

An Account of the First Printing Done by Steam—The Triumph Achieved by Koenig, of Saxony—1,100 Copies an Hour.

[Nineteenth Century.]

At the beginning of the century The Times was at the bottom of the list of London morning journals as regards the numbers sold, its contemporaries being ranked as follows in proportion to their circulation: (1) The Morning Chronicle, (2) The Morning Post, (3) The Morning Herald, (4) The Morning Advertiser. The circulation of The Times did not then exceed 1,000 copies daily. Seven years earlier the daily circulation of The Morning Post was but 35 copies, and its progress had been rapid; yet that of The Times was even more marvellous during the ten following years. From having the smallest circulation of any London contemporary, the circulation of The Times became so much larger than that of any of them that the ordinary printing appliances proved inadequate to provide the copies for which there was a demand. When the number bought was 1,000 it was easy enough to supply them with a press which turned out between 300 and 400 copies an hour; but when many thousands were called for such a press proved wholly inadequate.

Mr. Walter had made several attempts to effect improvements in the printing press. He consulted Marc Isambard Brunel, one of the great mechanics of his day, who gave his best attention to the matter, and then intimated his inability to execute what was required. Mr. Walter advanced money to Thomas Martyn, who thought he had made an important discovery, but the ideas of Martyn were not realized in practice. While engaged in seeking for a person who could give scope and effect to his wishes, Friedrich Koenig, a German who was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, in 1774, was laboring to effect improvements in the printing press, was confident of substituting steam for manual labor in his new press, and was anxiously waiting for an opportunity to give scope to his views and for a patron to countenance and advance them. He had visited England in the hope of finding there the opening and the support which he could not obtain in his native country. He found a sympathizer in Thomas Bensley, with whom he entered into an agreement in 1807.

Two years later, when a working model of Koenig's improved press had been completed, Bensley brought the matter before Mr. Walter, who, for the moment, was so fully occupied with other engagements that he could not entertain a new scheme. In 1812 Koenig had finished one of his new printing presses, and the conductors of the principal London journals were invited to see it in operation. Mr. Perry, of The Morning Chronicle, a very shrewd man, and the editor of a most successful newspaper, would not even accept the invitation, declaring that, in his opinion, no newspaper was worth so many years' purchase as would equal the cost of the new machine. Mr. Walter accepted the invitation, carefully examined Koenig's improved press, and at once ordered two double presses on the same model. Two years elapsed before the presses were constructed and at work. Rumors of the new invention were circulated, despite the secrecy to which all concerned had been pledged, and The Times pressmen, who believed that their means of a livelihood would be at an end when steam was applied to printing, vowed vengeance upon the inventor. The new presses were erected in rooms adjoining those wherein the old presses were in operation.

At 6 o'clock in the morning of the 29th of November, 1814, Mr. Walter entered the office with several damp printed sheets in his hand, and informed the startled pressman at work there that the Times was already printed by steam! That if they attempted violence there was a force ready to suppress it, but that if they were peaceable their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured. In proof of his statement he handed to them copies of the first newspaper which had issued from a steam press. The readers of that day's Times were informed of the revolution of which it was a visible token. Telling though the speed may now seem, it was then thought astounding that a press could throw off, as Koenig's did, 1,100 copies an hour, and this beginning is memorable as the first step in a series of improvements still more remarkable than that which was pronounced at the time to be the greatest that had been effected in the art of printing since the discovery of the art itself.

Splendour of Stamboul's Temples. [New York Sun.]

A French traveler has just returned from Stamboul with a wonderful story of the sights he saw. He is eloquent about two thrones of enameled gold, with incrustations of pearls, rubies and emeralds. In another room he saw two caskets, even more magnificent, studded with rubies and diamonds, in which the hairs from the prophet's beard are jealously preserved. There are also several curious instruments made of gold and thickly studded with gems on the back, which were used as portable "scratching posts." Another room was hung with armor and scepters; caskets and escutcheons lay on the table. The old escutcheons are all shaped like a pistol, the inkstand is placed at the spot occupied by the trigger, and the reeds and a penknife are in the barrel. There are also inkstands in the shape of trays, each containing five saucers, for ink, dying powder and other odds and ends used by the writers. In another room are the costumes of all the sultans down to Mahmoud II. Each of the costumes has a silk scarf attached, together with a magnificently chased dagger and a diamond aigrette. Then, heaped pell-mell, are the keys of the fortresses of the empire, and finally comes the sacred treasure, consisting of the relics of Islam: the mantle and standard of the prophet, his sword and bow; the sworts of the first caliphs; and the oldest manuscripts of the Koran.

