THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME X. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1877. NUMBER 27.

Summer's Charms.

Buttercups, clover, and feathery thistle,
Butterflies, bees, and locusts that whistle,
Heliotropes, roses, and morning-glories,—
These are but snatches of summer's stories.

Dawns that are blushing to sunrises sweeping,
Twilights and shadows, and lily-buds sleeping,
Noons that are brooding o'er nights that are tender,—
These are but snatches of summer's splendor.

Waterfalls, rivers, and waves that are sighing,
Murmurs of sea-shells on wet beaches lying,
Whispers of pine-trees breezes are bringing,—
These are but snatches of summer's singing.

Robins, and bluebirds, and swallows, and thrushes,
Twitters, and songs, and raptures, and hushes,
Attar of all the whole year's sweetness,—
This is what makes the summer's completeness.

Tired Mothers.

BY MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I bore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly:
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palms again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart ache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more:
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite, to reach the sky,—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blessfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

An Afternoon's Economy.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I'm sure I've always advocated economy, and practiced it too, for the matter of that. I bought a set of majolica only yesterday on purpose that I might spare the French china; and instead of taking that jeweled singing-bird at two hundred dollars that tempted me so much when I was in New York, I went without it, and took a wonderfully taught mocking-bird at half the price. I'm so sorry the poor little thing died! I do have the strangest luck! And then I never give my servants presents of money, but always of my half-worn clothes, so they look about as fine as I do. My silk dresses, by the way, wear a great deal longer than other people's stuff ones; so that if they cost more in the beginning, they are cheaper in the end. I always have them turned by Kitty, and made over with something handsome—velvet, you know, to eke out, or lace to hide the cracks; and although Rex says they're like the Scotch laird's hose, of which there was none of the original left, and that it would be a great deal better if there wasn't since the making-over costs more than another whole silk would do, and all that sort of nonsense, still remains the fact that there is an exquisite dress, as good as new, which costs nobody a penny; and he can put that in his pipe and smoke it! And there's the velvet and lace, besides, to trim another dress by-and-bye, of course—although lace does fray out and catch so. Only the other night, running up to Mrs. Gleason's cottage on the cliff, I just threw my shawl over my head—that lovely Chantilly of Grandma Marsden's—and the wind blew it against the sweet-brier, and the sweet-brier waved one way and I ran the other, and I suppose it will cost me forty dollars to have it mended, if there is a lace-maker in the city who can meddle with that stitch. However that's neither here nor there. I say I approve of economy—at least I do if he wants me to; at least I used to do so—and Rex says I don't even know how to spell the word, and that when I go shopping, I say to the salesman, "Dear me, how cheap! can't you take a little more?"

It wasn't, you know, as if we were in any want that we would have this talk about economy; for between the money that dear papa left and all that Grandma Marsden has given me, and the income entailed on Rex, we are able to do pretty much as we please, within bounds, and allow ourselves some one great extravagance every year. We took it last year in a foot of wood. A foot of wood? I'll tell you all about it. But, as I was saying, Rex approves of economy whether I do or not; he thinks he does; he says that's the way papa and Grandma Marsden made and kept; and once he said that to go on as we were going would make a prince come to the end of his purse. And I said, "How do we go?"

"*Ad libitum*," said he.

"And how would you have us go,?" I asked.

"As if there were a day after to-morrow," he returned.

"I'm sure, Reginald Parks, I don't know what you mean. As if there were a day after to-morrow! Of course there is, unless the world comes to amend."

"I don't mean that. I mean with some thought for the future."

"Oh, if you only mean foresight, I have day after to-morrow's dinner ordered to-day—white soup, salmon, lobster cutlets and sweet-breads, roast chicken and tongue, peas and potatoes, and ratafia pudding and strawberry cream—and I should think that was foresight enough for any body."

"Dinner enough. A dinner like that for two! Well, after we've picked a little of it, what becomes of the rest?"

"Becomes of the rest? How do you suppose I know?"

"You ought to know."

"Why, it goes into the kitchen!"

"And then?"

"Reginald Parks! what on earth has come over you? Do you suppose I am going round spying through the kitchen to see if the servants eat too much?"

"No, I don't suppose you are. That's just what I say. But I suppose you should."

"Hurry into the kitchen and say: 'Save this,' and 'Don't touch that'—all dressed for dinner, too! That's just your idea of economy, Rex! Take one of my beautiful toilettes into that steamy, greasy place where a dinner has just been concocted, keep, perhaps, the breast of a bird and lose a breadth of silk! You put me in mind of old Tom at his cider barrel, 'saving at the spile and spilling at the bung.'"

"Very inelegant, my dear, I mean nothing of the sort. If I were a housekeeper, I should go in in the morning"—

"My morning toilettes are just as pretty."

