THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1878. NUMBER 25.

What Does It Matter?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
If on the land or in the sea,
By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave,
It matter little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with a loving touch,
As the one who shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

The Words of Strength.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the hosts of Heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else were blind.

—Schiller.

FOR HIS SAKE.

When the Flying Scud discharged her cargo and passengers at the London Dock, there landed among them a gentleman who had been absent from England nine years. All that while he had passed under the burning suns of India. He had suffered as soldiers do. He had fought as soldiers fight. He had met the soldier's fate of scars and wounds, and one of them had invalided him home to England.

It was the first time he trod her shores for nine years, as we have said, and for the first time in any year he was going to see his son, the little boy born after he left home, and whose birth had been his mother's death.

Captain Penryn had only been married a year when he was ordered abroad with his regiment. Six months from that day a letter had reached him, telling him his wife was dead. The letter was written by an old nurse, the only friend who had been with her. It ended thus:

"The baby, as fine a child as I ever saw, is thriving. I've done my best for it. Its mother's last wish was I should keep it, and perhaps sir, as some one must, you'd as leave I as any other. I shan't be unreasonable in my charges, and I'm very fond of him already.

With my duty to you in this dreadful trouble, your servant, ANN GOLDEN."

The poor broken-hearted man almost sank under the awful news. He had loved his wife passionately, and when the baby was old enough to travel she would have come to him in India, braving its terrible climate and the life of a soldier's wife abroad, because they could not live apart. Now he did not want a little baby on his hands, and he wrote to Ann as soon as he could command himself to do so, appointing her his nurse.

Every quarter since that time he had sent money to her for the child's board and clothes. A receipt was always returned with "her duty, and the young gentleman was doing well;" and this was all he knew of his Ellen's boy—the child of a love that had been as strong as it was tender.

Now that his foot was upon England's shores again and the meeting was very near Captain Penryn felt new thrills of a father-love through his soldier's heart and longed for his boy's presence.

"He would take him to himself," he said. "They would live together, sharing each other's joys and sorrows. He would make a man of the boy—not a soldier, for he knew the trials of a soldier's life too well; but something very honorable and creditable. He should be proud of him, and he hoped—ah, how he hoped!—that Ellen's child would have Ellen's face."

"My beautiful girl," he said to himself, with the tears standing in his eyes, "how little I thought of this hour when I kissed her good-bye!"

And then his heart grew even warmer to the pledge of their mutual love.

He had the address that Mrs. Golden had given him in his pocket. He glanced at it it now to refresh his memory as to the number. A plain, respectable street in one of London's suburbs; he remembered it well.

"But my boy shall see better things, now that I am here," he said to himself. "I am not rich, but I can deny myself many things to make him happy. Will he love me, I wonder?"

Then he thought how his own heart had been won by toys and sweetmeats, and coming to a stop where the former were sold, paused before the gay window, and began to make a mental choice between a red and gilt stage coach and horses and a train of bright blue carriages. He had discarded both for a box of scarlet-coated soldiers, when suddenly he felt a tug at his coat-tail, and turning round, he found a grimy little hand half in, half out of his pocket. He caught it at once, with his handkerchief in it, and gripped it tight.

He was a soldier, and to a soldier the keeping of law and rule is a great thing. To give the little thief to a policeman and appear against him the next day, was his first thought; but as the creature stood there, shaking and whining, the fact of his diminutive size struck the captain forcibly. He perceived his youth, which was extreme, and he saw that, besides being young and small, and wan, and dirty, and ragged, he was deformed. His queer little shoulders were heaped up to his ears, and his hands were like talons, so long and bony were they. The captain held the wrist of this mannikin firmly still, but not angrily.

"What did you mean by that, sir?" he growled slowly, stooping down to look into the boy's eyes.

"I'm to hook it," said the boy with perfect candor. "Oh, please let me be! Oh, please let me go! Oh, please, sir, I won't do it no more—never, oh, please!"

"I've a mind to have you sent to jail," said the captain.

"No, please, sir!" said the waif.

"Please, sir!"

"Who taught you to steal?" asked the captain.

The boy made no answer. Grimy tears were pouring from his eyes.

"Answer me," said the captain.

"If I don't steal, I don't get no victuals," said the boy, "and my stomach is as holler—feel it, mister!—it's as holler as a drum! She's been beggin' to-day, and we'll have stew. I won't have none if I don't fetch nothin'. Oh—"

"Who is she?" asked the captain.

"My mother," said the boy.

"I've been hungry myself," said the captain, thinking of a certain Indian prison experience. "It isn't pleasant."

Then he thought of his own boy.

"God knows I ought to be tender to the little one, for the sake of Nellie's child," he said softly; then aloud—"Laddie, I'll not send you to prison."

"Thankee, sir," said the urchin.

"And I'll give you a breakfast," said the captain.

