THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. IX. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1876. NO. 1.

RELICS.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

The violets that you gave are dead—
They could not bear the loss of you;
The spirit of the rose has fled—
It loved you, and its love was true;
Back to your lips that spirit flies,
To bask beneath your radiant eyes.

Only the ashes bide with me—
The ashes of the ruined flowers—
Types of a rapture not to be;
Sad relics of bewildered hours;
Poor, frail, forlorn, and piteous shows
Of errant passion's wasted woes.

He grandly loves who loves in vain!
These withered flowers that lesson teach:
They suffered; they did not complain;
Their life was love too great for speech;
In silent pride their fate they bore:—
They loved, they grieved, they died—no more.

Far off the purple banners flare,
Beneath the golden morning spread;
I know what queen is worshipped there,
What laurels wreath her lovely head.
Her name be sacred in my thought,
And sacred be the grief she brought.

For, since I saw that glorious face,
And heard the music of that voice,
Much beauty's fallen to disgrace
That need to make my heart rejoice;
And rose and violet ne'er can be
The same that once they were to me.

—*Galaxy.*

THE HIDDEN BROOK.

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE.

What is this melody beneath the grass?
Come hither, stoop and listen—nearer yet,
And push aside the thick and tangled net
Of bending rushes and the brakes' green mass.

It tones the shrilling of the locust's glee,
And, like a harper's touches falling in
With high notes of a master's violin,
It binds a jarring strain to harmony.

Hush, bobolink! and cease to emulate,
Gay bird, thou hast not caught the gentle song;
Too many rogtish thoughts together throng
And mingle in thy carols to thy mate.

But, fresh from graver forest-symphonies,
The winds, in varied movement, low and sweet,
Within the pines and birch-trees may repeat
This sweetest of the meadow's melodies.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Uncle Seth's Cooking-Match.

BY MARY MORRISON.

Uncle Seth was—was, Uncle Seth! He was a character by himself. There was never anybody like him, and he was not like anybody.

He was an old bachelor, but he took care of so many poor widows and fatherless children that he seemed more fatherly and husbandly than my papa, who had only mamma. Bob and me.

He was very rich, but he lived in such a plain house and wore such simple clothes, all out of fashion, that nobody would ever have known how his gold was piled up in the bank.

Uncle Seth was always thinking; but he never told his plans until he surprised us all by something splendid none of us had ever dreamed of. But he never wanted any thanks, only he liked to sit and look at us, and rub his hands as he saw how we enjoyed it.

"They said" Uncle Seth was unsappointed when he was young. That he loved a pretty, gay young girl, but before he asked her to marry him, he thought he would go to sea a second time, and "make his crown a pound." But she, with all her love and romance, without a thought for the practical part of life—what a bother that is, anyway—thought he did not care for her; and that she might get rid of her disappointment the quicker, married his friend who staid at home. "They said" that the wide Nelson, who had lately come to Riverbanks to live, with her daughter, was the very one; but Uncle Seth said nothing about it. He did not know they were poor and took in sewing. But we did not dare to ask any questions, and I don't think he had heard of it.

We had just been having a spelling match and were discussing it when Uncle Seth came in.

"Hurrah! Bob," he said. "So you beat all the boys in the High School and Academy in spelling. I congratulate you."

"Yes," said Bob, complacently; but I had to fall at last."

"What was the word that brought you down?"

"Zinziberaceous," he answered smiling.

"Enough to bring anybody down, I should think," said Uncle Seth, sympathizingly. "Does it mean the condition of things in the ark?"

"No, it means pertaining to ginger. So Smart says, in Webster."

"The man must be smart who invents such words as that," said Uncle Seth. "But Pollie," said he, turning to me, "why don't you girls get up some kind of match? I thought girls were fond of making matches."

"Do you suppose we could ever have courage to spell in the Town Hall, Uncle Seth? I believe I should forget how to spell dog."

"What is the use of having a spelling match? We have had a spell of spelling, until every one is sick of the sound of the word. Excuse me, Bob; I mean all but the heroes of the occasion. But Pollie, I propose a cooking-match."

"Good," said papa.

"Capital!" cried Bob. I'll be on the tasting committee!"

"We'll give you the zinziberaceous articles to try," said Uncle Seth, laughing.

"What is the rest of your plan, Seth?" asked mother.

"I propose to give a prize of five dollars for the best cake, twenty for the best bread, and five for the best fancy tea-dish. I propose that we give this notice publicly, and that the articles for competition all be sent in to the Town Hall two weeks from to-day at eight o'clock; and that a committee of three ladies—there's luck in odd numbers, you know—be appointed as judges. I propose that we have music and readings, and at the end announce the prizes and pass around the cake, and I will provide lemonade.

"But," said Bob, "you have made no provision for tickets. Is it to be free?"

"No. We will have a limited number of tickets at a dollar apiece, and the surplus money shall buy flour for the poor widows of the town."

