THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

LUME XV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1882. NUMBER 21.

Only.

Only a bud we call it,
But its pale green leaflets fold
Over the summer's beauty
And autumn's treasured gold.

Only a little brown acorn,
But we shall find at length
It cradled the forest monarch
With all his mighty strength.

Only a kind word spoken,
Only a kind look given,
But they filled a life with beauty,
And a soul was raised to heaven.

—*Georgie L. Heath.*

Distance Lends Enchantment.

The sails we see on the ocean,
Areas white as white can be,
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold gray mist and vapor
Ere we reach its height.

Stately and fair the vessel
That comes not near our beach;
Stately and grand the mountain
Whose height we may never reach.

Oh, Distance, thou dear enchantress,
Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail.

THE YELLOW ROSE.

Adele Haskell formed one of a group of girls who were spending their summer at the seaside, in a romantic little port, made thoroughly delightful by the combination of woodland and wild coast. Inland drives and shaded rambles were as accessible at choice as surf-bathing or the long strolls on the fine white beach, forever washed by the exhilarating waves.

Adele was at this place under the care of her aunt, and with her, under her own care, a younger sister just nearing the fourteenth birthday, and ceasing to be the torment and delight of immediate relatives as l'enfante terrible, only to occupy the same distinctions of concern as "a bright little piece." Georgie Haskell was an irrepressible, mischievous, wonderfully observant and wide-awake creature; and her calm and beautiful elder, Adele, whom she devoutly admired and loved, had nevertheless no light task in taking care of her.

Georgie was often in disgrace, and sometimes in punishment, and her only relief at such moments was to write long letters of complaint to her absent mother. In one of these letters, whose exaggerated tales of woe could only interest the maternal heart, there happened to be, one day in late July, a bit of description incidentally given that throws upon the seaside life at the romantic port a significant glance of comprehension, and shows how the perfect happiness of the place was utterly marred by one slight want, not taken into consideration by the mammas and aunts in their choice of a summer seaside.

"And really," wrote Georgie, "I never knew that men and boys could be of so much importance. Even bad boys would be welcome here; and as for Sam and Henry they would be petted to death by the girls. The night of the ball they had to send twelve miles for just a few; and such a set! But Miss Riley said, 'Oh, anybody for partners.' Olivia H—— has perfectly beautiful dresses—all from Paris—and not a soul to dress for; for she says she won't dress for girls.

"Last night there was a great excitement. Miss Riley said she heard that five young men had engaged rooms for August in this hotel, and that rooms (on the second floor) were being fixed for them. You ought to have seen them. You ought to have seen Olivia. 'They won't come to-night, will they?' she said; for she had nothing on but her plain black silk and a turned down collar. But to-day she's dressed splendidly—plum-color and salmon. I wish you could see her gown; it's lovely. They are coming in the stage to-night, and I do hope we will have some fun, and I want you, dear mamma, to write especially to Adele—because she is awfully stupid about some things—that if there are picnics I am to go, and to tea parties, for I'm fourteen," etc.

The five young men came, others were soon added to the number, and there was no more dullness that season. Drives, picnics, sails, rambles, everything that could be devised for lending wings to the summer hours, found plentiful energy to prevent dreams from losing the "name of action." All went merrily to mid-August.

In mid-August a keen observer might have noticed in the little community—outwardly all gayety and suave amity—certain ominous signs threatening the general peace in the formation of cliques. In these cliques there were whisperings and mystery, as if in disaffection or disapproval of each other. Adele Haskell with her natural reserve holding herself apart from personal confidences, and having in the seaside circle no intimate friend, was not quick to perceive this change in the daily life of her companions. All the more when the change suddenly became palpable did she feel herself alone and harshly shut out from the sympathies of those who at first had seemed anxious to establish with her the most confiding friendship. Fortunately the rapid succession of diversions gave her little time to brood over the cause of this coldness, which was confined to the girls, the young men having with admirable tact equalized their attentions, so that no one could feel the weight of masculine neglect, least of all the beautiful Adele.

One of these considerate youths was, however, unconsciously the source of disaffection, and that no other than Harvey Ellsworth, the favorite of the whole house, the manly beau-ideal of the younger girls, and the distinguished master of ceremonies in every plan devised by the elders, both of whom submitted to his judgment and direction.

"Is it not really ridiculous," said Olivia H—— to her half-dozen bosom friends, in that confidential hour when the gentlemen were not present, "the manner of Adele to Mr. Ellsworth? She is so conscious, so affectedly shy—for there is not any real shyness about her. I believe she is actually in love with him. And it is so absurd, for any one can see that he never gives her a thought. I have watched him quite closely; and although he is polite, as he has to be, of course, he never cares to talk to her or to dance with her. He never gives her an admiring glance. And the other night about the music, he was almost rude to her; that is, rude for him. Well, I never liked Adele particularly; I never could see the beauty people talk about. And now I like her less than ever, and I should think that Harvey Ellsworth would be positively disgusted."

