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WAYFARERS.

The way is long, my darling, The road is rough and steep, And fast across the evening sky I see the shadows sweep, But O! my love, my darling, No ill to us can come,

No terror turn us from the path,

For we are going home. Your feet are tired, my darling. So tired the tender feet; But think, when we are there at last, How long the rest and sweet For lo! the lamps are lighted.

And yonder gleaming dome, Before us shining like a star, Shall guide our footsteps home. We have lost the flowers we gathered So early in the morn,

And on we go, with empty ! ands. And garments soiled and worn; But O! the dear All-Father Will out to meet us come, And fairer flowers and whiter robes

There wait for us at home. Art cold, my love, and famished, Art faint, and sore athirst? Be patient yet a little while,

And joyous as at first; For O! the sun sets never Within that land of bloom. And t' ou shalt eat the bread of life, And drink life's wine at home.

The wind blows cold my darling, Adown the mountain steep, And thick across the evening sky

The darkling shadows creep; But O! my love, press onward, Whatever trials come, For in the way the Father set,

We two are going home.

The Filot's Revenge.

It was towards night, on the twenty-first of September, 1834, a small English war brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smuggling, was lazily creeping along the heavy, monotonous swells, just off the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest. The day before she had captured a small boat, loaded with contraband articles, together with an old man and a boy who had charge of them, and the captain of the brig, whose name was Dracutt, had ordered that the old smuggler should be put in irons. To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance, and, in the heat of the moment, he had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which laid him upon the deck. on every side. Such an insult to an English officer was past endurance, and, in punishment for his offence, the smuggler had been condemned to die.

A single whip was rove at the starboard fore-yard arm; and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head. and the running end was rove thro' a small snatch-block upon the deck. Until this moment not a word escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparation, and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsook his cheeks, and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the incensed

"Mercy, sir, mercy!" "For whom?" asked the officer, while a ontemptuous sneer rested upon his lips." "For that old man whom you are about

o kill. "He dies, boy."

"But he is my father, sir."

"No matter if he were my own father, that man who strikes an English officer, while in the performance of his duty, must

sir," urged the boy. "Insuited," repeated the captain, "who insulted him? "You did, sir," replied the boy, while

his face was flushed with indignation. "Get up, sir, and be careful that you do not get the same treatment," said the captain in a savage tone. The old man heard this appeal of his son,

of his captor, he raised his head, and, while his features, he exclaimed: "Ask no favors, Robert, Old Hark Kintock can die as well now as at any time.

Let them do their worst.' changed his tone to one of deep supplication, and said: "Do what you please with me, sir, but

wrong. I am ready for your sentence, and muttered the sooner you finish it the better." "Lay hold of the whip," shouted the

captain; "lay hold, every man of you, and stand by to run the villain up." In obedience to this order, the men ranged themselves along the deck, and each one laid hold of the rope. Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and then ran his eyes along the line of men who were to be his executors. But not one sympathizing or pitying look could he trace, their faces

peared anxious to consummate their murderous work. "What," exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling lid, "is there

were all hard and cold, and they all ap-

not one even, who can pity?" "Up with him!" shouted the captain. Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging from the yard-arm. He heard the passing rope and the creaking block, and he knew that he was fatherless.

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt by the side of a ghastly corpse, and a simple prayer escaped his lips. Then another low, murmuring sound came up from his bosom, but none of those who stood around knew his import. It was a pledge for deep

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangway into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens. and in another moment the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roar so long and loud that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut out its deafening roar. what caused dread in others' bosoms, sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

"Oh! Revenge! Revenge!" he mutrisen beneath the power of the sudden

storm, and all that could be distinguished family rudder.

from the deck of the brig, save the breaking of the sea, was the fearful, craggy shore as flash after flash of lightning illuminated the heavens. "Light, ho!" shouted a man forward; and the next moment all eyes were directed

to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks. The wind had now reached its height, and with its giant power it set the illfated bar. brig directly upon the surf-bound shore

one, was blanched with fear. In vain did they try to lay the brig to the wind, but not a sail would hold for an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a fore and main-storm stay sail, and then the brig stood for a short time bravely up against the heavy sea. But it was evident that even should the brig succeed in was a boy two feet long and a man five keeping to the wind, she must eventually feet tenbe driven ashore; for the power of the insetting waves was greater than that of the wind.

