T

FRED. KURTZ,

VOLUME X.

Be Happy Now.

Come be gay, while yet we may,
Darker days betide us;
Youth goes by with joy and gladness,
Age comes with care and sadness;
Then the earth will hide us.

Where are they who ere our day
Revelled happy hearted?
Some to realms of light supernal,
Some to Stygian shades infernal—
All are now departed.

Life as brief as fading leaf,
Fast away is faring;
Death comes rapid, rushing on us,
Lays his icy hand upon us,
No one mortal sparing.

Make the Old Folks Happy.

As we fill up the fleeting moments,
As we pass through the busy day,
As we sow in the upturned furrows,
Or reap for the harvest gay,
As we follow life's varied fancies,
Rejoicing in our youth,
Do we make the old folks happy?
Do we heed their wants forsooth?

Precious mother, how she loved us!
And, ah! how she loves us still,
As she sits serenely smiling,
In her cap with its snowy frill.
And yet ofttimes we forget her.
When younger hearts enthrall—
Let us make dear mother happy
Till she hears the angel's call.

And poor father, bent and broken,
Like a reed in the driving wind—
Let us steady his wavering footsteps,
And bear with his childish mind.
He was once our pride and solace,
In his strong days long ago—
Let us make dear father happy
While he's spared to us below.

Let us make the old folks happy,
Lest we too when growing old
Should look in vain to our children
For the comforts we withhold.
While the light is flickering feebly
In its dim, uncertain glow
Let us make the old folks happy
With love's sweet overflow.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

A close cab laden with luggage drove up to Euston station, England, in time for the 7:30 A. M. train for the north. While the porters surrounded the boxes, the occupants of the cab passed straight through on to the platform, looking rather nervously about them. They were two—a very pretty girl in a most fascinating traveling costume of blue serge and fur, and an elderly woman, who, from her appearance, might have been her nurse.

"Sit here, and don't move, Miss Edith, while I take your ticket; now, mind you don't stir;" and she deposited her on a bench.

"Are you the young lady as has ordered a through carriage reserved?" asked a guard, with official abruptness.

"Yes."

"Then come along of me, miss."

"No, no; I must wait," and Edith, who was quite unused to traveling, grasped her bag and did not move. The guard looked astonished, but only shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Presently he came back.

"You'll be late, miss," he said, not encouragingly. "Train'll be off in another minute." Edith looked at him in despair. Should she leave her post? Would Jenkins never come back? A loud agressive bell began to ring. Edith started up; she seized all the things Jenkins had put under her charge—rugs, carpet-bag, umbrella case, loose shawl and provision basket—and was trying to stagger away under the load, when Jenkins came back very hot and flurried, seized half the packages, and hurried her to the train. The guard unlocked the special carriage, and put her in.

"No hurry, ma'am," he said; "four minutes still."

"I don't at all like it, now it has come to the point, Jenkins," said Edith, leaning out of the window.

"Nor I, miss; and how your mamma could let you go all alone like this passes me. But I have spoken to the guard and written to the station master, and you've a good bit to eat, and not a blessed soul to get into the carriage from end to end; so don't be afraid, my dear, and I make no doubt that your dear uncle will meet you at the other end."

"I have no doubt that one of my uncles will—I hope Uncle John, as I have never seen Uncle George."

"Everything you want, miss?" said an extra porter. "I have put in all the rugs and a hot water tin, and the luggage is all right in the van just behind."

"All right, all right!" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the porter, pocketing a shining half crown.

A gentleman suddenly came running on to the platform; the train was just about to start. "Here, porter, take my portmanteau; quick—smoking carriage!"

"All full, sir! quick, sir, please!"

"It's Mr. George!" cried Jenkins, suddenly. Edith started forward. "Oh!"

The gentleman caught sight of Jenkins. "Here, guard, guard! put me in here!"

"Can't, sir—special."

"Quick; let me in! it's—it's my niece!"

The train began to move.

"Confound you, be quick!"

The door was opened just in time, and Edith, as excited as Mr. George, seized him with both hands by the coat sleeve and pulled him with all her might into the carriage. They were off.

Mr. George sat down opposite to Edith with a sigh of relief.

"I am so glad to see you, Uncle George," said Edith, timidly; "for though I am generally bold enough, I was rather afraid of this long journey."

"I will take care of you," said the uncle. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, my dear." The "my dear" sounded a little strained, as though it were not a common expression on Uncle George's lips, and Edith looked up at him. She had not expected her uncle to be so young in appearance, but she had often heard her mother say that he was the youngest looking man of his age she had ever known; and now she quite agreed, for though she knew him to be really about fifty-eight years of age, he might from his appearance be taken for five-and-twenty, or even less. He was remarkably good looking—more so than she had expected—and his eyes looked very young and frank and blue. There was a twinkle in them also; she was sure that he was fond of fun. Edith felt quite fond of her uncle; she was not one bit afraid of him—his face was so open, and good, and kindly.

"Now we must make ourselves comfortable," said Uncle George, and he proceeded to set to work. He put the rugs and baskets into the nets, he pushed the carpet-bag and portmanteau under the seat, took off his hat, put on a very becoming Turkish fez, extracted newspapers from his pocket, spread a shawl over Edith's knees, and then wriggled himself comfortably into a corner seat.

