

A MUSICAL BEDLAM.

STRANGERS SURFEITED WITH SWEET SOUNDS IN THE CITIES.

The Itinerant Minstrel and His Singing Slaves—Strains of Music Everywhere in Milan—No Escape From the Terrible Ordeal.

Many of these Italian exiles, however, whom I have encountered in Paris, Brussels, Lyons, Geneva, and elsewhere, rarely stop to manual labor in order to eke out a living. They are leaving their native land their kidney boys and girls who have good voices, or bring their own children with them, and train them up to play tambourines and concertinas, or master the flute and the violin, and, once they have received this elementary instruction, the impresario travels all Europe with them, and sometimes crosses over to America, where he generally finds that a large fortune is to be made out of the material which he has got ready on hand. Cafes are generally the haunts of these itinerant minstrels. When he brings them into any town or city he takes up his quarters in one of the back lanes, and sends them out to sing. If they do not lay a certain amount of money at his feet at night when they come, he locks them up and sends them to bed suppressed, and the result is that when they grow to the years of maturity they abandon the old tyrant, and he is forced to seek "other fields and pastures new" for his fortune making.

A SINGING SLAVE. The cruelties practiced on these little ones are fearful to contemplate. Often have I seen a pretty, dark-eyed Neapolitan signorine looking pale and haggard at the early age of 12 or 13 summers; her features robbed of their rich color of southern climes and of that pitiful harrowing gaze in her orbs, she glanced meekly at me and pleaded mutely for a copper. Others I have beheld with scars and bruises on their cheeks—sad reminders of the ferocity of their owners, who pocket the swag, lo! lazily at home all day while their miserable little lacks are wasting their lives away in the fetid atmosphere of low drinking saloons crying for alms and forced to listen to the ribald conversation of boozed drunkards.

I found one of these pale-faced children tugging at my coat tails one evening, as I was leaning over the battlements of one of the bridges overlooking the Rhone at Geneva. When I turned around I saw a prematurely aged child, with hand-laden eyes, holding out the palm of her hand and looking up piteously at me. She held a very old violin under her arms and a pair of tiny cymbals was attached to a harness that encircled her waist. "Ah! monsieur," she cried, in broken French, "I have been out all day playing, but the times are bad and people have no money to throw away on me. I only earned 10 sous and papa always beats me when I do not bring him a franc, and now it is too late to play any more and I feel so ill that I fear I will die if he knocks me down and kicks me as he often did before. Will the monsieur, for the love of the Madonna, have pity on me? O! c'est inspire monsieur to have pity on me!"

A MUSICAL BEDLAM. Milan is so far from the cultivation of music is concerned—a typical Italian city. It has its world-famed Scala where Verdi's new composition is to be played during the forthcoming season, and a conservatory for operatic pupils. Every day strains of music fall almost ceaselessly on the ear everywhere. With the first flush of early day one hears the martial ring of the military bands as they march at the head of their respective regiments for drill to the spacious piazza behind the Foro Bonaparte, where MacMahon's conquering legions passed in review after the battle of Magenta.

Throughout the entire day you are sure to be charmed (or bored) by roving songsters if you happen to live in a room looking on the courtyard; for into these yards do they throng in ever increasing numbers—reed players and harpers, cymbal clappers and violinists, till eventually they kick up such an infernal racket that you might well fancy yourself in Bedlam during such an operation. If it is in the evening, however, that this rush of sounds and jarring melodies reaches its climax. If you enter any of the respectable cafes to take an aperitive, you see an orchestra composed of eight or ten musicians ranged before you, and you have got to listen—no less, unless you snatch from Verdi and Beethoven.

NO ESCAPE FOR YOU. Trip into a restaurant, and sit down to dinner. During the half hour you spend in swallowing a veal cutlet and a miniature pyramid of maize, washed down with a half bottle of barolo, no less than three or four groups of vocal or instrumental musicians will have come in or gone out, after strutting your nerves and relieving you of any stray coppers you may possess. Then, if the thought strikes you to wind up the evening over a coffee and brandy on the terrace of a cafe, shadowed over by trees and trellised vines, harmony, the mother of the mimos, or discord, born of devils, will soothe your weary soul, or sensibly interfere with your digestion. In the public parks and squares; in the streets and along the avenues, in the by-lanes and alleys, you will have to jostle up against bellowing sopranos or open your ears to the painful infliction of a wheezy trumpet.

