THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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The Sentinel.

He paces round the fortress wall
For hours and hours together;
Afar his ringing footsteps fall;
Through wild and wintry weather
He paces round the fortress wall
Hours and hours together.

So love doth guard the loving heart
For years and years together;
Grief cannot stay, nor angel start
Whatever be life's weather.
So love doth guard the loving heart
Years and years together.

Woolsey's Fall.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —*Shakespeare.*

CAPTURING THE CUTTER.

At the time of which we write there was an inlet on Tucker's beach, New Jersey, called Brigantine inlet. In 1800 this was closed up, and the sea formed another inlet, which exists to this day. There was no Tuckertown then. It was the Gaunt farm at that time. The only settlement then was what was known as the "Middle-of-the-Shore," extending on each side of what was called Andrews' mill creek, the property originally belonging to Jacob Andrews, who settled there in the last year of the sixteenth century and who had a mill. There were not a great many people; but they did a great business in lumber and cypress shingles, which they sent principally to New York and the West India Islands. During the Revolution the place was a rendezvous for American privateers, and these little sea-hornets annoyed the British shipping so much that an expedition was organized, with the Zebra and other ships of war, to break up the "den." There were several privateers lying there at the time; but they were warned by an express from General Washington, and escaped before the British came. Washington sent a force under Pulaski to meet the invaders; but they did not arrive until the enemy had done all the mischief. Part of Pulaski's men reached Osborn's island, and there their picket guard was surprised and massacred by the enemy. The invader did not escape without loss. In getting out the Zebra grounded, and her own people burned her, to prevent her capture by the Americans.

There was one privateer that the enemy managed to take as she was coming in—the Saucy Jack. She was Baltimore built, very fast, and armed with a long eighteen pounder. The admiral made her a tender to the flag-ship, added a couple of ten-pound carronades to her armament, and put a crew of eighteen men and a midshipman aboard, commanded by a master's mate. She became a regular nuisance to the place, sailing in every now and then, exploring the harbor, levying contributions of soft tack, vegetables and chickens, and then sailing out. The people would have liked to take her; but while the squadron was so near the place the heavy private armed vessels avoided it.

There was a Quaker who lived not far from the beach by the name of Ephraim Lippincott. He had the reputation of being a Tory in sympathy, principally because his son Obed, having engaged in one or two skirmishes with British foraging parties, had been disowned and reprimanded for violating the peace principles of Friends. When the British parties visited there they always met with a warm welcome. But Ephraim was no Tory, after all—only a prudent man, who tried to sail as close to the wind as possible. Obed, though he had been disowned, was always sure of quarters at home when he chose to go; and he went there just after the last visit of the commander of the Sea Wasp, as the Saucy Jack had been rechristened by her captors.

The father met him indifferently, but after dinner called him out to the barn.

"Obed," he said, "I suppose thee's consorting with the Ridgways and the Willetts boys and such idle, disloyal fellows, as usual."

"Well, father, I go with them occasionally, as thee knows; but they're very honorable, hardworking young men and good company."

"I wouldn't wonder; if thee knew and they knew that the Sea Wasp is coming back next Wednesday, they'd try to capture her. They're wicked enough."

"Shouldn't wonder, father," said Obed, sententiously. "But I don't see how they could do it."

"I've noticed that the master of the vessel always anchors right by the swamp, where the beach shelves off suddenly, and within a few yards of shore."

"So I perceive."

"Now, if there were bloodthirsty and wicked men, who had brains to keep their bad purposes, and knew that she is coming on Wednesday afternoon, and knew that they are going to Shond's and round about to forage, and would leave the schooner weak-handed, they might—they are just bad enough—they might leave a couple of stout boats in among the reeds in the creek there the night before."

"They might, father."

"They might go down armed at the same time, with enough to eat all day, and lie there; and next morning, when the men came ashore and got out of sight over the sandhills to Shond's, they might, if they were as resolute as they are bad, take that vessel."

"They might, as thee says; and I have a notion they'll try."

"They may, Obed; but if they do I hope they'll use peaceable means. If they do try, as thee thinks they will, don't thee go with them. But if thee will, and thee's a headstrong boy, thee must go unarmed. Don't thee dare to take that rifle that thy Uncle Sam brought from Virginia and that hangs up in the garret, with a horn full of powder and a pouch full of bullets and patches. I caution thee to let it alone."

"Certainly, father; just as thee says."

There were a dozen young men in the settlement, staunch Whigs—some fishermen and all accustomed to the sea—who followed Obed's lead on all occasions. He summoned them quietly to meet him on Wednesday night, secretly, at the beach; and in the meanwhile he secured a couple of stout boats, with oars, and hid them away in the place indicated.

