

PATIENT WITH THE LIVING.

[Margaret E. Sangster.] Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor...

MRS. JOE SMITH.

An interview with the widow of the noted Mormon leader. [Lippincott's Magazine.] Many people believe that the man in whose crafty mind the mighty system of Mormonism had its origin...

In the summer of 1854 I went with a friend to the town of Nauvoo, from which the Mormons had removed a few years earlier. Soon after that a colony of French socialists had taken possession of their homes...

She was about 45 years old, of medium height, and rather stout, but quick and active in her movements. Her complexion was clear, though somewhat sunburnt...

Mrs. Biddison acquired a good deal of property in Nauvoo during the lifetime of her first husband, and, as she had never been a member of the Mormon church, she did not leave the town after his death.

Mrs. Biddison expressed herself very freely and openly about the members of the Mormon church, and spoke in a contemptuous manner of their profession of faith.

After dinner Mrs. Biddison conducted us through the house, and showed us the portrait of Joseph Smith, painted by one of the most skillful artists in Europe. It represented him as a commonplace, ordinary person, and we found it hard to believe that such a man could have acquired absolute power over a large body of people.

My companion had the boldness to mention to Mrs. Biddison the report that Joseph Smith had set his followers the example of polygamy. The mere mention of such a rumor made her very indignant. "No, sir!" she exclaimed. Joe Smith had but one wife, and I was that one. It wouldn't have been well for any other woman to assert any claim to him in my presence. If other women chose to do such things, it was none of my business. Joe Smith knew very well that he couldn't have another wife, here or anywhere else. No, sir! Joe Smith had but one wife. He ruled the Mormons, and I ruled him. As Mrs. Biddison spoke, her eyes flashed, her nostrils expanded, and her whole form shook with passion. We were thoroughly satisfied that Mrs. Biddison had the ability to keep Joseph Smith, or any other man to whom she might have a claim, straight in the narrow road of morality and decency.

The Hiddenite Gems.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.] The new precious gem discovered a couple of years ago in a mine about fifty miles distant from Bridgewater, N. C., and known as the Hiddenite, is said to be almost equal to the diamond. It is placed next to it, and at present superior to it in value on account of its scarcity. This gem is of a clear, beautiful grass green tint, sparkles like a diamond, and is very hard. They vary when cut from a fraction of a karat to about six or seven carats, and the demand for them at \$125 to \$150 for a karat stone is far greater than the supply, and it comes chiefly from Europe, though many wealthy persons in New York and New Jersey have bought them.

W. E. Hidden, a young, enthusiastic student of theology and mineralogy, of New Jersey, went down to western North Carolina some few years ago, and in his prospecting tours over the mountains, found this now celebrated gem, which by a friend was named "Hiddenite." The stone seems to have made more impression in Europe than in this country, judging by the demand the interest manifested. They are found enmeshed in hard rocks that run in flat veins, thus evincing the stability of the formation and its permanency. The gems are concealed in pockets inside of stones, lining the sides, and have to be crushed out. Hundreds of stones may be crushed before a pocket is found, and the number of gems in each pocket varies. Sometimes as many as eight gems, varying in size, are found in a pocket—that is, there may be \$70 worth of gems or \$1,000 worth in one pocket.

Uncle Esak: Jokes weren't made to last before wine, any more than pearls were; and the man who can make them shouldn't throw them around too loose.

THE HON. LYCURGUS STANDOFF

Warned Not to Permit Ambition to Overwhelm Common Sense. [Lime-Kila Club.] "If de Hon. Lycurgus Standoff am in de hall to-night he will please step dis way," observed Brother Gardner as the meeting opened with the thermometer marking 103 degrees above zero.

The brother referred to laid down the half of a 6-cent muskmelon and advanced to the platform with a look of mingled surprise and anxiety on his face. "Brudder Standoff," said the president in a voice full of kindness, "you am an ambitious man. You hanker to be great an' famous. You want to climb up. You spend hours preparin' speeches an' addresses an' odder hours in deliberin' 'em befo' emaginary audiences. You sot on de fence an' read de Cassius. You lay on de grass an' read de Brutus. While awake you hanker to be a member of de legislature, an' in your sleep you dream of risin' to a pint of order in de nex' congress. Lycurgus!"

"Yes, sah!" "I goes to encourage ambishun in de cull'd race, but I mus' at de same time warn you not to lose your common sense. Brutus was a smart man, but he wasn't two months behind on de rent of his cabin. Sisero could hold an audience spell-bound, but his wife didn't hev to go bar' fut fur de want of a dollar pa'r of shoes. Marc Antony could fill a hall on twenty minits' notice, but his chill'en didn't look like seben scare-crows posted on de fence. Socrates saw men bow to his wisdom, but he had a wood-pile at de back door an' 'taters in de cellar fur winter. Lycurgus!"