where you will you cannot escape from the terrible ordeal. Pandemonium spreads its canopy over your head, and ranges its sails and pillars on every side of you. If you cry out aloud against the nuisance, and publicly appeal to be delivered from it, you are denounced as a sour crab and a soulless lout! The finger of scorn will be pointed at you as at one who cannot raise himself from the degrading level of the brute—as one who has no heart for the sublime, and no feeling for the beautiful—a crusty old dog, whose only fate it is to wallow in the mire of his own coarse and stupid bestiality.—Milan Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Col. McClure and His Crops. Col. McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, began a recent speech by telling the following bit of experience during the war of the rebellion: He said he planted some fine crops over in Franklin county, Pa., in 1861, but Gen. Patterson, of the Union army came along and harvested them. In 1862 he tried it again on a larger scale, but Gen. Job Stuart, of the Confederate side, came along and carried off everything he had. Next year he tried it again, but Gen. Lee made a visit to his farm and appropriated the crops. The fourth year the colored negro planted and got his crops safely harvested and felt happy, but Gen. McCausland came up that way with some of his Confederate force, and burned the barn and the contents.—Exchange.

It Didn't Work Well. An economical farmer out in Minnesota recently had a suit of clothes made of wire bolted cloth, thinking it would last him for years. Fifteen minutes after he put it on he was back in ten places at once by lightning, and was so full of the metal that it was necessary for his family to employ the services of a political wire puller to get the metallic strands out of the remains.—Puck.

STANDING ON THEIR TIPTOES.

What a Danseuse Says of It—Not a Dim-cut Foot at All.

A Cincinnati ballet girl expert gives some testimony from one of his friends, a danseuse, who says: "I walk upon my toes just as easy as you do upon the soles of your feet."

"Is not the shoe made extra stiff, or, as some suppose, do you not brace it at the point?" queried the scribe. "Not at all," replied the little Vivian, smiling, and immediately she pulled off her shoe and presented it to the newsman.

And what a shoe it was! A butter boat lamp would answer almost as well, but still when upon the lady's foot it was anything but unsightly. The strength is neither in the shoe nor the toes," continued the lady, as the scribe handled the little pink foot casting again and again; "it is in the ankles. One must practice for months before they can go on their points; but the ankle and not the toes is the part to be strengthened."

Yielding, then, to the curiosity of years, the reporter asked, and quite timidly: "Might I be permitted to see your foot?" "Certainly," replied the premiere, "why not?" and directly it was in his hand. "The public have queer notions of we people of the stage, I have no doubt," said the dancer, "but the idea that a ballet dancer's feet are corned and bunioned or knocked out of joint is all a mistake, as you will see by mine. Here, let them stand upon my toes, and I am jumping lightly upon a table, the lively Vivian twirled upon the toes of her left foot as lightly indeed as a butterfly upon a blossom.

"The public does not know just where the hardship comes in," replied she, laughing. "The toes, you will see, do not bend, and I am right upon the tips. Nor are my feet bruised or battered; but, oh! the long years of toil and the weary hours of practice. Usually one begins at 6 or 7 years of age, and goes on until 16 or 17 before a debut is made, and even then the practice must be kept up. It is not to harden the toes, but to strengthen the muscles and make supple the limbs. We must go even now every day to the theatre, and for hours it is a ceaseless up and down—now on the 'points' and now whirling about, so that the limbs may not grow stiff."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Small Feet of Southern Women. A lady of medium height may have a finely shaped foot such as common rumor gives to Mrs. Cleveland, but in the south a No. 3 1/2 slipper is not usually designated as dainty. Probably 2 1/2 is as large as the term will stand. People who frequent southern ball-rooms and summer resorts comment upon the fact that extremely small feet, feet incased in slippers running from 1 to 2 1/2 are largely in the majority. Not many years since this subject was discussed in a ball room in Mason and experts were able to discern of eighteen pairs present and twinkling in the masses of the dance but three numbers larger than 2 1/2, and in the assembly were damsels who would have tipped the beam at 135.

This preponderance of small feet in the south among ladies of high social standing has been accounted for on many theories, the most natural one, we think, being the explanation that these ladies do not use their feet with the freedom and constancy that are observed in other sections. They are not walkers in the first place. It is a rare thing to find in southern cities ladies of the class described who average two miles walking per day the year round. Climate and roadways, as well as custom, are against pedestrian exercise; the feet are small because they are not fully developed by use. Of course, we speak in a general sense, because, there are families in which small feet are clearly an inheritance and continue small despite exercise continuous and severe.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Salt for Cleaning Tobacco Pipes.

