THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME X. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1877. NUMBER 10.

After the Rain.

Last night the fragrant lily,
So stately, wan and stilly,
Held high her pallid chalice, gathering
Whiteness from the moon.

And standing like a warden,
Beside th' enchanted garden,
The tulip trees tossed high and free his
Yellow stars of bloom,
And swept their golden flashings through
The firmament of June.

While the plain
Of the shivering breeze
And quivering trees,
Foretold the coming rain.

Maureen Cosha Dhas.

Maureen Cosha Dhas!
Yer the purtiest lass
Ever walked on shoe leather or dhrove a boy mad;
For your wee little feet
And yer figure so sweet
Are too much for the brain of a poor Irish lad.

Maureen Cosha Dhas!
When I see ye at mass,
Saints above! I'm am afraid that it's t' yeh I pray;
An' th' crown o' my hat
When I look at that,
Has yer purty face there, wid the dimples at play

Maureen Cosha Dhas!
Thin the medda ye cross,
To your father's nate cabin just under the hill,
Th' divil we're tould,
Tempted Tony of ould
Wid a woman—Bedad! we've the pattern still.

Maureen Cosha Dhas!
(Yer's th' sly little lass)
Wid yer "Top o' th' mornin'," thin yeh go on yer way,
But yer purty eyes dance
And yeh gives me a glance
That sez: "Dinny, agra! have yeh nothin' t say?"

Maureen Cosha Dhas,
I'll not let yeh pass
Th' next time I meet yeh at fair or at wake;
Me pace yeh destroy
An' that's hard on a boy
That'ud fight a whole faction and die for yer sake!

Maureen Cosha Dhas,
We'll sit on the grass
Wid me arm round yer waist, and a tear in yer eye;
And yeh'ld say: "Darlin Dinnis!
Spake to Father Maginnis;
Share I'd raythe do that, now, nor think that ye'd die!"

"MORMON GULCH."

The Story of the First California State Election.

The reminiscences of a California pioneer are thus graphically detailed in a recent issue of the San Francisco *Daily Evening Bulletin*:

If I do not mistake my reckoning the rain and election day came together—Tuesday, November 13, 1849. It was the first election in California for the State officers of the country's youngest sister of the Union, and the rain was the first of that rainy season. It was a damp day, but it was far from being a dismal or a dull day in our camp. We were in "Old Tuolumne," in a camp then noted for its richness and exceptionally free from the wild, lawless and tragic scenes which too often, in those days, brought to mining camps an evil name, and desperate characters to make the game worse even than the name. It was known as Mormon Gulch, and was situated about four miles from West Van Benschotan's noted camp on Woods creek, and eight miles from the Sonorarian camp (now Sonora), which was to the southern mines then the same as Hangtown (Placerville) was to the northern mines.

PIONEERS OF MORMON GULCH.

Mormon Gulch was not a dull camp. It had its "characters," and among the chief men were A. A. Tuttle, afterward county judge of Tuolumne; Mike Tubbs, an English sailor, our alcalde, and his brother, the sheriff; Tom Wade, in after years a prominent citizen of Mokelumne Hill and mayor of Placerville; Charley Shaw, a wild Texan, who succeeded Tubbs as sheriff; Oliver Twist—the only name he went by in camp—a mountain man, son of an old trapper, and a nimrod who never failed to bring down his grizzly in the three "bar hunts" we had; "Poker" Burns, famous for his Munchausenisms in praise of the unprecedented "Yankee," who was the only New Englander among us; and last and luckiest, "Nigger Bob," a faithful slave, who maintained his dissipated and worthless master—a son of an Alabama clergyman—in his extravagance at the bar and the monte and poker tables, uncomplainingly, out of the rich claim he was allowed to hold up the gulch. He was a general favorite, and before the first rain fell he sold his claim and started for Stockton, there to provide in some way to send his young master back again to Montgomery; but the wretched man fell by the wayside on the journey from excessive drinking, and Bob, unable to find any teamster willing to carry the corpse to Stockton, had it decently buried near the old "Mountain House," returned to the camp and took up a fresh claim, which proved a mine, indeed, to him, for in a few months he made his pile in it.

