THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1879. NUMBER 7.

A Man with an Appetite.

A man I know's the hungriest one
That ever saw the light;
His gormandising's never done,
He's such an appetite.

The story brought to me, you know
By little listening birds,
Was that a day or two ago
He firstly ate his words.

Then going home, he from a shelf
A ponderous volume took;
And there alone quite by himself,
He soon devoured the book.

Still pangs of hunger ne'er forsook
This most voracious male,
Not only he devoured the book,
But swallowed, too, the tale.

And yet he longed for more to eat;
Yes, still he craved for more,
Until to make his meal complete,
Quick bolted he the door.

The Reign of Ice.

Roused from the chill of a frozen sleep,
The ice-king spoke with curses deep,
And bade the bitterest north wind blow
Down from the realm of eternal snow.
Down from the home of the ice and frost,
Where silence reigns and life is lost,
The north wind came at the king's command,
With speed, and hate and a cruel hand.
He furrowed the seas with frozen foam,
And mocked the mariner's dream of home,
Of wife and child and sweet surcease
From strife and storm in a port of peace.
On slippery deck, with stiff'ning sail,
The seamen saw the gathering gale,
And, freezing, stood by the icy mast,
Palsied and dead in the spell of the blast.
Down from the realm of the frigid sea,
Relentless, and cold, and cruel came he,
To cast his curse o'er the land of rest,
Where hearts are warm and homes are blest.
The traveler, tracking his homeless way,
Begging for bread in the storm that day,
Fell frozen and dead in the icy air,
As the mocking wind denied his prayer.
The widow shrank with shivering dread
From his icy couch, in her chilly bed,
And her heart stood still in the cold embrace
Of that spectral fiend with the fatal face.
His curse was fierce at the homes of the poor;
But the rich in their palaces bolted the door,
And laughed him to scorn, as he hastened away
To visit the wretched ones over the way.

The woes of the wretched were carried back
To the bitter north on the wind's wild track,
And the ice-king, touched with the old desire
Of power supreme over heat and fire,
Prophetic spoke in the frigid blast:
"The human race must end at last,
Despite their pride and their faithless prayers,
Their selfish schemes and worldly cares.
I'll crush their hopes with endless death;
I'll chill their hearts, congeal their breath;
I'll freeze for aye this wicked earth
From central fire to outer girth;
Their farms shall be but frozen land;
Their ships be locked in icy strand;
Their cities, filled with woe and ice,
Shall lifeless stand in lifeless ice;
The long-complaining waves shall be
Peaceful and still on the frozen sea;
The ocean, chained from shore to shore,
Shall boast his mighty strength no more.
The reign of justice I'll renew,
And banish all the selfish crew,
Whose sin, and shame, and quick desire
Find food and life in heat and fire."

At war with life, and scorning prayer,
His curse is now in the bitter air.
The ground is clad for the grave to-day,
And, should no power the ice-king stay,
A wail of woe and wild despair
Would strike the unrelenting air;
Voiceless and cold, the earth would roll,
A lifeless orb, with frozen soul.

OF COURSE!

"Gwendolen!" from Mrs. Olivia Glenmoreland's sanctum.

"Jessie!" from Mr. Gerald Glenmoreland's studio.

"Yes, ma'am—yes, sir," from the pretty little maid coming up the stairs. She stops a moment when she reaches the landing, as though considering which summons to answer first, and as she pauses, a handsome young man leans over the baluster and looks down upon her, and as he looks he thinks he never gazed upon a prettier picture.

A slight, graceful young girl, with serious, dark eyes, delicately-cut features, clear pale face, and light wavy brown hair, showing little specks of gold as the sunlight falls through the hall window upon it, parted simply on the low, broad brow and rippling away behind the lovely ears until lost in the heavy Grecian coil at the back of the small round head; in a closely-clinging dress of some soft, dark material, with a knot of garnet ribbon at the throat, and a sister knot on each lace trimmed pocket of the dainty white apron.

"Oh! I say, Browneyes," he calls out, cheerily, as the girl, becoming conscious of his presence, looks up with a smile, "will you pose for me?"

"As soon as I can, Mr. Denys," she replies, in a voice softer and sweeter, but as frank and cheery as his own. "Your father and mother have both called me. I must attend to them first." And as the handsome head is withdrawn, she enters the room on the right, which one can see at a glance is the den of a sculptor; and a sculptor who, if it be true that "good order is the foundation of all good things," can never hope to attend any wondrous height in his profession. Half-finished statuettes and busts, dilapidated arms, legs, and torsos in clay, plaster and marble, are standing and lying about in the greatest confusion. Over Shakspeare's dome-like forehead droops a broad-brimmed hat; from the throat of a dancing faun stream the long ends of a silken neck-tie; and a flower girl offers with her flowers a pair of crumpled kid gloves and a soiled collar. The sculptor himself—an odd-looking man with wildish black eyes, and a massive head covered with a tangled mass of the darkest curls, a gray thread gleaming here and there—attired in a blouse, the back of which alone gives a hint of its original color, is regarding with critical gaze a half-modeled bust on the table before him, which in turn regards him with the blank stare peculiar to its kind.

"Ah! there you are," he says, approvingly, as Jessie comes quietly in. "It is well. I want your nose, my child. 'Tis just the nose for Elaine. Couldn't find a better if I searched the wide world o'er. Stand over there by Hercules—that's a dear—and look at Mephistopheles." And he commences to sing in a strong if not altogether musical voice the "Gold Song" from "Faust," as the voice from the opposite room calls again, "Gwendolen."

"Can you spare my nose a little while, sir?" asks the model, still looking steadily at the grinning tempter in the corner, but with a gleam of mischief in her bonnie brown eyes. "Mrs. Glenmoreland is calling."

"Oh! ah, yes. Gwendolen"—working away. "How long have you been Gwendolen?"

"For two weeks past, sir Ever since my mistress began 'The Princess and the Dairy Maid.' May I go, sir?" still, best of models, with her eyes fixed on the fiend.

"You may; but come back soon; for kings may die and emperors lose their crowns, but art is deathless and forever reigns."

"Yes, sir," assents Jessie, demurely, and trips away.

Mrs. Glenmoreland, sitting before her desk, on which is piled many sheets of paper covered with eye-exasperating chirography, her right hand nervously waving her pen about, her left grasping her fluffy fair hair, to its great derangement, allows the wrinkle of perplexed thought on her brow to melt away as the pretty girl appears.

