

FANNY FERN.

CONVERSATION WITH A BROTHER OF THE BRILLIANT WRITER.

A Woman with a Great Heart—'Fanny' and the Extortionate Landlord—Her Style a Blending of Humor and Pathos.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"And so you want to know something about Fanny Fern from her brother's lips," said Mr. Richard Storrs Willis speaking in that tone of cultured repose which is now almost a lost art.

Mr. Willis said that Fanny made them all lively at home with her pranks, and alluded feelingly to her happy married life with Mr. Edridge, his death and her subsequent pecuniary losses which made her pen a necessity.

"It was in 1844 that she began to write," said Mr. Willis; "her husband had died the preceding year. Like the rest of her family, Mrs. Edridge found a ready and good friend in her pen, and as Fanny Fern achieved both reputation and fortune, Bonnet treated her in a princely manner, but she also increased the circulation of the Ledger immensely. Once she wrote an article commending the manner in which A. T. Stewart's clerks waited upon customers without regard to their dress or relation. Mr. Stewart was so pleased that he sent a man to The Ledger office to get the address of Fanny Fern, but it was denied to him as it was to all others. But A. T. Stewart was not a man to be denied. He discovered the writer and sent her an elegant outfit, which she indignantly returned. One day when she was Mrs. Farton she was in his store buying a navy suit for a child. Mr. Stewart had a habit of walking about the store and watching sales unknown often to both clerk and customer. He approached Fanny Fern and asked, 'Have you a child old enough to wear a navy suit?'

"The bright woman looked at him and responded: 'Go away, Mr. Stewart, and mind your own affairs.' 'This is my affair,' he answered, and had the suit sent to her address, and positively forbade any expense incurred, saying that he was already deeply in her debt.

"A characteristic story of my sister Sarah," said Willis, "was the way she traced a grating landlord at Richmond, Va., when she and her husband, Mr. Parton, were staying there for a few days. 'Fanny' had the misfortune to break a nick out of a very ordinary toilet chamber set and the landlord included the price of the whole set in the bill. When it was paid the angered Fanny inquired if the set was now hers. The landlord had not taken that view of it, but finally acknowledged that it was, since she had paid for it. 'Then I can do what I please with my own,' said the indignant and impulsive woman, and seizing a poker she went into the room and broke every piece of the set to eternal smash. Her keen sense of justice was outraged by such contemptible conduct."

Her marriage to James Parton, the historian, was a singularly happy one. Mr. Willis remarked, as suggested by the family hereditary tradition, that Fanny Fern is one of the leading editorial writers on The New York Ledger at the present time, while the granddaughter of another member of the family is a sparkling and popular writer on the Boston Journal.

It may be of interest to refer briefly to her style of writing. It was a blending of humor and pathos told in piquant sentences. She ridiculed the fashions of fashion and society. Like Dickens she preached a gospel of humanity. Her articles were terse and struck a popular vein at once. A quarter column newspaper skid was captioned "A model widow." The gist of the whole thing was in the opening sentence, of sarcastic levity:

"Would not wear her veil up on any account; thinks her complexion looks fairer than ever in contrast with her sables; sends back her new dress because of the fold of crape on the skirt 'is not deep enough'; steadfastly refuses to look in the direction of a dress coat for one week. 'Little Alice,' a sketch full of the pathos of a motherless child's story, ends with this transcript from her humanitarian creed:

"Never forget it, Fetsey," said he; "harsh words ain't for the motherless. May God forget me, if He ever hears one from my lips."

Fanny Fern died at the comparatively early age of 51. She lies buried in beautiful Mount Auburn, the lovely cemetery which lies adjacent to Boston. Over her grave is a white marble cross erected to her memory by Mr. Bonner as a token of his regard for her. It is wreathed with fern leaves, carved from the solid marble. It is said of her that in the fourteen years during which she wrote for The New York Ledger, that she never once failed to send in her manuscript promptly on time. She was paid for one story at the rate of \$100 a column.

A Philosopher's Opinion. (Prof. Backe.) There is far too much of everything nowadays—far too much eating, far too much drinking, far too much preaching, far too much writing, far too much speaking. As I think serious would be vastly improved if they were only preached once a month, so I think newspapers, as a rule, would be much more interesting and influential if they would express only once or twice a week, instead of wearing their readers by repeating themselves day after day. For my part, I take up a subject and stick to it until I have mastered my subject. At present I am writing English history, and with that in hand I pay no attention to the bubble.

