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GRANDPA'S BARN

Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn, Where the doors stand open throughout the

and the cooin; doves fly in and out, And the air is sweet with the fragrant hay. Where the grain lies over the slippery floor, And the hens are busi y looking around. and the sunbeams flicker, now here, now there

The swallows twitter and chirp all day. With fluttering wings, in the old brown

and the robins sing in the trees which lean To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

O for the glad vacation time. When grandpa's barn will echo the shout Of merry children, who romp and play In the new-born freedom of "school let out.

Such scaring of doves from their cosy ne ts, Such hunting for eggs in the lot so high, Till the frightened bens, with a cackle shrill, From their hidden treasures are fain to fly. Oh, the dear old barn, so cool so wide !

Its doors will open aga:n ere long To the summer sunshine, the new-mown hay, And the merry ring of vacation song.

For grandpa's barn is the jolliest place For frolic and fun on a summer's day ; And e'en old Time, as the years slip by, It's memory never can steal away.

The Bitterville Mystery.

"Wife, come here, quick! and see if you can tell what's the matter with Nancy Perkins," exclaimed John Ponsby who had been gazing curiously for several seconds through a window that overlooked the front yard of his next neighbor.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Ponsby, upon seeing the familiar figure of Miss Nancy Perkins, a maiden of forty or thereabouts, standing upon her own doorstep, dressed in an old gray ulster, which was partly concealed by a faded woolen shawl. and her well-known sun-bonnet drooping like a mask over her face. She was swaying around and bending forward and backward, as though convulsed by some powerful emotion.

"Is she laughing or crying, or what in mercy is the matter with her? I'd go right over and see, but she's such a queer, reserved sort of a body, like as not she'd tell me to mind my own business. She is al ways more civil to you, John, wou't you

hitting her head against the front door. Has Peter spoken to her since he came home?"

"Not that I know of; but, John, if he is your brother, he hasn't a spark of manhood if he doesn't marry Miss Nancy yet." "But she is rather old now.

"So is he-ten years the older." "Well, they would have married twenty years ago if it had not been for your senseless chatter, and that of a few others of your kind, telling her he went twice a week to see 'Souire Nesbit's daughter, when he was only posting the old gentleman's books

-doing night work to increase his earn-"Now, John, don't go raking over the past! I am sorry enough, and told him about it last night; but you know I didn't find out the truth until he had gone to California. Dear me! to think that's twenty years ago! and now he has come back well off. But bless my soul! John, now I know what's the matter with Nancy; she's

doing that to attract Peter's attention. "Oh, no! It's only a little after six, and I don't think he's up yet." "I'll warrant he's up and watching her

matter how old she is, will try to look re- he would not let it go. spectable and act decently if she wants to

gain an honest man's heart.' "But don't you see that she has the very

"Well, she is making a pretty show of of boys climbing on the fence, and yonder goes a crowd of women, some of them still

in nightcaps.' "Yes, there's Mrs. Frishee, and Mrs. Snyder, and Sallie Yeomans, and Aunt Betsy Bly. I'll just run out and see what they think of such antics. And the uneasy but good-natured gossip was gone to join a crowd of her kindred spirits hurrying

toward Miss Nancy's gate. In a few minutes nearly the entire population of the village had gathered around the neatly-kept door yard where the odd looking figure was swaying, and gently, then vehemently, and again standing motionless, but never glancing around, and seemingly unconscious of the curious gaze

Miss Nancy had lived long alone, taking no interest in the gossip and tea drinking of the neighborhood, devoting her leisure time to birds and flowers, while she earned her living by fancy knitting, sewing and embroidery, which she did for a firm in

Her well-known habits of seclusion made the fast swelling crowd at the gate dislike to intrude further upon her while she seemed Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints, Glass, Wall convulsed with such paroxysms of grief, or Peper, Coach Trimmings, and Saddiery Ware. mirth, which it was they could not tell. mirth, which it was they could not tell. Curiosity had reached a degree that was All grades of Patent Wheels.
Corner of Main and Penn Street, Milhelm, absolutely painful, when Tom Jones, the bad boy of the village, rang out-