"Gwendolen, my dear," she exclaims, turning suddenly toward her, and thereby scattering the pile of manuscript in every direction, "I want your ear. She has the most correct ear"—this to an elderly lady who is sewing industriously by a small work-table in the center of the room. "Now my prose is excellent and my poetry not bad—so I am told; but sometimes my rhymes don't rhyme exactly, but that sort of thing is only allowed to the very greatest of poets. I'm introducing a battle-song in the last chapter of my novelette, and I'm in doubt about 'hurrah' and 'war'—'rah' and 'war.' Are they twins, or are they not, Gwendolen?"

But before Gwendolen, who is on her knees picking up the scattered papers, can reply, somebody comes down the stairs with a rush and bolts into the sanctum.

"Mother, I kiss your little ink-stained fingers," he says. "But all the same I must have Browneyes; I want her arm. My grape gatherer is waiting for the wherewithal to gather the grapes."

"It is—I mean are they?" asks Mrs. Glenmoreland, as Jessie puts the manuscript on the desk again, and places a paperweight upon it. And then she smiles at her son, who, after tenderly ruffling the ruffled hair still more, kisses the brow beneath it.

"I don't think they are," modestly answers Jessie.

"Thanks, dear!" And the pen is dipped into the ink again.

"And now, Browneyes, your arm—your arm!" cries Denys, striking a melodramatic attitude.

"I'm afraid you can't have it just yet Mr. Denys. I have promised your father my nose for an hour or so," says Browneyes, dropping a cunning little courtesy.

"By Jove! is the governor at work again? Ten to one he never finishes it. I'll look in on him for a moment or two; he'll turn me out at the end of that time. By-by mamma."

"I really don't know what we would do without her," says Mrs. Glenmoreland, musingly, letting her pen fall and blotting the sheet before her as the young people vanish.

"Meaning Gwendolen, Browneyes, Jessie, or whatever her name is?" inquires the elderly lady (who by-the-bye, is an aunt of the author's, on a visit to her niece for the first time in fifteen years).

"Known as Jessie to her sponsors in baptism," explains Mrs. Glenmoreland, "but Denys has always called her Browneyes, and I have a habit of giving her the name of my heroine for the time being; it helps to keep my story in my thoughts. Dear, dear, how many names the little girl has answered to since she came here four years ago! And she never objected but to two—'Phantom of Yellow Hill,' and 'Hag of Murder Creek.' And I don't much wonder at her not liking them."

"Neither do I," says the aunt, with a grim smile. "But you have never told me anything about her. Who is she?"

"Haven't I? Well, as I can't take up the thread of my poem—that horrid Denys!—I'll take up the cat"—lifting a pretty white and black kitten from the floor—"and narrate for your especial benefit. You know when Gerald and I were first married we were very unpractical"—

"I should think so," interrupts the elderly lady, with a decisive nod. "One a scribbler of sixteen, the other a sculptor of nineteen."

"But dear mamma, with whom we lived," her niece goes on, "made life easy for us until nine years ago, when she died. Then for five years all was experiment and confusion. At first we tried boarding; but the people with whom we boarded objected to our breakfasting at odd moments between eight and twelve, and thought it unreasonable that we should expect little suppers at midnight. And, besides, they also complained that Denys—then only twelve, but already developing the artistic—used their best saucers, plates, and other things to mix paints on; and when the dear boy borrowed the marble slab of the parlor table for the same meritorious purpose, they became so very violent we were obliged to leave. Then we tried furnished rooms; made coffee over the gas in the morning, and dined at the restaurant in the evening. But we were soon obliged to give up this mode of life; the principal reason being that the bill of fare proved such a temptation; and to our shame be it said—having the most uncertain of incomes—that when our ventures were successful we weakly succumbed to the tempter, and ate birds on toast, and broiled chicken, and omelette-souffle, and terrapin, and all sorts of expensive good things, as long as our money lasted, and in consequence were restricted to bread and cheese and dried beef in the privacy of our apartments for a week or more after. At last, after having dined sumptuously one day, with a few invited guests, off a medallion and a three-columned story, and then being obliged to live for two weeks on one short column, we concluded to try boarding once more, renting a room at the same time in the Raphael building, where Gerald could fling his clay and plaster about to his heart's content, and Denys, who would not go to school, and would paint, might be out of the way of the landlady's china. But, my dear aunt, the other fellows were in that studio from morn till night; indeed, several of the most impecunious spent their nights there, and very little work was done."

"Then fortunately—that is, not fortunately, but providentially—no, I don't mean that either, but I won't waste time seeking for the proper expression—Gerald's old uncle died, and left him this house. 'Let's go to housekeeping,' said I, and we went. Heaven save the mark! I never could make change; neither could Gerald; and as for Denys, he and the arithmetic are and always have been perfect strangers. The result of this ignorance could not fail to be an expensive one. Everybody cheated us. The servant girls wore my best dresses to wakes and parties, and one of them had two of her friends concealed in the house for three months, waxing strong and stout on my provisions, and when at last they were discovered, declared that she never knew they were there at all at all.

"And we were forever in debt, and fast losing our senses, when my dressmaker, a dear, good-hearted Englishwoman, who used to give me advice, housekeeping advice, in a motherly sort of way, which I would have taken if I could have remembered it, died, after a long illness, leaving a fifteen-year-old daughter. The child looked up at me with those wonderful brown eyes when I asked her, after her mother's funeral, 'And what will you do, my dear?' and said, 'I don't know ma'am; I have no relation but a grandfather out West, and he has just married again, and I don't think he wants me.' I gave her a kiss, and told her to come home with me. And she came, and since then life has been more than endurable. She proved to be the cleverest little thing that ever lived, intimately acquainted with the arithmetic and heaven's first law, and has learned to manage everything and everybody in the house with marvelous tact and skill. And the manner in which she understands my absent-minded ways and contrary orders is absolutely wonderful. Who else, for instance, would know that often when I say 'shoes' I mean 'hat,' and *vice versa?* and who else could translate 'both dark and white meat and the Chinese, you know, my dear,' into 'chicken salad and rice pudding?' She's a treasure—rhymes like a bird, poses like an angel, and"—

"Has she no lovers?" asks the elderly lady, looking solemnly over her spectacles.

