AUCTIONEER,

REBERSBURG, PA.

Fashionable Barber.

Next Door to Journal Store,

MILLHEIH, PA.

RROCKERHOFF HOUSE,

(Opposite Court House.) H. BROCKERHOFF, Proprietor

WM. McKeever, Manager.

Good sample rooms en first floor. Free bus to and from all trains. Special rates to jurors and witnesses.

Strictly First Class.

TRVIN HOUSE. (Most Central Hotel in the City.) Corner MAIN and JAY Streets, Lock Haven, Pa.

S. WOODS CALWELL, Proprietor. Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers on first floor.

DR. D. H. MINGLE, Physician and Surgeon, MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, Pa.

DR. JOHN F. HARTER,

PRACTICAL DENTIST.

Office in 2d story of Tomlinson's Grocery Store,

On MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, Pa.

C. M. Bower.

C. T. Alexander.

A 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.

WM. 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 bus ness 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. Woodring's Bleck, Opposite Court Office on

S. KELLER. ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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

JOHN G. LOVE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the

ADVERTISE IN THE

RATES ON APPLICATION.

GATHER RIPE FRUITS, O DEATH. Take thy shadow from my threshold O thou dweller in the night; Standing right across my doorway, Shutting out the morning light.

And hast taken all thy sheaves, It is not time to gather The blossoms and the leaves.

Thou hast been here in the autumn,

Oh, press not in so closely To the baby at my breast, Wouldst thou take the tender nursling From the shelter of its nest?

Oh child, he is no playmate For such a one as thee; He smiles, and stretches towards him-

What can the baby see? Ah! close behind the shadow He sees the angel wait, And wide the leaves unfolding Of that broad heavenly gate. And he seeth one who beckoneth

Poor heart, couldst thou but see. Those golden gates unfolding And thy lost ones waiting thee. Yet coider falls the twilight, And the children crouch behind,

As the garments past them rustling Sweep like the winter wind. But the baby smiles and watcheth, And when the night grows dim · There will be an empty cradle And a breaking heart for him.

LABOR LOST.

There is scarcely anything more unfortunate for a man than the absence of loving women around his childhood and youth. Mark Ripon had never known such women, and I offer this fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them. He was ignorant of his parentage; he

had been found one morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtergate, Ripon; and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution Wholesome food, stout clothing and a decent trade had been given him by the foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for after fifty years' creditable citizenship he was one of the Cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of this ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least £50,000.

But there is a success which the world sees little of-that of the heart-and in pauper. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart, He had no home, no mother, no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat, cloop and learn.

Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt, infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been deceived and mocked, and, when he had come out of his chagrin and sorrow, he had a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and, like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion every reiteration of his own idea was a fresh confirmation of it.

But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a crusty old bachelor, but otherwise sister. as a well-to-do, shrewd and honorable old fellow. Chief among these was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being, it was George Downes, though the latter, as he grew to manhood, gave him a great deal of anxiety, for George preferred the society those mysterious visits. At length he of women, and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal

falseness and unwerthiness. One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a vestry meeting, he met for Christmas. What do you say?" George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked very angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's. The bright moon-beams touched her long fair curls, and made the veil round them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face to his, and he had no doubt that this girl would be as false to George as pretty

Fanny Maltby had been to him. George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered day he told himself that he would not to pay his expenses if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but vet when the day came he was sitting George said he had got a situation in a bank, and preferred to stay at home. The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on raining himself, and in a few ly dressed as if she was going to a state weeks he celebrated his wedding, with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the the steps, and was soon driven rapidly old man's bitterest contempt.

George fully expected that now he would be ignored, and probably lose any chances that he might have had of inheriting his god-father's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded all his advices and entreaties.

He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a con- pearance, and when he asked where her stantly increasing interest. In fact, he mistress was, said she had not seen her did not blame George at all; he regarded since she had taken her orders for dinhim as one who, in an unfortunate hour. ner. Then George went up to the nurhad fallen into the hands of a power sery. which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom, and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of a woman who had charmed and she go in the carriage?"

sally to be.

