THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XIII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1880. NUMBER 46.

TO A FLIRT.

You say that for love you sigh.
My heart is ever alert;
A woman's trust and a woman's
Are not often caught by a flirt.
I know your ways. I understand
How tenderness you insert
In voice and face as you kiss my hand,
Yet I know you only flirt.
Your idle talk of a parting hour
Brings me no woe or hurt;
My life can never feel the power
Of a frivolous, heartless flirt.
For love of me, oh, do not dial
A tragedy I would avert.
For a moment do not think I
Would ever grieve for a flirt.
Let these words cause no gloom,
Though they are short and curt;
I much prefer an empty room
To an empty-hearted flirt.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va.

Woman's Work.

Darning little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces
To keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons,
Teaching catechism;
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schism—
Woman's work.

Sewing on the buttons;
Overseeing rations;
Soothing with a kind word
Others lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets
And coaxing sullen cooks;
Entertaining company
And reading recent books—
Woman's work.

Burying out of sight
Her own unbealing sorrows;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
And healing of the sick;
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick—
Woman's work.

Leading little children,
And blessing manhood years;
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path;
Smiling by the wayside
Content with what she hath.—
Woman's work.

Letting fall her own tears,
Where only God can see;
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience;
Teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway
Golden, pearly, ample—
Woman's work.

Lastly cometh silence,
A day of sweet repose—
Her locks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon the marble cheek;
A look of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek!

Pale hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
The lips know no smiling,
The noble heart no thrill;
Her couch needs no smoothing,
She craveth for no care;
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wake no responses there.

Fresh grave in the valley—
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
One more solemn lesson
That life may not regret;
Face forever hidden,
Race forever run—
"Dust to dust" a voice saith,
And woman's work is done.

GRANDPA WEAVER'S BEAVER.

I shall never forget the rapture I felt the morning I was pronounced "finished" and, with artistic taste, suspended upon a pinnacle above my less pretentious companions in one of the showiest of show-windows upon the popular thoroughfare patronized by the wealthiest people in the great city where I first saw the light.

It is needless to dwell upon the circumstances which preceded my debut, and describe the process from which I emerged "a thing of beauty." Old as I now am, I still recall with satisfaction the admiration I elicited, and the ejaculations of surprise and commendation that greeted my first appearance before the world of fashion.

"Every sweet has its bitter," and I regret to say that my self-complacency was ruffled in some degree by the envy of my associates and the spiteful remarks I was forced to hear.

"The very thing to catch the eye of a sporting blackleg, or some brainless swell," whispered an insignificant "Soft felt," to a smart-looking "Derby," while a pert little "Nobby" remarked, with a leer, "All's not gold that glitters." Disagreeable words like these I confess caused some misgivings in reference to my future, but I was not fated to remain long in suspense, for notwithstanding the high price set upon me, only a few days elapsed when an exceedingly aristocratic-looking, venerable gentleman entered the store and requested the obsequious clerk to permit him to inspect the elegant beaver, at the same moment indicating my proud self by a motion of his gold-headed cane.

After a minute examination of my proportions he approached a mirror opposite, and, placing me upon his head, I saw instantly by the smile of intense satisfaction which illumined his benevolent countenance that my destiny was sealed.

Very soon after I was incased in a handsome box and sent to the almost palatial residence of the retired merchant, Mr. Weaver. I was carried up several flights of stairs and deposited in what I discovered afterward was the dressing-room of my purchaser.

In my short experience I had heard much of the vanity of ladies, and thought this particular weakness was confined solely to the female sex; but judge of my surprise when suddenly I was roused from darkness and silence by the flash of gas-jets and the voice of my new master, as he drew me from my snug resting-place and, balancing me above his brow, surveyed the effect produced in the immense glass that reflected the full length of his tall, commanding form.

I was not long finding out that my owner had a habit, when alone, of talking aloud to himself.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I look ten years younger! I had no idea a new beaver could make such a difference."

"Nor did I!" cried a fresh young voice.

The next instant a pair of white arms were wreathed about his neck.

"It is perfectly exquisite! What a dear darling papa!" Then, with a tender caress, "But why won't he allow his little Dolly to accept attentions from any of the young gentlemen who call on us? And Mr. Dorsay, too! Such a splendid beau!" The pretty lips pouted, and the laughing eyes looked inquiringly into the face half shaded by my lustrous brim.

"Dolly! child! Don't you know? Can't you understand that you are the very light of my eyes? It will be time enough five—yes, ten years hence to think of encouraging the attentions of beaux. Recollect, you are barely seventeen—not old enough to know your own mind; be patient, little puss, and when the right one comes and I sanction, why then—?"

Alas! the right one had come, but Papa Weaver was ignorant of the fact, while I, unwittingly, was drawn into this affaire d'amour!

