The Jester Engaged.

engaged for his great moral entertain

ment, but in order to make his next en

gagement, he had to quit talking at the

expiration of one hour and twenty min-

utes and hurry away on a special train.

And was Mt. Pleasant to be snubbed, and

dale? Perish the thought! All of the

So new arrangements had to be made

"I will make it sickly for these Mount

Pleasanters. I will teach them to clamor

on them. I will talk and talk, you see,

until they are tired out, and one after

another, singly and in groups they leave

the room, until I alone am left in the hall.

That will be awfully funny, and it will be

something new in the lecture business.

Well, the curtain rung up and

the show went on. And it kept going on

to him lke a burr, and along about ten

o' clock a little later the Jester began

went out. This was the first break, and

to see a man, both came back. And he

felt depressed again. But he kept at it.

He was bould to talk that audience out

of National Fall. But it was too many

for him. Pehaps seven or eight people

left the hall at different times, but that

was all; and at 25 minutes after eleven o'

clock the exausted Jester jangled his

sweet bells a little out of tune on the

closing joke and fell into a chair, limp

audience, fresi as a rose, retired from

"I never talked so long in all my life,

should tire me out, after all. Anyhow,

I wasn't feeling very well. I'll come

"I Lot's eas," ould the fet passenger

when he got home that night he made

the parlor smell like a drying-house, and

The Village Postmistress.

The son of this postmistress says of

his mother: "She's gettin' a little hard

a' hearin', though; but I tell her that

ain't strange, sein' she's heard so much

in her day. Ears can't last forever you

know, Mis' Linton, an' for fifty years

there ain't been nothin' goin' on among

in the post-offic is wearin' to the hearin'

ez well as the eyes. Folks comin' an

goin' for their letters generally leave as

much news ez they itake away. By the

way, Mis' Linton yer sister, Liss Brad-

'em-leastways she reads such as isn't

took right off. She says it's her duty.

Might be news of sickness or death or

along. They're dreadful aggravatin'

readin' through. People don't write as

things clear, nuther. When anybody

writes jes' 'Yes' or 'No' on a postal, no

postmaster in creation can make anything

of it. But your sister's postal is plain

enough, Mis' Linton; thar ain't nothin'

indefinite about her. She says: 'comin'

Thursday, 5 o'clock train. Have Fac-

totum meet me'. Ma puzzled a good deal

help. Furrin' name, ain't it? I told ma

'twas new, any how, an 'ez we had a

young calf't we was goin' to raise, an

hadn't named it, we concluded we'd call

her Factotum, like that furrin' kitchen

The Nile.

would then be inder complete control,

while the company which should carry out the work would be reimbursed by

first time be brought under cultivation.

It is said that the preliminary capital

has already been raised,

racket for their white alley then."

Pleasant audience.

Oh, it vill warm them.

for Mt. Pleasant. And that night, while

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Curious Sea Inhabitants.

There is a continual warfare going on in the deep--a constant struggle for the means of sustaining life. The carnivorous devour the vegetarians, and the mud-eaters swallow both animal and vegetable forms: and this runs all the way down the scale, from the shark and the equally ravenous bluefish to the least of the annelids. These last—the sea-worms -are wary, but they cannot escape their enemies. If they were to confine themselves to the bottom-where they feed, and where many of them grow to the length of a foot or two-they might in a measure escape, though they would still be a prey to the scup and other fish that know how to dig for them; but they love to swim, particularly at night and in the breeding season, and then they are snapped up in countless numbers. They have almost every variety of forms, and their structure is marvelous-monsters with hooked jaws at the end of a proboscis, and with sides of bluish green, that throw off an infinite variety of irridescent hues. Some of the sea-worms have scales, others have soft bodies; some are sluggish, and curl themselves up into balls when disturbed; others are restless, particularly at night; some are round, others flat; some build tubes of sand and cement, woven together till they make a colony of many hundred members; the tubes of others are soft and flexible, and some, when disturbed, withdraw within their crooked calcareous tubes, and close the orifice with a plug. One variety of the serpulæ has three dark-red eyes; another variety has clusters of eyes on each tentacle. The amphipods were accounted of no great value till it was shown by the Fish Commission that these small crustacea furnish a vast amount of food for both salt and fresh-water fishes. Indeed. there is not a creature that swims or crawls that does not become the food of some other animal. A beach-flea is caught up by a scup or a flounder, squids make terrible havoc among young mackerel, and sharks and stingrays find some. not go into the parlor to bid her father

