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THE ONE CERTAINTY,

Lightly I hold my life with little dread, And little hope for what may spring there-

But live like one that builds his Summer's

For coolness on a dried-up river bed And takes no thought for freecoed blue or

To paint the walls, and p'ans no golden Knowing the flood, when Autumn rains are

come. Shall roll its raving waters overhead.

Ard wherefore should I plant my ground and Since, though I know not of the day or

The Conquerer comes at last, the alien foe Shall come to my defenceless place in power, | pillow : With force, with arms, with ruinous over-

Taking the goods I gathered for his dower.

The Sister of Mercy.

Avenue Montaigne, a woman was dying. to read. From the apartment itself, which was almost empty, it would be difficult to diswoman belonged. The salon was empty. Not a single piece of furniture remained in Some old blue velvet curtains were them. It was old velvet, yellow at every crease, and eaten away by dust. In what plated her with admiration and envy. Sudhad been the dining room, there remained denly she exclaimed : only a dilapidated cane-seated chair and a little table of white wood, covered with bottles of all kinds. On the floor were two or three dirty towels, still wet, a sponge and a chipped salad bowl, that served as a

The bed-room was evidently the only ame. room that the bailiffs had spared. There, a threadbare carpet still covered the floor. At the foot of the bed was a large armchair placed as if it were a sentry-box. The stuff curtains had been left, but a practiced eye would have seen by the rents in the muslin curtains that a rapacious hand had

forn away the lace. Two billets of wood were smoking sadly in the fireplace, having for sole companion a kettle, from which emerged two or three leaves covered with a white foam. The she would have a little tisane. room was lighted from a sanded courtvard in the midst of which a close-cropped grass plot humiliated itself at the foot of an more dead than I am, young girl! Toplot humiliated itself at the foot of an reacia. The leaves had fallen; the black, bury even my memory, but I have had of But Bertran out on a little verdure

A woman of some fifty years, who was standing by the window, came up to the bedside and poured a few drops of potion into a glass. Then she raised the head of her mistress, approaching the glass to her ips, and said

"Madeleine," murmured the sick woman,

"Does Madame la Comptesse suffer

"Yes, there is fire there," replied the

The woman, who was dying thus in a deserted and desolate room, was no other than the Comptesse de San Castelli, about whom there was so much talk a few years ago. Now, of her past luxury, there remained only an Indian shawl of a reddish brown, embroidered with gold, in which she wrapped herself up for want of a bed-

than one European Prince still keeps a medallion in which the features of the fallen idol have remained young and smiling. Today her black hair seems to fatigue her enfeebled head with its weight; life has already retreated from her hollow cheeks and pale brow. A dry and jerky cough tears her bosom; at the age of thirty-five

death has marked her as his own. A sovereign, who had enriched her, had left before her for the regions where go the souls of those who have souls. The Prince X., her third loved, has ruined himself and given the Countess her hotel in the Avenue he has been able to escape the hand of the law. He was not declared a bankrupt personally, but the company that he directed has gone to join the swarm of companies with his regiment; Gontran is married; Adrien has disappeared. A hurricane of ruin has blown upon all her old adorers. The two or three who have held out have been wearied by repeated requests for money; another is placed in such an elevated position that he is unapproachable. The Countess has sold her jewels, one by

one, and after her jewels her toilets, and after her toilets her furniture. She has still but one only friend, Dr. D---, whose fortune she made, but Dr. himself, whose fertune has been encroached upon by unlucky speculations, has scarcely anything to live upon but the income obtained from his practice. Still he comes to see the Countess every morning, and after each visit he leaves a louis on the corner of the chimney piece. It is this

daily louis that has hitherto kept the Countess and her chambermaid. Madeleine, who has seen the horses and arriages and diamonds, who remembers the days when the Countess had fifteen servants and fifty admirers, cannot believe that these

times will not return. As for the husband of the Countess, he never knew his wife. The marriage was arranged by the Prince de M-, and a post of three thousand francs a year was given to the ruined descendant of a great family in exchange for his title. He saw his wife during the marriage ceremony, then he took possession of his post, and sometimes read with mediocre interest in the newspapers that the Comtesse de San Castelli was obtaining great success at St Petersburg and

