PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF BELLEFONTE.

C. T. Alexander.

LEXANDER & BOWER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office in Garman's new building. TOHN B. LINN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office on Allegheny Street.

CLEMENT DALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Northwest corner of Diamond.

TOCUM & HASTINGS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW BELLEFONTE, PA.

High Street, opposite First National Bank. M. C. HEINLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. BELLEFONTE, PA.

Practices in all the courts of Centre County. Special 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.

BEAVER & GEPHART, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA. Office on Alleghany Street, North of High.

W. A. MORRISON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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

JOHN G. LOVE, ATTORNEY AT LAW

BELLEFONTE, PA.

BUSINESS CARDS OF MILLHEIM, &.

A. STURGIS,

DEALER IN

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

O DEININGER,

NOTARY PUBLIC SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER MILLHEIM, PA.

All business entrusted to him, such as writing and acknowledging Deeds, Morigages, Releas a &c.. will be executed with neatness and dispatch. Office on Main Street.

H. TOMLINSON.

DEALER IN · ALL KINDS OF

Groceries, Notions, Drugs, Tobaccos, Cigars, Fine Confectioneries and everything in the line of a first-class Grocery store.

Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

Main Street, opposite Bank, Milheim, Pa.

AVID 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.

M USSER & SMITH,

DEALERS IN Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints, Glass, Wa P. pers, Coach Trammings, and Saddlery Ware, &c., &c. All grades of Patent Wheels. Corner of Main and Penn Streets, Milheim

FACOB WOLF, PASHIONABLE TAILOR,

MILLHEIM, PA.

Cutting a Specialty.
Shop next door to Journal Book Store. MILLHEIM BANKING CO.,

MAIN STREET,

MILLHEIM, PA.

A. WALTER, Cashier.

REBERSBURG, PA.

HARTER, AUCTIONEER,

atisfaction Guaranteed.

THREE OLD SAWS.

If the world seems cold to you, Kindle fires to warm it! Let their comfort hide from view Winters that deform it. Hearts as frozen as your own To that radiance gather ;

You will soon forget to moan, "Ah! the cheerless weather! If the world's a wilderness,

Go, build houses in it! Will it help your loneliness On the winds to din it?

Raise a hut. however slight; Weeds and brambles smother And to roof and meal invite

Some forlorner brother. If the world's a vale of tears, Smile, till rainbows span it! Breathe the love that life endears,

Clear of clouds to fan it.

Of your gladness lend a gleam Unto souls that shiver; Show them how dark Serrow's stream Blends with Hope's bright river.

Perfectly Heartless.

"Pretty? Yes, rather, but perfectly heartless!" said Mrs. Holmes to Dr. Stanley, a young and talented physician, with whom she was conversing at a large and brilliant entertainment,

"Heartless! with that sensitive mouth, and those eyes so full of expression!" said

the physician, musingly. "I don't admire her style of beauty at all. She looks like a wax doll, and her heartlessness is preverbial. Since her uncle left her so wealthy she has had suitors by the score, and flirts with every one.

Why, look at her now!" Dr. Stanley's eyes followed in the direction in which the lady waved her fan, and rested on the central figure of a group round the piano. It was a lady, young and fair, with a tall, exceedingly graceful figure, pure Greek features, and large blue eyes. Her hair was short, but the soft, full curls, made a lovely frame for a fair face. Her dress was of a dark lace; and twisted among the golden curls were deep primson flowers, with dark green leaves, and on the snowy throat and arms glittered blood-red rubies. She was conversing gaily with a knot of gentlemen, and Dr. Stanley saun-

tered over to the group.
"Miss Marston," said one gentleman,

The tiny hand swept over the ivory keys waltz; and another of the group, supposing Miss Marston did not hear the question said, "Out at the elbows and can't ap-

pear.' "He "Perhaps he has committed suicide. It

is three weeks since he disappeared," said "O, I hope not!" said Miss Marston; 'we want his tenor in our next musical source. It would be too provoking for him

to commit suicide!" "Mrs. Holmes was right," thought the doctor; "she is perfectly heartless. Poor

Harold! He turned from the piano, but stopped as a full, rich voice broke out into song. Eva Marston was singing Shubert's Last Greeting; and into the mournful words she poured such wailing energy and deep pathos, that group after group, in the large rooms, ceased their gay conversation to lis-

ten to the music. "Can she sing so without heart or feeling?" muttered the doctor, again drawing near the piano.

