THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1882. NUMBER 47.

Truth.

He who has the truth and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the truth and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman—
He at best is but a slave.

He who bears the truth, and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man!
—*William D. Gallagher.*

The Comet.

The comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The specter of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs turn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail.

On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube,
The comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream, the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine.

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warning back,
"The dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And every now and then he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like waterspouts
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! Oh, fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still;
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wrestled each wooded hill.
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, oh spare thy evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A STRANGE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"Then to take whatever the gods may send,
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,
Is the sensible way to live, my friend."

So sang a clear voice, with more of nature than cultivation in it. Perhaps there was more of conviction and acquiescence in it than of music.

Whether there be such a thing as "luck" or not, it is certain that careless Guy Crawford had found life very good and the world very pleasant while taking "whatever the gods had sent" him.

The scene was scarcely calculated to stimulate one to musical efforts. Overhead were the wet and drooping branches of the trees, under foot the soaked soil, and all around the dreary moan of the rain-laden wind.

The rain had fallen all day long in an almost silent torrent. As evening came on it had lessened a little, while the wind had increased in power. The world seemed now one dreary, vacant realm of night and storm.

But Guy Crawford, wet and weary, cold and in darkness, alone and lost, tramped sturdily on; and as he pressed forward he sang, over and over again:

"Then to take whatever the gods may send,
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,
Is the sensible way to live, my friend."

Guy Crawford had left the little railroad station at noon. He expected his friend there to meet him, but he had been disappointed. Asking the station-master for directions he set out on foot for his destination.

It involved walking twenty miles; but he said to himself that he liked walking.

It rained; but rain was better than heat and dust.

Guy Crawford readily met each objection which came up in his mind. His friend would send for his baggage, he said to himself; his friend could lend him dry clothes when he arrived; his friend would have a warm welcome for him.

Guy would have laughed at being thought more than a moderately sensible young man. But the man who let the brighter features of his past and the dearer hopes of his future shut down so near together in his mind as to make the present almost unreal, was a philosopher, whether he knew it or not.

When night had fallen Crawford realized that he was lost. He believed it might be midnight now; he could only dimly discern objects about him; he had not seen a human face or a human habitation for hours.

But he sang, nevertheless, as we have said, and in the song one side of his character stood fully revealed. Guy Crawford would take life cheerfully as it came. He would not pause in a course which opened before him because of doubts as to the end of it all.

But, despite the debonair way in which he sang of putting scruples to an end, there was a strong undercurrent of principle and honor in the course of this man's life, for all the manifold ebbs and flows on the surface—ebbs and flows which ran to and fro with the varying impulses of circumstances, or fate.

Guy Crawford would have thought of no alternative. He would have said "fate" at once.

He sang the three lines over again; then muttered to himself:

"That's all right; but it is a very natural thing for one to ask himself why in the world Clinton was not at the station?"

Down the rainy gale ran his voice again:

"Then to take whatever the gods may send,
Putting—"

"Stop your noise!" said a harsh voice at his elbow, and a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. "Stop your noise."

Something else touched his forehead; he could not see what it was. His impulse to fight was conquered by its contact, however, for he guessed that it was the muzzle of a revolver.

"Bring a lantern!" said the man who had captured Guy; and a light was produced almost immediately.

But little was visible. The raindrops on the branches shone in the light, and, having hung for a moment in brightness, dropped one by one into the blackness; trees and a fence near by stood half-outlined.

There were several horses tied to the fence—horses which looked spectral and shadowy as Guy saw them. In the center of the lighted space there were two men besides Guy. Both were evidently disguised and both were heavily armed.

"Come on," said both of them in a breath to Guy; and one of them added: "Don't you dare to make a noise above a whisper."

The light went out; a hand rested in anything but a gentle manner on each shoulder, and the philosophical singer was hurried away by his two strange captors.

Guy Crawford was not frightened; he was surprised and startled, but not frightened. He had little money with him, no valuable jewels, only an old watch, no papers. Robbery would be nothing to him.

He didn't exactly welcome the curious episode in which he was taking an involuntary part; but he thought of it in wonder, instead of fear.

The line he had been singing ran through his mind—"Then to take whatever the gods may send"—and the full force of his position, regarded as a ludicrous comment on the sentiment it expressed, burst upon him. To have saved his life he couldn't have helped it—he laughed out loud!

"You infernal fool!" hissed one of the men in his ear. "This isn't funny, even if you think so."

"I know it," answered Guy; "it's a very solemn and serious affair. But why don't you take my money and watch at once, and let me go?"

