THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879. NUMBER 30.

A Summer Morning's Song.

I.

Up, sleeper! dreamer, up! for now
There's gold upon the mountain's brow,
There's light on forests, lakes and meadows,
The dew-drops shine on flow'ret bells;
The village clock of morning tells.
Up, men! out, cattle! for the dells
And dingles teem with shadows.

II.

The very beast that crops the flower
Hath welcome for the dawning hour.
Aurora smiles—her beckonings claim thee.
Listen—look round! The chirp, the hum,
Sing, low and bleat—there's nothing dumb,
All love, all life! Come, slumberers, come
The meanest thing shall shame thee.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Master Johnny's Next Door Neighbor.

"It was spring the first time that I saw her,
for her papa and mamma moved in
Next door, just as skating was over, and marbles about to begin.
For the fence in our back yard was broken,
and I saw as I peeped through the slat,
There were 'Johnny Jump-ups' all around her,
and I knew it was spring just by that.

"I never knew whether she saw me—for she
didn't say nothing to me,
But 'Ma!' here's a slat in the fence broke, and
the boy that is next door can see.'
But the next day I climbed on our wood shed,
as you know, mamma says I've a right,
And she calls out, 'Well, peekin' is manners"
and I answered her, 'Sass is perlite!'

"But I wasn't a bit mad, no, papa, and to
prove it the very next day,
When she ran past our fence in the morning I
happened to get in her way,
For you know I am 'chunked' and clumsy, as
she says are all boys of my size,
And she nearly upset me, she did, pa, and
laughed till tears came in her eyes.

"And then we were friends from that moment,
for I knew that she told Kitty Sage,
And she wasn't a girl that would flatter, 'that
she thought I was tall for my age.'
And I gave her four apples that evening, and
took her to ride on my sled,
And—'What am I telling you this for?' Why
papa, my neighbor is dead!

You don't hear one-half I am saying—I really
do think it's too bad!
Why, you might have seen crape on her door-
knob, and noticed to-day I've been sad.
And they've got her a coffin of rosewood, and
they say they have dressed her in white,
And I've never once looked through the fence,
pa, since she died—at eleven last night

'And ma says it's decent and proper, as I was
her neighbor and friend,
That I should go there to the funeral, and she
thinks that you ought to attend;
But I am so clumsy and awkward, I know I
shall be in the way,
And suppose they should speak to me, papa, I
wouldn't know just what to say.

"So I think I will get up quite early, I know I
sleep late, but I know
"I'll be safe to wake up if our Bridget pulls
the string that I'll tie to my toe.
And I'll crawl through the fence and I'll
gather the 'Johnny Jump-ups' as they
grew
Round her feet the first day that I saw her—
and, papa, I'll give them to you.

"For you're a big man, and you know, pa, you
can come and go just where you choose,
And you'll take the flowers to her, and sure,
ly they'll never refuse;
But, papa, don't say they're from Johnny.
They won't understand, don't you see,
But just lay them down on her bosom, and,
papa, she'll know they're from me."

—*Bret Harte.*

IN LOVE AND IN DEBT.

"Who is that, Carrie?"

"Dionysius Harrington. Is he not handsome?"

"Handsome! I should think he is. What a partner for the Lancers! or to take one sleigh-riding, or down to supper, or, in fact, anywhere where a *tete-a-tete* was a possible contingent."

"He is sure to be at the Nevilles' ball to-night. Perhaps you may be able to test your opinion on that subject."

"If he is there, I certainly shall."

"Provided you have an opportunity. 'Handsome Dion' is in great request; but then yours is quite a new face, and a debutante is always sure of a certain amount of attention."

Carrie's tone was a little piqued, and pretty Margery Heywood felt that it was just as well to drop the subject. Fortunately Broadway affords plenty of conversational resources, and some imported costumes in a window supplied a topic of interest quite equal to handsome Dionysius Harrington.

Perhaps in Margery's mind there was an unacknowledged connection between the two. Dion and dress were not so very far apart; for a man who attired himself so elegantly was not likely to be indifferent to the toilets of the women whom he delighted—or condescended—to honor.

This point settled in her own mind, Margery was full of confidence. She had been brought up in a world where the milliner and tailor

"Are throned powers, and share the general state."

Her own dress was always perfect; her ribbons never *chiffonné*, her gloves new, her general costume like a morning-glory before twelve o'clock—it had no yesterday. Indeed, she considered negligence in dress one of the deadly sins among respectable people. So that, under any circumstances, she would have prepared carefully for the Neville ball; but it was certainly worth extra trouble when she was hopeful of eyes that would appreciate colors and combinations. Her reward was with her, for she had a great success that night. Her toilet was the rarest and richest in the room, and Dion Harrington signified his approval by the honor of three waltzes. After such a mark of distinction, Margery could repose, as it were, upon the sense of her own perfections.

