CENTRE HALL REPORTER.

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TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. IV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1871. NO. 9.

The Soldier's Funeral Hymn.

Rest, soldier, rest,
Thy toils of war are o'er;
Rest, soldier, rest,
Thou'll need thy sword no more;
Rest, soldier, rest,
Thou hast the victor's crown;
Rest, soldier, rest,
In honor lay thee down.

Rest, soldier, rest,
Thy drear night-watch is o'er;
Rest, soldier, rest,
And wake to strife no more;
Rest, soldier, rest,
Sleep on though comrades weep;
Rest, soldier, rest,
That solemn silence keep.

Rest, soldier, rest,
While cannon boom around;
Rest, soldier, rest,
Till the last trumpet sound;
Rest, soldier, rest,
O, may thy waking be
From rest to sweetest rest,
A Father's gift to thee!

Tinsley's Magazine.

Only a Baby's Grave.

"Only a baby's grave!"
Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-daisied sod; yet I think that God
Knows what that little out.

"Only a baby's grave!"
To children even so small
That they sit there and sing—so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all.

"Only a baby's grave!"
Strange how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here a space;
Oh, more strange, could we forget!

"Only a baby's grave!"
Did we measure grief,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead;
I know how they fell on this.

"Only a baby's grave!"
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem
Whose kingdom is made of such?

"Only a baby's grave!"
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer to Him for it.

The Snow.

There's something so pure in the beautiful snow,
That comes on its wings of light,
And mantled the village and plains below
In their robes of spotless white;
That I love to gaze through the misty air,
Where the snow-flakes are at play,
And offer silent, fervent prayer.
That my heart were as pure as they;
That every wish and thought might be
The emblem of such purity.

There's something so calm in the falling snow,
Like the stepping of fairy feet,
O'er the mystical mountains of long ago,
Through every sly retreat.
On the hush of my spirit, I seem to hear
That musical song of old,
And the land of the blest seems very near,
With its jasper and its gold;
But instead of the songs which angels sing,
Comes the dismal notes of the stern storm-king.

There's something so sad in the sifting snow,
As it beats on the poor man's door,
Where the flickering fire is burning low,
And summer comes no more;
But the taunting voice of the winter wind
Comes in at the broken pane,
And clouds of snow like fiends of woe
Come up the narrow lane.
Oh God, the hearts of the lonely cheer,
For the snow falls fast and bread is dear.

There's something so rude in the pelting snow,
As it drifts through the biting air,
And scatters its broad flakes to and fro
In the face of the old and fair;
And then with a careless dance it flies
O'er the graves of the dear ones in the vale,
And puts out the violet's tender eyes
With its frigid touch and dismal wail;
O lightly rest on the new-made sod
Where we gave our dear ones back to God.

ONLY ON THE BOX.

"Any one got a light?"

"Here, my boy, I have. The best matches in the world. Safest thing you can——"

"What, those things! Won't let them near me! I'd have the patentees burnt with fagots of 'em. Why I paid for a box of them, and Jessie paid, too, how much do you suppose? And out of a shop, mind you!"

"I can't tell, I'm sure; some fancy price."

"Only fifty thousand pounds. I'll tell you how. Wait, I can't give up my smoke, even to gratify so just a vendetta. So for once I'll use the ill-omened thing. I remember the last time I used, or *tried* to use them—but you shall hear."

You remember at the time when I and Jessie were going on together, old Foxberry the millionaire—so he enjoyed the credit of being called, though without any claim to the title, as it proved, for he had but seventy thousand pounds, and a millionaire, even by courtesy, ought to show at least two or three hundred thousand. However, he took all the airs, and enjoyed all the respect, of one, and so far as he was concerned it came to the same thing. He really showed a great interest in our coing and wooing; quite beyond what might be expected from a money-grubber, such as he had been all his life. The liking began on his side, through my presenting him with a pound of the very choicest Turkish, which had been sent me as a present. There was his weak place. He smoked—smoked day and night, not like a chimney, which often has its fires banked up, but like a mountain on fire.

"Give me my pipe," he would say, taking a rather selfish view of the cosmogony, "and I don't care if the world turns upside-down."

A rather weak logician once retorted on him: "But, my dear Mr. Foxberry, if the world turns upside-down, you and your pipe must turn upside-down with it."

But Mr. Foxberry had him in a moment. "I say, sir," he roared, "if you had taken the trouble to attend—I stipulate for the quiet enjoyment of my pipe. You like splitting hairs, sir, I see."

I could see that this old gentleman took a kindly interest in my love for Jessie. Between huge clouds of smoke he grunted out his approbation.

"I like you," he said, "Bob, and that's a great deal. Not so well as my pipe, of course; but what more than my money. I like you better than the greedy crew who are hunting me for it, and who will find themselves disappointed."