"Boy, do you know what that light is?" asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main rigging to keep his feet. "Yes, sir, replied Robert, "it is Bully- said.

more's Craig. "What is it there for?" "It marks the entrance of a little harbor, sir. that lies back of it." "And can it be entered by a vessel of

this size?" asked the captain, while a gleam of hope shot across his face. "O, yes, sir, a large ship can enter at that place.' "And do you know the passage?"

"Yes, sir, I have spent my whole life on this coast, and know every turn of it." "Can you take the brig in there in this storm?

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, while strange light shot from his eyes. "And will you do it?" eagerly asked the captain.

"On two conditions." "Name them quickly."

"The first is that you let me go in peace; and the next, that you trouble none of the smugglers, should they happen to be there." "I promise," said the captain, "and now et about your work. But, mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George I'll shoot you on the moment.'

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself upon the starboard foreyard arm, from which his orders were passed along to the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon after came within sight of the rugged crags, and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrills as they swept past a frowning rock, which almost grazed them as they passed. On flew the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks, which raised their heads

"Port," shouted the boy

"Port it is." "Steady-so." "Starboard-quick." "Ay, ay, starboard it is."

"Steady-so." "Steady it is." At this moment the vessel swept past an moment all eyes were turned toward him. He stood upon the extreme end of the yard, and held himself by the lift. Iu a moment more he crouched down like a tiger after a projecting rock.

"Revenge! revenge!" was all that the doomed men heard, as they were swept away in the boiling surge beyond.

"Breakers !- a reef !." screamed the man forward.

"Starboard-quick!" But it was too late. Ere the helm was half up, a slow, tremendous grating of the brig's keel was distinctly felt, and the next instant came a crash which sounded high above the roar of the elements, and the masts went sweeping away to leeward, followed in a few moments by large masses Shriek after shriek went up from those doomed men; but they were in the grasp of power that knew no mercy—the Storm

King claimed them for his own. came down from the rocks and moved along the shore. It was strewed with fragments of the wreck, and here and there were scatshoulders of which were two golden epau-Then turning to Captain Dracutt, he lettes. It was the captain of the brig-the

"Father, you are fearfully revenged!" The boy spoke truly. Fearful in its conception and fearful in its consummation, had been the "Pilot's Revenge."

The Family Rudder

A Comstocker who was having his hair cut gave the barber particular instructions not to remove a long lock that projected in a somewhat unsightly way from the front of his head: "It don't become you," said the barber.

"Can't help that," said the customer. "Better let me take it off," said the bar-"Just you leave it as it is," said the man. "But," persisted the barber. "I can't give you a smooth, decent cut if I leave the hair so long in front. It will look very

oad. I can't see what you want it left there for ?" "That's because you don't know what it -you don't know the use of it."

the family rudder." "The family what?" The darkness had come as quickly as the wreck. No, sir; don't you disturb the Thick Headedness.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the attorney. "Never knew him sick," replied the wit-

"No levity," said the lawyer, sternly. "Now, sir; did you ever see the prisoner

at the bar. "Took many a drink with him at the

"Answer my question sir," yelled the of the rocks and reefs, and every face, save lawyer. "How long have you known the

prisoner?" "From two feet up to five feet ten inches. "Will the court make the-" "I have, jedge," said the witness, anticipating the lawyer; "I have answered the

question. I knowed the prisoner when he

"Your Honor-"

"It's a fac' jedge; I'm under my oath." persisted the witness. The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case ?" "That ain't his name," replied the wit-

"What ain't his name?" "Case. "Who said it was?" "You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this Case-his name's Smith.'

"Your Honor," howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?" "Witness," said the judge, "you must answer the questions put to you.'