"Oh, hang your toilettes! I should go in in the morning and take my inventory and my measures together. And if the servants knew you were coming daily to perform that act of superintendence, it would make the difference of a couple of dinners a week to us."

"I'd rather take in sewing. I shouldn't dare to look them in the face. The idea of grudging my servants"—

"Oh, Clara, you're perfectly hopeless!" then Rex wound up. And at that I cried, and of course then he had to console me; and it was a great deal nicer than if we hadn't quarreled.

"I'm sure I want to economize," I said. "I wear silks, but Kitty makes them; and I think they're cheapest in the long-run, and one feels so much more comfortable. And then you always used to like to see me in silks."

"And so I do now. Of course I do. It isn't that I would deprive you of a single trifle, Clara, my darling, for any thing in all the world; nothing is to good for you. It's only—only— Why, you never scrutinize an account."

"I deal with honest people. I'd be ashamed to."

"Well, the consequence is that you don't even know the price of mutton, and the tradesmen whack on any price they choose. Now what if we should lose our income by any hocus-pocus?—such things have happened. What should we do?"

"Do? Why, do what other people do. Everybody seems to get along. Creditors allow you something, don't they—so much a day?" And then Rex burst out in a great laugh, and cried; "You are certainly incorrigible, you lovely little idiot!" And we were off for a drive, and that was the end of that lesson.

Every once in a while Reginald used to have one of these fits of economy. His mother would say to me, when she came over: "Aequesce in it; agree with him; do your best to meet his wishes, when the fit is on; he'll soon get all he wants of it." And so he did.

You know our little place on the Nanginog beach? Well, it is so lovely that we determined to make it our permanent home, and go to the city and a hotel for two or three of the worst winter months, but give up the city house and have only one establishment. General Durceau's is at the head of the cliff, and he lives there all the year round, and Mrs. Gleason's directly adjoining, and we are down below on the Long beach, where I don't know how many ships have come ashore, and no end of flotsam and jetsam, as Rex calls it. Spars come ashore; bales; bottles holding letters; drift-wood half ground to powder; once I picked up a sailor's cap, and once, do you believe, a cradle with a little baby in it, sound asleep, and rocking so sweetly on the waves—I did so want to keep it; but, of course a mother had to turn up, rescued, too, on the other side of General Durceau's cliff. Well, one afternoon Rex and I were walking on the Long beach, making believe look for the quicksand. It was after dinner-time—we had expected Colonel M'Manus, but he hadn't come—and of course I was nicely dressed. I always do dress for Rex, but I had taken unusual pains today, for Rex had some business reasons for desiring to make an uncommonly good impression on the colonel. The colonel was securing a charter for some tremendous undertaking—tunneling Cotopaxi or the Atlantic, or something of the sort, sure to make the overlasting fortune of all included, and Rex wished to be included; and the colonel was so irascible, and so important and pompous and haughty, that we wanted he should have the best of everything; so in his absence a magnificent dinner was spoiled, and my superb toilet lost. I had never worn my dress before, either; it was just the loveliest shade of royal purple, a melted amethyst, and it was deadened and half covered with black lace, my best and dearest, fine as a cobweb. Of course it was no dress for beach-walking. "Let us have a five minutes' stroll," said Rex. "Perhaps the old bloke went to the other station; I'll send Terence round;" and I had just thrown on my scarf, and gathered my dress up out of harm's way—the beach couldn't hurt my gold cable-chain, nor my pink corals, born of the sea itself—and had run after him. We hadn't taken ten steps before I found that the fit was on, and that he had it bad. The fact was, that comfortable as we were, Rex had become discontented among richer people, and was nursing the idea that he should like to be a millionaire; and there were some excellent schemes and chances for capital that he knew about, and it vexed him to think he had no capital to spare; and he dwelt on it and dwelt on it. It seemed to him so ignoble to be living on his grandfather's entailed estate, and to be making nothing of his own; and as we spent every penny every year, he decided that the one way to get any capital was to save some, and that I was the one to save it, and if he could only force me into a beginning, the thing would be done by natural momentum. But there—could he change the spots on the leopard?

"See here," said he, that afternoon, as we walked; "look at that. Enough wood to last us the year round thrown on the shore, and nobody picking up a stick of it!"

"It's nothing but chips," said I.

"Chips?" said he. "Let me tell you, chips make as good a blaze as heart can wish. We could burn these chips in every grate we have; and some of them are goodly pieces."

"And go without our beautiful sea-coal fire!"

"Our sea-coal costs us thirty dollars a ton, and these chips cost nothing. I suppose if they did cost thirty dollars a ton, ships would be chartered to bring them from the ends of the earth. As it is, Terence could be gathering them when he has nothing else to do. And as for beauty, Clara, I should like to hear any one compare the beauty of any coal with that of a drift-wood blaze, rolling all manner of splendid alkaline-dyed flashes of color up the chimney!"