"I have no doubt that he is disgusted," said Matilda Owns. "Of course he wouldn't like to show it. And Adele acts as much as to say, in her quiet way, 'He is secretly in love with me.' Oh, I should just like to see her vanity dampened a little. Girls, let us have some fun; let us bring Adele Haskell out."

"How do you mean 'bring her out?'"

"Why, let us make some plan to set her face to face with her folly, and give her remarkable serene dignity a good lesson."

"What plan can we make?"

They were not long in finding one; for, given the mischievous intent, and there is always a scheme ready at hand to give the mischief expression.

The plan was a bold one, and several days elapsed before it was thoroughly completed and ready for execution. It might have perished carelessly as it began but for one or two aggravating circumstances which in the mean time made Adele appear to be more than ever appropriating the desirable Mr. Ellsworth.

During these days the susceptible little Georgie found herself very kindly noticed by Olivia and Olivia's particular friends. At last one morning Matilda Owns said to her:

"Georgie, do you want to have some fun, and help us with a plan of ours that will be an excellent joke?"

Georgie declared that she was ready for anything; she loved fun and she loved jokes.

Having been bound to secrecy, she was directed to write at dictation a letter Matilda would compose, and to use in writing her extraordinary skill in imitation. They produced the handwriting she was to copy, in slips from a game of "Consequences," containing sentences written one evening by Mr. Ellsworth.

"Whom is the letter to?" asked Georgie.

"That," said Matilda, "you are not to know. Then if any questions are asked when the joke comes off you can say truly that you are ignorant."

Georgie looked thoughtful at this, and hesitated. "I think I ought to know whom I am writing to," she said. The girls overruled her objection. "You will know as soon as it is best," they said. "And you can trust us that it is written to the right person."

So Matilda dictated:

"Forgive me if I address you too hastily and too boldly. You are in all my thoughts every moment, and I feel that I cannot resist the opportunity that may never occur again. May I see you for a few moments alone? If you will grant me this request—and I beg you as you value the true devotion of my heart not to refuse—please wear to-night in your hair a yellow rose."

This letter had been carefully composed, and it was dictated by Matilda from a manuscript approved by all the girls concerned in this practical joke.

"Now sign it," said Olivia.

"How shall I sign it?" asked the child, who had succeeded by sharp scrutiny of the model in making the writing quite characteristic.

"Why, 'Harvey Ellsworth,' of course. 'Tis a pity we could not get his signature for you to copy exactly, but you must make it from the letters you have. There is a capital H to begin with."

"Oh, Matilda," said Georgie, "I could not sign a man's name. That would be wrong, I am sure. No one has a right to sign another man's name. Why, that would be forgery." She was quite decided.

"Well, it must be signed," said Olivia, "or it will not be of any use. Of course no one would wear a rose for an anonymous lover. Come, don't be obstinate, Georgie; we shall lose our whole joke."

"I will tell you what she can do," said Matilda, who had some faint misgiving of conscience herself on this point; she can sign it in initials—'H. E.' That might be anybody; at least it might be any He. Come, child, don't haggle; the whole affair is nothing but a bit of fun. He! he! always comes after a good joke, you know, Georgie."

So Georgie, having found in the scraps of "Consequences" the proper capitals, signed "H. E." with a modest flourish, and the note, after due inspection and admiration, was signed and sealed.

"Now please let me direct it," said Georgie. "I'll promise not to tell."

"Oh, we have a plan about the direction," Olivia said. "Now you have done your part nobly, and if there is ever anything we can do for your pleasure, be sure to let us know."

"I should like to see the fun," said Georgie. "And you need not tell me who it is, for I know it is Miss Riley. And it's almost too bad, only I suppose a real old maid—a real flirting old maid, I mean—doesn't mind whom she wears yellow roses for. She will just be wondering why he doesn't come up and ask her to take a drive or walk around the piazza by moonlight."

Success smiled upon the completion of the practical joke. When the 11 A. M. mail had arrived, and the customary application for letters was made at the hotel office, Mr. Ellsworth appeared there, looking over his own budget, as fortune would have it, quite alone. Then Olivia came sauntering gracefully along the corridor, and coming near him, paused.

"Oh, Mr. Ellsworth," said she, "can you reach that pen on the desk, and will you just direct this little note? It is only a line to Adele; I must send it to her room. Just 'Miss Adele Haskell,' please." And she turned to order a bell-boy for the errand.

The ink of its address was hardly dry when Adele received the note. There was a picnic that day at Seven-miles Falls, a drive home by early moonlight and high tea at 9. Immediately before tea the toilets were made for the evening, and a by-plot was contrived by which Georgie Haskell was detained from being present at the critical moment of the joke's denoument. When tea was nearly over she took her place at table, and glanced at Miss Riley; there was the yellow rose in her hair! Mr. Ellsworth, perfectly unconscious, was seated nearly opposite her. Then Georgie looked cautiously at Olivia; there was a yellow rose in her hair. All the girls, even Adele, had yellow roses in their hair. Mr. Ellsworth had a yellow rose in his buttonhole. Other gentlemen had similar boutonnieres.

