THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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To Spring.

"O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the listening
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions; issue forth
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee.

Oh, deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses on her brow; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languished head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee."

Twenty Frogs.

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log,
Taught them how to say, "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be;
Now they sit on other logs
Teaching other little frogs.

THE OLD CLOCK.

The ancient clock in Deacon Danrolph's old-fashioned kitchen was slowly chiming the hour of nine. It was no smart toy, no trifle of bronze or alabaster, but a tall, square, solid relic of the last century, looking not unlike a coffin case set on end, in the corner—a clock that had lasted through four generations, and judging from appearances was quite likely to last through several more. Deacon Danrolph cherished the heirloom with a sort of pride which he himself would scarcely have confessed to.

There was a great, ruddy fire of chestnut logs in the red brick-paved fireplace, and the candles in the highly polished brass sticks were winking merrily from the high wooden mantle, where they shared the post of honor with a curious sea-shell and a couple of vases, each containing a fresh osage orange, from the hedge that skirted the clover field behind the barn.

At the window, a curtain of gaudy chintz shut out the tens of thousands of stars that were shining so brightly on that frosty autumnal night, and on the cozy rug of parti-colored rags a contented tortoise-shell cat purred away the slowly lapsing minutes. But the tortoise-shell cat was not the only inhabitant of the snug kitchen.

"Will," said Doddie Danrolph, decidedly, "if you don't behave yourself, I'll"—

What she would do Doddie did not say; the sentence was terminated by a laugh that set the dimples round her mouth in motion, just as a beam of June sunshine plays across a cluster of red ripe cherries.

Doddie Danrolph was just seventeen, a plump, rosy girl, with jet hair, brushed back from a low forehead, and perfectly arched eyebrows, that gave a bewitching expression to a pair of melting hazel eyes. She was rather dark, but the severe critic would not have found fault with the peachlike bloom upon her cheeks, and the dewy red of her full, daintily curved lips. Evidently Mr. William Cabbock was quite satisfied with Doddie's style of beauty.

"Come, Doddie," said Will, moving his chair where he could best watch the flush of the fire-light upon her face, and picking up the thread of the conversrtion where he had dropped it when it became necessary for Doddie to bid him "behave himself"—"you might promise. It's nine o'clock, and your father will soon be home."

"What, Will?" said Doddie, demurely, fitting a square of red in her patchwork, and intently observing the effect.

"Nonsense, Doddie! You know what very well. Promise to marry me before Christmas. I tell you what, Doddie, it is all very well for you to keep putting it off, but I can't stand it. What with your father's forbidding me in the house, and that romantic Stanley's coming here every Sunday night"—

Doddie gave her pretty head a toss.

"As if Mr. Stanley's coming here made any difference in my feelings, Will!"

"No; but Doddie, it isn't pleasant, you know. I'm as good a man as Tom Stanley, if I don't own railroad shares and keep an account at the Hamiltonville bank; and I love you, Doddie, from the very bottom of my heart! Now this matter lies between you and me only; no other person in the world has a right to interfere between us. Come, promise me." He held both her hands in his and looked earnestly into the liquid, hazel eyes. "Do you love me, Doddie?"

"You know I love you, Will."

"Then we may just as well—hush! what's that noise?"

There was a portentous sound of drawing bolts and rattling latches in the porch room beyond—a scraping of heavy boots along the floor. Doddie rose to her feet with sudden scarlet suffusion on her brow and cheek.

"O Will, it is father!"

"Suppose it is!"

"But he mustn't find you here, Will! Hide yourself somewhere, do!"

"What nonsense, Doddie!" said the young man, resolutely standing his ground. "I haven't come to steal his spoons. Why should I creep away like a detected burglar?"

"For my sake, Will! O, Will, if you ever loved me, do as I say! Not in that closet, it is close to his bed-room; not through that window, it's nailed down tight; he's coming! Here, Will, quick!"

In the drawing of a breath, she had pushed William Cabbock into the square pendulum case of the tall old clock and turned the key on him. It was not a pleasant place of refuge, inasmuch as his shoulders were squeezed on either side, and his head flattened against springs and wheels above, and the air was unpleasant and close; but Will made the best of matters, and shook with suppressed laughter in the solitary prison cell.

"Well! a jolly scrape to be in," thought Will, "and not knowing when I'll be out of it. Doddie's a shrewd little puss, however, and I can't do better than to leave matters in her hands."

"So you haven't gone to bed yet, Doddie?" said Deacon Danrolph, slowly unwinding the two yards of woolen scarf with which he generally encased his throat on an evening.

"Not yet, father," said Doddie, picking up her scattered bits of patchwork with a glowing cheek. "Did you have a pleasant meeting?"

