THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOL. IV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1871. NO. 49.

My Beloved.

"One morning, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved,
All the birds were singing blithely, as if never they would cease;
'Twas a thrush sang in my garden, 'Hear the story, hear the story!'
And the lark sang, 'Give us glory!'
And the dove said, 'Give us peace!'

"Then I listened, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved,
To that murmur from the woodland of the dove, my dear, the dove;
When the nightingale came after, 'Give us fame to sweeten duty!'
When the wren sang, 'Give us beauty!'
She made answer, 'Give us love!'

"Sweet in spring, and sweet the morning, my beloved, my beloved;
Now for us doth spring, doth morning, wait upon the year's increase,
And my prayer goes up, 'O! give us, crowned in youth with marriage glory,
Give for all our life's dear story,
Give us love, and give us peace!'"

John the Baptist.

(From Longfellow's new Poem.)

Repent! repent! repent!
For the kingdom of God is at hand,
And all the land
Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall be
As the waters cover the sea,
And encircle the continent!

Repent! repent! repent!
For lo, the hour appointed,
The hour so long foretold
By the Prophets of old,
Of the coming of the Anointed,
The Messiah, the Paraclete,
The Desire of the Nations, is nigh!
He shall not strive nor cry,
Nor his voice be heard in the street;
Nor the bruised reed shall he break,
Nor quench the smoking flax!
And many of them that sleep
In the dust of earth shall awake,
On that great and terrible day,
And the wicked shall wail and weep,
And be blown like a smoke away,
And be melted away like wax.
Repent! repent! repent!

O Priest, and Pharisee,
Who hath warned you to flee
From the wrath that is to be!
From the coming anguish and ire?
The ax is laid at the root
Of the trees, and every tree
That bringeth not forth good fruit,
Is hewn down and cast into the fire!

Ye Scribes, why come ye hither?
In the hour that is uncertain,
In the day of anguish and trouble,
He that stretcheth the heavens as a curtain
And spreadeth them out as a tent,
Shall blow upon you, and ye shall wither,
And the whirlwind shall take you away as stubble!
Repent! repent! repent!

EDITH WELDON'S MARRIAGE.

Ten years ago it was less the custom than at present, for people to be married in church. At that period the good clergyman was wont to come to the "residence of the bride's father" where, in the presence of a few intimate friends, the ceremony would take place, after which, perchance, would follow a reception for the less favored "ten thousand;" and it was upon this plan that Edith Weldon's was arranged to take place. It was within the hour appointed for the marriage, and she stood ready dressed in her pretty boudoir, when her mother came in to attend to the final touches in the fastening of the bridal veil.

"Has Dick come?" asked Edith, staying her mother's hand as she was about to throw the filmsy lace over her head.

"No, not yet, of course. Why! don't look so pale, my darling, it is not time for him yet."

"I wish he were here," sighed Edith. "Somehow I cannot help worrying about him."

"You are nervous, dear, that is all," said Mrs. Weldon, kindly. "He will be here presently. Dick was never unpunctual, and he will scarcely be to-night."

While the finishing touches are put to the pretty toilette, a few words with regard to the story of Edith are necessary.

The young bride was the eldest daughter of one of our city merchant princes, a lovely woman, though perhaps a shade more demure than most girls of her age. Yet in spite of her quiet, and what some of her friends called "old fashioned" ways, they were somewhat surprised when she accepted Mr. Richard Strong as her lover. He was a country gentleman, a scion of one of the best families of which New York can boast, and lived on his farm, which he took great pains in cultivating. He was a man of fine powers, and high education, but his agricultural life had lead to a certain roughness of dress and manner that was at times almost uncouth. Then his face was browned by the sun to a deep tan color, his hands were rough and brown, and he would not wear gloves, and would wear heavy boots. Despite this, he was a fine looking man, with intelligent eyes and well knit frame, and Edith had sense enough to see beneath the somewhat rude exterior a cultivated mind and affectionate heart.

Mr. Weldon was well pleased with his daughter's choice. Mr. Strong's family was one for which he had the highest respect, and Edith's simple tastes were such as admirably fitted her for country life. The young lady's city friends were, however, rather contemptious at her lover's unmistakable bucolic appearance; and some of these who looked no deeper than the surface, declared that he was only a country "clod hopper." To tell the truth, Edith herself had been a little horrified at Dick's utter indifference to style, and had even urged him to employ her father's tailor.

"Go to Digby!" he exclaimed, with horror; "why, he would make me look like a fool! No; Bounderby always has made my clothes, and Bounderby always shall. He knows how to suit me!"

And so even the wedding garments were made by Bounderby, who had a large run of custom among the gentlemen farmers on New York, and understood how to make coats of excellent material and no particle of style.

Edith's toilette was complete by half-past seven, and her mother and bridesmaids left her to finish their own preparations. For a short time she was alone, and sat listening to every ring of the bell, hoping each one was Dick's, and expecting to be called down to meet him; as the moments went by and no message came, her anxieties increased. It was certainly very strange that he had not arrived. He was the very soul of punctuality—always sure to appear at the precise moment appointed.

