MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1881.

NO. 20.

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I WAIT.

If only the rain would cease to beat, If only the winds would cease to blow If only the clouds would but retreat, And the summer sun-shine glance and

I should be perfectly happy I know. All day and every day, I wait For something or other to come and go

To make my pleasure a perfect state, To make my heart a summer glow Of sure delight that will never go. But all day, as d every day, I wait, And the days run by, and the days run low

And I never find what I seek, you know, Never get just what I want, you know. There's always something or other amiss, The tide is at ebb when I want it at flow, A fleck and a flaw to mar the bliss

And everything seen's too soon or too late,

That might be easily | erfect I know, If I cou'd but make things come and go! I've waited now so long and so late, That the hope I had, like the tide runs low

And I begin to think that I shall wait Forever and ever like this, you know, For things to come, that always go.

And I begin to think that perhaps, perhaps, When time is so swift and joy so low, I'd better make most of the hours that

And the best of the days that come and go, Or the years will be gone ere ever I know, And I shall sit weary, old and sad, Like a weary old woman I know,

And think of the days I might have been glad, Of the pleasures I dropped and the things For the things I never could find you know.

The Broken Boat.

'It is too bad,' said Alice Ford, with a

quiver of her scarlet lower lip. 'It is what might be expected,' said Mrs. Ford, sitting serenely at the breakfast table, 'when a girl will flirt with two gentlemen at once.'

'But I haven't flirted,' said Alice, ready I don't know what else you can call it,'

said Mrs. Ford. 'Will you have another cup of tea, Alice?' 'l'eal' flashed out the girl; 'as if one could drink tea when one's heart is breaking! Oh, aunt, if Mr. Errett were a gen- my life.'

galling engagement.' 'You promised him, my dear?' said Mrs.

'Yes: but I hadn't met Arthur Kelham then; and I have written to Mr. Errett, and implored him to release me from this hateful bond,' cried poor Alice. 'I have told him that since our engagement—an engagement that was your doing, aunt---

'I know it,' said Mrs. Ford, 'and I am 'That since that engegement,' went on

Alice, 'I have discovered that my heart is not my own; and he has written back that he sees no necessity for altering the original state of things, and that if it is agreeable to me-agreeable indeed!-the wedding may still take place on the sixth of October. Horrible, cold hearted, calculating old-

'Good morning, ladies; I hope I see you

And Alice's tirade was unexpectedly cut short by the apparition of Mr. Bartholomew Errett. She had scarcely uttered a disjointed word or two of greeting when there on a bit of reef. I could show it to the maid opened an opposite door and you plain if I only had my spy glass.'

'Please, Miss Alice, Mr. Kelham. And Arthur Kelham came in, young, handsome and debonnair, as unlike his by this morning. Sharks indeed! There

Mr. Errett put up his eye glass at Arthur Kelham, and Arthur Kelham stared Mr. Errett full in the face with well-bred amazement.

'Sir,' said Mr. Errett, 'I am at a loss to imagine what brings you here!' 'Sir,' retorted Mr. Kelhan, 'I suppose I have as good right to visit my friends as

tounded sailer. you have to call on yours!' 'You mistake,' said Mr. Errett; 'I am engaged to Miss Ford.'

'Do you mean to say,' retorted Kelham, hotly, 'that you would marry the girl against her will? Why, you might as well be a Turkish slave-driver at once!' 'Sir!' gasped Bartholomew Errett, turn-

ing a livid pallor, 'I am at a loss to con-

ceive what business all this is of yours!' Alice stepped between them. 'You shall not quarrel about me,' said she, with a dignity that would scarcely have been expected from one so small and

are in the presence of ladies!' 'Am I to stand here and see you insul-

ted?' demanded Kelham, with flushed brow. Alice; 'and until he himself absolves me from my word, I have no power to assert my freedom.'

'Do you then bid me go?' 'Yes,' the girl answered, almost inaudi-

And Arthur Kelham turned and left the field in triumphant possession of Mr. Bartholomew Errett 'Mr. Errett!'

'Eh!' said the middle-aged swimmer; 'is it you, Kelham? Boating, eh?' 'Yes. Do you think it's quite safe for you to be here, so far from land? You are not afraid of that shark, then?'