I clapped my hands and kissed Uncle Seth, and told him he was the most splendid uncle that ever was made, but that two weeks was too short a time for me to practice.

Bob laughed at this, and expressed his desire that I would not give the family the benefits of my experiments in the meantime, as he had too fresh recollection of asking for bread and receiving a stone, once upon a time. That was only too true; but he played base ball with the biscuit and won the game for the first time, so he had no right to complain.

Then mamma—dear practical mamma—reminded Uncle Seth that he had not limited the age, and asked if she was to be permitted to try for the prizes.

"There! I did forget that," he said. "It shall be open to girls under twenty. I think it would be rather discouraging to the younger ones to see proofs of skill like yours placed in comparison with theirs.

And this was the way that our cooking match was planned.

The long-wished for evening came at last, and only one addition had been made to Uncle Seth's plan, and that was that those who sent in contributions should be admitted free.

The hall was beautifully trimmed with evergreens and mayflowers; the tables were covered with snow white cloths, and each had a pretty centerpiece of flowers; the place for the band was among the green cedars and flags in the gallery; and the platform was arranged with red, white and blue drapery, evergreens and candles. There were seats in the center for the judge and committee of award, and the steps where the successful aspirants were to go up for their prizes were carpeted with blue and bordered with pots of white geraniums. The girls themselves, all with white aprons and jaunty muslin caps, were to wait upon the people and pass the lemonade and cake after the prizes had been given.

The committee had their room back of the hall; and after the commencement of the entertainment, when every dish had been seen first by the audience, they were carried to the committee to be inspected. There were seats in the hall but the people promenaded as the band played; and when the readings were given out, they sat down and listened. By-the-way, Bob was not put on the tasting committee, and he says he shall not forgive him as long as he lives. I know he will before Christmas, though. Bob never picks up a quarrel with any of us during the month of December.

Just here I must tell you a bit of conversation I heard between Uncle Seth and mother the night before the cooking-match.

"I think you have planned a capital thing, Seth, to interest the girls in cooking. There has not been such an excitement in Riverbanks for months; and that is a branch of housewifery they all neglect, at least nearly all. I heard a young lady say the other day that she was going to housekeeping in a week and do her own work, but she had never cooked anything in her life but chocolate caramels."

"Yes," said Seth, "and the worst feature of it is, they boast of their ignorance."

"They won't do that in Riverbanks now for you have made it the fashion to cook. But why did you add fancy tea dishes?"

"Because so few women understand cooking them, and a savory bit at tea is always appreciated. Something beside pies and cakes, or instead of them—something with a character to it. Brains can be used in cooking as well as anything else."

"Calf brains and pluck?" asked mamma, laughing.

"No; New England brains and New England pluck, which all our girls have if they would only use them. By-the way, Maria, do you remember that Turkish *pillaw* (pronounced *pelaf*, a decoction of rice boiled in rich mutton-broth and tomato water, and a great favorite in Turkey) Helen used to make from the receipt I brought from Constantinople? No one else could ever do it so well as the people in the East, except Helen—my Helen, you remember, Maria?"

I had been wondering who this Helen could be, whom I had never before heard of; but when he spoke in a lower tone and said "my Helen," then I knew.

While the people were listening to the music, I slipped into the back room to see Uncle Seth. The committee were opening like three great bumble-bees, and Uncle Seth was looking on quietly, rubbing his hands and smiling, when, suddenly, the three women all stopped stuttering and held up their hands in horror and wonder. At last one of them spoke: "What in the world is this mess?"

Then the third says: "It is colored salmon." As if that in itself were enough to condemn it.

Then the third, as if a new idea had occurred to her, proposed to taste it.

"You may," said the first, "I don't want to. It's something from the shanties, I know."

Then Uncle Seth came forward and looked. You ought to have seen his face, first he turned red, and then white and then went back to his chair.

What could it be? Whatever it was, only one woman dared to taste it, and by universal consent it was put aside.

Then I went round by Uncle Seth and said softly:

"What do you suppose it is? A kind of witch compound—

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and owlet's wing,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips!"

"It would take the nose of Turk to know it, or else mine," said he. Bring it here, Pollie. Let me try it. I don't want any of the girls to be disappointed."

So I brought it, and he tasted it, and said:

"Yes, it is *pillaw*, just what I thought. It deserves a prize and shall have it."

I was so curious—so different from girls generally, that I could not resist the temptation of asking: "Who do you suppose made it?"

I had gone a step too far. I always am doing that. Uncle Seth looked sober and turned away without answering me.

But just then the band began to play "The Watch on the Rhine," and I forgot all about the *pillaw* and went back into the hall.

