CENTRE HALL REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. IV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1871. NO. 18.

A Love Song.

A bird sang low from its swaying nest:
"The world is fair to see!
Blue heaven above,
Arching my home,
And the sea I love
Snowy with foam.
Brown earth and tossing fields of grain,
Whispering branches and falling rain;
Burning blossoms quenched in dew;
Odors of paradise—music, too!

Ah! yes, yes, this world is fair to see!
But these make not the joy in my breast,
Tho' fair they be,
For the sweetest thing in this world above
To me! to me!
Is this—that I have some one to love,
And some one that loves me,
Loves me."

O! Birdie was right in his swaying nest;
We study from day to day
"To love," "To be loved." We forget the rest,
And carry but this away.
With "love" on our lips and "love" in our hearts,
We journey this life all through,
And placing our sorrows and troubles apart,
"Love" enters with us on the new.

The Coquette.

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"
Said my beautiful cousin, Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,
"But say, can you paint a Coquette?"

"She's painted already," quoth I,
"Nay, nay!" said the laughing Lisette,
"Now, none of your joking, but try,
And paint me a thorough Coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began,
In the ear of the eager Lisette,
"I'll paint you, as well as I can,
That wonderful thing, a Coquette.

"She wears a most beautiful face,
("Of course," said the pretty Lisette,)
And isn't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a Coquette.

"And then, she is daintily made,
(A smile from the dainty Lisette,)
By people experts in the trade
Of forming a proper Coquette.

"She's the winningest ways with the beaux,"
("Go on," said the winning Lisette,)
"Just there, isn't a man of them knows
The mind of the fickle Coquette!

"She knows how to weep and to sigh,
(A sigh from the tender Lisette,)
But her weeping is all in my eye,
Not that of the cunning Coquette!

"In short, she's a creature of art—"
("O, hush!" said the frowning Lisette)—
"With merely the ghost of a heart—
Enough for a thorough Coquette!

"And yet I could easily prove—"
("Now don't!" said the angry Lisette)—
"The lady is always in love—
In love with herself—the Coquette!

"There—do not be angry—you know,
My dear little cousin Lisette,
You told me a moment ago
To paint you a thorough Coquette!"

TOM POULTON'S JOKE.

A sociable club of seventy or eighty choice spirits, calling itself "The Serious Family," and having for its president or chairman Mr. Tom Poulton, Barrister-at-Law in theory, and Nothing-at-All in fact, held its weekly meetings for some years in three or four large rooms in a dull, gaunt house in Sobo square. The primary object of this association was the promotion of good-fellowship by the conciliatory medium of wholesome spirits and good tobacco. It possessed a secondary, or rather incidental, feature in the shape of a Provident Loan Fund, and, according to the by-laws of this fund, all members of the club who had proved their general solvency by twelve regular monthly payments of one sovereign, were entitled to one loan of twenty-four pounds, to be repaid within six months of the date of borrowing. This fund was projected by Mr. Tom Poulton, who proved by statistics that, taking the general population of Great Britain and Ireland, including women and children, and excluding all members of the House of Peers and all registered paupers, only one person in four lived beyond his annual income; or, in other words, only one person in four had occasion to borrow money to meet his yearly expenditure. Assuming that these statistics were applicable to so many members of the Serious Family as elected to become subscribers to the projected Provident Loan Fund, it followed that for every four annual subscriptions of twelve pounds, only one annual loan of twenty-four pounds would be applied for, leaving a clear annual balance of twenty-four other pounds in the fund's favor. But Mr. Tom Poulton did not close his eyes to the possibility that statistics which held good when applied to thirty-five million people, including women and children, might stand in need of some modification before they became applicable to an exceptional gathering of seventy or eighty young and middle-aged persons, among whom were no women and no children. He very fairly admitted the exceptional character of the club, in the course of his speech on the motion that the fund should be instituted, but he contended that if as many as one in three, instead of one in four, were to apply at the year's end for the loan of twenty-four pounds, the result would show a clear balance of fifty per cent. in favor of the projected fund. He went on to show that if an application from one in three resulted in a profit of fifty per cent., an application from one in one and a half would result in a profit of twenty-five per cent.; or, carrying the principle still further, an application from one in three-quarters would result in a profit of twelve and a half per cent.; from which an easy calculation would show that if every member of the Loan Fund who had subscribed twelve pounds were to insist on borrowing twenty-four, the clear annual profit in favor of the club would be fifteen and five-eighths per cent., and Mr. Tom Poulton would undertake, in writing, to be responsible for the accuracy of his calculation. It was immediately proposed that this fund be forthwith instituted, and the proposition was carried by acclamation. Mr. Tom Poulton was immediately elected chairman, treasurer, secretary, and trustee of the fund, and the whole club became subscribers to it.