"Land o' Goshen, judge, haint I bin doin' it? Let the blamed cuss fire away. I'm ready. "Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and this prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly replied the witness. Wasn't you summoned here as a friend!" "No sir. I was summoned here a Presbyterian. Nary one of us wasever Friends

-he's an old line Baptist with a drop of Quaker in him. "Stand down," yelled the lawyer, in dis-

"Stand down." "Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up "Sheriff, remove that man from the

Witness retires, muttering, "Well, if he

"Hey?"

ain't the thickest headed chap I ever laid Homes for the Birds.

For those who care about the outside ac- to all minds as an emblem of wedded love, cessories of home there is nothing prettier in apparent loneliness and distress, to utter or that gives a more home-like look than its plaintive lament at so unusual an your whole day to this spot. Therefore, the bird-houses. It looks hospitable and hour under the window of one grieving uncheery to provide a home for the little der such a bereavement as hers. overhanging cliff and just as a vivid flash songsters, and thus bring them around you. of lightning shot through the heavens and I have lately picked up these ideas, and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout send them to the bird lovers, so they can was heard from the young pilot, and in a see how easily a pretty bird-house may be constructed. Old bird cages make beautiful swinging bird-houses. Take crinoline wires or strips of refuse tin from the yard of your nearest tinker, and wind them in consult the old janutor on agriculture, enhis prey, and then with one leap he reached and about the cage, forming a rough sur- tered, and when he had been made to feel face, over which apply the mortar; then at home he remarked, "I've read about thatch the roof, which apply the mortar; your ranch in the papers, and I've a few then thatch the roof, which is easily done questio s to ask you." on the wire foundation; fasten the bottom on securely by binding with wire to the upper part, and fasten the door so that it cannot fall down. The most primitive bird-house is the large, old-time calabash gcurd, which the early settlers were wont to cultivate in large quantities, and apply to various purposes, among which were bird-houses. When of fine shape and rich to his ears, his knees wobbled, and it was and rich color, they form no insignificant ornament, especially when varnished and ply, "My friend, go home and tell your embellished with smaller varieties, of of the fil-fated vessel's wreck and cargo. which there are beautiful kinds, easily raised from seed. By piercing holes and doubt that she can sew the eye right out of using flexible wire these may be made a needle and build the nicest loaf of bread tasteful and commodious. Another ad. in the State. Root beer, sir, should be set mirable wren box is made of a cocoanut out in June-about the tenth day of June, The next morning a party of reckers shell, by scooping the meat out through a at ten o'clock in the morning." circular aperture a few inches in diameter. thanks!" exclaimed the grateful man, as These, arranged in groups against a building or tree, with hanging basket made of ly, my wife claims that the roof of a cow and as the tart words dropped from the lips tered the bruised and mutil ated forms of the same material, and stocked with creepthe brig's crew. Among that party was ers suspended above them, are exceedingly while I claim an eighth pitch. What is your a look of the utmost defiance passed over Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search pretty. Flower pots or hanging baskets opinion?" "My friend," answered Bijah, among the ghastly corpses, as though there of earthenware make good roofs for the was one he would have found. At length swinging bird-houses. These dish-like man in the world, but she lacks the eye of he stopped and steeped over one, upon the roofs give a Japanese appearance to the an artist. A cow-shed roof should never houses, which is increased by fastening have less than an eighth pitch, and down pendants-acorns, cones, etc.-around the murderer of his father! The boy placed edges. The pole passes through a largehis foot on the prostrate body, and while a sized pan, secured as before, and finished strange light beamed from his eyes, and a with the screen of rustic work. A cluster expressed, his undying gratitude, and condo not harm my boy; for he has done no shudder passed over his countenance, he of three pots against a wall, with a receptacle for vines and creepers in the open claims that onions cannot be rated space in the centre, is another effective ar- the head of crops, while I claim that they rangement; and a group of two, three or can. Please decide that." "my dear sir, four cocoanut shells on a bottom of orna- I haven't the least doubt that your wife mental form, covered with rustic work, and wears a No. three shoe, and quotes Latin

tends above the houses. A Dove Story.

