CENTRE HALL REPORTER.

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TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. IV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1871. NO. 16.

The Old Turnpike.

We hear no more the clanging hoof,
And the stage-coach rattling by,
For the steam-king rules the travel world,
And the old pike's left to die.
The grape creeps o'er the flinty path,
And the stealthy daisies steal
Where once the stage-horse, day by day,
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stager dreads
The toil of the coming morn,
No more the hasting landlord runs
At the sound of the echoing horn;
For the dust lies still upon the road,
And the bright-eyed children play
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip,
And the strong wheels' rumbling sound;
And ah! the water drives us on,
And an iron horse is found!
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
The horse has sought the plow,
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,
And the steam-king rules us now.

The old turnpike is a pike no more;
Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
And we ride at a flying rate;
We have filled the valleys and leveled the hills,
And tunneled the mountain side,
And around the rough crag's dizzy verge
Fearlessly now we ride.

On—on—on with a haughty front,
A puff, a shriek, and a bound;
While the tardy echoes make too late
To echo back the sound;
And the old pike road is left alone,
And the stagers seek the plow;
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam-king rules us now.

Love's Colors.

Not violets I gave my love,
That in their life are sweet and rare,
And deep in color, as the heart
Whose every thought of her is prayer;
For violets grow pale and dry,
And lose the semblance of her eye.

No lily's buds I gave my love,
Though she is white and pure as they;
For they are cold to smell and touch,
And blossom but a single day;
And press'd by love, in love's own page,
They yellow into early age.

But cyclamen I chose to give,
Whose pale white blossoms at the tips
(All else as driven snow) are pink,
And mind me of her perfect lips;
Still as this flower is kept and old,
Its worth to love is yet untold.

Old, kept, and kissed, it does not lose
As other flowers the hues they wear;
Love is triumphant, and this bloom
Will never whiten from despair;
Rather it deepens as it lies,
This flower that purples when it dies.

So shall my love, as years roll by,
Take kingly colors for its own;
Sole master of her vanquish'd heart,
Am I not master of a throne?
Crush'd by no foot, nor cast away,
My purple love shall rule the day.

CHUBB AND I.

I was the only chum Chubb Jackson had. Perhaps a corresponding vein of idleness made us sympathise; at all events, we were great friends; and when his aunt came to take him home for the midsummer holidays, she had a liking for me for her nephew's sake, and wanted me to come and see them at Pelham-crescent, Hastings. But I never went; and I saw no more of Chubb Jackson for I don't know how many years.

I was serving out my articles with Bump and Podgers, of Lincoln's Inn, living in Stanhope street, Hampstead road, when, coming from Charing Cross one evening by a yellow bus, I recognized next to me on the knife-board the image of Chubb Jackson. It couldn't be the inky boy of my school days; for this was a painful swell in lavender gloves, most shiny hat, and shirt collar of portentous size. Now Chubb as a lad had a most inveterate stutter. So when the youth turned to me, intending, I think, to ask for a light, having an unlit cigar in his mouth, and fumbling vainly in his waistcoat pocket, and I saw his mouth working in painful throbs to deliver itself of the embryo words, I knew that he must be my former school-fellow, and cried, unconsciously, imitating his stammer, "W-why, you must be C-chubb Jackson!"

He was living, I found, still with his aunt Chubb, in Albany street, close by; and we renewed our school friendship forthwith.

Mrs. Chubb was always delighted to see me. I was so steady, she said; and she always felt comfortable when Chubb was with me. But there was another attraction at 294 Albany street. Letitia Cuttshon was there on a visit—a protracted visit, having no apparent commencement or ending, but which was always to end at some time or other, but never did.

The second time I went to see them, Mrs. Chubb told me, as a great secret, that she hoped Letitia and Chubb would come together. Letitia was the orphaned daughter of the dearest friend she ever had—she gave a little sigh as she said it, which made me think perhaps there was some woman's romance hidden below her placid front—and it was the dearest wish of her heart that the two should be married; but she wanted Chubb to make something of himself first. He was now apprenticed to a wood-engraver, and he really seemed to have found his particular hole; for he had a wonderfully neat and careful hand, and had considerable talent for design. He worked a good deal at home in a little atelier on the second floor; and you would hear him, as he chipped away, humming sometimes, and sometimes carolling, when you came to the hall-door in quiet Albany street.

Looking upon Letitia as already engaged, I had no intention of falling in love with her; but I couldn't help becoming very fond of her, meeting her as I did constantly in intimate society, for she was so good and lovable. Chubb was also much attached to her, I fancied; but I don't know whether he was quite such a good boy as his aunt imagined, and I used to doubt sometimes whether the career open to him pleased him altogether.

It happened that a literary friend of Chubb offered him a box for a particular night at the Olympic; and it was then and there determined that we would all go. Chubb was to come to my office at half-past six, and Aunt Chubb and Lititia were to call for us there.