"I'll bet a nickel I can go up and hug the old girl, and she won't slap my face,

Tom was a reckless, mischievous lad of sixteen, and he set astride the fence, holding a five cent piece between his soiled thumb and forefinger, eagerly scanning the faces of his companions, to see if any one of them was willing to cover his stake. "I dare you to do it," said one, produc-

ing a similar coin.
"Here, Bill Kerr, you hold them. It's all I've got or I'd make it dollars instead of cents," said Tom, as he relinquished his coin and vaulted over the fence.

Sure enough, the audacious young rascal mounted the steps and placed one arm tenderly around the swaying figure. To the utter amazement of the giggling crowd, she did not repulse him, but stood motionless, with his arm encircling her lank shoul-

Now the old bachelor, Peter Ponsby ,had

sister-in-law suspected, and when he saw the audacity of the young vagabond, Tom Jones, he dashed down stairs without his hat, elbowed his way through the expectant crowd, his round face purple with rage, and his bare bald head shining. With as

much alacrity as Peter could boast he leaped the low fence, disdaining the little wicker gate, and reached the interesting palm he struck Tom a stinging blow on the And the breeze blows through with a merry car that sent the young rascal half way across the yard. At this critical moment who should open the door but Miss Nancy herself, in a neat morning wrapper, an expression of surprise on her still handsome face. The look of horror with which the old bachelor regarded first her and then her

double was ludicrous in the extreme. "Good morning, Mr. Ponsby!" she said, with dignity. Then, noticing the queerlooking figure that confronted her, she raised both hands in surprise. "My sun-bonnet!" she exclaimed. "Who has dared to put it on the top of my eleander?" And with deft fingers she undid the fastenings of the three garments and threw them aside, disclosing to view a beautiful oleander tree exactly her own height. "Ah! Tom Jones this has been your work," she said, espy ing that crest-fallen individual slowly picking himself up from a bed of tulips.

The mingling of shrill laughter at the gate called Miss Nancy's attention to the fact that the villagers had called upon her in a body. Her thin cheek flushed a little, but she addressed them coolly:

"Will you walk in, my friends, and assure yourselves that it is I!" But, seeing them about to disperse, she added, as a parting thrust. 'I am sorry to have been the innocent cause, for even once, of you ladies neglecting your morning work. As for you, Mr. Ponsby," she added, without looking at him, 'you are welcome back to Bitterville; but did you know the town as well as I do, you would not share its idle curiosity.

"It was not curiosity that brought me stammered the old bachelor; it

was -But Tom Jones stepped forward, holding his brimless hat with both hands while he made his best bow.

"Look here, Miss Nancy, it was me that put that job up on yer. I did'nt mean no harm. I jest wanted a lark. I seen that funny lookin' thing a swingin' around every time the wind blowed. I knowed what it was, for I seen you a wrappin' it up last night, and comin', thinks I to myself, 'all it needs is a bonnet to make a woman out'n it;' and as good or bad luck would have it, I spotted your'n a hangin' on the back porch. So I jest hopped over about an hour ago, got it, and chucked it on top the shawl, jest for a lark. Then, seem' how "Not I, indeed! Just look there! She well it took, thinkin' I might make a little has certainly gone crazy, for see, she is spec, I bet my last nickel that I could come up and hug yer, meanin' the bush, beggin yer pardon. Sam Dunkin he took me up, and when I was here squeezin' it gentle likes, so's not to press it out o' shape, Mr Ponsby he come up, and knocked me down for my impudence, as a gentleman should.' During this recital Miss Nancy's counter nance changed considerably, and at its

conclusion a rare smile broke over her thin "Well, Tom," said she, "I am much obliged to you for your honesty, if for nothing else. I knew it must have looked very odd, but it was dark when I covered it first with the cloak, then, fearing the top leaves might be exposed, I threw the shawl over as an extra protection. I thought if it was well wrapped up I could risk it outside, for it has grown too heavy for me to lift it

in and out alone.' There was a plaintive dropping of her shyly at Peter Ponsby, and held out one slim, labor-stained hand.