"Lovers! Bless you, no. Never the slightest sign of one. Her mother was an old maid; that is, she wasn't when—I mean she was before she was married. Lovers! Good gracious! don't speak of such a thing. I should murder them. And I'm quite sure Alicia—the name of my next heroine," she explains, in answer to a questioning look from her aunt—"has never dreamed— Was that a knock at the door? If it be Alicia, enter; anybody else, depart immediately."

The door opens in obedience to this command, delivered in a loud voice with much emphasis, and "Alicia" enters with downcast eyes and a black-edged letter in her hand.

"I don't want it! I won't have it!" almost screams her mistress. "I hate black letters. Take it away."

"It is not for you, ma'am. It is mine; and—and" (with faltering voice) "I fear I must leave you."

"Leave me!" shouted Mrs. Glenmoreland, starting to her feet and dropping the cat, and in her excitement she seizes the worn garment the elderly lady has been carefully patching and darning for the last hour from that worthy person's hands and rends it from top to bottom. "Leave us! What can you—what do you mean?"

"My grandfather has sent for me, ma'am. His wife is dead, and he says it is my duty to come and live with him, as I have no other relative in the world."

"And you are going?" demands Mrs. Glenmoreland, in tragic tones.

"I do not know how to refuse."

"Gerald! Denys!" calls Mrs. Glenmoreland, loudly, running across her room and flinging the door wide open. "Come here instantly."

In flies her husband, a lump of clay in his hand, and down rushes Denys, palette on thumb.

"My darling, what's up?" asks Gerald.

"By Jove! mother, how you frightened me! Thought the house was on fire," says her son.

"Gwendolen—Jessie—Browneyes—Alicia—SHE," pointing at the weeping girl, "is going away, never to return."

"Going away!" repeats her husband, striking his head with his right hand, and then stalking wildly about the room, totally unconscious that he has left the lump of clay among his raven curls.

"Browneyes leaving us forever," reproachfully cries Denys.

"After I've loved her all these years," sobs Mrs. Glenmoreland.

"And I've loved her all these years," says Mr. Glenmoreland.

"And I've"—begins Denys, and then stops with a blush that is reflected in the girl's sweet face.

"Going to her grandfather—horrid old hunks!—who never thought of her before he killed her step-grandmamma, and who only wants her now to save the expense of hiring a housekeeper and nurse, which he is well able to do, the venerable wretch! And she thinks it her duty to go, because he's her 'only relative.' And I've always felt as though I were her mother;" and overcome with emotion, Mrs. Glenmoreland drops into her chair again.

"And I as though I were her father," asserts the sculptor.

"And I as though I were her broth—" says the painter, and stops in confusion as before.

Jessie turns from one to the other with clasped hands and streaming eyes. "I shall never, never be as happy anywhere as I have been here. I would have been content to have served you all my life. But how could I reconcile it to my conscience if, without sufficient reason, I disregarded the appeal of my only relative, and that relative my mother's father?"

"But he needn't be your 'only relative,'" says Denys, earnestly, flinging his palette, paint side down, on his mother's silken lap, and springing with one bound to the young girl's side. "There can be other and nearer relatives than grandfathers, Browneyes. I never knew how dearly I loved you till this moment. I cannot bear the thought of losing you. I want your hand and heart. Take me for your husband, dearest, and then your duty will be to share my fortunes for evermore."

Jessie, the innocent child, holds up her pretty mouth for his kiss before them all—the cat is playing with her grandfather's letter—and a wonderful smile turns to diamonds her tears.

"The very thing!" proclaims Mr. Glenmoreland.

"Of course," says his wife. "Why didn't you think of it before, you tiresome boy, and save all this bother? And now go away, all of you. I have an idea for a story."

Concerning Diphtheria.

In spite of the careful study that has been given to the disease, diphtheria must still be classed as an unexplainable physical disorder. For a long time it was supposed to be of modern origin, but medical historical research has shown that there is good reason for thinking that it prevailed with deadly effect in India as long ago as 600 B. C., and that the fatal epidemic, called in the Talmud "askara," was essentially diphtheritic in its character. But from this time forward to the seventeenth century there is no disease described with which it can be compared. At that time there were many deaths from this cause; but it appears to have made a complete leap over the eighteenth century, and not to have been taken into professional account until about twenty years ago. Since that time, 1858, it has been intermittent in its severity, when any given locality is concerned, though it has never disappeared, when this and other large countries are taken into account. What regulates its coming and its going is, however, an unsolved mystery. Of the nature of the disease itself the same uncertainty exists, some physicians classing it with the very common disorder known as croup, while others, of seemingly equal authority, maintain that there is no connection between the two. Indeed, almost as much is learned by what it does not do as by what it does. In this way it has been repeatedly shown that it is governed by family or constitutional attractions, since, when one member of a family has it, other members of the household are much more liable to be attacked by it than friends or nurses who are not related by blood ties, even though the exposure in the latter case should be greater than in the former. In view of the number of cases of sickness from this cause in this city at the present time, says a New York paper, it would be well for all to bear this last-named circumstances in mind, for the frequency with which two or more members of a family die within a short time from this disease is one of its most painful features. It is, at least, satisfactory to know that the number who recover is now much larger than it once was, for in ancient times it was styled an incurable complaint, while the present rate of mortality from this cause is less than forty per cent. of those who suffer from it. The fact of its complete absence through long terms of years certainly indicates its possible preventability, and in these days of enlightened medical research it will be strange if some way is not discovered of stamping it out as effectually as small-pox has been eradicated.

Wishing to pay his friend a compliment, a gentleman remarked, "I hear you have a very industrious wife." "Yes," replied the friend, with a melancholy smile; "she's never idle; she's always finding something for me to do."

A Flag that Refused to Go Up.

During the last grand "review" of her troops by the queen of England, at Aldershott, the big flag refused to go up the staff, to the great mortification of the managers. A similar misadventure at Nottingham, at a muster of the troops of the ill-fated Charles I., was thought to have a sinister omen. Victoria, however, has none of the superstition of 240 years ago. Colonel T. W. Higginson, who was present, writes to the *Woman's Journal* this lively account of the scene at Aldershott:

Two soldiers had long stood ready at the flagstaff to hoist the great standard; and, when the queen was seen, the signal for its raising was given. Up it went, flapping in the strong wind; but so clumsily was it done that the flag was wrapped round the staff, and not half of it blew out freely.

The men twitched and tugged in vain; there was no time to mend the matter by lowering and rehoisting, and her majesty trotted by, apparently not noticing the mishap, but nodding and smiling good-naturedly to some of the ladies who sat in favored positions.