I had had a very busy day at Lincoln's Inn, and I had not noticed the flight of time, when I heard a cab stop outside; it was seven o'clock. I was vexed with Chubb that he had not kept his appointment; for I had relied upon his coming in time for me to dress before the ladies arrived. Now I had to run out in my office-coat, and ask Mrs. Chubb to wait till I could struggle into my evening suit.

"Don't be more than ten minutes, Edward," she said, "or we shall have to pay extra for waiting. Chubb must follow us; the careless boy!"

There was nothing remarkable in his not keeping his appointment. I remember the entertainment at the Olympic, well. Act succeeded act, but still no Chubb Jackson. Ever and again I turned my head, thinking I heard him enter the box. My uneasiness seized my companions also; they, too, began to look over their shoulders each minute. It was a hot midsummer night, but the theatre felt chilly. Aunt and Letitia drew their shawls around them. I fancied, too, that the audience on the other side began to notice our uneasiness; lorgnettes were leveled at our box. The play was coming to an end. I took them out of the theatre and put them into a cab. It would be a relief to get back to Albany street and to find Chubb in his little snuggery, smoking a pipe and chipping away at his blocks; a relief to give him a good scolding for putting us out so.

But when we got back to Albany street the house was dark and desolate. The servants had gone to bed, according to orders. The supper-tray was in the dining-room, in readiness for our refection; a few dozen oysters, a brown loaf, a half-cut ham. But there was no trace of Chubb's presence, no opened shells, no empty bottle of Guinness. Where could he be?

It was necessary that I should go out to look after the missing Chubb. I embraced my mission very reluctantly; for I was tired and hungry, and I thought that Chubb was indulging in some freak. His aunt would not hear of the possibility of such a thing; her boy had never been out so late as this without her knowledge, and she felt convinced some evil had come to him. She besought me to lose not a moment in putting the police in motion, in advertising, in offering a reward of a hundred pounds for any information.

"Had he any money with him, aunt?"

I had grown so intimate with the family that Mrs. Chubb had adopted me as her nephew.

"O dear, yes; and a great deal. I paid him his half-year's allowance, fifty pounds, this very morning, in Bank-of-England notes; and he stuffed them into his breast-coat pocket in his careless way, and I——"

"Have you got the numbers?"

"O yes, I put them down; they're in my desk. See here."

"Nothing but the numbers! no date, no distinguishing letters! Dear me, aunt, how unbusinesslike you are!"

"Oh, is it necessary, Edward? I didn't know."

"This list will do well enough for stopping the notes; but if they were lost, you'd never get anything out of the Bank for them. But now the point is to find Chubb. Good-bye, aunt; I'll send the young scamp home to you fast enough, never fear."

"Please God, I trust you will."

Letty was in the hall as I went out. She came to me pale and trembling.

"O Edward, do you think there is anything wrong with Chubb?"

"No, nothing wrong, I trust Letty. Don't worry about him; he's sure to be all right."

I took her hand as I spoke. Her sweet gray eyes sought mine in unsuspecting sisterly confidence.

"You will come back with him? We shan't go to bed till you come back. Good-bye, Edward."

It was a hot, dull, sodden night; a night on which one felt the oppressive weight of undefinable wretchedness. As I made my way to the cab-stand, I felt that I was upon a bootless errand.

Chubb hadn't been at Lincoln's Inn; the housekeeper, whom I roused out of her first sleep, was sure of that. I must go on to Enfield street, to the shop of the eminent wood engravers where Chubb was employed. The premises were locked up; an iron bar across the door, with a great padlock securing it, showed that no one slept in the house. What should I do next? In my perplexity, I found my way to the police-office. The inspector smiled at my grave air when he heard my tale.

"There's a good many young gents as don't get home as soon as their ma's would like, sir. 'But I'll send a sergeant with you, sir. The man on the beat will know where the foreman of the shop lives, no doubt, sir."

The police-sergeant, a grizzled careworn man, started with me to the beat. The officer on duty knew where the foreman of English & Jardine lived; it was in a street off the Tottenham court road. Another short cab-ride, and we were knocking at Mr. White's door. Mr. White was a bachelor and a lodger. He was evidently giving a party that night; the front rooms was lighted up, and there was a piano going, and a song with a thundering chorus. My heart felt a great relief; Chubb was here, of course; this was the very sort of thing in which he delighted, for which he'd give up any kind of civilized society. Wouldn't he be wild at being fetched home by a police-sergeant and a friend!

White came to the door in his shirt-sleeves; he had a long clay pipe in his hand, with which he was beating time to the chorus. He seemed too perfectly happy to feel any surprise at the sight of two strangers at his gate, although one of them was a police constable. A rich tenor voice inside was singing, "Hard times come again no more."

