THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOL. VII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1874. NO. 45.

A Ditty of Despair.

We had sweet dreams the other night,
When all around was still—
We dreamed we saw a host of folks
Pay up their printer's bill.
We wish the dream would come to pass,
And our empty pockets fill—
Tar da ump a te diddle dum,
Te tump te iddle dill.

Flattery.

O! it is worse than mockery to list to the flatterer's tone;
To lend a ready ear to thoughts the cheek must blush to own;
To hear the red lip whispered of, and the flowing curl and eye
Made constant theme of eulogy extravagant and high;
And the charm of person worshiped in a homage offered not
To the perfect charm of virtue, and the majesty of thought.

The Home Heart.

The babe that nestled in my arms coos for me but in dreams;
The prattler crowned with golden curls lives but in memory's gleams;
What marvel, then, that loving fear blends with the pride and joy
That watches, on his manhood's verge, the bold and bonny boy?

The happy smile of infancy still wreathes his rosy lips,
The fearless light of childhood's eyes knows nothing of eclipse;
But firmer tread and stronger clasp attest the rolling years,
While growing, daring thought and will awake the woman fears.

My son, a wiser hand than mine will shape the onward way,
A greater Power soothe thy night and guide thee through the day.
So, in a patient impotence, I strive to stand apart,
Only praying, for thy father's sake, oh, keep the frank home heart!

Keep the pure unstinted charity, the trust in all things fair,
The hope that mid each earthly cloud still feels the sunshine there;
The faith in goodness, love, and truth, that, spite of fault and fall,
Looks on the bright world God has made, and owns His touch on all.

So shall the light feet spring unharmed along the perilous path,
So shall the brave hand clasp and keep the one immortal wreath.
By the yearning of the lonely life, whose chiefest joy thou art,
Oh, darling of our severed lives, keep still the fresh home heart!

THE BASKET OF FLOWERS.

I wondered what peculiar taste could have induced either the designers or decorators of the craft to have clapped such a preposterous thing as a flower basket on the stern of that ship. I was seated on a dock near Hunter's Point watching the loading of a petroleum vessel—a queer, old-fashioned bark. Had the owner or skipper any floral proclivities? Perhaps some practical hand in a ship yard—a master in the art of hacking figure-heads of dolphins or cornucopias all out of solid oak—some one who might have been a Thorswalden but for the want of opportunity, had eliminated that flower basket from his inner consciousness. Just as likely it might have been the production, so far as the poetical conception of it went, of some captain through whose composition there ran a latent vein of romance. Who could tell but that in years long gone by the woman the captain had loved had been associated with a basket of flowers? So he might have gone straight to the ship-yard, all aglow, inspired for the moment, and in a cheery voice said, "Here, carpenter, cut me out a basket of flowers. Do it good. I ain't particular about the kind of flowers, so that there is plenty of them, and that the basket is all right. Put two handles on the basket." And so to work fifty years ago went the carpenter, who had followed the sea in his younger days, and the artist, with adze and gouge in hand, had possibly got into a quandary over the job, for quite likely he was more familiar with tangled seaweed than with the primmer garden flowers. So in great mental travail he must have solved the question by taking as a pattern his mother's old-fashioned sampler, on which in cross-stitch was depicted a floral offering, and copied it all out in wood and stuck it on the stern of that vessel, and felt satisfied with it, though a stiffer or more impossible flower basket never was made. Undoubtedly once it was colored with hues as bright and varied as a rainbow, and shown out resplendantly as the ship's stern, and was reflected in summer seas, and was the envy of other skippers. But when I saw it all its bloom was gone, for it had been painted all over a glaring yellow, and was as ugly as sin. Ornamenting the stern of a petroleum ship, odorous with the most villainous of smells, that poor old flower basket seemed horribly out of place.

"Captain, sir?" I made bold to say to a man in the dock, who was giving some instructions as to the moorings of the vessel.

"Just so, sir," was the reply of a fine, hearty-looking man. "Here, Mr. Mathias"—this was to a person evidently the mate—"have this hawser eased. Take out the double hitch, and don't jam the knot. It's too tight. It would take as much as five minutes to unreeve that knot; ain't you got *sabe* enough to know that when you are taking on board this kind of dangerous stuff, alongside of the factory as makes it, the whole place is just as likely as not to be on fire any minute? Tell that hand forard at the fall to watch the capstan and them spiles here and to loosen the hawser with the tide. She can't chafe much. It ain't a bad plan to have an ax, and a sharp one, always ready, so that a fellow can cut his lucky and run. Capt. Billy Magruder saved his brig a year and a half ago, at this very dock, from being burned up, because he had a carpenter's hatchet handy. You was wanting me, sir?" said the captain. "What can I do for you?"