But month after month went by and him, saying: George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home over the way from Mark's a fine little boy that had been called after him, and a blue eyed girl whom not even Mark could find it in his heart to regard as and tired always." dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. George Downes that exception said to be contingent upon every rule when suddenly all suspicions were forced into active life and prominence.

One day-a very wet one-a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs. George, heavily cloaked and veiled was driven away in it.

"Very well, ma'am" said Mark, suspiciously, to himself "we shall see whether you confess to having been out to-day."

So he went over to George's, played a rubber or two with his favorite, and tried every way to induce a confession as to the drive in the rain, but the young wife would make no allusion to it. This was on Monday. On Thursday, et the same hour, the carriage came again, and George's wife went away in it. The next week she went on three different days, and twice, the weather being fine, he noticed she wore her very best dress, the rich brocade that had been one of her wedding suits.

The affair was beginning to look very black to Mark, for he had satisfied himself that George had been told nothing whatever of these clandestine excursions. On the next Monday he had a carriage again he directed his driver to keep her well in sight. In this way he followed her beyond the aristocratic precincts of with many smiles and escorted her into and patiently waited.

After an interval of two hours Mrs. Downes' carriage returned, the same sitting in her plain merino dress by the window, tending his namesake. ran to the door and begged him to come in; but Mark was toofull of his discovery and answered, gruffly:

"Ask George to come to me after dinner: I have something to tell him."

George heard what his god-father had to say with a face half angry and half incredulous. "It must have been my wife's sister."

Mark laughed scornfully at such defense, and moreover, stoutly asserted that it was Mrs. Downes and not her

"Come on Thursday and see for yourelf, George." "If I do, god-father, it will not b

because I suspect my wife, but because I am sure to prove you wrong.' Still George thought it singular that he could not by the most adroit questioning get from her any allusion to

"Emma, I will ask for Thursday afternoon, and we will go out to Alborough woods and get the holly and mistletoe

"I can't go Thursday, George, dear; I have so much to do.' "What have you to do?"

"More than I can tell. Is it not nearly Christmas, and does that not imply all sorts of housekeeping duties? But I will go with you Friday, dear.' George was a little cross at the refusal

and answered gloomily;

"No; I have lost the wish to go now. Then both were silent, and the evening was not a pleasant one. All the next go and watch his wife Thursday, and with his godfather at the window. At the usual hour the carriage arrived, and Mrs. Downes, with her hair as elaboratedinner at the Bishop's palace, ran down

"Well, godfather," he said pleasantly "that is Emma, certainly, and she very remarkably dressed; but, for all that. I am sure she has some good rea son for what she tells me."

"Don't be a fool, George; go and question your servants."

After a little reflection, George crossed to his own house and rang the bell. The housemaid seemed astonished at his ap-

"Where's your mistress, Ann!"

"Is she not in the parlor, sir?" "You know she is not. Where did

He had gone through that delusion once description of the house to which he had and was not to be deceived again. It traced Mrs. George; and in half an hour was one great point of favor that George | the half curious and half angry husband had taken a house in such a situation stopped at the pretty cottage. All was that he could keep the young wife under | quiet about it; there was no appearance very close surveillance, and he was con- of company; it looked almost deserted fident that, sooner or later, he would in its wintry garden. An exceedingly prove her all he believed women univer- lovely woman, though evidently in frail and failing health, opened the door for

"You want to see the signor, sar?" "No; I wish to see Mrs. Downes: she is here, I believe?"

"Ah, yes, she is here. If you will please go up one stair. I am so weak She pointed to the stairs, and George

went thoughtfully up them. Half way there was a little landing and a door, and there he heard a strange, musical voice, and then his wife's merry laugh to its about a mile in circumference and a triobservation. It nettled George: he knocked sharply, and before an answer could be given opened the door and walked into the room. "Oh, George, how provoking! What

made you come, dear?"

His wife was sitting in all her bridal finery on a little elevated platform, and Signor Sarts was putting the last touches to a lovely portrait of her.

"I mean it for your Christmas gift, George, and you have peeped beforehand. Is not that too bad?" "Indeed it is, Emma."

But Emma was almost satisfied with his peeping, so proudly and lovingly did he take her home. "How did you find me out, George?"