'Of the-what?' said Mr. Errett.

water like a new species of sea-serpent. 'Good Heaven!' said he, 'there is something like a shark there. Why didn't they tell me? Why did they allow me---'I wouldn't be nervous,' said Kelham, coolly. 'Perhaps he don't see you.'

See me! Why those fellows can scent human flesh a mile off! I should have been a dead man in ten minutes if you hadn't come along.'

And he began to paddle ingloriously toward the little boat in which Arthur Kelham was sitting. 'Hallo!' said Kelhara, putting an oar's

length between himself and the swimmer, 'what are you about?'

'I am going to get into your boat, to be 'Are you though,' said Kelham; 'there

may be two opinions about that. 'Eh!' said Errett. 'What should I take you back to land for?' demanded Kelman. 'If the shark eats you up, I'm all right with Alice.'

'Man a ive!' gasped Mr. Errett, 'you wouldn't leave me to die a horribie death, would you?'

'As I remember,' coolly remarked Arthur Kelham, 'you hadn't much mercy on

'That was different.'

'I don't see how,' with another stroke of his oars, just as Errett was about to clutch at the side of the boat. 'Don't hurrynow don't.'

'I say, Kelham, look here,' cried Errett, with a scared glance over his left shoulder towards the suspicious white object. 'Hold on, I say.

'Well?' said Kelham. 'I-I ain't so very particular about the girl. Hold on.

He was beginning to lose breath in the battle with the waves, and said: 'If you really insist---' 'Oh, I don't insist. I don't care to peril Mrs. Ford's fortune by getting Alice into

disgrace with her. I must have a volun-

tary cession of all your rights or none.' 'It-it shall be voluntary,' cried Mr. Errett with chattering teeth. 'I will tell the old lady I've changed my mind; I will make any statement you wish; only save

tleman he would release me from this 'I have your word of honor?' said Kel-

> 'My word of honor,' replied Errett. 'Jump in, then.'

And Bartholomew Errett scrambled, more dead than alive, into the other's boat and was pulled to the shore.

'I'll just leave you here on the beach till your man comes,' said Kelham, half laughing at Mr. Errett's doleful appearance. 'I see his boat now rounding the point. Good afternoon. I sincerely hope you will take no cold.' When Philip Gaul pulled up on the

shingly sand his employer hailed him with opprobrious epithets. 'You villain!' cried Errett; 'why didn't

you tell me of the shark?' 'Of the wnat, master?' demanded old Gaul, scratching his grizzled head.

'Of the shark; you can see him now when the sun strikes the point. Good Heaven! to think of the peril I have run. 'Lawk, master,' said old Gaul, his hard features relaxing into a grin; 'that ain't no shark. That's Boon's broken boat, stranded

Mr. Errett's lower jaw fell.

'Are you sure?' said he. 'Quite sure, master. I seen it as I come mature rival as is blooming May to ripened ain't never no sharks about here.'

Mr. Errett resumed his garments in silence, feeling that he had been out gene raled by his enterprising rival.

'But after all,' said he to himself, 'if the girl don't like me-Gaul, look here. How much do I owe you? -because I shall not need your boat any more.' 'Going away from here?' asked the as-

'Yes,' was the reply. And so Mr. Errett left the coast clear for Arthur Kelham, to Alice's infinite delight.

'Wasn't it good of him, dear?' said she 'Very,' said Arthur But he kept his own counsel about the

An old-Time senator.

shark and how he had out-generaled Bar-

General George W. Jones of lowa, left the United States Senate on March 4th, slight. 'Arthur, I have carved out my 1859. On the 4th of March, 1881, he was own destiny and must abide by it. Mr. an honored guest of the Senate, entitled as Errett, I beg you to remember that you an ex-senator to the privileges of the floor. All the members were new to him except one, Mr. Hamlin of Maine, and the next day even he was gone and a younger man was in his seat. General Jones is to-day 'I have promised to be his wife,' said the most historie and, perhaps, the most remarkable character in the west. He sat in the Senate with Clay and Webster and Calhoun, with Silas Wright, Benton, Crittenden and Jeff Davis, with Sumner, Seward, Chase and Douglas. In the early part of the century, when General Jackson was president, he sat in the House of Representatives with Henry A. Wise and John Quincy Adams. His district included all of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota; it now has over thirty representatives in congress. He left the senate, not because of personal defeat, but because his party had gone out of power in Iowa. The intimate and trusted friend of Andrew Jackson, the partner of Daniel Webster, he remembers Jefferson, On terms of personal acquaintance with nearly all of our celebrated warriors and statesmen, he numRagpicker's Town,