Every one, of course, good-naturedly said that *I* was hunting him, which was far from the truth, though I own I had the air of it, and liked listening to his stories, his grim remarks, and, I own, the smoking of some rare old cigars that he had got from a sea captain. I visited him often when it suited me, took little trouble about him, and at last got a hint from a friendly solicitor's clerk that my name figured in "large caps," and in large figures, too, in his testament. The next time old Foxberry was smoking hard, he said to me:

"Why don't you name a day? Be bold, man alive. Pluck up and don't stand shilly-shallying. You won't lose by it in the end," he said, significantly. "I tell you what," he said, "I've got a new box of cigars over. We'll make a little party for a drive to Three-cross Abbey. Get her to meet you there. Settle it all off-hand, try the new cigars, and have done with it."

I was enchanted. This, indeed, looked like business. I wrote off a hasty note to Jessie and her aunt, telling them how much depended on their coming, and imploring them to attend. I wrote also to a jeweler for a couple of little lockets, as I wanted to make a tender offering. I was very happy and excited. Mr. Foxberry grew more and more benignant.

"There are pipes," he said, "that I knock about any way, and throw down after I have smoked them. There are others I take care of, and put by carefully. You are a good fellow, Bob. Will be a capital smoker one of these days, and I'll take care of you.

I thanked him cordially.

Well, the morning came, and the carriage was actually at the door. Just then the post came in with two letters and a little registered card-board box. One was from Jessie, saying that she was delighted to come. The other was from the jeweler, saying that he sent me two lockets, but that he wanted one back at once "for a bridesmaid's order." The lockets were very pretty, and I admired them greatly. It was hard to choose between them. I was in difficulty when Mr. Foxberry decided me by roaring out from below that he was ready, that the cigars were in, and that we were losing the fine day. I had thus to make a hasty choice. So I chose one that seemed the most elegant, rolled it up in silver-paper, and packed it up in a neat card-board box. But how was I to send back the other locket? A capital idea! There was a match-box on the chimney-piece, which I emptied, packed away the locket in it, and sealed the box in white notepaper, tying it round with tape.

"You," I said to a handful of the matches, "must not set the house on fire, and will be of use in my waist-coat pocket." And there I deposited them.

My revered friend, a little out of humor, was still calling for me. I came down with many apologies, and away we drove. Before we had got a quarter of a mile, he called out—"Hallo! just like me! Forgotten my fusee-box. Drive back at once."

"Stop, sir!" I said, smiling. "I have thought of that," and pulled out a match from my pocket. He would have hugged me for this forethought. He said it showed such a true smoking instinct. It certainly did.

"Just fancy," he said, holding up his cigar; "I should have let this out, and where should I have been then? We don't pass a village or even a cottage on the road to Three-cross Abbey; and there's not a house within miles of it. Or else," he added, reflectively, "I must have gone on smoking the whole day and the whole of dinner. I tell you solemnly, I think I should die if I lost my after-dinner smoke."

I was a little facetious on this, making imaginary plans as to how the sacred fire might have been kept in, or propagated; making the coachman keep it alive during dinner, and the man-servant during the coachman's dinner, and I relieving both.

"But only think of the risk," he said; "suppose the cigar got choked, or the fellow got drunk, and let it go out. What would become of me then? I declare," he said, with ferocity, "I'd have the fellow broke and dismissed. I'd work heaven and earth to punish him."

"Quite right," I said, laughing. "But I am happy to save the poor devil from such a fate."

"You would not," he said, sternly, "Where my pipe is concerned, I'd let nothing stand in the way. I really believe it to be the elixir of life; and any one that interferes with that supply of vital energy I look on as interfering with my life. And I would deal with him accordingly."

The cigars were certainly very good, and, after smoking two, he said, "Now, my boy, for a bit of self-denial. Not one more till after lunch, or dinner, as we may call it; and then how we shall relish it! That's the real time for enjoyment."

We were now at Three cross Abbey, a little old ruin, in the middle of a sort of waste or common, with hardly a tree or a house near. It was a favorite spot for a pic-nic, as the ruin was picturesque, and moss-grown, and shady, shelter'ng us all from the sun. Jessie and her aunt were there waiting to meet us; Jessie looking lovely, as, indeed, old Foxberry as good as told her during lunch.

"When you're both installed in a fine house, she'll look all the better for such a frame. Some one," he added, with meaning, "will take care of you both."

Dinner was over, and he called to his man to bring him his cigar-case out of the carriage.

"I never was in a better humor for a cigar, and for a good cigar," he said. "After that little repast, too, I shall enjoy it the more. Here is a good corpulent one for you, and another for me. I always say, give me my smoke, and the world may turn upside down. Ay, and every human being in it, too," he added.

We laughed at the jest. Such a little tribute was only due to him after the generous declaration about us.

"Give me a light," he said, sticking the cigar into a hole in the extreme corner of his mouth, a position which fanatical smokers are fond of.

