

WILDNESS OF HINDU LEGENDS.
(After Year Round.)

Of the Hindu legends the most striking features are their wildness. Is it a protest against the dull monotony of life in India? Or is life less monotonous to the natives than to the European? Lal Behari Shukla, anyhow, are wilder than the wildest bits of the "Arabian Nights." A young man puts an egg of the toothed bird into a cupboard, and out of it comes a babe that grows into the loveliest girl the world ever saw. The magic stone in some snakes' heads is worth the wealth of seven kings. In a certain city an elephant is king-maker, for the king of his choice only reigns a day, for out of the queen's month comes a threadlike snake which slays him in the bridal chamber. A long-lost son, who had fallen in love with his mother, and has mounted the cow house roof that he may break in and carry her off, happily hears his life's story from two calves that are quietly discussing him below. Ghosts haunt peepal trees, and are as tricky as mediums at a seance. A wife, going out of doors on a dark night, accidentally knocks up against a Sankhchini, white lady ghost, that sat on a low branch. The revengeful creature at once took her by the throat, thrust her into a hole in the tree, and went in, taking her shape so completely that the mother-in-law, that only real inmate of the Hindu, hut, was deceived. The only difference was that, whereas the wife had been weak and languid, the ghost was brisk and active. "She, he better," said the mother-in-law, when the errands and the cooking were done in next to no time.

But one day the old woman caught sight of the ghost fetching something from the next room. She, by stretching out a long arm—for ghosts can stretch their limbs a great way, though not as far as Rakshasis can. She said nothing, but told her son, and they watched, and before long they saw the kitchen hearth ablaze, though they knew there was no fire in the house. Looking through a chink they saw that the wife had thrust her foot into the oven, and that it was burning like a bit of wood. "She's a ghost," they whispered as they went for the oil, who tested her by burning turmeric under her nose. She proved her ghostship by screaming, and was then beaten with slippers till she confessed and showed where the real wife was, and was again beaten until she promised never to do the family any further harm. The poor wife must have been a bad bargain after the active ghost, for she was almost dead, and very slowly got back to her usual health.

Misconceptions Concerning Whales.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]
One of the prevailing misconceptions regarding whales is that they are fishes, when, on the contrary, they are closely allied to the horse and cow, being mammals, and giving milk like them, never taking water in as do fishes, and breathing air just as we do. Another belief held also by old whalers is that whales spout water; this, in fact, is just as much an impossibility as it would be for a man to fill his mouth with water and spout a stream six inches in height through his nose.

There is a special arrangement of valves in the whale to prevent water getting into the nostrils. By a special arrangement of blood vessels, whales are enabled to remain under water, or hold their breath near, if not quite, an hour. The breath during this time becomes heated, and the nostrils filled with mucus. Now, when the whale rushes to the surface, this vapor rushes out of the nostrils with great force, and coming in contact with cold air condenses immediately, and becomes water, and falls in a fine shower-like rain or spray. This may also be intensified by the mucus in the tubes, and if the whale spouts just before it reaches the surface, the intervening water is hurled aloft; but the water is never really forced from the lungs.

Paul Morphy's Chess-Men.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]
Among the many interesting exhibits to be made at our coming great world's exposition, of peculiar interest to all chess players, will be the often mentioned set of gold and silver chess-men, set with jewels, presented to Paul Morphy by a number of prominent citizens of New York, members of the chess club of that city and others, after his return in 1859 from his triumphal tour in the European chess world. These famous chess men will form part of the exhibit of curiosities and relics pertaining to the history of the city and state now being collected by the Ladies' City Exhibit association, who, we may add, have also secured and will display a number of other interesting gifts and mementoes of the deceased chess king.

What He Did Find.

[Texas Sittings.]
A countryman from Onion creek, who was on a visit to a friend in Austin, saw gas burning for the first time in his life. He inquired where the gas came from.
"It passes all around, two feet underground," replied his city friend.
Sometime after his return home, the countryman wrote to his city friend:
"I have dug up the earth six feet deep all around my place, but I haven't yet been able to find any gas, but I got dead oodles of worms to go fishing with."

What We Can Say.

[Philadelphia Call.]
"If a child's arms were long enough to touch the sun, and its fingers were turned, the infant would have to be a man over 100 before it knew that its fingers were burned," says a scientist. Well, all we can say is that this would be fortunate for the child.

[Philadelphia Call:] As ostrich eggs have got up to \$130 a dozen, it is thought they will soon be as fashionable as ostrich feathers for hat trimmings.

