

**LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.**

[Puck.]

The farmer is busy threshing;  
I heard the muffled blows,  
And also the fellow yelling  
Who gets the flail on the toes.  
I heard the partridge drumming  
Among the bushes dense,  
And I see the chipmunk running  
Along the old rail-fence.  
And out in the russet stubble  
The quail doth sweetly pipe,  
And upon the breakfast table  
The old slapjack is tipsy.

**NEW YORK'S HUNGER FOR PIE.**

**Reminiscences of a Veteran Pie-Maker—  
Growth of the Trade.**

[New York Tribune.]

"Does New York eat many pies?" asked a reporter of a veteran baker.  
"Well, I should say she does, a few," he answered. "I've been selling pies here nigh on to forty-four years, and she has not gone back on them yet. I don't think she will, either, for there are some good people here—you strike me now and then—and all good people love pies. I used to feel uneasy about New York's destiny, but since she has taken so well to pie I ain't afraid to bet on her."

"Yes," he continued, "I began the business in 1840. Houston street was then away up town, and I used to think it was a long way from the shop to Broadway and Prince street, where I used to drive every day with fresh pies for Mr. and Mrs. Niblo, who stood behind their little counter and sold them to customers off the head of a barrel. I remember Mrs. Niblo's white apron and the pretty cap she wore. The garden was enclosed with a rough board fence.

"My sales used to be as much as \$8 a day. I drove a great deal for so little trade, but shops and lunch-rooms were scattering. Many a time I've driven from Houston street down Broadway to Grand street without meeting a single vehicle. Couldn't do it now, eh? Do you remember where Barnum's museum was, at Ann street and Broadway? You had to climb a flight of stairs to get in. Mr. Barnum always sat at the landing to take money and tickets. I drove by there about noon every day to sell him a 10-cent pie. That and a bit of cheese made his dinner. Mr. Greeley was fond of pies, and ate many a one in his little office in Spruce street. That reminds me. It was when Clay ran against Polk, and the city was in great doubt as to how this state would go. There were no railroads in those days, nor telegraph lines. News came by post and steamboat. Rumor came that Clay was elected and there was great jubilation. Half the town turned out to celebrate Mr. Frelinghuysen, his second on the ticket. The vice president-elect came out and made a speech in his nightgown. Next day leading politicians gathered at Horace Greeley's office to hear the latest news from Albany. A messenger was sent to the wharf to see if the boat had come in. He returned with the news that the state had gone against Clay, and that Polk was elected. Mr. Greeley didn't say a word. He turned his back toward the little crowd and leaned over his desk. I saw great tear drops fall on the paper he was reading.

"Well, we've moved along since then, and I'm still selling pies. We make 20,000 every day. The materials? Crust, 300 barrels of flour every week. We use every day twenty-five barrels of apples, other fruits in proportion, 6,000 pounds of sugar, 840 dozen eggs, 2,640 pounds of lard, 1,400 quarts of milk, and other necessary articles in proportion."

**How It Is Managed.**

[Cor. Boston Globe.]

The thing that most perplexes the young men about town is how "to make both ends meet." Their greatest misfortune seems to be that they try to live a life of luxury on a very small or moderate salary. They wear expensive clothes, are often seen at the theatres, frequently dine in luxurious style at some swell restaurant, and all this on salaries averaging not higher than \$20 or \$25 a week. "How do they do it?" is often asked. Rather impertinently, perhaps, I asked a friend, the other day, for information on the subject. He said: "Well, the fact is, I never enjoy myself so much as when living the kind of life that I have passed during the past two days.

"For instance, an evening, dinner at Young's with a friend. We sat there and talked fully two hours while eating, as if time were nothing to us. We enjoyed a meal such as Vanderbilt might have envied. Then came the theatre. Sunday morning at 10 o'clock we were again seated in Young's elegant dining-hall. We sipped our morning cocktail, ate our fruit, and when the other courses were finished it was afternoon. In the evening it was a table d'hôte dinner in the cosy little private apartments of the French restaurant. I tell you that is what I call enjoying life."