"Yes, sah!" "Doan' let go of de rabbit in your hand in order to foller up a 'possum track three day's old. Instead of tryin' to be great, seek to be good. Instead of aching fur de plaudits of a multitude, it am fur better to hev de confidence of one single man whose indorsement on de back of a note will git you de cash at a bank. Men who bow befo' a great man talk behin' his back. Fame may tickle your vanity, but fame makes enemies an' brings abuse. Lycurgus!"

"Yes, sah!" "Ambishun am a creek rushin' f'rew a hilly kontry. Mingled wid common sense it turns de wheels of mills an' factories an' becomes a benefit to thousands. Left to its own wild will it damages an' devastates an' becomes a curse. You may nebbber see your name on de bills as a candylate fur de legislature, but you kin pay de butcher an' grocer. You may nebbber git to Wash- ington, but you kin pay your rent so promptly dat de landlord will want to put French plate-glass in de windows. De world may nebbber thrill ober your perforations, but you kin feel a deep satisfaction in payin' cash down fur six bushels of turnips. Lycurgus!"

"Yes, sah!" "Go back an' sot down an' ponder ober these things. Doan' lose your ambishun, but harness it up in such a way dat it can't run awy wid de vehicle an' bust things. We... now listen to de secretary."

Mr. Dana's New Home.

[Credut's Letter.] I met Charles A. Dana the other day on the elevated road, going down to the office. Mr. Dana delights in jewels, especially precious stones of an unusual sort. He has a set of jet black opals, from Mexico, and he habitually carries a heavy cane mounted with a stone as large as a hen's egg—a black stone with a gold band across it. It is a rare tiger's eye from South Africa.

Mr. Dana is about moving into his new house on Madison avenue at one of the choice localities of the city, just off Central park. It is brick house with stone trimmings, unpretentious, yet with a certain ornateness, both in style and decoration, which makes it unique in the vicinity. The interior is a master piece of recent architectural ideas, and has every provision for health, comfort, convenience, facility of location, utility of space and the adaptation of rooms to ends.

The dining-room—and, by the way, Mr. Dana is a man whose entertainments are both large and distinguished—will seat twenty-four persons comfortably; and the apartments and equipments for the cuisine are such as only a gourmet could have devised and only a wealthy man could have executed. The house is not in an ultra-fashionable part of the street, for there is a church opposite and a store a few doors off; and there is no yard with a bit of foliage to relieve the hardness of the walls. But it is a good winter residence—all the more wholesome, perhaps, for being so sharp a contrast to Mr. Dana's summer residence over on Long island, which stands in the midst of a grove of two different varieties of trees, with pines and firs from every quarter of the globe. This elegant summer home he calls "Doris"—Greek for "Gift to my wife."

Stock Finery for Photographs.

[San Francisco Chronicle.] I was shown a group of children the other day in a photograph gallery. They were dressed in handsome laces and I naturally concluded that they were the envied offspring of a millionaire. But beneath the laces it seemed to me the dresses were suspicious, and the operator gave the snap away by informing me that these were stock laces, warranted to give to the poorest and humblest of kids the wealthy tone of Nob Hill aristocracy. Thus does photography level all ranks and put the coachman in- side with the proprietor of the carriage.

Seaborn Journals.

[Chicago Herald.] Newspapers printed at sea are not uncommon. The practice of publishing a paper on board ships was inaugurated on the steamer Great Britain, which started for Australia on Aug. 21, 1853. The seaborn journals do much to relieve the monotony of the passage, filled as they are with stories, burlesque telegrams, and jokes by the passengers, and all the drift of spicy incidents that happen from week to week on shipboard.

Money Not Satisfying.

Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it; there is nothing in its nature to produce happiness; the more a man has the more he wants; instead of its filling a vacuum it makes one; if it satisfies one want it doubles and triples that want another way.

Kent County Hop-Picking.

[London Cor. Philadelphia Times.] Most of the London pickers of hops are of the worst class of Irish, and are called "the strangers" by the home pickers, who are mostly of the Kentish poor. About the same set of pickers come down from London year after year, until one and another gradually drop out of the ranks. They are, after all, of most inferior calibre mentally. They live in temporarily constructed huts, in which straw is placed for beds. For every ten or twelve houses there is an immense cooking-house provided, where the pickers are allowed to do their own cooking. The character of the food sold them by dishonorable dealers admits of great improvement, and there has been much newspaper agitation about it of late. Costermongers go down to Kent and drive a flourishing trade selling the poor hoppers haddock condemned at Billingsgate. However, the horrors of life among the hop-pickers, like many other London horrors, have greatly diminished during the past few years. Of late "alumming" set to fashion by Sir Charles Dilke, has done much good; but there still exists an ample field for the labors of the philanthropist. The reforms, such as they are, are not sufficient to justify the Kentish people in keeping their doors unbarred during the annual influx of "the strangers."

