THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XIII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1880. NUMBER 5.

"Stop Thief."

A wolf into the wilderness one day
Bore off a stolen sheep, and on the prey
Fed to the full. Then, finding he could not
Devour it to the bone upon the spot,
Resolved till supper time the rest to keep,
Beside it laid him down and went to sleep.

Meanwhile the smell allured a neighboring mouse
To creep with caution from his tiny house.
A particle of meat he slyly stole,
Then swiftly sped him back into his hole.
Yet, spite of all his care, the wolf awoke,
And into cries and lamentations broke:

"Hello, there! Murder! Robbery! Will none
Fetch the police? I'm ruined and undone.
Confound these miscreant mice! Oh, shame and grief,
That any four-legged thing should be a thief!"
—*University Magazine.*

My Loss.

Day after day, while at my window sitting,
I see the children at their play near by;
Like butterflies in summer gardens flitting,
They hover round beneath my watchful eye.

The little girls, with flushed and merry faces,
Glance at me shyly for my answering smile,
And tempt me with their most alluring graces
To put sad thoughts away while they beguile.

Blonde hair and brown in soft confusion blending,
Black eyes and blue upturned to meet my gaze,
Roses both white and pink their contrast lending,
To add new beauty to the 'wildering maze.

But when they one by one, tired out with playing,
Steal slowly homeward through the sunset light,
Memory goes back beyond the dark years, straying
Among the days of yore that seem so bright.

I turn my head, a radiant, golden splendor
Shines from the west across the pictured wall,
And glorifies a face divinely tender,
With bronze-brown hair waved round it fall on fall;

With violet eyes so winsome in their sweetness,
That mine grow smiling spite of grief and pain,
With curved lips, the seal of love's completeness;
Oh, Heaven! could I but press them once again.

In vain I watch and wait, she will come only
When night has cast her spell on sea and shore;
Then when I sleep and dream, no longer lonely,
She comes to feed my hungry heart once more.

'Tis then and only then that I behold her;
Her dear voice floats around me soft and low;
'Tis then, and only then, my arms enfold her,
The little girl I lost so long ago.
—*Boston Transcript.*

ALMOST TOO LATE.

"I am going now, Helen."

Charles Archer stood at the door of the one room high up in a noisy tenement-house in New York, which he called "home." It was not the wedded home he had dreamed of twelve years before, when he uttered the "Valedictory" at Yale, when Helen Gordon blushed and smiled at the applause that greeted his appearance on the stage. Nor was that crouching figure beside the window, in the untidy print dress, with the pretty sullen face, and the uncombed golden hair, much like the graceful belle, of whose company he had been so proud, so happy to monopolize, upon that golden day.

His wife looked up and caught the expression of pitying regret upon his dark and handsome face. Her heart was full of angry rebellion against her fate, against herself, against him—almost against God!

"Why do you look at me like that?" she said, peevishly. "I know that the room has not been swept, and that I have not made my toilet for the day. My toilet," she laughed bitterly. "When shall I make a toilet again, I wonder? I once set the fashion in New Haven! Who would believe it now! And, oh, to think—only to think what my life might have been, if I had been wise."

Her husband's face darkened all over.

"I understand!" he exclaimed. "You mean if you had married Paul Hayden instead of me."

"How can I help such thoughts? I saw his wife early yesterday morning when I was out. She was driving to the railway station on her way to their country house for the summer. I heard the footman say so to some one when he went to buy the tickets for her. And, oh, what a difference there was between us two! No wonder she has kept her beauty. No wonder I have lost mine! Beauty and health, and youth and happiness, they are all going away from me, because we are so poor!"

"Better days may be coming, love," said the husband, after a pause. "I have heard of a good situation this time, you know. If I get it, it will be a stepping-stone to other things of more consequence. And when I am rich, you know well, my darling, that I shall refuse you nothing."

"You have thought so many times that better days were close at hand. And every time you have been disappointed, and we have lived on the same horrible life," was the discouraging reply.

"I know, my dearest; but this is really good news. I trust and hope. If you will only kiss me and wish me good luck, I have faith that it will come."

He bent down, his dark eyes wistfully searching hers for one glance of love, such as he had so often seen there in the happy days of courtship. But love, so far as she was concerned, he sometimes feared, had flown out of the window of this home when poverty entered. The heat, the dust, the discordant street-cries without, the shabby, disordered room within, the general sense of her own untidiness, and the galling memory of the freshly beautiful summer costume worn by the wife of Paul Hayden, as she lounged in her carriage on the previous day—all these things combined to banish the affectionate glance for which the husband's heart so vainly hungered, and to make the wife's parting kiss so cold and formal that it lingered like ice upon the young man's lips as he turned away.

He said nothing. But the deep sigh, that seemed to come from the very depths of a tried and overladen heart, silently reproached her.