"Chubb Jackson here? No, he isn't—'Tis a song, a sigh of the weary, hard times'—but if you are a friend of his, come in and join us." Again he was led away by the chorus, "Around my cabin door—come again no more."

The police-sergeant sighed; he'd a soft heart, I fancy, under his blue coat, and few who have had hard times themselves can hear unmoved the plaintive refrain.

"Can you give us a few minutes' conversation on a matter of importance?"

"Certainly; only don't interrupt the song. Come in; there. 'Hard times, hard times, come again no more;' now chorus all?"

We stood there in the hall under the lamp; Mr. White waving his pipe to the time, and the police-sergeant joining gruffly in the strain.

"Bravo! thank ye, gentlemen. Now, then, what have you got to say to me?"

I told him briefly of Chubb being missing, and asked him what clue he had to give me.

"Why, let's see. Chubb went away the first thing this morning; he wasn't a quarter of an hour at the shop. He'd been drawing some tin, hadn't he? He don't often show much at the shop on such occasions. Where he went to I don't know. Yes, I do, though. I can tell you where he started from, at least. He went to the Essex street pier; for he was asking Brown if it was open again, as it had been repairing lately, and Brown said it was. But where he went after that, I know no more than the dead. But, bless you, he'll turn up all right."

We took our leave sadly; it didn't seem a very hopeful trail.

"I don't like a track as ends in the river, sir. You don't often get any farther than that."

We didn't get any farther.

At the early dawn I found myself wearily walking along Albany street, with a feeble hope that Chubb might have come home in the meantime. But there was only Mrs. Chubb, sitting up, sad and wan, and looking ten years older in that single night.

"My poor boy, my poor boy!" she could only cry, quite broken down, quite past comfort. Letty took her up stairs, and I didn't venture to see her for a month after.

I had the direction of all the inquiries which were made. Spurred on by the reward of £250, the police exerted themselves most strenuously. But not the faintest trail could they find of Chubb Jackson. One of the notes he had received from his aunt was traced to a low public-house in the Waterloo road; but, although the house was watched for months, and the haunts of all the doubtful characters who resorted there, thoroughly searched, they failed to get a glimpse of the fate of poor Chubb.

The atelier on the second floor in Albany street was shut up from that time. Aunt Chubb would let no one enter it but herself. Once a week she would go in and dust it with her own hands. Poor Letitia thought herself almost a widow, and wore deep mourning for her lost sweetheart.

It was a year after, Chubb's untimely fate that I ventured one day—she was sewing a button on my sleeve at the time; the sight of her sweet patient face and downcast eyes was too much for me, and I took her in my arms and asked her if she'd let me take the vacant place in her heart. She was dreadfully shocked, and wouldn't forgive me for a long time; but Aunt Chubb was my friend, and told my darling that the time for grief was past, and that it was her dearest wish now that we two should be married; and then Letitia relented, and gave me all her heart.

Aunt Chubb roused up wonderfully now. In our happiness she seemed to live again; for the soul wearies of hopeless grief. In the preparations for the wedding, in the necessary house-hunting and furniture-buying, Aunt Chubb took great interest. But I couldn't help feeling a little nettled at finding how completely in the mind of aunt, and partially in Letty's view, I was simply a representative of the Chubb. We were not to live in St. John's Wood, because Chubb detested St. John's Wood. We must live in the neighborhood of Regent's Park, because Chubb thought it was the healthiest part of London. The dining-room curtains were to be blue, for that was Chubb's favorite color; the drawing-room was to be upholstered in white and gold, for Chubb had been heard to say that when he had a house of his own that would be his choice. In other respects however, it was more satisfactory to stand in Chubb's shoes. His aunt had announced her attention of making us the same allowance she had intended for Chubb when *he* married; and she told us that, having no near relations of her own, she proposed to make us and ours her heirs; but, after all, it wasn't pleasant to be considered in the light of a proxy or deputy; and the way in which those two women set up an idol, an ideal Chubb about as like the real formerly-existing Chubb as the butterfly is to the grub, and expecting everybody to burn incense before it, was especially aggravating. But I bore all patiently, abiding the time when I should take the reins into my own hands.

It was just two years since poor Chubb disappeared, and we were to be married to-morrow.

I had wound up all my affairs at Lincoln's Inn, and had made up my mind to leave the office at three, having to make a few purchases; and I had planned taking a citizen steamboat to Cadogan pier, there to have a quiet half-hour under the trees of Cheynewalk, to take leave of my old self. For before I knew Letitia I had been a very lonely man, lonely in a crowd, and I had learnt to know myself—yes, and to like myself, and to take pleasure in my own thoughts; and I felt a little sad, as though I were parting with an old friend at the gate of my new life.

