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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Too Great a Temptation.
Some years ago a very fine echo was discovered on an Englishman's estate. He was proud of it, of course, and excited considerable envy by its exhibition. One of his neighbors, who owned an adjoining estate, felt especially chagrined, but was greatly encouraged by an Irishman who went over the lands with the hope of discovering one somewhere. He declared himself successful in finding the most wonderful echo ever heard, and stood ready to unfold his secret for a large sum of money. The nobleman listened to the echo, and although there was something peculiar about it he paid the money. An afternoon was set for his friends to come and listen to the marvelous discovery. "Hullo!" cried in stentorian tones the Irishman who had promised to find an echo. "Hullo!" came back from the hillside yonder. "How are you?" yelled one of the company, and echo answered in a suspiciously different key, "How are you?" All went well until just before retiring one of the company, putting his hands to his mouth, cried out: "Will you have some whisky?" Such a question would discover the character of any reasonable echo. It was certainly too much for the one which had been discovered on that estate. Judge of the surprise of the party when the answer came back in clear, affirmative tones; "Thank you, sir, I will if you please." The poor fellow, who had been stationed at a distance to supply the place of an echo, simply admitted too great a temptation.

Resolutions.
Never to resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it.
Always to take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.
Never to think the worse of another on account of differing with you in political or religious opinions.
Never to dispute with a man more than seventy years of age.
Not to affect to be witty or in jest so as to wound the feelings of another. To say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near and dear to you.
To aim at cheerfulness without levity. Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or vices.
Frequently to review your conduct and not your feelings.

GOOD NIGHT TO THE SUN.

"Come, little daughters, hasten,
You should be bravely dight!
Make ready, boys, for we go forth
To bid the sun good-night."
"Four months with steady shining
He's made U's whole earth fair,
And myriad blossoms greeted him,
And bird-songs filled the air."
"But now October waneeth,
His setting draweth near:
We shall not see his face again
For more than half a year."
So forth they go together,
Parents and children, all,
The aged and the little ones,
Young men and maidens tall.
From many a neighboring village,
From many a humble home,
To climb the rocky summit
The thronging people come.
The sun hangs low in heaven;
He throws his slanting rays
Across their loving faces, turned
To meet his parting gaze.
And now he's gone! The darkness
Is settling like a pall,
A long low dirge of sad farewell
Breaks from the lips of all.
In mournful accents chant they
The requiem of the sun,
The dear bright day departed now,
The long, long night begun.
And yet with cheerful patience
They take their homeward way,
The oldest talking how the time
May best be whiled away.
And many a youthful face is bright
With glad expectancy still,
And man's merry lullaby
Goes dancing down the hill.

A Husband with one Ear.

"So you want to go to church this evening, Malchen?" said Otto von Polheim to his eldest daughter one Sunday in December, as he and the rest of his family were setting out for the market town to hear Pastor Knopp's sermon on Advent.
"No, father, Dorothea can go in my stead, and I will keep the house."
"Keep the house alone? No; I will leave Hans to protect thee and the manse too."
"I would rather not have Hans," said Malchen with a little pout, as she glanced at an ugly gawk who was her father's head servant.
"Then thou shalt not have Karl," grumbled old Polheim, speaking rather to himself than to the girl, and wrapping his ancient blue cloak tightly round him, he struck his iron-tipped staff two or three times on the flags of the hall to intimate to the members of his household that it was time to be off.
They came chattering down stairs and trudging out of different doors—a large and rather noisy troop. Otto von Polheim was a landowner on a small scale—what would be called in England a gentleman-farmer—and he had a family of ten sons and daughters, without counting two servant-wench and a couple of laborers whom he treated as his children. The eldest of these two laborers, a tall, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, blue-eyed fellow named Karl, had shown signs of late of being "a bit soft" about his ears, for though he was a kind master he had a squint's pride, and would have kicked Karl straightway out of his house if he had suspected Malchen of cherishing any regard for him. At least this is what he had once said to Karl with more bluntness than prudence, for worldly wisdom would, perhaps, have suggested that he should begin by turning off Karl before Malchen's sentiments towards him had ripened into affection.

