THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XIV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1881. NUMBER 31.

A Mosquito Conundrum.

Why am I like mosquitoes, dear,
That you have killed?" he sighed,
Because you won't go hum, I fear,"
The sleepy maid replied.

"That isn't it—please try once more."
"Well, then, you're like," said she,
"Mosquitoes, for they always bore."
"You're wrong again," said he.

Because they come 'round every night,
And are a nuisance, too?"
'Oh, no, my love; the reason right
Is that I'm mashed on you."

"What does that mean?" she asked. While he
Explained she gently coughed,
Oh, now I understand," laughed she—
"You're mashed because you're soft."

A Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praise long,
Why should one who thrills your heart,
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

"AN OLD NUISANCE."

Mind, I quote those three words. They are none of mine. Only, thinking over three or four equally appropriate titles, I chose the one I use as being the oddest, and I always had a fancy for odd things. And now for my story.

On what my aunt (by marriage) and her family founded their claims to aristocracy I never could discover. My uncle had been a merchant, it is true, and one of considerable prominence in his day, I had been told, and so had been his father before him, and his father's father before that. That his business in his most prosperous time was intimately connected with China is impressed upon my mind (I became an inmate of his house when I was about six years of age, in consequence of the death of both my parents within a week of each other, leaving me with no means of support, and no other relative) by the fact that every first of June saw bright new mattings laid on our floors, to remain there until cold weather came again, and that our mantels and whatnots were decorated with many pretty, dainty little porcelain cups, thin as eggshells—rarities in those days, but in these plenty and cheap enough.

Now, according to all I have learned on the subject, real Simon Pure aristocrats look down upon trade even on the grandest scale, and never have anything to do with it further than once in a while marrying one of its sons or daughters who have come into possession of millions enough to offset the honor.

However, our family (I venture to include myself, none of my cousins being within hearing) assumed all the airs of the "blue bloods" of the old country.

Eleanor, our second, wore a look of deep indignation for several days after a manly, clever, good-looking fellow, the brother of one of her old schoolmates, with a considerable income, but who was junior partner of a firm keeping a retail store on Sixth avenue, proposed for her hand.

"The presumption of the man!" she exclaimed, raising her arched eyebrows in astonishment, and curling her full red upper lip in scorn; "to imagine for a moment that because I honored him with my company to the opera two or three times, I would marry him! If his business had been wholesale, it would have been bad enough; but fancy a person who sells pins and needles by the paper and lace by the yard! Never! I would die first."

Minerva, our fourth, was equally horror-stricken at the effrontery of a young bookkeeper whom her brother Laurence had introduced into the family circle—a rare thing for one of her brothers to do, for, like all other men, as far as my limited experience goes, they scarcely ever thought their companions to be good enough to be the companions of their sisters—when he ventured to express his admiration for her. The young man soon after succeeded to a very handsome property, and became a great swell—"a perfect too-too," as I believe the fashionable way of expressing it now is—a kind of being after Minerva's own heart; but she was never invited to ride behind his fast horses, and what was much worse, never again asked to take the head of his table.

And in like manner the graceful and enthusiastic professor of music, the stout, good-natured proprietor of the extensive iron-works ("wholesale and retail") on the next block, the young artist, who has since risen to wealth and fame, and sundry others, all falling short of the aristocratic standard set up by our family, were snubbed by my lady cousins, aided by their brothers, and not wholly unassisted by their mother. I never had had, at the time this story commences, being then in my eighteenth year, a chance to snub any one; for, lacking the personal attractions of my relatives, as well as their "high-toned" natures—truth to tell, having decidedly democratic tendencies—I was kept in the background on all occasions.

Let it be remarked in passing that Eleanor eventually married, when rather an old girl, a widower, in the milk business—very wholesale, however—the father of four children. At the same time Minerva, a few years younger, deigned to become the wife of an elderly bachelor, something or other in a shoe manufactory. But they held their heads as high as ever, and declared they had sacrificed themselves for the family, uncle having failed for the second time—through no fault of his own, dear old man—a few months before the double wedding.

That their "sacrifice" was for the good of the family I don't deny; but there still were left at home to be taken care of after their departure three old maids, a young one, and two helpless young men, who, having been brought up to do nothing, did it to perfection.

After the failure uncle got a situation as superintendent of one of the many departments in the large establishment of the gentleman who sold "pins and needles by the paper and lace by the yard" (he was now head of the firm, and had a pretty, lady-like wife and two pretty children), and we dismissed one of our servants and moved into a much smaller house.

