PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF BELLEFONTE

C. T. Alexander. A LEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW

BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Garman's new building.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office on Allegheny Street. PLEMENT DALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Northwest corner of Diamond, VOCUM & HASTINGS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW BELLEPONTE, PA.

High Street, opposite First National Bank. ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTS, PA

Practices in all the courts of Centre County. Spec al attention to Collections, Consultations in German or English. WILBUR F. REEDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a speciality. PEAVER & GEPHART,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Office on Alleghany Street, North of High

A. MORRISON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court

S. KELLER. ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street.

JOHN G. LOVE, ATTORNEY AT LAW

BELLEFONTE PA

Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the ate W. P. Wilson.

BUSINESS CARDS OF MILLHEIM, &.

A. STURGIS, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Repairing neatly and promptly don: and warranted. Main Street, opposite Bank, Milheim,

O. DEININGER,

NOTABY PUBLIC. SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER MILLHEIM, PA. All business entrusted to him, such as writing and acknowledging Deeds, Morigages, Releases, &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch. Office on Main Street.

H. TOMLINSON,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Groceries, Notions, Drugs, Tobaccos, Cigars, of a first-class Grocery store. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

Main Street, opposite Bank, Milheim. Pa.

DAVID I. BROWN. MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN TINWARE, STOVEPIPES, &c., SPOUTING A SPECIALTY.

Shop on Main Street, two houses east of Bank Millheim, Penna.

EISENHUTH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, MILLHEIM, PA.

All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a specialty. Office opposite Eisenhuth's Drug Store.

MUSSER & SMITH,

DEALERS IN Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints, Glass, Wa Papers, Coach Trimmings, and Saddlery Ware, &c,. &c. All grades of Patent Wheels.

TACOB WOLF, FASHIONABLE TAILOR

MILLHEIM, PA.

Cutting a Specialty.
Shop next door to Journal Book Store

MILI.HEIM BANKING CO.,

MAIN STREET.

MILLHRIM PA

A. WALTER, Cashier. DAV. KRAPE, Pres.

A HARTER, AUCTIONEER.

REBERSBURG, PA. thraction Guaranteed

Down in the tangled meadow Beside the dusty way, A wee, sweet bird is singing Through all the long, bright day, A song so short and simple,

lts bit of melody. And in the short lulls, only, Of more pretentions song, When momentary eilence

Worth while to keep repeating

It scarcely seems to be

Comes o'er the favored throng, Floats on the air that cadence, So tremulous and low, That one must listen softly,

Or lose its gentle flow.

And yet the tiny singer Keeps singing bravely on Through changing sun and shadow. Till the sweet day is done : And if more favored songsters Sing better far than he, The love his song makes vocal

Wilits perfection be.

Love Passages.

Cupid, I adore three! There is a charm-Turn up your lip, old Sourcrout! we care not. We, the young, the gay, the healthy, the happy! Wisdom!-physic-no more! fling them both to the dogs, say l. Wisdom fiddlesticks! I am tired of it. What I never think of them without sensations is it? a mourning dress!—water gruel!—a pair of goggles to the eyes of the ardent youth?-a lame fool!-a peddler's pack full of invaluable things, but then so heavy! Wisdom is a school-master, with a ferule and a frown, a broad-brimmed hat, and a ways hammering away at your ears and your conscience. You are circumscribed within narrow limits. You must not, for your life's sake, go out of bounds. You must not look at the sunshine, nor pluck the fruit, nor bathe in the stream, nor smell makes avarice a habit and suspicion a duty. It checks the ardor of youth, extinguishes the fire of hope and saddens even the brightness of virtue. Who has it? The old, the wrinkled, the sick, the superannuatedthey who have drained the dregs of pleasure? It is the lesson of rashness, bought by disappointment; and it teaches distrust, melancholy and despair-