But locking up my papers and changing my coat, I was conscious of a peculiar stir and tumult astonishing the quiet Inn; a clatter and a clank, a ringing of steel accoutrements, and the sharp clash of hoofs on the paved court-yard; I heard, too, the rush of pattering feet, which betokened that the London gamin was awake to the prospect of a little excitement. Now, looking from my window, I saw a small detachment of huzzars drawn up outside our office. Opposite the door was a cab, a policeman on the box. Half-a-dozen mounted police were drawn up on either side, and the British public massed itself behind the cavalcade.

I heard a clerk flying up the stairs, and he burst into my room, exclaiming, "O, Mr. Brown, you're wanted immediately by the chief Commissioners of Police!"

Had it come for me, then, this cavalcade? Was I to be carried off on the eve of my wedding-day? Was I to be spirited away to join my poor friend Chubb? I remembered such things in weird stories I had read as a boy; and I was really so much shaken, that had I found myself crammed into the carriage, and disappearing in a thunder cloud, I shouldn't have been much astonished.

No, not more astonished than I was, when, going to the window of the cab, I saw sitting beside a police-officer, and heavily ironed, Chubb Jackson!

He wasn't a bit altered, only browned and more manly.

"Ned, old fellow, I can't shake hands with you for these confounded handcuffs; but you're looking jolly! I want you to come with me to the post-office, to identify me. They want to make out that I'm Colonel Brady, the head-centre of the Fenians; but you can tell them better than that, eh Ned? Come, jump in."

I got into the cab in a maze of bewilderment.

How did I stand? Was I going to be married to-morrow, or would Chubb usurp my place? Who did the house in Regent's park belong to? and the portmanteau ready packed at my lodgings? No, that was mine, at all events. And the month's holiday? Good Heavens, why didn't the fellow stop another day! What did he mean by sitting there grinning at me, looking so happy? Happy; of course he was happy. Wasn't he going home to his Letitia?

Why should I be bail for this man? what did I know about him? The last two years might have made a Fenian of him. Was I certain he wasn't Colonel Brady? Was it a fiend which whispered in my ear, *Keep him locked up till the day after to-morrow.*

But the fiends may whisper as they will; the habit of truth and honesty is the best exorciser of demons. When we arrived at the police-station, and were shown into the magistrate's private room, my course was plain. Mr. Pusslewit, the magistrate, knew *me* well enough.

I could answer for the man in custody; he was not a Fenian at all. He was Chubb Jackson, an intimate friend of my own. His detention would be a very serious affair for the police; but released now, I would undertake that no action should be brought against the government. The upshot was, that half an hour saw Chubb and myself walking towards Charing-Cross arm-in-arm.

I had made up my mind as to the course I should adopt. Chubb had satisfied me that he had not intentionally left us in the dark as to his fate. His *baches* were not so great as to debar him from equity. I felt that he had the prior claim; that I could not resist the decree of the court above. I would take him to Letitia; tell her in half a dozen words that I resigned her to him; leave them to be happy together; and then—ah, time enough to think of that when the *then* came.

"Chubb, we'll have a cab, and go to your aunt's at once."

"But, Ned, I'm so horribly hungry. I've had nothing to eat since breakfast this morning on board the Hamburg; and if I remember right, aunt has tea about this time, and her larder is not framed for emergencies. Let's go to the Wellington and have a jolly good dinner; I'll stand it, for I'm flush to a degree."

We went to the Wellington, and Chubb took great pains in ordering the dinner. I think we drank a good deal of wine, but I couldn't taste it, nor had it any perceptible effect upon me.

Chubb was full of his adventures. He had sailed for America from Southampton on the day of his disappearance; he had posted letters to us all explaining the cause of his exodus; we afterwards found the letters in the breast-pocket of the old coat hanging up in his atelier. He had found out at New York some relations of his own; who, it turned out, were people of influence in America, some of them being high in office. He'd written home "several times," he said vaguely, but postal communications were irregular, and Chubb wrote such a shocking scrawl, that I wasn't surprised his letters never came at hand.

Wouldn't his aunt, all being explained, really go down on her knees and worship Chubb! And Letitia too.

How happy they'd all be! Only I, a miserable pale-faced lawyer's clerk—only in the way.

"Come, Chubb, let's go," said I hoarsely.

"Let's have a *chasse cafe* and a smoke before we go, Ned."

"No, no; come now, come now."

If I didn't get it over soon, I should break down.

"But I've something to tell you, Ned. Come along."

I gave way. I really thirsted for a reprieve. We sat in the smoking-room. I before my untasted coffee, rolling my unlit cigar in my damp fingers; he with his leg comfortably twisted round the arm of the chair, lolling back and blowing great wreaths of smoke from his fat jolly cheeks.

"Ned, do you think Letitia was very fond of me?"

"Devoted to you, Chubb. She mourned you as a widow might mourn her dead husband."

Chubb looked rather queer.

"Do you know that's awkward?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean—in fact, I'm married to an American. I sent her on to Paris, whilst I ran over to see you."