"Well, yes," quoth the deacon, reflectively, sitting down before the fire, greatly to Doddie's consternation—she had hoped he would have gone to bed at once, according to his usual custom—"it was tol'bly pleasant. Elder Huskier was there, and Elder Hopkins—and—well, all the'church folks pretty much. Why, how red your cheeks are, Doddie! Tired, ain't you? Well, you needn't set up for me, my dear; it must be getting late."

The deacon glanced mechanically up at the clock. Doddie felt the blood growing cold in her veins.

"Twenty minutes past nine—why, it must be later than that! Why, land o' Canaan, the old clock has stopped." The old clock had stopped; nor was it at all wonderful under the circumstances. "I wound it up this mornin', I'm sartin," said the deacon, very much disturbed. "It never served me such a trick afore, all the years it's stood there. Your Aunt Jane used to say it was a sign of death or marriage in the family before the year was out." There was a suppressed sound like a chuckle behind the clock-case as Deacon Danrolph fumbled on the shelf for the clock key. "These springs must be out of order somehow," said the deacon, decisively. "How scared you look, child! There ain't no cause for bein' scared. I don't put much faith in your Aunt Jane's very old time superstition. Where in the name of all possessed is the key? I could ha' declared I left it in the case."

"Isn't it on the shelf, father?" asked Doddie, guiltly, conscious that it was snugly reposing in the pocket of her checked gingham dress.

"No, nor 'taint in my pocket neither." And down went the deacon, stiffly enough, on his knees to examine the floor, lest perchance the missing key might have fallen there. "Well, I never knowed anything so strange in all my life," said the deacon.

"It is really very strange," faltered hypocritical Doddie.

"I'll have a reg'lar search to-morrow," said Deacon Danrolph. "It must be somewhere around."

"Yes, it must," said Doddie, tremulously.

"Only," the deacon went on, slowly resuming his place before the fire, "I kind o' don' like to have the old clock stand still a single night. When I wake up, you know, it seems like it was sort o' talking to me in the stillness." The deacon looked thoughtfully at the fiery back log. Doddie fidgeted uneasily about the room, straightening table-covers, setting back chairs, and thinking—oh, if he would only go to bed! As he sat there his eyelids began to droop and his head to nod somnolently. Doddie's eyes brightened up with a sparkle something like hope. "Child," he said suddenly, straightening up in the stiff back chair, "you'd better go to bed. I'll sit up a while longer till the logs burn out."

"But, father, I'm not sleepy."

"Go to bed, my child!" reiterated the deacon, with a good humored authority to brook no opposition; and Doddie crept out of the room ready to cry with anxiety and mortification.

"If Will will only keep quiet a little while longer," she thought, sitting on the stairs, while the moon streamed in chilly splendor. "Father sleeps so soundly—and he is sure to go to sleep in his chair—I could just steal in and release him as quietly as possible."

She sat there, her plump fingers interlaced, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the floor, while all the time her ears were strained to the utmost capacity to catch every sound in the kitchen beyond. Hark! was that the wail of the wind, or was it something to her literally "nearer and dearer." Yes; she could not be mistaken now; it was actually a snore.

Doddie rose softly to her feet with renewed hope. Surely now was the accepted time. Noiselessly as the floating shadow she crossed the hall, opened the kitchen door and stole across the creaking boards of the floor. The candles were burnt out, but the shifting luster of the firelight revealed her father nodding before the fire with closed eyes and hands hanging at his sides.

"He's certainly asleep," thought Doddie.

With a heart that beat quick and fast, she drew the key from her pocket and proceeded, in spite of the nervous trembling of her fingers, to lift it into the lock. So absorbed was she that she never noticed the cessation of the heavy breathing—never saw the deacon start suddenly into wakefulness and look around him. Love is blind, and it is equally true that it is deaf. The deacon rose quickly up with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, and Doddie gave a little frightened shriek, as a hand fell softly on her arm, possessing itself quietly of the key.

"Let me help you," said the deacon.

"Father, I—I have found the key," faltered Doddie, "and"—

"Found the key!" returned the surprised deacon. "Well, that's lucky; and now we can find out what's the matter with the clock."

Doddie's heart, throbbing so wildly a moment ago, seemed to stand still as her father turned the key and opened the door of the clock-case.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the deacon, as Mr. William Cabbock tumbled into the room. "So you was the matter with the clock, ch?"

"Yes, sir," said Will, composedly. "I hope I haven't seriously interfered with the works of the clock."

"You've seriously interfered with me!" said the deacon, waxing indignant. "What do you mean, sir, by hiding in my house like a thief?"

"Indeed, indeed, father!" cried Doddie, bursting into tears, "it wasn't his fault. He did not want to hide, but I put him there."

"You did, ch? And may I ask what for?"

"Father," faltered Doddie, rather irrelevantly, "I love him, and—he loves me!"

"Is that any reason why he should hide in the clock-case, miss?"