It did not seem to him that she was his wife, and when he was questioned on the subject the Count replied coldly: "I believe that she is a relation who has

urned out badly. Madeleine had passed more that thirty nights in the large arm-chair at the foot of her mistress' bed. The doctor said: "That woman needs rest. There are Sisters of Charity who have imposed upon themselves

will send one here to-night." At six o'clock a little sharp and rattling dust.

noise was heard, produced by a bell-rope pulling a broken spring. Madeleine went and opened the door. The Sister of Charity followed her.

"Here are the potions," said Madeleine, this one every ten minutes, that one every hour. There is still a little wood in the

Madeleine went to share the bed of a chambermaid, a friend of hers, who lodged in a neighboring hotel, and the Sister of Charity took her seat at the foot of the bed. Mme. de San Castelli asked to drink. She sister raised her head gently; then the sick woman, instead of drinking, fixed her large black eyes on the face of the Sister. "How old are you?" she asked.

"Eighteen years, madame." The Countess murmured to herself Eighteen years!" drank greedily, and reumed, as she let her head fall back on the

"Do you know that I am going to die?" "They did not tell me so, Madame; perhaps there is still a possibility of saving

"Saving me!" cried the Countess, with irony, "and why? Life means youth and beauty. I am already dead, my child." The Sister opened the book of her order In the chamber on the first floor in the which she had brought with her and began

This young girl had the most charming face that artist ever dreamed of. Hers was cover to what class of society the dying an improbable beauty, shining forth with sweetness and holiness. The white band that confined her pure ivory brow hid her One morning it felt a strange electric thrill. hair, leaving visible only her eyebrows, still hanging at the windows, doubtless be- which might have been traced with Indian cause the brokers had disdained to take ink, so delicate and correct were their lines. The Comtesse de San Castelli contem-

"Are your vows eternal?"

"Yes, Madame." "What is your name?" "Sister Rose de Lima."

"But your family name?" "It is forbidden us to reveal it, Mad-

"Why?" "It is the rule of the order." "Still, you may tell me if you have any

"None, Madame." "Your mother?" "I never knew her." "Your father?"

"He is dead." Wearied with so persistent an investigation Sister Rose de Lima asked gently if "No, thank you," replied the countess.

and then suddenly she added: "You are bread, prayers and austerity. When I en- the cathedral, into which he often stole to tered a salon I used to raise a murmur of dream and hope. admiration as I passed along. I have made horses pranced at my door and adorers crowded my staircase. I have worn on my such idling wicked, and said brow a diamond that Semiraimus would have envied, and I have melted more pearls than Cleopatra. Noise, movement, luxury, flattery; all that I have exhausted, without departing from an inflexible motto: 'Shine, seduce, and love not.' Poor young you might have all that if you

The Sister of Charity rose: "What are you talking about, Madame? Do you not see what these vanities are? You have had all that, and I am happier than you are. If I had need of consolation, the history of Mary, the sister of Martha, would suffice. For me a contemplative life passes in view of the world which does not

The voice of the young nun had assumed a sonority full of enthusiasm.

"Just now," she added, "you spoke to me of my father. I received his last sigh cherished souvenir like a precious plant, of the retreat that I have chosen

Mme. de San Castilli interrupted her: "Vanities, did you say? And what is disappeared. The Banker L., who had man passions there is sometimes a mixture of the gigantic. To be beautiful is to reign. Jena, can no longer even pay his margins A cavalier who leved me killed himself at at the Bourse. It is only by a miracle that my feet; he gave me there what he would have given to no other. I have been adored like a goddess of antiquity. To make one's self the rival of God is something high and and upon the grassy shore a ragged pareterrible. Little as our life is, it is enlarged that are of no account. Raoul is in Africa by pleasures, and takes a peculiar inportance by the profusion of our disdains and the number of our victims!"

