THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1878. NUMBER 39.

Green Grass Under the Snow.

The work of the sun is slow,
But as sure as Heaven we know;
So we'll not forget,
When the skies are wet,
There's green grass under the snow.

When the winds of winter blow,
Wailing like voices of woe,
There are April showers,
And green grass under the snow.

We'll find that it's ever so
In this life's uneven flow;
We've only to wait,
In the face of Fate,
For the green grass under the snow.

Sunflowers.

They blossom brightly, straight and tall,
Against the mossy garden wall,
Beneath the poplar trees;
The sunbeams kiss each golden face,
Their green leaves wave with airy grace
In fresh September's breeze.

On one fair disk of gold and brown
A purple butterfly lights down;
A sister blossom yields
Her honey store, content to be
A late provider for the bee,
Flown here from clover fields.

Each dawning day, when climbs the sun,
And steadfast till his course is run,
These royal blossoms raise
Their grand, wide opened, golden eyes
To watch his journey through the skies,
Undaunted by his blaze.

The butterfly may sleep or soar,
The bee may steal their honey store,
But still the flowers gaze on,
With burning looks of changeless love,
Toward the day-god, high above,
Until the day is gone.

Fair maid beside the garden wall,
Thy lithe form confesses, straight and tall,
The sunflower's stately grace;
The golden tresses of thine hair,
Like sunflower rays, do weave a fair
Bright halo round thy face.

And through their shadows looking down,
We find thine eyes of softest brown
Like sunflower centers are;
We watch thee standing in the bloom,
The God-given sunflower of our home,
Yet meek as evening's star!

Ah, watching thus, high thoughts arise,
Deep thoughts, that fill our time-worn eyes
With fearful, hopeful tears.
God give thee sunshine on thy way!
God crown thy happy summer day
With peaceful autumn years!

In due time coming, on thy breast
Love's purple butterfly may rest,
And nestle close to thee;
And ere thy summer-time is o'er,
Thy sweetness may yield honey store
For life's brown working bee.

But evermore, though love should come
And fold his pinions in thine home,
Lift thy calm gaze above:
Mark thou the sunflower's constant eye,
And follow through life's changing sky
The sun of faith and love.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

What Became of the Pocket-book.

"Have you any toy trumpets?" asked old Farmer Campbell of the talkative tin-peddler whose red cart with its housekeeper-tempting array of brooms, mops, scrubbing-brushes, pails, tubs, etc., stood one sunny spring morning under the budding maples before the farm-house gate.

"Lots on 'em, sir; red ones, blue ones, green, yellow and white ones—all on 'em shiny ones. Which will you have? 'Aint they hansum now?" and he jingled the attractive baubles before the smiling old gentleman's face.

"I'll pick out these two," he said, taking one in each hand and putting his hands behind him. "Don't say anything about them yet to Catherine. Perhaps when she settles up for her rags there'll be enough coming to pay for them. There, she's coming out with another lot."

"We've been making rugs," explained Catherine, a plump, good-looking young woman of thirty, running briskly down the walk with a huge bundle in in her arms, "that's how we happen to have so many colored rags to-day."

"Here's another little wad," cried Mother Campbell, very much out of breath, hurrying along after her daughter. "I don't want any leavings for moths to congregate in."

"I declare!" ejaculated her husband in dismay. "I declare! that is my sheep's gray vest. I shan't have a rag left to put on, and shall be driven to wearing my go-to-meetin' suit every day."

Catherine had been diving her shining brown head and plump shoulders into the cart, bringing to light sundry pans, cups, measures and skimmers, while the artful peddler had beguiled her mother into purchasing a pair of sparkling glass pitchers. As the accounts were being balanced the old gentleman laughingly held up the blue and the green trumpets to be enumerated, while from a branch of the tree above their heads the tame crow, Jetty, laughed, "Ha, ha, ha," to call their attention to the red trumpet which he had stolen from the cart.

"Father, you don't want that trumpet more'n the crow does! Come down with that, you black rogue!" scolded Miss Catherine.

"I promised the twins when I was up to Dolly Jones' to have a tootmaker on hand for each of them when they came down in May," said the old man decidedly, "and grandpa musn't break his word to the little fellows."

"Those boys are too old for trumpets," put in Mrs. Campbell. "They'll drive me distracted with their noise."

"I hope they'll never be too old to enjoy toys and fun," said the old gentleman, roguishly blowing a blast upon each of the trumpets at the same time. "I guess I will have one for myself, too, and as for the twins, they won't be seven till June."

"They'll be eight," said his wife.

"I've got it down on a paper in my pocket-book," replied the old gentleman, feeling first in one pocket and then in another, "and I'll pay money for the trumpets, Jetty's and all. Catherine, fetch my pocket-book from the mantle shelf in the bedroom chamber," he called after his daughter, who was hurrying toward the house.

"It isn't there," she replied, as she returned presently with a bag of dried apples, "and I didn't stop to look it up, because there will be enough coming from these to pay for the trumpets."