Give me hope, joy, youth, love! And this brings me back to my subject. Cupid-laughing, rosy, blooming boy! How the sweet mischief troubles men and women, beardless impl gray beards, prudes, scholars, philosophers, statesmen; and as for poets, such as Frederick-Jove! it makes my heart ache. Poor Frederick! One of my peculiarities is a strong tendency to differ in opinion from other people upon almost every possible subject. I never mouth the matter-I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of roast beef, and plum pudding. Now, I detest them. Nothing could be more gross, earthly, stultifying. Besides, no man fond of such stuff does, ever did, or can sit down to such a real without rnnniug into excess. Then come custard, ice-cream, fruit, almonds, raisins, wine. You rise with a distended stomach and a heavy head, and stagger away with brutish apathy. I am for light diet-milk, rice, fruit sweet, harmless things of nature. No lamb bleeds for me. No stately ox is slain that I may feast. Old mother earth supplies my slender appetites. The deep, deep spring, clear as crystal, the innocent vegetables, ethereal food. Thus I am light as I am keenly susceptible to every mor-

al and natural beauty, which few enthusiastic beef-eaters are. I differ from everybody in another thing. believe in love at first sight. We ought to be able to tell in a week whether a woman would do for a wife. The judgment of true love is intuitive: a glance and it is done. A man of genius has in his own imagination a standard of the object of his love-an unexplainable model-the prototype of which exists somewhere in reality. although he may never have seen or heard of her. This is wonderful, but it is true. He wanders about the world. impervious to all the delicious, thrilling, soul-melting beams of beauty, till he reaches the right one. There are blue eyes, they are tender, but they touch not him. There are black, they are piercing, but his heart remains whole. At length, accident flings him into contact with a creature, he hears the tone of her voice, he feels the warm streams of soul shining from her countenance. Gaze meets gaze, and thought

sparkles into thought, till the magic blaze is kindled, and-they fall in love. It sometimes happens that for one model in the imagination of this man of genius, there are accidentally two or three prototypes in real life: or rather he has two

or three different models. It is a great misfortune for a man to have more models than one. They lead him astray. They involve him in diffi-They play the mischief with

And yet metaphysicians and phrenologists ought to know that it is no affair of his. If a school-hoy have the organ of de structiveness, you may whip him for killing flies, but you must not wonder at him. If a youth-But this brings me back again

to my subject. I never could tell how many of these models Fred had; a great many, no doubt. He was a sad dog, a Don Juan, a sort of Glovanni in London, and he bid fair to be a Giovanni in-but that was his business. Oh, the sweet women! It is almost incredi-

ble. He must have dealt in magic. It was a perfect blessing to be near him; to catch the light and heat of the thousand glances, which fell upon him-and of which you caught a few stray onesthough only by accident. Lovely women fell into his mouth like ripe plums. He had clusters of them. They all loved him, and he loved them all. His soul was as

large as St. Peter's. 'What are you thinking of, Fred?' said I "Caroline," he answered. "She who sailed yesterday for England?"

"Yes-I love her." "And she?"

He arose and opened an escritoire. "Is it not perfectly beautiful?" The sweet relic of golden sunshiny hair lay curled charmingly in a rose-colored entrue genius" will never take advantage.

velope. It did look pretty. But-"Has Caroline B-such light hair?" asked, I., I never knew-I always thoughtwas oly serving only yesterday that -sure- cently hunting on Piute Creek, Lake ly, sureb, you have made some mistake— county, Cal., and killed thirty two see, what is that written on the bottom of deer. They took 100 pounds of honey the paper? "Julia!"

Fred hastily looked again into the little A BIRD'S SONG. pigeon-hole, and drew forth another rose-

colored envelopes, another and another. I smiled. So did be. What a vile, narrow prejudice it is,

"What?"