The time of triumph for some of us had come. The judge had taken his seat in the large chair on the platform. How I did hope my bread would get the prize, just to stop Bob's tongue! But boys are so aggravating, and bread is so contrary. I knew it wouldn't get the prize, for I was sure it did not raise quite enough. Mother says her spirits always rise and fall with the bread. I was pondering on the trials of life in this misanthropic way when suddenly I was called back to what was going on about me by the announcement of the first prize:

"Miss Mary Lawton, twenty dollars for the best bread."

On! what a thrill she must have felt as she went up through the flowers with her eyes sparkling and her blue ribbons waving. How glad I was that she had got it. To be sure, I—but never mind—

"Miss Hettie Smith and Miss Pollie Webster; five dollars each for the best cake; both equally good.

And now I was to go up among the flowers! I was to have a prize! It was lovely to see the others, but to have a prize one's own self! It is rather nice, isn't it? Especially when one hasn't been sanctified—and I can't be that before Bob goes away to college, if ever.

"Miss Martha Felstone; five dollars for the best fancy tea dish."

Then Uncle Seth said: "There is another prize I should like to give for the best fancy tea dish, but I am told it is left without a name. It is the Turkish *pillaw* which is made to perfection, and is as good as I have ever seen in Constantinople. If the young girl who has made this is in the hall, I shall be glad to give the last prize to her."

No one moved. The Committee looked at each other and at Uncle Seth in a bewildered way. I should have been convinced that it was the "witches' work" but for Uncle Seth's conversation with mamma.

"I do believe," I whispered to Bob, "that we are on the edge of a love-story."

Bob looked at me as if I were an idiot; so I didn't tell him what I guessed.

But no one claimed the prize, and after refreshments the cooking-match was over, and such a gay evening we had, never before had been in Riverbanks.

What I told Bob, or what I intended to tell him, was true, and we were not only on the edge of a love-story, but right in the midst of it.

Uncle Seth found the girl who made the *pillaw* at last, but instead of giving her the five dollars, he gave her mother—"my Helen"—his own splendid self and all he had. And now the plain house will bloom all over with roses, and Uncle Seth will buy a new hat—people always do when they get married, and he will have a chance to eat *pillaw* to his heart's content.

By the way, Uncle Seth laughed so the other night, just after the wedding, when I asked him solemly, if he didn't believe in cooking matches. He looked at "my Helen," sitting by his side, and said, rubbing his hands: "Yes, Pollie, it was a very good match, wasn't it?"

Holland has 12,000 wind mills in operation each doing a six or ten-horse power service through the twenty-four hours. They are kept up at an annual cost of $4,000,000, and perform all the service required of steam engines at one-twentieth the cost.

The Living Room.

BY CLARENCE COOK.

Let us begin with the frank abandonment of any formal parlor, but, taking the largest and pleasantest and most accessible room in the house, let us give it up to the wife and children in the daytime, and to the meeting of the whole family when evening comes. There is not much need at the present time to emphasize this suggestion, for it is one which experience and necessity have already made to a good many people; and now that the problem, "How to get a dwelling at a rent within moderate means" is being solved by the increase of "flats" and apartment houses, the "parlor" must be given up, there being no provision made for it in the common plans. But it is by no means my notion that the living-room should be a homely, matter-of-fact apartment, consecrated to the utilities, while the Muses and Graces are left to kick their heels in the hall. On the contrary, we want in the living-room, for a foundation, that the furniture shall be the best designed and best made that we can afford, and all of it intended to be used and necessary to our comfort; not an article to be allowed that doesn't earn its living, and cannot prove its right to be there. These wants being provided for first, then we will admit the ornaments of life—casts, pictures, engravings, bronzes, books, chief nourishers in life's feast; but in the beginning these are to be few, and of the choicest, and the greatest care is to be taken in admitting a new-comer. The room, from the very first, ought to represent the culture of the family,—what is their taste, what feeling they have for art; it should represent themselves, and not other people; and the troublesome fact is, that it will and must represent these, whether its owners would let it or no. If young people, after they have secured the few pieces of furniture that must be had, and made sure that they are what they ought to be, have some money left to get a picture, an engraving, or a cast, they ought to go to work to supply this want as seriously as they would the other, which seems the more necessary, but in reality is not a bit more necessary. I look upon this ideal living-room of mine as an important agent in the education of life; it will make a great difference to the children who grow up in it, and to all whose experience is associated with it, whether it be a beautiful and cheerful room, or only a homely and bare one, or a merely formal and conventional one. The relation of these things to education is all that gives any dignity or poetry to the subject, or makes it allowable for a reasonable man to give much thought to it. But it has a real vital relation to life, and plays an important part in education, and deserves to be thought about a great deal more than it is. It is therefore no trifling matter whether we hang poor pictures on our walls or good ones, whether we select a fine cast or a second-rate one. We might almost as well say it makes no difference whether the people we live with are first-rate or second-rate.—*Scribner.*

Fever Infection.