"Oh, you are easy to find out, Emma. Of course I knew if you went out in a carriage that you got it at Morrell's. But how did you come to know this

"You think all foreigners are Frenchmen, George. He is an Italian, and so is his beautiful wife. He came from waiting, and when the lady went out London to paint my Lord Bishop and the cathedral, and the signora was so spend the winter in Yorkshire and try the city to a little house set back in a to make enough to go to Italy soon. My Krasmoi Ploshad, or Red Square, garden quite in the suburbs. A very Lord asked me to have my picture done, stretching south to the bank of the handsome foreign-looking man met her and papa paid for it in order to surprise Moskva. On the right is the gray wall you. I think, George, dear, you had the house. Mark sent his carriage home, better not let papa know you have spoiled his surprise."

George felt more and more sorry and humiliated as he looked in the pretty, gentleman put her carefully into it, and frank face, and thought how cheerfully, she must have driven at once home, for after all, she had taken the forestallment n ner Unristmas secret. & "I will do as you say, r.mma,

> the signor plenty of work?" "He is painting many of the principal ladies in the city. The bishop thinks very highly of him. Indeed, I have seen his lordship there at nearly all my visits. George let the subject drop now as quickly as possible to Emma; but he talked a good deal about it-and in no very good temper—to his godfather. For once Mark had no excuse for his suspicions. He was quite awed by the fact that he had dared to think wrong of interviews which the bishop had arranged and honored with his presence. He had lost faith in his own penetration

him that good and true women are the rule and not the exception. Though I cannot describe exactly how it came about, I know that the next Christmas Mark was the gayest old bachelor in Ripon, and opened his festival ball at George's house with Signor Sarti's handsome sister—the very same lady whom the bishop himself, very soon afterward, made Mrs. Mark Ripon.

A Life of Adventure.

The life of Mary Ann Talbot, a daughter of the Earl of Talbot, was one of remarkable adventure. Born in London, on February 2, 1778, she was well educated at the expense of her father. When only about fourteen she was induced to run away from school by a Captain Bowen. She went with his regiment to the West Indies, served afterwards as a drummer at the siege of Valenciennes, where the Captain was killed, and the intrepid girl left friendless She contrived to leave the coast. and shipped as a boy on a French privateer. This vessel was captured by one of the ships of Lord Howe's fleet, and, the opportunity being open to her, Mary Talbot entered the British navy. She served in many actions, was several times a prisoner of war, and finally, in 1796, when suffering from a shattered leg, was commissioned a midshipman and discharged. Subsequently, Queen Charlotte granted her a pension of £20. When recovered of her wounds she went to America, working her way hither as steward of a merchant ship, on board of which, it is said, she was obliged to reveal her sex. After a long absence. little being known of her exploits in the mean time, she again appeared in London. From this point her subsequent life was one of great wretchedness and poverty, and she was frequently in Newgate undergoing imprisonment for debt. characters, being sailor, actress, peddler and footpad by turns. The date of her death is unknown.

entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements; but neither smiles nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. The turned round impatiently, went nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. The turned round impatiently, went back to Mark Ripon and got an accurate length of memory and nothing is a fondness for monster castings, for in length requires the own affairs, without the likes of me medone will offend the pride of another; but to the favor of the covetous there is a the stamps whose colors can be cancelled by one will offend the pride of another; but to the favor of the covetous there is a the stamps are washed the color is obliterated,

The Kremlin at Moscow.

The Palace of the Kremlin alone has always been a city in itself. In the environs the Metropolitan Bishop, the court dignitaries and princes and lords occupied magnificent mansions, reared by Grecian and Italian architects. It was here in 1547 that the great fire-for the Kremlin has never been a stranger to fire-wrought its awful destruction, baffling all human power. Here it was that the venerable metropolitan bishop, pleading at the altar for divine interpo sition, was with great difficulty rescued Smothered and in a state of insensibility the old prelate was borne through bil lows of flame and smoke, while the Pal ace of the Emperor, his treasures and the archives of the empire, were all con-

The Kremlin hill stands almost in the center of Moscow. It is triangular in form the longest side facing the Moskva fle under 100 feet in height. Adjoining it on the east is the Kitai Gorod (Chinese City), inclosed within the ancient walls, which rising directly from the Moskva, at the foot of the hill, on the southern side, climb it at either end and crown it on the north. There was, in its earlier history, a lake-like moat around the northern side of the hill, but Alexander I. drained it and converted it into a pleasant garden. The golden domes of the Kremlin were so constructed as to be visible from almost every part of Moscow.