Dolly sighed softly, and shook her wealth of shining hair a trifle defiantly as her small white hand gently smoothed my polished surface. She had removed me from her father's head, and was slyly examining the sheeny lining that added so much to my beauty. I saw a strange light in her eyes as she continued to run her slender fingers deftly under the pliant crimped silk.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I like this beaver ever so much more than the old one."

Then, as if frightened by her own words, she quickly replaced me, and, gliding an arm within that of her indulgent parent, drew him to the door, as she rattled on:

"Come, papa; I will not wait a minute longer. You promised if I would not ride with Mr. Dorsay you would take me to the opera, and it is time."

It did not require much penetration to find out the power this only child wielded over her fond father, and it was no wonder, with her winning, lovable ways, reminding the bereaved merchant as she did of the fair girl-wife who won his heart in the long ago, and who died in the zenith of her promising womanhood, leaving him Dolly, the sole pledge of mutual love. Was it any wonder that he worshiped his lovely daughter?

After my first introduction to the family of my master, I always accompanied him, and soon became familiar with his habits. As I have said, frequently when alone in his own apartments he would express his sentiments aloud. In this way I became acquainted with the fears which beset him on account of his child—fears that some polished sharper might win her affections, and ultimately break her heart and wreck her life.

Many were the suitors that attempted to ingratiate themselves, but so vigilant was my master thus far his daughter had escaped the wiles and snares of scheming fortune-hunters.

Among other things connected with the affairs of my owner, I learned that just before Mr. Weaver retired from trade he had employed a private secretary, or amanuensis, to assist him in the arduous task of winding up his business.

George Errincourt was a young man of distinguished appearance, and possessed more than ordinary ability. By hard struggling and prudence he had finally secured a position in a banking-house, with a fair salary, sufficient to support a wife comfortably; but in such comparatively humble circumstances he dared not express open admiration for the daughter of the retired merchant.

Long before my event, and during the hours he acted as secretary to Mr. Weaver, he was thrown often into Dolly's fascinating presence, as such was her devotion to her father it was seldom she remained long away from his side, always expressing the deepest interest in whatever concerned him. Thus the young people frequently met, and step by step a tacit understanding was established, and although no word of love was interchanged, they read in each other's eyes enough to satisfy themselves of the never-dying passion that existed between them.

But there came a time when the services of the secretary were no longer needed, and there was no longer an excuse for Errincourt's visits.

Then came the anxious hours that for ever have, and for ever will disturb the current of true love. There is, however, nothing so inventive as this same tender passion. In this case, as in thousands of a similar character, the woman was first to discover a soothing remedy. Dolly, pretty madcap Dolly, was not behind her sisters in this inventive faculty, while I, poor innocent! was the silent instrument in her hands to further her woman's purpose.

Among the places my master often frequented was the shop of a fashionable hairdresser.

Soon after my entrance into the Weaver mansion I saw and became familiar with George Errincourt, and I am quite sure I suspected the existence of the love that sprung up between them before the two lovers were assured of it themselves, for soon after I came pretty Dolly used me oftentimes for a shield to hide her blushes and sly glances from her watchful guardian, and, ere long, to my astonishment and alarm, I detected the fact that the little hand which toyed with my silken lining was using my interior for a strangely contraband purpose.

This caused me to be constantly on the watch. I soon began to understand when Mr. Weaver entered the hairdresser's establishment why one of the assistants was on the alert, and always ready to seize me and give me a careful brushing, and as soon as this was done set me down near to the seat occupied by George Errincourt, who also took great interest in me, handling me with (I imagined) a loving tenderness.

But everything earthly must come to an end.

The finest beaver ever made, no matter how carefully it may be treated, in the course of time will grow rusty and need ironing. In spite of the sedulous notice given by the officious assistant, and even pretty Miss Dolly herself, I began to show the signs of usage. My master at last observed this, and one morning I heard him mutter:

"I must have my beaver renovated."

This was some time after our first connection. The very next evening—instead of going as usual to the hair-dresser's, he sought a first-class hatter and stated the case.

The hatter turned me over and over with his huge hands, and finally said to my owner:

"This beaver is too large for you, eh?"

"No!" replied Mr. Weaver, in surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"Simply," returned the workman, "because you put paper in the inside."

"Paper!" echoed the merchant. "Paper, did you say? You mistake—"

The hatter with some difficulty ran his broad finger under the lining and drew forth a neat-looking missive.

"Don't you call this paper?" holding the note to view.

Mr. Weaver had not been the successful man of business without learning to control sudden emotion. He reached and took the paper as he said, carelessly:

"Ah. I see! That's all right! It slipped there by accident. My hat is none too large."

