THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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

VOLUME XII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1879. NUMBER 21.

A Life's Regret.

Turning the leaves in an idle way,
Of a book that I was reading one day,
I found a line at the end of a song
Which keeps on haunting me all day long,
With its sweet and mournful melody:
'Oh, that I'd only been helpful to thee!"
A sadder burden could ever there be:
Oh, that I'd only been helpful to thee!"

Few words, how simple; but, oh, how much
The singer had told in that little touch.
Ever sad the story of chances lost,
Of bright hopes blighted, and true love lost,
As heard in the whispered melody:
"Oh, that I'd only been helpful to thee!"
To many a sorrow the key may be:
"Oh, that I'd only been helpful to thee!"

The world rolls on, and years roll by,
And day-dreams vanish, and memories die;
But it surges up with a restless pain,
That fond, lost longing, ever again,
Breathed in the passionate melody:
'Oh, that I'd only been helpful to thee!"
That might have been, but not now can it be.
"Oh, that I'd only been helpful to thee!"

May Baskets.

Open the window, Margie,
And draw the screen away;
My life is a dull December,
But my heart's as young as May.

Listen! The laugh of children!
'Tis a foolish thought, I know,
But it minds me of one May morning
Seventy years ago,

When a merry troop of children
Wakened the quiet street
With babble of talk and laughter,
And swinging, like censers sweet,

The dear old-time May-baskets,
Ribboned, and pink and white
With the blessed bloom that gladdened
The gloom of the Pilgrims' night.

And I know by the robin's carol,
And the tender green I see
In the tops of the dear old willows,
That the May will come to me.

Margie, the scent of May-flowers!
I surely, surely know
That one sweet breath! Could the south wind
Bring it so far? They grow

A mile away on the hillside.
But there's a knock at the door;
Oh for an hour of quiet,
To live my May-days o'er!

What's this? "From Karl and Carrie.'
Oh, let my chair be rolled
Just there—into the sunshine—
And give me them to hold!

I knew their breath, dear Margie;
Forgive these foolish tears,
But God has sent these May-flowers
Across the seventy years!

—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

A Man Without Enthusiasms.

I.

I think that neither of us could have analyzed or satisfactorily explained our mutual attraction, but it is certain that my old class-mate Manson and I were fast friends. He was a most lovable fellow, but had begun, long before our college course came to an end, to show that apparent lack of interest in life that distinguishes what we call a *blase* man; and this at times to a degree at once amusing and exasperating.

Not long ago a party of us, in the pleasant smoking-room of a Pacific steamer, were talking about one of our fellow-passengers—rather a poor specimen of this class—then of the class itself; and the oldest member of the little group, who had been lighting his cigar very deliberately with the little wire which one dips in spirits of wine, resumed his seat with the remark, delivered with great emphasis:

"Well, gentlemen, it's a dreadful thing for a young man to have no enthusiasm."

The expression brought Manson to my mind. I do not know why I had not thought of him before, but reminiscences now crowded in rapidly upon me and I sat for some moments looking out at the blue waves of the Pacific, and oblivious of the nice points of the discussion. Finally it seemed opportune to me to narrate to the party some of the circumstances under which my friend and I had been thrown together.

He was, as our old schoolmaster once said, "fortunate in his choice of a father," and I feared that the tendency which I have mentioned would be developed by a life of virtual idleness; and then we had parted, and I only knew of his doings through his letters, and those of mutual acquaintances, there was every reason to believe that my forebodings were correct. He made a short trip to Europe, a region which he described as "slow," and then nominally entered on a business life. His abilities were excellent, and his perceptions quick, but after he had been for some time partner in a firm, a friend wrote me that whom he met him in the street, and asked him where his office was, he received the reply:

"I don't know. They've moved since I've been there."

I was traveling some years later from India to Europe. We had a fine steamer from Calcutta, and some most agreeable people on board. It was just about the time that some of the officers who had served in the mutiny were getting their furlough, and fine fellows they were. My room-mate, a stout, jolly-looking man with red side-whiskers, was in the Residency at Lucknow, and was suffering from a wasting disease, but he was a good shot and they could not spare him; and he used to tell me how, when they had loaded his rifle, they would prop him up on his mattress until he could sight a sepoy and then send him to heaven again. All these men had been through terrible experiences, but they were delighted at going home, and were generally in the highest spirits. I remember that they would not "turn in" at all the night that we ran up the Gulf of Suez, and they were eager to get ashore in the morning. We went up to the hotel built around a courtyard, and found a French woman singing "Il Bacio" in the shrillest of voices to the accompaniment of sundry instruments played by compatriots in fez caps. Even the squalid bazaar seemed preferable to this, and we were turning to go thither, when I saw, leaning against a pillar, my old friend Manson; and but that he had a "puggery" on his hat, he looked for all the world just as he had looked many times at a performance of "Trovatore" or "Favorita" in the old days at Boston when the supernumeraries were all from our class. I was delighted to meet him, presented him at once to my party, and insisted on his going to Cairo with us. He assented with the remark that he could not be more bored there than he had been at Suez. My companions appreciated his fine qualities, and, as they grew better acquainted, were disposed to "chaff" him a little about his eccentricities. Some time before we reached our destination he had been telling us his experiences on arrival in Egypt. He had intended to go to Bombay, but had changed his mind at Suez the day before we arrived.

