THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOL. VII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1875. NO. ~~50~~ 2.

Nature's Lessons.

Hark! hark! O my children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue,
What do the stars sing in the dark?
"We must sparkle, sparkle through."

What do the leaves say in the storm,
Tossed in whispering heaps together?
"We can keep the violets warm
Till they wake in fairer weather."

What do happy birdies say,
Flitting though the gloomy wood?
"We must sing the gloom away,
Sun or shadow, God is good."

M. A. DODGE.

The Two Lovers.

The love that will soonest decay,
The love that is surest to die,
The love that will soon fly away,
Is the love
That is told by a sigh.

The love that is surest to last,
The love that a woman's heart needs,
The love that will be kept last,
Is the love
That is spoken in deeds.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Bridget, hand me my handkerchief."

"Yes, ma'am, the one with the lace border?"

"That's all, Bridget; you needn't wait."

So Bridget obeyed this order, too, going down the three pairs of stairs to the basement kitchen, and back to her task of polishing the silver.

"Oh, dear, how forgetful I am! giving myself the trouble of ringing twice. I think bell pulls, if they are old-fashioned, are a great deal more convenient than knobs, Cousin Augusta."

The good-natured face looked in at the bedroom door again, flushed with hurrying up the stairs the fifth time within an hour.

"O Bridget, my work box; it's in the end room on the sofa. Can't you find it? Well, look in Cousin Augusta's room; I had it there yesterday morning."

There are two long halls and a flight of stairs between the rooms; but Bridget, a young Irish girl, with a slender figure, showing rapid growth, and not much strength to sustain it, hurries away, for it is high time the dining-room was in order. The mantel clock warns her the luncheon-table must be ready in three-quarters of an hour.

"How long Bridget is! I must have left the work-box there, in plain sight; but the Irish are so stupid!" exclaimed the young lady, with increasing impatience.

"I do not remember seeing it this morning," Mrs. West said, quietly.

"Bridget?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'm looking, but I don't find it."

"Stupid creature! It's almost one, I declare. I shan't have ten minutes to sew; but the box might as well be found. Bridget!" And a stamp of the slippered foot emphasized the last call over the banisters.

"It isn't there, ma'am," said the girl, appearing from below; "I've looked everywhere."

She could not help thinking Miss Danforth unreasonable; and there was the silver lying on the kitchen-table, and the marketman, and grocery boy, and dustman, coming and going perhaps. But to have vented her impatience and uneasiness, as Miss Danforth did, by even an altered tone of voice, would have been considered as impertinence, and perhaps led to dismissal. Yet Irish waiter girls are only human, and have not high breeding to help them control their tempers.

"I declare, Bridget, you don't earn your salt! Look in the blue chamber somewhere, can't you? Don't answer me back again; no impertinence, miss! What if you have looked! Look again; keep looking till you find it."

No wonder Bridget mutters a threat of giving a warning, as the clock strikes the half hour.

"Isn't this it on the dressing-table, Bridget?" suggested Mrs. West, looking searchingly around the room herself.

"Thank you, ma'am; it is, indade." And a grateful expression came into her large gray eyes. "Miss 'Ginia towld me the end room."

"Never mind what I told you. 'Twas your place to hunt for it until it was found somewhere. And don't let me hear any more of your impertinence when I tell you to do anything."

The scowl came back to the girl's face as she hurried away to her work again.

"Bridget"—Miss Danforth's head was over the banister now, the call arresting the girl in the lower hall—"get Mrs. West's lunch as soon as possible, and bring mine up here. I haven't more than time to dress before Miss Powell comes," she said, looking back, apologetically, to her cousin. "You won't mind lunching alone, will you? I've been so hurried all the morning. Callers seem to put everything back."

"I? Oh, not in the least. I was only thinking, Virginia, if you had not almost as much time to go down for your lunch as Bridget has to bring it you."

"Her time's no consequence," returned the young lady, carelessly. "Did you see how impertinent the creature was? Servants all are nowadays."

Mrs. West said no more in the defense. While the toilet proceeded, the luncheon was dispatched, and then came a message from Miss Powell, instead of herself and carriage, saying she would not be able to keep her engagement before Friday. Miss Virginia was highly indignant, and vented her annoyance in no measured terms.

"If there was anything she did hate, it was people who did not keep their engagements! Why couldn't Caroline Powell have discovered she should not get away, and sent her word in time to save her the trouble of dressing and waiting half an hour? Some people did not seem to have the least consideration! And what on earth was she to do with herself in full dress the whole of the afternoon? The sun was too hot to walk; there were three hours to dinner time; she couldn't take a nap, and have the trouble of dressing her hair over twice!"

Mrs. West, as before, considered silence the wisest opposition. She read away very quietly until her young hostess had laid aside her flounced silk and rich laces, and settled into something like composure, with the work-box and a strip of cambric she was elaborating into a heavy insertion of *broderie Anglaise*. Her own sewing—a set of handkerchiefs for her husband—was then resumed, and the two ladies chatted on indifferent topics very amiably, until Miss Virginia came round to the favorite subject with New York housekeepers—prevalence of bad servants.