I jumped up, upsetting the table between us, and grasped Chubb by both his hands.

"Chubb, my dear, dear old friend; indeed we'll kill the fitted calf for you to-night. *I* am going to marry Letitia to-morrow!"

What an agitating night that was! I shall never forget Letitia's look of horror when I told her Chubb Jackson had come back; and then how she flung her arms round my neck, and cried to me that I must hold her fast from her aunt and Chubb and all the world; how I exploded then into a passion of love and joy, and quite frightened poor Letty. She was a little disappointed, though, when she found we were not called upon to do defiance to all the world; rather vexed at Chubb, too, for having forgotten her so easy.

As for aunt Chubb, she laughed and cried, and cried and laughed again. Yes, it was very nice to see the faithful old aunt and her young scapegrace of a nephew so happy.

We were married the next day, Letty and I; and Chubb gave her away.

Mrs. Chubb started for Paris next day to see her neice, Mrs. Chubb Jackson; and we presently joined them all there, and were introduced to the fair American, her father and brothers. She was a charming little body, and I was delighted with her; but Letitia didn't get on with her quite so well.

Chubb has gone back to America, where, in conjunction with his father-in-law, he carries on a drygoods warehouse, a monster hotel, and a line of steamboats, besides conducting an illustrated paper. Report says they are making piles of dollars.

Letitia and I are very happy.

An Extinct Family.

It is a curious fact that there are no known decendants of Christopher Columbus. He had two sons, one of whom, Don Diego, rose to the distinction of an admiral, and the other, Fernando, as a scholar. Fernando was a great traveler. He not only thrice visited America, but subsequently traversed the whole of Europe and every accessible portion of Asia and Africa. He appeared to have been a profound scholar and a thoroughly good man. In his will he stipulated that his library, containing twenty thousand volumes, which he gave to the cathedral of Seville, should be free to the people, and is to this day. From books in this collection Washington Irving obtained a considerable portion of the information on which his "Life of Columbus" was founded. The following quaint epitaph, almost obliterated by time, appears on the table which marks the site of his tomb: "What doth it profit to have sprinkled the whole world with my sweat; to have three times crossed the New World discovered by my father; to have embellished the shores of tranquil Guadalquiver, and preferred simple tastes rather than riches, or that I have assembled around the divinities from the source of Castalia, and offer to thee the riches gathered by Ptolemy, if passing in silence over this stone, shouldst fail to address a single salutation to my father's memory."

At Dartmouth College, a few days ago, the students were surprised to hear their president, in solemn words and ominous tones, accuse them of engaging in a leagued conspiracy, and declare that such a thing could not go on without his cognizance! While the innocents tremblingly awaited the evident disclosure of some foul plot or mischievous design, he suddenly said he would give his countenance and utmost aid to this measure, which originated in the minds of the students! The "leagued conspiracy" is this: The under-graduates propose to rise among their friends and alumni the sum of at least $15,000, to be expended in heating the college buildings with steam and lighting them by gas, thus diminishing the danger from fire, to which these buildings, with their valuable contents, are exposed, and at the same time securing to the occupants many conveniences and advantages not now enjoyed.

How to Value Diamonds.—To give the best possibly answer to a most difficult question we can only quote as authority Harry Emanuel's well-known work on this subject. He saya:

"It is impossible to lay down any rule by which to calculate the value according to any arbitrary connection with the weights; as any particular size is in demand or not, so does that size augment in price or diminish; for instance, at the present moment a perfect one-carat stone is worth £18, but a five-carat stone is not worth £450, which is the value it would have according to Jeffries, but £320, and so on. It is, therefore, a matter of infinite difficulty to fix a price which shall be a reliable one both to buyer and seller."

While the principle by which diamonds are valued remains unchanged, prices now are much enhanced. The present standard of value in Europe for a one carat stone of average quality is about £35 sterling, wholesale; that of a five carat stone, about £500.

Transplanting Men.—If the oak, in its germ, has been set in a flower-pot you will not think of keeping it there. Yet the process of transplanting is ever a delicate one—it may be fatal. A shock is suffered, the courses of absorption, secretion, assimilation are interrupted, growth for a time is suspended, and the new soil may prove less genial than the old. The difficulties and trials which often lead men—especially professional men—to think of some change of location, are often but a needful test, a hardening and maturing process, a preparation for higher usefulness. Happy he who, amid all such trials, judges with the first Napoleon, that "the word impossible belongs only to a fool's vocabulary," and so finds his shoulders broadening with the burdens laid upon them. Yet such a result is the issue only of a holy boldness, a courage born of the Spirit. It is attained only by that faith which, amid all beating tempests and swelling waves, is as anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast.—*Rev. Dr. Smith.*

The New Orleans *Picayune* tells a good story of a belle of that city, who, in company with several friends, was examining a fine picture-gallery and admiring the beautiful paintings as only the intelligent and refined admire works of art. Finally she approached a group of paintings, in the centre of which was a large looking glass, which reflected the young lady's full-length picture. One of the gentlemen, pointing to it, said: "See, Miss Laura, what a splendid picture." "Yes," she said, glancing at it hurriedly, and not perceiving that it was her own reflection, "it is a passable painting, but the subject is homely." "Indeed, are you in earnest?" "Certainly; quite a fright." "Look at it again." She did; but it is curious to observe that since then a noticeable coolness has sprung up between the young lady and her admirer.