Although this strange locality in Paris, is more widely known than some others to which we may presently refer, it is yet so much out of of the way as to make it worth while to describe its exact whereabouts. It lies, then, beyond the northern slope of the hill of Montmartre; it is bounded to the south by the Rue des Cloys and to the north by the Rue Marcadet, and 18 completely surrounded by a high stone wall. It covers a considerable tract of ground, and was used during the Commune as an artillery park. The entrance to it is through a .arge wooden door in the Rue Marcadet, opposite the cemetery of Montmartre. Before we go any farther, it will be well to warn any intending visitor that the inhabitants, although a very tolerant the money which would have secured my folk, cannot endure the sight of decent clothes, and that amongst many healthy symptons to be noted in them, the most prominent is a deadly abhorrence of the tall hat of civilization. To attempt to in England, she made a tour to this countake them in, on the other hand, by any try. She was then a woman of middle age, assumption of 'blouse' or of silken 'casqu- with a remarkably ugly face, but with a ette' is absurd, 'owever 'quaintand carious' tall and well-modeled trame. She played your knowledge of Parisian slang may be; at the National theatre, Cincinnati. Conrad but they will be pleased by the attention, B. Clarke was the leading man, many and when you come among them will comment pleasantly upon your good breeding and taste in adopting the outward habits of the country in which you happen to find yourself. Such, at least, was our ex- keep him from it. As for theatrical talent, perience. The coup d'al when you find yourself within the entrance is a striking Cushman was struck with his polish and one. Immediately before you lies an open wit, his talent and cultured tone. From space with grass growing here and there between heaps of rubbish. In the centre soon began to call at the hotel to receive is a sort of avenue of young trees and particular instructions in the parts he was plants in every stage of decrepitude, lead- to play with her, then he escorted her home ing up to the houses, or, 'to speak by the from the theatres at nights, and it was card, boxes, in which the chiffonniers live. plainly to he seen she looked with marked in all stages—bud, blossom, half grown ploy a caterer and commit the whole item These are about six feet square, and the favor upon the young actor. One evening roofs are kept in their places by heavy she was at the wing, ready to go on as Meg stones, such as one sees on the cottages in Merriles, I playing the boy in 'Guy Manexposed situations in other places. The roofs are for the most part of wood, where- Mr. Clarke was a few steps off, flirting as the walls are composed of all things which are generally considered unfit to who had been christened the poodle dog build with, so that the appearance of a from the way she dressed her hair, which Rue Marcadet chiffonnier in his house may was just as they wear it now-a-days, but oe best likened to that of a caddis in his then thought a wild, crazy style. The star strangely constructed abode. On the occa- had been giving me a few stage directions, sion of our visit a high wind had been and, impelled by I know not what impulse, blowing, and more than one member of I suddenly asked: the community was busy rebuilding his house, which had been blown down in the night. On all sides a hustling activity prevailed, men and wonien busily sorting the contents of their baskets, while numbers of dogs of an unknown breed barked lustily at our approach. Strangers are, indeed, iew and far between in the chiffonniers' town, for no man from the outer world front, flirted no more about the scenes, and ering. ev. r comes to sell them anything, a street of shops kept by their concitoyens existing, not indeed within their own walls, great star's protege, and next it transpired but in another enclosure close by. Here dwell bootmakers, a butcher (a great expert at making a cat found dead into a toothsome dish), tailors and lampmakers, who provide the triangular lanterns with of her admiration of his talents and liking which the members of the 'profe-sion' go for him personally, and of her intention their rounds at night in search of prey. Go through that strange little street, of which the houses come up to your shoul- loved another in her girlhood days is diffiders, at what hour of the night you will, you will still see the bootmakers at work on the cast off shoes which their customers have picked up in the Paris gutters.