Presently people began to come into the room; aunts, and cousins, and particular friends; and there was much chattering over the bride and her dress.

Edith put the questions, "Has Dick come?" "Have you seen Mr. Strong?" until she grew ashamed to repeat them, and her companions laughed at her for her seemingly needless anxiety. At eight o'clock her mother rejoined her, gorgeous in blue velvet and diamonds.

"Well, Edith, the hour has come."

"But not the man," added one of the gay girls, laughingly.

"Is not Mr. Strong here yet?" asked Mrs. Weldon, in surprise.

"I think not."

"That is strange," she replied, looking unmistakably annoyed. "But don't turn so pale, Edith, dear, he must be here, or come directly; I will go and see about it."

She kissed her daughter tenderly, and went down stairs. In the library were her husband and several gentlemen. Mr. Weldon came forward to his wife.

"It is a little strange, Mary, it is five minutes past eight, and Strong is not here."

"Can any of his friends explain his detention?"

Just then the door opened, and among the select few was admitted Charlie Strong, a city man and a cousin of Dick's.

"Ah, Charlie! is Dick with you?" asked Mr. Weldon.

"Dick! No! Isn't he here?"

"No."

"Why, that is very odd! I left him an hour ago on his way here."

"On his way! Was he driving?"

"No. You know what a queer fellow Dick is. I wanted to send for a carriage; but he said that was all nonsense for such a short distance, and in spite of my objections, he put on an old summer overcoat to cover his evening dress, and started to walk here with me. I told him he did not look much like a bridegroom; to which he gave the characteristic reply, that "Looks aren't everything."

"And how far did you come together?"

"To Fourteenth street; there I turned off to Irving place, and he started up Broadway."

The disappearance of the bridegroom was rendered more mysterious by this statement. There seemed absolutely nothing to do but wait for his arrival as patiently as possible; and as people began to pour in, the time for the reception having come, Mrs. Weldon received them with what self-possession she could, not telling them to go away, since at any moment the missing man might appear, and the ceremony proceed. The company was very dreary, however; everyone knew what had happened, gaiety was out of the question, and the only amusement was to rush to the door of the hall every time anyone came, in hopes of seeing the pleasant brown face of Dick Strong.

Charlie Strong went down to the hotel on the chance that for some inexplicable cause Dick had returned there. No, he had not been seen. Mr. Strong next inquired of the policemen along the route if anyone had been taken suddenly ill, as this supposition had occurred as a possible explanation of Dick's absence—his splendid health rendered it rather an absurd one. No, nothing unusual had happened, except that there had been a fire on Broadway and a great crowd. This was the news with which the young gentleman came back to the house, and the non-appearance of the bridegroom seemed stranger than ever.

Poor Edith sat in her rooms looking like a pale and stricken flower; her bridesmaids and friends were gathered around her doing what they could to cheer her, but she grew hopelessly sad. The hours of the wedding evening stole by without any news of her lover. From time to time when there was the bustle of an arrival below, one of the girls looked out to see if Mr. Strong had come, but each time only to return with fresh disappointment, so that in the bridal-room, as well as in the parlor, there was gloom and anxiety.

And now to tell of the man who had so strangely disappeared. When he parted from his cousin, Dick, as Charlie had said, went straight up Broadway, which was the nearest road to Mr. Weldon's home on West Twenty-sixth street. When he had passed Union Square, he saw that quite a crowd of people was assembled in front of one of the stores, from the upper windows of which smoke was issuing. No thoughts of turning aside to avoid the throng occurred to Mr. Strong's mind; no, he was broad-shouldered and powerful, and he began to push the throng, elbowing right and left, and hurrying on at little less than his usual brisk pace. He had proceeded in this way, getting a good many angry looks, and some very uncomplimentary remarks, to which he had paid no manner of heed until he had reached a point where the crush was densest. Here he was jostled about somewhat rudely, in spite of his endeavors to forge ahead unchecked. He began to feel a little angry at what seemed the unnecessary amount of hustling he received, and was pushing on rather unceremoniously when he was suddenly grasped by a man, fully as powerful as himself, who cried out—"You have got my watch! Police! Police! Stop thief! Police!"

The man roared out the words in a voice that rang above all the murmurs of the crowd, and Dick in a fury of rage turned upon him like a tiger.

"You infernal scoundrel, what do you mean? Let me go! Let me go, I say!" He struggled fiercely, but the man who seized him by the shoulder had him at a disadvantage, and continued to shout:

"Police! Help! help! Stop thief!"

In a moment three or four men had hold of Mr. Strong, who fought and raved in his wrath and indignation, and then two policemen appeared on the scene and summarily took him into custody.

"There you scamp—now we've got you!" cried the man in triumph.

Dick glared at him, almost speechless with anger, though he managed to say to the policemen:

"You surely don't intend to take me into custody on the charge of that maniac?"

