

INTAGLIOS.

The unattained in life, at last When life is passed Shall all be gained.

It was only a glad "good-morning," As she passed along the way; But it spread the morning's glory Over the livelong day.

Over the mountains and down by the sea A dear old man sits waiting for me, Waiting for me, waiting for me— A dear old mother sits waiting for me.

And waiting long, and oh, waiting late, I a sweet-faced girl at the garden gate; Over the mountains and down by the sea A sweet-faced girl is waiting for me.

Impossible—the eagle's flight! A body lift itself in air! Yet see, he soars away from sight! Can mortals win the immortal share? To answer it were worldly strife, Life only is the proof of life.

Duration, circumstance, thing— These measure not the eternal state; Ah, cease from thy vain questionings! Whether an after life await! Rise thou from self to God, and see That immortality must be!

LITTLE INDIANS IN SCHOOL.

The Excellent Work Being Done—Capt. Pratt's "Planting Out."

[Washington Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.] The fiscal year just past, has been a remarkable one in its developments in the possibilities and practicabilities of Indian education. The school year just opening sees nearly 15,000 little Indians in school. The report of the commissioner of Indian affairs shows that between 12,000 and 13,000 were in schools last year, two-thirds of the number through governmental aid, and the remainder by church, state, and private assistance.

Few people realize the excellent work being done by the department of the interior in this regard, the active workers in the cause being the commissioner of Indian affairs, the Hon. Hiram Price, and the head of the Indian school, Capt. Pratt. So quietly yet effectively has the educational experiment been carried on by these officials and those who have assisted them, that it is considered no longer an experiment but a true solution of the "Indian problem."

Capt. Pratt has resorted to a system which he calls "planting out," and which may perhaps prove the last requirement in the solution of the problem which congressional inertia has developed. He sends out from the school during a part of the year the young Indians who have sufficiently progressed in the use of the language, hiring them out to farmers, blacksmiths, tinners, or whatever their trades may be, the girls being sent into families who will teach them household work. They are thus made not only self-supporting while they are getting practical knowledge of civilized life, but are also enabled to learn the pleasures of earning and owning money of their own.

These experiments have been successful in a high degree. And why may this not prove the true solution of the Indian problem? There are school accommodations for 10,000, where they can be taught the rudiments of language, etc., to fit them to go into families and public schools. Why might not the 10,000 who have already this experience be transferred to families throughout the country, and when another 10,000 can be so prepared to enter a very few years the 50,000 Indians of school age be distributed among the 50,000,000 inhabitants of this country to learn the lessons of the schools and the customs of civilized life as well?

The "No" of Family Finance.

[Carl Pretzl's Weekly.] Ask yourself if some of the debts pressing you could not have been avoided had you said no at the proper time and place? In fact, look for mistakes made in the past, and try to avoid a repetition of them in the future. Forget or become totally blind to what your neighbor may be doing in the way of fine horses, carriages, harness, furniture or other luxuries and conveniences, until you can say: "I am out of debt, and there is money in my pocket or deposited in the bank to pay for what I want," and by that time your wants will be limited to the amount of spare cash on hand.

There is a pleasure in self-denial that a majority of our people never experienced, and it comes in most gloriously, and is extremely satisfactory to the one practicing it when he can say, "I owe no man," and at the same time has \$100 in his pocket, but wanting some article costing 200, he refuses to purchase until, through self-denial, the other 100 is obtained. It requires some courage to adopt such a system of living and dealing, but it has this as recommendation—it is perfectly safe.

All Hopes Blasted.

[Philadelphia Call.] Jinks—Ah, Blinks, glad to see you. How are Mrs. Blinks and the baby? Blinks—Well—very well; only I am a little disappointed in the baby.

"Disappointed! Why, it's a boy isn't it?" "Yes; but you know the desire of my heart has been to have a son to succeed me as editor of The Evening Clarion."

"Yes; and no doubt the youngster will inherit his father's talents." "No, I shall never be able to make anything but a morning paper editor of him. He sleeps all day and stays awake all night."

Swift: We should never wed an opinion for better or for worse; what we take upon good grounds we should lay down upon better.

Gardening in Alaska.

[Sitka Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.] Socially and from an agricultural point of view Alaska at present does not present a particularly attractive appearance. Not only are its towns few in number, but they are far from being attractive or thickly populated, and one cannot but feel that a prolonged existence at any of the settlements would be a hardship compared with which almost any other would amount to nothing. As for agriculture, an honest statement must be that there is none now, while an equally honest opinion must admit that there may be farms and gardens and products if land is ever properly tilled and if proper attention is ever given the business. Talking with the different inhabitants, one cannot discover that the soil of Alaska is at fault for the non-productiveness, but rather that proper attention has never been given the question of gardening.

