

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCES OF A PARTY OF SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Southern Courtesy Exhibited in the Street Cars—The Landscape as Seen from the Car Windows—The Exposition Grounds.

[New Orleans Cor. Chicago Tribune.]

We waited twenty minutes at the corner of Canal and St. Charles streets for a non-smoking car, and were finally rewarded. The cars seat about sixteen passengers each, and this one already had that number on board. Here the women had their first experience of that southern chivalry of which we are all so proud. The men immediately vacated their seats, bowed politely, and crowded out of the way until the women were all seated. More passengers got on until the car was packed to its utmost standing capacity.

About two miles out the crowd had thinned, and traveling became more comfortable. Here a stout colored girl got in, but southern chivalry draws the line at negroes. Nobody offered her a seat. Afterwards an old woman with a big bundle—apparently a washerwoman—got in also. Southern chivalry seemed to draw another line at washerwomen. However, one of the Chicago girls gave her seat to the old woman, and a tobacco chewing knight-errant gave his seat to the Chicago girl, and thus a happy compromise was effected. The view from the cars was more varied than picturesque. A long row of white frame houses, all exactly alike—probably constructed by the same carpenter and painted out of the same buckets—with green blinds, wide galleries, and a wood paling in front of the door. Here and there great magnolia trees, their loads of green leaves shining with nature's varnish. Then a bleak piece of swamp, with a foreground of several little half-clad negroes and two or three mauve-colored, serious looking goats. Then several beer-saloons—for right near there is a street car barn and some tumble-down colored lodging houses. Then an orange orchard, so delightful to northern eyes. Then pretty frame houses of airy structure, set in the midst of well-kept gardens of blooming flowers and strange-looking, giant-leaved plants.

Then we pass more pieces of bare swamp, more gardens and orchards, more saloons, more miserable frame shanties, until we reach the vicinity of the exposition grounds. Here are a host of forlorn sidings, with a big panorama building for a center-piece. Circular railroads, merry go-rounds, toboggan slides, roller coasters, dime museums, mermaids, and monsters, and freaks, are collected here from all over the country—a regular town of them. Nobody visits them—even the peanut and lemonade stands have deserted them. Their proprietors seem to have almost given up hope. The showman's voice grows fainter day by day. Here is a painted clown grimacing to a crowd of half a dozen little negroes, a melancholy picture. There a little dwarf stands on a pedestal unheeded, gazing enviously on the audience attracted by his rival, the clown. It is questionable if taken in the whole heat of shows have yet taken in a cent.

Our car passes a long row of beer-saloons and restaurants, and finally stops at the main entrance to the exposition grounds. The journey of six miles occupied an hour and three-quarters—all for five cents. If the road had not been blocked we might have done it in an hour. We pay our fee of 50 cents a head and pass the turnstile. Before us is the main building, nearly a quarter of a mile wide. Flags and hunting coats from every point and corner of the world, irregular roof. The front is painted a gray or drab color, with the panels and projecting woodwork a reddish brown. On the front of the elevation over the main entrance there is a stately group representing the progress of America. Columbia robed in flowing gown, in her left hand a laurel wreath, in her right hand a wand upon which is affixed the star of empire, stands majestically pointing out the path of progress. America, as an Indian maiden seated on a wild buffalo, seems tightening her saddle-girths for the first time. Civilization, represented as a woman in modern costume, with a sheaf of wheat in one hand and a bouquet of roses in the other, stands ready to encourage her up the rugged path. A North American Indian sits on an adjacent rock resting his elbow on his war club. At the time of our arrival a ladder leaned up against the side of Columbia, on the top of which stood an artist laying on bronze paint with a white wash brush. On each side of the group and at a lower elevation two tall metal figures are placed in niches, but who they represent is still a matter of conjecture. One of them is popularly supposed to be the Father of His Country, but which one it is, or who the other one is, we don't know.