The most skillful picker can earn from 2 shillings and 6 pence to 3 shillings per day, which, remember, is from about 62 cents to 75 cents of American money. It costs them but a trifle to live, and in addition to their country holiday, if they are sober and industrious, they end the season with a good sum saved for the winter. But it is a sorry fact that the "puts," or drinking places of Kent, got a large share of their earnings.

The process employed in hop-picking is to cut the vines about a foot above the ground and draw out the poles on which the hops cling, laying them across bins or receiving troughs. Into these the burs are picked. The manner of hopping reminds one of the culling of Cape May cranberries through the fingers. The burs, having been collected, are deposited in "pokes," which are coarse canvas bags. This is called "pocketing." These pockets are sent to the oaks or drying-kilns, where they are dried, put in new pockets, pressed and sent to the borough market at London.

Theory of the Mind Cure.

[Lillian Whiting's Boston Letter.] The theory of the mind cure is this: That God is the source of life and light, eternal and ever-present. That He, the Author of the Universe, is the "fountain of all health and joy." That there are certain definite laws of equipoise of mind and body—laws that govern and predetermine the harmony of physical and mental states, and that, learning the secret of these, one learns to hold himself receptive to the divine magnetism, and to receive from God strength, sanctity and new life. They claim that disease has no existence save in the mind; that "as a man thinketh, so is he;" that a head-ache, tooth-ache—a chronic disease, is only a diseased state of mind and can be eradicated. It is not precisely the faith-cure, but is even more radical than that. The process of the cure is to sit for an hour in a room alone with the patient perfectly silent and without touch. The mental attitude is not, I think, especially that of prayer, but rather they seek a harmonious state of repose and receptivity.

It is certainly true that remarkable cures have been made. The deaf hear, the lame walk, the invalid is up and about, serene and joyful and energetic. It is claimed they cure cancer and other chronic diseases. Of that I know only by hearsay. That there is a true principle in it there can be little doubt, and that there is in it the usual amount of imitation and chaff that any new movement usually attracts, is as certain.

Psychic Force.

[Chronicle "Undertones."] But there is nothing marvelous about Lulu Hurst. I have seen a child of 15, the daughter of a friend, lay her hands open on a dining-room table that three men could not lift and send it jumping all over a room. I knew a young fellow, who did not think anything of it, put three fingers of each hand on the narrow wooden edge on one side of a four-legged card table and sent it spinning and dancing like mad. In fact, Lulu Hurst does in public what at least hundreds of people can do in private, and if it were not that she repudiates spiritualism, we should find that the phenomena of that much-abused subject, where reliable and beyond question, are caused by the same force which the Psychological society in London named psychic force. It exists in everybody to some degree. Lulu Hurst has it in a rather astonishing degree. She does not give any outward sign of being muscular. Her hands are plump and soft, her wrist is not particularly muscular. She has every sign of great nervous power of some kind.

Cultivated Disease Germs.

[Scientific Exchange.] During a recent lecture at the Academy of Pharmacy in Philadelphia, glass jars were passed around containing samples of cultivated disease germs. Potatoes, cut in halves, had been lightly smeared with a coating of substances containing germs. The bacteria were nourished on the moist surface of the potato, and presented very interesting appearances. Different results were obtained from different bacteria. Some of the half potatoes were covered with an ordinary deposit of mold. On others the diseased germs had developed into thin, peculiarly shaped patches of fungus growth, of bright blue, red, yellow, and greenish colors. Others had grown into an intricate and extensive network of fuzzy fibers, the growth on the surfaces of two or three potatoes reaching over and covering a space having a diameter of eight or nine inches.

German Anti-Fat Theory.

[Chicago Herald.] Germans believe in the theory that fat is destroyed by fat, and insist upon those who would become thin eating copiously of butter and fat meat, but not touching anything containing starch or sugar.

The sting of a wasp is said to be fatal to Chinamen.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

The Reverence with Which He Was Regarded by His Soldiers. [Washington National Republican.]