Georgie was slightly bewildered; but her keen appetite for supper after all her open-air exercise assuaged her curiosity, and she contented herself to await the explanation of this complication of yellow roses until after she should have devoured her oysters and salad.

The affair had taken place simply, but satisfactorily. The girls specially interested had hastened to their tea. Adele came rather late. She wore an ivory-colored gown, with gold ornaments; she looked very beautiful. In her dark hair, half hidden by the heavy braid, was a yellow rose-bud. She took her place not far from Olivia. On the table opposite Olivia was a basin of yellow roses. The young lady drew it toward her, after Adele entered, and said, in a nonchalant but distinctly audible voice, "Yellow roses seem to be the fashion to-night." With these words she took one from the vase, and stuck it jauntily in the braid of her hair. The girls near her did the same. Then Olivia ordered the basin to be passed around the table, so that all present might select a flower.

At the instant that the sentence had passed Olivia's lips Adele flushed quickly. She did not raise her eyes immediately; but when she did she looked fully into Olivia's face, then at Matilda, whose half-suppressed laugh had reached her. Then she dropped her eyes again without allowing them to transmit any expression of surprise, or anger, or suspicion. But the quick flush faded into a painful pallor. She looked for a few moments as if she were fainting; but no, her spirit rallied. She went on with her tea. She even, as the waiter, not noticing the bud in her hair, held the basin to her, took from it a rose, and placed it in her bodice. She left the table when several others left it, so as not to attract observation, and went to her own room.

The plot had succeeded. She had been set face to face with her own folly.

When Georgie rushed to Matilda to hear "how the joke went off," all Matilda said was, "Hush, don't you see her?" and glanced toward Miss Riley.

But when Georgie a few minutes later went to find her sister, whom she missed from the parlor, she had difficulty in bringing any answer to the locked door of the room which the sisters shared together. When Adele, after delay, opened it, there was no concealing the fact that her eyes were red with weeping. She had evidently been shaken with some tempest of emotion.

"Oh, Addie!" cried the child, "what is the matter? What has happened?" She caught sight of two yellow roses—a bud and a flower—tossed on the floor. "Oh, my darling Addie! my beautiful, splendid, noble sister! what have they done to you? Oh, I'll kill them every one; indeed I will," cried Georgie, for the whole truth flashed on her instantly. Adele was the victim of the plot. "And I'll kill myself too," cried Georgie.

It was now Adele's turn for exclamation. "Be still, be still my child; don't talk so wildly. Nothing has happened; no one has done anything to me. I was tired, and I cried. I felt tired, that's all. Oh, I feel so tired of all the world to-night!" And here Adele, seeing that Georgie was quite hushed, flung herself into an arm-chair, and burying her face in her hands, went on weeping.

Georgie stood pefectly still, as if petrified—petrified as to motion, but not petrified as to expression. Across her mobile child face passed a conflict of feeling—sorrow, indignation, pity, and at last resolve. From this last sentiment, resolve, her manner changed entirely; something of a womanly air took possession of her childishness. She came to Adele like a little mother.

"Come, my dearest, you are tired out, and I must see you lying down to rest before I go downstairs. We children"—here the small head gave its habitual scornful tose—"are to dance first; but you must be downstairs at 10. I know you will be rested by that time, and I want you particularly, for my sake, to come down."

All the while she talked she was caressing Adele, and between the caresses she unfastened her ornaments and unlaced her gown. She brought the robe de chambre. "For you are to be down at 10, so you cannot undress entirely, darling. But just lie down on the silk coverlet," which coverlet she proceeded to unfold and to spread on the bed.

Adele ceased crying; she was passive to Georgie's will. And Georgie having seen her sister quite in a restful attitude, and having made her solemnly promise not to shed another tear, and not to think of anything that troubled her, turned the lamp-light low, and went downstairs. She danced "the Lanciers" for which she was engaged, and then went out alone into the cool, sweet night air of the moon-lit piazza. This piazza was one of the pleasure haunts of the midsummer nights; it made, with some detours under pavilions of an ornamented court-yard, the complete circuit of the hotel.

Georgie walked slowly along the piazza past two or three groups of girls, until she came to the angle that turned upon that portion of the portico which the gentlemen used after dinner and after tea for smoking. There were a few young men there with their cigars. Among them was Mr. Ellsworth. To him the child went boldly.

"Mr. Ellsworth, please could you come with me a minute to the Blue Pavilion?"

He could not refuse; indeed, he flung away his cigar with all politeness, and put the little hand gallantly upon his arm.

She said not a word till they reached the pavilion. Then she withdrew her arm from his suddenly, and turning toward him with a face glowing intensely with the absorbing thought her heart held, took both of his hands in hers.