"Eva," said a young lady, as the last notes of the song died away - "Eva, play a polka, won't you?"

A contemptuous smile quivered for a moment on Eva Marston's lip; then nodding good naturedly, she dashed off into a lively polka, which melted the group around the piano into merry dancers, and Dr. Stanley with the rest.

The next morning Miss Marston sat in her room, writing a letter. Let us peep over her shoulder, at one sentence:-"All hollow, all heartless, Mariam! You blame me for flirting; you are not here to see how they follow me merely for my money; not one true heart among them all.

There was one-Harold-" A knock at the door interrupted her. "Come in!" and a needlewoman entered with a basket of work.

"Good morning," said Eva, pleasantly, "how is Terrence this morning?" "Oh, miss, it's beautiful he is todaysure, marm. I'm sorry ye've had to wait so long for the needlework."

"Never mind that. How could you work with the poor fellow so ill?" "Sure, miss, it's many one expects their work, sick or well; and 1sn't Jerry sitting up the day playing with the toys ye sint him, and Pat, that I kept home from school, a minding him.'

"How much, Mary?" said Eva, taking "Oh, miss, you don't owe Mary Gennis a farden. There's the dochter ye left the

the money ye gave me last week, sure, miss, it's in your debt I am for the rest of your life. "What I gave Terrence has nothing to do with my bill," said Eva, rapidly count-

"Miss Eva," said the poor Irish needlewoman-and then stopped. "Well, Mary?" "Sure, miss, you do so much good with

ing out the money.

your money, I'm ashamed to tell you-" "Tell me what?" "Well, miss, it's about a young gentle-

the widder died last autumn. He came a stairs for three days; so this morning I went up, and he was sick with a fever, out of his head entirely, miss. If you would come now."

"Wait, Mary; I'll go with you." "He's dreadfully poor, I think, miss; for it's precious little furniture-nothing but a bed, and a table, and a chair, and no trunk at all, not a bit of carpet bag."

Throwing off her rich silk wrapper, Eva put on a dark grey dress and cloak, DAV. KRAPE, Pres. and added a close silk bonnet and thick

house together. In a low, close room, on a pallet bed,

lay Mary Gennis' lodger. The face, against the coarse ticking pillow was such as one hair was dark, waving over a broad, white ing people in the world.

forehead; and the deep set eyes were hazel, large and full; and the features delicate. Usually the face was pale, but now it was crimson with fever. The eyes too, flerce and wild. But, even with all this, the face was beautiful with an almost unearthly beauty. In that poor, low room, Eva, with her sombre dress and radiant beauty, came like a pitying angel. She gave one glance at the invalid's face, and then crossed in the room to his side

"Eva," said the sick man; "Eva! drawing back. But the young man moaned her name again, and then broke forth in wild delirious ravings.

"Mary,' said Eva, "send Patrick to me. will find pencil and paper."

Mary left the room and Eva turned to the table to find paper and pencil. She wrote two hasty notes. One to her housekeeper for pillows and sheets. The other to Dr. Stanley, who did not conjecture who was the friend that sent him so much practice among the poor patients and saw the young physician was well paid.