"The man who can love only once. I have loved twenty, fifty, nay, a hundred times. I always fove some one. Sometimes two at a time, sometimes twenty." stant, immutable.

does not infer the striking out of any of oxen seemed to improve in disposition at the others. There is no limit. A man of an equal pace with himself. beams of the god of day fall on my shoul- of his townsmen asked for an explanation. ders with a pleasing ardor, must I not feel Farmer Hunt said: the warmth when I stand in your garden yonderf It is the great principle-should cattle. Formerly they were unmanagethe object of my early love die, must I be able. The more I whipped and clubbed ever thereafter dead to the most exquisite them, the worse they acted. But now of human passions? Death is only absence. When they are unmanageable I go behind I know twelve pretty women. They are my load and sing 'Old Hundred,' and, better than men. Nature made them so. strange as it may appear, no sooner have 1 They are all different, all excellent, all di- ended than the oxen go along as quietly as vine. Can I be blind? Can I be deaf? I could wish. I don't know how it is, but Shall I deny that their voices are sweet, they really seem to like singing." their hearts tender, their minds clear, and intelligent? No, I love them all-Julia,

of delight.' Frederick felt a hand upon his shoulder, He looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife. "The deuce!" said he. I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bachelor myself-curtain lectures are not in my way. I have voice that makes the ears ring. It is al- troubles enough of my own. Mrs. B. did not come down to dinner. Mr. B. did not gather." come home to tea. I did not get up next lieve I have two or three models myself. family. The man urged his suit in vain. the opening flowers. This is wisdom. It It is pleasant enough, but then-every rose At last he said:

has its thorns. "Only think," said she to me, her eyes moistened with tears, her cheek crimsoned with shame, her heart palpitating with distress, "twelve! He loves twelve, he says."

"A whole jury!" said I. "It is monstrous!" said she. "Monstrous indeed!" echoed I. "What if I should love twelve officers?"

"Tit for tat," said I. "Or six," said she.

"Too good for him," said I taking her "Or three," said she. "Or one," said I, drawing her towards

me and kissing her soft lips. She was my only sister and I always loved her. The plot was arranged. Frederick had meditated a journey of two days, but was called back, by an anonymous note, at nine the same evening.

Tall women are so scarce. We hired the uniforms at the tailor's. "I am thunderstruck!" exclaimed Henry to me. "The world is at an end. The sun is out. What! Kate-my dear Kate!" Tears gushing from his eyes.

"I saw it myself," said the servant. "Kissed her!" "Six times," said John.

Frederick caught the pistol, and pointed it at his head. I wrenched it from his "Come with me," I said. "Perhaps it

may be a mistake.' sat Mrs. B-at her feet a richly-dressed mond is not more wilely cultivated in this young soldier who kissed her hand, received from her a lock of hair, swore he loved her-and left her with an ardent Southern States of Europe. A native of embrace.

"I am suffocating." said Fred. "Hush!" I exclaimed. "See, there is by her side-takes her hand-' "I shall strangle to death!"

"Patience!" "Dearest colonel!" exclaimed Julia. "The other was only the lieutenant," whispered John. "I am blessed with too few such faithful

friends as you. I held Fred still with the grasp of "That I love you I can not deny. A

be placed in relation to men. She is warmed by their noble characters as she is when she ciple.

Fred burst forth levelling both pistols at the colonel. He pulled the triggers, but sawdust seldom do. The colonel uttered a scream and fled.

"Madam!" said Fred, swelling with in dignation, "have you anymore of these af fectionate friends?' "Only eight, my dear husband. Why what puts you in such a rage?"

"Perfidious wretch!" "Hear me," said Mrs. B., solemnly. "When we married, I intended to devote my life, my actions, my heart to you. From you I expected the same. I can see no distinction in our relative duties toward each other. Love must exist on both sides, or on neither. Whatever may be the opinions of a heartless world, a man of true genius

and of true virtue makes his wife-"I am not to be preached to, traitress, said Fred. "I leave you now forever; but not till I take vengenance on my new military acquaintances. Where are they?" "They are here," she answered.

The door was thrown open, and the two officers, with their chapeaux off, were heard giggling and laughing in a most unmilitary Fred soon discovered the truth and I read

him his moral. Husbands all, remember that wives have equal anguish and shame with yourselves in receiving a share of affection, though they do not possess your despotic power in extorting it. The slightest dereliction, even though only the carelessness of a mo ment on the part of a wife, stamps her forever with ignominy and pain; while the absurd customs of society allow to a man a greater latitude, in slighting, neglecting and deceiving her whose happiness is in his

-Three Petaluma men were re from a crevice in a cliff.