thing appetizing in the gasterpod. "My brethren," said a Western minis er, "the preaching of the gospel to some people is like pouring water over a sponge-it soak and stavs. To others it is like the wind blowing upon her like some hidden monster who paved streets, raised rows of shops, erectth outh a chicken coop. My experi- had lain in wait for her all night. Her ed dwelling-houses, founded banks, libra-

Whire paint may be readily cleaned with whiting moistened with a little water.

A PROTEST.

Why should it sound cheerless and cold, When a man says he has grown old? Think you of a head bald and grey, Of a mortal that's had his day? Should my sons call me "old man," And the town folk "Uncle Dan?" Just because my strength is spent,

Just because my form is bent? I watch the youth as they run about, With many a laugh and merry shout,

When I was thoughtless, free and gay. Why not, O youth, tenderly speak, Kindly be to the old and weak-Gladly from unkindness save, Smooth their pathway to the grave.

And I recall my childhood day,

Thoughtless youth should remember, Quickly comes bleak December, Then will their forms be bent, Then will their days be spent. This home my soul shall soon vacate, Taking on the glorious State; This old form will ne'er appear. In that Heaven blest and dear.

Glorious season of youth, Dwelling in the light of truth, None old or growing old up there, 'Tis life beyond all tears and care.

THE OLD WILL.

Little Blossom, you make it so hard for me to say good-bye to you." "When?"

The innocent, surprised, inquiring face—renunciation was indeed, difficult for John Burrows. He touched a dimple in her cheek, and then a curl of her hair, as he might have touched flowers on a grave, perhaps.

She shook back the silky ripples impatiently.

"When, John?" He looked at her for a moment without a smile, pretty as she was.

"Nelly, sit down here for a moment." They sat down on the pretty crimson couch before the fire. Seeing trouble in Mary?" his face, she put her hand in his, and he smoothed out the little rose-leaf member father, Nelly. upon his broad palm, more than ever confident, as he looked at it, that he was

"Nelly, you know I love you." "Yes," with a blush, for he had never said it before.

"And I am very sorry."

"Why," after a pause of bewilderer, needing care and nursing to keep that it was written upon, your bloom bright; and I am going to a hard, rough life, among privations, fever, there?" exclaimed Miss Golding, rising

and malaria, which will try even my up in a strange alarm. powerful constitution, and where you must not go." "You are going to the Far West?"

"Yes. My mother must have a home time is telling on her. You know all that where her brother was sitting. Nelly she has been to me?"

But you shall take me too, John."

his will.

"You will take me, too?" "No. Did I not tell you that you made it so hard for me to say good-bye

to you?" "John, what could I do without you?" down from his face.

"Don't make me weak, Nelly. Do

John Burrows, was right," He rose to his feet.

"John!" in terror. floated away down the river and was lost. rich as Crossus." I came here to see Gregory, not you. I could not help loving you; but did not

will forget me." "Never!" He went on. "Nelly, I shall hunger for you day

and night, more and more, as time goes on and I get older, lonelier, more weary. But I shall never hope to see you again. Now, give me your hand."

She gave him both. He raised them again he was gone.