There were two notorious characters, not exactly of the camp, but who regularly once a fortnight made it the scene of their howling orgies. They were known as "Nick-of-the-Woods" and "Oregon Tom," and Jo Procter as the "Jibbenainosay" would have paled his ineffectual dramatic fire before the demonical display of our Nick, had he ever encountered him when in the height of his "good time" with his inseparable other dare-devil bacchanalian, the partner of his morning luck in the diggings and the sharer of his big trees in camp, when the whisky suffered until their joint purse was emptied. The pair always entered the camp at night, never left it or slept while their "dust" held out, and regularly departed before daybreak, when the protracted spree was over. Just where their claim was, no one in camp, except Oliver Twist, knew, and all that he could be induced to say of it was, that it "was lotsy with gold," as it must have been to maintain them as it did in their frequent carousals, when drinks were four bits, cigars a dollar, and their average squanderings at least four or five ounces per day. But with all their riproariousness they were scrupulously "square" in their dealings and as open handed as princes are proverbially accredited to be. There were among the improvident and desperate a dozen or more who had deserted from Major Graham's command of the United States cavalry, ordered to California that year, and they were far from being a favorite acquisition in the gulch. The most obstreperous of the party was called Bill Bailey (they had all assumed fictitious names to escape identification), and a more pestiferous "rough" never cursed a peaceful camp with his abhored presence. He was too indolent to work and had not money to gamble, but he kept pretty full of whisky, and in his cups was insulting and quarrelsome. He had cunning enough, nevertheless, to know with whom it was not safe to quarrel, and of these Nick, Tom and Oliver were his especial fear.

THE FIRST STATE ELECTION.

It was the morning of the first State election in California that the first rain of the wet season came. It poured incessantly all that day and until noon of the day following. For about two weeks the coming of election day had been the leading topic. The prefect of San Joaquin district, Captain Nelson Taylor, had visited the camp, made official proclamation of the election, appointed the alcalde's tent as the polling place, and three of the most prominent men as officers of election, who were empowered to select their own clerk. He had left with the alcade a list of the various candidates who were in the field, but he brought no tickets. Charley Brown, a teamster, had arrived from Stockton with a wagon load of freight, and somebody had paid him to bring a lot of printed tickets—the only ones seen in camp—with the name of Ed. Gilbert conspicuously printed, for Congress, on all of them, but with the candidates for all the other offices generally mixed. Brown, in unloading, had allowed Oliver Twist's squaw to see the small package of tickets, and as the neatly cut white paper things took her fancy she offered him a "pinch" of gold dust for the lot. He made the sale promptly, and that transaction lost Gilbert a good many votes he might have got in Mormon Gulch. It was not at first known how the squaw had got possession of the tickets; it was enough to know that she had them, and the popular indignation was roused against a candidate who would have his tickets peddled out in that way. Two days after the election, when Oliver succeeded in drawing from the dusky creature the means by which she obtained the tickets, nearly all regretted that they had "coppered" Gilbert at the polls, as he was one of the "Stevenson volunteers," and generally popular among them. But it was lucky for Brown that he never made another trip to the gulch. The season for hauling had ended with the coming of the rain.

THE POLLING BOOTH.

The election was a scene to be remembered. The alcalde's tent, in which it was held, was the largest in the camp, except those owned by the traders and the two used for gambling and drinking saloons. Indeed, the alcalde himself did a regular business at monte and short cards, and therefore he had tables handy for election uses—one for the judges, and another for the desk and refreshments which the occasion seemed to require. Before the polls opened a discussion was held as to how the voting should be conducted. Tubbs, the alcalde, had never witnessed an election outside of England, and had an idea that the British polling system would be the neat thing. He stood alone in that view. Charley Shaw had succeeded Tubbs' brother as sheriff, and was the most popular authority in camp. He proposed the open *viva voce* system, and, backed by the Texans, Kentuckians, and some others, the proposition prevailed over that presented by the Baltimoreans and New Yorkers for the secret ballot. It was argued by the *viva voce* advocates that there was no ballot box, no tickets, or not enough paper in the camp to use for ballots, and this argument had its weight.

CASTING THE VOTE—THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

The mode of voting having been agreed upon, Charley Shaw installed himself as master of ceremonies. He stood outside the tent, braced up with two or three extra nips to give him the stiffening and dignity the occasion required. The rain poured, but Charley was neither sugar nor salt to fear water on the outside. So long as none got inside of him he defied the element. He was a model of unpolished urbanity and untutored persuasiveness. His voice was never in better or more sonorous tone, and he gave it all the chance it would stand. As each voter approached Charley shook hands with him, asked his name in full, whether he had a right to vote, for whom he intended to vote, and then led him into the tent, to the table, and then required the voter to stand uncovered while the clerk wrote down his name, the names of the candidates for whom he voted, etc. This ceremony over, Charley then escorted the voter out, proclaimed aloud for whom he had voted, and turned to repeat the formality with the next who offered.

CHANGING THE METHOD OF VOTING.

As there were about one hundred and fifty voters awaiting their turn, and by this system only thirteen had voted during the first hour—for Charley had to liquor up several times, and no voter was allowed to enter the tent except under his escort, it was suggested that a more expeditious method should be adopted. It was agreed to try the ballot system. Then came the trouble to procure paper for tickets. The rain had spoiled most of the writing paper, Doc. Woodland had, and his was the only stock of it in the camp. He at once took advantage of the "corner" by cracking up the price to four bits a sheet for the good and two bits for that which the water had soaked. As the candidates had no friends ready to stake them to such an extent as the purchase of paper for tickets, and no one cared to fool away money on paper when there was so much whisky to buy to keep the dry from a thirst that had to be mollified, the exigency occasioned a search for whatever would serve the purpose. Old letters, scraps of newspaper margin and all sorts of odd bits were put to use, and in some cases the fragment was so small that it was necessary to fill both sides with the ticket.