The Two Deacons

Between eighty and ninety years ago life, bad been a man of strong will and somewhat hasty and violent temper. Someover their heads with the handle of his whip in a manner to excite the pity of the bystanders, and when expostulated with he "Heartless!" exclaimed I. "This is not excused himself by saying that he had the love! Love is sole, absorbing, pure, con- most fractious team in town. By and by an alteration took place in the temper of Farmer Hunt. He became mild, forbear-"Hark ye," said Fred, "I seldom cease to love. Adding another angel to the list ing, and, what was most remarkable, his

soul loves just as he happens to be placed Farmer Hunt joined the church and was them as I am when Istand in the sunshine. the change both in himself and his team. Because 1 have a garden here, when the It was a marvel to the whole town. One

"I have found out a secret about my

In the course of a tew years the two farmers were chosen deac ins of the church, and they both adorned their profession. About the time of their election a grievous farmers generally were laying up their saved." corn to plant the ensuing season. A poor man living in the town went to Deacon Hunt and said:

"I've come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money, it's about all I can

The Deacon told him he could not spare morning to breakfast. So I could not a bushel for love or money. He was keepknow what was the result. Mrs. B. is one ing double his usual quantity for seed-corn of the loveliest women I ever met. I be. the next year, and he had to stint his own

"Deacon, if you don't let me have the corn, I shall curse you. "Curse me!" replied the deacon, "how dare you do so?'

"Because," says the man, "the Bible "Nonsense!" exclaimed Deacon Hunt. "there is no such thing in the Bible."

"Yes, there is ! replied the poor man. "Well," said the deacon, "if you can find any such text I'll give you a bushel of corn. They went into the house, when the poor up with the two soldiers, when he saw

to Proverbs xi. 26, he read: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse of him that selleth it."

along," said he, "and I will be as good as her with enthusiasm, raised her spirits, and He took him to the corn-house, meascorp help d the man to put it into his bag, assisted him to put it on his shoulders, and, just before his leparture, being somewhat of a wag, he said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"I say, neighbor, after you have carried this corn home, go to Deacon Clark and curse him out of another bushel.'

Almonds in California Almonds have been raised for years in California, and could, doubtless, be raised in other States with a mild climate if the attempt should be nade with intelligence We opened the door softly. In the room and persistency. It is strange that the alcountry, for it is a profitable crop, and we annually import large quantities from the the East and Africa especially of Barbary, the tree from twenty to thirty feet high, now grows completely wild throughout another. How familiarly he seats himself Southern Europe. In Northern Germany "Loveliest of thy sex," said her com- fixed oil than the sweet almond. The bit-

Intelligence in Birds The Central Prison at Agra is the roostng-place of great numbers of the common blue pigeon; they fly out to the neighboring country for food every morning, and return in the evening; when they drink at a tank just outside the prison walls. In this Mother and child were conveyed to the tank are a large number of fresh-water tur. police station, revived, warmed and tended. tles, which lie in wait for the rigeons, just after which the poor woman related, in a under the surface of the vater and at the few simple words, her touching story, edge of it. Any bird alghting to drink seemingly astonished that those who listenthe headless bodies of pigeons have been offered the young woman the assistance and picked up near the water, showing the shelter her forlorn position required, but her birds. The pigeons, however, are aware man for whom she had traveled so far. of the danger, and have hit on the follow- The police Commissary undertook to satising plan to escape it: A pigeon comes in fy her on this point, and a few hours later from its long flight, and as it nears the she learned that he whom she had walked tank, instead of flying down at once to the so many leagues to see had expired in the twenty feet above its surface, and then fly arrival. back to the side from which it came, apparently selecting for alighting a soft spot which it had remarked as it flew over the bank; but even when such a spot has been selected the bird will not alight at the edge leather prepared with chrome, and without of the water, but on the bank about a yard the use of any tannin whatever. It is from the water, and will then run down claimed that the chrome process, invented the tank ill its thirst is satisfied. I had duces a leather "stronger, more durable, often watched the birds doing this, and more pliant, and less pervious to moisture." which lay in ambush for the pigeons.