"Fellows talked to me about grand Cairo," said he, "called it an epitome of the "Arabian Nights," "Portal of the Orient," and all that sort of thing. I began to think that I might amuse myself for a day there. Our steamer was late; we were sent through by express, remaining ten minutes in the Cairo station; and all that I saw of the "Portal of the Orient," looking with sleepy eyes through the window of the railway carriage, was an Englishman in a tweed suit and a sun-hat, standing before a refreshment bar and calling out: 'Two and sixpence for a bottle of soda water? Gracious!'"

Soon after that he went to sleep, and just as we rolled into the station I remember that one of the party awakened him by shouting in his ear: "Passengers for Sodom and Gomorrah will change cars!"

We had hardly time to see the mosque of Mehemet Ali and buy some attar of roses, when we were hurried off to Alexandria, so that our only sight of the Pyramids was from the train. None of us were "griffins," but those majestic structures command interest at all times, and then we had borrowed that wonderful book, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," from the captain of the steamer, and read it carefully, so that we were as eager as schoolboys. I shall never forget the scene which ensued. We were craning our necks to get the first sight, and two or three of us cried out, "There they are!" Manson had been leaning back in his seat with an expression of weariness on his countenance. He raised himself slightly with his hands, took one look, and sank back in his old place with the remark: "One more sensation gone!"

II.

The summer of 186- was an unusually hot one in China. Residents of Shanghai passed their time in an artificial temperature produced by "punkahs" hung over desks, dining-tables and beds—indeed, in every practical situation. The despotic, implacable sun rose each morning as if invigorated for a new career of persecution, and mocked at bamboo shades, blinds and even tiled roofs. Crews of vessels coming up the river were driven from aloft, and strong men, like the Shunamite boy in Scripture, cried out, "My head! my head!" In the latter part of September came the first relief—cool nights, then, at last, refreshing days. I was dressing one morning, with a serene satisfaction in the thought that I might put on a flannel instead of a linen coat, when my "boy" announced, "One piece gentleman hab got down side; wantchee see you." Stretched out on an extension-chair on the veranda I found, on descending, my friend Manson. Responding to my delighted and surprised greetings, he told me that he had suddenly made up his mind to visit the far East, and had started without reflecting that he would reach India and Southern China at just the wrong time. He had been nearly dead with heat, narrowly escaped a sunstroke at Canton, and was caught in a typhoon between Manilla and Hong Kong. I had a room made ready for him, found him a good Canton servant and introduced him at the club. He was unanimously voted a success. To people as busy as we all were with the new season's teas, a perfectly lazy man was a refreshing spectacle; and his languid indifference and dry conversation were declared extremely "good form."

In a few weeks I made up my mind to take a two or three days' holiday and carry out a cherished plan of a boat-trip on the Yangtsze, and Manson agreed to accompany me. We had a large "house-boat" of Chinese model and rig—a fair sailer and very comfortable; and our two Canton boys—Ah Wing and Ah How—and our cook were sure to give us good living. I was obliged, on account of the illness of my "lowdah," or captain, to engage a new one at short notice. I did not know much about him, and did not like his looks, but I never dreamed of any trouble with him or the crew which he engaged. There was a gun-rack in the cabin, and I had put in a couple of Enfield rifles belonging to the volunteers and two Sharp's rifles from the hong, thinking that we might compare their performance at a target. Manson, to my amusement, added to the armory an elephant rifle, carrying a heavy ball, which he had brought from Ceylon, and his own old Kentucky hunting rifle, which he had been "backing," he said, against all others. I laughed at this battery (little thinking what I was to owe to it), and Manson added a couple of revolvers to complete our assortment.

I shall never forget the sail down the Wongpoo, or Shanghai river, that pleasant afternoon. To appreciate the cool breeze from the southwest one must have endured the sufferings of the summer, and it seemed to blow rather from some breezy upland "at home," than from the low-lying, damp paddy-fields. As we left the settlement behind I felt like a boy beginning a first holiday, and even fancied that the ordinary sunset reminded me of some of the gorgeous ones I had seen in more favored latitudes. We passed Woosung and the dilapidated earth-works below, rounded Paoushan Point, and ran a long way before we anchored for the night. In the morning we were under way in good season, and bore for the north shore. We had our coffee and toast, and were sitting aft when Ah Wing, my favorite servant, as clever and "plucky" a boy as ever wore a pigtail, came aft to speak to me.