Charlotte Cushman Perhaps the last actress that anyone would suppose ever experienced that tender passion, much less suffered from the pangs of unrequited love, was Charlotte Cushman; and yet twice in her life she was desk-mate was the daughter of an actor, which led to frequent conversations upon theatrical matters, and took an interest in them to such an extent that Miss Cushman determined as a child that, should fate ever compel her to adopt a public life, the stage would be ber preference. She had barely reached the age of sixteen before she was deeply enamored of a young gentleman who had his way to make in the world, and a speedy marriage being thereby prevented, she had little thought of hope but to do away with the obstacles which separated them. Circumstances soon compeiled her to cast about for some means of self-sup port, her mother being a widow with seven children to provide for. Miss Cushman

had a pretty, sympathetic, singing voice, of no great power, but much sweetness Mrs. Wood was an English ballad-singer, among the first of that class to make a great sensition in this country, and during an engagement in Boston Miss Cushman managed to be introduced to her, and finally under Mrs. Wood's auspices, she made her appearance in the concert room. being simply announced as 'a young lady. Her success was sufficiently pronounced to determine her to continue in that mode of life, or at least until her betrothed should have become able to marry her; but he took great umbrage at what he stigmatized 'an unwomanly proceeding,' and declared she had disgraced him. Hot words followed on her side, and after much altercation and mutual pain the engagement was broken off, and Charlotte Cushman was free to follow out her destiny as a great artist. She went her way, and he went his. After much bard struggling it led him into the establishment of a storesort of trimming store combined with ready made clothing for ladies and children-in which he prospered. He is now one of the foremost merchants of the kind in Boston. Long years elapsed before the two met Charlotte was famous, and he affluent and influential. They met as strangers meet, were introduced, and ever

the meantime. floor-walker caught sight of her he hurried quiet and dignified bearing.

They took rather than shook hands, he have little suspected the heartrending ronever known her brilliant genius.

She once remarked to a friend who was cognizant of the circumstances: 'When I great, and think what a good husband and rejoice for what I have gained. Nevertheless, fame and fortune only cannot compensate a woman for the life-long absence of a husband's affection, children's love, and the peace and happiness of private life. When I returned from New Orleans with my voice all gone and in despair, if he had come forward then and offered me a home, I would gladly have accepted it, and would have lived my life untroubled by ambilious dreams, unsuspecting the happiness when a girl, and alway think for what a paltry sum my whole domestic

happiness was sacrificed. After Miss Cushman had achieved fame years her junior. He had been brought up as a gentleman, being the son of a a liking for the stage, and nothing could he had not mistaken his vocation. conversation on acting in the theatre, Clarke nering.' I was standing by her side, and desperately with a lovely young actress,

'What, of all things in the world, Miss Cushman, would you rather be? She replied as impulsively, glancing at

Clarke and sighing: 'I would rather be a pretty woman than anything else in this wide world,' and on became the recognized fact that he was the that she had engaged him to go to England with her. This was a happy period for them both. Frankness being one of her chief characteristics, she made no secret toward his interests so far as lay within cult to determine, but her manners became more gentle and womanlike, she was less imperious with her underlings, and spared a great deal of time teaching nim his paris. His feelings were easier probed; Conrad Clarke did not love Charlotte Cushman. His nature was too selfish to permit him to feel so pure and disinterested a passion as

love in its highest sense. Matters had thus stood for some months. One evening M1ss Cushman was going to the theatre alone, when a weak, haggardready to sacrifice everything for the man looking woman approached her with a baby of her heart. Miss Cushman received a in her arms. She was a small, red-haired, common school education in Boston. Her fragile creature. Laying her hand on Miss

> Cushman's arm, she said: 'Miss Cushman, I think a woman of your genius and position might have plenty of admirers without taking up with the husband of a poor woman like me.

The tragedienne paused in blank amaze-'Are you talking to me?' she asked. 'And you say I have taken your hus-

and from you? 'Yes--you--Charlotte Cushman, 'I don't know you; may I ask the name of this precious husband of yours?' 'Conrad Clarke,' was the reply.