"Only this," I replied; "I am very little nautical, and my experience does not go beyond yachting; but I have, I think, a kind of memory for ships. Did I not see this ship at New Bedford; she was then in the whaling business some years ago?"

"Exactly so, sir. You are right. Maybe you found her out by the carving on her stern. She is a queer old craft, built as they only built 'em fifty years ago. She has been kept up, though, all the time right through, and the oil is so soaked into her timbers that there is no rot in her. For nigh on to thirty years she pitched and tumbled on the Pacific, and many a whale she has had alongside of her, and tried out, and if all the money she has arned was in my pocket or in yourn, or only halved between us, why, I, for one, make bold to say that I wouldn't be here stowing away coal-oil. The petroleum business is a kind of resting place for old-fashioned ships. It used to be the lumber trade, but now lots of the old stagers go into coal-oil."

"It is, then, a kind of charnel-house for decayed vessels?"

"Well, that's it, pretty much. I seed you looking at her stern. It's a real nice bit of work that carving. Them flowers is all buttercups and cowslips and sunflowers now from their color. There is a queer yarn about this here ship which I don't mind telling. I am fresh in her, that is to say, it will be a year this coming February since I took hold of her. I ain't had much luck, that is for my time of life, and had hoped at my age to be something more than captain of an oil-craft; but luck is everything. Now, we seafaring men keep the run somehow of all the ships and the stories about 'em. You see, some ships bring luck and others don't. I've known a ship that mostly always made money for her owners, but always killed her captains. I knowed one bark that made every skipper as sailed her take to drink. You see, the story about this ship I got from the man as sailed her before me; and during her whole life she ain't had but five men to handle her, and four of 'em, of which I am one, has been on her during the last ten years. Afore that, for nigh on to forty years, only one man sailed her. Before the keel of this ship was laid, there was a seafaring man as sailed out of Maine. That man struck salt water airly, and hadn't no education when he was young, but lots of pluck. In them days, fifty year ago, passengers used to take the regular liners from Boston or New York and go to Charleston. That sailor man was before the mast. He was a handsome, civil kind of a fellow, and was learning his duty fast. There came once aboard the brig he was on, which was a Charleston liner—one of them big Boston bugs—one of them aristocrats of the old time—with a sick daughter, his only che-ild." My captain, I saw here, was inclined to be melodramatic, as he insisted on this peculiar, eccentric subdivision of a single syllable.

"The v'yage was a long one, and Jack's duty it was to go down below and hand that young miss on deck, and put her like a frostbitten flower in the sun, for they thought she was dying. Now this rich man's cheild didn't care a brass farden for Jack, but Jack, who was an ass, cared for her. When they got South, Jack put the lady in her carriage at Charleston, and bid her good-bye, and didn't say nothing more. That rich man's cheild came pretty near dying in Charleston, and Jack kept calling every day, with the captain's compliments, so he said, to see how she was getting on; but they wasn't the captain's compliments, but his own. She didn't get any better or much worse, but kept backing and filling. When it got to be time for Jack's brig to go home, the girl's father he came in person on board to thank the old man for his civility in sending so often to make inquiries about his daughter. Now, this made the captain stare, for the old skipper, after he had dumped the party on the Charleston wharf, had no more thought about 'em than of an odd cask of nails. So the story got about the ship, and the crew ran poor Jack about it, as shipmates will, until Jack got most wild. But they knowed Jack didn't allow much chaffing, so after a regular knock-down or so, they let Jack alone. Jack stayed by that brig all that winter, she going regularly on her trips, and he finding out how the young woman was making out. She stayed South most a year, and then Jack learnt she was coming home in another vessel. What does he do but leaves his own craft and ships in the other one, and comes home with the young woman. Jack had brushed up mighty in the twelvemonth, though he wasn't nothing more than a sailor. The father didn't know him no more than you could tell one link of a chain cable from another, but his daughter did. I disremember exactly how the yarn goes on here, but as sure as you are born the rich man's daughter and Jack got to love one another unbeknownst to the father.