I drew out my bundle of matches with triumph. "I have half a boxful in my pocket," I said. "It never does to be without them." And I rubbed one on my boot-heel. It missed fire. I tried another. It missed also. I tried a third. It missed again.

"What are you about?" he said, testily. "You are very awkward; I thought any fool could strike a match——"

"My boot is damp," I said nervously. "I'll try the wall here." I did so, and failed with three more in succession.

He now lost all patience. "You are a more stupid fellow than I took you for. Here give 'em to me." He tried himself, but in vain; they all failed one after the other. I felt my heart sinking.

"The damp must have got at them," I faltered, trying again.

"I hate delays," he said in a passion, "it spoils my smoke. Are you a noodle?"

"Why," cried Jessie, who had been looking at one of them closely, "they are safety matches! They light only upon the box."

Old Foxberry flung his cigar over the wall in a fury. He gave me one look and walked away to the carriage. I rushed in despair to the coachman and the footman.

"For Heaven's sake, a match! Twenty pounds for one," I whispered hoarsely.

"Lord bless the man!" said the former, starting, "what d've mean?"

"A match, a match! Quick, a common lucifer match!"

"I ought to have one," he said, feeling in his waistcoat pocket. "Wait—no—yes—there is one I do believe."

He pulled out one—saved! It was as precious as a gem, that little splinter of wood. Alas! with fraying in his pocket the top had all worn off. It was no good struggling with fate. I bowed my head and submitted. All the way back old Foxberry never opened his lips. When he got out he complained of being ill, and said to the housekeeper—"That blackguard had done it purposely, in hopes of killing me; but I'll be even with him." The next day he altered his will.

"Now," added Bob, "admit that I have reason to loathe the sight of safety matches that light only on the box."

"Go" and "Come."

"If you want business done," says the proverb, "go and do it; if you don't want it done, send some one else." An indolent gentleman had a freehold estate, producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half the estate, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay the rent, and asked the owner if he would sell his farm.

"Will you buy it?" asked the owner, surprised.

"Yes, provided we can agree about the price."

"That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman; "pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year, and are able in a few years to purchase it?"

"The reason is plain," was the reply; "you sat still and said *go!* I got up and said *come*. You laid in bed and enjoyed your estate; I rose in the morning and minded my business."—*Self Help.*

"Narrow" Gauge Railroads. — A company has been organized in Ohio with $400,000 capital, to build a three-foot gauge railroad between Piqua and Celina, running through Miami, Shelby, Anglazine, and Mercer Counties. The right of way is to be fifteen feet, instead of forty the usual width. The locomotives are to weigh five tons, instead of thirty, and to be capable of drawing from ten to twenty loaded freight cars, each of two and a half tons capacity. Each passenger car is to hold twenty people. A road of this gauge is already in operation in Ohio, between Akron and Massillon. An extensive system of railroads of this width is also being constructed as feeders to the trunk lines centering at Toronto, and the projectors of the Buffalo and Springfield Road are thinking of adopting the same gauge. It is also being adopted in Russia.

The Canada papers express great satisfaction at the appointment of the Commissioners to settle the differences between England and the United States.

Spanish Burial Custom.

The custom of burying the dead in the gown and cowl of monks has greatly passed into disuse. The mortal relics are treated with growing contempt, as the superstitions of the people gradually lose their concrete character. The soul is the important matter which the church now looks to. So the cold clay is carried off to the cemetery with small ceremony. Even the coffins of the rich are jammed away into receptacles too small for them and hastily plastered out of sight. The poor are carried off on trestles and huddled into their nameless graves, without following or blessing. Children are buried with some regard to the old Oriental customs. The coffin is of some gay and cheerful color, pink or blue, and is carried open to the grave by four of the dead child's companions, a fifth walking behind with the ribbened coffin-lid. I have often seen these touching little parties moving through the bustling streets, the peaceful little face asleep under the open sky, decked with the fading roses and withering lilies.

In all well-to-do families the house of death is deserted immediately after the funeral. The stricken ones retire to some other habitation, and there pass eight days in strict and inviolable seclusion. On the ninth day the great masses for the repose of the soul of the departed are said in the parish church, and all the friends of the family are expected to be present. These masses are the most important and expensive incident of the funeral. They cost from two hundred to one thousand dollars, according to the strength and fervor of the orisons employed. They are repeated several years on the anniversary of the disease, and afford a most sure and flourishing revenue to the church. They are founded upon those feelings inseparable from every human heart, vanity and affection. Our dead friends must be as well prayed for as those of others, and who knows but that they may be in deadly need of prayers! To shorten their fiery penance by one hour, who would not fast for a week? On these anniversaries a black-bordered advertisement appears in the newspapers, headed by the sign of the cross and the *Requiescat in Pace*, announcing that on this day twelve months Don Fulano de Tal passed from earth garnished with the holy sacrements, that all the masses this day celebrated in such and such churches will be applied to the benefit of his spirits repose, and that all Christian friends are hereby requested to commend his soul this day unto God. These united efforts at stated times are regarded as very efficacious.

