

FROM A RURAL POINT OF VIEW.

Criticizing the Engraver's Work—At the New Orleans Exposition—In Antwerp.

(Chicago Tribune.)

There gathered in a room at the Sherman house one evening after a meeting of the state board of agriculture several members and their friends, who were looking at the third or fourth attempt of the artist to get up a head to the fair bills which might be up to the standard of rural Illinois. One with horses and cows in abundance had been rejected because the animals were not full stocks but common every day horses and cows which the engraver had known in early childhood before the war, and before the Herford and Short-Horns and various other unpleasantnesses had brought blooded stock into every yard.

"That horse reminds me of a job a New York engraver did for me," a guest remarked, pointing to a peculiarly ungainly animal which was helping pull a heavy plow with its center of gravity askew. "I had a cut of a reaper and wanted horses attached to set it off. I gave the man the cut to fix up. In a few days he came into my office with a proof of his work and confidently asked me how I liked it. The horses were good horses, a very fine team indeed, but instead of being hitched to the machine they were facing it.

"Why in thunder did you make them that way? Why aren't they pulling the reaper?" I burst out when I had got over my astonishment. "I was going to do it that way," he replied, "but horses look so much better when they are facing you, you know."

"When I was at the New Orleans exposition," put in another, "I saw a combination of pictures as bad as that. It was in the Mexican art gallery. Directly above a very good picture entitled 'The Crucifixion of Christ there hung a gaudy and glaring picture of a cock-fight. I called the attention of the Mexican attendant to the incongruity, but he could see nothing out of the way in it, even after I had reminded him of St. Peter. Those Mexican never can see anything wrong in that picture."

"That puts me in mind," said Samuel Dymart, the connoisseur from Franklin Grove, "of a picture I saw in Antwerp which was called 'The Savior at the Carpenter Bench.' When I saw it there was a great crowd in the gallery admiring the painting, which was undoubtedly a great work of art. When I had looked at it a while I turned to a man standing before me whose face spoke raptures.

"I on't you see anything wrong in that picture?" said I. "No, certainly not," he replied in a rather shocked manner, looking at me as if I were an escaped heathen. "You see a man hard at work planing, the perspiration running from his brow, and yet there is not a scrap of a shaving to be seen."

"Perhaps he was working by the day," suggested a worldly-minded bystander, a suggestion which turned the conversation into other fields than that of art.

The "Crop Stick" Craze. (Washington Post, Baltimore American.) Among the ultra-fashionable people in Washington, the great rage of the horse-back riding season is the "crop stick." It looks like a cane with about a foot of the lower end sawed off. All the swell people use it when they go to ride. "What is it good for and what does it mean?" asked your correspondent of one of the livery-men of the city who makes this sort of thing a study.

"It is laughed," it is simply an absurd imitation of the English custom. It is most ridiculous, but we have to cater to it, of course. In England, you know, those who ride in fox-hunts and that sort of thing, carry long whips with which to whip in the hounds. Well, those whips are fastened on to sticks with bent handles, looking like canes. Of course, it is a right where they have any occasion for this sort of whip; but they have none here. Yet they want to ape the English fashion, look for which stick, discarding the handle for which they cannot have even an excuse. These "crop sticks," you see, have a h of them a stick fastened over the end, as a place for a lash, but the lash is never put on. There is no need for it.

Esquimau Candy.

(Licut. Schwatka in St. Nicholas.)

It would seem very strange, and perhaps not very pleasant, to my young readers to hear a tallow candle or the shin bone of a reindeer called candy. And yet these things may really be considered as Esquimau candy, because they would delight the children of the cold in precisely the way that a box of bonbons would delight you.

There is a certain kind of water fowl in arctic countries known as the doakie. It is about the size of a duck, is quite black, has a prominent white stripe on its wings, and its webbed feet are of a brilliant red. When sitting in rows on the edge of greenish rock these little red feet are very conspicuous. Sometimes, when the men have killed a number of doakies, the Esquimau men cut off the bright red feet, draw out the bonons, and blowing into the skins, distend them as much as possible so as to form pouches. When these pouches are thoroughly dried they are filled with reindeer tallow, and the bright red packages, which I assure you look much nicer than their taste, are little Loreas candy. In very cold weather the Esquimau children eat great quantities of fat and blubber, and this fatty food, which seems to us so unwholesome, helps to keep them warm and well.