"Now, fifty years ago a man that commanded a ship wasn't thought no mean shakes of. Now-a-days he is mighty low down, and ain't considered as much account as a head waiter in a dining-saloon. It was agreed between 'em that Jack should fight it through and get a ship, and that then, if the old man didn't agree to it, they would look out for themselves. So he did, and he went to South America round the Horn and was gone three years, and come back second mate. Then he went to China, and had no end of luck. His captain and first mate died on board the ship, as did a good many of the crew, and Jack brought the vessel into Boston most by himself, and was made captain and had all kinds of favors shown him. You see, sir, I have been third mate more nor once on a long v'yage, but somehow or other no such luck never come to me. Well, Jack had brought from China a curious kind of basket for his true-love, and had made a regular hot-house of his ship with queer kinds of China plants, which wasn't common in them days in the United States. So now, as captain, he made bold to give the basket to her, and they both went to the old man and told their stories. 'No, sir, he couldn't think of it. What, give his cheild to one of them no-account ship captains? Not if he know'd himself.' Well, at last it was fixed up that Captain Jack should make another v'yage, and then, if she would have him, they should be married. That was all the old man would do, and them hard lines was agreed to. Captain Jack had a new ship a-building for him, for the China trade, as you know, was just busting in them days, and he wanted his owners to let him call his ship after his sweetheart's name, but the old man wouldn't let him. So says she to him one day: 'My dear love, in remembrance of me, you'll have that basket of flowers put on your ship, and just while your ship floats I'll never forget you, nor must you forget me.' My wife, sir, as is at Bridgeport, has got that part into rhyme, something about 'your heart smoats,' and 'the ship she floats,' but I never was good on poetry, and just as likely havn't got the hang of it. The ship was launched, and that there identical basket was carved and put on her. It ain't stuck on, sir, but is cut right out of the timber, so as to be everlasting.

"Oh, he come back, sir; but not at the end of three years, nor in his own ship. In Manila he took the fever, and was left for dead, and she, the rich man's cheild, was made to believe that her sailor lover was gone, or didn't care for her, so after awhile she married another fellow. I never heard she was unhappy. My wife says she was; but, then, women, you know, sir, has such strange ideas on them subjects. Jack took to his ship again, and the old wooden basket of flowers, carved and painted on the stern of his vessel, was all that remained of his true love, and they do say, no matter how rusty his old craft became, whether out at sea or in port, he used to have them old flowers kept in a regular blaze and bloom of glory. He was a mighty restless old fellow, and never staid a day ashore, always lived on ship board, and a-going all the time. Whaling he took up some time in 1840, and kept it up for a long time, a-living in the ice, maybe a-trying to freeze the love out of him. He died mighty rich, and singularly crusty and cranky, a matter of eight year ago in Maine, where he was born. The yarn is a true one, because I heard tell how in his will he left some of his money to the woman he had loved once, because times had changed, and she and her family had got poor. Some do say that the rich man's daughter and her family had been supported by that old whaling captain for years. So, you see, he didn't bear no malice. This old craft never was exactly unlucky, and that old basket of flowers has hung to her so long that I ain't going to have it taken off while I sail her. Guess them flowers has been a good deal patched up since they was first put on her, as may be my story, though, saving the soft parts, which I can't work in like my wife can, it's pretty much as I have been telling it to you. I am going to keep that old flower-basket fresh, mind I tell you, no matter what yellow ochre does cost a pound. No, sir; no ghosts; not even a rat; petroleum is pison on rats. We are for Trieste. Rates mighty poor—4s. 3d. a barrel. It may be a matter of seventy-five days before I get there. She is steady, sir, though she can't be said to be fast. No objections to your writing it out. I might like you to send the story to my folks at Bridgeport, only my wife will be sure to tell me I have left out all the nicest parts. Women are so queer, you know, and spin things out so."

The President and the Horse Dealer.

Among the enterprising citizens who contributed to the St. Louis State fair was Mr. Dillon, who is a dealer in Norman horses. Mr. Dillon has recently imported a number of these animals from Europe, and had a "six-in-hand" attached to a ponderous vehicle on the fair grounds. Driving around he course, the horse fancier met old Sam Buckmaster, of Illinois, and induced him to accept a seat in the caravan. They drove several times around the track, and were the observed of all observers, but finally Mr. Buckmaster, seeing two gentlemen approaching, said: "There comes the President; I must get out and meet him."

"The President!" exclaimed Dillon; "why, that is just the man I want to see. I wanted to get hold of a man that is a good judge of horseflesh. Which is the President?"

"The gentleman in dark clothes carrying the umbrella," replied Sam.

"Hallo!" cried Dillon to the stranger; "come here; I want to see you."

The gentleman with the umbrella approached smilingly and shook Dillon by the hand, supposing that he was some acquaintance of other times.

"What do you think of my team?" said Dillon.

"They do very well," said the man in dark clothes.

"Jump in and let me show you their pace. Bring your friends along," shouted Dillon, heartily.

"You must excuse me. I don't want to be conspicuous," said the stranger.

"Conspicuous?" remarked Dillon. "Get in here and let me give you a ride behind these horses."

"No—no," cried he of the umbrella; "I must be going."

"Why don't you get in? I won't eat you!" said the horse fancier.

At this the stranger and the friend turned abruptly away, and were lost in the crowd.

"Well," exclaimed Dillon to Buckmaster, who stood by dumbfounded, "Just to think that the president of a one-horse Missouri fair refused to ride behind my team. What a sop he must be."

"President of the fair!" Buckmaster shouted in amaze; "don't you know who that was?"

"No," replied Dillon; "you told me he was the President."