REMOVAL OF THE POLLING BOOTH—A FLOATING VOTE.

By noon, the rain, which had abated just after the polls opened, commenced to pour with drenching fury. It beat through the tent top, trickled from the ridge pole down upon the bare polls of the polling officers, who had done honor to their position by taking off their hats to it, and into the mining pan, which was used to hold the ballots, so as to convert the poll into a floating vote, as each ticket was "cast upon the surface of the occasion to trust to the sublimity of luck" as to whether it would wash or might run as it was read. The condition of things was too overpowering for patriotism alloyed with flesh and blood to withstand, and without the fear of having their action repudiated by an overturning board on the suspicion of bull-dozing the ballot—although admitting that they were intimidated by the rain—by common consent a change of location was made. A monte dealer in a waterproof tent agreed to allow the officers the use of his table on condition that a good vote was polled for his friend Carpenter, of Mississippi, for the Legislature, and, on a round number of voters agreeing to the proposition, he announced "the game is made!" cleared away his piles of coin and sacks of dust, his spread and himself, and surrendered the table to the uses of the election. Then the polls were held until they closed and the count was duly proclaimed. But Carpenter failed of an election.

Charley Shaw was not in condition to officiate after an early hour of the afternoon. His arduous and very responsible duty during the *viva voce* voting had required frequent stiffeners, and by the time he found himself let out by the substitution of the ballot system he was so overcome as to need rest, or at least repose.

A Curiosity of Numbers.

"A curiosity of numbers" can be shown to good advantage in the following table:

123456789 multiplied		
by 9 (9x1)	will give	111111111
by 18 (9x2)	"	222222222
by 27 (9x3)	"	333333333
by 36 (9x4)	"	444444444
by 45 (9x5)	"	555555555
by 54 (9x6)	"	666666666
by 63 (9x7)	"	777777777
by 72 (9x8)	"	888888888
by 81 (9x9)	"	999999999

Is it not a curiosity in the way of multiplication?

The Case of Mary Flood.

Mary Flood was a comely young Irish woman, unfaithful to her husband. On a Sunday morning Flood, maddened by finding his wife in another man's apartments, pursued her with the first weapon he could lay his hands upon, an iron reamer, and killed her on the threshold of the home she had dishonored. The woman is dead and the murderer afterward gave himself up to justice, his own conscience being his pursuer.

Almost a similar history of misery and crime has just reached its culmination in Philadelphia. Four years ago a beautiful girl of respectable parentage was tempted from her home to a career of vice. During these four years her brother, a decent, honorable, middle aged man, has followed her in vain, striving with tenderness, arguments, appeals of every kind, to bring her back to a pure life. The woman's nature was hopelessly corrupted. If she returned for a season, temptation was waiting near at hand, and she fell again each time lower than before. The brother was driven by grief and shame at last to drink, and a few weeks ago, while crazed with rage and liquor he discovered this poor Alice, who had been so dear to him in his childhood, in an infamous house, and shot her through the heart. So this woman also is dead. Another innocent, happy home is held up to public shame, stained indelibly with crime and blood. The brother, "whose load," as the judge said while sentencing him, "had been heavier than many men are called upon to bear," is condemned to wear out the best years of his life in the penitentiary. The seducer can read the story at his ease in the morning paper, quite satisfied that there is no point where the crude, groping fingers of the law can touch him. Even public opinion has no heavier punishment for him than a half amused rebuke.

The law and society provide prompt remedies for the injuries inflicted by blows with iron clubs or pistol shots; but of hurts which go down into the soul and life, corrupting the one and ruining the other, they have no cognizance. Hence it may be in place even for a merely secular journal to remind its readers now and then that there is a reality more mighty and enduring than crime in tenement houses or its punishment in courts; a wider, more stable life, in which the errors of this perplexed world will be set right in calm and certainty.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

How About Burning Them Up?

Witnesses are still testifying about the Ashtabula bridge. Expert after expert is called to add to the evidence that the bridge was not safe.

What is the use of all this? Everybody knows the bridge was not safe. It could not have been, or it would not have broken down. The giving way of the bridge, as if it had been made of glass, settled that question. Now let the rich company which carried passengers over this dangerous bridge be made to pay, in the fullest measure of damages, so far as the poor compensation of money can go to offset the destruction of priceless human life.

But that is not all. The more interesting and more serious question remains, whether human beings were wilfully permitted to be burned up, after the bridge fell, for the purpose of saving the insurance on the cars, and diminishing the liability in damages, or for any other purpose?

It has been proven that engines were on hand, which could have been used, and they were not used. It has been shown that many lives were destroyed which could have been saved; that from gross neglect, no matter from what cause resulting, the flames were permitted to burn on and consume human lives and human beings, when they might have been extinguished. A deaf ear was turned to the dying, when water, easily supplied, would have rescued them.