Men of science speak of epidemic waves, and of scarlet fever being communicated by the few drops of milk which you pour into your tea, or cream diffused in a dish of strawberries. On a late occasion, at a fashionable dinner-party in London, as many as eight or ten guests, and seven members of the household, took scarlet fever. Obviously, the infection must have been caught at the dinner-party; but *how* was the puzzling matter of inquiry, for no one in the family of the host was known to have been affected with the disorder. Was the disease brought to the house by a waiter? Was it conveyed in the table-linen from the washerwoman? Was it somehow incorporated in the cream that had been used in the dessert? An investigation on these and other points, as we understand, was made, but not with any satisfactory result. The cream was thought to be most likely the vehicle of infection; but how could any one be certain on the point? The cream employed in fashionable dessert in London is possibly made up of half a dozen creams from as many dairies and inquiry ends only in vague conjecture. Rather a hazardous thing, one would say, going out to dinner where you may run the chance of being killed in a manner so very mysterious! People, in their innocence, are not aware of the manner in which contagious diseases may be communicated by public conveyances, by articles of dress, by dwellings, by the very atmosphere. We have just heard an instance of the communication of scarlet fever by means of a "kist," the name usually given in Scotland to a servant's trunk. A servant girl in Morayshire fell all with scarlet fever, and died. Her kist, a painted wooden box, containing all her worldly goods, her later clothing included, was sent home to her relations, and lay for some weeks at a station on the Speyside Railway before an opportunity occurred for removing it by a cart to her mother's cottage among the hills. During this interval the station-master's children, in romping about, conducted their gambols on the kist, which was a repository of contagion, and in due course were struck down with scarlet fever. At length, the fatal kist was conveyed to its destinatian, and the contents were dispersed among friends and neighbors. The donations were kindly meant, but they proved fatal. No precautions had been taken to disinfect the articles, the result being that wherever the clothes of the deceased girl were taken in, scarlet fever found its victims. For several months the fever raged, until the wave of its infection was expended. Now ensued a remarkable event. The outbreak proved to be an opposing barrier to the spread of a more virulent type of scarlatina advancing from another quarter at a later period of the year. On reaching the former scene of the disease, it was arrested for want of material to feed upon; a second attack being very unusual.—*Chamber's Journal.*

The German Christmas.

It is strange that Christ's mass should be the great festival of the year in Prostestant Germany. In Catholic countries New Year's day is the grand fete when visits and congratulations are exchanged, and bonbons and *etrennes* fly about as at carnival times. With us Christmas means good cheer, full houses, blankets, coal and clothing clubs; plum-puddings dance while "greasy Joan doth keel the pot;" gardens are robbed of their greenery; fair damsels decorate the churches; there is feasting in the hut and flirting in the hall; full services, neighborly greetings, peace and good will all around the parish. The holly, the yew, the ivy, and the rosemary, climb up the pillars of the sanctuary; the jolly mistletoe hangs in the halls; no matter if "coughing down the parson's saw," he cuts his sermons short without any scruples at defrauding religion, and sends them all home to their plum-puddings. It is Christmas, and the people want to be happy in their homes.

But a German Christmas differs widely from ours. There is more sentiment (as we have seen) about, and less solid hospitality. More bustle, mystery, and preparation, but less religious fervor. The churches are bare and empty—the poor owe less to the bounty of the rich. It is more a domestic festival, celebrated in each household for its own special members, than a stretching forth of the arms of brotherly love, of tenderness, of charity, of loving kindness, which would fain embrace the whole world and greet all humanity anew. No, the rapture of rejoicing that greets the nativity in rational Germany quite loses sight of the great origin of the popular festival and it is only in fanciful utterances that the child learns something of the Christ whose mass it is. It may be that the lonely legends with which the babe is fed sow the seeds of unbelief in his mind, and that, later on, he finds, with dismay, that the religion of his childhood can never be the religion of his riper years; that all the fanciful fiction, and sweet, graceful stories which made him worship with the magi, and tremble at the manger, are but so many foolish fables with which his innocence has been cheated. It has been said by a great divine that a child should be drawn up to Heaven, not Heaven brought down to him; and, looking at the outcome of German Protestantism, one is not inclined to dispute the assertion.

The Mason's Grave.

In all the past ages the bodies of the Masonic dead have beed laid in graves dug east and west, with their faces toward the east. The practice has been borrowed and adopted by others until it has become nearly universal. It implies that when the final day shall come and he who is death's conqueror shall give the signal, His ineffable light shall first be seen in the east; that from the east he will make his glorious approach; will stand at the eastern margin of these graves, and with His mighty power, that grasp irresistibly strong which shall prevail, will raise the bodies which are therein. We shall long be buried, long decayed. Friends, yea nearest and dearest, will have to remember where they laid us. The broad earth will have undergone wondrous changes, mountains be leveled, valleys filled. The seasons will have chased each other in many a fruitful round. Ocean lashed into fury by the gales today, will to-morrow have sunk like a spoiled child to her slumber. Broad trees with broader roots, will have interlocked them above our ashes, as if to conceal the fact of our having lived; and then after centuries of life, they too, will have followed our examples of mortality, and long struggling with decay, at last will have toppled down their remains with ours, thus obliterating the last poor testimony that man has ever lain here. But the eye of God nevertheless, will mark the spot, green with the everlasting verdure of faith, and when the trumpet's blast shall shake the hills to their very basis, our astonished bodies will rise, impelled upward by an irresistible impulse, and we shall stand face to face with our Redeemer.