"Now, come, come, let's be off," repeated old Polheim, impatiently; "come, wife, and you, Bertha, Frida and Gretchen, you, Hans, take one of the lanterns, and you, Karl, lead the way with the other."
Karl slunk out looking rather sheepish, but scarcely had he got into the open air than the candle in his lantern was blown out and he ran back to get another. Malchen was standing in the hall and struck a match for him. She struck a second and a third, for somehow the phosphenes would not act, and the operation of lighting was delayed a little. When Karl took the lantern he had hand touched Malchen's, and the girl blushed. "It's a cruelly cold night to go out in," fattered she.
"And I don't like leaving you alone," whispered Karl. "I think I shall steal out of church; and come back to see if you are safe."
"Oh, no, the door will be barred," exclaimed Malchen in a flutter.
"Then I'll climb over the orchard wall," answered Karl, nothing daunted, and he executed a wink as he went forth into the cold.
"How very audacious he is becoming," muttered Malchen to herself, but she apparently thought that it was of no use to bar the door if Karl meant to get over the garden wall, so she simply shut it and turned back to spend her evening in the kitchen.

Herr von Polheim's farm stood in a lonely part of the country, about two miles from R—, in Bavaria. It had once been a castle, and all the rooms on the ground floor were large, windy apartments, with wainscoted walls and old oaken furniture.
There were faces, of course, in the red embers of the crumbling pine logs, and Karl's was chief among them. Malchen, who was a pretty, sentimental young lady of 18, but somewhat cautious, as becomes the daughter of a gentleman who can prefix a Von to his name, asked herself if she liked Karl? Did she truly feel for him more than she did for any other man? Would she grieve for him if he met with an accident? If he left her father's service? If he were taken away for military service, and forced to risk his life in the wars? After fencing a little with her conscience the damsel decided that she did not quite know what she ought to think about Karl; but that he was a very bold and not-to-be-easily-put-down young man she admitted to herself frankly enough in her quaint German phraseology.
She sat listening for footsteps, and came over in her mind what sharp things she should say to dismiss Karl if he had the impudence to present himself before her. The worst of it was that Karl was just such a young man as might be indifferent to sharp things. His boldness really exceeded belief. Why, that very evening in touching her fingers he had actually squeezed them but he Malchen gave a slight start, for she heard footsteps and fancied that it was the never-to-be-sufficiently-blamed Karl, who had played truant from church, faithful to his impudent promise.
She rose and stood coyly in the middle of the kitchen, her cheeks pink and her bosom heaving. She thought she would take to flight as soon as Karl's heavy tread should resound in the passage; but she waited two or three minutes without hearing the door open, yet there were steps outside, and now that her ears were strained, she heard voices. Her relatives had not been gone an hour, so it was not likely they could have returned so soon. Whose, then, could these steps and voices be?