But in spite of all our efforts at economy our income proved vastly inadequate to our expenses, and this was the cause of so much bewailing and bemoaning that our house seemed to be bereft of all gladness and sunshine. And one evening after Ethel, our youngest daughter, had burst into tears because aunt had declared it would be impossible to have ice cream, meringues, jellies and similar dainties every day for dessert, for the two sufficient reasons that we couldn't afford them and our present cook couldn't make them, I ventured to suggest to the weeping damsel that if she found life positively unbearable without the above-named luxuries (all the Egberts, by-the-bye, were extravagantly fond of good things to eat), she might knit and crochet some of the worsted articles she was in the habit of making so artistically for herself and sell them to—" Mr. Lee, uncle's employer, I was about to say, when I was interrupted by a shrill shriek.

"Work for a store!" she cried. "I'd starve first."

"You wretched girl!" added my aunt. "How dare you even think of such a thing? Ethel, my darling, calm yourself."

"It is not enough that strangers should presume upon our poverty," joined in Cleanthe, also frowning upon me, "but one bound to us by ties of blood, though it must be confessed more alien than many a stranger would be, must advance ideas that shock and wound us. Imagine"—turning to her brother Roland, who lay on the only lounge in the room, complacently regarding himself in the mirror on the opposite wall—"that impertinent Mrs. Bradshaw coming here this morning with the air of doing a kindness, too, to offer me a position in her academy!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Roland, springing to his feet—and the cause must be a mighty one that brings Roland to his feet. "One of my sisters a teacher! Great heavens!" and he went stamping about the room in the new suit of clothes aunt had just paid for by parting with her handsome pearl ring.

"Whatever is done, we can do nothing," sobbed Ethel.

"Of course not," replied Roland, grandly; "the women of our family never work."

I thought to myself, "Nor the men neither, except poor old uncle, who is fagging at a desk from morning until night."

"But our income must be increased," said Alethea, looking up from her novel and joining in the conversation for the first time. Alethea was our eldest, and still wore her hair in the fashion of her youth, a loose curl dangling over each cheek-bone, being fully persuaded that no other fashion was half so graceful or becoming.

"Discharge the chambermaid," proposed Ethel, "and let Dorothea" (I am Dorothea) "do her work. It is about all she is fit for. She never had a bit of fine feeling or style about her."

"No, she never had; she always would bite her bread," sighed my aunt, "and she has seemed sadly out of place among my children. She comes of a working race, and her ideas and tastes all smack of trade—trade—trade." I discovered in after years that my aunt's grandmother on the maternal side made a fortune out of tobacco.

"But discharging the chambermaid won't help very much," said Alethea.

"It will not," agreed Roland. "What is saved thereby will no more than find me in the little extras no society man can do without."

"Dear! dear!" aunt took up the burden again, "could I have forseen that your father would have come down in this way I never would have married him. I really don't know what is to be done, unless we emigrate to some country place where we are unknown and where it don't matter how we live."

"The country?" screamed the children in chorus. "Better death at once."

I can't imagine where I got the courage to do so after my late sharp rebuffs, but at this moment I blurted out something that had been in my mind for several weeks: "Why could not Alethea and Ethel room together, and Alethea's room, which is the pleasantest in the house, be let to a lodger?—one who would—"

But here I paused abruptly. Alethea had fainted in the arms of my aunt, who, glancing at me over the top of her eldest daughter's head, commanded me in her deepest tone (aunt has rather a bass voice) to "leave the room—instantly."

But in a short time, during which things had been getting worse and worse, and we had been reduced to rice puddings for dessert on week days and apple tarts on Sundays, I was allowed to prepare an advertisement for the morning's paper, in which was offered to "an elderly gentleman, who must have excellent references, a fine room in the house of a lady of refinement, who had never before taken a lodger, for the privilege of occupying which he would be expected to pay a liberal equivalent."

I disapproved highly of the wording of this call for help, but my aunt and cousins insisted upon its being couched in these very terms, and so I was compelled to yield, inwardly convinced that it would bring no reply.

But it did. The very afternoon of the morning it appeared, a carriage with a trunk strapped on behind drove up to our door. An old gentleman got out, hobbled up our steps and rang our door-bell.

"You must see him, Dorothea," said my aunt, leaving the parlor, followed by a train of her children. "It is your affair altogether. I will have nothing to do with it."

"We none of us will have anything to do with it," chimed in my cousins. "We were not born with the souls of lodging-house keepers;" and away they sailed as I opened the door to the second—a little louder than the first—ring of the caller.

He was a short, slightly-formed old gentleman, with big, bright black eyes, bushy white eyebrows, and a long white mustache and beard.

"You have a room to let?" he asked.

"I have," I answered, ushering him into the parlor, where he glanced keenly around, and then as keenly into my face, while he announced in a decisive tone:

"I have come to take it. My luggage is at the door. Be so kind as to tell me where to direct the man to carry it."