"I want to make father some ginger snaps after Cousin Ruth's recipe, and I can't find the paper on which it is written down," remarked Mrs. Campbell next morning, as, busy about the Saturday's baking, she bustled around looking over boxes, baskets and drawers.

"It is in my pocket-book," said her husband, glancing up from his newspaper, "I saw it lying on the hanging table the last time you made snaps, and I reckoned it might get mislaid and so you have an excuse for not making me any for a long spell. So I took possession of it," and he began again to feel first in one pocket and then in another. "I declare," he ejaculated, presently, "I haven't seen that pocket-book, as I remember, since I looked for it when the peddler was here yesterday.

"Make ginger-drops with currants in them to-day, mother," suggested Catherine, "I can't take my hands out of the pound cake to look up that pocket-book now."

"Have you wound the clock, father?" asked Mrs. Campbell, next morning, as she was tying her bonnet-strings in a square bow under her double-chin, preparatory to starting for church.

"No," said he, "but I was calculating to just before I started, so as to be sure and take the money for the missionary-box out of my pocket-book when I took the clock-key. Catherine, bring me my pocket-book from the mantle-shelf in the bedroom chamber—"

"It isn't here," replied his daughter, who was rustling about in her best black silk dress. "Did you find it yesterday? If you did, I didn't hear anything about it, and it slipped my mind."

"Quha, quha," laughed Jetty, from the tall lilac-bush in front of the bedroom window, and, glancing out, they saw that he had the green trumpet in his mouth.

"He stole that from the mantle in your room, and why shouldn't he have stolen the pocket-book as well? He picks up every small, bright colored object that attracts his attention. I, for one, don't believe in harboring a thief in the house," and Miss Catherine turned the cat outdoors, shut the damper of the stove and declared everything to be ready for starting.

"I never thought it a good plan to carry that clock key in your pocket-book," said Catherine, as they jogged along to church.

"I like to have things where I know they are safe," said her father.

"Well, you missed your figure for once," spoke up his wife.

"By no means," replied the fine old gentleman, good-naturedly, "the key with the rest of the missing articles is in the pocketbook, and that is mislaid by no fault of mine, as you will be willing to admit when it turns up."

But it didn't turn up, even after dinner when they searched until sundown. Then, not wishing to have the old eight-day clock run down, Catherine had the horse harnessed into the chaise, and drove over to the east part of the town to the Russell homestead, where there was an old family clock exactly like theirs, and borrowed the key. In talking the matter over with Mrs. Russell, Catharine remembered that a tramp had called and had eaten a bowl of bread and milk by the kitchen fire the very morning before the pocket-book was missed. That brought up the prolific subject of tramps and thieves, and Mr. Russell mentioned that a widow named Waite, with two children, a son and a daughter, from down the river somewhere, had bought and moved on to the Bascomb place; if that when he heard of it he couldn't help remembering that last year when he was down to the shire-town on a jury a widow woman named Waite was sent to jail for three months for stealing, and that Mrs. Russell remarked that she didn't intend to say anything about it to any body, but that she had made up her mind that she shouldn't call on her new neighbors.

The next day, when Catherine was up to her elbows in suds, a gentlemanly appearing youth who said his family had just purchased the Bascomb place, came to the door, having heard that Mr. Campbell was Prudential School Committee, to see if he could secure a situation as teacher for his sister. Catherine listened no further, but answered him curtly without referring him to her father, and shut the door in his face.

She mentioned the incident to Mrs. Russell after dinner when she drove over to return the clock key. She added, thoughtfully, that he looked to her like the fellow to whom she gave the bread and milk the day before the pocket-book was missed.

Mrs. Russell asked how much money there was in it, and, being told, said she had heard that they paid one-third down for their place, although only one-fourth had been required.

When Catherine returned home she found that her half-brother, James, had driven over from his adjoining farm to see about a note which his father held against some one in the next town, which he thought ought to be renewed.

"It won't outlaw for a year," said Farmer Campbell.

"Let me see," said his son, and then, of course, Catherine let out the story.

"Was it your old sheepskin wallet, father?"

"Oh, no, it was the pretty red morocco one with twenty different compartments that the twins gave me last Christmas.

"You had it in your hand the last time I was in here, and showed me the receipted bill for three sets of Cyclopedias—Catherine's set, James' set and my set. Let me see; that was Thursday. There was a tramp eating bread and milk in the kitchen, a rough-looking fellow. I thought it injudicious to let him enter the house, and spoke to wife about it when I got home. Don't you remember it? After he went away mother said father looked like a tramp in that old sheep's gray suit."

"There, those clothes are in that rug," put in Catherine triumphantly, pointing to an immense braided mat upon which she was at work. "Father left them off to have them mended one day, the tin peddler came along, and while father was out talking with him, mother and I stripped what was good for carpets out of them and bundled up the rest for rags in a hurry, I tell you."

"I am glad of it," said her half-brother, laughing heartily, "but I must not be lingering here. Father, can I take your side-hill plow for a few days?"