"We don't want your money and watch, man! We've money and watches enough, without going hunting for them on such a night as this. What we want is a man. We want you!"

They walked for a while in a comparatively open road; they turned aside into a narrow path later. At length they climbed a stile and entered an inclosure.

The dim light of the stormy night was enough to show white and indistinct masses here and there. Guy recognized them as monuments and headstones. They had entered a cemetery.

A walk of a quarter of an hour—really that, but seemingly longer—had carried them into what Guy felt was a particularly desolate and retired part of this desolate and retired place.

They made a turn in an avenue which was closely hedged with evergreen, and a strange scene lay before them.

A half-dozen lanterns stood on the ground or hung from the trees. In the space thus lighted a group of six men and one woman stood near a large and handsome monument. The woman was wrapped in a long cloak and was heavily veiled. Her arms were bound to her sides.

She stood in a dejected attitude, leaning against the monument. Guy Crawford could believe she was crying from the way her head was bent; but her face was concealed from even the slightest view.

One old gray-haired man, with a frightened face, stood near her; his hands, too, were bound. The rest of the men were free, were disguised, some of them with masks, and were as well-armed as the two who had captured Guy.

One of the captors held Guy Crawford, while the other stepped across the lighted space to the man who seemed to be the chief. The leader made an impatient movement, and said something in a tone so low that no one but the men to whom he spoke could hear it. He was evidently angry.

The man answered in a louder tone:

"Not the right man? How was I to know? I wouldn't have supposed more than one man would be tramping about the country on such a night except he was well paid for it. This fellow came along shouting some nonsense about 'taking what the gods sent,' and we took him at his word, you see, and took him."

The leader laughed—a low, stifled laugh it was; a laugh that was shut in by the disguise which covered his face—but it showed that something had pleased him.

He spoke again, and as low as before; and the impatient man with him answered:

"He'll do, you say? I should hope so. Why, I wouldn't go hunting through this black night for another one for tiwce the pay you offer!"

The leader spoke again and the man before him nodded and turned away. He spoke loud enough for all to hear: "Whoever fails to do what he is ordered to-night will not have a chance to disobey orders again in this world!"

To the woman he said:

"You know this place? It is your father's grave."

Her head was bowed and remained bent lower than before.

He turned to the old man.

"You know the girl? You preached at his funeral who lies here."

"I know her. I knew him. You are right," he said.

* * * * * *

Morning again. Rain still falling, but a break in the clouds low down in the eastern sky almost lets the sunlight through.

The party who have made the past night a mystery are mounted now—all but Guy Crawford. The two captives are captives still—he alone is free. The one who has been spokesman during the night turns to him as they are ready to move off.

"As our way lies east this morning, yours lies west. You may go first. Never cross the path of any of us again, and be thankful in what the gods sent you last night there was hope for you. Be thankful for life this morning."

CHAPTER II.

It is a beautiful morning. Fall has come, but it is not late. Many summer tourists will linger at mountain and ocean for weeks yet.

A young man walks along a narrow strip of sand. At his right is the ocean, smooth as the summer sea, free from the buffeting hands of the storm, ever becomes. At his left is a low line of cliffs, high in some places. They are scarcely more than twenty feet opposite him.

We have thus far had only the merest glimpse of this man. Looking at him now, we see that he is young and strong, handsome and noble-looking, and with one paradox written on his mobile face—a puzzled look of care in the midst of a carelessness which nature gave him when she endowed him with the characteristics which make him what he is.

We have heard more of him in the past than we have seen of him. Let us listen now. He is singing, a little more thoughtfully perhaps than when we heard him something more than a year ago, but much the same as then:

"Then take whatever the gods may send,
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,
Is the sensible way to live, my—

"Goodness gracious!"

The climax was not unnatural when one considers the cause. A lady had ventured too near the edge of the cliff, and went over just as he came opposite her.

Although steep the cliffs were not perpendicular, and Guy sprang forward and helped break the fall by catching the young lady in his arms.

She was unconscious when he caught her, but recovered enough to smile her thanks to him, and to present the three young men who climbed hurriedly down to the beach to her aid as her three cousins.

Guy had done little—except act on the precept embodied in his favorite song—for the lady would have fallen on the sand but for him, and had already escaped the danger of the rocks on the way down.

She had, however, or affected to have, a great deal of gratitude, and Guy Crawford always found a smile of welcome for him when he sought her side.

To be with her became a habit, a joy, a part of his very life.

The three cousins might look coldly at him; he never knew it. The woman might be more than kind to him; he never guessed it. His own heart might have startled his intelligence, but he never questioned it.