This is one of the blackest, apparently one of the most fiendish, occurrences ever recorded. It is to the bottom of this that the investigation should go. As to the dangerous condition of the bridge, you might as well introduce evidence to show that it was not a dry time during Noah's flood!

How about the willful or permissive destruction by fire? That's the question. —*New York Sun.*

The Famine in India.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Madura, says:

"But the saddest feature of all is the condition of the human inhabitants of this great peninsula. I will simply recount what I know and testify of what I have seen with my own eyes in the capital of this presidency.

"Only a fortnight ago I saw many thousands of poor famine driven creatures from the villages round Madras collected on the shore and on the pier. They were crowding round the sacks of rice grain, with which the sands for at least a mile were thickly covered and almost concealed from view, the grain bags being often piled up in mounds to the height of fifteen feet or twenty feet.

"Yet no onslaught was made on the grain. A few men scattered about, armed with canes, were guarding the sacks for the merchants who owned them, and were sufficient to prevent any attempts at depredation, though here and there I detected surreptitious efforts, not so much to make incisions, as to enlarge any happy defects already apparent in the material which inclosed the coveted food.

"What generally happened was this: Very few of the grain bags were so well made as to make any leakage impossible, and sprinklings of rice were thus scattered about everywhere. The knowledge of this circumstance was the cause of the vast concourse of miserable half starved emaciated creatures who had walked many miles to the spot. Men and women, old and young, even cripples, mothers with infants on their hips, and naked children—all more or less pitiable in their leanness and in their hard-set aspect of misery—were earnestly engaged in gleaning up every grain that escaped from the sacks on the pier and on the shore."

Off for Australia.

The first load of immigrants from the United States to a foreign country left New York lately for Australia. The colonial government of New South Wales, desirous of obtaining a large number of men to work upon the projected railways that await construction in that country, authorized a firm in that city, to provide for the shipment of men of the right sort, who were to be charged $40 each for their passage to Sydney. A large number of applicants appeared in answer to the advertisement for immigrants, from which number ninety-nine were selected and assigned to berths on the bark N. Boynton, of 1,800 tons, commanded by Captain Blanchard. The quarters assigned the passengers were between decks, aft of the main hatch, the berths being bunks roughly raised on either side, three tiers high. One corner of the deck was partitioned off for the women and children of the party. A crowd of people gathered at the end of the pier along the bark's side to bid them good-bye. Another bark will soon follow with another load. Very few of the party of the Boynton were native Americans.

Fashion Notes.

The catogan is going out of vogue.

Dobegos are shown in small figures.

Plain debegos will not be fashionable.

Nets are worn only with morning coiffures.

Fashionables coiffures are broader and wider.

Diagonals will no longer be worn in spring fabrics.

The pendant is now the principal part of the brooch.

Braid and fringe were never so much in favor as at the moment.

Buckles of lophophore feathers are among the bonnet trimmings.

Princess ball dresses, with peacock trains, are the style this season.

Narrow fur borders are still seen, but they are not so fashionable as broad ones.

Lead colored plush jackets fitting close to the form are taking the place of seal in Paris.

Chenille cords and bands of plush are very stylish new trimmings for hats and bonnets.

Pinhead checks of myrtle green and white and navy blue and white appear in the spring goods.

The latest style of evening gloves are laced, instead of buttoned, and are finished with small silk tassels.

The most fashionable garnitures for ball dresses for married ladies are feathers, stones (jewels of gems), and lace.

Ball dresses are made low necked, U necked, or V necked, or heart shaped, or square in the neck, according to fancy.

The dresses seen at the New York charity ball were all in the plain-over-the-waist-and-hip style, and elaborately trimmed around the bottom of the skirt.

Married ladies wear rich laces as garnitures for ball dress. Young ladies wear tulle, crepe, tarlatan and organdy, trimmed with garlands, bouquets, knots, and fringes of flowers, at pleasure.

The new percales show a variety of colors—mixtures of ink-blue and cardinal red; brown and myrtle green, gold and white, and cretonne designs in small figures on grounds of the dark colors.

The Greek coiffure is formed thus: The front hair in waved bandeaux, low over the brow, with a few short curls or *crete cener* locks on the forehead and temples; around chignon of coques and braids from which droop a few short curls. This chignon is banded across the middle with a ribbon or golden band, and another band is placed over the bandeaux in front.

Frank Leslie's Ladies' Journal tells us that a Russian lady of wealth and beauty has introduced a fashionable sensation in Paris. She has temporarily given up driving horses in her carriage, and appears daily in the Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne in a low brake, to which are attached four dappled gray scarlet trappings. She holds the ribbons herself, and, it is said, that the donkeys are as fine as Egypt could produce, so that she has no difficulty in keeping pace with the most rapid horse-drawn carriage, while her "cattle" are as high stepping and showy as any of her rivals.

Crazed Cashier Taylor.