Travelers have vainly essayed to do justice to the beauties of the place; even Bayard Taylor pleads the lack of descriptive power to do the Kremlin justice. The main entrance is through a double-towered portal called the Sunday Gate. Built against the wall, between two archways, is a little chapel or shrine, entering which, bareheaded, all the pious do reverence. Within the chapel is reached a niche lighted with silver lamps before a screen dazzling with gold silver and precious stones. High-born ady and serf kneel side by side to devotionally kiss the glass cover over a Byzantine mother and child of dark complexion. This is the "Iberian mother of God," a miraculous picture, for hundreds of years the protectress of the Musmuch better here that he resolved to covites, and her intercession is sought by all.

low front of the Gostinnoi Dvor. or Great Bazaar. In the centre of the square stands a bronze monument to Minim and Pojarski, the Russian heroes, who, in 1610, aroused the people, stormed Moscow and drove out Vladislas, of Poland, called to the throne by the Boyards. The sturdy butcher of Nijni Novgorod in represented as addressing Pojarski, The figures are colossal and full of fire and vigor. Hard by is a small circular of masonry, the throne or judgment seat

of the early Tzar. At the southern extremity of the square is the most astonishing structure -in appearance a church or pavilion. It is described by Taylor as "a bewildering pile, the product of some architectural kaleidoscope in which the most incongruous things assume a certain order and system. It is not beautiful, nor is the effect offensive, because the very maze of colors, in which red, green and gold predominate, attracts and cajoles the eye. The purposed incongruity of the building is manifest in the minutest details. This is the Cathedral of St. regarding the sex, and George and Emma Basil, built by Ivan, the Terrible, who is said to have been so charmed with the were quietly at some pains to convince work that he caused the eyes of the architect to be blinded to prevent him ever duplicating the structure. The cathedral is an agglomeration of towers,

no two of which are alike in either height, shape, or in any other particular Some are round, some square, some hexagonal, some octagonal; one ends in a pyramidal spire, another in a cone, and others in bulging domes, twisted in spiral bands of yellow and green like an ancient Moslem turban. The interior of the cathedral is no less curious than the outside. Every tower encloses a chapel. so that twelve or fifteen saints have their shrines under one roof, yet separate. The colossal face of Christ, the Virgin. or the patron saint stares down from the hollow of the capping dome. The central tower is 120 feet high, while the diameter of the chapel inside it is scarcely

more than thirty feet at the base. Bayard Taylor describes this singular structure as the Apotheosis of chimneys. Passing through the Kremlin wall by the Spass Vorota, or Gate of the Redeemer, the most sacred confines are reached. Over the hollow arch hangs a picture of the Savior looking with benignity upon the Russians, but breathing fire and thunder upon their foes. The Tartars—so says tradition—were driven back again and again from this gate by miraculous resistance, and although the French entered at last all their attempts to blow it up were vain. Not even the Emperor dare pass through the Gate of the Redeemer without nncovering his head. Thus is entrance effected to the paved court of the Kremlin. Here rises the tower of Ivan Veliki; beyond are the Cathedral of St. Michael, the Church of the Assumption, and the ancient church | meal. of the Tzars, all crowded with tiaras of gilded domes. To the right is another cluster of da k blue domes over the House of the Holy Synod, while the back-ground is filled up with the new palace (Granovitaya Palata), with its heavy French front and wings, above which the Tartar towers of the Kremlin wall shoot up on the left.

