CENTRE HALL REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. IV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1871. NO. 22.

In a Graveyard.

In the dewy depths of the graveyard,
I lie in the tangled grass,
And watch, in the sea of azure,
The white cloud-islands pass.

The birds in the rustling branches
Sing gayly overhead;
Gray stones like sentinel spectres
Are guarding the silent dead.

The early flowers sleep shaded
In the cool green noonday gloom;
The broken light falls shuddering
On the cold white face of the tomb.

Without, the world is smiling
In the infinite love of God,
But the sunlight falls and falters
When it falls on the churchyard sod.

On me the joyous rapture
Of a heart's first love is shed,
But it falls on my heart as coldly
As sunlight on the dead.

The House of Death.

[Colonel John Hay, in his "Castilian Days," tells the story of a noble duke, who shut up his stately mansion when his dead wife was carried out of it, and left it to fall into decay in the midst of surrounding life.]

Not a hand has lifted the latchet
Since she went out of the door;
No footsteps shall cross the threshold
Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges,
And mould and blight on the walls;
And silence faints in the chambers,
And darkness waits in the halls:

Waits as all things have been waiting,
Since she went, that day of Spring,
Borne in her pallid splendor,
To dwell in the Courts of the King.

With lilies on brow and bosom,
With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful frozen beauty,
The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,
But they died long, long ago;
'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The gracious she left mock the shadows
With hints of womanly grace,
And her image swims in the mirror
That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
Where the sunshine riots outside,
And the winds are merry and wanton,
With the summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion,
Where love has closed the door,
Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter,
Since she can come in no more.

WHAT LOVE DID.

"Button! button! who's got the button?"

These words fell in hurried accents of vexation from the cherry-ripe lips of Miss Lucy Ware, and were accompanied by a fairy-like avalanche of fascinating screams. She was just about to step aboard the cars when she discovered her loss.

"Oh dear! It was on when I started. What can have become of it? I can never match it in this world!"

And she cast a look of consternation at the vacant place on her sacque, where there should have been a large agate button.

"Why don't you look around for it?" she demanded of her handsome cousin, Gerald Wentworth, who was to see her safely started on her journey.

He elevated his eyebrows at her imperious tone, and scanned the ground at their feet.

"What are you looking at, Tom Shelly? You'd better go back to your greasy machine-shop, unless you can find my button!"

Tom Shelly lifted his hat, bowed low to conceal a shade of pain that passed across his face, and walked away. He had come to take a last look at the despotic little beauty before she passed from his vision, perhaps forever. She was the incarnation to him of all that was bright, winning, sprightly, and lovable; and after she was gone he would muse and dream about her, when she, perhaps, would bestow only an occasional, transient thought on him as an atom among her home reminiscenses.

Just then the warning whistle sounded, and Miss Ware was compelled, sorely against her will, to submit to her loss, and proceed on her journey.

She waved her handkerchief, Gerald Wentworth waved his hat, and then the latter overtook Tom Shelly.

"Such a high-toned little piece, Shelly," he said.

"Who? Oh yes! Miss Ware. She is to be gone for a long time, I believe?"

"All winter."

Tom sighed. He looked at his rusty clothes, and contrasted them with the elegant suit of his companion.

"She's pretty proud, isn't she?"

"Proud as Lucifer's sister—if he had one," laughed Wentworth. "Though I don't know as I ought to say that. I think a good deal of her myself."

"You do?"

"Yes—she's my cousin, you know."

"She's very beautiful."

"And she knows it too."

Tom was silent. He did not feel capable of maintaining his careless tone; so he looked straight ahead, and planted his heels on the pavement with vigor as he stepped.

"They say you're the best man in Dunning's machine-shop, Shelly. How's that?"

"Curse the machine-shop and its grease and dirt!" exclaimed Shelly. "I wish I'd chosen some more genteel business."

"Well, it isn't as neat as it might be, to be sure. But still, when you get up to the top, it's all right. Look at Dunning—how he stands in the community. He began by kindling the fires, you know."

Here the two turned off in different directions. Their brief conversation passed from Wentworth's mind immediately; but Tom remembered it, dwelling and lingering on each word, and turning it over and over in his mind. There was no torture so delightful to him as to hear Lucy Ware talked about, and to meditate on whatever concerned her in near or remote degree. He watched by stealth her smiles, and was angry with all the world because he could not resist the infatuation. For he ought to have dismissed her from his thoughts with contempt after she refused one night to go to a concert with him because he did not dress well enough. He was wounded and cut; but the circumstance did not bring common sense to his head. He sulked, and toiled, and hoped with a miserable, doubting hope, and pocketed his fifteen dollars a week, and was still an abject slave.

Miss Ware was going to New York to spend the winter with a wealthy aunt, and now he had her last words to think of—a command to go back to his greasy machine-shop!