On Wednesday afternoon near nightfall the cutter came in and anchored, but no one came ashore. They kept a good watch; but the night was very dark and their observation could not extend very far. Obed and his friends made their way through the swamp to the boats, and lay there quietly all night.

Next morning at daylight there was a whistle heard from the cutter, and two boats were let down, into which there tumbled, to the great delight of the concealed Whigs, fourteen men, armed with cutlasses and muskets, with the master's mate and midshipman commanding in separate boats. This would leave the boatswain, three men, and a boy on board. Obed kept watch, the others lying close down, and saw the boats land. They all disembarked, leaving the boats in charge of two men and not sending them back. They evidently intended to return in a short while, and no time was to be lost. So soon as the main party had disappeared behind the sand hills Obed and Willetts, covering the two men who were seated on the bows of the boats, where they were drawn up on the beach, fired. One of the men fell mortally wounded, and the other dead. Obed and Willetts floundered through the marsh to where the men lay, and, without paying any attention to the wounded man, quickly stove holes in the bottoms of the boats, while the rest of the men rowed into sight. One of their own boats took them on board and they made for the cutter.

But the people on the cutter were not idle meanwhile. They disengaged a carronade, ran it out of a port-hole, and prepared to fire. The boats, by previous understanding, separated, one circling north and the other south, and the shot missed both. Before another gun could be aimed the cutter was boarded at bow and stern.

The noise of the firing caused the main party to retrace their steps, and they came back in a hurry to the landing place, where they found their boats unfit for use—not, however, until they had pushed them off, and the water poured in on them. Willetts, in the mean while, after the prisoners were secured, ran to the magazine, brought up some grape and canister, loaded the Long Tom, and trailed it directly upon the party in the water. The shot from that and one of the carronades did fearful execution, and the few survivors that were unwounded ran up the beach to the nearest house, where they sheltered themselves and ultimately surrendered. Five had been killed outright and eight severely wounded, three of them mortally.

The cutter had been won; but to keep it was another matter. There was no crew to man it, even if it could be got to sea through the squadron. As soon as the news of its capture was known, or when some time had elapsed after its absence, there would be powerful boats' crews sent for it, perhaps one of the smaller vessels. So, after consultation, it was agreed to cut the rigging, remove the masts, and sink the vessel in the deepest hole in the harbor, to be raised on a suitable opportunity. This was soon done, after taking the movable property ashore, previously filling the barrels of the Long Tom and carronades with all the melted beeswax that could be had in the neighborhood and then storing them in the hold. Then the prisoners were carried off by their captors.

In three days a British force came, as had been expected, and they made things lively. They burned down a number of farmhouses, Lippincott's among the number; but the inhabitants, except those of known loyal sentiments, kept at a respectable distance from harm. Every boat upon the beach for miles the British destroyed.

In about a year's time Obed, Willetts, and some of the rest came back, got up a crew, raised the cutter, and found her in good order. The cannons were rusted some on the outside, but the beeswax had preserved the inside smooth. They remasted and rigged her, cut the wasp figurehead off, replaced it by the rudely carved figure of a snake, rechristened her the Rattler, and one dark, stormy night got off to sea with her, having obtained letters of marque, and ran down to the West Indies, where they took ample revenge for the burning of the Middle-of-the-Shore. In fact, with the prizes they took, the master and crew shared quite a small fortune at the close of the war. The Rattler was disarmed when peace came and embarked in a quieter business, carrying shingles and pine boards along the coast for many years.—*The Independent.*

The Utah Massacre.

At the trial in Utah of Lee, charged with being implicated in the Mountain Meadow massacre, Ann Elizabeth Hoag testified that she lived in Harmony in 1859, and was at the meeting called before Lee and the Indians started for the massacre. It was declared at the meeting that the immigrants should be destroyed. An express was sent to Brigham Young, and Lee at the head of the soldiers started. After the massacre a meeting was called there for Lee to report. Lee stood up and said he wanted the Indians to rush on the immigrants, but they would not. He then put up a handkerchief, and a man came out from the immigrants. Lee proposed peace if they would give up their arms, which they agreed to do, and marched out along with the soldiers who shot them down at the signal, and the Indians killed the women. He said one man had a baby in his arms. After the first fire Lee said: "Give up that child." The man replied: "If I die this child dies with me. I know you, John D. Lee, despite your paint." Lee said he had to shoot the man and child. While Lee was reporting President Young arrived and saw the children in a wagon in front of the meeting house. One boy eight years of age said, pointing to the Indian Joe: "That man killed papa and has got my papa's pants on." Lee said not to talk to the children as he wanted them to forget about the massacre.

A Beautiful Simile.