The Boatman's Daughter.

In the memorable year of 1814, when there lived in Connecticut river valley two the allied armies were concentrated about farmers, one of whom was named Hunt Paris, a young Lieutenant of Dragoons was and the other Clark. The former, in early engaged with three or four Hungarians, who, after having received several smart strokes from his sabre, managed to send a times he had been seen beating his oxen ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest with a thrust from a lance, and to leave him for dead on the bank of the river.

On the opposite side of the stream, a boatman and his daughter had been watching this unequal fight with tears of desperation. But what could an old unarmed man do, or a pretty girl of 16? However, the old soldier-for such the boatman was -had no sooner seen the officer fall from his horse than he and his daughter rowed vigorously for the opposite side. Then, when in relation to women. I am warmed by an exemplary man. His neighbors saw they had deposited the wounded man in the boat these worthy people crossed the river again, but with faint hopes of reaching the military hospital in time.

"You have been hardly treated my boy," said the old gentleman to him "but here am I, who have gone farther still, and come home.'

ant S. showed the extreme agony of his pains; and the hardy boatman soon discovered that the blood which was flowing internally from the wound on his left side would soon terminate his existence. He turned to his youthful daughter.

"Mary," he said, "you have heard me tell of my brother; he died of just such another wound as this here. Well, now, had there only been somebody by to suck famine prevailed in the valley, and the the wound, his life would have been

The boatman then landed, and went to look for two or three soldiers to help him carry the officer, leaving his daughter in charge of him. The girl looked at the sufferer for a second or two. What was her emotion when she heard him sigh so deeply, not that he was resigning his life in the first flower of his age, but that he should die without a mother's kiss. "My mother! my dear, dear mother!"

said he, "I die without-" Her woman's heart told her what he would have said. Her bosom heaved with sympathy, and her eyes ran over. Then she remembered what her father had said : she thought how her uncle's life

might have been saved. In an instant quicker than thought, she tore open the officer's coat, and the generous girl recalled him to life with her lips. Amid this holy occupation the sound of footsteps was heard, and the blushing heroine fled to the other end of the boat.

Judge of her father's surprise, as he came

man went to the old family Bible; turning | Lieut. S., whom he expected to find dead, The boatman looked at his child and saw him; but blessings shall be upon the head it all. The poor girl came to him with her head bent down. She was about to The deacon was fairly caught. "Come excuse herself, when the father, embracing

> the officer thanked her in these prophetic words: "You have saved my life; it belongs to

you." After this she tended him and became his nurse; nothing would he take but from her No wonder that with such a nurse he at lenght recovered. Mary was as pretty as she was good.

Meantime Master Cupid who is very busy in such cases, gave him another wound, and there was only one way to cure it-so very deep it was.

The boatman's daughter became Mad-General, and the boatman's daughter became as elegant and graceful as any lady

of the court of Louis Philippe.

A Wife's Devotion.

A rare example of constancy, courage and devotion combined has just been furnished by a brave young peasant woman, born and bred in a remote hamlet of the and Britain, it is planted for its beautiful Vosges France. Marie Hagart, this heroine flowers, produced nost plentifully, and re- in humble life, bade adieu to her husband sembling those of the peach in form and some months since, and saw him start for color, but generally paler, sometimes even the great city of Paris in the hope of obwhite. The flowers precede the leaves, taining employment there. But almost and add much to shrubberies in March and upon his arrival in the capital he fell ill, April. Even when fross kill the germ of and being without either funds or friends, the fruit the flower is 10t affected. The was taken to the Hospital de la Pitie. The almond has numerous vareties, but the prin- news of his illness reached the hamlet cipal kinds known to commerce are the where his wife lived in course of time, and bitter and the sweet. Much as the latter the latter, listening only to the promptings woman of soul loves just as she happens to is used for dessert, it contains very little of her heart, determined to join her sick nourishment, and of all nuts is one of the husband at once. She was utterly destimost difficult of digestion. The almond is tute. To travel by rail was therefore out stands in the sunshine. It is the great prin- pressed for oil, and employed variously in of the question, so she started on foot with the household, the bitter containing less a baby in her arms, just two francs in her pocket, and a journey of one hundred and ter almond is strongly narcotic, derived three leagues before her. Braving hardships from the presence of hydrocyanic acid, and of every description, sleeping by the roadsaid to act as poison on dogs and some of side or in the fields, and living on what they did not go off. Pistols loaded with the smaller animals. Its distilled water is scraps of food she could obtain on the way, very deleterious to man, and taken in a she passed onward, nothing daunted, for large dose, will cause almost instantaneous the city where her husband lay sick. She had lost her way several times, her clothing was in rags, her shoes were gole, but her courage remained undiminished, until recently, when, footsore and weary, she found herself at Chaertin, when she sank down in the streets overcome by her sufferings, exhausted from want of food, exclaiming faintly, "Mon Dieu! I can go no further. near one of these turtles, has a good chance ed to her should have been moved to express of having its head bitten off and eaten; and admiration for her conduct. Kindly persons fate which has sometimes befallen the absorbing thought was to obtain news of the water's-edge, will cross the tank at about hospital ward twenty-four hours before her