He was prudent enough to wait until he was safe from interruption in his own apartments before he examined the mysterious note. Placing his glasses upon his nose he opened it and read aloud:

"DARLING GEORGE: Do not be downhearted, dear, my father is good and generous, and we must tell him openly of our love. When he finds you love me for myself and not the odious fortune which kept you so long from declaring your true sentiments, and that we intend to make his old days happy, I am sure he will consent to our union. He must know all. I am tired of this clandestine correspondence, and cannot feel happy in carrying on any deception, knowing how fondly he loves me, and how implicitly he trusts me. Besides, I have almost ruined his fine beaver pretending to brush it while I slipped our letters in and out of the lining. Yours,

"DOLLY."

My master dropped the note, and sat, with clasped hands, absorbed in thought. At last he perused the missive once more, then smiled as he replaced it within my lining.

"The cunning little jade!" he murmured; "who but Dolly would have resorted to such means to carry on a courtship?"

He paused a moment, then resumed, with a sigh:

"I've been expecting something of the kind—well, it might be worse!" Again he smiled. "But, through it all she is loyal to me, and her conscience hurts her for deceiving her father. H-e-m! I'll watch the novel correspondence until I find if Errincourt is not after my money, and that his love for my little madcap is sincere, then ——" Here he laughed. "Used papa's beaver! but it is a capital joke! I'll see, and if——"

He did not conclude the sentence, for that instant Dolly entered, and, with usual frankness, caressed her father with as much fervor as if she had never been guilty of dividing her affection.

My master never again gave vent to his thoughts in my presence upon the important subject, although I knew he read the letters on both sides. The last one he perused must have been very despondent, for he immediately sought his daughter and won from her by degrees the whole story.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Weaver was convinced in regard to Errincourt's intentions, for it was not long before the household was a scene of confusion, the confusion that always precedes a brilliant wedding. I will say, however, that the day previous to the one appointed for the marriage, my master, who was seated between his daughter and her betrothed, remarked, as his eye fell upon me:

"I must get a new beaver before to-morrow."

My heart sank; but I was only experiencing what thousands before me have felt, namely, the consciousness of unrewarded kindness, for had I not been the medium through which the now happy lovers had gained the consummation of their most ardent hopes, and I was to be cast aside as a worthless thing in the hour of triumph! I must have given some expression to my wounded feelings, as, at this moment, Dolly sprang from the sofa and taking me in her white hands kissed me and said:

"Indeed, papa, I think it would be the basest ingratitude to throw aside this dear old beaver, when I am indebted to it for the greatest happiness of my life. Besides, since it was renovated, it looks as good as new. I must insist upon your wearing it to the church to-morrow."

I not only witnessed the union of the two lovers, but when at last I grew too old to be of further use to my master Dolly insisted upon claiming me as her exclusive property, and though years have passed I watch with pleasure from the elevated position I hold in my lady's dressing-room the gambols of the little ones that gather on a winter's evening about the knees of their beautiful mother to listen to the oft-repeated story of Grandpa Weaver's beaver.

Captive Humming-Birds.

In the time of the Montezumas, humming-birds were tamed and kept in large conservatories. Doctor Zipperlein, of Cincinnati, tells of two humming-birds he once starved in May, a year ago, into the house of a lady in that city and were captured:

The lady, a friend of birds, resolved to try the experiment of domesticating the little creatures, although she was aware that such attempts ended usually in the death of the birds. She had no suitable cage so she selected a large candy jar, and fixed a perch inside. In the bottom she placed a bouquet of flowers, and covered the open end with gauze. The flowers were renewed every day. The convolvulus, tropæolum, honeysuckle, and other flowers with a long calyx were selected. A little honey was dropped into every blossom.

The birds began to sip the sweet food on the first day, humming above the flower cups, darting their tongues in and out among them swift as lightning. They also snapped at little insects and devoured them. After some weeks they were given some honey thinned with water, in a small dish. They sat upon their low perch and lapped the honey with their tongues, like a dog drinking water.

In a short time the birds were so tame that the gauze that confined them was removed, and they flew about the room while their glass palace was cleaned and furnished with fresh flowers and honey; but as soon as this operation was finished they flew into the glass again, and began eating the honey. The little dolly took a nap after dinner, they perched themselves upon her forehead, and enjoyed their siesta there. They hummed about the room for hours, halting for rest upon the finger of their friend, and dressing their feathers. For a change, they would fly again to the honey, but after a momentary taste away they would go, flying about their friend. Towards evening they sought their perch in the glass palace, and sang quick flute notes in the finest pianissimo. They occasionally snapped at small insects, but their chief food was honey, and later strong sweetened, since the honey thinned with water often settled to the bottom of the dish. They thrived finely on the sugar-water, too. As the weather became warm in June, the gauze covering was entirely removed from their glass palace and the little creatures were given the range of the whole room, but their food was always placed in their old dwelling.

The tiny birds were not at all timorous, even at first; they did not flutter about anxiously when their flowers were removed and fresh ones brought. Their eyes said plainly: "We know you are good to us." They thankfully appreciated the care of their protector, and, although they manifested no uneasiness when strangers were in the room, they could not be induced to perch upon anybody's finger but that of their tender keeper.