"But"—I began, in a hesitating way, utterly confused by the stranger's brusque, not to say high-handed manner.

"'But me no buts,'" quoted the old gentleman. "I am Amos Griffin, lately from England, where I have been living for the past twenty years. Since I landed in New York, a month ago today, I have been boarding at the St. Nicholas. But where's your mother?"

I hastened to assure him that I was empowered to negotiate with him.

"Ah, indeed! Well, then, I'll go on, though it strikes me that you are rather young for the business. You 'have never taken a lodger before.' I am glad of it, for reasons which is not necessary to explain. You want a 'liberal equivalent' for your fine room; I am prepared to give it. That leaves only one thing to be arranged. I should like my breakfast at eight precisely every morning."

"But we did not propose to give breakfast."

"I know you didn't; but I'll give you another 'liberal equivalent' for it. You can't be very well off, or you wouldn't take a lodger; and the more liberal equivalents you can get from him the better. Will you be kind enough to show me to my room?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, meekly, completely succumbing to the big black eyes and strong will-power of the frail-looking old man, and totally forgetting to ask for the "reference" insisted upon in the advertisement. Whereupon he stepped to the front door, and beckoned to the man outside, who, taking the trunk upon his back, followed him, as he followed me, to the second story front room.

"Ah," said our lodger, as he entered it, "this is not bad—not at all bad."

And it wasn't. As I have said before, it was the pleasantest room in the house, and I had arranged it as prettily as I could with the means at my command. Fortunately these included a number of nice engravings and vases, and a capacious bamboo chair with a crimson cushion, and foot-stool of like color. And the fragrance of the honeysuckles that stole in at the window from the balcony, and the two or three sunbeams that had found their way through the half-closed blinds, and danced in triumph on the wall, and the half-dozen gayly bound books (mine) on the mantel, and the ivy growing from a red pot on the bracket in one corner, all combined to make the room a pleasant place indeed.

Mr. Griffin had been our lodger exactly two years, during which I had prepared and superintended the serving of his breakfasts, and taken entire charge of his room, "as well as though I had been brought up to that sort of thing," as my cousin Cleanthe remarked, and the rest of the family, with the exception of uncle, who became quite friendly with him, had only met him some dozen times—at which times they assumed their most dignified dignity—when he was taken sick.

"It's an old complaint, which will carry me off some time," said he to me; "but I hope not this time. Anyhow, Little Honesty" (a name he had given me from the first—I hope I deserved it), "live or die, I intend to remain here. Nowhere else could I be as comfortable. You must engage an extra servant, and you and she together must nurse me. I should certainly die of a professional. By-the-bye, who is your family physician?"

I told him.

"If I am not better send for him tomorrow. I am going out now—only a few steps," meeting my look of surprise. "I want to see my lawyer, and I shan't take to my bed for several days yet."

That afternoon, taking care not to repeat the old gentleman's exact words, but putting his remarks in the form of a request to be allowed to remain, I stated the case to the family.

"Going to be ill?" exclaimed Alethea. "Dear me! how disagreeable!"

"I'm sure I don't want him to stay: he might die here," said my aunt, who had the utmost horror of death.

"He's an old nuisance, anyhow," proclaimed Ethel, "and always has been, and I blush that any relative of mine should have degraded herself so far as to become his servant-maid."

Here I will mention that my cousin Roland, a month or so before this, had married a young lady with a large fortune, and out of this fortune he generously proposed to make the family a liberal yearly allowance, besides which came many gifts from the married sisters, whose husbands had prospered, and thereupon been obliged by their wives to share their prosperity with us, that we might live at least, as Minerva expressed it, "with elegant economy." And so we were not entirely dependent upon our lodger for desserts and several other things.

But to go back. "He is not an old nuisance," said I, indignantly. "He is a kind-hearted old man, and I'm very fond of him."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes, Miss Ethel," I went on, "I am very fond of him. And if my aunt will allow me—I am sure my uncle will—I will take all the extra care resulting from his sickness upon myself, and no one else shall be annoyed in the least. After living beneath our roof for two years and contributing so bountifully to our comforts—you needn't glare at me, Cleanthe; he has, for I am quite certain no one else would have paid us so liberally—it would be the basest ingratitude, not to say cruelty, to send him among strangers now that he most needs care and kindness."

"Are you quite through, Miss Reynolds?" asked my aunt, sarcastically. "I had no idea you were so eloquent, never having heard you preach before. But of one thing I am determined: you shall not call in our doctor to your patient. He is a perfect aristocrat, and has no idea we keep a lodger, and I do not wish him to know it."

"There's a young saw-bones a few doors below," drawled my youngest gentleman cousin, who resented my waiting upon any one but himself; "he'll do for your fine old—nuisance."

