THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XIV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1881. NUMBER 49.

Child's Hymn.

In the lovely spring-time,
Came the seed-sowing;
Fruit and grain were growing—
Fruit and grain in plenty,
Enough for all the living;
Now in cold November
Comes the glad Thanksgiving.

How shall we thank Thee
For Thy constant blessing?
Low on our bended knees,
Sins and faults confessing?
Or in the sacred church,
Where the bells a-ringing
Call us to greet the day
With our joyful singing?

Prayer and song we bring Thee;
But a heart of pity
For the hungry, homeless ones
Who wander through the city,
And mourn that they are living,
In Thy sight, Oh Lord,
Is the best Thanksgiving.

To-Day and To-Morrow.

If there comes some joy to me,
Would you have me stay,
With that joy to sweeten life?
"Yes, Heart, stay to-day."
Well, then, if I have a dream
Of some coming sorrow,
Shall I wait to feel its fear?
"That will do to-morrow."

If unto some loving heart
I've a debt to pay?
"Ah! that is a might debt;
Pay it, Heart, to-day."
If I'm forced from bitter wrongs
Cruel words to borrow?
"Then, dear Heart, there is no haste;
Keep them till to-morrow.

"Duty, Kindness and Success
Lose by slow delay;
Duty hath a double right
When it claims to-day;
Kindness dies if it must wait;
Success will not stay—
Unto them comes no to-morrow
If they lose to-day.

"But for Debt and Doubt and Anger,
But for useless Sorrow,
Better you should wait a day;
Keep them for to-morrow.
And as every day's to-day,
You may patience borrow,
Thus forever to put off
Such a bad to-morrow."

The Miller's Granddaughter.

The summer afternoon waned at last; the flaming sun declined toward the horizon, and a cool, soft breeze, inexpressibly delightful after the heat of the day, began to blow.

Since early dawn Lizzie Dupont had been toiling at her needle, but now she threw down her work, and leaving the old mill stood on the rude plank that crossed the mill-race, and looked eagerly over the fields.

"Oh, where can Dossy be?" she cried. "That dreadful interest which must be got ready by Saturday has made me forget her. I ought to have listened to grandpa. I am sure something has happened to her. She never was away so long before. I shall never forgive myself. What—what," she cried, suddenly clasping her hands, "if she should be drowned?"

Lizzie Dupont had not always been a resident at the old mill, dependent on her needle for support. She had once been, and that not so long ago, the petted daughter of a merchant prince in New York. But her father had failed and died soon after of a broken heart, and Lizzie would have starved if it had not been for her maternal grandfather. "Come to me," he had written; "I am old and poor, but we will share our crusts together. If you have grown up to look like your dear mother you will be the apple of my eye." So Lizzie, ignored by her father's rich relations, had found refuge in this secluded spot.

Refuge and peace, but hardly happiness. In the days of her prosperity she had become acquainted with a young Englishman, the son of a titled family, and had plighted her troth to him. Just before her father's failure Ross Devereaux had sailed for England, intending within six months to return and claim his bride. But from that day to this Lizzie had never heard a word about him.

At first she thought her letters had been miscarried, and in the faith and trust of her young heart had continued writing. But, at last, and after discovering the heartlessness of her father's relatives, she began to believe that even Ross might be selfish also. "I am poor now, and he deserts me," she said "God help me! But it is, I suppose, the way of the world."

Lately a new trouble had come upon her. Her grandfather had been failing all winter, so that a man had to be hired to work the mill, and this had brought them into debt. Already there was a mortgage on the mill, for the grandfather had never been a prosperous man, and now the interest had fallen into arrears for nearly a twelve-month. The holder of the mortgage was a cruel, avaricious man. He had often threatened to turn out the little family, if his interest was not paid; and two weeks before he had served a written notice, that, if the arrears were not forthcoming by the next Saturday, he would be as good as his word. Every day since Lizzie had risen by candle light and worked till bedtime. "If I can only get this embroidery done for Mrs. Watson," she said, "by that dreadful day, I may raise part of the money at least, and perhaps then he will wait for the rest."

But, this afternoon, a new and greater trouble had come. Dossy, her little pet sister, had been missing all day. The child often spent the mornings playing in the woods, but invariably returned to the noon-time meal. On this occasion, however, she did not make her appearance. Lizzie was alarmed, and would have gone to seek her; but the grandfather took it more coolly. "She has stopped at some of the neighbors," he said, "she will be home for supper; don't fret, dear." Lizzie, thinking of the coming Saturday, had allowed herself to be persuaded that all was right, and had gone back to her work. But, as the afternoon wore on and no Dossy came, she grew seriously alarmed. At last, throwing down her needle, she came out, as we have seen.

"Oh, Dossy, Dossy!" she cried, when she had scrutinized the landscape vainly in every direction, "where are you? If God will only spare you, dear—if he will give you back to us alive—I will never repine again at anything."

But where was Dossy? Was she really lost?