"No—but—father! Oh, father! I can never marry Mr. Stanley. He is so soft, and I"—

Doddie's tears finished the sentence for her. The deacon looked down (not unkindly) on her bowed head and the tender arm that supported it. Apparently, "the course of true love," roughly though it ran, was overwhelming all his own worldly-wise arrangements in its tide.

"And so you two young folks really think you love each other?" said the deacon, meditatively.

"I love her with all my heart and soul, sir," said Will Cabbock earnestly. "I'm not rich, I know, but I can work for her!"

"And I can work for myself, too, father," interposed Doddie, with eyes that shone like softened stars.

"And you said yourself, sir," went on Will, "that the stopping of the clock meant either a death or a marriage. Of course we don't want any deaths, so don't you think the most sensible thing we can do is to help on a marriage as soon as possible?"

The deacon laughed in spite of himself.

"It is late," he said. "Come around to-morrow morning, and we'll talk about it. No, Doddie, I'm not angry with you, child. I s'pose young folks will be young folks, and there's no use tryin' to stop them."

As the deacon rehung the pendulum and set the iron tongue of the old clock talking again, Will Cabbock paused on the doorstep to whisper to Doddie.

"What shall it be, Doddie, a death or a marriage?"

And she in turn whispered:

"A marriage, I hope."

"My darling!" said Will, "it's worth passing a lifetime behind the clock-case to feel as I do now."

Mrs. John Wachtel, an old resident of Lancaster, O., some twelve years ago ran a needle into her breast and failed to have it extracted, as it never occasioned her either pain or inconvenience. A few days since, however, the lady felt a strange pricking sensation in a bunion on one of her feet, and, upon examination, found the point of a needle protruding from the excrescence. With but little trouble it was taken out, and it appears to be the same needle she lost in her breast a dozen years ago.

A Vermont Bear Story.

We find the following in the *American Sportsman*:

Paul Robbins is a farmer by occupation, living in Winhall, Vermont, and, like many of that class living in a far-back settlement, has a taste for sporting, which he indulges as opportunity permits.

Taking advantage of a firm snow-crust, he left home one morning, accompanied by his two boys and dog, on an excursion chiefly to gather spruce gum, carrying an ax for felling trees, also a gun for a chance shot at rabbits and grouse. They had been several hours in the woods, and had secured a good bag of gum and game (no gum game), when their attention was plainly called by the peculiar and persistent barking of the dog. On approaching he was discovered at a hole in the snow leading to a den beneath the roots of a partly overturned tree, in which something possessing life and motion was dimly seen. A stick thrown into the den caused its occupant to change its position, but failed to disclose its identity. Surmising it to be a hedge-hog, Paul discharged the gun loaded with small shot at random in the den. Scarcely had the report died away when, amid a shower of snow and crust, out rushed, not a hedge-hog, but a big bear. Bruin, at first, seemed somewhat confused at being thus rudely aroused from his winter slumbers, and for a moment stood irresolute, then started on a run as fast as his stiffened limbs permitted. Paul, too, was startled at the unexpected result of his shot, but proved equal to the occasion by springing upon the animal's back, ax in hand, to dispatch him. As bruin started, the dog—cur though he was—made furious attacks upon the flank and rear, while his master, clinging with one hand in the long thick fur, rained down lusty blows on bruin's sconce (using the poll of the ax so as not to injure the pelt) with the other. What with the many and sudden turnings of the bear in defending himself from the attacks of the dog, and contact with brush and tree, Paul was many times unhorsed, but gamely held his grip and as often recovered his position, ultimately administering the *coup de grace*, and coming out of the conflict with no damage, save a few bruises and rent garments. As an example of downright pluck, this exploit may fairly rank with that of "Old Put" and the wolf.

Rattlesnakes for Dinner.

There is nothing in which the sad and simple denizen of the far West so delights as in astonishing the tender Emerald immigrant. Fifteen of these wistful beings, fresh from the gorgeous civilization of the East, fluttered into a Virginia City restaurant the other day for breakfast. While they were studying the bill of fare a solemn Virginia citizen walked in and measured them with a glance. The opportunity was too delicious to resist. He sat down and loudly remarked: "Waiter, how long does a man have to wait before you come to take his order?" The ambling waiter shrieked, "All right, Mr. Terry; what'll have, Mr. Terry?" The pensive Terry instantly ordered in a tone of thunder the following picturesque dishes: "Baked horntoad, two broiled lizards on toast, with tarantula sauce; stewed rattlesnakes on the side." The waiter was acquainted with the ways of Virginia City, and without even the quiver of an eyelash observed to the Chinese menials in the kitchen: "Baaked horned to-o-ad; two broiled lizards on to-o-ast, tran-n-tula sauce; stewed rattlesnakes on the si-i-de! For Mr. Terry—ver-r-ry nice and well done!" Mr. Terry's real breakfast, privately ordered presently appeared, and every individual immigrant choked himself and got a pain in his spine in looking over his shoulder in the vain effort to see the remarkable dish which the ingenious Terry was calmly enjoying.