"Indeed we do, my good man, and you might as well come along peaceably."

Now if there was one thing that more than another Dick Strong despised, it was any boasting of position, or family, or money. He had always declared that "people would know a man was a gentleman without any need of telling them so," and that "it wasn't any consequence what a man wore if he only behaved himself. He had flattered himself that he looked, despite the roughness of his dress, too much the well-bred gentleman ever to be doubted, and yet here were these two policemen calling him "My good man," hustling him along, and no way to get out of the scrape but to try to convince them that he was not a common thief!

Thus the unfortunate bridegroom was pulled through the crowd, people staring at him, the policemen holding him fast by the arms, and his captor following close at their heels, giving vent to feelings of enjoyment in occasional exclamations of "Scoundrel!" "Scamp!" "But he couldn't come it over me!" &c. Goaded at last beyond endurance, Dick suddenly turned upon him:

"But I haven't got your watch, I tell you! You ought to know what you're talking about, before accusing an honest man in this way."

"None of that now," said the policeman roughly; "Come along quietly."

"We'll see!—we'll see!" shouted the tormentor.

And thus was Dick led along, a miserable captive. Men looked curiously at him as they passed, women drew back in horror from the criminal. Never had poor Strong so longed for the face of an acquaintance, but none met him. It was growing dark; and was not an hour when any one he knew was likely to be out. In the side street very few persons were abroad; and so they reached the station-house. For some little distance Dick had been quite silent; and recovering from his rage, had tried to think what might be best for him to do. Once in the dirty room of detention fresh cause for anger speedily arose. The robbed man, who gave his name as John Clark, showed as a very respectable-dressed person when in the light, and displayed the dangling end of a handsome watch-chain, from which the watch had been wrested.

"The ring was a little worn," he said, "and broke with the pull. I felt it, and saw the hand that grasped the watch. It was brown and ungloved, like his," pointing to Dick, who as usual was ungloved. "I turned round quickly and caught him. Now see if you don't find the watch on him."

"It's all an infamous lie!" said Dick. "What should I want of his beggarly watch?"

"The prisoner had better be quiet and let himself be searched," replied the police captain.

"Search me and welcome," retorted Dick, pulling off his overcoat, thereby bringing to view his handsome dress suit.

The men looked at each other in surprise. "I didn't think he was a swell cove," said one; "he looked like the common kind."

"Mr. Strong now drew out his own watch, which was an elegant chronometer.

"Here," said he to his captor, "why should a man want to rob you when he has such a time-piece as that?"

"It was stolen too, I've no doubt," replied Mr. Clark, imperturbably.

Dick nearly fell into a rage again. "You're an incorrigible old fool," said he.

"Prisoner will please be careful," said the officer, sternly. "Now, sir, what is your name?"

"Richard Strong."

"Residence?"

"Oak Hill Farm, Alleghany county, New York."

A shade of surprise crossed the officer's face as he asked—"Occupation?"

"Farmer."

Just then Dick, who still had his watch, opened it, and uttered a cry of horror—it was after eight o'clock.

"For God's sake, be quick with this farce," he said, earnestly. "I have a most important engagement, and it is already past the hour."

Mr. Clark smiled contemptuously.

"I'm afraid you'll have to put it off," he said.

"You do not seem to understand the gravity of the charge, Mr. Strong," said the captain. "Officers Smith and Brown will please search the prisoner."

With what grace he could muster Dick submitted to the search; it was long and tedious, and resulted, of course, in nothing. Strong was boiling over with indignation and impatience, but had to put up with it; and as it chanced, from the fact of his having on new clothes, the pockets were nearly empty, he had hardly anything upon him to serve as vouchers for the truth of his assertions about himself. His linen was, indeed, marked with his name, and the men were conviced that their culprit was by rank a gentleman, whether the charge made against him was true or not. When he was brought into the large room, Clark sprang forward eagerly.

"Did you find the watch?"

"No, of course they didn't," replied Dick.

The man's countenance fell.

"Then he must have flung it away when I caught him," he said.

"Why, do you still think I stole it?" demanded Dick.

"Of course you did; I saw you take it."

Dick turned away from him, without reply, to the captain, "Now, sir, I hope you will let me go."

"No, Mr. Strong, we cannot do that while this man swears to this charge against you."

This was more than Dick had expected, and his reserve broke down, "But, Captain, you must let me go—why, this is my wedding night and I *must* go."

"That's a likely story," said Clark with a sneer.

"May I ask who you are to marry," asked the officer, looking rather incredulous.

It was awfully against Dick's ideas but he had to say, "A daughter of Mr. John Weldon?"

"Not Weldon of Weldon & Grey?"

"Yes."

"Oh that's too much," cried the inexpressible Clark, "As if he would look at such a fellow as you!"