"I presume it is in that missing pocket-book," observed Catherine facetiously, and the tameed crow laughed, "quha, quha, quha," as he alighted outside the window with Mrs. Campbell's scarlet crochet knitting-bag in his bill, which he immediately carried across the yard and threw into the well.

The four persons looked at each other and nodded knowingly. "We will send for Ed Hotton immediately to come and clean out the well," said mother.

"That would be impracticable while the water is so deep," said James, "but at high noon you can reflect the bottom of the well in a looking-glass, and see what is there."

The experiment was tried, and there could be seen on the clear, gravelly bottom of the well sundry cups, mugs, nails, small tools and pieces of crockery, a green frog, and a big, speckled trout, but no pocket-book. The knitting-bag caught on the bucket, and was saved, to Mrs. Campbell's great relief.

Hardly a day passed but that something was wanted, which, when inquired for, was found to have been safely stowed away in that capacious lost pocket-book.

Mrs. Campbell settled down in the belief that James, who was the father's son by a prior marriage, and no favorite of hers, had thought it no harm to appropriate his father's property to his own uses.

Miss Catherine had no doubt that the tramp picked it up soon after her father had thoughtlessly laid it down, and she was sure that the beggar and young Waite were one and the same person.

Mr. Campbell thought that Jetty was the rogue, and spent a great deal of time watching the singular pranks and evolutions of the interesting bird.

When the twins came for their promised visit Aunt Catherine made a party, inviting all the boys and girls in the neighborhood, and offering a prize of a gold dollar strung on a blue ribbon to the one who should find the pocket-book. The premises were thoroughly explored, the garden plot was raked over, every maple, apple and cherry tree was climbed, and searched for knot holes, but although a great many squirrels, birds, rats and mice nests were brought to light, the pocket-book, to grandpa's great disappointment, did not appear.

Every Sunday night during the summer Catherine drove over to Esq. Russell's to borrow the clock key, and some time during the week when she had time, she carried it home.

When, in the fall, the weather grew chilly, bachelor Ed Russell took to driving over to Farmer Campbell's to wind the tall clock, and the family all agreed in calling him an uncommonly accommodating young man.

As this was kept up steadily all winter, people would have set the young folks down as lovers had not every one known about the missing clock key.

It had come to be generally understood that young Waite was the thief, and not a call was made upon the comers for a whole year in that highly proper Christian neighborhood.

One balmy morning the following spring Miss Catherine, chancing to glance up from the rug which she was braiding and sewing for a present to Mrs. Russell, saw a pretty young girl in a plain black alpaca suit coming through the gate.

"There's that Waite girl," ejaculated Catharine to her mother, "I wonder what she means by calling here? I presume it's about the school again, but we don't want our neighborhood children under such influence. I shan't ask her in."

Catharine did not have the opportunity, for her father, with Jetty perched on his shoulder, walked slowly down the gravel walk, shook the girl's hand in his habitual gentle, cordial way; stood and talked with her a minute or two, and then, in an excited manner waited upon her to the house.

"Hallo!" here's my pocket-book!" cried he jubilantly, as he threw the door wide open. This young lady brought it. Walk right in, my dear, and tell us all about it. My wife add daughter will be glad to know you. Sit down in this rocking-chair; you must be tired after your long walk."

Miss Catherine prided herself upon her sharpness. She thought now, as she set her head a little more primly on one side, "Ah, that self-assured young Waite and that miserable tramp were identical, as I have always supposed. We ought to have had him arrested at the time, as Mrs. Russell suggested."

"This is where I found it," said the girl, timidly, pulling a little bundle of old sheep's gray flannel out of her pocket.

"Hallo! The back and lining of my old gray vest," said the old gentleman, skipping around like a boy. "It looks like an old friend. There, mother! who was the rogue? It wasn't me, and it wasn't Jetty, nor the poor hungry, forlorn tramp.

"I found it in this inside pocket," went on the girl, "and this little roll was twisted up and tucked in on top of a sack of rags that was given me to sort and cut in the rag-shop where I have been at work because I couldn't get a situation to teach. I haven't opened it, because it wasn't necessary when I saw your name in gold letters on the outside."

"Everything is all right," said the old man. "The note runs out just as I said, next week. The twins will be seven, and it does take two cups of molasses for the snaps. I guess you will begin to think I know something, after all. The money comes just when I need it, and is just the same as a gift. Sit down, sit down, my dear, you are not rested, I am sure."

Catherine told Mrs. Russell, afterward, that she felt as cheap as rags, but she came forward and took off the girl's things and kept her to supper, and before that meal was over they were all so charmed with her that Miss Catherine carried her home in the chaise and drove around by the residence of the newly-elected prudential committee, and secured the school for the coming term.

The next day Miss Catherine took Mrs. Russell over to call, and they carried the young lady, whose name after all was not Waite, but Wyat, a gift of a twenty-dollar gold piece from Mr. Campbell.

