

### FALLEN ROYALTY.

#### The Ex-Empress Eugenie and Her Recent Visit to Paris.

(Paris Letter to London Truth.)  
The Empress Eugenie spent a week with the Duchesse de Mouchy in her new house near the Hotel des Invalides. She was attracted to the scenes of her former triumphs, went to look at the balcony of the Ecole Militaire, where she witnessed so many reviews in imperial state, was at Longchamps, St. Cloud, in the Tuilleries gardens, and everywhere passed almost unnoticed. Her cousin, M. de Lesseps, hastened from Berry to pay her respects to her. She was paid many visits, but was not in a mood to receive any but old and valued friends. It is not at all true that she wants to make peace between her cousin, Prince Napoleon, and his eldest son, whom she calls her pet-neveu. She was very much agitated in going over the theatre on which the imperial drama was played by her and the emperor. But her general attitude was that of a person who through much suffering has come almost to be insensible. Her complexion is bleached as her hair. The eyes of pale blue have lost the faculty of lighting up. It would be hard to say whether they express indifference to most things or resignation. But they look as if they had cried so much that no more tears were left in them.

The empress drove about in a plain coupe. She was always in black crape and merino. Her figure has lost all flexibility, and though the Carlsbad waters were of service to her, she has the stiff walk that rheumatism or the weight of years gives. The outlines of the shoulders, however, retain some of their former elegance. As the adherents of Prince Victor are anxious to organize an electoral campaign by next year, and to obtain pecuniary assistance from the empress, the house of the duchesse de Mouchy was closely watched when she was there. If the world has not gone from her, she has lost all taste for it. The seclusion of Farnborough sometimes weighs upon her. Nevertheless, she said she would be glad to return to it after her continental trip. At Carlsbad she refused all exceptional honors and favors, lived quietly at an hotel, and took her place in a queue at the pump.

Her old vivacity has died out. If it had not, she would try to subjugate it, for she ascribes to her impetuous disposition the culminating error of the emperor's reign, and another event for which she will mourn as long as life and consciousness remain to her. She has the generosity to admit the errors of judgment into which she was hurried, and which were attended with disastrous consequences both for her family and for the nation over which, by an astounding freak of fortune, she became the sovereign. The empress still thinks aloud, and talks often and rapidly of what is on her mind. She still bears any mental tension, unless in religious exercises, and has not the resources of music, embroidery, knitting, or sewing, which enabled Marie Amelie to beguile the tedium of a residence at Claremont.

Her infirmity prevents her walking as much as she wishes. She lives altogether at Farnborough in the past and among objects reminding her of departed glories of the emperor and of her ill-starred son, of whom she can now speak without falling into paroxysms of grief. The inner woman is chastened by affliction, and the outer woman aided; but she is more interesting, perhaps, than when she had the prestige of beauty, a throne, and (externally) the most brilliant court in Europe. I have heard her compared to Henrietta Maria, who also had reason to deplore the impetuosity of her disposition. That queen, however, had a trial in her old age to which the empress has not been subject. She lived in France when she was a disowned queen and widow in dire poverty. Her house at Bois Colombes was in the marshy part of a windswept plain, and being too poor to buy firewood, she had to stay in bed in winter to keep herself warm.

#### A Destroyer in the Spruce Forests.

(Science Monthly.)  
According to accounts of observations published in the third bulletin of the entomological division of the department of agriculture, the ravages of the spruce bud worm (*Tortrix limiferana*) have been extensive and destructive in the coast forests of Maine west of the Penobscot river. The damage appears to have reached only a few miles inland from the coast, but the belt in which it has prevailed is marked by extensive masses of dead woods. The trees are attacked in the terminal buds, which are eaten away, and when that is done, the case is hopeless.