George Payne was sitting in his son's office, says a letter from Franklin, Ind., when a stranger entered from the rear and motioned him into the back room.

"Who are you?" the old gentleman inquired.

"Don't you know Dick Taylor?"

"Ah, I know your voice now," replied Mr. Payne; "but how you have changed."

It proved to be the missing cashier of the Franklin First National bank, whose crime has been heralded through the land, he having disappeared with all the funds of the bank. His clothes were ragdy; he carried his boots in his hands, and his face, which had been shaven except the mustache, was the picture of agony. His mind seemed shattered, and his conversation was incoherent and meaningless. Dr. Webb, who came in soon afterward, administered valerian, which had a soothing effect, and at about nine o'clock he asked to see John T. Vawter and Leland Payne. Very soon these gentlemen came, and with them Dr. Donnell. Taylor recognized them, but his conversation was confused and flighty. He called a revolver his medicine, and insisted on keeping it by him. He had been gone four or five years, he said, and had traveled in Nevada and Colorado all of the time.

He inquired the day of the week, the month, and year, and imagined he left in 1872. When questioned closely as to his recent whereabouts, he said that after leaving Indianapolis, he went to Cincinnati, thence to Madison by boat, thence to Louisville, New Albany, Jeffersonville, and back to Indianapolis. Reaching there too late for the train, he concluded to walk home, and he had done so, running almost the entire distance, twenty miles. He complained of sore feet, and on examination they were found to be swollen and badly galled. At the suggestion of Dr. Donnell that he be taken home, he threw a roll of bills to the floor, with the remark that he would give it to any one who would take him home. It amounted to $235. A search of his person discovered several twenty dollar pieces and twenty-six one dollar bills, but nothing of value. He said his satchel had been left on the Louisville train but that it contained nothing except two shirts and other soiled garments.

His reception at home was heartrending. His wife, still very weak, had been prepared for his coming. As he entered her room she pulled him down to her bosom and wept bitterly. His aged mother mother almost hysterical, and his sisters were inconsolable, but Taylor seemed entirely unmoved. In the course of the day he slept occasionally, and at night seemed more at ease, but still wandering and incoherent. It may be a mild form of insanity, or rather delirium, the result of great nervous prostration. His wife has nerved herself for the work and is constantly at his bedside.

A Lucky Fall.

Perhaps richer specimens, but certainly no more beautiful ones, have ever been taken from any mine than are now being obtained from a recently discovered lode in Jimtown. The story runs that for months the miners, in going to and from their daily labors, have traveled along a certain path, wearing the earth away to a rock. A vein was thus brought to light which presented no attractions to the prospector, and was trod upon as of no account. A laborer, two weeks ago, swung a sledge upon his shoulder, and started early in the morning for his accustomed toil on the mountain side. Reaching the vein, he carelessly allowed the heavy stone breaker to fall upon a projecting point, and thereby detached several pieces of the vein matter. The white character of the rock, and its glittering particles disclosed to him one of the richest mines in the world. Liberally full were the white specimens with bright particles of almost pure gold; and, although a shaft has been sunk to the depth of nine feet, the rock increases in richness, and at the bottom very thin strips of wire gold seem to hold together the fragmentary parts of the vein matter. Untold wealth is the sure possession of the men, Virden and Griffin, who own this treasure vault of the hills.—*Denver News.*

The Nervous System.

Dr. Dupuy of London, in a lecture upon "The Recent Advances in the Physiology of the Brain and Nervous System," said:

The nervous system is not an immaterial thing; on the contrary, it is a living, tangible subject for study and experiment. Nerves are composed of two classes of structures—cells and fibers. Cells are found in the gray matter of the nervous centers, and also in some of the cranial nerves. These fibers and cells may be distinguished by the microscope. As the fiber leaves the cell it is coated with a substance which insulates it, and this coating is nothing more than a system of cells or bags. Nerves are divided into two classes, those of common and of special sensation. Nerves are also divided into those of sight, hearing, smelling, motion, etc. In addition there are the nerves which animate the blood vessels, making them expand or relax, thus regulating the blood supply. The real nature of the substance carried by the nerves has not yet been discovered. Some have argued that it is electricity, but this has been disproved by experiments which show that it has not the same nature. Electricity will travel over a wire which has been broken, provided the ends of the wire are joined, but if a nerve fiber has been broken, no communication takes place through it. Another proof that it is not allied to electricity is the difference in the speed of the two forces. Nerve force travels at the rate of only five hundred feet per second, while electricity has a much greater speed. Then, too, the effect upon the nerve is not instantly removed as soon as the force ceases to act. This is illustrated by the manner in which the effects of strong light are felt for some time after a flash of lightning has passed away.