"Oh, well," said I, "if you think it will be nice to have baskets of these poverty-stricken chips standing round the hearths, making no end of a dust and litter, the fire fed every two minutes, or else all out, and the little sparks snapping everywhere, you'd better try it. There's no excuse for a wood fire anyway, unless it's of whole logs, with a tremendous core of red heat, in a huge chimney big enough to warm a castle."

"But they'd certainly burn in the kitchen stoves."

"I'd like to hear you asking Nora to burn them instead of her Lackawanna and Franklin. They'd have time to do nothing else in the kitchen but feed the fire. 'Tisn't even in the right shape for kindlings there."

"Clara, I believe you disdain the very idea of economizing anywhere."

"I don't see any economy in it. If it were necessary, it would be a very disagreeable necessity. But if we can't afford to buy our coal, we had better shut up the house, and dismiss the servants, and live in a tent, and burn our chips outside it, under the bake kettle."

"Very practical. I'm glad to see that you know what a bake kettle is."

"Well, did you marry me for a cook?"

"What a little fraud you'd have been if I had! Come, don't be silly. I didn't marry you to be ruined by careless waste and extravagance."

"Oh! oh! oh!"

"What do you call it, then? Here are cords of drift-wood thrown up with almost every other tide, and instead of harvesting it, we let it wash away with the next, and you laugh at me and get angry and call me names if I propose to save some of it."

"Call you names!"

"Yes, you do. You think it's mean and sordid."

"I never said so, anyway. That's your guilty conscience. Oh, pshaw! I think it's silly and very impractical."

"Well, I don't care what you think! Here's the beach covered with this light wood, and I'm going to call the servants and have it gathered before dark."

"You can't; for Terence is waiting with the horses at the other station for the colonel, and you gave little Jim leave to go to his grandmother's, and it's Hannah's evening out, and Kitty must be in readiness to wait on table; and so there's nobody but Nora, and she's busy, and it isn't her work, and she'd refuse to do it, and that would make you angry, and I should lose a good cook."

"Five servants to wait upon two people! It's shameful!" groaned Rex.

"They're not waiting on two people. They're taking care of the grounds, the horses, the house, and cooking for company more than for us."

"Well, then, if there's nobody else, I'll do it myself," he said, desperately—"I'll do it myself."

"And I'll sit down here and see how long it will be before you're tired of it."

"I dare say you will!" he exclaimed, savagely. "I suppose it would break your back to pick up one of these chips."

"Oh, if that's what you mean," cried I, in an answering fury—we did fight just like children—"if you want your wife for a drudge, I guess I can pick up wood as long as the next one!" I declare I didn't seem to know Rex any longer, and I'm very sure he didn't know me. I doubled up my skirt and pinned it back, like a fish-woman—I didn't have another pin about me than that long gold one with the diamond head that you used to admire so, but I quilted it in; and I tied a knot in my scarf—it was my old rose-colored and gold India mantle!—and I ran and caught this stick and that stick and hurled them up the beach, and Rex was toiling them up too; and before I knew it there was a stack of them, and I was determined that my stack should be as big as his; and presently he stopped and slapped the dust off his hands and looked at me and laughed.

"What do you mean to do with your pile when it's done?" said he.

"Set fire to it, and run away by the light of it," said I.

"No, I wouldn't," said he. "It would be a great deal better to kiss your husband and make up." And so we did—there was never anybody to see on our Long beach. "Now," said Rex, "I don't want you to do this. I'm just going to finish these piles myself to show Terence what he could do in a spare hour, and what he's neglecting."

"Oh, I think it's good fun," said I; and at it we went again, each trying to outdo the other; now gathering the dry splinters, now growing greedy and trying to fetch in some big stick floating in a little bight, and reaching out for it, I sure to lose my balance and plunge in over shoes and scream and run—my beautiful new French boots that I had paid twenty dollars for the last time I was in town, and they wouldn't even do for Kitty now! But no matter, we were having a royal time, and I had forgotten all about old Colonel M'Manus.

"If you knew how it made you look, you'd take such exercise every day," Rex stopped long enough to get breath and say. "Your cheeks are like two red roses."

And of course I didn't stay at that; and a gay half hour it was. All at once I felt sent to the skin, and I looked, and there was the skirt of my dress that I had pinned up so carefully all down and drabbled, and the front of it wet through with the dripping of the last wood I had saved, and the pin— "Oh, I've lost the pin!" I exclaimed—"my beautiful long diamond-headed pin!"

"You naice? Well, charge it to profit and loss," said Rex. "It would be idle to look for it on this sand and shingle—a needle in a haymow, and a dark haymow, too, presently. It's gone to keep company with my cuff button."