Never any of these, until he stood one night with a telegram from his employers in his hand. His vacation, which was to have lasted for a month longer, must close. He had only one more day to remain.

In the light of coming parting he knew it all at last.

"I cannot go," he said; "I cannot leave her! But I must."

He thought a little; then he said:

"If I had only known I should have gone long ago. For her peace and mine I should have gone. I see it now."

* * * * * *

Miss Maude Walton waited longer than usual that evening for the customary invitation for a walk along the beach.

Guy Crawford felt that farewell must be short, and he knew that, in honesty, it must be hard.

Together in the moonlight night they walked along the sands. The gravest crisis in their lives stood before them.

He could not know how much of life and happiness lay within the reach of his hand if he put it forth in truth and honor. He could not guess how much the woman before him would shut back behind her lips and never utter, though the silence slew her heart, if a coward and a traitor sought what she might say.

"I am going away to-morrow. I have received a telegram which makes it imperative."

"Yes," she answered, with much the look that a heathen priestess might wear who found a flaw in the idol she served.

But a look of faith in his truth came back to her face as he continued:

"Yes, I am going; I ought to have gone before. I never knew—God help me!—until to-night that I loved you. I have been blind to my own heart. I must tell you I love you—I do; but we can never be more than friends."

"You have not asked me to give you any hope."

"No—nor shall I. I have no right to do so."

"A true woman would never let a lack of wealth deter her."

"I know it."

"I refused each of my cousins today."

"I am sorry. Since I can never win you for my wife I wish some noble man the good fortune which cannot be mine."

"One of my cousins is not a good man. One of them is as great a scoundrel as ever lived."

"You should find some little excuse for him in the fact that he loves you. No man can be wholly bad who truly loves a good woman."

"He doesn't love me. He merely pretends he does."

"Merely pretends. I don't understand."

"I'll explain to you. I have a small fortune from an aunt; but my father's fortune was left with strange conditions. He loved my cousins almost as well as he did me. He wanted me to marry one of them, but did not care to say which one. If his wishes were carried out I was to have half his fortune and each of my cousins a sixth. Unless I marry one of them I lose my share, and it will be divided among them. Unless each asks me except for the reason that I am already engaged to one of the others, he loses his share, to be divided among the rest. Two of these men love me. One does not. But my share of half a million dollars would be a temptation to any scoundrel, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps so. I can scarcely say how low a man might fall. Which one is it?"

A look of puzzled horror settled down on her face.

"I don't know which one and I never shall," she said.

"What do you mean?"

He came a step nearer.

"Tell me why you have not asked me to be your wife, while you still say you love me, and I will tell you."

"You will not believe me. You will think I am a mere trifler."

"Tell me the truth, no matter how strange it is."

"Well, I will. Somewhere in the world I have a wife living. I never saw her, I never expect to know her. I married her one night at her father's grave, with a revolver at my head. She was closely veiled. My captors and hers were in disguise. I love you, but a minister married me to her. The rascals forced him to give her a regular certificate; my name is in it. It is legally binding. I think it is even morally binding, since I chose it deliberately rather than death."

"Guy Crawford, my name is in that certificate, too, and the certificate is in my pocket. One of my cousins was the leader in that plot which robbed me of my fortune. God only knows which one of the three it was, except the coward hirelings who helped him. Had you tried to win my promise to be your wife without owning to this, I should have carried my secret to my grave with me. But I love you, and I have tried as hard as a woman modestly may to win you. I think I have loved you ever since that terrible night when you became my husband. Are you satisfied to take what the gods have sent you?"

CHAPTER III.

Our closing scene is five years later. The marriage which had taken place in that rainy night had been supplemented by another ceremony—a happy one this time.

The guilty man has died and has confessed his crime. The other two cousins have restored the money that the young wife should justly have.

It is evening. Mrs. Crawford has just told the wonderful story of herself and her husband to an interested audience of neighbors and friends.

"A natural question suggests itself," say a half-dozen in concert.

"The question as to why you were not at the station to meet him, Clinton?" says a practical man.

"My question is as to whether Guy Crawford would have found life as happy as he has if Clinton had met him?" asks a speculative one.

Providence and fate, chance and coincidence, each of these had its adherent in the group, and in favor of each there are questions asked.

Up the hill comes the manly form of Guy Crawford. The light of the setting sun shines around him. His boy Guy runs to meet him, and the wife and mother follows the two with a look of which father and son may well be proud.

"Hark," says Clinton, "I hear the heart of my question beating up the breeze."

All listen, and up the hill comes the music of a happy and honest heart—

"Then to take whatever the gods may send,
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,
Is the sensible way to live, my friend."