When she had gone past, and had turned to drive along the line of troops opposite us, there was a subdued murmur of "Lower the flag and try it again;" an officer stepped forward and gave orders, and down it came. Then it began to go up once more, this time blowing out clearly, till it had reached half-mast and stopped. There was a general groan; again twitching and pulling were tried in vain; the halyard was plainly chocked in the block.

At last a soldier advanced to climb the flagstaff; subdued cheers greeted him; the queen was now far away, trotting down the long line of soldiers; there was plenty of time.

Up and up he went, and when he stopped half way up to rest, the cheering grew more outspoken. But more than half way up he never got, and the cheering died into a muffled groan, when the poor fellow with a sheepish smile slid slowly downward, quite exhausted, and the flag was still at half-mast, and the queen was still trotting on.

Then, after a pause and hurried consultation, came forward a cavalry-man, and great was the relief when on stripping off his coat he showed the tattooed arm of a soldier.

"Bless him!" gasped a lady near me. "There's but just time," growled her husband.

Up went the bold dragoon, not stopping even to take off his heavy boots. No applause met him till he had passed the point where his predecessor had stopped; then all seemed to take breath, and the murmur of triumph swelled.

But as he went higher he went ominously slower, and ten feet from the top, utterly powerless to climb an inch farther, he stuck helpless, an object of dismay to twenty thousand people. Stretching out his tired arm, bending and unbending it as if to say, "If you only knew how I feel," the poor victim of powerless patriotism slid slowly down, and there was the queen in full sight, and rapidly approaching.

The commander of her advanced guard had just reached the flag-staff as the poor cavalryman slunk back among his mates. "Pull down that flag!" shouted he, or somebody. Down it came, and her majesty, the queen of England and empress of India, reviewed her sixteen thousand picked troops without a flag over her head.

But so far as she was concerned, this annoying test only brought out her finer qualities. Her expression was, as all said, unusually bright and cheerful that day; she cast one light glance at the empty flag-staff, and from that moment seemed to ignore the whole matter.

The First Coaches.

Coaches were introduced into England by Fitz Allen, Earl of Arundel, A. D., 1580; before which time Queen Elizabeth, on public occasions, rode behind her chamberlain; and she, in her old age, according to Wilson, used reluctantly such an effeminate conveyance. They were at first drawn by two horses; "but," says the same author, "the rest crept in by degrees, as men at first ventured to sea. It was Buckingham, the favorite, who, about 1619, began to have a "team" of six horses; which, as another historian says, "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a master pride." Before that time ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single, on their palfreys, or double, behind some person on a pillion. In the year 1672, at which period throughout the kingdom there were only six stage-coaches constantly running, a pamphlet was written and published by Mr. John Cresset, of the Charterhouse, urging their suppression; and, among the grave reasons given against their continuance, the author says: "These stage-coaches make gentlemen come to London on very small occasion, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity; the convenience of this passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such a long journey on horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and, by these, get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure as makes them uneasy ever after."

Rome Sentinel Brevities.

"If you have nothing to give the poor but a little sound advice, you had better retain it," says an exchange. That's so. A bushel of sound potatoes would be better.

The happy Newark father, who is rocking his son, writes to say: "The reason I cradle him is because he's just as good as wheat." He's the family flower, probably.

The Hackensack *Republican* asks: "Why don't you pay twenty-five cents to some poor fellow and get your sidewalk cleaned?" We have; we've paid thirty cents, and it isn't cleaned yet.

If you want to ascertain if a man is an editor, just examine the second joint of his right thumb.—*Hackensack Republican.* You couldn't find out that way. We don't use the kind they cut ready-made clothing with.

A notorious burglar known as "Piano Charlie," was arrested the other day in Toronto. We suppose he plays on skeleton keys. He ought to be made to suffer the pedal-ty of his crimes now.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night.* He probably belongs to an organ-ized gang that does not pay-any regard to the law.

The Gardener's Lesson.

Two gardeners had their early crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it very much. The other went patiently to work at once to plant a new crop. After a while, the impatient, fretting man went to his neighbor. To his surprise, he found another crop of peas growing finely. He wondered how this could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"Yes, I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done."

"Why, then you have no need to fret at all!"

"True," said his friend; "and that's the reason I put it off."

TIMELY TOPICS.

Foreign merchants ship eggs to London in cheap coffins, there being more profit in selling the coffins than in disposing of other wooden packages.

The monument in China to the American, Captain Ward, who became commander-in-chief of the Chinese army, is very costly, and has on its top an ever-growing lily, which is watered every day.

The mayor of Rockford, Ill., furnishes the young men with a pleasant and comfortable resort, where they can engage in chess, checkers and similar amusements, free from temptation and evil associations.

Cincinnati grocers advertise for sale in the Sunday papers, under exasperating cartoons, the bills of their delinquent customers, giving the debtor's name, occupation and residence, and the amount of the little bill.

Thomas Massey got out of bed in Milwaukee on an intensely cold morning to build a fire, instead of making his wife do it, and was found an hour afterward frozen nearly to death in the yard, where he had gone for wood.

A Weyauwega (Wis.) German pounded his wife, cut a young man who came to the rescue upon the nose with a saber, whipped a deputy sheriff and his posse when they went to arrest him, and for all of these offenses was fined by a police justice the sum of $10.

The Cincinnati *Times* alleges that an old man in that city, after running through a fortune of $65,000 after marrying a second wife, carried the monument he had erected to his first wife at a cost of $1,400 to a marble-yard, and exposed it for sale, after the erasure of the inscription upon it.

One Beinert, a miller of Plauen-Dreden, Saxony, has philanthropically presented the town with money for planting cherry trees along the streets, the money to be refunded from the sale of the cherries when the trees begin to bear. Beinert was under the impression that there was no small boys in Plauen-Dreden.

The new lieutenant-governor of Colorado not long ago was a stonecutter in Augusta, Me., and when he went West he opened a miners' store in Leadville, Col. Now he is worth $5,000,000, owns two mines, from which he receives thousands a day, is president of a bank and proprietor of a large wholesale store, and has been postmaster.

A clerk in a Denver (Col.) grocery stole provisions to send to the workmen in a mine that he partly owned. He had recently married, and bore an excellent reputation, so the exposure of his crime was a stunning blow. He begged the officer who made the arrest to let him stay at home until morning. The officer complied, staying on guard in the house. In the night the prisoner and his wife committed suicide with laudanum.