That very evening Mr. Griffin had a bad turn, and I sent for the "young saw-bones a few doors below" in great haste. He proved to be a Dr. Rice, a frank-looking, brown-haired, gray-eyed, broad-browed young man, with gentle voice and quick, light step. And the old gentleman, taking a great fancy to him, decided on retaining him—a decision that relieved me greatly, bearing in mind as I did my aunt's embargo in regard to our family physician.

And from that time for three months, although very seldom confined to his bed, our lodger never had a well day. At the end of the three months, however, he began to mend slowly, and at the end of two more was on his feet again. And then he told me he had made up his mind to return to England.

"I am sorry, very sorry, to part with you," I replied. "But it is right that you should go."

"Well said, Little Honesty. And now let's begin to pack," said he.

Dr. Rice and I went with the old gentleman to the steamer that was to carry him away, and waved a last farewell to him—in the midst of a crowd also waving last farewells—from the pier, as the vessel slowly moved out into the stream; and then we returned to our respective homes to read the letters he had placed in our respective hands with his final good-bye.

Mine I read in the privacy of my own room at first; and when I had partly recovered from my astonishment and delight I flew downstairs, called the family together, and read it to them. It was as follows:

"DEAR LITTLE HONESTY—Had I died—which I didn't, thanks unto God to you and Dr. Rice—I should have left each of my dear young friends ten thousand dollars in my will. But having lived, I am going to do a much pleasanter thing—I am going to give them the ten thousand at once. My lawyer will see you both to-morrow.

"AMOS GRIFFIN.

"P. S.—I have also left a slight bequest to Miss Ethel Egbert. She wil find it on the lower shelf of the closet in the room I occupied when I was her cousin Dorothea's lodger."

Ethel for once forgot her graceful, gliding step. She started hastily for the stairs, but her youngest brother was before her, and she was fain to turn back again as he slid down the baluster, and landed in our midst with something in his arms.

It was a large framed photograph of Amos Griffin, with a card attached bearing these words, "An excellent picture of 'An Old Nuisance.'"

I married Dr. Rice.—*Harper's Weekly.*

He who refuses justice to the defenceless will make every concession to the powerful.

FOR THE LADIES.

Hoop Skirts Again in Fashion.

The shops in New York are again displaying hoop skirts, and report a good sale for them. At one time the hoop skirt manufactories were numerous, and a large capital was engaged in the business. Since the hoop skirt went out of fashion the factories have nearly all disappeared, and the capital has gone into other enterprises. A hoop skirt manufacturer said to a reporter:

"I recollect the time when we employed 1,200 hands, and our product was 10,000 skirts a day. That was during the war, but about 1868 the hoop skirt went out of fashion and the trade died out. There was a transient revival in 1870, but it disappeared, and from then until now the hoop skirt trade has been a very small part of our business. We have always continued the manufacture to some extent, getting orders every now and then, mostly from the South and West. Some ladies have never given up the use of the hoop skirt at all; but they have been old-fashioned people who liked it because of its comfort. Now, however, it is in fshion again. The demand has sprang up so suddenly that it is impossible to meet it. For the last six months there has been an increasing demand, and in the last few weeks, in addition to the local demand, we have been constantly receiving orders by telegraph from Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and other cities, and are sold ahead of prodnction all the time. The trouble is that the old operatives have gone into other pursuits, and it is impossible to get hands enough. At present we are turning out about 100 dozen a day."

"How do you account for the change?"

"Well, you know when fashion runs to extremes there is likely to be a violent reaction. Hoop skirts were driven out of fashion because the style was pushed to such an extreme. Hoops got to be four or five yards around in the style known as 'tilters.' A lady could hardly get into a church pew. When she sat down her dress ballooned and took up the whole side of a street car. The newspapers all got to making fun of the fashion, and there was a reaction against hoop skirts. Another thing that led to do with it, I suppose, was the hard times. It took a great deal of fabric to cover those big skeleton tents, and there was a saving in adopting narrow skirts. Now, tight dresses have been pushed to an extreme, and a reaction toward fuller dresses and the hoop is natural."

"How does the new style compare with the old?" asked the reporter.

"Look at that!" said Mr. Bradley, pointing to a hoop skirt hanging from the ceiling. It was a great circular wire cage yards around. "Now look at this!" and he held up a slim, graceful skirt, with hoops secured by broad tapes, and running about half way up. "The old hoops ran up to 150 inches in circumference. The present style runs from fifty-five to sixty-five inches. Now, if the modistes do not push the style to excess, and will keep the hoop skirt down to two yards in circumference, it will remain in use."

"Has there been much change in the manufacture of hoop skirts?"