They were sitting chatting together; and there was a look on Dion's face which absolutely indicated that he had forgotten himself, and was admiring some one else. Margery was certainly doing her best to charm him, and she instinctively found out the best way—she was making Dion talk in a manner that really amazed himself. Among men he was a sensible fellow, with plenty of his own opinions; but among ladies he generally relied on his personal advantages.

Besides, his object was to conquer women rather than to amuse them, and he had generally found a few sighs and glances a very effective method of subjugation. But this night he was actually talking to Margery on every kind of topic, and feeling, also, an obligation on himself to say the cleverest thing he could think of at the time. After their first waltz he began his usual routine of remarks:

"We have had very bad weather lately, have we not?"

Margery did not assent according to rule and precedent, but said, "Really, I wonder you should think so. It is always changing. What more would you have? There was once an old lady who used to tell her grumbling nephew that he ought to be thankful for any weatheat all."

"I think nearly every one grumbles at the weather."

"I have noticed that. If men are not satisfied with a party, or if anything goes wrong in their business or in their view of politics, they grumble at the weather. I don't believe that any two lovers, or any form of government, could stand six weeks of settled sunshine."

Dion looked at this strange girl. She had a metaphysical, dreamy look in her eyes; there was no telling how she might turn the commonest subject. He remembered that he had another engagement, and made his most graceful apologies. Still he was wondering, all the time he was away from Margery, what she was thinking about him, and tormenting himself with the memory of several good things that he might have said, and did not say.

Perhaps that was the reason that he called upon Margery the next day, and the next, and so on indefinitely. In a month the handsome Dionysius was no longer at the general service; he was devoted to Miss Heywood. Then people began to talk. Some very good people, professedly anxious to repress malicious rumors, propagated them; and though they declared them to be incredible, still, unfortunately, they believed them to be only too true.

It is easy to profess indifference to such ill-natured talk, but people cannot be indifferent to the results of it. In this case the rumors reached Margery's aunt at Heywood, and she sent a peremptory order for her niece's return home immediately.

At this order Margery was very cross. She did not want to go back into the country, and she did think that, in some way or other, Dion might have prevented people's remarks. And his little effort to talk the matter over with her only made her more angry; for her loving, anxious heart was waiting to hear something more sweetly personal than:

"I cannot imagine, Miss Heywood, what pleasure people find in gossip."

"You cannot?" snapped Margery. "Well, then, let me tell you that all pleasures are short-lived except that of watching the mistakes of our friends, and comparing them with our own virtues."

"Where shall we meet again?"

"I am no diviner." She was pale and angry, but the tears were in her eyes. She knew that he loved her. Why could he not—why would he not—say so?

"Why?" She asked herself this question all during the next summer. For Dion, having discovered that Miss Heywood was with her invalid aunt in a small village in the Pennsylvania mountains, abandoned at once the delights of fashionable hops and drives, and devoted himself to Miss Heywood and Miss Heywood's aunt.

It was a summer to date from all of life afterward. Such glorious mornings by the trout streams! Such evenings in the moon-lit hills! Such walks, and talks, and rides! "A young man so handsome—so very handsome—a young man so clever and polite, and so respectful to age," Aunt Heywood had never seen. Forty years before, she had had a lover, who went to sea and never came back again, and she believed Dion to be exactly like him. Yes, she was certain that if ever she had been married, and had children, all her sons would have been just like Dion. The old woman loved him, in her way, quite as much as the young one.

This fair and happy summer at length came to a close. Dion found the ladies one morning in the midst of trunks and toilets. A sudden frost had set in, and Aunt Heywood missed the comforts of her own home. Dion lingered, silent and sorrowful, till after lunch, and then he asked Margery to go into the woods for a walk with him. He had a confession to make, he said, if Miss Heywood permitted it.

Miss Heywood thought he might have spoken without her permission. "Too much courtesy, too much courtesy," she whispered her own heart; but she signified her assent by a little nod of her head and a set, steadfast look in the water.

"Miss Heywood—Margery—I want to confess to you what a foolish waste I have made of my life and fortune. Hitherto I have squandered them in the silliest of pursuits."

Margery began to tap her foot restlessly.

"I have been so vain of my good looks."

She looked half slyly and half admiringly through her eyelashes at him.

"And I am sorry to say that, in order to do them justice, I have been very unjust to others. I am very deeply in debt, and—"

"Deeply in debt!" Was that what he had to confess? She colored violently, and rose. "Mr. Harrington, your debts do not concern me, unless—unless—"

"I expect you to pay them? I suppose that is what you think I mean, Miss Heywood. How can you misjudge me so cruelly? I beg pardon for presuming to imagine that you could feel any interest either in the past or future of so worthless a life as mine has hitherto been."

He rose to go, and some dumb, evil spirit possessed the girl. She longed to smile, to speak, to detain him; but she could not permit herself to do it.