The savings banks in the United States generally make a much poorer exhibit during the past year than they have made usually. For example, the fifty-nine banks of Maine showed a decrease of 10,683 in the number of depositors, and a shrinkage of deposits to the extent of $2,743,565.29, exclusive of the marking off of $1,035,481.03 by legal decrees. In Massachusetts, the banks showed a reduction of near 80,000 depositors, and of some $28,000,000 in deposits.

An instance of the great value of presence of mind was shown in a church near Newcastle, England, the other day. The curate had just began his sermon, when the vicar suddenly arose, interrupted him and pronounced the benediction. The people went out, wondering what was the cause of the sudden closing of the service. It soon transpired that the heating flues had set fire to the organ loft, and that the vicar's prompt and composed action had prevented a disastrous panic.

The famous Boston "Saturday Club" has lost by death during the last few years the following members: Prescott, Felton, Motley, Hawthorne, Agassiz, Howe, Sumner, Andrew, Wyman and Quincy. The living members are R. W. Emerson, H. W. Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, E. P. Whipple, J. S. Dwight, J. G. Whittier, J. T. Fields, B. Pierce, the two Danas, E. R. Hoar, T. G. Appleton, C. E. Norton, J. E. Cabot, H. James, W. D. Howells, J. M. Forbes, F. H. Hedge, M. Brimmer, W. M. Hunt, C. F. Adams, C. W. Eliot, C. C. Perkins, F. Parkman, Asa Gray, Horace Gray and A. Agassiz.

A Wisconsin girl put on trousers and started through the deep snow to walk six miles to a village for provisions, the family larder being empty. She soon became tied out, besides losing her way, and the cold was intense. A big Newfoundland dog which accompanied her was the means of saving her life. She scooped out a hollow in the snow, lay down in it, and made the warm dog lie on her, shifting him about so as to successively cover the coldest part of her body. In that way she passed a whole night, and was not very severely frostbitten. "With two or three more dogs," she says, "I would have got along very comfortably."

A Parrot's Piety.

Captain James Etchberger vouches for the following bird story:

About thirty years ago when in Honduras in command of the bark Eldorado, his wife then accompanying him, he was presented with a parot, a sprightly bird and a fluent discourser in the Spanish language. The bird was brought to this city, where after being domiciled in the house of the captain's family it soon acquired a knowledge of the English tongue. The next door neighbor of the captain was a garullous woman—an incessant scold—forever quarreling with some one or something.

Polly being allowed full liberty was pleased to take an airing on the yard fence, and in a short time had learned to mimic the scolding neighbor to perfection and became aggressive. Polly not unfrequently rued her impertinence by being knocked off the fence with a broomstick.

This brought forth a torrent of abuse from her injured feelings upon the head of her assailant. Finally the bird's language became so abusive that the captain was obliged to send it away, and Polly was transferred to a good Christian family in the country, where in the course of time she reformed and became to some extent a bird of edifying piety.

Some time ago, while she was sunning herself in the garden, a large hawk swooped down and bore the distressed parrot off as a prize. Her recent religious training came to her assistance, as at the top of her voice she shrieked, "Oh, Lord, save me! Oh, Lord, save me!"

The hawk became so terrified at the unexpected cry that he dropped his intended dinner and soared away in the distance.

Polly still survives her attempted abduction.—*Baltimore (Md.) News.*

The Widower and the Widow.

When Mr. Thomas Thompson was courting the widow who became his sixth wife, said he, taking a pinch of snuff and looking wise, "I will tell you what I expect of you, my dear. You are aware that I have had a good deal of matrimonial experience. Ho-hum! It makes me sad to think of it, and I may truly say that my cup of misery would be running over at this moment if it were not for you. But to business. I was about to remark that Jane, my first, could make better coffee than any other woman in the world. I trust you will adopt her recipe for the preparation of that beverage."

"My first husband frequently remarked"—began the widow.

"And there was Susan," interrupted Mr. Thompson, "she was the best mender that probably ever lived. It was her delight to find a button off; and as for rents in coats and things, I have seen her shed tears of joy when she saw them, she was so desirous of using her needle for their repair. Oh, what a woman Susan was!"

"Many is the time," began the widow, "that my first husband"—

"With regard to Anna, who was my third," said Mr. Thompson, "I think her forte, above all others, was in the accomplishment of the cake known as slapjack. I have very pleasant visions at this moment of my angelic Anna as she appeared in the kitchen of a frosty morning, enveloped in smoke and the morning sunshine that stole through the window, or bearing to my plate a particularly nice article of slapjack with the remark, 'That's the nicest one yet, Thomas; eat it while it's hot.' Sometimes, I assure you, my dear, these recollections are quite overpowering."

He applied his handkerchief to his eyes, and the widow said, "Oh, yes; I know how it is myself, sir. Many is the time that I see in my lonely hours my dear first hus"—

"The pride and joy of Julia, my fourth, and I may say, too, of Clara, my fifth," interrupted Mr. Thompson, with some apparent accidental violence of tone, "lay in the art of making over their spring bonnets. If you will believe it, my dear, one bonnet lasted those two blessed women through all the happy years they lived with me—they would turn them and make them over so many times! Dear, dear, what a changeful world—what an unhappy, changeful world!"

"I say to myself a hundred times a day, sir," said the widow, with a sigh; "I frequently remarked to my first hus"—

"Madam," said Mr. Thompson, suddenly, and with great earnestness, "oblige me by never mentioning that chap again. Are you not aware that he must be out of the question forever more? Can you not see that your continual references to him sicken my soul? Let us have peace, madam—let me have peace!"

"Very well, sir," said the widow, meekly. "I beg your pardon, and promise not to do it again."

And they were married, and their lives were as bright and peaceful as they could wish.

What's in a Name.

The Hillman house—distinguished for having been once occupied by Washington—is a great hostelry just north of the capitol, on Delaware avenue. It is much affected by married people with families. In its grand old corridors and the staircases play the most charming beings of children. Among the group is a boy, whose dark, piquant face is as bright and questioning as the one of Murillo's gypsies. He is called "Turnie" and is the son of Capt. Meigs. The legend of his name is that many years ago in the staid old State of Connecticut a great great grandfather of the little fellow courted a young girl and asked her to be his wife. Her mother was anxious that her daughter should marry so exemplary a man, but the wayward girl discarded him.