Instinct of Whales on the Approach of Danger.

Sperm whales have a means of communicating with each other at long distances—how long has never been determined; but certainly at distances as great as are commanded by the eye from the mast-head of a ship, or in a radius of six or seven miles. The means are a mystery, but every whaleman has observed the fact, and has based his operations in the chase upon it. It has been suggested that, as water is so good a conductor of sound, it may be by this, and but the distances are too great for any sound which the whale is capable of making to penetrate, and it is observed that the telegraph is as perfect as ever in high winds when a thousand waves are breaking. Dart an iron into a he-whale or gallie him by going on his eye, and almost simultaneously with his cutting flukes in the air the whole school will show alarm by running and cutting their flukes, or by disappearing from the surface, and coming up miles to windward and running head out.

If it be a female that is struck, the males are arrested in flight, and are apt to gather about her, and offer chances for more than a single whale. Again when a school of cows and calves are frightened to windward and a calf be struck, the whole school will "bring to," and gather closely around the wounded young, sometimes so closely packed that the enclosed boat will not dare to use the lance; and they will thus remain as long as the calf is alive or the iron holds. But should the iron draw or the calf die, the whole school will instantly scatter. Whaling captains have taken pains to observe from the masthead, when a boat was going on to a whale to leeward, the effect on the school miles to windward; and soon as the eye could turn from one spot to the other, the alarm of the struck whale to leeward would be communicated to those to windward.

Some Agricultural Items.

Pumpkins can be raised upon trees by simply placing a few of them under the trees during the blossoming season.

Scrape your seeds before planting, and they will grow trees that will bear fruit without any peelings on them.

Bend the limbs of your young trees down and cover their tops with earth, and when they have taken root, cut them from the tree and grow them wrong end up, and they will bear fruit without seeds.

To keep worms from your trees, draw a line on the ground around them, and shoot all the worms that cross the line—a shot gun is best, as it takes a good shootist to draw a bead on a worm with a rifle.

White beans should be raised on the south side of the barn, sheltered from the north wind.

Onions can be raised without any unpleasant smell to them, by grafting them on to parsley or summer savory. It is best to raise beefsteak and onions together.

Fish balls can be raised by enriching your lands with codfish. This I did not believe myself until I had tried it.

Salt your land to raise watermelons, it makes them thirsty. Grandfather raised one in this way that he had to tap it for the dropsy.

In planting corn, it is best to put a charge of powder in each hill, and if your corn does not come up promptly, you can blow it up. Any quantity of corn can be raised in this way, no matter how poor the land is.

Brown bread is best raised from the seed, but some prefer to buy it raised from the yeast at the baker's.

Egg-plants can be raised best with a little *hatch it.*

The hardiest chickens are those hatched from porcelain door-knobs, but few hens have perseverance enough for the business.

These are a few of the ideas on which I have successfully farmed for years.—*Joel Stoper.*

A Truthful Sketch.

Let a man fail in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have seen the light for months to come, but for the misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good: if not the scowl of the sheriff, perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favorite smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself upon his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move or to do, this thing or the other; there are spies about him, a writ is ready for his back. To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and, stop paying once in a life time. If he has kind friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral seive, it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

Training Up a Boy.

Have you a boy from five to eight years old? If so, it is a matter of the greatest importance that you train him up right. Teach him from the start that he can't run across the floor, whoop, chase around the back yard or use up a few nails and boards to make carts or boats. If you let him chase around he'll wear out shoes and clothes, and nails and boards cost money.

Train him to control his appetite. Give him the smallest piece of pie; the bone end of the steak; the small potato, and keep the butter dish out of his reach. By teaching him to curb his appetite you can keep him in good humor. Boys are always good humored when hunger gnaws at their stomachs. If he happens to break a dish, thrash him for it; that will mend the dish and teach him a lesson at the same time.

If you happen to notice that your boy's shoes are wearing out, take down the rod and give him a peeling. These shoes were purchased only ten months ago, and though you have worn out two pairs of boots during that time, the boy has no business to be hard on shoes. By giving him a sound thrashing you will prevent the shoes from wearing out.

When you want your boy to go on an errand you should state it, and add:

"Now go as quick as you can, and if you are gone over five minutes I'll cut the hide off of your back."

