

THE CREOLE CHARACTER.

Lights and Shades of a Peculiar People—Their Present and Past.

[New Orleans Cor. Detroit Post.]

The people of New Orleans—that is, that portion called creole and who are the true Louisianians—display marked characteristics in appearance as well as in customs and manners. The word "creole" is defined by Webster to mean "one born in America or the West Indies of European ancestors." Without discussing this definition, which is in every way incorrect, I apprehend that the word "creole" has a more restricted and special application. It has been erroneously thought by some that to constitute a creole one should have a tinge of negro blood in one's veins, while others have considered the descendants of Spanish, German and other foreigners as creoles. Neither of these suppositions is correct. The creole proper is the descendant from the original French settlers, who by intermarrying, has preserved the type of his ancestors, which, though modified by time and associations, still retains in a great measure their traits and manners. In general appearance the creole is slight and of delicate build. He is of medium height. His complexion is dark approaching the olive, with black hair and eyes, small feet and hands. Among the women the eyes are excessively beautiful, being large, lustrous, and very dark. Indolent by nature, the creole likes to take life easy.

It is natural for him to do so. The warm climate, languorous and depressing, the luxurious manner in which he has been reared, the wealth with which he has been surrounded, all tend to make him indolent. Not but that he can be active enough when the occasion presents itself, as was shown in the late war, wherein none endured hardships better or fought more valiantly than those same indolent bon vivants. Careful and capable in business, he yet never allows himself to be hurried. He does not do business in the high-pressure, lightning-express style of the American, who, in the hurry and bustle of daily life finds no time for rest or food, and who, while he gains wealth, does so at the expense of his mind and health. Tenacious of old ways and forms, the creole is loath to accept new systems of business, and while recognizing their advantages, yet clings to the customs of his sires. He is not as progressive as the American, and is slow to take hold of new ventures. In manners he is polite and affable to the highest degree. Not only is this so in society, but also in business. Enter any store and you will at once be struck with the courtesy and attention shown you. He loves to dress well, and is always neat, generally elegant.

Highly sensitive and punctilious, the creole is tenacious to an extreme in matters of honor. His pride is very great. No Spanish Hidalgo could be haughtier or prouder, and the poorer he happens to be or to become, the prouder and haughtier he carries himself. Passionate in love, he is intense in hate. Naturally brave, he is doubly so from tradition and pride. Hence the difficulty of entirely suppressing the duel, once so prevalent in Louisiana. Eminent pleasure-loving, wearing life like a buttonhole bouquet, he is somewhat inconstant and changeable, perhaps, yet generous and hospitable to a fault. Born under the golden glow of a southern sun, reared in a land where art and poetry can never die, though they may be dormant, there is much of the romantic in his nature. Life is not altogether that prosaic and hum-drum thing to him which it has been to so many. In the midst of daily life there is always something which appeals to his imagination and weaves a radiance of romance around him.

Although highly educated, speaking French and English with equal facility, there is yet a foreign tinge to the creole thought. Musical by nature, there are few creoles who do not sing or play, and well. No matter how frivolous or careless he may seem, he is at heart deeply religious. You will find a larger percent of creoles faithful to the observance of their religious duties than any of the other populations in New Orleans. The creole women are lovely with a loveliness delicate and fragile, which reminds one of a piece of Sevres porcelain. Gentleness, softness, and dependence characterize them. They were created to be loved and fondled. The creole woman was never intended to be a business partner; she was intended for a sweetheart, a wife, a mother. She can not breast the storms of life side by side with man; but she can make his home lively, by the gentleness of her refined nature and the devotion of her passionate love. She does not impress man with the superiority of her abilities and her capacity to take care of herself. She captivates him by her supereminence and wins his love by her gentleness and softness. Loyal to the soil which gave him birth, the creole thinks no place better or greater than his native state. Louisiana may have disadvantages and drawbacks; he does not know or see them. To him she is the best and greatest place on earth.

