din;
Lovers did clasp, and there were funerals,
Men laughed, and wept, and their own shadows chased—
There came no warning of the final day.

Hurried the hours, the sun plunged to hi ching the West in blood! Outsprang the stars, But changed their aspect for the grief di-

vine.
The god-like pity of their golden eyes
Was gone, and each became a sneer of fire!
The Even was afraid, and there did come
A paralyzing terror in the air.

A horrid roaring of the brazen East!
And, like a lightning-sandaled Hell, the fire
The avenging fire, rushed round the recream
globe!

globe!
Rich provinces were shriveled as if leaves!
The roasting nations robed the earth with shrieks!
The emerald Andes of the oceans writhed Above the clouds in their green agony.

But all was over soon. The radiant earth, A ghastly cinder, a stupendous coal, Wandered upon its ancient path. And then The bright orbesparkled, and the great sun

shone, And all the universe was peace and joy! For Discord is Time's filegitimate, But Concord, daughter of Eternity.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The Cost, Appearance and Coustruction-In the Elevator. [George Alfred Townsend.]

It is a majestic thing to stand below and look upon this wonderful shaft, which has, even at the top, the extent of a considerable house, and at the base is, I think, sixty feet square. It has cost about \$000,000, but more than a fifth of this was spent fixing the old foundations, so as to render it sure that the weight of the shaft could be supported. One almost regrets to see this monument finished when he thinks of the musical clatter made by the innumerable workmen with their wooden mallets and cold chisels cutting away at the stone. The "Anvil Chorus" was hardly more pleasing to the ear. The monument is not situated on very high ground. It is probably not more than forty or fifty feet above the tide. But it is in the very eye of Washington, inclosed by all the hills, and there are some beautitiful effects from this noble shaft, which is, I think, over 500 feet high.

As you go into Washington from the

north you can see this shaft, now rising behind the capitol, which is on a hill, and the monument is about a mile further off. Yet the shaft clearly rises to the eye above the dome of the capitol when the passenger is some two miles off from the dome. The shaft is seen to move nearer and nearer the dome, and finally stands right behind it, like a tall man looking down on a kite. Slowly the shaft passes off to the left, and scems to be working through the air. It is all made of a very nice quality of American mar-le from a little way out of Baltimore. This monument marks rather a new era in the building of great shafts. No other shaft now existing that I know of was constructed by the aid of steam. When this monument was begun the work of building it was either done by hand or by some small hoisting engine. The stones when put into the base of the monument were very irregu-lar in size, and that part of the work which proceeded somewhere between 1840 and 1855 is the worst portion of

When the work was taken up by a direct government appropriation the largest and best elevator was immediately purchased and set up in the center of the monument, where it is to remain perpetually and carry up passengers. This elevator runs between trussed iron uprights, all open, leaving a frightful chasm between the open elevator and the sides of the monument. As you go up higher and higher, and begin to realize the stupendous descent in case of an accident, a feeling very like horror occurs to even a courageous man. The elevator seems to grow small and lean. The supports at the corners looks like straws. It goes up rather slowly, carrying the prodigious stone, generally about sixteen feet long by eight feet thick and wide, and when the top is reached there are four cranes of iron which seem to have the sagacity of the human hand. They reach for that stone as a blind man finds his bread on the table. When they take hold of it, in a perfectly noiseless way, it is lifted up into the air and brought down, and then the crane seems to feel for the spot in the wet hydraulic cement where the stone is finally disposed almost without the intervention of human beings. In this way the monument has literally walked into the air. beings. In this way the monument has literally walked into the air.

How Tobacco Is Burnt.

Tobacco raisers and producers of other plants whose dried and curled leaves are of value in the market, will be interssted in the latest explanation of the ause of the brown discolorations—spots of small diameter, in which the tissue is nearly destroyed—that so often impair the value of their products. It appears that rain drops, after a shower of a hot summer day, act as condensing prisms to the nearly vertical beams of the sun, concentrating the ray upon the surface of the leaf just beneath the center of the drop, and thus producing a burnt spot of diameter corresponding with that of the drop itself and of depth proportionate to the intensity of the heat.