The kitchen had a high window seven feet above the floor, and it was closed with shutters. But in the shutters lozenge apertures were cut. Malchen climbed on to the dresser under the window and looked out. What she saw would have made most timid girls jump up squealing and run away half dead with terror.
Nine men—not one less—with black masks on their faces and housebreaking implements in hand, had entered the farm-yard and were evidently holding council as to how they should commence their attack on the house. They stood in a group, and some of them pointed to the apertures in the kitchen shutters, where light was visible, as if they were taking note of the fact that the farm was not quite abandoned.
Malchen remembered having heard that the brigands had been infesting some of the districts in an adjoining province, and she saw that if she hesitated to act she would be lost. There hung over the mantelshelf two double-barreled fowling-pieces and a horse-pistol, which were always kept loaded.
She ran to the chimney and unhooked the arms, then swiftly climbed on to the table again. The little lattices outside the apertures in the shutters were open, so Malchen could thrust out the barrels of her weapons and fire at the malefactors. Before doing so, however, she put a coin into her mouth to alter the ring of her voice, and making a horn of both hands, shouted in a tone, which sounded like a man's, "Who goes there!"
No answer. The burglars stared at one another in astonishment, and were fairly dismayed when they heard the next exclamation, which conveyed the idea that the person who had first spoken was not alone but had several men under his orders. "Now then, my men, when I give the word they shall do it!"
Two reports instantly followed this command and then came two others. When the smoke had cleared away Malchen, who looked out with haggard eyes, her heart thumping awfully the while, saw four men stretched on the snow, and nothing else.
The other five members of the band had taken to flight. "The guns were loaded with slugs; perhaps I have killed them all," ejaculated Malchen in terror; for her combative ardor abated of a sudden, now that so easy a victory had been won. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?"
She had taken up the horse pistol, and glanced out to see if there was another shot to be fired. There was a choking sensation at her throat, and she began to whimper. It was all too dreadful; she could not bear the sight of those dead men, all killed by her hand. But one of them suddenly moved and tried to rise to his knees. Immediately the sentimental Malchen aimed her pistol to give him his quibbles; but, luckily for herself, the man roared out: "Oh, Malchen, Malchen! help! 'Tis I Karl!"
"Karl!" exclaimed the girl, as her voice seemed to expire in her throat, whilst her heart turned to ice. "Karl, is it thou?"
"Yes, and I am wounded. I am dying," sobbed the luckless fellow. "And it's all for thee."
Malchen tottered and might have fallen off the table had there been any one present to catch her in his arms. As it was she scrambled down somehow and made for the door, still holding her pistol. One moment's hesitation as she touched the door-handle; but she surmounted it and went out. In another moment she could judge of her volley. Three men lay on the snowy stone dead; as for Karl, a slug had cleaved his forehead, but he was otherwise unhurt.
"Oh, Karl, Karl, how camest thou hither in such company?" exclaimed Malchen as she tore off her apron to staunch his wounds.
"Mem Gott, it was for thee!" sniveled the unhappy Karl. "These men are my friends, we had all come for a lark and meant to carry thee off; for I hoped thy too-obedient father would consent of necessity to our marriage. Oh, oh, my ear!"
"Peace, Karl; but oh, how foolish of thee," sighed Malchen. "How couldst thou

think that nine men were required to carry me off?"
"Mem Gott, I thought thou wast romantic," was all that Karl could say between two squeaks caused by the anguish in his ear.

One is sorry to say that the tribunals of Bavaria took a one-eyed view of the affair and wanted to sentence Karl for burglary; but the attitude of poor Malchen had been so heroic that King Louis sent for her to Munich, and having decorated her with her Cross of Civil Merit asked her what he could do to please her.
"Pardon my Karl and give him a dowry to marry me," prayed the faithful maiden, sobbing.
His Majesty pulled a slightly wry face at the mention of a dowry, but courtiers were present, so he gave his royal promise. "Thou wouldst marry a man with one ear, then?" added he, laughing.
"Sire, he lost his other ear for me," responded Malchen, drying her eyes.
"Well, this is a queer story," said the King, amused. "We will have it made into a libretto, and my friend Wagner here shall set it to music."

The composer of the future bent his head as if this happy thought had already occurred to him.