As the voice ceases Clinton asks,

"Is the song true?"

A natural question, dear reader, is it?

The Head Hunters.

The London *Telegraph* describes the murder of Mr. Witti, the explorer, by the head hunters of Borneo: Mr. Witti had, it seems, been making his way to the head of the Sibuco river. This region may be considered at present quite beyond the active administration of the British North Borneo company. The governor was not aware that Mr. Witti intended to make so long and hazardous a journey. At the same time, Mr. Witti being an experienced traveler, a brave man and on good terms with the natives generally, there was no reason to fear that he might not go through the very heart of the country without molestation. He had made an important trip, and was, it is believed, on his way to Kimanus. Near the head of the Sibuco river he would be on the frontier of Dutch Borneo, and in a region where Mr. Carl Bock found the natives unusually savage and unfriendly. Witti had a party of seventeen men. He divided them. Some nine or ten were told off to attend to the boats. They were navigating a river and Witti had bought boats from the natives. The other men remained to push on ahead in company with the explorer. The natives had shown no disposition to hostility. The local chiefs (the tribes are, no doubt, the Murats, though one account says they are Tandjoeing Dyaks) had hospitably entertained Witti, which is generally a guarantee of friendship. While his little party was preparing to move forward Witti sat down to make some notes in his diary. Suddenly, from an ambush in the river, some three hundred natives, armed with poisoned arrows and spears, rushed upon Witti and his men. Three of the latter fell almost immediately. Witti defended himself with his revolver and killed two of his assailants. The rest crowded upon him, however, and speared him to death. The others of his party had already run away, one of them, who was carrying Witti's Winchester rifle, taking it off in his flight. From a hiding-place they saw one of the attacking party decapitate Witti, while others cut off the lower limbs of his dead attendants, flung them, with the explorer's head, into a boat, and made off with the bleeding trophies down stream. They also carried off Witti's papers and dispatch box.

Tricking a Trickster.

One day several years ago an Eastern man dropped into a village in this State and made known the fact that he was anxious to purchase a general store. There were several in the town and all willing to sell, but the stranger said he would hang around for a few days to see how much business was being done. One of the dealers, named Smith, saw where a little extra work might count for a good deal, and he called in a fellow townsman named Gilbert, and said:

"Now, Gilbert, I want to sell, and I want to give that Eastern chap an idea that I am doing a staving cash business. Here is $20, and I want you to come in about 4 o'clock and trade it out in sugar and tea, and say that you'll send for the stuff to-morrow."

Gilbert pocketed the cash and was on hand at the hour named. The stranger was in the store with his eyes wide open, and Gilbert walked in and called out:

"Say, Smith, I'm coming in tomorrow to pay you that $75."

"That's all right," was the reply. "Want anything to-day?"

"Well, I might look at an overcoat."

Smith winked and winked, but Gilbert insisted on looking over the coats, and finally found one to suit. Then he helped himself to a pair of boots and a hat, and laying down the $20 he remarked:

"Take your pay out of that. I reckon I've saved at least $3 over any other store in town."

He was given about ninety cents in change, and walked off with his purchases and was not seen again for a week. The stranger not only did not buy Smith out, but when Smith went to take that $20 out of Gilbert's hide he was the man who got whipped.—*Detroit Free Press.*

At Your Service.

Scene on railway platform at Heidelberg—traveler to university student: "Sir, you are crowding—keep back, sir."

U. S.—fiercely—"Don't you like it. Allow me to tell you that I am at your service at any time and place."

Traveler—benignantly—"Ah, indeed, that is very kind of you. Just carry this satchel for me to the hotel."

It is said that there are upward of 3,000 steam plowing machines now employed in England and Scotland.

FOR THE LADIES.

News and Notes for Women.

Queen Victoria's visit to the south of France this winter will be spent at Cannes.

The Madeira road at Brighton, in England, has become a great place for ladies on tricycles.

There have been 184 women students at Michigan university during 1882. Of this number 110 were in the literary department.

Paris is setting women a sensible fashion in dispensing with high-heeled shoes. Flat soles are to be the order hereafter, and women will be able to walk without a rotary motion.

It is said that a lady school-teacher in Auburn, Me., during the summer vacation raked 100 tons of hay, harnessed the horse for the meadow and felt all the better for the field exercise.

Miss Mary S. Pegram, for many years preceptress and teacher of mathematics in Illinois female college, Jacksonville, has accepted a similar position under Dr. De Motte, Xenia college, Xenia, Ohio.