When he left the shop that night it was to walk home with slow steps and a thoughtful face. Ruminations in which there were gleams of sense, energy, and purpose ran through his head.

He found supper waiting, and sat down opposite his mother with an absent, preoccupied look.

"Are you tired, Tom?"

"No, not particularly."

"I thought you looked so."

"Dunning began at the bottom, didn't he, mother? And why can't I work up to where he stands now? Yes, Wentworth was right. I'll do it!"

"Do what, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing—only I'm not going to stand at the lathe all my life—I can tell you that."

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? Aren't you doing very well now?"

"No. I'm nothing but a greasy, begrimed laborer. But I'll make my mark yet, or give up the ghost."

"Mercy! don't talk so. I thought you were very well satisfied."

"Satisfied!" contemptuously.

"It is wrong to murmur against one's lot. We ought to be thankful—"

"Don't mention the word 'thankful' to me! Pardon me, mother, I don't mean to speak unkindly; but—well, there's going to be a change; that's all."

"You don't mean that you are going to leave Mr. Dunning?"

"No, no."

"What was it about Mr. Wentworth?"

"Oh, I met him to-day"—Tom blushed—"and he reminded me of how Dunning began as a chore-boy, and of the way he stands now. And I thought, why can't one do it as well as another? Why can't I do it?"

Tom looked at his mother in a defiant, argumentative way.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, slightly nonplussed. "But you shouldn't deceive yourself by building air-castles."

"I'll take care of that. But I've got an idea that I mean to work out. It may amount to nothing."

"What is it, Tom?"

"I can't tell you now. You know that brains sometimes make more money than hands. If I could only invent something."

Mrs. Shelly shook her head doubtfully. "Inventors are generally hair-brained creatures."

"Not by a good deal! You ought to be ashamed to slander them. Think of what they have done for the world."

Tom left the table with his meal but half finished, and threw himself down on the couch. Putting his hand in his pocket it came in contact with something that sent a crimson flood to his face. He rose hastily and went up to his room. He lit a lamp, and smiled in exultation as he laid a small object on the table. It was Miss Lucy Ware's missing button. Yes, Tom had seen it when it dropped, picked it up, and resolved to keep it as a remembrancer of the tantalizing siren who had so bewitched him. Some time, perhaps, he would return it. He chuckled as he thought of her discomfiture, and her blissful ignorance of who was the posessor of the lost trinket. Then the foolish fellow gazed at it long and earnestly, finally placing it in an inside pocket of his vest.

He went to a shelf on which was ranged a choice collection of scientific works, took one down, and commenced reading. But his thoughts refusing to concentrate themselves on the subject of the book, he finally flung it aside and went down stairs. He astonished his mother for the rest of the evening by being unusually gay and vivacious. He perpetrated fearful jokes, and both laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks, thus insuring a good night's rest.

But a change was coming. The next day Tom bought pencils, compasses, and drafting paper, and in the evening shut himself up in his room. This was repeated the next evening, and the next, and at the end of a week his mother learned to look no more for the pleasant hours they had been wont to spend together after tea. Tom grew pale, and his face assumed a thoughtful, resolute look. And soon he drew half of his two hundred dollars from the bank and fitted up a little workshop in a back chamber. Here the sound of filing and hammering was heard late into the hours of almost every evening. Tom was working out his idea, whatever it was; and it was plainly no child's play with him, but a game in which he had staked his all—a battle for life or death. His earnest face told this, always soberly meditative now, and scarcely ever relaxing into a smile. His mother noticed this; Mr. Dunning noticed it; his friends noticed it; but he discharged all his daily duties with rigid fidelity, and gave short answers to expressions of concern. And thus the winter passed.

One August day Mr. Dunning said:

"Shelly, you are entitled to a vacation, and you look as though you needed it. Go off for a couple of weeks. Your pay shall go on the same."

"I don't want it now, Sir. I'm all right."

"Ah, but I'm afraid you are not all right. You are pale and thin."

"I would prefer to work on for the present," persisted Tom. "I may want a vacation before long. I'll ask for it when I do."

"All right. Don't be afraid to mention it. Only don't wait till the busy season."

For the next three weeks Tom stuck later than ever to his little workshop evenings, and often toiled there until the wee small hours were tolled out by the lonely, solemn town clock.

At the end of that time he went to Mr. Dunning with bright, almost happy-looking eyes. Yet he had a jaded, exhausted air.

"Now, Sir, I want my vacation."

"Whew!" said Mr. Dunning. "We've just got in some big orders, you know."

"I can't help it, Sir. I must have a week."

"You *must?*"

"I'm sorry, Sir; but rather than not have it, I'd throw up my place."

"Why, what's the row, Shelly? Anything going wrong?"

"No, Sir. I hope you will pardon my persistence, but can I go for a week?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Dunning, reflectively, "I suppose so. You ought to have taken it in the summer, though. But since you ask for only a week, you shall have it."