Not Much "Slumming."

[New York Letter.]

There was a good deal of ridiculous talk some time since about Fifth avenue and Murray Hill people going through the lower regions on "slumming" expeditions, but it was all made up. There has not been any "slumming" worth speaking of in New York. Talmage made his famous tour of the dives and dens, and the stories about fashionable young women going about at night to see the degraded, the vicious and the wretchedly poor in their foul resorts were all rubbish. The fashionable young women have something else to do. Just now they have quite a good deal to do in meeting their obligations to society, for the season is fairly open, and, as a matter of course, the obligations are numerous.

Profit on Clothes-Pin.

[Chicago Herald.]

The lumber for 45,000 clothes pins cost \$3 and the clothes-pins are worth \$286.50. Four kinds of saws, a revolving polishing cylinder of iron, and a kiln are requisite for their manufacture, and the poor creature who makes them only has 50 per cent. profit when he sells twelve of them for 1 cent.

A Pointed Reply.

[Editor's Drawer in Harper's.]

I venture (says a correspondent) to send you a pure specimen of crushing, contemptuous scorn.

In our lunatic asylum at St. Louis, a few years ago, as medical superintendent and general manager, a pompous, self-sufficient, old doctor with a very gushing manner and great obsequiousness to any visitor whom he might deem worth cultivating. It was more than suspected that this paternal and benevolent manner did not always characterize his intercourse with the patients, but was donned only on state occasions. He had several hobbies, and would bore a visitor dreadfully with his overdone politeness and unceasing stream of talk about the institution and his wonderful management thereof.

On one occasion, after having been trotted all over the building by him to my great disgust, as I had called on business, and my time was precious, we were approaching his own private apartments, and on opening a door discovered a young woman of quiet, lady-like appearance seated in a small parlor and gazing through the window, with a fixed expression of weary sadness, on the beautiful view of woods and lawn and river without.

I did not realize she was a patient, and there was no occasion whatever for the doctor to disturb her. He spoke to her, however, in his blandest way, no doubt with a view of properly impressing, and said, "Well, Jane, and how are you this morning?"

She did not reply, but continued her sad and touching gaze.

He repeated the question, and added, "Come, Jane, you surely know who I am."

She dropped the arm which had supported her head, turned slowly to look at him, and said with a sigh of weary scorn, "Oh, yes; you—you are the urbane and gentlemanly superintendent."

The doctor and I left immediately.

Wisdom for Winter Weather.

[Philadelphia Times.]

How we shall warm our houses is not more important than how warm they shall be kept. This is readily told. In the apartment used as a sitting-room see that the mercury remains about 70 degrees, rather below than above this. In the sleeping apartment 60 degrees is a very comfortable temperature. A higher degree of heat than this would be quite inadmissible where there are young children.

The ventilation of rooms in which human beings must remain hours at a time is a very important matter, and one that is much neglected by individuals and builders as well. Really the majority of the houses in the city are about on a par in this particular with dry goods boxes, and separate rooms can only be kept anywhere near reasonably ventilated by raising the window sash one inch from the bottom and lowering it a like distance from the top. By this means the air in the room is constantly renewed and drafts are avoided, which is also a desirable point.

The effect of muscular activity on the production of body heat is well known, and this makes it appear that an active habit is the best for the winter season, which is a fact for more reasons than the one just given.

For winter wear woolen fabrics are best because of their pliability and of their lightness as compared with the weight of cotton fabrics that would afford the same protection against the cold.

The substances to be eaten and drunk in winter should be used hot as possible and should contain a maximum amount of fat. Hot milk, beef tea, chocolate and soups are especially well adapted as foods for winter use, and fat fries of oysters, sausage, etc., are admissible to a greater extent than at other times.