For Building Partitions.

osition of sand, cork, and lim A composition of sand, cork, and lime molded into blocks is now on trial in Germany for building light partitions. It is said to have the advantage of excluding sounds better than ordinary brick work, while being light and a good non-conductor. But a composition of hard-wood sawdust applied to lath like common plaster is cheaper than the German method of constructing partitions, is much lighter, and has other descrable qualities.

One of the good old crusted jokes of the bicycle club-resus is: "When a man becomes a good by jellst he says, 'good by, sick list."

THE GOOD TIME COMING

When Cheap Electricity Shall Have

When Cheap Electricity Shall Have
Superseded Steam.
[Chicago Tribune.]
While the spokesmen of "the age of steam" are ringing all the changes on the glories of Watt's invention the pioneers of science and invention are hard at work to displace it. Edison is now engaged in a search for a means of generating electricity directly from the consumption of coal. In a conversation with a New York reporter he gives an interesting glimpse of what he is after and what he thinks are his chances of success. What he desires to accomof success. What he desires to accomolish is, to do away with the intermedi plish is, to do away with the intermediary boilers, furnaces, steam-engines and dynamos that are now used in the production of electricity, and to procure that powerful force directly from the fuel as electricity is now gotten from the combustion of zine in the battery. In consequence of the complicated methods by which the combustion of coal is now converted into electricity this agent, cost ten times as

this agent cost ten times as much as it should. We now, as is well known, get from coal but one-fifth to one-tenth part of the power it contains. Edison reports that he has found no trouble in obtaining a slight current of electricity directly from the combustion of fuel, but he has struck as yet an insuperable barrier to further progress. Before this barrier his experiments, like the similar successes of Jablochkoff and some German investigators remain mere laboratory curiosities. He will give laboratory curiosities. He will give himself five years to unlock this secret of nature and will think himself lucky if he succeeds in that time.

The description Edison gives of the happy results that would flow from the realization of his dreams of cheap electricity justifies his enthusiastic declaration that the inventor who succeeds in getting at it will do the world the greatest material service yet rendered to man. The unscientific world, he says, has no conception of what such a discovery would mean. It would put an end to boilers and steam engines; it would make power about one-tenth cheap as it is now; it would enable a steamship to cross the Atlantic at a nominal cost; it would enable every poor man to run his own carriage. It would revolutionize the industrial world. The electric motor is the ideal motor for all kinds of work. What we want is some means of producing the current cheaply. Now it costs ten times as much as it ought to. When we discover the short cut from the combustion of coal directly to electricity we can heat and light houses, do all the cooking, move all kinds of machinery, vehicles and boats—do all the world's work, in fact, for almost nothing compared to what it now costs us. There is

pared to what it now costs us. Incre is a good time coming for somebody.

There is another possibility in this possibility of cheap electricity which Edison does not refer to. Babbage, the great English mathematician and philosopher, predicted that if a power was ever discovered which could be cheaply distributed from a common center to the houses and shops of the working classes. distributed from a common center to the houses and shops of the working classes it would completely revolutionize the tendency of steam to mass capital and labor in great factories and swarming hives of industry. The deserted village would live again. The efficiency of production gained by the consolidation of multitudinous home forges, home shuttles, home shoebenches of the old regime into the steam-driven mills of to-day has been paid for at a ruinous social price. Happy villages have been swallowed up in murky factory towns, and the division of labor has been carried so far that of labor has been carried so far that every laborer is but the fractional part of a man. If cheap electricity will do all that Edison claims for it on the purely material side, and will, as Babbage prophesied, reduce the inflammatory evils of our congested industrial centers, its discoverer will certainly do the world the most important material service yet rendered unto men.

Gentlemen at Large.

[Boston Bu gat.] We have among us a class of men who deserve neither our commiseration, sympathy nor pity, who are miserable by choice, and of no value in society. We allude to those who have lived a life of allude to those who have lived a life of penurious celibacy, until the property amassed by niggardly savings and self-mortifying deprivations hovers over them by day and by night in visions of distrust, disquietude and fear. These are they who never listen to the petition of the widow nor the cry of the orphan, whose charities end where they began, at home, if he may be said to have a home, who has no feelings in community with the world nor its families.

