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#### MEMENTOES.

Down deep in the lowermost drawer, Away from the cold, careless guze, They lie in a time-tinted cover-Mementoes of earlier days.

There lies in that prec'ous package A note : but the delicate hand That traced it hath long swayed a sceptre Afar off in Beulah's fair land.

Beside it a lock, brightly silvered With time and the tools of the past, Is laid, but the Infinite bosom That weary head p.llows at last.

Another, of deep glossy blackness Recails a beloved mother's care. She went ere the dews of life's evening Had fallen, the kingdom to share.

These others-sh! well, 'tis enough The ribbon all soiled to untie; Too bitter the griefs they awaken-Touch not-undisturbed let them lie.

He only who fashioned so wisely The heart can its secrets best keep Then, wake not their sad, mournful echoes. But tenderly hush them to sleep.

## When the Ship Comes In.

A sweet-faced woman and a sweet-faced child are wandering among the shipping docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her finery, in the real lace collar, relics of better days, perhaps, the pearl earrings and the neat gloves. The child is neatly dressed, too, and as she clasps the woman's hand, looks love at her guardian. But the woman's face is not at its best now, a careworn look, and a faint wrinkle upon the pale forehead that ages her and lessens the

charm of her features. She is inquiring of the dockmen, of the stevedores, of the loungers about the wharves, whether the brig Good Luck has come in. She always receives the same reply to her eager question, for the brig Good Luck has been lost a month ago, dashed on a lee shore, and ground to pieces by the sea, and will never come in-never

-never more. If they told her, she wouldn't believe them, for the woman and her child have supreme faith that the brig Good Luck will come in soon with cargo and crew, though they have been asking the same question and same prayer for many and

winds her way among the bales and boxes and passing carts, and through all the hubbub and bustle of the wharf, and climbs a flight of stairs to where the brig's owners have their office. They are used to seeing her. They smile sadly when she enters with the child, and look significantly at one another, as much as to say: "Poor thing! she's mad. No wonder, no wonder!"

Mad! Yes, she is mad with "hope deferred," with anxiety to meet her husband, Caleb Shelter, master of the brig Good Luck; to meet the master of the brig, her husband and the father of her child. Why does he stay away from her so long?

"Is the Good Luck in yet?" she asks of "Not yet, ma'am." "She is expected, of course to-day?"

"Of course. "There's a vessel coming in now. I see the tall masts. Look! Look!" pointing little girl and says: out of the office window to the river front. "Maybe that's it! Ellie, dear, look! there's father's vessel, with father on board!"

The child clasps her little hands at the "Sorry to say that ain't it, ma'am," says the clerk, relapsing into his calcula-

tions and paying no more attention to the She stares out of the open window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face,

and a moan that is heartrending, says: "No, Ellie, no! That is not the Good I see the figure-head. The figurehead of Good Luck is an angel; a white and gold angel. No, no! that isn't it." "But papa will soon come home, won't

he, mamma?" whispered the child. Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of the establishment here, now comes from behind his desk, and, approaching the woman,

"Mrs. Shelter, sit down; make yourself as comfortable as you can in a dingy office like this. Here, little one, come here, give me a kiss. A bright, pretty little dear, Mrs. Shelter.

"She looks pale," said the mother. "She is tired; she has been walking too much." The old gentleman sits down and lifts the little girl on his knee and kisses her. She winds her arms about his neck and

"You'll tell my papa to come soon, won't "Yes, dear,"

It was the habit of this firm to pay a sort of pension monthly to the widows of captains who were lost in their service. It was not much of a stipend, being only half-pay, but it was certainly a blessing in very many cases. Mrs Shelter had always received her husband's money here, while he was at sea, or it was sent to her when she was sick or the weather was bad.

"Ah, Mr. Tawman, I'm sure the Good Luck will be in to-day." He puts the child down and goes over to his desk, and unlocking his drawer he takes out an account book and begins writing a

receipt. Then goes over into the cashier's While he is there the telegraph clerk calls him over. Click, clickity click! goes the magic instrument, repeating its dot and dash mes-

"Hear that?" says the operator. "That's news for you!" The proprietor could read every word by its sound.

"It's like a message from God," says Mr. Tawman, reverently. "I must not He comes back to where the woman is

some strange excitement. He throws into her lap a bundle of bank notes. There, Mrs. Shelter, now go home. dry clothes, cap, ... business. Come on." Take a car at the door.