At the end of September one of them began to be ailing, and a few days after was found dead upon the floor. The other pined two hours longer, and when the cooler nights at the end of October approached it too succumbed to the unfriendly climate and to its plainly manifested homesickness.

Brigham Young and His Family.

A reporter for the St. Louis *Republican* has had a talk with a daughter of the late Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, who is now a Mrs. W. T. Harris. Mrs. Harris has been away from Mormonism for some time. She tells of the prophet's family-life as follows:

She said that of the forty-seven children, each and every one were splendid specimens of physical health and strength. There was not a weak or sickly one among the lot, and all were possessed of a good amount of intelligence. She spoke in a very admiring way of her brothers; told how one was graduated with high honors from West Point, two from the Troy (N. Y.) college, and of another who attended the Naval institute at Annapolis.

"How did we live together in that great house?" she asked, in answer to a question; "why, most happily."

"Nineteen wives and forty-seven children in one house, and no quarreling?" the reporter said, in astonishment.

"How in the world did you get along so well together?"

"My father's ruling hand, I think, had a good deal to do with it."

"In what way?"

"He taught us to love one another. Every morning wives and children met in the parlor, where we had prayers and singing. People have often asked me how in the world my father knew all his children and wives, but I can tell you, if a single one was missing at prayers he knew it, and found out where he or she was."

"And did you really all live in one family?"

"Yes, all. Our house was like a great hotel, and we were the guests. Our father was a great manager, and very practical in superintending his household affairs. Every person had her place, and, without instructions, but by a sort of understanding, kept it. Our rooms opened into a large hall, like the one in the hotel here, but larger, and when we wanted anything from sisters, brothers, or wives, we went into this room or that at will."

"And you never quarreled with each other, or had any trouble in the house?"

"Never; but hold. Yes, we did have trouble. It came with Amelia, my father's seventeenth wife. She was from the East, and married father for his name and wealth. She was a high-strung woman, and should have stayed in the East. My father thought a great deal of her, so much that he built her what was afterward called Amelia castle."

Shell pink is a fashionable color. The husband of the lady who wears the pink usually does the shelling out.

THE PIANOFORTE.

The Kingdoms and Countries Contributing to Its Manufacture—Woods and Their Uses—Ivory and Gums from the "Dark Continent."

The variety of materials and the number of countries contributing to the manufacture of the pianoforte is not apparent to the casual observer, and it is not until one examines into the subject that he begins to gain an idea of what this complicated piece of mechanism is composed and the many countries required to supply the material. For instance, there are no less than thirteen different kinds of wood used in the different parts of the instrument, comprising pine, maple, ash, cherry, white wood, spruce, black walnut, rosewood, ebony, bass wood, cedar, apple tree and white holly. About half the number used is pine; maple and spruce come next, with about one-eighth each, while the other woods mentioned take up the remaining quarter.

Michigan pine, which on account of its straight grain and absence of sap, is now preferred to the Eastern growth, is used for the manufacture of piano cases. The Vermont maple, which differs somewhat from other varieties of this wood, being harder and finer grained, is utilized for the pin blocks into which the tuning-pins are driven. The tops are made of Indiana ash. Where a finer-grained wood than the ash and one which will sustain a greater strain is required, cherry is employed. On account of the ease with which it can be carved, Indiana white wood is used for the legs and pedals. Spruce for the sounding boards and connecting parts was formerly brought from "down-East" forests, but is now largely supplied from the Adirondacks. Our Western black walnut is employed where a nice finish is required.

Rosewood imported from Brazil is sawed into veneers, and Boston is universally acknowledged to possess the best facilities for this work of any city in the country. Madagascar contributes this wood, but it is found in other parts of the world, and the persimmon, a native of our Southern States, is said to be a relation of the same family. Basswood, from the western country, is also employed about the keys. For hammer stems a flexible and elastic material is required, and this is found in our New England cedar. Apple-tree wood is susceptibled of a high finish, and is less liable to retain dampness than other woods; hence it plays its part in the "action" as it is technically termed, or the working parts of the instrument. White holly, of Western growth, forms that part of the key beneath the ivory. To the above list we have supposed the instrument to be of rosewood finish, but for veneering a vast number of fancy woods are sometimes called into requisition. Thus we have the mahogany, the French walnut, the California laurel, the butternut, the tulip-wood and many others. The use of these fancy woods seems to be on the increase.

Ivory is an important item in the make-up of the piano. The chief supply of the world comes from Africa, and the largest tusks and those best adapted for the keys of musical instruments, reaches us through the port of Zanzibar on the east coast. The American, English, French, German and Hindoo merchants have agents in that mart who receive the manufactures of their respective countries and dispose of them to the parties who send trading expeditions to the interior and to those having sub-agents at the villages along the coast, where the goods are bartered with the natives for ivory and other African products.