Dick's anger flamed out again, but he began to find there was no use in displaying it, and addressed himself especially to the captain. To him he was very august, saying all he could to prove that his statements were true—perhaps too he displayed some of the greenbacks that were plentiful in his purse—be that as it may, he succeeded at last in persuading the officer to allow a message to be dispatched to Mr. Weldon, and finally one of the policemen departed with a hastily scrambled note.

By the time he reached Mr. Weldon's, it was after ten o'clock; the uncomfortable guests there assembled had began to think they had better go home, as there would be no wedding that night, and the clergyman, who had passed anything but an agreeable evening, had gone to Mrs. Weldon's to make his adieux, when there was a ring at the bell, followed by a rush to see who it might be.

When the door was opened and a policeman stalked into the hall, the excitement was intense. Mr. Weldon hurried forward to meet him. The man touched his hat.

"Are you Mr. John Weldon?"

"Yes."

"A prisoner down at our station sent you this note."

Mr. Weldon opened the missive eagerly; people crowded round to learn its contents.

"I am in the 27th street station house, charged with theft; for God's sake come and get me out. RICHARD STRONG."

A shout of laughter followed this announcement, the people were so amused, they thought it such a good joke. The relief after the long suspense was so great, that peal after peal of merriment rang out, the jolly sounds echoing even to Edith's room, and the girls jumped out to hear the news, quickly brought her back the tidings that Dick was safe, though in such a funny scrape.

The policeman meantime looked at the smiling throng and then at Mr. Weldon.

"So what he said was true, and he was going to marry your daughter?"

"Yes, certainly."

"We would not believe him, he looked such a shabby chap; however, the Boss said, as it was so near, I might come and see."

More laughter followed this, and in a few moments Mr. Weldon and Charles Strong were on their way, with the police man, to Dick's relief.

There is not much to add; when they reached the station, a few words from Mr. Weldon convinced the police captain, that there must have been some mistake, and Mr. Strong was released. Clark still remained at the place, and was furious at the result; when going out, Dick said to him—"Now, Mr. Clark, I hope you are convinced that I did not steal the watch?"

To this he replied very angrily—"You did too, for I saw you; and I say it's a monstrous injustice to let you off just because you are going to marry a rich man's daughter."

Their was no use arguing with such a person; and as Dick once more drew on the objectionable overcoat, Charles Strong could not help saying, "Ah! Dick, it was all because you would wear a shabby coat, and would not have a carriage. You will do better next time."

When they reached the house there was a great crowding about the bridegroom, and much merriment and congratulations. Edith came to meet him, her paleness succeeded by blushes, and the ceremony proceeded at once.

American Cheese in England.

The Utica *Herald* reports: The cheese which we sent to England in the fore part of the season was much of it too green when shipped, and arrived in bad condition. Some of our hot weather cheese also disappointed the receivers, but our later make has been excellent. A Utican who is interested in our dairying interest, and is now sojourning in England, writes a private letter from London, from which we are kindly permitted to extract. He says: American cheese, this Fall, I am happy to say, is excellent. There is only a small quantity of Cheddar that can beat it. On this trip I have been to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Hereford, and Swindon. I saw a very large amount of American cheese. In fact, it is to be seen in abundance all through England. In London and its suburbs every grocer and butter-dealer's is full of our cheese. The price is so low, and it is so much better in quality this year than it ever has been, and they have all dealt freely in it, and laid in all the stock they could raise. One cheesemonger here in London, at the first news of the Chicago fire, asked me if I thought it would raise the price of cheese much. If I thought it would, he should buy all he could, even though the price had advanced a little. He was making a capital thing out of what he had, which was 4d. per pound net profit. He said, "I tell you it is a capital cheese: and if the Americans go on like this, they will have the whole cheese market."

A witness in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very retaliating disposition; that she retaliated for every little thing. "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, sir, often!" "Well, what did she do on such occasions?" "She always retaliated, sir,"

The Amazons.

According to a very ancient tradition, the Amazons were a nation of women, who suffered no men to remain among them, but marched to battle under the command of their queen, and formed for a long time a formidable state. They held occasional intercourse with the men of the neighboring states. If boys were born to them, they either sent them to their fathers, or killed them. But they brought up the girls for war, and burned off their right breasts, that they might not be prevented from bending the bow. From this custom they received the name of Amazon, that is, "breastless." Such is the ordinary tale; the origin of which is perhaps to be accounted for by supposing that vague reports, exaggerated and poetically embellished, had reached the Greeks of the peculiar way in which the women of various Caucasian districts lived, performing military duties which elsewhere devolved on husbands, and also of the numerous examples of female heroism which, travelers inform us, still distinguish the women of that region. In later times, however, the word Amazon has been supposed to have some connection with the Circassian word "Maza," signifying the moon, as if the myth of the Amazon had taken its origin in the worship of the moon, which prevailed on the borders of Asia. The nations of Amazons have been mentioned by the ancients. First, the Asiatic Amazons, from whom the others branched off. These dwelt on the shores of the Black Sea, and among the mountains of the Caucasus, especially in the neighborhood of the modern Trebisond, on the river Termodon, (now Termob.) They are said to have at one time subdued the whole of Asia and to have built Smyrna, Ephesus, Cumæ, and other cities. Their queen, Hippolyte, or, according to others, Antiope, was killed by Hercules, as the ninth of the labors imposed on him by Eurystheus consisted in taking from her the shoulder-belt bestowed on her by Mars. On one of their expeditions, the Amazons came to Attica, in the time of Theseus. They also marched under the command of their queen, Penthesilea, to assist Priam against the Greeks. They even appear upon the scene in the time of Alexander the Great, when their queen, Thalestris, paid him a visit, in order to become a mother by the conqueror of Asia. Second, the Scythian Amazons, who, in after times married among the neighboring Scythians, and withdrew further into Sarmatia. Third, the African Amazons, who, under the command of their queen, Myrina, subdued the Gorgons and Atlantes, marched through Egypt and Arabia, and founded their capital on the Lake Tritonis, but were then annihilated by Hercules.