At Wrangell there are a few tracts of land which have been cultivated and which yield the more common and hardy vegetables, and one farm in particular, which has been worked by the mission-school Indians, has made a most creditable showing. At Tunauc, a new and very fagged looking village around which are the largest and most promising mines in the territory, there are several small gardens surrounding the different houses, in which such vegetables as cabbage, beans, and potatoes are raised with more or less ease in considerable abundance. The greatest difficulty, so far, has been that the underground carrots, absorb too much of the moisture which the soil contains. But this trouble, as I have often been assured, can easily be obviated by a system of drainage.

At Sitka one sees more gardens, small to be sure, and carelessly attended to, but in which there is a good and large assortment of vegetables, evincing a growth which, although not rank, is surely encouraging to those who believe that Alaska can grow enough products to more than meet the demands of its possible population. That the country will ever become noted as an agricultural region in particular, or that it will even become a distributing center of cereals, fruits and vegetables, no one expects and no one really hopes. The question is whether anything will grow, and the answer really must be in the affirmative. Alaska has natural wealth enough in its fisheries and mines, so it seems now, and has no need to trouble itself about its agriculture more than to see that enough can be raised to keep starvation from the door independently of outside aid.

The Black Man's Handicraft.

[Joaquin Miller's New Orleans Letter.] Another strikingly new feature of this exposition will be the exhibit of the black man's handicraft. The colored man has a department; ample, too, spacious and complete, all his own.

The negro aspires to be an artisan, something above and better than eternal hewers of wood and drawers of water. And here he puts in his claim for popular consideration, for competition by the side of the silk-weaver, the cotton-spinner, the maker of fine fabrics or coarse fabrics of all kinds and all classes. Here for the first time in the world's history, so far as we are certain of it, the children of Ethiopia and of ancient Egypt are permitted to call in the interest of their work. Others have claimed and have lived off their handicraft for all the years past; had the honor of it and the profit of it; something pathetic in this, I think! And it was with especial pride that I looked in upon the earnest and intelligent colored men in the arrangement and the ordering of their department. They claim, and the man at the whole stupendous work here claims for them, that they are as cunning as old Tubal Cain in every kind of craft. Their display here is going to carry them forward and upward. Millions of these black men can and are to do better work than field work, and that right soon.

Beds for the Sick Rooms.

[Dio Lewis.] Two narrow beds with fresh hair or straw mattresses are the best. These beds are easily moved, and thus the patient will not be compelled to look constantly at the same cracks in the wall, or count the same three spots in the corner. You can move him, now into a shaded corner, now to the western window to see the sun go down, again in front of the fire, that he may look at the cheerful blaze, and anon into the most secluded corner that he may rest and sleep. All this is an immense gain, and is sure not only to comfort the patient, but to shorten his sickness.

No matter what the malady may be, there is more or less fever, and, in every possible case, the emanations from the skin render the bed foul through and through. All the emanations should be got rid of as soon as possible. The only way to manage is to have two beds, and lift the patient from one to the other. When the bed which has been in use from four to six hours is released, the mattress and blankets should be thoroughly aired, and, if practicable, sunned. This will not only shorten and mitigate the graver stages of the malady, but will greatly hasten the convalescence.

Their Ignorance.

[Harper's Bazar.] Walter and his little sister arrived early one morning in Albany, where, with their mother, they were to spend the day with an old friend of hers, who has a home more elegant than the children had ever seen. After quite an elaborate breakfast the children were overheard in conversation by their mother.

"Wasn't it lovely!" Florence was confiding to her brother—"so many things kept coming, and there was so much glass, all different colors, and such beautiful plates, and flowers, and such lots of fruit."

"Pooh!" interrupted Walter, who, in reality, had been quite overpowered by the breakfast, but who never lost an opportunity to assume a patronizing tone toward his sister, "why the poor things didn't know enough to have griddle cakes!"

J. Hall: To quarrel with a superior is injurious, with an equal is doubtful, with an inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.

THE LABRADOR COAST.

A Barron Waste Given Up to the Wild Animals—The Esquimaux.

One feature of the Labrador coast strikes every observer—the absence of human beings; and not only are they not here, but the back country is a barren waste, given up to the wild animals, and probably never destined, from the rigorous nature of its winters, to become the permanent home of a white population. The occasional visitor is a hunter or sealer. In some of the bays Esquimaux live permanently. There are supposed to be about 4,000 in all Labrador, but they are fast dying off. At Battle harbor there is a town, and the place is a famous shelter for the fishermen who venture into this northern country. The houses are all small and rude, and everything is given up to the fishing interest, every available bit of ground being devoted to racks and stages for drying fish. In the southeast portion of the place an Episcopal church was consecrated about thirty years ago, and had for its first pastor a nephew of Wordsworth, the poet. There is another church at Fox harbor, and here the visitor from the south finds a genuine Esquimaux hamlet with its kayaks, igloos, and all.

