THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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Morning.

Day is dawning. Slim and wide,
Through the mists that blind it,
Trembles up the rippling tide
With the sea behind it.

Like a warrior-angel sped
On a mighty mission,
Light and life about him shed,
A transcendent vision.

Mailed in gold and fire he stands,
And with splendors shaken,
Bids the sleeping seas and lands
Quicken and awaken.

Day is on us. Dreams are dumb.
Thought has light for neighbor
Room! the rival giants come—
Lo, the sun and labor.

Haunting Eyes.

In the hour I first beheld thee,
Soft thy kindly glances fell,
And my heart bowed down before thee,
As beneath a magic spell.
Since that time, like some sweet phantom,
In my home thy form doth rise,
And where'er my sad gaze wanders,
There I meet thy haunting eyes!

Oh, those eyes! their lovely shadow
Stole the light of life away,
And my heart, in languid dreaming,
Idly pines from day to day.
Vain the evening's dewy coolness,
Vain the calm of midnight skies;
Even with darkness closing round me,
Still I see those haunting eyes!

KITTY'S TRIAL.

A Sketch of Southern Negro Life.

For at least ten days Miss Eliza, the housekeeper, had reported our little maid, Kitty, in a most unusual state of mind and body. Her shiny black skin was becoming absolutely pallid—her broad mouth, always parted in rather noisy laughter, was closed, and her full lips tremulous; her appetite was gone entirely—she was literally starving herself to death. The state of her mind was most distressing, for her utter wretchedness was painful to behold, and her silence as to its cause something remarkable in one formerly so communicative. Our curiosity was considerably excited by such a phenomenon, and our wonder was increased by the sudden announcement one morning that our excellent chambermaid, whose conduct while with us had been unexceptionable, had been arrested and carried off for trial before our village magistrate. What could it mean? Kitty's bosom friend, a half-simple girl about her own age—sixteen—gave us the desired information as she passed the house weeping bitterly, following in the wake of the constable who was leading poor Kitty away.

"Me and Kitty was at the Cary street meeting-house Sunday 'fore last, and Kitty laughed at something, and one of the colored men—a big man in the church—he say Kitty keep him from saying his prayers, and he meant to have her put in prison for it. Kitty and me have been scared to death; and now they done come and took my poor dear Kitty! Oh, oh, oh!"

This, then, was the explanation of the whole mystery. Our merry little darkey had been to the colored Methodist meeting-house two weeks before, and had disturbed one of the elders, a cross-grained old bachelor negro, who had no eye for our maid's trim little figure and good-natured face, but a sharp one for an innocent female who might disturb his lordship's devotion. His threatening glances, as we afterward heard, had only increased her merriment, and he had left the church vowing vengeance. Behold the result!

We were all a good deal troubled, for Kitty was quite a pet with us, and so sister Louise hurried off in search of a gentleman friend whom she persuaded to accompany her to the magistrate's office. Arriving at the miniature court-house, they found a crowd of negroes assembled before the door, looking grave and important, and so barricading the passage it was with some difficulty Mr. Jones forced his way in. He returned in a few minutes to say that the trial would not come off for an hour or two, as the sheriff had gone out to the country to summon some witnesses, fifteen or twenty of whom had already arrived and were waiting to bear testimony to Kitty's depravity. She had been informed she could send for any one who wished to testify in her favor, but had replied no one knew anything about it but Susie, and Susie was on the spot, still clinging to her friend, who, like herself, was frightened out of her wits. The fine which would be assigned in case of conviction would not be less than five nor more than twenty dollars, but if Kitty could not pay it, she would be sent to jail. Sister Louise begged Mr. Jones to remain there—help poor Kitty through the trial and pay the fine for her, so that she might return home in peace. The room in which the magistrate sat was small, with a low ceiling and but little ventilation. Crowded as it now was with negroes, many in their shirt sleeves, just as they were found at their work in the fields, the atmosphere was anything but agreeable. The judge, a low, fat man, with a red face and heavy brow surmounted by spectacles, was seated by a table on which lay several large, dusty law books, the leaves of which he was turning in a pompous manner—as if the matter to be discussed before him was one of life and death, and the fates arbiters. Behind the door, on a three-legged stool, sat Kitty, with the faithful Susie crouched at her feet, both cold and trembling; opposite them were ranged the witnesses, around whom thronged a number of darkeys of all ages and both sexes.

"We regret to keep you waiting, Mr. Jones, but we have had to send into the country again, to attach George Wilson, another witness for the plaintiff."

The gentleman bowed, and was about to speak, when he felt some one pull his sleeve.

"Mass' Jones, is I got to 'tach anybody?" asked Kitty, in an alarmed tone.

The poor girl's fears were soon relieved on this subject, and the judge, again turning the leaves of his book, remarked: "I find Miss Catharine Taylor guilty, according to the accusation brought against her, of quite a grave offense, in disturbing a lawful public assembly, and the fine is a heavy one for a person in her circumstances. Shall I read what Blackstone, in his commentaries, says on the subject?"