Reflex action is an important part which the nerves play in their control of the body. It is stronger than the will. A man once undertook to swallow poison, but reflex action caused him to throw it up before it reached the stomach. The poison burned the æsophagus so badly that for some time after, no matter how much he wished to do so, he could not swallow food, reflex action being stronger than his will. An entrance was made into his stomach and food introduced, and every time this was done saliva collected in his mouth, exactly as if he were chewing food. The same principle is shown in one's endeavor to hold his breath. He may succeed in doing so for a few seconds, and even until the heart has apparently ceased to beat. Meanwhile the blood has become charged with carbonic acid gas from lack of oxygen. This causes the nerves to exert their power suddenly, as the gas is deadly poison to them, and the person is forced to breathe against his will by their violent action. The ability to recall past sensations and scenes is due to the principle that when an impression is made upon a nerve cell something is retained which is latent, exactly as heat is latent in iron or stone. When a man dreams he draws upon this supply.

A Naughty Brother.

A well to do citizen of Chicago sent his daughter to Paris to be educated. He received glowing accounts of her progress in music, all of which were duly communicated to his friends and acquaintances. Meanwhile her younger brother, whom she had bossed and tortured for years, had sworn a terrible revenge. He made a habit of taking her pet dog into the parlor every day; then he would open the piano, spread out the music, seat himself on the stool and strike a couple of chords; then catch up a stick and lick the dog within an inch of his life. In this villainous manner he succeeded so well in training the sagacious animal that by the middle of November it would get up and be uneasy if any one went near the piano, and the faintest touch on the keys would make him get up and howl terribly.

The boy did not communicate his success to any one. At last the sister returned. Her father got in a $1,200 piano, and invited the family and the friends thereof to come and hear his daughter jerk some of the music she had had instilled into her at Paris. They came. The brother introduced the dog, and with fiendish ingenuity turned the conversation upon its many virtues and accomplishments. "It is so fond of Sis," he said, "and so clever. Why, it would sit for hours by the piano to listen to her playing, it is so fond of music." The young lady said that Fido was a jewel of pets, and imprinted a kiss on his forehead, which caused five witty young men to remark: "Lucky dog!" Then they pressed her to play, and after much persuasion she consented, and agreed to perform Schubert's "Ach! Parlo Gimge!" When the five young men began clearing the piano for action and taking a few reefs in the stool, Fido became uneasy; indeed, his agitation was easily apparent. "Poor Fido!" said his mistress, soothingly; "he is so passionately fond of music." Meanwhile the brother with a malignant leer slipped round to the door and closed it. Miss Blank seated herself at the piano and struck the first note. The hapless dog gave one ear piercing howl, then wild with terror dashed to the door to find it locked. The night without was cold, dark and cheerless, and within all was warmth, light and happiness, but he didn't hesitate for a second, but with a despairing yelp went through a $16 pane of glass and departed for the Pacific coast.

A Grasshopper Bounty Bill.

A grasshopper bounty bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Minnesota, which provides for the payment by the State of the following bounties for catching and destroying locusts or their eggs: Fifty cents a gallon for eggs; $1 per bushel for insects previous to June 1st; fifty cents per bushel from June 1st to June 10; twenty-five cents per bushel from June 10 to July 1st; and twenty cents thereafter until October 1st. The bill provides for the appointment, by the county commissioners of each county, of a competent person, with an assistant when necessary, in each township of the districts where eggs are deposited, to receive, measure and destroy the captured eggs or hoppers delivered to him. The township grasshopper gangers are to be subject to a fine for neglecting their duties of not less than $10 or more than $100, or to be imprisoned in the county jail for from thirty to ninety days, and to be prosecuted by the supervisors of the township before a justice of the peace residing therein. The county auditors, on the presentation of the certificates of the gangers, are to make and to deliver to the holder an order on the State auditor for the sum to which he is entitled. Every able bodied male adult under sixty years of age is required to give one days' work in each week of the period above stated, to the extent of five days in all, for the purpose of catching and destroying the hoppers and their eggs. The labor service may be commuted by the furnishing of a substitute, or the payment of $1 a day, which is to be expended in hiring substitutes. Persons refusing to work or pay are fined $2 a day. A hundred thousand dollars is appropriated from the State treasury for the purposes of the bill.

Mrs. Partington says that Ike has bought a horse so spiritious that he always goes off in a decanter.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Rules For Grading Grain.

The rules agreed upon by the Produce Exchange of New York city, relative to oats, rye, barley and peas, are as follow: Oats are divided into the following classes: Extra white, extra, and rejected. Extra white and extra are divided into four grades. Extra white oats are to weigh thirty-two pounds to the bushel; No. 1 white, twenty-nine pounds; No. 2 white, twenty-five pounds, and No. 3 shall be mainly white. The weights of extra oats and Nos. 1 and 2 of the same class are to be thirty two, twenty-nine and twenty-five pounds to the bushel respectively. No. 3 specifies all merchantable oats unfit for No. 2. Rejected oats are damp, unsound, dirty, or for any cause unfit for No. 3.

No. 1 rye must be sound, plump, and well cleaned. No. 2 rye must be sound, reasonably free from other grain, and reasonably clean. Rejected rye includes all damp, musty, or dirty rye, or that which for any cause is unfit for grade No. 2.