To explain this we must go back to the afternoon before, and look at Dossy, as she sat in the old-fashioned garden, swaying to and fro in a grapevine swing, puzzling over the troubles of the family. She was watching a bobolink that sang in the heart of a lilac bush, and talking to herself the while.

"What a nasty, ugly old man that landlord is," she said; "and he made poor Lizzie cry so the other day when he was here. He says he'll drive us from our home. Why, then," with sudden consciousness, "we'll have no place to live in, and I shall never hear you sing, birdie; nor have my flowers, nor my kittens. Oh, me! Oh, me!"

She sobbed a little, then shook off her April tears, and then fell to thinking in earnest. If they only had some money. What if she could get some? She puckered her brow into a frown. Just then some market carts rolled by, laden with produce, on their way to the neighboring little town. On the front seat of one sat an old woman, with a basket of flowers on her knees. A sudden thought flashed on Dossy, and the puckered little brow cleared up. Why couldn't she sell flowers? Her garden was full of them, especially of pansies, such pansies as were not often seen.

She jumped from the swing so quickly that she landed headforemost into the grasses below. But, nothing daunted, she regained her feet and began picking off the golden-hearted pansies and English daisies by handfuls. She would do it; yes, indeed, she would, and make ever so much money, and they wouldn't have to leave the mill, and grandpa and sissie wouldn't cry any more. She fell to work arranging her bouquets for the morrow, her eyes fairly dancing with delight. She put them together quite tastefully, and by the time the summer moon stood over the pines she had a long row set up amid the evergreens, that the dew might keep them fresh. In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, she would set out.

Dear, innocent Dossy! She had not the least doubt that she would succeed, and she slept but little that night in her excitement. Over and over she rose from her little bed and stole on tiptoe to the window to look down on her treasures.

The morrow dawned cloudlessly. Breakfast over, Dossy ran down to the garden, crammed her posies into Lizzie's market basket, and taking it on her chubby arm trudged away, fortunately unnoticed. On she sped, past the long, long line of fences, and down into the very heart of the town. Her cheeks were crimson, her breath came in gasps, she almost stumbled with fatigue, but at last she reached the market-place and stopped in a little corner where the shadows fell cool, and where an old blind woman was selling laces. Here, feeling a sense of safety and companionship from the old blind creature, she sat down and began with deft hands to arrange her posies in front of her. What a picture she made in her white frock, with its short, puffed sleeves; her eyes ablaze, her amber ringlets blown about by the morning breeze, framed, as it were, by a border of yellow daisies and golden-hearted pansies. At the silvery call of her sweet bird-voice, piping: "Who'll buy my pansies?" one and another pedestrian looked back, a few smiled, and some stopped and purchased. Presently a farmer, who had just such a little one at home, bought one of her nosegays, and paid for it with half a dollar. Dossy was in raptures. Then another gentleman came along, this time a comparatively young one, but tall and dark, and with a bronzed face.

"Won't you buy a bunch of pansies, sir, please?" said little Dossy.

The stranger, who had not noticed her before, stopped and looked for the little piping voice.

"Please, sir," said Dossy, holding up a posy, "only twenty-five cents."

The young man flashed a keen glance at Dossy, and drew near, smiling.

"To be sure I will," he said, pleasantly, "if only for the sake of your bright eyes. Twenty-five cents you said, I think," and he drew out his purse.

"Yes," said Dossy, apologetically, imagining he thought the price too high. "You see I have to ask a good deal," and she shook her curly head with a grave, important air, "for Lizzie must have the money by Saturday, or we shall be turned out of our pretty home." As she finished she tendered to her auditor the prettiest of her posies, which she had just selected for him out of her store.

The stranger, all this time, had been looking curiously at her. The color went and came on his face, his lips trembled, and he showed other signs of emotion.

"Tell me," he cried, earnestly, "my dear, what is your name?"

He drew close to Dossy as he spoke, and seemed to be looking in her face, as if for some half-remembered, half-fancied likeness.

"Dossy," she answered, "Dossy Dupont."

His answer was to catch her in his arms and kiss her again and again, his voice trembling with excitement as he cried, "Dossy! my little pet Dossy, don't you know who I am?"

But Dossy struggled from his embrace, smoothed her curls, and answered haughtily:

"I asked you to buy my pansies, sir, and not to kiss me."

The stranger broke into a joyous laugh. "And I will buy them," he replied, "every one of them. But don't you really know me, Dossy? I am Ross Devereaux. Why, you have sat on my knee many and many a time."

Dossy at this stared at him curiously. Then she uttered a gleeful little shout and sprang into his arms.

"Oh, I know!" she cried. "I remember you. Won't Lizzie be glad? Won't she stop crying now?"

Ross Devereaux's swart cheek crimsoned. "Take me to your home," he said, "to your sister. Is she here?"

"No," answered Dossy, "we live at grandpa's, at the old mill out of town, you know."