She caught a last glimpse of his face as he closed the door. It wore a look of repressed sorrow that would haunt her to her dying day. What evil spirit had tempted her to try him so?

Was it his fault that, by the sudden failure of a bank in the great "panic," the savings of years of steady toil had been lost in a moment? Had he not labored faithfully ever since for her support? For her ungrateful sake, had he not stooped even to menial toil, when no other employment could be procured.

And now she had sent him from her, uncheered by a look or word of fondness. What if some accident should happen to the train by which he was to travel? What if he should never return?

For a moment she sat dumb, almost paralyzed by the shock of that idea. Then she sprang from her chair and rushed to the door. She would call him back, and ask him to forgive that careless, cruel parting.

She was too late. He was already in the street. A moment later she heard the shrill whistle of the train. He was gone.

The day passed on sadly enough. Thought after thought came crowding into her mind to unsettle and reprove her. They bore their fruit.

In less than an hour after Charles Archer's departure his home wore a very different aspect. By nightfall the one room was trim and clean as willing hands could make it. Before the clean windows a pair of snowy muslin curtains were drawn. The stove shone like a mirror, and from its open front a bright welcome to the absent master flashed out, flooding the very walls with warmth and light.

And summer evening though it was, both light and warmth were needed. At sunset angry clouds rose in the south, and the rain came sharply down, with an accompanying wind that knew little of its own mind, and veered sharply round continually from south to east. Amid the wailing wind and dropping rain Helen Archer worked steadily on.

At nine o'clock the train which was to bring her husband home was due. Her last task was finished, when she dished up his favorite viands and set them, covered over with a basin, upon the hearth to keep warm.

She leaned from the window, looking out, through wind and rain, for some sign of his home-coming. She wore the dress he liked best. Her hair was arranged in his favorite fashion of braids and curls. She had kissed him coldly as he left her, but now, with her heart upon her lips, she waited to welcome him back, even if he returned as unsuccessful as he went. What did that matter, she thought, as she glanced at the window of her opposite neighbor, who had been left a widow only one short month ago.

"Only let him return to me safely, and I will make amends for all," she half thought, half prayed, as memory recalled the countless times in which she had grieved him during the past half year.

Nine o'clock came and passed, yet she did not hear the usual whistle of the incoming train. Half-past nine and yet no footstep on the stairs!

Her heart lay like a leaden weight in her bosom. The color faded from her lips and cheeks, and her blue eyes grew wild with silent dread. At ten o'clock she could bear the suspense no longer. She left her room and ran down the stairs, with a half-formed purpose in her mind of inquiring at the neighboring station about the laggard train.

Dimly, in the darkness, she saw a crowd of people gathered at the outer door of the tenement-house. They were all talking confusedly, but now and then some words broke plainly through the medley of sound.

"His poor wife!" said one voice, "how is she going to bear it, I wonder. It is well for her that she has no little ones to look after. She is nothing more than a child herself, anyway."

"Make way there!" said some one outside. "We must carry the body upstairs. Which room is it! And some woman ought to go up before us and tell the wife."

The crowd surged and parted. Between the ranks, six men came steadily onward, following a policeman. Helen knew him well, and when he looked up the staircase, and saw the slight figure bending forward and the pale face full of a fixed and settled horror, he turned again to the crowd, and called out:

"One of you women come up here to break the news. And take her away," he added, in a lower voice; "it is no sight for her."

Good-natured Bridget McCarthy came forward, and ran up the stairs to where Helen stood.

"You'll come back into your room wid me, my darlint," she said, putting her strong arms around Helen's slender waist. "Sure it'll destroy you intirely to look on at the likes of that!"

"Bridget, is he dead?" asked the pale lips, pitifully.

"Sorry I am to say that he is! It was the train, my dear. Off the track, they say, and ten strong men killed outright beside him that they are bringing up from below.

Helen fell senseless at the Irishwoman's feet.

Half an hour later she struggled slowly back to life and loneliness again. She opened her eyes to find herself lying on her own bed, with the kind old doctor of the neighborhood bending over her with rather an anxious face.

"We shall do nicely now," he said, making a warning gesture to some one in the background.

Helen gave a great sigh as he took her hand.

"Oh, why did you bring me back, doctor? I have driven my husband away to his death, and I hoped I could die, too. I blamed him because we were so poor, doctor, and I would scarcely kiss him when he went away this morning to look for another place. Oh, I have been so cruel to him! And now, just when I was sorry for it, and when I had resolved to try to be a better wife, God has taken him away from me, and he will never know how bitterly I repented."

"How do you know that he is dead, my dear?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, I saw them bringing him up the stairs. And I heard them talking about me."

"Not about you, my dear, but about poor little Mrs. Gray, who lives in the room at the back. Her husband was badly hurt on the train when it ran off the track this evening. We thought he was dead at first. But since then he has revived, and I feel sure that, by God's mercy, he will recover before long."

"But where is my husband, then?" cried Helen, starting up.