New Orleans Girls Made Happy. [New Orleans Picayune.]

On New Year's Day a Boston lady, who is now in New Orleans, went by way of the river to the exposition. On the boat was a party of four young girls and a matron, all strangers. One of the young girls gazed earnestly at the Boston lady and then said: "Please excuse me, madam, but what is the name of the shawl you have on?" "It is an India shawl," "And what did it cost?" "About \$2,000?" "Madam, will you be so kind as to let me show it to my companions? Neither they nor I have ever seen an India shawl before." The lady readily agreed and the girls were much happy.

AN ACTOR OF EXPERIENCE

Gives His Views of the Profession—Stage Fright—Social Life—Salaries. [New York Graphic Interview.]

"I may be very conservative in my notions as to how a man or woman should enter the profession, but in spite of schools, lessons or coaching it is the same opinion with experienced actors that a beginner must begin on the stage itself, with all its surroundings as they are—at the bottom of the ladder. There have been of course some exceptional cases, but they are indeed very rare. Why, my dear sir, I could name some actors who are on the stage now who had neither money nor time to waste, thus began the profession by going on as superns, for by this means they got used to facing an audience, and could see the curious methods adopted by old staggers."

"What is the feeling a man experiences when he first speaks before an audience?" "Were you ever seasick? Well, if you remember that sensation, just before you are absolutely ill you may form some idea of the fear that comes over the average actor on his first appearance before any audience. There is the same cold perspiration, the mist before the sight, the same parched lips and tongue, the sinking feeling in the breast and palpitating heart. Some of course suffer more than others. It is called stage fright, and there's many a man and woman that could not go through the same ordeal a second time. It's all right well for a young man to recite before his friends or play at any amateur entertainment; but when he comes before a large assembly of people who have paid their admission fee to be entertained, with all the glare, glitter and bustle of genuine show life around him, it's a vastly different matter. What may appear strange to you is this—that a man, as a rule, plays better when he is slightly nervous—not about the audience, but his lines. It is perhaps better explained by anxiety as to whether he is correct, and the very doubt he has about it throws a degree of fire into his acting."

"What about the actor's social life?" asked the journalist. "Well, save those few engaged at the houses that have a stock company, they have no social comfort, or at least during the season. The majority of Theatians sign for it. They go from railroad car to hotel, from hotel to theatre, and so on. You cannot form any conception of how a man or woman feels when they arrive in some town at say 5 in the afternoon. This is barely time to bolt some supper when they have to hurry off to the theatre—perhaps a strange one to them—dress and go on. Then perhaps the train takes them away to the next stand at midnight, to say nothing of windy weather. The only time they get in on Sunday, if they happen to be staying in town on that day; then the want of a home is impressed upon their minds."

"But they receive good pay during the season," suggested the reporter. "That's another exaggerated idea," avowed the actor, with a grave shake of his head. "In the first place actors do not in very many cases receive the salaries put down to them by many newspapers and general gossip. Then you must bear in mind that half the year they are idle. There is always something to buy for every piece or something to replace. For instance, if an actor is playing in a piece that requires every day clothing nothing is found by the managers, and if it's a fancy dress piece there are tights, feathers, shoes, wigs, and other things he has to find, or if you have to travel there are dozens of ways for the money to go, the details of which cannot always be accounted for. Yet for all it is a mistake to suppose that actors are a very improvident class. A great number have money, and there is a very good plan they now adopt to place their earnings in safe keeping while on their travels—that is, on 'treasure day,' after keeping what they might need for running expenses, they get a post order for the balance payable to themselves, if they have no family in New York city, or any other place they may think of making for when the season is over."

A Mirage in the Sahara. [New Donagola Cor. New York World.]