Mr. Jones expressed his thanks, but begged he wouldn't trouble himself. Just at this moment a ragged little urchin ran in, and hurrying up to the judge's table, said: "Mister, I say, please give me two cents' worth of ginger-snaps."

The judge rose with all gravity, walked to a small shelf behind him, took the cakes from a plate standing there, handed them to the boy, and receiving his pay, pocketed it, while he resumed the discussion of the case before him, referring constantly to his books, until again interrupted by one of the witnesses, a gawky, hungry-looking, half-grown boy, who pulled the forelock of his hair, as he said: "S'cuse me, massa; but will you please gib me a cent's worth of yer bull'seyes?"

"Certainly, my friend," replied the suave vender of sweets, as he walked with the dignity of a lord chancellor to his shelf, took down the glass jar of candies, and returned with the required quantity of bull'seyes.

The boy put down a five-cent piece, and while the judge searched his pockets for four pennies to give as change, he went on with his discourse upon what Blackstone said of offenses similar in character to that charged to have been committed by Miss Catharine Taylor.

The twentieth witness for the plaintiff having at last arrived, the judge opened the case with all due solemnity, and requested Mr. Williams to take the witness stand and state his grievance.

The church elder, a tall, severe-looking colored man, with white hair and beard, stepped forward and began his speech.

"May it please your honor, Sunday 'fore last I was at my church, as every 'spectable colored person should be when there's preaching. I showed the folks to their proper places, and put that wicked young person, Miss Catharine Taylor, in a comfortable position, where she could attend to her duties like a Christian, and then I retired to my own seat to enjoy myself in hearing the preacher, and joining myself in the prayers; but you b'lieve me, sir, that wicked young 'oman, the prisoner at the bar, disturbed my devotions with her laughing and chattering, so that it was no use to try and 'tend to my own Christian business any more. She disturbed the whole congregation, please your honor, and I know 'tis the duty and pleasure of you gentlemen as regulates the laws to see that the laws is obeyed; and I can prove by myself and these colored gentlemen here that she's broke 'em—every one—and that she deserves to go to the court jail, and live on bread and water 'till she learns manners."

"Thank you, Mr. Williams; that will do. You have stated your case clearly, and—ahem—laconically. You see, Mr. Jones, your little maid is prone to err, as regards her religious duties, like the rest of us, and, also, must pay the penalty of her guilt. Mr. Wilson, will you please come forward and testify to the best of your knowledge and belief?"

George Wilson, a jolly-looking darkey, left the ranks and came forward, grinning from ear to ear.

He was duly sworn, and then asked if Mr. Williams' statement was correct; if he himself was at church on that fatal night; and if he was interrupted in his devotions by Kitty's laughter.

"Ya as, massa, I was at church dat night, for I always goes to meetin' if I kin git dere, and 'tis sartin sure Kitty she dere too, and she got to laughing like, and 'sturbed folks mightily. Ebery word Brudder Williams say is true; but, massa, she ar'n't nothing but a gal yet, and gals will hab deir fun, makes no difference whar dey is:"

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. We see your evidence is against the prisoner, but your kind heart recommends her to our mercy on account of her youth."

"I s'pose you say de right ting, massa; but I ain't got no book larnin' like dese young ones, nowadays, as goes to school. I know one ting, massa, I tells de truth, and nothin' but de truth. I ain't pomsions myself, like some folks I know; I don't put on airs jist 'cos I knows I'se free man now—lives to myself and works for myself, and puts de money straight in dis ole pocket, whar it stays till de ole woman comes and steals it all; and, bless you, don't leave me 'nuf to buy my 'baccer."

A half-dozen other witnesses were called, all of whom testified clearly against Kitty.

"If Mr. Williams is satisfied, I think we might now examine the witness for the defendant. A bad case against your client, eh, Mr. Jones?"

Susie, the half-witted friend of Kitty, like a hunted deer, sprang to her feet when her name was called. Some one had whispered in her ear (we afterward discovered) that her eyebrows would turn white if she told a falsehood while under oath, and the girl was wild with terror lest such a misfortune should befall her.

"Miss Susan, what can you say in favor of your friend? Did she, or did she not, laugh and disturb the worshipers at the meeting?"

"I—I dunno, sir. She didn't do nothin' as I see but laugh a little bit. I b'lieve she laugh—maybe she didn't—please, sir, don't send her to jail! 'Deed, sir, she didn't do nothin' to hurt nobody!"

"Your client's friend's evidence is rather against her—eh, Mr. Jones? We had better not ask her any more questions. Miss Catharine Taylor, you are allowed to speak in your own defense if you wish it. My friends, the law is just, and allows a prisoner this privilege. Doesn't it, Mr. Jones?" said the judge, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a red silk handkerchief.

Kitty had to wait until the judge had sold two cents' worth of peppermint drops before she could speak for herself.