I am only a philosopher, and philosophers don't make the laws. We care little about politics; in fact, attention to politics, as they are ordinarily understood, entails too great a waste of brains.

Optimism for Heroes. (Exchange.) The natives of India are said to give their horses opium when they wish to accomplish long journeys. It is related that an Indian horseman gave his animal a drachm of opium after a fatiguing night's march, and thus enabled him to travel with ease forty miles further, but in the end the practice is destructive to horse-flesh.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph: Dream-land is the soul's picnic ground.

FEATHER DUSTERS.

How They are Made—The Kind of Feathers Used—Other Items.

(Chicago Tribune.)

"This is where we make feather dusters," said the proprietor of the establishment, in response to an inquiry by the reporter. "My place isn't a very large one, but we make a good many dusters in the course of a year."

Referring to the advertisement, the proprietor said, "We have girls to split and bunch feathers, which is very easy and simple process. Now, look here," and leading the reporter to the rear of the room, he showed a small machine of cylindrical shape, with a long, sharp steel knife placed horizontally above it. "The girl puts the feathers between the knife and the cylinder, and, the latter revolving, the feather is carried through. In the passage the stem is split, though the feather is not injured in the least, the object of this being to give pliability. In large factories this is all done by machinery, while in my place the feeling is done by hand. The feather is then run through a grinder, which removes the pith from the stem and smooths or sizes the latter down. Then they are 'bunched.' This consists simply in sorting them out according to size and fastening them together. They are then ready to be converted into dusters, the process of which you can easily understand, it being neither intricate nor difficult."

"What kind of feathers are used?" "Those of turkeys altogether, except where peacock dusters are made."

"Where do the feathers come from?" "I get them from the commission houses and they get them from everywhere, though the western states furnish the most. Chicago is the great feather market of the world, and in the matter of dusters there are more made here than in any other city in the United States or Europe. Dusters are shipped from here to New York, San Francisco, and all intermediate points, and even Paris, has been supplied from Chicago."

"Are all the feathers of the turkey utilized?" "Yes; the wings and tail feathers are used for making what we call the split duster—those which open wide or flare at the top; the body feathers make what is known as the body duster, which is more compact."

The Dalrymple Farms. (Northwestern Miller.) S. A. Dalrymple of the Dalrymple farms at Casselton, D. T., recently said:

"We have this year 800 acres in wheat and 2,000 acres enough to feed the stock in oats. Nine successive crops have been raised off this land, and this year our wheat averaged fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen bushels to the acre. Next year we will begin to summer fallow, letting about 3,000 acres lie idle each season till it has all had a rest. We expect that after the summer following the yield will be from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre."

"The 24,000 acres are divided into three farms of nearly equal size. For each of these there is a headquarters, with a superintendent, bookkeeper, foreman, agent, and other officers. These farms are again divided into sections of 2,000 acres each, under a division foreman, who carries out the orders from headquarters, transmitted to him by telephone. Each division has its boarding house, with men co-ops. In the spring seedling about 300 men are employed, and during the harvest about 1,000. In the fall the hands are discharged except sufficient to attend the 400 or 500 horses and mules through the winter."

"At each headquarters there is a store, upon which the cooks make requisition for all the provisions. The whole thing is so systematized that we can get all the cost of a meal's victuals for a man and the cost of seedling, repairing, or plowing an acre of ground. We ship all our wheat to Duluth, and thence to Buffalo, where we find the best market. Today wheat sells in Buffalo for 4 cents more, after the shipping expenses are allowed for, than at Duluth."

Skobelet Under Fire. (Exchange.) Alexander Vereschtschagin has just concluded a series of articles based upon his personal recollections of the bloody battle of Lofitcha on Sept. 3, 1877. He tells a characteristic story of Skobelet, who, at a critical moment, dispatched the writer to obtain reinforcements from Prince Meretinsky. Vereschtschagin received two battalions, and was told to lead them to Skobelet. The Turkish fire at last became so terrible, however, that the men had to take shelter behind walls and houses. To appear in the open street seemed to be to court certain death.