"So he is the President," rejoined Buckmaster, "but not of the fair. Why, surely you knew him?"

"I'll be hanged if I did," Dillon said. "I was sure he was president of this fair."

"Oh, this is too much!" cried Sam. "Why, that was the President of the United States!"

Dillon grew very red in the face, and slowly gasped forth: "Was—that—Grant?"

"Certainly, it was Gen. Grant."

Dillon caught up his reins, dropped his whip and exclaimed, "Oh?"

How He Started Out.

Henry J. Raymond, member of Congress, Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, but better known as the founder and editor of the New York *Times*, was the son of a poor farmer. At the age of twenty he graduated at the University of Vermont. His father wanted him to go to work on the farm. But young Raymond had no inclination for farming. He felt if he could get a start in New York city, that he had the habits of industry and the brains which would enable him to do well.

Moved by his son's earnestness, the father raised three hundred dollars by mortgaging the farm, and with that sum the future journalist went to the city. There he studied law, taught school, wrote for the newspapers, and was the first person, it is said, to write regular letters from New York to the country journals.

Horace Greeley, about that time, started the New York *Tribune*, and being acquainted with Raymond, invited him to do his writing in the office. For some months he wrote at his borrowed desk, when, receiving a liberal offer to teach school in the South, he determined to accept it.

Thanking Mr. Greeley for his many courtesies, he informed him of his intended departure.

"I don't think," said the kind-hearted editor, who, like Raymond, was then struggling for bread and a position, "there's any particular use of your going 'way down there, Henry. You ought to do as well here, and New York's a better place for you. How much are you to get for teaching?"

"Ten dollars a week, and I can't earn as much here."

"O, well, you'd better stay. Write for the *Tribune*; I'll give you eight dollars a week."

The Slave Trade.

It is not alone piety which prompts thousands of Mohammedan merchants annually to join the pilgrims marching to Mecca. The charm of a profitable bargain is not unknown to these apparently righteous wanderers, and they are by no means overscrupulous as to the manner in which they gain their money. While the more devout shed their tears and say their prayers at the shrine of the Prophet, those who have an eye to business capture slaves wherever they can, in the regions of Africa through which they pass, and sell them within the Dominions of the Sultan of Morocco, who takes one slave in twenty as his tribute. This trade, which is carried on within a few leagues of the French settlements in Algeria, is said to be by far the most lucrative indulged in by the caravans. Three thousand slaves are annually brought down from the Soudan, and not even the powdered gold, the incense, the precious stones, the indigo, or the rhinoceros horns, which the caravans sometimes get in Central Africa, are sought for with half the eagerness displayed in slave-hunting.

A Strange Disaster.

Sinking of a steamboat heavily laden with sugar, molasses, and rice, at her landing in New Orleans, four hours after her arrival, is certainly a curious enough incident, but when we have to add to this that fourteen of her passengers and many of her crew were drowned by the accident, the occurrence becomes surprising, and calls loudly for investigation. The statement of one of the passengers that the boat was overloaded and parted in the middle is, if true, a sad commentary on the rapacity of the owners. Steamboating on the Gulf coast is surrounded with enough perils ordinarily, without having the additional one added to it of danger occasioned by the indifference of owners to the safety of passengers. We hope that some other explanation than this will be found in the present instance.

THE CAUSE OF SUICIDES.