"All I've got to say is that I didn't 'sturb nobody at church. I'm not going to lie about it. I did laugh, but I didn't 'sturb nobody!"

"Hush, hush! The prisoner is not obliged to criminate herself. The law is very explicit on that point—eh, Mr. Jones? You know what Blackstone says?"

Mr. Jones didn't know Blackstone's opinion, and didn't care to hear. Would the judge please proceed with the case?

"All that remains is to sum up the evidence, and decide according to law."

"Could I cross-examine some of the witnesses, and see if it is not possible to throw a better light on the whole affair?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jones; as you wish to act as volunteer counsel for the defendant, the law allows you this privilege."

Mr. Jones asked George Wilson to appear again.

"You say Kitty laughed. Did she laugh aloud or noisily?"

"Wal—no, massa, I ain't never hear her. I see Brudder Williams frown, and I looked 'round, and I see her smile again, pretty broad, and put up her fingers and look at Brudder Williams through dem."

"But did she disturb you at all?"

"No, massa, she ain't 'sturbed me none. Gals is gals—dey ain't like boys."

Another and yet another witness was asked if Kitty's laughter was loud enough to interfere materially with their devotions, and a little cross-examination always resulted in the final confession that the party had seen Brother Williams' discomfort, but had felt none themselves.

Meanwhile the crowd of spectators, all of whom were in deep sympathy with the light-hearted Kitty, listened admiringly to Mr. Jones, with eyes starting from their sockets, so intently did they hang upon his words, as he summed up the testimony.

"If the judge will allow me to express my opinion, I should, from what we have heard during the trial, say that Catharine Taylor has been guilty of irreverence in a place of public worship; and that in so doing she annoyed one of the elders, whose place it is to see that all deport themselves properly on the occasion of a service in the church. Beyond the mere effect on Mr. Williams' feelings as churchwarden, no harm seems to have been done. No one else seems to have heard any noise, or been induced even to look towards the prisoner, except from having their attention drawn to the spot by their elder's evident discomfort. Such being the case, the plaintiff cannot be said to have proved his statement—namely, that Kitty disturbed the worship of the congregation. I move the indictment be quashed."

"You are right, Mr. Jones, and Miss Catharine may thank you for having argued her case so admirably. You have the law on your side; the accusation of disturbing a public assembly is not proved; therefore, we can only reprimand the prisoner for her acknowledged irreverence, and dismiss her."

A burst of applause from the spectators followed, and a crowd collected around Mr. Jones to shake hands with him, and thank him for "speakin so beautifully for Kitty—just like a lawyer, for all the world!"—while Williams strutted out of the room a state of virtuous indignation; all Susie, the only one of the throng who was not laughing boisterously, kept appealing to Kitty to know if her eyebrows were white.

A Detective's Blunder.

The Virginia City (Nev.) *Evening Chronicle* relates this incident: About two months ago a young lawyer of this city and his newly-acquired wife were returning from a visit to the bay. Wearied a trifle with constant billing and cooing, the young husband made some feeble excuse or other and slipped off to the smoking car to burn a cigar and think with a sigh of the departed bachelor days when he could spit out of the window over his boot toes, with none to say: "Oh, please, Steve, dear, don't!"

The bride, with rather an injured expression, was sitting in her palace car, musing on the waning ardor of her Stephen, when she suddenly discovered that she was the center of attraction to the whole car. Two rough-looking men were standing in the aisle, gazing at her closely, and then referring to a paper which one held in his hands. Before the astonished and indignant lady could collect her thoughts, one of the men took the vacant seat beside her, and with a knowing wink observed:

"A good get up, Nancy, but it won't do. You're copped dead to rights this time, honey."

"Sir!" gasped the frightened lady, shrinking back into the furthest corner.

"By the big stick," said the man, admiringly. "Nance, you'd ought to a-gone on the stage. I never see anything better done. But it won't do. You've got to come back with us, Nance, an' you stand a mighty good chance of goin' over the bay for five at shortest."

"Sir, what do you mean!" exclaimed Mrs. ——, thoroughly alarmed and starting to her feet. "Will no gentleman protect me from the insults of this fellow?"

Half a dozen gentlemen sprang forward at this appeal.

"Gentlemen," said the man, "jist 'tend to your own business, and I'll tend to mine. I've been hunting this bird for two months, and more, and I've got her at last. She puts on a good deal of style, but if you've ever heard of Nance Brown, one of the 'cutest thieves on the coast, here she is. I'd have taken her quietly, but if she wants to make a row, it's her own business. I'm Detective ——, and here's my warrant."

"Oh, this is intolerable," cried the poor lady, bursting into tears of indignation and shame. "Gentlemen, my husband, Mr. ——, is on the train. Go find him, for Heaven's sake!"

There presently appeared about the wildest-looking lawyer outside of Stockton. The detectives grinned at the vehement explanations of the husband, and the other officer warned him to be quiet, or he would arrest him for interfering. Fortunately there were several Virginians on the train, and they at once identified the lawyer as a respectable citizen, though, the marriage being recent, they had not known the lady.

