

DOG-DAYS IN RUSSIA.

FAIRY PLAYS AND OTHER ST. PETERSBURG FRIVOLITIES.

Official Junketing Trips at the Public Cost—The Czar's Visit to Finland—Merry St. Petersburgers—Lively

St. Petersburg, Cor. New York Sun. The activity of the Russian officials, to all appearances, reaches its highest point in dog-days. Now, as in former years, there are scores of different commissions and committees, sub-commissions and sub-committees traveling in all parts of the country, presumably for the public ends. They seem to revise various branches of the administration, and to study on the spot difficult questions of national importance, such as epidemics, epizootics, the laying of new railways, the digging of new canals, the improvement of rivers, the protection to some new industries, the struggle against grasshoppers, the Siberian mites, the sectarians and the nihilists, the opening of new ports, and no end of other big points. It ought to be highly gratifying to the czar's subjects to see his officials earning their bread by the sweat of their brows.

But the trouble is that they the subjects know very well that the unseasoned display of official activity is merely dog-days junketing at public cost, very much as the vacation sports of the technovniks here vie with each other in inventing the public questions that should be studied in the spot. Some of these junketing trips are, nevertheless, described in the newspapers at great length, as if they really meant business. Just now, for instance, all the journals of this capital are describing the czar's trip to Finland.

On the shore of the Finnish bay, in a picturesque spot, there is a little town, Willman strand. The czar and zarina made up their minds to go there and see the sights. They wanted to go there by railway and to return back aboard of some man-of-war. To please such guests the Finns have built a railway from Abo to Willman strand, a distance of sixteen miles. When everything was ready, in The Official Messenger there appeared an item stating that his majesty was going to review the armies of Finland. Now, these armies consist of nine battalions all told. For weeks the Finn soldiers were making triumphal arches, ornamenting the railroad stations with fir garlands, and covering the platforms with red cloth.

At last the czar, in company with scores of generals and courtiers, went on his Finnish journey, or, as the papers style it, "his triumphal march." The Finn women presented to the czarina a little boat of their own make, and the men have in various ways shown their loyalty. As soon, however, as the czar was gone, the senate of Finland voted unanimously to raise the tax on Russian goods imported to Finland—in order, as it were, to cover the expenses of the imperial trip.

Among other official trips of this season is worth noticing that of bishop. In the city of Kaanere met twelve bishops, each accompanied by half a dozen learned theologians. They held their meetings in a church and discussed means of bringing Mohammedan Tartars and the old believers to the bosom of the orthodox church, and of strengthening faith among the people. A bishop suggested education as the best means for that end. But the rest of the theologians were unanimous in anathematizing modern education. "See what a life the best educated people of St. Petersburg are living," remarked one of them.

During these dog-days the St. Petersburgers live as merrily as in any other season. The fairy play is the rage of the day here. In all the suburban fashionable parks, gardens, and theaters they put up some fairy play. "The Journey to the Moon," for instance, has been played here about a hundred times. Another play of the kind, the "Golden Apples," has been presented about seventy-five times. One critic expressed his surprise at the success of these plays, which, as he said, "have no sense whatever."

"Sense!" answered a critic of The Novoye Remya. "We do not care for sense at all! Show us beautiful forms, graceful movements, expressive pantomimes—that is what we want. We are tired of sensible dialogues. See what toes of steel has Mme. Corey, and did you ever see such a personification of grace as is Mme. Zukki! How charmingly fairy-like she goes up to the moon!"

Now the theater goes in Arcadia and other dog days places of amusement will see charming scenes and a host of fairies; they will hear music and songs, and notice ingenious disguises, wonderful transformations, and suggestive pantomimes. Competition in Russia is not very lively. The czar's brother, Grand Duke Vladimir, is watching the military cook competition in preparing the soldier mess, and he distributes personally the cook prizes of silver spoons with small sums of money. Then the czar's uncle, Grand Duke Nicholas, oversees a curious race at a distance of 100 verses (sixty-seven miles) between the cavalry officers and a railroad train, the former winning. Another czar's uncle, Grand Duke Michael, is noting which of seven batteries will be the quicker to demolish its target, while the peasants of the neighborhood are thanking God for a good crop. It is well known here that the residents of several villages near Krasnoe Selo, where the big maneuvers take place, live exclusively on the bullets, cannonballs and bombshells they pick up on their fields. A few days ago, near Cronstadt, there was a race between Russian and Finnish yachts, which competed for the prize of the ministry of marine, a six-ton yacht. A Russian yacht won the prize. As for horse races, we have them almost every day.