Gen. Custer's Widow.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Gen. Custer's widow is now living in New York, trying to get along as best she can upon the slim pension the government awards her. She is a useful, hard-working little body, and is connected with the Women's Decorative Art association. She possesses many of the relics of the late war which her husband left behind. The most interesting perhaps is the flag of truce under cover of which Gen. Lee surrendered to Grant. It came into Gen. Sheridan's hands, who handed it to Custer, saying: "This belongs to you; I know of no one who has done more to end this war than George A. Custer." The flag is a small white towel, which was tied to a pole and carried at the head of the little column of cavalry that appeared in Custer's front on the morning of the surrender. These curious reminders of the conflict are becoming more valuable every day.

The Bride's Trousseau.

[New York Tribune.]

The largest item of expense of a fashionable wedding, of course, is the bride's trousseau. As many young ladies are not content with less than a dozen dresses, costing from \$50 to \$500 apiece, it is best to put a generous estimate on this expense. Indeed there is no limit to it except the parent's purse, for trousseaus sometimes cost tens of thousands of dollars. The bride in some cases gives the bridesmaids their dresses, though they generally buy them for themselves. Being usually composed of satin or nun's veiling or other comparatively inexpensive material, they do not usually cost over \$50 or \$100 each. The bill for a bridal toilet of white satin embroidered in pearls or brocade velvet with point lace not infrequently reaches \$500.

Worth's Employees.

[Chicago Herald.]

Worth has a large establishment in the Rue de la Paix, where 400 young women stitch, stitch, stitch, not at all in poverty, hunger and rags. His employees number 1,200 in all, and during the commune, when nobody ordered dresses or anything else, Worth provided for seventy of his workwomen, though he, too, suffered for want of decent food. Worth is English, born about 60 years ago in Lincolnshire. Brains was his only capital. That the man is a genius in his profession is as evident as the multiplication table. He inherited his ability from his mother, who possessed excellent taste.

Fielding: Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.

THE STORY OF LITTLE JOE.

What Was Obtained in the Frontiersman's Big Bundle.

[Chicago Herald.]

Passing through town going east recently was a frontiersman who bore in his arms a great bundle. The careless observer on a hasty glance could not have told what it contained, so unlike was it to anything in particular but a collection of shawls and blankets. A close inspection, however, would have revealed beneath the folds the wasted form of a child.

Sitting in the Union depot waiting for the train for the east, the westerner held his bundle carefully so that the gaslight would not reach the lad's eyes. As he was shifting his position he said in reply to the inquiry of a bystander:

"No, he ain't sick, mister. He's just hurted. Didn't you never hear of it? Well, now, that's queer. It was in all the newspapers in the Black Hills country. This here is Little Joe, of the Homestead claim. Never heard of him? Lemme tell you something, then, and don't you never forget it. Will you?"

"Never," was the response.

"Well, sir, away back last February, when the snow was three feet deep and the blizzards was a-howling, our cabin got afire one night, and it was just as much as ever that we got out of it with our lives. We were about nine miles from Deadwood and we set out on foot for that town. After we had gone a ways we found that the snow was so almighty deep that we was liable to be stalled. There was a crust on it and we'd break through up to our necks in places. Only little Joe got along all right. He didn't weigh much more'n a bag of dust, and skinned along on top like a fly. Finally, when we couldn't go no further in the cold and the snow, he says: 'You just go back, boys, and keep up the fire, and I'll be back yere agin in less'n twelve hours with grub and liquor, and I'll have the boys in Deadwood come after us to-morrow.'

"God bless his little soul! I mind just how he looked that minute. There was'n no use of one trying to go ahead, so we let him go alone and we went back, and heaping wood on the fire made by our cabin, tried to keep warm. Along toward midnight we began to get powerful hungry, and to wonder what had become of Joe, when all of a sudden we heard a faint call.

"It's a bird," some one says.

"No, it ain't," says I. 'It's little Joe.'