feet high (above the center) supports the

roof, which is made on a frame, and ex-

In 1875, a lady sustained the greatest oss that can befall a woman, in the death of her husband under circumstances that rendered the blow a more than ordinarily as she was childless, and without any very the furnace to cool it off, lost his balance "I know that it's a bunch of hair and fruit trees, some of which came close to the When the frightful disaster was discovered, know that it's unbecoming just where it is." windows. A veranda ran round the back the wildest excitement prevailed among "Yes; it is a bunch of hair, and it is of the house, its sloping roof being just unsomething more than a bunch of hair-it's der the windows of the sleeping-rooms. imminent, but order was soon restored, and Court of Special Sessions recently he "The family rudder. When things don't the back of the house, at her usual hour- taken to his home at Ewington, where clothes-pole. His shirt front was covered called "fifteen" has been ridiculed and progo right at home my wife always grabs that ten o'clock. It was in the month of De- medical attendance soon arrived, and after with blood; he said that the officer had lock of hair. She would feel lost without cember, and curtains were drawn, and a the most careful examination it was found struck him on the head with a club. The blesses it and will ever hold it in fond reit. When she gets hold of that she can fire burning in the grate. Half mechanical- that the man had received no fatal injuries, Court tried to figure out how he could twist membrance. For wasn't it the means of handle me—steer me in the right course, so ly she walked to the dressing-table, which and no bones were broken. His nose suf- his head around and get the front of his bringing his sweetheart's face close to his Robert Kintock started at the sound; and to speak—and when I go in the right stood before the window, and was in the fered the most injury, that having been shirt bloody, but failed. "Haven't I seen own, and didn't it enable him to touch the course, the whole family go in the right course and all is well. I've got used to it heard a low sound that seemed to her half ing it to swell very much. This is the Duffy, who has a faculty of remembering intoxicated him with its fragrance?" And, now and don't mind it. Should I lose my a moan of pain, half a planitive appeal, and most miraculous escape any man ever made faces. "Yes, your Honor, six years ago." tered to himself, as he cast his eyes over the foam-crested waves, which had already the fore. With suspended breath, and great-fall of eighty feet, through a heated stack, street, at a wedding." The reply brought caught him by the collar, yanked him from no way of steering me: I should become ly startled, she listened. It came again, to the ground beneath, without causing inunmanageable, and sooner or later a total louder and more prolonged. With nerves stant death or breaking a bone, may be set and witnesses roared. The Court joined with the parting injunction, "If ever I catch

alone in the room and with a feeling of something like terror, she hastened to an adjoining apartment, summoned a friend who was its seeming inexhaustibility. A well stocked staying with her, and brought her, back to but small haunt of quail, prairie chicken, the room. The sound continued, and her or any land bird save snipe and woodcock, friend being unable to account for it, the is soon depleted by sharp shooting, nor servants were rung up. The room was will it recover until the following season. much affected by it their mistress was, and considerable tract were so laid under tribin the chimmey or the trees outside; but the night was calm, and the sound was ment. We have in mind a bit of the choicso unlike anything they had ever heard before, the most ingenious theory failed to account for it. More and more the belief pressed the lady's mind; and though eventficiently to induce sleep.

In the morning the mystery was explaina large pear-tree that grew close to the win-He was much surprised, for there was no pigeon cote near, and he had never seen the bird before in the garden. As the day wore on, finding it still remained in the tree, he made several attempts to catch it; but always eluded him, pertinaciously returning doubt could be felt that, breaking the was the voice of the pigeon that had soundcoincidence that brought a bird so familiar boots, no matter how holey, or stout shoes,

Agricultural Information. Bijah was singing and dusting off the india-rubber cat, when a farmer who had walked eleven miles through the mud to "Purceed-purceed, my friend," was the cheerful answer. "I have had a dispute with my wife as to the proper time to plant root beer," continued the old man. 'She says it ought to be planted in April, and I say not till June. What do you say?" "Hem-hem-yem, coughed Bijah as he arose up and walked around the room. He grew pale clear up some time before he could brace up and rewife that she doesn't even know the first principles of agriculture, though I don't "Thanks! he extended his hand, "Now then, secondshed should be planned at a quarter pitch, "your wife is doubtless the sweetest woin Mexico I have seen 'em with as high as a twentieth pitch, and bay windows put on besides." The man shook hands again, tinued: "One more question: My wife gence spread itself by imperceptible defastened on a rose pillar, is among the most like a dnck; but if onions are not a 'crop,' beautiful of our bird-houses. A pole three then I am a bald-headed Pawnee, and ought to be hung for murder. Onions are not only a crop, sir, but a product." And the old janitor signified that the audience was at end.