The fatal character of the attack is owing to the fact that the spruce puts forth but few buds, and those mostly at the end of the twigs, and when these are destroyed, it has nothing on which to sustain the season's life. The attack is made in June, when the growth is most lively, and just at the time when the check upon it can produce the most serious results. The larches are also attacked by a saw fly, but with results that are not as necessarily fatal as in the case of the spruce. They are more liberally provided with buds, some of which may escape and afford a living provision of foliage. The larch, moreover, sheds its leaves in the fall, and is in full foliage before its enemies attack it. Hence, while the spruce and fir succumb to the first season's assaults, the larch can endure two years of them.

#### Business Changes.

(New York Sun.)  
Two gentlemen met on the street, "still in the hardware business?" asked one.

"No," replied the other. "I have retired from the hardware business and am trying to do a little something in Wall street."

A year later they met again. "Still in Wall street?" asked one.

"No," replied the other. "I have retired from Wall street and am trying to do a little something in the hardware business."

#### To Prevent Petroleum Fires.

(Scientific Exchange.)  
As a preventive of petroleum fires it is now proposed to place a bottle of ammonia in each barrel of the oil. On ignition, by accident or otherwise, the bottle would break, and the effect of the ammoniacal vapors would be to distinguish the flames.

### Ten-Cup Fortune-Telling.

(St. Ni holas.)  
I have a friend who is quite renowned for her success as a fortune-teller through her skill in shaking and tapping a teacup until the grounds or tea leaves in the bottom of the teacup assume in a rude way certain shapes or forms representing people, animals and various other images which she professes to understand as referring in some way to the person whose fortune she happens to be telling at the time.

I was present once when she told the fortune of a young lady. The prophecy and method of making it seemed to me to be very vague; but the gist of it all was that in a short time a young gentleman of extremely prepossessing appearance would arrive, and exert a powerful influence on the future prospects of the young lady. Wishing to discover what was in the cup to warrant such a forecast, I obtained possession of it without being observed. In the bottom of the cup I discovered that the leaves had assumed a form which, with a little aid of the imagination, might be accepted as resembling a very spare, delicate and altogether debilitated young man.

With the aid of a teaspoon, and using a few other grounds of leaves that were lying on the bottom of the cup, I quickly changed the young man into a decrepit-looking old tramp, with a big bundle on his back, and accompanied by a ferocious-looking bulldog. Then I awaited the result. Presently the young lady whose fortune had been told took up the cup, with a blush of pleasure, to examine its contents. The moment she saw the dreadful figure of the old tramp she exclaimed, "What a horrid old fright!" Then there was a great commotion, which was only quelled when I acknowledged my guilt. But I learned something, which was that with a little management and a teaspoon pictures of any kind could be made in a teacup.

#### Personality in Handwriting.

(The Counting-Room.)  
Persons writing naturally do so without thought regarding the peculiar construction of their writing. The hand operates the pen as it were automatically through the sheer force of habit, by which all the innumerable personalities are unconsciously imparted to writing. Learners and forgers think respecting their writing, and hence, the more stiff and formal style of their work; there is wanting the easy, graceful flow apparent in thoughtless or habitual writing. Lines show more of nervousness and hesitancy while the whole construction of the writing is more exact and formal; and, besides, every different handwriting abounds in well-nigh numberless habitual peculiarities, of which the writer himself is unconscious, and cannot, therefore avoid.

Thus, two other insurmountable difficulties are placed in the way of the forger: First, to observe and imitate all the characteristics of the writing he would imitate; and, second, to note and avoid all the habitual characteristics of his own hand. Habit in writing becomes so fixed and arbitrary that to mention the great artistic skill required to exactly imitate an unpracticed hand, that I do not conceive it to be possible for any one to simulate the writing of another, or to so dissemble his own writing, in any considerable quantity, as to defy detection through a really skilled expert examination.

#### The Japanese "Treaty Box."

(Boston Budget.)  
The principal object of the mission of the Japanese embassy, which lately arrived at Washington, was to get a copy of the treaty between Japan and the United States signed by the president. The original was burned in the great fire at Jeddo in 1858. The copy in Japanese was saved. This they brought with them, and a copy of it not signed, and a letter from the Tyeoon to the president.