"If I had only known what I was undertaking when I persuaded papa to go to housekeeping, I would have boarded to the end of time. New York servants are the laziest, stupidest, most impertinent set you can imagine. You Philadelphians have no idea of it. I envied you, I declare; I told papa when I came home that everything in your house went on like clockwork. You had a specimen this morning of my troubles."

"I don't see why your servants should be any worse than ours; they are of the same country, and have the same amount of education generally."

"Why, you keep your servants so long, they get into your way of doing things. Here I've changed our cook three times in five months, and Bridget's the second waiter girl since the first of May. Maria broke everything, and the more I scolded the more careless she was. I did not know then that it was customary to stop all breakage out of their wages; and when Mrs. Hamilton told me so, I found that it could not be done without the agreement was made when the girl was hired. The girl before Maria was only nice about herself. She had superb hair, and it was always dressed as much as mine is for an evening party. She copied me in everything, and I could not stand that. I admire the English fashion of servants wearing calico dresses and caps; don't you?"

"My servants generally do dress plainly. No, I can't say I do like caps on young girls; so that their dress is suitable to their work, I don't know that we have any right to interfere with it."

"Not if your Marianne should undertake to copy you?"

"I dare say she does in some measure; I have never noticed particularly. All of us naturally copy those we are associated with constantly, if we think their taste and judgment superior to ours."

"You take things very coolly, Cousin Augusta," Miss Hyde said, pausing to pass her needle through an emery cushion, sighing, as she did so, that peculiar sigh that seems to give out the impression of much enduring, long-suffering patience under unavoidable ills. "I wish I could. There's Jane; just see what sewing she puts into papa's shirts, and it's as much as I dare do to tell her of it, she flies out so; and the cook, you must have noticed yesterday that there was no bread sauce with the game. Papa would just as lief not have it at all as without. She knows perfectly well. We had her sister last summer, and she was the most wasteful creature you ever did see. I never should have known it; but Aunt Lane paid me a visit, and undertook to set things to rights. She found her lighting her fire with butter one morning to save trouble."

"Butter?"

"Yes; she rolled up a cone of paper, and filled it full of good pastry butter to make the wood kindle in a hurry. Oh, that's very common, I've heard since, with lard. Ann carried things a little farther than usual. She had very genteel ideas. We left her in care of the house when I went to Newport, and Mrs. Cushing, who lived opposite, you know, said she used the parlors just as if I'd been at home, and lighted the gas for her company. She must have entertained them well, too, for there wasn't a thing in the store-room when we came home. But that's nothing to the trouble Mrs. Cushing had herself. Why, do you know, her waiter man, and cook, and French nurse, all gave warning in one day! Mademoiselle had her dinner in the nursery when this cook came; one of the children was sick. So the cook had the head of the second table, and refused to give it up. John took Marie's part, and wouldn't carve unless she sat opposite to him. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?"

"'High life below stairs,' certainly," said Mrs. West. "Isn't Mrs. Cushing that very fashionable lady who called Thursday, and talked so much about Paris bonnets and gaiters? I think she said she sent out for all her gloves."

"Yes, that's Mrs. Cushing. She does talk a little too much about 'when I was in Paris.' Papa ridicules her for her foreign airs. Marie was a most valuable servant, she got up muslins so beautifully; and that's a great deal nowadays. She knew Mrs. Cushing could not replace her. That's another thing; if you get a really good servant, they presume so. There's Bridget, I would not keep her a day, she has such a habit of answering back; but she's tidy, and I hate to see a sloven waiting at table, and moves lightly and quickly; two very good things in a waiter. The Irish are generally so stout and heavy."

"Bridget is very delicate looking. I don't think she can be very strong," Mrs. West said. "What wages do you give her?"

"There's another thing about her; she asks such low wages. Why, Maria had six dollars; but Bridget asked only four when she came, and that's all I've given her. I'm afraid every day she'll ask to have her wages raised. Papa allows six yet, and I should have to give it to her. As it is, I can afford two pair of gloves a month out of what I save."

"How is that?" asked Mrs. West. She could not believe her young relative guilty of so small a saving. Small to her, but how much to a servant, who had nothing but her wages to depend upon!

"Why, papa allows six dollars, in the house allowance, for a waiter, and as Bridget only asked four"—

"You make two dollars a month out of Bridget?"

"Yes," said the young lady, piercing an eyelet hole with a gold-headed bodkin; and, as she did not see Mrs. West's expression, concluding her economy was considered laudable.

"Is she Protestant or Catholic?" inquired the other, after a moment's silence.

"Oh, I fancy her religion doesn't trouble her much any way. They have Sunday afternoon once a month; but I fancy there's not much church-going. It's all the time they have for visiting, you know. I was quite astonished at your girls having half of every Sunday, and one week-day afternoon every month. I did not know it until that day you could not go to Germantown, because you were taking care of the children to let Marianne go out."