"Dear Mr. Ellsworth, a terrible trouble has happened."

"Not to Adele?"

"Yes, to Adele. And I have been in it. Oh, I'm a dreadful, dreadful, dreadful girl! Will you help me, dear Mr. Ellsworth?"

"To my utmost," said Harvey Ellsworth, with every appearance of sincerity, and even anxiety.

"I must tell you everything first," said the child; "and I don't know how to, but I must. Well, the girls wanted to play a joke on Adele—on Adele, just think of it! And so they wrote her a note, and pretended that you wrote it, but in reality I did it, for I copy handwriting. But oh, I never, never will copy anything again, for I believe it is breaking the Second Commandment—it is making a graven likeness. Oh, isn't it, Mr. Ellsworth?"

"Go on, my child," said that gentleman, with impatience undisguised.

"And we sent the note, saying that you adored her, and wanted to see her all alone; and if she would let you, she must come down to tea to-night wearing a yellow rose."

"And did she wear it?"

And here Georgie, petrified again—petrified this time in motion, speech, expression. There was something so intense in the way in which Harvey Ellsworth asked this question, something so like an electrical shock thrilling Georgie in every nerve upon which his voice fell. Soft as that voice was, it rang like a violin string that gives the note and breaks in giving it; and his eyes shone like points of fire—at least she thought they did.

"Did she wear it?"

Oh, Georgie, you will never be a child again after to-night. The terror, the responsibility, the mingled insight and apprehension of this concentration of experience, forbid you ever to return to the reckless innocence of fate.

She paused one moment longer. She dropped his hands, and covering her eyes stood helplessly before him. Was it, then, to be either betrayal or desertion of Adele? One of these two miseries.

"It is a secret," half sobbed the child. "A good man like you would never tell it. Yes, Mr. Ellsworth, she wore it. And now"—she changed the attitude to one confiding and imploring—"and now you must help me. She must not be disgraced, my darling, noble sister, and laughed at by all the house; and I—my own hand did it."

She felt again something like an electrical shock, for she had looked up to his face; and the face of Harvey Ellsworth at that moment was in a rapture—a rapture of happiness.

Her heart lightened as she went on. "You must pretend to Adele that you did write it; she must never know that the girls made such a plan; she must think that she was mistaken; for, oh! she has been crying dreadfully. You must send her another note, and say you are so glad she wore the rose."

"And I am so glad," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"And then—for she did consent," this Georgie said regretfully—"since she did consent, you must walk around the piazza with her, and make up something to comfort her."

"I shall not have to make it up," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"Then come, quick, and write the message," cried the impetuous Georgie.

By 10 o'clock Adele, re-arrayed in her lovely costume, with the rose-bud in her hair, and the message, "Meet me in the Blue pavilion," written by his own hand, brought to her by her own Georgie—his message, with one trembling kiss upon it, safely stowed in the pocket of her ivory-colored gown—went downstairs just as the waltz music in the parlor struck up jubilantly.

And in the Blue pavilion, safe with Mr. Ellsworth, Georgie, blessed Georgie—for so she felt herself that moment—left her.

"Adele," said the manly voice, with that manliest tone in it that springs from true devotion, "I shall thank you all my life for granting me this happiness. May I spend my life—are you going to let me, dear Adele, spend my life in thanking you for it?"

These questions followed each other closely; so closely because the proud, sensitive girl, to whom all expression of that which was really sacred to her was by her very constitution most difficult, had been this night so tossed and wearied by pain and pain's misgivings that she melted at love's first touch. There was no need to ask, "Do you love me?" between the dedicatory questions. The sweet face, agitated and tender, the hands that he clasped in his, trembling, told without the asking that she loved him.

He drew her near to him there in the solitude, in the shaded moonlight, in the midsummer air, and went on with all a lover's resistless fervor: "My darling, I hardly dared—hardly dared to hope for this after our cruel separation. When we parted last year in Florence, Adele, and you said 'forever,' I knew as deeply as you could care to have me know that I never could love another—not really love another. Do you know, my darling, did you hear, that I was very ill at Paris? They called it Roman fever, but it was the fever of fate, Adele. Many weeks it consumed me. Then I was aroused myself, or when something beyond myself aroused me to the fact of living again, I took up life simply as a burden. 'If I can give a ray of happiness to those unhappy as myself, let me live,' I thought; 'but for me there is no joy in living.' And now we have met again. It was a strange accident that brought me to this place. I must tell you of it some time, darling. But we have met again, and this time it is forever. Adele—my love."

As little Georgie in her motherly treatment of her sister had mingled with her words and service her tender caresses, so Adele's lover now between his words lavished his mute endearment.

"We have met again, and this time forever."