Strange Suicide.

James McMahon, twenty-five years of age, jumped from the second outside gallery of the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and struck headforemost on the roof of the main building, a distance of at least 150 feet below. Of course he was killed instantly, his skull being terribly fractured. He leaped out so far as to almost clear the pediment of the central portico. One of the Capitol policemen recognized him as a poorly dressed man who had been about the building several days, and who looked as if he was not altogether of sound mind. The matter created a great deal of excitement in the Capitol. The terrific leap was witnessed by a number of people who were looking out of various windows commanding a view of the front part of the center building. The body was plainly visible on the roof during the time that elapsed before it could be reached.

McMahon had been studying at the Baltimore Catholic College for the priesthood, but was advised by his preceptors to return home. Latterly he had been working at the carpenter's trade with his brothers, and left his residence on the fatal day apparently in good health. The father, who was before the jury, was unable to account for his son's conduct.

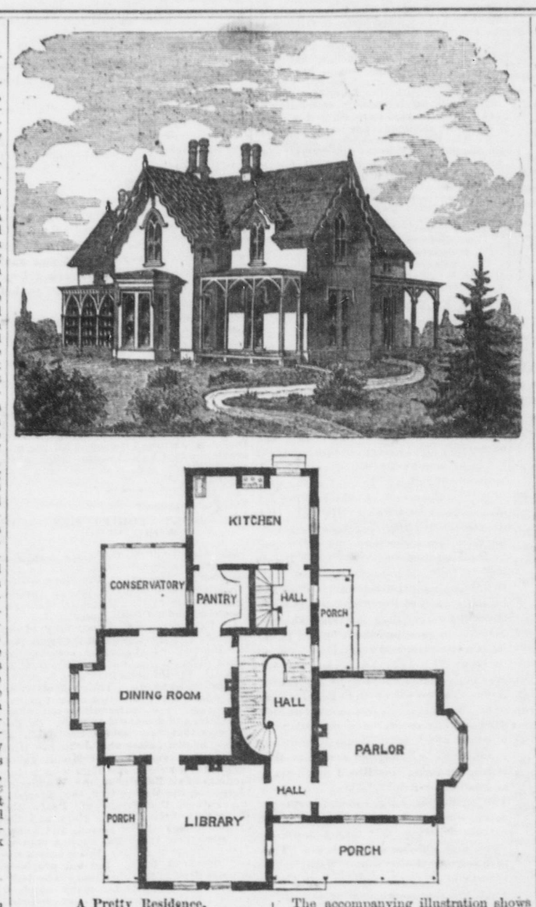
Better Than His Master.

Here is a true and curious dog story. The other evening a reporter was going home late at night in the midst of most horrible weather, when he overtook a drunken man trying to walk along. He was followed by a mongrel cur, who kept at his heels and seemed to stagger like his master. The drunken man stopped and the dog began to bite at his legs. "Let me alone, will you?" cried the drunkard, "I'm going on after a rest," but the dog continued to tug at his trousers. The reporter stopped to see the end of this curious scene. "There, there!" cried the man at length, "I'm going on. You'll tear the breeches off me." He started, and the dog trotted at his heels. After a few yards the drunkard again stopped, and the same scene occurred, the dog growling and snapping until his master began to go forward. The reporter went a mile out of his way to see this intelligent dog take his master home, and saw him wag his tail with evident satisfaction as the drunkard reeled over his threshold.

A Fatal Occupation.

The statement has been made by a Sheffield (England) physician, that the fork-grinders' employment is probably more fatal to human life than any other pursuit in England. According to this authority, there are generally from eight to ten individuals at work in the room in which this industry is carried on, and the dust which is created, composed of fine particles of stone and metal—the grinding being always performed on a dry stone—rises in clouds, and pervades the atmosphere to which the operatives are confined. The dust, which is thus every moment inhaled, gradually undermines the vigor of the constitution, and produces permanent disease of the lungs, accompanied by difficulty of breathing, cough, and a wasting of the animal frame, often at the early age of twenty-five, and the average longevity of fork-grinders is found not to exceed thirty years.

An editor out West complains that the sheep hawked around that section for sale haven't fat enough on them to furnish grease to lubricate the ankle-joint of a mosquito.



A Pretty Residence.

Much improvement has been made in the architectural design of new dwellings in the country of late. In former days a house was a house, no matter how it was put together; but nowadays if a new house is built the matter must be considered carefully, the architect must be consulted, and even if it is to be a cheap house it must be a pretty one and a convenient one. It has been settled that to build a house prettily and convenient costs no more than to have it put together without taste and with no convenience in the arrangements.