The box containing these documents was looked upon by them as almost sacred. It was called the "treaty box," and was never allowed to be out of their sight. It was a box three feet long, twenty-six inches in depth and eighteen inches wide, covered with red morocco leather and neatly sewed around the edges. There were three japanned boxes placed together and then covered. Around the box was a light frame, and when carried was borne on the backs of four men by poles. The embassy brought with them \$80,000 cash for the purpose of making purchases. Their money was all brought from Japan in Mexican dollars and American half dollars, stamped with the Japanese mark. They brought an immense amount of baggage, over eighty tons, which made four full carloads over the Panama railroad. They had fifteen boxes containing valuable presents for the president of the United States.

#### Emperor and Workman.

(Chicago Herald.)  
A favorite amusement of Dom Pedro II, of Brazil, is to leave his gorgeous turnout in a side street, and, accompanied by a gray-haired chamberlain and a stalwart life-guard, walk the distance of a square or more to a manufactory or other establishment and surprise the proprietor and employees by his sudden and unannounced appearance among them. Of course he is given the liberty of the establishment, and he takes his time in examining the machinery and modus operandi. With a kind word of encouragement and commendation, he goes away, perhaps to pay a similar visit to another establishment. These visits he makes impartially to the mechanical and mercantile establishments, controlled by foreigners as well as natives.

#### The Oldest Dynasty in the World.

(Chicago Times.)  
The present reigning dynasty of Japan is the oldest in the world. It dates back 2,346 years, and its records are accurately preserved for that time. During this period the reigning houses of China have several times been changed, and all the nations now civilized, without exception, have had their beginning. It is sometimes marvelous to reflect that any house could preserve its integrity and occupy the throne for such a period of time.

An attendant in the treasury department who can count 4,000 new notes an hour for seven hours a day is considered unusually dexterous.

### SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

#### The Coming Exposition—The Father of Waters—Wickedness.

(Joaquin Miller's Letter.)  
I arose at 6 my first Sunday and took a car to the French market. This famous place is dirty. I wish I could praise it, but it's impossible. The place is positively nasty. Dirty water flowing all about, dirty people hustling, bustling, shouting out their wares; and a smell rising to heaven. Three hours in this famous place was not enough time to see it all, but enough to make me sick. Returned to my hotel, breakfasted, and went to hear the celebrated Carolina preacher, Dr. Palmer—a strong man in every sense. Dinner, and then a four hours' drive with an editor, a native of the city, about the vast exposition buildings. More than fifty acres under roof! More than thirty acres in a single building! "Will you get her ready?" I asked. "Get her ready! We have 1,500 hammers driving every day. Fifteen hundred thousand nails every few hours will get her done mighty soon, now."

The buildings are a rifle shot from the banks of the Mississippi. The place is high and dry now, of course above all approach of floods; level as a lawn, green, cool, beautiful, with avenues of oaks that have no equal on earth, but the grounds are going to be muddy. The ground is a deep black Oregon camas muck; it is the mud of Illinois, in fact, worked over and washed down and made tenfold more sticky by its long transportation. But, of course, planks—and there are plenty of them here—will keep your feet from the mud. It is going to be simply a tremendous success. I can tell you more of the details two weeks later. In the three great expositions of the past I was sent to report upon the show-grounds. I was sent to Vienna, to Paris, and also to Philadelphia, as I am sent here, long in advance of the opening; and I can only say that things here compare most favorably with the best prospects, as I remember them and recount them, at these other places. And that is about all that I am justified in saying now.