Sister Rose de Lima placed her hands on the Countess' lips as if to arrest her words. "You are feverish," she said. "You

blaspheme and pain me. Mme. de San Castelli seemed to reflect. "Nevertheless, I have loved. I have loved once in my life. I was sixteen. What has become of him? I was carried away in the whirlpool of life. But if he were here my life would be sweeter. Open that casket, pray you, Sister. Here are my papers-My certificate of birth-Florence, 10 Oc-

tober-Maria Theodora Dasti." The Sister advanced slowly toward the bed, holding out ner hands. "The man whom you loved," she mur-

mured, "was named Gabriel?" "Yes," cried the dying woman, briel de Beryls. How do you know that? "It was he who brought me up." "Your father?"

"Gabriel de Beryls." The Countess continued wildly: "You were born in Italy. He brought you to France after my treason—and he is

The poor woman sobbed. Sister Rose de Lima had fallen on her knees and hidden her face in her hands. The Countess seized her and covered her with feverish, passion-"You did not, then, know who I was when you came here?"

"My father never pronounced the name of Castelli. "True; for him I was never anything

but Theodora Dasti. But tell me, how did he die? What did he say?" . "He died with one hand in mine and the other in that of his best friend-an old man -a priest."

The Countess raised up her daughter. "You are my redemption," she eried "I die in peace. Go, fetch me that old -An English nrm sold 8000 fire-

the mission of watching over the sick. I proof safes in Turkey before it was as-

The Water Lily.

Down in the depths of the river near the shore where the mud and slime were not swept away by the current, grew a huntble The flags pressed about it, and thrust their leaves like green swords through the water up into the brightness and pure air, and the eel-grass made a tangled network above it. No one expected the little

plant to amount to much. But lying there in the ooze, it thought: The water is luminous over my head, There is more brightness above than I have had. The flags and the rushes swaying and fluttering up there whisper together of the warm south wind, the gray clouds, and the glory of the sun. If I only could rise If I only could!"

By-and-by the plant sent forth a leaf, an odd, round thing like a fan, and slovily it lifted the leaf on the summit of its flexible stem toward the surface of the water. "Ho! Ho!" laughed the polliwogs,

flouncing by, "what a droll leaf! When it gets to the surface, and we are froge, twill be a fine seat for us while we sing, 'Trick-sa-trix, Trick-sa-trix,' and our old papa plays the trombone.' 'Pray, don't be too pushing," said the

duckweed. "You're as well off as the rest

of us. A plant of your condition ought to

be modest. Don't be too pushing; no good will come of it." The humble plant gave no heed to its neighbors' comments, but patiently lifted the round leaf a little higher each day. The leaf had reached the surface of the river, and the sun shone upon it; and the tall flags parted a little to make room, while they whispered kindly 'Good morning,

neighbor. Soon the humble plant found a round, green ball in its bosom. "Ah! this is a bud," it said to itself. "It shall go up to my happy leaf, and there expand the loveliness I know is hidden with-

Patiently as it had lifted the leaf the plant lifted the bud toward the sunshine. The dreamy summer day went by, and at last the round bud opened its sepals, and like a radiant, golden-hearted star of snow, a blossom lay upon the river and looked into the sky. The red-winged blackbirds flitting to and fro among the flags, sang of it; the south wind breathed its spicy fragrance; the tall flags whispered: "How beautiful! how beautiful! and the hope

of the humble plant was fulfilled. Bertram Krause was the son of a poor laborer. His father wanted him to become

"Ah! now, if Bertram could shoe an ox,

or mend a cart-wheel, that's all I'd ask,' gnarled branches, twisted into knots, were waiting for the rays of spring in order to life all that life can give. You will only for himself. He wished to become an art-But Bertram had different aspirations ist and paint great pictures like those in