[Philadelphia Call:] John Stuart Mill waited fourteen years for a man to die so he could marry the widow? This is what is called philosophy.

Judge: It's darkies before the dawn," as the farmer observed when he heard a noise in his melon patch at 3 o'clock in the morning.

URANIA.

[Matthew Arnold.]
I, too, have loved her; yet I know
She is not cold, though she seems so;
She is not cold, she is not high,
But our ignoble souls lack light.
She smiles and smiles and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die,
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turned upon the sons of men;
But light the serious visage grew—
She looked and smiled and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labor'd, puny passion—fit—
Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she.

Yet show here once, ye heavenly powers,
One of some worthier race than ours,
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—
His voice like sounds of summer nights—
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gaze in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend and weep for gloe,
And cry: "Long, long I've looked for thee."

Then will she weep, with smiles, till then,
Coldly she mocks the sons of men,
Till then, her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.

BURDETTE ON TROUBLE.

Our Little Day Dawns in Clouds—At Eveningtide, Trouble.
[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Ah, dearly beloved, "Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." We "look unto the earth, and behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish." Our little day dawns in clouds and mists, "and behold at eveningtide, trouble."

Our bank is shaky, and our mine has been salted, it rains on the picnic, your boots are tight and the cook is like unto the boots, your road-wagon rattles, there's a twist in the reins, your horse has gone dead lame, there are moths in the parlor carpet and moles in the kitchen garden, your dog gets shot in a neighbor's sheep-pen, the cat dies of a most enthusiastic fit in the cellar, the house-maid has given warning, your watch loses time, you lost a hat on the election, the neighbors' boys are playing with matches in your hay-loft—verily "we looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble!"

Why should any one desire more than the allotted ration of it? Why should any man sigh for more than seventy years of this sort of thing? Ah, well, it's because some of those poisons carry their own antidotes.

If trouble were altogether wise as he is disagreeable life would be too heavy to be borne. But when he stuffs your pillows with all manner of hard things, it is the little wooden horse, the angular little tin engine, the broken toy that he chucks in to make it humpier, that undoes his work and smoothes and softens the ruffled pillow. The tired little hand falls on your cheek like a benison, the soft breathing of the boy frightens away the evil dreams, and you kiss the dimpled cheeks and thank God that the world is so full of love and gentleness and perfect trust, and peaceful, untroubled sleep comes to you "because the former troubles are forgotten" and "shall not be remembered nor brought into mind," and "when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

Mental Phenomena Reduced to Figures.

[Science.]
Any physician, we apprehend, will consider it quite within the bounds of probability that 1 per cent. of the population of the country is subject to remarkably vivid dreams, illusions, visions, etc. This will make half a million such people in the United States. Each of these persons may be supposed to have fifty friends or relations, of whom 1 per annum dies. If they are subject to a dream or vision once a week, there is one chance out of seven that they have one on the same day that the friend dies.

Let us suppose that it takes a combination of eight separate and independent points of resemblance, between the vision and the circumstance attending the death of the friend, to constitute a remarkable coincidence, and that each of these has a probability of one-half. We shall have, in one case out of 256, a remarkable combination of coincidences. Putting these results together, we may infer that, as a matter of fact, some extraordinary coincidence between the circumstances of death and the dream or vision by a friend of the dying person does occur somewhere in the country nearly every day in the year.

Liked to Meet Him.

[Arkansas Traveler.]
"Let's cross the street and meet that fellow again," said a man to a companion with whom he was walking.
"Why didn't you speak just now if you have business with him?"
"I have no business with him."
"Then why do you wish to meet him again?"
"Well, you see I used to owe him and in consequence, would avoid meeting him. Recently I paid him up and now I like to meet him. It's like Mark Twain's story of the boy who found a dime. He kept throwing it out in front of him to find it again. Come on, I want to meet him. I wish I had nothing to do but to meet him all day."

Newfoundland Coral.

[Philadelphia Herald.]
One scarcely thinks of coral as growing under the ice-swept and foggy seas of the Newfoundland banks. Yet on the eastern slope of Banquereau is an area of bottom, several miles in extent, so covered with a growth of coral that trawls set upon it are rarely recovered. The Sherman call it the "stone fence," and avoid it as far as possible.

Liquor Consumption in Paris.

The consumption of liquor in Paris is enormous. It is estimated that the amount consumed yearly per head of population is as much as forty-five gallons of wine, a gallon and a half of spirits, and three gallons of beer.

Those who try to lead the steps of a little child in the right way are doing earth's grandest work.

ANIMALS THEIR OWN DOCTORS.