The Grand Duke Ball.

The ball given in New York in Honor of the Grand Duke Alexis, was certainly a magnificent affair, if we may believe the journals of the city. An immense crowd of lookers-on gathered about the Academy of Music early in the evening, and quite a number of policemen were necessary to keep this crowd in proper order. About half-past ten o'clock a movement was discernable, and, simultaneous with a grand rush of the patient waiters toward the Academy, the Prince's carriage, followed by several others, dashed up to the canopied entrance. The Prince was the first to alight, and as he did so the crowd on the corner of Irving place got a glimpse of him, and there then ensued a most exciting crush and rush toward the carriage, women vieing with the men in their eagerness to get as near as possible to the handsome young Russian. The Prince had on a heavy gray overcoat of the Russian style and a "pancake" cap of the same color, and as he got out of the carriage he handed the cap to a gentleman in waiting. He pulled off his coat the minute he crossed the threshold of the door.

The reception and ball rooms were handsomely decorated. The first set for the lancers was formed on the stage immediately in front of the prismatic fountain. The Grand Duke and Miss Hoffman took the head. *Vis-a-vis* to them were General McDowell and Mrs. Geo. Aspinwall. The sides were made up of Governor Hoffman and Madame Catacazy and Mrs. Richard Irving and Mrs. Cutting. Some delay was experienced in forming the other sets, the Academy being so crowded. At length the band struck up the familiar air, and the ball was opened. The distinguished dancers, however, were exceedingly unfortunate. They got mixed up generally at the beginning, and so they continued until the end. It was a great relief to all concerned when the first dance was finished. After this the Prince promenaded and danced alternately for an hour, until supper was announced. In the second and third dances his partners were Miss Morse, daughter of the professor, and Miss McDowell, daughter of the General. It was nearly one o'clock when the Grand Duke and the whole of the imperial party were conducted into the supper room. The Duke retired about two o'clock, but the ball went on until four.

A Man Caught in a Mine.

A Deer Lodge City (Montana) paper says: Mr. Peter Coffey came in from Nevada gulch on Thursday night for Dr. Mitchell, and gave an account of one of the most remarkable mining accidents we have heard of. It appears that on Nevada creek, lived remote from any other person, Mr. Wm. Cleghorn, a miner of intelligence and industrious habits. The mail carrier on last Saturday, in going by, left his papers at his cabin, and wished to borrow a mule from him, but seeing no one about, went on his route. On returning on Thursday, he found the cabin still tenantless, and the papers remaining where he had placed them.

The unusual occurrence aroused his suspicions, and remembering he had seen tracks in the snow leading from the cabin on his last trip, he searched for and found them, and could find no returning track. He followed them for a mile in a bar, found that there had been a cave, and that Cleghorn was caught by it. Summoning help, the miners succeeded in reaching and rescuing the unfortunate miner about sundown of Thursday.

His hip-joint was dislocated, and his right leg crush above the ankle. The drift was only a few feet below the surface, and he told them that on Sunday he could distinctly hear the miners walking and talking on the bar above, while he lay there crushed, famished for food and drink, in mortal pain, unable to attract their attention. And thus he lay for over five days. The real horrors of the situation are beyond expression. Mr. C. is a man of powerful build—weighs over 200 pounds—but it is said he was reduced to a skeleton when exhumed. Dr. Mitchell returned last evening. He reports Cleghorn living and likely to recover. Dr. M. will amputate his right leg below the knee on Sunday. He had lain very nearly five and a half days in the drift. It is the most remarkable case of endurance we have ever heard of.

The East Haddam *Advertiser* says that down in Saybrook all the girls are called "Sissey" unless they weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

About one dozen clergymen in New York city receive, it is said, salaries of $10,000 and upwards.

Barbers' Shop Diseases.