Having dispatched Patrick with the table a waistcoat, something dropped from got wrathy and said curse words. the pocket to the floor. She picked it up. It was a small miniature case, open; and painted on the ivory was Eva Marston's

A smile, gentle and pitying, came on her lip. He did love me, then-really love meand would not seek me with the herd of

fortune hunters and that is the reason I have missed him so long. "Arrah, miss, here is the dochter !" "Stop him, Mary. I will go in here. Remember, Mary, you don't know my name!" and Eva went into another room, vacant, and adjoining that of the invalid's.

first exclamation reached her ears. "Harold! have I found you at last, and in such a place as this? '

"Eva's eyes ranged over the capabilities of the room in which she stood, and she nodded. "It will do-larger and better than the other, but a poor place at best." The next day when Dr. Stanley called fellow, hany'ow?" to see his patient, Mary, with a pardonable

pride, ushered him into the room that had been vacant before. A soft carpet was on the ficor, and a fire in the grate. Soft muslin curtains, snowy white, draped the window. The bed could scarcely be recognized, with its pure white pillows, counterpane and shee s. A little table stood beside the bed, with the medicines the doctor what has become of Harold Graham, the had ordered, and a decanter of cooling drink.

"The lady, ye mind I told you of, that sint ye to Terry," said Mary. "We ar ranged the room yesterday, and my good man and I moved him in today, so she'll find him here when she comes. It's asleep he's been for better than four hours,

Two hours later Harold was asleep, but then he opened his eyes. The cold, cheerless room was changed, as if by enchantment; and (Harold thought he was dreaming) an angel face bent over him, with pitying eyes, and a tender smile, tender as a mother's over her child.

"Eva!" he whispered, "oh, that could die in such a dream, and never wake to the bitter, hopeless love! Let me die Was it a dream, that sweet, low voice

"Harold, you will not die !- you will

ive for me! Your genius shall be recogn nized, your pictures sought. No more struggling for life, but only for fame!" And the tears fell as she spoke. Dr. Stanley stood in the Joorway, re-

answering him?

cognized the ball room belle, and the obect of his friend's long, silent hopeless, Softly he glided down the stairs, for he

knew that a better medicine than he could prescribe was within the patient's grasp. And the world said, "Just think of Eva Marston, rich, and such a belle, marrying Harold Graham, the artist, who was as poor as a church mouse!"

Prof. Maynard of Cincinnati, it is aleged, owns the most powerful electric batery in the world. He is also the fortunate proprietor of a black tom cat, unrivaled throughout the United States for beauty, size and intelligence. A few days since, so the story goes, these two belongings of the learned professor, each unique of its rhage of the lungs. He was owned by D. kind, came by chance into contact, in such P. Foster 29 South Fifth avenue. "1 sort that the cat became the recipient of a brought Monk," said Mr. Foster, "from stream of electric fluid, estimated at one the monastry of St. Gothard, in Switzerthousand horse-power. Forthwith his bair land, last August. He cost me \$500, but stood erect, emitting a brilliant coruscation I have refused \$800 for him and I valued of sparks. A series of heartrendering him at \$1,000. He was with me night and squalls, however, calling the professor's day while I owned him. He weighed attention to his favorite's perplexing situa- about 170 pounds, stood thirty-six inches tion, he promptly disconnected the cat from the shoulder to the ground, and measfrom the battery; but to his surprise, found | ured six feet nine inches from his nose to that it remained luminous, having taken the tip of his tail. He was two years old. into the system such a tremendous does of of a tawny lion color, with large, lustrous electricity fluid that it had became a per- kindly hazel eyes, a heavy drooping jaw, manent generator of electricity, giving out and huge overlapping upper lips. His a light equal to that of eight hundred wax frame was massive, and his face beamed it is now the terror of its feline colleagues hind feet he looked enormous and flerce, as it perambulates the tiles by night blazing yet he had such a gentle and kindly nature money to-day-and the word ye sint-and like a comet, but with insufferable radi- that children delighted to play with him, ance. It appears that Prof. Maynard, and he with them. Every day I took him deeply impressed by the importance of his out into Washington Square for his airing. accidental discovery, has taken out a pa- and he was a great favorite with the tent for lighting streets and public build- nurses and children, and would poke his ings' by means of luminous cats, and that nose into every baby carriage that came ducing the "Feling Electric Illuminator" ployed by the Monks of St. Gothard in to all the countries of the universe. A hunting the mountain passes in search of single radiant cat, suspended chandelier- unfortunate travelers. They are named or, enclosed within an ordinary street lamp several of a large party of monks, guides man that rinted my room. Ye mind where would turn night into day for some five and travelers who were buried in an h indred yards from its crystal place of avalanche. The breed has been kept disweek back, miss, and he niver came down confinement. It would be a proud day for tinct by distribution among the gentry in cience when electric cats shall revolution- the surrounding valleys, so that whenever ze all the lightning systems of creation.