A Celtic friend of mine, who possesses more than the average hopefulness of his sanguine race, met me on Chestnut street with a smile as broad as a full moon. "Me fortune's made, me bye," said he. "I haven't it quite in me fist yet, but it is as sure as death and the tax rate man." When pressed to reveal what extraordinary good luck had befallen him, my friend drew up into the shadow of the Girard house, and after looking carefully about him, breathed into my expectant ear the word "Salt." I waited for a further explanation, and it came after my friend had observed, of course, that his startling announcement had had time to make the proper impression. "I haven't it patented yet," he said "but its surely worth it. I'll tell you what it is. While smoking my favorite clay pipe last week I noticed that it was pretty strong and I laid it aside and bought a new one. The idea struck me that something was needed in the bottom of the pipe to absorb the oil of the tobacco, and without any idea of its worth I tried a pinch of salt. Well, sir, as true as I'm a Christian, that salt proved to be the very thing. It took up all the nicotine, and the pipe to-day is as sweet as when I got it. Darning a few salty mouthfuls you get on the first whiff or two, there is nothing finer in the warriard."—Philadelphia News.

Graveyard Geography.

There have been numerous reasons given to account for the fact that the north sides of churchyards are so often devoid of graves. In the west of England there is an idea that the north side was not consecrated, but was left for a playground for the children. Then, some again say it is from the tradition that Jesus, when dying, turned his head to the south. Another reason given is that the south is the sunny side, and the side where the church door commonly is placed, and where, consequently, most people pass. The common reason appears to be that formerly murderers, excommunicated persons, stillborn children, etc., were wont to be buried on the north side, and some rustic say that ghosts always choose the north side for their pilgrimages. There is, however, an ecclesiastical reason. The east is God's side, where His throne is set; the west man's side, the Galilee of the Gentiles; the south, where the sun shines in its strength; is the side of the angels and spirits; the north, the deserted region of Satan and his hosts, the lair of demons and their haunt.—Chicago Tribune.

Brokers Can Box.

Howell Osborn, the son of the late "Charley" Osborn, who was for years Jay Gould's broker, and who died worth \$7,000,000, is one of the best boxers on the Stock Exchange, and now that he is to retire with an income of \$100,000 a year, granted him by his mother on condition that he be less Wall street, he may have some time to perfect himself in his favorite science, which he has studied under able professors. In fact, Wall street brokers hire broken-down prize fighters to instruct them in the many art, and some of these worthies actually visit the street and give lessons to their patrons there. It is not safe for a Sixth ward ruff to insult some rather droll-looking broker; there is danger of their letting go their right with the force of the hind limb of a displaced ruffian.—Cincinnati Star.

An Order to the Grocer.

"I want an empty barrel of four to make a hoop for my balling," was the greeting a man gave to a New London (Conn.) grocer the other day.

MADE CLEAR AS DAY.

WALL STREET'S "PUTS," "CALLS," "SPREADS" AND "STRADDLES."

Mr. Russell Sage the Inventor of These Ingenious Speculative Devices—A Confidential Clerk Explains Them to an Inquiring Novice.

Mr. Russell Sage was the pioneer who invented "puts," "calls," "spreads" and "straddles." He began dealing in them when he first came to Wall street in 1861, after his withdrawal from congress, and he has been dealing in them ever since; and the stock markets of the world have taken up this ingenious speculative device of Mr. Sage's, and stock privileges are just as well known on the continental coast to-day and in the London market as they are here, and they are largely dealt in. Perhaps not so largely as here, because the device is American and an outcome of American genius, but transcontinental speculators could not fail to see the advantages they offered and have performed adopted them. London declares that the nomenclature, so far as "spreads" and "straddles" are concerned, is not refined, and call them differently, but what they deal in are American stock privileges just the same.

MADE AS CLEAR AS DAY.

"And what are 'puts,' 'calls,' 'spreads' and 'straddles'?" asked the writer when he first went down on Wall street. "Well," said John E. McCann, the confidential clerk of Russell Sage, of whom the question was asked, "I'll tell you if you promise never to mention the poetical subject again. It requires pretty deft wording to make the thing clear, so it is not an exhilarating subject to talk on. You hear a good deal about 'puts' and 'calls,' but I venture to say there are 50,000,000 persons in the United States who do not know what they are, nor what the meaning is of the word 'privileges.' Now a privilege is a contract by which the maker of it, Russell Sage, S. V. Waite, Jay Gould or Harvey Kennedy, engages to purchase from the holder in the one case, or to sell to the holder in the other case, a number of shares of some specified stock, at a certain price at any time within a certain period at the option of the holder. Got that?"