Now this was one of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes. Mr. Tom Poulton had, among other valuable gifts, a keen sense of humor—so keen, indeed, that it was in no degree blunted if the joke turned against himself. Most of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes turned against himself, and the particular joke that Mr. Tom Poulton perpetrated in connection with the Serious Family Provident Loan Fund, proved especially disastrous to Mr. Tom Poulton, and, in the long run, especially beneficial to his intended victims, the subscribers to the fund.

As the year drew towards its close, and as all the twelve-pound subscribers to the fund intimated their intention of applying for loans of twenty-four pounds apiece, (leaving a clear annual balance of fifteen and five eighths per cent. in favor of the fund, according to Tom Poulton's own showing,) Tom began to cast about for another joke that should have the effect of eclipsing, by the richness of its humor, the humor of the fund joke, and of obliterating, by the force of its agreeable *dénouement*, all recollection of the disappointment that would be occasioned by the *dénouement* of the fund joke.

One morning Mr. Tom Poulton called upon Mr. Richard Harris, the secretary of the Serious Family. Mr. Harris was the chosen abettor of Mr. Poulton's little jokes. He also acted the part of Traitor-in-Ordinary to that gentleman, and brought all his ingenuity to bear upon the best means of causing Mr. Poulton's jokes to recoil upon himself. But Mr. Poulton's keen sense of humor reconciled him to all misfortunes that proceeded from it, and he and Mr. Harris were on the best of terms.

"Harris," said Tom Poulton, "I've arranged another sell for the Family, and I want your help."

"It is yours," said Harris. "Details?"

"You are aware that all the Family will be down on me, in six weeks' time, for their twenty-four pound loans? Well, before they fall due I'm going to die."

"Don't do that," said Harris.

"Yes, my mind's made up. Listen. I've found an old man of my name—Tom Poulton; I advertised for him. He is wretchedly poor, and he lives all by himself in Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill."

"Well?"

"Well, he can't live three weeks, and I've taken lodgings in his house."

"Still I don't see——"

"You're very dull. He can't live three weeks—that is to say, in three weeks he'll die and he'll be buried. The Family must hear of it through you, they will all come to the funeral, and I'll turn up among them."

"But if you die, and don't repay them their money they have subscribed to the fund, I don't think they *will* come to the funeral."

"Yes, I've arranged about that. I'll make my will, leaving everything I have to be equally divided among them. The will must be opened by you immediately after my demise. I'll appoint you executor and I'll leave you—I'll leave you a hundred pounds for your trouble."

"Thank you—thank you heartily."

"Spend it judiciously, Richard—when you get it."

* * * * * *

"On the 17th November, at 3 Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill, Thomas Poulton, Esquire, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law."

The Serious Family were very angry at Tom Poulton's death. He had pocketed nearly a thousand pounds of their money, and out of this sum they had counted on borrowing two thousand at Christmas. But by their chairman and treasurer's demise, not only was there no prospect of effecting the contemplated loan, but it became a very serious question whether they would ever see any of the paid-up capital again. It was voted abominable on Tom Poulton's part to die at such a crisis, and nobody expressed any intention of going to his funeral. However, Mr. Dick Harris completely justified Tom Poulton's dying by producing his will at the next meeting; the will left everything that Tom Poulton possessed to the society, to be divided equally among its members, and as Tom Poulton had three or four hundred a year from house property, every one expressed an intention of going to his funeral.

The funeral was plain, not to say meagre, in its appointments; but no doubt Dick Harris, as executor, did not feel justified in putting the Serious Family to any unnecessary expense. It was voted thoughtful in Dick Harris, and never did any body of men feel more thoroughly convinced of the vanity of funeral pomp than did the members of the Serious Family as they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave.

But between the demise and burial of the Tom Poulton who actually *did* die, Mr. Dick Harris had made an important discovery.

The Tom Poulton who *did* die turned out to be an extraordinary wealthy old miser. His mattress was stuffed with banknotes, and so was his easy chair, and under the boards of his room was gold to the amount of eight or nine thousand pounds. Moreover, he appeared to have died intestate; at all events, the only will that was found was the will made in favor of the Serious Family by the Tom Poulton who did not die. In the absence of any other testamentary document applying to the property of the Tom Poulton who *did* die, Mr. Dick Harris had no alternative but to apply to it the testamentary document drawn up and signed by the Tom Poulton who did *not* die. I will not attempt to describe how the grief of the Serious Family for the loss of Tom Poulton was tempered by the rapture with which they learnt that his estate was worth altogether some thirty or forty thousand pounds.

The day of Tom Poulton's funeral was a bitterly cold one. A drizzling November mist shrouded one-half of the funeral party from the other half, and all were drenched to the skin. There had been much moralizing among the mourners on the good qualities of poor Tom Poulton, on the eccentric taste that induced him to hoard away so much good money, and on the irreparable—almost irreparable—loss that his death would cause to the Family. As they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave, discoursing in saddened whispers to this effect, they were naturally rather surprised to find poor Tom Poulton standing among them, his eyes red with weeping and his general appearance carefully contrived to convey the idea that his grief at his own death was unbounded. It was natural enough that he should be sorry for his own death; the only unaccountable feature in the matter was his being present as a live mourner at his own funeral. This consideration appealed powerfully to Mr. Peter Hodgson, the member of the Serious Family who first became conscious of Mr. Tom Poulton's presence among them.