The accompanying illustration shows a view of a very desirable brick cottage, well suited for a suburban or farm house. The first story plan contains hall, parlor, dining-room, conservatory, kitchen, pantry, etc. The second contains three chambers, bedroom, bath room, and ample supply of closets. We are indebted to Messrs. A. J. Bicknell & Co., 27 Warren street, New York, publishers of the *Village Builder*, with supplement, which contains the elevations, plans, full specifications, form of contract, from which the design has been executed.

A Village on Ice.

A Michigan paper gives the following description of an arctic scene in that State: "The present season is peculiarly calculated to encourage the fishing business on the Saginaw river and the bay. Not many men in this region, whatever their position or business, feel as if they could afford to idle away the winter months, if anything can be found by which an honest penny can be turned. Consequently the fishing business has received an unusual stimulus. To engage regularly in fishing with nets requires more capital than is to be found lying around loose every day in the lumber regions. From $1,000 to $5,000 may be very readily put into nets and other articles of outfit, but to spear fish through the ice is a business that may be taken up by even the impecunious with little or no trouble. The spear costs but a moderate sum, and almost any one can get a blanket or two. Then a shanty is needed, to be located on the ice in a convenient place, and to serve as a shelter and a resting place at night. To get up a shanty of common style requires about 150 feet of half-inch match ceiling. This makes a tight shanty and costs only about three dollars at the planing mills. Then two dollars more will furnish the balance of the material, and a small stove can be added at light cost. It will be seen that the fisherman can fit himself out at very little expense. If he has good luck he may pay for his entire outfit twice over in a day's spearing. A great many shanties are being added to the village on the ice of the bay. The floating settlement will doubtless be much larger this winter than ever before. In previous seasons, it will be remembered, the inhabitants of this village on the ice were numerous and ambitious enough to have a regular municipal organization, with a mayor, etc. We may expect the arrangements of this kind the present season to be at least as complete as ever before. The inevitable saloon was established in a convenient locality some time ago, and it would not be very surprising to hear that some ambitious fellow has erected a two-story hotel in the ice village and was about to open it with a grand ball."

A Broker's Letter.

There are some things that are so good that they deserve to be reprinted once a year, and that are always fresh at that. In this category we must class the following letter which purports to be the reply of a New York broker to the teacher of his son, who had written to ask his preference in the prescribed course of studies:

Sir: Yours to'n'd & cont's noted. Don't want son to study str'n'my. Twon't pay. No ships run'g to stars, and no prospect of it. All bosh, if 'twon't li'lp trade. Also stop Latin & Greek. Boy'll kick up as such L't'n words as petit larceny & delirium tremens, &c., soon 'nough he'r in Gold Bd. I'm bullish on 'rithm't'k, and T'k some stock in gr'm'r too, but I can make money 'nough without L't'n and G'k, etc. No use. I'm memb' St'k Exc'g, Chamb' Com', &c. Baboll's Arithm'tic is short of stock terms. Put boy thr'gh on margins, corn'rs Dr., Cr., ct. pr. ct., cl'r house, Railr'ds, and Go'v'ts yourself, & go short on y'r Grk and Lt', &c., &. They're best md'ise for the street—always in dem'd here, I mean Dr. & Cr. etc. When term ends, please ship boy and B'ks by N. Y. C. & H. R. R. with B. L'd'g in hat, cons'g'n to——— B'd Street. Draw sight d'ft for bill. Money easy—st'ks stiff & short int'st cov'rd. Shall I get you long on 100 L. S. at 67? Boys tuition do for margin. Exc'nge e'sy. Yours, etc."

Pneumonia.—Pneumonia is now more prevalent and fatal in New York city and vicinity than it has been for a great number of years, the cause of this being atmospheric conditions akin to those which give rise to diphtheria and cerebro-spinal meningitis. From the year 1805 to 1870 there was no marked increase in the disease, and since 1870 no decided increase has been noticed until the present year. The present epidemic commenced about the middle of last December, ninety-six persons dying of it during the week ending December 30th.

Perils of the Sound.

One does not have to go down to sea to encounter perils. During the late storm the propeller Woodward was caught in the ice in Long Island sound, and run on to a ledge at Falkner's island, on the Connecticut coast. The sharp point of the rock crushed through the hull and held the vessel tightly fixed upon the reef.

The crew escaped to the island, but the next morning returned to the steamer. Then the storm came on again and they could not reach the shore. There was nothing on board to eat, and the danger of being overwhelmed and crushed by the ice, which had piled up on the reef to the windward to the height of ten feet, became every moment more imminent. The men tried twice to launch their boat and return to the shore, but their efforts were frustrated by the dashing waves.