"As for you, sir," she said, "I thank you for your courtesy, and wish you a very good morning.'

But when Peter Ponsby held in his two big, strong ones the little hands that he had "Well, it doesn't seem to me that she coveted so many years, the hand that had would rig up in that kind of style and make repelled and yet held him, and was true to such a fool of herself. I think a girl, no him by withholding itself from any other,

"Oh Nan!" he said in a broken voice "Let me keep this now and forever. I will lift the oleander and all your other burdens. old shawl on she used to go sleigh riding I know now our enstrangement was caused by idle gossip. We were not to blame. We have wasted twenty years of the better herself to others, as well, for see the crowd part of our lives; shall we throw away the balance?

> Miss Nancy stood with dowrcast eyes and flushing cheeks, until a low whistle called her attention to the gaping mouth and quizzical eyes of Tom Jones. "Tom," she said, suddenly, "did you

get your stakes?" "No, by thunder. That sneakin' Bill Kerr has gone off with both tickets." And taking the hint, Tom was out of sight in a few seconds. But, before hunting up the miscreant

he went from house to house in the village, announcing the fact that he had 'left the old boy and gal in a confidential confab." The result of that confidence was made known four weeks from that day, when a bride and groom, no longer in the heyday of youth, stood up in the village church, and

repeated the vows they had plighted and broken twenty years before. Luminous Paint in Railway Cars. The experiment of coating the interior of a railway carriage with Belmain's uminous paint has been tried in England with considerable success. The English Railway News says that a first class carriage was chosen for the experiments, and in the daylight its appearance is very little, if any at all, different from ordinary paint, but during the time the carriage is exposed to the light the paint is rapidly absorbing the daylight, only to give forth the same the moment the carriage is traveling in the dark. At first the light emitted is only slight, not that the paint is any different in its illuminating powers, but the pupils in the eyes of the traveler have not been accustomed to the light, for, as the journey proceeds, the carriage apppears to be completely lighted up, so much so that the passengers are enabled easily to recognize the features of their fellow travellers, while the time by a watch is clearly discernible. It is thought that for trains running long journies, with tunnels occasionally intervening, the paint will be very valuable, inasmuch as the oil and gas can be entirely abandoned, and the great weight at present experienced avoided. How the paint illumination would work on dark, cloudy days does not appear.

The Knight of Sheppey.

A famous Freebooter, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, infested the island of Sheppey, and made frequent predatory incursions into the interior of Kent.

This daring marauder was represented to have been a nobleman under the sentence of outlawry, who entrenched himself in a pair with three long strides. With his open stronghold which he possessed on the island, where he desposited all the contributions which his successful levies on the purses of travelers had obtained.

By adopting the often practiced stratagem of shoeing his horse's feet the contrary way, he frequently escaped detection; and sagacity of the noble animal he rode, preserved him from his enemies, and carried him into a place of safety. Thus the fame of the horse nearly rival-

ed that of its rider, whose exploits at ength became so bold and frequent that the country rose up against him; and finding himself too closely beset in his island to hope for extrication, he was compelled to surrender at discretion and to implore the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, then being on poard the admiral's ship at the Nore.

The Queen, it is said, not disinclined to show favor to a man whose personal valor. determined perseverence, and fertility of esource were interesting, on account of the air of romance which characterised his adventures, offered to grant his life upon terms in keeping with the wild tenor of his lawess career.

