THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1882. NUMBER 39.

Only Joking.

She led him on with smiles and wiles
Till hand and heart he offered,
And then she thought she'd rather not
Accept the treasure proffered.

"No, no," she sighed, "I'll be no bride,
My love is not entangled;
But till life's eve I'll deeply grieve
O'er your heart torn and mangled."

"Hold on fair maid," the lover said,
His voice emotion choking;
"Don't feel so blue, I swear to you
That I was only joking."

—*L. C. Cavers.*

We Are Not Old.

We are not old, though years have rolled
Like shadows from our path away,
Since first to me thou didst unfold
Thy love—oh! happy, happy day!—
We are not old!

Thy cheeks are fairer than the rose,
Thy lips are sweeter than the dew,
Thy hand is whiter than the snows,
And as the heavens thine eyes are blue:
We are not old!

Time dealeth gently with us here,
No change our hearts have ever known;
Our joy increases year by year,
For sweet contentment is our own:
We are not old!

As in the past may we glide on,
All gently down the stream of life,
And when we reach our journey's end,
May we together rest—my wife:
We are not old!

—*N. S. Spenser.*

Woman's Trust.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? You
know we've lost the hay,
And what we'll do with horse and kye is more
than I can say;
While like as not, with storm and rain, we'll
lose both corn and wheat."
She looked up with a pleasant face, and an-
swered low and sweet:
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel,
but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be!"

He turned around with sudden gloom. She said: "Love, be at rest.
You eat the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best.
That was your work; you've naught to do with wind and rain,
And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields of golden grain;
For there's a Heart and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!"

"That's like a woman's reasoning—we must because we must."
She softly said: "I reason not; I only work and trust;
The harvest may redeem the day—keep heart whate'er betide;
When one door shuts I've always seen another open wide.
There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He kissed the calm and truthful face; gone was his restless pain.
She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane;
And went about her household tasks full of a glad content,
Singing to time her busy hands as to and fro she went;
'There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

Days come and go—'twas Christmas tide, and the great fire burned clear.
The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been a good and happy year;
The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought the hay, you know."
She lifted then a smiling face and said: "I told you so!
For there's a Heart and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see,
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!"

—*Musical Record.*

Simeon Pingree's Chance.

A group of men was gathered in Elijah Wiswell's store, which was also the postoffice. A debate was in progress, and, as usual, Simeon Pingree had the floor. He was a long, loose-jointed, shock-headed specimen of humanity, with so large an Adam's apple in his long lean throat as to continually excite surprise that he was not choked by it, and huge feet upon which he had a way of uneasily shuffling to and fro.

Sim had inherited from his father the trade of a shoemaker, but had long ago decided that it was not sufficiently "intellectooal" for him. Occasionally the inhospitable spirit manifested by his neighbors when he was "a-passin' by, and kind o' dropped in" to take his meals with them, drove him to the uncongenial pursuit just long enough to "set the pot a-b'ilin'." To keep it boiling was not in the line of Sim's ambitions; after a day or two of effort he fell back into his old ways with an air of supererogatory merit.

His neighbors, who did not appreciate his "intellectooal" views, regarded him as lazy and "shiftless," and openly pointed to him the poorhouse as his inevitable destination. "As good-for-nothing as Sim Pingree," was the height of invidious comparison in the village. But though he was of so small practical worth Sim had a "flow of language" which caused his society to be much sought, and won for him a certain kind of respect. It was generally conceded that if he had been possessed of "sprawl" (the common synonym for energy in Greenhollow), and a little more "book-learnin'," Sim might have been a schoolmaster; and there were a few who even went so far as to think he could get the better of the minister in a theological discussion whichever side he might take; but this opinion was generally thought sacrilegious, and those who held it were looked upon with mournful suspicion as being inclined to infidelity.

The discussion had begun with theology to-day, and gradually wandered down to luck and chance—subjects upon which Sim was always sure to "run of an idee."

