner of troubles and trials for her. From the hour of her departure, however, none of them have ever heard a word from her; but from the fact that the happiest-looking wife and mother to be seen riding about the city the other day, a curly-headed boy in her arms, and the gentleman who "told her something to her advantage" by her side, was the waiter girl who "married in haste," but did not repent at leisure, it may safely be assured that the predictions did not come true.

The St. Petersburg Police.

Letters from St. Petersburg, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, speak of a remarkable feat of determination on the part of General Trepoff, the head of the St. Petersburg police, who had given in earlier life extraordinary proofs of personal courage. A fearful double murder was recently committed at the Military Academy of the city by a policeman, who, being attached to the female servant of the doctor of the establishment, fancied he had cause to suspect her of infidelity. Having entered the doctor's quarters to upbraid her, he ended by taking up a carving-knife and killing the unfortunate woman on the spot, and then slaying the doctor himself with it in his study. Here he locked himself in with the instrument of his crime, and vowed he would despatch the first man with it, who attempted to arrest him. The police summoned to the spot were awed by his apparent determination, while some proposed to shoot him as a wild beast, and a party went in search of a fire engine with a view to drench him into surrender. A report of the occurrence reached General Trepoff. Springing into the droschky which is kept ready for emergencies, the General was on the scene in a few minutes. He ordered the door to be burst open, and then entered unarmed. As he expected, the murderer retreated into a corner prepared to sell his life dearly. The General approached him unhesitatingly, with the words, "Well, my friend, you have committed a pretty pair of murders, and I hear that you are going to stick any one who tries to take you. Now stick me: for I came on purpose to take you myself." The wretched man was so awed by the quiet and authoritative manner of his former superior that he lowered his weapon and made no reply to the challenge, and two of the police officers who had followed General Trepoff sprang on him, and secured him without further resistance. It is not surprising that the St. Petersburg police, in relating the story, declare their chief to be the bravest man in Russia.

The Disease of the Day.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: Paralysis is becoming a prime disease. It is not confined to the fleshy, the plethoric, nor to the aged. The fast life of our business young men tells on them. It is a very common thing to see men of thirty and thirty-five bald-headed, feeble-gaited, and walking about with canes, their underpinning knocked out, with other signs of premature age. These signs of early weakness develop in paralysis. Sudden deaths from this cause are very common. Several have occurred in railroad trains; the vibration seeming to predispose persons to the disease. Not long since a gentleman died in one of our churches. He was interested in a case of discipline. He made a report to the church on the case, sat down, laid his head on the back of the seat and instantly expired. In another case a man not accustomed to public speaking arose to relate his religious experience. He was so excited that he could scarcely speak. In the midst of his remarks he was seized with paralysis, and carried to his home. Our young men will have to tone down their style of living if they amount to anything.

ECONOMY FOR THE WINTER.

How It is Sometimes Carried Out—A Hint.

The end of September a year ago, says the New York *Tribune*, inaugurated one of the most curious reforms which ever took place in our social history—a reform based at first on neither a reason nor a principle. Every man began to economize before he felt any lack of money; not because he held economy to be a virtue, but because he doubted his neighbor's financial credit, just as now he does his religion, and for no better cause. Not knowing what business or speculation to trust, he resolved to button up whatever money he might have in his pocket, and by all means possible to keep it there. Economy was for a while literally the fashion; it was the proper thing to have invested in Northern Pacific, and to find it expedient to contract." Now, when the general distrust and contraction have made the evil a reality, and economy is a necessity, we do not practice it with such complacency and airy grace

Just at present, when the summer holiday is over and the heads of the firm or family are planning the winter's campaign, is the time which they take to decide how and where the pinch and tightening shall be made. In most cases the object is to make it, not where it shall be least felt, but where the next door neighbor shall not find it out. Brown, finding his shelves full of goods which sell too slowly for his needs, retains his ornamental platoon of salesmen, but docks the number and pay of his hands who work out of sight. His wife cuts down the wages of her seamstress, dickers with the washerwoman over every week's bill, but drives as usual in the park behind her blooded bays and liveried footmen. The same system of petty scrimping and ill-judged expenditure runs into every class and grade. The master carpenter's wife, pronounced among her neighbors as a generous housekeeper and (on the basis of her dress and parlor furniture) "a perfect lady," finding her allowance cut down one-half, turns off the poor woman who has sewed for her, and buys her under-wear ready made, saving enough in this way to treat herself to a Parisian winter dress, a mass of coarse cloth, gaping stitches, and tawdry bead-work.