Barley is put into four classes—Canada, State, Western and Rejected Extra, and No. 1 Canada must weigh not less than forty-eight pounds to the bushel. No. 2 and No. 3 Canada barley are not measured by weight, but by soundness and cleanness. State barley is divided into six grades—four of "four-rowed" and two of "two-rowed." Western barley is divided into three grades, No. 1 to weigh forty-eight pounds; No. 2, forty-six pounds; and No. 3 forty-one pounds to the bushel. Rejected Western barley is that which is damp, musty, or from any cause is badly damaged or largely mixed with other grain.

Peas are divided into Nos. 1, 2 and 3 White Canada. A resolution was adopted that as so-called "no grade" corn had so much improved in condition that for some time past exporters to Europe had taken it in preference to "steamer" at a fraction of a cent below the market value of "steamer," and as that repeatedly both grades had sold in open market at the same price, and as a very large proportion of new corn now graded "no grade" might properly be included in the grade of "steamer," therefore present classification should be modified.

Farm Topics.

The rules for letting farms on shares vary in some respects in different parts of the Union. As a general rule the agreement is in substance as follows: The owner turns over his farm, dwelling, barns, etc., to the tenant on the first day of April, with what manure may be on his place. The tenant agrees to furnish the team or teams to do the work, as well as all the farm implements that are necessary. He also furnishes half the seed and half the cows, pigs and poultry to stock the farm, and agrees to keep the fences in repair and to work out or pay the road tax. He is to have half of all crops, and half of the butter, cheese, milk, pork, beef, eggs and poultry produced. But in regard to the owner's half, there should be a plain stipulation how he is to receive it—whether to be delivered to him, or he to come and get his part at the farm. If delivered by the tenant, he would be entitled to some compensation for the delivery. The team used to do the work is allowed to be pastured and fed from the undivided hay and grain, and the tenant should be allowed a garden large enough to produce his green vegetables only. The owner pays the taxes. If anything is needed not contemplated when the bargain was made, each must pay half the expenses, as more manure than was on the place, more cows, swine, etc.; but both parties must acquiesce in obtaining these extra articles, as neither party can demand of the other anything not in the contract. When extra work is done, as ditching, making new fences, etc., it is best that the agreement be put in writing, as some men's memories are not very accurate. In brief, let the contract cover everything; but be liberal to the poor tenant, as he will generally perform a great deal of hard work for a small compensation.

Bitter Cream.

Cream becomes bitter by keeping it too long before it is churned. A butter maker says: "In summer there is little bitter milk or cream, because the cream is churned sooner than in winter, seldom reaching the third day. Sometimes, where there is a single cow kept, I have known the bitter to show on account of the small quantity of cream accumulating. The summer practice is reversed in the winter. There being too little milk to require frequent churnings a week—we account readily for the evils complained of. The fore part of the season, when milk is in greater quantity, necessitating more frequent churning, I hear of but little complaint. It matters not how good the feed is—if the tenderest hay and roots are added, making an approach to summer feed, nor how clean the milk is kept, the most perfect milk if set beyond three days will be hurt. The writer of this has filled the vessel, leaving barely space enough for a cloth to be stretched over without touching the milk, and a snug lid put on, keeping the air out, but all to no purpose. So, in the purest air, in all the temperatures, it is the same."

Cement for Cracked Hoofs.

Mr. Defay has discovered a preparation by means of which sand cracks or fractures in hoof or horn may be durably cemented up. Even pieces of iron can be securely joined together by its means. The only precaution necessary for its successful application is the careful removal of all grease by spirits of sal ammonia, sulphide of carbon, or ether. Mr. Defay makes no secret of its composition, which is as follows: Take one part of coarsely powdered gum ammoniacum and two parts gutta percha, in pieces the size of a hazel nut. Put them in a tin lined vessel over a slow fire. Before the thick, resinous mass gets cold, mold it into sticks like sealing wax. The cement will keep for years, and when required for use it is only necessary to cut off a sufficient quantity and remelt it immediately before application.

Strawberries and Fruit Trees.

If you have not mulched your straw berry beds don't fail to do it before the snow goes off. February, March and April are the times that try the plants. It is the thawing that kills. Put on a blanket of marsh hay or clean straw, and leave on all that the plants can get through in the spring. To keep the ground moist and the berries clean, a covering of about two inches or just enough to cover the plants from sight.

Keep an eye to the rabbits; pay the boys ten cents each for every one they kill. If you have trees in danger of injury by them, wind the bodies with newspaper, or cut a rabbit in pieces and rub the bodies and limbs with the fresh blood and meat. Tramp the snow firm about your trees to keep off the mice.

Their First Difference.

"Before we were married," said he to a friend, "she used to say 'bye-bye' so sweetly when I went down the steps."

"And now what does she say?" asked the friend. "Oh, just the same," exclaimed the man—"buy, buy!"