The Latest Engines of Destruction. (Brooklyn Eagle.) Two items of information on the same subject, but from two different parts of the world, merit a passing word. It is reported that experiments with a new Nordenfelta mitrailleur have been made in Vienna. The new gun, which is the invention of M. Roux, carries with it an unusual capacity of destruction. The other item of news comes from Marseilles, and says that Turkey has ordered in that town five new torpedo boats. The engine of each boat is to be of 500 horse power, and two of the new Nordenfelta are to be on the captain's turrets.

Here we see two nations—Australia and Turkey—arming themselves with the latest, the most expensive and the most destructive engines of destruction, and these two engines are by Turkey to be combined. The torpedo, which is to destroy under the water or on the water, is to carry on its turrets the new Nordenfelta. And so human ingenuity, in its latest development, is to be used, not for human weal but for human woe.

The late Lord Paconsfield said that Europe was "governed by sovereigns and statesmen," and the result is that some of the richest resources of nations are made a curse rather than a blessing. If it is questionable whether the peoples, if they governed themselves, would make matters worse. But what aggravates the evil is that the millions spent on war and preparing for war is everywhere in antagonism to popular government and free institutions.

A Peep Into Nature's Laboratory. (Toledo Messenger.) There is in the town of Phenixville today an exemplification of the operations of nature as displayed in the formation of coal, where it can be found in actual process of transformation from vegetable matter to a soft soapy carbon substance, and the latter gradually changing to lignite and then again into soft coal of the bituminous form. (See along the Pennsylvania Schuylkill Valley railroad, between the first passenger station of that system and the new one and you will find a force of men cutting down the bank there eighteen or twenty feet high, and amid those rocks, perhaps three feet above the railroad track you will observe a black seam.)

That black seam is a laboratory of nature. From above, before the Morgan house was removed and the surrounding bank, big trees sent their roots down through the soil and then through the crevices of the rocks till they reached the seam in question, which in time they filled with roots and fibres. The trees above died and the roots and fibres confined in the seam began to work chemical change took place carbon was evolved, and coal was the result. The laboratory was opened by the building of the railroad before the slow process was fully completed, so that you can find there today the vegetable and carbonized matter and lignite and coal all together, proving, indeed that the popular thought that coal grows is true.

A PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY.

Wives Who Have Taken to the Spy System of Learning About Their Husbands.

(New York City Chicago Journal.)

The opening of a private detective agency in the midst of the fashionable retail trade, where the throngs have ten women to one man, cannot be a year ago. Now there are three such concerns in the same neighborhood, and each covers the front of a building with big, bright lettering. It is clear from the multiplication of them, and their occupancy of costly premises on the streets crowded with shops, that their business is chiefly with women. The fees of that wives have taken to the spy system of learning about their husbands, and it is not at all unusual for maidens to use the proffered facilities for acquainting themselves with the actual characters of their sweethearts. In order to get at the subject, I asked a bright girl to call upon one of the agencies with the ostensible errand of wishing to have a man shadowed.

"That is in our line of work," was the affable reply. "Give us a description of the person and tell us where he can be seen, for we have to first get a spot on him—that is, identify him—as to know whom to follow. If he is in an office or store, I will send a detective or some sort of pretended errand, and then this man will point him out, as he quits his business, to a second, who will shadow him as long as ordered. Our charge is \$8 a day and expenses—such as car fares, admission to places of amusement, drinks in a bar-room, or whatever may be requisite in order to keep him under surveillance without exciting suspicion. It is safer to employ two men, for that guards against his slipping out of view—a thing that will sometimes happen, in case he goes into some house by one door and comes out by another. In that case, the charge is double, of course. For \$16 a day we will cover the gentleman with two detectives from the moment he leaves home in the morning until he returns at night, reporting to you in writing every movement of his, and notifying you by telegraph or messenger, if desired, on locating him in any place where you might care to get proof positive by confronting him."

The manager further informed her that, in order to prevent the use of his detectives for blackmailing purposes, his necessary rule was to be told who she was and why she wished the spying done. He added that, if she disliked to explain to him, he would send a woman in to hear the facts. There would seem to be no insurmountable barrier to the detectives themselves turning blackmailers. The impression of the regular police, however, is that these agencies—or at least the conspicuous ones—are conducted legitimately, if such a word can be used in connection with the kind of work they do.