"Oh, Rex! One of your wonderful cuff buttons!" I cried, standing still with my armful. "They were antiques—one of the very things, they said, when we bought them at Rome, that Cellini had of the peasants, who found them when turning up the ancient soil about the vines—heads of Cæsars exquisitely cut in onyx. And just then, as I was exclaiming, a wave came running up behind me and knocked my feet up like two ninepins, and I fell face down, and the wood in my arms struck my neck-ace of carved coral roses, and they flew a hundred ways at once; and the next instant there was a great sound in my ears, and I felt the world going away from under me, and Rex seized me just in time and pulled and threw me up the sand, and there was a whole shelf of the beach torn down and wet, and my corals with it.

"'The scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave,'" said Rex, laughing, for fear I should be crying. "'You're not hurt, darling?'

"Oh, quick! quick! I'm sinking!" I cried, in an agony. And so I was—in the quicksand, which we had always heard moved up and down the Long beach, but which we had never believed in because we couldn't find it. I'll be sucked in in a moment!" I shrieked.

"Something's pulling me underneath! Boards—quick—one of the planks! Oh, Rex! Rex! What a horrid death! I'm going! oh, good-bye, darling!" And the last I knew I saw him flat on his face crawling toward me over the sand. And when I opened my eyes again, I was in my own bed, with Rex hanging distractedly over the foot of it, and the doctor putting a spoon between my teeth, and all the lamps in the house burning. And if I had been dying I should have laughed at Kitty as she stood just within the door of the dressing-room holding up in dismay a mass of mud and finery that she would never be able to make over for herself.

"Surely," said Nora, looking in next day, "it's lucky the gentleman wint aff as he did the night, for the masther was that wild he'd ha' niver sane him."

"What gentleman?" said I.

"The man Teddy wint to fetch an' missed."

"Oh, Colonel M'Manus! Then he's come?"

"An' gone. By the same token, whin he found there was divil a sowl to resave him, an' the dinner burned to a cinder as I towld him, an' he overlooked like, he tares up an' down, an' av 'twas Ted I should be aither sayin' he was mad at oust, but bein' a jintleman"— And Nora turned away, her arms in her apron and her nose in the air. But the sarcasm being her good, she came back presently. "Ye poor darlint!" said she—I never could teach my servants the least respect for me—"I was that scared when I see himself bringin' ye in, a-lump of mud, an' he as white as the back of your hand, that I forgot intirely the message the big colonel left, the divil fly away with him!"

"Message?"

"Jist that. To give Mr. Parks his card, and say that Colonel M'Manus—bad cess to the likes of him!—had no time to travel a hundr miles twice!"

When I was well and about again, we were out on the Long beach another twilight, but taking excellent care of our steps, and keeping quite on this side of the two great piles of drift-wood that adorned it.

"How much wood do you suppose there is in these piles, Rex?" I asked.

"I don't know. Maybe a foot."

"A foot! How absurd—and the piles half as large as I am!"

"Oh, not any more. An eighth of a cord is putting it large."

"And how much is wood a cord?" I persisted, with aggravating pertinacity.

"Oh, come now, Clara, I know what you are driving at. Eight or nine dollars;" and he swore a little under his breath, I thought.

"You'd better!" said I. "There's a dollar's worth of wood there—I like to scrutinize my accounts, you know—let's see what it cost us; one diamond-headed pin, one carved coral necklace, one amethyst silk dress, one Brussels lace overdress, one pair of French boots, one India mantle, one priceless and antique intaglio, one dress suit, one pair of Paris gaiters, doctor's and druggist's bills. *Per contra*, one foot of"—

"And the whole of it," cried Rex, "a trifle, a bagatelle, a mere fraction. It cost us the chance in M'Manus' great enterprise, that's just as sure to win as the sun is to rise to-morrow. A deuced dear foot of wood! Clara, I never mean to preach or practice one jot or tittle of economy again. We may starve, but we'll never economize!"

"That's a dear boy! Now let's burn it; we piled it up to burn, you know." And I had snatched his match safe, and was running to the piles, Rex following.

"There it goes!" said I, at last, comfortably retreating. "They're funeral pyres. We'll throw on them all our economy."

"And our desire to be millionaires."

"And our quarreling."

"And our fear of coming to the poor house."

And as the great rosy sheets of crackling fire went wallowing up the dark purple of the late twilight, and making the shivering stars retreat before it, any body up in General Durceau's windows, looking down, might have seen two crazy young people, with their arms about each other in its light, who felt that they were disposing of every care in life and their small bills.—*Harper's Bazar.*

On Dyspepsia.

At a late meeting of the Harveian Society, of London, Dr. Farquharson read a paper on this subject.