The trading expeditions to the interior are sometimes absent from Zanzibar for three years. Not unfrequently the leader of the expedition is the slave of the person who fits it out. At the present time hunters have to go far into the interior to find elephants, and within a few years the hunters and traders of the east and west coasts have often met in their journeys.

Some people have the impression that large numbers of elephants' tusks are found buried in the sand, having been shed by their possessors. This idea is erroneous. The elephant cannot exist except where there is an abundance of vegetation and water, and he never sheds his tusks until he dies. A tusk of ivory left exposed to the action of the weather for any considerable length of time will crack and decay so as to be almost worthless to the manufacturer of piano keys or fine combs.

Ivory tusks range from three pounds to 180 pounds. The quality and value of the ivory is not a matter of "prime ivory" is used by the manufacturers of piano keys and fine combs, and the tusks will average about seventy-five pounds each, none weighing under fifty pounds. Each tusk passing through the Zanzibar custom-house is stamped and numbered, these numbers beginning with one, semi-annually. The numbers often run as high as 19,000 in a single half year.

Africa also contributes gum-copal, used in the manufacture of pianoforte polishing varnishes. All the fine gums imported into this country and England are broken up and graded before shipment.

Shellacs, which enter into the manufacture of another kind of varnish, come to us from Calcutta. Lac is a resinous substance which exudes from the branches of certain trees in India, and is of curious formation. A little insect of the cochineal tribe punctures small holes in the bark, from which the resinous juice flows, hardens over the insects and fastens them to the branches. From this substance is prepared the shell-lac, or shellac, of commerce.

The felts and cloths used in various parts of the piano are made from the finest imported wools, some of home and some of foreign manufacture. One made of German broadcloth in use costs $8 per yard. The felts for the hammers were formerly of German importation, but, after much experimenting, our own country is now able to produce this article, though the methods of its production are essentially German.

Buckskin is another important factor in piano manufacture, and finds its use in covering the felt, which in turn covers the hammer. Owing to some peculiarity of German tanning, which renders the skins pliable, gives it a silky finish and withal adapts it for the above service, the German skins are used exclusively. No American tanner has yet succeeded in producing a buckskin which will answer this purpose, and a fortune is reserved for some enterprising Yankee who accomplishes the undertaking.

The music wire is manufactured in Nuremburg, but pianoforte hardware generally is furnished by our own country, and consists of an almost endless variety of bolts, tuning pins, hinges, screws, etc. Glue is a faithful ally of the piano maker, and alcohol, turpentine, sweet oil, rotten stone, pumice stone and a host of other articles aid him materially in his operation.

The piano is made up of 6,000 separate pieces, and, as we have shown calls to its aid a great variety of materials and the products of almost every clime. We have not spoken of the skill required to construct these parts into a harmonious whole, but what we have said will partly explain to our readers why there is such a difference in the cost of pianofortes.

A manufacturer may incorporate cheap materials in his intrument, and sell it at a very low price, but those makers who value the reputation of their pianos use the best stock only, and consequently the purchaser is obliged to pay the enhanced cost.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of 1741, appears the curious announcement: "Mr. Gower [made] ratkiller to his majesty—a place of £100 a year—an honorable office."

A REMARKABLE MAN.

The Private Soldier Who Could Do All Sorts of Wonderful Things That No Other Man Could Do.

One of the most remarkable private soldiers on either side in the late war was a young man named Tom Kelley, a private in the Second Michigan Infantry. The remarkable began with his build. He had arms a full hand longer than any man who could be found. He had no more backbone than a snake, and could almost tie himself in a knot. He could tell the date on a silver quarter held up twenty feet away, and he could hear every word of a conversation in a common tone of voice across an ordinary street. He could run half a mile as fast as any officer's horse could gallop, and there was a standing offer of $10 to any man who could hold him down. On a bet of a box of sardines he once passed six sentinels within an hour. On another occasion he entered the colonel's tent and brought away that officer's boots.

When Tom's remarkable qualifications were discovered he was detailed as a scout and spy, and was changed from one department to another. In the capacity of spy he entered Richmond three times. He entered Vicksburg and preached a sermon to the soldiers a week before the surrender. He was in New Orleans five days before that city was taken. He was a man who firmly believed that he could not be killed by an enemy, and he governed his movements accordingly.

While under the orders of General Hooker, Kelley proved on several occasions that he could see further with the naked eye than any officer could with a field-glass. If he could get a place of concealment within fifty feet of a picket he could catch the countersign. He visited Lookout Mountain, intending to spike as many of the Confederate guns as possible. His disguise was that of a farmer who had been driven from home by the Union forces. The enemy somehow got suspicious of him, and he was placed in the guardhouse for the night. There was a sentinel at the door, and others near by standing guard over guns and stores, but it was all the same to Kelley. With an old tin plate for use as a shovel and scoop he burrowed out at the back end of the building, and walked up to two pieces of artillery, and spiked both before any alarm was raised. When the sentinels began firing at him he ran out of camp, but before he was clear of it he had been fired fifty times.