That night Tom packed something very carefully in a small box, bade his mother good-bye, and started for Washington.

* * * * * * *

"Upon my word, Shelly, I did not know there was so much in you!"

Tom Shelly and Mr. Dunning were closeted together in the latter's private office, with some papers spread out before them, and a small brass model of a machine standing on the desk.

"Well, Sir, since you approve of it, and think it likely to answer its purpose, suppose we talk business."

"Bu-iness?"

"Yes. You have capital, and I have the patent. There's money in the machine, but it will take money to bring it out."

"Very true."

"Well, your capital invested in these works is one hundred thousand dollars. I'll put in my invention at fifty thousand, and own one-third of the establishment."

"Ha! I should think you might!"

"Or, if you like, I will travel two months, and see how the thing is likely to take before we make any agreement."

"Don't you think you've got your ideas up rather high on the matter?"

"Perhaps I have," answered Tom, coolly; "but I don't propose to go begging, and let others grow rich out of what I ought to have."

"Such things are all experiments—great risks."

"I know, Sir; but you see what it is, and the need it supplies, and it is for you to say whether you will run the risk of taking hold of it."

Mr. Dunning paused and reflected. "I will look the matter over," he said at length, "and you may come here to-morrow evening."

This was as satisfactory as Tom could have expected, and so he withdrew.

When he went home he asked his mother (to whom he had confided naught of his plans) how she would like to live in Judge Graham's house on Main Street.

"The Judge is going to Europe, and wants to sell."

"What is that to us, Tom? We can't buy his house."

"Well, we may be able to some time."

"Some time! What a way you have of looking ahead, Tom!"

"It's better to look ahead than behind, I think."

Tom went up stairs, threw himself back in a chair, and took Lucy Ware's button out. He fingered the memento over and over, gazed on it, and finally pressed it to his lips stealthily, as if he feared some one might be looking. Then he wondered what Mr. Dunning's decision would be, and revolved in his mind all the contingencies of success or failure. He slept but little that night, for his whole future hung on the interview of twenty-four hours hence.

* * * * * * *

New-Year's night! A silver wedding!

Mr. Dunning's mansion was thrown open and thronged with his friends. It was no stately affair. The children were there as well as the old folks, and the house was aglow with merriment and good cheer.

There were beautiful presents, smiling congratulations, and shaking of hands; bright-eyed girls, with dazzling dresses and shining white shoulders; dignified matrons in stately silks and diamonds; benignant fathers in glossy broadcloths and sober kids; elegant young men in swallow-tails and white vests; screaming children, with wild, delighted countenances; and the buzz and rustle and din and clatter of a crowd that had dismissed dull care for the nonce, and was bent on making a night of it.

Tom Shelly was there, and so was Lucy Ware. The former was surrounded by friends and new acquaintances eager to congratulate him on a recent important event—namely, his admission as partner with Mr. Dunning.

"Dunning & Shelly has a very respectable sound," said one.

"Accept my congratulations on your good fortune," said another.

"Well, Tom, your luck has come at last."

"You deserve your luck—every bit of it," were the words of an old friend.

Tom received all this with due grace and modesty. A few ventured to sound him, to test his intelligence, but were speedily satisfied on that score. He was a thoughtful reader, and possessed a little stock of books that many of those around him would have done well to substitute for the unwholesome sweetmeats with which they were wont to regale their minds.

In the meantime Tom is soliloquising mentally. He is growing restive, and longs to speak to Lucy Ware. But he wonders how she will receive him—whether his good fortune will make him more attractive to her. And if it does, and if certain hopes he was cherished are fulfilled, will it be *he* that wins her, or something else? Will it be a cash match or a love match? Or won't it be any match at all, and is such speculation idle? These were perplexing questions, and Tom found himself unable to consider them with that coolness of judgment he had resolved with himself to bring to bear on the matter.

At last Tom approached her, and as he drew near felt a choking thrill. She was just as beautiful as ever, and gave him a glance out of her liquid black eyes that rippled up from under the long lashes like a flood of sunlight.

But in spite of the wild canter into which his blood was fired, he bade her good evening, touched her glove palm, and uttered some commonplace remark with very praiseworthy nonchalance.

Just then a set was forming to dance and one couple was wanting. Of course Tom asked Miss Ware for the honor, etc., and the two marched on the floor.

"You will allow me to express my pleasure at your new advancement, will you not?" she asked, in a tone in which there was just a shade of tremulousness.

"Oh, certainly, if you take enough interest in me to feel any pleasure at it."

"Why, of course I do. I always feel interested in those deserving of success." Her tone was charmingly frank now.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Tom, a little disappointed. The sparkle in Miss Ware's eyes dilated a little.

"Well, I got it by hard work," he said. "I went back to my greasy machine-shop that time, as you bid me."

"What do you mean?"

"Have you forgotten about it? It was when you went to New York to visit your aunt. You lost your button at the depot, you know, and told me to go back to my greasy machine-shop if I couldn't find it."