A Few Statistics---What Should be Done.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, of Bellevue Hospital, New York, and lecturer on nervous diseases in the Long Island College Hospital, read before the American Health Council a paper upon "Suicide in Large Cities, with Reference to Certain Sanitary Conditions which Tend to Prevent its Moral and Physical Causes." The doctor said that his observations upon the subject had been made for the most part in New York city. Comparisons have been made between that city and London and Paris. In all larger cities the number of cases is governed, to a great extent, by the habits, tastes and moral culture of the people, and back of this the national characteristics. The French people, noted for their indifference to life and exaggerated morbid sentimentality, are celebrated for the propensity to end life with their own hands. Paris has been, and always will be, celebrated for the prevalence of this crime. The Parisians pursue it as an agreeable mode of securing relief from their troubles. It has been asserted that foggy weather induces suicides, although statistics go to disprove this, especially in New York. The months of April, May, June, July and August, the most pleasant months of the year, are those in which more persons take their lives than at any other in the year. The gravity and stolidity of the English people rather shows in their favor, as regards this crime. In the city of New York, between 1866 and 1872, there were 678 suicides, the males predominating. For the three years, 1870, '71 and '72, there were 359 suicides, 132 being Germans. As regards conditions, 171 were married, 118 single, 43 widows and widowers, and 27 whose condition was not stated. The age of the oldest was 84, and that of the youngest, 10. The cause for the suicide of the latter was remarkable. She was detected in the theft of fifty cents from her mother, and seeking to escape from her shame she resorted to Paris green. Poison is the most popular mode of suicide, the preference being by arsenic, Paris green, opium, carbolic acid and other irritants. Insanity causes the largest number of suicides, both men and women; drunkenness comes next, and disease third. The ages at which suicide seems to be most often resorted to are between forty and fifty among men and forty-five and fifty-five among women. Since the greatest number of deaths in New York is by poisoning it is important to inquire into the causes why it should be so. When we take into consideration the looseness of the present laws regarding the sale of poisons, there appears to be no trouble for persons who wish these drugs to obtain them. It is needless to say that the opium habit, like alcoholism, leads to self-destruction in a number of instances. A form of suicide, which figures largely in American statistics, is jumping from an elevation. This is oftentimes the result of a momentary impulse, produced by the surroundings. In New York city there were twenty-one victims of this mode between the years 1866 and 1872. A most important duty in connection with this subject is the influence of the mode of life of the poorer classes. He alluded more particularly to the tenement-house system. The vices attending the colonization of the working classes are spread by the contact of the vicious with the pure, and the depression of the tone, are powerful inducers of suicide. The prevalence of strikes and trades' unions, with their dangerous restrictions and foolish oaths of allegiance, are fruitful causes of suicides. Men are afraid to work in opposition to the threats of their fellow tradesmen, and when poverty stares them in the face they become desperate and commit suicide. A great percentage of the suicides in large cities are attributable to unnatural vices, caused by a state of hypochondriasis or monomania by the carefully written advertisements of the many quacks. The prevalence of seduction in large cities is perhaps greater among the lower classes, the large factories being the places where the crime is mostly committed and where suicide often follows. To diminish the number of suicides the doctor favored regular meals and habits, the abolition of immoral entertainments, advertising quacks, so-called anatomical museums, of obscene and sensational literature. Legislation should strictly regulate the sale of poisonous drugs.

The Exact Truth.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick, discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other.

"His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth is truth,' ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"O," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and I have no intention of doing so."

"Very true, but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere read that a lie in one's work, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben; and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of the day, when they quit work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when behold the lie had wrought out the result of all lies! The wall getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last, in the night, had toppled over, obliging the masons to do their work over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin.

Tell, act and live the exact truth always.

How to Pull Teeth.

A peculiar dental operation has just come under our observation. A certain citizen had an upper tooth which was loose and troublesome, so he resolved to extract it by fastening a string in it; but after a trial, finding the operation painful, he hadn't the grit to grin and bear it. He thought if the tooth could be extracted by some sudden mode the pain would be but transient; and after mature deliberation he hit upon an ingenious plan to jerk it out in a jiffy. Procuring a heavy flat-iron he tied it to the other end of the cord attached to his tooth, then shutting both eyes he let the iron drop, which descended plump center on his pet corn. After hopping about the room, wildly, on one foot, groaning for very anguish of spirit, and reciting choice passages from profane history, he finally calmed down sufficiently to hurl the flat-iron over the fence, and swathe his sore toe in camphor and cotton. But he pulled the tooth, and with it a piece of gum. And the man lived.

HAY-FEVER AND ITS CURE.

A Paper Read by Dr. Beard before the Public Health Association of Philadelphia.

Dr. Beard read a paper before the American Public Health Association of Philadelphia, on the subject of "Hay-Fever and its Cure." The doctor began his investigations on this subject by preparing a "circular of inquiry," which he sent all over the country—to persons suffering from the disease, to physicians, to scientific persons, and in fact to all who could aid him in his researches upon this subject. From the information thus obtained he arrived at the conclusions embodied in his paper, of which the following is a synopsis:

Hay fever is a complex and not a simple disease, as has been generally understood. The first element of the disease is a nervo-bilious temperament, or, at least, a temperament in which the nervous element predominates. Hay-fever patients are the class of patients subject to other nervous diseases. The second factor in this disease is heat following cold. The heat of hot climates does not seem to act as a cause, but the heat of temperate climates following the cold weather. The disease is found only in that belt where there are extremes of temperature. Third—Various exciting causes, over twenty or more in number, such as perfume of flowers, dust, in-door and out-door, fresh hay, old hay, bright sunlight, gaslight, close confined air, smoke, cinders, hulling of corn, Roman wormwood, sneeze-weed, over-exertion, etc. In order to get up a case of hay-fever two of these three factors, certainly the first two, are necessary. The exciting causes are named under the third head, and have been regarded as the disease, hence the name hay-fever, peach-cold, rose-cold, etc. One might as well call a sick-headache a sausage-headache, because it may be at times caused by eating sausages. The majority of the patients afflicted with hay-fever who are reported to me are of American birth. Dr. Jacobi, of New York, whose experience and practice among the better class of Germans are very large, tells me that he has never known a case of hay-fever among Germans in this country. I suspect that among the foreign population not born in this country hay-fever is comparatively rare; just as among the same classes nervous disease of all kinds are comparatively rare.