The Scotch Minister and His Fiddle.
In all ages and all localities have existed clergymen having many traits of fine feeling, masterly attainments in their pulpits, and yet addicted to frequent touches of eccentricity of character. Possessing all the qualifications of a popular minister was Rev. Mr. W., who filled one of the Scotch pulpits in G—, yet music seemed to be the ruling passion in his life. When in a more than ordinary strain of eloquence, he would begin a long sentence on the lowest note of the gamut, and would in a semi-quaver style run to the top of the scale, where, pausing a moment, he would descend the scale in the lowest and most marked mode; as if descending a stair step by step, he would descend word by word till he reached the starting point. With his fine flexible voice, and finely tuned musical ear, the effect was rather pleasant, and very noticeable by a stranger. Mr. W. was beloved by his congregation, but his passion for fiddling gave offense to some of the strict-laced old burgherlike descendants of the Puritans. His proficiency on the violin was equalled, if not excelled by Mrs. W.—'s performance on the piano. It was a treat of no ordinary kind to hear husband and wife waiting out some of the old Highland coronach similar in pathos to the "Wounded Hussar." No other word of reproach was raised against the dear, good man by the *unco guid*, but by the cuckoo cry, "He's far o'er fond o' the fiddle." The presence of these croakings began to attract the notice of the elders, so, to put to silence the voice of these distinguished friends, a meeting of sessions was convened privately, at which it was agreed a deputation should wait on Mr. W., and give a gentle remonstrance and hint to be less demonstrative in his musical proclivities. Friday evening ensuing was appointed for the performance of this delicate task, but a deputation could not be formed to face the trying ordeal. After denials and proposals, it was ultimately arranged that the whole session should go.

On Friday came some kind friends apprised Mr. W. of the whole scheme, and, as "a warned man is half armed," Mr. W. was prepared for the emergency. Precisely at eight o'clock a friendly tinkle sounded at the door-bell. Ready waiting to receive his guests, though they knew not a spy (supposed to be the housemaid) had forestalled the deputation, Mr. W. seemed surprised to see so many dear friends, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to have all his session at once as visitors. Mr. W.— took speech in hand and said, "We were almost afraid to call, hearing music when we came forward, we thought you had company. Laughingly Mr. W.— said, "Yes, we have company—a goodly company of good company. The wife has recently got present of some new music from grandpa, and we were just running over it together. We'll just play you a few pieces; we think it very fine." Without waiting for assent to his proposal, the reverend gentleman brought his crenoma. Mrs. W.— sat down to the piano, and for fully an hour the company of elders, or remonstrators, were with coronachs, Highland wails, operatic music, reels, and strathspeys, kept entranced by the housemaid, the pleased listeners looked from one to the other as much as to say, "Now's your chance to speak." As if divining the thoughts of his dumb stricken session, Mr. W.— again produced his fiddle and setting the string on a peculiar key, gave them a fine imitation of the Highland bagpipes, and followed with a charming selection of operatic overtures, waltzes, patriotic music such as "Scots wha hae fought at Bannockburn," and "The Bonnie Boat." Reverting in a moment from grave to gay, he gave them the popular street air in the mouth of every gamin, "Pop goes the weasel," and, as a finale, he gave them, in a style that made the most of their beat time with their heels, their hearts being in unison with the noddler's, "De'il among the tailors." They came away as they went in, and when the story got abroad the minister was praised, and the croakers laughed at. Truly it may be said, he gave the elders a cordial welcome, and filled them out well pleased with the entertainment, but heartily despising themselves for their want of courage to discharge the duty, the cause of their visit. Pity 'tis that more of the clerics don't resort to the fiddle as a pastime.

Chinese Sampanes.
The boats called sampans are each the habitation in China, of at least one family of fresh-water sailors. Sometimes they contain the representatives of several generations, from the great grandfather and grandmother to the new-born babe. All have to pass their whole lives on board together, cooped up in that narrow space, more frequently than not they are obliged to share with passengers. Their life is a hard one, constantly exposed to sun and rain, often up to their waists in water, when they have to push their sampans off a sand-bank where they are stuck on a demand for square bolt heads in the manufacture of agricultural improvements. Bolts naturally rust the nuts fast. When an attempt is made to remove it, the turning of the hole instead of the nut turning on the bolt. If the farmer happens to have two wrenches, and hands to hold them, they are of no avail, as the round head of the nut will not turn. Sometimes the farmer is from five to ten miles from a blacksmith shop, in a hurry and no time to spare. In such cases hard words fall from the lips of good men. There is seldom a plow of any kind during its usefulness but ten times as much time is lost by round headed bolts as would be necessary to make the right kind of one.