Curious Facts About Medicine as Practiced by the Brute Creation.
[Dr. W. C. Hissom in Veterinary Journal.]

I have observed in my practice that animals are their own doctors and their own surgeons, and I observe that medicine, as practiced by animals, is thoroughly empirical, and the same may be said of inferior human races. Animals instinctively choose such food as is best suited to them, and I maintain that the human race also do by instinct. Hence, medical men should pay respect to the likes and dislikes of their patients. For instance, women are more often hungry than men; they do not like the same kind of food; yet our young animals, scarcely weaned, are given the same kind of diet, suitable to adults—corn, oats, hay, straw and other foods which naturally disagree with them. I have found that animal likes and dislikes are the best guide. A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe, as elephants, stags, birds and ants, and I observe, as a general rule, that there are no animals that voluntarily run the risk of inhaling emanations arising from their own excrement.

We see that all animals sucking their young keep them clean, and wean them at the proper time. They educate them, but these rudimentary instincts are frequently rudimentary, or perhaps bred out in women of civilized nations. In fact, man may take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals. Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek dark, yet airy places, drink water, and sometimes plunge in it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats certain species of grass, one of them known as dog grass, which act as an emetic and cathartic. Cats also eat grass when sick; so, also, cows, sheep and hogs when ailing eat of certain herbs. When dogs are constipated they eat of fatty substances until they are purged. Horses and other animals suffering from chronic rheumatism always keep in the sun as far as possible.

The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. I have cut off the antibrachium of the ant, and the other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee be wounded, he stops the bleeding by placing the hand on the wound and dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg hanging disabled, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog on being stung by a viper was observed to hold the parts in cold water for four days; this animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog, run over by a carriage, laid in cold water for two weeks. Its food was taken to it and the animal recovered. A pet terrier hurt its eyes; it remedied the evil by lying under a counter, avoiding the light and heat, although habitually it had kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment of rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in successively licking the upper surface of the paw and applying to the wounded eyes. Cats, also, when wounded, treat themselves by this simple method of continuous irrigation. I remember a case where a cat remained with its posterior extremities in running water for four days, though suffering from urethral difficulty. Also, that of another cat which had the singular fortune to remain for two days in a stream of cold water, and found to be suffering from traumatic fever. Animals suffering from fevers treat themselves by the continued application of cold water, which I consider to be more certain than any other method.

In view of these interesting facts we are, I think, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics, as practiced by animals, may be studied with advantage. We could go even further, and say that the veterinary practitioner, and perhaps the medical practitioner of human diseases, could gather useful indications, and because they are founded upon instinct, and efficacious in the preservation of health.

Genius Ahead.

[Lime-Kill Club.]
The secretary cleared his desk of all further business by announcing the following query from Griffin, Ga.: "Does the genius of this country keep pace with the demands of the hour?"
Judge Cadaver thought she did. If there was anything lying around loose which genius could not mop the floor with he was ready to lay down and die.
The Hon. Standoff Smith thought genius was ahead of demand and going two feet to her one.

Col. Backholt Green was reflecting upon that very matter only the evening previous, and he had been obliged to confess that genius got up powerful early in the morning and was around all day.

Several other speakers followed in the same strain, and Sir Isaac Waipole finally remarked:
"I reckon genius keeps ahead. In fact I know she does. Indeed, she drags. It an darfore decided dat genius am ahead by a large majority, an' de meetin' will now stan' impugned for one week."

A Novelty in Bouquets.

[Chicago Times.]
A novelty in the way of bouquets was presented by an English lady to a gentleman. The order that vegetables only should be employed, in its production was carried out as follows: Carrots in two shapes, long and short; radishes the same; Brussels sprouts; variegated Scotch kale; curled endive, and the broad-leaved Batavian variety, parsley being used, instead of the usual fern fronds seen in ordinary bouquets. The whole, including the holder, measured fifteen inches in diameter, and was mounted in the usual way, with wires.

A Curious Sight.

[Exchange.]
A curious sight has been remarked for a few nights past on the boulevards of Boston. A close carriage has traversed the line of route most frequented by the public with its interior lighted up by means of electricity. On the horse's head there is also a small lamp of spray shape illuminated by the same agency, the current being furnished by accumulators under the vehicle.

In Mexico it is unmanly to eat anything outside of a house, even snail.

In Opposition to Oscar Wilde.