"Well, I declare," said Olivia, when on the morrow of the unkind plot's denouement the engagement was announced of Harvey Ellsworth and Adele Haskell—"I do declare that men are the most deceitful creatures. Who could ever have dreamed that those two people had ever been anything to each other, had actually been engaged, they say, and the engagement broken off by Adele's guardian? Why, no one could have seemed more indifferent than that Harvey Ellsworth has seemed; how she can trust him or have any faith in him I cannot imagine. He certainly acted coldly enough, and as if he did not care for her."

"Perhaps he does not care for her now," said Matilda Owens.

And at the very moment that she said it Harvey Ellsworth—on the ocean shore, far up at the White Cove, where the breakers came in magnificently, and where the blue sea, far as eye could look, was spangled as if strewn with golden roses—Harvey Ellsworth was lying in the white sand at Adele's feet, with his lips seeking her hand again and again, and his eyes looking long and deep into hers, and his heart saying to his heart of hearts, "At last Heaven has given me the woman of my life, the woman of my soul."—*Harper's Weekly.*

American History--Important Events.

1620. Landing made on Plymouth Rock.
1621. First Thanksgiving kept. No turkey.
1622. First meeting-house built.
1640. First printing press.
1648. Witches first hung.
1649. Men are commanded to wear short hair.
1662. More witches hung in Salem.
1702. Yale college founded in New Haven.
1704. First newspaper printed at Boston.
1705. Coffee is tasted.
1720. Tea is tried, but taxation makes it costly.
1721. Postoffice started.
1721. Potatoes planted as a curiosity. Singing by note in the meeting-houses, which caused a great deal of trouble.
1740. Tinware manufactured.
1755. An organ built but not allowed to be played in the meeting-house.
1756. Benjamin Franklin invents the lightning rod.
1760. First attempt at fashion. Collars are worn on shirts and chaises appear.
1765. Liberty talked of. No more using of stamped paper.
1770. Wooden clocks made.
1773. Trouble begins about tea; chests of it thrown into Boston harbor.
1774. The streets of Boston are lighted with oil-lamps.
1780. Umbrellas used by a few rich people, and much laughed at.
1792. Silk worms raised, and in a few houses silk carpets are seen.
1795-1800. Pantaloons take the place of breeches for ordinary wear, and plates are used at breakfast and tea.
1807. A steamboat on the Hudson.
1817. Stoves first appear in meeting-houses, although some think they showed more fire than religion.
1818. A steamboat on Long Island Sound.
1819. A steamer goes across the Atlantic.
1823. Gas in Boston. Coal. Steel pens take the place of quills.
1823. Ruffles disappear from shirt fronts.
1828. Love apples are tasted hesitatingly, but are found novel and palatable, and are called tomatoes, and used as a vegetable.
1832. A railroad built.
1833. Matches used instead of the tinder-box.
1837. First paper money used, called shin-plasters.
1838. Envelopes first used.
1839. Daguerotypes are taken.
1844. First electric message sent.
1847. Sewing machines invented.
1858. Ocean cable laid. Only one message sent for about ten years.
1865. Abraham Lincoln assassinated.
1871. Chicago burned.
1876. Party in Philadelphia called the "Centennial."
1881. Garfield assassinated.

What is that which we wish for, and when obtained, we never know we have it?—Sleep.

FORTY-TWO YEARS IN PRISON.

Release of a 'Dickens' Hero Who Has Served Nine Terms in a Penitentiary.

Charles Langheimer, the old German made famous in Dickens' "American Notes" as the subject of a pathetic description of the effects of the solitary confinement system in the Eastern penitentiary, Philadelphia, forty-two years ago, and who appeared in Dickens' eyes as "a dejected, heart-broken criminal, whose life has been cruelly tortured out of him," was recently released from the service of his ninth term, since Dickens first saw him in that prison, and made straight for the house of his only daughter. His trunk had preceded him, containing numerous articles of his own wondrous handiwork while in prison, such as pictures, toys and various ingeniously-constructed designs in wood. His leave-taking from the prison officials was characteristic. To their civil "Good-bye, Charlie. When are you coming back again?" the old man bridled up, threw back his head, and, with flashing eyes, showered upon them the most violent torrent of billingsgate in German. This treatment, to men with whom he had been on the best of terms, and accustomed to associate with daily for the past two years and eight months, would look cruel from anybody else, but from Charley Langheimer it is merely taken as a matter of course.

He will shortly celebrate his seventy-ninth birthday. His last term was for three years for stealing money from a safe, but good behavior enabled him to come out, as it has always done before, four months ahead of the expiration of his time. The best part of forty-two years he has spent in the penitentiary. His faculty for adapting his hands to almost any trade under the sun, and for decorating and painting in the most artistic manner wall or ceiling, gives him a prestige out at the penitentiary such as is perhaps not enjoyed by any other prisoner in the country. His clean, orderly habits, his love of neatness, and his knack of converting the most forbidding sort of a cell into an abode of comfort and beauty by the addition of flower pots and plants, which he has a wonderful talent for bringing on, and, above all, his gift for decorating the walls cause the penitentiary officials invariably, after he goes away, to feel lonely without him. It generally happens that a very short interval elapses before he is back again.