It has been found while firing at a running man target, scarlet on one side and hit, from leaving a red streak behind it, in "Come, Mary," and the two left the curious fact, too, it seems, that those with grey eyes hit fairer than those with eyes of any other color.

Mr. Hello.

A few evenings since an English gentleman, with all the beauties of his native the writer stopped in at Mr. Ello's store, and called for a cigar each. Now, Mr. knowing him here believes his name to be "Hello," as did we before then. So says

we, jokingly, as we entered: "Hello, Mr. Hello; they say you're a telephone. How is that?"

"N-n-n-no siree; my name is not Tellyphone nor Hello, either, my friend;" he replied. "Mostee everybody they call me Hello' when my name is 'Ello.' "Oh, yes; I see 'ow it is," joined in our English friend; the haitch is left hoff and

the name is spelled simply He-l-l-o, "No, no, no; no-'Hello;' it is allee time 'Hello.' Don't I say it is Ello ?" "That's what I say; the haitch is left hoff, which makes it 'Heilo' instead of

"No: no, no, no! You gitee de wrong notes, Eva tried to make the desolate room look more homelike. Lifting from the look more homelike. "Pardon me, my friend; I don't wish to aggravate you; but you don't seem to un-

derstand me. I say that people pronounce your name as if it had a 'haitch' at the front hend instead of a 'he,' thus making your name sound 'Ello' instead of 'Hello.' "Tha-a-at's right; you got him right now. You the first man that got him right. I treat you to a cigar. Take another," offering the man the box.

"Yes," said the latter, as he cooly picked out a cigar, "I caught the correct pronunciation of your name as soon as you explained the fact that it was spelled without a haitch. It must be very perplexing to affectionate. At about 5 A. M. Mrs. Fos-The door stood ajar, and Mr. Stanley's be called 'Ello' when your name is "Hello."

Here the old man spun out a string of prayer words about a foot in length, walked buried his body at my father's old homenastily to the rear room and told his wife to go out and 'tend the store, while our kind English friend withdrew, wondering out loud "What the matter with the hold for he was a dog whose equal will not soon

His Wife Was Ahead.

Some tew years since, in the country of Penobscot, there lived a man by the name of H---, whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting others. His own family were generally the butt of his sport. One cold and blustering night he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbor's. Some time after, she, on returning, finding the door closed, demanded

"Who are you?" orled Mr. H-"You know who I am; let me in, it's very gold."

Begone, you strolling vagabond. want nothing of you here. "But I must come in." "What is your name?" "You know my name; it is Mrs.

"Begone! Mrs. H-is a very likely woman; she never keeps such late hours as

Mrs. H---replied: "If you don't let me in I will drown myself in the well." "Do, if you please," he replied. She then took a log and plunged it into

the well and returned to the side of the door. Mr. H-, hearing the noise, rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife. She at the same time slipped in and closed the door after ner, Mr. H-, almost naked, in turn demanded admittance. "Who are you?" she demanded.

"You know who I am. Let me in, or shall freeze." "Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing of you here." "out I must come in."

"What is your name?"

"You know my name; it is Mr. "Mr. H-is a very likely man; he don't keep such late hours. Suffice it to say sle, after keeping him

n the cold until she was satisfied, opened he door and let him in.