Miss Ware blushed scarlet. "Oh, do not speak of that. It was very rude in me. I suppose you had forgotten it. I was only in fun."

"But I wasn't." Tom's tone was rather stern, and Lucy looked up quickly. "I made a vow then."

"Oh dear! I hope I wasn't the means of your making a vow."

"Do you? And suppose you were—what then? Is there anything so very alarming about making vows?"

"I don't know. They're so very seldom kept."

"Ah, but this one is partially fulfilled already, and will be entirely some time. That is, only one thing can prevent it."

Miss Lucy did not ask what that one thing was, but grew reserved, and during the rest of the quadrille did not look into Tom's face with her previous unembarrassed freedom. The conversation had been carried on disjointedly during the pauses in the dancing. When the last figure was finished Miss Ware said:

"Oh dear, I am so tired of dancing! Let us walk in the other room, and see what the children are doing."

Her hand still rested on Tom's arm, and they made their way into another apartment, where a merry throng of boys and girls were partaking of the pleasures of that old and exciting game, "Button! button! who's got the button?"

"That's a good old game," said Lucy, glancing at the children.

"Button! button! who's got the button?" came in ringing tones from one of the players.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Tom.

"No, Sir; I've got it myself!" shouted a merry, blue-eyed girl, betrayed into letting out her secret.

A little scene of confusion followed, and then the game went on.

Lucy Ware had looked up at Tom in surprise. "What made you say that?" she asked.

"Because it is true," he answered, looking at her with a mischievous twitch of the eye.

Miss Lucy looked puzzled.

"Do you want to see it?"

"Yes," she answered, with a doubtful look.

He reached in his pocket and held something out in his hand.

"Why," she exclaimed, in amazement, "that's mine! Where did you get it? It's the one I lost."

"I know it."

She blushed vividly, and was utterly mystified.

"Please explain," she said.

"Oh, there's not much to explain. I picked it up when you lost it that time."

"And why did you not give it to me?"

"I preferred to keep it. I took it to my greasy machine-shop."

"Please don't."

Tom laughed, and grew immediately serious again. He had to screw his courage up to the sticking point to utter the next words.

"I kept it because I loved you!" he whispered.

"Oh!" And Miss Lucy hid her face in her hands, while her heart beat violently.

"And I haven't got over it yet!" he said, boldly.

This was a very audacious remark, and Tom had to take breath after it. Miss Ware also breathed audibly. But she did not spurn him with indignation—no, far from it. Tom finally said, in a voice a trifle unsteady:

"I made a vow that morning, part of which was to work my way out of that greasy machine-shop. I've done that. The next part was to keep the button until its owner cared enough for it to—repay—to—that is, to give herself to me as a condition of its restoration."

Miss Ware looked into his face with swimming eyes, yet out of the depths of which still welled up a fountain of irrepressible roguery.

"But my sacque has gone out of fashion now, and the button will be of no use to me," she said.

Tom looked at her earnestly.

"And, besides, I think you ought to be willing to give more than a button for what you ask."

Tom flushed a little at this, but suddenly seized her hand and exclaimed with energy:

"I can give the whole love of an undivided heart—a life-long devotion—a love as unchanging and unstirring as the sun that shines! Will do that?"

"I don't know but it will," came in a faint murmur.

And so the old, old game was played, and who shall say that hearts did not win?

The opium trade in India will net $40,000,000 next year.

Ravages of Yellow Fever.

It is hardly possible, says a correspondent, that Egypt in her darkest days of plague and famine, could have presented a more deplorable picture of suffering and desolation than that which is to be seen to-day in the fever-ridden city of Buenos Ayres, in South America. Until recently, the beautiful capital of the Argentine Republic, situated on the Rio de la Plata, has been noted for the salubrity of its climate. Though during the summer season, occasional cases of yellow fever would occur among the poorest and most abject classes, the malady rarely made its appearance among the better classes, who were more careful of their diet and avoided exposure to the burning rays of the mid-day sun. Nor did the disease at any time ever become epidemic. In the latter part of February last, the yellow fever suddenly appeared in Buenos Ayres, was confined to the lowest hovels on the river-front, and though for nearly a month the deaths exceeded the usual mortality very largely, very little attention was paid by the authorities to the virulence of the disease. About the middle of March, though the disease had not yet commenced its direful work in the upper part of the city, its fearful ravages among the lower orders, the majority of whom are Italian emigrants, at last aroused the fears of the people generally, and public meetings were held in every part of the pestilential city, to devise plans and raise the means by charitable contributions to succor the needy and stay the progress of the epidemic. Panic-stricken, those who could flee fled with the utmost precipitation. The exodus was indeed general; rich and poor hastily decamped; in fact, everybody that could manage to leave the infected precincts departed hurridly, leaving the once lively and lovely capital almost deserted. All the villas and towns within fifty miles of Buenos Ayres became the refuge of its terror-stricken inhabitants, who suffered untold mysteries and discomforts in consequence of the utter impossibility of the country people to make adequate provision for them all. In the little towns of Belgrano, Moron, Lujun, Flores, and San Isidro, all in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres, the spectacle was a pitiable one indeed. Crowded within the narrow confines of the most squalid and filthy hovels, and huddled in masses under open sheds, were seen delicate and refined women, with their children, enduring almost incredible suffering by actual hunger and exposure to the drenching rains of the wet season, in order to escape, if possible, the fatal contagion which surrounded their luxurious homes in the city.