A hard uphill walk leads from the entrance gate to the building. To the right, nearly half a mile off, is the government building—a long, low structure painted green, its glass sky lights looking like a slated roof. To the left, about the same distance off, is the horticultural hall, its glass roof shining like an ice palace, with a sweep of giant live-oaks forming a background. In the foreground to the left is the Mexican iron building, still a huge skeleton without form or definite outline. Looking directly through the framework of the building one can see the spars of some vessels lying at the Exposition wharf. Immediately to the left a frame building is being erected for an Exposition restaurant. It is here the visitors get their first disappointment. Instead of the lakes and fountains, and groves delineated in the pictures we see only an artificial mud-trench and a few sickly trees and shrubs recently transplanted into the swamp. Piles of refuse lumber are strewn around. There is a small sheet of water near the government building, with a great stand-pipe in the centre, the fine spray from which is caught up by the wind and blown a distance of 500 feet. If one ventured to go near it he would not only be drenched to the skin, but would sink over his ankles in mud before he had gone ten steps. The grounds are prosaic—it is better to go inside.

On the King's Highway.

[The Quiver.] For good, honest interchange of thought and sentiment, for sifting a man and separating the corn from the chaff in his moral, spiritual, and social characteristics, for getting a grip stronger than ever in the way of possessing his heart, I know of nothing that can bring better occasions or wealthier chance to you than walking with him on the king's highway. You shall learn more of a man's heart, his likes and dislikes, his hobbies and idiosyncrasies, his weakness and his strength, in a day's walk than you shall be able to get by a month's riding with him in a diligence or a postchaise.

The Hazard of College Training.

[Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.] I would rather my boys would depend on three or four good papers, that would not cost more than \$10 a year, than on \$50 worth of Latin and Greek and algebra and geometry. They will be of more benefit to him in the practical business of life. Of course, if he is to be a professional man, he must study the sciences and go to college, but it is a hazard—a great hazard—to send a boy to college, and the reason is plain. Four years at school and four more at college takes eight of the best years of a boy's life, say from 12 to 20, the very years that his physical system needs physical exercise and physical training; the very years when his habits of life and for life are fixed; the very years when he should mix labor and study and let his brain and his muscle all work along together and sustain each other.

College habits are habits of physical indolence. A college boy has no education to work anything but his brain when he comes away, and looks around for business. His physical nature abhors work—he can't stand it. His habits are fixed and habits are as binding as fetters, and he sees no agreeable opening except the law or medicine or politics and so the land is full of quacks and pettifoggers and small politicians who afflict the people and do no good for themselves. These small lawyers sit around town and watch for strife among neighbors like a buzzard watches for a carcass. They nurse and encourage all sorts of petty litigation. The doctors gallop off to see a sick patient and keep him sick until it takes his little crop to pay the bill. The politicians get up a rumpus in the newspapers and slander one another until the people don't know who to vote for, and they don't care. And so it goes, and it would have been better, far better, for the whole batch to have stayed upon the farm and married clever country girls and gone to raising children and chickens in an honest and honorable way.

The Prospects of Liberia.

[New York Letter.] Prof. McC. Stewart, of the Liberia college, delivered an address, taking for his subject "Liberia and the Congo in African Redemption." He called attention to the fact that new interests had been awakened among Americans in Africa's advancement. To day Americans knew more about it than ever before. "The people of Liberia," he continued, "are fine specimens of humanity. We have 15,000 American-Liberians, 5,000 liberated slaves, and 800,000 aborigines within a territory as large as New England, New York, and New Jersey. The development of our country physically, morally, and intellectually has been exceedingly rapid of late. The influence of civilization has been so great upon the aborigines that whereas years ago war existed between them and the American emigrants, now their relations are cordial and there have been already many cases of intermarriage. The people have every thing to hope for from the civilizing influence of friends on this continent.

"For a quarter of a century the development of Liberia has been purely literary. Now we go further and enter the agricultural field, and we shall endeavor to develop the internal industries of the country. In time I believe that the Congo and Niger valley will be united by water, railroads and commercial lines of all descriptions. In the opening up of this region we did a work which will render it immortal among those of earth. It is shown that the Congo territory is in extent and population as large as the Amazon and Missisippi. The extent of its water ways, and the importance of God has laid out for a new civilization in Africa.

Cider Instead of Beer.

[New York Times.] It is a wonder to me, and I suppose it always will be, that cider is not drunk more, especially when it is so cheap. It is cheaper than beer, and a good deal more healthful. In fact, physicians say that it is the most healthful drink known, when fresh of course, but a laborer will send around to the corner bar-room and buy beer or ale, when cider is 5 cents a quart. How do you account for that? Notwithstanding the hundreds of thousands of barrels brought to New York, the figures do not begin to compare with those of beer. Another peculiar fact is that some persons will drink stuff called cider that never was cider and never will be. There is not much sale for that outside the bar-room, however. If a man wants cider he need not spend his money for imitations this year, that is sure.