He will recognize the necessity of haste and will hurry up. You could not do the errand yourself inside of fifteen minutes, but he is not to know that. If you want him to pile wood, the way to address him is thusly:

"Now, see here, Harry, I want every stick of that wood piled up before noon. If I come home and find you haven't done it, I'll lick you till you can't stand up!"

It is more than a boy of life size ought to do in a whole day, but you are not to blame that he is not thirteen years old instead of eight.

If you hear that any one in the neighborhood has broken a window, stolen fruit or unhinged a gate, be sure that it was your boy. If he denies it, take down the rod and tell him that you will thrash him to death if he doesn't "own up," but that you will spare him if he does. He will own up to a lie to get rid of a thrashing, and then you can talk to him about the fate of liars and bad boys, and end up by saying:

"Go to bed now, and in the morning I'll attend to your case."

If you take him to church and he looks around, kicks the seat or smiles at some boy acquaintance, thrash him the moment you get home. He ought to have been listening to the sermon. If he sees all the other boys going to the circus, and wants fifteen cents to take him in, tell him what awful wicked things circuses are; how they demoralize boys; how he ought to be thrashed for even seeing the procession go by; and then when he's sound asleep do you sneak off, pay half a dollar to go in, and come home astonished at the menagerie and pleased with the wonderful gymnastic feats.

Keep your boy steady at school, have work for him every holiday; thrash him if he wants to go fishing or hunting; restrain his desire for skates, kites and marbles; rout him out at daylight, cold or hot, cuff his ears for asking questions; make his clothes out of your cast off garments, and you'll have the satisfaction, when old and gray headed, of knowing that you would have trained up a useful member of society had he not died just as he was getting well broken in.—*M. Quad.*

A Reminiscence of Secretary Stanton.

In the third year of the war, when flags were being placed over churches in Baltimore, Washington, and in many cities West and South, whose members were supposed to be disloyal, a house erected by Southern Methodists in Washington was dedicated. A minister of another denomination alone could be found to accept the service. As he approached the porch the flag was seen draped over the door. He deemed it his duty to maintain the principle of entire separation of church and state. Turning to the company assembled, he stated that duty forbade his officiating on the occasion; and his reasons would be given to the Secretary of War. Amid great excitement both of the suspected church and of army officials present, he returned home, and addressed a note to the Secretary, stating three reasons for his postponing the services: first, that neither the church members nor the excited crowd were in a frame of mind to dedicate a sanctuary for God; second, that there was a place to test loyalty, but that the sanctuary was not the place, since he who mistook patriotism for piety might mistake self-interest for patriotism; and third, that the suspicion expressed by the flag was a stain on Christian character, tested for years, which must be removed before they could be recognized by a minister of another denomination. With his characteristic vehemence the Secretary exclaimed, as the note was read to him "He is in the right." The flag was down before 2 o'clock, and no flag from that day was allowed to be put over a church.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Going Home.

It was scarcely more than an hour's drive along a quiet country road. For a mile or two the reluctant village straggled after. Then we passed solitary farmhouses and laborers' cottages, a vineyard, an old graveyard, and the rugged sides of a rocky hill. And then a little belt of wooded swamp lands stretched out its arms of fir, and pine, and hemlock, full of spicy odors, and merry little birds, and squirrels and gray rabbits, all the summer long. In the winter this was the place where the fairies hung out their washings, and sometimes their pearls and diamonds. Beyond, the road grew rougher and narrower, winding up hill and down hill, over tumbling brooks and a noisy river.

But every rod of the way was as familiar as our father's house. We knew where and when to look for the waxen cups of shining laurel, for pink azaleas, for the earliest May flowers, and the latest trails of clematis and swinging southern moss. We knew, too, when a meadow fence had been built, or mended, and saw, with ready interest, every patch of new shingles on a wayside house or barn. We noted whose haying was coming on earliest, whose woodpile was largest, and whose corn promised best; while every face we met was the face of a friend. So with many a nod and a smile, and word of neighborly greeting, we drove at last faster, as we came to the end of our journey, up to our father's door.

They had heard from within the sound of our coming wheels, and there, on the threshold, stood our mother, smiling, and stretching out her hands. Presently, from across the street, and across the gardens, one and another of our friends came in, always so glad to see us. Glad to see us for ourselves, and glad for the ripple of outside life we brought to the quiet neighborhood. The table was laid with the choicest of farm and dairy; the little family troubles were brought out for consideration and sympathy as well as the family joys; and for our brief stay we were the centre of the household and neighborhood.

But of all the pleasures of the welcome home, the smiling mother with the outstretched hands is the dearest symbol now. It is eight years since the eager hands were folded for their rest under the grass on the hillside. Folded forever! We go and come, and come and go, but they beckon nevermore. We see the white headstone that says so little, and yet so much, from the windows of the room that was hers, but we see nothing besides.