We have one such in our mind's eye

We have one such in our mind's eye at this moment; he is a man who neither indulges in the vicious nor the innocent pleasures of the age; his life is as regular pleasures of the age; his life is as regular and monotonous as an eight-day clock; he is punctual in waking and rising, punctual in lying down and sleeping, punctual at breakfast, punctual at his desk and the performance of his regular duties, punctual at church, except when there is to be a collection, and then he is suddenly indisposed; punctual in his appearance at another's dinner table, most dilatory in making a return. He leaves the city in the spring, to avoid high taxation, having first bargained with the selectmen of some county town that they will only assess him for about one-quarter of the value of what he really owns. He was never known to give candy to a child or to "tip" a servant. In short, he is a selfish, miserly fellow, but nevertheless a gentleman at large.

Under Alaskan Glaciers,

Exchange.]

After a visit to some of the Alaskan glaciers, Mr. Thomas Mechan states that beneath the Muir glacier, said to be 400 miles long, flows a rapid torrent, which he estimates to be 100 feet wide and four feet in average depth, and which runs summer and winter without interruption. At its termination the glacier hangs over the sea, and gives off ice bergs. Mr. Mechan remarks that the great ice-sheets have their lakes, rapids, waterfalls, hills and valleys; that the water ways change their courses at times through the melting; and that melting progresses freely in the sun's rays, but progresses freely in the sun's rays, but not in the shade.

Philadelphia Call: Laugh at trifles— out do it belind their backs for the world is made up of trifles.

Where Indigestion Begins,

Indigestion is often set up at the earliest and, to the dyspeptic, the lightest meal of the day, at which he probably confines himself to crisp toast buttered as soon as cold, bread-and-butter with a very lightly boiled egg, or a little fat bacon, the whole moistened with a little tea. In the word just used, "moistened," probably lies the "predisposing cause." The food, when only half chewed, is moistened with a sip of tea to expedite its departure to the half chewed, is moistened with a sip of tea to expedite its departure to the stomach; but to insure its digestion, be it ever so simple, the food must be thoroughly masticated and receive dur-ing the process the necessary moisture from the saliva.

Food should be swallowed without extraneous aid in a liquid form, and ought never to be washed down. A sip of tea may be taken between the bites, but not when there is food in the mouth, but not when there is food in the mouth, of which a fair quantity ought to be disposed of before the tea is even thought of. The tea itself, by being slowly sipped, receives its share of the saliva and is rendered more digestible. And this assertion is borne out by the fact that many persons who cannot digest milk many persons who cannot digest milk problems. For the poor Seminole lingering in the land of his fathers. At the same time it adds to the attractions of the lovely land of fruits, flowers, and wonders. Perhaps from the sulphuric pools came the healing virtues which laid the foundation for the legend that in Florida many persons who cannot digest milk when gulped or drank down quickly, readily do so when it is slowly sipped.

The habit of taking one's breakfast in

the manner recommended is so very easily acquired that, after the first trial, no inconvenience will be felt; in fact, the food will be enjoyed and the pleas-ure of the meal greatly increased. In-discretions committed at the dinnertable are credited as the cause of many dyspeptic attacks, but probably more may be traced to the pernicious habit indicated and indulged in by so many persons at breakfast and tea.

Progress in Common Schools.