Capt. Brooks from the lighthouse saw the peril of the crew, and adopted speedy measures for their rescue. His two daughters, Mary and Nannie, aged eighteen and twenty years, came nobly to the rescue with the spirit of a genuine Ida Lewis. They aided their father in dragging the heavy lifeboat from the opposite side of the island over to the shore near the wreck. Although the mercury was at zero, with a biting northeast wind that the hardy seamen were scarcely able to withstand, the two young ladies bravely helped to bear the boat over the ice cakes to the open water, where it could be launched. A rope was thrown to the ship and made fast to the deck and also secured on shore, and by its aid the boat was rowed over the stormy waves to the vessel's side. The sailors were all taken off, and the lifeboat returned in the same manner. All were completely exhausted when they arrived on the island. But for the noble efforts of Capt. Brooks' family the crew must have perished. The day ended with a terrible snow storm. The succeeding day the weather was fine, and Capt. Brooks succeeded in getting word to the mainland by means of his solar telegraph, an instrument used by lighthouse keepers in conveying messages over short distances upon the water. It is simply a small looking-glass swung upon a frame, and when worked it is placed near the ground, so as to catch the reflection of the sun and flash it across to the operator on the shore. By the number and character of these flashes the meaning of the message is understood. Aid was promised from the mainland as soon as the sea would permit.

The Island of Madagascar.

The Queen of Madagascar is stated to have lately issued a proclamation ordering the enfranchisement of all persons enslaved since June 7th, 1865, "the year in which the convention with my cousins was completed." The proclamation further states that if such slaves desire to remain in the country they are at liberty to do so as free citizens; if they desire to return whence they were brought, they can do so; and any one retaining them contrary to their will, after this notice, will incur a penalty of ten years in irons.

Some readers may find it convenient to be reminded that Madagascar is a great island, with an area estimated at 225,000 square miles—more than four times as large as England—lying to the southeast of the African continent. Very little is known of its early history. It was not until 1810, when the influence of one of its potentates grew predominant, that the island became commercially important to other countries. In 1816 the English entered into a treaty with Radama, King of the Hovas, against the slave trade with Mozambique, and English missionaries and a few English mechanics settled in the island. Radama was succeeded by Ranavolo I., a cruel and very anti-missionary spirited woman, and her proceedings led to active operations against her both by French and English. Her son succeeded her in 1862, but only to be strangled in the following year, when he was succeeded by his wife, who, with the Prime Minister—her husband—and a number of leading men, were baptized in 1869, and in the same year the chief idol was burned.

THE NEW UNITED STATES SENATE.

Only One Vacancy---Political Status of the Members.

The election of a United States Senator by the Legislature of Minnesota completes the list of members of the Senate of the Forty-fourth Congress, with the exception of one disputed seat from Louisiana, claimed by Mr. Pinchback. The complete list is given below, the names of Republicans being printed in roman, Democrats in *italics*, and all others, including Liberal Republicans, Independent Republicans, and Anti-Monopolists, in SMALL CAPITALS;

THE SENATE.

Term ends.		Term ends.	
	ALABAMA.		MISSOURI.
'77.	*George Goldthwaite.*	'79.	*Lewis V. Bogy.*
'79.	George E. Spencer.	'81.	*Francis M. Cockrell.*
	ARKANSAS.		NEBRASKA.
'77.	Powell Clayton.	'76.	Phil. W. Hitchcock.
'79.	Stephen W. Dorsey.	'81.	Algernon S. Paddock.
	CALIFORNIA.		NEVADA.
'79.	Aaron A. Sargent.	'79.	John P. Jones.
'81.	Newton Booth.	'81.	William Sharon.
	CONNECTICUT.		NEW HAMPSHIRE.
'79.	Orris S. Ferry.	'77.	Aaron H. Cragin.
'81.	*William W. Eaton.*	'79.	B. Wadleigh.
	DELAWARE.		NEW JERSEY.
'77.	*Eli Saulsbury.*	'77.	F. T. Frelinghuysen.
'81.	*Thomas F. Bayard.*	'81.	*Theo. F. Randolph.*
	FLORIDA.		NEW YORK.
'79.	Simon B. Conover.	'79.	Roscoe Conkling.
'81.	*Charles W. Jones.*	'81.	*Francis Kernan.*
	GEORGIA.		NORTH CAROLINA.
'77.	*Thomas M. Norwood.*	'77.	*Matt. W. Ransom.*
'79.	*John B. Gordon.*	'79.	*A. S. Merrimon.*
	ILLINOIS.		OHIO.
'77.	John A. Logan.	'79.	John Sherman.
'79.	Richard J. Oglesby.	'81.	*Allen G. Thurman.*
	INDIANA.		OREGON.
'79.	Oliver P. Morton.	'77.	*James K. Kelly.*
'81.	*Joseph E. McDonald.*	'79.	John H. Mitchell.
	IOWA.		PENNSYLVANIA.
'77.	George C. Wright.	'79.	Simon Cameron.
'79.	William B. Allison.	'81.	*William A. Wallace.*
	KANSAS.		RHODE ISLAND.
'77.	James M. Harvey.	'77.	Henry B. Anthony.
'79.	John J. Ingalls.	'81.	A. E. Burnside.
	KENTUCKY.		SOUTH CAROLINA.
'77.	*John W. Stevenson.*	'77.	Thos. J. Robertson.
'79.	*Thos. C. McCreary.*	'79.	John J. Patterson.
	LOUISIANA.		TENNESSEE.
'77.	J. Rodman West.	'77.	*Henry Cooper.*
'79.	A vacancy.	'81.	*Andrew Johnson.*
	MAINE.		TEXAS.
'79.	Lot M. Morrill.	'77.	MORGAN C. HAMILTON
'81.	Hannibal Hamlin.	'81.	*Samuel B. Maxey.*
	MARYLAND.		VERMONT.
'79.	*George R. Dennis.*	'79.	Justin S. Morrill.
'81.	*Wm. Pinckney Whyte.*	'81.	George F. Edmunds.
	MASSACHUSETTS.		VIRGINIA.
'77.	George S. Boutwell.	'77.	*John W. Johnson.*
'81.	Henry L. Dawes.	'81.	*Robert E. Withers.*
	MICHIGAN.		WEST VIRGINIA.
'77.	Thomas W. Ferry.	'77.	*Henry G. Davis.*
'81.	ISAAC P. CHRISTIANCY	'81.	*Allen T. Caperton.*
	MINNESOTA.		WISCONSIN.
'77.	William Windom.	'77.	Timothy O. Howe.
'81.	S. J. R. McMillan.	'81.	ANGUS CAMERON.
	MISSISSIPPI.		
'77.	James L. Alcorn.		
81.	Blanch K. Bruce.		