Mrs. Mary Austin, who recently died in Washington, was the mother of forty-four children, only eleven of whom are now alive. In addition to these duties, she was a doctor and surgeon and served through the war with the rank of major.

The competition of young girls for appointment in the English postal service is increasing. At an examination to test the qualifications of applicants there were 800 candidates for thirty places. The salary is very small, beginning at only $2.50 a week.

Mrs. Mary Jacklin, Detroit's female broker and speculator, has raised a family of four children with success, giving them a liberal education, and has accumulated a fortune of $50,000 in the produce business. She is now sixty-four years old and "smart as a cricket" yet, being well and favorably known in the business circles of Detroit.

Taking the United States through there is not a large city, says the Philadelphia *Press*, where marriage engagements are so formally announced and looked upon as such solemn obligations as in Philadelphia. Long engagements also prevail here to a considerable extent, and they are looked upon as good things, because they familiarize young people with each other and give them a chance to test their congenialty and escape in time if they find they do not agree.

Fashion Notes.

Fancy feathers of every description are the rage for millinery use.

Arabesques of satouche are the leading jacket and wrap garnitures.

Telegraph, hussar, electric and royal are four very popular shades of blue.

Royal cardinal jackets are very fashionably worn over black skirts of silk, satin or cashmere.

Amazone cloths embroidered or adorned with arabesques of satouche compose the favorite trimmings of autumn promenade costumes.

Shaggy goods of all kinds in brown, fawn color, dark green, dark blue, or in plaids of heather mixtures are the most fashionable of all utility fabrics.

The coming of the "Jersey Lily" has largely increased the sale in America of the jersey bodice, whose popularity she long ago inaugurated in London.

Derbies and other masculine-looking hats appear on the heads of many pretty and well-dressed young women along the fashionable promenades of New York.

Standing collars of velvet, fastening behind, have falls or frills of Oriental lace below them, while the collars rest upon the neck without any relief of white or cream lace above them.

The newest linen collars are narrow bands fastening with a simulated slide or buckle of linen, through which a linen tongue is passed, and fastened afterward with a small gilt screw button.

Jersey waists shaped to the figure are finished at the bottom with high scarf draperies, and sometimes with a box plaiting set on high, with the bottom of the jersey cut into points back and front.

A dark, dull green velvet train and bodice of the same are considered the correct wear with pale green silk or satin front breadths, paniers and plastrons forming the other parts of an evening toilet.

Dorsay redingotes are imported, made of black Lyons velvet and trimmed with a magnificent applique work of black embroidery and jet. They are fastened down the front from the throat to the bottom of the skirt with costly cordelieres and handsome cut jet buttons in medallion designs.

The huge bridal bouquet of white roses is now frequently replaced by a large fan made of gardenais, white star flowers and stephanotis. This fan depends from the right side by a gold or silver chatelaine, but is raised and carried in the hand in place of the bouquet as the bride enters church or parlor.

Some of the most expensive wraps are simply long cloaks of embossed plush or velvet or plain fabrics, with borders of priceless fur or needlework passementerie, with each raised leaf and flower worth the price of a yard of ordinary trimming, while other garments are so complicated in construction and so elaborately garnished as to be almost as indescribable as some of the intricate costumes with plaitings, puffs, plastrons, vandykes and other decorative features.

A Remarkable Burglar.

Mary Morris, a petite fourteen-year-old girl, with a remarkably sweet face, which seemed to beam with childlike innocence, was sentenced by a Chicago court to two years in the house of correction, she having pleaded guilty to fourteen indictments for burglary and larceny. The judge remarked that it was one of the most astounding cases of which he had ever heard. This girl is the most remarkable burglar of modern times. For the past two years she has plied her vocation, committing innumerable daring burglaries by night, and well-nigh filling the house of her parents with dress goods, jewelry, diamonds and articles valued in all at $10,000. A large part of the plunder had been disposed of, the revenue supplying the entire family wants. Eight hundred indictments could have been found. The story of her crimes and escapades would fill a ponderous volume. Her mother, Helen Morris, was sentenced to three and a half years in the penitentiary as an accessory.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The English *Wreck Register* shows that for the year 1880–81 the number of wrecks, casualties and collisions on the coasts of the United Kingdom was 3,575, or 1,056 in excess of those of 1879–80, the number of lives lost during the past year being 984. As probably between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 of persons were passengers by water, the proportion of accidents was very small.

A correspondent of the *American Cultivator* gives the following as a rule for the location of storms: The wind almost always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the south, the heaviest rain is west; if it blows from the east, the heaviest rain is south; if it blows from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.