["Bill Arp" in Atlanta Constitution.] But I suppose this is progress, and it takes more learning to do this generation than it used to, and so they must a long shoot at a squirrel for fear of straining his gun, but we must shoot now, strain or no strain. I was in hopes there would be a reform in spelling, and we would leave out all these silent letters and save time. I don't see why tion of surprise. Scattered at various nabor is not as good as neighbor, and plow as good as plough-we have got rid of some things. I remember when in Florida. z was called izzard and when the way to spell buzzard out loud was to bu izzard says that when she was a child (that was a long time ago) an old-fashioned carpenter was working for her father, and she wanted to play with the footadze and the carpenter said she unight if she could he said no, that the way to spell adze

But our little chaps are happy now. They go a mile and a half to school and carry their dinner and they eat some at the first recess and the rest at noon, and come home hungry, and ransack the cupboard and closet. I go out to meet hem most every evening for their absence makes me lonesome, and I wish I was a boy again that I might go with them. I look forward to Saturday and Sunday as proudly as they do. Chil-dren are a great trial and a source of constant care and anxiety, but they are a bleased comfort, too.

[London World.]

For the life of him, Stepniak could not work regularly and methodically as, for instance, Anthony Trollope was won't to work. Like all men of nervous temperament, he is more in the vein at ae times than at others, and, though the reverse of a desultory worker, he writes by fits and starts. But the fits are of frequent occurrence, and when are of frequent occurrence, and when he finds one coming on he places himself under what he calls the regime litteraire. He goes to bed at midnight, rises at 2, and plies his pen without surcease—save for refreshment, which he tastes as he writes—until noon. Then he sleeps for about three hours, when he again sets to work, and, until midnight, gives himself only one or two short spells of rest. This goes on for five or six days a rest. This goes on for five or six days a week, or until the task he has set hi m-self is accomplished; and while it is in progress he drinks enormous quantities of tea and coffee, one as black as the other.

Like all conscientious men of artistic feeling, he does not find writing easy. He writes slowly and polishes with postic care; there are whole chapter of his "Underground Russia" which were written and rewritten six times, and even then sent to the printer with reluctance, so far from perfection did they seem.

What the Baby Was Thinking.

[Boston Transcript.]

Mrs. Fogg—As I came by the station just now I saw a baby in its carriage. It was amusing to see the little thing watch the locomotive as it rushed past and until it was out of sight. I wonder what the little darling was think-

der what the little darling was thinking of.

Fogg—That depends. If it was a girl, she was thinking "splendid," "just too lovely for anything," or something of that sort. If it was a boy, he might have been mentally constructing a smoke-consumer or patent coupler, but probably was considering whether it was best to invest in the road's common preferred stock, its first, second or third mortgage bonds, its equipment sevens, land-grant eights, or car-trust thirteens.

For Fat People,

For Fat People.
[Chicago Times.]

Fat people have now their choice between four systems. 1. The original Banting, which consists of eating nothing containing starch, sugar or fat.

The German Banting, which allows fat, but forbids sugar or starch. 3.

A Munich system, which consists of being clothed in wool, and sleeping in lannel blankets, instead of sheets. 4.

Not cating and drinking at the same time.

The Black Rat.

(Exchange.)

The black rat, so common in England 300 years ago, has been, it is believed by naturalists, completely exterminated by the gray, and dun species of later times. Specimens cannot be obtained by offering extravagant prices; and residents in old houses declare that they have never seen such a thing as a black rat, although they have heard traditions of their existence.

FLORIDA SULPHUR POOLS.

Natural Phenomena in the Peninsus

lar State Explained.

[Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.]

The Apalachicola Tribune explains the great smoke which has been puzzling observers for years, and which could be seen on any cloudless day ascending from the vicinity of Ancilla river, in Florida. Various efforts have been made to discover the supposed volcano. made to discover the supposed volcano, while, on the other hand, some have concluded that the smoke came from the camp-fires of some remnant of the Seminole Indians. The Times Democrat expedition there are light upon the myspedition threw no light upon the mys-tery, the tall grass, bogs and dense un-dergrowth impeding the progress of the One Capt. Asher is the hero who ar-