Kelley was once captured, when asleep by Missouri guerrillas. When he opened his eyes he was surrounded by five or six men on foot and others in the saddle. It was under a tree in an open field, and he had been tracked by a dog. As he rose up at their command he resorted to his wonderful skill as a gymnast. By dodging and twisting and jumping he got out of the crowd, pulled a man off his saddle, and would have escaped had not the dog fastened to his leg. He was then put under guard in a log house with only one room. Two sentinels sat at the door with revolvers in their hands and kept watch of his every movement. After an hour or two he approached as if to offer them tobacco, and jumped clear over their heads like a deer. He had half a mile of open field to cross, and he crossed it under the fire of a score of muskets and revolvers without being hit.

During his three years and a half in the service Kelley captured fifty-two Confederates, and turned them over as prisoners. He himself was captured and escaped five times. As a spy he entered more than thirty Confederate camps and forts. He was fired upon at least 1,000 times, and yet was never wounded. He had said that he would never die by the hand of an enemy, and his prophecy came true. In the last year of the war, while bringing a captured Confederate scout into camp, both were killed within forty rods of the Union lines by a bolt of lightning.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Opium Drunkards.

The public were shocked not long since by the account of the death of a lady, the daughter of one of the most eminent professional men in the country, from an overdose of morphine. The wretched story was published all over the country.

This woman was young and beautiful. She had had culture, and was by nature gentle, loving and lovable. A few years ago she began to take opium for some disease, and soon became its victim. All her struggles against it were vain. At an age when she should have been in the full vigor of her womanhood, a happy wife and fond mother, she died alone, and her downfall and disgrace were blazoned in every city of the Union.

Opium drunkenness is said to be on the increase in this country, and it prevails largely among women. Very few matrons or young girls, when suffering from weakness or nervous disorders, would resort to brandy or whisky. But a dose of laudanum, or some other anodyne, they regard as harmless.

Physicians, too, heedlessly prescribe something which they vaguely call "drops" to an overworked mother, or young girl exhausted by incessant dancing and flirting, when the proper remedies would be a few weeks' rest from labor and care, and a more wholesome, rational life.

American women are, as a rule, energetic. The busy housekeeper and the eager belle find resort to a seemingly innocent little black bottle, when they are "run down," much easier than the giving up of work, or the sacrifice of balls and germans. Before they are conscious of their danger, they are victims to the most hopeless and terrible of appetites—they are opium drunkards.

It is probable that no one who has ever become addicted to this habit has been able to conquer it. DeQuincy wrote a book that for dramatic horror and pathos has not its like in literature, to prove that it was possible to rise "out of the deep;" but he sank again, helpless and hopeless.

The best monograph on the opium habit written in America, was the work of a brilliant man of letters who believed himself cured, yet died its victim. Most of our readers can recall at least one opium drunkard whom they have known. The livid, corpse-like skin, the glassy eye, the vague air of terror, are unmistakable. They are signs that the nightmare, life-in-death, has seized its prey, and is dragging it surely down to the grave.—*Youth's Companion*

How to Keep Healthy.

Do not neglect ventilating your bedrooms when the weather becomes cold. In the morning hoist the windows, take off the bedclothes, shake and stir the ticks, turn the upper one over the foot roll. This will prevent the impure odors generating further, and they will escape faster while the bed is warm, and you will not have to wait for the beds to air when you are ready to make them.

In hot weather we sleep with all the windows open, but do not allow the wind to blow directly upon us. In the coldest nights of winter we only leave the doors open connecting with other rooms. On no account sleep in tight rooms without at least a crack to admit of pure air. Plenty of fresh air gives health, strength and elasticity to the lungs and body.

Keep the pores of the skin open, to let impurities pass out freely, by washing the body once a week in winter, and oftener in summer. Have the room warm, bathe quickly and wipe dry, and you will not feel chilly if it has been done properly. If all the clothing worn by day were aired, while we sleep in other garments, much health and comfort would be added to life. One-third of our lives is spent in our sleeping-rooms. Do be particular about them. Let them be large, dry and pleasant.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

M. de Lesseps states that the opening of the Suez canal has increased the rainfall in the surrounding country to a remarkable extent. Previous to 1870 rain fell only about once a year, while it now falls at least twice a month.

M. Roudaire has presented to the French academy the results of his recent Algerian survey. He believes that an inland sea of 250 miles in length may be created without serious difficulty.

Professor Dufour, of Paris, has devised a thermometric apparatus which is so sensitive that it will denote, by a deflection of the index needle of two inches, the change of temperature caused by the entrance of a person into the room where it is placed.