The dirty elf executed a sort of joyous war-dance.

"Do you know why I forgive you?" said the captain.

The child shook his head.

"I have a little boy," said the captain. "He's very different from you, poor child! He would not steal anything. He washes himself. My lad, you must wash yourself as soon as you find water. But I couldn't think of his being hungry, and for his sake I can't bear to see other little fellow's hungry. It's for his sake that I don't call a constable and tell him all about it. Remember that, and try to be like—like my little fellow, poor laddie, clean and good. Don't steal; try to get work. Will you promise?"

The waif said "yes sir," of course.

Then the captain led him into a cheap eating house, and watched him eat until his little stomach was no longer "holler."

"Ton little wretch!" he thought, as he looked at him. "If I could see my boy and him together now, what a contrast."

And he fancied his boy round and white and pink, and fair of hair, like his poor lost Ellen, and I know he said that no would pity this poor fellow and be kind to him.

The meal was over. The captain paid for it, and then drew the boy between his knees and lectured him. To be good was to be happy. Honesty was the best policy. Cleanliness came next to godliness. These were the heads of his discourse.

Then he gave him half a crown, and bade him go and be good and clean.

And the boy was off like a flash.

"Thousands just such as he in this great city," sighed the good captain, and he walked along. "Ah, me!"

Then he went in search of Mrs. Ann Golden and his own fair darling.

But Mrs. Golden was not so easily found as he had hoped. There was a little shop in the house he had been directed to, and the keeper thereof said that she had bought it of Ann Golden; "but I haven't seen her since," she said; "only there's a bit of card with her number on it—that is, if I can find it."

After a search she did find it, and the captain, thanking her, hurried away; but another disappointment awaited him.

Mrs. Golden had not lived in this second place for years. She had moved into Clumber row, but what number no one could remember.

At Clumber row, whither the captain drove in a cab, a woman owned to having had her for a lodger.

"She had a child staying with her, too," she said. "Little Ned she called him; but, to tell the truth, she drank so that I turned her out. I couldn't abide such doings. She went to Fossil Lane, No. 9."

To Fossil Lane the captain went. It was a filthy place, and there was a drunken woman at No. 9 who was not Ann Golden, and who threw a piece of wood at him for asking for that lady. And now every clue was lost, and the captain, nearly beside himself with anxiety, applied to the authorities for help; and after many days of great unhappiness he heard of Ann Golden who lived in a quarter of London so low and dangerous that all decent people shunned it."

"No wonder," the captain thought, "if she lived there, that she should have had his remittances sent to the post-office, and left him to believe that his child was still in the decent home to which she had at first taken him."

Almost ill with excitement, the poor captain drove, with a policeman as protector, into the maze of hideous lanes and courts that led to Ann Golden's dwelling, and, following his conductor, dropped into a filthy cellar, where, amid the horrible leakage of drain pipes and almost in utter darkness, sat an old woman with a bottle beside her, who started up when the captain and his guard entered, and cried: "What now? What's the perlice here for? Is the boys wanted again?"

And, altered as she was with years and drink, the captain knew his wife's old nurse, Ann Golden. He gave a cry of rage, and darted towards her.

"My boy?" he cried.

And she screamed, "It's the captain!"

"Is my boy living?" he asked.

"Yes," said the woman, shaking all over; "he's alive and well."

"How dare you keep him here?" cried the captain.

"How can I help being poor?" whined the woman. "I couldn't give up the bit you pay for him. I'm very old; I'm very ill. Don't be hard on me."

"Good heavens!" cried the captain. "My Ellen's baby in a place like this!"

He dropped his head on his hands; then he lifted it and clasped them.

"I'll have him away from here now!" he gasped. "It's over, and he's young and will forget it. Where is he? Have you lied? Is he dead?"

"No, no," said the old woman. "He'll be here soon. I hear him now. That's him. He'll be here in a minute. Don't kill a poor body, captain don't."

"I could do it," cried the captain. "Listen! There is some one coming. My child! My child!"

The door opened softly, a head peeped in low down, then drew back.

"Come in," piped the old woman. "The perlice arn't arter you—leastways for harm. Captain that's him—your boy Ned."

And as the captain stood with outstretched arms there crept in at the door—who? what? The wan, deformed and dirty creature who had picked his pocket—whom he had fed for the sake of his beautiful dream-child—the wretched waif forgotten utterly in the last few days of anxiety.

"That's him," croaked the old crone again. "That's your boy—that's Ned."

The captain gave a cry; he sank down on an old box close at hand, and hid his face and wept. The sobs shook him terribly; they almost shook the crazy building. They frightened the old woman, and set the policeman to rubbing his eyes with his cuffs. The boy stood and stared for a moment, and then vanished.

And what was the wretched father thinking? So many thoughts that there are no words for them; but first of all this horrible one—that that vile little object, that wretched child of the streets, was the darling for whom he had searched so long.