A writer who has been visiting a deaf and dumb school, and was much pleased with the intelligence displayed by the scholars, illustrates his idea of education upon the deaf mute very beautifully, as follows: It was passing strange to note their readiness of reply to the sign questions, to hear their own intelligent conclusions concerning theories that were proposed—for the professor acted as an interpreter—and as I looked from one eager face to the other, I realized as never before what a trammel and clog is this human organization upon the divine soul within. A year ago I saw in Texas a wonderful alabaster vase. It was found thirty feet below the bed of a South American river. Beautiful in shape and of cloudless white, we all admired and wondered, till one of our party suggested that we try a light within it to illustrate the familiar simile. A wax taper was carefully placed, and a miracle was wrought, for there came into view before us, groups of figures exquisitely carved; garlands of flowers and groves of tropical trees. Withdrawing the light, the vision faded, leaving only the dead white surface, pure and cold. Do you wonder that, as I sat in that recitation room I thought of that magical vase and saw how marvelously the touch of education had brought out the hidden possibilities of these minds that had dwelt so long in their sealed prisons?

The Esquimaux have an ingenious way of killing bears. They sharpen the ends of a piece of whalebone, a foot or more long, then bend it double, and wrap it closely in fat meat, which is exposed to the air till it freezes. These treacherous pellets are thrown to the bear, which bolts them whole. They thaw in his sotmach, the bent whalebone straightens, and the sharp points pierce his vitals whenever he attempts to move.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Leaving Port—The Long Line of Boats—The Excitement.

Mark Twain, in one of his characteristic sketches of old times on the Mississippi river, gives us the following sketch: It was always the custom for the boats to leave New Orleans between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. From three o'clock onward they would be burning rosin and pitch pine (the sign of preparation), and so one had the picturesque spectacle of a rank, some two or three miles long, of tall, ascending columns of coal-black smoke; a colonnade which supported a sable roof of the same smoke blended together and spreading abroad over the city. Every outward-bound boat had its flag flying at the jack staff, and sometimes a duplicate on the verge staff astern. Two or three miles of mates were commanding and swearing with more than usual emphasis; countless processions of freight barrels and boxes were spinning down the slant of the levee and flying abroad the stage-planks; belated passengers were dodging and skipping among these frantic things, hoping to reach the forecastle companion way alive, but having their doubts about it; women with reticules and bandboxes were trying to keep up with husbands freighted with carpet-sacks and crying babies, and making a failure of it by losing their heads in the whirl and roar and general distraction; drays and baggage-vans were clattering hither and thither in a wild hurry, every now and then getting blocked and jammed together, and then during ten seconds one could not see them for the profanity, except vaguely and dimly; every windlass connected with every fore-hatch, from one end of that long array of steamboats to the other, was keeping up a deafening whiz and whir, lowering freight into the hold, and the half-naked crews of perspiring negroes that worked them were roaring such songs as De Las' Sack! De Las' Sack!—inspired to unimaginable exaltation by the chaos of turmoil and racket that was driving everybody else mad.

By this time the hurricane and boiler decks of the steamers would be packed and black with passengers. The "last bells" would begin to clang, all down the line, and then the powwow seemed to double; in a moment or two the final warning came—a simultaneous din of Chinese gongs, with the cry: "All dat ain't goin', please to git asho'!"—and behold, the powwow quadrupled! People came swarming ashore, overturning excited stragglers that were trying to swarm aboard. One more moment later a long array of stage-planks was being hauled in, each with its customary latest passenger clinging to the end of it with teeth, nails, and everything else, and the customary latest procrastinator making a wild spring shoreward over his head.

Now a number of the boats slide backward into the stream, leaving wide gaps in the serried ranks of steamers. Citizens crowd the decks of boats that are not to go, in order to see the sight. Steames after steamer straightens herself up, gathers all her strength, and presently comes swinging by, under a tremendous head of steam, with flag flying, black smoke rolling, and her entire crew of firemen and deck hands (usually swarthy negroes) massed together on the forecastle, the best "voice" in the lot towering from the midst (being mounted on the capstan), waving his hat or a flag, and all roaring a mighty chorus, while the parting cannons boom and the multitudinous spectators swing their hats and huzza! Steamer after steamer falls into line, and the stately procession goes winging its way up the river.

Self-Made Men.