A Long Fall.

A singular accident occurred at the steel works, at Harrisburg, Pa., recently, in which a man fell sixty-five feet through the crushing one. So sudden had it been that stack of a hot furnace, without breaking no time for preparation or farewell had been any bones or seriously injuring himself. vouchsafed; and the sudden rending of such Frank Lamcka, an employe of the works, a tie, after over thirty years of ever-increas- while engaged on the top of No. 2 furnace, ing affection, left her singularly desolate, having started the hose to play water into near relations. The house in which she and plunged in, falling about sixty-five feet lived was completely detached, standing in before he struck the obstructions in the fura large old-fashioned garden, with an extensive lawn, planted with shrubs and large and rolled out at the bottom of the stack. One night, while in the first freshness of every attention paid to the injured man pleaded guilty to the charge, and claimed her sorrow, she went to her bedroom, at possible under the circumstances. He was that his wife had walloped him with a so shaken as hers were by her recent sor- down as the most frightful ever heard of in in, and John escaped with a one-day sen row, she found it impossible to remain such a connection.

The English Snipe. A peculiarity of a good snipe ground is

carefully searched, drawers were opened, But with snipe the case is wholly different. every article of furniture that could contain You raise possibly a hundred birds to-day, any living creature, or give any clew to the and kill off a couple of dozen. To-morrow, origin of the sound, was examined. The there seems about as many, and your sucnoise all the time continued, sometimes cess corresponds with that of yesterday; louder, sometimes softer, but never quite so through a whole week, perhaps, with ceasing; and all that could be decided was apparently no marked addition or subtracthat it was most distinct in the neighbor- tion from the quantity of game when hood of the window where the lady had you desist. Whence they come is one of first heard it. The servants, seeing how the mysteries of snipe history. If a very being unable to find any cause for it, had ute, such results would excite no surprise; tried to persuade her it must be the wind but when the whole area traveled over is but a few acres, it is a matter of astonishaltogether so strange, and it seemed to all est kind of snipe ground, a mile and a half long, and from a few yards to an eighth of a mile in width, that at the height of the season presents this characteristic in a Powell survey, and is now in the workthat it must be something supernatural im- marked degree. A couple of guns have brushed over it for an hour or two each ually it ceased, and silence succeeded, even morning and evening during a week, taking the presence of her friend, who remaided off from ten to fifteen couple daily, and with her at night, did not re-assure her suf- leaving the ground as fat as they found it. In shooting, remember that they always rise against the wind; so make a wide deed, so far as so strange an incident was tour if necessary, to come upon the windcapable of explanation. The gardener had ward end of the ground, and then beat to observed the day before a white pigeon in its furthermost point. The motions of the bird in the air are very rapid, twisting and dow of the room the lady was occupying. perplexing, and none other require a more careful observance of their flight before you can hope for success in shooting. The best days for seeking him are when first th weather has become warm and calm, or with a southerly, moist breeze, after a se vere, long, cold storm from the north, to the tree. When he told his story, no northeast or northwest. The birds take advantage of the change to feed on the silence of the night in that retired spot, it marshes they half deserted during the boisterous weather. A warm day followed so strange and unaccountable; but the ing a slight hoar frost is also excellent. On lateness of the hour, when birds of its the favorable days the birds he well, kind have, as a rule, long gone to roost, even in the bare open marsh from which and the possibility of a dove being there at the ice and spring freshets have swept all all never having occured to any one, none covert. They betake themselves to little had recognized it at the moment. From depressions in the ground, hiding behind the distinctness of the note-for all present swales, hillocks and little ridges, and divhad fancied the noise might be in the room | ing into little sunken spots. Although at -it was evident the bird must have been other times they would rise well out of dison the roof of the veranda immediately un- tance when you walked across so bald a der the widow. In the morning it had van- ground, yet now they seem content to rest ished, and was never seen again; although after long buffeting with the fierce, strong the lady desirous of ascertaining if it were winds. Such ground and such days are to really a pigeon, and with some idea, if it be marked with a white stone by the uncould be found, of keeping it, gave orders happy man whose good fortune has brought that it should be traced, and if possible se- him timely there. For Spring shooting, cured. Dismissing from our minds as un- use wading stockings, high water-tight towns and fortresses will, in all probabilty, never be known. It is some satisfaction, tenable anything that here savors of what leather boots. You do not now need to however, to know that America has ruins is termed the supernatural, one is bound to travel over a wide extent of country, and the of great interest. admit that it was a strange and touching water is of the coldest. In the fall, ordinary with leggings, are better. You must travel longer distances, and will hardly confine exercise and the warmer water will keep you safe from harm through wet feet. If