At first, Mr. Peter Hodgson, was not at all surprised. Mr. Tom Poulton was so thoroughly identified with all gatherings of the Serious Family, particularly with all funerals of deceased members, (for it was a point of honor with the Family to muster in full strength on such occasions,) that Mr. Peter Hodgson accepted his presence almost as a matter of course. His attention, however, was directed to the anomaly by Tom Poulton's first remark.

"Whose funeral is this?" said Tom.

Peter turned dead white.

"Why it's—it's your's, Tom," said Peter.

"Mine?"

"Yes. Tom—yours."

"This is scarcely a place or time for a joke, sir," said Tom, sternly.

"Joke!" said Peter, "it's no joke! Didn't you die last week?"

"I? Nonsense!"

"Well, anyway we're burying you, Tom Poulton!"

"Why do you call me Tom Poulton?"

"Aren't you Tom Poulton?"

"Certainly not—I don't even know the name—I happened to be passing through the cemetery, and seeing a large crowd of mourners, I joined them from motives of mere curiosity."

"Then, sir," said Peter Hodgson, "I never saw such a wonderful likeness of the very man we are burying in the whole course of my life!"

Tom glided mysteriously away from Peter Hodgson, and made his way into the throng of mourners.

"Tom!" said another, "why, we are burying you!"

"My name, sir, is not Tom, and I have never been buried in my life."

"Tom Poulton!" "Tom Poulton!" "Tom Poulton's alive and present!" passed from mouth to mouth, as the astounded Serious Family gazed in horror on his familiar, but by no means vulgar, features.

"Gentlemen," said Tom Poulton, "I must again assure you that you are deceived by an accidental resemblance; I am not Tom Poulton, and I never heard of him."

And with a slight bow he walked away.

The principal topic of conversation that night, at the meeting of the Serious Family, was the miraculous appearance of somebody very like Tom Poulton, at Tom Poulton's funeral. It was held that it couldn't possibly have been Tom Poulton, because Tom Poulton was dead and buried, and Tom Poulton's will had been opened, by which he left thirty or forty thousand pounds in ready money to the Serious Family. This was held by implication only, as it never entered anybody's head to suggest that the mysterious stranger could possibly have been Tom Poulton.

The club had resolved itself into a committee to consider the best means of investing or otherwise disposing of the handsome legacy which Tom Poulton had left them.

It was decided, as a first step, that, as a mark of respect to poor Tom Poulton's fund scheme, every member should be permitted to borrow twenty-four pounds from Tom's estate.

The question then arose whether it would be better to apply the balance to allowing every member a reasonable quantity of spirits and tobacco for life, without any payment whatever, or to divide it equally among the surviving members—a course of procedure that would give every member, after allowing for probate and executorial expenses, nearly one hundred pounds each.

As this interesting question was being put to the meeting by Mr. Richard Harris, Mr. Tom Poulton walked in.

Everybody looked very uncomfortable. Mr. Peter Hodgson, however, quickly recovered himself.

"Sir," said he, "this is a private club-room, and strangers are not admitted unless they are introduced by members."

"Ha! ha!" said Tom, "bravo, Peter!"

"Sir," said another, "we don't know who you are, but we must request you to withdraw."

"Allow me to introduce myself," said Tom, with much mock gravity. "I am Mr. Tom Poulton, whose funeral you attended this morning." And he took a chair and filled a pipe.

"If you imagine, sir, that because you bear a certain distant resemblance to our poor friend Tom Poulton, you are justified in horrifying his friends with a highly indecent practical joke——" began Peter Hodgson.

"A distant resemblance!"

"A very distant and shadowy resemblance, sir. Nothing more, I assure you."

"Don't be a fool, Peter," said Tom; "we've had enough of this, haven't we Dick?"

"We have, sir," said Dick; "I must insist on your withdrawing immediately."

"Come, come, said Tom, rather chopfallen; "it was only my joke. I personated a poor old chap who happened to bear my name, in order to sell you all. Dick Hodgson and I arranged it together; didn't we, Dick?"

"Sir," said Dick, "I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance. You will be good enough to withdraw, or we shall be under the necessity of expelling you by force."

And as the members of the club arose in a body with the evident intention of carrying Dick Hodgson's threat into effect, Mr. Tom Poulton withdrew with a very blank expression of countenance.

In order to test the feeling of the club on the subject, it was immediately proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson that Mr. Tom Poulton was dead and buried. The motion was carried by acclamation.