Two strong points have been developed in Langheimer's character since Dickens saw and wrote about him—pride of self and hatred of newspaper men. The mere mention of the latter class is as a drop of scalding liquid on his tongue. His small, gray eyes gleam like fire, his gray beard bristles, his wrinkled, nervous face contorts, his whole frame quivers as he jumps from his chair in the most rapid outburst of uncontrollable rage, and brings his fist down on table or stand.

Charley says he will never go back to the prison again. This, however, is the same language he has been using ever since his release from his first term after Dickens saw him in 1840. He has a great deal to say about the discipline of the prison and his good treatment there.

It is a known fact that Langheimer has been tried numerous times for the purpose of seeing whether he would avail himself of his opportunities of escape, and he has on every occasion spurned these chances. The prison officials have such confidence in him that there is not one of them but avers that if he was to get out by any mischance a day before his time expired, he would walk back and deliver himself up.

Two Queer Deaths.

A recent issue of the Louisville (Ky.) *Commercial* says: About three weeks ago William Downey, of Blackwell's precinct, died in a very singular manner. His strength began failing on Wednesday without apparent cause; his flesh fell away with alarming rapidity, and by Monday following he had absolutely dwindled away without having felt sick or suffered the slightest pain or indisposition. When placed on his deathbed, a few hours before he died, he was laughing and talking, and declared that he never felt better in his life. Such a singular and unaccountable death naturally created considerable surprise and wonder in the neighborhood where it happened. But these were increased to consternation when, in a few days after Mr. Downey's death, his daughter Miss Sallie, who is about twenty-two years of age, was taken exactly as her father was, and without suffering the slightest pain or sickness has grown weaker and thinner each day, till she is but a skeleton of her former self, and at our last account was lying speechless upon what has doubtless proved her death-bed ere this. The physicians are completely nonplussed, and are unable to form the slightest idea as to the cause of nature of their very strange malady, and, to add to the confusion and mystery, the sick-bed of the young lady has been almost constantly attended by strange and unnatural noises—sometimes seeming like the roar of a planing mill, then like a sewing machine, and again like many other things, continually changing, but hardly ever ceasing. It has thrown the whole neighborhood into a fever of excitement, and scores of people have visited the house where the young lady is sick, and are able to testify to the correctness of these statements.

Wealth in the United States Senate.

The present Senate contains at least a score of senators not one of whom is worth less than $200,000. The richest man is, of course, Fair, of Nevada, who probably possesses as much wealth as all the other senators together. Next to him is David Davis, of Illinois, a widower, who is reputed to be the possessor of millions. It is somewhat difficult to name the senator whose fortune ranks third in size; but if Eugene Hale has received the mantle of his father-in-law, Zach Chandler, with its well-lined pockets, his fortune is nearly as large as that of David Davis. The wife of Senator Hale is the only daughter of the late Senator Zach Chandler. Other very wealthy senators are Miller, of California, Mahone, of Virginia, and Sawyer, of Wisconsin, known to be worth more than a million each. Sewell, of New Jersey, is a railroad man and is very wealthy. Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, it is said, is worth more than $2 000,000, his property consisting largely of real estate in Washington. Among other senators who write their fortune with seven figures are Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Camden and Davis, of West Virginia, Brown, of Georgia, and Plumb, of Kansas. Senators Hill, of Colorado, Gorman, of Maryland, McPherson, of New Jersey, and Pendleton, of Ohio, are all worth more than $500,000. Many other senators are comfortably fixed, possessing little hoards of from $50,000 to $400,000. Among those who have but little comparatively here below—that is, not more than $100,000 apiece—are Morrill, of Vermont, Anthony, of Rhode Island, Rollins, of New Hampshire, Jones, of Nevada, Saunders, of Nebraska, and Allison, of Iowa.—*Portland Argus.*

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Among raw products which paid duty to the United States government last year were:

Sugar	$80,000,000	Pig iron	11,000,000
Tobacco	6,000,000	Potatoes	1,000,000
Lumber	5,000,000	Barley	7,000,000
Flax	5,000,000	Rice	1,000,000
Hemp & jute	5,000,000	Wool	12,000,000

Within the past twenty years the beer business in the United States has increased enormously. In 1863 the number of barrels made was 1,765,827. In 1881 the number of barrels had increased to 14,178,557. Of the whole quantity produced in this country in 1880, New York is credited with 33.97 per cent.

The first official count of the population in the United States showed 3,929,214. Without additions by emigration this number would have increased to about 11,000,000 in 1880. Inasmuch as the census of the last-named period showed a population of 50,000,000, it may be fairly assumed that three-fourths of the increase has come from emigration.

According to Professor Young the light of the sun is equal to 6,300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 candles. Papers that reproduce this item need not read the proof by copy. It will make no difference whether the number of ciphers is half a dozen more or less. Nobody will ever find it out, and the man who takes a contract to supply the candles to test the accuracy of Mr. Young's statement will have his hands full anyhow, especially if there should be a corner on tallow about that time.