It was a few days ago that a place down the river, near New Donagola, was seemingly encompassed by an imponderable mirror. In the distance we thought we saw rocks, mountains, and old minarets, trees, where we knew that all was sand. In the afternoon the rocks and mountains had gone and a great sheet of motionless water was mirrored before us. We thought we could at times see the waves rippled by some passing breeze. Up to within 300 yards of us we thought we saw a regiment of red-coated soldiers marching at ease, where we knew no soldiers could be. We thought we saw a camel, laden with manticles of war, on the right hand. It was a mirage, and none of us were deceived by it. But en route we saw more than that. Only yesterday I witnessed a sublime phenomenon. It was not a mirage, but a reality. I saw three sand-spouts rising perpendicularly to a great height. Their heads were lost in swelling capis, which appeared to reach the clouds. They looked like columns which had the sky for their vault. It looked like the ruins of some supernatural pantheon. Other sand-spouts looked like halcyons dragging their cars over the plains. On the desert these sand-spouts are dangerous, but we will know how to guard against them as well as our Bedouin or Arab guides.

Practical Value of "Science." [Detroit Free Press.]

While the anti-vaccination "cranks" are protesting against the method of protecting the public from the small-pox, the process has actually stamped out the plague in localities where it had taken hold. And while Ruskin and other vivisection "cranks" were declaiming in one part of London against experiments on live animals, a man was having his life saved in a London hospital by a surgical operation that depended upon vivisection. For Professors Farrier and Yeo, by experiments upon the brains of live animals discovered, that certain symptoms were the result of pressure upon a particular part of the brain. So when a patient betrayed these symptoms they boldly cut into the right place in his brain and removed a tumor which they found there. Its growth would inevitably have killed the man. Its removal saved his life. It was the first operation of the kind ever performed, and would never have been possible but for the experiments upon the brains of live animals.

English Co-operative Associations. [Chicago Herald.]

In England there are 1,180 co-operative associations, with 600,000 members, which dealt in merchandise last year to the extent of \$117,000,000. They were first organized in England in 1837, and last year the members saved on goods bought over \$2,000,000, which, being reduced to an individual average, is equal to one-fiftieth of the annual income of each member.

Where Inactivity Is Deemed Ennobling. [New York Cor. Inter Ocean.]

There are various views of inactivity, by the way, in that happily small circle of our society where inactivity is deemed ennobling. I overheard a 16-year-old dandy say to still younger belle: "I am glad that my family got out of trade fifty years ago. My father was never in business, but devoted himself to science as a hobby. He made several discoveries, you know, that have got a permanent place in books." Then he looked into the girl's face for admiring wonder, but saw only gentle commiseration. "So your poor papa had employment?" she said, and then a weak tincture of proud disdain became visible as she added: "My father never, never did anything at all."

Nor was the further conversation of this dainty bud of exotic culture less interesting. She dwelt upon the artistic laws of harmony in colors, as she deemed them obeyed or violated in the hangings of the drawing room. Anything inharmonious made her positively ill. The sight of ill-contrasted hues sent a sharp pain through her eyes. She really didn't know how her sense of propriety in color had become so abnormally developed, but she suspected that it was partly through the influence of a sensitive nature. She was sure that the peculiarity went out from her and pervaded all of her belongings.

"Why, do you know," she murmured, "my horse shied so dreadfully at a bonnet in Central park yesterday that I was nearly thrown from the saddle."

"It was too tight, I suppose."

"Oh, no; but the combination was awful. Why, there was a blue feather on green velvet. Could I expect to get my horse past that?"

Fascinated by a Chamouls. [Clinton Dent.]

We made good progress, when of a sudden Franz gave a loud whistle and then fell flat down. The other two guides immediately followed his example and beckoned to us with excited gesticulations to leave in a similarly foolish manner. Thereupon we, too, sat down, and inquired what the purpose of this performance might be. It turned out that there was a very little chamouls about half a mile off, knowing that it would be impossible to induce the guides to move on until the animal had disappeared, we seized the opportunity of taking an early breakfast. The guides meanwhile wriggled about on their stomachs, with eyes staring out of their heads, possessed by an extraordinary desire to miss no single movement of the object of their attention. "See, it moves," said Franz in a whisper. "Himmel! it is feeding," said Burger. "It must be the same that Johann saw three weeks ago." "Acht! no, that was but a little one" (no true chamouls hunter will ever allow that a brother sportsman can possibly have set eyes on a larger animal than himself). "Truly it is fine," "Thunder-walker! it moves its head!" In their excitement I regretted that I could not share, not being well versed in hunting craft; my own experience of sport in the Alps being limited to missing one marmot that was sitting on a road licking its paws. In due course the chamouls walked away. Apparently much relieved by there being no further necessity to continue in their former uncomfortable attitudes, the guides sat up and fell to a warm discussion as to the size of the animal.

