THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1879. NUMBER 23.

Hope.

No matter where we sail,
A storm may come to wreck us—
A bitter wind, to check us
In the quest of unknown lands,
And cast us on the sands,
No matter where we sail:

Then, when my ship goes down,
What choice is left to me
From leaping in the sea—
And willingly forsake
All that the sea can take,
Then, when my ship goes down?

Still, in spite of storm,
From all we feel of fear
A rescue may be near:
Though tempests blow their best,
A manly heart can rest
Still, in spite of storm!

—*Irwin Russell, in Scribner.*

Lines to the First Fly of 1879.

Dance on my nose with your tickling feet,
Blue bottle fly!
Sing in my ears with your buzz to greet
Me, as I lie.
You will seek me out in my dark retreat,
With an eager zeal that no screen can beat,
And I try to slap you clear into the sweet,
Sweet, by-and-bye.

I haven't seen you since seventy-eight,
Little house fly;
And I see you now with the bitterest hate
You can defy.
Oh, how I hate you, nobody knows,
Author of half of my summer woes,
Oh, how I prayed that you might be froze,
Villainous fly.

All through the winter you did not freeze,
Not much, Mary Ann.
Now all the summer you'll do as you please,
That is your plan.
When, in the warm afternoons, we would sleep,
Near us your wakefulest vigils you'll keep;
Precious is sleeping, but waking is cheap,
Sleep, man, if you can.

Oh, how I wish that my two broad hands,
Spread left and right,
Stretched from the poles to Equator's bands,
Giants of might.
Some summer day in my wrath I would rise,
Sweeping all space with my hands of size,
And smash all the uncounted million of flies
Clear out of sight.

Vain are my wishes, oh, little house fly,
You're hard to mash;
Strong men may swear and women may cry,
*Teething their gnash;
But into the house your friends you'll lug,
You'll bathe your feet in the syrup jug,
And your cares you'll drown in the baby's mug,
Cheeky and brash.

Still, precious lessons, dear little house fly,
You teach to me.
Hated or loved, you tell me that I
Happy may be.
Why should I care, when I tickle a nose,
Whether its owner's conduct shows
That he likes it or hates it, just so it goes
Pleasant to me.

*This line should read: "Gnashing their teeth," but a little poetic license was necessary to bring in the rhyme.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

TILLY.

"Asked Tilly?"

"Yes, actually. I heard him myself. Did you ever!"

Miss Rosie Green, for an answer, looked unutterable things. Miss Posie Green took off her sundown and fanned herself vigorously with it. She looked warm; her face was flushed with feeling no less than with the weather. She and her sister were no longer as youthful as their names suggested. Moreover, irritation brings out the lines and wrinkles of a face, and it is unquestionably irritating to be passed over for a slip of a thing with a doll-baby face, not one's own flesh and blood at that.

"It's all pa's fault," Miss Rosie pursued, presently. "He does spoil that girl so abominably. There will be no enduring her presently."

"I shouldn't be one bit surprised if Mr. Leonard makes so much of her just to please pa. Men are such time-servers. Of course it's to his interest to keep in pa's good books."

"There they go now!" cried Miss Rosie in an excited whisper, flying to the window, and peeping through a crack in the shutter.

"For goodness' sake, don't give her the satisfaction of seeing you look at her."

"I don't care whether she sees me or not—not a rush. That old pink calico on! I do think she might have had the decency to make herself look respectable, riding out with pa's young man."

"Pa's young man! What a way to put it!"

"Well, isn't he, for the present? He's reading medicine in pa's office, I'm sure, and he takes the messages that are left, and tells pa afterward. For my part, I think he is bound to be civil to pa's daughter's."

"Well, he is being civil to one of them."

"Yes. That's the worst of the way pa treats Tilly. It's real unjust to us. Hateful little piece!"

A case of cruel step-sisters, you are thinking. However, there was no tie either of blood or of marriage in this instance. Dr. Green had adopted Tilly, brought her with him when he moved to Woodbridge fifteen years ago. She was a mere baby then, and his wife was still living, and cared for the child like her own. She was a motherly soul, and loved babies. Her own girls had left infancy half a score of years behind them. Since her death life had not been so smooth for Tilly. Perhaps the Green girls would have been kind to another person in the same situation, but they certainly made life a burden to their little adopted sister. There is no accounting for likes and dislikes. It did not prove Tilly morally deficient because she aroused the worst feelings in Rosie's and Posie's natures. It is an unpleasant mystery why certain antagonistic natures should be subjected to certain exasperating frictions. There are those whom it sets wild to feel the down of the peach. Others bite through the skin with unalloyed enjoyment.