The nearest mail station from here is Batteau harbor, and from here the fishermen can start in any direction and find all the sport desirable. On Sandwich bay there is a mountain about 1,500 feet high, from which a fine view of the surrounding country can be had. Two rivers, West and Eagle, empty near here, provide salmon that would make the Restigouche country fishermen open their eyes. The trout attain large size, and sea trout are extremely plentiful. Speaking of the sea trout, a well-known salmon and trout fisherman whom I met a few weeks ago on the St. Lawrence told me that in fishing for sea trout near the mouth of the river he found that they would rise to live mouse-tail, and that out of twenty-five fish over half had mice in their stomachs, and some had two or three. When I left him he was trying to get his guide to catch some mice to try on bass. The presence of mice in the water was explained by the fact that they are known to dive after spawn.

At the head of what the natives call Natsuctoke bay are the Narrows—a body of water surrounded by high hilly walls, forming a perfect gateway, dark, gloomy, and impressive. On the Narrows is the Hudson's Bay company's post of Rigolite, and about 150 miles from here is the famous port known as Northwest, where it is said the Cree nation, that have been such terrible enemies to the Esquimaux, first began to trade with the whites. The Moravians deserve credit for most of the missionary work done here. They have established a number of missions, converted nearly all the natives, made them give up polygamy and marry in a Christian way. As in many other cases, however, this refining process is dearly bought, since it seems that from the time of the Moravians the natives have been gradually growing less, and are in a fair way of disappearing altogether. It is probably not just to lay the deterioration of races to religious advisers, but between the missionaries, the traders, students of ethnology, and what not, native races have a hard time.

In Labrador the natives gather about the missions in winter, and are educated in the mechanical arts, and carry on a regular business with the Moravians. Furs being the principal article of trade. These are stored in the mission-houses, and once or twice a year a mission-ship brings a supply of stores, and carries off the furs. The chief mission is Hope-dale, about 300 miles northwest of the Demon islands. It was founded nearly 100 years ago, and is quite a town for this part of the world, having about forty houses and about 300 inhabitants. Other missions are at Nain, Okkak, and Hebron, all having about the same number of inhabitants, and all living by choice in one of the dreariest spots on the globe. There is a good deal of truth in the old song. One of the young men of Nain was asked how it was he could live there (as he had received a good education), and his answer was, "It's my home." Nain is not only homely, but the mercury gets down so low that the Brothers sometimes think it is gone. Thirty-three degrees below zero is a fair sample of winter weather, and when the thermometer gives 75 degrees in summer it is considered extremely warm.

Statistics of Ear Disease.

[Exchange.] In a recent number of The Archiv. fur Ohrenheilkunde, Dr. Buskner gives an interesting result of inquiries made by himself and other aural surgeons as to the statistics of ear disease. They may be summed up as follows: One out of every three persons in middle life does not hear so well with one ear as the other. An examination was made of 5,905 school children, of whom 23 per cent. presented symptoms of ear disease, and 32 per cent. a diminution of hearing power. The liability to disease in the ear increases from birth to the 40th year of age, and decreases from thence to old age. Men are more subject to ear affections than women, in the proportion of three to two. The external ear is affected in 25 per cent. of sufferers, the middle ear in 67 per cent., and the inner ear in 8 per cent. of total cases. The left ear is more frequently affected than the right in proportion of five to four. Acute affections of the middle ear occur less frequently in summer and autumn than in spring and winter, and of the total number of cases in the ear clinics, 53 per cent. are cured, 30 per cent. are improved, 7 per cent. are unimproved, and 3 per cent. end fatally.

Harmonious Furnishing.

[Philadelphia Call.] Biddy (bride of a week)—An' phat for, Pat, did yez buy an old, rusty stove like that, sure!

Pat—Arra, me dear, the stove is all right. It'll cook wid the best of 'em.

Biddy—But look at the old rust all over it. It's as brown as a berry.

Pat—An' sure, can't you see, me swate, I got it to match our walnut-parlor set! It's esthetic, I am, me darlint.

A scientist says it is water and not food that makes people fat.

BALLOTS CAST FOR PRESIDENT.