"But" I interposed, "how do you manage to do this on your small salary?" "Well," he replied, "two days of the week I live as if I had an income of about \$4,000 a year. The remaining five I keep myself in seclusion, and move about without a solitary nickel in my pocket. That is my way of enjoying life."

**The Fresh Side Out.**

[Exchange.]

A German technical journal says that the advantage gained in having the flesh side of the leather soles of boots and shoes outside is mainly the peculiar facility it affords in the application of grease for preserving the leather, since the pores are so much larger, besides permitting the introduction of fine sands or iron filings, etc., which increase the resistance to wear. Again, if the more compact portions of the leather be outside, when the outer layer is worn away it leaves the interior in a soft and tender state, which abrades very rapidly, while if the soft side be first exposed it may be protected, as above mentioned, and when removed leaves a compact layer, even when worn down almost to the thinness of paper.

New York ladies eat lumps of loaf sugar saturated with cologne between the acts at theatres.

A man gathers wisdom by financial loss. Like a razor, he is sharper for being straggled.

**THE LONDON TIMES.**

**Some Interesting Points About the Great Thunderer.**

[London Cor. New York Times.]

The Times, while never a partisan paper in the just sense of that term, has always at heart, since my recollection of it, been a Liberal paper, but under the old dispensation it was a Liberalism which was invaded by social influences, and its momentary attitude could never be predicted. Mr. Delane, with all his extraordinary abilities, was sometimes captured by personalities which were not worthy their momentary success. It is becoming, under the new regime, a less impulsive and more consistently progressive paper than it has ever been before. The worst abused and most read paper in England, and wielding an influence greater than all the others combined, it has of course, drawn on itself the habitual abuse and hostility of nearly the entire English press, and there is hardly a day that one does not hear lamentation over the falling off of The Times. It is as frigid a habit as compliments of the weather. It has been so for many years, and yet for a paper which has so steadily gone to the dogs, it maintains its position singularly well.

The fact is that The Times has never undertaken the work of reforming England, but has aimed to be the exponent of higher feeling on all that interests England. It rarely undertakes to control public opinion (though certainly its unyielding opposition to Disraeli's policy at the time of the Russo-Turkish war saved England from being drawn into it,) and it never runs its head against a wall by opposing a definite expression of it. It is not its business to dictate what England shall feel, but to ascertain what she does feel and at the same time to offer every facility and means of enlightenment for the more intelligent formation of sound views on national questions. It is not concerned to make converts to Liberalism any more than Conservatism, and it accepts, as the country does, the government of the day without ever changing its distinct function, that of supporting every measure which seems to be contributive to the greatness of England.

It represents the British empire more fully and completely than either crown, lords, or commons. With an organization more ponderous and complicated than some kingdoms, it is rare that an important detail in the contemporary history of the world escapes its attention. It is not only the most powerful journal in existence, but it is, taking in account the relative importance of things from the English point of view, the most attentive and the fairest. It reminds one of the Nasmyth hammer, which cracks a nut or a bomb shell with equal facility. All this is being more or less since its oldest living reader began to read it, and to say that it has deteriorated is to suppose that it has now ceased to be such, for the lamentations over its decay are as old as its supremacy. Mistaken it sometimes is, for it is not directed by a college of infallibles, but, in fact, it has never in my recollection been so well managed, so thoughtful, or so judicious as it is to-day.

The change in its organization has been from a relatively personal one to an impersonal or rather administrative one. The seat of control is further removed from the interference of social and fluctuating influences. Its judgments are based on wider grounds and more comprehensive views than was possible when Mr. Delane controlled them. It is not an organ but an institution, and its growth is, like that of England, toward a sound and prudent republic, not necessarily or probably Democratic, but impersonal and just. Because the men who control it are not partisan they are able to see with unheated eyes, and without pretending to know them or their personal views, I can see by reading the paper that the struggle of the peers against their not remote dejection is futile. Like the Turks and all old privileges, however, they will die fighting.