Kind-Hearted Kochofort. [Chicago Tribune.] It is said of Henri Rochefort, the Parisian editor of Intransigent, and who has in his columns advocated the sacking of the British embassy with all the emphasis the French tongue can afford, and who proclaims that Jules Ferry is a criminal the guillotine is too good for, has really a kindly heart and a sensitive disposition, and that recently, when one of his servants was injured, he dashed around bareheaded until he had called up half the doctors in the neighborhood.

Fiber of Silk. The fiber of silk is the longest continuous fiber known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silk-worm will often reel 1,000 yards, and Count Doudole gives an account of a cocoon yielding nearly 1,300 yards.

What They Spend. It is estimated that New Yorkers spend no less than \$2,000,000 in summer recreation every year. Of this, \$1,000,000 goes to Newport and another \$1,000,000 to Long Branch.

THE BLOW-GUN OF THE DYAKS.

The "Sumpitau" and Its Poisoned Arrow—A Weapon Silent and Deadly.

A peculiar weapon, and one whose like we have not yet seen, is the "sumpitau" or blow-gun of the Dyaks. This weapon is a long, straight, and polished tube of heavy wood, about eight feet long, surrounded at the end with metal. At the end, inserted to the side in such a way as not to interfere with the main use of the weapon, is often found a spear-head, giving the sumpitau a two-fold use, and showing us that it was after all no Caucasian who first invented the blow-gun.

The sumpitau shoots a poisoned arrow. This is only about six or eight inches long, and as thick as a heavy darning needle, being frequently only a large thorn. At its base—scarcely the force with which it can be blown—there is a little wad or ball of pitch, which just fits the caliber throughout.

The tip of this tiny arrow is poisoned. Rev. Mr. Wood thinks, with the force of the dead native upon trees; but in this he is not necessarily right. Mr. Carl Beck, who is perhaps the only traveler of note who ever saw the process of preparing the arrows, thus describes what he observed about the foot of the interior.

"They had a bundle of arrows by their side, and as soon as the poisonous matter was hot, they took a small quantity and smeared it over a wooden plate, by means of a wooden instrument resembling a pestle, till the plate was covered with a thick layer. Then taking an arrow, they rolled the head across the plate, so that it became coated with the paste matter. Next they made a spiral incision in the arrow head, and again rolled it over the plate.

What this arrow poison is made of, I could never ascertain, notwithstanding all my inquiries on the spot. It certainly contained nicotine, which the Dyaks collect from their pipes when they get foul after smoking. Many scientific men of Europe have attempted the discovery of the nature of this poison, but have failed; nor has an antidote been discovered which is more certain than the common treatment for a snake bite—copious draughts of spirits and abundant exercise with caution of the wound. It is probable that different poisons are used.

The wound of this tiny arrow is usually within a few minutes fatal to animal or man. The bravest troops dread to march against an enemy so armed; for the hidden foe, using a weapon perfectly silent (even more so than the bow and spear) can creep undisturbed to easy distance, and slay a dozen men before his location can be determined. It is strange, too, at what range this weapon is fatal. At forty or fifty yards the native can use it with perfect accuracy and can even do execution at seventy-five to 100 yards; a distance almost incredible. English sailors soon learned to dread the canoe attacks of these fierce pirates, who came on with their "pea-shooters," and blew a perfect cloud of death darts through every cranny of the ship's defenses.

The Dyak uses the sumpitau as a hunting weapon, for which its perfect silence renders it the more serviceable. Most of his game is killed with it. He cuts out an inch or so of the flesh from about the tiny wound, and then eats the animal with perfect impunity. The poison seems not to affect the remainder of the body at all. The effect of this poison is supposed to be a stoppage of the action of the heart.

A New London Bridge. [Chicago Herald.] Americans who have waited more or less valuable time in crossing the crowded London bridge will be glad to know that this bridge will soon be relieved of part of its immense traffic by the construction of a tower bridge, half a mile from London bridge, at a cost of \$4,000,000. It will be a suspension bridge with two castellated towers, each 200 feet high, in the river, at the end of two anchorage towers on the river banks. The central roadway spans of 250 feet width will be in two parts, each of which will, on a level being touched, fold upward against its tower, leaving a clear space 200 feet wide and 135 feet high for the passage of vessels.