"Virginia," said Mrs. West, "did it ever occur to you that your servants have a soul as well as yourself?"

"It's not my business to look after it, if they have." And the bodkin was again inserted, with a half smile at what the embroideress considered a clever answer to her questioner.

"I beg your pardon," Mrs. West, returned, more seriously. "It seems to me you have a great deal to do in the matter. I thought you were very strict about Sunday."

"So I am. I never receive calls or walk, and I go to church twice a day."

"What for?"

"What for? Because it's right, of course. How odd you are, Augusta!"

"And you are four—let me see—eight times as wicked as Bridget."

"Why, what do you mean, Augusta?"

"If Bridget only needs one sermon a month to teach her, and you need eight. Do you see?"

"But she can't be spared. Don't you see how it is? The work must be done Sundays as well as other days."

"So you dress, and go to church, and hear, 'thou, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant,' must work on the seventh day, and consider the whole commandment observed because you neither receive visits nor walk with your gentlemen friends."

Miss Hyde looked up, not knowing whether to smile or show her real vexation; but her cousin was perfectly serious.

"Do you ever ask the girls if they have been to church?"

"I don't think they'd stay very long, if they were catechized as to how they spent their afternoon out. It's a pity if they can't see their friends sometimes." Miss Hyde, like all only daughters, did not know how to be found fault with graciously.

"I quite agree with you, and that's the reason I give them one afternoon besides, even with a little personal inconvenience sometimes; and I don't see why your cook and chambermaid cannot make the arrangement to relieve each other, just as mine do. It would be easier in your family, for you have a seamstress."

Miss Hyde was too much annoyed at having been snared in her own argument to vouchsafe any answer.

"As long as we do not treat our servants as rational human beings, we have no right to complain if they neglect their duties toward us. How are they going to know that 'Servants, obey your masters, not with eye-service,' is a command of our Master and theirs, if they never have time to listen to any instruction?"

"It's all eye-service," Miss Hyde said, shortly.

"What else can it be, when you do not take any interest in them or their affairs, but to get as much done for as little wages as possible?"

"Why, you are always so economical, Augusta; I thought you would approve of that, I'm sure."

"I'm never economical about paying for work—work of any kind, Virginia. Think what very small wages they make, at any rate, and so few of them have any homes to go to, in case of sickness or accident. There's another kind of wages they like just as well—kind words—when you see they've tried their best to please you. Kind words and a little consideration will get twice as much accomplished. Now, your calling Bridget up stairs seven times this morning, when she might have done all you wanted in coming twice, for instance."

"Why, my dear soul, she's paid for it; it's her work."

"So it's her work to sweep and dust the parlors and halls, and the sidewalk; to clean all that silver; to set the table three times a day, and wait on it; to answer the door-bell every half hour, and yours—we won't say how often; to be in three places at once; and never to feel fretted, if her work is put back an hour by unnecessary demands upon her time. I believe one never can understand it unless they have tried it themselves."

"You seem to." And a slightly scornful expression passed over the young girl's face at the lecture she was receiving.

"I learned by experience."

"But you never were a servant, Cousin Augusta?"

"You are mistaken." And a half smile came to Mrs. West's face. "I know all Bridget's troubles by most lamentable experience. No, I won't say that either; it was my own choice, and I had excellent wages in the end."

"But how? I don't understand you."

"Perhaps I will tell you all about it some day. In the mean time, here's Bridget waiting for orders, and Master Ally looking after mamma."

Mrs. West came to the conclusion that her venture in Bridget's behalf was not all lost, when she saw the pains Miss Hyde took to remember all the dinner-table instructions at once, and heard her say, in conclusion, "Never mind going to Miss Lee's after dinner; you look tired, and to-morrow will do just as well."

The girl looked not less astonished than grateful, the weary, listless expression vanished, and Miss Hyde did not find occasion for fault during the whole meal. It had never occurred to her before that servants were to be managed rationally, or that consideration was as much her duty as theirs. Mr. Hyde thought she was very absent minded, and rallied her about a certain Mr. Abbott when she helped him twice to fish; but she was thinking of what her cousin had said, and determined to remember her advice, and profit by it. So well did she succeed, that Miss Hyde's servants had, henceforth, comparatively little cause for complaint for her treatment.

A Sad Sight.