**Believers in "Luck."**

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Speaking of luck, the thought occurs that there are undoubtedly lucky men and unlucky ones. One of Girard's rules was never to have anything to do with an unlucky man. The Rothschilds will not employ a man who has a reputation for ill-luck. Most people are believers in luck. History is full of it. Cromwell trusted in Sept. 3, Napoleon in Dec. 2. Many great men have worn trinkets to give them luck. Many a woman who puts on her stocking wrong-side out will not change it. Few care to be one at a table of thirteen. In Russia they will not pass the salt. Men hate to do anything important on Friday. Millions believe in the virtues of the horse shoe. Even the most sensible people have little confidence in the ultimate success of a man who has been the victim of an extraordinary run of ill-luck. A man's intelligence and integrity count for nothing in the popular estimation when people have seen his enterprises fail one after another. There is a general disposition to believe that it is better to be born lucky than rich.

**Civilization Has Its Drawbacks.**

[Scientific Exchange.]

It is said that not only has the acuteness of vision of civilized men fallen below the standard common among savage nations, but at the same time the eyes of civilized men often depart from the normal or approximately spherical formation, either becoming flattened from front to back so as to bring the retina too near the surface, or elongate from front to back, so as to remove the retina too far from the surface.

**The Mirror-Manufacturing Industry.**

[Chicago Tribune.]

England is at the head of the mirror-manufacturing industry of the world, producing 750,000 square yards annually. France produces 530,000 square yards and Germany 340,000 square yards. In this country the principal manufacturing plant is at Lenox Furnace, Mass., producing about 110,000 square yards a year. There are other smaller manufacturing plants in Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri.

The Japanese girl when she goes into company paints her face white, her lips and the corners of her eyes red, with two slate-colored spots on her forehead.

**ANCIENT GASTRONOMY.**

**How the Heroes of Mythology and History Indulged Their Appetites.**

[The Caterer.]

It has been calculated that a rich man with a weakness for good living indulges in forty times more food than is absolutely necessary for his health. Nothing, of course, so begets disease as this intense plenitude; it reacts on the intelligence. The muses, we know, are chaste, but they are in addition sober. The temperance makes the head cool, the ideas clear and the judgment healthy. Life is not long, when one exists only by indigestions. It is not necessary that each particle of our food be weighed, each morsel counted, each drop measured. Nor is it desirable to renew the law of Sparta, which imposed a fine on each citizen, when a certain stoutness exceeded a fixed standard. In Persia, when the ladies of the palace get beyond a certain measurement they are compelled to do Banting till the lean kind ideal of Pharaoh be attained. Now, hygiene is a guide and a sage, not a tyrant; it has its special rules that cannot be infringed with impunity. It has also its principles, the latter very simple and easily followed.

Appetite or hunger should only be satisfied, never irritated nor satiated, and the quantity of food ought to be in proportion to our digestive powers. The stomach has its caprices. The less the mass of food on which digestion has to operate, the more perfect will be the digestion. Ever rise from the table with the sensation that you could eat something more. Unite contentment with abstinence; this may be trying, but it will be repaid in good health and longevity. It must be borne in mind that stomachs are not to be gauged by any uniformity test, no more than a fashion plate can be a suitable model for every elegant. Louis Cornaro lived, at the close of his life of 65 years, on the yolk of an egg at each repast, and even the half of that occasionally. But that Venetian is an exceptional case. Two things ought never to be confounded, viz.: The appetite of the stomach and the appetite of the palate; the latter is frequently factitious, and that which flatters the taste may prove very dangerous for the stomach. An excellent dinner has this of the dangerous in it, that it tempts us to eat overmuch.

The first dinner parties were given by the Greeks; they were not so much dinners as fetes. The guests reclined, full length, on couches covered with white and purple stuffs; the tables were covered with the most exquisite taste and ornamented with gold; from the nature of the position of the guest, the tables were necessarily very long. The food was served very warm, and at the end of the banquet the tables and couches were removed and chairs supplied, which allowed the company to draw closer together for the purpose of conversation. The science of table talk is of Athenian origin.