With a population of considerably over two hundred thousand, Buenos Ayres, by the 4th of April last had been decimated by death of nearly thirty thousand of its inhabitants, while fully one hundred thousand had taken flight to the country towns, leaving scarce sixty thousand in the city, one half nearly of whom were invalids and convalescents, unable to assist in caring for their sick fellow-citizens. Most of the public buildings in the city, including nearly all the churches, theatres, and club-houses, were converted into public hospitals. The grand Cathedral, the richly endowed Templo, the beautiful Teatro Colon, on the plaza de la Victoria; the Teatro Victoria, on the Calle Victoria; the Teatro Argentino, on the Calle Cangallo, and the Foreign Club-house, on the Calle San Marino, had all been for weeks overcrowded with the jaundiced-looking victims of the pestilence, some, it is true, slowly recovering, with just the bare semblance of what they once were, but many, very many, dying rapidly, surrounded with all the loathsomeness of the black vomit in its most hideous form.

About Lightning Rods.

It seems to be proved that copper points on lightning-rods are more liable to fusion by lightning than those of iron, although copper is a much better conductor of electricity. In a discussion of this subject before the Belgium Academy of Science, it was stated that in fourteen cases of partial or total fusion of the points, seven were of copper, three of iron, and four of platinum. The round-iron rod has the advantages over the square. It should increase in diameter downwards, and should consist of six-feet lengths, each welded together. If the ground-string of the conductor is to be led overground, it ought to be eleven-sixteenths of an inch diameter, and if underground, three-fourths of an inch; in either case to be made of tar-iron and not of wire-cable. The copper cone to be eleven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, screwed, and one and an eighth inch long—the iron-rod adjoining to be screwed similarly—but one to have a left and the other a right handed thread, joined by a corresponding screwed socket, the ends of the rods abutting against each other; all the other joints to be made in the same way. The horizontal string of the conductor is to be joined to the vertical by hand-soldering—a ring welded from the former to the latter; the ground-string terminating in a cast-iron pipe filled with charcoal, and with a hermetically, closed cover, screwed at the part where the conductor passes through—the end of the conductor being screwed into a metallic dice.

What it Costs England to Hold India.

In presenting the military budget for India, Major General Norman said that for the coming year 1871-2 the estimated military expenditure in India is £12,410,000, and the receipts £805,000; leaving a net estimated expenditure of £11,605,000—a smaller expenditure than that of the last year, and, therefore, the smallest since the mutiny, although a new charge of £60,000 is inserted for the cost in India of overland transports. The expenditure in England is estimated at £3,574,000, and the receipts at £14,000, making a total net military expenditure in India and England of £15,165,000, being £231,000 less than the revised estimate for 1870-71. The force maintained during the year 1870-71 had been—6,545 British officers, 60,425 British non-commissioned officers and soldiers, 122,122 native soldiers, 14,187 Government horses, with 424 field guns, and the estimated force of 1871-72 is 6,436 officers, 60,445 British soldiers, 121,981 native soldiers, 13,253 Government horses, with 394 field guns, excluding 16 mortars of heavy field batteries.

Pauperism.—In England, pauperism has become frightful. Its magnitude is now readily appreciated, from the fact that its relief is a matter of law and is brought under a single bureau of the government. Under existing poor laws the English Government disburses upwards of $40,000,000. This covers, however, all the expense of work-houses, which combine orphan and foundling asylums, hospitals and alms-houses. But besides the inmates of these institutions there is an immense class of persons receiving temporary relief, and called the out-door poor. The proportion of out-door poor to in-door poor is 7 to 2, and there is one pauper to every twenty inhabitants in England and Wales. In London, a few years since, the ratio of private to public relief was about forty cents on the dollar, and the contributions and poor rates of the capital averaged something over four dollars to each inhabitant.

It is estimated that during the Franco Prussian war 150 pounds of lead were fired away in bullets to every man killed.

How Farmers are Swindled.