> With a bit of charcoal he could sketch queens and princesses weep with rage. The anything, and the lads thought it fine sport to be his models; but his father declared "Who are you, Bertram Krause, to de spise honest work such as your father has

> > done all his life? You will never be worth your salt. One day, Bertram went to the river bank to cut flags. He worked industriously all the morning, and at noon, when he sat down upon the shore to eat his bread and cheese, he was hot, and after he had eaten he stretched himself upon the grass and feli asleep. When he awoke the first thing he

saw was a water-lily shining white among "Hurrah!" he cried, "Hurrah! a water lily!" and quickly springing up, he waded has replaced an active life. In the depths into the water and picked it. With the of my solitude I love to lose myself in mute | blossom came the long, trailing stem, the of fashion had not been forgotten, and more adoration, and I forget the world that mud and slime still clinging to it. "This beauty is lowly born," he thought, as he smelled its spicy fragrance, and with that

thought a plan and a hope came into his His mother was a quiet woman, who had learned to watch and wait, and she sympaand his last benediction. I cultivate that thized with, and encouraged his dreams. To her he went with his plan, and she proand I should fear to see it withered outside | cured for him a sheet of coarse paper and

With all the skill he had, he drew a

sketch of the river, the flags and the water life without its cortege of pleasures? In hu- lily amidst them and when it was done he carried it tremblingly to a great artist in the city. Years rolled away and at the yearly art exhibition at Munich a picture appeared representing a summer sky, a tangle of reeds and flags, a stretch of sullen river,

> which he gazed with' a look of love and "That," said an artist, "is by the celebrated Bertram Krause, and is called the

> foot boy who was holding a water lily at

dawn of hope. Supporting the Guns.

Did you ever see a battery take posi-It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge-box has been emptied once and more, and a fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour

through the gap. Here comes help Down the crowded highway gallops battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hill behind us. Six horses to a piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yellingthe sight behind us make us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheeis strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men race for the brow of the hill as if he who reached it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six

the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we

fought and despaired. The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line of battle behind the guns and lie down. What grim, cool fellows

those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets plash dust into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery loses just one beatmisses just one cog in the wheel-and then

works away again as before. Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles—the roar shuts out all sounds from a battle-line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking through the swamp to cut trees short off-to mow great gaps in the bushes-to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses can not be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it-aye! press forward to capture the battery! We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are served so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but notning makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whisling grape shot and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and arms are not shot through, but torn off. Heads are torn from bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out on the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accepts it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the

swamps, a blackened, bloody mass. Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than right. three thousand muskets, and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right, nor left, nor in front of us is of ground is a wounded man! The wheels face. the guns can not move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass is smeared with blood-every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Aerial Navigation.

A Spanish Artillery officer has constructed a new Aerial machine. The machine, which is of considerable extension constally, but of very small vertical closer and helloes again. Den he says: They bore the head of the Emperor Vesdimensions, can de made to ascend or de- "Sthand a little off." I sthand a little off pasian, and were commemorative of the scend at pleasure, and can, according to the statement of the inventor, be turned in any required direction. It consists of two airbags, as they are called by the inventor, one of which is filled with hydrogen gas and the other with compressed air. When the latter is so far filled that its weight, together with that of the car and its load, exactly counterbalances the lifting power of the former, the machine naturally will neither rise nor fali. If the compressed air | swers: weight will be reduced and the machine will rise, the altitude it will attain depending upon the amount of compressed air know, but I likes to punch his head!' liberated. If, on the other hand, it is desired to make the machine descend, air can, by a simple mechanical contrivance, be pumped into the compressed air-bag until the total weight of the machine exceeds the buoyancy or lifting power of the hydrogen bag. To change the direction of can be altered so that the resistance of the doan' keep sthill!" You see?" air shall affect the machine in the most favorable manner possible. The machine, in fact, is designed to act in the same way that a bird does. When a bird wishes to change the direction of its flight it lowers the air on the oblique surface presented | You see. to it turns the bird around into the required course. In the new aerial machine this principle is applied; but whether it will be possible to overcome the difficulties which may arise remains to

A Salt Old Joke.