"Let us go at once then. No need to sell pansies any longer," cried Ross Devereaux, eagerly setting the child on her feet.

Lizzie Dupont stood as we have said, gazing across the meadows, heart-broken about Dossy's prolonged absence. Suddenly two figures appeared, emerging from the woods beyond in the direction of the town. She gave a great cry of joy, for one was certainly Dossy. But who was the other? Who was the tall, handsome man who held Dossy by the hand? Could it be—no, it was impossible—not yet—

At this moment, while she was still uncertain; while her heart leaped into her throat, and then stopped beating, while she felt dizzy, and about to fall, and had to clutch at the railing, Dossy's companion, dropping the child's hand, darted forward, for he had recognized Lizzie, and came hurrying over the meadow, waving his hat. He reached the stile, was over it in a bound, and the next moment was at Lizzie's side.

"Thank God I have found you at last!" he cried, clasping her sinking form. "Poor, timid darling! Did you think I had deserted you?"

What Lizzie would have replied, if anything, we do not know; but he gave her no chance; hurriedly, as if life and death depended on it, he went on to tell his story.

"Not one of your letters ever came to hand," he said. "They were intercepted, as I discovered at last. I wouldn't mention how, under other circumstances, but you, at least, ought to know the whole truth. The fact is, darling, that while my parents were eager to welcome you as a daughter, I had a cousin, an ambitious girl, who had always lived with us, and who, it seems, wished to marry me, not, of course," he said quickly, "that she loved me, but merely to secure the title and position. Well, to make a long story short, she bribed the postmistress at the village to give her your letters, so that I never heard a word from you, or about you, till, at last, in despair, I came over, before I intended, to solve the mystery——"

"Came over?" said Lizzie, faintly, and guiltily, conscious how she had misjudged him.

"To be sure," repeated Ross Devereaux, frankly. "Ah! little skeptic, you doubted me, did you?

"Indeed, indeed—" began Lizzie.

But he stopped her with a kiss.

"Then it was," he went on, "that I heard for the first time of your father's death. But no one could give me any information of your whereabouts, I did not know your relations in New York, but I found out their names, though it was some time, and one was at Newport and another at Saratoga, and a third at Virginia Springs. Before I could do anything came the news of my father's sudden death, and a summons home, for I am, you know, his heir as to both the titles and estates. When I had been at Devereaux hall for a week or so the postmistress came up, trembling and penitent, for I was now Sir Ross, and she had discovered by this time that my cousin was not to be Lady Devereaux. Then the vile plot was revealed. Darling, ever since I have been wild to discover you. I hurried up my business and left England at once. But for a long time I was foiled. Your city cousins, on whom I had relied, could not tell me where you had gone. All they knew, and they told it with evident confusion, was that your mother's father had sent for you, and that he lived in this State, and in this part of it. So I have visited every square mile of this and four other counties, and only lighted on Dossy by accident, to-day. I didn't even know your grandfather's name."

There was much more to tell, details with which we will not tire the reader, eager questions and as eager replies. Lizzie could hardly credit her happiness. Dossy danced around, shouting in glee.

If you ever visit England, and should ever go in the neighborhood of Devereaux hall, you will hear everybody talking of the beautiful Lady Devereaux whom Sir Ross brought home from America. Should you see her you will recognize, as we did, in the gracious matron the Miller's granddaughter.

Coin.

Coin is presumed to be from the Latin *cuneus*, a die or stamp, and itself really is a piece of metal converted into money by a legal stamp. There is a tradition that Pheldon, king of Argos, first issued stamped silver about 746 B. C. The earliest coins struck, both in Asia Minor and in Greece, were stamped upon one side only. The first coin in England was made by the Romans earlyin the first century. The shape varied—square, round, oblong—until the middle ages, when round coin was adopted by all the European nations. Gold coins were first issued in France by Clovis A. D. 489. About the same time they were issued in Spain by Amalric, the Gothic king. In both countries they were called trienties. The first American coinage was by the Virginia company in 1612. The firstmoney actually coined herewas in Massachusetts, in 1652. Thirty-three years later Connecicut and Vermont made copper coin, and three years after them New Jersey also made copper coin.

Coins are among the most certain evidences of history. In the latter part of the Greek series they illustrate the chronology of reigns. In the Roma series they fix the dates and successi of events. Gibbon observes that if all our historians were lost, medals, inscriptions and other monuments would be sufficient to record the travels of Hadrian. The reign of Probus might be written from his coins.

Another word belonging to this class comes from the Roman coin issued by Servius Tultius, and bore the image of a sheep (*pecus*), and was thence called *pecunia*, the term subsequently applied to money in general. Some coins have derived their names from their weight—as, for instance, the British *pound*, the French *livre*, the Italian *lire*; some from the metal itself, as the *cuercus*, the *rupee*, from the Sanscrit "*rupya*," silver. Other coins have got their names from the design, as the American eagle, the angel, testoon (from *testa*, a head.) Others from the head of the state, as the sovereign, the crown; and others from the monarch's proper name, as the darie (from Darius) the Phillip, Louis d' or, or the Napoleon. Then, again, some coins have got their names from places. The florin, which has different values in Holland, Bavaria, England and Austria, is so called because it was first coined in Florence.