"Oh, I'm not tired, And I should like

stretched hand a bright silver quarter of a dollar, and laughs at the wonder and delight of the little recipient. "I'll keep this for my papa."

Poor little thing, she is weary unto sleep. She cuddles herself in the big chair and sinks into slumber in an instant. "Now, Mrs. Shelter, you've had no dinner," says Tawman.

"Oh, yes, sir." "Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean to-day. Go down with Mr. Pelton, there, our young man, and get something to eat. You see we have arrangements for the comforts of our clerks. We give them a hot dinner, and a good dinner too. There's nobody

"Go down there and ask the waiter, George," addressing Mr. Pelton, whom he had summoned, "to give this good lady a cup of tea and a piece of toast, some chicken, and all that." Then, pausing a moment, as if propriety and philanthropy are struggling for mastery in his mind, "No, no, George. Tell Henderson to

send the dinner up into the room here, that's better!" The young man leaves the room. Then Mr. Tawman enters the office again and consults the telegraph op-"Send this message at once, Mr. Lind-

say, if you please." He writes something. and the operator clicks it off at oace. It's a long message, a very long message indeed; but the President's message itself is not half so important, so interesting to those whom it concerns.

Then by the time the message is sent, the dinner is ready in Mr. Tawman's private office, when Mrs. Shelter partakes of it, but does not think proper to waken the weary child that she may eat also. Then Mr. Tawman says: "Now, you had better go. I'll see to the child; I'll

briag the little girl up with me to-night." "No, no!" exclaims the mother. "1 must have my Ellie with me always, sir. You are so very good, though, sir; so very Luck?"

"Not a word, I'm sorry to say." "It can't be possible. The brig must come in to-day. "I'm sure I hope so, with all my heart and soul, Mrs. Shelter."

"I know you do," she responds, with a "Now go. I'm sorry you have to waken the child, but I suppose you can't heip it." "Come, Ellie," says the mother, touch-

ing her lightly on the shoulder. The child with a start awakens and cries, "Is it my papa? Dear, dear papa!" Then, seeing her disappointment, she burst into tears. "Don't cry, dear, don't cry.

will come in. Don't cry!" man speaks soothingly to the sobbing child; and the mother catching her hand walks slowly and sadiy away, followed by Mr. Tawman, who lifts the little girl down stairs and helps both her and her mother The next morning the woman is again

loitering about the wharves with the same agenized inquiry. She again puts the question to the wharfmen, and again only receives the same answer. Then, as before, she seeks the office of the brig owners, still accompanied by her little girl, and asks: "Has the brig Good Luck come in yet?

"Not yet, ma'am." She sighs and looks out of the window at the shipping. She says she will wait for Mr. Tawman, and sits down. When Mr. Tawman comes, as usual, he greets her very kindly, and kisses the

"I'm sorry the brig isn't in vet! "Will it be in to-day?" "I hope so." And he goes behind his desk and looks over his letters. He has ment. The whole dry ice-covering was a not long been engaged in his correspond- vast sounding-board. Whenever, as I lay ence when a scream from the woman

She has risen and is pointing excitedly out of the window. "Here is a ship coming in, look, look!" "That's not it," says a clerk, "that's a

schooner." "Oh, no!" adds Mr. Tawman; "that's not the Good Luck," "It is! It is!" She darts from the office dragging the child after her, runs across the bustling wharf out to the very edge of

the water. Mr. Tawman rushed to the window, opens it, and calls to her. To no purpose, however. All the clerks cluster about the window to watch her.

"The woman is mad!" is going to drown herself." Tawman says quietly to the telegraph "It's the Mary."

The schooner is being towed up the river by a tug. She is making preparations to anchor in the stream opposite the wharf. All this time Mrs. Shelter is standing in the midst of a crowd of excited people waving her handkerchief, and the little girl is waving hers. "Look! look! there! There's a man over-

board!" cried one of the clerks. A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf. "Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Tawman, thoroughly aroused. "What does that "He's swimming like a fish," says

"He has landed. Hark at the cheers!" "Look! look!" shouted the overators. 'She is hugging him; so is the little girl. It's Captain Shelter!" "Thank God!" exclaimed Tawman, "and

pray heaven she may not sink under the shock. Poor woman. How she clings to the drenched man. Dear! dear!' Then he puts on his hat and runs down the steps like a boy, and darts over to where husband and wife and child are united and happy.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking the captain by the hand, and not caring for the gaping and wondering crowd all around him; "this is good luck, isn't it, ehf Did you get my telegram?" When the man can speak he answers:

"I planned it all!" chatters old Tawman. You see I got a dispatch yesterday from the Breakwater, saying that Captain Shelter had been picked up on a raft by the schooner Mary. I told her in the car and come in it did. Over to the office, dry clothes, cap, we'll have

candies with." He puts into her tiny out. | will only augment her acidity.