"There was a man that I come acrost up to Gorham more'n twelve year ago that give me some idees that I hain't never forgot," said Sim, his hands buried deep in his trousers pockets and his feet shuffling an accompaniment to his words. The more excited Sim grew the more energetic became his shuffling; on the rare occasions when he preserved silence the motion was feeble and monotonous. "He was an all-fired smart feller. The lightnin' calkerlater, nor the funny feller that was here with the show last summer wa'n't a circumstance to him. He was in the show business, too; fact is most of the tarlent nowadays is a-travelin' on the road. I've sometimes had an idee of turnin' my own tarlents to account that way, but the chance hain't never seemed to come along. And I'm one o' them that believes in a man's bein' sure of his chance. Some time or 'nother it's bound to come. That's the doctrine that this feller preached. Hazlitt—Eph Hazlitt—his name was; and smart? He'd swaller snakes as quick as look at 'em; a boy-constrictor wa'n't no more'n a com-f'table mouthful for him! Edicated? He wouldn't have thought nothin' of makin' a dictionary or an almernick if he had 'a felt so inclined. Kind of a slim, pigeon-breasted feller, too, but terrible hearty to his victuals. He was a master-hand for lotteries, and such kind of resky business, and it alwers turned out well; seemed as if he hadn't nothin' to do but to put out his hand and haul in the money. Made me think of a king that I'd read of somewhere in furrin parts, that everything he took holt of turned to gold. I hadn't never took no stock in the story—them stories about furrin parts is mostly deceivin'—and it didn't seem to stand to reason, but when I see Eph Hazlitt I begun to think mebbe 'twan't so big a lie after all. Says I to Eph, says I, 'Cur'us what a run of luck you have, ain't it?' 'No,' says Eph, says he, 'it ain't cur'us at all. It's in the nater of things. I've been failin' for a long time, and it was time that my luck come. It had ought to 'a come last year, accordin' to the law o' probabilities; it was bound to come this year, as sure as two and two make four.' Well, I kind of laughed it off as a joke, or a figger of speech as you might say, but he went on and reasoned it out to me till 'twas jest as clear as daylight. You see there's jest about so much good luck and so much ill luck goin', and one is bound to get through with a man and let t'other have its turn some time or 'nother. Eph he'd reasoned all out about hisn, jest like the multiplication table, but I never had no head fur figgers. But I had wit enough to see that what he said was true on gineral principles."

"How you goin' to account for the bad luck that follers some folks all their lives?" said, in a querulous voice, a dejected, wizened little man named Zachariah Avery, and called uncle by everybody, although he was nobody's uncle in reality. Uncle Zach had fallen from the proud position of stage-driver, lower and lower by degrees, until he had become a permanent guest in the low, straggling, dingy building which gave shelter to the town poor.

"A man has got to have wit enough to see when his chance comes along; that's where the differkilty comes in," said Sim. "There's a good many that ain't got understandin' enough to know that it's sure to come, so they get terrible discouraged with their poor luck and are afraid to take holt of anything even if it does look promisin'."

"Mebbe I'd better 'a went shares raisin' hogs with 'Liph'let Junkins when he wanted me to," said Uncle Zach, in a plaintive voice; "but folks they told me that 'Ligh'let was a terrible hand to git all the fat and leave the lean for other folks, and I calkerlated that would be dretful poor business so fur forth as hogs was consarned."

"And then there's other folks that ain't got the sense to wait till their chance comes along," pursued Sim, ignoring this interruption. "And them kind is terrible apt to make slightin' remarks about them that don't care about goin' through with all the failures that belong to 'em in the nater of things, but follers Proverdential leadin's and keeps a good lookout for their chance."

"A Proverdential leadin' to set and twiddle your thumbs is dretful apt to lead to the poorhouse," said Elijah Wiswell, the storekeeper, a brisk little man, who was suspected of great energy in the matter of sanding sugar.

"I never see my way clear to haul them logs for Abijah Sprowl for three and ninepence a day, though I done it. Mebbe there was where I missed my chance," murmured Uncle Zack, who evidently accepted Sim's theory with profound faith, and was looking back all along the track of his enterprises to discover traces of the chance he had lost.

"You must be all beat out waitin' for that chance of yourn, Sim," said Jim Durgin, who prided himself on being the wit of the village. "I expect it'll get here 'long with the millennium, or Cy Underhill's machine that's goin' to pull weeds and never touch the plants. Cy has been to work on that nigh upon to fifty year now, and he ain't a mite discouraged."

"He might jest as well 'a been takin' things kind of easy all them fifty years," said Sim, ignoring Jim Durgin's personal inquiries. "He'd ought to 'a found out long ago that he was jest a-wrastlin' with fate, and fate was bound to win. Like enough his chance has come joggin' his elbow time an' ag'in while he was t'ilin' away on that ere machine, and he's shet his eyes to it, or fairly gin it a h'ist out o' the winder. That's where the intelleck comes in; bein' an onintellectooal man, Cy has done a terrible sight of hard work, and missed his chance. And he wouldn't be apt to see it now if 'twas p'inted out to him. He can't believe in nothin' but that pesky machine. And there's a sight of folks in this community that's got their understandin' darkened through settin' too much by stiddy days' works. They don't darst to leave 'em, for fear o' gittin' into the poorhouse, not if their chance comes along and yanks 'em by the hair of the head. But, la! you can't expect everybody to be intellectooal; it ain't in the nater of things."

"Well, you won't forget us poor fellows when your chance comes along, will you, Sim?" said Jim Durgin.

The mailbag arrived at that moment and created a diversion.