"Good-bye, Margery—*dear Margery.* When I venture to speak to you again, I hope to be more deserving of a hearing." He put out his hand, and she would not see it. Oh, it was hard that he would not understand the love and longing and disappointment in her heart! She had a right to be angry with a man so blind; and as she could not for very shame go into a good, womanly passion, she gave vent to some very sudden and womanly exhibition of sarcastic indifference.

But when Dion had really gone, she fell with passionate sobbing upon the ground, until the pines talked soughfully among themselves, and wailed back to her those melancholy tones they learn I know not where.

Aunt Heywood was as broken-hearted as her niece. She brooded on the loss of the gay, beautiful youth, with something of both a mother's and a lover's anguish; and when, a week later, they heard that he had sailed for the coast of Africa as supercargo of a friend's ship, all the sunshine died out of the two lives at Heywood Park.

A year later old Miss Heywood died, and Margery was left sole mistress of her person and fortune. There was some rumors of a strange will made by Miss Heywood in her last hour, which it was thought Margery would dispute. But the rumor died, and the young heiress apparently settled down to a monotonous life, in which nothing seemed left her but the "having loved." In the second year a little ripple was made in Heywood by the advent of Harry Lake. Harry had been Dion's great friend, and was probably even then in correspondence with him. Margery had always avoided Harry's uncle hitherto; but now, with a sweetness that no old man could resist, she inquired after his health, his crops, and whatever other subject seemed of importance to him.

In fact, she quite won the old bachelor's heart. It was a great grief to him that he could not hope to wed her for himself; and he half disliked his nephew for his chances. But at any rate he determined that such a nice girl—and such a rich girl—should not go out of the family; and he soon let Harry know that the prospects of inheriting the Lake estate rested very much upon his marriage with Margery.

"But suppose the young lady will not have me, uncle?"

"You are not to suppose failure, sir, in anything. You have no rivals here—but me," the old man grumbled, not very pleasantly.

Harry was in a dilemma, and he sat thinking long over it that night. But he was endowed with a nature singularly honest, and at this juncture it helped him better than intrigue. He simply wrote a little note to Margery, asking permission to see her next day at noon. He received, as he expected, a cordial assent; and so, putting Dion's last letter in his pocket, he went almost confidently over to Heywood Park.

It was a very pleasant meeting, but Harry was determined not to let their conversation drift into generalities. "Miss Heywood," he said, "I am going to ask from you a very singular favor. I—I want you. In short, I want you to refuse to marry me."

Margery could not help a smile at Harry's awkwardness. She readily divined that he had something important to say to her, and that he had, in his eagerness to be perfectly plain about it, begun at the end instead of the beginning. So she said, "I shall certainly refuse you—when you ask me, Mr. Lake."

"Oh, that of course! No fellow like me expects to get a hearing, after poor Dion could not succeed. But the truth is just this: my uncle admires you so much that he threatens to leave me nothing unless I marry you."

"And you prefer to be disinherited, of course?"

"No, no, no; but, Miss Heywood, I am dead in love with the dearest little girl, and I am over head and ears in debt also; and if I vex uncle, he will give me no money—and don't you see how the thing is?"

"Not exactly. Now what am I to do? Tell me plainly."

"Well, I shall write you a letter to-morrow—a real, old-fashioned Sir Charles Grandison letter—and ask your permission, etc., etc., to pay my devoted duty, etc., etc., to you. And I shall show this letter to uncle, and get his suggestions and approbation."

"Yes; and then I am to—"

"To answer it, just in your loftiest style, Miss Heywood. If you say a few words a little down on the Lakes, I don't mind it at all, and it will finish the matter. Of course I shall be cut up and all that. If my poor Dion was here he would find some clever way out of the scrape; but I can never think of anything but just going to headquarters, as I have come to you."

"It is the best way. A straight line is just as good in love as in geometry."

Then the affair was talked over, and Margery brought all her woman's tact and delicacy to its arrangement. Things were planned so as to proceed more leisurely; for the climax, instead of coming the next day, as Harry proposed, was indefinitely put off. But Margery thought herself well paid for her complaisance; for in a very short time Harry knew as well as possible the true state of her heart, and many a precious bit of news he brought her concerning Dion, and one day he managed to forget a photograph of him and never afterward to remember its loss.

So, with this fresh interest in life, time did not seem so heavy to poor Margery. She had Dion's pleased face, and very now and then a few words of information about him, or else a long talk with Harry concerning the manifold perfections of one so dear to both.

But though the final letter was delayed as long as possible, Uncle Lake at last got impatient. "Harry had spent part of every day at Heywood for four months; if boys and girls did not know their own minds in that time, they never would." So the old gentleman wrote the proposal himself, stated frankly what lands and money he intended to give Harry, and solicited for the young man the hand of his fair neighbor.

The answer had been carefully prepared by the two young people. It was exquisitely polite, but yet it contrived to hit delicately several points on which Uncle Lake was very sensitive; and, in line, it absolutely declined any alliance with his house.

The effect was better than they had dared to hope. Uncle Lake was greatly offended, and for Margery's sake recalled the very worst of the stereotyped flings at women and women's ways so generally familiar to bachelors young and old.