The detectives were profuse in their apologies, and got out of the car in double quick order, looking more sheepish than any thief-takers have a right to look, and swearing that it was the strongest resemblance they had ever seen.

A Singular Disease.

A correspondent, writing of the Philippine islands, says: In spite of the cleanly habits of the Bicols, the itch is a widespread malady, believed by the physicians to be the result of too low a diet, the food being mostly fish and vegetable. Under certain conditions these natives are utterly unable to endure hunger and thirst, and when pursued by unappeased wants become critically ill, and often die. A morbid mania for imitation is the result of the disease alluded to above, a mania utterly beyond control. The attacks of the malady consist in this: that a man suffering under the influence of terror or consternation will unconsciously, and without the least sense of shame, imitate everything that passes before him. Should he be offended, he falls into a rage, raving and shrieking; and precipitates himself at the same time, knife in hand, on those who have placed him in the predicament. The affection is running *amok*, frequent in the Malay countries, is also not uncommon in the Philippines. Our author mentions the case of a soldier in Manila, who rushed into the house of a schoolteacher, stabbed him and his son, and, passing thence into the street, mortally wounded a woman and two young girls, a boy, a coachman, another woman, a sailor, and three soldiers. On arriving at his barracas, he plunged the dagger in his own breast. Thus twelve victims besides himself fell before his homicidal frenzy. It is quite singular that the running *amok* is so often associated with the results of the disease alluded to above.

Taming Clams.

When taken young, the *Graphic* says, clams, dull and stupid as they look, may be tamed, being readily touched by kindness and good treatment. A friend of the writer had one which was quite domesticated and a general favorite of the household. At a word or a touch from the hand of his master he would open his shell and eat from the tip of his finger, previously moistened with sea water rich with the infusoria which form its natural food. It even learned to recognize its master's footstep, and it was touching to see the joy it would express when my friend approached it; at such times it would open its shell and make its peculiar cry until it was taken up, when it would nestly against his warm hand, feed, and then sink quietly into a deep sleep, or purr somewhat like a young kitten. For some reason the clam was called Evil-Merodach, to which name it would respond whenever addressed. Through the carelessness of an ignorant servant-girl it met its end by falling out of a window where it had been placed, as was customary after its evening meal, that it might enjoy the twilight, of which it was very fond, and in which it would sing quietly to itself, dreaming perhaps of its early days and friends. The shell was broken, and notwithstanding the most careful nursing, it died in a few hours.

All They Want.

An aged minister of the M. E. church, we are told, died not long ago in Ohio, who, to his dying day, wore no buttons on the back of his coat, because, when young, he was remonstrating with a newly converted sister for wearing jewelry, saying that it was needless, and that a Christian should be restricted to what was useful. His coat had metal buttons, and the girl at once replied by asking: "Of what good are those buttons at the bottom of your waist?" He saw the point, called for a pair of scissors, cut off the appendages and restricted himself forever after to buttons in front. An apostolic writer also takes exception to broidered hair, pearls, and costly array.

THE NEW JERSEY VOLKS FEST.—The North German harvest festival lately held in New Jersey, in the vicinity of New York, was attended by over 125,000 people during the week, and the recipts at the gate were $40,000. This is the first festival held, but that they will be held every year is a self-evident fact.

THE BURIAL DIFFICULTY.

A Sketch of the Man Over Whose Remains the Troubles in Montreal is Caused.

A Montreal paper says: Joseph Guibord, over whose body Ultramontanism and the civil authority have come into conflict in this country, was a French Canadian Roman Catholic of distinguished piety and fidelity to the doctrines of his church, and of excellent moral character. He was a printer, and for thirty-six years was in the employ of the late Louis Perrault, and later, of Louis Perrault & Sons. Guibord was a man of more than ordinary ability. When the catechisms and hymns for the use of the Indians in the northwest were published, l'Abbe Garin, among others in charge of the mission, consulted Guibord as to the best mode of putting the Indian language into type, and of forming the matrices. Although the Indian language was entirely unknown to him, Guibord undertook the difficult task of putting these works into print, and accomplished it so well that for ten years he furnished the Roman Catholic mission in the northwest with the catechisms and hymns for the use of the Indians. In recognition of these services l'Abba Garin and his conjutors were accustomed to bring Guibord some of the finest mink and otter skins that could be obtained in the northwest. When visiting Montreal Guibord was one of the first whom l'Abbe Garin, Bishop of Anemour and others called upon, and the effusions of sentiment that passed between them gave no promise that the pious and simple-hearted printer would in future become the object of the anathema of his church.