Mr. Leonard—he hoped to be Dr. Leonard this time next year—drove a fast horse before a shining new buggy. It was a bright day, and he had a pretty girl beside him. His spirits rose to the level of the occasion. Tilly and he laughed and talked in a way that would have driven Miss Posie frantic. I specify Miss Posie, because her sister had acquired two or three years' additional resignation in which to bear the ills of spinsterhood; wall-flowering had become almost a second nature. But Tilly laughed on regardless. She was happy. John Leonard was the handsomest, best-mannered, the best-dressed young man she had ever known, and he had singled her out for his especial favor. She was willing to believe anything of an auspicious fate.

John Leonard compared her meanwhile to a wild rose, her bloom was so exquisite, her whole effect so dainty. Her large dark eyes were wonderfully bright and shining. I am afraid she was quite unaware how much they avowed as she raised them to John's face now and again. Prudence should have kept them averted.

"I burned my finger to-day," she said, displaying it, "taking the baked custard out of the oven."

"Why, the poor little finger! And such bad stuff as custard is, after all."

"Do you think so? Pa likes it."

"Yes. So did my mother. She always considered it an especial treat. I was a tender-hearted chap. It made me unhappy because I hated it; it seemed ungrateful."

Tilly thought this a delightful trait. "We often have custard," she pursued. "It's so hard to think up new kinds of desserts."

"And a great waste brains."

"Perhaps it is. I often wish I had more time for improving my mind."

"You should take the time," dogmatized John. He had had it on his mind to say this. It struck him that Tilly's education was shamefully neglected. She wrote a wretched, scratchy little hand; she stumbled in reading aloud an ordinary newspaper paragraph; she had once committed herself to the opinion that Vienna was in France. It was strange that beauty could be so illiterate—strange and a shame. The poor child was kept drudging from morning till night, cooking, sweeping, dusting. Why didn't those two sisters of hers put their shoulders to the household wheel? It was all they were good for. Some one had said that Tilly was not old Green's own child. The more fool she to wear herself out in his service; but women were apt to be fools; they would slave themselves to death for any man who gave them a kind word. At least so his mother had always said. And old Green was certainly affectionate enough to the girl. Poor little thing, who could help being good to her? All this, while he kept up at the same time an animated conversation with Tilly.

Nor was that the last drive they took together. He asked her all the oftener when he saw it made the "wicked sisters," as he dubbed them, angry. As it proved, he asked Tilly far oftener than was good for her. This was only an episode with him; with Tilly it was the most real experience of her life. John Leonard seldom talked of his plans, but she had mapped out his career for him. When he graduated in medicine he should become her father's partner, and finally relieve her father of the burden of his practice, and then—and then—Tilly always herself shared these air castles with John.

This was a long, long time ago—before the war, almost; accurately, at the very breaking out of the war. Those drives occurred during the April and May when the first regiments were put in the field. At first John Leonard, who was an Englishman, escaped the war fever. Let these brothers fight out their own family quarrels. But gradually the soul of the war clarions "passed into his blood." He must have a hand in this himself. A man must belong somewhere. So he coolly informed Dr. Green one day that he had enlisted; he was going to fight for his shoulder-straps. "As for my diploma, I'll wait awhile for that."

The doctor told him he was mad, and urged him at least to wait a year. But much recked John; it is a waste of words to answer a young man except according to his folly. John was an ardent soldier by this time. He had come to America to seek his fortune; perhaps the way to it lay along the path of glory.

When he came to bid Tilly good-bye, she burst out crying. That settled the question as to their manner of farewell. He took her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly. This was decidedly wrong, decidedly imprudent, although they were only affectionate, brotherly kisses Miss Rosie came in as he released her. "Well, Matilda Green!" she cried, with an intonation that meant anything but well. But Tilly was too heart-broken to extenuate her conduct. She left that to her John, who said, good-naturedly: "You'll give me a kiss too, won't you, Miss Rosie? Remember, you may never see me again."

And he actually kissed her too. He wanted to put it out of her power to tease poor Tilly. She had been guilty of the same impropriety herself.

Poor Tilly was wretched, wretched, after he was gone. But she was buoyed up by hopes and visions. She had a brave picture, too, of John which he sent her when he was made a lieutenant. Oh, how proud she was when that came!

She never forgot that speech of John's about improving her mind. She tried hard to find time to do so. Her favorite method was the composition of letters to John, which were never sent, in the course of which she would laboriously hunt out in the dictionary nearly the words she wanted to use, to assure their correct spelling. She also endeavored to find time to read such light literature as was contained in the weekly paper of the household. She read the love stories, to be sure, with an especial zest apart from their purpose as educators. They struck a kindred chord.

One day John Leonard received in camp a copy of this same paper—the Woodbridge *News*. It contained a marked paragraph. "Good gracious!" he said, reading it, "old Green's dead. How fearfully sudden!"

His particular chum, Lieutenant Phil Ross, was standing by. This gentleman was a cormorant of facts—a trait which the thoughtless are apt to confound with curiosity; but I contend that there is a difference between inquisitiveness and acquisitiveness. Mr. Ross stretched out his hand for the paper.