The conditions were, that he round the flag-ship; and should he escape the perils incident to such a trial, his sentence of outlawry should be reversed and a general pardon extended to all his offences. The Knight of Sheppey agreed to the

Armed at all points, he bestrode his favorite companion whose spirit he invigorated by copious draughts of brandy, and lunging at once into the foaming tide, the steed and his master swam gallantly round November, but this summer she found it a

The second extraordinary evolution was lso performed with equal skill and brav-

of the horse and his rider could be perceived, buffeting with the weltering waves, which seemed at every instant to threaten their instant annilation. Straining every nerve and sinew to the utmost, the gallant animal ceased not to rifle targetshooting, a greased-pig chase

teeth a chair with a man weighing 250 The place of landing was wild and deso late; a lofty cliff overhung the narrow and their associates danced to execrable beach, and concealed every human habitation from view. revelry. No friend or relation hastened to meet

from his eyrie, answering the dull murmur of the sweeping waves below. But at the moment that the exhausted charger gained a firm footing on its parent earth, a withered and decrepid hag, whose tangled elf locks and tattered weeds, stream ing in the wind, ill-concealed the hideous deformity of her squalid form, started from a recumbent attitude, and raising the shriveled finger with which she had traced un-

out an ill omened prophecy: "Beware of that horse! Although he has now saved your life, he shall be the cause

"Tis false, fiend of mischiet!" cried the voice on the last word, and she glanced up faithful animal, who fell dead upon the

Several years of uninterrupted prosperity passed away; but at length being acciwinters, still lay extended on the sand.

Repeating the prophecy of the witch he laughed derisively, and turning the head in the parlor and went off fishing, and

kin; the wound was inconsiderable and unguarded; but, becoming more serious, it ended in mortification, which speedily carried him to his grave.

Berrying in Indiana.

There are least thirty huckleberry marshes in St. Joseph county Indiana or close to its borders. The largest of these is the Great Schroeder marsh, which con tains over one hundred acres. It is three miles southeast of Walkerton, and lies in three different counties. Near' it are the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Indianapolis, Peru and Chicago roads, which make it a men who buy all the berries picked here, people who go to pick for their own use, mostly of curiosity seekers, who, under the guise of pickers, manage to see more wickedness than can be crowded into one day elsewhere. In the centre of this immense marsh, which goes by the name of "Huckleberry Hell," there is an island dotted with a few trees where the regular pickers resort when not at work. It is covered with tents and shanties used for cooking, sleeping and sinful purposes. Besides these are more imposing shanties of rough boards, filled with general merchandise to exchange for berries or sell to the pickers, who, as long as the season lasts, are "flush of funds." Still larger shanties are stocked with liquors, others are filled with prostitutes, and when the pickers are idle, and at night, gambling, drinking and vice are carried on to a fearful extent. Chicago has vomited its depraved of both sexes on the island—women from the vilest haunts, pickpockets, sneak thieves and burglars mingle among the pickers, intimidating everybody and attempting to pollute all. Decent people who go there to pick berries have to keep in a body, and no man is safe if he becomes isolated from his crowd. Fights are of such constant occurrence that unless accompanied by stabbing or shooting, they excite no comment.

and the strength of Hercules, with the

even when hotly pursued, the fleetness and | there. Her strength, dash and utter

should swim on horseback three times

At the third, little more than the heads

the painful task was completed, and his wearied limbs rested on the shore.