At the wedding of Miss Catherine and bachelor Ed Russell, which came off at midsummer, the Wyat brother and sister were among the bridesmaids and groomsmen. Everybody, old and young, even to the jolly tin-peddler, were bidden to the wedding. Grandpa told the story of the lost pocket-book, and said that it had turned out well, for he had given Catherine over as an old maid, and she would have been had she not been obliged to keep the old clock from running down. The twins had new trumpets bought by grandpa for the occasion, and Jetty in his best suit of black stood in the lilac bush in front of an open window, and all through the ceremony laughed, "quaha, quaha, quaha."—*Chicago Standard.*

French Prisons.

There are twenty-one central prisons in France for prisoners with sentences of five years and over. The cellular system is adopted in prisons for the detention of prisoners not sent up for more than a year and a day, but in the central prisons as many as 100 men sleep in one ward, certain of their number being responsible for the preservation of order. The dormitories are lighted, and there are openings from the galleries through which the guards may inspect them. By day the men work in *ateliers*, fifty or a hundred in each. Shoes, chairs, woven fabrics, buttons, umbrella-ferules, Chinese lanterns, etc., are manufactured, and such light work as glossing paper, sewing copy-books and making hair ornaments is done. The work is let to contractors by tariff fixed by the local Chamber of Commerce, to prevent an undue competition with free labor. Half of the profits of the prisoner's work goes to the State; he is allowed to spend a quarter in procuring special articles of diet, etc., and the remaining quarter is paid to him on leaving, so that a discharged convict often finds himself with from $100 to $300 cash capital. A large proportion of the prisoners use this in setting themselves up in trade or in procuring passages to other lands. These rewards of industrial labor, together with the industrial training itself, constitute together the main and tolerably effectual counterbalance to the otherwise grave evils of association. The element of hope is always prominent in French prisons, and it is the sheet-anchor of their administration. A visitor to La Sante, at Paris, observed in the first cell he inspected a table on which lay a pipe of tobacco, a half bottle of wine and a novel.

An Exposition Shawl.

At the Paris Exposition is a very beautiful Cashmere shawl, exhibited by Tissier, Bourely & Co., which has a story. It became known, *sub rosa*, that the members of the jury had decided to award the great medal of honor to the above-mentioned shawl. A French lady, the Countess d'Orx, of a very old and wealthy family, heard of this, and at once called on Messrs. Tissier, Bourely & Co., and wished to buy the shawl. She also insisted upon their entering into an agreement with her never to make, or have made, another shawl of the same pattern. They at first objected, but, upon her paying a large price for the shawl, together with a sum sufficiently large to cover the entire cost of all their exhibits in the Exposition, they signed the agreement; and at the close of the Exposition the countess will have a shawl the like of which no other lady possesses or is likely to.

THE MONKEY ASSASSIN.

Tragic Scene in a Venezuela Mining Camp—A Huge Red Ape Murders His Master and is Burned at the Stake.

One of the most famous of the weird, short stories of Edgar Allen Poe is "The Murder of the Rue Morgue." In that most ghastly yet entertaining narrative a monkey is the author of an assassination. The simian criminal has now found a rival in real life.

Early in 1877 the leading mine owners at the Caratal gold fields, in Eastern Venezuela, fitted out an expedition to prospect for some reputed cinnabar deposits on the Brazilian border of Guayana. The command of the party was conferred on an adventurer named Seiler, an old resident of Venezuela, a skilled miner, a naturalist by predilection, and very well known to European and North American scientists through the valuable collections he had made for various museums of natural history.

The expedition was a failure, the cinnabar existing only in the brain of the mendacious Indian who had reported it. In place of specimens of the precious quicksilver ore, Seiler only brought back a cargo of prepared skins, stuffed birds, curious animals, skeletons, and an enormous red ape of the *araguato*, or howling species. These monkeys, in their natural state, are little less ferocious than their great African brethren, the gorillas, and are almost as untamable. The native Venezuelans call them "Wood Devils," and stand in holy horror of them. Seiler's specimen, which was as big as a ten-year-old boy, and as deep-voiced as a fog horn, was no exception to the rule, and in a short time became the terror of all Caratal. Chained to a ring-bolt in the wall of his master's house, which stood at the intersection of the only two streets of the little village, the red ape would squat all day long on the peak of the tiled roof, mouthing at the passers-by, hurling whatever missiles he could lay hands on at them, and gnashing his great teeth like a fiend. At night he charmed the somber hours by howling incessantly. Horses and mules would stampede at sight of him. Children fled from him in terror. Every miner was careful to pass Seiler's house on the other side of the street, and with a wary eye on the sentry on the roof. Even the buzzards deserted to Callao, the opposition mining center, for the ape had developed a great fondness for capturing them whenever he could, then proceeding to pluck them and tear them to pieces alive. In fine he became such a public abomination tha the authorities were applied to. Accordingly the alcalde waited on Seiler and laid the case before him. He might as well have spoken to the ape himself.