Velocity of a Rifle Bullet.
Professor Spice of the Cooper Institute, New York, recently undertook to determine the actual velocity of a rifle bullet fired across the stage of that hall. The distance measured on the platform was 33 feet, which, the lecturer explained, was shorter than usual, as the ordinary distance used in determining this question was about 200 feet. To carry this performance out he had secured the co-operation of Lieutenant E. L. Merriman, of the Brooklyn Thirteenth Regiment, who has gained some reputation at the Creedmoor range, as evinced by the medals which he wore. In the first place, Prof. Spice explained the apparatus to be used. He called the attention of the audience to a mahogany base, 12 inches by 15 inches, on which were placed two levers which carried bent wires to make marks on a piece of smoked glass underneath the points. One of these wires was connected with a pendulum attached to an Attwood machine, vibrating seconds. By means of electric currents the lever connected with the pendulum came down on the glass precisely at the beginning of each second, making a series of lines separated by spaces very similar to the old Morse alphabet. Consequently, the distance from the beginning of one line to the beginning of the next represented a second of time. The second lever, exactly opposite, had a spring attached to one end, which kept the point of the glass. It had also two electro magnets, one at each end, which had electric currents of different strength passing through, the weaker current tending to pull the lever down on the glass, the stronger current tending to keep it elevated. In addition to this, the current from the stronger magnet passed through a loose wire resting on two globules of mercury, and immediately in front of this wire was to rest the muzzle of the rifle. The weaker current passed through a precisely similar loose wire, also on two globules of mercury, which wire was placed thirty-three feet distant from the first wire. Lieutenant Merriman now came forward and loaded the rifle. It was a regular Creedmoor, 45 caliber, 34-inch barrel, and placed in it a cartridge, containing a 430 grain ball, and 45 grains of powder, explaining that this was not a full charge. He then took his position. The object was to shoot away the wires on the mercury. A box of sand was placed to receive the ball. The pendulum above described was then set in motion. On striking the fifth second the plate of smoked glass was drawn along by the descent of a weight on the top of a column of sand which ran out of a tube. On the sixth second, Lieutenant Merriman pulled the trigger and both wires vanished. On the first wire being broken, the point of the corresponding lever descended on the glass, but immediately rose again by the action of a spring, when the bullet broke the second wire. The consequence of this was that the point connected with the lever scraped a very short line on the smoked glass, while the other point, being kept down during the swing of the pendulum, scraped a longer space. Then the glass was withdrawn and placed in the stereopticon, projecting a magnified image of the lines on the screen. The relative lengths of these lines were ascertained, thus obtaining any source of error in measuring the minute lines on the smoked glass. This method of measuring the lengths was claimed to be original by the professor. On this measurement it was found that the shorter line was 2 inches long, and the other line 9 feet 2 inches. These numbers were brought down to the common fraction of inches, the result giving 110 inches for the longer space. It was then ascertained how many times the former was contained in the latter, and the fraction thus obtained was clearly the fraction of a second that the bullet took to pass from one wire to another—that is, 1-22 of a second. Multiplying the distance between the wires (33 feet), as above, by the denominator of the above fraction, the velocity of the bullet in feet was obtained, namely, 726 feet in a second.