[Wentworth Hyushe in Pall Mall Gazette.]
I fear that it was the alluring alliteration of "sex and sanity" that led Mr. Oscar Wilde into a reflection upon my mental powers. I hope and believe I am regarded as a sane man by my friends and acquaintances, and certainly I am not guilty of any eccentricities of costume which might cause them to think otherwise. There is never anything unusual, for instance, about the collar or the cuffs of my shirt or the cut of my hair. Nor have I ever worn knee-breeches and silk stockings. If there be any question of sanity it must be one of degree between Mr. Wilde and myself; between a man who thinks a clog might be "a dream of beauty" and "most comfortable" on an English lady's foot and one who thinks the Hessian boot a convenient mud-protector on that of an English gentleman. Insane though it may seem to Mr. Wilde, I am bold enough to pit my overcoat with a cape against his short cloak, my conical hat against his broad-brimmed head-gear, and my breeches and Hessians against his "short loose trousers" and "soft boots which could be worn above or below the knee"—my modification, in fact, of the dress of our great-grandfathers, against his modification of that of our remotest progenitors of the seventeenth century.

Meantime there can be no harm in taking a step, necessarily modest and timid, in the direction of reform. With that end in view I asked Mr. Frederic Weekes to sketch for me the costume to which I pin my faith. The felt hat is broad enough in the brim to shield the wearer's face from wind and rain, should he unfortunately be caught in a storm without an umbrella; the cape on his overcoat would perform the same function for his shoulders, and the skirts for his knees; the circulation of the blood of the nether man would not be impeded by the breeches, made of "all wool" material, and properly cut; below the knee he is snugly clad in leather boots, which may be as soft or as stiff as he likes. Beneath his overcoat he wears a jacket cut to the figure, and buttoning well up to the neck. I do not myself see anything in this costume that would excite a desire in the minds of the mob to "leave arf a brick" at the wearer. It is, according to my notion, simple, manly, convenient and appropriate. Perhaps some people, even Mr. Oscar Wilde, may think it passably picturesque.

The Unpleasantness of Interviewing.

[Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.]
In spite of the fun and excitement there is in interviewing—the flying all over the city for a man who is nobody knows where, the speculating on the chances of making the man talk when he has been caught—there is a great deal of unpleasantness in some interviews. It's very hard to go into a family where a father lies dead and interview the son for an obituary; it's harder still, if there is no son, to face the widow and have to ask her cold, business-like questions. Yet it has to be done, not because the newspaper wants the obituary—unless it concerns a famous man—but because the relatives desire to see it printed. Reporters are not the hardened, calloused mortals some people think they are. They are as susceptible to distress as other men, though they must face it, being pushed on by their business. Sometimes the circumstances are too much for them, and they beat a hasty retreat.

People in considering reporters are apt to forget one important fact—that he is an impersonation of his paper's circulation. Wherever he goes upon a business errand he represents all who read his paper—say 100,000 persons, for the readers of a good paper are more than twice the number of the subscribers. The reporter is a committee of one sent by all those people as it were, to inquire into certain matters for them. This is a consideration which places a self-respecting reporter on a level with the most exalted man he meets. If he is not a gentleman, he ought to be, in spite of his numerous temptations, for there is no nobler profession on earth than his if he only complies with its obligations.

An Actor's Domestic Economy.

[Cor. London Theatre.]
I have read somewhere or other—where I cannot for the life of me recollect—an anecdote of a now forgotten actor called Rosambeau, which is too good to be lost. He resembled the rolling stone that gathers no moss, for he seldom remained long in any theatre, was always in debt, and, to make matters worse, had several children, who, like their father, lived literally from hand to mouth. One evening while his little family were anxiously awaiting their customary allowance of bread and milk he discovered, on examining his pockets, that the few sous in his possession would barely suffice for the next day's breakfast. A bright idea struck him.
"Who will have a sou instead of supper?" he asked.
"I!" cried one and all.
Whereupon the fond parent distributed his remaining coins among them and sent them to bed. When morning came the poor children were naturally hungrier than ever, but Rosambeau was equal to the emergency.
"Whoever wants breakfast, he said, "must give papa a sou."
It need hardly be added that they gave it.

What Makes Good Wine?

[Chicago Journal.]
No one knows precisely the conditions which make an exceptionally good year for wine, as why, for instance, '84 port was a king of liquors, or why the majority of champagnes in '74 should have a peculiar delicacy and flavor which no amount of care and knowledge on the part of growers can produce. A well-known firm of wine merchants states that this year the champagne districts are the most favored in France, and and "'84" wines may rival "'74" in quality.

A House-cleaning company is a new scheme in New York city.

You leave your order as you would for a painter or paper-hanger.

Arkansas Traveler: The world is full of honesty. It is a little shy, of course, but it is here.

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