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MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1880.

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UNWRITTEN POEM.

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung Sweeter than any that ever we heard ; Poems that wait for angel tongue,

Songs that but long for a paradise bird Pocms that ripple through lowliest lives, Poems unnoted and hidden away Down in souls, where the beautiful thrives Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.

Poems that only the eagles above us, Looking down deep in our hearts may be-

Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love Written on lives all in letters of gold.

An Awkward Mistake.

Now, Tom don't forget to bring my wa-

terproof down to the station, if the weather is damp or rainy. I shall come up by the I looked up from my books at the speak-

er, my sister Lottie. "very well, my dear," I replied, submissively; I suppose I must come; but, really, if you young ladies learned to be a little more self-reliant in these small matters, it

would be better." "If I weren't sure that you said that to aggravate me, Tom," retorted my sister, "you shouldn't come at all. Some day you'll be glad enough to carry bag, cloak, and umbrella for some fair damsel or other, and won't I tease you then!"

"You do that pretty well now." I ven-tured to observe. "But excuse me, Lottie, you'll certainly lose your handkerchief if you let it hang out of your pocket like that;" to: Lotties dress was of the most fashionable description, and the pockets were certainly more for ornament than use,

"I haven't lost it yet, 'Tom." was the reply; and I'm not more likely to lose it now. Miss Lottie disappeared, and I went back to my books.

Absorbed by my occupation, the time passed unnoticed, till the chime of a distant clock reminded me of my engagement.
"Half-past six, I suppose," I muttered, and was resuming my work, when it occur-

I looked at my watch. Could it be corect? Haif-past seven! No doubt of it, and I had only just time to reach the station. But stay; what was the weather?

I walked to the window, devoutly hoping as I drew aside the curtain to see a clear, dry night. Vain hope! The clouds were gathering, and there was a damp, chill mist

I dropped the curtain with a sigh, hastily put away my books, took up Lottie's waterproof from the chair on which she had placed it, and stepbing into the hall, put on a loose, rough overcoat and soft felt hat that I often wore after dark, and thus equipped,

sallied forth. Eight o'clock struck as I arrived, and I saw, close at hand, a young lady, evidently my sister Lattie, standing at the edge of the

"Ah!" I said to myself, "the train was in a little earlier, and Miss Lottie is look-

ing for me." I was just about to speak to her, when a sudden thought flashed into my mind. As she stood, her back was toward me, and her white handkerchief was plainly visible

hanging over the edge of her pocket. I remembered my caution to her before she started, and exulted at the opportunity

First taking another look at the unconscious damsel to be sure of her identity, I stepped quietly forward, and taking hold of the handkerchief, gently drew it forth. As I did so, something fell to the pavement with a sharp metal sound. This startled the young lady, and she turned with a

slight exclamatnon. Good heavens, it was a perfect stranger! For a moment I was speechless; then, recovering myself a little, was about to stammer forth an apology, when a heavy hand sister, I placed her in a similar position by was laid on my shoulder, and a gruff voice

"Now, my man, you're caught this time, and no mistake!"

And looking round, I saw a policeman at This unexpected salutation gave a sudden urn to my feelings.

"What do you mean? How dare you?" exclaimed, indignantly, while the lady ooked from one to another in amazement. "Come, now," responded the unmoved official, "that's good, that is! Why, I've been watching you all the time. You come up unbeknown to the lady, take her handkerchief, and-Wby, there's her purse at

your feet now!" And as he spoke, he pointed to a dark object upon the pavement. It was a purse, sure enough, and I must

have pulled it out with the handkerchief. "Pick it up, please, miss, and per'aps you'll be so good as to accompany us to the

While he was speaking, I gathered to getder my scattered senses. "I assure you, policeman, you are entire ly mistaken," I said, as calmly as I could, which was not very calmly, as a number of persons had by this time collected, and ap-

peared to be highly enjoying my discomfi-"My name is Henderson-Thomas Henderson; I came to the station to meet my sister: I mistook this lady for her, and, in a joke, took her handkerchief. Stay; I

will give you my card." And I put my hand into my coat-pocket for my card-case. It was not there. Then I remembered that I had left it with my pocketbook on the hall table, and

I had thus no means of proving my state-"I thought so," remarked the official, in a tone of intense sarcasm. "Per'aps your

sister's got it, mindin' it for you.' At this juncture the stranger interposed. waterproof which I still clutched, though I had entirely forgotten it.