A truly eccentric will was that made by Mr. J. Marsh, an old bachelor of Passaic, N. J., who died a few days ago. He left the best part of an estate of $400,000 for the benefit of six old horses. A farm of eighty acres is set apart as their happy hunting-ground for ten years, $300 a year each goes to feed them, an ostler will receive $1,200 yearly for ten years for grooming them, and two gentlemen get $10,000 each to see that the provisions of the will are fulfilled.

The want of ability to sleep well is an indication of impaired health which demands prompt attention. As a remedy for this, Dr. Hall recommends that present associations be broken up, whatever may be the sacrifice; that some more active employment be undertaken; or a long journey be taken on horseback, if possible, and with a good companion. A great specific is to be vigorously employed in the open air a large portion of the time.

A Chicago Dog Story.

Science is a great thing. It sports with mortality. It throws a subject into the very arms of grim death, and then quietly rescues it from the tenacious and eternal grasp. It does a good many things in a variety of ways, and to its gifted exponent it is a joyful thing. Its last beneficence was the rescuing of a favorite poodle from the minions of the law, and the restoring of the said poodle to the arms of those by whom it was fondly loved.

The said poodle had long resided in the family of a physician in the southern portion of the city of Chicago. He had been well instructed in all the little ways that become a dog, and had been cared for with that tenderness to which a poodle is entitled. Every night he was put in his little bed, and having a clear conscience reposed as only good poodles can. The little fellow had only one fault, but in a republic like ours this was a serious crime. He was an aristocrat.

One day last week, encased in his little red jacket, he took a promenade. With indignation he beheld a barkeeper's daughter walking on the very pavement which he, the protege of a learned doctor, and the endeared dog of all that doctor's family, had selected for his walk. He showed his teeth in one moment; in another he buried them in the leg of the intruder. The barkeeper swore an awful oath that that dog should die, and, that his vow might be kept, also swore out a warrant for the dog's execution. The warrant was served upon the doctor.

There was consternation in the doctor's family, who would rather lose a limb than give up the dog to his bloodthirsty enemies. The doctor recognized that the warrant was binding, but begged of the officer that the poor puppy might die by no other hand than his (the doctor's) own. He would kill the victim scientifically, and bring its body to the station-keeper as an evidence of its death. This was satisfactory. In a few hours the stiffened body of the victim of the barkeeper's daughter was brought to the station-keeper by the doctor, who, with tears in his eyes, asked that he might take it home and quietly inter it in his back yard.

The majesty of the law having been vindicated, the station-keeper didn't care what became of the carcass of the canine and said so.

Two days afterward the station-keeper saw that very poodle wagging his tail in high glee, and barking with great animation.

The doctor and chloroform had deceived the station-keeper. The dog had won by coming to.

Thirst Quenched Without Drinking.

It may not be generally known to our readers that water, even salt water, imbibed through the skin appeases thirst almost as well as fresh water taken inwardly. In illustration of this subject, a correspondent has sent us the following abridged quotation from a "Narrative of Captain Kennedy's losing his Vessel, and his Distresses afterwards," which was noticed in "Dodsley's Annual Register for 1769." "I cannot conclude without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing. It was a considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although from seeing the good effects produced, they afterwards practiced it twice a day of their own accord. To this discovery I may with justice attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who must have perished if it had not been put in use.

The hint was first communicated to me from the perusal of a treatise written by Dr. Lind. The water absorbed through the pores of the skin producing in every respect the same effects as would have resulted from the moderate drinking of any liquid. The saline particles, however, which remained in our clothes, became incrusted by the heat of the sun and that of our own bodies, lacerating our skins and being otherwise inconvenient; but we found that by washing out these particles, and frequently wetting our clothes without ringing twice in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time. After those operations we uniformly found that the violent drought went off, and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment. Four persons in the boat who drank salt water went delirious and died; but those who avoided this and followed the above practice experienced no such symptoms."