The disheartened suitor begged her to think of it, for if he left with her refusal he would never return. She gave him, no encouragement, so he left. He was still outside, loth to depart, when the young girl, repenting, ran to the door and opening it suddenly called out: "Return, Jonathan! return, Jonathan!"

He did return and they were married. When their first child was born, wishing to commemorate so happy an union, they named him Return Jonathan Meigs. The child was afterward appointed judge of the Territory of Michigan, and resigned in 1808. The grandfather of this beautiful boy is at present clerk of the district court.—*Washington Letter.*

Chinese Salutation.

The salutations of the Chinese, like everything else pertaining to this queer people, are peculiar. The salutation between two Chinamen of the better class when they meet consists in each clasping his own hands, instead of each other's, and bowing very profoundly, almost to the ground, several times. A question more common than "How do you do?" is "Have you eaten rice?" It is taken for granted that if you have eaten rice you are well. Etiquette also requires that in conversation each shall compliment the other and everything belonging to him in the most laudatory style, and depreciate himself, with all pertaining to him, to the lowest point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:

"What is your honorable name?"

"My insignificant appellation is Wong."

"Where is your magnificent palace?"

"My contemptible hut is on Dupont street."

"How many are your illustrious children?"

"My vile, worthless brats are five."

"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"

"My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."—*Golden Era.*

Queer Name for a Newspaper.

Considerable curiosity having been manifested by our friends in regard to the significance of the name of this paper, we will inform them that Dona Ana county having heretofore been Republican by majorities ranging from three to five hundred and the Democratic party having in the recent election carried it by a majority of thirty-four, a revolution which one of the editors of this paper contributed toward bringing about, it was considered appropriate to adopt that majority for a name. *Heralds, Democrats, Republicans, Suns, Stars, Gazettes,* etc., there are without number, and not one of them possesses such an individuality as to be intelligibly referred to by its simple name without mentioning its locality. There is but one *Thirty-Four,* and whenever it shall be mentioned there will be no doubt as to what particular journal is alluded to. The name is brief and unique, has a local and historical significance and is just odd enough to attract attention. These are considerations which are too often ignored in a profession which lives by advertising other people's business but neglects to advertise its own.—*New Mexico Thirty-Four.*

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet."

THAT SEA SERPENT!

This Time it is Seen by the Veracious Captain of the Sloop "Jane Eliza," in Long Island Sound.

A guileless New York reporter was told the following sea serpent yarn by Captain Daniel Dalton, of the good ship Jane Eliza:

"Now, put it down just as I tell you," the captain said. "The Jane Eliza started from the foot of Harrison street, Brooklyn, on Jan. 2, 1879, loaded with 1,200 bushels of salt, consigned by J. P. & G. C. Robinson to S. E. Merwin & Son, New Haven. You will remember it was the time when the big New Year storm was blowing along the coast. When we got along as far in the sound as Greenwich point, near where Tweed's club house used to be, sailing under close reefs (I was on deck, my son Frank was at the helm, and my son William was walking along the side, which left Joe down below doing the cooking), William sung out to me and says:

"'Pop, anything sunk here?'

"'No,' says I; 'but we're in deep water here, and you wont touch it if there is.'

"'By George!' says he, 'there's the sea serpent.'

"That's just as it was said. We were heading east-southeast at the time, and he (the serpent) was heading west-southwest, toward Captain's island. We had approached each other at an angle, and our bow must have passed over his tail."

"Did you feel any shock?"

"No, I don't think there was any shock. The first I noticed was when I heard William sing out, 'By George!' Then I saw ten feet of a big snake out of water. He must have been not less than fifty feet away at the time. It was about a minute, I judge, that Frank and William and I had to take observations of him. We called Joe, but he couldn't leave his cooking in time to get a sight. Now, if you'll take down the description. His head was just like that of a snake. It was flat on top, and a foot and a half broad. In color it was black, with green spots. The left eye, which was the only one we could see, stuck out of its head like a frog's eye."

"How large was it?"

"About as big as a decent-sized saucer. As he went along, he kind of turned his head and kept his eye on us. This was in broad day-light, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The eye showed angry, but he never turned on us or showed fight. I could have put a bullet through the eye as well as not, or I could have thrown a harpoon into his body, but I never carry fire-arms, and I'm not a whaler, as I used to be. The head was about three feet long. At least it began to taper down about that distance from the tip of the nose. This smaller part continued for about ten feet, and was held up entirely out of water. After that it began to swell all at once until it was as large as a barrel. We could see that about two-thirds of this part was under water as he kind of rolled in the waves, and one-third was out of water. We couldn't see any of the rest of him."

"How long to you think the serpent was?"

"Well, now, you guess, and I'll guess, and I'll guess that he couldn't have been less than thirty feet."

The reporter guessed twenty feet more, judging from the size of the head and body, and Capt. Dalton thought that the serpent might well be fifty feet feet long. He had put the length at the smallest figure he could conscientiously.

"In what way did he disappear?" was next asked.

"Well, after he had kept his eye on us for about a quarter of a minute, he dipped his head into the water and went down (Capt. Dalton wriggled his hand slowly toward the floor) with a kind of easy, waving motion."

"And didn't his tail rise out of water when his head went down?"

"No, because he was a snake."

"Why not, because he was a snake?"

"Snakes, you must understand, have no fins. They have to move themselves with their tails, so that if their tails get out of water they are lost. He had to keep his tail under. If it had been a shark or a porpoise, it would have showed its tail for certain. This is a demonstration. I've seen lots of sharks and porpoises and all kinds of sea creatures in my travels all over the globe, and I know that this was a snake. And then there's another thing. I've read in the *Sun* that on Friday, August 24, 1877, a serpant rose up out of the Sound about twenty feet, and was bigger round than a barrel, at this very spot that is near Captain's island lighthouse. It hissed and roared. A few days afterward Capt. Wicks, the two men at the wheel, and others on the steamer Bridgeport felt her hit something on her starboard quarter. It shook the whole boat. William Gamble, the deck watchman, heard something like a hiss and a bark, and then something black rose up as high as the flagpole and went down again. That was just off of Captain's island, too; and last summer, just about the same place, it was seen again by somebody else."

Capt. Dalton drew a picture of the animal he had seen with the reporter's pencil. In constructing the eye he first drew a large round cipher and scoured it all black with the point of the pencil. His two stalwart sons, who constitute his two mates and the crew, corroborate every word of their father's story.

A Story of Silver Dollars.