"Better I had never found him," moaned the captain, "or found him dead!"

And just then a little hand crept over his knee. The thrill of hair was against his hand, and a piping voice said meekly, "Please, I'm clean now. I've washed myself."

The captain's swollen eyes unclosed. They turned upon the child.

Some queer knowledge of his father's feelings had crept into his mind, and he had tried to clean his face. A round white spot appeared amidst the grime, and out of it shone two beautiful blue eyes that looked wistfully up into the captain's.

All of a sudden, a flood of such pitiful tenderness as he had never felt before swept over Captain Penryn's heart. All the grief and shame and wounded pride left it, to come back no more.

"Ellen's eyes," he sobbed; "Ellen's boy!" and took his son to his heart. "For his sake," he said, softly, as though he stood by the grave of the beautiful dream child he had just buried—"for his sake and Ellen's!"

And then he led the child away with him.

A man may face death with composure, and adversity with smiles, but the chances are that he will hop and swear when he discovers that a twenty-cent silver piece has been palmed off on him for a quarter.

The United States Mint.

It was founded very nearly one hundred years ago, and in it was coined the first money used in the United States. Until 1816 all the work was done by hand or horse power; the building was guarded by watch-dogs, and the artisans were supplied with plentiful quantities of liquor as a fatigue-ration, the ancient and simple-minded citizens looking upon them with especial favor. The earliest director was appointed by Washington. The original copper cents were made in 1793, the silver dollars in 1794, and the gold eagles in 1795. Both the metal and machinery were imported; but in coining, as in many other things, the American has made such progress within the century that the implements of his own construction are now superior to the models after which they are patterned.

The casual visitor is welcomed from 9 A. M. until noon, and is taken in hand by polite and garrulous ushers, who, in common with all the other employes bear themselves with the dignity that befits persons living in such close contact with enormous wealth. "I've seen five hundred and fifty million dollars go in and out of this place," said one of the employes as he led us into a dimly-lighted vault, where the pale bricks of silver were piled from roof to ceiling—"five hundred and fifty million dollars in twenty-eight years," he repeated, with particular gusto; and at the statement our fancy immediately took a wild flight among the enchanting possibilities of such treasure, for when Mammon mounts Pegasus no adolescent Muse can career through realms so luminous and varicolored as this metallic deity, who is worshiped and despised, courted and reviled, by the best and worst of men. The very contemplation of so immense a sum was dazzling to the imagination. It was the aggregate fortune of five hundred millionaires, the income of scores of thrones and the value of a State! What a Protean influence it must have exercised!—corrupting and sustaining how many lives; paying the scant wages of the ten-hour laborer, and sufficing for the extravagance of princely spendthrifts; carrying happiness with it now, and then capriciously destroying the beneficiary; seducing the virtuous and breeding sedition among the honest—forever doing good and harm by fickle strokes; forever indispensable and forever alluring. In one of his clever essays, Junius Henri Browne says with Emersonian sententiousness: "Cash is the cause and consequence of civilization, the measure of its breadth, and the plummet of its profundity. Every true ideal must rest on the real, and the real to-day is the coinage of the mint." The contents of the little vault had probably left deeper marks on the world than all the books written and the sermons preached during the twenty-eight years of the custodian's service.

In passing through the deposit-room all the metal is carefully weighed. The largest scale, with a ponderous beam and huge trays, combines extreme delicacy with its strength, and balances from six thousand ounces to the one-hundredth part of an ounce; another scale tells three thousand ounces at a time, and a third tells three hundred ounces. They are adjusted several times a week, erected on solid masonry, and are true to a grain. Having been weighed, the silver is carried to the melting-room, where it is mixed with copper, in order to give it sufficient hardness to endure the friction of constant handling, and melted in stone crucibles, heated to 1,800 degrees by charcoal-fires. This heat is so intense that the workmen must protect their hands and arms by gloves and gauntlets. The stone crucibles are placed within others of plumbago, in order to insure them against breaking. Reduced to a molten fluid, the metal is now poured into iron moulds, whence it emerges in the form of ingots, which are transferred to rolling-mills which shape them by a rapid process of attenuation into long, narrow slips.—*Appleton's Journal.*

A New Flying Machine.

The new flying machine which was exhibited at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, recently, looks like a velocipede on runners with a balloon canopy. The operator sits in a small seat and puts his feet in the stirrups. In front of him is a crank by which the main propeller at the bottom of the machine is controlled. These paddles breast the air like wings. Another one serves as a rudder, being connected with the stirrups by metallic bars. The balloon is twenty-five feet in length and twelve feet in diameter. The inventor says: "The principle on which I established my idea was that of the flying of birds. I held that if birds could supply the impetus of flying, and change their course, invention could do the same for man. This cylinder I have arranged shall carry about 98 per cent. of the total weight. The operator, in moving the wings, is supposed to possess the muscular weight of a dozen eagles." The trial trips of the flying machine were not remarkably successful. The rubber and metal bird rose forty feet and moved through the air, but the operator did not seem to know how to manage the crank and the stirrups.