rived in Apalachicola, with the following information, which puts out the Florida volcano, and the romance is lost of the poor Seminole lingering in the land of his fathers. At the same time flowed the waters of eternal youth. Capt. Asher was in search of palmetto logs on the Ancilla river when he descried the smoke or cloud from a point in the distance. Remembering the many reports he had heard about this smoke, he determined to unearth this mystery, if possible. So, calling his crew toble. So, calling his crew to-gether, and picking up their traps, the party pursued their way in the small boats up the Ancilla river. They traveled up the river, or creek, for it hardly deserves the name of river, for miles. After ascending from its mouth twentyfive or thirty miles, he judges, he was brought to an abrupt halt by a rock barrier in front. Upon investigating he found that the river ended and was lost underneath the ground. Seeing that be loaded heavier. Cobe wouldn't take the smoke became more distinct at this point, and seemed straight ahead, he had the boat hauled up to the bank and sprang ashore, determined, if possible, to pursue his investigations on foot. As he sprang on shore he gave an exclama points were huge rocks, towering many feet above his head—a thing unheard of

Mr. Asher describes some of the rocks as being as large as an ordinary dwellbuz)izzard a r d (zard) buzzard. Mrs. Arp | ing and apparently hollow, containing much water. He describes them as being of a flinty appearance, and when struck with an iron or steel instrument to emit thousands of sparks. A mile or two further on were seen numerous spell it. She tried several ways, but rocks that were formed into round basins, their sides being smooth and beautifully polished. Mr. Asher sprang upon the top of one of these basins. As his foot came in contact with the flinty substance a hollow sound was emitted from the rock. Calling for a pole, and it being handed to him, he placed it in the center of the basin. What was his surprise on drawing the pole to the top may be easily imagined when he discovered that the rock, being hollow, was filled with a strong sulphuric water. Pursuing their way through the bog, sometimes up to their knees, again on hard ground for some distance, then again scratched and bruised by the underbrush, and fighting musquitoes that seemed to resent this intrusion of their dominion, the little party had a hard time of it. Presently they came to where the river issued from its underground covert and pursued its way onward, to again disappear in the What was his surprise on drawing the way onward, to again disappear in the

bowels of the earth. Mr. Asher states that every few hundred yards those pools would make their appearance, and from them would issue white, misty clouds that would ascend heavenward, seeming in the distance to be clouds of smoke. He stated that heavenward, seeming in the distance to be clouds of smoke. He stated that the water in these pools was as clear as crystal and filled with beautiful fish, both fresh and salt. He caught a great many of the fish, and attempted to drink some of the water, but it was unpalatable—nauscating to the smell and faste. He spent several days wandering around these points, and he says he never before thought there was such a place in Florida. He discovered several rocks that he presumed would have answered very well for houses, being quite as large, hollow, and the walls as smooth as glass. He appeared to think it very strange that these monster rocks should be found in such a low, flat, marshy section. He says that the rocks are separated by a distance of 200 feet, and rear their black, grimy heads to heaven from a level plain of marshy soil. There are no indications of there having been a hill, much less a volcano, in this section, and the smoke or cloud seen so often is simply the vapor rising from the sulphuric pools.

Dress Reform for Men.

Now, to my mind the dress, not of the time of William the Conqueror, or of the seventeenth century, but of just 100 years ago, was the most suitable and most seventeenth century, but of just 190 years ago, was the most suitable and most manly that was ever worn by the male population of these islands. By reverting to it, we should get rid of two inconvenient and ugly portions of our present attire—namely, the cylindrical hat and the almost equally cylindrical trouser. The man of to-day is too cylindrical altogether to be a satisfactory object to himself or to artists. That a hat (to say nothing of its shape) should be made of a delicate material, which requires to be carefully protected from the weather and ironed and brushed if rained upon, is clearly ridiculous; that a man's legs, in this moist and muddy climate, should be clothed in tubes of cloth which reach to his heels and form admirable conductors of mud and dirt, both inside and outside, is equally so. By simply going back to the conical felt (not beaver) hat and the breeches and boots of our great-grandfathers, we should free ourselves at once of this inconvenience. And their caped frock-coat for riding and walking—why not that too? It saved the shoulders from the wet, and was a warm and sensible garment in every way.

Keenness.

[A. M. Arnould.]

Keenness in a man is not always to be taken as a sign of capacity, for it is generally observed most in those who are selfish and over-reaching; and his keenness generally ends in that kind of penetration into other people's interest which will tend to benefit his own.

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