It was then proposed by Mr. Peter Hodgson and seconded by Mr Dick Harris, that if, by any miracle, Mr. Tom Poulton came to life again, the whole of the legacy should be refunded to him, if possible, without driving him into Chancery for its recovery. This motion was also carried by acclamation.

Finally it was proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson, that the person who had just represented himself to be Tom Poulton restored to life was not in the least like Tom Poulton, and that he had no claim, and never by any possibility could have any claim, to the legacy in question. This motion was also carried by acclamation.

The question was considered settled by all but Tom Poulton himself.

Tom Poulton besieged the club doors day after day, but to no effect. The hall porter—they had started a hall porter and many other conveniences since Tom Poulton's death—had received strict injunctions not to admit any person calling himself Tom Poulton. He treated Tom kindly enough, believing him to be a harmless monomaniac, but no consideration could induce him to admit Tom within the club threshold.

Tom next tried the parish surgeon who gave the certificate of the dead Tom Poulton's death. But all the surgeon could prove was that the Tom Poulton who died was not at all like the Tom Poulton who stood before him. On the whole, this materially strengthened the club's case; particularly as the description given by the surgeon of the dead Tom Poulton's personal appearance corresponded exactly with every member's recollection of the unfortunate chairman of the Serious Family. It was finally voted that, on the surgeon's evidence, poor Tom Poulton was more dead than ever.

Do what he might, Tom Poulton could *not* prove himself to be alive. Nobody would hear of it for a moment. He appealed (at some pecuniary loss) to his tradesmen for identification. They identified him without hesitation as the Tom Poulton who owed them money, but they furnished no clue that would serve to identify him with the Tom Poulton who had been chairman of the Serious Family.

He never rested. He prepared petitions but no one would present them. He commenced actions, but he broke down, at the declaration for want of money. He called day after day at the club, but the hall porter was adamant. He addressed letter after letter to every member of the club, and enclosed stamped envelopes for reply, but they tore up the envelopes, and applied the stamps to other uses.

At first, these appeals amused the club immensely, but after six or eight months persecution, the Family began to get tired of it. The *soi-disant* Tom Poulton was voted a bore, and at length it was solemnly proposed that negotiations should be opened with him with the view of arriving at some compromise. Mr. Tom Poulton was formally invited into the club-room, but he was informed that for the purposes of that meeting his name was Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick. Tom was reduced to that condition of self-abnegation that he really had no objection to this arrangement.

It was then and there arranged with Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick that so long as Tom Poulton continued to be dead, an annual salary of one hundred pounds should be paid quarterly, to the Major-General by the Committee of the Serious Family. The Major-General accepted this proposition with alacrity, and he was forthwith elected an honorary life member of the Serious Family, *vice* Tom Poulton deceased.

And Major-General Fitzpatrick accepted his election, and eventually became chairman of the club. And poor Tom Poulton lies dead and buried at a salary of a hundred a year payable quarterly in advance. On one occasion, indeed, when the Major-General's quarterly instalment was some three weeks in arrears, poor Tom Poulton showed strong symptoms of revivification, but his disturbed spirit was eventually appeased by an additional advance of five pounds on account of the Major-General's next quarter's salary.

WORTH OF IMMIGRANTS.—Every immigrant to this country from Europe is worth $800 on an average, according to Mr. Edward Young, chief of the so-called Bureau of Statistics at Washington. This is a little lower than the estimate hitherto usually made, some authorities placing the figures at $1,000, and some at $1,125. Mr. Young's computation is based upon the assumption that the wages of laborers and unskilled persons throughout the country averages $400 a year, and that each man represents a family of four persons. The cost of maintaining this family is $240, leaving $160, or $40 for each member, as the amount of its net annual earnings. At five per cent. this sum represents a capital of about $800, the amount above mentioned. The money brought by the immigrants is but $68 per head, nearly all of which has to be paid out for traveling expenses to the interior.

SHE TOLD HER LOVE.—"A Telegraphist" sends an exchange the following: "Not long ago a respectable lady handed in at the office a dispatch for transmission to her absent partner. The message was found to contain twenty-two words. The clerk observed that by omitting two words the charge would be reduced ninepence, and respectfully suggested that 'Dear Husband,' with which the dispatch was prefaced, might be struck out. After some considerable hesitation the lady acquiesced, remarking, with real feminine penetration, 'Strike your pen through them; he will see at once that I have had the words written down."

THE BARK Roman, Capt. Williams, lost six of her men by the capsizing of one of her boats in the surf at Desolation Island, and the bark Peru, Capt. Glass, lost her second mate and four of her men by the capsizing of one her boats in South George's Bay.

Killing Whales by Cannon.