I onk, the Big St. Bernard valuable St. Bernard dog in the country, died in New York recently of hemmorcandles This it has continued to do, and with intelligence. When reared up on his terrified cry from far aft: ashore and take a turn around a tree and a company is being formed, with a capital near. He was a pure, rough coated St. Berof \$10,000,000, for the purpose of intro- nard. His father and mother are yet emwise from the ceiling of a theatre, would Jungfrau and Monk, and they distinguished emit more light than a hundred gas jets, themselves in 1871 by saving the lives of tne avalanche has buried an unusual number, the stock has been replenished. There was considerably frightened one night last are both fough and smooth-coated St. Ber- week by the appearance of a man carrying nards, similar in all characteristics except a lantern, who walked into his bedroom, the hair. The prevailing colors are tawny | The gentleman sprang from his bed, and and brindle. The dogs that are marked demanded of the intruder what he wanted. grey on the other, that the scarlet dazzles with a white line about the neck and up "I want you," was the reply, "to be more the eye, and is hence the most difficult to the face are prized most, as their marks careful in closing your windows. I walked resemble the badge of the monks' order. in through a bay window down stairs, and its advance, which unsettles the aim. The Although Monk was only a year and a half have been in nearly every room in the house he covered them with his hand. Then he grey side was struck seventy-four times, old, he had been engaged in the work of in search of somebody to lock the window went away, and I saw him heave a sigh of hour the total wealth of the former will and the red only forty-two times. It is a saving travelers, and knew many of the properly after me when I go out." The weariness. It must indeed be very fatigue to see so many people. I have been inmountain paths.

obedient, would fetch and carry, shake lished for anything.

with him, and give his old mountain howl of distress if he wanted help. He would not go out in the street unaccompanied, and "h" and "o" on the end of his tongue, and then only after his toilet had been properly made-his face washed and his hair combed. He understood simple com-Ello is a Sicilian, and almost everybody | mands in three languages-Latin, French and English. It there was a noise at the front door he would be the first there. If the bell rang in the night he would come and wake me up by scratching at the door. His first mate was Minka, formerly the property of the Duchess of Oldenburg. Monk had one peculiarity; he did not like soldiers, and when he met one he would step back and crouch as if ready for a spring. The reason of it was that he had

hands, lie down for the children to play

monk said, and I found it true. "I have owned other famous dogs," said Mr. Foster, "but none like him. One was Lion, which took the first prize among twenty-three St. Bernard dogs at the Gilmore's Garden International Show in 1877. Another was Turk, which took the first still living and in good health, and is the only dog in this country, I believe, with the famous white ring or collar about his neck. Monk was fond of swimming, and would fetch and carry from the water. He would pick up a child by the clothing and be careful not to inflict the slightest injury. The climatedid not agree with him. A short time ago he seemed to be better but he had taken a bad cold, which he could not get rid of. We had three doctors to attend him, and nursed him and dosed him as we would a sick child. Mrs. Foster was his special friend and nurse. On Sunday about 2 A. M., when we retired, he seemed to be unusually demonstrative and ter was awakened by Monk's restlessness. I am satisfied that he knew he was about to die and wanted us to be with him. We stead in New Jersey, but we have saved his skin and head, and will have it mounted. His picture has been painted life size, be seen again in this country."

An Exciting Adventure. We were sailing down the Neckar on a raft. The sky became overcast, and the Captain came att looking uneasy. He cast wanted to land. I wanted to go on. The Captain said we ought to shorten sail, anyway, out of common prudence. Conse- knock him down, and step on him, and quently, the larboard watch was ordered walk over him, and drive him into the sile to lay in his pole. It grew quite dark, will pay me a profit of fifty per cent. on now, and the wind began to rise. It the investment wailed through the swaying branches of the trees, and swept our decks in fitful gusts. Things were taking on an ugly look. The Captain shouted to the steersman on

the forward log, "How's she heading?" The answer came faint and hoarse from far forward. "Nor'-east-and-by-nor'-eastby east, half east sir."