At the foot of the tower stands on a granite pedestal the Tzar Lolokol, or Emperor of Bells, which was cast by order of the Empress Anne in 1730, but Out of prison she assumed a variety of was broken some years afterwards to say "Yes." through the burning of the tower in which it hung. It is over 21 feet in height, 22 feet in diameter at the bottom, weighs 120 tons, and the estimated Avarice is a uniform and tractable value of the gold, silver and copper con-"Indeed, sir, it is my business to mind vice. Other intellectual distempers are tained in it is \$1,500,000. In another brellas and went off with a worse one Museum at Christiania. In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her own affairs, without the likes of me med-

the court-yard is a tremendous piece of artillery, with bore of three feet, familiarly known as the pocket-piece of the Tzarina. In the same court are French

and German cannon, captured in 1812,

and also Turkish and Persian guns. The churches in the palace court are of modern dimensions, and plain out wardly, but within there is dazzling pomp and glare. A multitude of saints are painted on the walls, and classic philosophers and historians as well—Thucydides and Plutarch in company with SS Anthony and Jerome. There are said to be 2,300 figures altogether. In the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, instead of saints are large frescoes of Heaven, Hell and the Judgment. On the floor, arranged in rows, are the sarto Alexis, father of Peter the Great. In the middle of the church in a splendid silver coffin, is the body of a lad, believed to be that of the young Demetrius, the ast prince of the race of Rurik, who was lid of the coffin is open, and on the inner side is a portrait of the boy studded with jewels. Visitors are expected to kiss the

forehead In the House of the Holy Synod is Patriarchs during the last 600 years. The holy oil is preserved in thirty-three jars. About two gallons a year are necessary to supply Russia.

The secular palaces of the Kremlin are plain without and magnificent within. The especial splendors in gold, jewels and marble are in the grand hall of St. George, St. Alexander Nevsky, St. Wladimar and St. Elizabeth. A part of the ancient palace of the Tzars—all that was left by fire and Frenchmen-forms one of the attractions. From the balcony, it is said, Bonaparte watched the progress of the fire the night after his arrival in Moscow.

"No Stock in Comies."

"May I ask your opinion on the comet?" said the reporter, accosting a portly matron who, with a large market basket on her arm, was wending her perspiring way down Fulton street, New York. She pulled up suddenly and after having somewhat recovered from her flurry and excitement at being accosted by a stranger said: "Oh, comics; well, I never did take much stock in frighten people, an' a lot of crazy people a sayin' the world's a comin' to an end, which it ain't never comin' to an end, accordin to my belief. No, sir, I don't take no stock in comics, but my poor husband has took on dreadful since vesterday. Night before last he come home Says I, 'John, here's a reelin' drunk. come home, and in this dreadful state an' after we looked at the comic a bit out and saw more comics, and then

A Liberal Reward will be Given

To the small boy who never whistled. To the woman over thirty who never

To the boy of 18 who does not know more than his parents. To the widow who does not like to have her mourning becoming.

To the young man who doesn't think the girls are all dying after him, To the politician who never sought the place that seemed to seek him.

To the writer for the press who never said that his contribution was dashed To the doctor who has the hardihood

To a young woman who wouldn't choose an ice cream to a substantial

To the married man who never con-

to tell a wealthy patient that nothing

just a little proud of the tears he calls war vessel for coast service, being proup at a funeral.

take peculiar pleasure in helping the der this. This is deemed quite a prize

ladies off his car. To the man who ever exchanged um- lot is to be placed in the Antiquarian