The French *franc* took its name from the first syllable of the inscription *francorum rex*, king of the French. The sou, which circulates in France as the cent. does in the United States, is from the Latin "*solidus*," which was the name of a golden coin issued by some of the Romon emperors.

The guinea derived its name from the coast of Guinea, in Africa, from which was brought the gold from which it was coined, first in the year 1664. They were called in and succeeded by the sovereign in 1817. The English pound was originally a pound of silver, which was divided into 240 pennies, by the Saxons. The shilling has been assigned a great many derivations. The most plausible refers it back to the German "schill" or shield, so that shielding, finally reduced to shilling, would indicate a coin on which the prince's shield is stamped.

The penny is a coin of a vast antiquity. Its familiar shape, as may be generally known, is a comparatively modern alteration of the silver form in which it was known in ancient times.

The American cent began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792, and was prepared by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution. The dollar or thaler is said to been first struck in the dale or valley of Joachim, in Bohemia, in the sixteenth century. The first coinage in this country commenced in 1794. This silver coin circulates in Spain, Germany, Holland and Mexico.—*Troy Times.*

A Ruse at a Restaurant.

It is an awkward thing to be absent-minded. The story is told of a certain Philadelphia gentleman, who discovered this at his cost. It so happened the other day that the dining-room of the club which he frequents was quite full, when a man who chanced to know his particular failing came in very hungry. The waiter told the newcomer there was no room at present. Spying our absent-minded friend comfortably seated and reading the newspaper, a brilliant idea struck the hungry man.

"Has Mr. A. dined yet?" he questioned.

"No, sir," replied the waiter.

"Well, never mind, take him his bill and tell him he has had his dinner."

The waiter hesitated a moment, and then appreciating the situation went over to Mr. A. and handed him his bill.

"What is this for?" quoth the poor fellow.

"For your dinner, sir."

"My dinner—ah! Have I really had it?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined the waiter, in all innocence.

"Dear me. I had an idea I was waiting for it. What a curious mistake?"

And with a contemplative smile Mr. A. sauntered out of the room, leaving his table for the use of the genius who had profited by his absent-mindedness.

If there are any genuine perfectionists in this country, men who haven't committed a sin of any kind for sixteen years, they can get good salaries as bank cashiers.

STIRRING ADVENTURES.

Five Pieces of News Concerning Odd Ups and Downs of Life.

Near Alice Falls, Canada, in a house upon a hill, dwells one of the prettiest girls to be found north of the St. Lawrence. Peter Gumblaw went courting thereabout a few days ago, but as what follows will show he had a most distressing time. The beauty of the Ausable gave Peter the mitten. He left the house in such a rage that it seemed a good thing to him to go straightway and leap into Ausable chasm. Unfortunately, the precipice was on his path homeward and so near the dwelling of his cruel lady-love that his anger had no time to cool. As he ran toward the dangerous rocks Gumblaw met a boy, to whom he hastily handed his watch, money and keepsakes. Then, as the boy says, the lover gave a wild leap from the brink. The lad was frantic with the sight, but his legs took him, like the velvet gloves of a rabbit, swiftly to the nearest man. When the latter reached the rocks by the river he caught sight of Gumblaw in the torrent far beneath, but still above the falls. It was apparent that from the intense purpose of self-destruction the young man now had changed to a keen desire to save himself. He was grasping at the traditional straw. Eddies whirled around, white spray frothed at his throat and the rapids roared at his ear, but he clung to a jutting rock with desperate energy. Ladders and ropes were hurriedly procured, and he let go his hold to grasp the end of a line just as the eccentric current whirled his body downward over the falls. When picked up below Gumblaw was unconscious. His left thigh, three ribs and an arm were broken, but at last accounts the pretty girl of the house on the hill was successfully nursing him back to life.

Men are now grading the track of the Northern Pacific railroad at a point in Hell Gate canon, nine miles west from New Chicago. One day a crevice blast was set in a rocky bluff twenty feet above the river. The main blast consisted of seven kegs of black powder, which was placed at a depth of fifteen feet. Two auxiliary blasts, with a short fuse to each, were arranged so that they would open the crevice. The fuses were fired, the men sought shelter, and two explosions followed, one sharply upon the heels of the other. Nelson Bennet, a contractor, said to F. H. Anderson, Robert Dunn, Michael McCarty and Charles Reichenberg: "The shots have all gone off; let's go down." Anderson demurred, saying the big blast was still below, but five men walked to the crevice, nevertheless, and began to examine the rocks. While they were thus standing directly above the immense charge the seven kegs exploded. Three hundred cubic yards of rock were lifted into the air as lightly as a man raises his hat to a feminine friend. The five men went up with the earth's crust like skyballs shot from the school-boy's board. Fellow-workmen who witnessed the terrific explosion affirm that the five were hurled at least one hundred and twenty feet upward. They came down in the river—some unconscious, but none seriously hurt—and every one was able to eat his supper that night and draw his wages next day.