## The Sacred City.

What a singular spot is Benares the sacred city of the Hindoos. From all parts of India, pious Hindoos come to speud their last days and die, sure of thus obtaining their peculiar form of salvation. All day long from the earliest dawn till sunset. thousands of people bathe on the steps of the gnats, which run along the river's bank for nearly two miles, in the sure and certain hope that by such ablution their sins are washed clean away.

It is an extraordinary sight to sit in boat and quietly drift with the stream alongside the whole length of this great city, and watch the bathers who fill up the line. Men and women are thus piously engaged, and the usual plan ts to bring down a plain robe which they deposit on the stone steps, while they descend into the water in other robes, and there perform the necessary amount of ablutions.

While the bathers stand up to their waists in water, devoutly folding their hands in prayer, or shedding offerings of leaves into he running stream from large baskets, the oriests are squatting on the shores by scores. each under an enormous umbrella of plaited bamboo some ten or twelve feet in diameter, and each with a continually increasing heap of small coin presented by the bathers -for what purpose we do not know.

One of the gnats is called the "burning gnats," where are staked great piles of umber, and where the boats that you see coming down the river with enormous stacks f wood upon them unload their burdens. Here, in the midst of the bathers, the dead are burnt by their sorrow ng friends. The body is brought down lashed upon a small hand bier. If a man, it is wound tightly in white robes, so that every part is cov-

ered; if a woman, the robes are red. The body is then plunged over head in the stream, and then left lying in the water half submerged, while the friends build the funeral pyre. When the pile is half built the body is laid on, and then more wood, good! And is there no news of the Good and then the torch is applied, and the smoke of the burning soon pours forth in thick, murky columns. When the wood is burned, all parts of the body that are left unconsumed are thrown into the Ganges, down which they float till the birds and fishes finish what the fire leaves undone. This cremation goes on daily, and during one short visit before breakfast we saw six funeral fires lighted but did not feel called upon to watch the entire destruction of th

Arctic Ice.

The unlucky prisoner in the immense the wind is calm, can hear the crackle of The good old the snow under the stealthy tread of the polar bear at an astonishing distance, and hear what a man, speaking loud, says at 1,000 metres distance. It can, therefore, be well understood how the sound of icepressures must travel to his ear from enormous distances. "Sometimes," the author writes, "the noise of the ice movements was scarcely to be heard -a mere murmur the waves on a steep coast from the far distance. Sometimes it hummed and roared closer to us, as if a whole column of heavily laden wagons were being drawn over the uneven ice surface," In the sound was combined all manner of noises caused by crackling, grinding, falling of blocks, crushing, and many other phenomena of ce life. It is astonishing how far and how clearly every noise is conducted in the ice. The noise at the very margin of the field on which we were seemed to occur immediately at our feet. If we placed our ears to the ice, the sound was heard so loudly that we might have expected the ice to open under our feet the next modown to sleep, I placed my ear against the dry, wooden ship's side, I heard a humming and buzzing which was nothing else but the sum of all the noises which oc-

The surface of an expanse of young saltwater ice on which no snow has yet fallen upon its white covering as in melting snow. This is to be observed even at a temperature of 40 degrees C. The unfrozen fluid is not water, but a concentrated solution of salt thrown out by the freezing of the

When summer begins the thawing that occurs is very local and unequal. Any dark body, such as heaps of ashes, or the dropping of bears, eats its way into the reflected off again by the general white surface. The bear-droppings eat their way into the snow, and then into the ice, and the conical hole thus formed fills itself with through the ice where not very thick. Thus are formed the greater part of those holes in drift-ice which are usually ascribed to seals. The author never saw a seal's