"We listened and heard it again. The wind was whistling almighty cold, but there was no mistaking his voice. Two or three of us sprang out into the snow and made as fast as we could towards place where we thought the voice came from. Pretty soon we heard it again off to one side, and, wading through the drifts, we found him. He had fallen into the holes we had made in the crust in the morning and was so weak and stiff he couldn't get out. So he lay there and yelled. He had grub and liquor strapped on him, but I picked him up in my arms and we carried him in to the fire. Both of his feet were frozen, and he was unconscious when we took his burden off of him. All that night we rubbed him and cried over him, the little cuss, and the next morning, when the boys from Deadwood broke through with their hoeses, we loaded him up and took him to town.

The doctors had to cut off one of his feet, but he healed rapidly and soon got so he could sit up. This fall we had a meeting and decided that Joe should not stay at the mine this winter, but go east and be taken care of at a hospital in New York, and that's what I'm doing now. We'll have him back in the spring, and if there's anything in the camp he wants, it's his for all time."

The Dangers of Photography.

[Scientific Journal.]

The dangers attending the photographic industry are pointed out by M. Napias, who states that in the preparation of the plates by means of the gelatine bromide of silver process, every ray of sunlight should be excluded, and the operator pursue his work by the aid of a feeble illumination afforded by the red-ray lantern. Besides the foul air thus caused, the narrow and gloomy apartment is filled with the vapor of ether. Unless great care in the ventilation is practiced the necessary detention in the dark room may prove very hurtful.

Again, there may occur poisoning by the vapor of hydrocyanic acid, which is formed by the decomposition of cyanide of potassium by bichromate of potassium. Nervous phenomena may result from the breathing of an atmosphere in a dark room without oxygen, this necessary element being taken up by pyroalkali when in contact with the alkali ammonia. If to this loss of oxygen be added the vapor of ammonia, it necessarily follows that the atmosphere under these circumstances must, if long or continuously breathed, prove damaging to the blood, causing a more or less pronounced anemia, with its attendant symptoms.

Man as a Cooking Animal.

[Saturday Review.]

The definition of man as a cooking animal is not less profound than agreeable. It relieves us of a painful dilemma. For if, with coarse assurance, we define man to be a carnivorous animal, we confound him with savage beasts; and if, on the other hand, we style him herbivorous, the progress of centuries is ignored, and he is associated with tamer animals. Balzac has remarked that one of the keenest joys of the gourmand lies in the mystery concealed by the covered dish in the anticipation and revelation: "C'est la surprise, l'impression gastronomique du plat extraordinaire."

Overproduction of Opera and Drama.

[Professor David Swing.]

Universal education has turned loose upon the civilized world about 100,000 poets, essayists, dramatists and opera writers. There is no demand for more than 25,000. It is probable that there are now 1,000 dramas in the act of being planned by young writers. Plots, situations are being sought for in history and in imagination. Operas are also being planned by an immense number of students of thorough bass; while an army of new sopranos, tenors and basses are putting themselves in order for some operetta by Professor Kankle or Professor Jenkinson.

At the Mississippi's Mouth.

[Joseph Miller in The Independent.]

At last we were in the storied and romantic Pilot Town, the ancient city of pirates; among a people who have no law or lawyers, no priest or preachers, no policemen or magistrates. The builders and inhabitants of this town have long been called pirates. There are writers and politicians, too, with vivid gifts of imagination, who insist that these strange people of the sea are the actual successors and descendants of Lafitte, the pirate, whom Gen. Jackson employed to defend New Orleans against the British. This is entirely untrue. Here, in a city that elsewhere would have at least a half a score of policemen, three or four magistrates, as many lawyers, and other like excrescences of civilization, nothing of that sort was ever heard of.

All the women, all the children—some of them black, but quite as many white and tow-headed—came and sat in the hall to hear a congressman speak, to see a man who had seen the city of Washington—the first, and the last, perhaps, they had ever seen, or will see again. And how they listened, and how they learned to look and hear and try and learn something! Ah! the hunger and thirst for something better in their desolate lives, as these women with their babes leaned and listened and tried to learn something! I tell you it was pitiful.