"However, he was sorry for me, Margery," said Harry, one day, a week afterward, "and he has shown it in a way that I thoroughly appreciate."

"A check?"

"Yes, for ten thousand dollars."

"Did you pine much, Harry?"

"No, I could not manage it; and, do you know, that pleased uncle. He praised my spirited behavior, and said that was just the way he took a saucy woman's No thirty years ago; and then he gave me the check, and told me to go to Paris for a season."

"And you go, I suppose?"

"Just as soon as the dearest little girl is ready to go with me."

"Will you have enough, after paying your debts?"

"I shall naturally consider my wife's comfort before my creditors."

"Oh, Harry! Harry!"

"Well, Margery, I never could keep out of debt and out of love. The men I trade with and the girl I love always have a lien on me."

After Harry left letters were long delayed. Addresses were lost or changed, and week after week and month after month passed without bringing any word from Dion, about whom he had promised to write. In the third summer Margery was so lonely that she determined to join some friends in a European tour; for she was sure by this time that Dion had quite forgotten her.

So she wandered all summer in the sunniest places of the earth, and was so charmed and happy that she really believed her love and her regrets were buried deeper than any memory could reach for them.

She was sitting, one lovely afternoon, on the top of Richmond Hill. As she sat musing to some purpose, she suddenly saw between her and the sunshine. She looked up, and instantly put out her two hands with a joyful cry to Dion.

"Oh, Margery! Margery! Margery! Oh, my own love! my dear love! my darling!" while in a minor tone Margery was sobbing: "Dion! Dion! Dion! You have nearly killed me! How could you, Dion? You don't know that you have nearly broken my heart. Yes, you have, sir."

Then there was such an explanation to be gone through that at ten o'clock that night they had only got as far as their unfortunate parting. And this seemed to remind Dion of something, for he said: "Oh, Margery darling, I am afraid I must tell you the same old story. I have worked very hard, and all that, but I am still in debt."

"No, you are not. I have something to tell you, also. Aunt Heywood left you all her money provided you claimed it within five years after her death; if not, it was to be mine."

"It will still be yours, Margery."

"No. I do not want both you and the money; I have enough of my own."

"Then I shall get out of debt at last."

"No, you will not, sir. You owe me the price of three years of my life. You will never be out of my debt, and you will never be out of my love."

"I don't want to, sweet Margery! and they who are deep in love can afford to spend twenty out of an income of nineteen; for you know the old proverb: "There was a couple who loved one another, and they always took what they had, and they never wanted.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Making Them Eat Their Own Flour.

Relating his Indian experiences, Colonel Meadows Taylor tells of his being beset by hundreds of pilgrims and travelers, crying out against the bunnias or flour-sellers who not only gave their customers short weight, but adulterated the flour so abominably with sand, that cakes made of it were utterly uneatable. The colonel determined to punish the cheats; and this is how he did it.

I told, says he, some reliable man of my escort to go quietly into the bazaars and each buy flour at a separate shop, being careful to note whose shop it was. The flour was brought to me. I tested I very sample, and found it full of sand as I passed it under my teeth. I then declared all the persons named in my list to be sent to me, with their baskets of flour their weights and scales. Shortly afterward they arrived, evidently suspecting nothing, and were placed in a row on the grass before my tent. "Now," said I, gravely, 'each of you is to weigh out a seer (two pounds) of your flour; which was done.

"Is it for the pilgrims?" asked one.

"No," said I, quietly, though I had much difficulty to keep countenance. "You must eat it yourselves."

They saw that I was in earnest and offered to pay any fine I imposed.

"Not so," I returned; "you have made many eat your flour; why should you object to eat it yourselves?"

They were horribly frightened; and amid the screams of laughter and jeers of the bystanders some of them actually began to eat, sputtering out the half-moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth. At last some of them flung themselves on their faces, abjectly beseeching pardon; and so, with a severe admonition, they were let off. No more was heard of the bad flour.

Marvelous Story of A Woman's Life.