In the category of obscure and loathsome diseases is one vulgarly called "the barber's itch." The very sound of the title has a repulsive influence, but the disease itself is yet more repugnant to look upon or describe. Latterly several malignant cases have come to the notice of physicians, and it becomes a very important matter to investigate as to the nature and extent of the disorder. The majority of the thousands who daily luxuriate in the pleasures and comforts of the tonsorial art, seldom if ever dream of possible danger. But from the chair, the bath and appurtenances, disease may be communicated. Of course this liability is greater where the surroundings are unclean, and the habits of the barbers are careless or untidy, but occasionally cases have been traced to the best-regulated saloons. Sometimes the cushions of the chair may be infected from the perspiration of a diseased person, or the bath-tub not having been thoroughly cleansed, may retain a scum of the soap and refuse deposit from the body; these, however, are rare and improbable occurrences. Oftener the hair-brushes may transfer scalp eruptions, dandruff, &c. The most frequent and certain causes are towels, napkins, lather and brushes, and other barber-use articles used upon various people. Even the polished steel of the keen-edged razor is a medium for transferring the infection. It is by no means necessary that pimples or other marks upon the face must appear in view to render caution imperative. There may be no visible cutaneous disease about a customer; he may have a comparatively clear skin, and yet the subtle virus of impure or disordered blood will exude through the freshly-opened pores of the skin, exposed by the close scraping of the sharp razor, and so moisten the napkin, towel, lather, brush, or razor, and be impregnated in the face of the next customer on whom the same articles may be used. In the better class of tonsorial resorts the operatives exercise all the discretion possible, and thus, in a large measure, obviate the liabilities of infection. They furnish to every customer clean, fresh, napkins, and not only cleanse the brush and razor, but always change the lather. The same linen is never used upon two persons, without being fresh from the laundry. But the only way to secure perfect safety is to insist upon each customer having a separate and exclusive brush, lather, towel, napkin, powder and razor. This is not an expensive or an impossible arrangement. A few dollars thus disbursed is a happy investment if it saves one from even the mildest type of a loathsome and tantalizing disease.

Running a Hotel.

A New York reporter has been interviewing a hotel proprietor of that city and here is the result, showing some of the figures, in the cost of running a first-class hotel:

What does your flour cost per year? $3,424, and we use three barrels daily.

Milk? $10,500, and we use 500 quarts daily. It comes from Westchester County, and costs 7 to 8 cents per quart.

Cream? $5,700. Use 60 quarts daily.

Eggs? $13,500. Use 1,800 eggs daily.

Butter? $24,000. Use 175 lbs. daily.

Oysters? $11,400. Use 5,000 oysters daily.

What do groceries cost? $40,000.

Beef, fish, and vegetables? $210,000.

Whole expense of marketing? $375,000.

Where do you get your beef, and what do you give for it? We use 650 pounds of loin and roasts daily—costs 25 to 30 cents per pound—get it from Fulton Market. Meat bills are paid daily.

Turkeys? Use 23 turkeys a day; cost 23 cents.

Chickens? Use 80 chickens a day; cost 23 cents.

Game? Mallard ducks, $1.25 per pair; black duck, 87 cents per pair; Brandt ducks, $1.25 per pair; redhead; $1.50 per pair; partridges, $1 per pair; grouse, $1 per pair; venison, 25 cents.

Lamb costs 19 cents for legs, 20 for racks, 15 for whole lamb. Get a good deal of mutton from Boston, Southdown.

Potatoes, $2.12 per barrel, use six barrels per day; sweet potatoes, $3 per barrel; spinach, $2 per barrel; oyster plant, $1 per dozen; cauliflower, $3 per dozen; celery, $1.50 per dozen bunches; tomatoes, $3.85 for 12 one gallon cans, use 12 gallons daily.

Then butter costs three times as much as flour.

Yes. And milk costs more than flour, so do eggs; and oysters, which are only used for relishes or side dishes, cost $11,400.

"A RACE WITH A PANTHER.—In Pennsylvania, a few days ago, a boy of fourteen years, living in Rocktoh, Clearfield County, made a narrow escape from a panther. While on his way to the tunnel on an errand, in Union Township, he was startled by a low and heavy growl nearly overhead. Upon looking up he saw a panther perched on a tree, about thirty feet from the ground, which was wagging its tail in anticipation of springing upon its prey. No sooner did the boy's eyes meet the panther than it gave a loud and very piercing yell, and leaped to the ground. This sudden, bold, and noisy demonstration on the part of the panther, frightened the colt which the boy was riding, and it took to flight at full speed—the panther keeping close to its side and about neck to neck, giving an occasional fierce yell, which seemed to add speed to the colt's feet. After running in this manner about thirty or forty rods, the panther gave up the chase.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—A young lady residing in Paterson, Putnam county, received through that post-office, a few weeks ago, a small package neatly and very securely sealed. Upon opening it she perceived a box, in which, to her utter astonishment, she found, carefully packed, 20 fifty-dollar greenbacks, and a sheet of paper, on which was written these words only: "Accept this gift." The happy recipient has always been obliged to support herself by her own industry, has no parents nor home, except through the hospitality of relatives. There is not the least suspicion as to the donor of the gift, which has been safely deposited in the savings bank for keeping.