"Burleigh" writes to the Boston *Journal*: New York has many men—self-educated, self-made—of whom any city might be proud. I called upon one of these the other day. It was "Uncle John," as he is called. John L. Stephenson is the great street car builder of that city. He is now over sixty; as hale and vigorous as when he was thirty; under-sized, stocky, robust and cherry; a mechanic of the James Harper school. He makes cars for the world. No nation can compete or undersell him. While I was talking with him he was making a contract for cars for Bombay. Twelve cars were ready for Liverpool. Others were on the wagon for London. Another lot were for Australia, Norway, Austria, St. Petersburg and also America and over our boundless continent. Liverpool cars are double-deckers. But Americans won't ride in them. All English cars have the windows fastened down and they can't be sold unless they are. These cars the English cannot make, though they have had the patterns for years. Nor can that wonderful nation make a rubber-car spring. All are made here. Mr. Stephenson ships no cars. He delivers all his work in New York. Each nation, company or man who trades for a car, pays for it in New York. No contract is taken unless the contractor has a banker in New York who will pay for the car when it is done. Mr. Stephenson builds nine cars a week. He can take an order and have a car ready to ship in four days. Each car costs $1,000, gold. Mr. Stephenson is an old-time Methodist. For half a century he has been a member of one church. Then he is a leader of the choir, leader of the Sunday-school, a class-leader, a man of great wealth and of open-handed liberality. His children and grand-children are in the trade with him, and all have to begin where he began, on the lowest round of the ladder.

Pushing Through.

Business success is not a loitering traveler who, of his own accord, will wander on until finally he reaches your threshold You must go after him, hunt him up; it may be difficult to find him, but don't give up the search, push on and on until you do meet him. The journey may be troublesome, but it is sure to pay, and a handsome reward will result from your hard and honest push.

Shun all the slow stage coach ways of urging on your abilities; take the locomotive speed of push; keep on the track; avoid all tempting but unprofitable switches, and, with fires all aglow, and machinery well oiled, push on to the next station, and then to the next, and rest assured you will successfully reach the proper destination in full time, and with a valuable load of paying freight.

Half the success obtained in this life, an exchange says, is owing, not so much to luck or capital, as to a vigorous pounding away at the rough difficulties until the road to fortune is cleared of its barriers, and a straight path opens to the traveler endowed with his share of honest, determined and energetic push.

A New Way.

The Chicago *Times* knows of a way in which the country can be saved. It says: Suppose, without disfranchising any one, we give two votes to every man who possesses certain educational qualifications, two to every man who possesses a certain amount of taxable property without the educational qualifications? How then? The poor and ignorant voter would still possess sufficient political power for his own protection, but a good deal less power for mischief than he now wields. This, or something like it, may become possible some day, when the evils of equal and universal voting become more glaring and intolerable than they now are.

SUBTERRANEAN LIFE.

A Night of Business in the Underground World of a New York Hotel.

Says the New York *Sun*: Dick, the ratcatcher, was engaged to clean the kitchen, cellars, meat house, wine, bread, and bar rooms of a Broadway hotel after midnight on Saturday. Underground in a large hotel is a world by itself. The kitchen is one hundred feet long by twenty broad. The floor is of brick. Three long tables extend its entire length. Shelves, cupboards, and dresses hide the walls. Almost endless rows of dishes, shining pots, pans, and enormous boilers are tastefully arranged according to size at the end of the room. A forty foot range and a vast furnace, hugging ovens and bakeries, are red with roaring fires inside. The French cook stands in his well-starched white apron and cap, silently watching his assistants. Several dainty dishes are being prepared. To each of these he gives his attention. Here he pours in drops from several little bottles; there a handful of flour; here a cupful of cream; there a spoonful of butter. Every dish he tastes, and as it is done, he catches the pot or pan, and deftly empties its contents into tureens or plates. At a quarter to twelve he bids his assistants to prepare to clean up. At midnight a major domo descends to the kitchen and shouts, "Put out the lights. The cook goes around his kitchen, sees that everything is in its place, turns down the gas, and then all is still.

Dick the Rat and his assistant take possession of the lower regions. Dick lights his bull's-eye lantern, examines his long iron pinchers, closely scrutinizes his canvas bag, puts on a pair of light slippers, and strips for work. The rats are evidently busy, as they are heard from far and near. Dick has studied their routes. Before going to work he carefully removes every obstacle in his way as silently as he can. Then he utters a call squeal, like that of a rat. Again, Dick squeals louder and with more assurance. This time he is answered from the bread room, where a hundred barrels of flour and hundreds of loaves are packed.

Dick had previously thrown open all the doors. Like a cat he springs forward in the darkness; his strong light dances with extraordinary rapidity along the walls, floors, and ceilings. The sharp, piercing cry of a rat in pain announces Dick's capture. His assistant opens the bag, and a great rat is thrown in. The assistant shakes the bag several times and the rat is quiet. A weak, yet shrill squeak is heard, and Dick brings out at the end of his large nippers a poor little mouse. Rat and mouse are put into the bag. Dick pauses a moment, and again gives a call squeal, which he says the rats understand to mean all is safe. Suddenly he throws the dazzling light upon a shelf. There, crouched and seemingly paralyzed, is a monster rat. It does not stir, but looks straight at the light. It is unable to move. Its large black eyes are distinctly seen, while it still holds the bread in its mouth that it was eating. Upon it Dick springs, and his nippers seize it. The rat utters a piercing squeal, the bag is opened, and it is thrown in.