"All the change in the world. It was in 1857 that hoop skirts first came into use. I remember the first articles of the kind which were imported from Europe. They were cumbrous affairs, the hoops made of bamboo, cane or rattan. Iron was considered too heavy a material. Steel hoops were introduced by American makers. It was a long process to get the right quality of steel. If made too hard the steel would snap, and if too soft the hoop would bend in wear and lose its shape. Now, the steel is so well tempered that the hoop skirt retains its shape and at the same time conforms to changes of attitude in the wearer like a woven fabric. The weight of a skirt like that now coming into fashion is less than one-fourth of that of the old style of skirt, and the new skirt will wear four times as long as the old."

Fashion Notes.

Awning striped skirts are worn under tunics of blue and olive-green flannel.

White costumes are worn upon the street and in all public places in the country.

The latest poke bonnets show signs of assuming the proportions of the towering scoops of 1795.

A new "Jersey" is imported made of chenille network, with a fine rubber in the meshing, causing it to fit the figure as closely as the silk webbing used to last winter.

Immense Wateau fans made of cretonne are now exhibited, and are made to match in colors and designs the bright cretonnes, foulards, Pompadour cambrics and other gay summer dress fabrics.

The jersey glove is in high favor for traveling. It can be bought in old gold, gray and tan, so that it is easy to find a pair to harmonize with any gown. They are long enough to reach the elbow and have no buttons.

Pretty hats for the country are made in the "Niniche" shape—slanting down in front over the face. They are fashionably made of the coarse porcupine straw in cardinal or gold, and are trimmed with an Alsatian bow of surah placed on the crown toward the front of the hat. The brim is lined with a shirred trimming to match.

A stylish hat in the modified Marie Stuart shape is made of marroon straw, a fine English braid, lined with shirred satin of a darker color, and bordered with a tiny gold passementerie. The outside is trimmed with a satin scarf of the deep maroon color, shot with gold, and a wreath of gold-hearted poppies, shading from a deep crimson to a pale flesh tint.

The costliness and variety of ladies' hose is daily becoming more marked. The very last thing in this direction is to wear a stocking of one color on one foot and a contrasting one on the other—for instance a black silk stocking on the right foot and a cardinal one on the left, or one of pale blue with another of gold color. This fashion seems to be more suggestive of a gaudy clown at a circus performance than anything else.

With high bodices this season tulle ruches or mull puffs are more fashionable than crepe lisse ruffles. If slightly open the bodice is accompanied by a deep Stuart collar edged with lace, and cuffs to match put on over the sleeve. If cut Pompadour the open square is filled up with a finely-shirred chemisette of French mull finished with a full ruche. A great deal of lace is worn about the throat and wrists, and the corsage bouquet is still the favorite adjunct of all summer toilets, however simple.

The drains leading from the Philadelphia mint yielded about $1,000 worth of gold and silver at the last annual scouring. The recovery of metal by that operation has amounted to $21,000 in nineteen years.

Tangier as Seen From a House Top.

It was Sunday. I do not know whose Sunday it was, for there are three to the week in Tangier, the Mohammedan, the Jew and the Christian having each his own. It was Sunday; but what was more to the purpose, it was also a market day. I had caught the town in one of its spasms of business. Between these spasms, and when the Aiseawa are not over-running it, or no fete is going on, the place is said to be as dull and silent as a plague-smitten city.

It being my last as well as my first day in Africa, I did not wait for the hadji to call me that morning. I was an early bird, astir even before the slightest worm of a breakfast was practicable. Having completed my toilet I wandered out on the platform in front of my bedroom to kill the intervening hour. Discovering a stone staircase leading still higher I mounted the steps and found myself on the roof of the hotel.

The Kasba on the height had all its windows illuminated by the daybreak, but the rest of the town lay in cool shadow. At my feet stretched a confused mass of square-cut white houses, reaching to the sea's edge on one side and ending in drifts on the slant of a hill at my left—a town of snow that had seemingly dropped flake by flake from the clouds during the night.

There were figures moving on several of the neighboring house tops. All the roofs were perfectly flat, and most of them surrounded by low battlements. Yonder was a young negress in sulphur-hued caftan and green girdle, shaking a striped rug over a parapet, and looking consciously picturesque. On a terrace further off a Moorish washerwoman and a little girl were spreading out their hareks and embroidered napkins on the flag-stones; the sun would reach them by-and-bye. At my right was a man indolently lifting himself off a piece of carpet laid dangerously near the unprotected roof-edge—possibly a summer boarder who had chosen that airy bedchamber. He was rubbing his eyes, and had evidently slept there overnight. In this temperate climate, where the thermometer seldom rises above ninety degrees, and rarely falls below forty degrees, the house top would be preferable to a summer boarder. On many of the roofs was evidence of pretty attempts at gardening, oleanders, acacias, palms and dwarf almond trees being set out in ornamental jars and tubs. There, no doubt, was the family resort after nightfall, the scene of ceremonious or social visits, and, I imagine, of much starry love-making.