"How well old Jenkins wears!" he said. "She looks like a young dairy maid."

"Oh!" said Edith, a little shocked at his irreverence.

"I remember how she used to feed me with dried fruit and macaroons out of the storeroom."

"Really! surely she is not old enough for that?"

"Oh, ah! I forget her age; but the fact was, I wasn't of course a boy."

"Of course not. Why, I think mamma said that you and Jenkins were born the same day—or was she the eldest?"

"Oh, I was the eldest."

"No, you were not; I remember she was three weeks older than you, and it was because she was your foster sister that she always was so fond of you. Indeed, mamma said that she wanted to leave her to go to you and Aunt Maria when your eldest children were born, even out to India."

"My eldest children! what do you mean? Oh! by-the-bye, yes; they are dead."

"Dead! my Cousin George dead?"

"Yes, yes, my dear."

"Poor little Addie! was it true that George never got over her loss?"

"Don't!" said Uncle George, abruptly; and he held up a newspaper upside down.

Edith touched his arm very gently.

"I am so sorry. Uncle George," she said, sweetly. "If I had known that you had lost them both, I would not have said anything; please forgive me. And poor Aunt Maria, too! Oh, I beg your pardon."

Uncle George threw down his paper and looked smilingly at her.

"Does your mamma ever speak of me?"

"Constantly, perpetually;" said Edith, her voice still a little choked.

"And what does she say of me?"

"She says that you are the dearest, kindest, warmest hearted, most sweet dispositioned old gentleman existing; she says you have been a gallant officer, and a loyal, true hearted soldier." Edith's eyes kindled. "And I have heard how you distinguished yourself in India, and I—I am very glad to see you, Uncle George."

"Yes, yes, he is all that," said he, with enthusiasm.

"What? who?" asked Edith, confused.

"My father—I—I—I mean my son."

"Poor George! he was a most distinguished soldier also. I wish I had known him. No, Uncle George, I won't speak so, I do not wish to pain you."

"I like to hear all you tell me about him, my dear."

"I have only heard how good a soldier he was, and that he was so handsome and so good."

"And had he faults and defects?"

Edith looked surprised.

"I used to hear that he was conceited."

"No, no," said Uncle George, hastily; "never was that. He was proud, I grant—perhaps too proud—but never conceited."

"Poor George!" sighed Edith; "I had so looked forward to know him."

"Had you, really?"

"Yes; I never had a companion of my own age. Do tell me, shall I like my cousins at Hatton?"

"I think so, some of them; do you mean Uncle John's daughters or his step-children?"

"Both."

"I think you will like Mary, tolerate Susan, abhor Agatha, admire Jane, and adore Alice."

"Alice is the adorable one, is she?" said Edith, laughing; "and is she the one they say is so pretty?"

"Oh, no; poor Alice is deformed, and can never leave the sofa; but she has the sweetness of an angel, and the courage of a martyr: she is not in the least pretty."

"Oh, what a trial! always on the sofa!"

"What a sweet little thing this is!" thought Uncle George, but he said nothing.

"How comes it that you know none of your cousins?" said he, suddenly.

"Why do you want me to tell you what you know so much better than I do, Uncle George?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but naturally I want to know your side of the story. Have you never been at Hatton?"

"Never; and I thought it so very kind of you to induce Uncle John to persuade mamma to let me go."

"Yes; I thought, you know, that a few companions of your own age would do you good. How old are you?"

"Did you not get mamma's letter in which she told you that I was to be eighteen to-morrow?"

"No; it must have come late. I never heard of it."

"How very unfortunate! Then no one will know I am coming. She asked you to tell Uncle John about the train and things."

"Ah, ah! that letter! oh, of course, that is all right. I don't—I—I sometimes don't read letters through."

Edith laughed.

"I hope I shall see a great deal of you, Uncle George, for I know how fond I shall be of you, for my mother loves you so dearly."

"It is very kind of her."

"And do you know, since we came to live in England, I have never paid a single visit, or been for one week away from home. Oh, it is such fun going to Hatton! Do my cousins ride?"

"Yes, a great deal; are you fond of it?"

"I love it; there is nothing in the world to me like a good gallop. Ah, it was the greatest trial of all my life when Queen Mab was sold!"

"When was that?"

"Mamma made me give up riding, or rather I gave it up of myself, because it made her so nervous."

"What else do you care for—dancing?"

"Oh, I love it; but I have never been to a ball in my life."

"There are to be two at Hatton next week, and you must promise me the first waltz at each."

"Do you waltz?"

"Oh, yes. You see I am not such an old fogy as you expected."

"No; nobody would believe you to be fifty-eight, but for one thing."

"What is that?"

But Edith blushed and would not answer.

"You need not mind, child, I never was at all sensitive; and, alas! now my memory is not what it was."

"That's it," said Edith, eagerly; "only I did not like to say it. Here we are at a station."

It was now ten o'clock; Uncle George bought the *Times* and *Daily News*, and they both began to read. About twelve o'clock the pangs of hunger began to assail Edith, and she exclaimed:

"Uncle George, it is only twelve o'clock, and I must eat to live."