Doctor Torrington, who is seventy years old and by no means athletic, was hurriedly summoned to the house of a neighbor, Mrs. S. Hadlock, of Peak's Island, Maine. When he reached Mrs. Hadlock's he found that he was expected to kil with a gun instead of with his medicine chest. An eagle of sweeping wing and fierce scream was circling about the Hadlock poultry-yard, and the good woman was protecting her turkeys by means of brickbats hurled with Amazonian courage. The doctor was amazed and amused, for he never before had heard of such boldness on the part of the bald-headed things, however big their beaks. He was about to take aim when the bird swooped down at him. At that moment a six-year-old child, a grandson of Mrs. Hadlock, toddled out of the house, and the eagle pounced upon the little fellow. Mrs. Hadlock struck frantically at the eagle with a large roller towel, and, releasing the boy, it flew to a neighboring oak. Doctor Torrington put a double charge in the Hadlock shotgun and fired. The eagle flew upward and away over the sea, and its flight showed that it was wounded. Doctor Torrington's shoulder was dislocated by the recoil of his gun. Before night some fishermen found the eagle's body a half mile off shore.

How Lewis Schafer escaped death by the breadth of a hair, afterward climbing a hundred feet perpendicularly with one hand, is told by the Leadville papers. Schafer worked in a mine on Little Gulch creek. The shaft is 115 feet deep. The hero of the episode, a German of the build and brawn of Hercules, was hammering his drill at the bottom of the shaft, when he heard a strange noise above. Instantly glancing upward he saw a heavy beam falling with frightful velocity down the shaft. He acted upon instinct, and pressed to the wall of the narrow hole. The beam struck one shoulder and knocked his head forward against the rock. He remained quivering for a few moments, and would have died but for an effort of will. Wounded as he was, he mustered nerve enough to worm his way upward to the mouth of the shaft, a task that in itself would have appalled a man with the use of both arms.

Joseph Meek, a colored man, is known in the Barker mining district, Montana, as a lucky hunter. One day he was looking for game in the region of perpetual snow, up on old Baldy mountain, when he saw a bear ambling along toward his point of observation. Meek ran down the slope, and upon what he thought was a good foothold he stopped to fire. The bear kept on and the recoil sent Meek rolling in the snow. When the hunter picked himself up he saw an outcropping of silver ore. Forgetting the bear, he passed the day collecting bits from the ledge and took them to Benton. The ore assayed $2,100 to the ton. The latest from the hunter is that he is packing ore down Baldy mountain two miles on a mule and selling it at a smelter for $2.50 a pound.

All Ready to Fight.

General Roberts, of Afghanistan fame, was sent in August last to Germany by his government to attend the annual maneuvers of the Hanover and Schleswig Holstein army corps. The Prussian system and its perfection of organization, in his opinion, constitutes the most finished and easily worked fighting machine the world has known. To such perfection has its organization been brought, he says, that in one night any army corps can be mobilized. He was told that in the bureau of the general staff letters were ready stamped and addressed to every department and commanding officer of the several army corps, only requiring the dates to be filled in for dispatch in ten minutes. He was assured that all the horses belonging to private people throughout the country were marked off for the regiments and batteries to which they would be attached in war time, and also the hour and the train by which each horse would be dispatched to its destination.

A SHIP WITHOUT A MAST.

The New Style of Vessel to be Built—Many new Appliances in Machinery—Wonderful Speed Promised.

The New York *Times* of a late date says: A project which is likely to assume great proportions at an early date came to light in Wall street yesterday. It contemplates a sweeping revolution in ocean steamship building, and, according to information given the *Times*, it has the support of leading and influential capitalists, principally Massachusetts gentlemen. The story of the proposed enterprise, as told by Mr. A. Perry Bliven, of this city, who is largely interested in the scheme, is presented herewith. Mr. Bliven talked freely with the *Times'* representative, and entered into a full explanation and discussion of the plans which he and his colleagues have combined to prosecute.