For some time the two battalions lay quiet, but the fusillade did not cease. At the moment when it was at its hottest Skobelet coolly and slowly came down the center of the street alone to look for the expected help. Seeing the crouching men he fell upon them furiously with his sword, and having driven them, under the hail of bullets, into something like order, he scornfully bade them retire out of danger, while he, still slowly, went back to the front.

An Automatic Postoffice. (London Letter.) In the greater number of railway stations in England there is a small box on legs, painted crimson, which may be called an automatic postoffice. It is divided into two compartments. On the top are apertures admitting a penny, one being for postal cards and the other for envelopes. You drop a penny through the slot and open a little drawer beneath, and presto, you find a postal card. Drop two pennies in the right hand slot, open a corresponding drawer, and you find a stamped envelope containing a dainty sheet of note paper. These little conveniences are the property of a private company. The profit is very small, and only on the envelope and sheets of note paper. You can't get the best of it by dropping in a bad penny, as if not full weight it refuses to deliver and keeps your short coin, confiscating that as a punishment for your attempt to cheat. It has a golden rule that works only one way.

Sunday Clubs. (Chicago Tribune "Around Town.") The latest thing in Chicago society is the formation of Sunday clubs. They meet in the quiet shadows of the Sabbath eve and sing sacred music and other wise work out their mission after the manner of society. When I say "society" I do not mean the church sociable order of people, nor the art-loving and book-affecting stripe, but I mean out and out "society," with backing and "position," and all that sort of thing—way up and upper, you know—the kind that goes to the opera in season, and yachts in season, and dines in all seasons.

Less than 2 per cent. of the area of our cotton states grow cotton, yet they produce three-fourths of all the cotton manufactured in Europe and the United States.

Venezuela's One Man Power.

(Cor. Inter-Ocean.)

Guzman Blanco is supposed to carry congress, council, president, and courts all under his own hat. He nominates senators and members of congress, and his candidates are invariably elected. He makes out a list of candidates for the council, and they are chosen; then the man whom he names is named president. There is a constitutional provision prohibiting the re-election of a president, so that Guzman can serve in that capacity every alternate two years, the intervening time being filled by some friend of his choice, who is said to be entirely subject to his will. His fourth and last term expired in March, 1884; but in March, 1885, if he lives, he will be president again, for there is no one in Venezuela who cares or dares contest the authority of Guzman.

The president of Venezuela to-day is Joaquin Crespo, a negro of good military record, imposing in appearance, and of reasonable ability. He has a cabinet of six ministers—of exterior relations, of finance, of war, ofomento, of public works, of public instruction. The minister of omento combines the duties of our secretary of the interior and postmaster general, and the little navy is under control of the president faces the central plaza, or Plaza Bolivar, and is known as the "Yellow House," but is not at present occupied, being too small to contain the family of Gen. Blanco, who has seven children. Guzman Blanco, it is said, occupies for the same reason, as he has nine children.

"Yellow House" is a gaudy affair of two stories, with only twelve rooms, including four official parlors, a magnificent state dining-room, servants' quarters, and all that sort of thing. Official dinners are given there nowadays, and occasionally the president receives foreign ambassadors in the parlors.

Fishes in Hot Water. (London Globe.) Some experiments have just been made by the secretary of the National Fish Culture association, and reported by The Fish Culture Gazette, gives results curious and possibly practically useful. The object was to discover the highest temperature at which fish can exist in water, the competitors being carp, gudgeon, dace, roach, perch, golden tench, common tench, trout, salmon, and minnow. Not till the water reached 80 degrees did any sign of languor show itself, and the first that gave in was a perch at 82 degrees. Then followed retirements in the following order: Roach, salmon, minnow, gudgeon, dace, common tench, golden tench—until the carp was left winner of the prize for endurance, holding out till 92 degrees, 3 degrees better than the best record before him.

Having taken the hot water neat with what looked like fatal results, the natural corrective was exhibited in the form of brandy, which, to the dismay of total practitioners, presently set all the competitors swimming about in their normal condition, just as if nothing had happened, with the sole exception of one dace, who died a martyr either to science or to the somewhat heroic remedy.