Cincinnati is getting to be a literary as well as an art center. Three valuable foreign books, worth at least $6,000, came to the custom-house at New York recently, but were detained by the authorities. The leaves of the books, which are large and bulky, with ancient bindings, had been carefully cut through the middle of the pages, leaving a good-sized square receptacle in each volume. Into these holes were compactly placed a considerable quantity of valuable diamonds and jewelry.

On the authority of Lieutenant Dannenhower, of the lost Jeannette expedition, the gold production of the Siberian districts is far more important than is generally supposed. The exiles, he says, are the most intelligent men in Siberia, and from them alone he learned anything worth knowing, which statement bears out the opinions of shrewd observers that Siberia is the store house of Russian brains which it would be of vast benefit to the country to have at work in its building up and general civilization.

There are golden sands in the Georgia rivers with their beautiful Indian names, and a dredging boat is now engaged in searching for the shining treasure in the beds of these streams. The Chestatee is a gold-bearing stream, and the boat lifts one hundred tons of gravel and sand from its bottom in a day. One ton of this gravel yielded seven dollars, but the average is only fifty cents a ton, which, however, is considered a paying business, as it amounts to fifty dollars a day. The land-owners along the stream get ten per cent. as their share.

The street trade of New York is a subject which has hitherto been overlooked by the statistician, probably because of the difficulty of obtaining reliable figures concerning it. But taken in the aggregate, it forms a very important item in its internal prosperity. There are at least a dozen wholesale firms whose chief sources of profit are derived from the stationery peddlers and hucksters who occupy the pavements—firms who sell goods manufactured especially for this class of customers. Fruits, flowers, confectionery, photographs, cutlery, walking-canes, oysters, periodicals, notions, cheap hosiery, cigars and various other articles contribute to make up the sum total of a street trade, amounting in the aggregate to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Stanley, the explorer, was on the Upper Congo, Southwest Africa, on the 16th of January last, with his party of 236 men, mostly Zanzibaris who, he says, are obedient, docile, brave and hard-working. They are also perfectly honest. Not one is in disgrace, and during the month preceding there had been no occasion for uttering an angry word. Not one of them has a gun, spear, knife or weapon of any kind. Stanley maintains a certain reticence about the exact nature of his work in Africa. He is the agent of companies which have invested large amounts of capital in opening up sections of Africa, and who naturally desire to secure for themselves all the advantages which may accrue from the explorer's labors. In a few months we shall probably hear rather interesting and possibly startling news from the little camp on the Upper Congo.

Bicyclers in Philadelphia and Baltimore, as well as those in New York, are having a fight for the privilege of riding in the parks and public drives. In a few American cities—Washington among them—the experience has been that horses soon get used to the mounted wheelmen, and pay no more attention to them than to men on foot, or persons traveling by any other vehicle. It is said that there are more than three hundred thousand bicycles in use in England, and that the opposition at first manifested toward them, on the ground that they would frighten horses, long ago died out. Since the opening of the elevated railroads in New York the capacity of horses for getting used to things has been pretty thoroughly tested, and has not proved inadequate. Horses that are frequently driven near the elevated roads do not so much as prick up their ears when the trains go thundering over their heads. Perhaps the short life of the objection to the elevated roads on the ground that the trains would frighten horses is due to the fact that the projected roads were backed by so many million dollars that the objectors couldn't help themselves—an advantage which the average individual wheelman doesn't enjoy.

Among a thousand forms of benevolence, scarcely one gives a larger and quicker return for the money invested than that which affords to the poor children of great cities a breath of country air. The noble bequest of $500,000 left by Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Baltimore, in 1879, "for the purpose of securing a summer retreat for sick children from the heat and unhealthfulness of the city" has been applied, after a careful investigation and consultation with sanitary and medical experts, in the following manner, in the language of the secretary of the Wilson sanitarium: "Our trustees have purchased a tract of 100 acres, well watered and with considerable timber, a half-hour's ride by rail from the center of the city, and with an altitude of six hundred feet above tide water. The sea coast is not accessible and the bay shores malarial. We propose to deal principally with children under two years of age, taking the mother with her infant, and, if necessary, one or two other children if they are too young to be left at home; to keep them till restored to health, and then return them to their homes. The sanitarium will be open only during the summer months, probably about fifteen weeks; the diseases those incident to bad weather, not chronic cases. We deal only with the poorer classes, and the institution will be free."

Man and Insects.