# Winter Traveling in Colorado.

A recent traveler in Colorado says the train discharges its freight into a dozen coaches, which set off for the mountain pass that lies between Norton and Leadville; they rattle off through the whirling snows towards the range of mountains, which is already thick with storms. Our own way lies across the South Park towards a lower part of the Arkansas Valley; to iten miles the four horses hurry the light open wagon over the snow-covered plain, through the blinding snow that flies before the blasts rushing down from the mountain ravines. Then we find our way upon the regular freighting road that leads in a devious course through the mountain gorges to Leadville. It is a way for which little has been done except by the wheels of the endless trains of wagons; but nature meant this land for roads; the scant foliage and slight rain-fall leave each of the ravines a natural road, and the frost has now bound mud and stones together. Every nile of this trail is occupied by a long caravan of the freighting teams that carry in provisions and take out bullion. The ordinary arain consists of many teams, each composed of two wagons, the hinder one being without a tongue, and the two coupled tositting, his face is flushed with emotion; yesterday that the brig would come in, gether as closely as two railway cars. every one of you, and after dinner and string. Eight or ten mules and a single a talk about driver supply the motive power. With ing to the reports, at no less than four vil- sufficient tood. Do not permit the pres point aimed at by the arti to be here when the brig comes in. But I thank you so much, so much."

An exchange says: "When milk sours, scalding will render it sweet again." It is different with an old material thank you so much, so much, "Here, little one," says the good-hearted Tawman, "here's semething for you to buy made. When she is sour, scalding will render it sweet again." It is different with an old material that they succeeded in finding "little father," who read-of these trains are individual ventures, but of the tactical formation described to the tactical formation described to the tactical formation of the feet when the source of the pot, and keep only the breeders re-of the feet when the source of the feet when t determines the places where the train shall asked,

halt to pass the tides of wagons that set the other way. These caravans give us the most picturesque aspects of this mountain life; the driver's are a strange selection from the vigorous frontiermen. The labor is extremely arduous and the life of the rudest, but the profits are very large; many of these teams earning from thirty to fifty dollars per day, net, for a half year at a time. The men live and generally sleep with their animals, even in this flerce cold They are silent, indefatigable fellows, brutal in every ontward aspect, yet withal singularly patient with their difficulties and helpful of each other, unless the other is a "greaser." A courteous word or two will always get their aid in passing through the perplexing blockade, where trains going in opposite directions meet on a narrow defile. Their life is one of trials. We are rarely out of sight of dead horses or mules which have broken their legs or died of overwork, and every precipice along the road shows the wreck of wagons that have slipped over the edge into the gorge below. In two hundred miles' travel with them I did not hear a brutal word from one man to another, and I was indebted to them for many considerate acts. They are a marvelously profane lot, but their swearing has a curiously impersonal character. In his difficulties with the teams a man will lift up his voice and address the Infinite in a diabolic nomily that would befit Milton's Satan, and then, subsiding like a geyser, remain silent for the rest of the day. At night, when they gather around the fire, in the low-walled, turf-covered ranches, they are perfectly mute; they sit on the benches as still as mummies, until they slip down upon the floor and snore until morning. They seem wrapped in their own thoughts, or in the place where their houghts ought to be. They often camp alone by the roadside; indeed, many of them seem to prefer the absolute isolation that they find in bivouacking in the scrub woods ten miles from neighbors. One night I sought directions from one of these solitary men. He was a huge, grizzly-bearded fellow, whom I surprised cooking his supper by a little fire in a niche in the rocks near his team. His ugly visage stood out in the blaze of his bacon, which he was toasting on a stick. He gave me sufficient answers without looking up to see who it was shouting at him out of the darkness.

## Vanilla, Cinnamon, Cocoanut:

The vanilla plant is trained on poles placed about twelve or eighteen inches apart-one planter has a line of plants about three miles in length. Like the carfield ice during the imposing, unbroken damon, it yields fruit after three years, and loneliness of the long Arctic night, when then continues producing its pods for an indefinite period.