"Master," said he, "jussee now mi see two pleece junk come. Mi thinkee he no good junk. Mi fear he b'long lallee-loon (they are ladrones or pirates). Mi askee that lowdah—he mout no speakee plopa (his mouth does not answer me properly). He say junk b'long he flen (is his friend). Mi welly fear he no good man."

I ran forward and looked at the two junks. We had changed our course and were running west, with the wind on our beam. They were coming toward us, but both considerably to the north, and one more so than the other. Their character was unmistakable, as was the expression on the lowdah's face. He spoke a few words of pidgeon English, and on my telling him to run, said with a grin;

"No wantchee go back Shanghai."

There was not a moment to lose. I had not even time to explain matters to Manson. If anything can make one think and act quickly, it is the approach of Chinese pirates. I jumped down the companion-ladder, seized a large revolver, loaded and capped, concealed it under my coat, and told Ah Wing to come forward with me. As I passed Manson, who was coolly smoking, and asked no questions, I whispered:

"Stand by the helm, and wait for the word, in case of need."

I told Ah Wing, in as mild a tone as I could command, to tell the lowdah that he had misunderstood me, and that I wanted him to turn around. He was off his guard, and replied in a rapid Chinese sentence, and with a chuckle.

"He talkee no wantchee," said Ah Wing.

The man was nothing to me at that moment but a mad dog. Why I did not blow his brains out I do not know. I had backed up to the rail and could put my hand on a sort of belaying pin. I think I even calculated the force of the blow that laid him out on the deck, before the villainous grin was off his face. There were five men in the crew. One was steering, two I pitched down the little hatch, which I secured. The others, thoroughly frightened, did as Ah Wing, not a bad sailor himself, told them. Manson put the helm hard down, and in a moment we had come about, the sails were drawing, and we were well to windward, and under full headway. I gave my revolver to Ah Wing, with directions as to what he was to do; and no "Caucasian" could have obeyed more promptly and intelligently. We dragged the lo wdah aft, and pinioned hands and feet, in anticipation of his coming to himself. Manson had the helm, and I asked him to give it to one of the crew. Ah Wing was then told (and to this day, I remember how curiously the pidgeon English contrasted with the grim nature of the communication) to make it clear to the Chinaman, that if the boat went one inch to leeward of her course, and to the two sailors that if they moved, except under orders, from the positions in which they were placed—covered by the revolver—they were dead men.

"You sabe due?" (you perfectly understand) I asked Ah Wing.

He was one of the few Chinamen who have what the plainsmen happily call and, or dogged grit, and I saw it in his eye as he cocked the revolver and replied:

"Alla lightee (all right)! Mi can do."

"At your leisure," said a cool voice, "perhaps you will tell me what this is all about," and Manson lighted a fresh cheroot. I explained to him that we had barely escaped destruction by treachery, and were even then in a dire strait. We could not expect to sail as fast as the pirates, and our only hope was in their being so far to leeward, and in range of our rifles. I was perfectly sure of my man, and there was positively none in my whole acquaintance whom I would so readily have with me as my old friend, the *blase*, indifferent, dilettante Manson. He shook me by the hand, and said in a cheery voice, wholly unlike his ordinary one:

"All right, old fellow, we'll beat them."

A more impetuous though equally brave man would have been far less efficient. Indeed, nothing could have been finer than his behavior. The rifles, six in number, were brought up and laid side by side on the top of the cabin. Ah How told me that he "sabe loadee that gun," and to my great surprise, our old fat cook ("Buddha," we used to call him, as his countenance expressed the idea of eternal silence and rest) volunteered his services in this line as well. Then we settled down to our work, no old Paladin or Viking ever more collected and deliberate, and at the same time showing more of the *gaudium certaminis* than our old used-up, bored member of the class of 185-. Could we keep those junks out of jingal range until we reached a place of safety? They had high sterns, and the steersman could be plainly seen. Manson took his Kentucky rifle, knelt down away aft and aimed slowly and carefully. Almost simultaneously I succeeded in "drawing a bead" on a large man in the bow of the junk nearer to us. Just as the rifles cracked she fell off visibly and lost way before the dead steersman could be replaced, nor was the large man again visible.

"I am afraid I can't do as well with the elephant rifle," said Manson, "but I can try. Let us both fire continually at the steersmen." We did so, with varying success. Ah How and the cook loaded rapidly and well, but the rifles were soon somewhat heated, and the breech-loaders missed fire several times. The junks were heavily manned and could quickly fill the places of those whom we shot. They also arranged some kind of protection for the helmsmen, although we pierced it more than once. I began to feel terribly wolfish, and so filled with rage at our antagonists that I could only with difficulty control myself sufficiently to aim deliberately; but my friend never showed signs of an acceleration of his pulse. As regular as clock-work he took the gun from the Chinamen, and never fired a second before his aim was perfect. We rested a short time at last to take a survey of the situation, and could not dissuade from ourselves that it was serious. The junks were nearer, and we were still quite a long way from Paoushan. There was nothing for it but to go to work again, and we did. For ten minutes or more we kept up an incessant fire, and, although we evidently did much damage, the distance between us and them had been perceptibly lessened. We must soon expect to hear the report of jingals. It came in a moment more, and the clumsy ball fell but little short of us. Manson turned to me, still cheery and cool.