The rats in the bread room have taken the alarm. Dick darts out and as the bright ray dances up and down, he runs, stops, stands erect, crouches, listens, squeals, darts forward, and the light runs along pipes, behind barrels, under boards, into holes. At one moment he is in the icy chill of the great meat room, with its pounds of beef and mutton, and its hundreds of chickens, and then in the grocery; the wine room; the larder; the store room; the coal room; the garbage room; back again into the kitchen, and at two o'clock the bag contains fifty rats.

Driving Oxen.

A writer in *Lippincott's* gives this characteristic sketch: Driving oxen will make a Stoic philosopher of a boy, they are so unspeakably difficult to manage; it is impossible to manage them, insanity to turn them, utter exasperation to hasten them; the only thing they do with any facility is to stop; yet they must be swayed by a touch twixt the ears from a long, slender blue-birch gad with a leather lash. To add to their value as sources of discipline, they have a species of ox-diablerie about them. They like breaking a neap; and those oxen which have been trained to the convenient habit of following the boy about the field while dragging will insist on following him around behind the drag when he goes there to adjust anything, which causes a general upsetting. Furthermore, as he marches before them, thinking of other topics, or perhaps following with his eyes some neighbor's carriage bowling down the road, he frequently discovers that the oxen are left far behind him in the field, where they stand stock still composedly chewing their cuds. And they have a disagreeable way of starting off on a trot unexpectedly, particularly on warm April days, when wild natural impulses, mad longings for forest freedom and life without toil, take possession of them at the delicious smell of the spring greenwood, causing them suddenly to lash the neap with their tails and rush frantically for the woods. When an old mare is leading the steers, this is almost tragedy. The mare is dragged backward, the harrow rattles at the heels of the oxen, the farmer and the hired man hasten across the fields to the boy's assistance with "Whoa! haw there! Stop them! whale 'em! Belt 'em over the head!" and the boy shrieks, and follows the galloping oxen until they dash their yoke against a young tree between them in the woods.

Importation for the Centennial.

The secretary of the United States treasury, as long ago as October last, issued regulations governing the free importation of goods for the Centennial exhibition in accordance with the law of June, 1874. The ports of New York, Boston, Portland, Me., Burlington, Vt., Suspension Bridge, N. Y., Detroit, Port Huron, Mich., Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, New Orleans, and San Francisco, alone constitute the ports of entry at which importations for the exhibition will be made free of duty. All goods properly marked and represented will, without examination, be forwarded from the port of arrival by bonded line of transportation to Philadelphia, there to be delivered to the collector of that port. All articles received and entered at the exhibition may at any time, consistently with the regulations controlling it, be withdrawn for sale or delivery to other parties than the owner or agent concerned in their importation on payment of the duties properly accruing on the goods, according to the laws in force at the time of their importation. The attorney general of the United States, the attorney general of Pennsylvania and the counselor and solicitor for the Centennial commission have given their respective opinions that goods deposited and placed on exhibition are free from seizure, and are not liable to the debts of the person or corporation thus receiving them.

The regulations of the secretary of the treasury were officially sent to the director general of the exhibition in October last, and by him promulgated at home and abroad.

"I Wish I Had Capital."

So we heard a great strapping young man exclaim the other day in an office. We did want to tell him a piece of our mind so bad, and we'll just write to him. You want capital, do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? You want capital! Haven't you got hands, and feet, and muscle, and bone, and brains, and don't you call them capital? What more did God give to anybody? "Oh, they are not money," say you. But they are more than money, and nobody can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't, it is time you were learning. Take hold of the first plow, or hoe, or jack-plane, or broadax that you can find and go to work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Aye, but there's the rub. You don't want to work; you want money or credit, that you may play the gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond. Or you want a plantation and negroes, that you may hire an overseer to attend to them, while you run over the country and dissipate; or want to marry some rich girl who may be foolish enough to take you for your good looks, that she may support you.

Shame upon you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it, and with it to give you as much money as you want, and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money upon what capital you have, you couldn't make it if you had a million dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle and waste and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold; you would only know how to waste.

Then don't stand about like a great helpless child waiting for somebody to come in and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so that you may be sure to do it like Billy Gray did his drumming—well. Yes, what you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any more to manage.

Plucky Little Children.