Shivering violently, she went to the fire, and stood there trying to warm herself. She understood it all now-his strangely elaborate arrangements for a trip to New York. He had known that he was not coming back when she had begged him to bring her his photograph from the great metropolis, but was going on-on-into the dim distance. This is

why he had not promised. It was getting late-she was so coldshe had better go to bed. She would and aunt, and Gregory good night; so she crept silently up to her own room. There the very weight of grief upon her

lulled her to sleep. But when she woke, her grief sprang tains more chicken coops than sponges. misery terrified her. Why should she not die? Why should she ever rise from lived "out West." But she had opporthat bed?

off clean with water. Cold tea grounds up hastily, dressed and went down, and died in a year, had I lived here in pov-But when they called her, she sprang are also excellent for rubbing or cleaning they were too busy talking to notice that she did not know what she was doing.

But, by and by, when her brother reach-Once Mount Pleasant had the Jester

ed for some more coffee, and observed 'John Burrows and his mother went to New York in the first train this morning,' she tried to rise unconcernedly from the table, and fell in a dead faint on the carpet among them.

When Nelly came to, she was un-But Mt. Pleasant knew taat he had talkdressed and in bed, and Aunt Mary was ed two straight, solid hours at Scottdale. darning stockings at the foot. put off with a smaller lecture than Scott-"Oh, let me get up, Aunt Mary!

don't want to lie here!" "Now, Nell, be reasonable! You're lecture or none.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, I'm not." "Nelly, if you will lie still to-day, I'll the Jester was putting on his cap and let you have that old box of curiosities | bells, he said to his friends: in my room to look over. Will you?" "I don't know."

Aunt Mary went for them. Nelly shut | for a long lecture when they might just her eyes and let the wave in all its bitter- as well have a short one. I am going to ness surge over her once; when Miss talk these people to death. I am going Golding came back, bringing a box of to give them all four of my lectures, one old mahogany, black and glossy with after the other. It vill be a good joke

"There!" setting it on the bed. With a wintry little smile of thanks, Nelly lifted the cover. The old mahogany box contained strange things. Pictures on wood and ivory, illuminated manuscripts, webs of stronge lace, anique ornaments, ancient embroideries, great packages of old letters, sealed flasks of unfamiliar perfume, ancient brooches of red gold, finger rings of clumsily-set gems tied together with faded ribbons, a knot of hair fastened together with a gold heart, the silver hilt of a sword, and by and by a couple of men got up and lastly, a tiny octagon portrait of an old man, done in chalk upon a kind of vel- the Jester'elt encouraged. But in a few lum and enclosed in a frame of tarnished | minutes the men, who had only gone out

"Who is this that is so ugly, Aunt

"That, they say, is my great grand-"What is it painted on-this queer stuff?"

"Well, it is a kind of leather, I be lieve. They used to write on it in old

"He is uncommonly ugly, isn't he? said Nelly, wearily. As she spoke, the little case fell apart in her hands. A yellow, folded paper

was revealed. She opened it, "Why, bless my soul, what have you the Jester said, "and to think that they

She snatched it from Nelly's hand.

"It can't be the will!" she cried. Nelly looked on in dumb surprise. Annt Mary read a few words, then rushed in her old age. She is strong now, but away in wild agitation to the library could hear them talking, the two; then about the beauty of silence?" "Yes; she has been a good mother. her brother came; then the old housekeeper was called from the dining-room; She won her way into his arms against and so much confused conversation she ready the pilgrims lighted their cigars, never heard before. By and by, they

all waited upon her in a body. "Nelly," said her father, sitting down the way over to Tarr Station, so that on the foot of the bed, "you are an heir-

"This is old Grandfather Goldin's "He took the little, caressing hand will!" exclaimed Aunt Mary, flourishing vince his wife that he hadn't been smokthe bit of yellow paper.