A recent writer in *Land and Water* recounts a late visit to the establishment of Herr Foyen, in the Varanger Fiord, where, from a small island, the fishery is prosecuted by means of two small steamers of about seventy tons each. The special apparatus employed consists of a harpoon, inclosing in its head half a pound of gunpowder, and with jointed or hinged barbs containing some percussion-powder between them. When the whale is within gun-shot, this harpoon, attached to the end of a long cord coiled around a drum, is fired into the animal from a cannon about the size of a four-pounder. As the flukes penetrate the side of the whale they are naturally brought together or pressed down toward the shaft, and in so doing ignite the percussion powder, which sets fire to the gunpowder causing an explosion in the body of the animal that usually produces a mortal wound. The whale, of course, starts off under the stimulus of the pain, and the rope is carried out for a time, being uncoiled from the drum precisely like a fishing-line from the reel of a fishing-rod, the steamer following after so as to prevent any undue strain. If necessary, a second discharge takes place, which almost invariably produces death.

The steamer then tows the animal back to the station, where the blubber is taken off in a long strip by means of a properly constructed apparatus, after which the flesh is removed in a somewhat similar manner, and finally the bones are separated and hauled out. It is the intention of the proprietor to prepare a fertilizer by drying the flesh and reducing it to powder, and a brisk trade has already sprung up in Germany in this article. The bones are likewise to be ground and utilized in various ways; so that the entire animal—blubber, flesh, and bones—will be put to economical purposes.

The carcases of over thirty whales were heaped up on the island at the time of the visit referred to, forming a red hill of very considerable magnitude, visible at a great distance. The proprietor stated that the factory would not answer its expectations unless fifty whales could be taken every Summer. It was thought, however, that there would be comparatively little difficulty in securing this number; and in fact, as we learn from later advices, over sixty in all were captured during the season.

The Army of Versailles.

Through the kindness of a friend who is on the general staff of the army, I have been able within the last few hours to visit all the camps around Versailles, and have pretty well ascertained the exact strength, position and future plans of the forces which defend this historical town and the National Assembly of France. There are, then, at, Versailles, Viroflay, and Satory, eight divisions of infantry, each division numbering, on an average, 9,000 men, but being able, as corps and recruits arrive, of being increased to 16,000 men, without increasing the *cadre* of the staff. Besides these there are three divisions of cavalry, each division being about 2,000 strong, but capable of being increased in the same manner as the infantry, to 4,000 each. Of artillery there are ten batteries, each consisting of ten field-pieces, and four batteries of mitrailleuses. To feed, as it were, this army with men, four depots have been organized at Charleville-Mezieres, Douai, Besancon, and Rennes. All the returned prisoners from Germany are being directed to these different depots, where they will be clad, armed, and formed into regiments—officers and soldiers who have served together being kept together as much as possible. On going round the camps I was agreeably surprised to find how much the discipline of the army has increased, and what a visible improvement there is in the appearance of the men. The officers at all the outposts are very much annoyed at an order that has been issued, by which they are directed not to attack any parties of the National Guards of Paris they may fall in with—M. Thiers's policy being evidently to draw out the insurgents from Paris, and get them to attack Versailles. The opinion of the officers is, that their men would fight well and loyally in the field, but that there are several corps with which it would be madness to enter Paris.

A VERY SAD EVENT occurred lately on the prairie, near Council Bluffs. Two little girls, one aged 9, the other 11 years, had gone to visit a friend, and started out to return home in the evening. Their way lay across the prairie, but no fears of their safety were felt, as they were perfectly acquainted with the track. Just after they started, however, a terrible storm arose and the two girls became so bewildered that they lost their way. They wandered hopelessly and for a time, until at last the youngest succumbed to the cold and fatigue, and, unable to proceed, laid down and shortly died. Her sister, benumbed and wild with grief and terror, staid by the body for some time, and then, in an almost dying condition, endeavored to find the track again. She roamed about in this way until the morning sun showed her that she was near home. She reached the house and was barely able to tell what had happened, and then sank exhausted upon the floor. A party was instantly dispatched in search of the body of her dead sister, which was found at a comparatively short distance. It is since reported that the eldest girl has died from the effects of the terrible night.

SPOTS.—M. Janssen's astronomical investigations in India, have resulted in the discovery by him of a hydrogen atmosphere around the sun, and also in the existence of a connection between the solar spots and the solar protuberances; and he considers the hydrogen atmosphere to be one of the two elements of the future sea. The interesting discovery is also announced of a means by which the red prominences which form so remarkable a feature of solar eclipses may be seen at any time. The method consists of intercepting by means of colored glasses all the components of solar light, excepting those of which the prominences are composed. The chromosphere, as the surrounding stratum of hydrogen is called, being of the same composition, will also be as represented, will enable astronomers easily to observe the disturbances which are known to occur in the prominences, and also their connections with the spots and other solar phenomena.

THERE IS AT BERLIN a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." During the last days of February a very stormy debate was held by the members, part of whom wished to dispatch a deputation to oversee the killing of all disabled horses which had been suffering from pain and starvation on the various battle-fields. The motion was at length overruled by the presentation of the fact that such a course would endanger the lives of the members; and that this would be against the rules of the Society, one of which is to value human life always above any number of animal lives.