"I believe there is a foreigner there," said he, "who is directing and inspiring them. He has escaped us thus far. If I can get a sight of him and can hit him, I believe we shall get rid of this junk. Since you picked off that last steersman of the hindmost one, she has fallen off decidedly. Well, that is not so bad," he continued, as a jingal ball struck the mast. He asked Ah How to let him load the Kentucky rifle himself, and measured out the powder, wrapped the ball in a scrap of buckskin and rammed it carefully home. Then he knelt down and watched his chance. All this time Ah Wing had kept his eyes and the revolver on the steersman, and our boat had done her best. The jingal balls were getting uncomfortably frequent, and it was only a small satisfaction to me to have sent an Enfield bullet through the head of one gunner, just as he was getting his sight. All at once I heard the report of Manson's rifle and the quiet remark from him:

"Habet!"

I saw the junk fall off, saw manifest confusion on board, saw an opening for two or three good shots, and had seized a fresh gun, when I heard Ah How cry:

"Master, hab got steamer, welly near."

Hardly one of us had glanced ahead for half an hour. As for the steersman and the crew, they had clearly but one thought, and that was—to save their heads. It was with a strange feeling of relief and satisfaction that I saw H. M. gunboat Petulant puffing along toward us. In five minutes she was alongside, and I saw my friend Lieutenant Graham's jolly face over her rail.

"What the deuce is the row, old fellow?" he asked in a perplexed way. I explained as briefly as possible, and told him that I thought we had almost finished the job, but he was welcome to the rest of it. He could hardly wait for me to finish my story.

"You won't come with us, then? Well, good-bye, old fellow. See you in Shanghai. Full speed ahead! Beat to quarters! Look sharp now, and clear away the bow-gun!"

In less than five minutes we heard its report, and the shot crash into the junk's side. We had had fighting enough for that day and concluded to push on for home. The junks had gone about, but we knew that they were doomed, and the roar of the broadside soon informed us that it would be quick work. Ah Wing never moved. He would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away.

Ah How and "Buddha" took the guns below, and made everything tidy, and we had hardly rounded Paoushan Point when Ah Wing came up and said:

"That cook makee enquire what thing you likee chow chow" (eat).

We had a jolly dinner the next night. Lieutenant Graham and a couple of his officers came just in time. They had handed the survivor of the junks' crews over to the Chinese authorities, in whose care our rascally lowdah also was. They had made short work of their fight, and had no casualties. When the cloth was removed, I tried to get Manson to make a speech, but the only thing I could get him to say was that he was never less bored in his life than during the skirmish.

I have not seen him for years. He drifts between the Old and the New World, and when I last wrote to him I quoted Hawthorne's expression about the danger of doing so until the only inheritance left him in either was the six feet for his final resting-place. But, as I had before insisted to my group in the smoking-room, it is a great mistake to judge by appearances, and I am surer of nothing than that I shall never see a finer fellow, on this side of Jordan, than my friend, the man without enthusiasms.

—*Scribner.*

A Bath in the Dead Sea.

A correspondent, after bathing in the Dead Sea, describes his experience in the following words: The water, which is quite clear, and nearly the color of the Niagara river below the falls, seemed to me a little more bitter and salty than that of Salt lake, although brighter and more attractive to the eye when seen close at hand. Its supporting power struck me as a little greater, also, than that of Salt lake, as the body floated more easily, and the difficulty of swimming was greater on account of the inability to keep one's feet under water. So large a quantity of salt is held in solution that the water has what is called, I believe, a "ropy" appearance, much like that of a plate of well-made tapioca soup. I observed, however, that when we came out of the water there was not so large a deposit of salt crystals on the body as after a bath in Salt lake and the feeling of the skin, instead of being dry and prickly as I expected, was rather oily and sticky. Our dinner that night was seasoned with salt made from Dead Sea water by solar evaporation. It was a little lighter in color than the best article of brown sugar. Its crystals were large and hard, and, though foreign substances were evidently present in considerable quantity, it was not unpleasant to the taste. I was told that two quarts of water will produce one quart of salt, but this is probably an exaggeration. To complete the statistics of this remarkable body of water, I may add, what many of my readers may already know—that there is no living thing of any kind in it; that even the drift-wood brought down by the floods in the Jordon is speedily cast upon its shores; that its length is about forty-five and its greatest width about ten miles; that it is over 1,300 feet at its deepest point; and that the immense quantity of fresh water poured into it daily is undoubtedly taken up by evaporation, as its great depth below the basin of the Mediterranean must preclude the idea of a subterranean outlet.

HOW WHEAT IS SOLD.

Showing the Part that Railways, Canals Ships, Elevators, Telegraphs, Newspapers, Bulls and Bears Take in the Transaction.