"This"—she hesitated a moment—"this gentleman is carrying a lady's clock, and he surely would not do so if he---" stopped short. "If he had meant to take your property,"

said the policeman, completing his sentence. "Lor' bless you, miss, you've no idea of the dodges of these chaps. For a moment the wild thought flashed across my mind of tripping him up and thus escaping, if I could, but I dismissed it as

soon as formed. Recaptured was highly violin." probable, and the attempt would only give a color to the accusation. So, swallowing my wrath as best I could, islature." and subsiding into sullen silence, I walked

and the sergeant, turning to me, asked

The charge was preferred at the station, what I had to say I gave an account of the whole affair. He heard me very quiet y, and, without taking

demeanor, we reached the station.

any notice of my demand to be released, then turned to the young lady. She gave her name as Margaret Lindsay, and having related her share in the matter (with evident discomfort at finding herself

expression her convictiot it was all a mis-"Well, Mr. Henderson," said the sergeant, "I must detain you while I send to the address you have given, and it will simplify matters if Miss Linesay will be good enough to remain for a short time. shall then no doubt be able to settle this unpleasant affair. Hilton,"-this to the policeman who still lingered near the door

-"show this lady into the other room. Jones, Mr. Hendersoon will occupy No. 3." I followed my original captor, while my fair companion disappeared through an open doorway close at hand, which, as I passed afforded me aglimpse of a snug room

For my own part, I was by no means charmed with No. 3. It might, by a stretch of the imagination,

have been called a room, but had a wonderful resemblance to a cell, constructed on a somewhat larger scale than usual. Here Mr. Jones left me, closing the door

carefully after him. Seldom has time passed so wearily. About a quarter of an hour elapsed, and there came suddenly a noise of cab wheels, a hasty rush of footsteps and sound of voices in the outer room. I listened intently, and recognized Lottie's tones, mingled with, and now and then overpowered by, those of ourrevered parent. At this moment, my door was opened by Mr. Jones, in whose manner was an obvtous mingling of discomfort and apprehen-

I passed hastily, leaving his muttered appeal to me, "not to be hard on a man," unheeded, and entered the room where the others were assembled,

"Oh, Tom!" cried Lottie, running up to ne; "what a dreadful plight you've been in; and all my fault!" she added, in a penitent tone: "The train was in early, and I didn t see you just ontside the station, so I went straight home, I'm so sorry!"

My father started to abuse the officer. "My dear sir-" began the sergeant, blandly, but my irate parent would not be checked.

"In former days, sir, the police were men, in a corner of the room.

"My subordinate," remarked the sergeant, "only did his duty in acting as he has done." Here Policeman Jones brightened considerably. "Thefts of this kind of the world, sir, you will readily admit accused, when such respectability often

serves as a cloak for nefarious practices." This was so obvious as to be undeniable, and my father consequently relieved his irritation, which had only partially subsided, by attacking me.

"And why on earth couldn't you be more careful, Tom, instead of making a fool of yourself in that fashion? I can't see much likeness between Miss Lindsay and Lottie." I had by this time completely regained my composure, and briefly saying, "I will show you, sir," addressed the damsel who

had been the innocent cause of my difficul-"Will you be so kind, Miss Lindsay, as to turn slightly round, keeping your face away from us and the light. Thank you. Now, Lottie!" And crossing the room to my

the side of our new acquaintance. An involuntary exclamation burst from my father, and even the sharp eyes of the officials might have been deceived. S anding thus together, in the wavering rays of the solitary gaslight, the resemblance was nearly perfect. In height, figure, and dress they were almost identical, and the eurling

hair completed the deception. "It is easy to see how the mistake occurred, Mr. Henderson," said the sergeant; "and I can only again express my sincere regrets at the inconvenience and delay which you have been subjected to."

I bowed in acknowledgment, and we pre-As it appeared, however, that Miss Lindsay's residence was not far from our own, a second hansom was procured, which I managed to secure for her and myself, Lot-

tie and my father returning in the one by which they had come. Somehow or other, the ride seemed a remarkably short one, and as I said Good night!' to Margaret Lindsay at her own door, I resolved that it should not be my fault if our acquaintance did not continue.

This resolve I was able to carry out. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into intimacy, and-well, in short, we were married some months ago. The servants of both households enter-

tained their relatives and friends in honor of the occasion, and among them, evidently in close attendance on Jenny, our pretty housemaid, I recognized no less a person than my quondam captor, Policeman Jones.