The cinnamon is, as its name indicates, a native of Ceylon. It is cultivated on a light, sandy soil about three miles from the sea, on the southwest coast of the island, from Negumbo to Matura. In its cultivated state, it becomes really productive after the sixth year, and continues from forty to sixty years. The superintendent of the largest estate in that neighborhood of cinnamon, sufficiently destine in flavor to be easily recognized. The production of the best so injures the plants that it does not pay to cut this at any price under 5s. 6d. to 5s. per pound. The estate aliuded to above, yields from 30,000 to 40,000 lb. per annum; a uniform rate of 41d. per lb. of finished bark is paid for the labor. Cinnamon oil is produced from the bark by distillation; the mode is very primitive and wasteful. About 40 lb. of bark, previously macerated in water, form one charge for the still, which is heated over a fire made of the spent bark of a previous distillation. Each charge of bark yields about three ounces of oil, and two charges are worked daily in each still.

The cultivation of the cocoanut tree and the production of the valuable cocoanut oil are two important Cingalese occupations. These trees, it appears, do not grow with any luxuriance at a distance from human dweilings, a fact whichmay perhaps be accounted for by the benefit they derive from the smoke inseparable from the fires in human habitations. The cultivation of cocoanuts would seem to be decidedly profitable, as some 4,000 nuts per year are yielded by each acre, the selling price being £3 per thousand while the cost of cultivation is about £2 per acre. In extractdried, roughly powdered, and pressed in similar machinery to the linseed oil crushing mills of this country, The dried pulp yields about 60 per cent. by weight of snow, absorbing the rays of heat which are forms the white mass so well known in clean breast of it, they did so and were pharmacy.

# Marriage Fees in Mussia.

Russia, was engaged to wed the daughter of a landowner in the neighborhood, whose the lady's village, in order to settle the Oftentimes erished condition, and invited all his kinthat the procession to the church included no fewer than eleven carriages, all full of the bridegroom, and informed him that the fee for a marriage of such pretensions would not be twenty-five, but one hundred erty as a schoolmaster, the pastor replied by pointing to the signs of his father-in-law's wealth. The wedding party held a consultation, and, indignant at the priests conduct, resolved that the whole procession should drive off to the next village. The priest outwitted them, however; his mes senger arrived at his brother cleric's door long before the lumbering coaches, so that when they reached the church, and asked the price of the sacerdotal function, the parish oriest was ready with the reply, 'One hundred roubles." The procession started again for a further village, but the messenger had been there before them; the priest of the place could not marry them Sometimes there are three wagons in the for less than one hundred roubles. They experienced a similar discomfiture, accord- better way is to give all an equal chance and as to throw a beam of solar rays on the this "outfit" one dexterous driver will drag lage churches, and it was only after a ence of two or three young roosters, but troop fired on may thus be enabled to take about ten thousand pounds of freight at long drive across the country that they suc- behead all such useless fowls as soon as fit the tactical formation best suited to the ef-

## A Dueling Reminiscence.

boat, owned by a "Capt." Anthony B. Fountain, put ashore, with Mr. Graham and another party. When this last boat landed, and while stepping ashore, Graham stumbled and fell over a rock, saying to the gentleman with him, who turned out to be his second, "Eddy, it won't do to fall yet." This was the first intimation the narrator and "Capt." Fountain received that a duel was about to take place. While the seconds were measuring the ground, an old farmer and several men with hoes over their shoulders, approached the spot, and one of the men hurried as though he were about to try and stop matters where they were, but the old farmer said, "Stop, John, - it all, if they want to shoot, let them shoot one another " After some ten paces were measured off on the beach, the seconds tossed for choice of position, the principals took their pistols, and Barton took his stand facing the south, Graham facing north. The narrator and "Capt." Fountain stood near the beach about midway between the combatants, the seconds and the doctor who was with them standing opposite.

When the signal was given they fired, Graham's shot striking the ground about midway between the combatants, and Barton's shot almost grazing Graham's right side. After the first fire a short conversation ensued between the principals and seconds, which the narrator did not overhear, after which they again took their positions. At the second fire Graham fired after taking deliberate aim, fired, hitting Graham in the groin. The injured man jumped about two feet into the air, and the narrator and "Capt." Fountain ran to the spot and caught him as he fell. Dr. McLeod then examined him, and observed, "It is all day with him." Graham said, "Barton, my dear fellow, you have shot me; I forgive you." Barton said, "I am sorry." The old farmer and his men then the place the parties had taken to their respective boats. On first leaving the shore the boats were somewhat separated, but they afterwards came together, and Barton took from his pocket a flask containing brandy and passed it to Graham. The two boats then took different directions, the narrator taking Barton back to Cortlandt street, and on the way the narrator asked Barton why he shot Graham after the latter's pistol went off, and his reply was, "My God, I never thought of it," and the narrator was convinced from his manner that it had never occurred to him that he might have thrown away his fire. Barton told the narrator (and at such a time it is to be supposed that he would have told the truth) that the pistol with which he had shot Graham was the identical pistol with which Burr had shot Hamilton.