Guibord was foreman of Mr. Perrault's printing establishment, and was greatly beloved by his employers and fellow-workmen for his kindness and many good qualities. C. O. Perrault, Esq., vice consul of France, from whom we obtain several of these particulars, says Guibord's punctuality was proverbial among those who knew him. Mr. Perrault considered him as one of the first printers in the dominion. He had great mechanical ingenuity, and was, in fact, a scientific printer. He was the first who introduced stereotyping into this country, and the first book stereotyped in Canada was done under his supervision. At the time of his death he was the oldest printer in Canada except Mr. Lovell. Guibord was sixty-two years of age when he died.

Guibord was not one of the founders of the Institut Canadien, but became a member thereof two or three years after its establishment. When the institut fell under the displeasure of the bishop, for refusing to throw out of its library certain books that were placed in the index at Rome, Guibord was one of about two hundred members who persisted in maintaining their connection therewith, and who appealed to Rome against the course of the bishop. Guibord died suddenly on the 18th of November, 1869; but three or four weeks previous, when seriously ill, he sent for a priest, who came and heard his confession.

The priest, acting under direct instructions from the bishop, refused to administer to him extreme unction unless he would withdraw from the institut, which Guibord declined to do. He rallied from that sickness, but his death, when it subsequently occurred, was so sudden that he had no time to send for a priest. A few days before his death, Guibord met one of his fellow members of the institut in the street, and asked him what was the news about their appeal to Rome. The answer was that no news had yet arrived, but the institut hoped that justice would be done them. "I hope so too," said Guibord, "for I feel that I am going fast, and unless the matter is settled before I die there will be a row about my grave. I am a poor man, and they will no doubt bury me along with those that have been hanged if they can." "Have no fears about that," returned his fellow member, "your friends will see that you are no worse treated than a rich man."

A Prison Romance.

A few days since a fine double team, with driver and footman on board, dashed up in front of the Ohio penitentiary and stopped, when the footman hastened into the warden's office and said to Colonel Innis that a lady at the gate desired to see the warden. The colonel stepped out, and, after addressing a finely dressed madam, was asked if she might see her husband, who was a convict under his charge. He replied that if she was the wife of any man in the prison of course she might see him. She alighted and went into the office. Meanwhile, the man whose name she gave was sent for. Before he came the woman privately told the warden that she had a bill of divorce from him, and that it might be that he would not care to see her, and she would like to be informed on that point before he came in. Accordingly the warden met the husband in the guard-room, and said to him that his divorced wife was in the office and desired to see him if he was willing. He said he had no objection to seeing her. He went into the office, where she met him with a welcome hand and a caress, which were both very coolly received. During the conversation that ensued she asked him if he intended coming home when his time was out, and told him that his father had said he would establish him in business if he would behave himself. He indifferently replied that he didn't know or care much where he went to. Her interest in his behalf was not very warmly reciprocated, and she finally remarked that she would have to be going. As they parted she offered another caress, which he accepted seemingly as a matter of politeness. After he had gone back to work she told the captain of the guard to tell him that if he would be a good man until his time was out and come home she would again join him in the bonds of wedlock.

Sensible Words about Advertising.

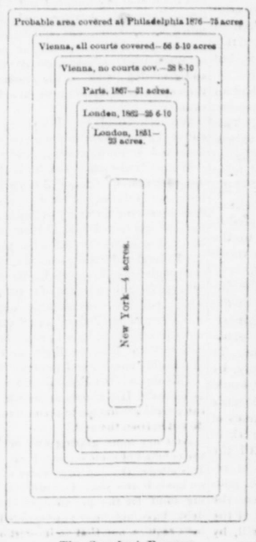
The following is from the financial article of the New Orleans *Picayune*: The people who sit nervously in counting-houses, or behind their goods, waiting for customers to take them by storm, and making no efforts to let the world know the bargains they have to offer, will find the season very unpropitious. Many of those who have spent large sums in hiring drummers and paying for other well-known appliances of trade, have effected large sales, but swallowed up too large a share of the receipts in such enormous attendant expenses. The best remuneration has been found by those who have returned to more legitimate old fashioned methods of pushing their business. We say it not simply because we are interested in this line of expenditure, but, as our best advice to all who wish to be enterprising and to secure a larger custom, there is nothing new so effective to this end as judicious advertising. A little advertisement may be like a gentle touch of the whip to poor Dobbin's horse, "a mercy thrown away;" but a liberal outlay is almost certain to bring in a large return, and this will last even beyond the current season. We do not believe that any one who has valuable service or desirable property to offer can fail of reaping a rich harvest by continuous advertising on a large scale.

SWEET.—Louisiana's last sugar crop amounted to 116,867 hogsheads, and molasses to 11,516,828 gallons.

THE PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL.

The Space to be Occupied by the Buildings Erected.