chill, probably laying the foundation for a

serious cold or future siege of rheumatism. As I tumbled around for the matches, knocking things down with my quivering hands, I wished the sun would rise in the middle of the day, when it was warm and cheerful, and one wasn't sleepy. We proceeded to dress by the gloom of a couple of sickly candles, but we could hardly button anything, our hands shook so. I thought of how many happy people there were in Europe, Asia and America, and everywhere, who were sleeping peacefully in their beds, and did not have to get up to see the Regi sun rise—people who did not ing these thoughts, I yawned, in rather an drew the window curtain and said: "Oh, this is luck. We shan't have to

black firmanent and one or two stars blink- slaughter, they are now nearly extinct. ing through rifts in the night. Fully clothed and wrapped in blankets, we huddled ourselves up by the window with lighted pipes, and fell into a chat, while we waited in

exceeding comfort to see how an Alpine

sunrise was going to look by candle-light.

By and by a delicate, spiritual sort of efful-

snowy wastes; but there the effort stopped. I said, presently: "There's a hitch about this sunrise somewhere. It doesn't seem to go. What do you reckon is the matter with 11?"

"I don't know. It appears to hang fire

this before. Can it be that the hotel is playing anything on us?" "Of course not. The hotel only has a proper interest in the sun; it has nothing to do with the management of it. It is a precarious kind of property, too; a succession of total eclipses would probably ruin

with the sunrise?' Harris jumped up and said: "I've got it. I know what's the matter with it-we've been looking at the place where the sun set last night!"

this tavern. Now, what can be the matter

Eliza Duke, large and stout, accused her husband, John, of "licking" her. John is as thin as a Surrogate's seal, and doesn't look as if he was capable of harder work hopeless wreck.

Ruined Cities in America. In the far West, in the cities or the great canyons of Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico are the dwellings and temples of a race or tribe of men, who had mastered some of the arts of civilization. In the plains are pastoral villages built of stone and mortar, for both shelter and defense. The houses are large, for a number of people, with a court-yard in the centre. There are no side entrances, but ingress was by ladders over the walls and into the courtyard. This indicates that the people were continually on their guard against prawling enemies, the Arabs of America. These communal cities contain cirular towers of great strength, constructed with concentric walls and a hollow circular court in the center. The walls are joined by radial partitions, thus strengthening the whole. Most of these towers are much dilapidated, so that it is impossible to ascertain whether they were roofed or not. A cast of the remnants of one of the largest towers has been made by Edwin E. Powell, of the shop of Prof. Ward at the University. It is probable that these towers were entered by a secret, rock-cut passage, as at least one such passage has been discovered. In a recent article by Henry Gannett, the suggestion is ventured that these towers were temples of the Sun, in the center of which the eternal fire was kept burning. Similar towers are now found in inhabited cities or pueblos, and are used as sun temples. It is also quite probable that these tower might have been used for defense in sore extremity, the people entering them by the secret passages. The double, and sometimes triple walls would discourage an enemy, armed only with bows ann clubs. As dangers thickened about these people or perhaps in their earlier history, fortified dwellings were grouped in the caves formed by the disintegration of soft rock in the perpendicular cliffs of the canyons. These cliff dwelling must have been constructed with enormous labor, as the stene was either carried or hoisted from below. The approaches were by steps cut in the rock, and were very precarious. In the outer stone walls are a few small square openings for air and light, while the mode of entrance was by ladders over the wall. The cliff fortresses are of great antiquity. The cedar wood used for beams is, however, well preserved. Scattered about are great quantities of broken pottery. The mortar with which the walls are laid is still firm; and in some places are seen the prints of human hands, made when the mortar was first laid on. The story of these ruined