It was a sad, sorry spectacle which the passengers on the train from North Adams to Cheshire saw, the Springfield *Republican* tells us, and one not without its lessons. The early comers to the train were met by a man at the car entrance who introduced himself as "John C. Wolcott, of Cheshire, the clown, often called the fool." He was a direct descendant, he said, of old Oliver Wolcott, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and "I am not," he added, "a Henry Ward Beecher or a thief or a robber; I am only John C. Wolcott, the drunkard." Alas, the poor fool—for such rum had made him—and it was true! This man in his patched trousers, rusty coat and eminently drunken hat, with a naturally fine face, drawn into a silly pucker, was John C. Wolcott, the eccentric, talented member of the Berkshire Bar, and once quite well known as an effective temperance orator, going to his Cheshire home from a North Adams drunk. Alternately during the ride he played the clown, addressed an imaginary jury, or made faces at an indignant Irish woman, who objected to his companionship when there were many unoccupied seats about her. A while ago there was a demand that he be expelled from the Bar, but Wolcott very ably pleaded his own case at Pittsfield, and the lawyers, who are loth to give up "eccentric John Wolcott," refused to cast him out. Once a favorite student of the late Judge Bishop of Lenox, John C. Wolcott dare not now go out of town with more than seventy-five cents, 'tis said, above his railroad fare, lest the temptation for drink overcome him. He lives in a slovenly way, with only a boy for company, on the old "Wolcott place," and this young man for whom Mr. Bishop predicted such a bright career, years ago, cannot now be trusted with the management of his own property. In his sober moments he is yet a lawyer of more than average ability, and in the little cases which are occasionally given him these days he often displays much of his old brilliancy and power. But "the boys" now like to see "Old John," as they call him, drunk, and if he hasn't got any money it is quite the fashion to treat him. Especially is this true at North Adams, where the train officials say they have seen him fighting to get away from his friends (?) who would persuade him to make sport for them over another train. And then John C. Wolcott goes home at last to act the clown to a car load of disgusted, pitying strangers, reeling off at Cheshire station to make faces from the platform till the train disappears and shuts him out, an unsightly nuisance.

Object to the Smell.

In the winter of 1867-68, while the writer was a resident of Nebraska City, Nebraska, a young man from Missouri—a professed "negro hater"—was part proprietor of one of the two livery-stables of which the town then boasted. One cold winter evening he was approached by a squad of colored citizens, and interrogated as to the charge for a four-horse sleigh and driver for a party who wanted to go to a dance some eight or ten miles down the river. He did not relish the idea of acting in the capacity of driver himself, and, as he had no hand with whom he was willing to trust his only available team, he endeavored to "bluff them off" by naming an exorbitant sum, cash in hand, as the answer to their query, and was not a little nonplused by the prompt "All right, sah. Hab 'em ready at half past seven. Here's your money."

His prejudices fairly overcome by the pleasant titillation of the money in his hand, he drove the party to their destination, hitched and blanketed his team, and took his seat in the house to await the "hour for retiring."

The room was not large, the company was, and the roaring cotton-wood fire soon shot the mercury away up into the nineties, and the heat most oppressive. White human nature could stand it no longer, and just as he had finally determined to go out to the sleigh, and roll himself up in his robes in self-defense, our Jehu was approached by the master of ceremonies, and asked in a very pompous manner, "Would you hab any objections to go into de odder room and set by de fire-place? *De ladies objects to de smell ob de hoss on your close.*"

The alacrity with which he complied was only equaled by the gusto with which he told the joke on himself, always adding, "Served me right for driving de gemmen, any way."

KING KALAKAUA'S FATHER.

Said to be the Son of a Yankee Sailor from Massachusetts—A Relative Resident in Salt Lake City.

In the year 1821 the whale ship Independence, from New Bedford, Massachusetts, foundered in the Pacific Ocean and all on board perished with the exception of four sailors, who made their escape in a boat, which, after tossing many days on the boundless deep, at last reached the Sandwich Islands, then in a state of semi-barbarism, that being about the time of the first appearance of Christian missionaries there. One of these seamen was a fine looking, stalwart young man from Barnstable, and in the strange land upon which he was cast up from the waste of waters at once engaged in such pursuits as a vivacious disposition and true Yankee genius discovered, both for employment and livelihood. He soon succeeded, and in a year or two after making his involuntary settlement among the Kanakas, had the extraordinary fortune of marrying the daughter and sole princess of the monarch then on the throne of the islands. This royal damsel had fallen in love with the wrecked mariner, proposed wedlock in right queenly style, which the young New Englander accepted for the reason that the king ordered him to do so, or have his head chopped off. Being son-in-law, and recognized as a member of the dynasty, our hero adapted himself to the dignity of prince consort, and from this remarkable union issued the present king of the Sandwich Islands, who has just been visiting the United States, and who is the only surviving son of the Massachusetts man, out of a large family. The name Kalakaua denotes the origin of the sovereign, and, translated, means "safe journey" or "good speed," referring to the escape of his immediate ancestor from the perils of the ocean related above. Digressing from the general narrative here, we will mention that our august visitor, notwithstanding his illustrious alliance, had never forgotten his home in the distant Republic; but day after day, and month after month, looked out from the portico of his palace for the friendly canvas and flag of his native land, but five and twenty years of weary watching were endured before the keel of an American ship glided into the island harbors. When this did take place, the Yankee prince, yearning for the scenes and associations of his youth, one night deserted rank, wife and children, jumped into the sea which a quarter of a centuary before had cast him up naked to become the progenitor of a kingly line, and sailed away for the shores of Narragansett. After a long voyage Barnstable was again visited, but all had changed. Leaving there in sunny youth, the traveler now found that the few remaining acquaintances of the past had died, departed to other places, or had grown gray and forgetful of the time when all were boys at school together. It was a mistake to return; for the heart could not give up its love for the wife and children of more than a score of years in the far off islands of the Pacific. The longings of the wanderer and his loneliness were intolerable. He then once more looked for the speedy bark to carry him back to his only home, and waited three years before an opportunity came. Then he sailed away for ever.