Barton went to the City Hotel and packed his trunks, and was rowed to Staten Island. He was then driven across to Amboy, thence to Cape May, where a pilotboat conveyed him to a ship bound for Havre. The narrator understands that he engaged in the office of the United States Consul. Graham died before the boat ing the oil, the white pulp is removed and reached shore, and there was considerable excitement at the time over the affair. The narrator, "Capt." Fountain, as also the oarsmen in the two boats, kept shady for a few days, but upon being advised to limpid, colorless oil, which in our climate go to the proper authorities and make a

# Winter Care of Late Broods.

A schoolmate in the district of Jucknow. Late broods of chickens frequently occur where fowls are allowed their liberty. wealth was not at all proportionate to his It is a waste of eggs, hen's time, and acres. The bridgegroom, bride and the chicks. They will come out sometimes parents of the latter called on the priest of on the very borders of winter. these broods amount of the wedding fee. The clergy- fine and promising as any brought out 1795, by the burial of Charlotte Corday. man fixed it at twenty five roubles. Un- earlier in the season, but there is small happily, the bride's father was determined hope of rearing them. If not too late some to make a show more in accordance with may grow up, but they can never be any his ancestral dignity than with his impov- profit. They soon become stunted and mature in a dwarfed condition. By consfolk and acquaintance from far and near fining them in a warm, sunny building, to attend the ceremony. The result was they may be comparatively comfortable if well fed (and winter chicks consume an lished on its site, and people drank, sang, enormous quantity) but the nights are too and danced there. The annexation of that wedding guests. When the priest saw severe. This tells on the growth. The suburb of Paris caused this "petit Tivoli" this magnificent preparation, he hurried to better plan is never to allow a hen to sit to disappear. The construction of the late in the season, and it may be avoided if | Boulevard Malesherbes and the extending strict watch be kept. It is only neglect of the Rue Miromenil scattered nearly the that permits hens to sit in the fall. Chicks last remains of this ancient cemetery. All roubles. When the man pleaded his pov- that are brought out in July are little ex- that is left of it now is a fragment close to pense in rearing, and become profitable, as the walls, and some ball players come September, but later than this the balance in their favor is small. If given three or Errancis were, therefore, the three deposi four weeks with a majority of fine days, taries of the victims of the guilloune. they obtain so great a start that the coming cold weather does not pinch them so much. In that time they become feathered, and if confined during winter, with plenty of feed they will grow finely, and by spring, the pullets will be ready to lay. The fowls should be assorted well, and the late broods and hens that are not laying should be kept separate from those that are in laying condition.

confine two or more fine cocks together, as a heliograph.

unless they are for the shambles, for they will fight and destroy each other's beauty. The recent unveiling of the statue of | Too many cocks are a detriment. Laying Alexander Hamilton, in New York, brings hens are cross and pugnacious. For this up recollections of the ground upon which reason it is better to make two flocks in the duel between Hamilton and Burr was winter—the layers and the non-layers. fought. In a recent conversation with an There are generally both sorts even among elderly gentleman, an old New Yorker, fowls of the same breed, and in different this subject was brought up, and he gave breeds the variation is still greater. Late a graphic account of a duel between one broods require some nursing, and more Dr. Barton and Mr. Graham, not far from | frequent feeding. It is a good plan to give the very spot where Hamilton had lost his soft feed, which is a little warm, in severe life some years before. In the spring of weather, as a crop full of cold grain chills 1820 or 1821 the narrator, being then a the immature bodies and brings on indi-young man and the owner of a fast White- gestion. Where hens are kept in laying all hall boat, was approached one evening by the time during cold weather, the grain two gentlemen who wished to know if he must be warmed. It is better to feed fully would take a party from the foot of Cort- matured birds on whole grain. Cornlandt street the next morning at 5 o'clock. | should be either boiled, or baked with a This the narrator promised to do, and at little grease (either tallow or lard) melted the time appointed he was on hand with his in while hot. This is excellent for laying post, manned by four oarsmen, and himself hens and is relished. Care should be taken, at the tiller. Three gentlemen got on however, that it be not too hot. The kernboard, and he was directed to steer toward els, although cool on the surface may be Paulus Hook, (now Jersey City.) From scorching inside, and may be an injury inthere they proceeded up the river to a spot stead of a benefit. Smaller grains on the beach above Hoboken, and about do not require this preparation. Late 100 yards from where the memorable duel broods, when kept in a thrifty condition, had been fought. They all landed, and often make fine fowls for another season, about fifteen minutes afterwards another and frequently become show birds, as their season of moulting occurs so much earlier, that they are generally in feather and condition at the early autumn shows.