A luxury of grief, in those who can afford it, consists in shutting up a house where a death has taken place and never suffering it to be opened again. I once saw a beautiful house and wide garden thus abandoned in one of the most fashionable streets of Madrid. I inquired about it and found it was formerly the residence of the Duke of ——. His wife had died there many years before, and since that day not a door nor a window was opened. The garden gates were red and rough with rust. Grass grew tall and rank in the gravelled walks. A thick lush undergrowth had overrun the flower-beds and the lawns. The blinds were rotting over the darkened windows. Luxuriant vines clambered over all the mossy doors. The stucco was peeling from the walls in great unwholesome blotches. Wild birds sang all day in the safe solitude. There was something impressive in this spot of mould and silence, lying there so green and inplacable in the very heart of a great and noisy city. The duke lived in Paris, leading the rattling life of a man of the world. He never would sell or let that Madrid house. Perhaps in his heart also, that battered thoroughfare worn by the pattering boots of Mabille and the Bois, and the Quartier Breda, there was a green spot sacred to memory and silence, where no football should ever light, where no living voice should ever be heard, shut out from the world and its cares and pleasures, where through the gloom of dead days he could catch a glimpse of a white hand, a flash of a dark eye, the rustle of a trailing robe, and feel sweeping over him the old magic of love's young dream, softening his fancy to tender regret and his eyes to a happy mist.

"Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain."

Sufferings of the French Prisoners at Dresden.

The following regarding the sufferings of the French prisoners at Dresden, is from a private letter by an American lady abroad: "There are but few arrivals of foreigners here this Winter, except the French prisoners, who suffer from the cold to a fearful extent. I refer particularly to the 'common soldiers'—all those in the ranks—as none are allowed to live in private lodgings. There are many who have been accustomed to luxuries who have now to endure all the deprivations and hardships of the barracks, and associate with the low and coarse rabble composing a majority of the prisoners. I heard of one very young soldier, the son of a nobleman, who had not a single companion in the barracks where he is confined, whose father offered twenty thousand thalers to the Government for permission to occupy private lodgings, but it was in vain. There are twenty-two thousand prisoners in Dresden, and a great number confined in barracks lately built, so near to the river that when the ice breaks up in the Spring it is feared that the buildings will be inundated, and the people are in a fine state of perplexity and trouble as to what they shall do in case this happens. The poor fellows complain that they are suffering so much from cold as to have no feeling below their knees."

Canned Fruit.—Fruit is not only the most delicious but the most healthful food we have, and every family should be supplied with it the year through. In order to have a supply through the winter and spring, preparations must be made early. The best mode of preserving is by canning. The old style of preserving—a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit—is worse than none. Glass jars with glass covers are the best. These jars with proper care, will keep any kind of fruit without sugar, and will last for a generation. Not only peaches, pears, grapes, tomatoes, and the small fruits, but green beans, peas, corn, and other vegetables, should be canned in large quantities, so that they may appear upon the table not only every day, but at every meal, until fruits and vegetables come around again. "But the expense!" some will exclaim. It is not so expensive as meat, and far more healthful as well as palatable. Try it, and save your doctor's bills.

The Fishery Question.—A dispatch states that in the case of the fishing schooner White Fawn, the Admiralty Court decided that the purchase of bait, nets, or supplies of any kind in British waters cannot be construed into an intention to fish in those waters. Friendly vessels have a perfect right to enter British ports, to pass and repass within the three-mile limit on their way to their own fishing-grounds, and for any lawful purpose. To condemn a vessel for preparing to fish, the Judge said was wrong; it must be shown that she was taken in the act of putting out her lines, nets, &c. He therefore refuses the motion in her case.

The billiard match between Dion and Deery, in San Francisco, was won by the latter.

A Better Market System.

At one of the evening discussions at Utica, last fall, this subject was handled for an hour or more; and among the suggestions was a recommendation that a committee be appointed to look into the mischiefs of the New York system, and to recommend measures by which the farmer will get better prices, and the consumers may purchase better food at more reasonable rates. In considering the topic in hand, your committee have found two classes of traders in the surplus of farms—the produce and commission merchant, and the middle-man. In the criticisms we may make on the middle-man, we wish at the outset to discriminate sharply between these two. One is necessary, the other is not; one is important; the other is an impertinence. The fair and honaorable produce merchant is as useful to the farmer as the depot that shelters his wagon load, the freight line that takes it to tide-water, or the bottom in which it is wafted over seas. Of *course* there must be cheese merchants, and wheat dealers, and woolhouses, and these traders must have their margins and win their gains, for they have disasters to survive and losses to pay. For the honorable, high-minded men who conduct the great exchanges of the world, we have no feeling but that of admiration, and no words that are not words of approval. Our criticism falls mainly on a class of men that live by their wits, that impede distribution rather than aid it, who work for selfish ends, and generally by unfair means.