With vinegar, the case is different. Cider-vinegar costs money. It must be allowed to ferment from six months to a year, and the shrinkage is about 20 per cent. Extensive storage room must be used, and considerable capital employed. But if every year was like this, we could undersell doctored vinegar, which is made from whiskey, molasses, and other stuff. It is cheap, but not harmful, I understand. Nevertheless the housekeeper who has used cider vinegar wants cider vinegar, and not doctored stuff.

At the Bink.

[Detroit Free Press.] "And don't you skate, little girl!" he asked as he sat down beside her. "Oh, no, sir."

"But you can learn." "I guess I could, but I don't want to." "And do you come here just to watch the skaters?" "Oh, no—I come to watch Mrs. R." "Who's she?" "She papa's second wife. He don't want her to come, but she will do it." "And why do you watch her?" "Well, papa wanted her to promise that she wouldn't lean on anybody when she was skating with 'em, and that she wouldn't flirt when she was resting, but she wouldn't promise, and so I came to watch her. These short marks are when she leans, and these long ones when she flirts."

"And you show them all to your father?" "Yes, and he dates them and puts them away, and by and by we'll have enough to get a divorce on, and marry somebody who can't skate."

Poverty and Culture.

[Philadelphia News.] To be sure, you get the best touches of human nature from the humble. The poor furnish the best lessons of life. Those who struggle for bread or a place in the world teach us the most and tell us the best stories that are written. Culture is too apt to make us flaccid. Perhaps not in the offensive sense, but in reality. To sit on the wheel of fortune and stop at the stilt marked style and fashion means to appear what we are not and act what we do not believe.

Which Is It?

In America we call men who dabble in dynamite "dynamiters." Canadian papers call them "dynamiteurs," and the English press refers to them as "dynamitards."

ONLY A GIRL.

[Ruth Hall in Outlook.] I heard a sharp ring on the frosty way, And I catch the gleam of a cycle bright, Just a glimpse of a form in Quaker gray, And then, the dear boy! he is out of sight. Ah, out and away, ere the sun is high, While the early clouds are all rose and pearl, And then like a wine that is bright and dry, And I'm—only a girl.

I think of the hollow where leaves lie dead; Of the gaunt trees' shadows against the sky; Of the cool, clear stretch of blue overhead, And the low, lush meadows he rattles by. I look on the road with its dusty track, Where the wind-gusts moan to whistle and whirl; And—yes, I may look for his coming back, For I'm only a girl.

I may watch and wait all day for the ring Of his pretty playthings glistening steel; And, dressed in my gayest, may sit and sing O'er my work till I hear the wheel, Then I shall see the eyes of my lad, And he cheek and a drooping curl; And—well, yes—perhaps I'm a little glad, That I'm only a girl.

A Scene in Actual Life.

[New York Letter.] There are moving sights in actual life at every turn, and with sad qualities which depend on no prepared devices for effect. William H. Vanderbilt sat at an upper window of his mansion the other morning with a face so grim that I called a friend's attention to it.

Do you suppose it possible that he seriously feels the heavy loss from the depreciation in his own stocks and the financial ruin of one or two of his sons through speculation? I asked. "Possibly he does," was the reply, "for the shrinkage in his wealth cannot be less than \$30,000,000 if we reckon from the highest quotations of the past down to the lowest of the present. Besides, he has had to actually part with somewhere from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000 to make good his sons' disastrous ventures. But look across the street. There is a sight that ought to make him quite content with the loss and the hundred millions which are left to him."

Directly opposite the block of Vanderbilt residences in Fifth avenue is a Roman Catholic orphan asylum, standing back from the famous street, and down the incline was looking toward the gate, came a woman and a little boy. That she was a mother in poverty and he a half orphaned son, whom cruel fate and beneficent charity combined to take away from her, was apparent at a glance. The parting was a breakage of the two fond hearts, that was clear, else the woman would not have hugged the boy so desperately nor he have clung to her as to his last hope of happiness. Then a sister, in the somber garb of her order, emerged from the asylum, spoke a few words to the sorrowing ones, gently separated them, sent the mother away and led the boy indoors. Vanderbilt's eyes rested on this incident; but whether it made his loss of millions seem a trivial mishap I do not know.