He Had Em.

His chin-whiskers hadn't been trimmed for years, and his pants had a careworn look at the knees, but he was a wide awake old chap, and when he heard two or three other passengers on the car talking about the late frosts, and asserting that they had never seen anything like such weather for the middle of May, he began:

"Gentlemen, on the 16th day of May, 1827, snow fell to the depth of fourteen inches in this locality."

They looked at him very much as if they doubted it, when he rose up, pulled a paper from his pocket and read:

"State of Michigan, County of Wayne—ss; Personally appeared before me Peter Clark, who being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the 16th day of May, 1827, snow fell in this locality to the depth of fourteen inches. John Doe, Notary Public."

He folded and replaced the document, and looking around him with pity and contempt depicted on his face, he remarked:

"I'd either let the weather alone, or I'd swear to it."

They let it alone.

A Chance For a Lone Woman.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* thinks it is not often that a lone woman gets such a chance as is offered to her in the following, received at that office the other day:

MT. IDAHO, I. T., CAMP HOWARD, April 22, 1878.

MR. EDITOR:

Dear Sir—I wish to ask for a wife through your paper. I want to get married. My time is nearly out, and I intend to settle in this country. I intend starting a chicken ranch. I want a wife to take care of young chickens. I have got money. My wife will not have much to do, only milk nine cows, feed six hundred young chickens, chop her fire wood, cook three meals every day, and the rest of her time she can go out among the neighbors. Please publish.

Very respectfully,
ABERHAM MOOS.
Drummer, Co. K, "2d" Infantry.

A Very Deliberate Man.

Mr. Watkins, of Main street, is probably one of the most deliberate men that ever went to sleep in church. He has a way about him of saying and doing things that paves the way to a conception of eternity, and makes the like the of a funeral procession seem progress flight of a lightning express. He is always yawning and rubbing his eyes as though he had but just crawled out of bed and hadn't got fairly awake, and Mrs. Twigley, the next-door neighbor, has been frequently heard to remark that if it wasn't for Mrs. Watkins, who gives his clothes a thorough brushing now and then, the moss would have taken deep root on him long ago. Even a boy on an errand has been known to overtake him. This can be authenticated.

Early last Tuesday morning Mr. Watkins was seen coming down street in his usual deliberate and unprecipitate manner, pausing occasionally to rub his eyes, pick up a pin, or hearken to the gay twitter of the birds.

As he came opposite the residence of Dr. Bleedum he noticed the doctor's wife sitting at the open window, and, steadying himself against the fence, he observed with a yawn that very nearly threw him over backward, that it wss "a nice morning."

"It is indeed," replied Mrs. Bleedum. "The air is so bracing."

"Y-(aw)n-es, it is so; but don't you think it looks a little like rain, mum?" he asked.

"Oh, no; I don't think it does. The sky is clear and the wind is hardly from the right direction."

"Seems as though there might be a damp mist about, though. I was waked up this morning by my corns, and they're generally a tolerable safe reliance in damp weather. A little rain wouldn't do no harm just now, d'ye think?"

"No, I don't know as it would; but still we don't really need it, and I would prefer to have it remain dry a fewdays. Mrs. Watkins is well, I presume?"

"Thank ye, mum, she's tolerable like. Her shoulder bothers her some yet, and she's not altogether free of them pains in her chist, but she's so as to be around as usual. I s'pose your folks is well?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, all quite well. A doctor's folks ought to be, you know, ha! ha!"

"Yes—yes, to be sure, so they should," returned Mr. Watkins, opening his knife to whittle a bit of stick he had picked up. "Speaking of the doctor, mum, is he about this morning?"

"He was out with a patient till late, and hasn't yet got up," responded the lady. "You didn't want to see him professionally? None of your folks sick, I hope?"

"Y-e-es (with two or three of the most aggravating yawns), my little girl has—has—*got a fit.*"

Some men would have been impatient, excited and nervous while making known the nature of their errand, but Mr. Watkins was no more disturbed in his composure than if he had been merely asking a market woman the price of butter.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

Fossils.

Don't be fossils; old logs lying by the wayside for moss and fungus to grow upon; for worms to honeycomb and spiders to weave nets around. Be a man among men, with a purpose and strength to accomplish. Don't be afraid of resistance—the more the better. Friction cleans the bark and rubs down the knots. Don't be afraid of failure. You will be certain to find it if everlastingly seeking. If it must come, let the day find you and not you the day. No man can succeed in all his undertakings, and it would not be well for him to do so. Things easily acquired go easily. It is by the struggle it costs to obtain that we learn to rightly estimate the value.