'Aye, aye, sir!" "What water have you got?" "Shoal, sir. Two foot large on the starboard, two and a half scant on the lar-

"Lether go off a point!"

board F "Let her go off another point!" "Aye, ave, sir!" "Forward, men, all of you! Lively, now! Stand by to crowd her round the

weather corner!" "Aye, aye, sir!" Then followed a wild running, tramping and hoarse shouting; but the forms of the men were soon lost in the darkness, and the sounds were distorted, and confused by the roaring of the wind through the shingle bundles. By this time the sea was running inches high, and threatened every moment to engulf the frail bark. Now came the mate nurrying aft, and said, close to the captain's ear, in a low agitated

"Prepare for the worst, sir; we have sprung a leak !"

'Heavens! where?' "Right aft the second row of logs." "Nothing but a miracle can save us! Don't let the men know, or there will be a panic and mutiny! Lay her inshore and stand by to jump with the stern line the moment she touches. Gentlemen, I must hour of peril. You have hats-go forward

and bail for your lives!" Down swept another mighty blast of At such a moment as this, came from away forward that most appaing of all cries that are ever heard at sea, "Man over-

The captain shouted, "Hard a port, Never mind the man! Let him cumb aboard or wade ashore!" "Another cry came down the wind, Breakers ahead!

"Where away !" "Not a log's length off her port fore-We had groped our slippery way forward, and were now bailing with the energy of despair, when we heard the mate's

"Stop that dashed bailing, or we shall be aground." But this was immediately followed by the glad shout: "Land aboard the starboard transom "Saved!" cried the captain. "Jump

pass the bight aboard!" The next moment we were all on shore, weeping and embracing for joy, while the rain poured down in torrents. The captain said he had been a mariner for forty years on the Neckar, and in that time had seen storms to make a man's cheek blanch and his pulse stop, but he had never, never seen a storm that even approached this

luto the rapers. A well-known military gentleman living

intruder was a policeman who had found ing to see so many people. I have been in- We believe it. "He was a dog of exemplary behavior," the window open. The military man formed since that 200 persons were pre-Mr. Foster centinued. "No man could promised to be more careful in the future, enter the house at night without his per- and begged of the officer not to speak of strong. He has recently been ill and his sign the temperance pledge n Indiana. IF we could see others as we see our- mission, and none could go out unless I the affair, as it would certainly get into the voice trembles from weakness, his hands -Dabuque's school census shows

A Base Impostor-

A farmer from the vicinity of Hempstead appeared in front of the Stock Exchange, New York, and entered into conversation with a citizen who was waiting in the door by asking:

"The convention in there breaks up at

three o'clock, don't it ?" "Yes, that's the hour," was the reply. "Do you know Jay Gould when you

see him?" "Oh, yes." "Is he in there ?"

"I presume so." "Well, I wish you'd point him out to

ne when he comes out. The citizen promised to do this, and within a few minutes he kept his word. been struck when young by a soldier. He always seemed to remember that blow, the The farmer took a square look at the railroad and telegraph prince, and then turned

and asked: "Are you dead sure ?"

"Oh, yes." "Can't be no mistake?"

"No." "Well, it's about as I suspected. A few days ago a great big slouch of a fellow halted at my gate and began measuring my ground with a tape-line, and squinting around in the most mysterious manner. 1 went out to see what was up, and, after beating around for awhile, he said he was Jay Gould, but I didn't know what he looked like.'

"It must have been a fraud?" "I am sure of that now. I pumped around to find what he was up to, and he finally said he wanted my place for an orphan asylum. He was going to build one as big as a palace and take care of all the orphans in the country."

"And of course you treated him well?" "Didn't I! Why, for three days he lived on the fat of the land and slept in the parlor bedroom. He was going to give me \$25,000 for my land, and the way we killed clickens and turned out sweet cake for him made the old woman sick. He finally jumped the house and took my Sunday suit and fiddle worth \$8." "I don't believe Gould would steal

"That's what I thought, and so I came over to have a look at him. It wasn't Gould at all, but some base impostor." "And you are so much out." "Well, it looks that way; but the experience is worth something. It may not be his eye aloft, then shook his head, and a week before some one else will come said it was con ing on to blow. My party | along with a ten-foot pole in his haud and theological seminary in his eye, and claim to be a Russell Sage, and the way 1 will

Wanted a Change, A New York firm dealing in pictures, mottoes, etc., was visited last fall by a small dealer from a village over in Jersey, and the man was greatly struck with the motto: "God Bless Our Home."