The great actress hurried away. had received a blow, but she met it with a brave front, as she had many others in her not altogether smooth path in life. All smiles, bows, and honeyed words Clarke greeted her that night. She gave a death blow to all his hopes, not tenderly, as many a woman so situated might have done, but with characteristic decision. On learning from his wife what she had done, he became furious at what he declared to be a malicious scheme to ruin him, and, leaving her, swore never to live with her again. Annie Clarke easily obtained a divorce from him, and shortly after married an actor, named Forest, of Cleveland. By a strange concatenation of circumstances, Clark's child was adopted and most tenderly reared by one of our brightest wits, the only one of his peculiarly caustic kind left, a man who wields a powerful weapon in his pen-who has two parties for and against him-one that nates and fears him, the other that loves and

Afghan Soldie's,

men remind one of those existing in the Turkish army. If an Afghan officer drinks tea, a number of soldiers are sure to sit around him. If he smokes a kaliana, all afterward mantained am cable but not the soldiers gather near him and await their amatory relations, for ne had marr ed in turn; the kaliana, having gone the round of the privates, returns again to the officer. A few years ago I was in Boston and If a soldier smokes a pipe, the officer asks dropped into his store to make some pur- him to let him have a draw at it. Should chases It happened that Miss Cushman a soldier take from the folds of his dress a preceded me a few steps. As soon as the tobacco pouch, in order to put a plug of tobacco under his tongue, the officer inserts off and returned with the proprietor, a haie his finger and thumb into the pouch also, ruddy-faced, white-haired gentleman, of and takes a pinch of tobacco. On the other band, should the officer take out his own pouch, the soldier helps himself in a holding hers for a moment, and then side similar manner to his tobacco. I did not by side they walked to the back of the observe that the mutual freedom of manner store. To see those two calm, self-con- had any detrimental effect on the descipline tained, old silver-haired people, one would of the troops. The men obeyed the commands of their officers with docility, and 'Haven't you heard? There has been a bers among his friends and enemies the mance which hung over their youth. It is never displayed insubordination when sen- here, and, do you believe, she had the im-'Haven't you heard? There has been a shark along this shore since yesterday; and, by Jingo! I believe he is there now. Don't you see something that shines white through the spray?'

Mr. Errett reared himself up in the

Mr. Errett rea

The Flowery Island,

Right out of the sea, 450 miles from the Florida coast, rises a huge rock, twentysee him now, rich and respected, but not two miles long by seven wide. It is the first, the invitations, which involve, as a smallest of the Bahama Islands and is he had made, I sigh for what I have lost called New Providence. It nestles in a wilderness of flowers, plants and fruits. | Monograms and special designs have There is not a tree, shrub or flower that thrives in any warm climate that does not grow luxuriantly there. It is a rock upon which these beauties grow and blossom, and over which a never-ending summer breeze blows the seeds of health by tempering the warmth of a tropical sun until it strikes a happy medium where all season is summer and mankind basks in an at- guests the stationer sends in his bill for mosphere practically invariable twelve from \$40 to \$60. The rage at present divine afflatus within me. I have had a months in the year, and trees, shrubs and thousand times over in my hand more than | flowers thrive in chaotic profusion all the

year round It is a calcareous rock of coral, soft and shells and sand, and spit upon by the ocean until cemented with its brine. The surface in places rots, forms a thin soil, and in this, and wherever a crack or crevice is think of sending his bill. Exotics, oriental scribe its inhabitants would be to parade a decoration; nor are bridal bells, and before you a mass of colored men, women and children, cheaply but neatly dressed, barefooted and bonnetless, but happy, polite. Out of a population of 15,000 more Quaker in Philadelphia. He soon evinced than 12,000 are negroes, and unusually intelligent. Shining out from this darkness is now and then a native white face, are required, the bill soon crawls up to a intelligent and healthy, and at this season good sized figure. Good taste and fertility numbers of foreigh faces, which look as if of suggestion can, however, accomplish in search of health. The houses are as wonderful results with \$100, particularly neat as the people, and all of them are where elegance is preferred to a dumb show smothered in flowers and shrubbery. In of magnificent profusion. almost every yard, as well as growing Then comes the collation-say for 150 wild, are cocoanuts, oranges, guaves, soladillos, mangoes and all sorts of fruit hang It is a moot point whether it pays to emand the matured fruit. The drives over of collation, wines, and attendance to his the town and through the island are superb, smooth as a floor and of solid rock, lined on either side with tangled sweeping vines, stunted trees and flowering plants. and mislaid silver. Those who have had The oleander towers its high head among the more pretentious tropical plants, while parties aver, as a rule, that it costs less our own modest morning glory, so dear to noney and gives better satisfaction, indeour childhood, peeps out from behind the pendent of personal trouble and the yexleaves with the dew resting upon its purple ation arising from the blunders of hired lips to be kissed away by the morning sun. No tongue can tell or pen write the beauties, either of land or sea, which are everywhere visible. Fruits are the principle staples, and upon these the natives live to regarded as embracing all the requirements very great extent. All tropical varieties grow in abundance, and are remarkably rich and nutritious. Every variety of fish is taken and enters very largely into the the stage she rushed to shrick through Meg domestic economy of the natives. The Merrilies. After this he assumed a bolder chief industry of the island is sponge gath-