"I have been existing merely for the last hour with the greatest difficulty, but I have got nothing wherewith to refresh exhausted nature; I calculated on a bun at Carlisle."

"Hours hence! No, I am amply provided. Will you have beef or chicken sandwiches, or cold partridge, or what?"

They made a very good lunch, and uncle and niece grew hourly better acquainted.

"I believe we ought to look out of the window," said he, presently. "My father said that the country about here was quite beautiful."

"That must have been before the days of railways," said Edith, gravely. "Those coaching days must have been quite delightful."

"They were."

"Mamma has told me about that extraordinary adventure you and papa had on the Aberdeen coach."

"It was extraordinary."

"Papa caught the branch of a tree, did he not?"

"Yes; and do you remember what I did?"

"You jumped out just as the coach upset, and sat on all the horses' heads."

"And a most uneasy seat it must have been; and did Uncle Arthur—I mean your papa—remain suspended in mid-air?"

"No, he swung into the tree. I have often heard of your climbing exploits, and that when you were young you could climb any tree."

"I have not lost the power," said Uncle George, stretching himself. "Holloa!"

"What is the matter?" said Edith, startled.

"Nothing—nothing—sit still!"

But she followed the direction of his eyes. The train (a very long one) was going round a sharp curve, they were in one of the last carriages, and to her horror and terror, she saw, about a hundred yards in front of the train, a whole herd of cows on and off the line—two or three frantically galloping.

All heads were stretched out of the windows, clamoring tongues and even cries resounded from the other carriages, but neither Edith nor George utter a sound, only she put back her hand and caught his; he seized it very tightly in the suspense, knowing well that a terrible accident might be impending. It was hardly a second, but it seemed a lifetime. The frantic cattle rushed off the line in a body, all but one, unfortunate beast. The guards put on the very heaviest brakes, but the impetus was so great that the slackening was hardly perceptible. It may have been fortunate that it was so, for, instead of upsetting the train, the cow was tossed off the line utterly destroyed, and the engine rushed on in safety.

George and Edith sat down opposite to each other; both were very pale.

"Thank God!" said Edith, and she covered her face with one hand. George did not speak, but he took off his cap and looked out of the window for one minute.

"Now I shall give you some sherry," he said, suddenly. "You are the pluckiest little brick I ever came across. Any other girl would have screamed."

HE CENTRE REPORTE

, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1877.

SCENE OF THE TURCO-RUSSIAN WAR.

"I never scream," said Edith, indignantly; "and I don't want any sherry."

"I am your uncle, and I say you are to have some—drink it up."

"I hate wine," she said, giving back the flask.

"There, good child, to do as you are told."

At the next station a perfect crowd of passengers was waiting for the up train. great *fete* was going on in the next town for the visit of some royal personage, and the train was filled to overflowing. Presently the civil guard came up to the special carriage, and said, most deprecatingly, that there was one gentleman who couldn't find a place anywhere; and as he was only going to the next station, would they admit him just for that twenty minutes? Uncle George consented very discontentedly, and very grudgingly moved his long legs to admit of the entry of a very stout old gentleman, who sat heavily down, and received into his ample lap a perfect pile of packages and baskets, and a brace of hares, and a rabbit tied by the legs, which he had dexterously suspended by a string round his neck.

"Not worth while, indeed, my dear madam," he said, as Edith began to make room for his things. "Only twenty minutes—no inconvenience, I assure you."

The heavily weighted train moved off. The old gentleman now began a series of playful bows which made the hares and rabbits dance up and down.

"It really was too good of you to admit an old fogy like me," he said, blandly "for of course with half an eye I can see the tender situation."

A deep growl from Uncle George. He gave a little start and went on to himself:

"Sweet young couple! just married, eh?"

Edith felt half choked with laughter, but she managed to say convulsively:

"Will you give me my book, Uncle George?"

The old gentleman started, cocked his head as a blackbird does when he perceives a very fat worm, and muttered:

"Impossible!"

Edith and George were wrapped in their respective novels. The old gentleman fidgeted, sighed and arranged his features into a most sanctimonious expression. There was dead silence till he reached his station, where he descended. The departure bell was ringing, when his head suddenly reappeared at the window, the hares and rabbit streaming wildly from the back of his neck.

"My children," he said, "take my advice—go back to your friends. This"— A little shriek ended his discourse; the train was going on; and he, being borne along on the step involuntarily, two stout porters rushed to the rescue and lifted him off. Edith and George laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks."

"I could eat again, with a little persuasion," said George, presently.

"Why, what o'clock is it?"

"Just five, and we shall not get in till eight thirty. Remember that we had our luncheon at twelve.

"Very well." And they proceeded to eat.

The sun had gone down, and the whole sky was gorgeous with gold and crimson light, on which great black clouds floated prophetically.

"What a grand sky!" said Edith.

"Magnificent! Nowhere does one see such clouds as in England."

"Were you very fond of India?"

"Of course I am; my work lies there, my hopes, my future."

Edith looked astonished. "I should have thought," she said, "that now you would be content to rest at home; but I admire you for loving work. Shall you go out again?"

"That depends very much upon circumstances. It would be a great grief to me to give up my profession."

"It is very odd, but I certainly thought that mamma told me you had given up your profession."

"She was mistaken," said Uncle George, shortly.