"I was calkerlatin' to go home and set my dinner pot a-b'ilin'," said Sim, "but I guess, as long as the mail's got in, I may as well wait and see if there's any letter for me."

The men all laughed at this, Sim's standing joke, for he had never been known to have a letter; but their laughter was soon exchanged to exclamations of astonishment, for the postmaster called, "Here is a letter for you, Sim, as sure as you're born." And he came out from behind the partition which shut the postoffice in sacred privacy from the store, in a state of great excitement. Sorting the remaining contents of the mailbag was not to be thought of until curiosity concerning Sim's letter was gratified.

Every feature of Sim's face distended with astonishment. He took the letter tenderly between his thumb and forefinger and looked at it in silence, at the superscription and the postmark alternately. There was no doubt about it; the address was, "Simeon Pingree, Esq., Greenhollow, Maine." The postmark was almost illegible. The crowd waited in respectful silence while Sim struggled to decipher it.

"Californy!" he exclaimed at last, bringing his hand down upon his side with a resounding thump. "Cur'us if my chance had come along now, wouldn't it?"

"Some advertisin' cirkler—minin' stock or somethin'. They've found out that you are a capitalist, Sim, and want to get you to invest," said Jim Durgin.

"Or mebbe they want a man of tarlents for president of a minin' company," suggested Elijah Wiswell.

"Mebbe it's from your girl," said one of the boys. But his jest was immediately frowned down, for Sim's sweetheart, Cynthy Jane Reynolds, had deserted him and married his brother, and this disappointment was thought to have had something to do with Sim's queerness.

Sim proceeded to open the letter slowly and cautiously. He read it aloud, picking his way laboriously along, while his audience listened in breathless silence.

"FRIEND SIMEON" (it ran), "this is hopein' to find you alive and to say that I am enjoyin' the same blessin'. And likewise have had a run of luck, after I'd begun to think 'twa'n't never comin'. I've struck a vein of silver that's goin' to make my fortin' sure, if it pans out anything at all as I calkerlate now, and I want an honest man to come and help me keep it away from these sharpers that are as furce as wolves after it. I write to you fust of anybody because I ain't forgot the good turn you done me lickin' the schoolmaster and taking care of me when I had the fever, and nobody else come nigh me. I send a check that will pay your expenses gettin' here and I hope you'll let me know pooty quick whether you're a-comin'.

"Yours to command,
"CYRUS BADGER."

"P. S.—You can be sure there wa'n't never nothin' like it for a chance to make a fortin."

There was a chorus of exclamations.

"Well, Sim, I begin to b'lieve there is somethin' in your figurin', after all," said Elijah Wiswell, scrutinizing the check. Elijah was a practical man, and knew that brilliant prospects were often delusive, but the check impressed him.

"Well, I never had no head for figgers, and mebbe that's the reason I'm to the bottom of the heap," said Uncle Zach, mournfully. "Gran'ther he always said a man's luck lay in his bumps."

"Just my luck that I never licked a schoolmaster nor took care a feller through a fever," grumbled Jim Durgin. "But I'm glad of your luck anyway, Sim."

And Sim received a great many hearty grips of the hand, for though he was "shiftless" there was something about Sim that made everybody like him.

In spite of his firm faith that his chance was on the way Sim seemed almost overcome by surprise. His angular frame trembled and perspiration stood in drops upon his brow.

"I'm obleeged to ye all," he said, in a somewhat bewildered way, "but I'm kind of took by surprise, for it's come sooner'n I calkerlated. You see, it's been a little kind of hard. I wa'nt never one that stiddy days' works come nateral to, but I ain't one neither that likes to have folks think slightin' of him, and p'int their finger at him and begrudge him a meal of victuals. So, though I ain't a-goin' to complain of nothin', it has been sometimes a little mite hard. For there ain't none of us but what's got feelin's. And now my chance comin' along so kind of onexpected I be a little upsot. So I'll jest shake hands all round once more and then I'll go home." And Sim shuffled off, while the crowd lingered, glad of an opportunity to talk over his good fortune without the embarrassment of his presence.

As he drew near his own gate Sim saw that a group of neighbors was gathered around it. Had the news of his good fortune reached them so soon and had they come to rejoice with him? Sim liked sympathy, but just now, until the first flush of his joy was over, he felt that he would rather be alone. But the neighbors fell into the background as he drew near, and disclosed a stranger—a worn and haggard-looking woman, who, with two little girls clinging to her skirts, leaned against the fence.

Sim looked at her with no sign of recognition in his face. But she raised her sad and heavy eyes to his, and said, appealingly: "He's dead, and he told me to come to you. I didn't want to, and I've been tryin' for more'n a year to get along, but I fell sick, and I couldn't see my children starve. I've had a hard time, Sim. He didn't treat me very well, particularly after he took to drinking; but he had hard luck, poor fellow; everything seemed to go against him. If you'll take me and the children in we sha'n't cost you much. I sha'n't last a great while, but I can work some; you know I used to stitch shoes."