The only nerves (worth mentioning) in the human body which are not under the control of the brain, are those of the heart and other internal organs; and over these parts, as everybody knows, we have not any voluntary power. But all our limbs and muscles are moved in accordance with impulses sent down from the brain, so that, for example, when I have made up my mind to send a telegram to a friend, my legs take me duly to the telegraph office, my hand writes the proper message, and my tongue undertakes the necessary arrangements with the clerk. But in the insect's body there is no such regular subordination of all the parts composing the nervous system to a single central organ or head office. The largest knot of nerve matter, it is true, is generally to be found in the neighborhood of the sense organs, and it receives direct nerve bundles from the eyes, antennæ, mouth and other chief adjacent parts; but the wings and legs are moved by separate knots of nerve cells, connected by a sort of spinal cord with the head, but capable of acting quite independently on their own account. Thus, if we cut off a wasp's head and stick it on a needle in front of some sugar and water, the mouth will greedily begin to eat the sweet syrup, apparently unconscious of the fact that it has lost its stomach, and that the food is quietly dropping out of the gullet at the other end as fast as it is swallowed. So, too, if we decapitate that queer Mediterranean insect, the praying mantis, the headless body will stand catching flies with its outstretched arms, and fumbling about for its mouth when it has caught one, evidently much surprised to find that its head is unaccountably missing. In fact, whatever may be the case with man, the insect, at least, is really a conscious automaton. It sees or smells food, and it is at once impelled by its nervous constitution to eat it. It receives a sense-impression from the bright hue of a flower, and it is irresistibly attracted toward it, as the moth is to the candle. It has no power of deliberation, no ability even to move its own limbs in unaccustomed manners. Its whole life is governed for it by its fixed nervous constitution, and by the stimulations it receives from outside. And so, though the world probably appears much the same to the beetle as to us, the nature of its life is very different. It acts like a piece of clockwork mechanism, wound up to perform a certain number of fixed movements, and incapable of ever going beyond the narrow circle for which it is designed.—*Grant Allen.*

Dangers of Ignorance.

One cannot judge from the brief accounts given what are the precise causes of such disasters, but there is reason to believe that ignorance is prolific; that many persons have only a vague knowledge of the qualities of nitro-glycerine, cannot recognize it when they see it, and are not acquainted with the various forms in which it is compounded, or with the peculiar dangers of handling it carelessly. Nitro glycerine itself is a dense, yellowish liquid, but in order to diminish the danger attending its use, fine earth, ground mica, sawdust, or some similar powder, is saturated with it, and thus the various blasting powders, known as dynamite, mica powder, dualin, rend-rock, etc., are formed. These compounds can be transported with comparative safety. But the nitro-glycerine easily drains off from the powder and oozes from any crevice in the vessel in which the compound is kept. Drops of it thus bedewing the edges of a box may easily be mistaken for oil escaping, and if workmen ignorantly endeavor to nail the box tighter, or to open it for examination, there will be a disastrous explosion. Several have occurred in past years in this way. The victims knew, no doubt, that nitro-glycerine (or the compounds) may be exploded by a blow (contact with fire is not needful,) but they did not suspect that the innocent-looking oil was nitro-glycerine. Why should not youth be taught in the schools somewhat of the practical dangers of these substances which are coming into such common use? They would pursue the study with interest, especially if there were judicious experiments. A Missouri story is that a teacher confiscated a small metal box which a pupil was playing with in school hours, and, thinking it contained chewing gum, tried to break it open with a hammer. It was a dynamite torpedo of the kind used on the railroad track as a danger signal, and large bits of it had to be cut out of the lady's cheek. Would it not have been well if she had known somewhat of the aspect of torpedoes? Was it not more important to the journeyman plumber who threw the lighted match into the pan of camphene, mistaking it for water, by which the great printing establishment in Franklin square was burned some twenty-eight years ago, to know camphene by sight than to have memorized many of the matters prominent in a public school course? Surely workmen, especially "raw hands," in establishments where these things are used, should be systematically instructed in advance, and the courts are now enforcing this principle.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Why the Bear Has a Stumpy Tail.

The Objibaway Indians have the following legend, told by a correspondent in the *Century:* A fox was fishing one day in the depth of winter through a hole in the ice, using his tail for bait, by which means he caught a great number at first, but as the day went by he was not so successful. His tail becoming numbed, he did not perceive it getting frozen in. By-and-bye, thinking he had got a bite, he gave a smart pull and broke his tail off short, at which he began to weep. The Manitou coming along asked him why he wept. The fox told him, and begged to have his tail restored. The Manitou told him he could have it back if he could discover an animal as stupid as himself. The fox started for home, with the result of his sport in his mouth. On the road he met a bear, who asked him how he had managed to catch so many fish. The fox told him it was the easiest thing in the world; all he had to do was to use the same means he had done, which the bear begged to be taught. The fox, nothing loath, took Bruin on the ice, cut a hole for him, and told him to put his tail through and not to pull it out until he called to him, and then to take it out as quickly as possible. The fox waited until he saw it well frozen in, and shouted "Pull!" and snap went the tail. The fox's tail was restored to him, but the bear lost his forever, and this is the reason the bear has a stumpy tail to this day.

Instincts of Elephants.

If nature has not given intellect to these anim