Philadelphia is preparing to take the lead in the way of exhibitions or world's fairs at the Centennial next year. A comparison of the ground to be covered by the buildings at Philadelphia with that covered in other cities is interesting. Here it is so plain that all can understand it:



The Sawdust Farmer.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* tells the following story:

Not a hundred miles from where I grow potatoes, a city gent purchased a small farm a year or two since and commenced operations in the spring after his own fashion. Of course there was much speculation among his neighbors as to how things would come out, as the land had been skinned by its former owner, one of the old "regulars" in the business. Some of the new potatoes must be tried, but the land was dreadfully poor, and very little manure could be had at any price; therefore something must be done to prevent failure and the fulfilling of adverse prophecies. But Mr. Sidewalk had read that potash was a good fertilizer for potatoes, in fact, the best crops of this tuber were usually produced on new lands full of ashes and decayed vegetable matter; consequently he set to work to supply the first of these ingredients, if not both. In the neighborhood there is a sawmill, and about it, as usual, quantities of old sawdust. A few loads of this were hauled home and heaped under a shed. In the meantime Mr. Sidewalk had ordered sent out from the city two hundred pounds of pure potash. This was dissolved in water and poured over the sawdust, a little at a time, and the heap worked over and then more of the liquid put on, until at last the entire two hundred pounds had been taken up. Of course, this made rather an expensive fertilizer, and one that would scarcely be profitable in a long run, but it was city versus country, and the former was bound to win, and he did. The land was plowed and harrowed and then furrowed out for the potatoes. A liberal quantity of the sawdust was spread in the trenches, and the potatoes dropped upon it and covered. Of course the neighbors saw the sawdust, but the potash part was kept secret. The potatoes grew amazingly, and the yield was something never before seen on that farm the in memory of the oldest inhabitants. The next spring Mr. Sidewalk had made provision for other and cheaper kinds of manure, consequently did not care about any more sawdust, but his neighbors did, and there was a great scramble for all that could be had at the sawmill, and it went into furrows and hills in large quantities, no question being asked or explanations required of the city farmer.

It is probably unnecessary to mention the results, but I would advise any one going that way not to mention "sawdust" in the hearing of those who thought that they had learned a new "kink" in potato growing from a city man turned farmer.

It is the Nature of the Beast.

Frogs, toads and serpents never take any food but that which they are satisfied is alive.

If a bee, wasp or hornet stings, it is nearly always at the expense of his life.

Serpents are so tenacious of life that they will live six months without food.

The head of a rattlesnake has been known to inflict a fatal wound after being separated from the body.

If the eye of a newt is put out another perfect eye is soon supplied by rapid growth.

Fishes have no eyelids, and necessarily sleep with eyes open.

Alligators fall into a lethargic sleep during the winter, like a toad.

There are agricultural ants in Texas that actually plant grain and reap before the harvest.

Naturalists say that a single swallow will devour six thousand flies a day.

The tarantula of Texas is nothing more than an enormous spider.

A single codfish produces more than 1,000,000 eggs in one season.

A whale suckles its young, and is therefore not a fish. The mother's affection is remarkable.

Toads become torpid in winter and hide themselves, taking no food for five or six months.

Serpents of all species shed their skins annually, like sea crabs and lobsters.

Turtles and tortoises have their skeletons partly outside of, instead of within, the body.

It is believed that crocodiles live to be hundreds of years old. The ancient Egyptians embalmed them.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Vice is but a nurse of agonies.

Vain is the world, but only to the vain.

Ultra modesty is very nearly allied to extreme vanity.

Truth may be violated as much by silence as by falsehood itself.

If we dive to the bottom of pleasure we are sure to bring up dirt.

The beautiful are not always good, but the good are always beautiful.

There is a silken string connecting all virtue. It is called moderation.

Glory will do well in homeopathic doses; but it poisons nevertheless.

The appreciation of noble deeds is the next thing to being noble ourselves.

Thackeray once said, very finely: Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.

Our whole duty is embraced in the two ideas of abstinence and patience.

Doubts increase with knowledge. It is the unlearned who are most confident.

The defects of the understanding, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

Old age is often beautiful, and properly so, for it is the childhood of immortality.

A DISEASED COMMUNITY.

Nothing to Do but Peddle Scandal—A Remedy for the Disease.

One of the worst diseases that can afflict a community is scandal. When said community arrives at such a state of affairs as that described by an Atchison (Kansas) paper, it is to be pitied. The paper avers that "the whole atmosphere is tainted with the infamous stories of pestiferous character-vampires who, with a malignancy as persistent as it is devilish, torture the most innocent acts into guilt and the most harmless indiscretions into crimes." Moreover, "these harpies of both sexes devote almost their whole time to their malign work."

Moralizing on the sad state of affairs, the New York *Tribune* says: Every well meaning man should consider how much good he can do without taking a great deal of trouble, either by listening to ill-natured gossip with an air of indifference or of impatience, or by indignantly refusing to listen to it at all. For we must consider that a great proportion of the stories disadvantageous to personal character which are afloat, are really none of our business, and in no way concern our happiness, our prosperity, or our success. Now, we will suppose that a man of good character in Atchison, when one of these slanders is whispered to him, makes the whisperer unmistakably to understand that he considers himself insulted by the sneaking recital. "What have I done that you bring this unclean report to me? What reason have you for believing that I would like to hear this? Do I regard it as true or false? Sir, or madam, I think nothing about it whatever, nor do I intend to think about it. O! it will not keep me awake o' nights—this hint that Mr. —— has gone wrong or that Mrs. —— is no better than she should be. No more of your insults if you please—that is the point about which I am principally concerned. Your talk is contamination. Be off with you!"