Behind the hotel, in a desolate vacant lot checkered by small vats half-filled with dyestuffs, was an Arab tanner at work. Standing in the midst of his colored squares, he resembled a solitary chessman. I could look directly down on his smooth, bare skull, which seemed cast of gilt bronze or bell metal. He wore nothing but a breech-cloth. The Moorish tanners are very expert, and employ arts not known to the trade elsewhere. They have a process by which lion and panther skins are rendered as pliable as satin, and of creamy whiteness. The green leather of Tafilet, the red of Fez, and the yellow of Morocco are highly esteemed.—*T. B. Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine.*

Weighing a Hog.

A dog-fight sends the pulse of a village up to 130, and a foot-race or a knock-down will almost restore gray hairs to their natural color; but for real excitement let a man come along in front of the tavern about sundown driving a hog.

"Hay, where you going?"

"Going to sell this hog."

"Hold on a minute! What does he weigh?"

"Oh! about 225."

"You're off; he won't go over 200."

Every chair is vacated on the instant. Every eye is fastened on the hog rooting in the gutter, and every man flatters himself that he can guess within a pound of the porker's weight.

"That hog will pull down just exactly 195 pounds," says the blacksmith, after a long squint.

"He won't go an ounce over 185," adds the cooper.

"I've got a $2 bill that says that hog will kick at 210," says the hardware man.

"You must be wild," growls the grocer. "I can't see over 150 pounds of meat there."

Twenty men take a walk around the porker, and squint and shake their heads and look wise, and the owner finally says:

"If he don't go over 220 I shall feel that I am no guesser."

"Over 220? If that hog weighs 200 pounds I'll treat this crowd!" exclaims the owner of the 'bus line.

"I dunno 'bout that," muses the 'squire, who is on his way to the grocery after butter. "Some hogs weigh more and some less. What breed is this hog?"

"Berkshire."

"Well, I've seen some o' them Berksheers that weighed like a load o' sand, and then agin I've seen 'em where they were all skin and bone. Has anybody guessed that this hog will weigh 600?"

"No."

"Well, that's a leetle steep, but I've kinder sot my idea on 250."

By this time the crowd has increased to a hundred and the excitement is intense. The 'squire lays half a dollar on 250, and the owner of the hog rakes in several bets on "between 220 and 225." The porker is driven to the hay-scales, and the silence is almost painful as the weighing takes place.

"Two hundred and twenty-three!" calls the weigher.

Growls and lamentations smite the evening air, and stakeholders pass over the wagers to the lucky guessers, chief of whom is the owner of the hog.

"Well, I'm clear beat out," says the 'squire. "I felt dead sure he would weigh over 300."

"Oh, I knew you were all way off," explains the guileless owner. "When we weighed him here at noon he tipped at exactly 223, and I knew he couldn't have picked up or lost over a pound!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Touching Evidence of Instinct.

One of the most touching incidents on record, illustrative of animal instinct and affection, occurred during a recent bear hunt in this vicinity. The parties who vouch for the truth of the narrative are all known in Santa Barbara. One of them shot a small cub through the head, killing it instantly, the ball entering the skull just back of the eyes. Something called the attention of the hunters away from the spot, and when they returned a half hour afterward they found the mother bear standing over her lifeless cub, apparently engaged in licking and caressing its head. A couple of well-directed shots soon stretched the she bear by the side of her dead offspring and the hunters approached to secure their game. To their surprise they found the bullet wound to the cub's head partly filled with finely chewed grass and leaves. The mother had evidently seen the blood from the wound and had endeavored to do what she could toward stanching its flow.—*Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Too Much Hay.

Filling a horse's rack with hay, as some persons do, and permitting a constant supply to remain before the animal, is one of the most probable means of producing disease, and most positive in rendering animals unfit for fast work. Large supplies of hay have the effect of making the stomach large and weak, the belly in course of time becoming pendulous. Not only does the stomach increase in capacity, but the large intestines become enlarged.

Feeding Pigs.

Pigs that are to be marketed this year should be pushed hard from the beginning. If allowed to stand still for a day there will be a loss. Ground oats and corn mixed, or ground corn with wheat middlings, will make a good slop for the pigs; soaked corn will also be highly relished, and will be found well adapted to keeping the pigs in high flesh; but as soon as the new corn is fairly in milk that will be found the best of all fattening foods. On the other hand, if pigs are to be kept over the winter there should be no stimulating or forcing. Give them the run of a clover field the first summer, with a small allowance of grain.