"God has been very good to you, too, my dear," said the old physician.

"Is he alive? Where is he? Oh, tell me!" her every gesture struggling between hope and fear.

"Here!"

The doctor stepped back. From a dark corner of the room a tall figure rushed forward and clasped the wondering, weeping wife in a close embrace.

"Is it you? Oh, is it really you?" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Oh, Charles, I have been so miserable since you went away! How could I treat you so? You never, never can forgiveme or love me again!"

"As if I could help loving you as long as I live, Helen! And you shall be so happy after this. I have found a good place, I shall have a good salary, and to-morrow, if you are well enough, we will take a trip into the country together and find some pretty little cottage, where you can amuse yourself all through this beautiful summer among the birds and flowers."

"I don't want a cottage. I want nothing but you, Charles, and now God has given you back to me, that will be enough to make me happy," said his wife, giving him the tender kiss which she had refused him that morning.

Nevertheless the cottage was taken, and the summer was as happy a time as mortals may ever hope to enjoy this side of Paradise.

Once, on their journey thither, after a shopping excursion in the city, they chanced to be overtaken by the magnificent carriage of Paul Hayden, millionaire. Mrs. Hayden, resplendent in a toilet fresh from the *atelier* of Worth, sat therein. She was brown-eyed and pink-cheeked and very handsome. Yet her face looked worn and wearied. It lacked the look of true and perfect happiness that Helen's wore.

Helen caught the somewhat anxious look that her husband turned upon her, as the great lady drove slowly by.

She smiled. Under cover of her pretty silken shawl her hand stole into his.

Never for one moment had she forgotten the lesson of that long-past summer's day! Never had she ceased from thanking God that it had been given, although it came "Almost too Late."

Steam Power of the World.

The aggregate steam power of the world is at present 3,500,000 horse power employed in stationary engines, and 10,000,000 horse power in locomotive engines. This force is maintained without the consumption of animal food, except by the miners who dig the coal, and the force maintained in their muscles is to the force generated by the product of their labor, about one to 1,000. This steam power is equal to the working force of 25,000,000 horses, and one horse consumes three times as much food as one man. The steam power, therefore, is equal to the saving of 75,000,000 human beings.

Chocolate.

The (cacao) tree is about as long in attaining its growth as the orange tree; it may produce in the third year from the seed, but does not reach its full bearing period until at the age of seven or eight. It is a tender plant during the first stages of its growth, and, like the coffee, must be shaded by some broad-leaved plant like the plantain or banana, which, of quicker growth, are set out near the seed at time of planting. Heat and moisture are indispensable to its existence, but one without the other proves fatal to its growth. Once started in life with an acre or so of cacao trees, the negro asks for nothing more; his wife and children gather the harvest, and he enjoys an idle existence. The fruit of the cacao resembles somewhat an overripe cucumber about six inches in length, oval and pointed. Many of the pods grow right out of the trunk o the tree, hanging by short stems, and remind one of tailless rats. Some are green, some yellow, crimson or purple, some variegated by veins of different colors. Each pod is divided into five longitudinal cells, containing a sweetish, agreeable pulp, in which are enveloped the seeds, from twenty to thirty in number—a white, pulpy substance, in a thin shell. When the fruit is mature it is gathered, and the seeds removed and dried. Sometimes they are buried in sand or dry earth, for the purpose of absorbing the moisture and pulp. Great care is necessary in curing them, as they mold easily, and the planters generally provide large platforms on wheels on which the seeds are spread, which they run out from under a shelter on sunshiny days. * * * The native method of preparing chocolate from the seeds is to roast them and grind finely on a warm smooth stone. When well kneaded it forms a tenacious paste which, with the addition of a little sugar, is made into small rolls or sticks. —*Camps in the Caribees.*

The African Honey-Bird.

The honey-bird is about as large as a gray mocking-bird, and is of similar color. It endeavors to attract the attention of travelers and to induce them to follow it. When it succeeds thus far, it almost invariably leads the person who follows to a nest of wild bees. While on the route it keeps up an incessant twittering, as if to assure its follower of success, and often alights on the ground or a bush and looks back to see if the person is still in pursuit.

The native Africans, when conducted by the bird, frequently answer its twittering with a whistle as they proceed, for the purpose of signifying to their conductor that they are still following. When the bird arrives at the hollow tree or other place where the honey is deposited, it hovers over the spot, points at the deposit with its bill, and perches on a neighboring bush or tree to await its share of the plunder. This is the usual termination of the adventure. But sometimes the honey-bird seems to be actuated by a love of mischief, and then instead of leading the traveler to a bee's nest, it conducts him to the lair of some wild beast, and then flies away with a twittering which sounds something like laughter. Gordon Cumming, "the lion killer," once followed a honey-bird which conducted him to the retreat of a huge crocodile; and, having introduced the traveler to this august presence, the little feathered joker took a hasty leave, evidently much delighted with the success of his trick.