It is surprising how quickly the vegetation of many countries settled by Europeans has been modified. A German writer, describing the flora of Chili south of the Valdivia river, states that the scenery between the Rio Buena and its winding affluents reminds him very strongly of home. In the park-like prairies, associated with deciduous beeches, are numerous scattered apple trees, originally introduced from Europe. The apple tree has spread from Vaidivia to Osorno, and even crossed the Andes into Northwestern Patagonia, and spread thence eastward. Indeed, it has become so widely distributed and so general that the Indians from the distant regions of the Argentine rivers, Rso Negro and Rio Colorado are called Manzaneros, or Apple Indians.

The investigations of Herr Weith have shown that of various bodies of water, under otherwise similar conditions, that one has the greatest quantity of fish which contains the most dissolved bicarbonate of lime. A simple explanation of this seemingly strange fact is given. The simple carbonate of lime is widely distributed on the bottoms of lakes, but, being insoluble, is not taken up by the water. If, however, the water contain an abundance of carbonic acid—which is produced, of course, by animals in respiration—this transforms the carbonate into the bicarbonate, which readily dissolves in water. It appears, therefore, that by a sure chemical analysis, one may, with considerable probability, estimate the quantity of fish in a body of water; and conversely, Herr Weith has often been able to give a remarkably accurate statement of the chemical composition of a body of water on learning the quantity of fish contained in it.

The Size of a Drop.

Mr. T. L. Talbot has made a series of experiments regarding the size of drops in the use of measuring medicines, etc. He finds that liquids containing a small portion of water afford a small drop and visa versa. Gamelin's statement "that the cohesion of liquids is pretty nearly in proportion to their specific gravity" is called in question, and the fact that alcohol and mecury afford nearly the same number of drops to the drachm certainly throws considerable doubt upon the matter. The size of drops is effected principally by the cohesion of the liquid, and the form of lip over which the drop falls. Bottles with ground necks, wide, thin eyes lips give fair results, but are not so accurate as "droppers." The best of these will not, however, average at all well. The administration of powerful medicines should not be attempted by drops, and this mode of measurement is, in any case, inadmissable if the quantity exceeds half a drachm. The largest drop is formed by syrup of gum arabic, forty-four to the drachm, and the smallest by chloroform 256 to the drachm. As a general rule tinctures, fluid extracts and essential oils yield a drop less than one-half the size of water, and acids and solutions give a drop but slightly smaller than water.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Specious Arguments

When a party of Paisley weavers, anxious to cross the Clyde from Greenock to Dunoon one Sabbath morning, desired the captain of a Rothsay steamer to take their boat in tow, as they did not wish to profane the day by using their oars, the captain wanted to know where was the difference between employing their oars and employing the steamer's paddles. "The difference!" exclaimed the spokesman of the conscientious crew; "there is a great difference between rowing by the power of man, who must answer for what he does, and a wheel turning engine; a steam engine's not a mortal man and we need not be responsible for an accountable agent." A specious argument certainly; but one much more easy to answer than that advanced by a farm servant, willing enough to milk her master's cows on the Sabbath, but firm in refusing to feed them on that day. Drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are and what are not works of necessity, the shrewd lass said: "The cows canna milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity; but let them out to the fields and they'll feed themselves."

A Romantic Suicide.

A St. Petersburg paper narrates a touching story of an occurrence in one of the principal hotels in that city. A young gentleman from Moscow who had been staying for a few days by himself in the hotel, ordered dinner one day to be served for two. He then went to the railway station, evidently to meet his expected friend. He, however, returned to the hotel alone at dinner time. As his door was fastened and no reply could be got from within, the police were sent for to break open the door. The young gentleman was found stretched across the table shot through the heart. On the table also lay the photograph of a young lady, and the fragments of a letter were found scattered about the floor. Another letter was found addressed to the proprietor of the hotel saying that the writer had shot himself in despair because the young lady whom he had been expecting had not kept her promise. Half an hour afterward came the postman, bringing a letter from the young lady herself, saying that she had missed the train by which will answer this purpose, and a fortune is reserved for some enterprising Yankee who accomplishes the undertaking.

The music wire is manufactured in Nuremburg, but pianoforte hardware generally is furnished by our own country, and consists of an almost endless variety of bolts, tuning pins, hinges, screws, etc. Glue is a faithful ally of the piano maker, and alcohol, turpentine, sweet oil, rotten stone, pumice stone and a host of other articles aid him materially in his operation.

The piano is made up of 6,000 separate pieces, and, as we have shown calls to its aid a great variety of materials and the products of almost every clime. We have not spoken of the skill required to construct these parts into a harmonious whole, but what we have said will partly explain to our readers why there is such a difference in the cost of pianofortes.