Don't be fossils. They are content to rot out; to let matters take their course, and the sooner they are out of the way the better. They simply occupy the room need by better men; by men who are vigorous, thriving sprouts of the great human tree; men who will take and keep a place in the world; who make business and attend to it; who amount to something; do some good to their race; men of bone, sinew and nerve; men of thought and action, with the will to do and the heart to dare; men who would be missed and regretted; not old, mouldy, worthless trunks by the side of the stream, tossed up high and dry by one freshet to remain motionless until the coming and swelling of another.

Don't be fossils. Better die in the struggle than rust out uselessly. Want of success with effort is better than no striving for the prize. There is more of honor even in failure than to never have endeavored. He who perishes bravely in the combat receives the reward of praise, though he fails to grasp the crown. There is a pleasure in effort, in excitement, in the trying, though the end is but a dream. Life is made up of trial and no wise man shrinks from or seeks to avoid it. Strike for the Truth and the Right, and if the glory of the Victor is denied, you can at least gain that of the Martyr.

Don't be human fossils—miserable nothings! Be up and doing. Glory awaits the seeking and wealth the toiling for, and neither will come without the earnest seeking. Do something. If the great slips through your grasp, hold firmly on to the less. Be anything, if honest, rather than a human nonentity.

The Markets.

MILK.—Milk is looking rather thin this season. There seems to be a suspicion among buyers that the stock is watered.

BUTTER.—Butter is remarkably strong this season.

ONIONS.—Onions are as strong as usual.

CHEESE.—Cheese is remarkably lively for so early in the year. Dealers feel confident that there are millions in it.

YEAST.—Yeast is, not considering the general depression in business, on a steady rise.

STARCH.—Sales is this line are rather stiff at present.

INDIGO.—The outlook into the Indigo market is decidedly blue.

FEATHERS.—The shipments in this branch of trade are as light as at the same time last year.

Expressmen are doing a driving business this month.

Manufacturers of pens, paper, etc., report their trade to be stationery.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The retail boot and shoe business has been so put under foot by the buyers that all hope of a rise is given up. Still we think that if a few friends of the trade would tell some of the dealers they were liars, there would be a possibility of a slight rise in the boot line.

Rubber is rather springy. There is great hope of the business being so stretched out as to make buyers have every confidence in its elasticity.

GAS.—The *recent* reduction in the price of gas has made a light business heavy.

Wool is at fair demand. Should every thing work right there is every prospect of sellers making a soft thing of it.—*Boston Home Journal.*

A MIGHTY MAN.

The Herculean Hunter of the Great American Plains.

The St. Louis *Evening Post* says: About three miles down the Illinois shore, near the little town of Cahokia, lives a very queer Indian, who has a history as remarkable as it is romantic. He is a full-blooded Cherokee, and, according to his own assertions, is over 100 years old. His name is John Meehoo, and he was born in the county of Jefferson, Mississippi, where his tribe resided over a century ago, and from which region they were transported to the Indian Territory. John, or the "Big Indian," as he is familiarly termed, is an extraordinary person in appearance, being six feet four inches in height, weighing about 190 pounds, and in spite of his age is erect and comparatively robust. His hair is now perfectly snow-white; he has but a few teeth left and within the last two or three years he has grown somewhat bald. He is a fisherman and frog hunter by profession, and has a wife about sixty years of age, a French woman, who does not speak English. His first wife was an Indian half-breed, by whom he had two children, both living in the vicinity of Cahokia, and hunters and sportsmen by vocation.

At the age of seventeen Meehoo had already become noted for his physical strength and great powers of endurance. Unfortunately he became involved in a quarrel with the chief of the Cherokees, Mahanatal, and slew him. Meehoo, while making an effort to flee, was apprehended by his tribe, and, after a trial according to the forms common to the Cherokees, he was condemned to be burnt at the stake, but during his short confinement, preparatory to his undergoing this terrible penalty, he escaped. He went to the northern part of the territory of Mississippi, where he joined the Chickasaws. Here, too, his belligerent disposition broke out again, and he killed two of the Choctaw chiefs and made captive a woman of the tribe, with whom he fled. His life since then has been a series of wandering from one State to another. From Mississippi he proceeded to Louisiana, from thence to Texas, and from Texas to Missouri, and for the last fifty years he has been living in the vicinity of St. Louis, where he has followed the precarious avocation of frog hunting. He has always been famed for his remarkable strength. During his earlier life he was able to lift 1,000 pounds on a dead level. On one occasion he carried on his broad shoulders a barrel of pork weighing 300 pounds, from the landing at East St. Louis to his then home below Cahokia, a distance of six miles. Several years ago he lived in the old town of Kaskaskia, in Illinois, where he was employed in the flouring mill. Remarkable stories are told of the wonderful feats of muscular strength performed by him. It is said that he was in the habit of placing upon his shoulders two bags of wheat, weighing 200 pounds each, and carrying them up a flight of stairs. This labor he would perform for two hours, never seeming to tire.