In 1847 the whaler Thomas Jefferson, from New London, Conn., was fishing in the Pacific. Meeting a school of leviathans, the crew prepared for action, and among the parties sent out from the ship to operate against the monsters of the deep the prince was one of the first to volunteers in the hazardous duty. As has often happened, the boat of the harpooners was demolished by a wounded and infuriated whale, several of the men, including the father of Kalakaua, perishing in the disaster. That was the end of our hero's romantic career. The balance of this interesting history may be stated briefly. When the New Englander fled from the Sandwich Islands, his spouse mourned for a customary period, but grief did not cause her to neglect the grave responsibilities of widowhood. She gave her children the best education the islands afforded, and David being the favorite, though not the eldest son, was sent to San Francisco to study politics and finances. His mother also directed him to visit the home of his father and kindred, but the young man, for some reason satisfactory to himself, did not then go to Barnstable.

Still, he was not Happy.

An uncle of Michael Hogan, of West Troy, N. Y., died recently in Pennsylvania, leaving coal lands valued at $5,000,000, in a portion of which Michael is heir. Forty years ago Michael Hogan, then twenty-one years of age, and an uncle, the only survivors of a once numerous family, come to this country and adopted it as their own. Michael, a hard-working, industrious young man, finally took up his residence in West Troy. The uncle went to Pottsville, Pennsylvania, or that vicinity, and after laboring a number of years, purchased with his earnings a large tract of land. Michael also saved money, and in the course of time laid by enough to start himself in the grocery business, in which it can be truthfully said he has prospered. The venture of his uncle turned out to be a most profitable one. The lands purchased by him were found to contain abundance of coal; and by judicious management he gradually increased his earthly store until at the time of his death, which occurred a short time ago, he was worth about $5,000,000. Michael received information from an attorney that his uncle, with whom he had not communicated for sixteen years, had died, and that he was his only surviving heir. Michael was not at all elated at this announcement, and appeared rather sorry in fact that such good fortune had come to him, says the Troy *Times*. He was getting old, he said, and would not want so much money; besides he had enough for himself, wife and daughter, and the possession of the immense amount mentioned above would only bring trouble and disgrace upon his family eventually, as young people nowadays did not know how to spend money. As we have stated, Michael is a sober, industrious man, and is every way worthy of his fortune, which he intends to claim immediately. If he is sorry about this little matter, he can turn it over to us and we'll cheerfully bear the burden for him.

ENGLISH SCHOOL LAW.—A compulsory education law, similar to that which is now in operation in New York State, is enforced in England. There is now a novel difficulty in London in the way of exacting compliance with its provisions. The holiday pantomimes and spectacles of theaters employ hundreds of children, and the pay is six shillings a week. As the fine for parents who do not send their children to school is usually but a shilling, they pay it when brought into court, as they are about once a week, and keep on breaking the law. Higher penalties are proposed.

NOT SO PLEASANT.—The London *World* does not draw a very enviable picture of the Marquis of Lorne, who married a daughter of Queen Victoria. It says that while before the marriage the young man held a position next to royalty, now he is a perfect nothing, court and royal etiquette requiring him to act more the part of a servant to his wife than that of her husband.

A FAMILY OF STRONG MEN.

A Desperate Feat Performed by One of Them.

William Combe, of Jordan, a veteran of the war of 1812, well known in central New York, died at the residence of his son, in Arlington, Mich. He was born at Springfield, Otsego county, N. Y., in the year 1796. His father, Samuel Combe, was at that period a conspicuous figure on the border, and later, with his six sons, all giants, mingled in the conflicts of those periods, and left marks remembered for many a year. William Combe entered Captain Harris's company of United States light dragoons, participated with Scott at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort George; was at Niagara, Queenston Heights, Sackett's Harbor, and Sandy Creek.

At the close of the war he settled in Jordan, Onondaga county, N. Y.; but, always restless, he "did not wish to die a natural death, but at the point of the bayonet." In the late war, his sons entering the army, he, an old man, shouldered a musket, and participated in the great battle of Antietam "to throw his life away," as he said, but the death he desired was not his fate. One brother only of the band of six survives him (Charles), a resident of Brooklyn, two years his senior.

The history of Jonas, the youngest and the strongest of the six, has never been written. Of a turbulent disposition his combats were numerous, and his great size insured his success. He often defeated numbers of men at a time, but the crowning effort of his life was the last hat is known of him for a certainty.