CHINESE JEALOUSY.—The Chinese are the most jealous people in the world. They consider it sacrilege for a man to look with anything like a steady gaze at their wives. When a Chinaman's wife is so sick as to require a physician, she must not look at him. Around her wrist is fastened a silken cord; one end of which is held by the physician, who must not touch her hand or person; but ascertain the state of his patient's health from the almost imperceptible tremble of the pulsations as indicated by the cord. No people in the world have such an antipathy to girl babies, while none more reverence their mothers.

NEW SWINDLE.—Our exchanges speak of a new swindling game, which consists of an agent calling at a house and displaying a number of sealed envelopes, containing samples of silk, merino, calico, &c., collecting twenty-five cents for a choice, and promising to send a dress pattern like the sample in the envelope chosen for the small sum of one dollar; but neither man nor dress is ever seen afterward.

The Dog who Rang for his Supper.

In France there was once a little dog whose name was Fido. He belonged to a poor woman who did not always have food enough to give him.

Fido must have thought it over to himself in this way "My mistress loves me; but she is so poor, that often she does not have food enough for her own dinner. How, then, can she afford to give me mine? I am a strong dog, and a wise dog too; and I must get my dinner without troubling my good mistress."

Not far from the place where he lived, there was a convent, which was a home for some good nuns; and one day, as Fido sat near by in the sun, he saw a beggar go and ring the bell of the convent door; and soon a woman came, and brought a bowl of soup and meat, and gave it to the beggar.

Fido trotted up and looked in the beggar's face, as much as to say, "Couldn't you spare one of those bones?" But the beggar did not see things in the light that Fido did. "Go away sir!" said the beggar; so Fido trotted back to his place in the sun, and lay down.

But he was very hungry. He had not had any thing to eat for twelve hours. The beggar over the way, as soon as he had eaten his food, put the bowl in a hole over the door, and then walked off.

"Those must be good women to give food to beggars," thought Fido. "I wonder if they wouldn't give *me* a bowl of soup. There's nothing like trying."

So Fido trotted across the street, and, putting up his paw, rang the bell. "Ding, dong, ding!" What a noise he made!

"There's another beggar after food!" thought the good nun; and she came with a plate of boiled meat, and looked round. "There's nobody here, after all!" said the woman, shutting the door.

"She calls me nobody," thought poor Fido. "I must try again." So he jumped up, and rang the bell once more. "Ding, dong, ding, dong!" It made a much louder noise than before.

But nobody came. The woman stood watching at a back-window to see who was ringing the bell. Fido waited a while; and then jumped up again, and gave the bell a good pull.

Then the woman came out, and laughed to find that a dog had been ringing the bell. "What do you want, sir?" asked she. "Bow, wow, wow!" said Fido. "I know what that means," said the woman; "you want some dinner."

So she gave the dog some dinner, and, every day after that, he would come at a certain hour, and ring the bell, and the woman would feed him; and one day she put some food in a basket, and said, "Now, sir, take that home to your mistress."

And the dog took it home safely; and his mistress had a good dinner that day, as well as Fido himself. Folks would come from a great distance to see him ring the bell for his dinner. I would like to own as bright a dog as Fido; would you not.—*From the Nursery*

A Letter to Boys.

The newsboys, bootblacks and other homeless lads who are provided for by the Children's Aid Society at the Rivington Street Lodging House, New York, contributed $16 in aid of the Chicago sufferers. The money was sent to Mr. Williams, President of the Metropolitan Bank, who forwarded it to Rev. Mr. Collyer, of Chicago, who acknowledged its receipt as follows:

MY DEAR FELLOWS: Your great friend and mine, Mr. Williams, has sent me a letter from Mr. Calder, with one from himself, and the $16 you gave to help Chicago through this hard pinch. I write this to thank you for what you have done right out of my heart; to tell you that I think your subscription is one of the grandest that was ever made for anything, because you must have so very little to spare, and whenever you get into a tight place this Winter I want you to feel that you have helped some poor fellow out of a *tighter*.

Now I will tell you what I mean to do with this money. I mean to keep it all to itself, and whenever, as long as it lasts, I see any boy or girl I think needs a dollar I will take one of yours to give them. I hope I shall make no mistakes, and give it to the right sort—just to those who need it, and not to those who are shamming. I should hate to be taken in, but if I am I want you all to try and remember if you have ever taken any fellow in, and if you have, you must consider my mistake as your punishment and never do it again.

And so, boys, God bless you for your kind hearts and the way you put your hands deep down into your pockets.

I am, always yours,
ROBERT COLLYER.

The letter was read to the boys by Mr. Calder, the Superintendent. One of them asked to have it read a second time, when he said it was "a bully letter;" another said he liked it because there was no humbug about it.