"It seems that he was very eccentric," you think that it is nothing to me to Gregory condescended to explain. "He leave my little violet—the only woman I was very rich, and had some hard sons ever loved-for a hard, cold life and un- and some grandsons who promised to be ceasing toil. I cannot marry for ten years, harder, and he fell out with the whole set, who were waiting for him to die, "And then I shall be thirty years old." He declared that no money of his should "Yes, married, and with little chil- encourage the young people's excesses; dren: seeing, at last that your old lover, a little poverty would help the family, the neighbors that ma ain't heard. Bein and the fourth generation would appreciate his money, and probably make good use of it. When he died, no will "Yes I am going, Nelly. Little one could be found; and though there was a -you look so much a woman now, with famous struggle for the property, it went your steadfast eyes—hear me : I did not into the hands of trustees, through the leigh's, comin' back to-norrow. Ma was foresee that you would love me-that I outh of the lawyer who drew up the will; readin' the postal carts last night, and should love you. You were a little school and there it has been, descending from she came across one from her." "Readgirl when I saved you from drowning one person to another, and accumulating ing my postal cards?" exclaimed Mrs. last summer, and your satchel of books in value, until you and I, Nelly, are as Linton. "Why, yes. Ma always reads

"Ain't we the fourth generation? think until to-night that you cared so Father was the only child, we are his much for me, Nelly. But, child you only children; all the back folks are dead and it slides down to us on greased wires. Hurrah for Grandfather Golding!"

"Is this true, father?" "Yes, my dear. The property is chiefy in Leeds, England. The housekeeper who came over last summer, you know, happens to know all about it. It is in safe hands, and our claim is indisputable."

What did Nelly do? The little goose to his lips, but before she could speak Instead of flying off in thoughts of a carriage, and dresses of cloth, of gold, and a trip to Europe, she buried her face in the pillows, and murmured under her breath, "Oh, John! Oh, dear, dear

> And it was no castle in the air. Three months proved that Nelly Golding was the mistress of gold untold, almost. And girl o' yourn, Mis' Linton." then a little note went to Kansas saving: "DEAR JOHN-I am waiting for you with a fortune. Will you come for me

"NELLY." And he came instantly; and though the heart of the little wife was always at

She knew that John Burrows loved her truly. Grandfather Golding's money built up a commodious western town: ries, and churches; and Nelly finally tunities of seeing pioneer life; and she said "John was right; I should have

-A morning-glory-the cock-tail,

James Bowie.

On one occasion Bowie whose reputation reached Memphis, arrived by boat at that city, or rather at what was then known as the Third Chickasaw Bluffs. The bank from the boat landing to the top was about one hundred and fifty feet high and a large number of people were watching the arrival of the strangers. Looking down one of them recognized Bowie as he stepped over the gangplank and made the remark, "There comes Jim Bowie."

"What!" shouted a big flatboatman, then known as the "Memphis Terror," as he looked down the bluff; "what Jim Bowie? That's the fellow I've been looking for months. Jim Bowie! Why, - him, I'll whip him so quick he won't know what hurt him. I'll whip him if I never whip another man as long ther away off in distant countries, no as I live! Stand by, boys, and see the

fun!" Bowie came slowly up the bank. In his hand he carried an old umbrella. He had no pistols and was evidently not expecting or in fact prepared for a fight. This fact did not escape the now thoroughly interested spectators. Up She has not been idle as to what her went the flatboatman promptly, as Bowie chances in a large city might be. She reached the top of the bluff. "Is your would go to Philadelphia, and none of name Jim Bowie?" he asked. Bowie replied that it was.

And on and on. And the audience stuck "Then," shouted the flatboatman, as he squared off, "I think you are arascal and I'm going to whip you right to grow inxious. But he kept at it, and here and now.'

Bowie was a man of few words. He stood and gazed at his adversary, who was more emboldened than ever. "I think you're a ____ coward," he yelled, "and I'm going to knock your head off," and so saying the "Memphis Terror" advanced to the conflict.