Hydraulic machinery operating these draws will be under the control of one man, and so powerful that each of these great iron draws, 100 feet wide and 100 feet long, will be raised and lowered without jarring or jerking. A foot bridge over the central cables, and a protractor by elevators in river towers, will be all ways ready for use without regard to the condition of the draw-bridge below. The bridge will be 200 feet long, and even during its construction the passage of vessels will not be stopped.

Plants for Tropical Africa. [Boston Budget.] The twelfth number of The German Colonial Zeitung contains an article by Herman Soyaux on experimental cultivation in tropical Africa. He maintains that the soil is suitable for agriculture, though it is exhausted in a year by the cultivation of maize and manise he recommends the cultivation of coffee, vanilla, India rubber, tobacco, cotton and sugar-cane, according to the varieties of soil. Lieut. de Gille, commander of the Upper Congo division, has published a most interesting description of the country, where nearly all the above-mentioned plants, and many others grow naturally, or are already cultivated. He represents the climate as healthy, and the country thickly populated.

A Borax Field in Nevada. [Frank Leslie's Illustrated.] Teel's marsh, in Nevada, is the most productive borax field on the Pacific coast. Its deposit covers ten square miles of surface, and it is said to include chemically pure common salt, borax in three forms, sulphate of soda and carbonate of soda. The basin of Nevada, in which it is situated, is covered in many parts with dry, efflorescent salts, washed in course of ages from the soda feldspar of the volcanic rocks and ridges of yellow lava which cover the country for miles. The waters of the lakes are heavy, appear like thin oil, smell like soap, possess great detestive qualities, are caustic as potash, and easily saponify.

Something New in Boots. [Exchange.] Recently a new boot has been introduced by a Bristol manufacturer, in which a single spring is placed at the back of the boot, in the space above the heel. The elastic is said to be safer there from friction, and therefore less liable to wear out, and to give the ankles more freedom to move.

Twenty-Seven Billions. England does one third of all the banking business of the world. The Bank of England holds one seventeenth of all the deposits of Great Britain. The total amount held is, in round numbers, \$27,000,000,000.

A PERFECT AFTERNOON.

["Paul Hermes."] Was ever perfect afternoon like this? The summer air, not hot or cold, is sweet with mingled fragrance of wild forest flowers; The swarms of leaves upon the patient trees Spross their green wings, to shield us from the sun; The murmur indistinct of creatures small Sings treble to the streamlet's soothing bass; Deep noon, or dawning, so I see thine eyes Bend, glistening wells of heaven-reflected blue— Report unconsciously heart messages, And now thy loosened hair, like sun beam from the sun; Fill and dry around my face and neck, Each golden thread imparting on my cheeks A thrill impassioned. Faster to my heart, And in my veins a spasm of yearning burns.

Vanderbilt at Saratoga. [New York Letter.] A few days' stay in Saratoga has sufficed to give to me some impressions of the place. "Hop to night, full dress indispensable," is the placard on the desk in the biggest hotel, and such hints of exclusiveness are not at all uncommon. Yet Saratoga is very democratic. All the guests of the largest two hotels without exception gather on the inner piazza that skirts the garden on every pleasant evening, to chat and listen to the music. Here you see David Dudley Field, as you see him almost at all times, the quiet, attentive center of a group of ladies. Across the garden on the opposite piazza is William H. Vanderbilt, pacing up and down and smoking. Nobody moves as he makes his way around and behind one chair after another, almost squeezing through one narrow aperture and waiting a few feet further on for a group of men to finish a whispered story. You are apt to run across the railroad king at any moment of the day in any part of the house, though if you were looking for him it would be wisest to lounge in that room which contains the ticker, during business hours. It always attracts a little knot of men, and they move apart as the capitalist draws near.

"Western Union's" up again to-day, Mr. Vanderbilt, says some man who afterwards boasts that he has seen and talked with Vanderbilt. "No?" says the great railroader, "how's oil this morning?" He is told the last quotation, and at the same time he takes the tape in his hand, from the beginning, reads along it to the latest quotations. "Pretty dull, pretty dull," he says as he clasps his hands behind his back and walks away, a bent, almost a slouching figure in a suit of blue serge so creased and worn that the ordinary young man of a thousand a year salary would be ashamed to wear it. The trousers bag at the knees, and a habit of putting his hand in his coat-pockets has strained his coat so out of shape that the front looks as if held down with lead weights, while the back seems to be slowly arising toward the neck. When he is not at the ticker, or on the road behind his trotters, he is on the veranda in that curious free and easy collection of the very rich, comfortable and snobby genteel which is always huddled together while the band is playing in either the United States or Grand Union, which is to say between breakfast or luncheon or after dinner.