The sewing woman in her turn is driven to these ready-made clothing shops, and will make for the rest of the winter calico wrappers at twenty-five cents each, and other garments in the same proportion. The female employees of the mills recently closed or running on half-time crowd the doors where this work is given out, glad of this poor chance to escape starvation. The other chance which offers itself to both sewing woman and mill-hand, decent, faithful domestic service, they turn from as involving a loss of caste. The cook or chambermaid at Brown's, or even the carpenter's house, is paid at nearly double the rates of "salesladies" in the smaller shops. The sales lady lodges in a garret and lives on starvation diet, while the cook has at her disposal all the comfort and delicacies which her employer can command for himself. The motive in this madness lies in the much abused name of "lady," and it is this motive which accounts for the hundreds of women driven, by their own showing, to the brothels of New York for bread. This appetite for vulgar display and struggle for sham position, have served social mentors as a never-failing text for years in their crusade against the shortcomings of our half-educated classes. It was apparent enough in the days of lavish expenditure, but it is oddly more noticable in the recent attempts at economy.

The man who when in Europe flings his money about to the amusement and gain of all shopkeepers, and when at home dares not dispute an extortionate bill for fear of a suspicion of poverty, is the man who in the hard times coming this winter will dock the wages of his workmen to spend the money on opera or ball tickets. Any appeal to him would be wasted. When wealth is held to be the sole qualification in rank or respect, we are not likely willingly to betray our lack of it.

There is a class of rational and cultured men and women whom it may be worth while to remind just now that the saving of money is not sometimes the best humanity or economy. We fail to see the wisdom of discharging workmen or servants whose wages would amount to hundreds during the winter months, and before the winter is over subscribing thousands to beneficial societies or soup-houses. Nor is it better policy to deny ourselves suddenly the comforts and luxuries upon the manufacture of which the majority of city operatives depend for their daily bread. These remarks, of course, only apply to the wealthy class; but there are none of us who should not carefully consider how our small surplus funds could be expended in wages rather than in alms.

Number of Types in a Newspaper.

The number of types used in a newspaper the usual size is about 600,000—*i. e.*, the actual number of bits of metal arranged and rearranged in preparing a newspaper for the press. We suppose few people think of the printing trade as one of the most exact and particular of all handicrafts; but it is. In making type, variations that might be allowed in the finest machinery would render the type useless. It is very rarely that type furnished by two separate foundries can be used together without a great deal of trouble, though they try to make it after the same standard. We read once in a while of a wonderful piece of cabinet work, or mosaic work, containing ten, twenty, or fifty thousand pieces, the maker of which has spent months, or even years, of labor in producing it, and people go to see it as a great curiosity; but the most elaborate and carefully fitted piece of work of this kind ever made does not compare with that which the printer does every day for minuteness of detail and accuracy of fitting. The man who does the first is looked upon as an artist—a marvel of skill; and if a hundred of his pieces are put in wrong side up, or turned the wrong way, it is not observed in the general effect; but if the printer, in fitting ten times as many pieces together in a single day, puts one where another should be, or turns one the wrong way, everybody sees it, and is amazed at "the stupid carelessness of these printers."

THE MEANEST.—The meanest man has been found. His name is Charles Ford, late of Chicago. Ten days ago his poor wife became a mother. Ford drew all his money from the bank and went to St. Paul. Thither, as soon as she was able, Mrs. Ford went also, in order to bring him back to his home and family. She met him in the street, and put into his arms the body of her baby. It had died on the cars. He took it and went with her to his father's house, where the sorrowing wife and mother told the story of her troubles. She turned to speak to him, but he was gone, and has not since been seen. Mrs. Ford will not follow him, but is on her way to join her relatives in New York.

DAN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

The queerest fellow, without exception, in all Wexford, was Daniel Battles.

He was sixteen years of age, yet he had the reputation of possessing as much knowledge about odd and out-of-the-ways things as any ten average lads. He was believed to have an intimate acquaintance with every trout in the streams, and every bird in the woods, and every rabbit in the burrows. He had the largest collection of birds' eggs to be found in the county; and it was reported, and solemnly believed by all the small boys in the neighborhood, that he had a secret understanding with the kingfishers and orioles, by which they agreed to surrender one egg of each litter to him, in consideration of his promise to let all the others alone.

He was always taking up some new idea to work out, and if he did not know all about many things, he really seemed to know a little about every thing. He knew how to print, how to bleed a horse, how to run the telegraph instrument, how to cultivate silk-worms, how to make the most outrageous noises with his hands, how to graft pears, how to write backwards, how to play checkers with his eyes shut, and, in short, he knew how to do nearly every thing that came in his way to learn.