Worse than that.

They were talking about the Texas penitentiary as a reformatory institution. One a trade and when released, often became a

"They come out worse than they went in. If they are sent to the penitentiary She had, no doubt, noticed the unfortunate tor stealing, as soon as they get out they murder somebody. I knew a young man who was sent up for stealing a pair of pants from a house, while drunk. He was released at the end of three years, and in-

right off and-" "Murdered his father?" "Worse than that," "Murdered his father and mother?" Gilhooly laughed and said:

"Ten thousand times worse. He was no sconer out, than he took lessons on the "Humph! from the way you talked I thought he got himself elected to the Leg-

by the side of my captor, and followed by Great qualities make great men. orchard it was cut out to form part of a other to fall.

Rescued by an Indian

a miscellaneous erowd, who indulged in a variety of remarks on my appearance and When I was quite young, my father went as missionary to the Indians who lived in what was known as the Red River district. We made the voyage down the river from St. Joseph, Mo., in two canoes, which were drawn upon shore for us to sleep in at night, a bright fire being kindled in front of them

to keep off prowling animals. In this way our little party, consisting of my father, mother, one older sister, myself, and two boatmen journeyed to the mission station. The station was a long, low, douin so unpleasant a position), concluded by ble building of logs, already occupied by another missionary named McCoy. He had lived, until our family came, without any other companion but a half-breed Indian

called Tony. Supplies were sent to this lonely spot by the Board of Missions and other friends from the States. These were brought down the river in canoes, and hauled up to the station on a rude sled by a yoke of stout oxen,

One day McCoy and my father had gone to the river for a load of supplies. It was a day's journey to the landing and back. Tony had gene with them. No one was left at home but mother and us two girls. The day passed very pleasantly, Toward noon, as we were watching mother about

her work, my sister suddenly clapped her hands, and cried out, "Oh, what a big uttered a cry of terror, for in the doorway

there stood, not a dog, but a large black He was probably drawn by the smell of the sugar and molasses, for bears are very fond of sweets. We were greatly frightened and could not leave the cabin, because the

animal was between us and the door. If we could have got to the ladder and up the loft, we might have escaped that way; but the barrels were in front of the ladder, and so was Bruin. There was really no way of escape, so my mother drew us two children close to her, and took refuge behind the great packing box, where she

rier between us and our unwelcome visitor. A barrel of crackers was open, and we ound out then that bears like crackers, for that fellow soon upset the barrel and munch ed as many as he pleased, while we looked helplessly on, and saw our luxuries disap-

had been at work, thus putting a slight bar-

But he was anxious to get at the sugar, and soon left the crackers and began to paw and scratch at the sugar barrel, which his efforts. He grew angry, and, with afterce growl,

gave it a smashing blow with his huge paw,

and lifted his foot for another; when a remachines, like that fellow there!" And he we heard the ping! of a ball just as Mr. and, as my mother harried out from her we were looking at the obscured moon refuge, our deliverer stood in the wide door- struggling through the dense smoke; Jupi-

are so frequent, that we are compelled to back, and a scarlet blanket wrapped around was hazy, and stars of the fifth magnitude, exercise all possible vigilance, and as a man his strong limbs. We children were almost and even some or the larger ones, were not as much afraid of him as of the bear. But that it would not do for us to be guided by all the Indians who came to the mission least radiation to Jupiter, and the planet the apparent outward respectability of the were friendly, and my mother knew this rose through the smoky but quiet atmosone. He was a Cherokee chief called Ma- phere into the thinner smoke or haze withshoon-tire, which means "The Running Wind.

> "Ha! Squaw heap scare?" he cried, with a laugh. "Me see tracks, track him in house! Shootee! No hurt?" accompanying his words with expressive panto-

> and thanked him for shooting the bear, in words which he could understand. "He! he! Bear much good meat!" said Ma-shoon-tire. "Bear want eatee up you.