Wall of a Card-Writer. [New York Tribune.]

"I am \$150 out this year," said a well-known writer of New Year's visiting cards, who occupies a position of the entrance to one of the Broadway hotels. "How do you account for it?" "There has been no falling off in the number of cards written," he continued. "I have executed quite as many as in previous years, but people won't buy good cards now. Times are hard and money is short. Where I formerly sold half a dozen packs of the best fringed and fancy cards I don't sell more than one now. All the run this year has been upon plain white cards, and the more expensive cards have been left on my hands."

Pointing to a pile of handsomely-fringed cards, many of exquisite design, the card-writer continued: "Those are a dead loss to me. Last year they would have all been sold, but now people can't afford to pay for them—I am off to New Orleans to the exposition in a few days, and shall return to my old stand at Casey island in the summer."

The Pug of the Period. [New York Sun.]

The pug of the passing moment must be of a delicate fawn color, with a black mask extending to a line just above the eyes, black lips, and one or two black moles on the sides of its face. It must carry its head up when in action, and its tail well curled over its back, to right or left, according to sex. It may have a little, but only a little, smut on its head, down the spine to the tip of the tail, and may have a slightly smutted saddle, but no smut on the rest of its body. It must wear a cloak of Napoleon blue tricot cloth, lined and bound with red, and a harness (never a collar) of yellow leather decorated with silver, gilt, or steel bosses and straight away, and lined with pinked-out red cloth. It should wear a yellow, red, or blue ribbon bow on its left shoulder. Its ears should not be cropped, and it should not weigh over fifteen nor under seven pounds.

With Thumb and Finger. [Chicago Herald.]

The Japanese dentist performs all his operations of tooth drawing with the thumb and fore finger of one hand, and thus he never terrifies his patients with an array of steel instruments. The skill necessary to do this is only acquired by long practice, but once it is obtained the operator is able to extract about a half dozen teeth in thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth. The dentist's education commences with the pulling out of pegs that have been pressed into soft wood; it ends with the drawing of hard pegs which have been driven into an oak plank with a mallet. It is said that no human jaw can resist the delicate but powerful manipulation of the Japanese dentist.

A Pig Album. [New York Tribune.]

The album can be easily made by cutting several pieces of cardboard or stiff paper, twelve inches long and five wide. Fold them together, run a ribbon through the back, and tie the ends in a bow on the outside. Let each one in turn draw a pig and write his or her name, with the eyes closed, upon a page in the album. The strange figures thus made will furnish abundant amusement among a gathering of young folks.

Hereditary Disease. [Boston Herald.]

A Boston physician advises everybody to ascertain what diseases have carried off his ancestors, with a view to guarding himself against inherited tendencies by adopting the requisite manner of life, place of residence, and general self-treatment.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

[Eugene Lee Hamilton.]

We touch Life's shore as swimmers from a wreck Who shudder at the cheerless land they reach, And find their comrades gathered on the beach Watching a fading sail, a small white speck— The phantom ship, upon whose ample deck There seemed awhile a homeward place for each. The crowd still waving their hands and still beseech, But see, it fades, in spite of prayer and beck.

Let those who hope for brighter shores no more Not mourn, but turning inland bravely seek What hidden wealth redeems the shapeless shore. The one who must build stout cabins for the weak; Must plant and stint; must sow and reap and store; For grain takes root though all seems bare and bleak.

Canada as a Winter Resort. [W. George Beers in The Century.]