Fighting Tornadoes. [Chicago Trib. Inc.] Mr. John F. Schultz has thought of a way to fight tornadoes, which he describes in a letter to The Scientific American. His plan, in brief, is to blow them up with gunpowder. A keg of powder is to be kept to the southwest of the house or village to be protected. The reason for placing it at that particular point of the compass is because experience shows that tornadoes generally move toward the northeast.

When the black and dreadful funnel of a tornado cloud is perceived bounding, whirling and roaring across the country toward the powder-keg, Mr. Schultz would have a coal-headed man wheel the powder into line with the approaching storm, then retire about 100 yards to the northwest, wait until the devouring air monster was just over the keg, and then fire the powder—by electricity, we suppose. His idea is that, as it is a well-known characteristic of tornadoes to take long leaps through the air, sometimes skipping wide reaches of country, a charge of gunpowder properly applied would give a tornado a lift that would save a village.

Mr. Schultz also thinks that a tornado might not merely be bottled in this manner, but that with sufficiently large charges of powder it could be annihilated. At any rate, by means of a series of explosions, properly timed, Mr. Schultz believes that tornadoes could be kept, as he says, "on high, speeding their force to no disadvantage to mankind below."

An Expensive Book. [Pall Mall Gazette.] A well-known firm of booksellers in the Strand have on view, what must be, we should think, one of the largest and most expensive extra illustrated books in existence. It is a copy of Boydell's edition of Shakespeare's works, which, by the insertion of many thousands of plates, has been extended to thirty-six volumes. Some idea of the vast quantity of the plates and the labor involved in their collection may be formed from the price of the book, 1,500 pounds. It is said that this by no means represents the original cost price. It is really melancholy that men of education and a certain amount of taste and intelligence should devote a lifetime and vast sums of money to such objects as these. Printers must, however, look at the matter in a different light. A really enthusiastic "Grangerite" with money must be a good income to one of these gentry.

Pate de Foie Gras. [Chicago Herald.] When some Americans, who had overheard the remark that Strasburg was famous for "pate de foie gras," reached that oil town one day recently, they sallied forth in quest of the thing in question. It is said that they actually went into a book store and asked the clerk for a "pate de foie gras," and that, being a true-hearted human being, he took them aside, whispering that what they wanted was "goose liver pie." Then, unabashed, they went to an eating-house and found the pie—a thing awful to look back upon they say, since it was so very "high" as to suit only the trained palate of the epicure.

A Literary Frivolity. [Chicago Tribune.] The maddest performance recorded in Dobson's history of "Literary Frivolities" is that of the man who discovered there were 33,335 ways of spelling the word and wrote them out in a volume containing 300 pages of three columns each.

Kate Gannett Wells: Average people are the ballast of the world.

Chronic Dysentery.

Mr. James Brannan, Second avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For two years I have been constantly troubled with a chronic diarrhoea, or dysentery, having had, on an average, from twenty to twenty-five passages every twenty-four hours, and every one bloody. I had thoroughly tried all the prominent physicians in Pittsburgh, was twice in the hospital, and in fact, it made me no better, yet in five days I was as bad as ever. I then tried two other great doctors in this city, and one of them finally assured me I was not long for this world, and advised me to write to my friends about it. I next went to Dr. Hartman, without the least confidence that he could do anything for me. He examined me, smiled, and said, he could stop the bloody discharges in less than two weeks, which he did with PERUNA, and I have now been entirely well for several weeks, and never felt better in my life, though I am still taking the PERUNA. I will take it whenever I need medicating."

Mr. Patrick Burns, Pittsburgh, writes: "I have suffered intensely from piles and chronic diarrhoea. I was treated by five of the best physicians and surgeons in the city of Pittsburgh, and with all grew constantly worse. Finally three of them said my only hope was an operation. This frightened me, and I went immediately to Dr. Hartman, who has entirely cured me with PERUNA. I have been at work now for three months, and never in my life felt better. Call and see me at corner of Twenty-seventh and Mulberry streets, Twelfth ward, Pittsburgh."

Mr. Patrick Cunningham, S. S., near Sidney street, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For five years I have suffered incessantly from internal and external piles. I have tried the best physicians of Pittsburgh and Allegheny without relief. I went to Dr. Hartman, who cured me without detention from work with PERUNA."