At my mother's request, he dragged the

Now you eatee up bear."

huge carcass outside the door; but when she told him it was his bear, as he had shot t, he emphatically refused to claim it. My mother then gathered up a pailful of the scattered crackers and gave them to Ma-shoon-tire, who, when he learned their use, seemed to be as delighted with them as the bear had been. He filled the capacious hunting-pouch at his side with them,

and then began to examine the goods which tion, when the satellite was lost to the my mother had been taking out of the box when she was interrupted by his bearship. Among other things there were two or three little cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, printed with figures of cats and dogs and large A-B-C's in bright red. They had been sent to us children, but the great Cherokee chief was so delighted with them that my mother, grateful to him for sav-

ing her from a great danger, gave him two vision. He took them in great glee from my sis ter's hand, tied one on his streaming black hair, and the other to the end of his riflebarrel, by one of its corners. Then he

paraded before the small looking-glass and admired himself until he was tired. At length he turned to my shrinking little sister, and said, "Little papoose makee Ma-shoon-tire fine! Ma-shoon-tire makee little papoose fine! Big much heap fine!" And, taking from his pouch a long string of brilliant beads made of various colored glass, he threw them over her neck, pleasng her almost as much as the gay little

handkerchiefs had pleased him.

An English Farmer of the Olden Times. The house was small, for in those days farmers did not look to live in villas, and till within the last few years even the parlor floor was of stone flags. Rushes used to be strewn in the halls of palaces in ancient times, and seventy years ago old Jonathan grew his own carpets. The softgentleman said that the convict was taught est and best of the bean straw grown on the farm was selected and scattered on the floor of the sitting room as warm and dry to the feet, and that was all the carpet in the house. Just before sheep shearing time, too. Jonathan used to have the nettles cut that flourished round the sheds, and strewn on the floor of the barn. The nettles shrivelled up dry, and the wool did not stick to them, but could be gathered easily. With his own hands he would carry out a stead of having some regard for the lives | quart of beans to the pigs-just a quart at and feelings of his fellowman, he went a time and no more, that they might eat every one, and that none might be wasted. So, to, he would carry them a few acorns in his coat pocket, and watch the relish with which the swine devoured their favorite food. He saved every bit of crooked wood that was about the place; for at that date iron was expensive, and wood that had grown crooked, and was therefore strong as well as curved, was useful for a hundred purposes. Fastened to a wall, for and the buds sprinkled upon that. instance, it did for a hook upon which to hang things. If an apple tree died in the

plough and saved till wanted. Jonathan's hard head withstood even the whirl of the days when corn was at famine prices. But these careful economies, this continual saving, put more money in his purse than all that sudden flush of prosperity. Every groat thus saved was as a nail driven into an oak, fixed and stable, becoming firmer as time wert on. How strangely different the farmers of to-day, with a score of machines and appliances, with expensive feeding stuffs, with well-furnished villas! Each one of Jonathan's beans in his quart mug, each one of the acorns in his pocket, became a guinea. Jonathan's hat was made to measure on his own special block by the hatter in Overboro' town, and it was so hard and stout that he could sit upon it without injury. His top boots always hung near the fireplace, that they might not get mouldy; and he rode into market upon his "short-tail horse," as he called his crop-tail nag. A farmer was nothing thought of unless he were top boots, which seemed a distinguishing mark, as it were, of the questrian order of agriculture. But his shoes were made straight; not as now, one to each foot-a right and a left-but each exactly alike; and he changed his shoes every morning, wearing one on one fco one day and on the other the next, that they might not get worn to either foot in particular. Shoes lasted a great length of time in those days, the leather being all tanned with oak bark only, and thoroughly seasoned before it was cnt up. There is even a story of a farmer who wore his best shoes every Sunday for seven years in Sundays-fifty years-and when he died had them buried with him, still far from worn out. At that date folks had no banking accounts, but kept their cein in a strong chest under the bed, sometimes hiding it in strange places. Jonathan was once

to have a little hoard of his own that his wife knew nothing about.