Attention was directed to the state of the tongue in dyspepsia. A deeply fissured tongue often meant little; whereas a thin white fur, composed of minute dots, was generally found along with pain immediately after food. Pain after a longer interval was accompanied by a pale, flabby tongue, with reddish tip and center. The treatment of dyspepsia consisted of two parts, that of food and that of drugs. The latter was the principal part with patients applying for gratuitous relief. The pain occurring immediately after food was usually relieved by alkalies; whereas acids were indicated where suffering was not experienced until an hour or two after the commencement of the digestive act. For the relief of the nausea and sickness remaining after the bowels were thoroughly cleansed, nothing was so effectual as hourly drop doses of ipecacuanha wine. Nux vomica was also a valuable remedy. Pain might be but the protest of the stomach against an overload, or be the result of deficient tone from general nervous exhaustion. In some cases each meal was followed by diarrhœa; and for these cases attention was directed to Ringer's plan of minute doses of the liquor hydrargyri perchloridi. In speaking of diet, Dr. Farquharson pointed out that there are three forms of dyspepsia: 1. The dyspepsia of fluids, as it is called, where the stomach seems intolerant of all forms of fluid; 2. The digestive derangement following intemperance in the matter of animal food; and 3. The dyspepsia connected with indulgence in tea, or other warm and weak infusions of tannin.

Utterly Reckless Betting.

Speaking of New York brokers and some of their peculiarities and queer doings, a correspondent says: Most of the young men among them (and it is astonishing how few old ones there are) have a passion for athletic sports. They are fond of boating, running, jumping and the various other out-door exercises, and several of the athletic clubs of the city have more brokers and bank clerks among their numbers than they have of any other class. The brokers had a boat race on Harlem river the other day that furnished plenty of amusement for all who witnessed it. When the exchange closed, at three o'clock, they started for Harlem in large numbers, making music in the air as they proceeded. The race was a good one, but not better than many others; but the feature of it that made the whole affair exceptional was the terrible extravagance of the betters. Pool selling was not allowed, but the financial backing of the rival crews was absolutely fearful to think of. "I'll go a million on white and blue," roared one broker. "Two millions on red!" yelled another. "Three millions on white!" howled a third. "Five millions on red!" "Who'll take ten millions on white?" "Twenty millions on red!" "Fifty millions on white!" "A hundred millions!" "Five hundred millions!" "A thousand millions!" "Five thousand millions!" There was enough money bet on that race to pay off the national debt of the world. They are lively fellows, these brokers, and good fellows, too. Now and then they go into nonsense pretty extensively, just for fun, but you never catch one of them asleep when there's any business to be done, and I have never known a case of true charity to appeal to them in vain.

Killed by the Sting of a Bee.

A distressing event occurred at Lydney recently, and was the subject of a coroner's inquiry on the following day, viz., the death of Henry Larkham, sr., a retired farmer, from the sting of a bee. It appeared from the evidence given before Mr. M. F. Carter, divisional coroner, that at about five o'clock Mr. Larkham was in his son's garden, and on passing in front of the beehives, received a sting upon the temple. The old gentleman at once returned to the house, and asked a young man named Loyd to fetch the blue bag, which was done, and the liquid blue was applied. Loyd likewise, at the request of Mr. Larkham, took an egg from his pocket which he had gathered from a nest. Upon sitting down in the yard, Mr. Larkham had fainted, and was bathed with vinegar and water. This, however, proved a powerless restorative, death supervening within a quarter of an hour after the sting. Dr. Gimblett was called at the inquiry, and stated that he had been sent for, but deceased died before he could reach the house. He had since examined the body, and found a wound upon the right temple inflicted by a bee. This it was which caused death. Upon this testimony the jury returned their verdict.

London Thieves' Quick Work.

London deserves the palm for having the most daring thieves on record. A man went to see a house to rent in a street near Drury Lane. He left the horse standing at the door and returned in five minutes. The horse and buggy were there still, but everything else was gone. The thieves of the vicinity had stolen the gig-lamps, the apron, the fug, the cushion and the whip; they had filched the very blinkers, head-stall, bellyband and kicking-strap off the pony; and however that exemplary animal had consented to remain unharnessed between the shafts might be considered as next door to a miracle. Captious people might object because horse and all were not stolen, but such unfair criticism is disarmed when it is remembered that only five minutes' time was given to make way with the property.

CATERPILLARS.

One Thousand Different Kinds—When They Feed—More Numerous This Year than Usual.

A number of citizens who have gardens state that caterpillars are more numerous this year than usual, and that they devour the leaves of vines, shrubbery and trees. In some of the gardens the caterpillars are searched for under the leaves of grape-vines and various kinds of vegetation every day, and large numbers are caught and killed.