A circumstance that happened in Chicago shows that two children at least have more than ordinary courage for their years. They are the children of a well known business man who resides on East Pierson street, and their ages are seven and ten respectively. Their father had left the house on the morning in question for his place of business about eight o'clock, leaving the children together, the oldest being in her teens. This latter was in the rear part of the house somewhere, when the two young ones went into the parlor, and came upon a man who was stealthily walking across the floor towards the mantel, evidently searching for something. The elder of the two at once, nothing daunted, went up to him and, taking him by the arm, asked him what he wanted. The man gruffly muttered that he wanted "gold," whereupon the child said they had none for him, and told him to leave. He said then that if he couldn't get gold that he wanted a girl, and, without showing an inclination to leave, sat down upon the sofa. The smaller child ran into the rear part of the house, seized a broom, and came in with it pell mell, while the other child ran to the hallway and called to her father, pretending he was in the house. The intruder, fearing he would be ejected rather forcibly, if not arrested, at once made his way out of the house, the children running after him, and the little one in particular giving him a parting tap with her broomstick. The man had found the front door open, and had gone in to help himself without any ceremony, probably also knowing that the head of the family was absent.

Large and Small Farms.

Twelve of the United States have farms that average less than one hundred and twenty-five acres, in extent, which is less than the average elsewhere, which in some States even runs up nearly to an average of five hundred acres. These twelve States give the following as the average size of their farms:

Maine	98 acres	New Jersey	98 acres
New Hampshire	122 "	Pennsylvania	103 "
Massachusetts	103 "	Indiana	112 "
Rhode Island	94 "	Ohio	111 "
Connecticut	93 "	Michigan	101 "
New York	103 "	Wisconsin	114 "

While the total value of the farms in the United States is put down at $9,262,803,361, the value in the above States foots up $5,407,587,178, or nearly three-fifths of the total—and this, too, while the area of these States is less than one-tenth of the area of the whole country. No more conclusive exhibit of the practical superiority of the small-farm system could be given than this.

While this record is of interest to those engaged in farms, the following table, collected from our agricultural reports, is of hardly less interest. We give the average value per acre:

Maine	$14.16	Texas	$12.84
New Hampshire	19.15	Arkansas	17.60
Vermont	17.87	Tennessee	12.70
Massachusetts	31.10	West Virginia	15.04
Rhode Island	84.00	Kentucky	15.54
Connecticut	33.94	Ohio	14.57
New York	22.94	Michigan	15.65
New Jersey	27.96	Indiana	13.51
Pennsylvania	20.80	Illinois	11.13
Delaware	13.34	Wisconsin	14.18
Maryland	15.42	Minnesota	11.38
Virginia	14.15	Iowa	8.49
North Carolina	11.38	Missouri	11.99
South Carolina	10.11	Kansas	8.22
Georgia	11.68	Nebraska	7.73
Florida	11.47	California	15.10
Alabama	13.78	Oregon	16.70
Mississippi	15.61	Nevada	44.30
Louisiana	13.61	The Territories	26.10

Bold Beggars.

James Stewart, a very wealthy and benevolent citizen of Austin, Texas, has published a number of begging letters received by him. They give an inkling by inference of the experience of philanthropists of more reputation. One was from a woman, who said that, being penniless, friendless and beautiful, she had determined to marry a rich man. She wanted $1,000 to enable her to enhance her beauty "with such adornments as a woman of her taste and culture knows how to use," and with which she could hope to "marry into a fortune." An inventor of a flying machine wanted $500 to pay for a model, and would repay the favor by allowing the donor to "win everlasting fame by flying from a church steeple," when the apparatus should be completed. A gambler had been informed in a dream that, by buying a certain lottery ticket, he would win a large prize; but, alas! he had no money. Would Mr. Stewart send him $10 by mail? A young divinity student had been invited to deliver a trial sermon to an aristocratic congregation, and he needed a new coat to wear on the important occasion. These beggars, and many others as audaciously importunate, signed their real names to their letters.

At Atlanta, Ga., last autumn, a negro built a coop, six feet by seven, into which he put a dozen partridges, the ground being first covered with grass. During the winter they thrived, in the spring they mated, laid eggs and hatched out several broods of young, and the negro now has about sixty young partridges, all doing well. They are tame, healthy, and seem to be contented.

LIVING ON THE OLD MAN.

How a Man "Fits" his Sons for College.

The Providence *Journal* gives an indignant farmer room to vent his woes. The story is appropriate for this commencement season:

MISTER EDITOR—I hain't no eddication, and I thank God for it—Gov. Lippitt said in his kollege speech that edication paid better than mortgage at six per cent.

Governor Lippitt, I ask you have you got such things as three highly edicated sons on your hands, what can't support themselves, and all living on the old man? You know you haint, and as I have, I guess I know as much about this edication matter as you do. I cuss the day when liturray ambition broke out in my family—I fit three sons to kollege, and if I had not had one left to stay on the farm to work with me, we should all on us be takin a deep interest in the annual appropriations for the poor of the town.