The Lapp and His Reindeer.

[Foreign Letter.] The mountains of Norway have learned to drink coffee and wear stout Norwegian cloth, but they set as much store by the reindeer as ever. A poor family will have fifty and upward in a flock, the middle classes 200 to 300, and the richest 1,000 or more. The reindeer is as much beloved by the Lapp as his pig by the Irishman, and the reindeer often sleep in a hut in much the same fashion. The Lapp will whisper to his reindeer when harnessing him to his sleigh, and will tell him where he is to go, and declare he understands him. The reindeer is much like a stag, only smaller; all the people, animals and trees in Lapland are diminutive, the men are mostly under five feet high, and the women under four feet nine inches, so great are the rigors of the climate in this as in all countries under the arctic, and the cows, sheep and goats are small in proportion.

In summer the reindeer feeds upon grass and gives excellent milk, in the winter they feed upon moss, which they scratch up under great depths of snow with marvelous instinct. When winter draws near great numbers are killed, and the flesh is dried and smoked to provide food when the ground is covered with snow, and but few birds, like ptarmigan, partridges and capercaillie, are met with. The flesh is very nutritious, and after a course of grass feeding it is surprising how soon the reindeer becomes fat and plump. The skin makes their dresses and boots, the sinews their thread and fishing lines, and the horns their spoons and domestic utensils.

Austria's Heterogeneous Population.

[New York Times.] Probably no government in Europe has more subjects or rules them with more difficulty than the cabinet of Vienna. The Ruthenians of Galicia, the Croats and Wallachs of the lower Danube, the Slavs of Dalmatia and the Trentino, the proud and warlike Hungarian Magyars, the Transylvanians, whose chief ranked among the sovereigns of Europe barely two centuries ago, the Czechs, of Bohemia, who formed a great and powerful kingdom when the head of the Hapsburgs was still an obscure German knight—all these and others besides are held together by Austria like the staves of a rickety cask, which fly in all directions the moment the confining hoop is jarred by a heavy blow from without.

Stirring Stagnant Waters.

[Exchange.] Recent researches have shown that rapid motion has a remarkable effect in destroying the organic impurities in water. This leads Mr. Mattieu Williams to remark that the steamboats on the Thames, of which complaints have been made because they disturb the bottom, are really very valuable agents from a sanitary point of view, and the violent agitation they produce. The steam-tugs which agitate otherwise stagnant canals must also be regarded as great benefactors.

Where Meteorites Originate.

[Birmingham.] Professor R. S. Ball, astronomer royal of Ireland, declares it to be his belief that the masses of stone and iron which fall to the earth as meteorites were originally thrown out by terrestrial volcanoes at a remote period in our planet's geological history. If so, the fragments must have been projected beyond the influence of the earth's attraction by explosions giving them the tremendous initial velocity of six miles a second.

Doubling Their Wealth.

Malthus, the English statistician, says that, while England has doubled her wealth since 1845, France has doubled hers since 1856, and the United States has doubled theirs since 1864.

Another Warning.

Smokers are warred by a celebrated optician from reading and smoking at the same time. The blue of the smoke imposes unequal work upon the two eyes.

Ducks' Eggs Forty Years Old.

[Cornhill Magazine.] We had beche-de-mer soup, alias sea-slugs, which does not sound nice, but which really is like calf's head. Then there were sweet soups and small stews and ragouts of every conceivable meat except beef, which is never seen at a Chinese table, oxen being accounted too valuable to the farmer to be consigned to the butcher. As to cat, rat and dog, those curious in such matters may procure them at restaurants in the city; but I understand that they do not grace the festivals of Chinese gentry. What with turtle soup, soup of ducks' tongues, macaroni, fairy, rice, skins of pig's mouth, dragon whisker, vegetables, etc., we found an ample succession of gastronomical interest. No bread is eaten, but all manner of delicate little preserved fruits and pickles are brought to each guest on tiny silver plates to play with between the courses.

One of the greatest delicacies provided for us were ducks' eggs, hard boiled, quite black, and of incalculable age, antediluvian perhaps, as nothing is considered respectable old in China unless it dates back some thousand years. But, joking apart, it appears that the value of these black eggs really increase with their age. The Chinese epicure discriminates between the eggs of successive decades, treating his most honored guest to the oldest and most costly, just as the owner of a good cellar in Britain brings forth his choicest wines. The charm of a highly-boiled fresh egg is quite unknown to the celestial palate, which only recognizes eggs when hard boiled, and much prefers them in an advanced age.