"You can't never in this livin' world be Cynthy Jane?" said Sim, tremulously.

"Yes, I am. It's no wonder that you don't know me," said the woman, sadly. "I used to be so bloomin', and now I'm nothin' but a shadder."

"I do know you, Cynthy Jane. I know your voice and your eyes, but I kind of didn't want to believe 'twas you lookin' so pindlin'."

He smoothed back the children's hair from their foreheads and scrutinized their faces gravely. Then he marshaled the little group before him into the house.

It was a dreary and sparsely furnished little place. The emptiness and dreariness struck Sim as never before, but a vine nodded at the window, and it was cool and quiet. The woman sank down on the hard little lounge with a long sigh of relief, but the children cried out, in their pathetic voices, that they were hungry.

Sim was filled with shame and distress. A very few dry crusts were all that his larder afforded. Dan Wingate had been fishing, and he had intended to drop in upon Dan upon some errand that would serve as an excuse at about the time when Dan's fry would be likely to be done to a turn. He had made no preparations whatever to "set his own pot a-b'ilin'" that day. He was rubbing his forehead with his bandana in direst perplexity, when, moved, as it seemed to Sim, by some indirect interposition of Providence, Mrs. Timberly, the wife of the well-to-do blacksmith who lived next door, appeared, bearing a dish of soup, from which was wafted an appetizing odor, and a loaf of bread of goodly size. And following in her wake came other neighbors bringing eatables, until Sim's table groaned under such a burden as it had never known before.

"You see we thought you might not be prepared for company, being a single man," explained Mrs. Timberley, "and, besides, we felt as if we wanted to do something to welcome Cynthy Jane back."

Sim was glad and thankful that his guests were provided with food, but every mouthful that he tried to eat seemed to choke him. He remembered that yesterday he could have eaten his neighbors' food without shame; but then Cynthy Jane was not there to see.

"It's the last meal they shall ever have by the charity of the neighbors, if steppin' round lively can fetch anything to pass," said Sim to himself.

And as soon as the dinner was eaten he went down to Sam Ellis' shop. Sam Ellis was the shoemaker, and he always had more work than he could do. He had offered Sim a great many jobs, which he had declined. When he asked, with great eagerness, for a job, Sam Ellis looked amazed.

"Why, they've been tellin' that your chance had come along, that you was goin' to Californy to make your fortune," he said.

Sim turned away his head and looked out of the window. With the beckoning finger of his chance lifted above the "stiddy days' works" which he saw stretching before him in a dreary monotony which his soul abhorred, luring him to change of scene and adventure, and to fortune which should drop into his hands like manna from heaven, as he had always dreamed it would, was it strange that for a moment Sim's spirit wavered? But he turned again to the shoemaker and straightened himself so that he stood almost erect.

"If you've got a job for me, I calkerlate I'd better tackle it right away. Folks seem to think I'm goin' to Californy jest because I got a letter from an old friend invitin' on me. But 'tain't every invite that comes along that's a man's chance. A man of interleck he discrimernates."

Sim and his chance and the return of Cynthy Jane were the subjects of a nine days' wonder in Greenhollow, but Sim was disappointingly reticent, and he kept persistently at work, contrary to the prediction of everybody in the town, and was seldom to be found at his accustomed pastime of "settin' in the store."

Everybody who had ever heard of Cynthy Jane called upon her, and all pronounced her "in a decline," and wondered what would become of those poor children left to the care of "that shiftless Sim Pingree," when she was gone. He was working now, but he "couldn't become a steady working man any more than the leopard could change his spots."

But Cynthy Jane seemed to make up her mind not to go. Instead of growing worse with the fall of the leaves, as everybody had predicted, she grew better. The children were well fed and clothed, and sent to school, and Sim's humble domain began to take an air of thriftiness and comfort. One day Sim came home with something on his mind.

"Cynthy Jane," he began, shuffling to and fro in his most excited manner, "they're a-sayin' down in the village—you know it comes kind of nateral for Greenhollow folks to talk about other folk's affairs, and they don't mean no harm by it neither—they're a-sayin' that you and I had better git married. I know I ain't fit for you, Cynthy Jane, and never was; but when a woman can git stiddy days' works out of a man that he never thought was there, why, if she would bring herself to be so accommodatin' as to have him, seems as if 'twould be the makin' of him."

"Why, Sim, I believe you've forgiven me," said Cynthy Jane, blushing as brightly as when she was young.

And the upshot of the matter was that Cynthy Jane and Sim went to see the minister.

It was about five years afterward that Sim sat in the store one evening with about the same group that had been there when his memorable letter from California had arrived.