My Silas studied law, and all the write he has yet seen has been on hisself. He has to sware out of jail three times a week, regular trips he makes, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, like the steamer Rhode Island from Stonington.

He has got a pretty little hoffis as ever you see, with the legal works of Smollett, Byrons, and all of the great Jurists ranged on shelves—the portrait of Rufus Chote and that gurl what dances so good at the Theatur, hung up on the walls. We furnished him with all those necessaries of the legal profession, and although he smokes and drinks beer, and does all a young lawyer ought to do to win confidence and public esteem, it is all no go.

He belongs to ten secret societies, and I tell him I wish to God he'd jine one so secret that his creditors could not find him.

He buys all his tobacco in my name for fear of its getting attached; and as for his beer, he drinks up five dollars' worth at a time, and then swears right out on it. He is getting low-spirited now, and says that all the Blackstone he wants to know about is the Blackstone river, with a big stone tied to his heels, which made his mother cry; but I told him he was of age, and I had no control over him.

Poor Silas, when he graderated at kollege his orashun was on "A classical education indurspensible to success in life."

His mother and I cried in the Baptist church when we heerd him deliver it, we didn't know what for then, but hev since found it. I tell Silas that the only chance I see ahead for him is to take to drink strong, then reform, and maybe the temperance folks will shove him along to keep him moral and steady.

My t'other boy, Ezra, studied for to be a doctor. The first case he had was Hawkins, that was gored so bad by Olney's big bull. Hawkins had six good stiff horns abroad of his own afore the bull muxed with him, which made it a bad case. Ezra wanted to be sure, so he gave him all the medicine he had on hand at once. Just as Hawkins was a dying he writ an affidavit that the treatment he received from the bull was generous and humane compared with that of his doctor. Hawkins' widow sued for malpractice, and her lawyer told the jury that M. D. stood for murderous doses, and that Ezra was drunk, and that he was a doctor of many drams but few scruples. At this joke the judge and jury laughed like split, and they gin a big verdict agin Ezra, and he had to run off to Californy.

He drors small drafts on me often, so we know he is alive, which is more of a cumfurt to his mother than to myself. When Ezra graderated his orashun was on "Knollege a purtection against the kelamities of life." His mother and I cried then and we have since found out why.

But the saddest case of all was our poor little Calvin. At the time when unthinking youths are spent in laying stone walls or hoeing corn Calvin was seriously thinking of the more important work of saving souls. He entered college and was finally settled over a large parish at Heilburn Woods.

For a few years things went smooth. He not only saved other souls, but he meekly accepted his portion of the trials and discipline of life by getting married and raising up a little family of souls of his own.

Then his parish got tired of him and told him to quit, and they turned him off, as they do ministers, by passing a lot of resolutions about the pain it give to sunder such tender and hallied ties.

He and his hull family come home to us, and arter we got about used up with them, I got Calvin's life insured for all I could, and he sailed ten months ago as a commissioner to a lot of ferocious cannibals. I have prepared my mind to see soon from the king of the tribe a letter something like this:

"MY DEAR SIR—Your son Calvin arrived in good condition. While we regret to state that he disappointed us all sadly in regard to the amount of gravy, it gives me pleasure to add that he was tender and small-boned. Should any other member of your estimable family feel inclined to Christianize us, send him along. We can stand it as long as you can."

Poor Calvin's orashun was on "The final results of the missionary enterprise."

My other son was not edicated, and has staid on the farm, and is the support and comfort of our declining years. He is so ignorant that he thinks the New York —— is the ablest paper in the world, and the prevailing impression on his mind is that William the Conqueror took an active part in burning the Gaspee.

For all that, he can support himself, and has money in the bank, which is more than his edicated brothers can say. My opinion is that a law ought to be passed making the corporation of a college liable for the debts of all their graduates. This would make them all plagy careful not to edicate any but them what was fit for it, and others might be spared what me and my poor wife has suffered.

Advertising vs. Commercial Travelers.

We clip the following excellent article upon advertising or commercial travelers from the Milwaukee *Union*, and if merchants and business men would follow the advice they would save themselves a great expense:

In times like these our merchants more thoroughly perceive the disadvantages which have inured to them by relying solely upon commercial travelers. It has brought to them an enormous credit business, much larger than is good for them; but what they want is the cash, and that can be best obtained by judicious advertising in established journals.

Every merchant who has goods to sell appreciates the necessity of drawing cash from the pockets of those who hoard it. The question is: How can that best be done? We think far better and with far more certainty by judicious advertising than by a legion of commercial travelers. Some firms in this city are paying $20,000 per annum for commercial travelers, while $3,000 in judicious advertising would bring them more cash when there is such a notorious disposition to hoard currency.