Though the rainy season was at hand and his roof was almost denuded of tiles which the *arguato* had torn off to throw at people; though the brute ate as much as ten men, while his master, who had taught him to eat meat till he would touch nothing else, had to starve himself to feed him; though he himself was a walking mass of scars received at the paws of his ungrateful pet, still Seiler clung to the worthless hide of "El Demonio Colorado," or the red demon, as people had come to call the ape, with an unfaltering devotion. He swore that Mungo, as he had christened him, should remain as long as the house held together, which, considering the rapidity with which it was being converted into projectiles, was certainly not an eternal prospect. When the alcalde insisted Seiler drew his attention to a fine example of Smith and Wesson's revolver manufacture, and the argument ended abruptly. People now took the law into their own hands, but with equally poor success. The red demon seemed to bear a charmed life. He dodged silver bullets with the greatest ease, and one genius who melted down two ounces of gold into a slug to make sure of him, had the satisfaction of seeing Seiler pick the precious metal out of his wall and purchase rum for himself and raw meat for Mungo with it, just at a juncture too when his credit had collapsed and given rise to a hope that the ape would starve to death after all. As for poison, the brute revelled in it. Paris green seemed a sweet morsel under his tongue. Strychnine only improved his digestion. He devoured arsenic like sugar, and swallowed enough mercury to salivate a regiment without starting as much as a tear. At last his enemies gave up in despair.

At the beginning of the present year, Seiler was struck down by a fever, contracted from repeated drenchings during the rainy season, which drenchings were solely due to Mungo's having unroofed the house to such an extent that there was not a dry corner in it. Unpopular as the sick man's defense of his abominable pet had made him, his neighbors were still miners with the warm hearts and open hands that never refuse sympathy or aid to distress, and they doctored and nursed the invalid faithfully into convalescence. Mungo, however, they positively refused to succor, and after devouring all the garbage within the limit of his chain, the red ape was reduced to an open air diet, and grew more meager and vicious every day.

On the night of the 5th of February last some teamsters from the Orinoco, who had arrived too late to find shelter, camped in a *corral* behind Seiler's house. The night was a dark and rainy one. For a wonder, Mungo was making no noise. Toward midnight a commotion in the house attracted the notice of one of the wagoners, but, as it soon subsided, he paid no particular attention to it. With daylight, however, he discovered that Mungo's chain was broken, and that the monkey was missing, and knocked at the house door, intending to inform Seiler of it. Receiving no answer to his repeated summons, the man became alarmed and forced the door. As he pushed it open a startling and unearthly howl greeted his ears. In the middle of the room, surrounded by the wreck of what little furniture the place had contained, was the corpse of Seiler. Squatting on the breast of the body, his hair glued in patches with clotted gore, and his long arms and hideous head besmeared with blood, was the red ape. His lips were glued to a gaping wound in his master's throat, and he was sucking the blood from the jugular vein, stopping occasionally to utter a low howl of satisfaction, and beat the ground with the fragment of his broken chain.

It was not until he was fairly riddled with pistol bullets and rifle balls that Mungo abandoned the body of his victim. The corpse except, for the wound in the throat, was unmutilated. The ape, driven frantic by hunger, must have descended on his master through a break in the roof while he slept, and fastened his teeth in his windpipe. Weak as he was from his late illness Seiler could probably offer but a slight resistance, which was insufficient to shake the powerful brute from his deadly hold.

In spite of his wounds the monkey murderer was yet alive. A rope was made fast to his legs, and he was dragged into the middle of the plaza, where he was fastened to a stake and burned.

Your true lover of nature is the potato bug. You will find him everywhere—on the mountain top, by the sad sea waves and in the quiet country nook. Nature in any form is good enough for him; but when it comes in the shape of murphies he sits him down and sings, "This is the place I long have sought."

A Bank Reminiscence.

Secretary Sherman, in making his arrangements to roll out the heavy silver dollars over the country through the mails, will appreciate the little story told by Nathan Sargent (Oliver Oldschool) about Nicholas Biddle and the Savannah branch bank. One of the assaults against the United States Bank was the calculated "happy thought" to prove its insolvency by breaking one of its branches, of which there were ten or twelve situated in different cities, Savannah was far distant from Philadelphia in those days, and the business of the bank was comparatively small, consisting chiefly of drafts upon cotton sales, requiring very little specie, of which there was but a small amount kept in its vaults, compared to its bills in circulation. It would be an easy matter, therefore, so calculated the opposing parties, to secure quietly a large amount of the bills, present them for redemption, before the bank had notice, make a run on it, in other words, and have the bills protested and its doors shut; thus proving the insolvency of the branch, it would react on the parent concern.