"Did you ever hear again from that friend of yours in Californy that was goin' to give you a chance to make your fortin, Sim?" said Jim Durgin.

"Yes. He made a pile of money, and then he lost it, and made more ag'in, and I don't know jest how 'tis with him now," said Sim, rather indifferently.

"Them minin' fellers has their ups and downs," said Uncle Zach, with the manner of one who knows all about it. "Seems as if that must 'a been your chance, Sim, seein' no other one hain't ever come along," he added.

"I don't see as Sim has anything to complain of," said Elijah Wiswell, the storekeeper. "Industrious as any man in Greenhollow, and growin' forehanded every day, ain't you, Sim? I guess 'twas Cynthy Jane comin' along in the stage that day that was Sim's chance."

"Well, there is sometimes a thing comes along that seems a man's chance and it ain't, and then ag'in there's a thing that don't seem to be and is. I've always said it took a man of interleck to tell when his chance come," said Sim, in his old oracular way.

"But this of yourn seemed to be a case of heart more'n interleck, eh, Sim?" said Jim Durgin.

Sim hung his head sheepishly.

"Well, now, there's that chubby-faced youngster of yourn, mebbe he'll git your chance and hisn too. Couldn't that happen accordin' to your theory?" asked Uncle Zach, who had never ceased to puzzle over Sim's theory of chances.

"Well, now, to tell you the truth, if he gets as good a chance as I have I won't ask any better for him," said Sim, still looking a little sheepish, but holding his head very straight.

And Sim's content was as great as it seemed, in spite of the "stiddy days' works," though once in a while he did have an attack of laziness, when they became intolerable. But then he went fishing with Dan Wingate, and brought home a great quantity of fish. And Cynthy Jane never scolded.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Needle Making.

At Borcette, which is the most important center of needle manufacture in Europe, the conversion of the steel wire into rough needles requires twenty operations, the principal of which are the measurement of the wire, the scouring, the winding off, and the cutting off into lengths equal to two needles. The pointing is done with two grindstones. By the aid of a copper finger-stall the workman holds fifty wires at a time, which are heated to redness by the friction. The dust and powdered steel formerly produced consumption in the workmen after a few years, but by the aid of ventilators this evil has been entirely overcome. After the sharpening boys cut the wire in two, flatten the head, anneal and punch the eyes. The tempering and annealing require nine operations, but they are done in piles of fifteen kilogrammes (33.69 pounds), containing more than 300,000 needles. One million needles are polished at one time. There are five operations, which are each repeated seven or eight times. The needles are put in hollow rollers with small hard stones and colza oil. The stones are gradually pulverized, and the friction of the powder gives the principal polish. For the final polish oil and coarse bran are used. The sorting of the polished needles requires five operations, and after the burnishing they are put into papers.

The First American Circus.

The first circus in the United States started out of Putnam county, N. Y., in 1827 or 1828. It had eight or ten performers, as many horses, neither tent nor seats, and advertised only by marching through the village invested, with a man ahead calling out the place of exhibition, etc. The programme included feats of strength, leaping, etc., and riding without saddle, and the ring was pitched in yards wherever convenient. After a time an elephant was added, and from this grew the menagerie addition. In 1832 the first tent was used in New York city.

FACTS AND COMMENTS

This will be the greatest railroad building year on record. Already, since the 1st of January, nearly six thousand miles of new road have been built in the United States. During the corresponding period last year 3,459 miles had been constructed, and that was regarded as great things.

The frozen bodies of De Long and his ten companions of the lost Jeannette are to be brought home in cast iron coffins especially made for them in New York. The coffins are lined with felt, ground cork, etc., by which the bodies will be kept from the outward air. Being frozen they are expected to change into adiposene or waxy tissue, the features always preserving their natural expression. The caskets have been shipped to St. Petersburg.

An article called fertilizing moss is offered in New York to take the place of soil in raising plants. The discoverer is a Frenchman, Alfred Dumesnil, a scientific horticulturist. It is claimed that "this wonderful discovery by which plants may be cultivated without earth, or with earth in combination with the moss, bids fair to completely revolutionize present methods in the house culture of flowers." A great variety of plants, it is said, have been experimented upon in this way, and even vegetables raised from the seed to maturity.

In France it frequently happens that a murderer is not only sentenced to death but required to pay a heavy fine to the relations of his victim. These fines are inflicted by the judges. A few years ago a man named Armand, of Bordeaux, was tried for attempting to murder his servant. The jury acquitted him, but the bench, having their doubts about the matter, sentenced him to pay $4,000 to the servant, and the court of Cassadon upheld the curious decision. Prince Pierre Bonaparte, when acquitted of the murder of Victor Noir, the journalist, in 1870, was made to pay $4,000 damages to his victim's mother. Only a few months ago a man who killed another in a duel was obliged to pay his antagonist's widow $4,000, beside undergoing a year's imprisonment.