Bowie never flinched. His keen eye was fixed on the "Terror," who at this moment was face to face with him. But as the man of Memphis drew a dirk from his breast, Bowie stepped back a foot and thrust out his umbrella as if to keep his antagonist at bay.

and despairing, while the good-natured "The "Memphis Terror," seizing the umbrella with one hand, made a pass at the ring, smiling and ready for another the inventor of the famous knife with round. You can't talk out a Mount the other. In so doing he pulled the umbrella to himself, leaving free in the right hand of Bowie his murderous sheath. The sight of Bowie standing back next winter when I'm fresh and there, with the knife in his hand and the strong, and I'll give these people a little gleam of vengeance in his eye, was too

From the bouncing bully he became 'you're the man, aren't you, that writes transformed into a craven coward in a such touching things, once in a while, second. His face turned pale and his But the Jester said he was too sleepy from his hands as he gazed on Bowie's steadfast ambition that she had pursued and with true Innuit improvidence they to talk polities, and the stage being weapon with staring eyes. "Put it up, put for years. away that SCYTHE, for God's sake, Bowie. drew up their windows and smoked a I was mistaken in my man.' clergyman of the Episcopal Church all

Bowie advanced a step. the bully; "for God's sake, man don't Maker. Was that the cause of her un- But the days of the buttercup and daisy, up to this date has not been able to con- go for me with that scythe and I swear rest? She would see. She went to and of the butterfly and the mosquito, to you I'll never attack another man as church one day, she liked it, it quieted are few. With the winter comes the alllong as I live."

quet of "Put-up-that scythe." enjoy both he invariably appeared in the an awakening! best of humor, and the reserve which She hurried to the minister's house. had begun to characterize him at this poured out her desires to the pastors's time appeared to thaw out. It was on wife. She was taken at once as a cannis chances under such circumstances.

suthin' else, that we'd ought to send right of herculean build, who stood near, "sup- it quiet. pose you were attacked by such a man well as they used to, an' don't make as Hob Johnson there. What then?" would cut him down to my size!"

Maggie's Mission.

A plain girl, with a plain face and name, Maggie Gibson, that was all. Short, plump, and twenty-two. Always burstover that word factotum,' and we both ing buttons off her dresses, tearing rents concluded that 'twas the name of your in skirts and aprons, and ripping open

A white freckled face, broad, and full of good humor when quiet, a wavy mass of reddish hair, that would never stay smoothly braided, wicked ringlets falling be perfectly feasible. The inundation the soul, and expanding the body, it not allow me to use his." would seem.

We find her pouring out her wrath on million acres, which would now for the cool brain, his steady hand, big stout ounce,"

heart, and so many other things. Maggie wanted to study medicine!

How can one describe such an ambition in a woman, yet, it must be as noble to her as it is to man, and we have known young girls to put the whole of their life's dream in this one desire.

One of the sweetest girls we know of a person of such delicate refinement, a face that shows all the sweet nobleness of the soul, so beautiful and so perfect in its moulding, said to us a few weeks

"I have had but one ambition in my life, that is: to be a physician, to begin now. I could not afford it, it would take years of faithful study, I must give it

Maggie had made her home with her aunt Sally, since her mother's death, when she was twelve years old; her fabrothers, no sisters, no one but prim aunt Sallie, who loved so to keep things in a straight row; no wonder poor Maggie grew tired of the holly-hocks and petunias, tasteless green blinds, and stiff hair-cloth chairs. She wanted a change, and a change she was bound to have. aunt Sally's persuasions could keep her back. Three years later, we find her, the same Maggie as ever, a little older, a seemed her ambition was to be realized. There was a light in the eyes that had not been there before, a love-light, that made the plain face almost beautiful, sometime.s Maggie was in love, in lovewith a heavy-bearded foreigner, handsome, proud and rich, such a contract to little Maggie, he was, but he loved the little maiden, only he did nor love her ambition, he would never submit to it, he talked with her pleaded and coaxed, but no, she would not give it up-"either give up this ambition, or ME" and the proud spirit would plead no longer.