"This," said Mr. Bliven, "is no suddenly contrived scheme. We have been hard at work upon it a long time, and we have taken every step necessary to assure our success, so we believe. Capital is not wanting. An organization has been formed in Boston to push the project through. That organization is known as the American Quick Transit association, and has $200,000 in cash already paid into its treasury. That $200,000 is to be used for the construction and equipment of an initial ship, and to defray such other expenses as may be incurred. We are now ready to begin the construction of that initial ship, and a contract has just been executed between the association and myself by which I agree to build the vessel and put her in thorough sea-going trim, complete in every particular. The work will be done at my yard on the Hudson, at Nyack, where I built the well-known schooner yachts Republic and Princess, and the peerless little sloop yacht Ada. I expect to have the pleasure of seeing her shoot out upon the river before the first day of next May. This first boat will be much smaller than those which are to follow. She will be 147 feet long, with twenty-one feet beam and sixteen feet depth of hold; her draught forward will be five feet six inches, and aft eleven feet. So much for generalization. Her deck will be completely domed. Nothing will be in sight there but the upper portion of the pilot-house, the smokestacks and ventilators. The pilot-house will be entered from underneath, and will give an unobstructed view in every direction, being composed of convex glass an inch thick, set solidly in steel frames. The advantage of a vessel without any obstructions above deck are too obvious to require that they should be detailed. The limitless amount of upper hamper with which ships always have been weighted down and handicapped has ever been a subject for loudest lament among sailors, but it has been suffered as an unavoidable necessity. Nobody, till now, has ever dared attempt to take such radical steps as would be involved in a project to sweep away the incumbrance. We have stepped forward to solve the problem by doming in our vessels, covering them, as with a shell, from stem to stern. This will place us above all danger of rough seas. Sweeping over us with whatsoever force, they can do no damage. No spars are torn out, no freight goes overboard, no lives are lost. Everything is safe beneath a roof. Only the top of the pilot-house and the top of the smokestacks and ventilators can be touched, and upon them the waves can have no effect. When we announce that we intend to completely dome in our ships, doing away with masts and sails, most people will be apt to break out with the exclamation—What will you do if in mid-ocean you break a shaft or tear your screw to pieces? That's where you will be hopeless without masts and sails.

"It is just there," continued Mr. Bliven, "that the difficulty has always been. It is just at that point that shipbuilders have always halted and declared that a vessel without spars is valueless, or worse. But just at that point we claim to have triumphed. It is in the matter of driving power appear our greatest departures from the present type of vessel. Our machinery will occupy less than one-half the room now required by the most modern patterns in use, and it will weigh not more than two-thirds of that now used. But that same machinery, smaller and lighter, will produce more than five times the power given by that now in use. Our engines, boilers, shafts, wheels, condensers, and all machinery will be of the best steel, and in that matter alone we shall obtain vastly superior strength. The new steamship, the Servia, is allowed to carry from ninety to 120 pounds of steam per square inch upon her boilers. We shall be able to have ours pass a government inspection at 1,000 pounds, and will be able to command a working pressure of 550 pounds per square inch. This enormous power we obtain from an appliance entirely new and wholly our own. Another new appliance is a triple compound engine, just patented, capable of making three times as many revolutions per minute as are made by engines used to drive the fastest steamships now afloat. There will be a double steel boiler and double triple compound engines. The engines will have four steel cylinders each, and will provide, combined, over 650-horse power. There will be an average of 350 revolutions per minute, with a possible maximum of 400. The vessel will be fitted with a four-bladed hammered steel wheel or screw, each blade being separate, ten feet in diameter, and with eleven feet pitch. They will have fine knife edges, and will be of more than ten times the strength of the present composition wheel, and will be capable of traveling 42.40 miles an hour. The main shaft will be of steel seven inches in diameter, fifty-three feet long. The engine's four steel cylinders will give a combined stroke of ninety-six inches, with the 550 pounds pressure on piston rods. The engine and boiler rooms will be placed amidships, and will be surrounded completely by water-tight bulkheads, giving absolute protection from accident from without. This machinery insures a speed which will enable us to cross from Boston to Liverpool inside of five days. Four days and a half we calculate to be a fair estimate. No matter how rough the sea, we shall be able to make the same quick trip, our dome deck insuring us against the necessity of heaving to or changing our course to run out of a storm center.

The steamer will be equipped in the finest style, her interior being finished in polished hard woods and handsomely upholstered in silk velvet. She will be as magnificently appointed as any pleasure yacht afloat. When completed she will be taken to Boston, and make a trial trip to Europe from that port. Immediately returning, she will be entered in the steam pilot service, and will do outside towing, taking disabled vessels off Grand Banks and acting as a general wrecking vessel along the coast. But before she is placed to that use keels will already have been laid for other vessels, larger, and being in some respects even more marked in their departure from the prevailing types of ocean steamships.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The kernel of the date, on the authority of M. Georges, is a very poor article of diet. He asserts that the absence of starch and the small proportion of albuminous matters do not allow it to be classed with any of the ordinary nutritive matters.

M. Houzeau has lately published a representation of the milky way on a large scale, showing the equality of luminous intensity by means of curves. A great celestial circle, consisting of thirty-three bright masses, is apparent, and in the center of this our solar world is very nearly situated.

A most remarkable discovery has been made in the Sweetwater country, in Wyoming Territory. It is a deposit of sulphuric acid in its natural state. The odor, chemical action and general appearance of the stuff demonstrates it to be a pure quality of sulphuric acid. The ground is impregnated over a large area—100 acres or more—and parties have filed claims upon it.