SUMMARY.

	Forty-third Congress.	Forty-fourth Congress.
Republicans	49	41
Democrats	20	28
Independents	4	4
Vacancy	1	1

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

The beginning of things is in our own power, but the end thereof resteth at God's disposing.

There is a transcendant power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

It requires less piety to speak an hour on a convention platform than to visit the tenement house of the poor from cellar to garret.

It was the cry of a dying man, whose life had been poorly spent: "Oh, that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!"

A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class in school was examined, she replied to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."

Slander is a poison which extinguishes charity, both in the slanderer and in the person who listens to it; so that a single calumny may prove fatal to an infinite number of souls, since it kills not only those who circulate it, but also all those who do not reject it.—*St. Bernard.*

The first years of every man's business or professional life are years of education. They are intended to be in the care of nature and Providence. Doors do not open to a man until he is prepared to enter them. The man without a wedding garment may get in surreptitiously, but he immediately goes out with a flea in his ear. We think it is the experience of most successful men who have watched the course of their lives in retrospect, that whenever they have arrived at a point where they were thoroughly prepared to go up higher, the door to a higher place has swung back of itself, and they have heard the call to enter. The old die, or voluntarily retire for rest. The best men who stand ready to take their places will succeed to their position and its honors and emoluments.—*Dr. Holland.*

John Mitchel and Dr. Kenealy.

John Mitchel and Dr. Kenealy have been elected to the British Parliament. These events, says the New York *Herald*, will cause great excitement in England, and the election of Mr. Mitchel will command attention everywhere, as it involves constitutional questions of deep importance. Dr. Kenealy, who is so well known as the counsel for the claimant in the Tichborne case, was chosen from Stoke-on-Trent by a majority of two thousand—an unexpected victory for a man who has so lately been driven out of his profession; but Mr. Mitchel's triumph is far more startling. Dr. Kenealy has sought from the people a vindication from the accusations of his fellow barristers; but Mitchel has appealed against the sentence of the Crown itself. His election to the House of Commons from Tipperary, without opposition, appears to be understood by the English government as a defiance. Mr. Dyke moved in the English House for copies of all the documents connected with the trial and conviction of John Mitchel in 1848, and with his escape from Van Diemen's Land. This motion was adopted by a vote of one hundred and seventy-four to thirteen, and the debate shows that the government is determined to regard him as an escaped felon, and to deny on that ground his eligibility to election. In execution of this policy Mr. Disraeli moved that a new writ of election be ordered for Tipperary county. Both cases are singular examples of the way the whirligig of time brings about its revenges, and their progress will be watched with as much interest in America as in Ireland or England.

The Vesper Bell.

To the traveler in Spanish America the striking of the vesper bells exercises a potent charm. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation, however important, and listen without stirring until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrifaction, and paralyzed as if by an encounter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half opened for the arrested remark, smiles lingering or passing into an expression of prayer; you would fancy them a nation of statues. A town in South America at the tinkle of the Angelus resembles the city in the "Arabian Nights" whose inhabitants are turned into stones. The magician here is the bell-ringer; but hardly has the vibration ceased when a universal murmur arises from these thousands of oppressed lungs. Hands meet hands, question seeks answer, conversations resume their course; horses feel the loosened bridle and paw the ground; dogs bark, babies cry, the fathers sing, the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many.