A "CALL" EXPLAINED.

"A call" is a privilege bought of the maker at a certain price, and the owner of it is privileged to call for a certain amount of stock at a given price, within thirty, sixty or ninety days, four or six months. If a man holds a 'put' he has the right to deliver to the maker of the privilege a stock at a certain agreed price within a certain number of days. Clear? Well, let's try once more.

"Suppose Western Union is selling at 70. A man wants a sixty day 'put' on it at 66, because he believes the stock is going down. He gives Mr. Sage, Mr. White, Mr. Kennedy or Mr. Gould 1 per cent. on the amount of stock he wants to deal in. A hundred shares is usual, and 1 per cent. is \$100. He receives in return a slip of paper signed by either one or the other of these gentlemen. Then if Western Union goes below 66 within sixty days, he may buy it for whatever it is selling for below that price and 'put' it to the maker of the privilege at the price agreed on, 66, and receive a check for \$60. The holder makes the difference. Ah, you understand. If telegraph does not go below 66 the holder is out his \$100. The 'call' business operates exactly in the opposite way. A man buys the privilege of calling Western Union at 75 when it is selling at 70. If it sells above 75, you can call on the maker of the privilege for 100 shares at 75, and the 100 shares are then bought by the holder for \$7,500, and he turns around and sells it at 80. If the stock is selling there, and pockets the difference."

"SPREADS" AND "STRADDLES."

"What about 'spreads' and 'straddles'?" "A 'straddle' is a 'put' and 'call' combined. The holder of one may 'put' stock to the maker of the privilege or 'call' for it. 'Straddles' come high, because there is money in them whichever way the market may go. If the market does not go all, but stands still, you can call on the maker of the 'spread' for the privilege, usually above 3 per cent., or \$30. A 'spread' is also a 'put' and 'call' combined, but there is this difference, a 'straddle' is made at the market. That is to say, the maker of the privilege takes the risk that the stock in question does not move to any extent from the price at which it is selling when the privilege is sold. In a 'spread' the maker has more leeway. If Western Union is selling at 70, to go back to the old illustration, the maker of the 'spread' sells a 'spread,' say at 67 and 80. If it goes below 67, the holder can 'put' the stock and make the difference, and if it goes above 80, the holder can 'call' it at that price and reap the profits. But so long as the price of the stock keeps within those points the maker of the privilege is safe. To put it in another way, the holder of a 'straddle' will make if the market for the stock he is dealing in moves at all. The holder of a 'spread' doesn't make anything until the market moves past certain limits. There is one thing more, the maker of a privilege only receives the money for which he sells the privilege, while the holder may make thousands—or nothing.—New York Mail and Express.

Streets of the French Capital.

The streets of Paris are the best in the world, and its boulevards lined with trees and having sidewalks 20 feet wide run for miles in different directions through the various parts of the city. The pavements of the sidewalks are generally smooth flagstones, and that of the roadway asphalt, wood or stone blocks evenly laid and free from holes. The streets are kept scrupulously clean. They are washed every morning with a hose, and swept so well that one might drop a handkerchief and pick it up without soiling it. The smoothness of the streets takes away the noise found in the chief thoroughfares of New York or London. The 10,000 cars and numberless other vehicles glide silently over the smooth roads, and an ordinary conversational tone can be pleasantly used upon the promenade.—Frank J. Carpenter in Cleveland Leader.

The Sale of Lincoln's Photographs.

The sale of President Lincoln's picture remains steady, and dealers are never without it. It is not a generally known fact that there is but one negative of President Lincoln in existence. This negative, which was taken by Brady, of Washington, is broken into two parts, the break having occurred just above the shoulder and extending almost perpendicular, including a little to the right, the longer way of the plate. Unless the picture is reproduced very closely, however, it would not be guessed that it was printed from a broken plate.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

In a Paris Restaurant.

A diner to the master, who is walking round—Look at this bestick. It is so hard that I cannot cut it. The master to one of his waiters—Jules, give monsieur a better knife.

Haisin Making.

At Santa Ana, Cal., raisin making is in full blast. Most people are laying down their own grapes, as there appear to be no buyers in the field for raisin grapes.

Railroads.

Table with columns: Railroad Name, Direction, Time Table in effect May 12, 84. Includes Bald Eagle Valley R. R., Westward, and Eastward routes.

Table with columns: Railroad Name, Direction, Time Table in effect May 12, 84. Includes Bellefonte & Snow Shoe R. R., Westward, and Eastward routes.

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