About a Fat Printer. (Philadelphia Times.) "I'll tell you a funny story about a fat printer I knew once," said Sam Hemple, the comedian. "He had a linen duster on that was a mile too big for him and he was 'full.' What I mean by that is, he was drunk, and awfully drunk, too. Two of his companions were trying to get him along, when they met a third party, who invited them to stand alone, they didn't want to let him fall and he wouldn't sit down on the curbstone until they came out, so they deliberately pulled him over to a lamp post and buttoned him around it by his duster, while they went into the saloon. It was the funniest sight I ever saw. It was moonlight. The fat fellow had lost his cap and the moon glistened and shone on his bald head like dew on a flower. When his friends came out of the saloon they found him all O. K., as erect as his lamp post to which they had fixed him."

Paper for Resisting Fire and Damp. (Scientific Exchange.) For making paper capable of resisting fire and damp, Herr W. Herre proposes to grind in the rag engine solutions of certain salts which, by mutual decomposition, form insoluble compounds. The solution which is added first contains calcium sulphate or chloride, or calcium chloride, or acetate, whereupon tallow, soap, glue, and alum are added. After having been thoroughly mixed the mass is formed into paper, which, however, before being dried is on a more passed through a bath of the same or similar composition to the solution used for mixing with the pulp in the rag engine, and ultimately impregnated with a solution of catechu.

"Bankey's Folly." (Foreign Letter.) The Queen Anne mansion, in London, which is intended to meet the growing preference for flats which prevails there and in Paris, is a big caravanserai, about thirteen stories high, and with some hundreds of rooms. It was built by a wealthy man named Bankey, and it is often called "Bankey's Folly." He spent a vast sum of money on the undertaking, and when it was finished, so was he. A number of M. P.'s and actors have resided there. Among the latter was Dion Boucicault.

Misdirected Genius. (San Francisco Examiner.) Consul (to Stowaway) had been brought before him.—You have just been discharged from prison in Hong Kong, and I believe it was not the first occasion. Stowaway—I had that misfortune, sir, but look ye here, sir (raising his voice), it's a 'ard case, I can dance a jig on a cellar-lap from morning to night I'm tattooed all over; I can whistle any tune in all creation—but yet I can't make a living. It's a 'ard case, sir!

An Interesting Exhibit. (Foreign Letter.) One of the most attractive objects exhibited at Turin during the late exposition was a burgh of the medieval age, together with the most painstaking fidelity. All the buildings and rooms were down to the smallest details, constructed according to historical account, and exhibited domestic life and trades of the fifteenth century.

Sweeping Out. Fashionable wife.—Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening, how grandly our daughter Clara swept into the room. I brushed (with a grunt)—Oh, yes, Clara can sweep into any room grandly enough, but when it comes to sweeping out a room, she isn't there.

Alfalfa roots in California have been known to penetrate fourteen feet toward the center of the earth.

ROSES.

(George MacDonald.)

Roses, roses all my song, Roses in a gorgeous feast, Roses in a royal throng, Burging rosy from the east! Roses all the rosy way, Roses to the rosier west, Where the roses of the day Cling to night's unrosy braid. Out of darkness light is born, Out of weakness make me strong For the day when every thorn Breaks into a rose of song.

Does Habit Make Decency in Dress?

(London Times.)

What is it that constitutes decency in dress? Clearly nothing but habit. The custom of the particular society or subject matter concerned—in ordinary language, convention. This seems strange to some people, but it is most certainly true that there is no absolute rule as to what drapery is or is not decent. Even in the same society the conditions vary enormously. Use and custom alone determine the becoming. A Turkish lady is shocked if a strange man sees her without a yashmak and a monstrous bundle of wraps. So conventional is this covering of the face that a Mussulman peasant woman surprised in the field will often veil it with her only petticoat. Travelers tell us that a well-bred African woman blushes to be seen for the first time in clothes. The unusual use of clothing appears to her scarcely decent custom, habit, and convention decide the matter among ourselves. A pure cottage girl in Connemara, who sleeps in a room with men and never owned stockings, would feel uneasy in a ball dress of a princess. The princess would almost suffer death than share her cottage for a week. If the daughters of Leontidas went to a drawing-room at Buckingham palace in their Spartan tunics, they would probably cause as great a flutter as they would feel themselves. No one would expect a hospital nurse to do what hundreds of innocent girls do in a pantomime; but the danseuse, again, would hardly submit to the unsparring revelations of a surgical ward. Heri soil is the soul and paramount rule; but then this depends on certain conventional practices being respected.