WHO IS THE MIDDLE-MAN?

In general, he is a person who acts between a farmer and a consumer, and like the monkey dividing cheese between the cats, his policy is to bite from one and gnaw a little from the other, till he gets more cheese than either of the cats.

There are those who say that middlemen are a great benefit to the farmer, and the more of them there are the better prices the producer will receive. Let us examine that proposition a little, and see if it will hold water. There are perhaps a million of men who own land and produce from it more than they consume at home, and who look to New York as their best market. Grant that 500 men are *needed* in New York to deliver that surplus to the consumers, and who must receive their pay from a moderate commission for handling. Now double the number, and let 1,000 men push each other, and jostle, and trick, and lie, and swear as they do, in order that each may have a handling in a part of that surplus. To the farmer this eagerness may seem like an active demand, and he may believe that it indicates good prices, and that the 1,000 jostling middle-men have by their enterprise and thrift made his market. Is not the truth just here: that the extra 500, who are not really needed to handle this surplus must live, and that living must come from the consumer and the farmer; sometimes more from one, often mainly from the other, and in the end the worker in the city and the worker in the country have that 500 to support, and often to support all their extravagance; to pay their losses, to foot the bills for drink and tobacco, sometimes to give them a greedy profit and enable them to retire from the wharves and give place to others as eager and as unscrupulous.

Why cannot the farmer do his own marketing, and thus save what goes to the middle-man? As business is arranged at present in the metropolis, this would be impracticable, and we give some reasons:

1.—Two of the great railroads that bring supplies into New York, the canal and its continuation the Hudson, run for nearly 200 miles through a country that gives but little surplus. There is some strong productive land on the Hudson, but the local population, largely non-producing, consume the bulk of it. On the Erie, one reaches Binghampton, and on the Central Schenectady, before coming into a country that yields a large surplus. Probably the County of Orange, in the matter of milk and butter, should be mentioned as an exception. Thus the farmers of Central and Western New York are divided by half a day's car travel and a fare of at least $4, and often $8 each way, from the people to whom he would sell his grain, veal, cheese, apples, butter, honey, poultry, eggs, feathers, beans, and potatoes. He can not afford to spend from $10 to $20 in going to market with a lot of produce which may be worth all told not over $200. This is the difficulty number one, and it is unsurmountable.

2.—New York has regulated and established customs, all in the interest of the city and its middle-men, and adverse to the farmer. For instance, suppose a farmer in Green County has a fine new milch cow to sell, he reads in his newspaper (——) that prime milk cows are bringing from $70 to $90, and some as high as $100 and $120. He puts her on the boat and goes down with her soon after; as he passes Spuyten Duyvil, a person steps aboard and comes up with the air of a man of business, and praises the cow, and says, "I want that animal for my family use. She is gentle?" "O, yes." "How old is her calf?" "Four weeks." "All right. I will go right up to the house, and send my man down to the boat for her." "How much did you say?" "One hundred dollars." "All right; a good cow is worth $100 in any family." The farmer is elated; he has sold his cow before the boat has her lines out, at the highest price his fancy painted. He waits an hour—no man. Another hour—nothing from the nice gentleman that wanted a family cow. Soon the mate tells him the cow must leave the boat. He takes her out on the wharf and stands there til afternoon, holding her, tired, and worried, and fretted, and hungry—both man and beast—till at last another man comes up and asks if that cow is sold. The farmer tells his story; man asks him to describe the gentleman who was such an early purchaser. "Oh, he is a dead beat! You will never see him again. I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you $75 for that cow. If you don't sell her to-night, it will cost you $10 or $15 to hold her another day; $75 is all you can make on her above expenses, if you should sell for a $100 to-morrow." Poor worried farmer. Both jaws of the trap take him at the ankle, and these two men work together just as even and venomous as the boys of any steeltrap, that ever stripped off the leg of a woodchuck.

This is only one instance in a thousand, and it is part of a great system for discouraging and overreaching farmers.

REMEDY SUGGESTED.

He who discusses a wrong should urge something by war of righting it. Your committee do not suppose that any one enactment will effectually cure the mischief. The farmer, *acting alone*, can do much toward a better state of things; the farmers *acting in concert*, can accomplish much in that direction; and a little good *legislation*, if duly executed, will greatly aid private endeavor.

WHAT THE SINGLE FARMER CAN DO.