The wheat crop of the United States for 1878 was 400,000,000 bushels. It is easy enough to write the figures, but a hard matter for the mind to grasp the idea of so enormous a quantity. It is enough to fill to overflowing a granary a mile long, a thousand feet wide and one hundred feet high. To transport it across the Atlantic would require 5,000 of the largest ships that sail on the seas; or, loaded into freight cars, it would fill 1,250,000 of them, which would make a train long enough to reach from New York to San Francisco and back again. What becomes of this enormous crop? Well, a general answer to this question is not difficult. We retain about 230,000,000 bushels for our own use, to be ground into flour and used for seed, and the balance of 175,000,000 bushels is sent abroad, chiefly to feed the over-crowded population of Great Britain. It is this exported balance that is chiefly interesting to the American farmer. If it brings a good price—if the wheat crops of Europe are scanty, so that people must supply themselves from the United States or go without—then the American farmer gets well paid for his whole crop, both for what is used here and what goes abroad. But if, on the other hand, the European crops are plentiful, so that a very small extra supply is needed, then the American farmer finds prices low and his crop for that year unprofitable. In theory this is absolutely true, but in practice the statement needs some modification. The farmer has to bear the full burden of low prices, but most of the advantage of a rise in value is often reaped by merchants, speculators and other middlemen, who stand between the farmer and the foreign consumer, and who, foreseeing the advance in price, buy cheap from the former and sell dear to the latter.

To a certain extent, this condition of affairs is unavoidable; and, indeed, the farmer should be the last man to wish it utterly abolished. The machinery by which the distribution of the bulky products of the earth is accomplished, is not only one of the wonders of modern civilization, but it is civilization itself. The railways that span the continent, that bridge the great rivers, and pass their way through impassable mountains; the canals that bear hundreds of thousands of tons of freight slow moving from the midland country to the sea; the giant elevators that do the work of transhipment so safely and so speedily; the ships that cross the ocean; the telegraph lines and cables that flash intelligence from events, and tell the people of one place what is wanted by those of another; the merchants who more than change to buy and sell; the speculators, the insurance companies that guarantee the merchant against the loss of his cargo; all those are necessary agents in the work of distribution, and are entitled to compensation for their labor. Every one of them is paid, and justly paid out of the labors of producers, of farmers, miners and manufacturers. The trouble is, that they often get more pay than they are entitled to, and, growing wealthy by depending upon the masters of the producers, instead of their faithful and efficient servants.

To appreciate these truths, it is only necessary for the farmer to suppose himself deprived of the services of any of these distributing agents, and see to what a crippled condition he would be reduced. Without our canals and railways, the grain crops of the West might have rotted where they were raised for fuel; without elevators the annual labor of transferring grain from one conveyance to another would be largely increased; without the telegraph and the postoffice to carry intelligence, and newspapers to make it cheaply available for everybody, no merchant could foresee what he was likely to realize on his shipments, nor what price he could afford to pay for grain without the risk of ruin; the farmer would be compelled to accompany his produce to the very door of the consumer, to carry with him sufficient money to defray all the expenses of transportation and transhipment, and to spend the months that should be occupied in the production of a second crop in endeavoring to dispose of the first.

Let us suppose that we have, in Chicago, a lot of wheat, graded as No. 2 Chicago Spring, which is sold at the ruling price of the day, eighty-six cents per bushel. Now, what determines the price of this wheat?

Before the days of ocean telegraphy, prices depended largely upon guesswork. A merchant who bought grain in March to send to England, might not know until midsummer whether he had realized a profit or loss. He made the best calculation he could about the price grain would be likely to bear in the English market at the time his shipment should arrive there, and raised or lowered his prices accordingly, endeavoring always to leave himself a fair margin of profit. But nowadays the Atlantic cable has changed all that. A merchant in London finds that he can make a contract to deliver a certain quantity of grain, in London, six weeks hence, at a certain price. He telegraphs to a broker in Chicago, offering to pay so much a bushel for No. 2 Chicago Spring wheat, delivered in London on a certain date. The Chicago broker at once ascertains the lowest rate at which he can contract with the railway and steamship companies for transporting such a quantity of wheat from the elevator in Chicago to the docks in London. Next he goes upon Change to learn at what price he can purchase the grain. If the cost of the grain in Chicago, added to the expense of transporting to London, be less than the price offered by the London merchant, the broker concludes the purchase, and pockets the difference as a remuneration for his trouble. But if the cost of the wheat in Chicago, added to the cost of transportation, amounts to more than the London merchant is willing to pay, then one of several things happens. The price of wheat may rise in London, the English merchant making a higher offer, or it may fall in Chicago, or the railway and steamship companies reduce their rates of transportation, until it becomes possible for the broker to effect sale at a profit; or, if all parties remain firm in their demands, no sale takes place, and the wheat market is said to be inactive. On the other hand, if the margin of profit left to the broker is very large, the Chicago merchants advance their prices, and wheat is said to be active and rising.