A CURIOUS FOUNTAIN.—New Orleans is to have a fountain which will present some very original features. In the lower reservoir, which is about the height of a man's waist from the ground, two life-size swans moved by clock-work which runs forty-eight hours, will appear to swim around, and a miniature steamship, which is so arranged as to fire a gun every hour, will also sail round the basin.

Down in a Coal Mine.

I have been inside a coal mine, as Lowell says:

"Down among the tangled roots of things
That coil about the central fire."

I carefully examined the places which bluff old operators and railroad men had assured me were "perfectly safe, airy, and wholesome, not a bit of danger, sir. That's all nonsense. Why you couldn't get the men to work anywhere else, &c., &c." All I've got to say is, let those who like to work in a mine, stick to it. I resign all my share of this underground elysium, and would thankfully drive an ash cart, or grind a hand-organ in preference to earning even the magnificent wages which we are assured these miners receive. Let me try and give your readers a simple description of what a coal-mine is like. The one we entered was at Tripp's Slope. It is entered by a slope on the side of the hill, and, like all those in this region, penetrates for miles under ground, so that the City of Scranton is completely honeycombed, and some day may suddenly tumble in and be swallowed up in these New World catacombs. Taking a small lamp, whose flaring flame scorched my fingers every few minutes, I entered the mine, in company with a guide and a friend. The slope descended gradually, and was about five feet and a half square, hewn out of the solid rock. At first we could not walk without stooping, owing to the beams placed overhead to brace the roof; but soon we could stand erect. After a hundred yards the slope turned to the left, and we lost all daylight and had nothing but our lamps to guide us. A car-track ran along the passage, filling it all up except a narrow space at each side, where a man could pass. The cars are driven by mules, who never leave the mines, yet keep fat and lively in spite of their subterranean homes. When the mines are fully worked our guide said the din from the rolling cars, driven by shouting boys, was fearful, while there was great danger of being jammed among them, or against the walls. We soon came to a chamber at one side where was a donkey engine at work pumping out water. This has to be done unceasingly, and is an expensive job. From this point branch roads led away in all directions. Some of them for three miles, deep into the mountain. Taking one of them we proceeded some distance, until we were about an eighth of a mile underground. The floor was pretty even, but covered with fragments of coal and stone and pools of water, into which we floundered, while the roof and walls were clammy with moisture, which rubbed off on our hats and clothes. Unmindful of these annoyances, we pushed on, passing every little white light wooden doors, which we learned were to help secure a supply of fresh air. We had no difficulty in breathing, but our guide said he could take us to places where the air was foul enough. In some mines it is common for men to fall down insensible, but this one was well ventilated, and besides, we kept near the entrance, in the best parts. The passage-ways we went through were lined with stout logs of hemlock placed upright about four feet apart, and supporting cross pieces as a protection to the roof. Between each of these guards, however, was a bare space. "Is there no danger of the roof at these points giving way?" I asked our guide. "Oh, yes. The other day a piece weighing several tons fell down, and smashed a coal-car all to atoms. Here is a piece that is just as like, as not to come down in the same way."

This was not very comforting to visitors, but we still kept on until, at last, we entered a chamber about fifteen feet square, whose roof was supported in the centre by a single pillar of coal. A car-track ran across the floor to the farther end, and stopped in front of a jagged wall of glistening mineral at the foot of which lay piles of coal and tools left by the miner on going home.

"This is where the coal is taken out. That is the 'breast' at which two men work. They use drills from five to seven feet long, and drive blasts sideways into the face. When the coal is taken out it is loaded into cars and they are run along this track to the lower end of the slope by mules, where the engine on the hill, hoists them up."

"How many blasts can a man make in a day?"

"Five or six."

"How far does he go away when they are fired?"

"Oh, a couple of hundred feet or so. It makes a big noise. I can tell you."

"How do you get the smoke out?"

"That's a hard matter. I've known men to work here for hours after a blast when neither couldn't see his mate or the car he was loading, but each had to work by feeling. You could scarcely see even a light at a short distance, and when you go home your eyes will be so blinded that you can't stand the daylight for a long time."

"But what is to prevent the roof falling in during or after a blast?"

"Nothing. There is a shell next to the coal, which usually comes down at the time of the blast, but other pieces often follow at other times. Do you see that lump there? That has fallen since the man who was at work here went home. It might, just as likely, have fallen while he was here; and, if so, where would he be now? The temperature in the mines is about the same winter and summer; but it often gets very hot from the powder and steam."