Let them try this in Atchison as a remedy for the prevailing epidemic, before they betake themselves to the persuasive pistol and the argumentative bowie knife! A few honest ones making this contemptuous stand against the foul sea of detraction, will work wonders. Slander should be one of the most disreputable vices in this vicious world; but on the other hand, it is a sin into which tolerably well-meaning talkers fall, partly because they must talk about something or somebody; and partly because there is an exaltation of ourselves in the depreciation of others. It is the result sometimes of idleness and vacuity of life; sometimes of jealousy and irritation at our own failure where another has succeeded; not seldom of habit caught in streets and shops, as the measles are caught in the public schools. Warring against it must be personal, and not general or public.

Condition of the Blacks—Wages.

The negroes in and near the cities and towns, says Charles Nordhoff, in a letter from Georgia, are usually prosperous. There are many colored mechanics, and they receive full wages where they are skilful. Near Atlanta and other places they own small "truck farms," and supply the market with vegetables. There are fewer black than white beggars in the cities; and a missionary clergyman surprised me by the remark that the blackberry crop, which was ripening, was "a blessing to dozens of poor white families of whom he knew," who lived half the year in a condition of semi-starvation. He explained that these people would not only sell blackberries, but that in the season they largely lived on this fruit. These are the kind of people to whom factories would be a blessing.

In the cotton country the planter usually pays his hands $10 a month, by the year, with a house and ration. The ration consists of three pounds of bacon, a peck of meal and a pint of molasses per week. The labor has also a "patch" of land for a garden, and Saturday afternoon for himself, with the use of the planter's mules and tools to work the garden. They work from sunrise to sunset, and in the summer have two and a half hours for dinner. The cotton pickers receive fifty cents per one hundred pounds in the seed and are fed, or sixty-five cents per one hundred pounds if they feed themselves. The ration costs about fifteen cents a day. Most planters keep a small store, and sell their laborers meat, bread and tobacco on credit, the general settlement being made once a year. The women receive for field work $6 a month and a ration, and I was told that they insist on receiving their own wages and will not let their husbands use their money. They form an important extra force for pressing work. One of the most intelligent planters I met in the State told me that his laborers cost him about $15 a month—wages and ration. He added (what surprised me) that the best planters prefer to pay wages rather than let their land on shares, and that the wages system was growing in favor also with the negroes. I found this confirmed by other testimony. It is very different in other States I have seen—except, indeed, North Carolina—and I imagine the poverty of the soil is a main reason for it. In Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas the planters told me it would be poor policy to pay wages. Certainly it is the poorest system for the negro.

"The Choir is Busted."

In Deckertown the pastor of a church being absent the divine who filled his place did not know about a difficulty in the choir. He gave out his hymn selected for the opening, and read it through. There was no musical response—no sound of praise—from choir of congregation. After a moment's embarrassing silence, a brother arose, and, walking up to the pulpit, whispered in the preacher's ear. The preacher nodded his head and smiled. He thought the brother had said the wrong hymn had been read, so he turned the leaves again and gave out another. It was a long one, and he read it through, closing with "Please omit one stanza."

A dead silence in the congregation again. The preacher looked uneasy, was about to give out another hymn, when another brother arose and spoke from the gallery:

"You see, our choir is busted. Some of 'em thought the bass sung too low, and some of 'em thought the spranny was too high, and others thought we ought to have a better alto, and there wasn't many that liked the tenor, and so the rest got mad, and they won't be any singin' to-day."

"And so the services were ended without any "singin'."

Poor.

Sydney Smith's penmanship was wretched. His wife once asked him to interpret a passage which she in vain tried to spell out, and he answered that "he must decline ever reading his own handwriting four-and-twenty hours after he had written it." His friend Jeffrey's writing was not much better. "My dear Jeffrey," wrote Smith on one occasion, "we are much obliged by your letter, but should be still more so were it legible. I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs. Smith from right to left, and we neither of us can decipher a single word."

THE THREE R'S.

What the Boys Learn at School and What They Should Learn—A Reformation Wanted.