These fluctuations in prices are anticipated and largely speculated upon by dealers. Our lot of wheat, for instance, is only worth eighty-six cents per bushel to-day; but there are plenty of people who will agree to give us eighty-seven cents for it, delivered at the end of a month, or eighty-eight cents at the end of three months. How do these speculators make their calculations, and foretell a rise or fall? In the first place, by a careful study of statistics. They know, very nearly, what is the stock of wheat remaining in the entire world and where it is. They know how much wheat will be required for consumption in different parts of the earth within a given time. Combining this information, they foretell either a scarcity, or an excessive supply, and foresee a rise or fall. A change in the rates of transportation, too, is a frequent subject of prevision; if westward bound freights are likely to balance those eastward bound, so that steamer lines and railways will not be compelled to run empty in one direction, then freights may be expected to fall, and the price of wheat will rise at the point of shipment. The abundance or scarcity of money, also, is to be taken into consideration; if money becomes scarce wheat will fall, while if plenty, it will rise. And lastly, the present price of wheat may have been artificially forced down, or driven up, by speculators pure and simple, who buy with one hand and sell with the other, till they bring the market to a figure to suit themselves.

From among these various causes which govern the present and future price of wheat, it is not difficult to select those that it is possible for the farmer to comprehend and modify. He cannot receive daily and hourly advices from the foreign and domestic markets; or bargain with railway and steamship companies for special rates of transportation; or meet his fellow wheat growers upon Change to learn how far they are inclined to augment or lower prices. All this is properly the work of the merchants and brokers in the great commercial centers, and the profits which they make by doing it are justly earned and should be allowed them uncomplainingly. But when it comes to calculating the future course of the market, and even, to some extent, to governing it, the farmer stands on equal grounds with the merchant, and, in some respects, has even the advantage. The statistics from which the merchant makes his calculations are equally at his service, enabling him to foresee the fluctuations of demand and supply, as well as to judge whether present prices are abnormally high or low. An intelligent study of the course of trade will teach him when the great transportation companies will be likely to lower their rates, and when they will be compelled to raise them. And a careful survey of the financial situation at different periods will instruct him as to the ebb and flow of the supply of money. Moreover, he will learn that the financial policy of the country, and the regulation of its immense railway system, are matters in which he has more than any other man a vital and abiding interest, which, as a rule, is but poorly defended by his legislative representatives.

Now that our farmers have discovered the advantages of organization, and are associating themselves into granges, farmers' clubs and other societies, we may hope that the questions suggested may receive intelligent consideration at their hands.—*Ehrich's Quarterly.*

Roses.

From time immemorial the rose has been esteemed as the pre-eminent flower. The Greeks dedicated it to Aurora, the goddess of Morning, as an emblem of youth, from its freshness and fragrance, and to Cupid, as an emblem of fugacity and danger, from its transitoriness and its thorns. It was given by the god of Love to Harpocrates, the god of Silence, as a bribe, to prevent him from betraying Venus. And because of this pretty mythological fancy it was sometimes sculptured on the ceilings of banqueting rooms to remind the guests that what was said in hours of conviviality ought not to be repeated; and from this comes the familiar "under the rose," or *sub rosa*.

Grecian poets say that the rose was originally white, and was changed to red, either by the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis, who, in the prime of his famed beauty, was killed and mangled by a wild boar; or, according to some, by the blood of Adonis himself. These poets say that the exquisite perfume of the rose is due to its from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid, and that "its thorns are the stings of the bees with which the are of his bow was strung."

The Romans also favored the rose. Their banqueting-rooms were strewed with its leaves; their dishes garnished with it; they wore garlands of it at their feasts, and their ladies' favorite perfume was made from it.

The Persians believe that in spring the nightingale flutters and complains about the rose-bushes, until he falls to the ground, charmed and narcotized, as it were, by the subtle, delicious and most powerful odor. This pretty fable of the sweet bird singing an sighing for the beautiful and ambrosial flower of its love, is told by the poet Attar, in a work called "Bulbul Namch," the book of the nightingale, like unto the world of birds came before King Solomon, charging the nightingale with disturbing their rest by the broken and plaintive warbling that all night long he trills in a sort of frenzy or intoxication. The accused bird is summoned, questioned, and acquitted by the wise man, and the nightingale's defence is that he cannot suppress his passionate and pathetic lament, because his intense love for the queen of flowers keeps him awake.

In France, in the middle ages, the knights at a tournament were embroidered on their sleeves a rose as an emblem that gentleness should accompany courage, and that beauty is the reward of valor. About this time, too, in France the flowers were esteemed so precious that none but the wealthy and influential were permitted to cultivate them, and later tenants were taxed so many bushels of roses that were used for rose-water, and not only, but for covering the tables instead of napkins."