A farmer who has irritated the hills of South Euclid, O., for some years in pursuit of a living, dug from the earth a crop which pans out more to the square inch than any of his previous agricultural efforts. He was engaged in making an excavation on the site of an ancient corn-crib, and while so doing unearthed a rust-eaten, iron tea-kettle of the pattern which found favor with those of a half-generation ago. The kettle contained copper, silver and gold coins, principally from the American mints, with a few Canadian pieces, amounting in all to something over $800. None of the coins bore date later than 1859. The farm was formerly owned by a man named Wilson, who sold out and moved West early in the '60's. It is possible that Wilson or some other tenant, becoming fearful of Southern invasion, made a plant of his available capital.

The tithing house is still in active use in Salt Lake City, and through it $500,000 a year is collected by the Mormon officials. This comes mostly from the poor, according to a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and nobody knows to what use it is put, although many had their surmises when they found that Brigham Young, although not entitled to any salary, died worth several millions. The rich evade their tithes in a variety of ways; the poor must pay them, or they are subjected to trouble and annoyance. When they have paid their tithes they are not out of debt to the church. They must contribute when called upon to the erection of new buildings, or do anything else which the priesthood may demand. "Better starve your body than your soul," and away goes the last bushel of corn, or the last sheep, or the last steer.

There are twenty-one railway corporations in the United States having each a capital above $25,000,000, and gross earnings from $4,044,576 on the incomplete Northern Pacific to $75,182,973 on the Pennsylvania Central, as follows:

Roads.	Capital.	Gross earnings.
Northern Pacific	$91,312,258	$ 4,044,576
New York Central	89,428,000	32,348,395
Erie	86,536,800	20,715,602
Pennsylvania	83,886,000	75,182,973
Atchison and Topeka	59,500,000	12,584,509
Chicago and Bur	62,308,196	21,324,859
Union Pacific	70,898,500	24,258,817
Central Pacific	59,275,500	24,094,100
Lake Shore	49,466,500	17,971,331
Penn. and Ohio	45,000,000	5,494,112
Chicago and Rock Is.	41,960,000	11,956,907
Southern Pacific	36,783,000	
Wabash	40,000,000	14,467,789
Chicago and Northw.	47,323,400	19,383,072
Chicago and Milw'kee	34,845,745	17,025,461
Reading	34,278,175	35,286,463
Missouri Pacific	30,000,000	6,722,477
Illinois Central	29,000,000	8,586,367
Chesapeake and Ohio	27,747,355	2,705,443
Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago	27,485,185	10,461,911
Totals	$1,064,488,120	$173,989,383

Edwin H. Flood, a Philadelphia builder, is engaged upon probably the most extensive building operation ever attempted in that city. It is the erection of eight hundred houses upon all the vacant land between Seventeenth street and Islington lane and Diamond and York streets, comprising in all about forty acres. All the woodwork in the buildings will be prepared and fitted at a large saw and planing mill specially erected. A brick yard capable of making 50,000 bricks a day has also been erected. All the clay used in the manufacture of bricks is procured from the excavations for the cellars of the new buildings. The lumber is purchased by the million feet at a time. All the hardware used in the buildings is bought in quantities at a time sufficient to cover the entire building operation. The paints, glass and other necessaries entering into the construction are also secured in large quantities. There is now under way the first installment of 104 houses. They are all ten-room houses, and alike in finish. The fronts are of the Queen Anne style, and are of Philadelphia pressed brick, ornamented with black and buff ecve brick. Over the window and door heads runs a broad course of Tennessee marble and a paneled base of the same material reaches to the window-sill. The floor of the vestibules will be laid in marble and wainscoted with the same material. This is one of the ways by which that city continues to have cheap houses.

The story of the poisoning of 100 Hungarian husbands is one of the most extraordinary on record. Thèkla Popoy, a gypsy woman of seventy years, invented or discovered a poison, acting slowly but surely, and in its effects imitating the symptoms of disease. This poison she sold by the bottle to those women whose husbands obstinately refused to die to suit their spouse's plans. For two years she plied her trade, selling her poison at the rate of $25 to $50 a bottle. About two months since, however, a rich peasant died under suspicious circumstances, which led to ugly rumors resulting in the disinterment of his body. But no traces of foul play could be discovered, and people were forgetting the sensation when the daughter of the old gypsy suddenly horrified the community by coming before the court and testifying that she gave the wife of the dead man a bottle of poison prepared by her mother. She saw the wife pour the poison into the husband's coffee and told her mother what she had seen. Her mother answered that she would poison her if she did not hold her tongue. Subsequently she quarreled with her mother about some property, and in revenge determined to betray her. The gypsy and the widow were both arrested, but stoutly denied the crime. The judge, however, overheard the two talking in the jail, when the widow said to the gypsy: "Well, I am young and pretty. He was old and ugly. Why should he not die?" It was found that the crime had extended through the entire community, and dead husbands in the region are being disinterred and examined by the score.