Jupiter's Satellite Seen Without a Glass. For nearly a month the Sacramento and Coast Range valleys have been filled with dense smoke, and the distant mountain ranges have all been hidden. Even the bold, dark, grand mass of Mount Helena, was not open, and which stoutly resisted distant but twenty-four miles, was barely that day, and he did not seem to under- wife, and she being willing, the necessary visible through the thick atmosphere. The stand what caused it. upper limit of the smoke stratum was quite sharply defined to the eastward; above it about driving, and would almost always his bride home, to astonish her as the Lord the sky was generally clear, but upon the make me drive slow. When he came here of Burleigh astonished his rustic love; but and had brains, and used them; now they're port from a rifle sounded in our ears, and present occasion only moderately so. The to open the Open Honse I hauled him the Hindu lass was lukeier than Tennyweather for some time had been warm and from the depot, and he began rehearsing son's heroine, for we are assured that she glared wrathfully at Policeman Jones, who Bruin rolled, a huge, woolly heap, on the pleasant, without clouds or wind. On the some part in the hack and got very much lived long to worship her husband as a The sound of horse's feet followed, early evening of Monday, September 20, ter, at an estimated elevation of about 8 He was a stalwart Indian, with long degrees, was emerging from it, and for an black hair streaming half a yard down his elevation of 25 to 30 degrees the whole sky visible to the paked eye. There was not the out radiant points of light to blur his appearance. With the unassisted eve Prof. Davidson detected the thad satellite of Jupiter, to the left and below the disk of the planet; but, lest he might be mistaken, he refrained from calling attention to it for some minutes, until there could be no possible mistake, when he announced the visibility of a satellite, but without stating its position in relat on to the primary. All the officers immediately announced its visibility and position, but naturally wondered why it should be seen so unmistakably through such a thick, hazy atmosphere. A binocular, or good field glass, with mag nifying power of 7 diameters, revealed it, side of the planet, but revealing the first and second satellites with difficulty, until the planet had risen somewhat higher. The third satellite continued visible to the naked eve for perhaps twenty minutes, when the moon rese above the smoke stratum, and the planet began to exhibit traces of radia-

been surely made out with the unassisted

naked eye, although all the satellites had

measure been blown away, with a remark-

and up to recent times the old methods were followed with only small improvements. If the plant was very rich in oil, like orange-peel, the method of "expression"-that is, pressure-was used; or if the essential oil was sufficiently volatile to leave its natural home by application of gentle heat, 'distillation' was sufficient, and is still adopted. When, as is commonly the case, the heat required for dry distillation would char the petals or leaves and partially decompose the oil, the distillation was effected with the aid of water, the steam of which carried over the perfume, which was condensed with the water, and afterwards separated from it. Extraction by solution of the resinous matter in alcohol or ether, and slow evaporation with or without water, is another method; but neither of these is applicable to some of the most delicate perfumes that reside closely packed in the cells of flower petals, and are so sensitive to chemical violence that strongly heated or otherwise coarsely treated. The old method of operating on these was to macerate or soak them in carefully melted fats or cold oils for sevsral hours, and then to separate the essential oil from the fatty oil by agitation with alconol oil. The pomades and lip-salves of our grandmothers were the fats thus perfumed directly, and from which the concentrated perfume was either partially or not at all separated by the alcohol. "Entleurage" is still more delicate process applied by the old perfumers for obtaining some of their choicest products. They saturated cotton cloths with olive oil, spread these on frames of wire gauze, sprinkled the buds or petals on them, then piled them in layers and left them, in some cases several days, to absorb the perfume as it rose naturally; or a film of pure fat was spread over a place of glass,

It is one thing to be tempted;

A Hackney Coach Driver.