Byron alludes to that tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell. In ancient France, the signal for dinner was given by means of the hunting horn, as being the most noble of all instruments. But that blast was really to call guests to wash their hands, as the poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries attest. It was only personages of very high distinction that had the right to employ the horn for this purpose. Before sitting down to table, there was the ceremony of washing the hands with the great lords, in perfumed or rose water. The tables were in carved gold or silver works; when in wood, they were covered with cloths double folded. Napkins are relatively a modern invention, and date from the coronation of Charles VII, at Rheims. Forks were unknown to the ancients, and only came into usage in France at the end of the fourteenth century; they appeared during the reign of King Charles V. Previous to forks, food was carried to the mouth on knives—as the Germans do largely to this day—rounded at the end. When retiring from table, the hands were washed a second time.

The ancients said gastronomy is the art of a thousand resources. Now, to give a good dinner, give your orders very precise and detailed—leave others to execute them. Do not aim at too much. Let there be a few choice dishes, and all their constituents of the best. Have a good soup to commence with, there are at least 500 known to select from. A light soup is best if the dinner will be long. And a guest ought never indulge under such circumstances in too much, as it may prove too heavy for the stomach and weaken its functions. Partake of a good plate of soup if it pleases you, but do not patronize many dishes afterwards. Taken in small quantities, soup is the base of a dinner, sufficient to excite the stomach. It is on soup that French children, peasants, soldiers and the working-classes live—proof that it is nourishing. Yet there are very high French physicians who maintain that soup is not worth much in any form.

**Curious Ocean Phenomena.**

[Phrenological Journal.]

A singular case was reported to the navy department in 1867, the facts of which are briefly as follows: The United States steamer Iroquois had been ordered to the Asiatic squadron. One night in September, when the vessel was under sail in the straits of Malacca, the sea was smooth as glass, and the vessel making hardly steege way, the officer of the deck observed that the water was milky white. Commander Earl English, now commodore and chief of the bureau of navigation and detail, was in command, and the remarkable sight induced the officer of the deck to call the captain from his sleep. When he came on deck he realized that the condition of the sea was caused by animalcules, an instance of which he had witnessed in about the same locality several years before when he was a midshipman. He immediately had every officer and man called on deck to witness the strange scene, and they looked over the rail for two hours until after the vessel passed through it.

Another instance of the kind was observed by Lieut. Sherman, in the summer of 1882, on the coast of Peru, between Tanya and Chimbote. The sea was perfectly red, and upon inspection it was found to be caused by animalcules.

**A London Cat Worth \$500,000.**

[London Cor. Boston Herald.]

"Come along," said Miss Flite, a noted dealer in cats at the cat show the other day, "come along and look at a few I raised myself. I have taken many prizes for cats, for this is the sixteenth annual cat show at the Crystal palace, and I've had cats in every one of them." We pushed through the crowds to look at the cats of all ages, styles and colors. Little girls had been brought thither by their nurses. It was as good to hear them exclaim delightedly at the various "kitties." I never saw a youngster who did not love a cat, and "pretty pussie" was charmed ad lib by the little folks. There were short haired cats, long haired cats, black cats, tabby cats, Persian, Angora, tortoise shell cats, and only one Maltese cat. There were cross cats, amiable cats, cantankerous cats and sleepy cats, and, as if by common consent and realizing that they were all on their good behavior, there was scarcely a "meow" in the crowd save from the throat of some tiny kitten who was being bamboozled out of its proper share of dinner by its pestiferous little brother or sister kit.

"Now," said my funny little spinster guide, "here is one of my family." And she halted before a pure Persian, which bore a prize ticket 1,000 pounds sterling and had taken half a dozen prizes.