For Gen. Lee the men had an explicit trust and reverent affection that never faltered from the time he took command of the army until they crowded around him in tearful silence to bid him a last farewell on the hill near Appomattox Court House, where the battle-flags were unfurled for the last time before being piled upon the surrendered stacks of arms. To tell the truth, he was half deified in the thoughts of his troops, and they never doubted the issue of a campaign under his leadership, not even in the beginning of the campaign of 1865, when defeat was pressing all other sections of the Confederacy, and had not "the bottom of the bucket so suddenly fallen out" it is more than likely that a dictatorship would have been trusted upon him as a last resort to beat back the overwhelming numbers of the Federals.

Gen. Lee was a fine figure when mounted on his iron-gray horse Traveler, and even when on a hot and dusty march looked always neat. His dress then was a simple gray sack coat, with the star of a general on the turn-down collar, a dark slouch hat looped up on the left side, gray pants, and long riding boots. I never saw him with either sword or pistol buckled on him. As he rode along beside the marching ranks, at the head of his staff, he always had his hat pulled down over his brow, with his chin lifted as if gazing intently into the distance. He was always considerate for the health and comfort of his men. One of the most provoking things to a regiment of infantry on a hot, dusty, and wearisome march was for some mounted officer or man to come dashing along kicking up more dust, or attempting to make way along the road, which the infantry always claimed as their right of way. Some generals and their staff indulged in this practice, but Gen. Lee never. He always took to the fields.

Again it was currently reported and believed that when the army was in straits for rations he utterly refused to make use of the delicacies which the farmers were eager to send to his headquarters, but ordered them to be turned over to the field hospital. When occasion offered he visited the sick and wounded, and many a poor fellow was revived by his cheering words and sympathy. All these things and others that might be enumerated, endeared him to his troops. On the march the general's presence among the columns was scarcely noticed except that the tired limbs were braced up and the spirits raised for further effort; but when he passed along the roads leading among the bivouacs and camps, the men invariably crowded to the roadside and greeted him with a reverent silence that was more eloquent, perhaps, than the wildest cheering. He no doubt was pleased and encouraged at this silent homage, yet he always responded by gravely lifting his hat without a change of countenance. The writer never recollects to have seen Gen. Lee's face otherwise than serene and preoccupied.

Two examples may be given to show the estimation in which Gen. Lee was held and to illustrate the belief that the success of the cause was absolutely dependent on him. At the battle of Antietam, late in the afternoon, Gen. Burnside forced a passage of the bridge and assailed fiercely the thin Confederate line on the ridge. This was before A. P. Hill's division had come up from Harper's Ferry. Finally the Holcomb legion of South Carolinians, after fighting bravely, gave way in confusion, leaving a dangerous gap in the lines, and the day seemed about lost on the right. At this critical juncture Gen. Lee rode up to them, and seizing their flag, shouted: "What! my men are you going to desert your country in its hour of peril? Come on; your general will lead you!" The legion rallied immediately and reformed the line, but refused to charge until Gen. Lee retired. He consented, and they gamely plunged into the fight and held their own until A. P. Hill came up.

Again, at Spottsylvania Court House, when Hancock's men had swept over the salient, capturing the entire division and guns of Gen. Edward Johnson, and threatening to break the Confederate army in two, and when the battle seemed lost to the Confederates, Gen. Lee, who never hesitated to expose himself at the point of danger, dashed up to Gen. J. B. Gordon's division and announced his intention to lead them personally in front instantly cries arose from the ranks "Lee to the rear!" "Lee to the rear!" Gen. Gordon seized the bridle rein of Gen. Lee, and assuring him that the division would not budge if he did not retire, Lee reluctantly rode back, whereupon the division swept forward in gallant style and re-established the broken line.

I venture to assert that no such regard would have been shown for the safety of any other Confederate commander, whether Johnson or Beauregard, or even Jackson himself. If this deep veneration was not inspired by elevation of character and by what is indefinitely styled "personal magnetism," then I am at a loss to account for the fact in the case.

New England Cider-Making.

[Chicago Herald.] Those who remember the wooden cogs and screws of the cider mill of the olden time would open their eyes at the process of cider-making now in New England. By means of a grinder, as many bushels can be grated in a minute as there are horse powers used in operating the machinery. An elevator carries the apples to the hopper as fast as they can be used up. The pomace falls directly upon a platform, and when the cheese is complete the platform revolves like a railroad turntable. The cider is strained through racks and cloths. Tanks in the basement are provided for catching the juice, and by means of a pump it is brought into its various receptacles.

A Temperance Prize.

A prize of \$400 is offered by the Temperance society of Paris for the best book on drinks, both temperance and alcoholic. The subject may be treated with regard to the action on the body of an alcoholic or their composition.

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