Two sea elephant babies were recently exhibited at Santa Clara, California. They were captured by Captain Peters off the Mexican coast, about seven hundred miles south of this port, and are the propyou keep in motion, the blood will circuerty of Mr. J. T. Hayes. They now weigh late freely, and wet stockings feel warm; about eight hundred pounds apiece, though but do not sit down on a log for a long rest, only a few months old. They are good no matter how wearied, or you will quickly tempered and playful, and willingly allow gentle handling. Similar curiosities have never before been seen in this city. The bottle nosed seal or sea elephant is the largest of the seal family, and from this We heard his horn, and instantly we got fact and the peculiar shape of its nose it is up. It was dark and cold and wretched. so named. Seals of this species are often seen that measure more than twenty-five fee from tip to tip, and fifteen feet or more in circumference. In colors the males are generally dark, grayish blue or brown, and the females are dark brown above and yellowish below. The male bottle-nosed seal has the power of extending its muzzle to a foot or more in length, as does the elephant its trunk. They have four fingers and a short thumb, with perfect nails, on the front flippers. The hair is rather coarse, but there is a demand for the skins of these animals for harness making? The oil that appreciate their advantages, as like as not, is obtained from the blubber of these seals but would get up in the morning wanting is clear, although not exactly pleasant, its more boons of Providence. While think- odor and its taste are not had, and it burns slowly, with a bright, clear, smokeless ample way, and my upper teeth got hitched flame. These seals are found in large on a nail over the door, and while I was herds on the islands of the Antarctic ocean, mounting a chair to free myself, Harris and in the winter time as far north as the coast of Mexico, generally on sandy and desert beaches, near fresh water streams. go out at all-yonder are the mountains in They never attack a human being, except in defense of their young or in self defense This was good news, indeed. It made The species are much larger, as a general me cheerful right away. One could see the statement, than the largest elephant. As Alpine masses dimly outlined against the a consequence of brutal and indiscriminate

"Such a morning, Hannah!" enthused Mr. Smiley, as he tucked his napkin under his chin, "such a morning! Why, I've walked around three blocks, and tetered on my heels and toes, taking a bath of grees over the loftiest altitudes of the glory in the sunshine. And it has given me an appetite, Hannah, such a one as I haven't had since childhood's happy hour. Coffee; ah! Thanks. A little sugar and the cream; ah, dont forget the cream, Hannah," and he fairly beamed with good nat-"I declare, what is this you've got ure.

somewhere. I never saw a sunrise act like for drink? Bah, Mrs. Smiley, it is out. rageous-"Don't you like it, Ichabod?" inquired the dame anxiously. "It's a new idea for settling coffee, that's all. Sister Maria said a little codfish skin would make it pour

clear-"A little codfish skin. How much, should like to know?"

"Why, just a piece about as big-as my hand-and-I-"Oh, the stupidity of womankind. Why didn't you dump in a whole fishing fleet into your coffee, madam, or a grocery store, or a section of the banks of Newfoundland-or-or." At this point his flow of English gave out, and leaving the table with a suddenness that shook the stopples out of the caster cruets, he strode out of

One Point to Redeem It.

the house, down town, a breakfastless and

Notwithstanding the fact that the game nounced a fraud, the bashful young man oh! wasn't it just at that blissful moment you here again, trying to kiss my daughter, I'll fix you; confound your impudence!"