Has that loving heart forgotten then? Are the hands to be stretched out to us never again? Are the swift feet stayed forever in their coming? No! No! It is only that our journey home is not yet accomplished. This empty, hungry, aching "mother-want" will be some day satisfied.

We are on our journey, up hill and down hill, and in all sorts of weather. Along familiar scenes, and among friendly faces. Nearer and nearer, faster and faster. Already they, within the veil, may have heard the sound of our coming, and be pressing to meet us with out-streching welcome. The things which God hath prepared have not entered into the heart of a man, but we have each our own thought and expectation of heaven. And for me, my heaven is as a going home. And as the heavens are higher than the earth, so will be the joy of that home coming higher than the joy of this.

My Lady's Plumes.

"As foolish as an ostrich," has long since passed into a proverb, and, unlike most sayings of its kind, is a true one; the bird being, under certain circumstances, one of the most stupid known to man. It must not, however, be imagined that the creature calmly allows itself to be approached and captured; far from that. At the slightest noise it starts off upon its lumbering course, and with distended wings rushes hither and thither pell-mell, running until it is completely exhausted, when it displays its innocence by hiding its head.

Some years ago I was traveling in Africa, and by accident, for I was after different game, came across a native engaged in collecting ostrich feathers.

It being impossible for us to accompany the man, we were obliged to content ourselves by viewing the amusement through our glasses, the ostriches being far too wary to allow us to approach them. The hunter dressed himself in the prepared skin of one of the birds, then, armed with a bow and arrows, started towards the group, distant about a mile, running just as an ostrich does when it has strayed from its flock. After trotting for a short distance he would pause and pretend to feed, then start off again, in circles, until he gradually approached the nearest of his prey, when he suddenly dropped his neck in a very unnatural fashion, and, drawing his bow, shot the creature just behind the wing, after which he once more raised his disguise and proceeded to the next victim. It was amusing to watch the gravity of the other birds; and for some moments it seemed as though he would secure a second prize, but, alarmed by the unnatural action of his neck, the rest of the birds started at a gallop and soon flounedered out of sight over the horizon. When running at full speed, the ostrich appears to skim over the ground, the motions of its limbs being so rapid as to thoroughly deceive the spectator.

Making the best of our way toward the hunter, we found him busily engaged in plucking the plumes and talking to the bird in a most comical fashion.

"Why don't you have better feathers? Ah, you scamp, you don't mind dying, now that your covering is so rusty! Come, not a single good one?

The bird proved to be old, and almost valueless, finding which the man grew more and more angry. However, before sunset he contrived to secure a specimen that was really worth capturing, and which, I should think, weighed three hundred pounds.

He informed us that sometimes the ostrich will turn and kick like a horse, and that he had known hunters to be pounded to death by the creatures. That night we partook of ostrich flesh; the fat of which was of a bright orange color, and was by no means unpalatable. We were also treated to a rude omelet compound of the eggs, which made us all very sick.

I have never seen these creatures hunted with horses, although I was informed that this method is sometimes followed. After we broke camp, the African packed his spoils in a case made of light wood, then started upon his journey to the nearest market—distance, four hundred miles.

When taken from the bird, the feathers are dull and uninviting in appearance, it being left to the art of foreigners to render them into those beautiful objects known as my lady's plumes.

The Fur Seal.

From Mr. Henry Elliott's report on the condition of affairs in the Territory of Alaska, the following new facts in regard to seals are extracted. Mr. Elliott is employed now in the Smithsonian institute, and is a young man of most superior attainments:

"The male fur seal at the age of six or seven years is described as an animal that will measure six and one-half to seven and one-quarter feet in length from tip of nose to end of tail, and weigh at least four hundred and sometimes as much perhaps as six hundred pounds. The head in comparison with the immense thick neck and shoulders, seems to be unproportionately small, but as we come to examine it we find that it is mostly all occupied by the brain; the light frame work of the skull supports an expressive pair of large, blue-hazel eyes, and a muzzle and jaws of nearly the same size and form observed in any Newfoundland dog, with the difference of having no flabby, hanging lips; the upper lips support a white and yellowish-gray moustache, long and luxuriant, composed of heavy stiff bristles. The forefeet or hands are a pair of dark bluish-black flippers, about eight or ten inches broad. The shape of the flipper is strikingly like a human foot, providing the latter were drawn out to a length of twenty or twenty-two inches, the instep flattened down and the toes run out into thin, membranous oval-tipped points, only skin-thick, leaving three strong cylindrical, grayish, horn-colored nails, half an inch long, back six inches from these shining toe-ends, without any nails to mention on the big and little toe.

As we look on this fur seal's progression, that which seems most odd is the gingerly manner in which he carries these hind flippers. They are held out at right angles from the body, directly opposite the pelvis, the toe ends and flaps slightly waving and curling above the earth. The neck, chest and shoulders of a fur seal bull comprise more than two-thirds of his whole weight, and in this long, thick neck and fore limbs is embodied the larger portion of his strength; when on land with the fore feet he does all climbing over rocks, the hind flippers being gathered up after every second step forward. These fore-feet are the propelling power when in water, the hinder ones being used as rudders chiefly.