Sailors are proverbially jovial; but they are generally a contented, unambitious class and do not seek to go out of the narhad done regular duty during all that time, to the choicest selection in the finest origguns are in position, the detached horses about route from those who go down to ceased, letting him know where they were. penny?" It is, indeed, as an appendage hurrying away, the ammunition chests the sea in ships. As long as this ancient He crawled quietly up the scarp rock, and of personal utility that we regard the walk open, and along our line runs the command, sell does its work, why should the sailor seemed to be received with anger. Possi- ing-sticks of modern times, though in all "Give them one more volley and fall back fret his brains to devise anything new for bly they only wished to know what had ages man has made the sons of the forest ertained that the filling was only sawust.

to support the guns!" We have scarcely the mystification of credulous and snperust been said to him by the fellow without a contribute to his support under wearmess
obeyed when boom! boom! boom! opens stitous landsmen?

and old age.

A Poetic Liceuse Wanted.

He was a tall, square man, with a sharp, sunburned nose, and an unshaven face. He wore a chip hat, well sweated through in front, with a rim turned down all around, and a dark, narrow bit of braid for a band. His butternut pants were neatly tuckled into his cowhide boots, and the thumbs of his bronzed hands were thrust into the arm holes of his vest. He entered the Mayor's office with the air of a man of business, and marching up to his Honor, said,

inquiringly: "Be you the Mayor?" "Yes, I have that honor." "Well, I want a licemse for my daugh-

er, Maria Jane." "Ah, I see; your daughter is about to get married and you wish to procure a marriag licensee. We do not issue those pap-

side to the county building.' "No, 'squire, you are mistaken-as nuch mistaken as if you had burnt your last shirt or had accidentally got into the wrong pew in meeting; but Maria Jane doesn't merry over it, but as it came on dusk they want a license to get married, not by no means—not by more than considerable. daughter, and if I do say it, as hadu't and gain time. They tried to shout him She is a darned smart girl, if she is my ought to. She has been keepin' school and down, but that gave him a breathing boarding round up in the persimmon deestrict and writing verses for the Summerfield Weekly Bugle. She thinks now of and the weakness of body. They gave givin' up teachin' and devotin' her hull time to literary persoots, and, 'squire, as I'm a law-abidin' man and loyal to the core—three of my boys went clean through subject; no sitting down. Twilight darkto the sea with Sherman—'squire, and I ened, the gas was lit, members slipped out want to do the business for the girl on the to supper in relays and returned to sleep in square, and so I called to take out a poetic Morrison Waria Jane. You see, Will speaker to whom he was addressing him-Morrison, who has been to college, told Maria that anybody must have a license

before he writ much poetry.' Here the Mayor's face turned very red, as if suffering from some intense internal emotion, and it was observed that his eyes were suffused with tears. His secretary suddenly approached the window and gazed abstractedly out upon the trees in the tubs, whose emerald branches were gracefully swaying in the summer breeze in front of the saloons across the way. The a whisper, his eyes were sunken, bleared former fixed his curious eyes upon the and blood-shot, his legs tottered under Mayor for a moment, who finally sufficiently recovered himself to say:

"My dear sir, your daughter needs no license to write poetry. She can write as much as ever sne pleases, and it will be all

His Telephone. "I guess I have to give up my delephone

even six bullets, and no where on this acre office of the company with a very long Holy Land -improved in artistic qualities. "Oh! efrytings. I got dot delephone and bore no figures or images, it being for from caisson to gun without climbing over in mine house so as I could spheak mit der bidden by the Jewish religion to have im-

relations in Springwells, but I haf to gif it was the first coined money of the Jews, up. I never haf so much droubles." rings der pelt und calls me oop und says of whose family succeeded from B. C. 37 an old frent of mine vhants to see how she to A. D. 100, that the umbrella first apworks. Dot ish all right. I say: "Hello!" peared. Of the coins of the Roman Pro und he says: "Come closer." I goes curators, those of Pontius Pilate are chief