When the rapid increase of the earth's motion was observed, the idea was advanced that the moon's orbit was growing shorter, and would end by coming down upon us. But more recent calculation shows that, instead of the moon coming nearer, our day is growing longer, owing to the friction of the tides upon the earth's surface, by which the speed of the earth's rotation is slowly diminished.

The friends of the Davenport (Iowa) Academy of Sciences claim that that institution possesses the only evidence that has yet been discovered that the mysterious mound builders had a written language. It has in its museum two inscribed tablets which were found in some of the mounds, and which have attracted attention from American and European archæologists. Mr. Prett, late president of the academy, believes that the evidence of the genuineness of the inscriptions is sufficient, but the fact must be regarded as still very much in question.

HEALTH HINTS.

Antagonize yourself to sickness. Determine that you will not be sick, then live according to the laws of your being.

The inhalation of air charged with ammonia vapors, as a remedy for whooping cough, has been tried in France with success. One of the methods of application employed is boiling ammonia in the room where the patient is.

The following drink for relieving sickness of the stomach was introduced by Dr. Halahan, and it is said to be very palatable and agreeable: Beat up one egg very well, say for twenty minutes, then add fresh milk, one pint; water, one pint; sugar, to make it palatable; boil and let it cool; drink when cold. If it becomes curds and whey it is useless.

A French scientist has lately been investigating the food properties of buckwheat, and gives the following as the result of his researches: Buckwheat cakes are equal to pure white bread as regards the phosphates or bone-making material and nitrogenous principles which they contain, and are superior to bread in fatty matters. The general yield of buckwheat when cooked is about three times the weight of the flour used, showing that such flower will retain from forty to forty-one per cent. of water. Between different batches of ground buckwheat there is a great dissimilarity of composition—one batch containing nearly seven times as much nitrogen, twenty-five times the amount of phosphates, and a hundred and fifteen times as much fatty matter, as another. The bran is the richest portion of the buckwheat, but cannot be digested by weak stomachs. The finest quality of buckwheat flour, and the white mill dust especially, are very suitable for children and persons in ill health, while the stronger varieties require a strong stomach and much exercise for their digestion.

Luxury in New York.

The luxury and perfection of detail in New York dwellings is passing into a proverb. Nowhere in the world, probably, is so much time and money expended upon the furnishing and ornamenting of the homes of the rich as in this city. The draping of curtains has become a distinct branch of art, and every decorator and upholsterer has one or more employes whose sole business is to arrange in graceful folds the draperies, which are now indispensable, at doors, windows and fireplace. Even the banisters must now be stuffed and tufted and draped on either side with heavy fringe. Ceilings are frescoed and painted in the studios of distinguished artists and then transferred to the houses that they are to embelish. Hundreds of women are employed, at an expense of thousands of dollars, upon embroidery and art needlework which are to adorn the sumptuous palaces in which our rich men live. Paintings, statuary, carvings in stone and wood, the richest fabrics of French and Indian looms, indeed all that is rare and beautiful in nature and art, are brought to bear upon the decorations of these republican palaces. Even the stables in which the horses, coachmen and grooms are to be housed are far more luxurious than the simple homes in which the fathers of our race passed their lives. The newly-finished stables of Cornelius Vanderbilt in Fifty-eighth street far outshine those of the Roman emperor whose sumptuous appointments have become a matter of history. —*New York Letter.*

Sweet-Flag Candy.

Sweet-flag candy is relished by all lovers of sweetmeats, and it is a valuable aid to digestion, as it will stop the disagreeable rising of gas, so annoying to dyspeptics. Being eaten greedily by children, it is often better than other medicine. A bit held in the mouth when one is caring for the sick will often counteract the effect of contagious germs. To prepare it take fresh, healthy roots of sweet flag, and after a careful washing cut in slices one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Put them into a stewpan or bright basin, and pour a little more cold water over them than will cover them. Set on the stove and heat slowly; when the water boils turn it off. If the candy is desired for medicine quite enough of the strength has been removed, but for a sweetmeat it is better if boiled up and the water turned off four or five times. Now measure the sliced roots, and to each two cupfuls allow one and one-half cupfuls of white sugar, turn on water enough to cover, return to the stove and simmer slowly, stirring often until the water has quite boiled away; then turn out on buttered plates, and stir frequently until dry. The long simmering after the sugar is added makes the roots quite tender, and the candy will keep nice and fresh for years.—*Country Gentleman.*

Don't throw away your old flour barrels. They are useful. It has been found that an ordinary flour barrel will hold 678,900 silver dollars.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

President Garfield's memory is to be honored in London by the founding of a home for working girls, to be called "Garfield house." A lady has given $1,200 to a committee for this purpose.

The carrier pigeon that is valued at $500 must be a fine bird. Let there are several such on exhibition at the pigeon and poultry show recently opened at the Crystal palace, London. Some of these birds are said to have found their way from Rome to Antwerp, a distance of about 700 miles, in two or three days, stopping, too, on the way to gather food.