Chrome Tanned Leather.

tion in Glasgow, Scotland, samples of quickly to the water, take two or three and patented by a Dr. Heinzerling, is not hurried galps of it, and then fly off to re- only cheaper and more expeditious than the peat the same process at another part of usual methods of tanning, but that it proWhere it Was Hot.

Speaking of hot weather," said the oldest inhabitant, as he unbuttoned his ulster and laid his plush cap on the table, "I don't regard it as even pleasantly warm; I've been out in the sun all day trying to get some heat into my system, and I tell you gentlemen, in confidence, I'm a bit chilly yet."

"Ever seen it any warmer at this season of the year?" asked the reporter. Wunst. I seen it in the spring of 1814 so hot that you'd think this weather was an ice box. I was building a telegraph

think we used for poles?"

"Iron perhaps." "Iron? Iron wouldn't stand a minute. Why, the works in nay watch melted cause it was liquid. No, sir, iron wasn't no more use than ice. We couldn't use posed, so we used salt. We just squirted a stream of salt water straight up through a six inch nozzle. The heat evaporated the salt water and left a fust class column of by cutting it off sufficiently at the bot

"But how would you run the wire? "Didn't; we jist pinted it the way we wanted it to go from the top of a hill, and the expassion run it right along from column to column. That's what I call warm weather, that is."

"How fast did the wire seem to go?" built seven hundred miles of telegraph in one afternoon." "How did you keep up with t? How

could you keep a head and get your salt columns up fast enough?" of railroad iron and a wagon that just fit the bars. We riveted a cross-piece to the fur'ard ones, and fastened the wagon to it. Them bands expanded lengthways at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles an hour, own tracks. We could head off the wire, get up a pole, hitch on a wire and ketch up with the end in no time. I'm sayin',

gentlemen, it was hot in that vicinity. But the men couldn't climb one of these columns? "Of ourse they couldn't-wouldn't

ho'd 'em.' "How did they take the half hitch around the insulator? Did you squirt them with the stem?" "Not we. You can't squirt a man up

that way; besides the water was bilin' hot. We had four thousand tons of quicksilver, and we put a little on the ground under a man, and it'd raise a man to the top of one of them poles at the rate of a thousand miles a second. That's what I call hot. Now, I'm just shriverin."

"You must have gauged the quantity of mercury pretty close to stop in the right place? "Oh! we got it after a while. The first five men went up five or six hundred miles,

and one of them had to wait until the following winter to get back. We sent him grub and things by the quicksilver communication until he was froze down, and we paid him double wages while he was

' Didn't the wire melt?"

of the road left."

"Melt, of course it did." "Then the line didn't stay up. Deed it did, and that's just what made it stay up. You know heat rises. Now when we took hitches around the insulators, we left the wires slack so when it melted it arched up instead of bellyin' down, and it couldn', fall any mor'n a bridge. The funniest thing in the whole business was that when we got through we had a railroad, them bars of iron made

a smashin' good road -for summer travel." "Not for winter, too?" "Wasn't worth a nickel for winter. When cool weather came on they contracted so there wasn't mor'n a yard and a half

"Didn't the telegraph wire contract "Some but not much. It tightened a

good deal, but stayed where it was.' "Didn't it break?" "Couldn't. That wire was melted. You can't break a stream of water, and that wire was liquid.'