A good story is told of the experience of one of our banks and manufactories resuming specie payment. The stock of silver dollars in one of the banks was getting to be pretty large, and a director proposed that if the bank would put with them enough gold to make up his monthly pay-roll, he would pay them out. Agreed. A youthful messenger from the —— stops stepped lightly into the bank one day and called for "that silver," the amount of which was about $700. He was somewhat surprised on attempting to lift the bag of metal, which weighed about 400 pounds avoirdupois. An expressman was required to convey it to the counting-room; it took a day's work of all the clerks to count it out; the unusual gravity of the procedure was thought to require the presence of the leading partners; the workmen have been distressed for fear of losing the gold pieces, and finally the story is all around the shops that the employers made about $200 by the operation! It will be the last time probably that the dollar of the daddies gets a lift from that office.—*Springfield Republican.*

Coinage of the United States Mint.

The first silver coined in the United States was in 1793.

Up to 1877 there had been coined, in different denominations, as follows:

Dollars	$ 8,045,838 00
Half-dollars	118,869,540 50
Quarter-dollars	34,774,121 50
Dimes	16,141,786 80
Half-dimes	4,906,946 90
Three-cent pieces	1,281,850 20
	$208,872,291 40

During 1878, coined:

Standard dollars	$ 8,573,500 00
Fractional coin	8,339,315 50
Total	$225,785,106 90

What Blind Men Have Done.

The long list of the names of the blind who have been eminent in the various branches of learning from the time of Diodatus, who lived fifty years before the Christian era, to the present time, is well worth remembering. The following are some of those to whom we refer:

Diodatus, of Asia Minor, celebrated for his learning in philosophy, geometry and music.

Eusebius, also of Asia, lived from 315 to 340 of the Christian era; became blind at five years of age; died at twenty-five. And yet, during so short a lifetime, this blind man, by his theological writings, has come to us, and will go down to posterity, as one of the fathers of christianity.

Henry, the minstrel of Scotland, author of "The Poetic Life of Wallace," was born blind in 1361.

Margaret, of Ravenna, born in 1505, blind at three months; celebrated for her writings on theology and morals.

Hermann Torrentius, of Switzerland, born in 1546, and author of a history and poetical dictionary.

Nicholas Sanderson, of Yorkshire, England, born in 1682; learned in mathematics, astronomy, and wrote a book on algebra.

Thomas Blacklock, D. D., of Scotland, born in 1751; blind at six months; celebrated for his learning in poetry, divinity and music.

Francis Huber, of Geneva, Switzerland, born in 1610; wrote on natural sciences, bees, ants, and on education.

John Milton, born in 1608, in London; author of "Paradise Lost."

John Metcalf, born in 1717, in England; road surveyor and road contractor.

John Gough, born in 1757, in England; blind at three years; wrote on botany, natural history, etc.

David Macbeath, born in 1792, in Scotland; learned in music and mathematics, and inventor of the string alphabet for the blind.

M. Focault, born in Paris in 1799; invented a writing apparatus for the blind.

M. Knio, of Prussia, born blind; was director of an institution for the blind, and wrote on the education of the blind.

Alexander Rodenbach, of Belgium, born in 1786; member of the Belgian congress, and wrote several works on the blind and the deaf-mute.

William Henry Churchman, formerly superintendent of the institution for the blind, at Indianapolis, Ind., and author of architectural designs and reports for the institution.

Prof. Fawcett, member of the British parliament, and an eminent philosophical writer.

About Dogs.

Modern breeders of dogs are not the only people who put a high price on them. In Guiana, the Tumura Indians take great care with their dogs, and they are extensively bought and sold. A price of a good one is equal to that of a wife. In South Africa, the Damaras will give two oxen for a good dog. The Fuegians will, when famished, kill their old women for food rather than their dogs—"old women no use; dogs catch otters." So that dogs may be said to bring according to what they can fetch. Climate modifies the character of dogs as well as of men. The English bull-dog on its arrival in India can pin down an elephant by its trunk, but in two or three generations will fall off, lose his pluck and ferocity, the form of his lower jaws will change, and he will have a finer muzzle and lighter body.

Dogs have been taught to speak. A French dog could call in intelligible words for tea, coffee, chocolate, etc.; and the dog of a young peasant boy in Saxony was taught to repeat thirty words. Two famous Italian dogs, Fidelio and Blanche, were taught to spell 300 words by means of a printed alphabet on cards, to do sums in arithmetic, and to play a game of cards together. Monsignore Capel, of England, it is said, has a dog which will salute the portrait of the pope and turn his back on Bismarck; while a dog in New England was taught during the war to howl and gnash his teeth at the word rebellion, and jump and wag his tail when the Union was mentioned.

Dogs have given so many proofs of their ability to reason and to show signs of remorse, shame and sensitiveness to ridicule, that no one longer disputes their capacity. A dog in Paris, being frequently sent with a note by his master to get meat at the butcher's, one day conceived the idea of obtaining some on his own account. He therefore picked up a piece of paper and carried it to the butcher, and was apparently so ashamed at the failure of his ruse that he would never go near the shop again. Another Paris dog, perceiving that the visitors at a benevolent soup-house merely rang a bell and had a dish of food set out for them, without their being seen, sprang up, rang the bell with his fore paws, received his dish, and set down to devour it at his leisure. This was such a success that he repeated it several times before he was discovered, as he always took care to go when no one was there; after which they gave him a ticket, and he went regularly for his dinner with the other beggars.

A Deserted Town.

The only ruined town in the United States, as far as we know, and certainly the one which possesses the most singular history is found on the New Jersey coast, hidden among the low wooded hills which stretch back from the beach.

Stopping at a little station on the Central New Jersey Railroad, the traveler finds the usual two or three new yellow wooden buildings; but half a mile beyond, in the midst of thick woods, he comes upon a deserted, empty town. There are rows of solidly-built blocks of brick dwellings; there are great founderies, and mills, and churches.

The grass grows knee-deep in the streets. Some of the buildings have crumbled into ruin, and are bedded in moss, but the walls of most of them are standing. In the vacant rooms of the unroofed houses, trees have grown, and rank weeds flaunt gayly, while the American ivy climbs up to the top of the gigantic chimneys, which used to belch forth volumes of fire and smoke, and waves its crimson banner in triumph.

Half a dozen laborers' families have found shelter in the best of the old buildings, but their presence only seems to make the solitude more apparent. The town is enclosed in a fence, and a rusty gate creaks on its hinges to admit the curious visitor.