One day the neighboors opened their eyes and pricked up their ears at the news that Dan had taken up photography; not that they were astonished, for they had long ceased to be astonished at anything that Dan did, but they were interested in his enterprise, though regarding it simply as another freak of a curious genius.

"Well, well," said they, shrugging their shoulders, "Dan is an odd stick. It's about time he went into something useful. Photography, eh?"

The report was true. Dan had obtained a camera of good size, and was experimenting with it up in his "den," in one end of his mother's garret.

It would be hard to imagine a more untidy, chaotic-looking place than Dan's "den." It was full of bottles, old cloths, jars, bits of machinery, musical instruments, carpenter's tools, old maps, torn pictures, pots of paint and chemicals, fragments of old machines, stuffed birds, etc.; and it smelled so fearfully that no one but Dan could ever stay in it long enough to make an inventory of the contents.

Dan was as odd-looking a character as one would be likely to see in a year's travel. He was thin and lank in the body and legs. His head was large, and he had light blue eyes, and long, whitish hair, which he rarely combed, and which straggled about all over his head, as if the rats had made nests in it the last time he slept.

He was not much of a talker. He generally kept silent and stared. Nobody knew what an amount of thinking he did meanwhile, and in fact, many who laughed at his "greenness" had to confess afterwards that he not only saw all things that was going on, but knew more about what he saw than the smartest of them.

Dan went on with his photographing for several weeks. He learned to take very good pictures, but he was far from satisfied. He grew thoughtful and almost melancholy. His fingers were always stained black and brown with acids that he could not wash off, and his clothing always gave out the peculiar scent of "colliodion."

Dan's mother began really to be anxious. The boy was growing up a loose Jack-at-all-trades, but without any particular turn for one profitable calling. It was necessary that he should begin to earn money pretty soon, and she was anxious that he should choose some single business and stick to it. She took the boy in hand and expostulated with him. Dan looked distressed.

"I'm trying to do something, mother. I'm just getting hold of it now, I guess. I only want a little more time."

This was about as long a speech as Dan was in the habit of making at one time. His mother was pacified, and for the present, let him alone.

Two or three more weeks slipped by. Dan made pictures of everybody he could get before his camera. He photographed the cat and her kittens. He photographed his "den" and all its miscellaneous trumpery. He photographed the boys in the street, and he photographed buildings, fences and trees.

Still he did not succeed to his mind. His pictures lacked the peculiar shading of "tone" that he wanted. His dream was to achieve this, which he believed would not only make them very beautiful, but give him a large profitable custom.

He labored incessantly, now trying this plan, and now trying that, but without any perfect result.

In the course of his experiments out of his garret window, Dan made street pictures of people both near and remote, in divers attitudes, and at nearly all hours of the day. Dan took them in single figures and in groups; he took them looking up and looking down; making jestures or sitting still; he took them as they stood in windows, and as they walked below him, or rode past in carriages. Many of the photographs were clear and good, but still the subtile finish was wanting. Dan could not realize his dream.

Finally his mother begged him to stop his amusement (as she called it), and go into a store, or some business where he might support himself.

Dan shook his head.

"Can't, mother."

"But, Dan, I can't afford to give much more money for the acids you want."

"Ah!" said Dan. He shook his head once more, and looked very dejected.

He was at his wits' end. He believed he was on the very verge of an important discovery. He only wanted a *little* more time and a *little* more money. Where should the money come from?

This was a trying question. He could not imagine that any one would ever loan him enough cash to carry out his projects, and he did not seem to think of any way to earn a sufficient sum. He went up to his "den," and sat down in the midst of his bottles and rubbish, feeling uncommonly blue. There was his camera upon its three long legs, with its black muffler drawn carefully over it, and with its brass nose pointed out into the cold air.

The boy's thoughts pointed the same way. He must go out in the cold and find something to do, or some day he might have to stay out in the cold. He descended into the street, and wandered about the town, moody and distressed.

About this time a trial was in progress at the court. A man was charged with passing a forged check at the bank. The teller who paid the money fully identified the prisoner, described his movements, and related what was said between them at the time with the greatest minuteness.

On the other hand, the accused indignantly denied the charge, and protested that he was not in or near the bank at the time alleged, but in the office of a friend on B. street. He remembered his whereabouts, for his arrest was not so long after the presentation of the check but that all his movements on that day remained distinctly in his mind. From the first he had continued to assert his innocence, and declared that the teller had mistaken him for some other man.

Unfortunately for him, he was obliged to admit that he was alone in his friend's office at the hour in question, and he failed to produce any witness besides himself to prove definitely where he was, though he had made every effort to do so. It was a question of veracity, man against man, but the clear and very positive statement of the teller against the accused, and the possibility of some motive presumed to exist in the man's financial circ