We publish herewith a statement which we find in the Henry Co. (Iowa) *Press*. We do it in order that farmers who are inclined to be credulous concerning the statement of patent right venders, tin peddlers, seed-order takers and all of that ilk, may take warning. This is only one instance among scores that have come to our knowledge, where a deliberate swindle was perpetrated. But the farmer does not always find it out until it is too late to provide a remedy. Here is the article:

Last week, two men with a team called at the residence of Aaron S. Thomas, in New London Township, in this county, and exhibited a new seive frame, and wire cloth for fanning-mills. They gave their names as C. W. Stevens, and J. P. Preston, Stevens claiming to be the patentee and manufacturer of the new improvement, but from the unpopularity of patent right venders, did not propose to sell rights, but the article itself. He desired Mr. Thomas to act as his agent to sell the seives for him, and offering to pay him thirty-three and a third per cent. commission on all sales. He had with him two hundred and fifty frames and seives in his wagon; which he proposed to leave with Mr. Thomas, and he could order from his manufactory from time to time as sales seemed to warrant. Mr. Thomas agreeing to the terms, Stevens produced a contract setting forth the agreement in duplicate, which they both signed, Stevens signing first and Mr. Thomas last, well down to the bottom of the paper, under the direction of Stevens. Another paper was also signed by both parties and witnessed by Preston, in substance that Stevens was to take back all unsold frames and seives at the end of one year then remaining on hand unsold by Mr. Thomas, the latter to pay for all sold less his commission. So the arrangement was completed.

After the gentlemen were gone, Mr. Thomas examined his papers and found no contract among them, but another instead, folded and indorsed, giving the amount of these notes which purported he had signed. This induced him to reflect that he had signed the duplicate contract very low down on the sheet, and that he had placed his signature on different pieces of paper from that signed by the other party, which proved to be the case. Having thus had his suspicions aroused, he immediately came to this city, where he learned that Stevens and his partner had left for Fairfield. He thereupon procured a warrant for the arrest of Stevens, and in company with officer Bevans, took the train for Fairfield, and there found Stevens just about to leave on the train on the Southwestern Road. On being arrested he first denied having Mr. Thomas's notes, but when he found he could not bluff Mr. Thomas nor the officer, but must come back to Mt. Pleasant, he owned up and produced three complete negotiable notes, a copy of one of which we give below:

"New London, Henry County,
Iowa, March 27, 1871.

Four months after date I promise to pay to C. W. Stevens or bearer, *One hundred and seventy-five dollars*, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. until paid.

Value received.

(Signed) Aaron S. Thomas."

The other notes were in the same form, one for $150 three months after date, the other for $200 five months after date. Upon his giving up these notes and destroying the contracts, both copies of which he had in his possession, he went on his way to play the same game on some other more easily gulled victims.

These numerous tricks and swindling games ought to put farmers and other citizens on their guard, and to do no business of the kind with traveling mountebanks, without thoroughly examining all papers presented to them for their signatures. We are determined to expose the rascals every time we hear of their swindling acts.

Wedding Toilets.

The materials used for making up handsome bridal costumes are white repped silk, white satin and the lighter qualities of white gros grain. White Irish poplin, pearl and fawn-colored and gray silks are also to be used for the same purpose.

Dresses made of white satin are elegantly trimmed with duchesse or point lace flounces—either one or two, as the fancy may dictate—although two are considered more stylish just at present. The overskirts are generally made with apron fronts and looped at the sides and back with appropriate flowers. The corsage may be high or low—and sleeves short or duchesse-shaped.

A great deal of latitude is allowed in bridesmaids' dresses. White French tulle and colored silks trimmed with illusion prevail. For those that desire something a little different from what we have here, we quote from a foreign magazine a description of the dresses of six bridesmaids, whose costumes were pronounced unusually stylish. We are told that they wore long-trained skirts of the richest blue gros grain, trimmed around the bottom with a plaited flounce of fine white Swiss muslin, headed with lace; the paniers and tabliers were also trimmed with flutings of white Swiss and lace; the bodies had a similar trimming put on in the shape of a square. Long tulle veils, blue-silk stockings, shoes and rosettes, completed a costume both novel and pretty.

A point lace veil, which is of course always fashionable, is worn when there is a desire for it, if the purse is long enough to gratify the desire. Point lace shawls are frequently and easily draped by an experienced modiste to form the veil. The tulle veil, which is within reach of all, is generally worn, though we occasionally see maline lace used for that purpose. Tulle sold for the bridal veil is four dollars a yard, and about four yards are required. A handsome veil is about three and a half yards wide.

The bridal wreath, which is composed of orange buds and jasmine, is laid across the braid or Pompadour roll, and the ends are left to trail over the back hair. Either one or two chatelaine braids, with a cluster of light, soft curls, and short frizzled curls drooping over the forehead with the roll or braid, makes the favorite coiffure.

A Singular Incident.—A rather curious incident is related of a vessel in the Baltic Sea. The bark *Providence*, from Hartlepool, lately sprang aleak, and all hands were forced to work at the pumps until they were utterly exhausted. Their hope of saving the vessel or even their own lives had almost gone, when the leak suddenly stopped. After the port was reached and the cargo discharged, a search was made, and it was found that a knot in one of the planks had been forced out, but the hole was tightly plugged up by the body of a fish which had made its way into the hole and could not escape.