So the scheme was set going. But Mr. Nicholas Biddle sat in his counting-house reading the weekly returns of the branch banks. For several weeks he observed the reports from one branch after another. "We return you less than our average of Savannah branch-notes." Just what it meant was not apparent, but it meant something evidently, so the ready President, keeping his own counsel, quietly shipped $200,000 of specie to the Savannah branch, with a letter of caution and advice to the president. Meanwhile, the New York operator, having secured something like $170,000 of the bills of the Savannah branch bank, started for that place, secure in his scheme. Arrived there he asked a private interview of the president, and informed him that he was a New York broker, and had a quantity of bills for redemption, probably a much larger amount than was usually presented at any one time. To his surprise the president did not appear at all disconcerted, but politely replied that he would be happy to give him drafts on New York or New Orleans for the amount. These, however, were declined, and the specie demanded. The president reminded him that he could get the specie for the drafts in New York and so save transportation and insurance. But the broker insisted on the specie, and so it was counted out, keg after keg. When about a hundred thousand dollars had been counted and still the kegs kept rolling out, the broker saw that he was outwitted, and kindly offered to change his mind and take drafts instead. But the president told him he was really very much obliged to him for relieving him of the specie, and couldn't think of taking it back. So the gentleman had the satisfaction of shipping the specie back to New York and paying both freight and insurance on it.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Snapping Turtle.

The *taurup* of the aborigines, or the snapping turtle of more refined dialects, is the deadliest foe of the trout, for he takes the mature fish, not the mere fingerlings which satisfy the pickerel. The *taurup* is a horrible creature, one of the antediluvians—cruelty in its eye, strength in its muscles, imperviousness in its shell, and neither mercy nor gentleness in its heart or bowels. With equal independence it lives on land or in water, with equal courage it defends itself from man or beast. One of forty, fifty, or even sixty pounds, to which weight they often attain, is no mean antagonist; when captured and drawn into the boats or cornered, it turns, and, rising on its black and wrinkled legs, not crawling prone like an ordinary turtle, but with head extended, little yellow eyes glittering, and sharp beak ready for the contest, it advances defiant of all created things. Then it is no pleasant object nor agreeable companion within the narrow limits of an ordinary boat, and the captor at such a moment wishes he had done something else, and been a good way off instead of being just in that particular spot at that moment of time. I remember one I captured, of quite sixty pounds weight—dragging him ashore by the tail, and then chopping his head half off with an ax—which cleared the kitchen quicker than the "ole folks, young folks," when we undertook to put him in the wash-boiler of boiling water, with a view to turtle soup; and another which moved its legs twenty-four hours after it was not only decapitated, but disemboweled. These fellows are dangerous to deal with; and must be approached with care; their bite is terrible, their jaws never relaxing till the piece seized upon comes out; and they are possessed of a quickness of motion which no one would expect from their heavy, awkward shape. They lay their eggs in the sand during the warm days of early June, depositing about thirty or forty, and scratching out a hole about half the depth of their bodies for the purpose. The eggs are round, nearly an inch in diameter, and of a delicate orange color, the shell being exceedingly thin, like transparent paper, and they are left to hatch themselves under the heat of the summer's sun. Snapping turtles destroy and devour some of our finest trout, rising slowly from the bottom, and looking more like some black, rough-barked log, till they are near enough to dart out their long neck and big head. The trout sometimes escapes, but carries on him thereafter the clear imprint of the two horny jaws.

Crocodile Tears.

A paper published in Tallahassee, Fla., has this story in a recent number: Dr. Philbrick, among many other living curiosities, possesses an alligator about half grown, and an infant which is old enough to crawl and go about the yard unattended. A strange attachment existed between the alligator and the infant, the former being so docile that the friends frequently spend hours during the day in playing with each other. The alligator would amble clumsily to his tank, take a sportive dive, and, returning, he would embrace the little one, so to speak, and give unmistakable evidence of delight in receiving tender caresses in return. So secure seemed the friendship between them that Mr. Philbrick never thought of harm, and left the playmates to themselves to pass the time as suited their inclination. The friendly relations did not last long, however, for Mr. Philbrick was startled, about ten o'clock on Wednesday last, by agonizing screams coming from the back yard, and rushing out he found to his horror that the alligator had bitten the little fellow's arm almost entirely off, the fraction of limb dangling by a slender bit of cuticle. The poor, suffering little thing moaned and wept bitterly, and the alligator, seeing the distress he had created, crawled up to his victim and shed copious tears of sympathy, his expressionless countenance giving him the appearance of a subdued and sentimental ass. Mr. Philbrick severed the lacerated member, dressed the stub carefully, and the animal is now able to waddle about on three legs. We have often heard of "crocodile tears," but until Mr. Philbrick's statement our faith in their existence could have been easily shaken.

TIMELY TOPICS.

For the first time a sermon has been delivered in Westminster Abbey by a colored divine, the native Bishop of Hayti.

It appears from the official reports that there are now in New York city 8,759 places where malt and spirituous liquors are sold at retail.

Miss Mary W. Steers of Goshon, Va., a deaf mute, but good looking and an heiress, recently eloped with John W. Michael, another deaf mute. They fell in love at an institution for the deaf and dumb.