"Ah, I see," said the other "she only exercises a little different 'spell' over you."

Probabilities: "When you see a man going home at two o'clock in the morning and know his wife is waiting for him, it is likely to be stormy."

Ancient Gardens of Michigan.

At the late meeting of the Michigan Pioneer Society in Lansing, Mr. Bela Hubbard, of Detroit, read a paper on the "Ancient Gardens of Michigan." The first descriptions of the remains of these gardens, he said, was made by Schoolcraft in 1827. They are relics coeval, apparently, with mound building. John T. Blois, in 1839, again mentions them, and a later writer mentions them as being found along the shore of Lake Michigan. In Cass, St. Joseph and Kalamazoo counties these garden beds have been numerously found. They consist of beds from five to fifteen feet wide, sixteen to one hundred feet long, and about eighteen inches high. These beds are regularly arranged, with paths between them, and while some are as narrow as five feet, others are as wide as sixteen feet. Mr. Hubbard had charts representing the forms of these beds, which he explained to the audience. Some plats have been drawn by Schoolcraft. He says the plats upon which these beds are found are from twenty to three hundred acres in extent. Gardens of this kind were found by the early settlers of Cass county, Kalamazoo, Prairie Ronde, Burr Oak, and many others. Old settlers say that the beds which they have seen are about five feet wide, and are regularly laid out throughout the plats. There have been found eight different kinds of beds; most of them are rectangular, some circular in form. These beds denote some species of cultivation, and were undoubtedly the work of people who inhabited the country prior to the Indians. The Indians cultivated only maize, and this was not grown regularly in rows. Historians tell us that the Aztecs had gardens, in which they cultivated various plants for medicinal uses, as well as for ornament. Was there not something analagous to this in the Michigan natives? Did the latter also have botanical gardens? These extensive indications of ancient culture necessarily imply a settled and populous community. All testimony agrees that almost none of the usual aboriginal relics were found, no pottery, no spears, no arrow heads, and no implements of stone, not even the omnipresent pipe. Tumuli or burial mounds of the red man are not uncommon, though not numerous, in western Michigan, but have no recognized association with the garden race. There are no traces of dwellings and there is nothing to indicate their homes. It seems strange that these garden beds should be the only remains of a people who inhabited and cultivated the earth. It is evident that they were peaceful, and to some extent cultivated, civilized, and scientific people. The date of the abandonment of these beds may be determined to some extent by the age of trees which have grown upon them. One writer finds that a tree grown upon one of these beds was over three hundred years old, but how long they were abandoned before the tree started cannot be known. The tools used by them were evidently of wood and have decayed, and everything relating to them must be left to conjecture.

Explorations in Florida.

The New York *Herald* prints a letter from its correspondent in charge of the explorations in the wilds of Florida, describing, his progress and discoveries. A vast area of the peninsula has been, up to the present, a *terra incognita* to civilized man, and the utmost exertions of explorers have hitherto failed to lift the veil of mystery that has hung over that strange land. Since the days of Ponce de Leon, who sought on the shores of the "Land of Flowers" the mystical fountains the perpetual youth, the utmost interest has been manifested in determining the physical character of Florida. But few have been tempted to brave the terrors that were found to surround investigation, and explorations were limited to the coast line territory, which proved, with the exception of the northern sections, to be the only habitable portion of the State. Now, however, there is a prospect that we will become acquainted with the nature of the interior—its vast swamps, mysterious rivers, great forests, and even the ancient monuments left by the long extinct races that peopled its area. During the Florida war, when the dusky warriors of Osceola fought so stoutly against their white enemies, scattered posts were established by the United States army for the purpose of maintaining communications between the occupied districts, but many of these have long ago lost every vestige of interest except that attaching to their names in connection with sanguinary combats between civilization and barbarism. Following the direction marked by a singular column of smoke which was observed by the correspondent to rise from some unknown source in the interior the expedition plunged into the wilderness of vegetation that clothes the country, and succeeded, after much exertion and wading through deep water, in reaching an island or elevated ground surrounded by swamps. There were discovered some strange and rudely carved masses of stone, evidently erected by a prehistoric race as idols. With a description of these we also find that of the "sinks," or singular points of disappearance of the rivers where they enter on subterranean courses to reappear again in other places. The dark haunts of the alligator and venomous snakes, the bear, the panther and the deer are graphically described.

He Found a Friend.

A relative of the well known comedian, William J. Florence, tells the following: Many years ago, while Florence was under an engagement at the Winter Garden Theater, New York, he invited a friend to dinner at a Broadway restaurant. Both were hungry and they ordered a plentiful supply of food. When their appetites were satisfied, Florence called for the bill, and to his utter dismay discovered that he had no money. In changing his clothing in the morning, he neglected to take the money from his discarded pantaloons. He told the friend of the fix he was in, and asked him for a loan. Mortified and chagrined, he answered that all he had was just sufficient to pay his fare home. Then the actor called the restaurant keeper and