#### The Home of St. Columba, At the western extremity of the Garve-

loch group there is a small island separated from its larger neighbor by a narrow strait. Its cliffs are lower, more broken and rugged; and far down over their beetling brows appear patches of grass and wild flowers, which give them a softer appearance. Fronting the mainland, the land rises abruptly in a wall-like face, but at the back it slopes gradually down to the level of the sea. In some places its trap-dykes have been isolated by the action of the tides, and project from the rocks like Cyclopean walls; while at the south end there are deep caves mantled with 1vy, and huge arches like the fantastic rock scenery of Carisaig, on the opposite shore of Mull. A fringe of rugged rocks, with sharp teeth-like projections, standing out in the water, guards it on the western side; with tortuous channels, running in among them to the shore like the reef around a coral island. By the natives of the district this island is called "Eilean na Naomh," or the "Isle of Saints." It has been identified almost beyond doubt as the "Insula Hinba," or "Hinbina," to which Adamnan refers in his "Life of St. Columba," as one of the islands on which the great Celtic apostle had founded his earliest monasteries, sacred reputation, a religio loci. Before the time of St. Columba it was, probably, like Iona, the seat of so-called Druidle worship, or whatever kind of nature-cult the primitive inhabitants had favored. St. Brendan, whose name is still commemorated in that of the neighboring parish of Kilbrandon, had placed upon it a Christian establishment, supposed to have been a college for training preachers of the Gospel previous to its occupation by the monastery was, in all likelihood, swept away in the severe struggle between the Picts and the Dalriadic Scots, in the year 560, which ended in the defeat of the latter. The old Gaelic word for college, viz., Aileach, is still preserved in the name of Elachnave, by which the island is best known in our guide-books. Between it and Oronsay there was once a close ecclesiastical connection; its parsonage and vicarage feinds having, previous to 1630, belonged to the celebrated priory of that island, which in its turn was an appanage of Holyrood Abbey, near Edinburgh. Latterly it has been included in the parish of Jura. For many centuries it has been uninhabited, and with the exception of shepherds who pay an occasional visit to it to look after their sheep, and a few zealous antiquaries who land on its shores at long intervals-its stern silence is never disturbed by the presence of man.

All Americans should make a pilgrimage

to the last resting-place of the great Lafayette at the cemetery of Picpus, Paris. has been said that it became necessary to abandon this cemetery because it was gorged with dead. This is an error; the room was not lacking, but the place of interment was badly situated in the midst of a quarter thinly populated, but rich; it was beside the "subject of the diatribes of the aristocrats and of the contre revolutionists," The result was its removal. During the early part of the Reign of Terror, a cemetery being needed, choice was made of a sort of desert, which backing up against the very walls of La Folie Chartres, that is to say the Parc-Monceau of to-day, was bounded by the old wall d'enciente the Rue Valois and the Rue du Roche. This was called the Cemetery de Mousseaux, as known officially, but all the people of La Petite Pologne called it the "Cimetiere des Errancis." It was "inaugurated" in July, one of the very first to be interred there. It received also all the "hard cases" of the revolution. The cemetery was very soon 18th Brumaire no more interments were made there, and its very existence seemed to be ignored. A "cabaret" was estabwell as those in August and many times in | together there occasionally to enjoy themselves. Picpus, La Madeleine and Les

#### The Bellati-Chiodo Helioscope. In military manœuvres on a large scale,

one of the principal causes which prevent the understanding of the development and result of a tactical operation is the difficulty experienced by troops of the one side in distinguishing the direction in which the artillery of the other is aimed. To meet this difficulty the Bellati-Chiodo helioscope They should not be crowded together has been introduced in Italy. A reflector, in a small place on scanty rations. The mounted on a small frame, is directed so