While roaming through the woods one day his dogs, which were following him, bayed a huge stag in the bed of a dried creek. Meehoo was unarmed, and after several ineffectual efforts to club the door with such bludgeons as he could pick up, he seized the infuriated beast by the antlers, and by main strength hurled him over his head, breaking the animal's neck.

Meehoo at one time was probably the mightiest hunter that roamed the wilds of the American bottom. Forty and fifty years ago bears were plentiful in the thick forests of the swampy regions skirting the eastern shore of the Mississippi, and bear-hunting was Meehoo's favorite sport.

He still carries upon him the marks of more than one terrific contest with savage brain. To a reporter who visited him on Thursday last, he gave a recital of a remarkable struggle he had with a bear in the winter of 1829, while hunting through the Dry Creek bottom, about seven miles south of where Centerville station is now situated. It was on the 24th day of December, and a light snow covered the ground. Meehoo had gone out for the purpose of hunting wild hogs, and had with him one dog that was trained for that peculiar sport. While traversing the bottom he was suddenly confronted by a huge black bear. The dog rushed at him, but the bear at one blow of his powerful paw stretched the poor brute dead, and at the distance of thirty feet bruin poised himself on his hind legs as if throwing down the gauntlet of battle. Meehoo immediately pulled down upon him with his rifle, but to his dismay the powder refused to go off. The cap exploded with a loud noise, but it was immediately replaced by a fresh one, but before Meehoo could fire a second time the bear was upon him, and in such close proximity that it was impossible for him even to use the rifle as a club. The man and beast closed in a terrific struggle, the bear in his characteristic game of hugging, the desperate Indian struggling to draw his knife from his belt. Meehoo laughingly said to the reporter, "I tell you, my son, the hug that bear gave me was the worst I ever had in my life. At first I thought my very ribs were broken, and I felt as if my entire body was mashed to a complete jelly. My breath was entirely taken away, and for a moment I was entirely exhausted, but realizing the desparate nature of my situation, I made a struggle to free my right arm and succeeded in drawing my knife. Before I could use it the bear hugged me again, but I managed to get a small cut in upon his shoulder. The animal released me and began to snap at me with his teeth, and he struck at me with his fore paw. One blow felled me to the ground and almost stunned me into insensibility. By the time I rose the bear was upon me, but I had my knife in time and gave him a thrust that made him growl with anger and howl with pain."

The old man then proceeded to relate to the reporter the several details of the fight and its result. The contest lasted ten minutes, the bear getting in blow upon blow, knocking his antagonist down, but never succeeding in getting in a hug upon him. In the meantime Meehoo used his knife in savage desperation, though for a long time unable to touch a vital part of the monster. Finally he managed to stab the bear in the heart and kill him.

Meehoo now owns forty acres of land and lives in a very primitive cabin. He is an inoffensive old man now, and continues his daily avocations, molesting no one.

Whisky Drinking in New York.

A New York correspondent says: The proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel told me that his bar receipts were $175 a day. If we suppose the average receipts at the bars to be $20 a day, about $220,000 would have been spent every day for liquor in New York by tipplers alone. This is equal to $70,000,000 a year. It is computed that 1,260,000,000 drinks are taken in New York, and a tariff of two cents on spirits and half a cent on ale will aggregate $9,100,000 city revenue. We spend for liquors in the United States $735,000,000 a year, or nearly four times the cost of running the general government; and yet the English exceed us in guzzling by $59,000,000.

Fashion Notes.

Changeable silks are among the summer fabrics.

Elegant parasols are made of satin and finished with straw fringe.

Fringes of two distinct colors are put on some of the new costumes.

New parasols are made of black matalasse silk and lined with white silk.

Old fashioned yoke waists are again in favor for dresses warranted to wash.

Silk dresses are trimmed with narrow flounces in front, almost to the waist, at the moment, by Worth.

Colored dress bonnets are less used than white ones, and are almost confined to beige and mastic shades.

The trains of full dress toilets measure three yards from the waist to the extreme end of the train in the back.

A dash of Jacqueminot red is the only spot of bright color on many of the most fashionable hats and bonnets.

Plain or polka dotted white silk, with white satin trimmings and accessories, is the bridal dress of the moment.

The novelty in handkerchiefs is of pale blue or rose-colored linen batiste, with white borders scalloped to match.

Everything is embroidered in Paris at present—shoes, dresses, gloves, bonnets, corsages, cravats, wraps and trimmings.

Dark blue cutaway suits, with waistcoats and silk skirts made very plain, "tailor fashion," are affected by young ladies.