I will say this, however, to my friends and readers, that any one who fails to visit this city and these scenes at this coming fair, health and all things permitting, is simply silly. This city hopes to get some good out of the coming show. The main good, my friends, will be to the north. You want to learn something of the size, the story, the glory, and the splendor of your land. You want to see these people here, too. A vanquished, beaten and impoverished people; but brave, and good, and true, and warm at heart as the sun above them. I am already assured, from what I see, that it is going to be the greatest thing of its kind that has ever been on earth. That is saying a very great deal, certainly. But bear in mind that outside of the \$1,000,000, those brave, sunny-hearted and show-loving people have perpetuated their carnivals through all their trials, and long have been celebrated for their matchless skill in getting up such things. So you can safely calculate that to miss this exposition will be a life regret.

But to continue the Sunday's excursions. I went to see the "Bandit King" and "Bunch of Keys" at night, alternating between the two theaters, which stand close together. The heat was too intense, and before the plays were over I went out and walked down Canal street, stripped, and plunged into the river from the wharf, which slopes from the water's edge. Not a soul in sight, not even a policeman. The electric light made the water a sheet of silver, and I did not see that the swift, strong river had caught me in its arms, and was rushing on with all his might to the sea. Perilous! But what did it matter? When I got back and sat catching my breath on the edge of the wharf, I saw a lot of jet-black bugs as big as mice sitting on the edge of the plank at my side. I never saw such creatures in my life. Now and then they would dive off into the water. One of these bugs finally elbowed around, and lifting up on his hind legs, looked me squarely in the eyes. He had a mustache like the king of Italy. I fled precipitately.

I sauntered up Canal street three blocks and turned down a street to the right. I heard men calling out games and names which I had not heard called for thirty years. Up a wide, bright stair of brass, and gambling was before me in all its doubtful glory. A policeman looking on, good order, no noise except the men calling out their games. Twenty-seven tables going in this room. No woman in sight. The dealers were generally little pot-bellied and bald-headed Frenchmen. The language mostly spoken was English. I went out, down, up again; saw four other places, all so alike that I need not mention them.

I passed on, down a hundred yards or so, toward the French quarter, and I heard wild, discordant music and the cracked and squeaky voices of untrained women who were dancing and singing by dozens right and left; I pushed open some of the doors; the dingy floors were packed with men and women.

It was time to go home. I wish I had not seen it all. I wish I did not, as a truthful chronicler, have to set it down here. It mars my picture of discoveries and of the mighty scenes that have been before me. God, how pitiful a man, and how contemptible he can be, even in the presence of all this majesty of nature.

#### Bill Nye, Cyclotist.

(Denver Opinion.)  
My leg is growing together again all right, and very soon the doctor will turn me loose on the community again. It's been a pretty long siege, and seemed a little tough at times, but I didn't kick, I couldn't very well.

Many have asked me how the accident occurred. I cannot state definitely, but think I must have stepped on a peal of thunder, and slipped. People cannot be too careful in peeling their thunder, not to leave the peals around where some one may step on them and get hurt.

#### Increase of Timber.

(Nebraska Farmer.)  
A farmer of eastern Kansas says that there is not a tree to-day on his place that was there when he settled on it twenty-five years ago, and yet he has more wood than he had then and of a better quality.

### The Hope Dancer's Strange Custom.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)  
A strange custom prevails in the Himalayan districts. It is a ceremony performed by the Badi, or rope-dancers, to bring prosperity to the villages to which they belong. A rope is stretched from the summit of a cliff to the valley beneath, the ends being made fast to stakes driven into the ground. The Badi, seated astride on a wooden saddle, well greased to make it run freely, rides from the top to the bottom of the rope. The pace, of course, varies according to the degree of inclination given to the rope, but as may be imagined, it is always very rapid and sometimes terrific.

Precautions are taken to prevent accidents. The saddle is fastened, for instance, so that it cannot slip round the rope (as saddles on horses have sometimes been known to do, to the discomfort of their riders), and the Badi's feet are belted by sand-bags to maintain his perpendicular, and the only danger is from a possible breaking of the rope. This is usually made of bhabar grass, and naturally the Badi takes great care to see that it is equal to the strain it has to bear. The remuneration paid to the Badi for this novel form of Blondinism is 1 rupee (50 cents) for every 100 cubits of rope traversed, and the longest journey of the kind on record is one for which 21 rupees were paid, and which accordingly measured 2,100 cubits, about 3,672 feet.