Nurses trained in New York hospitals are in great demand to attend the sick. According to an ambulance surgeon, sufferers from accidents or violence ask to be taken to hospitals that have lady nurses; and, as a matter of course, wealthy families secure trained nurses for their invalids. Nursing the sick is an occupation which is not likely to be overdone, though there are now schools for training nurses in most of our large cities. This, however, is not a new thing. In the middle ages women were not only the nurses but the physicians, and Roman Catholic hospitals are still under the charge of nuns.

According to information furnished by recent numbers of the *Ferhan*, the journal of Ispahan, civilization is making considerable progress in Persia. A large college, which was completed last year with government aid, has now commenced in earnest among the upper classes of Persian youth, who will have the advantage of tuition at the hands of professors who, if not Europeans, have at least graduated at the principal seats of learning in Europe. Further signs of improvement are to be found in the increased employment of Europeans in connection with railways, telegraphs, etc., and in the recent decree for the assimilation of weights and measures throughout Persia.

There are ten large bath-houses at Hot Springs, Ark., and the price of a bath varies from fifteen to thirty cents, the latter being the limit fixed by the State government, which owns the springs. An attendant is paid not more than $1 a week. The natural temperature of the water is about 140 degrees, and for bathing it is usually reduced to 100 or a little less. The baths are taken, as a rule, in tubs, placed in a large hot apartment, and separated by low partitions. There is not much luxury in the appliances or surroundings. Vapor baths may be had, but not much in the style of New York establishments. Opinions differ widely among the invalid visitors as to the curative qualities of the water, but all agree that at least a temporary relief is afforded. One of the springs is set apart, at certain hours of the day, for indigent persons, who are allowed to plunge into a pool. This daily gathering of crippled and dying wretches, who have begged their way to this place, is described as a most pitiful spectacle.

The extent of wine making in California astonishes visitors from the East. At the vineyards of San Gabriel, the largest in the State, 500,000 gallons of wine and 100,000 of brandy will be made from this year's crop of grapes. The unskilled labor employed is usually Chinese, but the experts are mostly from the wine districts of France and Germany, though Americans learn the process readily. The grapes are stemmed and squeezed by machinery. The juice runs into vats, where it ferments sufficiently and is pumped into great butts in the cellars. There it stands until it is clarified by whites of eggs, isinglass or gelatine, after which it is filtered through charcoal and drawn off into casks for shipment. As to the profits of grape culture, it is calculated that the vines will bear in the third year after the cuttings are set out, give a profit in the fourth, and in the fifth yield enough to pay all expenses, including the cost of the land. There are seven wine-producing districts in California, and the total vintage this year is 12,000,000 gallons. Some of this will be distilled for brandy, and some drunk at home, but the bulk will be sent Eastward, to be sold under foreign labels.

An English project which has for its aim nothing less than a revolution in the inland transportation of merchandise will probably be brought before parliament for its sanction during the coming winter. It is not the scheme of penniless adventurers, but the well-considered enterprise of some of the leading shipowners and merchants of Liverpool, who have already raised a large guarantee fund. The project is designated "The Lancashire Plate Railway," and, broadly stated, the proposal is to lay out a series of roadways, radiating from Liverpool to the centers of manufacturing industry in South Lancashire, to carry along these roadways a double set of iron plates corresponding in breadth with the wheels of ordinary wagons, to set the loaded wagons on this smooth plateway, and draw them by steam traction engines to their appointed destination. Passenger traffic is excluded from the scope of the scheme; it is confined entirely to goods, and the anticipation is that it will be possible to carry these at a much lower rate than is now charged by the railway companies. The movement has its origin and motive in the burdensome charges now levied, which have been the subject of persistent protest by all the commercial bodies of Liverpool. The chief saving will be in the handling of goods. The wagons, which will be similar to those in general use on ordinary roads except that the axles will be of the same length, will be loaded directly from the steamer or the factory, drawn by horses to the nearest station of the "plateway," and there attached to a long line of similar vehicles with an engine at its head. Arrived at their destination, horses will draw them to the factory or steamer. The metal plates will be laid in two parallel rows, with long flanges on the outer edge to keep the wagons on the track. It is thought that $35,000 a mile will construct and equip the plateway, and that the cost of maintaining and operating it will be comparatively small.

Modest Benevolence.