The Central System.
The substitution everywhere of the hundred pounds avoirdupois as the unit and uniform standard of weight for produce transactions, in place of the bushel, quarter, or hundred weight of 112 pounds, and ton of 2,240 pounds, is greatly to be desired. The subject is of such importance that it has of late occupied the attention of Boards of Trade and Produce Exchanges in this country and elsewhere. The system is in general use in France, Italy, Spain and some portions of England, and it also is in vogue on the Pacific coast, at San Francisco and in Oregon. It has been adopted by commercial bodies in nearly all the centres of trade in the Atlantic States, and soon will be by all. Our Produce Exchange, says the *New York Ship List*, decided that on and after October 1, "All produce sold by weight on this Exchange shall be by the pound avoirdupois for the longer scale. It is a similar ruling was made in Boston, but the New York Produce Exchange concluded to postpone operations, so far as grain is concerned, till January next, at which time, very likely, the Exchanges of the two cities named will make the new departure together. Philadelphia, properly, is waiting to see what other cities will do. It will be necessarily be some time before the arrangements for the change from the old to the new system can be perfected. But in view of the definite shape the movement has taken in so many and so widely separated places, we may safely say that the day cannot be far distant when every where this new, simple and feasible system will supplant the old.

Square Bolt Heads.
There are some reforms mighty in their aggregated importance, which it appears to be vain to contend for. It is probable that the farmer who would unite with us in a demand for square bolt heads in the manufacture of agricultural improvements, bolts naturally rust the nuts fast. When an attempt is made to remove it, the turning of the hole instead of the nut turning on the bolt. If the farmer happens to have two wrenches, and hands to hold them, they are of no avail, as the round head of the nut will not turn. Sometimes the farmer is from five to ten miles from a blacksmith shop, in a hurry and no time to spare. In such cases hard words fall from the lips of good men. There is seldom a plow of any kind during its usefulness but ten times as much time is lost by round headed bolts as would be necessary to make the right kind of one.

Coming For Items.

A few days ago, a lady of Salt Lake City commenced thinking on family economy and the more she thought the more evident it became that her girl, who had hitherto done the marketing, was extravagant, grossly extravagant. There was no reason in the world why a few cents should not be saved each day, and in a few years, when dark clouds of disaster hovered above the horizon, or words to that effect, a nice little sum would be saved for her and her Johnny to live upon. There was a firm determination in her eye when she announced her purpose to her father look after the purchasing of provisions. She stalked down the street like a woman with a fixity of purpose, and shot into a popular meat shop with the inquiry: "Mr. Nannal, what do you sell your pigs' heads at?"
"Ten cents, Mrs. Blank."
"Well, send me one."
"Do you wish a large or small one?"
"A big one, of course—the biggest you have," she replied, determined not to be cheated.
That night when the husband went home he was dumfounded. Head cheese was everywhere. No chair could be used for its purpose—head cheese on the refrigerator, tables, piano, barrels, all had head cheese on them. The wife had a triumphant air on her face, and then explained: "Bargain of mine, Johnny. Bought a splendid head for ten cents from Mr. Nannal. Didn't pay, either; told him to send in the bill at once."
On the following day the bill came. The husband's eyes were like saucers as he showed his consort the paper.
"Bliss me!" she exclaimed. "What an old fraud he is, and I just won't stand it, now I'll make a special bargain with you, and he has the impudence to send in his bill for \$9.50. I'll go and see him right away and give him my opinion, now you see if I don't!"
A few minutes later she was face to face with the butcher.
"Didn't I make a special bargain with you yesterday for that pig's head?"
"I don't know, I am sure; but if you say so, I admit it."
"Well, I do; I bought it for ten cents."
"Yes, that's right; that's what we sell them at. You wanted the biggest one, and I sent one from a 1,000 pounds, porker which weighed ninety five pounds, and at ten cents a pound—"
"Oh, bother the pounds. I said nothing about pounds!"
"Did you expect to get ninety five pounds of pork for ten cents?"
"Don't say anything of this to my husband. Let him pay the ten cents, and I'll pay the rest."
"I won't reply the butcher, 'but there is a fellow coming here often for items, and I'll tell him."
"If you do, I'll kill you and him, too, the wretch!"