It is practically true, however it may be denied by school teachers, that with what has been called the progress of education, and the reduction of teaching to a science of which there are instructors, and for which there are colleges, there has been a neglect of those elementary branches of knowledge which to the unscientific mind are the foundation of all acquirements—those popularly known as "the three R's," reading, writing, and arithmetic. Boys will know some Latin, and even some Greek, will be well up in Euclid, know something of physiology, chemistry, and geology, have even some inkling of constitutional law, and international law, and yet be unable to read aloud a leading article, or a page from an unfamiliar book, intelligibly, not to say clearly and with good emphasis. They will be equally unable to express themselves in writing so that their meaning will not be mistaken; for as to grace or force of style, we shall not be so presumptuous as to ask for those. They will be unable to go quickly and surely through a little arithmetical calculation, or even to keep an exact account of their receipts and expenses. It is, however, chiefly in the two former respects that the young people of the day are deficient. The spirit of trade prevades the whole time so much that some ability to "cipher" is found in almost every boy who has not the fortune—good, or bad, who shall say?—to be born with strong tendencies to literature and to art. But in reading and in writing our boys and girls, of whatever grade in school, of whatever position in society, are, as a whole, lamentably deficient. How many boys does any reader of this article know who could take it up and at sight read it off aloud as if he understood it, and it a way to give his hearers pleasure? How many boys who could write in a plain and handsome hand a clear account of any transaction at which they have been present? Very few indeed, if any, we are sure. Now, these accomplishments are of great importance; and if they may not be said to be at the very foundation of all sound education, they are at least not inferior in value, for the benefits they confer, the refined pleasure they give, and their efficacy as means of culture, to many of the fancy branches upon which much time and trouble are expended while these are neglected. For, Dogberry to the contrary notwithstanding, reading and writing do not come by nature. It was by daily training that the many good readers of the past and of the passing generation were made, and the good handwriting, and the simple, clear expression of the same period came in the same way. We are sure that the more intelligent and the bettre educated the parents of pupils are themselves, the more willing, or even desirous, they would be to have the school curriculum simplified, to have the number of branches taught reduced, and to have more attention given to daily and thorough drill in "the three R's.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Armies of Europe.

M. Amedee la Faure publishes in the *France* an analysis of the military strength of the various European nations in 1875. Germany has an army comprising 469 battalions of infantry, 465 squadrons of cavalry, 300 campaign batteries, twenty-nine battalions of foot artillery, eighteen battalions of pioneers, and eighteen battalions of service corps. When are added the reserves, the landsturm, the landwehr, and the navy, a total of 1,700,000 men is arrived at, with annual estimates of £20,000,000. The English army and navy, including militia and volunteers, comprise 535,000 men, costing £24,800,000; Austria has 535,000 men, costing £10,80 ,000; Belgium, 43,000, with an expenditure of £1,659,200; Denmark, 54,000 men, costing £366,000; Spain, according to the regulation of 1870, possesses 270,000 men, with a yearly budget of £6,400,000. The law passed by the Cortes in 1872 has as yet been imperfectly applied. France has 132 regiments of infantry, thirty battalions of chasseurs, seventy-seven cavalry regiments, forty regiments of artillery, four of engineers, and twenty squadrons of service corps. With the reserve and navy the total effective strength of the country is 1,700,000, costing £26,600,000; Greece, 51,000 men and estimate, £360,000; Italy, 760,000 men, expenditure £9,840,000; Holland, 100,000 men, estimate £1,120,000; Portugal, 73,000 men, costing £180,000; Russia has an army in time of peace of 188 regiments of infantry, eighty-two battalions of riflemen, forty-eight battalions for frontier service, fifty-six regiments of cavalry, 310 batteries of artillery, fourteen battalions of engineers, besides irregulars and reserves. With the fleet, the effective strength of the country is 1,550,000, with a budget of £27,200,000; Sweden, 160,000 men, costing £1,120,000. The effective strength of Switzerland is approximately 180,000 men, costing only £360,000. Turkey, 300,000 men, with estimates of £5,680,000. On a war footing, therefore, the armies of Europe are 9,338,000 men, costing annually £136,804,000.

The Effects of Lightning.

A man who was struck by lightning says: His first remembrance upon returning to consciousness was of hearing his daughter, who had run down from the house, about twenty-five rods distant, exclaim: "O, father is dead!" Upon opening his eyes, the whole air and sky seemed to be in a blaze. He also became conscious of the most intense suffering, and especially in his lower limbs.

He says the pain was like that of a burn, and that he could not have suffered more for the hour that followed if he had been held in the flames. He was taken to the house and made as comfortable as possible, but eight or ten hours elapsed before he was able to move either of his lower limbs. The mark of the lightning is apparent from the shoulders to the calf of the right leg, in the shape of a broad, irregular strip, from which the skin was peeled off as though it had been scaled.

Natte Silks.

The novelties in fall silks are now displayed on counters of retail stores, and some idea of their prices is obtained. One of the most tasteful novelties is *natte* silk in loosely matted tresses woven in basket checks. This is meant for overdresses to be used with velvet or plain gros grain, and costs $4.50 a yard. It comes in all the dark stylish shades for suits, such as myrtle green, prune, seal brown, slate blue, gray, navy blue, and black. Moyen-age broaded silks of single color, blue, green, or brown, are also shown for parts of suits. They measure twenty-four inches, and cost $3.50 a yard.—*Bazar.*

The Hop Crop.

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