These statements were confirmed by other miners afterwards, and some of them gave a very vivid picture of their daily life. Said one: "I go to work at 7, and stay mostly till 3 or 4, but often till 6 and 7, when there is extra work to do, such as laying the track, or putting up braces, for which we don't get no pay. We wear nothing but pants, boots, and a flannel shirt; and mostly they are wet through with sweat, and the boots full of water. Often we have to work up to our knees, or even our waists, in water; but what is worse is to have it drip down from the roof right on your back and make you feel like a drowned rat. Often we have to work for weeks without a dry stitch on us, and this soon brings on the cramps. Then for accidents, they happen every day. There are places in Tripp's mine where the roof has fallen in, so as to leave a room twenty feet high, and this will show if there is any danger. They say it is easy to learn mining, but that's a lie; a man may work a second very well, particularly if the other is his friend and wants to keep him; but let him be alone, and have to look out for his roof and other things, and you'll see how soon his head will be broken. It ought to take over a year to learn mining well."

After picking up some specimens of shale finely marked with the impress of plants which existed in preadamite times, we turned our steps surfaceward. As we passed another wooden door, our guide paused, and said:

"I worked at Avondale, and this is the kind of door the men inside barricaded to keep out the fire. They filled up the chinks with their hats and clothes, but it was no use."

A feeling of awe stole over us as we stood and looked at this weak defence against the ravaging flames. Suppose the miners who had seen us enter the mine, and who bore a spite against our guide, should take it into their heads to imprison us inside. There was more than one rough among them who might do such a thing. Horrid thought, and without delay, we ascended the slope to its entrance and viewed the sky and inhaled the pure air once more with grateful feelings. Better a year of sunlight than a century of such subterranean occupation, with a fortune as payment. Is it possible that any one can call groping about like a mole underground pleasure? Let those who have never seen such a place try exploring a flooded cellar with a small lamp, and they will have a fair conception of being inside a coal mine.

A Cherokee Legend.

A correspondent writes from Georgia: Every mountain, valley, and cascade of Northern Georgia has an Indian tradition connected with its history. The Cherokees used to relate one which they said occurred at Toccoa Falls many years before the white man came to their country. They were waging a fierce war with a powerful tribe who lived on the lowlands to the southward. During a hard-fought battle, it so happened that the Cherokees made captive a dozen of their foes, whom they brought home to their country securely bound. Their intention was to sacrifice the prisoners; but as they wished the ceremony to be imposing on account of the fame of the captives, it was resolved to postpone the sacrifice till the time of the full moon. In the meantime the Cherokee braves went forth again to battle, while the prisoners now bound more strongly than ever, were left in a wigwam near Toccoa, in charge of an old woman noted for her savage patriotism.

Some days passed, and as the unfortunate enemies lay in the lodge of the old woman, she dealt out to them a scanty supply of food and water. They besought her to release them, and offered her the most valuable bribes; but she held her tongue, and remained faithful to her trust. It was now a morning of a pleasant day, when an Indian boy called at the door of the old woman's lodge, and told her that he had seen a party of their enemies on the other side of the mountain a few hours previous, and it was probable they were coming to the rescue of their fellows. She heard the intelligence in silence. Re-entering the lodge, another appeal for freedom was made, and the prisoners were pleased to see a smile playing upon the countenance of their keeper. She told them she had relented, and promised that she would let them escape, but it must be upon certain conditions. They were first to give into her hands what few personal effects they had left; must depart at dead of night, and that they might not find their way back, must consent to go blindfolded, for two miles through a thick wood into an open country, where she would release them.

The prisoners gladly consented, and as the hour of midnight approached it was accompanied by a heavy thunder storm. The night and the contemplated deed were admirably suited. She tied leathern bands over the eyes of the captives, and having severed the thongs that fastened their feet, led them forth with hands still bound behind their backs. They were fastened to each other by tough withes, and were in this way led towards their promised freedom. Intricate, winding, tedious, was the way; but not a murmur was heard or a word was spoken.

Now the strange procession reached a level spot of ground, and the prisoners began to step more freely. Now they have reached the precipice of Toccoa—and, as the woman walks to the very edge, she makes a sudden turn, and the blind captives are launched into the abyss below. A howl of savage triumph echoes through the air from the old woman-fiend, and with the groans of the dying in her ears and the lightning in her path, she retraces her steps to the lodge to seek repose, and on the morrow to proclaim her cruel deed.

Whipping Horses Dangerous.

I would caution those who train or use horses, against exciting the ill-will of the animal. Many think they are doing nicely, and are proud of their success in horse-training by means of severe whipping, or otherwise rousing and stimulating the passions, and then, from necessity, crushing the will through which the resistance is prompted. No mistake can be greater than this, and there is nothing that so fully exhibits the ability, judgment and skill of the real horseman, as the care and tact displayed in winning, instead of repelling the action of the mind. Although it may be necessary to use the whip sometimes, it should always be applied judiciously, and great care should be taken not to rouse the the passions, or excite the will to obstinacy.

The legitimate and proper use of a whip is calculated to operate upon the sense of fear almost entirely. The affections and better nature must be appealed to in training a horse, as well as in training a child. A reproof may be intended for the good of the child, but, if only the passions are excited, the effect is depraving and injurious. This is a vital principle, and can be disregarded in the management of sensitive, courageous horses, only at the imminent risk of spoiling them. I have known many horses of naturally good character to be spoiled by whipping once; and one horse that was made vicious by being struck once with a whip, while standing in his stall.