Saving Manure.

A young man, eighteen years of age, who has been his father's main help in cultivating an eighty-acre farm, said: "Our principal business this summer has been the saving of manure, one item of which has been to supply bedding for eight calves that were kept under a shed during the entire summer. Early in the season sawdust was used daily, in sufficient quantities to absorb the liquids and keep the calves dry, and later, dry earth, leaves or anything that could be obtained most readily. In the fall thirty-one horse-cart loads of manure were drawn from this shed. Since manure is the one article most needed on a farm, the farmer never should cease laying plans for making it, and, if successful, he may look for large returns in produce."—*Exchange.*

A Hint for Orchardists.

One of the worst enemies the apple orchard has to contend with is the codling moth, which, unless dealt with in a vigorous manner, is very apt to destroy the fruit of the orchard. The pasturing sheep in the orchard, when the fruit approaches the ripening stage, appropriate to themselves the early decayed fruit that falls, and thus keep in check the worm which does all the damage. A. R. Whitney, of Franklin Grove, Lee county, Ills., the largest orchardist in the United States, having 45,000 bearing trees, remarked at the recent meeting of the American Nurserymen's Association at Dayton, that he could not get along at all in his orchard without sheep. While the fruit of his neigbors, who do not keep sheep, suffers badly, his apples are smooth, sound and uninjured by his mode of preserving them from the enemy.

Mistake in Milking.

"We have frequent communications," says the *American Cultivator*, "from our subscribers concerning the fact of their cows giving bloody milk. No one would be surprised at cows giving bloody milk if they were fully aware of what a network of blood vessels the udder of a cow is composed. No person should ever make an attempt to milk a cow till they have obtained some knowledge of its structure; then we perhaps should dispense with a large number of those double-fisted men who do not seem to have any knowledge of the purposes or anatomy of a cow's bag, except for them to squeeze and drag it as though it were a piece of dead hide. There is no objection to the strong-handed man as a milker, the stronger the better, but it should be accompanied by a touch as delicate as a woman's. Whenever the cow manifests the slightest sensitiveness the udder should be thoroughly examined. Milking is a pleasure to the cow when everything is all right, and whenever it ceases to afford gratification to the cow there is evidently something wrong. Never fail to wash with warm water the bag of a young heifer, both before and after milking."

Salt for the Throat.

In these days when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat.

For many years past, indeed, we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subject to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact.

Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day—morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure table salt in about a half small tumbler full of water. With this we gargle the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared.

We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat.

Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days' use no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.—*Ex.*

How to Raise Turkeys.

Two to four hens and one gobbler are sufficient, and two to three-year-old fowls better than younger or older ones. When they begin to lay watch them and find their nests, which are generally made in some obscure place. Remove the eggs as fast as they are deposited in the nest, and put a chicken hen's egg in for a nest egg. When she lays out her number, which is usually from fifteen to twenty, and begins to set remove her at night to a point near the dwelling, having prepared a setting-place in a barrel turned down on the side and straw therein. Fasten the mouth up for a day and night, so she cannot get out. The following day remove the fastening, and if she goes back to her old nest, take her at night and fasten her up again for twenty-four or thirty hours. By this time she will become accustomed to her new and convenient quarters and you will not suffer from the depredations of crows or egg thieves. Never put more than seventeen turkey eggs with a turkey hen nor more than twelve turkey eggs with a chicken hen. Some poultry raisers prefer to have all their turkeys hatched with chicken hens, but my experience is that the young do better when reared by their natural mother. While your eggs are accumulating keep them in a box or basket in a dark place with an old woolen cloth under and over them. Handle them very gently and turn them over in the basket every few days. Last year I had forty-nine out of fifty eggs to hatch when managed as above stated, and raised forty-three of them. When the eggs are all hatched, fasten the hen up in a sheltered pen so the little things can get in and out at pleasure, and where the wind and rain cannot reach them on the west and north sides. Keep them in this way until they are three or four weeks old, and then they can shift for themselves and will be as hardy as any fowl. Until they are about a month old they are the tenderest of all domestic birds. Feed them on curds and let them have plenty of buttermilk to drink, with now and then cooked corn bread, with a little salt and some cayenne pepper added before cooking, and give them wheat screenings occasionally. Feed them regularly night and morning, and they will always come home to roost, after feeding in the fields for a quarter of a mile around the house all day. When one-third grown, nothing is better to feed them than whole grains of corn; but generally this is not necessary, as grasshoppers and other insects are their choice food.—*Correspondence Farmer's Home Journal.*

Recipes.