Who Takes Care of the Sultan.

The revelations of M. Abdul-Hakk, a writer in the *Nouvelle Review*, resemble the stories of "Thousand and One Nights," and one might be easily tempted to disbelieve the existence of such a state of affairs at the doors of European civilization if the details furnished by the writer were not supported by the undeniable proofs of truthfulness. He tells us that the sultan is surrounded by hundreds of young women; he employs for what the writer terms his "family service" a body of forty young women, selected carefully from among the handsomest in the palace. The duties they have to perform are to dress and undress him, to accompany him to the bath, to keep his hair and finger nails in order and lull him to sleep. He keeps a ballet of fifty girls, who perform several dances every evening after supper while his highness is resting on a divan. He also has a band of thirty female musicians and about sixty others who take charge of his apartments, clean his narghiles and chibouques, and perform other similar duties. In short, the whole service in the palace is done by female slaves, chosen from among the most attractive ones in his dominions, and it may well be said that Turkey, which does not recognize the social existence of a woman, submits to being practically governed by women.

The Danger of Winter Sports.

Allen T. Foster, of Big Shanty, Pa., had his leg shattered by his rifle ball, and dragged himself four miles to his home.

Celebrating his birthday on the ice with skates, Arthur Hyland, aged twenty-one, of Winamac, Ind., went into the lake and was drowned.

Charlie Herndon, of Richmond, Ky., got his rabbit, but his gun barrel left the stock, and Charlie lost the thumb of his left hand.

Joseph Gendron and his sweetheart, Amelia Cloutier, of Penetanguishene, Ont., skated under the ice together and were drowned.

While driving a pheasant out of a bush for his son to shoot, Job Monroe, of Bluffton, Ind., caught the full charge of shot in his face.

While Harold Wallace, a six-year-old son of Dr. Wallace, of Helveton, N. Y., was coasting, he ran into a team and was kicked to death.

Orson Stone left his fingers in the Maine forests. He had a habit of placing his hand over the muzzle of his gun as he walked through the woods.

Three friends, Stevens, Robinson and Moore, of St. Paul, Minn., came upon a deer. Moore's head came in front of Robinson's gun, and Moore is dead.

The Workings of Lord Brougham's Odd Nose.

When I was a young man, my avocations led me frequently to Lincoln's inn. I would drop occasionally in at the chancery court, and have a look at Lord Brougham as he sat leaning backward, with his eyes closed, listening to the endless droning and drumming of the lawyers' mouthing, or rather mumbling their interminable pleas. At first sight his lordship appeared to be asleep, but a close inspection would show you that the muscles at the tip of his nose were in a state of rapid and continuous agitation. There was no motion of the nostrils, not the least, but an unceasing vibration of the small muscles terminating the organ, reminding me strongly of a captive rabbit nosing at the wires of his hutch. Having once remarked it, I naturally looked for it at each opportunity, and never missed seeing it save when his lordship was visibly occupied with the business before him, either questioning counsel or witnesses or addressing the court. Of course he was not asleep as he lay back with closed eyes; indeed, it was well known that at such times he was wide-awake, and thoroughly mastered the business in hand. Though his lordship's accomplishment, if it was one, is by no means common, it is not so rare as might be supposed, and I believe that many persons possess and exercise it without, so far as one can judge from observation alone, being conscious of it.—*Leisure Hour.*

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

Of the 3,000 Episcopal ministers in the United States, 2,000 hold rectorships, and 525 are unemployed.

Bishop Gilbert Haven's funeral was attended by nearly every Methodist minister in New England.

Canada has a Roman Catholic population of 1,846,800, with 23 bishops, 1,599 priests, and 1,617 churches.

Max Miller classifies the world's religions as missionary and non-missionary, Christianity being the only former.

The Methodist missionary society is about to send out nine young men to prepare for missionary work in India.

A new Russian church temple is to be dedicated at Moscow in August next. It was begun in 1833, and will cost over $13,000,000.

Six descendants of one of the forty-one families who came over in the Mayflower are members of Plymouth church, Rochester.

During the sixty-one years of existence the Methodist Episcopal society has expended about $15,000,000 for home and foreign missions.

Mrs. Cornelia Nutter, of Waterloo, Iowa, has given $30,000 to endow a chair of practical theology in Garrett Biblical Institute (Methodist), at Evanston, Ill.

Petersburg, Va., has 1,170 Episcopalians, 926 Baptists, 1,786 Methodists, 630 Presbyterians, 600 Catholics, 26 Hebrews, besides 5,977 members of colored churches.

The North Carolina *Presbyterian* says: Grassy Creek is the oldest church in Orange Presbytery. It was organized in the year 1753. After a lapse of 126 years the building still stands.

In the State of New York the estimated value of church property in 1850 was $21,000,000; in 1860, $35,000,000; in 1875, $118,000,000, and at the present time nearly $140,000,000.