Maggie's blue eyes flashed as she cried out impetuously, "Then I will give YOU

That was all, he went away, with

say to herself, as the tears would come weapon, which to this moment had been to her eyes; "he has told me he loved me spicy tartness, that is very acceptable concealed in the folds of the impromptu | better than his life: he will come, I

To-morrnw, and weeks went by, still where all the drems of her ambition had fled to, what made the world such a dark place. Perhaps there would be comfort knees trembled, while the dirk dropped see if she could not call back the same some sort of vegetable diet is irresistible,

Poor common-place girl! While she was not a wicked woman, far from that, she had never attended abundant, or cholera might be added to "Don't-don't kill me!" beseeched church nor paid any devotion to her the other dangers of Arctic residence, her mind, the earnest, tender pleading pervading snow and the keen, bracing Bowie looked at his now thoroughly of the pastor, the quiet, attentive faces northwest wind, the rosy cheek and the demoralized opponent for a moment, and of the listeners, she went again, until frozen nose, but with it also comes then turning on his heel with the ex- she found it a necessity to drive away rugged health and a steady diet of walrus pression, "Coward," walked rapidly other thoughts. There was a "cry from meat. away. Thenceforth the Memphis "Ter- Macedonia" for helpers to come teach ror" was a changed man, and until the the way of salvation to heathen souls. A day of his death he never lost the sobri- thought struck her, had she mistaken her mission all these years? She would Bowie was very fond of music and be a missionary! She would heal souls, dancing and on occasions where he could as she had studied to heal bodies. Such

one occasion at a dance, when he was in didate and every preparation was made. such favorable conditions, that I had an Ladies of the church devoted their time opportunity for free-and-easy chat with to her outfit, while she devoted her time im about some of the encounters in to spiritual preparation. All was finishwhich he had been engaged. Referring ed, the day for the God-speeds and fareto the disparity in size between himself | wells had arrived, even the hour. Where and some of the men whom he had met was Maggie? No one knew. Search n conflict, I asked him how he regarded was made. Not one trace of trunks or Maggie! It was such a blew to the "Suppose," said I, referring to a man church that it was deemed best to keep

Some two years afterwards a fairfaced,

Maggie it was, surely, with a strange story to tell. The very hour that she about the house and lot communing was to have sailed as a missionary shere- with herself concerning the family's ceived word of the serious illness of her waste and extravagance. She picked up father in a distant country; she had the strings, nails and tin cans; she gathered money the church had given her and the three shriveled apples that hung on a trunks of clothes; she took them and tree in the back end of the lot; and she went to her father; he was ill for months dug down into a pile of ashes upon which down into the saucy eyes, blue eyes and months, demanding her constant at- the rains for months had beaten, tasted they were, pretty some times, when tention. When he had but slightly re- them, and finding them still strong and An English capitalist, Mr. Gaston prolighted up by life and excitement, dreamy covered she was stricken down, and lay good, upbraided the mistress for not poses to dam the Nile at the Cataracts and common-place when the soul was at death's door for many days. When extracting the lye and making soap. and subject about 800,000 acres of land, quiet; a snubby little nose, no character she had regained strength enough she Nothing that was offered to her came which is now desert, to the influence of there, a pouting mouth, pale, colorless wrote to her old-time lover; he was amiss. She accepted old clothes with some might have sneered at his readiness, its fertilizing waters. This is a stupen- lips. Although a person well suited to faithful; he came to her, married her in avidity, old shoes and joints of rusty dous undertaking; but it is beyond a the name, "a decidedly common-place spite of her protest that she would study stove-pipe had a value in her eyes, also doubt that the present rapids are pro- girl," we would say, at a mere glance, medicine. "I have come now to repay crippled umbrellas and rubber boots with duced by the debris of ancient works of yet, that heart nursed dreams of a re- what I carried off so slyly, it would holes in them. this description which are now strewn on splendent future. Not a soul to think seem. I want to repay it doubly; my

> A REGULAR BONANZA: Her hand was aunt Sally's head, because that worthy evidently not on good terms with soap the lands allotted to it out of nearly a lady had remonstrated against an ambimillion acres, which would now for the tion she called "manly," because it rethe lands allotted to it out of nearly a lady had remonstrated against an ambijewelry. "By George!" said Fogg, there's rich digging over there. I should and water, but was heavily loaded with