After a person has once been attacked he seems to be for all his life liable to be again attacked. Now and then one may go over a year without the disease, but this is rare. Sometimes the disease increases in severity with years, and sometimes diminishes. A majority of my patients have tried the local application of the solution of quinine, as recommended by Helmholtz, and they report that it is little or no good. Among the regions which hay-fever patients visit with benefit, I may mention the White Mountains and the ocean everywhere, at least in cold climes; for those who take sea voyages almost never suffer while at sea, but may be attacked as soon as they land. A trip to Europe, the Adirondack region and the island of Mackinaw are very highly recommended by some. Dr. Dennison, of Denver, Colorado, sends me a pamphlet which reports that some cases of hay-fever have been cured by a residence in that locality. Like other nervous diseases, it is powerfully under the influence of the mind. The striking periodicity of the disease coming on as it does, in a certain case, at precisely the same day or hour, is probably the result in part of expectation of the patient that it will come then. The plan of treatment that I would suggest for hay-fever is as follows: First, to prevent the disease. As early as March or April the patient should begin to take a course of nerve tonic treatment. I would recommend it to be arsenic, phosphorus in its various forms, cod liver oil, iodoform and electricity, especially the methods of general galvanization and general faridization. When the disease appears the great dependence must be on local treatment, combined with general tonic treatment. Mr. friend, Dr. W. F. Hutchinson, of Providence, had a case this year, which he broke up by central galvanization. I relieved decidedly one case and somewhat relieved another by local galvanization externally. The remedies should be used thoroughly. The great trouble with those who galvanize themselves is that they do not completely and thoroughly bring the remedies to act upon all the sinuous and tortuous lining membrane of the nasal passages.

A Lady's Chances of Being Married.

The statistician, and likewise the average woman all the way from fifteen years of age to the point when birthday anniversaries cease to be a time of cheer and gratulation, may take at least a passing interest in a table recently printed in England, to show the relations between matrimony and age. Every woman has some chance of being married; it may be one chance to fifty against it, or it may be ten to one that she will marry. But whatever that is, representing her entire chance at one hundred, her particular chance at certain defined points of her progress in time is found to be in the following ratios: When between fifteen and twenty years she has fourteen and a half per cent. of her whole probability; when between twenty and twenty-five she has fifty-two per cent.; between twenty-five and thirty, eighteen per cent. After thirty years she has lost eighty-four and a half per cent. of her chance, but until thirty-five she has still six and a half per cent. Between thirty-five and forty it is three and three-fourths per cent., and for each succeeding five years is respectively two, one-half, one-eighth, and one-fourth per cent. Any time after sixty it is one-tenth of one per cent., or one-thousandth of her chance of a chance—a pretty slender figure, but figures often are slender at that age.

A Curious Character.

A singular trial has just been concluded in New Haven, Conn. The suit was brought by a farmer against his hired man, who claimed an offset to more than the amount of the plaintiff's claim. The plaintiff, some time ago, having lost his record books, made notes of his business transactions on separate sheets of paper, which he deposited as fancy inclined him. Sometimes they would be placed beneath the carpet, sometimes behind desks and doors, and wherever their secrecy was supposed to be unquestioned. Nearly all these papers the plaintiff brought into court to sustain his claim. There were such queer items as this: The hired man did something in opposition to the wish of his employer, the plaintiff, or pushed him hard against a door, injuring his feelings thereby. For some of these episodes the hired man was charged forty cents. For being "liquory" another charge was entered, and for falling down stairs, and thereby shocking the plaintiff, another amount was asked. As the hired man did not pay these charges, and thought he ought to be paid a certain amount for labor he performed, the suit was brought.

MASKED BURGLARS' WORK.

An Old Man's Hoardings of Years Stolen --The Victim Left Bound and Gagged.

For many years there has lived in Monroetown, Pa., an eccentric old man named Isaac Castor. He is a shoemaker and lives alone in a little house in an out of the way spot. He is over sixty years old, and for years has hoarded his earnings, using only enough money to procure the bare necessities of life. His income has never been large, but its accumulation for over a quarter of century amounted to a snug little competency. He always carried several hundred dollars in his pantaloon pockets, which fact was generally known, and it has been the standing wonder here for years that he had never been robbed.