"I have often longed to go to India," cried Edith.

"Have you?" said George, very eagerly.

"Oh, yes, beyond anything; life there gives everybody a chance. I mean, heroic men and great characters are formed in India, and men have great responsibilities and development for quite a different class of most desirable qualities there."

"That is quite true; and you are just the sort of woman to help a man to do anything."

"I am so glad you think so, Uncle George," she said, laughing and blushing.

At seven o'clock they reached a very large station, where the train had half an hour to wait. They got a cup of tea, and then, both being rather cold, they began to walk vigorously up and down to the very end of the terminus. It was quite dark at the far end, and they stood side by side, looking up into the mouth of the great station with its mighty arch. Trains rushed past, or heavily moved away with a harsh, discordant whistle. Great red lamps loomed out of the darkness like dragon's eyes. George drew Edith hastily on one side that she might not be struck by the chain of a huge carthorse which passed close by them, on its way to bring up a coal-truck. It was very cold, and they stamped up and down, and George enjoyed a fragrant cigar.

"Take your seats!" shouted the porter. "Take your seats!" And they resumed their places.

"Them's a bride and bridegroom," said a stout countrywoman to a friend; and the loud guttural "Lor!" with which the news was received reached the ears of the travelers.

A blazing lamp was in the carriage, and under its yellow light Edith tried to read.

"Don't read, Edith," said the young uncle, suddenly. "Talk instead."

She shut up her book.

"To tell you the truth, Uncle George," she said, "we are getting so near that I am beginning to feel ridiculously nervous."

He looked at his watch, and suddenly started.

"So late," he said. "We shall be there in ten minutes."

"Oh!"

"And the fact is," he began, restlessly fidgeting; "the fact is—a—a—I have got a confession to make to you."

"To me! oh, Uncle George!"

"—— Uncle George!"

Edith looked startled beyond measure.

"The fact is, Edith, I am not my father."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I am my son."

"But he is dead."

"No, no; only, what was a fellow to say when you pressed me so hard? I am your Cousin George!"

"Oh!"

"And we have been such friends, you won't be angry? Are you vexed, Edith?" and he took both her hands.

"No; only astonished. I think—on the whole, I am rather—glad."

"That's all right; for, do you know, Edith, I seem to have known you for years! You have shown to-day every good quality a woman can possibly possess."

"Don't spoil me by such sayings."

"And Edith, dear Edith, do you know—confound it! here we are!—only this, I should like to go on traveling with you, like this, for ever and ever—and"—

Hatton! Hatton! tickets, please, Hatton

"Here Jones! take Miss Edith's bag. Is the carriage up?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a cart? there is a heap of luggage."

"All right, sir."

"Come along, Edith! here we are, and my father is in the carriage."

New York's Foundations.

The lowest apparent foundation of Manhattan island is a bed of granite. Generally, above that there is a thick layer of gneiss, and above that, a diluvium of sand, gravel and small bowlders, the wash long since rolled down from the upper Hudson. There are points, as in the valley at Manhattanville, on the Harlem flats, and those at Kingsbridge, where the diluvium lays deep, and where the granite and gneiss do not reach above tide mark. At Fort Washington, quartz lies immediately atop of the granite; and on the hills just south of the Spuyten Duyvel, primitive lime stone intervenes between the granite below and the gneiss on top. About Sixtieth street there seems to be a deep interval separating the granite bed, and the chasm is filled up with syenite and serpentine. But under the present main city, from the Battery to Sixtieth street, three continuous, equal and parallel strata extend; granite below, gneiss next, and diluvium above. Such is the geological structure of the island.

Reproving a Turkish Governor.

The old Adam is still strong in the Turkish disciples of constitutional law. The other day some inhabitants of Pognoniani came to Constantinople to complain personally to Parliament of their governor, Yusuf Ali Bey. On being informed that Parliament could not receive their complaint in that form they departed much disappointed, when, fortunately for them, and unluckily for Yusuf, they espied him quietly sipping his mocha in a convenient coffee house.

They all marched up to him, and the elder of the party, standing before him, began to recapitulate all the enormities he had been guilty of. Having thus admonished him, the whole party then fell upon him and thrashed him unmercifully, till the Zaptiehs interfered, and assured the aggressors that their conduct was highly unparliamentary.

Our Map.

We lay before our readers a map of that part of Europe which will be the scene of opening hostilities between Turkey and Russia. The eyes of millions of people are likely to be directed to this part of the world for some time to come, and the result of the conflict will be looked for with eager interest. The map—obtained by us from the New York *Tribune*—will afford food for study to those who desire to keep track of the two armies, and who wish to be posted upon their future movements. The first line of Turkish defenses runs near the right bank of the Danube river, from Chervetz to Silistria, while the Russian army occupied Kischeneff, a railroad town between Odessa and Jassy, as shown on the map. The second line of defenses at which the Turks are intrenched is in the Balkan range of mountains, and there they are strongly fortified, and it will be difficult to dislodge them, as the country is rough and unbroken and forms a great rampart, which will have to be surmounted before Constantinople can be reached. The map also traces the two boundary lines of Russia—one before and the other after the Crimean war. The Danube is guarded by a Turkish fleet, which will co-operate with the land forces.

Cremation in Milan.