The story told by the superstitious neighbors, to account for iron works in a lonely district where there was neither ore, fuel, a market, or means of transportation, is that the works were a mere shield for the operations of the noted pirate, Gibbs, and his gang, who used them as a place of deposit, coming and going in the boats which brought the ore up the inlet to the town. They allege that on the very day, forty years ago, when Gibbs was hung, the works closed, and the buildings have stood unused ever since.

Unfortunately for the truth of the romantic story, the town belongs to a very respectable family, whose estate has been in litigation for many years—a sufficient clue, probably, to all mysteries.—*Youths' Companion.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

An ugly miss—Miss Government.

A brakeman—An extravagant wife.

Lying down—An incipient mustache.

Jack Frost is one of the coolest fellows going.

Le Mars, Ia., is numerously begirt by prairie wolves.

Some men are like brooks, they are always murmuring.

Tramps are no longer allowed to sleep in Cincinnati parks.

"A last farewell"—A shoemaker giving up business.

Caleb Cushing couldn't abide to have his room tidied up.

Hatred is keener than friendship, but less keen than love.

Chief Joseph wears coal black hair banged on his brow.

To make your coat last—Make your trousers and vest first.

Ohio has sixteen militia regiments with 8,600 equipped men.

The wise and prudent conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them.

You have only to put an atlas on a stove to have plenty of warm maps.

Every thing will turn, when trod upon, even the treadle. It turns the grindstone.

A man in Illinois has found a way to make good lumber out of compressed straw.

A farmer, who keeps his fences in good order, has a good deal of stile about him.

When a young lady wants to appear in a blaze of glory she indulges in a little torchon lace.

Persons who write anonymous letters for publication should send their fool names to the publishers.

The Toronto *Globe* calls the proposed international park at Niagara falls an "international play ground."

Buffalo Bill has made $135,000 on the stage, and he has bought 6,300 head of cattle in Kansas, where he will live.

A clock keeps its hands before its face, probably because it is ashamed of the cowardly manner in which time flies.

The population of Australia at the last census was 1,742,294. The population of the capital, Melbourne, is 210,000.

The first postoffice in America was established in New York in 1719, under the auspices of the colonial government.

A pupil recently revised an old saying found in his grammar, as follows: "It is better to give than to receive—a thrashing."

A gentleman writing from the West, says that he is altered so since he left home that his "oldest creditor would not know him."

The young man who wrote and asked his girl to accept a "bucket" of flowers, became a little pale when she said she wooden ware it.

Dr. Abel, the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, can get up off the ice and rub the back of his head in seventy different languages.

She asked him if her new dress wasn't as sweet as a spring rose, and the brute said it was, even to the minor attraction of having a little due upon it.

"Isn't my photograph excellent, said a young wife to her husband. "Well, my dear," replied he, "there's a little too much repose about the mouth for it to be natural."

So delicate is the machinery for cutting out wood for papering walls that 200 leaves are cut from an inch of white maple and 125 out of wood with open grain, such as oak and walnut.

The circus man should be happy. With him it is always spring. [If any pestilential punster prints this with "summerset" addendum, he falls at sunrise.]—*Boston Transcript.*

"What is meant by conscience," asked a schoolmaster of his class. "An inward monitor." "And what do you understand by monitor?" "An iron-clad," replied the intelligent youth.

The tradesman at the corner acknowledges that to give only 140 eggs in a box marked "12 doz." is a gross mistake, but holds that to have put in 145 would have been a grocer one.—*Puck.*

Oh, the S., the beautiful S.!
How the folks want it in the press.
"Can you not next let it appear?"
They write to the editor every year;
Even the schoolgirls of fourteen or less,
As original verse send the beautiful S.,
Begging,
Praying,
Imploring to print it.
But the editor's stove is aglow for to bless
And welcome the coming of beautiful S.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Wedding celebrations; Three days, sugar; sixty days, vinegar; first anniversary, iron; fifth, wooden; tenth, tin; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, cotton; thirty-fifty, linen; fortieth, woolen; forty-fifth, silk; fiftieth, gold; seventy-fifth, diamond.

The woods which are heavier than water are Dutch box, Indian cedar, ebony, lignumvitæ, mahogany, heart of oak, pomegranate, vine. Lignumvitæ is one-third heavier, pomegranate rather more. On the other hand, cork, having a specific gravity of .24 and poplar .383, are the lightest woody products.

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied; "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table; "you've eaten eight; I've been countin'."

It is not what we earn but what we save that makes us rich. It is not what we eat but what we digest that makes us strong. It is not what we read but what we remember that makes us learned. It is not what we intend but what we do that makes us useful. It is not a few faint wishes but a life-long struggle that makes us valiant.

"Isn't it funny?" he exclaimed, as he leaned back in his seat at the theater, and wiped away the tears that the laughter-provoking comedian had produced. "Yes, I should say so," responded his fair companion; "it's one of her sister's old one's made over." His jaw dropped into his lap as he turned his gaze upon the young lady in front, whose *personnel* his partner had been studying.—*Rockland Courier.*

The fashions in dogs in France vary, and it is rather surprising to see how quickly the demand for any special breed is met by a lavish supply. A few years ago it was said that the race of pugs was dying out; but some great ladies took to cultivating pugs, and lo! all the markets swarmed with black-nosed little fellows. Yellow, wiry English terriers are now the rage in Paris; and Italian grayhounds have become so scarce that a fancier could not furnish a well-matched pair, cream or mouse color, for less than $125.

The American Newspaper Directory, for January, 1879, has made its appearance. The total number of periodical publications in the United States is 8,703, against 8,275 one year ago. There are 23 more daily and 325 more weekly newspapers than were reported in the edition for January, 1878. The total increase of all sorts is 469; the largest in any year since 1873. The Centennial year, 1876, has been the only one within the period covered by the eleven annual issues of the Directory in which the number of publications has not increased.

Some European Statistics.

According to Hubner's "Statistical tables of all the countries of the earth," there are yearly, births, deaths, marriages and number of children in elementary schools for every 10,000 inhabitants, in the following countries:

	Births.	Deaths	Marriages.	Children in Elementary Schools.
The German empire	406	292	90	1,500
Austria-Hungary	402	352	88	890
Great Britain and Ireland	346	220	77	800
France	267	231	86	990
Italy	360	306	80	708

Russia has the smallest proportionate number in elementary schools, about 150 per 10,000 inhabitants, and the United States of America the largest, 2,180 for every 10,000 inhabitants.