Fifth avenue, New York, contains two ladies of great wealth, each of whom may be said to live alone, with the exception of servants. One of these is Mrs. A. T. Stewart, who occupies a place which cost $1,000,000. The taxes alone on this grand establishment are $12,500. She has a dozen servants, and a housekeeper, but otherwise lives alone, though often visited by her young and expectant relatives. The other is Miss Harriet Lenox, sister of the philanthropist, who occupies the house built by the latter, when Fifth avenue first became an aristocratic street. She lives alone, with the exception of the servants, but her purpose in life is to carry out her brother's philanthropic schemes, for which reason he made her sole heir. Old Robert Lenox, the founder of the family, had four children, a son and three daughters. Harriet is the last of the line, which, in her death, will become extinct. She is, like her late brother, a recluse, but devotes her time and her wealth to benevolence, which is administered through approved channels of usefulness.

Robert Lenox's name appears in the first New York directory, dated 1786. He was a thrifty Scotch merchant, and an elder in the Presbyterian church. Two of his daughters married, but Harriet remained single, and so did the son, James, who was one of the strangest bachelors on record. He did not care for society of any kind, did not love horses, or anything of a sportive character. He was, on the other hand, a student, and devoted himself to books. He was an economist, and yet showed a remarkable turn for benevolence, but exercised it in the most private manner possible. The senior Lenox left $300,000, which was then called a large property, but he also had a farm of twenty acres five miles from the city, which he always considered an unfortunate investment. The land was poor, and at $10,000 the purchase seemed a blunder. His son, James, however, lived to see the time when a lot (in size one-sixth of an acre) sold for more than the entire cost of the farm, including taxes. Fifth avenue runs directly through it, and it fronts the Central park. The old farmhouse still stands, and is occupied by James Gaddis, who has supplied his patrons with vegetables for many years. He has become rich and owns many houses, but is still proud to be gardener of the Lenox family. James and Harriet Lenox lived for more than a third of a century in a plain-looking house in the lower part of the avenue. The house was different, socially speaking, from any other in New York. The only visitors admitted were the pastor, the physician and a few family connections. On Sundays, the brother and sister walked over to the church, which stood on the other side of the same avenue. They never attended any other church, nor were seen in any other places of public resort. Theatres, concerts, lectures, were alike unattractive to this quiet pair, who were all in all to each other. The only variation was the summer residence in Newport, where, however, the same seclusion was maintained. In this way a lifetime passed, and it was one of great activity. James Lenox did a day's work every day, and when death closed his career of fourscore he left a noble record. The funeral was in keeping with his previous habits. The hour was not announced, and there were no invitations. A small circle of kindred assembled, and after the prayer the undertaker conveyed the remains to the place of interment, followed by a few carriages. On the following Sabbath the pastor informed the congregation that, in obedience to the wishes of the deceased, no funeral sermon would be delivered. The illustrated papers applied for a picture, but were refused. However great might be the public desire to behold a likeness of the philanthropist, this was contrary to his purpose. A portrait had been painted, but it was private property. It had been expected that Lenox would make some liberal bequests; but, on the other hand, he merely bequeathed the estate to Harriet. Having acted as a faithful trustee all his life, he placed the trust in her hands. She knows his wishes, and since his death they have been carefully fulfilled. The income is administered for benevolent purposes.

Cheap Living in Saxony.

A correspondent of the Chicago *News* writes that while everything was exceedingly cheap in Saxony, none of the Americans with whom he had been talking had been able to live on less money per diem than it cost them to live at home, but they had all lived more luxuriously.

"I am taking music lessons here," said a young fellow from Cincinnati, who does not talk much. "I take two lessons a week. I pay for the lessons about twelve and a half cents each, or $1 per month. I pay all the teacher asked."

"I am paying fifty cents per lesson to a teacher of German," said another.

"I paid $15 for this suit of clothes," said another, "and I couldn't buy it in the United States for $40. They were made to order for me."

"I pay twelve marks, or $3, per month for my room, with coffee every morning," said another.

"I rode in a beautiful carriage from 11 o'clock until 6 o'clock yesterday. I had a splendid driver. I had beer, and so did he. The day's amusement cost me $3. It would cost more than that for the privilege of taking off your hat to an American hackman."

Other adventures and experiences of a similar character were gone over. I have just given enough to show why it is that people of small means in England flock to Saxony. They can live well here for what it would cost them to live poorly at home. Americans have not taken advantage of the inducements offered by Dresden or Leipsic as yet, because Americans do not live like the English on annuities. But to persons in America who have an income from rents or invested capital of say $1,000 a year, the inducements offered by this delightful country are beyond computation.

How Western Cities Grow.