How shall a hope to describe what has been done to make Canada as a winter resort better known to all the world? The first snowfall is an intoxicant. Boys go snow-mad. Montreal has a temporary insanity. The houses are prepared for a visit from King North Wind, and Canadians are the only people in the world who know how to keep warm outdoors as well as indoors. The streets are gay with life and laughter, and everybody seems determined to make the most of the great carnival. Business goes to the dogs. There is a mighty march of tourists and townspeople crunching over the crisp snow, and a constant jingle of sleigh-bells. If you go to any of the toboggan slides, you will witness a sight that terrifies the on-looker as well as the tobogganist. The natural hills were formerly the only resort; but some one has introduced the Russian idea of erecting a high wooden structure, up one side of which you drag your toboggan, and down the other side of which you fly like a rocket. These artificial slides are the most popular, as they are easier of ascent, and can be made so as to avoid chutes or bumps.

Within the last few years a score of regular toboggan clubs have been organized. Everybody has gone crazy on the subject, and men, women, and children revel in the dashing flight. The hills are lit by torches stuck in the snow on each side of the track, and huge bonfires are kept burning around which gather picturesque groups. Perhaps of all sports of the carnival this is the most generally enjoyed by the visitors. Some of the slides are very steep and look dangerous, and the sensation of rushing down the hill on the thin strip of basswood is one never to be forgotten. "How did you like it?" asked a Canadian girl of an American visitor, whom she had steered down the steepest slide. "Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for \$100." "You'll try it again, won't you?" "Not for \$1,000."

Anecdote of Senator Sumner. [Edmond Altou in St. Nicholas.]

Senator Sumner took quite an interest in me, and had an especial fondness for catching me by the ears. Often have I attempted to pass the senator, while he was walking to and fro on the floor of the senate, only to have both my ears seized greedily, and to be asked some kindly question. I shall always remember one of these adventures—for it was an adventure! He had sent me on an errand. Having returned, reported to him the answer, and received his deep-voiced thanks, I started to move away, but he had caught me, and continued his slow march—I in front—Indian file. As he was a tall man and I a very small boy in comparison, I had to walk on tiptoe to ease the pain, and even then it seemed as if my ears would come off my head. The worst of it was that he at once became so lost in thought that he forgot that he had hold of me, and mechanically paced up and down, with his long strides, while I danced a mild war-dance, for some minutes—it seemed to be hours—to the intense amusement of all who observed it. The more I struggled, the more did I increase the agony, but at last managed to wriggle away from his grasp. No sudden "emptiness" of his hand caused him to realize the state of affairs, and he begged my pardon so energetically, and the spectators smiled so audibly, that the proceedings of the senate were interrupted and Mr. Colfax actually had to tap with his gavel to restore order! But it was, after all, an honor to be noticed, even in that fashion, by so distinguished a man as Senator Sumner. He had the widest reputation of any of the senators, and the first question most visitors to the senate would ask was: "Which is Charles Sumner?"

Catching the Wizard's Tricks. [Chicago Journal.]

It is a long time since London has been visited by a really first-class conjurer, for the simple reason that, he generally finds it too hot to hold him. For no sooner does the new wizard make his appearance than the entire metropolitan conjuring fraternity attends his performances, and before the week is out all his best tricks which have perhaps cost him years of thought and practice, are exposed for sale at a moderate cost in all the "magical repositories" in town. This was the case some years ago with the famous French conjurer, Du Buisson, and again last year with the American, Harz.

For Rheumatism. [Medical Journal.]

Oil of wintergreen, mixed with an equal quantity of olive oil, when applied externally to inflamed joints affected by acute rheumatism, is maintained to be, on high therapeutic authority, a means of instant relief from pain. At any rate, its introduction to the sick-chamber is unquestionable, if only for the agreeable odor it imparts to the atmosphere.

For Future History. [Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

In a letter to a friend in San Francisco, Gen. Sherman recently said: "I have always advised my army friends to reduce to writing their reminiscences as the best aid to future history. We may at times be at fault, but the truth will in the end be reached. I do believe this generation should decide the leading events of our own times."

As Well to Understand. [Detroit Free Press.]

It would be as well for the laboring classes of Europe to understand that every man of them who comes to America during these hard times must bring cash with him or run the chances of hunger.

Plantation Philosophy.

It ain't bo'n in some folks ter be hones'. Deah' make no difference how much er duck socakes wild chickens, nor no matter how fur she lib from water, soon er she fin'er puddle she's a gwine in dar.

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