"Business is getting dull in my line," said a hackman in Pittsburg. "I don't young man, that I have hauled more people of note in that hack of mine out there than came to the conclusion that a wife was all the rest of the hackmen in this town wanted to complete his happiness, and detogether." "How is that?" queried the termined to go in search for one. Adoptreporter. "Well, I have hauled all the ing the guise of a fortune-teller, and carrygreat actors and actresses that have come to this city for the past twenty years. started on his travels. Whenever he en-Seems to me that the profession is getting countered a girl that pleased his eye, he to know me, and whenever I see Lawrence asked her to cook his rice for him. Some Barrett get off the train I says, 'How are laughed at him, some reviled him, none you, Mr. Barrett? and he turns round and seemed inclined to comply with his modes recognizes me. Barrett is a good fare and demand, and it seemed as if he would have pays double, so he don't forget the hack- to take his rice home uncooked. At last men. The last time that he was here I he reached Swira, where he beheld a hauled him to the hotel and then to the beautiful girl, who, instead of ridiculing or theatre and when he got out he felt in his abusing the strange traveler, relieved him pockets and found he hadn't a cent with of the rice and bade him be rested. Then him. I says 'All right, Mr. Barrett,' and the kindly maiden set about preparing the he told me to call at the hotel the next day. rice. First she steeped at in water, then I went around and he gave me a gold piece. dried it in the sun, and that accomplished, Barrett is generous to us hackmen, and rubbed the grains gently on the ground, always has a kind word or a joke to pass removing the awn without breaking the with us. He is not like old Forrest, who rice. Calling her nurse, she dispatched is dead and gone. I hauled him down that worthy to sell the bran, and with the from the depot once, and my front axle proceeds purchase an earthen boiler, two broke at the corner of Grant Street. I platters, and some fuel. By the time this thought old Forrest would kill me. He commission was executed the rice had been jumped out of the hack and stormed and brayed in a mortar, winnowed, and washed, raged and swore like a madman. I tell and was ready to be put in the boiler with you he was not a nice customer to handle. five times its bulk of water. As soon as Alice Oates, in her palmy days used to be it had swollen sufficiently, the boiler was a very dainty customer. She would come taken from the fire, the water cleared of out and look into my coach very carefully the scum, and the boiler put back, and the before getting in, and was dreadfully afraid rice constantly stirred by the pretty cook that the cushions would soil her dress; then until she was satisfied it was properly she would look at the horses and the rig done. By turning the boiler mouth downto see if it was stylish. Within the last ward she extinguished the fire, and collectfew years, however, she has not been near | ing the unconsumed fuel, dispatched the so particular. She has changed a great old woman to convert it into butter, curds, deal since those early days. Formerly she | oil and tamarinds. This achieved, she visiting a friend, and after they had hobwould come dancing out in a vivacious, told the enraptured Sakti Kumara to go obbed a while the old fellow took him, sprightly way, that made her look very and bathe, and not to omit rubbing himwith many precautions that they should pretty, but now when she comes here she self with oil. Having obeyed orders, the not be observed, into the pigsty, and showed walks to my hack with her head down, as wife-seeker was directed to seat himself him fifty guineas hid in the thatch. That slow and demure as a priest. She don't upon a plank on the well-swept floor, on was by no means all his property, but the seem to care now whether the cushions which were already laid a large plantain old fellow said with a wink that he liked soil her dress or not. She always paid me and two platters. His charming hostess well, and I rate her among my best fares. then brought him water in a perfumed jug. I suppose you remember when that old and administered two spoonfuls of well Italian, Salvini, was here. Well, he was seasoned rice and ghee, preparatory to a curious fare; he couldn't speak English, serving up the remainder of the rice mixed and when I started for the hotel would with spices, curds, butter and milk, of rattle on the window and stick his head which Sakti Kumara ate his till, and then

> the smoke overhead; it was rather misty he woke, he asked the girl to become his "Fechter was a mighty particular man lay; and the supposed fortune-teller took who heard him and saw his gestures thought I was hauling a madman. Henry regulation of the family coming in due Ward Beecher is a nice fare. I get him course, and make her house such an abode every time he comes here to lecture; he always has a kind word and a joke and for the trouble he had taken to get a good never gets mad if I get stuck in a crowd of wife, and tasted in his well-ordered home wagons. He always gives me a pass to the joys of Paradise. his lectures. Theodore Tilton is a cranky sort of a fare, and never would say much to me, I tried to draw him out two or three times when I have hauled him, but he would always tell me to mind my own and professionals make the best fares. I

always pay well, they pay better when they have had a good run of luck. see a hair-pulling match, but they quietec down before we reached the hotel. I see by the papers that Ole Bull is dead. Poor Ole, he was a mighty kind-hearted man. He was a mighty good man,

become much brighter than before in the so he was. field of the binocular. Upon subsequent "Lucille Western was a strange fare. nights, after the smoke had in a great She was always beaming with kindness. I abiy clear sky and no moon, but with great and she told me to wait and take her to the radiation to the planet, no satellites have theatre. The front window was open, and she would ask me all sorts of questions hack, and I noticed she had been drinking. The extraction and concentration of the not afford to waste the time, and she said: 'Oh, never mird, I'll pay you double.' She gave me a pass and I went in. She played Leah that night, and I tell you she played it for all there was in the part. When she came to the 'curse scene' she beat her face on the floor. She was very influence, but through the London much excited, and I think I will never see | market. In the year 1720 a Dr. Gibson a woman play that part as she did that received from a brother of his, the captain night. Poor Lucille, she didn't live very ong after that night.