A Western man has been telling some Philadelphians how Western cities grow. He says he went off into the mountains hunting, and, night coming on, he went to sleep in a tree to be out of reach of the wolves. He was awakened early the next morning by some workmen, who told him to get down and finish his nap on the court-house steps, as they wanted to turn that tree into a flag pole for the hotel across the way. He got down, and while rubbing his eyes was nearly run over by a street car and got his feet tangled in an electric light wire.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Iron chess-boards and chessmen with concealed magnets to steady them are sold in Berlin for the convenience of travelers.

The great red spot which has been visible on the surface of the planet Jupiter for several years is reported to be growing fainter, and the early disappearance of this remarkable object seems imminent.

Experiments conducted between Munich and Miesbach have proved conclusively that electrical energy capable of being converted into motive power can be sent over an ordinary telegraph wire.

The hurricane which destroyed the nave of the pavilion of the exhibition at Trieste also damaged the electric light apparatus. A man, while engaged in repairing it, accidentally received the full discharge of the electric current, and was killed on the spot.

Heat and light are identical in character, though different in degree. All solid bodies become self-luminous at the same temperature, which is about 1,000 degrees. When the body is raised to the temperature of 1,000 degrees it emits red rays; at 1,200 degrees, orange rays; at 1,300 degrees, yellow rays; at 1,500 degrees, blue rays; at 1,700 degrees, indigo rays, and at 2,000 degrees, violet rays.

In warm-blooded animals the heart's action ceases in a very few minutes after the destruction of the nervous centers, or after the circulation of the blood in its own vessels is by any means arrested. Not so with cold-blooded animals, however, as the heart of one of them may continue to beat for many hours after it has been emptied of blood, and even after it has been cut out of the chest. The pulsations of the heart of an eel have been seen to continue for six hours after separation from the rest of the body; of a torpedo, for nine hours; and of a salmon, for twenty-four hours.

WISE WORDS.

It is sad but true that we can silence our conscience easier than our desires.

Genius makes its observations in shorthand; talent writes them out at length.

No accusation should be advanced except upon proof sufficient to sustain it.

The best penance for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it.

He who selects his companions with care is more likely to make unto himself faithful friends.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining.

While we retain the power of rendering service and conferring favors we seldom experience ingratitude.

The mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own.

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things that they possess there would not be much envy in the world.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.

What an argument in favor of social connection is the observation that by communicating our grief we have less and by communicating our pleasure we have more.

A word—a look, which at one time makes no impression, at another time wounds the heart; and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.

HEALTH HINTS.

Hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach is promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

For a scald or burn, apply immediately pulverized charcoal and oil. Lamp oil will do, but linseed is better. The effect is miraculous.

For chapped lips mix two tablespoonfuls of clarified honey, with a few drops of lavender water or any other perfume, and anoint the lips frequently.

To remove warts, get a little bullock's gall and keep it in a bottle; rub a little on the warts two or three times a day and in a short time they will disappear.

Don't sleep in a draught; don't go to bed with cold feet, and don't eat what you do not need just to save it, are notes of warning sounded by *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for wounds and old sores. It is also invaluable for what is called proud flesh. It is a great disinfectant. It sweetens the air if placed in shallow dishes around the apartment, and foul water is also purified by its use.

For bruises or sprains bathe the part in cold water until you get ready a decoction of wormwood and vinegar. When the herb is fresh gathered pound the leaves, wet with vinegar, and bind on, and when the herb is dry put it in the vinegar and let it boil a short time; then bathe the bruise with the decoction and bind on the herb.

A Practical Joke.

Miss Van Zandt, the American prima donna, who has won such enviable honors in Paris, was lately the heroine of a little comedy at the Musee Grevin. She went to that famous gallery of wax figures with her mother and some friends, and, seeing a vacant niche draped with red curtains, in a room where there were no other visitors than her own party, slipped into it, gave her friends an admonitory glance, and sat still. The curtains were drawn so that only her bust and head were visible. Pretty soon visitors thronged in. "See," said one, "there is a new figure, Mlle. Van Zandt. What a good likeness!" A group gathered round, expressing, some admiration, others disapproval, the fair singer meanwhile keeping perfectly still. At last a languid, supercilious and altogether superior lady came along, viewed the dainty features, fair locks and sparkling eyes and then said: "So this is Mlle. Van Zandt, is it? Quite pretty, but no likeness. I never would have recognized it if I hadn't been told—" and then the supposed wax figure burst into a merry peal of laughter, sprang from the niche and tripped away amid the astonishment and chagrin of the critic and the applause of the crowd.

Giving and Gaining.

Though the river to the sea
Is forever flowing—
Though the blossom greets the bee,
All its sweets bestowing:
Still the river floweth fleet—
Still the rose's heart is s