"Look here old man," objected the re-

porter, if the winter was cold enough to contract the railroad it was cold enough to freeze the wire solid. "Why didn't it do it then? Look here, oung man, you want to speculate. Now I got nothin' to do with speculations, I deal in facts," and the oldest inhabitant buttoned up his ulster, adjusted his plush

cap and walked off in disgust. Central Asia.

Central Asia, properly so called, owns a much larger territory than that to which the words usually apply. In the larger sense, it would include the whole of Turkestan, Eastern as well as Western, and some portions of the surrounding country. Usually, however, it is now applied only to Western Turkestan, or as it is sometimes Caspian, and on the east by the Chinese difficulty the donkey was at last driven off. frontier, on the north by the widespread limit of the Russian empire, and on the south by Afghanistan and Persia. The area thus covered is probably not much short of a million of square miles. It is a on the western shore of the Caspian, now Darya-the Oxus and Jaxartes of the an- water into a veritable lake of fire. The cients—have their sources in the high table most famous of these conflagrations, to land which separates Eastern and Western | which the superstition of the natives gives Turkestan. In the first part of their the name of "Shaitann Noor," (Devil's course, and as they leave the highlands in Light) occurred in the autumn of 1872. It their rear, the adjoining country is well broke out in the middle of the night, and watered, and on the fertile plains have was declared by a Russian naval officer, grown up some prosperous cities. On the Khojend; while along the line of the had ever seen. The sheet of flame waved Oxus, but mostly to the south, and be- to and fro in the wind like a flag, lighting tween the river and the Hindoo Koosh, are up the shore for miles, and making every Kunduz, Balkh, and other towns, once point and rock clear as midday. Far as the seats of wealth and civilization. In the eye could reach the smooth water was keeping. Of these customs, "the man of could not account for their strange mode of The chrome-tanned leather exhibited was run in nearly parallel courses through arid glow which it threw into the sky was visithe lower part of their course these rivers all one red blaze, and the deep crimson drinking, till told by my friend, the super- made into belting, harness, boots, and other deserts. The great Kizzil Kum desert ble to the inhabitants of several island disintendent of the prison, of the turtles articles; and it may be well to suggest that about 250 miles broad, lies between them; tricts far out of sight of the sea itself. our leather manufacturers should scrutinize the Kura Kum, another vast desert, exhorn than to make your wife believe with our inventors but they will better the Oxus and between the Aral and the Casmy child, it spoils the teeth; est it that every other right is a lodge night. improvement.

another river, the Zerafshan, which de scends from a glacier in the mountains a little to the south of the point at which the Jaxartes enters the plains. This central river flows due westward for some two hundred miles, meandering, in many branches, forming the oasis of Bokhara and scattering fertility all around, until finally its waters are swallowed up by the sand. Originally the whole of this territory must nave been covered by vast inland seas, of which the Aral and the Caspian are the relics. In those early days the Oxus, the Jaxartes, the Zerafshan would fall into the sea as soon as they left the mountain region. line in South America, and what do you Now that the sea has dried up, the courses of the rivers have been prolonged, the Jaxaites running solid into the sea of Aral, the Oxus breaking and spreading into numerous streams some two hundred miles before and ran down my leg, and it felt cool, too, its waters reach the sea, thus making the oasis of Khiva: and the Zerafshan watering and rendering fertile the greater portion of wood 'cause it caught fire as soon as ex- the state of Bokhara, in the upper or eastern portion of which stands the grand old city of Samarcand, the capital of the famous Timour. It deserves to be mentioned here that in ancient times the Oxus carried salt Then we made it the right length its waters into the Caspian sea. and not as now into the Aral. In those days a narrow zone of fertility, following its course, extended from Khiza to the Caspian. Some hundreds of years ago, however, the Kivans intercepted the current of the river and turned it southward to the Aral. Its old bed can still be traced, and the immediately adjoining country, marked by ruins of ancient settlements, is a perfect desert. The "About eighty mile an hour. We Aral lies parallel with the northern part of the Caspian, and to the south of the Aral lies the oasis of Khiva. West of the lake and of the oasis and on the Caspian the country is desert. The whole country to the south of the Caspian, round by the south of "Well, sir that was the simplest contri- Khiva, and up the southern bank of the vance ever was. We had two parallel bars Oxus as far as Balkh, is also desert. In the eastern open of this desert there is a small oasis on which stands the city of Merv-a place which, for some time past, has been commandidg some attention. Such is the external aspect presented by this region. and carried the wagon right along in its The whole territory was divided into khanates, of which those of Bokhara, Khiva