Beige-colored brocaded or damassee silk makes a beautiful waistcoat to be worn with any dark cutaway jacket costume.

Porte bouquets, which do double duty as a brooch or fastening for a shawl, are seen in some of the fancy goods stores.

The girl of the period wears a cutaway swallow-tailed jacket, and leads an English pug with a silver chain and a blue ribbon.

Those negligee curves of hair on the forehead and temples, a la Montague, are becoming to young and pretty faces only.

Cardinal capes reaching to the elbow of Sicilienne, and trimmed with flutings of black French lace, are fashionable light wraps.

Balbriggan stockings are seen in leading hosiery departments, hair-lined horizontally in color and checked on the sides in the same.

Beize and mastic gray tulle veils, dotted with chenille, are worn around the crowns of dressy bonnets, crossing in the back and made to form strings.

Amber beads strung at intervals on black silk fringes are effectively used for trimming black Sicilienne mantles intended for ceremonious occasions.

Worth's latest dresses are short, sheath the form in front, but have small paniers in the back, or looped draperies formed by catching up the demi train.

The novelties in children's hats are pagoda-shaped crowns, peaked Mansard-roof crowns, and sharp-gabled crowns. Their names are Pekin, Alps, Mercedes, Savoy, and Chin-Chin.

White Swiss and organdy toilets, trimmed with fine Mirecourt torchon lace, are to be worn over colored lawn or Silesia slips for summer fetes, flower shows, afternoon concerts and croquet parties.

A Boy's Pockets and a Girl's Pocket.

Tommy is twelve years old. His sister Mary is sweet sixteen and a half. The other morning Mary accosted her mother with: "Ma, see what a lot of stuff I found in Tommy's pockets." And she deposited on the table the following articles, to wit: Eight marbles, one top, a broken-bladed knife, a leather strap, a buckle, a bunch of keys, a fishing line, piece of lead, a smooth stone, four pieces of slate pencil, a worn out pocket-book, an oyster shell, a wounded jewsharp, a piece of blue glass, a rubber ball, lump of chalk, two dried fish worms, a sling shot, piece of India rubber, two corks, a fractured comb, piece of licorice root, a song book, two medals and a juvenile land tortoise. Tommy looked thoughtfully as the contents of his pockets were deposited before the eyes of his mother, and sullenly remarked that "it was none of Sis's business and he just wanted her to let his trousers alone."

Next day Tommy captured the outside pocket of his sister's dress, and, carrying the contents to his mother, sarcastically observed in the presence of Mary: "Ma, just see what a lot of trash I found in Sis's pocket!" and he produced from his hat the following knick-knacks, viz.: Three hair pins, a soiled glove, piece of chewing gum, three cents, a broken locket, elastic garter, piece of ribbon, two slate pencils, another piece of chewing gum, photograph, a piece of orange skin, a love letter, broken tooth brush, more chewing gum, spool of silk, a thimble, a piece of cotton saturated with white powder, one nickel, two sour balls, gaiter heel, ivory ornament belonging to a parasol handle, handkerchief perfumed with jockey club, gaiter buttoner, withered geranium leaves, ivory-handle penknife with broken blade, a fan, five visiting cards, belt buckle, box of rouge, another piece of chewing gum, fragment of looking glass, a peach stone, a cigar holder stolen from "Charley," a piece of damasse silk of the pattern of her friend Lucy's new dress, an artificial flower, horsehair ring, a long brown hair entangled in a hunk of taffy, and a slip of a paper containing directions for handkerchief flirtations.

Tommy placed the last article on the table and slid from the room with a grin of triumph on his roguish face. His sister made an ineffectual grab for him, and as he passed into the street he heard her voice calling: "You nasty little brat, if you get at my pocket again I'll slap your face." Tommy thinks honors are easy.—*Norristown Herald.*

Why It Pays to Read.

One's physical frame—his body—his hands—is only a machine. It is the mind, controlling and directing that machine that gives it power and efficiency. The successful use of the body depends wholly upon the mind—upon its ability to direct well. If one ties his arm in a sling it becomes weak and finally powerless. Keep it in active exercise, and it acquires vigor and strength, and is disciplined to use this strength as desired. Just so one's mind; by active exercise in thinking, planning, studying, observing, acquires vigor, strength, power of concentration and direction. Plainly then, the man who exercises his mind in reading and thinking, gives it increased power and efficiency, and greater ability to direct the efforts of his physical frame—his work—to better results, than he can who merely uses his muscles. If a man reads a book or paper, even one he knows to be erroneous, it helps him by the effort to combat the errors. Of all men, the farmer, the cultivator, needs to read more and think more—to strengthen his reasoning powers, so that they may help out and make more effective, more profitable, his hard toil. There can be no doubt that the farmer who supplies himself with the reading the most of other men's thoughts and experiences, will in the end, if not at once, be the most successful.

The Camel.