The romantic vicissitudes of the early life of the Countess Solange de Kramer has once more become the talk of Paris, and they are, indeed, so extraordinary that, used as materials for a novel, they would spoil the book by their lack of probability. One night, many years ago, a little girl about one year old was deposited in the drawer of the foundling hospital at Brest. She was dressed with much finery, and a note attached to her skirts told that her name was Solange, and that she would be reclaimed by her father. The claim was never made, however, and in due time the child was transferred to the orphan asylum, to be educated there. As she grew up she developed a most extraordinary beauty, but her intellect appeared to be very weak, and she suffered from frequent nervous fits. When she was twelve years old she was sent out into the streets to sell flowers, and her beauty and modesty attracted many people's good will, but she grew weaker and weaker, and at last she died. According to French custom, she was buried in an open casket, and as it was winter and the soil was frozen, she was laid into the grave, only covered with a thin layer of sand. During the night she awoke and, pushing the sand away, she crept out from this grave. Not exactly understanding what had taken place, she was not so very much frightened, but in crossing the glacis between the cemetary and the fortifications, she was suddenly stopped by the outcry, "*Qui vive,*" and as she did not answer, the sentinel fired, and she fell to the ground. Brought into the guard-house, her wound was found to be very slight and she soon recovered, but her singular history and also her great beauty had made so deep an impression on a young lieutenant of the garrison (Kramer) that he determined to be her protector and sent her to one of the most fashionable educational establishments in Paris. During the next few years Kramer was much tossed about by the war, but when in 1818 he returned to Paris, he found Solange a full-grown woman, not only beautiful, but accomplished and spirited, with no more trace of intellectual weakness or nervous fits. He married her, and for several years the couple lived happily in Paris. Meanwhile, investigations were made concerning the girl left in the foundling hospital at Brest, and as these investigations were made by the Swedish ambassador and in a somewhat official manner they attracted some attention. Captain Kramer heard about the affair and sent a note to the ambassador, and a month later on the ambassador came in state to bring Madam Kramer a formal acknowledgement from her father, the former General Bernadotte, the present King Charles XIV. of Sweden. Captain Kramer and his wife went immediately to Stockholm; they were ennobled, and their son has just now been appointed *attache* to the Swedish legation in Paris.

Hints to Letter Writers.

Many persons, in writing to relatives, sign their name in such a manner as to prove of no value in tracing out the writer, should the letter be unclaimed. Letters containing money are thus frequently lost. A parent writes to "Dear John," incloses $10, and signs, "Your loving mother." John can't be found; the letter is sent to the dead-letter office, opened, and, no address being given, the contents go to enrich the coffers of the department, unless, perchance, John or the loving mother sends to Washington and succeeds in establishing their identity. Persons who forget or else do not consider it necessary to write the name of the State on their envelope will do well to carefully ponder the following facts: There are in the country twelve Bostons, twenty-five Springfields, eighteen Brooklyns, five Baltimores, sixteen Buffaloes, seventeen Burlingtons, seventeen Charlestons, four Chicagos, eight Cincinnatis, ten Clevelands, nineteen Columbuses, twenty-five Daytons, five Detroits, two Indianapolises, fifteen Lowells, eight Memphises, three Milwaukees, fourteen Nashvilles, five Omahas, eight Pittsburgs, two Philadelphias, fourteen Portlands, fourteen Quincys, twenty-two Richmonds, fifteen St. Louises, twelve St. Pauls, seven Toledos, thirty Washingtons, thirteen Wilmingtons, and twenty-eight Williamsburgs.

Vegetable Ivory.

The *Colonies and India* furnishes some interesting particulars respecting the so-called "vegetable ivory," which is now so much used as a substitute for ivory. The vegetable ivory nut is the product of a species of palm found wild in South America and Africa. Inside the hard shell is the white kernel, which being softer than ivory and easily carved, as well as readily dyed, and being less brittle than bone, is largely used in making buttons, etc. The unripe fruit consists of a green shell, containing a watery fluid, which as the nut ripens gradually thickens until it becomes a pulpy mass, and eventually hardens into solid matter. The water, though bitter to the taste, is wholesome, and often renders invaluable service to travelers, who cannot otherwise obtain water to drink. The tree on which the fruit grows is unlike any ordinary palm, having little or no stem and drooping downward, especially when the weak branches are overweighed by the six or seven bunches of nuts, each containing six or seven seeds, inclosed in thick heavy shells and outer sheath, and weighing altogether from twenty to twenty-four pounds.

Is it Going to Rain?

The old signs seldom fail—a red and angry sunrise, or flushed clouds at evening. Many a hope of rain have I seen dashed by a painted sky at sunset. There is truth in the old couplet, too:

"It it rains before seven,
It will clear before eleven."

Morning rains are usually shortlived. Better wait till ten o'clock. When the clouds are chilled they turn blue and rise up. When the fog leaves the mountains reaching upward as if afraid of being left behind, the fair weather is near. Shoddy clouds are of little account, and soon fall to pieces. Have your clouds show a good strong fiber, and have them lined—not with silver, but with other clouds of finer texture—and have them wadded. It wants two or three thicknesses to get up a good rain. Especially, unless you have that cloud-mother, that dim, filmy, nebulous mass that has its root in the higher regions of the air, and is the source and backing of all storms—your rain will be light indeed.—*John Burroughs.*

Justice in Albania.

One of the curious facts related of Albanians is their strict adhesion to the *lex talionis.* An assassin is killed by the friends or relatives of the victim, and if they cannot find the criminal himself they have a right to kill his father, his son and brother or his cousin. A thief is forced to pay double the value of the stolen goods to the person robbed, and a fine besides to the tribunal of justice. Adultery entails the same punishment as assassination. If the betrothed girl refuses to keep her promise the deceived lover may kill a member of her family. A guest is sacred; and a man who violates the laws of hospitality and kills or wounds his guest is chased from his tribe, and no one is permitted to have any communication with his family. The same dishonor falls upon the man who kills a woman. All his relatives receive the surname of "Woman-slayer." The Albanians number about 2,000,000 souls, and in the portion of their territory claimed by Greece there are 650,000 inhabitants.