There are few persons who have not some sad or pleasant memory connected with this interesting flower. There are the roses that grew in their pale, wild loveliness on the green hillside, where we played with the laughing, romping friends of our childhood; there are the roses that grew big and red and fragrant beside the gate, or the old stone wall of the dear old home—or climbed to the very roof, dangling, dewy and delicious, before the window of the little room in which we sat in the silvery moonlight or golden sunlight, years and years ago, when the heart was young and the brow unwrinkled, dreaming of splendid possibilities never to be realized. There is the dead rose, old and scentless, hidden away in some dark, locked receptacle, a memento of an affection that has perished—of a beloved one that has passed out of our lives forever. There are the white roses worn by the joyous bride, or lying on a coffin lid, or blossoming on the grave of the dearest, the best, and the lost.

Everywhere, in mirth or mourning, in sorrow or in gladness, in remembrance or in hope, in scenes of gayety or in haunts of despair, the rose, the flower of flowers, brings to us its beauteous presence or some interesting association.

Slightly Sarcastic.

The professor of geology and mineralogy came along after the hard fisted miners had found a rich gold mine and said he: "There is no doubt but that gold is here in large quantities. If you find it rich it will pay." This was in California.

A little before this some hardy prospectors loaded a little mule with flour, bacon and tools. They traveled many miles north and finally found a rich mine in Cariboo. The professor of geology and mineralogy came along and said: "Everything hereabouts, judging from the formation of the country and the gangue rock indicates the existence of gold." Then the miners forgot that they had discovered the gold themselves and they gave all the credit and bowed down before the professor. Then some miners went south to Arizona, and after starving for want of food and choking with thirst, and a few of their number being toasted head downward by the Apaches, they found a rich silver mine. Shortly afterward down came the professor, and said he: "The metamorphic and plutonic rocks hereabout certainly point to the existence of argentiferous ores." And as usual the miners and all around about forget they had discovered the mine, and gave all the credit to the professor. Well, he followed those simple miners around to Utah, New Mexico, Pike's Peak, Nevada and Fraser river, and everywhere they dug first he came afterward, looked down the hole, with a book under his arm, said some hard words, and everybody straightway said he had found the mine and that no mine could be a true vein until it had been scientifically dedicated by a professor.—*New York Graphic.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

My Color.

It glistens in the ocean wave,
It lives in yonder summer sky,
The harebell and forget-me-not
Are tinted with its brightest dye.

It sparkles in the sapphire's depths,
Its touch is on the turquoise laid;
And in the robin's speckled egg
Its faintest tinges are displayed.

So far, perhaps, you have not guessed,
But ah! I fear you may surmise
When I confess this heavenly hue
Shines fairest in the baby's eyes.

—*Marcia D. Bradbury, in St. Nicholas.*

News and Notes for Women.

English children wear pinafores of pink, blue and white washing silk.

Women's underclothes are cheaper in New York than anywhere in Europe.

One hundred and seventy-four of the 632 students of Boston University are women.

A grand ecumenical council of women who believe in woman's rights is to be held in St. Louis in May.

Mr. Gladstone's constant assistant is his daughter, who knows every book in his library and the contents of it.

Young women are almost universally employed as typesetters in the printing establishments of San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Ann Simpson, of Yorkshire, England, has been appointed surveyor of roads for the parish of Kirby Grindalyth.

Twenty ladies have been authorized to write M. D. after their names by the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia.

There are real walking hats for those who like them this season—hats totally unlike the bonnets, and intended to droop over the eyes.

Miss Hovey, of Boston, has offered $10,000 at once and more in the future to Harvard University, on condition that it opens the door of its medical school to women.

The Princess Louise has taken the trouble to deny in emphatic terms the report of a London society journal that she was being greatly bored by her Canadian experience.

It is related of the late Mme. Bonaparte that she never adopted the new-fangled notion of gas, but always used candles, and she would not allow a carpet to be laid on her bedroom floor.

The first women employed in the National Treasury were appointed in 1862. There are now 1,300 in the departments of Washington, who receive salaries varying from $900 to $1,800 yearly.

The chapel belonging to Grace church, New York, was the gift of Miss Catharine Wolf, and cost her $35,000. It was occupied for the first time at the celebration feast of the conversion of St. Paul.

A Minnesota man found a beautiful young squaw almost frozen to death. He took her to his camp-fire and tried to thaw her out. When she had melted a little he proposed marriage and was accepted.

It is said that Queen Victoria, in her favorite books, uses paper-marks upon which are inscribed in Latin these words of Holy Writ: "Their hope is full of immortality, and he lives even though he be dead."

The eldest daughter of Bishop Huntington not only writes newspaper articles and provides for charities, but walks frequently twenty miles a day, taking an umbrella in her hand, *a la* Dr. Franklin, for storm or sunshine.

An intelligent schoolgirl, by name Eva Schelemmer, of Memphis, Tenn., has received a gold medal from the Howard Association for meritorious services performed in the midst of the pestilence which raged last summer, and which were unremitting from the beginning to the close.