Let him forward his produce in packages that are perfectly honest, putting big apples in the middle of the barrel as well as at the ends; keeping straw, and weeds, and corn stalks from the middle, as well as from hoops of his hay bales. It always is a brass shilling that a man makes by his tricks in packing. If he has a good name on the wharves, such deception kills it, and he will work twice as hard and wait twice as long to regain an enviable repute as it requires to win it at the outset. Let him be wise also in classifying his loads, and render, if possible, only one grade at one shipment. For instance, suppose a farmer living on the cool clays of Niagara or Wayne County, sends to New York ten barrels of soft fall apples, and in the same lot ranks No. 1 spitzenbergs. On reaching the wharf, the merchant sees the soft apples must be sold at once. Perhaps he trades right away with a pie-maker at $1.25 a barrel. This little lot of spitzenbergs he knows will keep till March; but he is dealing in fall apples. The buyers of hard apples are not in market; he offers them to the pie man for $1.50, and he takes them. The farmer could have got $2.50 or $3 for those apples if he had kept them till mid-winter, or sent them with a large lot as soon as freezing weather is over. This is an illustration of the mistake that farmers make in apples. They use the same indiscretion in butter, cheese, dried fruits, eggs and poultry. Most of the New York merchants do a driving—not to say a slash-dash-business. Large sales and large profits, if they can get them. Large sales, any how. The vice of the metropolitan system should be destroyed by the farmer, and provided against. Classify at home. Send No. 1 butter in good company; fat chickens with fat chickens, and big red apples only with such as are big, and red, and hard.

Let the single farmer, unless his means are very limited, go to New York as often as once a year, and make acquaintances among the commission merchants, and learn the ways of the metropolis. He may hit upon some worthy citizen who will offer to give him 60 cents the year round for 10 pounds a week of sweet, yellow, firm-grained butter; who will take his honey, his lard, his jellies, his currant wine, his maple syrup, his fresh laid eggs and his plump chickens, at the same good figures.

WHAT CONCERTED ACTION MAY ACCOMPLISH.

The farmer's life is often praised because it is so independent; and when that independence amounts to isolation, and a refusal to co-operate with his neighbors, his independence is somewhat like the liberty of Billy Bowlegs and Spotted Tail; a barbarous freedom that strips him of half his comfort, his possible gains. There are hundreds of towns in which the profits for four or six months is from butter. Each dairy makes after their own fashion; the rolls are kept under cloth in a cool pantry till about 50 pounds are saved; it is then rammed into an oak or hemlock keg, set into the front end of the sleigh, taken to a depot, and shipped to a great butter house on Front or Water streets. Arrived, the long steel gauge is pushed through it, and the tub or keg goes with 50 others at a single taste and at wholesale rates; and the poorest roll of butter in that tub *gives price to the whole.*

Now suppose a dozen butter-makers were to act in concert, appoint one of their number to classify the balls, and pack No. 1 with nothing but No. 1. In this way ten kegs may be collected, eight of which would be of the finest quality. If these families had a friend in New York, or should send a good market-man from their number, he could engage those eight tubs at the highest retail price. Ten cents a pound on 500 pounds would give $50 as the gain from the concerted action in the sale of one article.

Farmers clubs are organizations through which much of a purely business character can be accomplished. Before the discussion of the evening is taken up, appoint a committee and vote him a small sum for his expenses; his time in winter he can afford to give for a mutual benefit. Send him to New York with instructions to learn how the farmers comprising the club can obtain the best prices for their eggs, poultry, butter and dried fruit. Send the best business-man you have, and let him act for all, with the same sagacity and wisdom that he displays in the management of his own affairs. I will not believe that such qualities are not to be found. The greed of the metropolis is creeping outward I know, and shooting its views into the redder veins of rural manhood; but there are great arteries in the body politic that as yet, thank God, are pumping only *pure* blood; supplying brains that are clear to see right, and hearts that are warm in the love of virtue and honor.

It is not impossible to send to this assembly men who are quite superior to a per centage, or a bonus, or a job. Such men will see that no class deserves the fostering care of law-givers so much as the order that is fundamental and indispensable to all the rest; the order without whom the engineer must box his theodolite, the merchant lock up his warehouse, the lawyer burn his red tape, and the editor chew both ends of his quill. When the farming interest is duly represented in our Assembly, when working producers outnumber talking men, and ambitious men, and lobbyists, and the hunters for soft places, you will have laws regulating business on city wharves, by which wheat sowers and bakers will be brought face to face. The city housekeeper will see the very hands that do her churning, that handle the curds for her table, and cook the delicacies which she reserves for the end of her banquet. Such legislators will draw the wind from the craft of our middle-men, and they will become like Othelo when his occupation was gone. Necessity will force them to eat honest trade, or to go hungry.—*Report of the New York State Agricultural Committee, now first published.*

Discipline.—Dr. Russell, in a recent letter from Versailles, narrates the following incident: One of the great military chiefs was going to his quarters the other evening inside the princely precints, when he was brought up by the point of a bayonet, and a demand for the password. The general had forgotten it. "I am General von ——," he explained; "I have forgotten the pass." The sentry was a man of few words, but they were emphatic. In Polish-German, he merely observed, "I will shoot you!" and looked so very like it, that the general desisted from verbal controversy, and waited till a soldier from the post had returned with an officer to identify his excellency and give orders for his release.