St. Crispin never had a more ingenious follower than James A. Hamilton, whose recent escape from a Pennsylvania prison is the most marvelous rogue's work on record. Hamilton was an old prison bird, and one of the most dangerous convicts in the Lancaster prison. Assigned to a solitary "iron-clad" cell, he was set to work at shoemaking. Sometime ago he complained that his bench was too low, and asked for a couple of short pine planks to put under the legs to raise it a few inches. For weeks he worked under these boards at night, cutting a hole through the floor, and in the daytime covered his tracks with the boards. Having cut through the flooring, he reached solitary masonry, and worked upon that with such success that, eventually, enough was removed to admit the passage of his body. Having cleared the mason work of a space a foot thick and about three feet broad, he attacked the solid prison wall from his narrow crevice under the floor, and although it was three feet thick, he made a breech and passed safely through, and let himself down two stories by a very thin but exceedingly stout shoe-thread. Breaking into the wash-house and carpenter shop, he procured a change of clothes and lumber to construct a ladder with which to pass over the jail-yard wall. This ladder is a model of ingenuity. None of the lumber was stout enough to make the sides, so he lashed several slender pieces together with bed-cord, and tied broken barrel staves across for rounds. With this the prisoner found his way to freedom. Early Sunday morning his flight was discovered. In his cell fully a cart-load of debris was found carefully stored under his bed, the slats of which were cut in half and bored at regular distances to make a lader, which, however, he had been unable to get through the peculiarly shaped hole by which he had escaped.

Ohio is bragging over a man with wonderful memory. He is fifty-three years of age, illiterate and nearly blind, but he remembers the occurrences of every day since January 1, 1827, when he was nine years old. Mention any date to him in the last forty-four years, and he tells instantly what day of the week it was, what sort of weather prevailed, and what he was working at and conversed about. A gentleman who proposed a test provided himself with a journal for forty-five years, and after several severe cross-examinations, proved the Ohioan to be correct invariably.

"Doctor, as my little boy gave the measles to all my neighbors' children, and as they were attended by you, I think you can afford to deduct ten per cent. from the amount of my bill for the increase of business we gave you."

Sausage in the German Army.

One of the most noted inventions of the present war, says the Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, is erbs wurst, or pea-sausage. There is not a German soldier to whom this is not as familiar as hard-tack was to our soldiers, though it has a very different reputation from hard-tack. It is the most favorite of all the articles which constitute the soldiers' rations here, not excepting even cigars or beer. Its chief adaptedness to the army consists in its containing, like condensed milk, a great amount of nourishment in a very small volume, and of being capable of being afterward easily increased in volume and reduced to a palatable consistency. It is necessary only to remove the skin and boil it a few minutes in water, when it may be eaten with dry bread. It may also be eaten raw, as the Germans eat all their sausage, and some even prefer it so. It can, furthermore, be preserved for any length of time. After seven years, as is claimed by the inventor, it will be as good as when first made. Although the factory is closed to the public, and even with permission from the War Department I could only see a small part of the process, I understand that it is made from thirteen different kinds of meats and vegetables—all being among the richest—though the principal ingredients are dried peas, bacon, and tallow.

The erbs-wurst is a triumph of cookery with these materials, where they have succeeded in working up much that was heretofore unpalatable, into a palatable mess. They have succeeded in making it, moreover, into a sausage or "wurst," which is the favorite form in which the Germans eat nearly all their meats, there being as many kinds of sausages in Germany as there are parts of the hog to call them by. This name itself will give a relish to anything a German has to eat. The erbs-wurst factory, on the outskirts of Berlin, employs over two thousand hands, the whole being managed by the Government. No other parties are allowed to manufacture erbs-wurst, even if they knew how. The inventor offered to sell his patent to England a few years ago, but it was rejected. In the present war it has found its appropriate place, and has secured for him an immense fortune, which is daily increasing.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania have passed an act incorporating the Blooming Grove Park Association, and investing it with the fullest powers needed to carry out its objects. These are the promotion of field, aquatic, and turf sports; the cultivation of forests, the preservation and propagation of game animals, birds and fish, to preserve them from extinction and furnish them for propagation. The headquarters of the club are in a picturesque section of Pennsylvania, where the estate covers over 12,000 acres, in the towns of Blooming Grove, Green, and Porter, in Pike County. Besides this large property this act of corporation privileges them to procure additions according as they may be found necessary. Among the incorporators are Genio C. Scott, Dudley Field, Fayette S. Giles, &c., &c. The affairs of the club are to be managed by nine directors, and the capital stock is to be $225,000, in 500 shares of $450. An increase of the stock is allowed up to $500,000, provided that for every share issued there is obtained twenty-five acres of land. Liberal exceptions in the matter of the game laws of the State are made in its favor, and the gamekeepers employed on the grounds are invested with the powers of constables or deputy-sheriffs. The sections of the act protecting the game on the estate are very stringent. So far as legal privileges are concerned, Pennsylvania has done all that could be required to make this important experiment a success.