"Old Green? Hum! ah, yes—Dr. Green! By Jove! 'Philbrick Green, formerly of Greenbrier, New York.' I knew the man. I hail from Greenbrier myself. So he has turned up again, has he? 'Woodbridge, Rockland county, Pennsylvania.' Been in Woodbridge, eh? What ever took you there?"

"I studied medicine in Dr. Green's office. There was an excellent opening for a country practice."

"Let us see: he had two daughters—Rosie and Posie."

"Three."

"The third was only an adopted daughter. She accounts for my interest in him. Her mother was a distant cousin of mine. Left a widow with three children, utterly destitute. Sewed for her living. The Greens took a fancy to her little Tilly, and offered to take her off her hands. She agreed, rather than let the child starve. The Greens moved away shortly afterward. The last time I was in Greenbrier (I run up there every summer to see my mother) I found that my cousin had married—a very well-to-do man, too. Her other children had died meanwhile, and she had set her heart on reclaiming Tilly. Her husband had made inquiries for Dr. Green, but to no purpose. He had made two or three moves since leaving Greenbrier, and no one knew where he had moved to last. My cousin was fretting herself sick. I can't say that I pitied her as much as though she had not given up her child of her own free will, to begin with. It always seemed an unmotherly thing to me. And here I have suddenly unearthed the girl!"

"Luckily enough for her," John opined. "Rosie and Posie will lead her a life of it, I dare say. They'll have it all their own way now, and a very unpleasant way it is, as I happen to know."

"Had old Green, as you call him, any money?"

"Should say he had. I hope he has left Tilly her share of it. She will get nothing by favor from those two close-fisted old maids that does not come to her by right."

"I'll write to her mother this very day."

"And I'll write to Tilly," John added.

He wrote to the mother, too; he seemed so anxious, as Phil said, to have his finger in every corner of the pie that Phil waived his rights of acquaintanceship and permitted his friend to make the disclosures to Mrs. Eaton, Phil contenting himself with inclosing a few lines to his cousin—indorsing John's moral character—in that young man's own words.

Speed!" came the answer. A very incoherent, agitated, short little note from Tilly, so badly penned and expressed as to be almost illegible and unintelligible. But John made out from it that she was very unhappy, and would hail any change with joy. Mrs. Eaton's missive was blotted with tears. She had evidently a talent for letter-writing, that is, for the writing of letters considered as essays. This one invoked blessings upon John's head. It referred to the writer's past sorrowful life. It was a dirge.

"She always had that whining way about her," Mr. Ross commented, after perusing it. "Coddles her miseries, you know."

Not long afterward arrived the news that Tilly had gone on to her mother in Greenbrier. John breathed a sigh of relief. He had learned that Dr. Green had died intestate. His property had gone to his legal heirs. It would have been hard lines for Tilly, slaving all the rest of her days for those hard task-mistresses, the "wicked sisters." The lifelong bondage seemed inevitable to John's excited imagination.

So several months passed. Then John applied for leave, on his doctor's advice, who said he needed rest. It was a problem where to spend it. He had no mother or sisters to hasten to who would receive him with open arms, and make each day he was at home a holiday. He had distant relations in this country. He would have gone to Woodbridge, as being the nearest approach to home, had Dr. Green and Tilly still been there. He would like to see Tilly. She had cried when he had bidden her good-bye. He did not think that any one else had shed tears for his sake since. Poor little Tilly! Pretty little Tilly! He had a great notion to go to Greenbrier and look her up. He wanted to find out whether she would be glad to see him.

He went to Greenbrier. He found the decent, tidy little brick house where the Eatons lived. He was shown into a dark little parlor. The woman who admitted him went up stairs to tell Miss Tilly so noiselessly that John thought she must be in her stocking-feet. And when Tilly came down to him she appeared to have on list shoes. Everything about the house was muffled. "Mother has a dreadful headache," Tilly explained; "she suffers terribly with neuralgia."

It was impossible not to see that Tilly was extremely agitated. The hand she gave to John was like ice, and trembled to his touch. He almost seated her, still holding her hand, and she looking up at him with the old wistful look in her eyes. John was touched. He always had liked Tilly. And, poor little soul, how thin she was! Was it possible that she had only exchanged one kind of bondage for another?

She went out to the front door with him when he left, and he saw then in the daylight how pale she had grown. The little wild rose had lost her bloom. He asked her to take a drive with him for the sake of old times. "You look as though you needed fresh air."

"Yes, I do not get out often; mother is so ailing."

On the evening of his last day in Greenbrier he had made up his mind that he would ask her to marry him. He had very little doubt of her answer, poor foolish child; for his own part he fancied he was in love with her. At all events, he ought to be in love with some one by this time. Tilly was almost the only girl he had ever known well.

But fate interposed with his intention. Mrs. Eaton was so ill that Tilly could not be spared from her side for more than five minutes. She ran down just to say good-bye. John resolved that he would write instead. He told Tilly he would waite. "And take care of yourself," he added. She did not cry this time. Persons who take an extreme view of human maladies would perhaps have said that she looked simply broken-hearted.