The city of Milan, Italy, has, for some time past, been agitated to no small extent by public and private discussions of the subject of cremation. About three years ago Alberto Koller, of that city, a wealthy philanthropist and an enthusiast on this subject, bequeathed about $6,000 to the city for the purpose of constructing a suitable place for cremating bodies, at the same time offering his own body for that purpose. His wishes were carried out to the letter by a commission of eminent gentlemen, but as the preparations required time, it was necessary that Koller's body should be embalmed. Though the experiment succeeded perfectly in the case of a body thus preserved, it became a question whether similarly satisfactory results could be arrived at with a corpse not thus treated. This occasioned a wide diversity of sentiment in the city between the cremationists and the anti-cremationists, and lists were passed around among the former, pledging the signers to devote their bodies to cremation. One more instance was wanted, and then the crematory apparatus of the commission would, it was hoped, be declared a success. But the proselytes to these views resolutely refused to die in order that they might be declared triumphant; and, as it was considered necessary by the authorities to have the consent of the friends of the deceased, considerable difficulty was experienced in finding a subject. The process was tried in the case of a woman who had expressed a wish to be cremated, but the results were far from decisive. Still another experiment became necessary, and at last consent was obtained of the family of an old man, sixty-one years of age, by the promise of a suitable reward. The mayor, Count Jules Bellenzaghi; his assistant, Lord Stef; the superintendent of cemeteries, a number of medical men and journalists, and several ladies, whose curiosity led them to brave the somewhat unpropituous weather, were present, and watched attentively the different stages of cremation. The apparatus was situated in the cupola of a little temple, and consisted of a sort of retort formed extensively like an ancient sarcophagus. Into this the corpse was introduced, being laid upon a sort of grating formed of crossed bars of iron, and was then submitted to the heat of a series of gas-jets, so arranged as to allow no part of the body to be touched by the flames, and also so as to subject the trunk and head, the parts most difficult to be carbonized, to a much greater heat. Through a little glass window placed in the end of the retort the successive stages of cremation were watched and recorded by several prominent scientific gentlemen of the city. The results, however, were not entirely satisfactory, the residue after cremation, during an hour and a half, being something over four pounds, or more than double what should result from perfect incineration.

Fishing in China.

The lakes and rivers of China, and especially of the north, are so abundantly stocked with fish, that in some places the men called fish catchers make their living by actually seizing and drawing them out with their hands. The man goes into the water, and proceeds half walking half swimming, raising his arms above his head, and letting them drop, striking the surface with his hands. Meanwhile his feet are moving on the muddy bottom. Presently he stoops with a rapid dive and brings up a fish in his hand. The striking of the surface was intended to frighten the fish, which when alarmed sink to the bottom; then the naked feet feel them among the mud, and once felt, the practiced hand secures them in a moment. Catching fish in this manner is of course a trade in itself, and the plentiful supply it implies is somewhat explained by the fact that even the little ponds of northern China swarm with scaly life.

Another curious method employed by the Chinese is generally practiced at night, and depends upon a peculiar power which a white screen, stretched under the water, seems to possess over the fishes, decoying them to it and making them leap. A man, sitting at the stern of a long narrow boat, steers her with a paddle to the middle of a river, and there stops. Along the right hand side of his boat a narrow sheet of white canvas is stretched; when he leans to that side it dips under the surface, and if it be a moonlit night, gleams through the water. Along the other side of the boat a net is fastened so as to form a barrier two or three feet high. The boatman keeps perfectly still. If another boat passes by, he will not speak; he is only impatient at the slight breaking of the silence. While he keeps thus without a sound or stir, the fish, attracted by the white canvas, approach and leap, and would go over the narrow boat and be free in their native waters on the other side, but for the screen of netting, which stops them, and throws them down before the man's feet.

The Longest Tunnel in the Union.

Few people know how great an engineering enterprise is going on in Baltimore county, Md. For one thing alone, a tunnel six and four-fifths miles long—36,510 feet—is being built under ground, for over four-fifths the distance through hard gneiss and granite. It will be the longest tunnel in the country, and there will be only two larger in the world—the Mont Cenis, which is eight miles in length, and the St. Gothard, now in progress of construction, and which is to be nine and a quarter miles. The tunnel is a circle twelve feet in diameter. The country along the line of the work is hilly, and the tunnel varies in depth below the surface from sixty-seven to three hundred and fifty-three feet. There are fifteen shafts in the main tunnel, the deepest extending 294 feet below the surface. The water rains down from the crevices of the rocks, and pours along the bottom of the drift. Gangs of men, each with his miner's lamp attached to his hat, are hard at work picking and delving in the flinty bowels of the earth; and the monotonous clang of the hammer upon the drill is constantly heard, except when everything is in readiness for firing a mine, when all retire to a safe distance, and thunderous reports roll through the rocky corridors. The work of tunneling is all done by hand, it being cheaper than the machine work in a drift of such narrow diameter.

The Opium Eater.