On a Monday morning it was noticed that the old shoemaker's shop was not opened as usual, and that there was no stir about the house. This was so remarkable an occurence that two or three citizens went to his house and broke open the door. They found Castor bound tightly in a chair, so that he could not use his hands or feet, and a handkerchief tied tightly over his mouth. He was hastily released, and as soon as he could recover sufficiently from his excitement and alarm he told substantially the following story:

About an hour before daylight he was awakened by a man who stood by the side of his bed. Castor sprang up, but was stopped by the man, who put a pistol to his head and told him to be still or he would blow his brains out. Another man, with a lantern, was going about the room searching every hole and corner. The old shoemaker at first thought the men were negroes, but afterward discovered that they were white men with blackened faces. The one man rifled the pockets of his pantaloons, which contained nearly $500, but not being able to find money that they evidently believed was secreted about the room, the robbers told the old man that he must tell them where he hid his money or they would kill him. Castor assured them that he had no more money; that his pantaloons pockets contained all he had in the world, and he begged them to leave him some of that, as he was keeping it to pay his funeral expenses when he died. The burglars, failing to force the old man into revealing the whereabouts of the rest of his probable treasure, and daylight being near, made their victim get out of bed. They then bound him to the chair and gagged him, and took their departure. They had effected an entrance into the house through a back window. Castor said that he could not be able to recognize the robbers. He could not distinguish their features, and their voices were strange to him. The general impression is that they are parties living in the neighborhood, as no strangers have been seen about the place. There is not the slightest suspicion, however, as to who they may be. Castor says that the robbers took every dollar he had in the world.

Mushroom Poisoning.

An interesting case was recently brought before one of the criminal courts of London, the grand jury throwing out a bill of indictment against a gardener who was charged with murdering a fellow-servant by giving her poisoned mushrooms to eat. Although there was no reason to suppose that the mushrooms were given with any felonious intention, yet three persons were actually poisoned by them, and one died; the fungi being so much like mushrooms that even a skilled witness saw nothing in them to distinguish them from the genuine article of food. It appearing in evidence that mushrooms growing under trees are dangerous, the presiding judge gave great emphasis to the importance of such a fact being widely known, and called attention to the following description given by Professor Bently—though not an unerring one—showing the general characters by which the edible and poisonous species of fungi may best be distinguished: The edible mushrooms grow solitary, in dry, airy places, and are generally white or brownish; they have a compact, brittle flesh; do not change color, when cut, by the action of the air; juice watery, and odor agreeable; taste not bitter, acrid, salt, or astringent. The poisonous mushrooms, on the contrary, grow in clusters, in woods and dark, damp places, and are usually of a bright color; their flesh is tough, soft, and watery, and they acquire a brown, green, or blue tint when cut and exposed to the air; the juice is often milky, the odor commonly powerful and disagreeable, and the taste either acrid, astringent, acid, salt, or bitter. These characteristics are almost invariable.

A Suicide's Confession.

At least one man knew that he had become a bore, and when convinced of the fact he killed himself. This was a young spendthrift named Butenof, the scapegrace son of a San Francisco banker. Before his suicide he wrote a letter in which he said, "That the public should not suspect that the deed was done in a fit of insanity, I state that after a month's reflection I take leave of this world in the full possession of all my senses, and that I am calm and collected, but I am driven to this by extreme despair, nervous excitement, etc. I have gone to the dogs. For years I have deported myself correctly in this world, but during the last ten weeks I found that I would have to become involved in debt and live upon the charity of others. Even now I find that I have overstepped the bounds, and can no longer obtain a cent's worth of favor. For weeks I have offered my services for my board, but they have not been accepted. It would take too long for me to regain my former status. I have almost begged of those who through me made hundreds of dollars, and they turned from me with their dimes in their pockets. Some did help me at first, but their manner was such that to approach them a second time for a favor became impossible. My innermost thanks to [here follow the names of a dozen persons] who have this day that I take poison, refused me credit."

Plants.

It is well known that plants sleep at night; but their hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be woke up and crow at untimely hours by the light of a lantern. De Candolle subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours; exposing it to a bright light all night, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled and disturbed at first; it opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at midnight, and sometimes waking up from force of habit, to find the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of use and wont. But, after an obvious struggle, the plant submitted to the change, and turned day into night without any apparent ill effects.

THE MUTINEERS.

"Man the mast-heads there!" was the order from the mate of the Statesman, on a bright, clear morning in the tropical latitutes of the Pacific.

The order was obeyed by those whose turn it was to take the first look-outs of the morning. But the youngster whose station was in the fore to'gallant cross-trees paused in the foretop, and threw a rapid glance round the horizon.

"Sail on the weather bow!" he reported. "A boat with sail set, coming right at us."

The announcement caused a stir at once on deck, and brought not only the captain, but all the watch below up. The all-important morning duty of washing off decks was suspended for the time being, to gaze upon the unwonted spectacle of a whale-boat alone upon the ocean, coming to board us in the morning, like the veritable barber—Neptune, of equatorial notoriety.