A Wife's Devotion.
It was during the progress of the war of 1794 that the accident I am about to relate occurred.
The Count de Brimont, a young nobleman scarcely five and twenty years of age, had, with his wife, the bride of a week, been taken prisoner and held in close custody in a town of Burgundy.
De Brimont belonged to one of the oldest families in France, was accomplished, enthusiastic, and exceedingly handsome, and his wife was all that the wife of such a man should be, in fact, her hand had been solicited by no less than five princes, but untaxed by the brilliant future she might have secured, she chose to ally her fortunes to her heart's first choice.
Though prisoners, the young couple were treated with every courtesy, and surrounded by every luxury, debarred only of their liberty. About a month after they had been taken captive, and when in fact a treaty depended upon their safe keeping until its conclusion, news reached De Brimont that his beloved mother was lying at the point of death, eager to see him once more before she departed. He represented the state of things to the commander of the city, and besought him by the affection he entertained for his own mother, to send him, accompanied by a suitable guard, to his parent's death bed. In vain, however, were his pleadings, too much depended upon retaining him in prison, he was in despair, he felt as though willing to give the best years of his life to prison walls, so he could now spend a hour with his so dearly loved mother ere she went hence and was no more.
Nearly heart-broken, he once more renewed his entreaties, and once more received a denial, when suddenly his young wife appeared, and threw herself before the feet of the commander. "Let him go to his mother," she said, "and keep me here; fix upon a day for his return, and if he is not here at the very hour let me die."
"Upon these terms I permit you to depart unattended," the commander said.
At first De Brimont absolutely refused to accept the offer; but upon the assurances, persuasions of his wife, and the absolute certainty of being able to return long before the day fixed, he at last consented, and with many embraces bade adieu to his devoted wife.
He was obliged to travel many leagues, but the horse he rode was a good one, and by nightfall of the day he set out he reached his ancestral home. He found the countess, his mother, very low indeed, but the sight of her idolized son appeared to revive her somewhat, and she lingered on until evening of the day immediately preceding the one appointed for his return.
De Brimont had only time to kiss her cold lips and give hasty orders concerning the funeral, and leaving her to be followed to the grave by every relative save the nearest and dearest, he set forth on his return, having ample time to accomplish the distance, even allowing for serious delays.
He had proceeded about half way on his journey, his mind absorbed in grief on the one side at the loss of his parent, and joy on the other at once more beholding his bride, when suddenly he was set by a furious wolf of an extraordinary size, which darted out from a wood that skirted one side of the highway. The ferocious beast seized the horse, and tore and mangled him, even allowing for serious delays.
De Brimont was forced to dismount.
No sooner had he touched the ground, and before he had time even for thought, the wolf left his prey and sprung upon him, and would certainly have torn him limb from limb had he not with great presence of mind seized the animal's tongue with one hand, and with the other laid hold of

one of his paws.

After struggling a while with the terrible creature, the tongue split from his hold, and his right hand was fearfully mangled by the beast; but, notwithstanding the pain he was in, he leapt upon the wolf's back, and pressing his knees hard into its sides, called aloud for succor. It was not for his own life he fought, but for his poor wife's. Who can realize the terrible thoughts that rushed through his mind during those fearful moments; to his own fate he gave not a thought, save so far as it affected that of his wife; he would perish miserably on the road; the world would say he had purposely fled to some other land, leaving a lovely and loving wife to die for his cowardice and treachery. At length, however, to his great joy, his cries were answered, and some peasants appeared, but none of them dared to advance.
"Well, then," De Brimont cried, seeing that entreaties were useless, and perceiving that they carried guns, "fire; if you kill me I forgive you; only swear to me that one of you will hasten to B—and tell the commander how I died."
They all, with voice, made the required promise, and then one of them fired but so terrified was he, that he only succeeded in sending three bullets through the brave young nobleman's coat, without injuring either him or the beast.
Another then, bolder than his comrades seeing the integrity of the cavalier, and how firm a hold he kept upon the wolf, approached somewhat nearer, and taking deliberate and careful aim, fired. The wolf was mortally wounded by the shot, and almost instantly killed. Never pausing to dress his wounds, which were very severe, De Brimont distributed a sum of money among the peasants, and offered a large amount to the one who first brought a horse, for his own was entirely disabled. In an incredibly short space of time a horse was brought, and mounting it, the count hastened on his way.
But the story is told: of course he arrived at the appointed time, and threw himself, covered with blood and dust, in his wife's arms.
The account of what he had undergone soon spread far and wide, and when, within a week thereafter, the treaty was concluded, he was escorted to the city gates by the population of the entire city, and departed with his lovely bride amid a torrent of cheers and blessings, to say nothing of presents so rich and weighty that required several mules, well packed, to carry them away.