The center of gravity was so nicely calculated at the raising of Cleopatra's Needle that, when they got its iron jacket on and it was raised by the trunnions, it balanced exactly, and one man could swing the great mass of two hundred tons.

The Russian *Golos* says significantly that "Russia must collect her strength for a new struggle with Austria chiefly in Europe, and with Turkey and England in Asia. The Berlin Congress has brought to Russia, instead of peace, the immediate prospect of a new war which will be more serious than that which has just concluded."

The heat was recently so intense in Arizona that a thermometer failed to register it on the sandy trail, it being 120 in the shade. A mail carrier, seeing that his horse became restive and was apparently in much pain, on examination found the flesh around the upper part of the hoof thoroughly roasted. In a few minutes the beast dropped exhausted and died.

Australia is the servant-girl's paradise. A lady in Melbourne, who had advertised for domestic aid, received a call from a pretty maid, with unexceptionable references, a pleasing manner, and a willing disposition. The lady was charmed and engaged her on the spot. "But I have always had a whole day's leave of absence every fortnight," the young girl remarked, pausing on the threshold, "and an evening a week besides." "You shall not be deprived of them," was the encouraging reply. "And this is a very lonely place, ma'am," the girl rejoinded, "and I could not come home by myself. Would the master mind coming for me?" The lady hesitated a moment, but as a good girl is not to be picked up every day, she consented; and when her husband returned she informed him that he would have to refuse all invitations for two nights in one week and one in the other in order to go after the new help.

An English lady, who was exceedingly careful of her complexion, recently converted her dressing room into a restaurant. She was in the habit of wrapping up her face in a raw veal cutlet every night before going to bed, leaving openings in the mask for mouth, nostrils and eyes. One morning, instead of rolling up the cutlet in a piece of paper, and stowing it away in her dressing bureau for future disposal, she threw it on the coals which lay ready for lighting in the fire-place, and then forgot all about it. Late in the afternoon, while she was dressing for dinner, for which several invitations had gone out, she told her maid to light the fire in the dressing-room, as it was chilly. Presently the room, the floor, the whole house was prevaded with the odors of a third-class restaurant; and before the frying cutlet was discovered the master of the establishment arrived, followed by guest upon guest.

How the Botocudes Fight.

Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied when traveling in Brazil, witnessed a singular battle fought by two tribes of the Botocudos. The cause of the quarrel was, that Captain June, with his people, had been hunting on the south bank of the River St. Matthew, on the grounds of Capt. Jeparack, and killed some swine. This was considered by the latter as a great insult, only to be atoned for by war.

First, the warriors of both parties uttered short, rough tones of defiance to each other, walking sullenly round one another like angry dogs, and at the same time making ready their poles. Capt. Jeparack then came forward, walked about between the men, looked gloomily and directly before him with wide-staring eyes, and sung, with a tremulous voice, a long song, which described the affront that he had received. In this manner the adverse parties became more and more inflamed. Suddenly two of them advanced, and pushed one another with the arm on the breast, so that they staggered back, and then began to ply their poles. One first struck with all his might at the other, regardless where the blow fell. His antagonist bore the first attack seriously and calmly, without changing countenance; he then took his turn, and thus they belabored each other with severe blows, the marks of which long remained visible on their naked bodies. As there were on the poles many sharp stumps of branches which had been cut off, the effect of the blow was not always confined to bruises, but the blood flowed from the heads of many of the combatants. When two of them had thus thrashed each other handsomely, two more came forward, and several pairs were often seen engaged at once; but they never laid hands on one another. When these combats had continued for some time, they again walked about with a serious look, uttering tones of defiance, till heroic enthusiasm again seized them, and set their poles in motion.

Meanwhile the women fought most valiantly; amid continual weeping and howling they seized each other by the hair, struck with their fists, scratched with their nails, tore the plugs of wood (which the Botocudos wear) out of each other's ears and lips, and scattered them on the field of battle as trophies. If one threw her adversary down, a third, who stood behind, seized her by the limbs and threw her down likewise, and then they pulled each other about on the ground. The men did not degrade themselves so far as to strike the women of the opposite party, but only pushed them with the ends of their poles, or kicked them on the side, so that they rolled over and over. The lamentations and howlings of the women, and children likewise, resounded from the neighboring huts, and heightened the effect of this most singular scene.

In this manner the combat continued for about an hour, when all appeared weary. Some of the savages showed their courage and perseverance by walking about the others, uttering their tones of defiance. Capt. Jeparack, as the principal person of the offended party, held out to the last; all seemed fatigued and exhausted, when he, not yet disposed to make peace, continued to sing his tremulous song, and encouraged the people to renew the combat, till Prince Maximilian went up to him and told him that he was a valiant warrior, but that it was now time to make peace; upon which he at length suddenly quitted the field and went over to the Quartel. Capt. June had not shown so much energy; being an old man, he had taken no part in the combat, but constantly remained in the background.

The Rice Boats of Burmah.