For ordinary use, especially as a light diet for invalids, eggs are simply preserved by being steeped in salt water mixed with either soot or red clay, in which they are laked when required, but the truly refined process is to prepare a solution of wood ashes, lime and salt, mixed with water in which some aromatic plant has been boiled. This paste is run into a tub, and the newly-laid eggs are therein imbedded in layers. The tub is hermetically sealed, and at the end of forty days the eggs are considered fit for use, but at the end of forty years they will be still better. They become black throughout, owing, I suppose, to the action of the lime, but the white becomes gelatinous, and the whole tastes rather like a plover's egg.

Noses to Order.

[Philadelphia Exchange.] "The nose is simply a piece of cartilage," said a surgeon, "and its shape can be changed with ease. A clever Frenchman some years ago invented a machine for that purpose, and I have heard, made a fortune by it, so many people are troubled with noses whose shapes do not please their owners or their owners' friends. The machine consisted of a shell in two parts, hinged together. It is in shape inside that of a perfectly molded nose, according to the type of the features of the wearer. Thus you can obtain a Roman, Grecian, retroussé, a quill or any other shape you desire.

To apply the instrument the nose is first bathed in warm water at bedtime and thoroughly heated and softened. Then it is well greased with olive oil, glycerine, vaseline or other oily substance. Finally the nose-improver is fixed on and the sides clasped together, and the wearer keeps it on all night, taking care in the morning to wash in cold water only. It is rather a painful process at first, but after the first two or three applications of the improver there is no more trouble. In about a month the nose begins to take its new shape and at the end of from eight to ten weeks the alteration is said to be perfect and permanent—that is, until the patient becomes tired of that particular shape and is desirous of having another, when the same operation with another instrument is necessitated. I have known people change their noses four or five times in as many years. It is that way a man could change the style of his nose as often as he changed the cut of his trousers.

Brooks Their Guns in Two.

[Texas Sitings.] Several citizens were out on Onion creek on last Sunday shooting quail. They were shooting near St. Jackson's place, and St. watched them intently.

"Dey was de curus gemman eber I seed," remarked St. to Tiff Johnson, after the visitors had returned to the city metropolis. "What was there peculiar about them?" "Nuffin," cept ebery time they shot at a bird and missed him dey got so mad dey cotched hold ob dar guns and broke 'em right in two."

It seems the gentlemen had breech-loading guns, and St. had never seen any other gun than the old-fashioned muzzle loader.

Sheridan's Magnetism.

[Gen. James M. Comley.] I cannot believe, try as I may, that Gen. Wright would have done as well without Sheridan. Do you believe in "magnetic" leaders? I do. Gen. Wright had no more magnetism in him than the Washington monument; Gen. Sheridan was magnetism incarnate. He never made his appearance on the field or in camp that his presence did not thrill the men like the crackle from an electric battery. Sheridan would have gone into any division of the army, at random, and would have made them forget who they were or what they were and everything except that they were ready to go with Sheridan "into the jaws of death—into the mouth of hell."

Beginning of Rome's Downfall.

[Boston Transcript.] In the days of Pome's greatness one Marcus Cæsius had a large cooverture at the corner of Appian Way and Mars Hill. Upon a certain day two of his apprentices sought to see which would make a better beef keg. Caius Antoninus was the successful competitor, which so maddened Titus Pæssinius that he knocked the head of Antoninus' keg with a beetle. Caius cried aloud in his agony as he surveyed the ruin that had been accomplished. "See what a rent the envious casker made!" Rome's downfall dated from that day.

A Philosopher's Reason.

[The Argonaut.] A philosophical individual once refused point blank to lend \$100 to a Boston friend. "Well, I did not expect that of you," said the would-be borrower, rising and preparing to leave indignantly; "I will never forgive you for this refusal." "Of course you won't, my dear fellow," replied the philosopher, with the utmost calmness; "but if I'd lent you the \$50, you wouldn't have paid me; and we should have quarreled about that; so it's as well to get the row over at once. Good morning."

Plated Bracelets.

[Boston Transcript.] There are 300 shops in the country making a specialty of plated gold bracelets, which may account for the invariable appearance of these articles in company with ill-fitting cheap gloves.

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