Arctic Flowers and Berries

It might be supposed that in the utter

barrenness of the Arctic landscape flowers never grew there. This would be a great mistake. The dweller in that desolate region, after passing a long, weary winter, with nothing for the eye to rest upon but the vast expanse of snow and ice, is in a condition to appreciate beyond the ability of an inhabitant of warmer climes the little flowerets that peep up almost through the snow when the spring sunlight begins to exercise its power upon the white mantle of the earth. In little patches here and there, where the dark-colored moss absorbs the warm rays of the sun and the snow is melted from its surface, the most delicate flowers spring up at once to gladden-the eye of the weary traveler. It needs not the technical skill of the botanist to admire those lovely tokens of approaching summer. Thoughts of home, in a warmer and more hospitable climate, fill his heart with joy and longings as meadows filled with daisies and buttercups spread out before him while he stands upon the crest of a granite hill that knows no footstep other than the tread of the stately musk ox or the antlered reindeer, as they pass in single file upon their migratory journeys, and whose caverns echo to no sound save the howling of the wolves or the discordant little plainer, and a little stouter. She cawing of the rayen. He is a boy again, has worked hard, studied well, and it and involuntarily plucks the feathery dandelion and seeks the time of day by blowing the puffy fringe from its stem, or tests the faith of the fair one, who is dearer to him than ever in this hour of separation, by picking the leaves from the yellow-hearted daisy. Tiny little violets, set in a background of black or dark-green moss, adorn the hillsides, and many flowers unknown to warmer zones come bravely forth to flourish for a few weeks only and wither in the August winds. Very few of these flowers, so refreshing and charming to the eye, have any perfume. Nearly all smell of the dank moss that forms their bed. As soon as the snow leaves the ground the hillsides in many localities are covered with the vine that bears a small black berry, called by the natives parwong, in "He will come to-morrow," she would appearance, though not in flavor, like the huckleberry. It has a pungent, after a long diet of meat alone, and the natives, when they find these vines, stop every other pursuit for the blissful moonly lasts long enough, until they have made themselves thoroughly sick by in something else. She would try and their hoggishness. But the craving for indulge it, careless of consequences, Fortunate for them is it that their summer is a short one and the parwong not

An Old Fashioned Nurse.

She was old-in fact, she was a greatgrandmother-but she still retained the vigor of middle age, and pursued her profession of nursing the sick. Her face was seamed and wrinkled, the wrinkles being so cris-crossed that one was involuntarily reminded of the tanned alligator-skin used in making belts and satchels; but her hair retained its natural color, and she kept it in order by means of her patient's brushes and combs. She had her peculiarities, as most old nurses have.

Her excessive economy was equaled only by her acquisitiveness. She had worn her black lace veil for forty years, her "reps" dress, in whose pattern red gourds chased each other over a yellow ground, dated back to a past generation. bunchy little woman rang the bell at and her other garments were chosen for "Oh," dryly responded Bowie, "I Rev. B.'s door, was shown to the parlor their lasting quality. Of these she by a servant, but refused to give her seemed to have as many layers as an card. When she heard Mrs. B. coming onion. The layer exposed to view, down the stairs she ran to meet her, cry- when she prepared herself for rest at ing out, as she held up a dimpled hand, night by her patient's bedside, consisted "See, see, I have my diamond and my of a quilted skirt and a bodice of common blue and white striped bed-ticking.

In her leisure moments she wandered

She was not consciously mirth-provokthe bed of the stream, and from an en- deeply, yet, every day there were desires husband is rich. I use my own maiden ing in her talk; her conversation ran gineering point of view the work would and longings and ambitions crowding name in my practice; my husband would mostly toward lugubrious recitals of sickness, death and misfortune, but her patient extracted amusement from her words and expressions. Besides these traits, peculiar to herself, she had many common to old-fashioned nurses, but was excelled probably by none in her quired a man's strong nerves, a man's clear say that dirt would assay a dollar an capacity for spilling things, for losing her spectacles and for puttering,