The Samoan Islanders. (San Francisco Call.) The native Samoan race is the most tractable and intelligent tribe of Oceania. Before the advent of the whites war was of rare occurrence. They lived a simple, easy, idyllic life. They believed in a supreme being, but the forms of their religion were much simpler than most of the Feejeans and the Tongans. After the coming of the whites they established a parliament, a lower house called fatua, as upper house called tanoa, and in imitation of its civilized prototype has all the functions of the British parliament. Besides they have a king, Maletoa, and a chief, Tupia, who possess the limited veto power.

The government is maintained by a light taxation, as there is no standing army, no navy, no state church, nor any of the multitudinous offices of more enlightened communities. The natives are mostly all Christianized through the efforts of the London Missionary society and the Marist fathers. The youth of Samoa are now being taught to read and write.

Forgiveness and Promoted. (Chicago Tribune.) "See here," said the managing editor kindly but firmly to the young man who has just come to do the fires and dog fights and assume general charge of the entire paper; "you must be a little more careful in your grammar and spelling. You make too much trouble for the compositors and proof-readers. You say in this article 'he had went and we have never saw.' Then you spell 'separate' with two 'p's and four 'e's, and you say 'we have come to the conclusion and that we are horrible at the bear idea.' Now, you must be more careful and—"

"A well, look here, thirty," cried the young man, "give a fellow a chance. You got to remember I've been in college for eight years and haven't had a chance to learn anything about the English language. All the time we could spare from rowing and foot-ball was absorbed on Greek and Latin, you know." The managing editor forgave him and promoted him to the carrier department.

A Very Precocious Child. (Chicago Tribune.) A little girl about 5 years of age was by special favor permitted to take her seat at a dinner party in a mansion on Michigan avenue. Suddenly she ceased her meal, leaned wearily back in her chair, and exclaimed: "O dear, I feel all done up."

"You ought not to use such expressions, my dear," said her mother; "you should say you're tired."

"No, mamma, I haven't been drinking a drop."

"Precious me!" exclaimed the mother. "where on earth did the child learn such things?" and in a trice she was bundled out of the room, while her father for some minutes saw nothing to look at but the stars on the ceiling.

Fascinating and Beautiful. (London Letter.) Dr. Dellinger, president of the Royal Microscopical society, to take her seat at a dinner party in a mansion on Michigan avenue. Suddenly she ceased her meal, leaned wearily back in her chair, and exclaimed: "O dear, I feel all done up."

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"No, mamma, I haven't been drinking a drop."

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Railroads.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY R. R.—Time Table in effect May 12, '84.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, Exp., M. A. Leave Lock Haven, Flemington, Mill Hall, Beech Creek, Eagleville, Howard, Mount Eagle, Curtin, Milesburg, Bellefonte, Miesburg, Snow Shoe Int., Unionville, Julliner, Marthas, Port Matilda, Hannah, Fowler, Bald Eagle, Vail. Arrive at Tyrone.

Table with columns: EASTWARD, P. M. Arrive Tyrone, Leave Tyrone, East Tyrone, Vail, Bald Eagle, Fowler, Hannah, Port Matilda, Marthas, Julliner, Unionville, Snow Shoe Int., Miesburg, Bellefonte, Milesburg, Curtin, Mount Eagle, Howard, Eagleville, Beech Creek, Mill Hall, Flemington. Arrive at Lock Haven.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time Table in effect May 12, '84.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, Mixed, M. A. Leave Snow Shoe 4:13 a. m., arrive at Bellefonte 6:20 a. m. Leave Bellefonte 9:15 a. m., arrive at Snow Shoe at 10:54 a. m. Leave Snow Shoe 3:50 p. m., arrive at Bellefonte 5:38 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 8:10 p. m., arrive at Snow Shoe 10:40 p. m. S. S. BLAIR, Gen. Supt.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE R. R.—Time Table in effect May 12, '84.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, Mixed, M. A. Leave Scottdale, Penna's Furnace, Hostler, Marengo, Lovelville, Furnace Road, Warriors Mark, Pennington, Weston Mill, L & T Junction, Tyrone. EASTWARD, Mixed, P. M. A. M. Leave Tyrone, L & T Junction, Weston Mill, Pennington, Warriors Mark, Furnace Road, Lovelville, Marengo, Hostler, Penna's Furnace, Fairbrook, Scottdale.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Phila. & Erie Division.)—On and after May 11, 1884.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, ERIE MAIL, Leaves Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Jersey Shore, Lock Haven, Renovo. NIAGARA EXPRESS, Leaves Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Arr. at Williamsport, Lock Haven, Renovo, Kane. Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at 5:05 p. m. FAST LINE, Leaves Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Arr at Lock Haven. EASTWARD, LOCK HAVEN EXPRESS, Leaves Lock Haven, Williamsport, Arr at Harrisburg, Philadelphia. DAY EXPRESS, Leaves Kane, Renovo, Lock Haven, Williamsport, Philadelphia. ERIE MAIL, Leaves Erie, Renovo, Lock Haven, Williamsport, Arr at Harrisburg, Philadelphia.