A recent traveler in India, writing of the river traffic in India, describes the curious boats used in carrying rice, as follows: The rice boats, built on a uniform plan, vary much in size, and their capacity is estimated by the number of "baskets" of rice they are built to carry. One hundred baskets are equivalent to a ton's burthen, and there are boats which carry a thousand baskets.

When first seen at a distance in full sail, as from the deck of a river steamer, one of these boats resembles some enormous white bird, so small does the great hull appear in comparison with the vast spread of canvas which it carries; and a fleet of trading boats, such as one may overtake on the Irrawadi any day during the southwest monsoon, is one of the most picturesque sights in Burmah. Coming alongside them one after another, we may study closely the structure and proportions of the vessels. Perhaps the first we overtake is a monster rice boat. Heavily laden, with its prow rises hardly a foot above the water, the whole fore part of the boat being loaded with its cargo of rice, which rises in a mound in the center. Along either side of the boat between the mound of rice and the gunwale, runs a narrow bamboo planking; up and down which the crew pass and repass, and the after part of the vessel is occupied by a miniature dwelling house, with sloping roof, of timber, and bamboo and thatch, not less substantially built than the ordinary cottage on shore. Here a whole family will live for weeks or months, much as the gypsy basket-maker in England lives in his cart during the summer months. This cabin, if it can be so called, is usually in two parts, having its thatched roof in two separate compartments, the after compartment on a higher level than the fore, precisely as shown in the willow pattern. Finally, perched above the higher of the roofs is a small lookout turret with its own tiny roof, something like the "howdah" of an elephant, from which the steersman has a commanding view ahead and astern. An alternative seat is also provided for the steersman in the extreme stern of the boat, behind the cabin, where a chair is fixed against the high-curved stern piece. This chair is often of the plainest fashion; but the Burmese, who have much real taste in decoration, are fond of ornamenting the cabins and sterns of their boats, which are often rich in carving, painting and gilding. Thus nothing is commoner than to see a half-naked steersman, crouching without turban or jacket, and lazily smoking his cigarette, on a richly-carved throne, supported on each side by a huge lion or tiger, or peacock with spreading tail, in rough but bold and effective wood carving. Behind him the curved stern towers over his head, its summit crowned, perhaps, with a gilded bird with outstretched wings, like the eagle which serves for lectern in an English church.

The outer walls of the cabin vary as to the material from rough bamboo matting to elaborately carved and painted panels of wood, while the interior is little more than a reproduction of the cottage on shore. As we pass in the steamer, women and children are seated on the plank floor amidst a medley of cooking pots and other vessels, the mats on which they sleep being rolled up for the day; the crew are idly smoking, or seated in a ring round the common rice dish, into which they dip their fingers; small heads are put out of the narrow window to look at us, and a dog stands on the gunwale and barks at the unearthly apparition. The tall bamboo mast bends and creaks under a gigantic sail stretched on a yard-arm sixty feet in length, and surmounted by a smaller top-sail, and as the steady breeze bears the vessel at a speed little less than that of the steamer, we have every opportunity, as we slowly pass, of noting its peculiarities.

The Good Old Times.

The history of domestic architecture in our own country, says a recent English newspaper, illustrates in a very striking manner the rise of civilization and the extinction of barbarism. We have not to travel back more than a few hundred years to find domestic comfort a thing entirely unknown, and the abode of princes entirely destitute of conveniences which are now considered necessary in the house of every peasant. Our Saxon forefathers lived in the rudest possible style. The homes even of kings and lords consisted simply of one large apartment or "hall," in which all the details of domestic life were carried on by themselves and their immediate attendants. Privacy was a thing entirely unknown. After the pursuits of the day—the chase or the fight—they assembled round one common board, taking place according to their rank in the household; and in the self-same apartment all members of the household afterward disposed themselves for sleep. It was only occasionally that one end of the common hall was separated from the rest by a screen, affording a rude retiring chamber for the lord and lady of the house, with privileged attendants. Almost the only out offices attached to the hall were the shed or pens for the cattle and the swine. The dogs, more cherished, were allowed a place in the corner of the hall itself; and another corner was frequently occupied by the store of provisions. Sometimes, however, the latter would be placed in receptacles or cellars dug under the hall. Its flooring was of earth, its walls of wood and clay, and its roof of thatch. For the admission of light, openings were left in the sides, and closed by wickerwork when night came on; for warmth, a log fire was lighted in the center of the apartment, and the smoke escaped by holes in the roof.

A Shower of Fish.

About two o'clock P. M., says a recent issue of the Chico (Cal.) *Record*, a young man, who works on the Shepard ditch, stepped out of Mr. Yokum's store, and was pelted with an immense lot of small fish say from one to three inches in length, and consisting of a great variety—sun, perch, flying-fish, and many others that do not belong to the scale family. The young man called those in the store to come and see the wonder, when more than a dozen men went out and saw them dropping thick and fast. They covered the roof of the store and extended for a circumference of two or three acres, and perhaps more. I thought at first that a flock of traveling pelicans were unloading their pouches for the purpose of attaining a higher strat