The first bishop of the Episcopal church in America was Rev. Samuel Seabury, D. D., who was consecrated Bishop of Connecticut by three Scotch bishops, at Aberdeen, in 1784.

The Rev. B. F. Balcom and the Rev. George Balcom, who were brothers and Baptist ministers, died on the 20th of December, the former in Corning, N. Y., and the latter in Cawker City, Kan.

The "Week of Prayer" had its origin at the annual meeting of the Lodiana mission, India, in 1858, when the missionaries spent three days in devotion. Its observance was not general until 1860.

The order in which the different religions rank, according to their following, is said by Prof. Legge, of Oxford University, to be: Confucianism, Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and then Buddhism.

The North Georgia conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South reports 61,141 members, an increase of 3,053 during the year. It has 650 churches, which paid $84,434 for the support of their pastors.

Matriculation day at Kenyon college, in Gambier, Ohio, last week, brought together seven bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, delivered an address on "Christian Manliness."

Mr. Gladstone is of the opinion that "an effective cultivation of the great office of preaching is perhaps the most crying want of the Church of England, and vocal expressions and articulation are an important and essential part of it."

The Baptists were the pioneer missionaries in Liberia, Africa, being in the field eleven years before the Methodists. They organized their first church in 1821. Now their association has twenty-two churches, with 1,600 communicants.

The mission schools in India receive considerable help from the government, which pays for certain results in secular education, though it does not appoint teachers nor regulate the teaching. The payments are made according to a certain standard of proficiency.

The missionaries at Oroomiah, Persia, make an urgent appeal to American Christians for means to relieve the sufferers from famine in that country. They represent that from the failure of the wheat crop thousands are in a destitute condition, and a great calamity is impending.

The Samoan islands have been entirely Christianized. Out of a population of about 40,000, some 35,000, or seven-eighths, are connected with Christian churches. The London Missionary society reports 26,493; the Wesleyans, 4,794; the Roman Catholics, 2,852, and the Mormons, 126.

A circular has been issued by the United States consul at Leipsic, Germany, soliciting funds for the building of an Episcopal church for English and American residents in that city. The city authorities have offered to donate the land necessary for the enterprise as soon as its accomplishment is assured. The sum asked for is $7,000.

The Rev. Mr. Scott, of the mission o the American board in Turkey, on his return to his field in Asia Minor from this country, put a small steamer on Lake Van, the first ever seen in that part of the world. The natives watched its motions with astonishment and delight, and expressed the belief that the Protestants were wiser than Solomon.

Sad Result of a Practical Joke.

Brooks Gould was perhaps the most popular young man in Chicago. General J. M. Waite, a middle-aged man of the same disposition, set Gould down as his first friend and the two were together a great deal. When they entered the apartments of the general on a Saturday afternoon not long ago, Gould, who had about him the dash and sparkle of Mercutio, proposed that they should disarrange the furniture to make the negro servant, Joe, fancy that the rooms had been robbed. The joke was carried out. Valuables were removed, the bed overturned and things put topsy turvy *a la* burglar, the wags retiring to the bathroom at Joe's foot-fall in the hallway. Joe reached the door and stood aghast. With mouth agape and eyes wide open he scrutinized in one look the merriment corners and then straightway walked to the door of the bathroom. This he found locked from within. He put his ear to the keyhole. Faint sounds of breathing reached him. He pulled out a revolver and instantly emptied every chamber into the panels of the door. General Waite felt his young friend's body quiver at the first shot and threw his arms around him. Death followed instantly.

Words of Wisdom.

Hope is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.

Hatred is so durable and obstinate that reconciliation on a sick bed is a sign of death.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

Circumstances form the character; but, like petrifying matters, they harden while they form.

When one has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

The universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other.

The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor and the poorwho have the magnanimity of the rich.

Anecdotes of a Great Business Man.

The New York *Mercantile Journal* prints a sketch of the life of David Leavitt, who died recently at the ripe age of eighty-nine years. We quote from the article:

The deceased was a prominent and esteemed merchant and banker, and had been intimately identified with the business interests of this city and Brooklyn for more than three-score years. Many of our most flourishing mercantile and financial institutions were either founded by him or are largely indebted to his active aid and timely counsels for their present prosperity. He was the founder, and for many years president, of the Brooklyn White Lead Company, one of the oldest and most extensive establishments of the kind in this country.