ERIE MAIL East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R.; and at Drifwood with A. V. R. R. R. NEILSON, Gen'l Supt.

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Dr. Ryman's Indian Vegetable Balsam FOR THE LUNGS AND THROAT.

The greatest known remedy for Colds, Consumption, Whooping Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, Sore Throat, Croup, Spitting Blood, and all Diseases arising from an irritated Throat and Inflamed Lungs. This Balsamic Compound has been used in private practice over twenty years, gaining a high reputation for curing all Lung and Throat Affections with those who have used it. It is a real reality, yet true, that two-thirds of the deaths within our mid-land are caused from bad colds becoming deeply seated in the vital portions of the lung tissue through neglect and improper care or treatment. When health is destroyed all enjoyment of life is lost. Then, because of these treacherous colds, which sicken the individual by degrees, and leave the poor emaciated sufferer with no chance for relief, the reliable way is to thoroughly eradicate the destroyer from the system.

Ryman's Pure Vegetable Remedy.

You will find it imparts health and vigor to the whole system, acting on the Mucous membrane of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes, greatly facilitates expectoration, breaking up a troublesome cough in a marvelous short period, at the same time increasing the appetite, ensuring an enjoyment of food, enables the stomach to properly digest it, purifies the blood and imparts a healthy complexion.

RYMAN'S Columbian or Liver Pills.

These Pills have been prepared with reference to becoming a General Family Medicine, For Purifying the Blood, Curing Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Head-Ache, Bilious Complaint, and for the removal of Diseases to which Females are particularly liable, in all of which cases they have become become deservedly popular. As a medical agent it is recommended by skillful physicians to be among the best known, Acting on all the Glands of the Body, And Especially the Liver. This Pill is not a drastic purgative, but an Alterative-Cathartic, Tonic and Strengthening the various organs of the body, removing effete and worn-out particles of matter from the blood, thereby Cleansing and Renovating the entire system.

RYMAN'S CARMINATIVE.

For Dysentery, Diarrhoea and Cholera Morbus. This Carminative, founded on just medical principles, is the most positive remedy offered to the public; hundreds have been cured by it when other remedies have failed. A fair trial will prove its efficacy. FOR CHILDREN TEETHING It is the most pleasant, reliable and safe remedy for children in cases of Griping, Pains, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, &c., now before the public. A trial will prove the truth of this assertion. No mother should be without it. FOR DYSENTERY. The most violent cases of Dysentery have speedily yielded to the magnetic power of this carminative. If taken according to directions success is certain.

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For the removal of worms no medicine was ever more deservedly popular than this. Hundreds of cases of the most distressing character have been cured, and the lives of many children saved, and some of them after other remedies had been tried in vain, and almost every hope had fled.

Dr. Ryman's Catarrh Snuff.

This is one of the most reliable and pleasant remedies for Catarrh and Cold in the head ever discovered. Under the influence of its mild, healing and curative properties the disease soon yields. Try it, and we believe your verdict will be, not one of the best, but the best. RYMAN'S PAIN CURE. This general remedy, for both internal and external use, is not surpassed, by any like remedy before the public, for Colic, Pain in the Breast, Side or Back, Pain in the Bowels, Headache, Colds, Sick Stomach, Dyspepsia, &c. The steadily increasing demand for it is unmistakable evidence of its popular favor.

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A Sovereign Remedy for the cure of Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Sore Throat, Mumps, Croup, Quinsy, Neuralgia, Burns or Soaks, &c. FOR HORSES AND CATTLE. For Sweeney, Sprains, Sore Shoulders, Sore Back, Cuts and Sores, it is the most reliable remedy before the public. For sale by Druggists and Country merchants. H. A. MOORE & CO., Proprietors, vol 7-3-ly. HOWARD, Pa.