A resident of Knightstown, Ind., after eating opium for ten years, wandered into a hotel in New Orleans a week ago yesterday, and committed suicide by boring a hole in his neck with a penknife and cutting the jugular vein with a pair of surgeon's scissors. The confessions of this opium eater have a terrible significance; "God only knows how I have fought this terrible habit, but whenever it gets hold of the system it is too late. God pity the opium eater! Am almost past going now. The opium habit was contracted more than ten years ago, though not confirmed until about eight years since. I then began to fight it with the desperation that al[illegible] crazed me, and when nearly well w[illegible]come discouraged and go back [illegible]man had a dearer wife and fam[illegible]ad —a better wife and childre[illegible] I c[illegible]not recall my life."

Fashion Notes.

Everything is trimmed with lace.

Small shawls are coming in vogue.

Lime blossom is a new shade of tilleul.

High-crowned bonnets are things of the past.

Open corsages and chemisettes are to be worn.

All kinds of black and white lace is fashionable.

Lace striped grenadines are the most fashionable.

Light cloth jackets are worn with black silk dresses.

The minuet is to be revived as a fashionable dance.

Parasolettes are giving way to parasols and umbrellas.

Sacks are disputing with dolmans for popular favor.

Mother of pearl is the favorite substance for buttons.

The most stylish grenadine dresses are made *a la Princesse*.

Black grenadine will be as popular as ever this summer.

Plastrons and revers appear on all parts of late costumes.

Wide belts of bias folds of satin and silk are coming in vogue.

The bottom flounce on most summer suits is alike all around.

Imitation vies with real lace in beauty and fineness this season.

Large steel buckles on garden shoes are considered most stylish.

Sharp contrasts in color are used in the composition of silk costumes.

Black lace is used extensively in making and trimming summer bonnets.

Streaks of pale blue and yellow over navy blue, is a favorite combination.

Undressed kids, with four buttons, are *de rigeuer* for stylish street costumes.

Netted and knotted wool fringes are the popular trimmings of the moment.

White wool berege juive overdresses are to be worn over black and colored silk dresses.

Some of the handsomest black grenadine suits are finished with stylish folds of yellow satin around the neck, over which falls a collar of plaited black lace.

The Breton button has an eyelet on one side instead of in the middle, so as to admit the overlapping required in that peculiar style of trimming known as the Breton.

Fine streaks of crimson, blue, and pale gold appear in the summer camel's hair fabrics, on grounds of neutral tint, such as fawn, lime blossom, and opaline gray.

The Juive overdresses of black berege and black grenadine which are made up for young ladies this summer are intended to be worn over colored or white or black silk dresses.

Some of the handsomest dresses have alternated flounces on the bottom of the skirts of pinked silk and knife plaitings—sometimes a flounce of lace or imitation is added at the top.

The new Italian jewelry is becoming much sought after by our ladies. An ornament having a sentiment is twice an ornament, and Italian art has given to its jewels sentimental, heroic or poetic meanings. A delicate bracelet of silver has Roma upon its pendant drops, a letter upon each drop, in memory of the Eternal City.

In ivory jewelry the carving has reached a state of perfection; many of the heads on brooches are exquisite and artistic. Combs are high and magnificent in design; and the ball-top comb is always considered elegant, and fashionably worn. The newest and most elegant design in ivory parasol-handles is of plain ivory, tipped with gold.

Novelties are shown in shell and ivory goods, new and attractive. Gents' sleeve buttons in shell are as large as an American half-dollar, with inlaid devices in gold. A riding-whip and horse-shoe, a shield, a carved or engraved cross, are among the designs. Some of the ivory buttons have a horse-shoe of gold set in the top that is very effective. Large ivory sleeve buttons in the form of a memorandum book, with small gold clasp, has a tiny pencil with jet point, imitating the lead, fastened at the side with black bands. These are novel and very pretty.

R.

Year, in Advance.

NUMBER 20.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Notes for Farmers.

It seems that the horse was kept in one end of the cattle tie-up, and at night the cow got loose and attacked the horse and gored him to death. This should be a warning to all farmers to keep both horses and cattle in separate and distinct apartments, and to have them so constructed that they will feel safe about their horses and cattle night or day.—*Maine Farmer.*

The usual plan to prevent trees splitting is to put an iron bolt through, fastening it with nuts. Another plan, and an ingenious one, can sometimes be used. Select a small limb from each fork and clean them of leaves and branches. Then bring the split up together, twine the two small limbs together and secure them. The limbs will grow together in time, and keep the split from opening.

In transplanting forest trees, head them back to within about eight feet of their base, leaving, as it often does, simply a bare pole above the roots. They will soon make a good head. They mulch heavily with straw as soon as planted. Trees set in this manner seldom fail to thrive, and if desired, quite large trees may be selected, say those measuring one and a half inches through.

We have found an old broom cut off up near the "tying" excellent for grooming cows; while not harsh enough to be painful, it will scratch nicely and reach where the card will not. About as much solid comfort as usually falls to the lot of mortals in this wicked world may be taken by the man who loves animals in seeing them stretch themselves under his brush, or follow him about and poke their noses under his arm, or hold down their heads to be scratched.—*Green Mountain Freeman.*

Mr. Hiller remarked that as a rule he would not plant potatoes early. Farmers, he maintained, should not rest content with less than 400 to 500 bushels per acre; he himself had raised as high as 700; believes in plowing in the fall, plowing over again in spring, the land to be well manured. By this process, 500 bushels would be a sure result. Regards Peerless as most productive, and always plants early. The principal objection to small potatoes for seed is the number of sprouts.—*Lancaster Examiner.*

When To Prune Fruit-Trees.