PEACH BUTTER.—Pare ripe peaches and put them in a preserving kettle, with sufficient water to boil them soft; then sift through a cullendar, removing the stones. To each quart of peach put one and one-half pound sugar, and boil very slowly one hour. Stir often, and do not let them burn. Put in stone or glass jars and keep in a cool place.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To every quart of ripe raspberries, allow a pound of the best loaf sugar. Put sugar and berries into a pan, and let them stand two or three hours. Then boil them in a porcelain kettle, taking off the scum carefully. When no more scum rises, mash them and boil them to smooth marmalade. When cold, put them in glass tumblers.

STEWED CUCUMBERS.—Cut the cucumbers fully half an inch thick right through; put them in a sauce-pan, just covering them with hot water, and let them boil slowly for a quarter of an hour, or until tender, but not so as to break them; then drain them; you want now a pint of good cream, and put your cream, with a teaspoonful of butter, in a sauce-pan, and when it is warm pop in the cucumbers; season with a little salt and white pepper, cook five minutes, shaking the saucepan all the time, and serve hot. It is just as delicate as asparagus, and a very nice dish indeed.

TOMATO MEAT PIE—Take the remains of roast meats, (roast beef or other meats will answer,) chop as for hash, and chop three times as much bread. Have peeled some tomatoes. Take a broad iron or tin basin and grease it, then proceed to make your pie. First put a layer of crumbs, then a thin layer of the meat, slice a layer of tomatoes over the meat, season with salt and pepper, then add other layers as before, and lastly, cover the top with the bread, and press all down smoothly to form the upper crust. If you have the gravy, pour it over the pie to moisten the bread, but avoid using too much fat; or melt a piece of butter in two cups of water and a little salt, if you have no gravy. Bake until the crust is brown and the tomatoes cooked, in a moderately hot oven, and let it stand to cool awhile before turning it out. If rightly done you will be surprised to have so nice a dish from remnants. The canned tomatoes are good in winter.

How the Chinese Leave Hong Kong.

While in Hong Kong, writes a correspondent, I accepted the invitation of Consul Mosby to visit the steamship "Gaelic" and see how Chinamen are shipped to the United States. There were 458 men and one woman. The Chinamen were all on deck with a rope stretched around them. At a desk near by were three officers, the doctor, the harbor master and the United States consul. These Chinamen had bought their tickets, but unless they could pass the doctor's inspection the harbor master would not stamp their ticket, and if the United States consul did not stamp their ticket, and if the consul did not stamp their ticket the Mail company would not take it. These Chinamen had their clothes unbuttoned and laid off down to their waists. The doctor examined every one, honestly and faithfully, and did not object to a single one. Every one was in good state and health. On the doctor's certificate the harbor master stamps the ticket and on his certificate the American consul also stamps the ticket, and on this stamp the captain takes it.

Before a woman can be shipped she has to go down to the To-Wah hospital and have stamped on her arm a certificate that she was a proper person to come to America. All the precautions that laws have fixed, as far as regards the examination of Chinamen, are honestly carried out under the present administration, or were on that trip. I was anxious of seeing some evidence of a careless manner of doing it. I must say they did it carefully. While these Chinamen were all in a string, I came in and looked at them. One of them said, "Hallo, mister. I sabbe your bludder. He marry up in Slaclamento." I said, "John, what you know?" He said: "I live in Slaclamento eight year; I make $3,000; I come home; I catchee two wives; I lost all; now I go back again." I said: "Kearney will catch you and hang you." He said: "Oh, no; me go and do Kearney's washing." Most of them were Chinese returning to the United States. They understood the agitation of the San Francisco sand lot, and they hugely enjoyed the joke.

Found His Way Home.

To test the faculty which dogs possess of returning to their homes by a nearly direct course after being carried a great distance by a circuitous route, an Ohio physician made a dog insensible with either at Cincinnati, put him into a wicker basket, took a train of the Cincinnati Southern railroad, first southwest to Danville Junction, thence to Crab Orchard, and finally northeast to a hunting rendezvous near Berea. The dog was shut up all night and fed. The next morning he was taken out to a clearing on the top of a grassy knoll and let loose. Without any preliminary survey he slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the opposite bank and struck first into a trot and then a swift gallop, not toward Crab Orchard, but in a bee line for Cincinnati. He ran not like an animal that had lost its way, but "like a horse on a tramway," straight ahead, with his nose well up, as if he were following an air line toward an invisible goal. He made a short detour to the left to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaped a rail fence and went ahead into a coppice of cedar bushes, where they finally lost sight of him. The report of the experimenters was forwarded to the owner by rail, and on the afternoon of the next day, after receiving this report, the owner met the dog on the street in Cincinnati, "wet, full of burrs and remorse, and apparently ashamed of his tardiness."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Leaves of trees absorb no water, but they throw off da