Charles Frank, of Emrichville, Jefferson county, Ohio, writes: "I had piles and fistula in ano for four years. I had suffered constantly with a discharge of matter from the parts, and sometimes from the contents of the bowels through it. I could not have borne it much longer. I had heard so much of the ill effects of a knife operation that I resolved to go to Dr. Hartman. He ridiculed the silly idea of cutting it, and at once performed his own original operation without the knife, and without pain. I am thoroughly cured, though of course I took PERUNA."

PERUNA is sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle, six bottles \$5.00. If you cannot get it from your druggist, we will send it on receipt of regular price. We prefer you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it do not be persuaded to try something else, but return from us at once as directed. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

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I hereby certify that the following testimonials are a true and exact copy as given to me by the parties whose names are attached thereto. W. C. McCLEAREN, sworn and subscribed before me this 25th day of June, 1885, Lafayette, Wash. D. C., Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Mifflin county, Pa. PARALYSIS AND CONSTIPATION. Mifflin, Pa., May 30, 1885.

Gentlemen—I deem it a pleasure as well as a duty to state that I have worn them for several months and have gradually improved from the effects of Paralysis of one side and Constipation. Since using the appliances have been free from the trouble, beside I have improved in my general health. I therefore commend them to any who may be suffering from the same trouble. D. M. COSTNER, NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND SLEEPLESSNESS. Mifflin, Pa., June 2, 1885.

Gentlemen—My wife has suffered for years with Nervous Prostration, so much so that life at times seemed to her a burden. Her rest a sleep was so much broken and disturbed that she could not without much difficulty perform her daily household duties. She was induced to try the Howard Shield, has worn it over two months and now sleep well at night, and even during the day, can work with comfort that was a burden before. She has improved in general health and complexion. I consider your appliances invaluable for nervousness, sleeplessness and general debility. JOHN COX, NO MEDICINE NEEDED. Bellefonte, Pa., May 20, 1885.

Gentlemen—I have been greatly benefited by the use of the Howard Shield, No. 2, for constipation. I have worn it since May and would not like to do without it. I now feel thankful for your appliance and have advised others to give them a trial, feeling sure that they would be benefited as I have been. C. H. PEACY, WHAT A LEADING DOCTOR SAYS. Mifflin, Pa., June 1, 1885.

Gentlemen—I have suffered many years with Grange in my lower extremities, mostly at night, often having to rise and walk the room for relief. I procured a Howard Shield and have been wearing it for Lombago or Rheumatism in my back and have had the most wonderful relief since wearing it over the small of my back and have gained strength of muscle to a most wonderful degree. I can therefore recommend the use of these appliances of all Rheumatic and nervous complaints particularly nervous debility. I have recommended them to my patients and in every case with benefit. J. HARRISHER, M. D. WHAT THE PRESIDENT OF THE 1st NATIONAL BANK SAYS. Ashland, Pa., March 9, 1885.

Gentlemen—I know what your Appliances are from personal use and I therefore recommended your field to Mrs. Hanburger some time ago for Sciatica and I directed her to send for one which she did and has used it for about four weeks and she is now able to be around and feels entirely cured. Yours, respectfully, G. H. HELFRICH, Another Affidavit From a Prominent Citizen of Ohio. NERVOUS DEBILITY IN ITS WORST FORM. Columbus, O., cor. Friend & Sandky sts., 53, '95.

Gentlemen—I take pleasure in saying, that I tried almost every known remedy, as well as so-called Electric-appliances without any benefit. I was weak, nervous, depressed, despondent, almost without hope, almost entirely enervated, lacked power and will force, in a word was afflicted with the worst symptoms of Nervous Debility that the medical profession as well known to every sufferer. I can truthfully say that the Howard Spinal Appliance and the Howard Shield entirely cured me—I commenced their use in 1881 and was restored to perfect health. I am now married and have never had a recurrence of my former trouble. You can refer anyone to me as I shall ever feel grateful to you. Your treatment is as represented. You have proven yourselves worthy of the confidence of every sufferer. AUG. F. SILLERMAN. Personally appeared before me, ANG. F. SILLERMAN, a notary public, and swears that the above letter, certifying as to the curative powers of the Howard Electric Shield and Spinal Appliance, is true, genuine and subscribed before me this 6th day of May, A. D. 1885. THEO. H. BECK, Deputy Clerk of Courts of Franklin Co., O. For further information we send our Illustrated Pamphlets giving a large number of testimonials for other ailments.

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