"Now, that's something original and

unique," he said, as he held one at arm's length. "Down in our town we just hanker after original designs, and unique literature, and I believe I can seil a hundred of these. You may make my order au even hundred." He went away well pleased, and his goods were duly shipped, and nothing further was heard from him until the other

some new purchases, and he was asked to look at a new style of mottoes just out. "I hain't no more interest in mottoes," he sighed, as he glar co ! at "What is home without a mother?" "You remember I bought a hundred of

you last fall ?" "Yes; and how did they sell?" "Well, everybody seemed to hanker after 'em, and they went off like hot-cakes. I sold the whole lot out in two weeks, and in less than a month there were three slander suits, two applications for divorce, and a dozen assault and battery cases in the

"But you don't lay it to the mottoes, do you ?" "Well, I dunno. I've lived in Jersey twenty seven years, and been in this busi ness over twenty years, and I think a dollar chromo, showing a pretty fair hill, a look to you to second my endeavors in this a glorious sunset, and a decent sort of pond with a duck in it, hits our case a little better than anything else. I've got to get something for a change, and if you haven't wind, clothed in spray and thick darkness. anything good in refined scenery I guess I'll try 'em on Washington crossing the Del-

Pope Leo.

aware and a few Daniels in the Lion's

Den."

A recent visitor to Rome writes, last all the others were gone, and we knelt at the feet of the Pope while a monsignore ator Sumner, from Massachusetts. Brooks in violet silk leaned over and read him our afterwards challenged Senator Henry Wilnames. I was surprised at the genial ex- son, who was opposed to the code. He pression of his face, the kindliness of his keen black eyes, so poorly portrayed in his and named the Canada side at Niagara photographs. His robe was of white cashmere, a gold chain hung around his neck, and on his head was a white skull cap, fringed with his silvery hair.

upon a cushion, and people kissed the gold cross that was embroidered upon them. He sat in an arm chair, upon which was thrown a scarlet cloth, and an attendant in the back ground waited with his white throw a handful of wafers in Wright's face, mantle and crimson velvet hat corded with when Wright made an attempt to strike gold. The marchesa held his hand and him. Confusion and excitement prevail d spoke with him for several minutes, and for a moment, but was soon allayed. then he turned and extended it to me, and I kissed the large amethyst of his ring, and looked up into his kindly eyes.

His feet in their crimson slippers rested

The marchesa having repeated that I was an American, and that I desired His blessing for myself and all the family, he laid his hand upon my head, and, turning to her, said: "An American, and how then did you come to know her?" "Holy Father, she lives in my house," was the reply. "She is good," added his Holiness, with a merry smile in his eyes, and I, not wishing to rest under false pretenses, said: "Beatissimo Padre sono Protestana," whereupon he made a little wry face, laughed, shook his head at me, and laid his hand in blessing upon my head a second

I took courage, raised the rosaries, and

On the 29th of January, 1835, an attempt was made to assassinate General Jackson on the portico of the Capitol, at a funeral ceremony, by Richard Lawrence, a painter by trade, and resident of Washington. He exploded two caps on the pistols in the attempt. The pistols were afterwards found to be well loaded, and Jackson's escape was considered miraculous. The would-be assassin was knocked down and taken into custody. Gen. Jackson always believed that this act was perpetrated at the instigation of some of the

Brawls in Congress.

friends of the Bank. Prior to this, in 1833, Gen. Jackson was assaulted while sitting down reading a newspaper on the boat at Alexandria, but the friends of the assailant succeeded in getting him out of the way in good

It was in these days that Henry A. Wise made an ugly face at speaker Polk on the street and spat at him.