The London Ragamuffin.

(English Illustrated Magazine.)

The genuine ragamuffin will never complain. He never expects or even hopes that his condition will improve, he is as much a fatalist as the Turk. I once asked a interesting little boy with a pale, careworn face and an intelligent expression, if he had ever wondered why it was that he had nothing but rags, why it was that he had no boots, and sometimes no bread to eat, while I had plenty of everything? He looked up at me with a calm, patient expression, as much as to say, "I have never wondered at such things." "Tell me," I persisted, "have you ever thought about this difference?" "It is the Lord's will," he replied tritely; but he seemed reluctant, when I pressed him, to explain what he understood by the Lord's will. At last in a timid, hurried voice he said, "It is all the Lord's doing, this way; you are grand like, and dress nice, and lives in a big house, and you have a pianer, and—and," he looked round the room that he might enumerate all our titles to consideration—and a soft, so the Lord sees as how you are gentlerfolks, and he thinks lots of such like as you. But we are very poor, we are. Mother pawns the blankets, and father beats mother, and swears awful. We ain't got no Sunday things; we're all raggedy, so the Lord don't take much notice on us."

A Well-Dressed Foreign City.

(W. D. Howells in The Century.)

What strikes one first in the Florentine crowd is that it is so well dressed. I do not mean that the average of fashion is so great as with us, but that the average of raggedness is less. Venice, when I saw it again, seemed in tatters, but so far as I can remember Florence is not even patched and this in spite of the talk one constantly hears of the poverty which has befallen the city since the removal of the capital to Rome. All classes are said to feel this adversity more or less, but none of them show it on the street; beggary itself is silenced by the invisible speech which one sees moving the lips of the old women who steal an open palm toward you at the church doors. Florence is not only better dressed on the average than Boston, but with little over half the population there are, I should think, nearly twice as many private carriages in the former city. I am not going beyond the most non-committal advice in any study of the Florentine civilization, and I know so more than that it is said as it has been said ever since the first northern tourist discovered them; that they will starve themselves at home to make a show abroad.

Cruelty to Trees.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Driving nails into growing trees is rightly called a barbarous practice, only to be surpassed by the still worse habit of twisting wire round the stems and branches to keep them back in shape, or when newly planted to hold them steady to stumps in the ground. If anything must be used, tar cord surely is better, but even that sometimes will cut into the bark of a rapidly-seeing tree. It is not only in forming fancy plantations round a newly-built house, that the young trees, etc., are established by means of wire and left to throttle themselves, but it is often freely used to the back boughe, or bushes overhanging walks, or which have straggled away from a wall. No one thinks of loosening the wire afterward; probably no one knows it is there till the mischief is almost past repair.

A Great Scheme.

(Chicago Tribune.)

"I've hit upon a great scheme," said a western editor, "I nearly doubled our circulation yesterday." "How did you work it?" "See that steel stamp? Well, I just cut out a paragraph in the local column of the whole edition." "How did that help the circulation?" "Every woman in town bought an extra copy."

Uses of Glucose.

(Philadelphia Call "Queries.")

Glucose is used principally in the following ways: For the manufacture of table syrup. As a substitute for barley malt in the brewing of beer and ale. As a substitute for cane sugar in confectionery and in canning fruit. To adulterate cane sugar. To manufacture artificial honey, in making vinegar.

Good Manners.

Habit is strong, and you will always find that the easiest way to make sure of doing right on all occasions is to get into the habit of doing right. Good manners cannot be put on at a moment's warning.

A Mexican Commissioner.

The government of Mexico has appointed a commission for the scientific investigation of the natural products of the country.

CALL

-AT THE-

CENTRE DEMOCRAT

Job Office

And Have Your Job Work

DONE

CHEAPLY, NEATLY AND WITH DISPATCH.

Now is the Time to Subscribe

FOR THE

"CENTRE DEMOCRAT,"

The LARGEST and CHEAPEST Paper in Bellefonte.

ONLY \$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE:

HARRIS' NEW BRICK BLOCK.

BELLEFONTE, PA.