The boat was not more than a couple of miles from us when first discovered, approaching swiftly under the combined power of sail and oars. The captain's telescope was brought to bear, and it was soon ascertained that she had at least a full crew. We backed the main-topsail, and hove to, waiting impatiently to know more, and making various shrewd guesses and speculations as to her history and character.

"They've lowered for whales and got lost from their ship," suggested one.

"Likely enough," returned another.

"The captain makes out *eight* men in her," said a coxswain, coming from aft.

Here was a new phase of the matter, and our theory was blown to the four winds. Nobody would lower in pursuit of whales with any more than six in a boat.

"Castaways, of course," was now the unanimous opinion. "Ship foundered or burnt at sea and some of her boats lost with her."

But we were not kept long in suspense, for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvas could do it and leaped on deck. In a few minutes we were in possession of the whole story—a parody on the old one of Bligh and Fletcher Christian.

The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate and six others, from the bark Newcastle, of Sydney, who had been set adrift the day before by mutineers. The second mate, named McGregor, was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned and carried into execution, while he had charge of the deck.

It was supposed that McGregor, the new commander, intended to carry the bark down among the Marshall Islands and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board; but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, or how many were merely cowed into submission to the new authority, was more than the captain could tell.

"And how far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?" asked Captain Bent.

"I have steered west-northwest, by compass, as near as I could," said Captain Watson; "and have run, I should judge, about eighty miles. The Newcastle, when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northwest tack, under easy sail. She ought to bear nearly due east from us."

"Come below, and let's lay off your course on the chart. I don't know as I can do anything for you, even if I should fall in with your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see her."

The two captains went into the cabin, and soon the order was passed along to make all sail on a wind. Nothing was seen during the day, and at night we tacked back again. And the first gray light of morning showed up the bark—recognized at once by Captain Watson and his mate as their own vessel—running down across our course.

"Of course he won't pass near us if he can help it."

"No, I suppose he will avoid us; but I am going to signalize, at any rate. Haul the mainsail up," said Captain Bent, to the officer of the deck, "and set the ensign at the gaff."

The orders were obeyed; and much to our surprise, the mutineers altered their course a little, with the evident intent of speaking to us.

"What can it mean, that he is so ready to speak to a stranger?" was the question that passed from one to another of the group.

"Now I think of it," said the mate of the Newcastle, "I think I know his object. If he really means to wind up his cruise at one of the Marshall Islands, he will want to make a trade for tobacco and fire-arms."

"You've hit it," returned the captain. "That must be McGregor's object. There's isn't much tobacco on board and but little powder. He wants to buy more. Captain Bent, let's you and I have another talk by ourselves," he added, seeming to have conceived some new idea.

Their conference was short; but, judging from the expression on their faces, when they came on deck and took the mates into their conference, it seemed to have been productive of something of importance. The bark's boat, in which the wanderers had been picked up, was placed overhead on the skids, as if she had been one of our own, and a sail thrown over her that she might not be recognized. The crew were instructed to keep themselves out of sight while the two vessels were communicating.

"What bark is that?" asked Captain Ben, innocently, after he had given his own name.

"The Newcastle, of Sidney."

"Who commands her?"

"Watson," was the reply.

"One of our men had his leg broken yesterday," hailed our captain, "and I would like to get the service of your surgeon."

"Certainly. I'll come aboard, and bring the doctor with me. I wish to see you to trade with you." And with a farewell wave of a trumpet, as the vessel passed out of hearing, he luffed to under our lee, and then lowered his boat.

Now the doctor of the Newcastle was at that moment in our own cabin, he having been sent adrift in the boat with the captain; but McGregor would, of course, bring some one to personate the character. This would take seven men from her crew; and it was also certain that he would man his boat with his choice spirits, for if he brought any doubtful or lukewarm ones, they might prattle. We had our instructions, and within five minutes after the seven men stepped on our deck, they had all been decoyed below and quietly secured.

The boat was veered astern by the warp, and the maintopsail filled on a wind, just as if we had made arrangements for a day's "gam," according to the frequent usages of whale-ships on cruising ground. Of course our partner followed our lead, keeping company with us all day, without the least suspicion. The remainder of our plan to regain possession of the ship could only be carried out under cover of darkness.

McGregor and his associates in crime were ironed and placed in the run for safe-keeping. After dark we hove to and set a light in the rigging, which was at once answered by another from the Newcastle, as she closed with us and lay under our lee.

Away went a boat from us in charge of our mate, with a picked crew; while a short distance astern of her followed another, with Captain Watson and his whole party. The ruffian who was in charge of the bark, calling himself mate of her, was amused by the first comers with a story that his captain had made a bargain for a quantity of gunpowder and tobacco, and that our mate had been sent for the money in payment. Suspecting nothing, he invited his visitor below, to drink and enjoy himself awhile. Our men managed adroitly to engage the attention of those on deck, and the second boat