At the close of the war of 1812, when Detroit was comparatively a French settlement, some turbulent scene precipitated an affray, and the French to the number of 150 surrounded him in a piece of woods where he had taken refuge, and closed in on him in a circle. Unarmed himself, his antagonists armed with clubs and stones, Jonas quietly took off his coat and vest and laid them down at the foot of the tree, against which his back was placed, and prepared for a struggle. The circle narrowed around him. Examining them coolly and critically he waited until the hooting, yelling mob had arrived within twenty feet before he attempted to break through. Several large stones were hurled at him. With two tremendous leaps he bounded at the weakest part of the rings, and, striking right and left, knocked down his assailants by the dozen. Men fell on all sides, but the rest closed in and rained blows from clubs and stones. Men clung to his legs and arms, but with no seeming impediment to that stalwart frame his gigantic limbs still moved onward with the force of a Hercules. He knew it was death to him to be impeded a second, and his tremendous strength was braced and displayed to its utmost. He stove through them and escaped, his clothes torn from him, nothing on but his boots, battered and bruised, unrecognizable but for his great size. Luckily they had no firearms. The French were astounded; it was a display of strength and endurance that was marvelous, unparalleled, and it was related by them and their descendants with astonishment for years. Jonas disappeared; it was never fully ascertained what became of him, whether he was killed soon after or in some nameless affray. There was a rumor about fifty years ago that he was seen down on the Mississippi, and at another in Oregon; but many years have elapsed since anything definite was known of him. His feats, if all written, would rank him with the herculean men of antiquity.

The Spread of Scarlatina.

At the present time, says the London *Lancet*, there is a considerable amount of zymotic disease prevalent, and we have been visited with a severe epidemic of scarlatina. There is no more infectious malady than this, and very few, if any, more dangerous or more likely to cripple a young life by its immediate and remote effects on the health. The poison is, as every one knows, of a very subtle and infectious character, and there is no reason—at least no valid reason—for supposing that scarlatina arises spontaneously, although its occasional development in a severe form as an epidemic are wholly influenced by certain conditions over which we can exercise no control, and about which our knowledge is relatively inexact. Of one thing, however, we are well assured, namely, that our efforts must be directed to limiting the spread of the infection by a rigid system of inspection, isolation, and disinfection. Once scarlatina is introduced, unless it be speedily detected and the proper measures at once adopted, the results are very disastrous. The authorities at most of our large schools are so well aware of the fact that great care is taken to guard against these occurrences, or to detect them and meet them as soon as possible. It is to be feared, however, now that education is compulsory, that much unsuspected evil arises from this source in the large schools of our towns and cities. In large day schools it would probably be impracticable to secure a thoroughly efficient system of medical inspection, in consequence of the frequency of inspection and the number of inspectors that would be required. But we could wish that all classes of the community were better acquainted than they are with the power they possess of stamping out a disease like scarlatina by a uniform and systematic method of procedure. The sufferer should be isolated at once, his clothes disinfected by dry heat in an oven, or by being boiled, or disinfected by chemicals, and afterward washed and freely exposed to the air. The measures advocated by Dr. William Budd have the merit of being founded on a definite knowledge of the object in view, and of a practical way of attaining it. The oiling of the patient's whole body, the provision of receptacles containing disinfectants in the sick room for everything which comes from the patient or which he has used, the employment of disinfectants by the attendants for washing their hands; the use, in short, of the most scrupulous cleanliness—the confinement of the patient to bed until the process of desquamation has been completed, and the frequent use of warm baths during and subsequent to that process, are all such definite and common sense measures that no one should fail to pursue them.

Disasters on the Lakes.

A Western paper gives a list of disasters on the great lakes during the year 1874, although there are still a number of vessels outside, and there may be further disasters. According to this statement, there have been 1,251 casualties of all kinds, major and minor, against 1,318 last year. The estimated damage to property foots up $3,031,700, against $3,976,000 in 1873, a falling off of $944,300. This, in view of the fact that the tonnage afloat in 1874 was greater than in 1873, might appear surprising were it not for the fact that the past season was one of the dullest ever experienced in the history of lake navigation, and that in consequence a large amount of tonnage was laid up during the two most disastrous months, October and November. Last year the losses in October footed up nearly twice the amount of any other month of the season, viz.: 1,407,000. This year November makes the largest showing, viz.: $968,000. An enumeration of the loss of life during the year shows the number to have been 243, against 221 in 1873, and 219 in 1872. In this respect the record, very unfortunately, is against 1874.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

Interesting Statistics of the Dairy Interests of the United States.