THE PERSIAN FAMINE.—The latest mail news from the East is neither encouraging nor hopeful. The famine still continues its ravages, and the most heart-rending stories are told of the sufferings of the people in Persia. During the month of August the miseries of the inhabitants of Yezd have increased rather than abated, owing to want of employment and the lack of means to obtain the necessary wants of life. The peculiar geographical position of Persia renders it an easy prey to calamities like that which is now desolating the country. Short yield and decreased crops are always sure to be felt by the inhabitants, and when, like the present, a terrible visitation falls upon them, and they are in no adequate manner prepared for it, terrible misery is sure to result in consequence.

A SHORT HAY CROP.—There is a general complaint of the shortness of the hay crop of the past season, and an expression of apprehension that it will not hold out until grass comes again. We have noticed similar expressions of anxiety about the hay crop in former years. The result has generally been a superabundance of hay the following spring. The reasons are: first, when the crop is light the quality of the hay is better and more nutritious; and, secondly, and chiefly, because when farmers think their hay may not hold out, or that it will be very high in the spring, they are very much more economical and saving in the use of it. This general practice of extreme economy in the consumption of a great staple production like hay, produces a wonderful effect in reducing the price, after a few months.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

HOW TO DETECT MILK SWINDLES.—A German scientific journal describes a very simple apparatus for determining the richness of milk, as measured by its transparency. Two polished plates of glass are adjusted by means of a screw, to stand at different distances from each other. The milk is placed between them; and the distance of the plates from each other, when the flame of a stearine candle is rendered invisible, is the measure alike of the transparency and richness of the milk.

THE Emperor of Germany has consented to act as arbitrator between the United States of America and England upon the question of the disputed line between the former country and Vancouver's Island, in the Strait of San Juan de Fuca.

Kidnapping a Deserter.

A strange occurrence is reported from the island of Jersey—the kidnapping of a Frenchman by a French detective officer. It appears that during the war last year the man who has been kidnapped engaged himself as a substitute for one who had been drawn for military service. He was paid for his substitution the sum of 2,000 francs. This money he deposited for safe-keeping in a bank at Paris, but instead of fulfilling the engagement he had made he left France and took refuge at Jersey, where he had since been employed at laboring work. Presuming on the restoration of peace as an immunity from danger, he wrote to Paris two or three weeks ago for his money to be forwarded to him. His letter gave the long-lost clew to his place of abode, and a detective officer was sent after him. Landing at Jersey with the wife of the man who had been victimized, the detective and the woman proceeded in a cab to St. Mary's parish, where, unrecognized by him, they identified their man. Next day the detective went in a cab alone, and introduced himself to the man as the owner of a small cargo in a vessel lying in St Aubin's Bay. He had, he said, a quantity of damaged goods on board that he wished to have landed, and having been recommended to him as an industrious man who would suit him, pressed him to accept the job. After some demur, which was set aside by the promise of good pay, the man agreed, and accompanied by a fellow-laborer, at whose house he lodged, he proceeded with the detective. On their arrival at the town the two entered a hotel, where brandy and cigars were supplied. After drinking for some time they entered the cab and proceeded to the pier. On the way thither the detective pretended to be ill, and stopping the cab he gave the second man a half-franc, requesting him to go back to town for a powder at a druggist's. Before the man could return he had recovered, and ordered the cab to drive on. At the pier-head a boat was engaged, and the two put off to the Small Roads, where was lying a pilot cutter that the detective had previously engaged. Getting alongside the passengers were put on board, the boatman paid, and in a few minutes the captor and the captured were sailing with a fair wind for France.

Self-Examination.

Examine yourself. Do it impartfully. Do it faithfully. Do it often.

Sit down by yourself, and shutting out all thoughts on other subjects, review your own life for the last day—for the last week. Recall both your acts and your words—for, both to others and yourself, your words are often as serious realities as your actions.

We believe there is not a human being who will not be benefitted and improved by the habitual review of his or her own life, in this manner.

Have your hours been turned to account, either in work or recreation; or have they been frittered away, in a manner profitless, or positively injurious, to both mind and body?

Have you made any acquisitions of knowledge within the day or week just gone? Can you say, I know this thing, or that, which I did not know before?

Have you strengthened your principles, which require constant bracing, for a thousand temptations are always at work to undermine them? We say to undermine them; for it is only the worst of men who sit down and deliberately concoct plans of wickedness. It is the insidious and unperceived approach of the Tempter, in disguised and undistinguishable form, from which the greatest danger is to be apprehended.

Have you helped your unsuccessful and troubled brother where you had it in your power? Have you said a kind and encouraging word where that was all that was needed? Have you done a kind and generous act wherever it was your duty to do one?

We shall all be judged by our works, and there is no more efficient aid in improving our works, and in rendering the future better than the past, than by a frequent, searching review, and an unprejudiced, unsparing judgment of the past.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Shrewd Swindle by a woman.

A MRS. B——, described as "moving in the best circles" of San Francisco, was lately informed by a letter that a beauti