When John did write, it was a different sort of letter from the one he had planned. On his return to camp he was confronted by a crisis in his life. A gay party from Washington came down to dance and flirt in the tented field in lieu of the conventional ball-room. Of its number was Maud Gale, who, if experience goes for anything, should have been an adept in both dancing and flirting. A society girl *par excellence*, but the first of the type who had crossed John Leonard's path. She had cultivated fascination to the full extent of her powers, and John fell an easy victim to her practiced wiles. He was bewitched. What if her hair were blondined, and her skin were whitened and reddened, and her eyebrows blackened? John was as innocent as a babe unused to society. To him Maud was radiant in all the fresh beauty of young womanhood. Tilly? She faded in his thought by contrast into such a mere dull little country girl.

Still bewitched, he became engaged to Maud. She reasoned that she might do worse. She had weathered a good many Washington campaigns now, young as she looked. Still bewitched, he would have married her had not fate intervened. Had he done so, he would infallibly have rudely awaked from his golden dream; but he would doubtless have survived his disillusion, just as other men and women have done before him. He might have found comfort in the reflection that he was no more wretched than other men who like him had married—for love.

He was still madly infatuated, however, when his regiment was ordered into battle—a battle which ended in a victory for his side, but which left him in a condition hovering between life and death. He was desperately wounded; and—poor fellow!—when they first told him that the amputation of his right arm was unavoidable, it seemed to him that he would rather die outright. A cripple! maimed! He thought of Maud and her strong, bright beauty with a sickening sensation of unfitness.

He lay at death's door for weeks. Part of the time he was too ill to recognize any one. Only the tenderest nursing, the most assiduous care, saved him. And when he finally opened his eyes to consciousness, upon what assiduous and tender nurse do you suppose they rested?

It was incredible. Upon whom but gentle, care-worn, gazelle-eyed little Tilly! "How on earth—" began John, then dropped off to sleep again.

It had been almost a year now since he had seen this dewy woodland rose. He had only written her one letter meanwhile, but that letter had been her heart's sustenance ever since. She had laid it away among certain other memories of her—memories which retained their sweetness like withered sprigs of lavender. As the months sped by she made up her mind that she would never see John again—that he had forgotten her. This was her presentiment. But she did not blame John because he had not proved all that she once hoped he would; that had been her mistake, but a mistake which had been also her one joy and romance. She called him her good angel. In the dear Hebrew phrase, he had come to her—as in truth every good friend comes to us—as an angel of God.

During this weary while her mother died. Tilly found herself without a tie in life. She might come and go as she pleased. There was a distinct desire in her loving heart to do the one work for an unemployed woman just then. But it was some little time before she gathered courage to carry out her wish to become a hospital nurse. The alarming first step once taken, she wegt on easily enough. And she found an immense pleasure in thus being of use as she proved—and of comfort to many suffering souls.

The Providence which directs small matters as well as great, appointed her duties in a certain ward in a certain hospital, where she came upon John Leonard's white face one day, as he lay stretched on his cot of pain, and, she realized, with a sudden tumultuous rush of feeling, that it was for her, humanly speaking, to tend him back to life. She felt as though this satisfaction more than compensated for all that she had suffered—loneliness, neglect, disappointment—in the past.

There was little romance about Maud Gale. She made some excuse for breaking her engagement as soon as she learned of John's misfortune. She had little faith in a one-armed man's being able to fight the battles of life successfully. And success meant to her more than affection; one might fall in love many times over.

John fortunately found that the cure for his disappointment lay in the nature of the disappointment itself. "So weak a thing! so weak a thing!"

So we come to the end. Tilly, continuing her round of blessed duties, was greatly surprised when John told her, not many months after that, that she was the one need of his life. She had buckled down to work. When love came to her suddenly, its voice was as a voice in a dream. But she believed it—oh, how gladly! It is so easy for youth to be happy, to forget!

Miss Gale might have married a distinguished man, after all. Dr. Leonard graduated in his profession immediately before his marriage to Tilly, and his name by this time is one that is well known among physicians.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Disease Which May Cost More than a Civil War.

At a conference of the Agricultural Health Officers of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, held in Philadelphia, it was resolved to make an active campaign for the purpose of extirpating the cattle disease, which has committed great ravages in these three and other States. None of the countries which export cattle and do not import have yet been called upon to fight this contagion. The disease is always due to importation wherever found. There are certain parts of the world where it has never existed because of this fact. Among them are the Channel Islands, the Highlands of Scotland, parts of Normandy and Brittany, the countries of Spain and Portugal, and the great West in America. These regions export stock habitually, but have never imported, at least since the malady made its appearance in the northeast and north of Europe. In every case where the malady has broken out of late years the trouble can be traced right to the particular cows or herds which being imported brought the disease in their systems. The security of the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi and the plains of the West has been due in part to the fact that, while they have sent countless head of cattle East, they have not imported from the East to any large extent. It is certain, however, that the contagion will reach that region eventually if dairymen continue to buy fine stock in States where the disease prevails; and the fact that a cow brought from Ohio not long ago to Clinton, New Jersey, is believed to have brought the pleuro-pneumonia with it, shows that it has possibly gone as far westward as Ohio already.