The merchant who employs young saleswomen is continually having his goods miss-represented.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

A Russian paper gives an account of a plague of locusts near Elisabethpol, which forced a detachment of troops on the march to retrace their steps. The insects settled so thick on the soldiers' faces, uniforms and muskets that the commander, driven to desperation, ordered firing at them. This was done for half an hour, but produced no effect, and the soldiers were obliged to march back. The swarm covered an area of twenty-two square miles.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* bundles together its advice to profane men in this wise: "To all who are afflicted with the habit of profanity, and who are desirous of curing themselves of it, we would suggest that, as a beginning, they resolve, and rigidly adhere to the resolution, that whenever they feel a disposition to swear they will take no other name in vain except that of the Aztec god of war, Huitzilopochtli. That will give their anger a chance to cool and to disappear before they get to the other end of the word, and they will not thus be guilty of the sin of a complete oath. And if Huitzilopochtli won't break them, then their cases are hopeless."

The trade in glass in the United States within the last few years has reached enormous proportions. Pittsburgh, Pa., is the great glass center of the country. More than half of all the glass produced is made there. The productions aggregate over $7,000,000 annually, employing a capital, which includes buildings, machinery and tools, of nearly, if not quite, $3,500,000. There are seventy-three factories, containing in all 690 pots. Each year $3,000,000 is paid in wages to the hands employed, who number some 5,248. One can form some little idea of the magnitude of the business by ascertaining the amount of material consumed annually. Last year there were consumed 2,925 tons of German clay, 360 tons of lead, 250 tons of pearl ash, 2,750 barrels of salt, 6,055 tons of straw, 4,025 cords of wood, 4,525,760 bushels of coal, 793,500 bushels of coke, 1,218 tons of nitrate of soda, 48,340 tons of sand and 150,000 fire brick.

Of the successful pedestrian, E. P. Weston, the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, of Indianapolis, says that when a child Weston was the prettiest little, sweetest little blonde boy he ever knew. He always had his Sunday-school lesson perfectly, and was well trained at home, in Providence, by his small, slender mother. "But," added Mr. Fletcher, "E. P. Weston was the most uneasy bright boy I ever saw. There was no keeping him still. His father was a man restless in his brain, and finally died insane. The mother of E. P. W. was a woman of intellectual parts, and at her husband's death, in order to support her family, she wrote a number of interesting books for children. These were printed and then, instead of being published, were hawked about Providence and elsewhere in the State of Rhode Island by Edward Payson, who walked from house to house all over the State, and thus early acquired the habit of walking."

Sergeant John P. Finley has investigated the cyclones that swept over Kansas in May. He traveled in a wagon and rode altogether five hundred miles, visiting thirty-five towns and villages. "I started out in making observations by first finding the center of the track of the storm, and then making corresponding observation on both sides to ascertain the effect of the wind on each. I found after a great deal of questioning that these tornadoes were always heralded by the appearance of hailstones and rain, which only ended when the funnel disappeared. The funnel, which resembles a water spout, was generally seen approaching from the northwest and southwest, and has the embodiment of the air currents coming from both the directions. The northwest clouds always resembled heavy rain-clouds, while those in the southwest were a light, fleecy color, indicating wind. After their appearance the inhabitants would notice between the two, near the apex, a terrible commotion, and in a few moments this would be followed by the funnel extending gradually from the clouds. It was this funnel-cloud that always did the damage. The majority of these storms travel about thirty miles an hour, and while they are on the ground their force is great enough to destroy everything within their reach."

The Captive Balloon at Coney Island.

Not the least of the many attractions of Coney Island this summer is Mr. King's captive balloon, "Pioneer," the first ascension of which was made on the afternoon of July 1. This balloon is not as large as the Giffard captive balloon at Paris, but is said to be much more perfectly constructed. It is sixty-five feet in diameter and has a capacity of 150,000 cubic feet. The material is Irish linen, in two thicknesses. The basket, or car of wickerwork, weighs 576 pounds. Above, the balloon is white, to reflect the sun's rays; below it is ornamented with dark red and green, to make it a conspicuous object against the sky. It is inflated with hydrogen, and in calm air shows on the dynamometer a lifting strain of 1,400 pounds. The gas is made on the spot by Mr. A. O. Granger, by passing steam over hot iron. Wound about the drum of a very large windlass is 1,215 feet of one and a half inch rope, through the center of which runs a telephone wire. An end of this rope is carried through a trench to the center of the inclosure, where, after passing around a pulley, it is fastened to the balloon. The pulley is attached to the foundation by a universal joint of iron, so that, in whatever direction the balloon may pull, there will be no side strain on the pulley. A good hold on the sand is secured by the use of four sticks of yellow pine, each twelve feet long and twelve inches square. These are planted horizontally nine feet below the surface, and above them is a well, made of concrete. Across the top of the well lie two other similar timbers, which are strongly fastened to their fellows below by long and thick iron bolts. Mr. King says this foundation will resist a strain of 100,000 pounds, while the utmost strain that wind and ballast can exert on the connecting rope of the balloon will not exceed 22,000 pounds.