An Early Romance.
In early life Sir Walter Scott fell deeply in love with a girl of aristocratic family, and as he was then merely a poor barrister, there was no prospect of success. His father, knowing this, and being desirous to bring the matter to a close, suggested to the parents the propriety of terminating the acquaintance, and this was done in the least painful manner. The lady was the only daughter of Sir John Stewart, of Forfarshire, and she afterwards married Sir William Forbes, the noted Edinburgh banker. As Scott was a well educated young man, of fine personal appearance and agreeable manners, there could be but little reason for giving the banker preference, except his wealth and social rank. Scott felt this keenly through life; in "Rokeby" he revived the episode at some length. Matilda, the heroine of the poem, represents the object of his love, who here rejects a poet in favor of one of higher rank, and this scene becomes doubly interesting as a picture of Scott's early experience. In 1811 Lady Forbes died; but she lived long enough to see the once penniless barrister the first poet in Scotland. Her death was deeply felt by Scott, for, although he had been married for twelve years, the old dame was not Sir John Stewart's daughter; appeared next day, and Lockhart says "that there is nothing wrought out, in all Scott's prose, more exquisite than the contrast between the rivals for the hand of the heroine." Six years afterwards Scott wrote thus to Miss Edgeworth: "Matilda was attempted for the person of a lady who is now no more, so that I am flattered with your distinguishing me it. As this took place nearly twenty years after the disappearance, it illustrates the tenacity which which the author held his first love. When Lady Forbes died, Scott was so affected that he called on her mother; and both felt to weeping over the sad affair. It is a curious incident in domestic history to see a man carrying his first love so tenderly through life while married to another woman to whom he always showed attachment. Scott evidently made Matilda the ideal or dream-wife who accompanied him to the last. Having recovered from the worst effects of his disappointment, he met a French girl, whose father had saved both life and fortune by fleeing from the dangers of the Revolution. At the time referred to, Miss Carpenter (or Carpenter) was an orphan, and to her Scott transferred his affections, as far as this was possible, that he appeared as has been said, much attached to his wife through life, and sincerely mourned her death. She was, however, intellectually and physically inferior to the Scottish ladies of that city, and the rapid degeneracy of the family may, in some degree, be ascribed to so unfavorable a union.

Vitality of Frogs.
Charley Youngworth, has half a dozen large, fat, solemn-looking frogs in the show window of his restaurant waiting the order of some gourmand. Recently Mr. Youngworth was expatiating on the characteristics of the frogs dead and alive. "They are the most palatable dish when cooked properly that you can set on the table," said he. "I never tasted a frog's leg in my life, and I've cooked thousands of 'em. Do you know, sir, that it takes a frog half an hour to die? Upon my word, they are the hardest things to kill that I ever saw. About two months ago I got an order from a private family for six dressed frogs. I had their legs cut off, skinned and dressed up in about fifteen minutes. I set the platter containing the meat on the counter while the waiter was getting some other things ready to go with the order. The legs of the frogs were so full of life, or electricity or something, that they jumped around on the platter livelier than any shrimps you ever saw. Some of them hopped off on the floor. The waiter had to tie a towel over the platter when he carried it out, so that he would not lose the meat. That's the reason I don't like frogs. You may smile at what I say, but every word of it is true."

It is not what you have in your chest, but what you have in your heart, that makes you rich.