And all for Spite.—The story is told of a woman in London whose *specialité* was a pair of the most exquisitely proportioned arms conceivable. Her husband was even more proud of them than she was—he absolutely doted on them. One day they had a terrible quarrel about something of small importance, and the woman was worsted. The next day she was missing from home and after a long search the husband found her in one of the London hospitals *undergoing treatment* for an amputated limb. Temporarily insane with thwarted spite, she had not been able to devise any better way of revenging herself on her husband than by having one of the perfect limbs, of which he was so proud, cut off! The story seems improbable, but it is hardly more so than that of the school boy Gambetta, scooping out one of his eyes with a steel pen to spite his father and mother, since he could get the better of them in no other way.

Mr. Magoon of St. Johnsbury, Vt., has invented a "feed heater" for economizing fuel on locomotive engines, which has been tested on the Connecticut River Railroad with favorable results. The water from the tank in the tender is pumped through a pipe to the heater, which consists of a coil of 1½ inch copper pipe around the cone pipe in the smoke stack, from this coil the water, heated to more than 200 degrees Fahrenheit during its passage, passes through another pipe into the boiler. The heat used in raising the temperature of the water is waste heat, escaping through the cone pipe; a portion of the exhausted steam is also applied to the same purpose. The invention was tried on an old engine which had fallen off in its work; the application of the improvement brought it up to its former efficiency.

The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe pain, and effectually exclude the burn from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to colodion, or even cotton. Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil, which is easily made from the yolk of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolk are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use among the colonists of South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises and scratches.

Value of Gambling-House Licenses.—The Hong Kong gambling-house licenses were last week sold to a resident Chinese for the modest little sum of $189,600 gold or $15,800 a month. Considering that the licenses last for one year only, games of chance must be rather popular to make it worth any one's while to pay such a fee. The outgoing "farmer," as he is technically called, is said to have netted only fifty thousand dollars by his venture last year, and to have declined bidding this year because the profits were not large enough! The respectable Chinese of the colony are very indignant at the action of the British Government in licensing instead of suppressing gambling, and a petition is being extensively circulated praying the House Office to forbid the continuanceof the license system.

In view of the filthy condition in which some people leave the floor of rail cars, a lady suggests to railroad managers that they label some of the cars "For the clean," and others "For the unclean."

Why Look With Envy on the Oyster?

Many of us, amid the troubles of this life (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*), look with envy on the oyster; and, indeed, active, fussy people often taunt those who do not share their taste for excitement with having no higher ambition than "to lead the life of an oyster." Yet there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the career of a bivalve is one of uninterrupted peace and enjoyment. The quiet of the cloister is not to be found within the oyster shell; on the contrary, the oyster from its infancy is subject to hairbreadth escapes and perils far exceeding even those incurred by the hero of the wildest romance. This truth is forcibly pointed out in the report of the commission appointed to inquire into the methods of oyster culture in the United Kingdom and France, with a view to the introduction of improved methods of cultivation of oysters into Ireland." "It must be borne in mind," says the report, "that more than ten per cent. of oysters breed annually, and that from the moment of its birth the oyster is subject to numerous dangers; among them, it is liable to be killed by a sudden fall or rise of temperature, to be borne to situations where it cannot attach itself, to be devoured soon after birth by the vermin that await it at that stage, or, later on, to be smothered by mussels, or attacked by the starfish, dog whelk, and crab, besides suffering numerous perils from mud and sand. The number that arrive at maturity must therefore be comparatively few. Indeed, it is asserted that not a dozen on an average out of the vast quantity originally given birth to, and which is said to consist of from one to two millions, survive." When we further remember that even if they do survive they have no other prospect than that of being sprinkled with pepper and vinegar, and swallowed by dozens without reference to age or sex, we at once perceive there is more to admire than envy in the life of an oyster.

Out-door Professions for Women.

And then there are out-door professions connected with a home which are as suitable for women as for men. The business of raising fruits and flowers is especially suited to a woman, as also the management of the dairy; and for these the other sex are regularly instructed in endowed agricultural schools, while women can not share these advantages. The arts that ornament a home, such as drawing, painting, sculpture, and landscape gardening, are peculiarly appropriate for women as professions by which to secure an independence. Yet but a few have the opportunities which are abundantly given to the other sex.

These were all employments suited to woman, and such as would not take her from the peaceful retreat of a home of her own, which by these professions she might earn. Were these employments for women honored as matters of science, as are the professions of men; were institutions provided to train women in both the science and practice of domestic hygiene, as men are trained in agricultural chemistry, political economy, and the healing art; were there endowments providing a home and salary for women to train their own sex in its distinctive duties such as the profession of colleges gain—immediately a liberal profession would be created for women, far more suitable and attractive then the professions of men. Let this be done, and every young girl would pursue her education with an inspiring practical end, would gain a profession suited to her tastes, and an establishment for herself equal to her brother's, while she would learn to love and honor woman's profession.—*Exchange.*

A Hint to Meddlers.

A little white rose bloomed all by herself in a nook in the hedge.

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