louder." It goes dot vay for ten minutes, der the coins of the second revolt in 97 A. und den he says: "Go to Texas, you old D. With these Jewish coins of silver and Dutchmans!" You see ?" he rings de pell und calls me oop und says among the Jews themselves after their re I vhas feeling like some colts, und he says: turn from Babylon. They bear most artis "Who vhants to buy some goats?" I tic designs, being portraits of the Emsay: "Colts-colts-colts!" und he an- perors and figures of warriors on horseis allowed to escape from its bag the whole goats." Vhen I goes to ask him if he feels provements in artistic work over the early petter I hears a voice crying out. "Vhat Jewish coin. Dutchman ish dot on dis line!" 'I doan'

You see?' spheak mit me vhen I am down der saloon. for his tires and horseshoes, and in some in-She rings mein pell und 1 says, "Hellow!" stances, when having a new wagon built, Nopody spheaks to me. She rings again, to purchase all the iron entering into the und I says "Hello!" like dunder! Den same, the lengths of every piece being furthe machine a rudder is provided, to be der Central Office tells me go aheadt, und nished him by the smith. One part of the worked by a small steam-engine, while by a simple arrangement the position of the I yells oudt dot ish not so, und somepody to the farmer all ends and cuttings from

"And vhen I gets in pedt at night, somepody rings der pell like der house vas on shop has what is termed "the hell," and in fire, und ven I schumps oudt und says cutting off a set of tires, if the farmer be hello, I hear somepody saying: "Kaiser, not present, the largest half of the end cut one wing and raises the other, and as it doan't you whant to puy a dog?" I whants off finds its way to "the hell," the duty of works the latter rapidly and diminishes no dog, und when I tells 'em so, I hear putting it there devolving upon the youngthe speed of its flight, the resistance of some beobles laughing "Haw? haw! haw! est apprentice. From this always plentiful

"Und so you dake it oudt, und vhen somepody likes to spheak mit me dey shall ing part is also a feature; the farmer will come right away to mein saloon. Oof my bring with him the end of some piece of brudder ish sick he shall get petter, und if iron or tire, with which to make the shoes, somebody vhants to puy me a dog, he shall or perhaps a dozen or more old horseshoes

Walking careless y through their haunts I strewed some gram upon a place, on row and beaten track of the past for their | which I dug with my knife a few round amusement. Moreover they are loyal to holes about four inches deep. Coming traditions of the sea and would prefer a back to the spot in half an hour I dropped joke three hundred years old, provided it a grain into each hole and left a noose round one of them, concealed with earth. The other end of the line was in a bush. inal stock that could be set before them. I was there in a short time, and monkeys This is not as strange as it might be, for were busy picking the grain. An old by an oracle of fashion, are coming into the sailor's life is not a very varied one, fellow would look into a hole and chatter; favor again. Thus does the whirligig of and he misses the myriad suggestions that others came and looked and all chattered, time bring round his revenge for a discardexcite and stimulate the fancy of the lands- By and-by a plucky little fellow popped in ed custom. The Empress Eugenie made man. The sailor is a practical joker, but his paw, and out again. Next time he got the carrying of canes fashionable for her his range is about as limited as that of the the corn, then others dipped in till they sex during the gay days of the second Emlast surviver of the crew of the Nancy Bell, finished that hole.' In due course they got | pire. But back in another century we find who would 'sit and croak, and a single to the noose, with some chatter and the the women appreciatve of the walkingjoke he had, which was to say," &c. The same results till the line was pulled. A stick. Ladies advanced in life walked sailor lovs his single joke and he practices sudden scream, a general bustle while the with a staff between five and six feet in it at odd intervals whenever he finds time captive was hauled home and enveloped in height, taper and slender in substance. Langing heavily upon his hands. It may a horse-rug. By this time the troop ran turned over at the upper end in the manner be called the bottle joke, and the jolly tars up in the trees, screaming and shaking the of a shepherd's crook, and "twisted are not as simple as they may seem in re- boughs most Gerociously, following me as throughout the whole extent." Somepeating what we might suppose would be I went away, with the lost one kicking till times these wands were formed of palegreen too familiar by this time to deceive any he was tired. I believe this noose plan is glass, but oftener of wood, ivory, or one. But the reverse is the fact. Land- frequently practiced. I once caught a whalebone. A writer of 1762, speaking of lubbers are easily impressed by the mys- monkey on the Trimluck Hill Fort that the most fashionable sticks of this period, teries of old ocean, and whenever a fresh fell down the face of the scarps, knocking says: 'Do not some of us strut about tale of woe in its water-proof case of a de- his head against projections till he was with walkings-sticks as long as hickory pleted grog bottle is cast overboard, the brought up with a thud on a slab. He poles, or else with a yard of varnished chances are that it will in time find its way was nearly senseless when I picked him up. cane scraped taper, and bound at one end into wandering circles ready to believe No bones were broken. In a few minutes with a waxed thread. and the other tipped anythings that comes back by his round- I let him go to his relations, who had never with a neat ivory head as big as a silver