Bismarek His name vas Bismarck, mit only vone eye, on accoundt of a old plack cat, vot only. Wedding cake for one hundred perhaired hair. Also he has only dree legs, on accoundt of mocolotif engines mitout to \$50, according to the style of the box; any bull-ketcher. He vas a dog, Bismarck for one of these dainty little trifles, with in gonsequense of red hot vater, on accoundt gilding, may be rendered as expensive as a her power. Whether she loved him as she of fightin' mit a cat. On vone endt of casket of gold, or, in the extreme of simhimself vas skituated his head-und his plicity, furnished for next to nothing. tail vas py de oder endt. He only carries about vone-half of his tail mit him, on expense is the bridal trousseau. The attire occoundt of a circular saw-mill. He looks for the ceremony, the white satin, brocaded a goodt teal more older as he is already, but or not, with bridal veil, orange blossoms, he am't quite as oldt as dot until de next and toilet accessories, may-exclusive of Christmas.

calls him "Shack," he von't say notings, upwards in order to give one daughter in but he makes answers to de name "Bis- marriage in harmony with the ritual of marck," by saying "Pow vow vow?"- top society. und, in de meantime, vagging half of his tail-dot oder nafs vas cut off, so he can't, of course, shake it. Also, if you t'row stopes on top of him, he vill run like de tuefel, and holler "Ky yi! ky yi!" Dot's

de vay vou can told my dog. He looks like a cross between a bullfoundtlandt und a cat mit nine tails-but he ain't. He got not efen vone whole tail. und he ain't cross not a bit.

Anoder vay you could told if it vas my vould be half of a bair of dwins dot time, simply desired to make a few inquiries, only dere vas dree of them—a bair of and he softly said: dwins und a half. I pelieve dey calls dot

a trolet. Also he got scars on de top of his side. where he scratched himself mit a Thomas gentleman, and I always make it a point cat-but dot Thomas cat nefer recovered to celebrate his birthday.

You can also tell Bismarck on accoundt of his vonderful inshtinct. He can out inshtinct any dog vot you nefer saw in my life. For inshtance, if you pat him on top of his head mit my hand, he knows right avay det you like him, but if you pat him on the head mit a pavement shtones or de shtick of a proom, he vill shuspect

Fashionable Calls.

lars for that group, I'd just as soon have a

'H-u-s-h, she's coming.'

(Enter lady of the house.)

information. I suppose it would be doing (Callers seated in the parlors of an up town mansion.) 'I've heard she gave three hundred dol-

chromo, wouldn't vou?' 'H-u-sh! 'And just look at that center tableearly in the morning.' looks like a fancy fair for all the world; one would think-'

'Oh, you dear darling creatures! What an age since I've seen you. Where have you been? Enjoying the holidays, no doubt. I'm so glad to see you both.' (Together.) 'And we are so glad to see you! how perfectly sweet you do look! What have you been doing to yourself?

but then you look well in everything!' 'Oh! oh! Who's got a new seal skin cloak? Dear Mrs. Smith, I just envy you; it's a be a-utiful thing!" Mrs. Smith-'Well, it ought to be

James gave four hundred and twenty-five dollars for it.' 'Yes, but that's nothing for Col. Smith, you know! How is he? I do admire the blatant oratorical effort, but a soft and mild Colonel so much! But then he never looks

at any one but you. 'Oh! yes! make me believe that! He's a regular old flirt! but I forgive him for everything since he's got me this cloak. Well, we really must go; ever so many soon, there's a darling. By-by sweetness.'