Different species select different times of day for feeding; some eat at all Hours, some in the morning and evening, and others only at night. A knowledge of these habits is of great advantage for the easy destruction of many pests of the garden. When attempts are made to catch the caterpillars some roll themselves into a ring and remain as if dead, the hairy ones resembling little hedge-hogs; others fall instantly to the ground and try to escape by rapid flight, and some attempt to defend themselves by various motions of the body.

Some species herd together in great numbers, constructing their silken habitations in common; others live solitary, exposed to light and air, or protected in rolled leaves or silken sheaths; others burrow in the ground, or conceal themselves in the stems of plants and the pulpy substances of leaves. The "processionary" caterpillars, when they quit their nest, go in a regular procession, a single caterpillar first and then others in single file, or two, three and four abreast. The line is so perfect in the columns that the head of one is never beyond that of another in the row. They form their ranks, march and halt with the precision of soldiers. Another species, common in pine forests and living together, walk in procession in single file, often very long, the head of each in contact with the tail of the one in advance.

Caterpillars vary greatly in form and appearance. The body is in some cases smooth, in others hairy, and even spiny. Where the middle portion of the body is unprovided with feet the caterpillar adopts the arched or looped manner of walking. These species are called spanners, loopers, surveyors and geometers. Some, when in a state of repose, fix themselves by the hind legs only, and project in a rigid condition from branches. In the Northern States there are about 1,000 different kinds of butterflies and moths. As each female lays from 200 to 500 eggs, those species, from a single female each on an average produce in a year 300,000 caterpillars. In France and Belgium the laws require the people to kill the caterpillars in their orchards and gardens under the penalty of a fine.

The rapidity of the growth of caterpillars is truly astonishing. There is no animal at all comparable to it for voracity, for some species will in twenty-four hours more than double their own weight. The silk worm, during the thirty days in which it attains its full size, eats 50,000 times its weight of food.

Most caterpillars feed on vegetable substances, roots, buds, seeds and even the wood of plants. When they are very numerous scarcely any plant escapes their attacks. Butterflies deposit their eggs on the parts of the plants which will furnish an easily accessible supply of food to the caterpillar when it is hatched. Their eggs are found glued to fruits and to flowers that are to produce fruits, between the very petals, so that the young find themselves surrounded by an immediate supply.

An *Eagle* reporter asked F. Herman Strecker, the well known entomologist, why caterpillars are more numerous this year than usual, and he replied that it was a difficult matter to give a satisfactory reason. Why it is that there are a great many of these insects some years and comparatively few other years has as yet not been ascertained by entomologists, excepting that some years more eggs may be laid by the lepidopters, and the eggs and insects may better escape their numerous enemies. In England a certain kind of caterpillar appeared in very large numbers one year, and during the ensuing eight years not a single caterpillar of this species was seen in all England.—*Reading Eagle.*

Blood-Drinking.

The efficacy of blood-drinking for consumptive, nervous and dyspeptic invalids is being freshly heralded to the public by a St. Louis paper. A visit to the suburb of "Butchertown" revealed to the reporter that during the year a considerable number of persons, mainly consumptives, frequent the shambles to partake of this remedy, and several prominent physicians of the city certify their belief in its beneficial effects. At one time five or six patients were taking this strange medicine at one of the larger slaughter-houses, and it is said that after the first nausea and aversion were overcome their desire for the nourishment was intense. But the initiation is very hard, the scent to a nervous person being a shocking one, which has to be repeated quite often ere it becomes familiar. The oxen are dragged in by a windlass, knocked in the head, and then "stuck." As the current of life floods from the gash, the cups or vessels are held to receive it, and it is drank instantly, with all the warmth of healthy vital action upon it. In this way alone it renders good, and as may be readily imagined it requires some exercise of nerves to indulge in the operation. The taste for blood when once acquired, however, does entirely away with the nausea which attends its first use. It is sweet in taste, resembling fresh milk, and the patient desires it quite as much as a strong, healthy person would a good meal when hungry. It is far from being unpalatable, and a moderate fondness for it is acquired in a comparatively short time. One physician finds that it is not necessary to subject his patients to the repulsive surroundings of the slaughter-house, but places the freshly-drawn blood in a steam-warmed bottle and then in a can filled with hot water, conveying it as quickly as possible to the drinker. He has effected a number of cures by this means, and is of the opinion that when consumption is treated in this manner its progress can be arrested unless the disease has made most serious inroads upon the lungs. It has also been found most efficacious in cases of wasting of nervous fiber, atrophy and marasmus. Another class of patients gain strength from inhalation and absorption of the peculiar particles which abound in the atmosphere of the slaughter-house. This peculiar and impalpable process is undoubtedly the means by which butchers acquire such exceptional health and wonderful strength. These patients merely sit in the apartment for an hour or two at a time in the morning and afternoon.

The Depths of Degradation.