They have an original way in Venice of protesting against a bad tenor. A gentleman in the parterre of the Teatro Malibran recently opened his umbrella and held it toward the stage, evidently to keep off the shower of false notes. The auditorium at once became a forest of open umbrellas. The tenor fled, the curtain fell, and art was avenged.

The supreme tribunal of Mexico has just given a remarkable decision. They have determined that certain slaves were entitled to their freedom twenty years ago, and that the owners of a mine in which they have been worked for those twenty years must pay them wages for all that time. This decision indicates the growing liberal sentiment of the people of Mexico.

The famous big trees of California, 350 to 400 feet high and proportionately thick, are on public land, subject to entry at $1.25 an acre, and may be bought up and destroyed by whoever wishes to make such use of them. The bark has already been peeled from the butt of one for a showman, who sets it up at fairs as an exhibition, and another has been cut down in order to make a dancing platform of the stump.

Some curious verdicts have lately been noticed in the courts of this country. Not the least singular is that recently reported in a Philadelphia court, where a woman secured a verdict of $9,000 from a street railway line for the loss of a hand by an accident to the car in which she was riding, while a few days before, in the same court, a verdict of only $4,000 was given in favor of a boy who had both legs cut off in another street-car accident.

There is no department of the Federal government where, from the nature of the business, there are such opportunities for frauds as in the pension bureau. There are already 700,000 names registered of pensioners. There are 130,000 other applicants whose cases have not been decided, and new cases are coming in at the rate of 100 a day. It would be naturally supposed that as time passes the number of pensioners would be decreased by death, but such is not the case. The estimated expenditures in 1882 for pensions is estimated at $88,000,000, and it is supposed that between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000 of this amount will be on fraudulent claims.

It is now nearly seventeen years since the postal money-order system went into operation in the United States, and the results prove the system to be a great convenience to the people, while yielding a revenue to the government beyond the cost of doing the business. During the last fiscal year more than seven millions of money-orders were issued. The fees received for these orders amounted to $917,091, against $659,516 as the cost of transmission, showing a net profit to the government on the business to the amount of $257,575. The amount of money sent in this way exceeded eight hundred million of dollars. The system has been extended to the postal service between the United States and several of the countries of Europe.

A little girl only fourteen years of age, named Margaret Messenger, has been convicted and sentenced to death at the Cumberland assizes in England, for the murder of a baby whose nurse she was. The jury found her guilty and also that—although, being at the time under the age of fourteen, she was, prima facie, incapable of crime—she was precocious enough to have a criminal intent. There is on record in England an example of a boy aged eight years being hanged for burning a barn in Berkshire. A boy of ten, convicted of murdering his bedfellow, was unanimously pronounced by the judges as a proper subject of capital punishment, and does not appear to have been reprieved. These cases happened long before the secretary of state was in the habit of intertering in cases of murder as he does at present; and it is probable that this young girl may have her punishment commuted to imprisonment for life.

A singular occurrence took place at the Alexandra Park races in England recently. A betting man known as "Hoppy," because he is lame, attempted to leave the grounds without paying those who had made wagers with him. His movements being understood, a cry of "Welsher!" was raised, and several thousand persons quickly assembled. The man was attacked in a furious manner, and his clothes for the most part were torn off. The noise soon attracted a number of policemen, who fought their way through the mob and surrounded "Hoppy," who, but for the timely assistance rendered, would have been most seriously injured, if not killed. He had conducted his betting transactions from a wagonette, and when he was taken away by the police a considerable crowd remained behind. A call was made for paper, and showers of newspapers, race cards, letters, books, etc., came from the multitude in response. In a few seconds the vehicle was almost covered with inflammable articles, and these being set fire to, the woodwork of the trap, cushions and lining were soon in a blaze, the lookers-on cheering lustily. The appearance of the flames brought a strong body of police to the spot, and after great difficulty the carriage, well alight, was drawn out of the burning heap of paper. The shafts were broken off to stir up the fire, and the harness was cut into pieces, the horse being allowed to stray away.

A large tract of waste land in Southern Algeria has been leased to a Frenchman who has determined to make it pay, despite that it is valueless for agricultural purposes. His intention is to convert it into a lion and panther preserve. These beasts are to be lured into the preserve by old horses, mules, and asses which have done their life's work. A luxurious hotel, supplied with a Parisian chef, is to be erected upon the estate, and from this headquarters will sally forth the budding sportsmen who flock thither to enjoy the excitement of lion hunting. Those who are particularly bold will be able to shoot their game in the open; but ambuscades will be provided from which the less valorous can make it hot for the lions while remaining in safety themselves.

WISE WORDS.

Inclination and interest determine the will.

To indulge a consciousness of goodness is the way to lose it.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of nature.

If conscience restrains thee to-day it will to-morrow and all thy life long.

The life free from care, and from any buffetings of fortune, is a dead sea.

All that a man gets by lying is, that he is not believed when he speaks the truth.

There is no sadder truth to the human mind than the irrevocableness of the past.

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