At the last meeting of the Diarymen's Association of New York, Mr. Willard, the chairman, made the following statement relative to the butter and cheese interest in the United States. In 1863, said Mr. Willard, the associated system began to move forward in earnest. About 110 factories were erected that year, and the whole number in operation was only 200. We were then exporting about 40,000,000 pounds of cheese and 23,000,000 pounds of butter. In 1859 our exports of cheese were only a trifle over 9,250,000 pounds, and butter about 2,500,000. Our cheese exports from 1859 to 1863 were increased at the annual rate of 7,500,000 pounds. At the end of 1873 the annual exports of American cheese to Great Britain amounted to 104,000,000 pounds, an increase of 64,000,000 pounds in ten years. But of this, 20,000,000 pounds came from Canada. In addition, we exported about 10,000,000 pounds to other countries than Britain, making our total annual exports over 90,000,000 pounds. The Canadians up to 1866 purchased their cheese from the United States. Our bill on Canada for cheese, in 1865, amounted to $200,000, representing about 2,000,000 pounds. It is now estimated that there are 1,200 and upward of cheese and butter factories in New York alone, while the system has been carried into the Northwest on a large scale, and of late is gaining a foothold in other sections, especially in Maine, which offers a good field for its operations.

Mr. Willard thought there was but little cause for alarm from fear of overproduction. The increase of population, both at home and in England, together with the barriers that limit the increase of dairying, go to shew that there is no good cause for alarm that there will be an overproduction of prime dairy goods for some years to come. He said the increase of our exports since 1863 was 64,000,000 pounds of cheese. At 400 pounds of cheese to the cow, it would require 160,000 cows to make that quantity. But as our home consumption had increased in as rapid ratio, there was needed 320,000 more cows than in 1863 to supply the increased exports and consumption of cheese at home during the time mentioned.

Statistics show that forty-one per cent. of the milk produced in the United States is consumed directly as food, and fifty-four per cent. is used for butter. This leaves only five per cent. of the milk to be made into cheese. Now, according to the United States census, the milch cows in the country in 1850 were 6,385,094, in 1860 they numbered 8,581,735, and in 1870 they were 11,008,925, the average increase being less than 2,500,000 cows for each decade. In other words, the increase of population is at a greater rate than the increase of dairy stock.

For the purpose of showing the great tax on our dairies to supply the needs of home consumption, he gave some statistics in relation to the butter crop. The annual butter crop has been variously estimated at from 700,000,000 to 1,000,000,000 of pounds. This, he said, appears to be a low estimate if we are to take the figures sent out by the New York Butter and Cheese Exchange. A committee of eminent merchants was appointed by the Exchange to consider the subject of classifying and grading butter, and the committee, in their report, state that the census statistics of dairy products are incomplete and defective. A more reliable estimate is that made by an experienced and careful statistician, which the committe indorse, making the annual product of butter to be 1,440,000,000 pounds, which, at thirty cents per pound, amounts to $432,000,000.

At the rate of 200 pounds to the cow, it would require 7,200,000 cows to make the annual yield of 1,440,000,000 pounds. If, as has been estimated, there are new 13,000,000 cows in the United States, then fifty-four per cent. (the proportion heretofore stated to have been employed for butter) would make the number a little over 7,000,000 cows. He spoke of the rapid increase of butter consumption in this country, and attributed it, in part, to the introduction of the creamery system, and as a consequence, the general improvement in the quality of butter. He said the price of butter had been gradually advancing abroad, and that, owing to scarcity and great demand for it during the past year in England, prices had advanced to 170 shillings sterling per cwt. on the finest grades. This price, it would seem, offers an inducement to us to export. He referred to the demand in the West Indies and South America for dairy goods, and believed that New York will be more and more the chief distributing market of the world for dairy products, and will largely control the prices in all other markets.

An allusion was made to the heavy burden which had accumulated on the dairymen of New York at the commencement of the present seasons's operations. This came from the low yield of the hay crop in 1873. The scarcity and consequent high price compelled many dairymen to sell stock at a low price, while the early snow in fall, and the unusual length of the cold weather left stock in thin condition; consequently the yield of milk early in the season was below an average. If all the items of expense for carrying stock through the winter of 1873-4, together with the expense of filling up the herds in spring, be taken into account, the dairymen of New York will not find a large balance of profit for the summer's work. Still, prices have been more than were expected, while the immense hay crop of 1874 puts the dairy farmer in a satisfactory condition for next year's operations. And he has abundant reason to feel encouraged at the prospect of 1875.

A Great Goose.

A correspondent of the Hartford *Times*, who wants to equal the stories of intelligent animals he has read, sends the following:

"A lady in East Granby obtained of a friend six goose eggs and set them under a favorite hen. After four weeks' incubation, under great difficulties, the hen came off with one healthy gosling, who caused her much trouble in consequence of his recklessness in getting his feet wet. Still there was great affection manifested by both parent and child. But the hen gradually grew ashamed, either of herself or of her strange chicken (which had outgrown her), and she sought another nest, in a retired place, and commenced sitting for another brood. The gosling wandered 'lonely as a cloud' until she at last made her appearance with a fine brood of chicks. The gander at this time had obtained considerable size, and labored hard to help support the large family of his half brothers and sisters. He would spread his wings and brood the chicks and protect them from the rain, and drive off all the other fowls who interfered with his adopted family. He would go out to the field and bring in an ear of corn and shell it off for the chicks; and woe to any other biped who attempted to share the meal. At last the industrious hen again went to work for another nest, and then the whole charge of the family devolved upon the gander. And he was faithful to his trust. And to-day, if you will go to East Granby, to the farmhouse of Mr. Scales, you can see one of the finest of his species you ever saw, still attached to his mother hen and her family, who, apparently, fully reciprocate the feeling."