The practice is not so dangerous now-a-days as it was in the "good old times" of native rule, when the risk of a fall was added the certainty that such a mishap would entail death, because it was the custom, whenever a Badi fell, for the surrounding spectators to promptly dispatch him with swords. The rope or last used for the ceremony is supposed to be endowed with remarkable properties by the successful accomplishment of the feat, and it is cut up and distributed among the people of the village, who hang the pieces to the eaves of their houses to serve as charms. The Badi's hair is believed to have similar properties, and is cut off and preserved, and is said to be supported by contributions of grain from the villagers, in addition to the monetary reward for his feat, the theory being that his share in propitiating the gods to secure fertility to the land of others makes his own land unlucky and any seed he might sow would be certain not to germinate.

#### A Departed Industry.

(Baltimore News.)  
Two old sea captains were standing on the wharf when a reporter came up. One of them remarked: "I miss some familiar faces that I used to see on this wharf," and turning to the clerk in charge, he inquired: "Where are the old Dutch women who used to pick up coffee grains here?"

The other captain echoed the inquiry, saying that he had always seen them as thick as bees when he arrived in port with a cargo of coffee, sugar or molasses. "Gentlemen," replied the clerk, with a serio-comic countenance, "that is one of the departed industries of Baltimore. It went with our sugar refineries, great cooper shops and other things connected with our lost foreign trade. Ten or fifteen years ago, these coffee pickers plied their trade regularly. They started out in the morning and made a round of the wharves. The coffee imported by the merchants was then taken to private warehouses and on its arrival, it was sampled by running a 'tryer' into a bag as you see that clerk over there doing. As a matter of course, some of the grains fell to the ground. The stevedores also dropped some grains in handling and sometimes a bag was torn and more grains would fall out. Again, when the bags were thrown on the drays more grains would be spilled and these women, Ruth like, would glean after the laborers. When the drays reached the merchant's store, the women would be on hand and gather what grains would fall. Often a clerk would sample the sacks to see that the coffee graded all right. This gave them another chance. So you see they followed the coffee from the ship's side to the merchant's store."

"Now you can well imagine that one industrious and lively woman could gather from five to ten pounds a day. They had no expense; they brought their meals with them, and ate when the men stopped work for dinner. Some of them got on the right side of custom-house men, who, as there was a duty on coffee then, had to be around, and they often got a good gleaming from an extra large rip in a bag. Now, ten pounds of coffee was worth at least 80 cents, and, by counting that up in a year, you will see that I was not wrong in the statement that the business was a good one. Besides, coffee was not their only commodity. They did very well in sugar, too."

#### American Edelweiss.

(Chicago Tribune.)  
Lovers of the edelweiss, who may in late years have noticed that it is no longer so common as it was among the mountains of Switzerland, will be glad to hear that specimens of it have recently been met with on Mount Tacoma—or, as it is otherwise called, Mount Rainier—in Washington territory, at a height of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and, near at hand, flourishes another Alpine favorite, the vanilla-scented mannetren. A quarter of a century ago edelweiss grew plentifully but a few hundred feet above Zermatt; now, owing to the thoughtless greed of the Swiss peasantry and the rapacity of cockney tourists, it is only to be seen upon the higher and more inaccessible summits of the Alps.

#### Want to Find Out.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)  
Ready-made doors and window-frames from Sweden and Norway can be delivered and sold cheaper in France than the raw material in that country, and the Paris municipal council has voted \$600 to enable a delegation of Paris carpenters to go to Norway and Sweden to ascertain how these northern people manage the thing.

#### London's Sunny Days.

The sun shone only 974 hours out of a possible 4,456 hours in London during 1883, which was an average of only two hours and forty minutes per day. London smoke is charged with the loss of sunshine.

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