On its trial trip the balloon ascended three or four hundred feet, and shortly afterward a second trip of 700 feet was made. At this height the view was pronounced magnificent by the small party making the first venture. All the ocean approaches of New York harbor were at their feet for a radius of thirty miles, and inland they could see the numerous towns and cities about the bay of New York, along the Sound to Flushing, up the Hudson river as far as Tarrytown, and the Orange valley and other parts of New Jersey as far as Paterson, Perth Amboy and Long Branch.—*Scientific American.*

Three Things.

Three things to do—Think, live, act.
Three things to cherish—Virtue, goodness and wisdom.
Three things to teach—Truth, industry and contentment.
Three things to govern—Temper, tongue and conduct.
Three things to love—Courage, gentleness and affection.
Three things to contend for—Honor, country and friends.
Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.
Three things to delight in—Beauty, frankness and freedom.
Three things to admire—Intellect, dignity and gracefulness.
Three things to avoid—Illness, loquacity and flippant jesting.
Three things to like—Cordiality, good humor and cheerfulness.
Three things to wish for—Health, friends and a contented spirit.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Household Hints.

FRUIT STAINS.—Oxalic acid dissolved in lukewarm water will remove stains of fruit ink, iron, mud, etc., from white goods. Use it carefully, as it is a rank poison.

TO CLEAN BLACK CASHMERE.—Place the dress in strong borax water, made lukewarm; let it remain in soak all night, then take out and hang on the line to drip, and when nearly dry, press. Do not rinse or wring.

MOTH PREVENTIVE.—Clothes moths are always worse in the summer than at any other time of the year. But there is nothing the moths have such an aversion to as brown paper. Furs, or any kind of clothing, if carefully sealed in it, moths will never attack them.

EXCELLENT FURNITURE POLISH.—One-third spirits of wine, one-third of vinegar and one-third of sweet oil—rather more of the last. Shake the bottle daily for three weeks; it is then fit for use. Use every three or four months. For dining-tables and sideboards use every week; it makes them beautifully bright.

TO RENOVATE A BLACK CHIP HAT.—Add to one pint cold water teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia; use with a soft tooth or nail brush; when clean rinse with cold water and place in sun to dry. Do not soak or scrub sufficiently to destroy the shape. It will look as good as new.

EMBROIDERY SILKS.—The silk should be dipped in weak ammonia before using, in order to set the color, and articles embroidered or knit in worsted should never be washed in anything stronger than water. A little ox gall mixed with water will keep the colors from running unless the work is rubbed or wrung.

TO WASH A FINE CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEF.—If embroidered in colored silks, the colors will not run if washed in a soap lather very quickly; wring thoroughly and then iron, so that it dries at once. There should be no soaking, and the embroidered corner should be kept out of the water as much as possible. A little alum in the water will make the process sure.

A HANGING-GARDEN OF SPONGE.—Take a white sponge of large size, sow it full of rice, oats or wheat. Place it in a saucer or in a shallow dish of water; the sponge will absorb the moisture and the seeds begin to sprout before many days. When this has fairly taken place the sponge may be suspended by a hook and cord at the top of the window where a little sun may enter. It will become a mass of green, and be kept moist by merely immersing it in a bowl of water.

THUMB-SUCKING.—I have observed that a peculiar and rather common deformity of the chest is caused by the habit of sucking the thumb in infancy and early childhood. The weight of the arm on the thorax of the child during sleep produces depression of the ribs in the line occupied by the arm when the thumb is placed in the mouth. As this is a very important effect of "thumb-sucking" never hitherto pointed out, I think it desirable to place this note on record for the benefit of other observers. —*Dr. Dobell.*

TREATMENT OF GOLD FISH.—In cases where gold fish are kept in vessels in rooms, etc., they should be kept in spring water. The water will require to be changed according to the size of vessel or the number of fish kept therein, but it is not well to change the water too often. A vessel that will hold a common sized pail of water, two fish may be kept in by changing the water once in three weeks, and so on in proportion. If any food is supplied them it should be a few crumbs of bread dropped into the water once or twice a week.

The Curculio.