Talking Twenty-six Hours,

The longest speech on record is believed

to have been made by a member of the Legislature of British Columbia, named De Cosmos. It was in the interests of settlers, who were to be defrauded of their lands. De Cosmos was in the hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the eye of the close of the session. Unless legislation was taken before noon of a certain day the act of confiscation would fall. The day before the expiration of the limitation De Cosmos got the floor about 10 o'clock A. M. and began a speech against the bill. Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by 1 or 2 P. M. he would be through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and went, and De Cosmos was still speaking, Two o'clock-he was saying, "In the second place." Three ers here. You must go over on the north o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak until noon and kill the bill. For a while they made began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them because each one afforded him a cnance to digress space, and finally settled down to watch the combat between the strength of will squads, but De Cosmos went on. The self was alternately dozing, snoring, and trying to look awake. Day dawned, and a majority of the members slipped out to breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It can't be said it was a very logical, eloquent or sustained speech. There were digressions in it; repetitions also. But the speaker kept on, and at last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence; and a single man who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to him, and his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours, and saved the

Jewish Coins.

settlers their lands.

The New York collection is chiefly interesting as showing how the coins-from the first, struck Simon Maccabseus, from a living foe! There are corpses around us already," said an old citizen on Gratiot 140 to 37 B. C., to those coined after the which have been struck by three, four and avenue, Detroit, recently, as he entered the revolts which gave Rome power in the The silver shekels and the divisions of that winrows of dead. Every gun and wheel poys in der saloon down town, and mit my ages or "Idols," on the coins. This shekel though it existed as a value and was mentioned in the Bible before this time. It was "Vhell, my poy Shon, in der saloon, he upon the coin of Herod Agrippa, the rule und yells vunce more, und he says: Spheak captivity of Judea. Then followed in orbronze Mr. Feuardent has arranged several gold and silver pieces of the foreign "And den my bruddir in Springwells neighbors of the Jews circulated as money "Oh! coats, I thought you saidt back, and show the greatest possible im-

Blacksmithing in Germany "Vhell, somedimes my vhife vhants to years for the farmer to purchase the iron center of gravity of the whole apparatus says, "How can I talk if dot old Dutchmans the iron, and it frequently occurs that the farmer remains at the shop until the iron is all cut up, in order that the smith shall not indulge in too much cabbage. Each smith store the smith furnishes his materials for the manufacture of bolts, horseshoes, etc., for transient customers. The horse shoe come vh . . lcan punch him mit a glub!" to be converted into new ones. The farmer must blow the bellows until the work is forged or the shoes all made, and must then hold up the horse's foot while the shoes are being driven on or taken off, and invariably carries the old shoes home with him, unless he prefers to give the old shoes in payment for the apprentice's service in holding up the feet.

Walking-sticks for ladies, so we are told