A mosquito, buzzing around where a young lady was singing: "Come to me in beautiful dreams," said he would—provided there was no bar.

FROM KITCHEN TO HALL.

A Philadelphia Servant Girl Becomes an Irish Heiress.

A Philadelphia paper says: Patrick Rafferty is dead. Patrick breathed his last away off in one of the northern counties of Ireland. Now the death of Patrick didn't startle the civilized world in general one-third as much as it did the immediate neighborhood of 3,197 Ridge avenue in particular. Here resides the famous Dibbs family, composed in the main of Mr. and Mrs. Dibbs and a Miss Margaret Rafferty. The latter is, or rather was until quite recently, a domestic in the Dibbs household. She had youth on her side, and her arm was as well developed as the limbs of a lion. Mr. Dibbs saw beneath her bronzed features all of her true worth, and when she told him in her own simple, orphan-like way that she was a stranger in a strange land, that she hadn't any friends and hadn't any "spondoolix," his heart was touched, for he knew she'd be handy about the house, and was sure to know how to boil his corned beef and cabbage. So Margaret, after Mr. Dibbs had consulted his wife, became as one of the family, and at once entered upon her household duties. This happened three years ago, and one day last week found the once dejected immigrant alive and kicking in Dibbs' kitchen. Her face was as bright as a new tin pan, and you could see your likeness from a distance of five feet in the glistening beauty of her dark brown eyes. Eleven o'clock had struck, and she was just in the act of taking up the potatoes for dinner when Mr. Dibbs, all aglow with excitement, handed Margaret a letter from California. It was the first line from anybody the poor girl had ever received, and her enthusiasm was so great that she dropped the "murpheys," dish and all. Her excitement was beyond control; she couldn't hold the letter steady enough to read it, and so asked Mr. Dibbs to become her secretary. The kind old gentleman consented, and while Margaret sobbed and laughed outright at inconsistent intervals, read to her the following astonishing epistle:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have just received a letter from the parish priest of St. Bridget's Abbey, who informs me that our uncle Patrick is dead, and has left an estate of £60,000. We are his nearest of kin, and consequently as rich as blazes. I'll write ye agin.

Hopin' this finds you as it leaves me, I remain your darling brother,

TIMOTHY RAFFERTY.

At the conclusion of Mr. Dibbs' reading, Margaret didn't faint, but sprang to her feet and rushed up stairs, vowing she'd cooked the last dinner for the Dibbs family. Mr. Dibbs immediately informed his wife of the intelligence, and the two worthy people came to the conclusion that to adopt Miss Rafferty would be a humane thing under the circumstances. They accordingly adopted her, and Miss Margaret, feeling somewhat elated over the circumstance, resolved to be known henceforth as Miss Margaret Rafferty-Dibbs. To the reporter Miss Margaret wouldn't exhibit herself, which refusal, of course, was Miss Margaret's prerogative; while Mr. Dibbs looked on the inquisitive individual as he would have done upon a suitor for the young lady's hand. He was communicative enough, however, to make known the fact that Margaret had five brothers, and that the fortune would be divided among them—"pro ratter," said Mr. Dibbs; "in other words, accordin' to lor."

The Foreman.

The duties of the foreman are (like the busy housewife's work) never done. If he is alive to the interests of his employers, he is not the last man in the factory in the morning, neither is he the first one out at night. To him belongs the duty of knowing that every operative is at his work in the morning. To him belongs the duty of knowing that every operative renders unto his employer a just and equitable day's labor. To him belongs the duty of knowing that every operative performs his work to standard perfection. To him belongs the duty of arbitrating justly and fairly between employer and employed, and not unfrequently does it become incumbent upon him to settle various disputes between operatives; in fact, he is or must be, as nearly as possible, an omnipresent *factotum*. He knows of all the little domestic troubles of his subordinates, and has to advise and suggest means of bringing about (amicably) the marital relations of more than one of those under his control; not sufficiently burdened with his own troubles, he carries the troubles and secrets of subordinates securely locked within his own breast. If any of the operatives in his department meet with reverses, he is the first one appealed to; he is the first to add his name to the subscription list for a certain amount; no matter whether he is prepared or not, he must, to prevent calumny, subscribe. Thus we might speak of him on this subject for years, and fill volumes, without end, and then not finish this portion of our story.

All employers or factors are not practical men. In such cases, the success of the manufacturing portion of the business devolves wholly upon the foreman. Not only is he held strictly accountable for the superiority of the work, but he must ever tire his never resting brain in producing fresh novelties; novelties which will bring the work to a greater state of per