Some of the insurance companies of New York have written letters of congratulation to an up-town lady on her bravery when she discovered that a room in the third story of her magnificent house was on fire. Calmly wrapping a rug about her shoulders, she entered, and closing an open window and the doors kept the flames from spreading, and then telegraphing to the nearest station for aid, the flames were quickly put out, but not until every article in the room was reduced to a cinder.

Fashion Notes.

Worth puts plaitings of colored satin under the flounces of dark walking dresses.

Black net vails with tiny dots of gold and gold borders are new, but unbecoming.

Morning sacks of dotted or striped muslin are to be worn with colored silks this summer.

White bunting is made into morning wrappers, having many tucks stitched with colored silk.

Lengthwise buttonholes are worked around the waist-line of wrappers and the belt is run through them.

Canton crape is used for some bonnets in preference to chip. Silk is not worn at all except in the turban shape.

The Parisian papers speak of a very choice new shade of blue produced by some chemical process with alizarine.

Organdy evening dresses are made up with an imitation of old point lace and a profusion of Persian ribbons arranged in loops.

A gilt lattice, with a wild rose vine running over it, formed the apron of an evening dress recently worn in New York.

It is a great error for a lady to wear a bonnet too youthful for her age. It only serves to make the latter more obvious.

Black silk, black camel's-hair and black cashmere are still the favorite materials for street wear with American women.

Bonnet strings are tied in a large loose bow under the chin, not at the side, or they are simply crossed in front, the ends forming a jabot.

The new sunshades have sixteen bronzed or gilded ribs which are thought to be too pretty to hide, and are set in front of the lining.

Hats of gold braid with trimmings of gold-colored feathers and ribbons and gilded berries have been imported by Boston milliners for brunettes.

Nearly all of the daily and weekly press of New York city have lady associates in the editorial department, and the same may be said of Boston.

A new brocade cashmere has alternate stripes of plain satin and of wool figured with wreaths of bright flowers. It makes pretty and cheap vests for woolen gowns.

The pinafore hat is trimmed with black velvet studded with steel stars, and has one side of the brim faced with black velvet and caught up by a butterfly bow of white satin.

The papillon bow is the pretty head-dress for the house. It is made of full puffed loops of India muslin, with Breton lace mixed with it, and is more compact in shape than the long-looped Alsatian bows. A smaller butterfly bow is shown as a cravat bow.

Another fancy is the scarf of India muslin, to be worn in the street as lace scarfs formerly were. It is outside the wrap, tied closely around the neck, with a bow in front; the ends hang down, have plaited Breton lace across them, and are tied with narrow ribbon to give them the appearance of a tassel.

New pocket-handkerchiefs of sheer linen cambric have Breton insertion forming a cross through the middle of the kerchief, then passing around it as a border, with an edge of Breton lace. Plainer handkerchiefs have a shield done in colored embroidery in one corner, while the edge is merely scalloped with red or blue.

Fichus of white silk muslin, or else of lisse, are squares doubled in three-cornered shape, and all the edge bordered with insertion in which the Breton design is done with colors. A fine knife-plaiting of Breton lace edges the insertion, and the ends are caught together at the waist by a bouquet of rosebuds or of yellow buttercups, a moss-rose or some favorite flower.

New mask veils are of Breton lace, and may be either black or white. The net covering the face has tiny dots wrought in it, usually two or three in a group, and the edge is finished with Breton lace two inches wide. Longer veils, to be crossed behind the head and tied under the chin, are made of black net, dotted with gold thread. The newest grenadine scarf veils are of tan-color or light blue, with a gay Roman striped border on each selvedge.

Concerning Tight Lacing.

An outspoken English clergyman, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, recently called the women of his parish to task for criminal ignorance and thoughtlessness in tight lacing. Perhaps there are American ladies who will be nervous when they read his denunciations of unwholesome practices in dress. "When the door," he exclaimed, "closes on the light and splendor of the revel, the veil is drawn quickly across—the public are shut out; but the true physician, of souls as well as of bodies, will invite you to enter that gloomier apartment, and hear the stern verdict upon another which too often follows the revel—death from natural causes!" Lay no such flattering unction to your soul. 'Death from rut in the liver and corn on the heart, produced by tight lacing.' These are the very words of a leading physician of the day to me. I plead for nothing impossible—for nothing which cannot be, and which is not accomplished every day by sensible women in the best circles. Many plead for the mitigation of a public evil—a practice against which our present fashion of following the natural lines of the body, instead of creating false ones, protests as loudly as do the doctors themselves. I want you to be reasonable, and, knowing the terrors of the violated law of nature, I pray to be persuasive; and this is the spirit in which I plead with you this morning against the evils of excessive compression in tight lacing, that systematic outrage upon the human skeleton—that fatal blunder upon the sacred organs of circulation, respiration and nutrition."

Styles in Hosiery.

The style in expensive hosiery is embroidered Lisle thread and embroidered Balbriggan. What are known to the trade as boot-stockings are a favorite design and are