Peculiarities of Forest Fires.

A correspondent of the *Fireman's Journal*, who has lately gone over the territory devastated by the great fire in the forests of Michigan last fall, says his observations are conclusive that phenomena aside from the ordinary conditions of combustion were developed. In the first place the fire created at least two veritable storm-centers, which had the essential feature of storms, and especially the spiral winds. The evidences are confirmatory of the belief that this storm-center, after it became fully developed, consisted of a heated body of air or gas in a state of combustion, which was constantly fed by the smoke and vapor driven to the center by the whirling winds and the gases generated in the combustion of the pines and other resinous woods. This body of air, or burning gas, if it may be so called, by its heat acquired an ascensive force, but by rapid forward motion of the fire was sucked forward and devoured, actually preceding the fire proper. It is evident that this body was of intense heat, possibly as great as 400 degrees Fahrenheit, at which oxygen and carbon unite. That such a body of luminous vapor existed, detached from the fire, is asserted by many who saw it from a distance, and by those who were under it but who escaped from the fact that it passed above their places. The idea is further sustained by the fact that the fire jumped whole patches of inflammable slashings, and alighted beyond, lifting and falling in its forward motion like a balloon touching the earth. Fences in the center of broad fields burst into a blaze as if by explosion, and others nearer the fire escaped. A man in fighting the fire took off his trousers, fearing they would catch fire and burn him up, and left them in a furrow in the middle of a field, remote from any combustible material. When he went to get them he found them burned, and six quarter-dollars that were in the pocket melted together. A set of spoons were served the same way at another place. Mrs. Lock and five children were burned to ashes, nothing but their bones remaining in the middle of the road, 100 feet from any heavy timber. Green timber was dried and burned, and perhaps the most conclusive evidence was the apparantly spontaneous appearance of fire in stumps and fences when no sparks were falling. These blazes appeared of white light and indicated a chemical union of carbon and oxygen. Another general feature is the fact that the fire appeared to move forward in parallel lines of varying width, and that in these lines everything was burned, and frequently to ashes. At the edge of the track a fence would be burned square off, just as though it had been cut or sawed perpendicularly; a house would be taken and the barn left; a wagon and a fanning mill were within five feet of each other, and the wagon was burned to ashes and the fanning mill not charred. It would be impossible, under ordinary circumstances, to burn a wagon without piling combustible material over it; but of this, nothing but the iron was left. Finally, the storm and fire disappeared simultaneously; that is to say, the fire was dependent upon the storm, or secondary to it—that it was prevented from lingering in the track or from burning sideways. In from two to three hours the fire was practically out where it had passed, indicating that the prime cause of the rapid combustion was in the storm which had passed, and which passing, perhaps, carried in its wake a condition of atmosphere opposed to combustion. This hypothesis explains pretty much all the phenomena except the balls of fire, which exactly corresponds with what is known as "ball lightning," but which is a form of electricity wholly disputed by some, but recognized by Professor Loomis. The statements of Ballentine and Kabocke are confirmatory of this ball-lightning idea and contradictory of the idea that these lights arose from the intense heat, or they themselves could not have survived it. Other statements are to the effect that this ball of fire fell on the ground and exploded, running in all directions. This is explained by some who were not present, who say that it was but the resinous cones of the pine ignited, carried by the wind, falling, scattering the burning pitch about them; but it should be remembered that those people who saw this phenomenon are men who have lived amid forest fires all their lives and have seen all the ordinary phenomena, and are not of a class exactly visionary or imaginative. It is fair to assume the possibility of electrical phenomena incidental to this fire storm, both from the fact that it was a great commotion in the elements and because it differed from a storm only in the facts of the absence of rain and presence of fire.

The value of agricultural implements yearly produced in the United States has increased ten-fold since 1858. In that year the census showed it to be $6,800,000. Now it is more than $68,000,000.

England derived last year $2,760,000 from the duty on carriages.

HEALTH HINTS.