The habits of the pests of the plum trees are thus described: The female beetle cuts a small crescent-shaped hole in the skin of the plum, into which she drops an egg. The egg soon hatches, and the grub bores straight into the plum until it reaches the stone and then feeds around this, causing the plum to drop from the tree. The curculios appear in spring soon after the plum trees are out of bloom, and the depositing of their eggs commences as soon as the fruit is as large as peas, and continues for several weeks, or until the plums are nearly or quite full grown. Smoking the trees with the fumes of burning tar is some time resorted to for the purpose of making the fruit distasteful to the curculio, but, to be effective, the fumigation must be repeated once or twice a week. Some—and perhaps we might say many—fruit growers resort to what is termed the jarring process to save their plums. Sheets are spread under the trees every morning, and the curculios shaken off upon them, and then gathered up and killed. The curculio, when disturbed, folds up its legs and lets go its hold upon the tree, falling to the ground, instead of attempting to fly; consequently it is an easy matter to catch them by the jarring process. A few yards of common muslin will make a sheet large enough to cover the ground under a tree as far as the branches extend, and, by leaving one seam open to the center, it may be readily slipped around the stem. But this jarring of the trees must be repeated as long as any curculios are caught, which involves the expenditure of more time than most persons are willing to give for a few plums.

Lady Help in the Country.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *American* tells this story of her visit to a Massachusetts village: As an illustration of the social equality that reigns in this region, I may give an incident of my visit. A lady from New York had brought with her the score of "Pinafore," which is fast becoming the rage of Sunderland, a recent performance of the opera at Amherst having given the long desired opportunity of hearing the famous composition. The domestics in the family of my friends are natives, daughters of farmers living on the outskirts, and to the manner born. Of course, they had been taken with the rest of the family to see "Pinafore," and were infatuated with it. Hearing their mistress try parts of the opera after dinner to-day on the piano, they left their dishes standing and flew to the parlor, where, standing one on each side of her, they sung, with the clear voice and very good expression, parts from the role of "Josephine" and "Buttercup," but, becoming a little puzzled as to the correctness of their version, one of them went to the foot of the stairs and told the visitor she wished she would come down and tell them if they sung it right. Of course, the guest obeyed orders, came down and superintended the performance, the lady of the house playing orchestra and the two girls singing with vigor and a certain amount of precision, as well as expression.

When the time came for the "Pinafore" visitor to depart, one of these young ladies said with genuine heartiness, "Good-bye; I've enjoyed your visit ever so much."

Now, this to some may seem like too much of a good thing, but in Sunderland it seems perfectly natural, right and proper. There is no presumption upon the privileges accorded. Their manners are, after all, respectful and the work is well done. It is not, of course, easy to get household help, and it could not be had at all except under the condition of being treated as "one of the family." In fact, it is not unusual on the occasion of being invited to afternoon tea to be received by the domestic instead of the mistress, if one has happened to get dressed before the other, and under these circumstances she would feel bound, as a matter of politeness, to act as entertainer, and it would be a churlish person, indeed, who should refuse to be entertained.

Lemonade and Health.

The wholesome condition of the city is, we have little doubt, owing in a considerable degree to the moderate prices this summer of fruit and vegetables, and especially to the very low price of lemons. Physicians appreciate more and more the beneficial effects of lime and lemon acid on the human system, and we have heard of one who recommended six lemons a day. This number made into lemonade in warm weather would be very gratifying, and we doubt not very wholesome, and it is therefore to be noticed, with special approbation, that good iced lemonade is offered at the corners of the streets at from two cents to five cents a glass, according to the size. A three-cent glass is about as much as anybody wants to drink hastily in passing along the streets.

Limes are preferable to lemons, and they are cheaper in proportion to the amount of acid they contain. Lime juice can be had at all times, and it bids fair to supersede other summer drinks in Britain, The Montreal *Witness* shows how extensively it is used there:

"Lime juice bids fair to do the work of a dozen temperance advocates. In England, which is not a very hot country, it is, we are informed, both privately and through the newspapers, largely superseding the use of alcoholic liquors. It is the first really desirable and elegant non-alcoholic dinner-table beverage that has yet been prepared. A very small quantity of it, sweetened to taste in a tumbler of water, makes a most delightful summer drink, and except for the sugar, which among do not use, a very inexpensive one indeed. The London *Lancet* says the demand for lime juice is so great that the publicans have to keep it, although they would very much prefer not to, and accuse it of doing all sorts of mischief to the human frame. How strangely interested they seem suddenly to have become in the weal of the human frame! And it has, we learn, equally established its place on gentlemen's tables, those who have been accustomed to use wine freely consuming it in large quantities. It is popularly credited with being an absolute specific for rheumatism and gout, as well as for other obscure diseases popularly known under the general name of scurvy. Many chronically troubled with the first class of disorders find their general health unquestionably better since they began to use this instead of wine. The *Lancet*, while it does not question the common opinion of its virtues, derides the interested objections of the liquor-sellers, and advises everybody to take as much lime juice as he wants. Canada is a warmer country than England, especially this year, and the success of the lime juice is, we believe, proportionately great. With knowledge we heartily enjoy the *Lancet's* advice."

When oatmeal, Graham bread and milk are substituted to a large extent for meat, tea, co