Books Bound in Metal.

and Khokand were the most important.

Among the handicrafts which illustrate the conditions of the arts at various periods few are more important than book-binding. A collection of typical specimens of French binding, from the time of Eve through that of Le Gascan, Derome and Bozerian, to the day of Trautz-Bauzonnet, would offer a short history of French decorative taste. A less systematic and already partly scattered, but still interesting metals is exhibited. The remnants of the collection includes many quaint European examples. No. 19 in the catalogue is a modern Russian service book cover in silver and enamel, exceedingly modern and excessively debased. Contrast ninety-four. a binding in solid silver repousse, with figures of women and children, the style wonderfully free and large. This is an admirable German work of the seventeenth century. A strange piece of old Russian embroidery, set with pearls, is 129-the figures of the dead Christ and the women are not unlike the manner of Margheritone d'Arezzo. The piece is of the flifteenth century, at which date Russia was entertaining several Italian artists. A Koran case of enameled silver (sixty-four) is studded with reds and greens of a pleasant Oriental tone. A truly French piece is the binding of a book of "exercice spiritue," embroidered and painted on silk, with the effigy of a pretty girl's face. There are also some odd old "Guild-books," and bits of Dutch and French enamel, specimens of a style of binding which has become as ex-

Fight Between a Dog and Donkey

tinct as the dodo.

A singular encounter between a dog and a donkey was that which occurred in Blackpool, England. A retired gentleman, named Weddington, owned a fine young donkey and a splendid mastiff. One sunny cay the donkey was grazing in a field, when the dog rushed at it in a ferocious manner and fastened on to its nose. The donkey did not decline the challenge, for it at once shook the dog off, bit it about the head and shoulders, trampled on it, and tossed it about. The dog again seized the donkey, and a crowd soon gathered, but all efforts to separate the combatants were of no avail. The dog repeatedly fastened on the donkey's nose. Blood flowed profusely from both animals, and at the end of half an hour the owner appeared up n the scene and fresh attempts were made to part them, but without success. After the fight had lasted half an hour, the the owner decided to have the dog shot, as it had by that time fastened with a firm hold on the donkey's nose. A gun was procured and the services of a good shot obtained. But so savage was the fight that it was difficult to shoot one animal without killing the other also. At last aim was taken, and a bullet put into the dog's head, and it dropped to the ground. When the smoke cleared away the cog was dead, but the infuriated donkey had called, Great Bucharia. This territory is returned to the charge kicking, biting and bounded on the west by the shores of the tramping on the dog. It was with great

A Sea of Fire.

Among the petroleum springs of Baku. vast expanse of deserts, interspersed with beginning to be known as they deserve, is easis, and with two great rivers flowing in one communicating with the sea which nearly parailed northwesterly courses until produces at times a very striking phenothey fall into the Sea of Aral, which is a menon. The floating oil that covers the conspicuous feature of the region. These surface for many acres round is frequently wo rivers, the Amoo Darya and the Sir ignited by accident, turning the smooth who witnessed it from the deck of a gunaxartes stand Chimkent, Tashken, and boat, to be the most striking spectacle he

what may be learned regarding the result, tends southward from the Oxus, while and if the report is favorable it will go hard the whole region west of the delta of the give Carlo this lump of sugar?" "No.