Not so Pleasant.—A good story is told in the Hartford *Courant* of a young couple who wanted to hear Dickens read. They could hardly afford it, but screwed up their extravagance to the necessary pitch. As they had concluded to invest, they bethought themselves of a poorer family near by who were suffering from lack of work. So they gave up Dickens and paid the price of two tickets to their impoverished neighbors. The poor couple took the money, bought tickets with it, and attended the reading.

The Trade in Stockings.

No branch of manufacturing consumes so large a proportion of the saleable value in the cost of labor as hosiery. A stocking that is jobbed at $1 a dozen, five per cent. off, is saddled with forty-eight cents in labor alone. A manufacturer very seldom realizes ten cents on a dozen as a margin for profit, while the great bulk of hosiery sold, says the Boston *Bulletin*, notes as profit to the factory from three-fourths of a cent to two cents per dozen.

The different processes through which a stocking passes are, spinning the yarn, winding yarn, knitting, cutting and raveling, footing, sewing and hand-sewing, rough mending, trimming, bleaching and dyeing, boarding, wetting, finished mending, tacking, mating, folding, pressing, stamping, boxing and cashing.

New England is the great centre of the trade, almost all the plain goods being made here. Philadelphia leads the world in her tasty styles and immense production of children's and men's fancy colored stockings, producing over $2,500,000 worth annually of these goods. Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont supply about all the Shaker stockings sold. New Hampshire produces over three-fifths of the whole amount. During a late visit to the above State, by one of the *Bulletin's employes*, he counted twenty-eight factories in full operation, running about 130 sets of cards for preparing the wool for yarn, and ultimately producing 4,500 dozen pairs per day. These establishments give employment to about 1,400 hands in the mills, and also to over 13,000 women outside, knitting on the heels and toes, in steady employment, and also a large number in addition to their household duties, earning $1 a dozen for this work. The estimated aggregate monthly payroll of all these factories is rising $50,000, and in villages and their radit of fifteen miles, almost the entire female population were at work in the employ of stocking mills.

Hosiery mills in almost every part of the Union are in prosperous operation. There have been noticed in detail, existing in Massachusetts, within the past eighteen months, seventeen hosiery mills, producing each from 250 to 2,500 dozen daily. Five of the largest of these mills produce an aggregate of 6,600 dozen in the following proportion: 2,500, 1,000, 1,000, 700, 400 dozens, giving employment to 1,000 hands.

A Ghastly Scene.

In the Avenue Foy, says a correspondent, I came upon a barricade of the Versaillais facing a Communist barricade about 500 yards off. The officer in command said he had not received intimation of an Armistice, and that he, therefore, had a right to continue firing. Notwithstanding he allowed us to pass into the nearest ambulance. There we found a priest, who led us into a neighboring house, among the ruins of which lay several dead National Guards. The bodies had evidently been there many days, and were in a state of decomposition. Most had received bullet wounds through the head, apparently in the act of firing through loopholed walls at the barricades and houses close by. The house in which they lay had been damaged, and was almost broken in pieces by shells and riddled by bullets. The upper portion had fallen in, and the side wall had given way. There were people in the cellars above whose heads the fighting had been going on. They had been kept from starvation by occasional donations of food, given sometimes by the Versailles troops, sometimes by the Communists, as each side had possession of the house. The cellars were dark, close and damp. In one lay the body of a woman, dead from the effects of imprisonment, no doctor having been procurable for her. The Versailles troops had been searching the cellars for wine, and seizing what they found. They seemed greatly wanting in compassion and sympathy for their dead enemies. In the Rue Pelloner, where the severest fighting had been going on, not a tree was left whole. Most were torn to bits by the mitrailleuses. Between the two barracks lay the decomposed body of an *ouvrier*, which neither side had been able to remove.

The barricades were about 500 yards apart, each strongly protected by mitrailleuses. There were soldiers in houses between, but they had been living in cellars, and could only change quarters by crawling along on the ground under a shower of bullets and mitrailleuse. The hostile outposts were within 40 yards of each other, firing through loophooled walls. The troops remained near their respective barricades. The Versaillais had received orders not to hold any communication with the National Guards, and firmly repelled all advances. There seemed great bitterness on both sides.

An English Horror.—The wife of a laboring man, living in Tintwistle, Cheshire, a few miles from Manchester, England, murdered two of her children, and then committed suicide by hanging herself. The husband returned from work unexpectedly soon after he left his home in the morning, when he found the house locked up, and procuring a ladder, he got in at the window. Here he found his son, a lad aged seven, lying in a pool of blood, with his head nearly severed from his body, and with his head downwards in a pail of water; in another room, was the infant. In the cellar the unhappy mother herself was found hanging to a beam, quite dead. It is evident that she first murdered the boy, by cutting his throat whilst asleep in bed, with a razor which she had procured from the room below; had fetched a pail of water upstairs, and thrust the babe head first into it, for the garments of the child bore marks of the mother's bloody fingers. The boy must have been attacked while asleep, or he would have proved a formidable antagonist for his mother.