Sensitive horses should never be left, after they have been excited by the whip or other means, until calmed down by rubbing or patting the head or neck, and giving apples, sugar, or something that the animal is fond of. Remember, the whip must be used with great care, or it is liable to do great mischief, and may cause irreparable injury.

THEY TELL A STORY of a railroad employee who had some trouble with a hotel-keeper in regard to his board bill. Although he was exceedingly angry he nursed his wrath until one evening when the bar-room was crowded with guests—the audience he had been waiting for—and then took his turn as story teller as follows: I dreamt the other night, that I died, and went to the place where they were separating the sheep from the goats. I tried to slip in with the sheep, but it was of no use. They said I hadn't been accustomed to very select society in the place where I came from, so they hustled me in with the goats, and put us in a dreadful hot place. I wandered around here and there, looking for a cool spot, where I could rest, for I was pretty tired. At length I came to an immense iron chair which seemed to be cold. I sat down gladly enough, but a host of little imps, with flaming torches in their hands jumped out from under it, and one of them shouted "Get out of that or the very old father of evil himself will be after you!" He has been reserving that seat for a long time, and we are just heating it up for old Captain Blank of the——house at B., Vermont!"

THE Memphis *Appeal* tells of a little flaxen-haired married woman who has been attending one of the public schools in that city for a couple of months. Whenever the weather is fine her little negro servant goes out to meet her with baby about three o'clock in the afternoon. It is curious as interesting to observe the little flaxen-haired mother exchange her books for the bundle of shawl, with a face peeping out of it, at the street corner.

A dairyman in England has been fined forty shillings for not putting enough milk in his water.

Advice to Daughters.

The following is the advice given to daughters in the olden time by their mothers:—

Her mother tells her that if she wishes to become a wife she must go to church regularly, and must not let the rain stop her, for she is sure to look the fairest on that day in which she has seen God. In church she is to pray, and not to talk, neither laughing at, nor scorning any one. She is to be liberal, and give to the poor, whom it is necessary that she care for. She is not to despise any offers of marriage, but to consult her friends about them all. She is to avoid suspicious places in company with her lover. When out she is not to walk too fast, nor to brandish about her head or wriggle her shoulders in any way. In town she is not to gad about from one house to another, not to swear, nor to get drunk on her pin money. To get drunk once in a day did not appear to matter so much; but she tells her that if she gets drunk often she will be disgraced, and cannot possibly be thrifty. So, if she finds herself in company where good ale is going, she is to drink moderately of it. She is not to frequent public shows; but she is to stay at home, and she will soon get rich. If any man speaks to her, she is only to greet him, and then let him pass on, because he might tempt her to wrong. She is not to take presents, because they have been the ruin of many women true as steel. When she is married, she is to honor her husband above all earthly things, she may "slake" his wrath and be his darling. She is to be of glad nature, fair of speech, and mild of mood; true in word and deed, and good in conscience; and she is to keep free from sin, shame, and villany of any kind. She is to be well-mannered, and not behave a "giggle" or romp. She is not to be too hard or too easy with her household; but she must see that they do what is necessary; and this advice is to be particularly attended to if her husband is away from home. When put to a push she is to work herself, and her example will have a good effect upon the servants. She is to look after her household personally, and if any fault arises, she is to check it immediately; to see that when a thing has been done that it has been done rightly; to keep the keys in her own possession, and to beware whom she trusts; the servants must be paid on their regular wages days, and, if possible, she is to be generous to them. She is not to be jealous of her neighbor's "rich attire," but she is to thank God for what she herself possesses. On work days she is to work hard; on holy days to praise God. She is to love her neighbors, do as she would be done by, and, if wealthy, to be hospitable and kind. The saying, "Bleed a wren according to his veins," is to be applied to her husband; so she must dress according to his income. If her children are rebellious, she is to take a "smart rodde to them and beat them in a row till they cry mercy and are conscious of their guilt." Instead of giving her daughters money to spend on their birthdays in useless presents, she is to begin to collect goods for their marriage. If the daughter does everything that she, the good mother, tells her, the husband won't repent marrying her. The "Good Wife" ends her sweet and simple counsel—some of which counsel mothers even nowadays might give their daughters without disadvantages—by invoking the blessings of the patriarchs on her sweet girl. "May Christ and his blessed mother, all the angels and archangels bless her, and give her grace to wend her way to the bliss of heaven, where sitteth God Almighty. Amen."

Home Courtesies.

How many of us, brethren and sisters, make home the rag-bone of ill-humors and caprices, and wretched moods of every kind, while we carefully hide them from the stranger! When the guest arrives we slide a chair over the rent in the carpet, and slide a tidy over the worn edge of the sofa-cushion, and lay a prettily-bound book over the ink-stain upon the parlor