Queer Facts and Figures as to Length, Breadth, Depth, and Cost.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.] Over a stretch of territory of 3,605,884 square miles reaching from the frozen straits of Behring in the far and frigid northwest to the mild waters which lap the tropical lagoons of Florida in the far southeast, and stretching from the boisterous bay of Fundy to where Pacific tides roll high on Lon Lon Clemente, a ruler was recently chosen. Throughout this great empire, which if you cut off the Iberian peninsula would be as large as Europe, a gentle rain of ballots was falling, falling, falling, falling, amid the pines of Maine and amid the cactus plants of Texas, falling where the great grain fields of the northwest yellow richly in the summer; like a tremendous snow storm this downpour of votes were piling higher and higher as the hours of that day went by. The millions of ballots that were dropping in every town and hamlet, had an interest in themselves, aside from the gigantic consequences they are achieving. These little bits of paper, that a breath of wind would whirl away—that are so cheap, and coarse, and rough—represent the very soul and genius of the American idea. They make very inmost mental process whereby the race determines its future. What is it that sways the whole destiny of America, that decides by an arbitrament as high as Providence itself, the policy, the history, the destiny of the republic? Simply some 65,000 pounds of paper; simply some \$10,000 worth of manufactured rags, transfigured by words, baptized into a new life by printer's ink. Have you ever wondered how many ballots went to make the grand total of an election? What was the material part of this entirely supra-material ceremony solemnized throughout America?

Here are facts and figures not usually appended to election returns. The history of past elections teaches that this vote of the nation advances from president to president by steps measured in numbers by 10 per cent. The total vote of 1868 was 5,724,654; of 1872, was 6,465,802; of 1876, was 8,412,733; of 1880, was 9,210,970. Add 10 per cent. to this last total and the estimate for the vote going into the ballot boxes on presidential election day will be 10,312,967, an approximation borne out by other calculations, and which will be found not far out of the result. A ballot is a piece of paper averaging four inches wide and ten and a half long. One hundred and fifty ballots will weigh about a pound. Two hundred and fifty ballots laid on each other will measure about an inch. To prepare these bits of paper at a reasonable profit costs 90 per cent. 1,000. If the ballots cast the other day were placed end to end they would reach in a continuous line from Washington, D. C., to El Paso, in Texas, or they would stretch from Eastport, Me., to New Orleans, as the crow flies. If one end of the long line of paper were made fast at Cape Flattery, the extreme northwestern promontory of Washington territory, the other end would pass Kansas City.

This has to do only with the ballots actually voted. The number of ballots printed, of course, is tremendously larger than the amount voted. In St. Louis, for instance, the Democrats have had 600,000, the other parties in all 700,000, making for this one town a total of 1,300,000. It is generally admitted, however, that the vote of St. Louis will not, at the outside, make more than 50,000. Here, then, is a surplus of twenty-six ballots for each one cast. This makes the total of ballots offered to the people throughout America at this election 260,000,000.

It would require eighty-five freight cars to move this load of paper, whose weight is 1,716,000 pounds. The white paper and the printing of the mass has cost \$234,000. Pasted end to end there would be paper enough to go entirely around the globe, leaving 19,000 miles to spare for a gigantic double bow-knot, which would cover the greatest part of the two Americas, or if one preferred to keep the string in the United States, there would be miles enough to wrap the streamer thirty-nine times around the state of Missouri and still leave enough to reach from The Post-Dispatch building to Governor Cleveland's private office in the state house at Albany.

Rothschild's Chef de Cuisine.

[The Argonaut.] It is told of Baron Rothschild, in Paris, that when his chef de cuisine died, and had been interred with honors almost equal to the queen's John, he advertised for a chef to fill the place of the dear departed, and required, among other accomplishments, that the aspirant for the place should be able to concoct 365 different soups. To such a paragon the baron offered an annual stipend of 50,000 francs. Incredible as it may appear, the right man was found, and the great millionaire enjoyed a different soup every day in the year, until he had to pay a well-merited penalty to offended nature with his life.

Inoculi in Defoe's Time.

[Chicago Journal.] In Defoe's "History of the Plague" it is stated that the breath of the plague-stricken patients was said to contain minute animal formations which, caught on a piece of glass that was held with that object to the patient's mouth, and placed beneath a strong microscope, could be distinctly seen. They presented a much more varied and infinitely more terrible appearance than the bacilli of these degenerate days; for Defoe says that they had the shape of "serpents, monsters, dragons and devils."

Her Vocation.

[Texas Sitings.] Several school girls were discussing their future vocations. One of them was going to be an artist, another a poetess, etc., etc.

"And what are you going to be?" one of them asked of a little girl who had not said anything.

"I've made up my mind that I'll be a rich widow when I grow up," was the demure reply.

It is "English" to eat brown bread with raw oysters. It is American to put pepper and lemon juice on them.

The Washoe tribe never allows a crippled or dismembered Indian in its camp.

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