struggle with the interninable billows until

tions on his safety, and no sound could be heard, save the harsh croak of the raven

barn, and we'll take him into the house hallowed spells upon the sand, shrieked

brutal and superstitious knight; "thus I canine and then let him loose. The parlor falsify thy dark prediction;" and drawing

dentally led to the scene of his most extraordinary adventure, he pointed out to a horse, which, bleached by successive

with his foot, separated it from the body

He did not perceive, that in the act a small, sharp bone had penetrated his bus-

wickedness of Nana. She was known as "The Woman with the iron Jaw." She commanded a large salary, and was the principal attraction of every show with which she traveled. One day she took as sudden a freak as the wicked and voluptuons Nana, and refused to appear any more in public. She settled down in the little town of Tyner, some eight or ten miles from Lebweder Huckleberry marsh, lived a decorous life, joined church and married. She soon tired of the matrimonial career, and four years ago, when she a camp bed that to this day holds a place in first made her appearance at the marsh, she became the wildest of the wild ones abandon won her by common consent the title of "Huckleberry Queen." A score of times her title has been disputed, and she has asserted her assumed rights by sheer force of her individual strength. She has had more contests than any prizefighter, and has never been whipped. Last summer she drew two revolvers on two Chicago rowdies, who attempted undue

liberties with one of her female friends. The men were quick enough to knock the revolvers from her hands, but she knocked them both down and brought them to terms. Her conduct frightened her husband into running away last season, but she did not mourn his absence. On the contrary, she picked up a green country youth named Falkenberg, proposed to him, and, against his feeble resistance, marched him out to Justice Schaffer's office to have the ceremony performed. It was after midnight when they got there. The justice is a bachelor and sleeps in his office. She kicked the door open and ordered the frightened justice out of bed. He attempted to put on his clothes before striking a light, but she told bim to "dash" that formality, ighted the lamp herself, and forced the juistice to marry her to Falkenberg, while he stood shivering in that single garment on which hotel clerks are wont to display their diamonds. This wedding took place last marriage of inconvenience, as it interfered with her wild life, and she bought this arm or behind your saddle, ready for use second husbands's absence with a suit of clothes. Despite her rough, wild life and immoderate drinking, the "Huckleberry Queen" is still a handsome woman. Sunday is always a gala day at this marsh, and at the stamping-ground recently special attractions were offered. There were a

music and drank themselves into the wildest

walking match, greased-pole climbing,

and the Huckleberry queen lifted by her

pounds seated in it. There was a dancing-

platform, where all day long prostitutes

A Doggerel. a dog in tow, he was hailed by master in due season. Tommy Gilpin as follows:

with that there dorg?' "I'se goin' to take him down ter the river and drown him. "Hol' on; less have some fun with him first. I've got two old oyster cans in the all.

This was speedily agreed to by Jack. Mrs. Gilpin was out calling, Lizzie was out too, and so the boys had full swing. They hitched on one can to the narrative of the door happened to stand ajar, and for this the boys as they looked in was unique and varied, for the air was filled with dog, plas ter bust of Shakespeare, oyster can, cuspidore, and finally the dog run his tore feet through the what-not and sowed the bric-a-

music from the dog. The boys cut off the can, shut the dog neither of them got home till late at night; and Mrs. Gilpin tells the sympathising neighbors that she don't see how in the world that dog got into the room, for every door and window was shut tight. Tommy and Johnny had the fun of

drowning the dog the next day by Mrs. G.'s

A Major Joke. recently, contrived while chatting with the officers in the mess room, to write a few desirable shipping point. There are two accompanied by the Colonel of the regicotonel produced a pair of major's epaushoulders. The words hastily scribbled by the Emperor upon Captain Von Suniform, were, "Zum-Major befoerdert!" details of this general surprise, had been arranged by His Majesty beforehand with their executant. It is said that in his rejoicing at his unexpected advancement the non-commissioned officer of the squadron, and said to him, "Sergeant-major, the squadron is relieved from duty for to day. Let the men have as much to drink as they please. I pay for all."

Weeds.