That general prevalence of contagious pleuro-pneumonia, or lung fever, as it is more accurately called, is a calamity is exhibited by the experience of England, Australia and many other countries. The disease was imported to England in 1842. Up to 1879 as many as 5,549,780 head of cattle had perished from the disease, causing a loss of $400,000,000. Up to 1879 the loss is safely estimated to have risen to $500,000,000. British farmers have been compelled to lose this enormous sum of money by failing to stamp out a dreadful malady the moment it made its appearance among their herds.

In Australia, whither the contagion was imported in 1858, after losing millions of money in deaths among the cattle and spending large sums to eradicate the pestilence, the farmers gave up the fight in despair because it had extended to the great cattle ranges, and it is now accepted that Australia will never get rid of this malady.

The losses in this country already amount to millions of dollars; and Professor Law, who is excellent authority on these topics, believes that were the contagion ever to extend to the West it would cost the United States more than a civil war. It would be likely to cost the United States six times as much as England, because she has six times as many cattle.

It is well known that the disease can be extirpated, because it has been in certain cases, both in this country and elsewhere. Massachusetts imported the disease in 1859, and after killing 932 head of cattle got rid of it completely by 1867. Connecticut also had the same success several times. Sweden, Norway and other countries have done the same thing. It is believed that they have all saved money by liberal expenditures in stamping out the disease. It is claimed that by vigorous measures the United States can now get rid of this dangerous pestilence in the States in which it exists, and prevent it from extending to others.

"What is It?"

Yesterday forenoon a farmer's horse and wagon were hitched on Congress street, near Larned, and after the man had gone into the store an individual, who must know something about human curiosity, walked slowly down to the wagon and carefully examined a hind wheel. In ten seconds he was joined by two boys. In a minute there was a crowd of six. The man looked at the wheel from one side and the other, and the increasing crowd did the same. In three minutes there were twenty people around the wagon. Some looked over into the box and some at the wheels, but no one said anything. The man first mentioned seized the wheel and shook it and then measured one of the spokes with a pocket rule. When he had finished, the crowd numbered forty. No one could say what had happened or was about to happen, and the mystery was fast becoming intense, when a corpulent citizen bore down on the crowd and cried out:

"What's the matter here—any one been hurt?"

"No, sir," was the quiet reply of the man with the pocket rule.

"What is it, then?"

"I was looking at this hind wheel."

"What's the matter with the wheel?" asked the fat man, as he seized and shook it.

"Nothing."

The fat man scowled, clenched his hand, looked up and down and then slid, and in thirty seconds no one was left around the wagon but a small boy who was trying to hook an old umbrella.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Young Man who was Fanned.

Last evening between eight and nine o'clock a "nice" young man was standing on the corner of Fifth and Vine streets, smoking a cigar and twirling his little rattan cane, endeavoring to attract the attention of young ladies who chanced to pass by. A lady crossed over from the opposite corner and walked down Fifth, and the young man followed her until about the middle of the square between Vine and Race, when he stepped up beside her and remarked:

"Beautiful evening, isn't it?"

The lady looked at him but made no reply.

"May I have the pleasure of a promenade with you?"

The lady stopped and said: "Sir, I think you have made a mistake," and resumed walking.

But the young man thought he hadn't, so he spoke up again:

"Not at all, I assure you; come, take my arm, and we'll go and get some ice-cream."

From what followed it would seem that the young lady didn't like ice-cream, or the young man, either. She made a crack at him, caught him by the collar, and commenced thumping him on the head and in the face with her fan. After receiving five or six whacks he made a dash for liberty, leaving his nicely-laundried collar and flaring red necktie in the lady's possession, when he walked off up Race street at a rate that would make O'Leary stare. There are a hundred candidates for such treatment on that same square every evening.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Difference.

If a man is on the cars and sees a young lady he doesn't know from Eve and never saw before trying to let down the window, he throws down his paper, takes off his hat, bows himself double, smiles clear round to his after collar-button, says sweetly, "Allow me!" and closes the window with graceful skill and charming courtesy. If his sister says, "Tom, won't you please let this window down for me?" he tucks his paper savagely under his arm, and, stalking across the aisle, stands on her feet while he bangs the window down with a slam that fills her face and hair with dust. And if his wife, holding the baby in one arm, and a lunch-basket on the other, tries to let down the window, and says timidly and suggestively, Oh, dear; I don't believe I can get it down," he grunts, says, "Eh? Oh!" and buries himself still deeper in his paper.—*Hawkeye Burdette.*

Umbrellas and Parasols.