Long experience shows that when it is desirable to produce a free growth of shoots and leaves, pruning should be done when the trees are dormant, as in the winter season, or early in the spring, before the saps begins to flow. When fruit-trees appear to grow too rapidly, and to produce too much wood, they may be pruned moderately in the summer season, cutting away a portion of the wood by degrees; but a shoot growing in an improper place may be cut away at any time. An experiment made by pruning apple trees every month in the year, for two seasons, showed that the wounds of the branches cut in February and March, at the end of five years, when all had healed over, were found to be the least decayed under the healed surface. When trees are pruned in winter, or I may say at any time, it is best to cover the wounds with a hot mixture of tar and pulverized brick dust or fine sand. A solution of shellac in alcohol as thick as can be easily applied with a brush, is considered by many as the best preparation that can be applied. During the mild days of winter orchards may be pruned, while little else can be done; but good judgment should be exercised in regard to selecting the branches to be cut away. It is ruinous to an orchard to cut and slash away one-third to one-half the limbs. All that should be done is to give the trees a good shape and only cut away such limbs as are plainly in excess of the natural requirements of the tree, to conform to the extent of its roots. If we take away too much of the top of a tree, it is like taking blood from a man—the more that is taken, the less vitality remains in him; therefore in pruning, only a few unsightly branches, and those improperly situated, should be cut away. —*Rural New Yorker.*

How to Utilize Poor Land.

Those farmers who have fields of worn out land—and who have not?—and have no means of adequately manuring them, can make at least one profitable crop on the same by adopting this course: Tomatoes are most admirably adapted to be grown on worn out land. For field or garden crop, the plants should not be set nearer than six feet apart. Put a half-bushel of well rotted manure, thoroughly mixed with the poor soil, in the spots where the tomato plants are to be set (the surface of these prepared spots being about two and a half feet in diamter), will insure just that healthy growth which a cultivator is always so glad to see. At first the roots of the plants will luxuriate in the fertilized soil, but afterward they will have traveled to the outer limits of the rich earth and begin to penetrate the thoroughly poor soil. This will check the luxuriant growth, and tend to induce fruitfulness in the plant, and afford a large and profitable crop. Besides that, the plants, put out in this way, will completely cover the soil, which also has a highly beneficial effect, so much so that the field may be plowed shallow the succeeding fall and thoroughly harrowed, and then, very early in the spring, clover seed can be scattered over it with an almost positive certainty that a good set of clover will be the result. Besides, manuring a poor field in spots six feet apart each way is a much easier task than thoroughly manuring the entire surface of such a field. An acre set six feet apart each way will contain 1,210 tomato plants; they will be set in rich earth, and it will not be difficult to estimate the yield that may be reasonably expected from an acre thus presented.—*Southern Farmer.*

Domestic Recipes.

CALVES' FEET JELLY CHEAP.—Get a package of gelatine and follow the directions given. You will find the jelly easy to make and delicious in quality.

FISH AND MEAT SAUCE.—Six tablespoonfuls water, four of vinegar; put into a saucepan and warm; thicken with yolks of two eggs; do not boil it; add juice of one lemon.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.—Mix one pound of powdered and sifted loaf sugar with the whites of three or four eggs; add ten or twelve drops oil of peppermint; beat well; drop on writing paper.

CONDENSED EGGS.—One teaspoonful of condensed eggs is equal to one fresh egg. No salt is needed in using these eggs. They must be thinned with a little hot water and beaten up with the batter and sugar.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—One cupful brown sugar, one cupful butter, one cupful molasses, one cupful milk, three cupfuls flour, four eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, one pound raisins, chopped fine; one pound currants. Bake in a slow oven.

MACARONI SOUP.—Boil three pounds veal knuckle or scrag, with bones broken, in three quarts of water for three hours; cook one-fourth pound of macaroni, broken into inch pieces, in water in vessel by itself till tender; add little butter just as it is done; strain the meat out of the soup, season to taste; put the macaroni and the water it was cooked in in the soup, let boil once and serve.

Items of Interest.

It is proposed to license bootblacks in Chicago.

Phil E. Buster says that an astronomer resembles a tramp, because he often looks hard up.

Flogging is still permitted in the British navy, but in 1876 there were only fourteen instances.

A New Haven base ball club has a member named Coffee. He furnishes the grounds for the club to play on.

At the Southern ice factories beautiful wreaths of flowers are artistically frozen into the center of blocks of ice of any desired size.

When lovers find themselves too conspicuous, how naturally they drift into a bay window; it is such a nice place to put in smacks.

Credulous people are digging in Tennessee for gold a fortune teller has told them lies there. It will probably be found the fortune teller lies there.

A remarkable phenomenon is reported from Naples, Italy. It is that for three whole days in one week there were no births out of a population of 500,000 souls.

The reason why lovers are never weary of one another is this—they are always talking of themselves.

General Sherman proposes, in case of a foreign war, to allow some of our ablest young officers to go abroad and serve as volunteers on the staffs of the commanding generals.