There is no redress for any crime, for there of trials, it was determined that from eight sides of the bottles. The terrified monk is no law on the island except that enforced | million to forty million seeds usually exist | concluded that the devil must have got inby a woman who is known as the "Huck- in cultivated soils—enough to supply any to the wine; but the prior of the monastery leberry Queen." A few years ago thousands saw this woman in Montgomery Queen's circus, and wondered at her mar- only soils in which the seeds of weeds were mined to bottle some for himself, and en-When a storekeeper announces arti- velous beauty while they were astonished not found, were peat from a bog after the ded by going through a series of experi-When a storekeeper announces arti- velous beauty while they were astomshed not found, were pear from an area ments which had for result the discovery paid tax on hair powder, been watching the curious spectacle, as his at the original price with a lie added, her body the grace and beauty of Venus recently graded.

How to Make a Camp Bed.

From four years' experience of actual life in camp, through summer heat and winter cold, in fields, swamp and forest, I know there is no real labor accomplished, or enjoyment had, without a good night's rest. I will, therefore, for the benefit of my fellow sportsmen, describe a bed that never failed me, one that nightly contributed to my physical strength and comfort, thereby strewing my pillow with pleasant dreams of peace, home and absent wife and child; my memory that time can never erase. First, a full-width gum blanket; second, a mattress made after the pattern of a comfort; material-bed-ticking and cotton batting; length to suit the person; width, twenty-six inches. The batting to be spread over one half of the ticking to the thickness of two inches, then cover it with the other half of the ticking, sewing up sides and ends, and tacking through with twine in four inch squares. The mattress is to be laid on the right hand side of the gun blanket. Third, a gum pillow, that can be expanded or emptied at pleasure. Fourth, a heavy grey blanket army pattern. This is spread on the mattress, and the left half or the gum blanket. Now you may undress if you wish, lie down, covering first with the woolen, then with the gun blanket, tucking the latter under the mattress. Let it cover your head if it rains, and my word for it, you will enjoy a sweet, refreshing slumber. If you have no tent or sheiter, and it threatens rain or snow, take your knife and cut a smal ditch two inches deep; V-shaped, roundl the edges of the mattress, giving it a free descent. With these precautions you have nothing to fear; you will be warm and dry and the sleep will be sweeter, lulled to rest by the pattering rain. When you rise, spread the blankets as they were while you slept, empty your pillow, and roll close and tight from the head, and at the foot | ou will find two leather straps ready to bind the bundle, which will be compact, convenient for transportation under your on any kind of ground at the end of aday's march or sport.

A Challenge.

A crack shot at San Diego, California, ssued recently the following challenge, and came a national question when on the next

called the attention of shooters to the

size), on a wheel, on a pole or axletree or the form of an ovation, and I am sure that on the ground, every time out of five. At the word, I will place five balls on who will go to applaud him." the blade of a penknife, and split them

I will hit three men out of five, sprun where he can't get away, and hitch 'em from obscure parentage, and stand within ten feet of a steel trap (properly set) while the woods, in the fall of the year or winter

clay pipes, with a single brick, at a dis- light velvety corn color, others an appletance of thirty feet. his sword, plunged it into the body of the the dog made. Then there was havor duced, who will throw more apples at a when the earth is dry; select the most velwrought. The scene that met the eyes of man's head than I can. Moreover I can vet like varieties you can find, and pull the produce in this town more than sixty per- fibres apart, separating each snade into sons willing and ready to hold an apple on bundles, just as you would sort colored silks

to eat the apple subsequently. friend the skeleton of the slaughtered brac it contained in broadcast confusion on the United States can be produced, who, exact size of the picture. Next turn the the floor. This was accompanied by vocal with a double-barrelled shot gun, while sheet on the wrong side, lay a glass over throwing a back-handed somerset, can hit the hole and draw a line around it with a oftener a dollar and a balf, on the perimeter pencil, then cut four strips of card-board

than I can.

will meet with prompt attention.