The umbrella, as a sun-shade, boasts an antiquity greater by many centuries than that of the Christian religion. It seems to have had its origin in the necessities of the tropical countries of the East, and was for many years used only by the rulers and those in high estate. The original forms seems to have been somewhat similar to that with which all are familiar, though in some countries a sun-shade was also constructed in the form of a banner. In whatever form it was constructed, however, it was always cumbersome, and required, not only for dignity's sake, but for physical reasons as well, an attendant to carry it. In Greece and Rome the umbrella or *umbraculum*, as it was called, was used as a sun-shade by the wealthy, and was also still retained as a distinctive mark of royalty. Ladies had their maids carry these parasols over them during the day; even effeminate men used the same protection from the strong rays of the sun. The form of the parasol appears to have been very much like that which we use, but the covering was made of skin or leather, and could be closed and opened at will. An English writer, as late as 1608, describes the Italian fans, and concludes with the information that "many of them do carry other fine things of a far greater price, that will cost at least a ducat (about $1.37), which they commonly call in the Italian tongue *umbrellos*, that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answerable to the form of a little canopy, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops that extend the umbrella in a pretty large compass. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle against one of their thighs; and thy impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies." The umbrella flourished in other southern countries at the same time, and was not unheard of in England, though it had not been adopted into general use, and was not even familiar to the masses of the people. Mention is made of it, however, as early as 1616, and before the close of the seventeenth century the parasol had become considerably used, its introduction into England and France apparently having come from China, as the form was somewhat similar to that used in China and Japan.

The use of umbrellas as defences against the rain did not become general until late in the eighteenth century, though it had been used to some extent, exclusively by ladies, for many years previous. It was too effeminate a thing for men, and when Mr. Jonas Hanway, in the streets of London, first had the boldness to carry an umbrella, he was subjected to no little ridicule, and it was some years later before any men, except the weak and sickly, had the temerity to use essentially feminine covering as a protection against rain. It is recorded that the first umbrella seen in Glasgow was brought there in 1781 from Paris, and was regarded with much curiosity.

The first English umbrellas were made of oiled silk, and when wet were very difficult to open or close. The sticks and ribs, too, were very large and heavy, and altogether the umbrella was a decidely clumsy affair as compared with the latest improved frame, with its alpaca or silk covering of to-day. The umbrella of two hundred years ago, with a thirty-inch whale rib, weighed three and a half pounds; one of the same size now weighs not over six or eight ounces.

An Army Officer's Suicide.

The mystery of the suicide of Lieutenant Carrow, of the Seventh United States Cavalry, at St. Louis, was cleared up by the finding, among his personal effects, of a letter written by Ella Sturgis, daughter of Major-General Sturgis, of the United States Cavalry, and sister to Captain Jack Sturgis, who lost his life with General Custer at the time of the famous massacre. Miss Sturgis had met Carrow at Fort Lincoln, Neb., where she and the young lieutenant became very friendly. The general thinking his daughter and the young lieutenant were becoming too devoted to each other, removed her to St. Louis, hoping in this way to break up a friendship which he deemed unwise. Carrow's pride was stung, and, after nursing his affliction for months, he resolved to come to St. Louis and settle the momentous question. He arrived there, and at once plunged into all the fascinations of the best society. Four weeks after his arrival he attended a German at the house of a wealthy resident. He was to lead in the evening with the young lady he so passionately loved. He told a friend of this before the evening arrived, and seemed delighted at the thought of seeing Miss Sturgis. He further stated that his prospects were never fairer, and that he believed he was going to be successful. The next day he met the same friend, and said that he flattered himself that the long and anxiously discussed question had been decided in his favor. Just a week after the event above mentioned Carrow told the same friend that he was going to make a final charge, and "if I am repulsed," said he, "I'll give up the struggle." The charge was made. It was neither a defeat nor a victor. Ella had answered: "Wait a few days, and I will write you a letter." It is supposed by those who knew the young officer intimately that he received the fatal letter, and that it was the final and unfavorable answer. The next night the body of the young man was placed on a Vandalia train and taken to its last resting place in Pottsville, Penn., where his father lives.

Cellars.

Cellars under houses are generally poorly ventilated, for most of them do not have at any time the direct rays of the sun—the chief of all healthy hygienic influences. There are very few that are not damp enough to accumulate mold. The cellar, both in town and country, is the depository both of fruit and vegetables, more or less of which are always in process of decay. Rat holes frequently connect it with cesspools, or other sources of miasm. Rubbish is apt to accumulate in it, either interfering with its proper cleansing, or directly increasing the impurity of its air.

Now what would be thought if beneath every house, instead of a cellar, there was an open pit that was constantly exhaling poisonous vapors? And yet practically a cellar such as we have described, which must generate impure air, is just this.