A Wisconsin man has parted from his wife because she wouldn't hold still and let him shoot an apple off her head. Wives should do everything to make it pleasant for the family.

The salary of the German ambassador in England has been raised by his government from 120,000 marks per annum to 150,000 marks, or, in round numbers, $42,000, gold, of our money.

The Young Men's Christian Union of Boston has consented to assume all the duties and expense of sending poor children into the country for a week's vacation during the heated term.

"Take notice that when this post is out of sight, it is not safe to pass this road," was the intelligent warning placed on a spot in a road in Cambridgeshire, England, very liable to be flooded.

So infectious was the marriage ceremony of a couple in Keokuk, that the bridesmaid and groomsman promptly made the preliminary agreement and were united in wedlock the same evening.

Dr. Inglis, missionary in Polynesia, says of the natives: "It is far easier to get them to pray, sing hymns, hear sermons, and read the Scriptures than to be truthful, honest and unselfish."

A man at Stuttgart, Germany, named Gottleib Greiner, who had hitherto borne a good character, after strangling his wife and four children, attempted to hang himself, but failed through the breaking of the rope.

A bucket of white paint will work marvelous improvements about a man's premises; but perhaps the most picturesque effect possible to produce with it, is obtained when a man leans his back against a fresh painted fence.

A Halifax fisherman asserts that, having caught a young halibut six months ago, he cut his initials upon it and let it go, and that recently he caught the same fish, now much larger grown, and with the letters plainly visible.

It is almost impossible to view the rear elevation of the stylish young man's shirt collar without thinking of the business revival that would take place if our merchants could utilize this white expanse for advertising purposes.

"Some confounded idiot has put that pen where I can't find it!" growled a man the other day, as he searched about the desk. "Ah, um, yes! I thought so!" he exclaimed, in a lower key, as he took the article from behind his ear.

Persons having anything peculiar on hand in the way of proverbs are earnestly invited by M. C. Mayreder to send them to him at his address, "Heiligenkreuzerhoff, Vienna." He is making a grand collection for some unnamed purpose.

An Omaha man is doubly in trouble. He deserted his wife to elope with a girl, and the wife is chasing him. Then he deserted the girl, and she is chasing him. The chasers have joined in the pursuit, and he fears the worst if they catch him.

A burglar escaping from a store in Ottawa, Ill., with his plunder, was met by a twelve-year-old boy armed with a pitchfork. The burglar recoiled, and the boy stood guard until a policeman came along, when he delivered up his prisoner.

Willie Sampson, the son of an Albany lawyer, ran away from home four years ago, when ten years old, and came to New York, where he has since been a bootblack and newsboy. Recently the boy was discovered in the newsboys' lodging house, and consented to return home with one of his uncles.

The editor of the *Scientific Monthly* expressed himself in the following forcible manner in answer to somebody who asked him what he thought of Pleasonton and the blue glass cure: "We think the man is a pestilent ignoramus, and his book the ghastliest rubbish that has been printed in a hundred years."

The Rochester *Democrat* indulges in the following reminiscence: "I wish I were you about two hours," with great tenderness. "And why, my dear?" he asked, with considerable interest. "Because," she said, toying affectionately with his watch chain, "because, then I would buy my wife a new set of furs."

Nova Scotia sends this little story: A farmer, passing a bad piece of road, upset his load of potatoes. Angrily he declared he would make the road commissioner pay roundly for the damage. Referring to the list he discovered that he was the commissioner for that district, and he concluded to overlook this neglect of the roads.

"I will give anybody ten dollars to get that man out of doors," bawled an auctioneer to his hungry crowd after he had been bothered for half an hour by a drunken wretch who was constantly giving in empty bids. "Hand over your money," came back from a listener as he slapped the false bidder on the back and said: "Come along with me and I'll give you half."

A St. Louis newspaper man rescued eight servant girls out of a six-story window at the burning of the Southern Hotel in that city. And when his heroism is rewarded by the respective fathers of those eight rescued maidens calling upon him, accompanied by their daughters, and placing the girls' hands in the palm of their preserver, with the words: "Take her, my boy, and be happy; you saved her life and she's yours," he will say it is too much—eight too much—and wish he had perished in the flames himself.

A barber in Atchison, Mo., loved a carpenter's daughter, and her smile was as sweet as light from the West. But her father's frown was as dark as a storm from the North, and he kicked his daughter's suitor out of the house. The barber wrote to his sweetheart surreptitiously, and suggested an elopement in April. At four o'clock in the morning he whistled softly under her window and she heard the music. She dropped a little bundle of clothing over the sill and he caught it; then she jumped out of the window and he caught her; then they bought tickets for St. Joseph and were married.

Driving Horses by Electricity.

The French papers describe an invention for driving horses by electricity. The coachman is to have under his seat an electro-magnetic apparatus, which he works by a little handle. One wire is carried through the rein to the bit and carried to the crupper, so that a current once set up goes the entire length of the animal along the spine. A sudden shock will, we are gravely assured, stop the most violent runaway or the most obstinate jibber. The creature, however strong and vicious, is "transformed into a sort of inoffensive horse of wood, with the feet firmly nailed to the ground." Curiously enough, the opposite effect may be produced by a succession of small shocks. Under the influence of these the veriest screw can be endowed with a vigor and fire indescribable.