The females or cows, like the males, vary much in weight, but are much lighter, only weighing from eighty to one hundred and twenty pounds. The strong contrast between the males and females in size and shape is heightened by the air of exceeding peace and amiability which the latter class exhibit. They are from four to four and a half feet in length from head to tail, and much more shapely in their proportions than the male, the neck and shoulder being not near so fat and heavy in proportion to their posteriors. The head and eye of the female are really attractive; the expression is exceedingly gentle and intelligent; the large, lustrous eyes, in the small, well-formed head, apparently gleam with benignity and satisfaction when she is perched upon some convenient rock and has an opportunity to quietly fan herself."

Preferences in Marriage.

As to physical preferences, I confess that I have felt sufficient interest in the subject to ask a score of short men the kind of stature they most admired in women, when they made the following replies: two for medium size, two for small, thirteen for tall, and three for very tall. But, as may be observed, twenty is hardly a sufficient number on which to base a theory; still, it is enough to indicate that there are probabilities in favor of it, and in the absence of more extended tests I am inclined to believe that, where there are sixteen for and only four against, the small man prefers the large woman.

In such a matter the rough sex is more outspoken. Indeed, it is a common topic among men to give a description of the woman they admire, while the modesty which belongs to women usually keeps them from entering into details after the masculine manner. It is only in moments of corner expansion that the woman confides to a friend that she has a marked preference, in which case she is more enthusiastic in her admiration than the man, and invests her type with the attributes of heroism.

If the affairs of civilized life permitted selection, unbiassed by any other consideration than that of natural attraction, guided as it would be by human intelligence, the race would of course reach a degree of perfection which it is far from possessing at present. Genius and learning would walk hand in hand with the Venus of Milo and the Apollo Belvidere. In this age the obstacles to such a race amelioration appear to be greater than ever for the most important considerations now entertained in the union of man and woman have but little to do with their mental, moral, and physical improvement.—*Galaxy.*

Corporal Punishment in the Schools.

Within a few years some of our communities have forbidden all resort to corporal punishment for refractory pupils. It is denounced as barbarous and degrading. An indiscreet administration of it arouses an excitement as indiscreet as the original sin. Instead of removing the one offender, we remove from all hands the weapon with which he has offended. It is always so much easier to generalize than to discriminate.

Nevertheless I relapse into barbarism sufficiently to suggest that, in the present state of our civilization and our school organization, corporal punishment is a means of grace which we cannot abolish, and have not abolished without injury. The necessity of using it is very, perhaps increasingly rare. The teacher who frequently and freely resorts to it is presumptively unfit for his situation. But the power to use it should rest in the teacher, and is a preventive of mischief. Corporal punishment has never been abolished in the kingdoms of nature or of grace. Every teacher knows that there are boys, who, by some inward conformation or some defect of home training, do not respond to the ordinary motives of the school-room.

We give the little victims over, unhelped and hardened, to the cruel indulgence, to the fatal unwisdom of their untaught, uncapable guardians. To turn many of these boys out of school is to turn them upon the street, is to turn them loose into a life of idleness and lawlessness. It is unjust to the parents, as well as ruinous to the child. The former have paid their share of the taxes which support the school and they have a right to all the benefit which the school is capable of bestowing. When they send their children to school, the school ought to teach and govern them, not send them home again. This is just what the naughty boys want. In very many cases the rod would not need to be used, if the boy knows that by playing tricks, or by prolonged idleness, or contumacy, or rebellion, he will be only sent adrift, he will play the tricks and wrench himself free from restraint. The sweeping away of corporal punishment from schools is the flowering of that tare of weakness which springs to vigorous growth side by side with the wheat of kindness in your rich American soil. It is the same vague, blind, emasculate, injudicious complaisance which winks at crime and shrinks from punishment and pardons out, and is not so far removed from cruelty to the community as it is from beneficence to the criminal. And always and everywhere it is, to the full measure of its influence, subversive of manhood and fatal to character.—*Gail Hamilton, in Independent.*

Teaching Children Courage.

Courage is a vital element of Christian chivalry. Without it indeed neither truth nor fidelity to promise can be hoped for. The coward is sure to lie when truth means punishment, and sure to retreat from his engagements when they involve peril. We need valiant souls that have learned to endure and scorn pain, and to face danger fearlessly and promptly when duty requires. Some parents evade this vital part of training by glosses and deception. A mother who has taken her boy to the dentist's to get a tooth out will often say, if he is shrinking, "Sit still, my my boy; it won't hurt you." Now she knows it will hurt him, but thinks if she can only get him by this device to sit still and let the dentist get hold of the tooth, then his discovery of the pain will not hinder its extraction.