The Sumpitan, or Blow-Tube

The projectiles used are darts, vary-

ng from five to eight or nine inches in

length. The Dyak war dart is the

shortest, and is usually furnished with a

small metal arrowhead. In this case the

shaft is of light wood. The longer

darts, such as those used in Sumatra, are made from a harder and heavier wood, usually the long spikes taken from the palms. These are left thicker toward the point than at the other end, so as to counterbalance the weight of the conical piece of pith there affixed. This piece of pith, the broadest part of which is but very little less than the bore of the blowcophagi of the early Tzars, from Ivan I, tube, is absolutely necessary for the forcible propulsion of the dart. As it does not fit the tube precisely, there is necessarily some escape of force. For this reason when very hard shots are put to death by Boris Gudonoff. The desired a small pellet of cotton or other suitable fibrous material is put behind the dart. The great secret in making the darts is to insure that they balance exactly, i. e., one-half must be exactly preserved the robes worn by the Russian the same weight as the other. Under any other conditions tube shooting is impossible. In Padrang, Sumatra, I was much astonished to meet a man using for very small birds darts constructed out of cocoanut leaves. He took a spike of the leaf, and cut off a piece about five inches long. The stalk of this he denuded of all leaf except one piece an inch and a half long on one side, the result being an article having the shape of a quill pen. The inch and a half fragment of leaf that remained was curled around to allow of its admittance into the blow-tube. When we remember that it was a green leaf, we can form an idea of the force with which the darts are propelled to kill. For my particular amusement the sportsman, who was laden with a supply of at least 300 darts, shot one of these palm leaf projectiles over some water, and I calculated that the range was well over 80 yards. The initial velocity was so great that the dart could not be seen for the first 25 yards. The greatest adepts with the sumpitan, especially at the present day, when its use is so surely dying out, are undoubtedly the Dyaks. From what I have heard, and from what I know from my own observation, a Dyak would shoot a dart a hundred and fifty yards to a certainty; and I should not care to bet very much against 200 yards being accomplished by picked men. This statement may savor of the "traveler" order, but I fancy most Bornean travelis, of course, not sufficient of itself to of 'toxication, too.' Says he, straight- take human life, but the Dyaks poison ening himself up, 'Maria, I'm a sober their projectiles in warfare, when a slight man : I've been scrutinizun' the comic.' wound anywhere is all that is necessary, 'A scruty what?' says I, knowin' that | Mr. Paul, who was some years in Borneo John he never used such lovely language with Sir James Brooke, told me that unless he were full. 'Scrutinizun' the he once saw a Dyak who put two darts comic, Maria,' said he, gettin' quite into a sumpitan, one behind the other, mad like 'cause I didn't understand and by some inexplicable means shot out what he meant. 'What's a scrutinizun?' | the front one first, and followed with the said I. Poor John was too full to tell other after an interval. This man was me more, but I got him up-stairs to bed, doubtless a sort of Dr. Carver among and after he had laid quiet a bit he says the Dyaks. Precision with the blowquite confidential like, 'Maria, there tube is, as with every other weapon, a were four of us a scrutinizun' the comic, mere matter of practice. In shooting small birds out of trees for collecting we had glasses round, and then we went purposes, for which service I recommended the use of the blow-tube, the Bill he said he see'd five comics, but I range would never be very great. A bird never see'd more than four.' Well, sir, 20 feet high in a tree is pretty high, my poor husband he went a ramblin' on considering that it is in the lower, fullabout those blessed comics till he ram- leaved trees that the birds congregate, bled himself to sleep. When he woke in preference to the higher ones. At up yesterday mornin' you never see'd a this distance a little practice will make sicker man. Said, I, 'John, ain't you it a certainty that the bird will be hit. ashamed of yourself?' He turned him- If not killed outright, the long dart will self over in his bed and, lookin' at me of itself be sufficiently cumbersome to with his bloodshot eyes, said, 'Oh, prevent the bird flying very far, As a Maria! don't never take no stock in rule, the quarry is transfixed, when of course it is a case. I give 20 feet because I always like to be on the safe side in these matters, but I, myself, would certainly undertake to hit four times out of six at twice the height. I have frequently proved this by bringing down tiny birds out of the betel-nut palm. Your readers will notice that I speak of "height," and not "distance." Shooting up into a tree and shooting at an object upon the ground are two different matters when the projectile is a long dart, likely to be affected by the least wind. But still, at 30 feet small birds should not escape very often from horizontal shots. For very tiny birds clay balls may be used; but from the fact that they never can fit the barrel properly, they are not so sure as the dart. A Relie of the Vikings.

The caken hull of a vessel supposed to date from the time of the old Vikings cf the North, was recently discovered sidered the possibilities of a second while digging a tumulus near Frederickstadt, in Norway. It was rather flat and To the school teacher who can talk low in the water, tapering to a point at without seeming to watch every word each end, with a length of of keel of 44 feet, and a breadth of beam of 13 feet. To the clergyman who doesn't feel It is supposed to have been used as a pelled by oars and sails. An ancient To the married woman who does not practice in Norway was to place the sometimes wonder how she ever came vessel over the remains of its captain, and fragments of dress, horse accoutre-To the car conductor who does not ments, and harness have discovered unfor the archeologists, and the entire

-The German post-office uses postage