(Lady of the house to next caller.) Yes, that Mrs. Col. Smith and her sister -what a dowdy that sister is-did call bridal Bills.

For a quiet wedding at home there are rule, two card-plates and a note-sheet printed on the finest of heavy white paper. nearly disearded, and the fashionable text is a plain, simple, legible script, beautifully engraved. The cost depends upon the number of letters, but, on the average, for 100 invitations, the cost will be \$20, with an additional \$5 for each additional 100. unless the order exceeds 500, when a moderate discount is given. For 500 seems to be for floral decorations; and although nature scatters her blossoms and verdure with a generous hand, and never sends in a bill, the florist is by no means pliable to the mechanic's hand, filled with so liberal. A plain unostentatious display of smilax and flowers may be procured for fifty dollars, and that is about the lowest figure for which a fashionable florist would found, the gayest flowers bloom. To de- palms, and ferns are not included in such hearts, and canopies, beneath which the happy pair receive the congratulations of their friends. Single pieces of their description-and very ungraceful ones at that though woven of rare exotics-often cost from \$75 to \$150 and where a number

guests served quietly in the dining-room. hands, or to undertake the work one's self. with the training of servants, and the illimitable probabilities of broken porcelain most experience in wedding and dinner attendants, to take the former coarse. For a simple collation for 150 guests, about the lowest figures given by caterers are \$2 per capita, and from that to \$12, which was that could possibly be asked.

For a wedding breakfast, served in a very quiet way, \$1.50 per capita represents the lowest limit of caterers' prices; and this is probably less than it would cost the bride's father to buy the materials and make provision for their preparation and service. It is not unusual this winter however; on very quiet occasions, to be content with a service of cake and wine pelongs to a serfant Irish gals mit red- sons, done up in pretty boxes, stamped with monegrams, is furnished at from \$30 vas. He vas paldt headed all ofer himself, painting by hand on the lid, all satin and

Of course, after all, the main item of laces and jewels-be procured for \$500. De vay dot you can know him is, if you In fact, one can readily spend from \$1,000

"K'rect-Farewell."

No cat could have walked into the Central Station, Detroit, more softly than did a long-waisted, low-voiced stranger about 40 years old, whose hands were encased in badly worn cotton gloves, hat brushed clear down below the nap, boots wanting new heels, and dress coat showing a cotton edge all around. He was neither a Bismarck is dot he vas almost a dwin. He great general, statesman nor orator. He

'My arrangements are such that I shall

be in Detroit until after Washington's birth-

day. I am a great admirer of the lamented

'Which is patriotic and all right,' replied the captain of police. 'I wanted to ask what latitude the police would allow me on such an occasion? continued the man. 'I shall certainly get drunk; but will I be permitted to tear down

stoves, smash up bars, break windows and kick in doors?' 'Certainly not. The first move you make right off dot you care not fery much about in that direction will result in your being 'World, eh? Well, I simply inquired for

> the lamented gentleman full honor if I simply got drunk ? 'Very well, I don't want to seem captious in the matter, nor do I care to get into any trouble. I think I will get drunk

'And wave the American flag from the window of my boarding house-wave it gently. 'And make a speech to my landlady on the goodness and greatness of the lamented

gentleman-make it very gently and quietly, without any cheers or applause. 'Yes, that would do.' 'And then go down into the back yard and hurrah about three times-not yell Oh, it's that lovely new dress! so becoming! like a Pawnee Injun, but softly and quietly

> hurrah for George Washington, the father of his country. 'Well, don't disturb anyone.' 'No, of course not. After hurrahing l will return to my room, take another drink read the Declaration of Independence, and make a speech to myself-not a ranting, sort of peroration, ending up with the song

entitled, 'My Country, 'tis of Thee,' and so forth.' 'Yes, that's good.' Then I'll take another drink and go to bed and lie there during the remainder of mere calls to make. Now, return this the day, unless the landlady insists on another speech, and I don't think she will. Now, then, are my terms perfectly satis-

> factory?' 'Yes.