A manufacturer may incorporate cheap materials in his intrument, and sell it at a very low price, but those makers who value the reputation of their pianos use the best stock only, and consequently the purchaser is obliged to pay the enhanced cost.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

LIFE AMONG LIONS.

A Talk With a Noted Tamer of the King of Beasts.

"I began with lions about 1865. I was bossing the animals in John O'Brien's circus in Girard, Pa. Felix McDonald, the lion man, got a bite that put him for two months in the hospital. Somebody had to go into the cage, and I went. I'd seen him often, and I knew the animals pretty well. I didn't have much difficulty till the next spring in Pottsville. I was tantalizing the lions—four of 'em—with raw meat, and one of the females got behind me and, quick as a flash, bit through my calf. I kept quiet and turned around and hammered her until she let go."

"How do you train them?"

"We treat green ones—those captured in Africa—and tame ones born in menageries very much the same. The wild ones are better and safer. This is because a lion used to a cage, and to being poked and teased, is less afraid of you. I'd sooner handle ten green lions than one that's used to the public. Besides, the green ones have a great deal more play and spirit in 'em. We begin with them when they're two 'n a half or three years old. When I first go into a cage of untamed ones I have a fire near by, with three or four iron rods in it, red hot. If the beasts go for me the men stand ready to jab the irons in their mouths and make 'em let me go. I have been roughly handled sometimes, but never badly hurt. It takes two years to train one perfect, because you have to go slow with em. Not one lion in five is good for tricks, anyway.

"Just as soon as you find one that don't act right you have to throw him out. Some of them are too excitable. Others are sulky, and lie down in the corner, and if you go behind them you take big chances. You want to keep your face toward 'em all the time. I've worked on one for five months—the third one there—and all he'll do is to jump a little."

"How do you teach?"

"We teach 'em to jump over a stick by having a board fence in the middle of the cage and driving them over it. To make them stand up in the corner, we have a tackle hitched to their neck and pull 'em up. Then we pet 'em, and they finally get used to it. We make 'em lie down by whipping them. When they're tried up in the corner we catch 'em by the mouth and nostrils, and teach 'em to keep their mouth open by so doing it. Then we git to sticking our head in."

"That's rather risky, ain't it?"

"Not very. You can tell in an instant when they are going to close, and jerk your head out. I saw one man killed in that way, though. His name was Joe Whittle. I broke him in Maryland, and he took four lions (two of 'em were Frank and George that I am using now) and worked 'em for three years. Finally, in Frankfort, Penn., Joe was nervous one day and thought he would have a rehearsal before the show. He put his head in Frank's mouth and the beast closed on him, biting clean through his face and partly through his neck, so that the lower jaw fell down on his breast. They tried to get him out, but Frank grabbed his leg with his teeth and he was badly chewed before they got him. He died a few days after."

"Do they get up any affection for you?"

"No, they ain't much on affection. They would go for me if I was outside just as quick as they would anybody. They're deceiving brutes, and very quick. I recollect in Galveston one of the boys, who was a little drunk, swore they would not hurt a fly, and went up to the cage. In a minute one of them. I don't know whether it was Frank or George, had him, and his right shoulder and the right side of his head weren't worth much when they got him away. I've only had five accidents that amounted to anything. Once one of them clawed off my shirt and most of the meat on my chest along with it, but my scratches are mostly little ones."

"Don't you sometimes put a pair of hands that had evidently seen hard usage, having been gassed in all directions.

A "Naval Demonstration."

By the treaty of Berlin, the sultan of Turkey was required to give up a small portion of his territory that lies on the borders of the little mountain principality of Montenegro to the ruler of that country. But months, then years, elapsed, and the sultan failed in this requirement of the treaty. The Albanian Turks, who occupied the territory, resisted their transfer to Montenegro, armed themselves, and prepared to contest the cession. The matter rested.

When Mr. Gladstone became prime minister of England, however, he resolved that the sultan's delay should end, and that he should be compelled to carry out the obligations which required him to make the cession to Montenegro. He persuaded the other great powers to join him in this purpose, and their envoys all pressed the sultan to yield to their united demands. Then the sultan said that he would give up, not the territory that had been named, but the seaport town of Dulcigno to the Prince of Montenegro. This proposition was accepted by that prince and by the great powers.

But the Albanians resisted also the giving up of Dulcigno, and the sultan declared that he could not compel them to lay down their arms. Then the powers, under the lead of England, resolved to make what they called a "naval demonstration" in Turkish waters. Accordingly, fleets under the flags of the various nations—England, Russia, France, Austria, Italy and Germany—gathered in the Mediterranean, and sailed to the Adriatic. These combined squadrons were under the command of the English admiral Seymour. They anchored in a bay called Gravoss, very near Dulcigno; and Admiral Seymour then called upon the prince of Montenegro to take possession of the town with his troops. But this, the prince declared, he was unable to do. He said that he would soon be overpowered by the Turkish and