Abusing Lunatics.—The treatment of lunatics, criminals, paupers and other unfortunate classes is one of the great questions upon which our numerous reformers exercise their minds and tongues. William Cooper, an officer of a lunatic asylum in England, placed a helpless creature in a bath and turned on the hot water instead of the cold, thereby scalding the patient so that he died. The case was investigated and Cooper committed for manslaughter, a result of his interesting experiment which he did not calculate upon, having no idea that the inmates of the asylum had any rights that would be protected by the laws. He is likely to be enlightened on this subject, and his experience will be recorded, no doubt, as settling one point in the proper treatment of lunatics.

A Costly Tree.—A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm that it was doubted whether it belonged to him or to his neighbor. The neighbor, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted for damages the man who cut it. The case was sent from court to court. Time was wasted, temper soured, and friendship lost; but the case was finally gained by the prosecution. The last we heard of the transaction was that the man who gained the cause went to the lawyer's office to execute a deed of his whole farm, which he had been compelled to sell to pay his costs! Then, houseless and homeless, he thrust his hands into his pockets and triumphantly exclaimed, "I've beat him!"

German Advertisements.

Imagine a newspaper, small quarto, of from eight to forty-eight pages, costing five shillings and four pence per year, and devoted exclusively to advertisements—every page full of novelty, and often productive of laughter! Within reasonable limits, it is scarcely possible to convey an idea of its diversified contents. The first pages are devoted to official, police, law, and sanitary notices, notices of contracts, bankruptcies, etc.; these are followed by trade advertisements, touching silks, fish, groceries, wines, coffins, wet nurses, and information as to how, when and where the thousand and one wants of this life, and death may be supplied. Of these we shall say nothing, but proceed at once to the social contents. What would our reserved island ladies say to finding their birthdays openly recorded under the most transparent initials, with their ages, the street and house number duly added, in some such sort of way as this? "Hearty congratulations to the dear, tall, black, stout Gretchen B——, on her to-day's cradle feast at No. 18 in the Hauptgasse.

"From one who knows her well,
But name want tell."

Or thus: "To the dear, stout, pretty blonde, Anna K——, in Wilh. St., No. 78, right hearty congratulations from a silent admirer."

At times our attention is called to a swain who has forgotten the birthday of her whom his soul loves, and who honestly confesses it by heading in capital letters, "Better late than never." After thus introducing his salutation, his effusion jingles on:

"Your birthday's past, as I do see;
Jimminy krimminy, O dear me!
What can I say, but tell you plain,
I'll try not to forget again.

Happy couples proclaim their approaching nuptials thus: "With the loving consent of their parents, W—— H—— and S—— T——, herewith announce their betrothal."

In the following notice there is something truly Homeric: "Have a care. A fat cow will be hewn to pieces in my yard on Tuesday, at 11 a.m., sharp, and the flesh will be sold at 3d. a lb."

About our next extract there is a grim blood-thirstiness that would have done credit to the court of King Theodore; it reminds one of the Pantin tragedy under patronage, and must surely emanate from one whom urgent private affairs have recalled from the scene of war ere his appetite for horrors was satiated: "T—— M—— recommends himself for private slaughtering. Terms moderate."

Here are some miscellaneous morsels: "To be sold cheap, a tolerably modern dress coat, in very good preservation."

"Eleven young hens and a cock, good layers, to be sold." Is this the rara avis?

"Chamber sportsman M——, resides at No. 7 L—— street. The above recommends himself as a medium for the destruction of all species of vermin."

We will conclude with two notices illustrative of the National characteristics, music and economy:

"The Singing Society meet to-night at the Muckerhohle." The name is not inviting, but the locality is historical.

And: "A gentleman wishes to hire a fur cloak for a few weeks."—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Gigantic Bird.

A Culcutta correspondent mentions an anecdote of that singular bird, the adjutant or gigantic crane, which may be a novelty to some of our readers. He says that his attention was called one morning by an unusual turmoil in the "compound," or out-door premises of the house in which he lived. Looking out of the window, he saw an adjutant, evidently unable to remount on his wings, standing helplessly amid a company of about two hundred crows, whose loud vociferations seemed to express anything but delight at the company of their gigantic fellow-biped. The adjutant, from his usefulness as a scavenger of all-work, is a gentleman very much humored about Indian homesteads; and this one in particular, as was his wont, had been lingering outside for any unconsidered trifles which the servants might think fit to throw out. A few crows, however, getting wind of the affair, with the sagacious notion that they might be able to pick up a few chance scraps on their own account, were soon on the scene of action. Hunger has no compunctions; and at last, more venturesome than the rest, approaching more closely than actual