In Alleghany, Pa. Mayor Callow was called on lately to sit in judgment upon a Mrs. Bittner, who had attempted to commit suicide; a fine of thirty dollars and cost was assessed for the infraction of "the statue in such cases made and provided." This reminds us of the law-abiding Frenchman who climbed to the top of a monument in Paris and was just about to throw himself off, when a person who was up there taking a look around, begged pardon and said: "Don't you know that the legislature has declared it a capital offence to commit suicide?" "Oh, has it?" was the reply, "then I'll not do it," and forthwith he descended.

At the Illinois, Valley Coal Mine Company shaft, three miles from Lasalle, a miner named Knowles stepped into the cage to descend to his work. The engineer instead of lowering the cage, raised it, and Knowles, apprehending danger from contact with the pulley, jumped for the landing from which he had started, but instead of alighting on it, he struck his head against a post and was dashed backward into the shaft, and fell a distance of 530 feet. The bones of one of his legs were forced up into his body. Of course he was killed.

Rearing Grapevines in Pots.

A horticulturist in Stuttgerdt has devised an ingenious method of rearing grapevines in pots so as to obtain grapes with very little trouble in a room or other sheltered place. A vigorous healthy cutting of the late growth of the wood is taken, from three to five inches in length, having at the upper end two fruit buds. The cutting is enveloped with moss, but so as to leave the extremity bearing the fruit buds recovered. The cutting prepared is inserted spinally into a large flower pot, leaving the fruit buds projecting above the edge of the pot, which is then to be filled with rich hot-bed earth well moistened, and placed in the sun behind a window and kept uniformly moist. The water applied should be lukewarm, so as to stimulate the development of the young roots. When the weather is such that there is no danger from night frosts, the pot may be placed outside the window or against a sunny wall, or even in the ground in order to secure a more uniform moisture and temperature. When the two fruit buds have produced branches, having bunches of grapes upon them, these shoots are to be trimmed so that two sound leaves remain over each grape shoot, in order to keep up the circulation of the sap, since without this the grapes would not develop. A single leaf would be sufficient, but two are better, for greater security. An occasional watering with liquid manure is advisable in order to stimulate the growth of the plant, although this must be applied with care, since an excess will do more harm than good. In one instance a grape shoot treated in this way produced nine large bunches of fine grapes, although such a number would be rather more than could conveniently be supported by the plant.

The Contract System not a Failure.

A Committee of the Illinois Legislature has just visited the State Prison at Joliet, and it is reported they became bewildered at the evident looseness and want of judgment with which the business of the institution has been conducted. It was ascertained from the books that some of the departments were run on contract with outsides parties, and that some were not; that some of the branches were remunerative, and that other's had been maintained at a ruinous expense to the State from their commencement. In the matter of the sale of goods, it was found that in some instances parties wholly irresponsible, and others of a doubtful character, had been allowed to purchase to the amount of $155,000, and that the prison was encumbered with debt to the amount of nearly $333,000 for material, machinery, and stock, a large portion of which was on hand, but on which not more than half the price at which it was inventoried could be realized. Of this indebtedness the most was overdue.

The whole of the stock, machinery, fixtures, and appliances were valued at $506,000. This was thought by the committee to be the real value. It appeared to be the opinion of the committee that the system of running manufacturing departments in the prison by the State was a failure, and that the sooner it could be closed out and the workships of the institution run upon the contract system, by which the labor of a certain number of convicts is leased to an outside party, who will furnish the material and the necessary implements, the sooner the prison would be in a position to sustain itself.

Now we have the San Francisco *Commercial Herald* testifying that beet sugar will be a failure on the Pacific Coast. It estimates that 3,000 tons of beets will yield only 300,000 pounds (five per cent.) of saleable sugar, at twelve cents a pound, worth $36,000; and 108,000 pounds (three per cent.) of dark salt sugar, for refining purposes, worth, at six cents a pound, $10,800. This makes the total value of the product of 3,000 tons of beets, $46,800. The expenses of reducing this quantity of beets in a factory working fifty hands a day, he estimates to be $79,000; so that the loss in the operation would be $29,200. That this kind of sugar should be profitably made in Germany and not in California, is owing perhaps to the less saccharine matter that the California beets contain compared with those grown in Europe, and the high cost of labor and machinery in California.

Why we Lose our Teeth.