DUPED.

A crochety and contrary old chap was Joel Shellenbarger, a rich old farmer. He had made his way in the world by the doggedest obstinacy—seizing hold of whatever came in his way, and retaining that hold as though life depended upon it.

Joel had one son—a handsome, clear-headed, sound man—straight as a young larch, tall, and as set in his way, when he chose to have one, as Joel himself. This son, as he grew up, had proved a great assistance to his father in working the farm, and his services had been made the most of.

Joel Shellenbarger and his son differed often, but there were two points in which the difference amounted to something serious. The first point concerned education, for which the old man had profound contempt, and the son had not. There was a college some twelve miles distant from the Shellenbarger farm, and thither Anson betook himself, in spite of continued opposition, and by one contrivance and another, kept himself there till he graduated. Joel Shellenbarger contested the ground inch by inch, but was afraid in his selfishness to do anything more than be obstinate, lest his son should leave him. That was the first point of difference, and that was how Anson settled it. The second was not likely to be so easy of arrangement. At college Anson had found something else besides graduating honors. He had chanced upon a very charming combination of curls and azure eyes, a red-lipped, dimpled-cheeked fairy, daughter of one of the professors, who, instead of curving her dainty lip at the homespun suit which his poverty and his father's niggardness compelled him to wear, never seemed to be conscious of anything or anybody when he was by. In short, Anson had found some one to love. Some one that he wanted to marry, as he gravely informed his father.

Bad enough to marry any one, seeing his father wasn't through with him yet; but a town girl! He should never consent, and every Shellenbarger aere should go to strangers before Anson should have one, if he persisted in an idea so ridiculous!

"And pray what harm is there in being a town girl?" questioned Barbie Halmstead, when Anson told her, half laughing, half vexed, and altogether rueful; for, without assistance from his father, he could not marry Barbie for a long time yet.

Anson laughed again, but with some embarrassment, saying: "My father is afraid that a daughter of Professor Halmstead would not make a very good farmer's wife."

"Does he think?"—Barbie hesitated, looking with smiling perplexity at her little white hands.

"These pretty hands don't know much about brewing, baking, etc. Exactly; I believe he thinks just that."

"Then he thinks wrong," says Barbie, reddening and looking up at her lover with a comical little pout. "Didn't I hear you say you needed a servant at home? I've a mind to go down and offer for the place."

Anson laughed enjoyingly.

"We need one bad enough, but my father will not suffer one inside the house."

"Why, how do you live then? Who cooks for you, now that your mother is ill?"

"We do our own cooking," Anson said, with a return of the half smiling, half embarrassed expression. "We cook for ourselves, or do without."

The very day succeeding the one which witnessed this conversation, Anson was at home busying himself over some culinary operations, when the outside door, which stood ajar, was noiselessly pushed wide open, and a singularly attired form presented itself on the threshold. It wore a red and green plaid dress, the checks very large, a yellow shawl and a very frowsy and tumbled white bonnet. A red feather nearly as long as Anson's arm streamed from one side, and within the brim flopped the immense frill of a cap which clung close around the face of the stranger. The face, what could be seen of it, was a very curious one to be inside of such a bonnet and cap. Just now as she surveyed the kitchen and Anson, herself unseen, the muscles of her mouth twitched nervously, and her eyes twinkled with roguish brightness.

Presently Anson looked that way. Instantly the face took lugubrious length, and coming into the room, the girl said hesitatingly, but without looking at him:

"An' would ye be afther hirin' a servant, to-day?" and stood fidgeting with the fringe of her shawl.

"I believe not," said Anson, coloring with some annoyance, perhaps at the nature of his employment.

"Sure, sir, an' the lady that sint me, God bless her swate eyes! said yon'd be sure to take me on her recommendation, which I has in my pocket, an' here 'tis now."

She gave him a note which proved to be from Barbie Halmstead. Anson read it with very lover-like carefulness, but shook his head.

"I'm very sorry, my poor girl, but we do not wish to hire a servant."

"Belike your father mayn't object when he sees me," the girl persisted.

Anson looked at the spoiled white bonnet and the red feather, and repressed a smile, wondering what his father would say. But he was of too kindly a nature to be willing to expose even this servant to his father's rough manner. He repeated what he had said before, assuring her that it would be of no use to see his father.

The girl stood a moment.

"If you please, sir, I'll just see him a moment. Belike he may take a likin' to the looks o' me."

And before he could reply she had crossed the room and stood upon the threshold of the next. Anson followed