Five, ten, twenty and 100 pounds were frequent prices tacked on their cages; but when we came to Ossidine, late Tiger, lying on an embroidered satin cushion trimmed in English hound-net lace and marked 100,000 pounds sterling or \$500,000 I simply took a back seat, metaphorically. Well, Ossidine was a pretty tabby cat but I don't think I'll ever own him, unless he's ruffed for a shilling a try. One gentleman, evidently of a sporting turn of mind, who values his blue Persian at 1,000 pounds sterling, gave his pedigree on a tinted card, as follows: "Dum, Viola, by Miss Ackland's Tit; a and Sultan; sire, Rough, by Miss Powell's Lady Flora and Shah, all winners of numerous prizes."

**The Seven-Tined Fork.**

[Boston Globe.]

On the "dump," near Rutherford avenue, the garbage of a considerable section of the city is deposited by city carts. It has long been a mine of wealth to the poor of Charlestown, and to not a few Italian rag-pickers.

The "dump" is frequented by many rag-pickers and other allies of the junk trade, all of whom rake over the rubbish with their seven-tined rakes. About these seven-tined rakes there seems to hover quite a halo of superstition, which is probably due to the common belief that some mystic power lurks in the numeral 7.

"Oh," said one old woman as she fished out a piece of oilcloth from under a heap of ashes, and looked inquiringly at her fork when the writer asked her concerning it. "I don't know, though they do say as it's lucky to be a seventh son, but I don't believe it. I use this kind of a fork 'cause I ain't got any other. We all uses 'em. Do I make a livin' at this? Why, me and my children there, if we sticks to it ken make our \$2 a day."

A man about 60 years of age was seated under a temporary hut formed by the erection of four fence-rails in the ground, over which had been thrown some pieces of oilcloth, evidently rescued from the ash-barrel, bin or barrel.

"Yes, I've been 'collecting,'" said he in reply to an inquiry, "now for twelve years, an' I've got a little ahead—got some money in the bank. I never found nothing very valuable, 'cept onct, an' then 'twas only a \$5 gold piece."

**A Singer's Larynx Photographed.**

[New York Sun.]

Americans have been for years past acquiring a very brilliant reputation abroad. And now comes to the front a Brooklyn doctor, Mr. T. R. French, who has managed to do what nobody could do before—photograph the human larynx when in action. Dr. Lennox Brown, of London, has obtained some photographs of a professional singer's larynx while in the act of singing. He made even a photograph of the chords when they were producing falsetto notes. But he succeeded in doing it only in this particular case, in which the singer, possessing an unusually unrittable throat, did his best to help him in his experiments.

Mr. French, on the other hand, managed by the use of a kind of pistol-camera and a magnifying-glass, to obtain photographs of all kinds of throats healthy as well as infirm, irritable as well as unrittable, working as well as at rest. The great point was to catch the impression as quickly as possible, and, by means of his pistol camera, he managed to snap impressions of deep inspirations, as well as expirations, of contralto, soprano, and all kinds of deep and high tones. He obtained even impressions of the posterior nares, so difficult of access in a living being.

**Heroic Cure for Dread Disease.**

[Philadelphia Times.]

The negroes indulge some very funny superstitions about diseases and their cures. One of the things of which they have a peculiar horror is the common difficulty known as elongation of the palate. When I was practicing as a newly-fledged student in Virginia an old negro was called on one evening. Her hair was pulled back from her forehead and knotted with a cord in a tight bunch on the crown of her head. She was evidently suffering from a bad cold.

"Mars' Doctor," she said, "I'm afraid I've got fallin' ob de palate. I've done tied up my har' as hard as I can, but it don't pear to make it no better, an' I 'speets mebbly I need some pills."

I examined her throat and found nothing the matter but slight inflammation. "I don't think you need any pills, auntie," said I. "If you can only get your hair tied up a little closer for a day or two I have no doubt your palate will shorten up all right." She came in again in a few days and told me she was much better, but her "ole man" had tied up her hair so hard that she had to sleep with her eyes open, "cause she couldn't even make a wink."

**Profits from Sawdust.**

The sawdust and refuse of the saw-mill is now made to yield fourteen gallons of turpentine, three or four gallons of rosin and a quantity of tar per cord.

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