A little girl six years old was found lying on a stoop in Sullivan street, New York. When they took her to the station-house it was discovered that she had been turned from her home and was almost starved to death. A few minutes later a hopelessly intoxicated woman was brought into the station. She was the mother of the little one, but so drunk that she could not recognize her own child. A policeman was dispatched to the residence of the unfortunates, where the father was found insensible from intoxication, and with another child, only a little over two years of age, half starved to death like her sister.

CUT SHORT IN THEIR CAREER.

How a Band of Brigands, Led by a New York Lawyer, Perished.

Away back in 1850 or 1851 a young man named Irwin made his appearance in the old city of the angels, Los Angeles, Cal. He was full of oaths, and was accompanied by fifteen or sixteen young blades like himself. One of his virtues was frankness. He announced that he and his followers were *en route* to Mexico, and that their errand was to rob. Don Benito Wilson was at that time in business in Los Angeles. He witnessed the advent of this lawless band with considerable disquiet, as he had a large stock of goods in store, and was not entirely resigned to its loss. Irwin, the leader of the band, however, sought his acquaintance. The brigand proved to be a young lawyer, of a good New York family, and a very accomplished and fascinating fellow withal. He told Don Benito that he need not be alarmed, that he intended to reserve his lawless operations for the Mexican people, and on these terms his intimacy could not well be rejected. At this time the mining excitement had called most of the Los Angelenos away, and the polished and handsome Irwin had everything his own way.

Irwin and his confederates concluded, after some weeks, that the time had come for their departure on their marauding expedition. On their passage to San Bernardino the vaquels of Lugo attracted their attention. They coveted a number of his fine horses, and summarily appropriated them. This act was destined to cut short what might have proved to be a long and prosperous career of crime. Lugo was a man fertile in resources. The Diegunno or Cahuilla tribe of Indians were at that time pretty numerous about San Bernardino. They were approached by Lugo, who proposed to them that they should lie in ambush for the robbers as they rode through the San Timoteo canyon. The Indians consented.

The last day of the band's stay in San Bernardino had arrived. They celebrated it by an orgie of unexampled abandon during the night. With brain stupefied with aguardiente, they failed to pay heed to the dusky aborigines who were scattered around the town.

The adventurers' road lay along what is now one of the most charming regions of southern California, aligned as it is by the peach trees and orange groves of the Van Leuvens and other prosperous proprietors. Out through where old San Bernardino stands they made their way, striking the San Timoteo canyon, through which now dash the trains of the Southern Pacific. Without a thought of earthly ill they rode, under the guidance of an Indian. They soon reached a narrow portion of the roadway, overgrown with chapparal, sage brush and cactus. Many a brain was throbbing in the cavalcade with memories of the orgies of the night before. Twenty shots rang out on the air from the rifles of the Indians who were ambushed. The few who escaped instant death were accorded short shrift. The knife or the clubbed rifle did the rest.

Pearls of Thought.

There is hope in extravagance; there is none in routine.

The blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.

Each succeeding day is the scholar of that which preceded.

Assurance never failed to get admission into the houses of the great.

Envy, among other ingredients, has a mixture of justice in it. We are more angry at undeserved than deserved good fortune.

A passionate and revengeful temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, and robs him of all that is great and noble in his nature.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of rigor, but not a polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the notion that a love of reading, or of science, or of any kind of knowledge unfits a man for his daily occupation, or makes him discontented with it.

A man diseased in body can have little joy of his wealth, be it ever so much. A golden crown cannot cure the headache, nor a velvet slipper give ease to the gout, nor a purple rope drive away a burning fever.

Be more prudent for your children than perhaps you have been for yourself. When they, too, are parents, they will imitate you, and each of you will have prepared happy generations, who will transmit, together with your memory, the worship of your wisdom.

A Brave Young Officer.

The Queen of England has conferred the Albert medal of the second class on Acting Sub-lieutenant Arthur James Archibald Montgomerie, R. N., of her majesty's ship Immortalite. On the morning of the 6th of April, the Immortalite being under plain sail, making four and a half knots, the lookout reported a man overboard, who proved to be Thomas Hocken. Mr. Montgomerie, who was on the bridge, on hearing the cry, jumped after him. He made for Hocken, asking if he could swim, to which Hocken answered: "Yes, sir," but he did not seem to be moving vigorously. Mr. Montgomerie then got hold of him, hauled him on his back, and towed him to where he, Montgomerie, supposed the life buoy would be, but seeing no relief he told Hocken to keep himself afloat while he took his clothes off. While he was in the act of doing so, Hocken, evidently sinking, caught hold of him by the legs, and dragged him down a considerable depth. Mr. Montgomerie, however, succeeded in getting clear and swam to the surface, bringing the drowning man with him. Hocken was now insensible, and too great a weight to support any longer; and finding that his only chance of saving himself was to leave Hocken, Mr. Montgomerie reluctantly gave up the hope of saving him and struck out for the ship. In the meantime the ship's course was stopped, and two boats were lowered, by one of which Mr. Montgomerie was picked up. Had not Mr. Montgomerie been a powerful swimmer, he would have had little chance for life.