And I went out on the little wharf, under the stars, and looked away out, over the vast levels of the sea-grass, toward where the Acadians of sweet Evangeline had lauded, and I loved these people here, these pirates of Pilot Town, who are now on y the real Acadians, loved them and wanted to stay and live with them. Far away yonder, under the stars that almost touch the edge of the Mexican seas, I could point out the spot where the Acadians settled down and melted into the civilization that came to environ them. But here the sea held back all approach. No rich lands here in the savage mouth of the mighty river for men to struggle for; this new Acadia, these new Acadians will survive a long time.

The Birthplace of Liberty.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

From Woburn I advanced on Lexington. It is a very pretty village, and externally contains but few evidences of poor folks. The historic green on which the battle was fought is a small triangular piece of ground, inclosed by a railing and shaded with elm and hickory trees. It contains a liberty pole, by which is a mounted iron cannon, and a little distant is a plain granite shaft, erected in 1799 to the memory of the seven men of Lexington who fell there. I notice that one "John Brown" also died at Lexington. About the top of "lubber" of the liberty pole is a gilt inscription indicating this as the "birth-place of American liberty."

It was a warm Indian summer October afternoon when I sat on the green. The quiet reigning over the village was such that the crow of a rooster could be heard through the entire place. A gang of Italians engaged on some public work were rolling and lurching on the grass; children talking and laughing were on their way to school; young ladies tripped along with music-rolls in their hands; people went in and out of houses with market baskets; washing was going on; clothes were hung to dry in back yards; a grocer's wagon rattled along the street; a sand cart followed. And this was Lexington, and apparently not a soul thinking of the skirmish between a company of American farmers and a battalion of English troops, which has been so often told in story, history and song.

Living Organisms Under Pressure.

[Scientific Exchange.]

M. Regnard has made a series of experiments on living organism under high pressures. Yeast was found to be latent after having been subjected to a pressure of 1,000 atmospheres for one hour; an hour later it began to ferment in sweetened water. Starch was transformed to sugar by saliva at 1,000 atmospheres. At 600 atmospheres algae were able to decompose carbonic acid in sunlight, but they died and began to putrefy after four days. Cross seed after ten minutes' exposure to 1,000 atmospheres were swollen with water, and after a week began to sprout. At 900 atmospheres infusoria and mollusks, etc., were rendered morbid and latent, but when removed returned to their natural state. Fishes without bladders can stand 100 atmospheres, at 200 they seem asleep, at 300 they die, and at 400 they die and remain rigid even while putrefying.

Gardens for Sanitation.

[All the Year Round.]

It is the gardens which, in the absence of many of our modes of sanitation, keep the dense populations of Chinese cities tolerably healthy, for trees are great absorbers of bad, and diffusers of good, gases. We have a great deal still to learn from them in the way of gardening, and it is no use crying down our climate—the climate of north China is a very harsh, ungenial one, far worse for both men and plants than ours. It is not the climate that is in fault, but the gardeners; ours do not put the heart and the patience into their work that John Chinaman does into his.

Carlyle's Manuscript.

[Printers' Circular.]

Carlyle tells of an Edinburgh printer employed in the house which published his books, who fled out of Scotland before the terror of his manuscript. He found employment in London, and, as it chanced, with the house which afterward became the Carlylean publishers in England. "Lord Almighty," the printer said, when the well-known manuscript reappeared before him, "you don't mean to say that you have got that man here?" and he darted forth into space and was heard of no more.

Mountains of the Atlantic.

[Exchange.]

Recent soundings over the bed of the Atlantic ocean prove the existence of a sunken ridge often less than 1,000 fathoms from the surface, while on either side the water has a depth of 3,500 fathoms. The elevation of the ocean's bed to a height sufficient to make it dry land would therefore bring up a range of mountains, varying from 9,000 to 15,000 feet in height. The higher points of the sunken ridge now form the Azore islands.

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