Mr. Leavitt was born at Bethlehem, Litchfield county, Conn., August 29, 1791, and came to this city in the year 1813. He was employed as a clerk in a produce and commission house for several years, when, on obtaining his share of his father's estate, amounting to about $10,000, he began business on his own account. At the outset of his career John Jacob Astor imported a cargo of tea, and Mr. Leavitt bought the entire lot. During the progress of the negotiations Mr. Astor asked his customer in broken English how he proposed to pay for it. Mr. Leavitt coolly drew from his pocket the required amount in notes drawn by Mr. Astor, which young Leavitt had bought up on the street. An instance of the pluck and energy which made Mr. Leavitt a successful merchant was shown before he was twenty-five years old, when the Colombian government, being engaged in a local war, authorized its agents in this country to build a vessel, which was also to be provided with its armament and equipment in this country. The agents were unwilling to fulfill the commission, and sought aid from other sources. Young Leavitt heard of the matter, and undertook the enterprise. He built the vessel and induced the United States government to assist him in its armament, and then assumed command of the ship. He sailed for the destined port, and arriving safely, received $100,000 in the currency of the Colombian government and a draft on the city of London for $100,000 more, a clear profit of $100,000 as his recompense. Realizing that Spanish doubloons would be more easily negotiated in this city than Colombian currency, he stopped at Havana and made the exchange. His sagacity was duly rewarded, for on arriving at this port he found that a premium was being paid on Spanish doubloons, which netted him a considerable addition to his profits in the transaction.

Remarkable Trees.

The last treaty with the Cherokee Indians was signed beneath a giant white oak that still stands near the Cherokee corner, Oglethorpe, Ga.

At Wyoming, in Western New York, is an elm that measures thirty-four feet around the trunk. Its branches are thirty-four feet from the ground.

A curious freak of nature can be seen near Eureka, Cal. It is in the shape of a tree, seventy-five feet high, one portion of which is pine and the other fir.

Many oaks in England are 800 to 1,000 years old. The Newland oak is forty-seven feet six inches in girth. The Cowthorp, now more than 100 years in process of decay, still has a girth of sixty feet.

A peach tree in the garden of Mrs. Caleb Crow, of Hartford, Ky., is bearing a full grown pumpkin. The *News* says: "This tree bore none of its natural fruit this season; but nevertheless there hangs the healthy growing pumpkin, just as it had grown from the blossom to its present size, which is much larger than a man's head."

Not a rivulet can be found on the island of Fierro, one of the largest of the Canaries, yet there is a species of tree, the leaves of which are narrow and long, and continue green through the entire year. These trees are continually surrounded by a cloud which is continued, and falling in drops keeps the cisterns placed under them constantly full.

The trunk of an old tree that resembles a block of plaster or cement may be seen on the grounds of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. An inscription at the root of the branches announces that the tree is the *Acacia Virgunsis spinosa* of North America. It was brought to France in 1601 by Jean Robin, and was planted in the place it now occupies by Vespasian Robin, gardener to Louis XIII., in 1636. This tree, which is now 278 years old, formerly reached a great height, but its topmost branches withered and had to be cut off to obtain new shoots. All its branches are bound with iron and carefully stopped with a composition so that water cannot infiltrate into the trunk of the tree, as that would cause its death.

Heart Disease.

The cases of heart disease are far less common than is generally supposed, the heart being one of the toughest organs in the body. Still there are many cases, and they are of different kinds. There may be a paralysis of the nerves of the heart. When this occurs death is instantaneous. Angina pectoris not unfrequently terminates in this way, for excruciating pains exhaust nervous force as greatly as does excessive pleasure.

There may be what is called a fatty degeneracy of the heart, in which fat takes the place of the fibrous tissue, and sooner or later gives way under some slight excitement.

Sometimes the walls of the heart become quite thin at some point, and this, in connection with the general enlargement of the organ, renders it subject to more violent action, and it may suddenly burst on the quickening of that action. Such enlargements are often produced by violent and protracted exertions, as in boat-racing.

Or there may be a dilatation of a portion of an artery leading out from the heart; such dilatations are called aneurisms, and are attended with a loss of the elasticity of the heart and a thinning of the walls of the vessel. Hence it may suddenly rupture, or, which is equally fatal, the walls may dilate so far as to prevent the outflow of the blood to the brain.

Every one even in health knows how quick and strongly any emotion whatever acts upon the heart—knows from his own experience. In all diseases of the heart absolute self-control at all times is of the most urgent necessity. Without it life may cease at any moment.—*Youth's Companion.*

Æstivation.

It is curious that some creatures which are allied to the newts become torpid, not by cold, but by heat, and pass into a lethargic state, which we will call æstivation for want of a better word. These creatures are called by the name of Lepidosiren, popularly known as mud fishes, and are found on the muddy banks of certain African rivers, the Gambia being the best known. During the fierce heats of an equatorial summer the waters are dried by the sun, and the mud baked into a brick-like hardness, so that the lepidosirens, which live chiefly on fish, would die for the want of food.

But as soon as the summer heats begin the lepidosirens bore deeply into the mud, double themselves up, and pass into a state of lethargy exactly parallel to that of hibernating animals. As in hibernation, they require neither to breathe nor to eat, and remain in their cells safe from all foes until the rainy season returns and converts their brick-like homes into mud. I have had many specimens of æstivated lepidosirens, and have always found them in the same position, not coiled but doubled up, with the tail partly over the head.—*Rev. J. G. Wood.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Artificial Hay-Making.