THE RED MAN.

An Eastern View of "Lo" and his Position---How the New Tribes Organize.

The New York *Tribune* has a chapter on the red men of the West. It goes on to show all that is done for the Indians and then tell us: He complains that there is not enough of him, and that he cannot repeat as he would. A noble Sioux, for instance, whose share of the appropriation, before it goes through the usual sweating process, is about sufficient to support a small family in Madison avenue, finds that when the bounty which this great and glorious government gives him for being red in color, and handy with hair, and wearing only one garment, reaches him, it will hardly buy a drink of the commonest whisky. So he moves away and organizes another tribe. The Department of the Interior hears of his dissatisfaction and forthwith sends a commission out to meet him and negotiate with him. Discovered in the stage of intoxication, at which the imagination is most active and numbers are of small consequence, he answers mathematical conundrums in the large way of a lord of the soil. The department recognizes him as a tribe and calls him, for instance, the Teton Sioux. He says there are 1,400 lodges of him. The department at once estimates eight souls to a lodge and computes him at 11,200. What could the department do then but ask for an appropriation of $500,000 for him? The amount was voted. Parties were sent out from the department to find this Teton Sioux and present him, on behalf of the government, with $500,000, less mileage and expenses of the commission. The expedition failed.

The Teton Sioux, who was 11,200, had gone away, and the committee, which comprised some of the best talent in the department, could not find him. They found another one, however, who was reasonably sober, and was only about 6,000 Teton Sioux. They came back and made an appropriation of $300,000 to him, and sent it to him by the usual channels. Nothing has since been heard of him, but it is supposed that he got tired, as well of being so many as of waiting so long, and suffered absorption into some tribe, or perhaps a sea change into something rich and strange. Nothing so kindles the enthusiasm of the Interior department as the knowledge that a Teton Sioux is wandering through Montana or Dakota in a state of savage unrest. Immediately a committee from the department goes for the Teton, finds him nomadic and discontented, says to him, "How many art thou, O Teton?" and conjures him by his expectation of a lodge in the happy hunting-grounds to enter into a treaty and consent to accept an appropriation from the government. Having obtained his reluctant consent to receive aid from the oppressor, the department gets an appropriation and divides it among deserving persons.

Who would not, under such circumstances, be an Indian—or at least an Indian agent? Who would not unite with the poet in the aspiration, "I want to be an Indian and with the Indians stand!" Let us mourn that the red men are disappearing from the whisky shops of the frontier, but let us give the Indian agents the credit they deserve for making the most of them while they remain.

Value of Mineral Products.

The aggregate value of all the minerals mined in the whole world amount at present to $1,000,000,000 per year; of this coal alone is worth nearly two-thirds, say, $666,000,000; the rest one-third, or about $333,000,000. Gold stands at the head of the list, the value of this metal mined per year being about $100,000,000; next is iron ore, being at present $70,000,000; but of no mineral is the production so largely increased as that of iron, and it will soon surpass in value that of gold. It has increased during the last seven years from eighteen to twenty-eight, while coal has increased from eighteen to twenty-five, and gold remained about as it was. The production of steel increased from eighteen to fifty-four, proving the progress of industry in general in which steel is the main agent.

A Snow Palace.

At the Clipper Gay hay-yard, in a Nevada city, a number of boys have been at work for two or three days in tunneling into a large snow bank. In the center of this they have excavated a large chamber. Adjoining this are halls and galleries, and in these are numerous windows in the shape of port-holes. The outside of the drift has been hewn into shape, and altogether the palace is a very elaborate and complicated affair. A grand reception and concert was given in the palace, the interior of which was brilliantly lighted up with candles placed in a candelabra formed of snow. The palace and the entertainment attracted a great number of spectators.

Eggs.

An English paper very considerately recommends an increased consumption of eggs as food. It says: Excellent sandwiches may be made of hard-boiled eggs and brown bread and butter; eggs spread on toast are fit food for kings; a poached egg—that is, one dropped from the shell into hot water—is not only clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel; eggs are better flavored without salt or pepper, a little sweet butter being the best dressing; persons who eat eggs freely may live to the age of eighty or ninety; and lastly, eggs contain much phosphorous, and are the best food for those persons who are deficient in brains.

A Madman on Trial for Murder.

Solomon Spyer was arraigned some time ago for killing George How in the insane department of the almshouse, in Philadelphia, on November 5, 1874. A plea of insanity was entered, and a jury, which was impaneled in the case, was sworn to pass upon that question, the killing not being denied. Physicians and employees of the almshouse testified that the defendant was an incurable maniac, and had been insane for ten years.

The jury found the accused to be of unsound mind, and the judge ordered his removal to the State lunatic asylum.

Liabilities of Married Women.

The New York Assembly has passed the bill providing for rights and liabilities of married women. This,