In February, 1838, Mr. Citley of Maine charged in his speech in the House that James Watson Webb, editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, had receiv ed a bribe of \$52,000 from the Bank of the United States. Graves of Kentucky took up Webb's quarrel, and Henry A. Wise bore his challenge to Cilley. General George W. Jones was Cilley's second. Bladensburg was the place and the weapons were rifles. The rifles rang out and both missed. The challenge was withdrawn to give opportunity for reconciliation. The attempt failed and the principals again took position, Wise remarking that if the matter was not terminated by this shot he would propose to shorten the distance. The rifles rang again and Cilley

fell dead. Henry A Wise, the Ajax in these scenes, struck Stanley, from North Carolina, a blow at the race course. Stanley demanded the usual satisfaction. The demand was withdrawn for explanation. Wise explained that "understanding Stanley came in collision with him unintentionally near the race course, he deemed it to be his duty, as a gentlemen, to say that the blow, inflicted by him on Stanley through a sudden impulse produced by erroneous impressions, demanded his profound regret." Stanley's friends told him he was bound to accept the explanation, which he

In 1842, Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, after having been expelled from the House for an expression of his views on the subject of slavery, was promptly returned to his seat by his constituents. In a subsequent speech he said: "I will not speak of the time when Dawson of Louis drew a bowie-knife for my assassination. I was afterward speaking with regard to a certain transaction in which negroes were concerned in Georgia, when Mr. Black of Georgia, raising his bludgeon, and standing in front of my seat, said to me, 'If you repeat that language again, I will knock you down.' It was a solemn mement for me. I had never been knocked down, and having some curiosity on the subject, I repeated the language. Then Mr. Daw son of Louisiana, the same one who had drawn the bowie-knife, put his hand on his pocket, and said, with an oath which I will not repeat, that he would shoot me, at the same time cocking the pistol, so that all around me could hear the click."

It was in April, 1850, when the compromise measures were under discussion, day. Then he entered the store to make that the scene between Foote and Benton took place in the Senate. Foote was making a speech and making allusion to Benton. Benton rose hastily from his seat, pushing his chair violently from him, and without remark or gesture moved up the aisle toward Foote, who was about twenty feet distant. Benton had no weapon in his hand or upon his person. Foote, perceiving Benton's movement, advanced to meet him drawing and cocking a fivechambered revolver. Members intervened, and order was restored. Benton said a pistol had been brought to assassinate him. Foote replied he had only brought it for

self-defense. Benton replied that was always the pretext of an assassin. In 1854, Churchwell and Cullum had their "set-to" in the House. Churchwell pronounced language used by Cullum infamously false. Cullum, who sat about fifteen feet from Churchwell, sprang from his seat with both fists upraised, and exclaiming, "G-d d-n you, you d-n rascal," tried to "get at" him. Cullum said Churchwell drew a pistol on him. The Speaker pounded; the Sergeant-at-Arms fumed and-held up his mace! But calm succeeded as it always does-after a

also challenged Burlingame, who accepted, Falls, and proceeded there. Brooks declined to meet Burlingame at that point, alleging that the place of meeting had been expressly named because it would be impossible for him to be present. In the same year a scene occured in the House between Mr. Sherman of Ohio

It was the 22d of May, 1856, that Pres-

ton S. Brooks, a member of the House

from South Carolina, came into the Senate

Chamber and knocked down and beat Sen-

(now Secretrary Sherman), and Mr.

Wright of Tennessez. Sherman tried to

heavy build, the same thick, beetle eyebrows, the same full, aquiline nose, springing directly, and without the intervention or any appreciable depression from under the forehead; the same dark, lusterless eve. the same mass of clothes on clothes, all dingy and baggy, the same large brown hand, and written in each curved fingertip, in every line of the capacious palm, the same: "It is more blessed to receive than to give." A race more retentive than the Jews themselves of their nationality; more retentive of their money, too, and more acquisitive. "Shut up all the Jews and all the Armenians of the world together in one exchange," old Rotaschild is reported to have said, "and within half an have passsed into the hands of the latter.