In Great Britain, rainy, foggy weather prevails to a far greater extent than in this country, rendering the harvesting of their hay and grain crops matters of great uncertainty. Hence an artificial hay-maker has long been sought for by inventive minds. Recently an Englishman has invented what is claimed as a really practicable process, which is thus described:

Streams of hot air from the mouth of a hot blast fan, connected with a portable engine, are directed upon masses of wet hay or grain laid in open troughs, and brought in turn, by occasional lifting of forks, under the direct action of the air. By increasing the temperature of the blast it was found that the drying process could be proportionately expedited. Eventually the scheme was perfected by bringing the hot-blast fan to bear upon a shed divided into two compartments by an iron partition, and having a space between the iron floor and the ground. Hot air, supplied from the hot-blast fan by means of a duct from an underground furnace, communicates with thirty-two conical perforated tubes on the floor, on which are spiked the wet grain-sheaves. These tubes of course are used only for grain. The crowning success of the whole process is an atmospheric hoist, worked by the same engine as the hot blast, which elevates and sends up to the top of a stack, twenty-two feet high, as many as 960 sheaves per hour.

The past season, being unprecedentedly wet, has brought this invention to the front, and practical men have not been slow in recognizing its value. In a recent letter to an exchange the inventor states: "I lent one of my hay-driers to Mr. Ashcombe, of Sewardstone, a practical farmer of long experience and large holding. He started it at 9 A. M., and in ten hours had dried and stacked the produce of ten acres, estimated at one and one-half loads per acre. The total cost was $27.50 for the ten acres, rather less than it would have cost to make the hay in the field, had that been possible. The hay was made from unripe, rank, weedy grass which had been perpetually rained upon; Mr. Ashcombe and his men were inexperienced in the use of the machine, and had no help from me; the hay-drier was wholly unprotected and showers fell on the hay while it was being dried. In spite of these unfavorable conditions, however, the result was a complete success.

While it is not probable that individual farmers in this country could afford an investment in such a machine, yet with that comprehensive system of co-operation among farmers, which in future may include the ownership in common of steam engines, threshers, horse-powers, stump-pullers and the like, the artificial hay-dryer may also find its place as a valuable agent in the saving of crops jeopardized by long-continued wet weather. At least the principle detailed above may suggest a thoughtful practical men that will lead to simple contrivances for accomplishing the same purpose.

Health Hints.

Thoroughly wetting the hair once or twice a week with a weak solution of salt water will prevent it falling out.

Laws of Life says the way to cure a babe's sore mouth is to prevent it from becoming sore. Washing it with cold water is a good preventive. A gentle astringent wash, like tea made from the roots of gold thread, obtainable at any drug store, is good.

The *Scientific American* says: "Various instances have been recorded of the discovery in hens' eggs of minute specimens of the *distoma ovatum*. They appear like a small speck, the size of a millet seed or a pin's head. It is believed by helminthologists that they will develop into one of the varieties of tape worm, and it is wise, therefore, to take eggs hard boiled or otherwise well cooked. A writer in one of the late numbers of *Nature* cites several instances where these parasitic bodies have been found."

In cases of ordinary sore throat, says an exchange, the simplest and best treatment is the wet pack, using a linen cloth wrung from cold water, and over this a knit of crocheted yarn band four feet long and four inches wide. Apply this two or three nights in succession, unless it is a very serious case, when the pack should be kept during the day. If taken off in the morning, wash the throat in very cold water and rub dry with a coarse towel and with the hand. This will prevent taking more cold. The more friction used the better. Let it be a sort of squeezing of the parts so as to affect the deep-seated tissues. Sore throat may be prevented by these means from becoming chronic.

An exchange says: At this season of the year, when coughs and colds are the order of the day, and scarce a family is to be found, some of whose members are not afflicted with them, the following remedy, communicated by a Russian, as the usual mode of getting rid of those complaints in that part of Russia from whence he came, is simple, and we can, from experience, also vouch for its efficacy. It is no other than a strong tea of elder flowers, sweetened with honey, either fresh or dried. A basin of this tea is to be drank as hot as possible, after the person is warm in bed; it produces a strong perspiration, and a slight cold or cough yields to it immediately, but the most sooner requires two or three repetitions.

Recipes.

JELLY TARTLETS.—Make the paste the same as for mince pies; line small patty pans, pricking the paste in the bottom to keep it from puffing too high; bake in a quick over and fill with jelly or jam.

ONION SOUP.—Take six onions, let them brown slightly in a casserole with a tablespoonful of butter; add three potatoes sliced, pepper and salt, not too much, and let it all cook in two pints of water for an hour and a half; must cook slowly.