A New Fashion. It is fashionable now to stoop. This is not a metaphor, meaning that women are a little more than ever stooping to frivolity, but the literal truth. The midsummer freak of metropolitan belles is nothing less than to curve their spines and droop their shoulders, until they look like hopeless consumptives. A girl with a naturally words with a chalk pencil upon the tunic flat breast is considered mighty lucky, and of the senior regimental captain, unper- she no longer supplies an artificial roundceived by that officer. This done, His ness, but is proud of her lack of womaniy Majesty left the room laughing heartily, development. There is no use in reminding her that her deficiency is not charming ment, Prince Hohenzollern, whereupon the to masculine eyes; she will follow the senior staff officer present, walked up to fashion, no matter how foolish it is. The piece. After looking carefully to be cerpickers is estimated at 1200 to 1800, while Captain Von S—, and, to his utter con- idea is that a hollow chest is indicative of tain that you begin on the right side, which on Sundays increase is made up partly of sternation, proceeded to unfasten and re- maidenhood. Women who are by nature is indicated by the points of the hair-pins, move his epaulettes. Unconscious of more amply endowed flatten themselves as sew a regular row of the darkest moss having committed any deriliction of duty, much as possible with uncommonly high, Von S—— remained motionless while this narrow corsets, and hold their shoulders second row should be the next darkest ominous operation was being performed; as far forward as they possibly can, thus but his painful perplexity gave place to rendering null and void one of the best of comes next the edge that rests against the jubilant exultation, when the Lieutenant- their beauties. Ah, well, what fools my sex sometimes make of themselves! Some lettes and dexterously buttoned them to his of our formerly buxom belles have degenerated into humpbacks in a single week. Their dresses have been altered to suit the changed shapes, though I imagine they (promoted to major) and the subsequent were turned hind-side before. The simpletons remind me of the pictures in the old reading books, illustrating the good and bad posture at a desk-a boy with protruded chest and erect head which is like and thrifty gentleman. It is related that newly-made major called upon the senior the belle as she was, and another boy the officers of a regiment which is annually humped over his book, which is like as she inspected by him have been in the habit of is. It is to be hoped that this idiocy will inviting him to luncheon after parade. be of short duration.

The Origin of Champagne.

ing abstracted from a cask in the monesterial Prof. Prentiss reports the experiments cellars of his convent, some still champagne, performed by his pupils to determine the which he bottled for his own private drinkvated soils. Small portions of the soil were explosions. Corks had been blown into measured in bulk, and the number of weeds the air, and the stolen wine which he had obtained from these portions in pots coun- vainly endeavored to keep in confinement number found in farm crops without re- knew better. He tasted the wine, found sorting to the notion of transmutation. The at once that it was good, shrewdly deterof the true art of making champague.

The American Horse Parole.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard's famous gelding Parole and her stable companions, Falsetto, Papoose (a full sister of Parole), Sly Dance and Wyandotte, were safely landed in New York recently from England. They were taken immediately to the bonded stables of Robert Stoddart, where they were stalled until William Bishop, who had charge of them during the voyage, could pass the necessary entries in the Custom House. The announcement of their arrival caused a number of people to visit the stables to look at the 'little brown gelding" who had upheld the honor of the American turf so well on British soil. The story of his triumphs was retold a score of times by admirers as they stood by his stall in front of the stable, and Parole seemed to know that he was among friends, for at one time he turned from his feed-box and put his head over the door into the middle of a group of gentlemen ,who were discussing his good points and allowed them to stroke his head and mane. The voyage across the Atlantic has evidently done the little horse good. One of the grooms said the horse was tired of racing when he got on board the Helvitia, and his hair was dull and dry. But all traces of this are gone and Parole is fat and looks as sleek and beautiful as he

"We had a splendid trip across," said Draper, one of the men who came with the horse in the steamer, "and never used the slings once. Parole seemed to enjoy the voyage, and the improvement in his looks was daily perceptible. He will go to his old home at Rancocas in a day or two, when he will be well looked after." A gentleman among the visitors said:

'When Parole left for England there was not much enthusiasm, for racing men here doubted his ability to compete with the English stables. They were rather surprised when the news of his winning the first race in which he started-the Newmarket handicap-flashed across the wires, telling of the defeat of Mr. Gratton's crack Isonomy. This success was only appreciated by followers of the sport; but when at Epsom, a week or two later, he beat a field of seventeen, including such horses as Rosy Cross, Ridotto, Cradle and others for the city and suburban, the interest spread among the American public. But it beday he defeated Mr. Batts' Castlereagh for the great Metropolitan stakes after twenty-I will suspend two dollars by a ring from seven subscribers left the race rather than second person's nose, so as to bring the risk defeat. These races were only the oins within three-fourths of an inch from fore-runners of other victories in which his face, and with a double-barrelled shot- English turfmen learned to their cost how gun, at a distance of thirty feet, will blow good a horse he is. In fact the majority of dollars, nose and man, at least thirty feet | English critics admitted that his performfurther, four times out of five. I will add ances last year were only second best to the in explanation, that San Diego contains a four year old Isonomy. You say I seem rather intelligent community. I can find, enthusiastic. Well, I am, and so is every at present, no one here willing or ready to man who has watched the work of the hon have his nose blown in this manner; but I est little fellow ever since he made his de-As master Johnny Megill was walking have no manner of doubt I could obtain but on the turf. I have backed him in - street, the other day, with such a person from St. Louis, by express every race he has run, and will continue to do so. If Mr. Pierre Lorillard decides to I will hit a dollar, or anything else that start him at the Jerome Park fall meeting "H1 there, Jack, what yer goin' ter do has been tossed in the air (of the same his return to the American turf will take Jerome Park will hardly hold the people

A Novel Picture Frame.

We have all noticed in our walks through

months, how many shades of green dif-I will break at the word a whole box of ferent patches of moss display. Some a green, and then again nearer the water's I engage to prove by a fair trial that no edge we find the rich green patches still sistol shot (or other person) can be pro- more like velvet. The time to collect it is their head for me, provided they are allowed | before working into a pattern. Take a flat sheet of thick card board, and cut an oval I will wager, lastly, that no one in piece from the centre, leaving a hole the of a revolving wheel, in a rapid motion the length of these lines, and after piercing them with an awl fasten firmly with cords P. S.—Satisfactory references given and to the frame. Place the glass in the required. A bet from a steady, industrious square formed by these strips, and on that person, who will be apt to pay if he loses, lay your picture; if this proves to be a perfect fit, cut a piece of card-board to cover the picture, place it over the back of it, and fix it securely in place by means of small tacks driven into the strips that form the case at the back of the picture. After seeing that each part of your frame is an exact fit, take two short hair pins, and pierce the board on the under side some distance from the top with the hair pins, one on either side of the picture. The heads of the hair pins should be left sufficiently above the surface to pass a cord through, and the points that pierce the upper side should be pressed flatly to the face of the board. The different parts of the frame being fitted and ready for use, you can put them all by but the large square around the oval centre of your frame; the be taken to let the velvety portion of each 10w cover the stem of the one above. When this is finished, fill all the parts of your frame together, and hang where it will catch the evening light. You will have a cheap, and I think, a pretty frame.

A Prudent Princa. The Prussian Crown Prince is a wise Last year the entertainment was of the most elaborate and costly kind. The Prince would touch nothing, and even refused the wine offered to him, observing that "he only drank champagne on extraordinary occasions." The reproof told and this year when the Prince entered the number of seeds usually existing in culti- ing, was alarmed one night by a series of guardsmen's mess-room, after the inspection, he found only a modest repast of sandwiches, light claret and beer awaiting him. He at once sat down, partook ted. From these results, after a number was running in froth and foam over the heartly of the frugal fare, and, with the observation "This is as it should be among comrades," produced his meerschaum, lit it, and remained for more than an hour, smoking and chatting with his entertainers in the most friendly and unceremonious

> manner imaginable. -In 1837, 10,000 people in England