Its air comes up into the house through the cellar-way, or through the cracks in the floor, or through the air-pipe of the furnace, not only when the furnace is supplied with air from the cellar, but quite often through cracks and loose joints in the cold air-box.

We may not be able to remedy the evil in full, but we may reduce it to a minimum by such ventilation as is possible; by the use of disinfectants; by frequent cleansing; by keeping vegetables and rubbish out of the cellar; by abolishing the cellar water-closet; by having the floor thoroughly cemented, the walls well painted and whitewashed, and the beams overhead lathed and plastered.

"I should like to have you raise a club," said a seven-by-nine book-canvasser to a daughter of Erin, as he stood on the front step trying to talk her to death on the subject of the "Extinction of the Tribes of the Seventh Century." "I will," said Bridget, as she reached around behind the door, "but bad luck to your picture if you are lingering around here when I get it raised." He didn't linger.

Bound to have her own whey—The dairymaid. The woman who buys a patent spring balance is also bound to have her own weigh.—*Lukens.*

PINS AND NEEDLES.

An Interesting Chapter about these Useful Domestic Articles.

Pins are of very ancient invention, as they were manufactured by the Egyptians in the time of the Pharoahs. Many of these useful articles were found in the tombs of her kings in the Pyramids. Some of them were of quite elaborate manufacture, and must have been costly, as they had gold heads and were six to eight inches in length. Needles are also supposed to be of great antiquity, and their introduction in Europe is said to have taken place at the time of the Saracen invasion and conquest of Spain. The first needles made in England were manufactured at London by a negro who came there from Spain during the reign of Queen Mary. He died without imparting the secret of his art; but it was subsequently recovered in 1565 by one Elias Growse. A century later one Christopher Greening was instrumental in establishing a factory at Long Creadon, in Buckinghamshire.

The first pins manufactured in England were made at Gloucester in 1626; but subsequently this industry was established in Birmingham, and that city is now the headquarters of the pin trade of Great Britain. The best English pins are of superior excellence, and are put up in green paper; but inferior pins are also put up in the same way, and are frequently palmed off upon the unsuspecting purchaser as the genuine production. When pins were first made in England the raw material passed through fourteen different processes before completion, and each of these processes employed a separate operative. The operations consisted of straightening the wire, pointing, cutting into pin lengths, twisting wire for heads, annealing they ride, fastening the end of the handle against one of their thighs; and thy impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies." The umbrella flourished in other southern countries at the same time, and was not unheard of in England, though it had not been adopted into general use, and was not even familiar to the masses of the people. Mention is made of it, however, as early as 1616, and before the close of the seventeenth century the parasol had become considerably used, its introduction into England and France apparently having come from China, as the form was somewhat similar to that used in China and Japan.

The use of umbrellas as defences against the rain did not become general until late in the eighteenth century, though it had been used to some extent, exclusively by ladies, for many years previous. It was too effeminate a thing for men, and when Mr. Jonas Hanway, in the streets of London, first had the boldness to carry an umbrella, he was subjected to no little ridicule, and it was some years later before any men, except the weak and sickly, had the temerity to use essentially feminine covering as a protection against rain. It is recorded that the first umbrella seen in Glasgow was brought there in 1781 from Paris, and was regarded with much curiosity.

The first English umbrellas were made of oiled silk, and when wet were very difficult to open or close. The sticks and ribs, too, were very large and heavy, and altogether the umbrella was a decidely clumsy affair as compared with the latest improved frame, with its alpaca or silk covering of to-day. The umbrella of two hundred years ago, with a thirty-inch whale rib, weighed three and a half pounds; one of the same size now weighs not over six or eight ounces.

An Army Officer's Suicide.

The mystery of the suicide of Lieutenant Carrow, of the Seventh United States Cavalry, at St. Louis, was cleared up by the finding, among his personal effects, of a letter written by Ella Sturgis, daughter of Major-General Sturgis, of the United States Cavalry, and sister to Captain Jack Sturgis, who lost his life with General Custer at the time of the famous massacre. Miss Sturgis had met Carrow at Fort Lincoln, Neb., where she and the young lieutenant became very friendly. The general thinking his daughter and the young lieutenant were becoming too devoted to each other, removed her to St. Louis, hoping in this way to break up a friendship which he deemed unwise. Carrow's pride was stung, and, after nursing his affliction for months, he resolved to come to St. Louis and settle the momentous question. He arrived there, and at once plunged into all the fascinations of the best society. Four weeks after his arrival he attended a German at the house of a wealthy resident. He was to lead in the evening with the young lady he so passionately loved. He told a friend of this before the evening arrived, and seemed delighted at the thought of seeing Miss Sturgis. He further stated that his prospects were never fairer, and that he believed he was going to be successful. The next day he met the same friend, and said that he flattered himself that the long and anxiously discussed question had been decided in his favor. Just a week after the event above mentioned Carrow told the same friend that he was going to make a final charge, and "if I am repulsed," said he, "I'll give up the struggle." The charge was made. It was neither a defeat nor a victor. Ella had answered: "Wait a few days, and I will write you a letter." It is supposed by those who knew the young officer intimately that he received the fatal letter, and that it was the final and unfavorable answer. The next night the body of the young man was placed on a Vandalia train and taken to its last resting place in Pottsville, Penn., where his father lives.