WHIPPED POTATOES.—Whip boiled potatoes to creamy lightness with a fork; beat in butter, milk, pepper and salt; at last the frothed white of an egg; toss irregularly upon a dish, set in the oven two minutes to reheat, but do not let it color.

PRUNE PIE.—Two cups French prunes steeped in water over night, one cup sugar, one teaspoonful extract lemon, tablespoonful vinegar, one-third cupful water; wet the edges of the paste with milk; bake twenty-five minutes in rather hot oven.

MEAT CAKES.—Take any cold meat, game or poultry (if undone all the better), mince it fine with a little fat ham or bacon; season with pepper and salt and a little savory spice. Mix well and make into small cakes; fry these a nice brown and serve them with a good gravy, or put into a mold and boil or bake.

NEW SUET PUDDING.—Four eggs, half pound suet, one pint bread crumbs, one quart milk, half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of flour; chop the suet very fine and beat the egg thoroughly; heat the milk scalding hot and pour it over the crumbs; mix the suet, cinnamon, nutmeg and flour (the latter wet a little to prevent lumps), and beat all together; add eggs; sweeten to taste; add salt and brown in oven half an hour.

According to the Boston *Journal of Commerce* the first manufacture of small arms in this country dates back to 1748, in Bridgewater, Mass., by Hugh Orr, a Scotchman, from Renfrewshire. He made 500 stands of arms for the province of Massachusetts bay, which were stored in Castle William, Boston harbor, and were carried off by the British when they evacuated the town. All of Orr's work was done by hand.

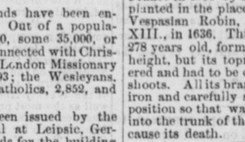
TIMELY TOPICS.

The emmigration statistics for 1879 show that 175,589 persons landed at Castle Garden, New York, of whom 135,070 were aliens, against 121,360 arrivals in 1878, of whom 75,347 were aliens. Germany sent the largest number of emigrants in 1879, the total being 33,574; Ireland came next, with 22,624, and then England, with 21,555. France only sent 2,331. The labor bureau found employment for 11,010 males and 5,517 females.

The Cuban planters evidently do not think they will lose their slaves for some time to come. They are confident the emancipation bill will not pass at this time, and owing to this feeling a spirit of confidence has sprung up among them of late, and it is said slaves readily command $500 in gold. It is whispered that what the Cuban planters pretend to foresee is the revival of Don Carlos' pretensions in Spain and his possible success. They believe that his government would earnestly oppose any emancipation of their slaves.

The world's annual crop of cotton is now equal to twelve million bales of the average weight of American cotton. Of this quantity about five million bales are produced in the United States. Some statisticians reckon that the whole crop of the world could be raised on a section of Texas less than one-twelfth of its area, or could be divided between any two of the other principal cotton States without exhausting one-half of their good lands; or it could all be raised on less than one-half the Indian Territory that is not yet occupied at all.

Within the last few months the newspapers have been printing the statement that a man in Paris offers $4,000 to anyone who will draw the annexed figure with a pen without lifting the pen from the paper:



Henry L. Carlton, a teamster of Stockton, Nev., saw this puzzle and tried to unravel it. He worked at the thing for four months until at last he became violently insane. Dr. McMecan, of Stockton, decided that Carlton was clean daft, and upon a certificate issued by him Carlton has been confined in the Emeraida county asylum.

An application of electricity to the mouths of unruly horses promises to be more successful than even Rarey's method. A metallic conducting wire runs from a Clark magnet on the seat of the wagon or carriage, through the reins to the horses' bits. By turning the crank of the magnet a current of electricity is induced and sent to the animal's mouth. No violent shock is given to benumb or alarm the horse, but the slight pricking sensation, peculiar to electrical influence, surprises and subdues him. It was invented by M. Depuy, but the superintendent of the Paris omnibus company brought it to public notice. An electric whip, to prevent searing or burning suddenly, is another ingenious invention. We seem to be just learning the application of the wonderful power of electricity to daily life, although it has so long been tamed to serve us as a messenger.

Now and then a notorious case of lost boy or lost man excites the country, and people fall to wondering how it is possible, since telegraphs, newspapers and detectives have come into existence, that these mysterious disappearances can occur. The fact of the matter is, however, says the Philadelphia *Times*, that mysterious disappearances are occurring at the rate of something more than one a day. At the New York police headquarters alone, during the past year, more than three hundred cases have been reported of men and boys who have disappeared and of whom no trace whatever has been found. The majority of these lost ones belonged in New York or the immediate vicinity, thus making the average estimated rate of one disappearance a day in the whole country, an estimate very much within bounds. While these figures seem rather startling, there really is ground for surprise that they are not greater. When we consider the dangers of great cities, the possibility of dying unknown while upon a journey, and above all, the temptation that besets so many men to hide crime or indiscretion by slipping silently out of their accustomed places in society, the wonder is not that so many people but that so few people are lost.

Can a Man Marry His Aunt?

Orson L. Cramp