LAY A FAINTING PERSON DOWN.—It is surprising how everybody rushes at a fainting person and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep his head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit fall into the recumbent position death is more imminent. I must have driven a mile to-day while a lady fainting was held upright. I found her pulseless, white and apparently dying, and I believe that if I had delayed ten minutes longer she would really have died. I laid her head down on a lower level than her body, and immediately color returned to her lips and cheeks, and she became conscious. To the excited group of friends I said: Always remember this fact—namely: fainting is caused by want of blood in the brain; the heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished, as compared with the recumbent position, the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person sitting whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fail to receive blood, while if you lay him down, with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the brain by the mere force of gravity; and, in fainting, in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness. Indeed, nature teaches us how to manage the fainting persons, for they always fall, and frequently are at once restored by the recumbent position into which they are thrown.—*Medical Journal.*

VALUABLE LINIMENT.—"Scarcely a week passes," says a physician, "that there is not a report of some one who has died of tetanus, commonly called lockjaw, brought on by some sharp instrument being stuck in the body—usually a nail in the foot. Such wounds will generally prove harmless if the following liniment be properly applied: Two ounces alcohol, two ounces oil of origanum, one-half ounce tincture of camphor. I was once called to see a boy twenty-four hours after he had stuck a rusty nail in his foot. He appeared to be in intense agony, and his foot was considerably swollen. I opened the wound so that serum flowed a little from it, and then folded a piece of soft cotton cloth, eight-ply, and thoroughly saturated it with the liniment and bound it on the wound, giving instructions to renew the application every two hours until relief be given. In six hours I called to see the boy; and he was out in the yard playing, and suffered no more from the wound. The liniment is good for any fresh wound on man or beast and every family ought to keep a bottle of it. I do not affirm that in every case it will prevent lockjaw, but I do believe that, if properly used, lockjaw would seldom occur."

Finding Fault---A Fable.

One day a Giraffe met an Ass on the banks of a river and called out:

"Say, my friend, why can't you keep that infernal bray of yours still for half an hour at a time. I no sooner fall into a doze than off goes your 'gee-haw! gee-haw!' until my nerves are all unstrung."

At that moment a Monkey came swinging down from the top of a tree, and remarked:

"Mr. Giraffe, I wish you would keep your nose at home. It isn't very pleasant to have you come poking it into the tree-tops just as the family are settling down for the night. And why do you go trooping through the forest like a beast who is afraid the Constable may attach his neck for debts?"

"And I desire to remark," began the Parrot, as he settled down on a limb near by, "that if I was a Monkey I'd have some respect for other people's rights. You do nothing but chatter and chuckle all day long, and there is a growing suspicion in these woods that you had rather dine on Parrot than on berries."

"And what are you talking about!" demanded the Hare, as he crept through the grass. "As for chatter, I'd like to hear some one equal you, and your squawks and squeals are enough to drive a Hare crazy. You are of so little account that even a hungry Huntsman won't waste powder to kill you!"

"I wish the whole crowd of you would clear out!" exclaimed the Wolf, as he came forward and licked his chops with self-satisfaction. "Fact is, an honest, industrious Wolf can scarcely keep his head above water when compelled to exist among you."

"And I would like to add," observed the Alligator, as he crawled to the bank, "that if any of you are meaner than the member from Arkansas who has just sat down I'll present him with a medal!"

"And it was only yesterday that this Alligator devoured one of my kids!" shouted the Goat, as he came down the path.

"And you have often torn down my houses for the mere fun of the thing!" charged the Ant as she came out of her abode.

MORAL:

"Ladies and gentlemen," remarked the Rhinoceros, as he hove in sight, "let this convince you that we all have our faults, and that we are expected to bear with each other's. While the Ass may bray, the Parrot chatter, the Wolf howl and the Alligator rake in the pot, they allow the rest of us to go our ways and do as we like. He who begins to find fault with the Ass will not stop until he has discovered that the whole world is wrong. Let us now shut up and look for breakfast."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A recent visitor to Winnipeg, on the Red river, discovered the ruins of the fort which belonged to a colony founded in 1811 by Lord Selkirk, a Scotch philanthropist. He came over with eighty families and for several years they prospered, but the destruction of a wheat crop by grasshoppers made them poor again. Selkirk journeyed to Prairie du Chien in the dead of winter to get seed for the next year's planting. At this time there were 1,000 to 1,500 persons in the colony. Conflicts as to the ownership of the land ensued between Selkirk and the Hudson Bay company, and in 1825, bankrupt and disheartened, he returned to Scotland, some of the people accompanying him and the rest scattering throughout Canada.

SUNDAY READING.

Prayer.

An article found among the unpublished papers of the late Dr. J. A. Alexander, on "Circumlocution in Prayer," closes with the following "practical suggestions to young men who are forming their habits" in respect to prayer. They are equally applicable to all who pray in public, and especially to those who pray in the Sunday-schools.

1. Let your prayer be composed of thanksgiving, praise, confession and petition, without any argument or exhortation addressed to those who are supposed to be praying with you.

2. Adopt no fixed forms of expression, except such as you obtain from Scripture.

3. Express your desires in the briefest, simplest form, without circumlocution.

4. Avoid the use of compound terms in place of the imperfect tense.

5. Hallow God's name by avoiding its unnecessary repetition.

6. Adopt the simple devotional