The Young Man with the Wringer.

One day about a week ago a slim-waisted young man with a clothes wringer under his arm attempted to open the gate of a yard on Cass avenue. He had made up his mind that he could sell the people a wringer, and he might have accomplished his object but for a dog about as big as a tobacco hogshead, which stood waiting on the other side of the gate for a chance to tackle some leg-weary agent.

"I'll call again," whispered the agent as he turned to go, and he meant just what he said. The presence of one dog did not discourage him except for the moment. He passed up the street and in an hour returned to try again. There was no dog there as he opened the gate, but in ten seconds after the latch clicked a bundle of teeth and bones shot around the corner of the house and the agent shot across the road.

"Now, you mark my words!" he said, as he shook the wringer at the dog, "I'll get in there if I have to walk over your dead body!"

He meant it again, and in the afternoon he returned. He surveyed the yard from every point, had reasons to conclude that the dog was down cellar, watching for rats, and finally opened the gate. School children who were watching say that the dog overshot the mark by trying to swallow the agent and wringer at one gulp, and therefore got neither; but it was such a close shave that the young man went round the corner minus his hat and one coat-tail. He did not return again by daylight. Perhaps it was he who tossed the poisoned meat over the fence that night, and perhaps it was some young man who waited to fall in love with the good-looking girl in the house. Some folks may think the dog didn't find the meat, but there are proofs to the contrary. The agent was on hand about nine o'clock the next morning, and to his great joy discovered the dog's dead body lying in the yard. The poison had done its work and he was free to announce the merits of his wringer to the waiting family.

A boy who sat on a fence saw the dog's eyes open a little as the agent passed through a gate. He saw the dog softly get upon his feet after the agent had passed the "body." He saw something like a grin cross that canine's face as he got his legs well under him, and then the lad fell off his roost, and only scrambled up in time to see a shadow cross a vacant lot, jumping clear over the tops of old thistles and never minding the frog-ponds. The boy hung around there till the dog had swallowed everything belonging to the wringer except one cog-wheel, and that he buried alongside the fence to "keep" for some future meal.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pulque, the national drink of Mexico is derived from a large variety of the aloe plant, the sap of which is collected and fermented in buckskin slough into a turbid yellowish liquid of most vicious taste, and of a highly intoxicating quality.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The shark's voracity is something wonderful. When the British bark Lutterworth was becalmed in the tropics, a large shark was observed swimming around the ship. A large hook with a chain attached was baited with a four-pound piece of pork. The shark made for it, bolted it, but in hauling him up the chain parted, and he coolly swallowed the hook, chain and pork. Another hook was then baited, which he instantly seized, biting a three-inch rope in twain, and also swallowed it with another four-pound piece of pork. Another hook was then baited with a similar piece of pork, and with this the shark was caught and landed on the main deck. When at last he was killed and cut open, the large hooks, chain and rope, together with eight pounds of pork, were found in his stomach.

A recent examination of French black silks in New York city showed that they were heavily adulterated. The weight of dye in American silks is about seventeen per cent., but the French silks showed a weight of from thirty-three to fifty per cent. The principal article used in weighting is iron. The silk is repeatedly inserted in a solution of nitrate of iron. It then receives a blue tint from prussiate of potash, followed by several baths in gambier, and a treatment with acetate of iron. It is then made bright by logwood and soap. To make the silk soft, a little oil and soda are added, while to make it stiff and rustling an acid is used. The "wearing shiny" is caused by the action of the soap and alkali, which develop, under friction, a sort of grease. The cracking of silk is owing to its inability to carry the great load of material used in the dying.

A careful estimate respecting the circulation of the Bible during the past century places the total at the enormous number of nearly 150,000,000 copies. The British and Foreign Society is in advance of any other institution of the kind as regards the number of copies issued. It was founded in 1804, and has circulated upward of 82,000,000 copies. The American Society, founded thirteen years later, has issued in the vicinity of 35,000,000. These two organizations are far in advance of all others. Next in respect of copies circulated are the German Societies, which together have issued 8,000,000. Then comes the National society of Scotland with nearly 4,768,000, then the Hibernian with 4,189,000, the Swiss with nearly 2,000,000 and the French with 1,600,000. The National Society of Scotland has circulated its 4,768,000 copies since 1861, the year in which it was founded

Speaking of the attempt of a lunatic to assassinate Edwin Booth in a Chicago theater, a New York paper suggests that there are probably many more such dangerous persons unconfined throughout the country. "many of them through the connivance and concealment of their families and friends, who think that it would be inhuman to send them to an asylum, whereas the in