In civilized society a complete and perfectly sound set of natural teeth is a curiosity. If teeth continue to deteriorate as fast during the next fifty years as they have during the past, the people will then scarcely have any teeth at all except such as the dentist furnishes them to order. This decay and loss of teeth is confined to man, and mostly to the civilized races of men. Where is there an animal on the face of the globe, except some domestic animal kept by man in the most unhealthful conditions, that loses its teeth by decay? The Indian, the negro, and the less civilized nations and races generally have good teeth. What is the cause of this premature loss of our teeth? Dyspeptic stomachs, saleratus bread, tobacco, drugs, uncleanliness, etc., have much to answer for as causes of decaying teeth, but the cause which I desire to call particular attention to, and which is of more importance than any other, though generally overlooked, is that the teeth are not made of suitable materials. Teeth are very largely composed of mineral substances, as phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, silex, etc., and in order that they may be sound and perfect, food must be eaten which contains these mineral substances. As well expect to make a perfect steam boiler of sheet lead as to make perfect teeth of such food as fine-flour bread, fat meat, sugar, starchy preparations, etc., which do not contain the elements needed. If people will only substitute unbolted wheat-meal or graham flour in place of the superfine flour now so generally used, their health and strength will not only be greatly improved, but their teeth, and especially their children's teeth will be harder, stronger, and much less subject to decay.—*Exchange.*

Female Masons.—A discussion in a Boston paper concerning the existence of female Freemasons brings out a statement from a correspondent, who says he is "well acquainted with two ladies who have received eight degrees, and who are the 'shining lights' of a flourishing lodge in Vermont. The circumstances of their admission are very interesting, and closely related to certain well-known adventures in our late war, when these two heroines followed, for over a year, the fortunes of one of the Vermont regiments. I was present myself at the initiation of one of these ladies, who went through the ordeal in a manner worthy of the title she has earned. It was the same as that undergone by men, except in a few particulars of dress, which was slightly altered in respect to her sex."

At a meeting of the fish and salt dealers of New England at Boston, it was stated that the annual value of our ocean fisheries is $50,000,000; that forty millions bushels of salt are used in the United States every year, or about one bushel to every inhabitant; and that the average rate of duty now on salt is 224 per cent. advalorem, making the average cost per bushel to the consumer fifty cents.

San Domingo.

WHAT CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE COMMISSION HAVE TO SAY.

The San Domingo Commission is now at work. From the reports of the party, we make the following interesting extracts:

SAN DOMINGO CITY.

Santo Domingo City is nothing but a ruin. I have been here now two days, and have searched vainly for a new house, a fresh brick, a newly-quarried stone, or a lately sawed scantling. Apparently there is not, in the whole city, a structure that is not two hundred years old. All the houses bear the proof of great age. Crumbling stones, concrete falling to decay, ivy and other vines clinging to the walls, moss and mold and discoloration everywhere. Every street is but a copy of its fellows. Its houses are like prisons, with thick walls, massive doors, and barred windows.

THE TROUBLES.

President Baez in his interview with Mr. Wade said: Cabral, about whom so much is said in the United States, and so little here, is really not at the head of discontented Dominicans; but he is with a force of Haytians, a few other foreigners, and a very small number of persons related to or connected with himself. He is of little importance. The force is Haytian; its officers are Haytians. He does not command it, in fact; but a Haytian General is in command. The Haytian Government, by his aid, is making as vigorous a demonstration as possible, just at this particular time, in order to affect the people of the United States, and prevent the neighbbring Dominican Republic from being united with a strong power.

SANTA BARBARA DE SAMANA.

Samana is a poor little, dirty place enough, for all its romantic and picturesque appearance. It is built in a random hap-hazard sort of way along half a mile of curving shore at the foot of a ridge of high wooded hills, and what with its rambling lines and grotesque huts, I think it is one of the most absurd places I ever saw. There are eighty or ninety buildings, all told, consisting for the most part of a light frame work of scantlings brought from the States, and clap-boarded with bamboos split in half and pressed flat by piling stones upon them while wet. The rude planking made in this primitive manner is from four to six inches wide and half an quarter of an inch thick. Paint is almost unknown, but most of the huts are whitewashed. The roofing is of cocoa leaves bound together with vines. The flooring, when there is any, which is not often, consists of rough-hewn wood, or bark, or boughs, or the same leaves that are used for thatch. None of the houses—or, perhaps, I should say cabins—have more than one story; few have more than one, or, perhaps, two rooms. Doors and windows are luxuries which the majority of the people have learned to do without; but there are two or three houses in the village roofed with shingles and supplied with all such modern conveniences as plank floors, partitions, and doors and windows. In the centre of the settlement is the Plaza, or square, without which no Spanish-built town is thought to be complete, and here is a Liberty Tree, of the royal palm species, planted by the villagers five or six years ago.

SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS.

There is no tavern, or hotel or other place of accommodation for strangers, and so far as I have been able to learn there are not more than two or three bedsteads on the whole Peninsula. Those who have no hammocks sleep on rude bamboo frames or on improvised pallets of leaves and bark. It is a curious feature of Samana life that almost everybody keeps a shop. Of the 80 houses in the place, more than half are in some way devoted to trade. How 40 shop-keepers can be maintained in a village of 80 houses is a problem in political economy that I shall not attempt to solve, but it is so. All that I have seen sell liquor, and besides this staple of commerce one can buy common calicoes, groceries, tobacco, vegetables, and fruit.

THE ANNEXATION SENTIMENT.

On the subject of annexation the people of Samana are enthusiastic and unan