All my readers know that the great value of the camel lies in its ability to pass a long interval of time without requiring to drink. The camel does not, indeed, need a less amount of liquid than other animals, for in this point it is outdone by many South African antelopes, which are never known to drink at all; but it has a curious power of taking in at one time an amount of liquid which will serve it for several days.

The internal mechanism by which this power is attained is very remarkable, but is much too complicated to be described without the use of diagrams. Suffice it to say that the water is stowed away in a series of cells, which appear to have the property of preserving it in a fresh and clear state even after the death of the animal. A slight greenish hue is communicated to the water, but with that exception it is clear. In one remarkable instance, after a camel had been dead ten days, the water in its stomach was drinkable and tasteless. When first taken from the dead animal, a rather unpleasant flavor is perceptible, but this vanishes, together with the green color, after the water has stood undisturbed for three days!

The quantity of water taken at one time is almost incredible, more than twenty gallons being sometimes consumed at a single draught. The animal drinks with great rapidity, and the water disappears so fast that it seems to vanish by magic. Its desire for water is so great that it can perceive the welcome fluid at a great distance, possibly by scent, and possibly by some instinct which is not shared by man. When the camels perceive water, nothing can hold them back from it, and a whole caravan will break away from their drivers, rushing tumultuously to the water. This wonderful power is of the greatest value to the inhabitants of the desert, who would have known nothing of many a spring had not their camels directed them towards the water.

Another reason for its value is its ability to eat and digest substances that no other animal would touch. It does not stop to eat on its journey, but lowers its long neck and crops the scanty herbage with which it may chance to meet. The withered and dried leaves and twigs which snap at a touch, and seem to be utterly devoid of nutriment, are all devoured by the camel, as also are the branches of the thorn, bushes which would baffle any being but a camel. This animal, however, has the roof of its mouth defended by a hard cartilage, and can eat the prickly banquet without the least difficulty. It would thrive on the chips and shavings of a carpenter's shop, and has actually been fed on charcoal. So abstemious, indeed, is the animal, that camels have been known to traverse nearly a thousand miles within twenty days, having no food but that which they gathered for themselves on the journey.

It has yet another advantage; namely, the wonderful adaptation of its limbs to the desert country in which it lives. Its height enables it to carry its own head and that of its rider at a considerable distance from the ground, so that both are sheltered from the heat that radiates from the burning soil. Moreover, each little breeze takes full effect at such a height, and in that climate the least breath of air becomes a luxury.—*Golden Hours.*

The Yosemite Valley.

The Yosemite Valley is situated in the heart of the Sierra Nevada, about 155 miles in a direct line east of San Francisco. The valley is a nearly level area, about six miles in length and from a half a mile to a mile in width, sunk almost a mile in perpendicular depth below the general level of the adjacent region. Through the center of this valley runs the Merced River, passing for twenty miles after leaving the valley proper through a grand canyon, the scenery here almost equalling this wonderful valley. Because this canyon is approached by only a narrow trail, but very few tourists travel the full length of the river to view the cascades and lofty water falls of this wonderful region. From time immemorial the Yosemite Valley had been regarded by the Indian tribes living on both the western and eastern slopes of the Sierras as a stronghold, or place of refuge in time of trouble. In 1850, the white settlers who lived on the streams which head in this region, finding themselves unable to remain in peace with these Indians, organized for their protection a military company, and in 1851 pursued a party of the savages that had been committing depredations into the Yosemite, where they had taken refuge. From that date until the present time the valley has been resorted to yearly by hunters and pleasure seekers from all parts of the world. Prior to 1864 there was only one actual settler in the valley. Now it teems with life, and three or four hotels roomy enough to accomodate comfortably 100 guests, have been completed and furnished with every comfort required by the most exacting tourist.—*Boston Post.*

A Mystery of the Mind.

The Louisville *Medical News* says: "The following psychological incident, which was told to me by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, may prove of interest to those of your readers who are studying the occult phases of nervous phenomena. The narrator, a man of fine nervous organization, was taking his afternoon siesta; his daughter, a young lady of seventeen, sitting by his side, with her hand in his, and reading. As he passed from the wakeful state into one of semi-slumber, he saw, or seemed to see, appear at the foot of his bed a tall man, with a sorrowful expression upon his face, who, bending down tenderly, lifted up a coffin and disappeared. He was so disturbed by the strange and unaccountable nature of his vision that, after tossing restlessly for a few moments, he opened his eyes and said, "Daughter, I believe I cannot sleep to-day, and will get up." Looking up from her book, in which she was evidently deeply absorbed, she said, "Papa, this is a strange book that I am reading." "What is it?" said he. "The 'Life of Marie Antoinette,'" she replied, and then read from the pages before her a recital of the exact incident that had just constituted his dream.

Forethought of Swallows.

Bird stories are in order. As a