The Butcher and the Widow.

In the court of common pleas, Dublin, a butcher named Knowles sued Mrs. Caroline Verschoyle, now Mulligan, for breach of promise of marriage. They met on a steamer bound from Liverpool to Dublin. She was the mistress of a fine residence—Roebuck Hall—and the mother of three children. The plaintiff is a widower with one child. Soon after their first meeting they became engaged to be married. As they were of different religions there was difficulty about their being married in Dublin, and they went to Liverpool, where they had to remain fourteen days before the registrar would marry them, the expenses of their stay, $450, being paid by Mr. Knowles. In the meantime the lady's friends induced her to break off the match and return to Dublin, where she subsequently married a dealer in periodicals. After twenty minutes' deliberation the jury gave the plaintiff $1,000.

A PLUCKY WOMAN'S FEAT.

After Two Men Jumped She Stops a Runaway Team.

On the stage route between Ellenville and Summitville, N. Y., is a long, steep hill known as Budd's Hill. As the stage containing Mrs. Jane Hollingsworth and two small children, William Bram and James Low, the driver, had just begun the descent of the hill one day recently, the pole slipped through the neck-yoke and the stage ran heavily against the horses' heels. They at once started at a furious rate down the hill. The driver dropped the reins and jumped from the stage to the roadside. Bram, who occupied the seat with Low, sprang out at the same time. Mrs. Hollingsworth and her two children occupied the rear seat in the stage, and there was no possible way for her to escape from it, if she had thought it wise to do so. Seeing herself and children left to their fate by the men, she determined to make a desperate effort to save their lives, if possible; although, with the team plunging madly down the steep declivity, without restraint or guidance of a driver, and the coach swaying from side to side threatening momentarily to be capsized down the high bank on the lawn side, the chances for escape from death seemed slim indeed. Mrs. Hollingsworth clambered over the three high-backed seats between her and the driver's box, first quieting her children, who were screaming in terror, with the assurance that she would save them. Reaching the driver's seat she was compelled to climb over the dash-board to the tongue of the coach, between the two frantic horses, to gain possession of the reins, which had apparently been flung over the horses' backs upon the terror-stricken driver. Mr. H. Tallman, of Middletown, who was driving up the hill, saw the stage team dashing over toward him, just as Mrs. Hollingsworth had secured the lines and was climbing back to the driver's seat. Tallman says she was as pale as death, but clutched the lines firmly as the stage dashed by his wagon. He says he expected to see the coach hurled over the bank at the turn in the road below, but the courageous woman by most miraculous strength succeeded in pulling the horses close along the base of the hill on the upper side and rounded the curve in safety. Tallman and others who had witnessed the thrilling scene, hurried after the flying stage. They came in sight of it, and saw the horses pulled skillfully against the hill by Mrs. Hollingsworth, until the fury of their career was broken, and then were adroitly turned off at a level place in the road and brought up against a fence, where, after several ineffectual plunges to free themselves from the obstacle, they came to a standstill. When the men came up the brave woman was still holding the lines, but was unconscious. Where the lines had been wrapped about her hands they had almost buried themselves beneath the flesh, and blood streamed from the ugly gashes they made. The children were still crouching in terror in one corner of the coach, locked in each others arms. There was not a scratch on the horses, not a break in the harness, nor the slightest injury done to the coach. Mrs. Hollingsworth was at once taken to the nearest house and given the best of care. She soon recovered, and in an hour or so had the strength and nerve to proceed on her journey in the same coach and behind the same horses with which she had had so terrible an experience. She says she never expected to see her children again when she left them to attempt the control of the team. Her bravery and prowess made her a heroine, and the crowd that had been drawn to the scene gave her three hearty cheers when the stage finally drove on with her and her children. Mrs. Hollingsworth is about thirty years old, and of a slight frame.

A Tree's Remarkable Voyage.

The Cincinnati *Times* prints a communication which reads: On the farm owned by James M. Jones, about two miles north of Tremont, Clarke county, Ohio, there stood a tree on the north bank of a very rapid stream called Stornes creek. By the constant washing away of the soil under the tree, it was caused to lean over the water so that it was deemed necessary to cut a portion of the top off about eighteen feet from the roots, and by so doing, it partially resumed its natural erect position. The top that was severed from the trunk was dragged immediately around the curve where the tree stood, for the purpose of protection to the bank of soil. During the freshets of this spring and winter there was a quantity of drift gathered at that point sufficient to tur