The Great River of Alaska. Alaskan explorers report one of the of his rooms. But the builders and carargest rivers in the world, the Yukon, as penters refused to have anything to do with navigable for steamers 2500 miles, and 500 miles from its mouth it receives a very so hard that they could not work it with arge navigable tributary. The basin their tools. Dr. Gibson took specimens of formed by the confluence is twenty-miles the wood to Wollaston-at that time an wide. The Yukon is nearly as large as the Mississippi. Indians are everywhere and war between the tribes is continuous. at once a new fashion set in. This was There is snow for six months, and without the origin of mahogany furniture, which roads, dog sledges find good traveling. Game abounds, and Indians have an easy life. From seven to nine dogs make a a team, the old one being the leader. The driver has to watch this dog. If it gets on the scent of game it is off and the whole team demoralized. Off they scamper through the woods and thickets, upsetting the load, smashing the sled, tearing the harness and giving him days of hunting to restore the status quo. So vast a country, traversed by navigable waters, will tempt the restless and speculative adventurers to

If evil be said of thee and it is true, correct it; if it be a lie, laugh atit. Shame is worse than death. He who weeps from the heart will draw tears

How She Cooked His Rice.

Sakti Kumara, the hero of a curious Hin-

dustani story, preferred testing a damsel's make the good hauls that I used to. I'spose, capability before tying the knot. Master of a presperous and profitable business, he ing some rice bound up in his cloth, he out looking at the buildings. He stopped indulged in a siesta, with a mind at ease, me on Smithfield Sireet, and pointed to knowing his quest was ended. As soon as ceremony was gone through without degod, to pay the most assiduous attention to his household affairs, to superintend the

Furniture.

business. He always saw that he gave me in Paris has given rise to a singular questhe right fare and no more. I tell you tion, which the French press is discussing what it is, taking them all in all, lecturers very learnedly. We are told that before the Middle Ages there was no such thing have got so now I can tell as quick as I as furniture. There was a bed and there see my old customers whether times are was a chair-more like a throne-and there good with them or not, and while they was a table almost like a platform; but there was very little else. The ancient sculptures and the contents of museums of "I could go over a long list of stars that antiquities are appealed to in support of have hauled, but these I have given you this view. Even to the Middle Ages supwill do for samples. Clara Louise Keilog plied few additional items to the furniture s a curious fare to haul. Every time I of a nobleman's room. Art had chosen have hauled her she finds something to another direction for its civilizing influ scold me about. And one time she had a lences, and carving in ivory, enamel, jewelterrible row with Miss Cary in my hack ry, tazzas inlaid with gems, cameos, chalabout something. I tell you I expected to lices, and illuminated missals usurped the taste of artists and the patronage of amateurs. Even the carved woodwork of Belgium and Switzerland seemed to be limited to church decorations and pulpit The first time I hauled him I looked a little ornaments, but it was the carvings of pulhard up, and he talked and chatted with | pits which supplied the transition between me about my busiress, and gave me a ten- sculpture and furniture. At first oak, from its hardness, was the principal material used, and soon afterward ash and walnut came into vogue. The introduction of light fancy woods, such as satin, maple, hauled her down to the hotel one night, tulip, belong to a much later date. France was, of course, the originator of art furniture, and the Gobelins tapestry which Louis XIV. patronized, and which came from the about Pittsburg and its people. After she institution which he founded, was incongot her supper she came out to get into the sistent with dark woods or delicate carvings. The style known still as "Louis She spoke very kindly to me though, and Quinze" also demanded profuse gilding when she got to the theatre told me to and florid decoration for the framework of keep my hack at the door for her. I told the delicate needlework which adorned the her all right, and was driving away when chairs of the period. It was not till the she called me back and asked me if I end of the seventeenth and the beginning wanted to see the play. I told her I could of the eighteenth centuries that polished woods and severe outline took the place of the flamboyant carving and gilding which preceded them. It was at this period that mahogany owned to an accident its introduction, and it made its entry into the saloons of Europe, not through Parisian

> changes of a fluctuating fashion for a period of over a century and a half.

> of a trading vessel, several balks of a new

kind of timber just imported from the

Indies. The doctor, who was furnishing

utilize the wood for the doors and windows

it. The grain was so close and the surface

eminent cabinet-maker. A whole suite of

furniture was planned and executed, and

in England, at least, has survived all the

There is heroic fear as well as heroic

A chasm that often separates friends; sarcasm. Unnecessary delay often ruins the best designs.

leap into delusions. Whereever we go, we should take our religion with us. When you have no observers then be

Those who jump at conclusions

afraid of yourself, None have less praise than those who