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IF I SHOULD SEE THE KING GO BY.

If I should see the King go by With all his retinue. In 'broidered robes of red and gold, And gems of many a hue; Then would I sigh? Not I, not I-

No crowned head at peace may lie If I should see the King go by, And should he say to me; "O friend, 'twere meet that you and I hould alter fate's decree,

Come, don my robes! Not I, not I-The King's robe is the target's eye. If I should see the King go by Along the King's highway, Methinks that I would rise and cry : "O King, rejoice to-day!"

That Kings have many ways to die?

TPEO'S LOVE.

Isabel had managed to get through with the ceremony very creditably indeed. She had succeeded in looking queenly and elegant, and Mr. Van Verst had shown all his pride in his handsome eyes when he looked at her.

the least nervous, but, as ber first brides- help me!" maid said, behaved as though she were in the habit of getting married every

After the ceremony, she had gone through the tedious reception, and stood vet serious-grave, yet pleasant-while her dear five hundred friends kissed her and took her hand, and congratulated her-her feminine friends, who, in their secret souls, were envious of her good the coach that was conveying them to luck in having "secured" the handsome, stately man beside her, who filled his position and did the honors as a prince of the blood royal might have donewhose name was a power in social financial and political circles, and who had condescended from his high estate peaceful smile, as as she laid her hand to woo lovely Isabel Lisle.

And now they were "married and a'. Ceremony, reception and breakfast were over, and well over, and Mrs. Van Verst had retired to her dressing-room to change her toilet of white satin and lace, pearls and diamonds, and white roses, for the charming traveling costume of

cashmere. Just a little to the surprise of the vivacious girls who were supposed to be ndispensable on the momentous occasion. Isabel told them she really very much prefered attending upon herself and, as Isabel usually had her own way, Mabel and Maude left her, with a loving, saucy little protest.

And she laughed, and turned them out and then-

Regardless of the magnificence of her trailing bridal robes, unmerciful of the and praying.

She ceuld not cry; it seemed as if all her tears had "forever left her eyes to even make the slightest sound, but, oh! the awful, unspeakable, pent-up agony she suffered, until she woudered she did not die then and there-until she prayed God to let her die as she was, or else so eagerly, at lovely Vivian Gwyneth.

remove the burden. And the why and wherefore was, that since the night and hour eigteen months before, when she and Theo, Edmerton had parted in proud, indignant coldness other as even fond lovers not often he had thought never could happen to heard of him or from him. He had ried another. disappeared as thoroughly from society as though he were dead, and so how could she have known that in his pique, and stub ornness, and unyielding pride. he had put the ocean, foreign countries,

deserts, between them! he realized was, he had gone so far in thy and healing. his displeasure as to give her no opportunity in her penitent relenting, to be day she was Horace Van Verst's wife.

Some one rapped softly on the door, there, shivering, writhing with longing lovely Vivian for her love, she should pain and utter abandonment of despair. withold it. Maud St. Willis's cheerful voice call-

"A belated wedding present, Bell-a check for \$1,000, or a Government bond I dare say, seeing it is contained in an and yet, if it should so happen that she

envelope. Can't I come in?" "Not quite yet, dear. I'll take the parcel, please.'

She unlocked the door and received it; then with the first sob of pain that handsome face yale with passionate had passed her lips yet, she sank faint pleading, his eyes full of masterful tendand weak upon the nearest chair, as she erness, as he told her how he loved her, Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court recognized Theo. Edmerton's hand- and asked for her sweet self in return. writing. She did not at once open it; she could not, for the cold trembling of her hands. She sat there, her heart seeming to stop its beating, until a girldish voice, as somebody passed the docr. so proud, so tender, so charmingly shy speaking about the time of trains, roused

fiance to herself.

prised to receive my most elaborate con- my ideal—I have worn it night and day. young ladies who practice tight lacing

sincere, undivided love your heart, and told you?" bestow upon youself the title that means, in your case, that your affections are so surely, so sincerely placed upon a gen tleman so worthy-

The vein of icy-fond sarcasm sudhandwriting changed into a hurried half- Isabel Lisle nineteen years before. illegible scrawl:

"Isabel, what have you done? My God! what have you done? Could you not have waited a little while? You have ruined my hope, my happiness, my faith and trust in woman. You have killed me-killed me! May God forgive you, and, if ever I prayed, I pray now that I may forget I ever loved-yes, that I love more madly than ever."

Such a letter-such despair, and such hopeless bitterness, such anguish of missery, such pain of anger-and Mrs. Van Verst crushed it in her hand, till the paper was a mass of broken fragments.

"I will forget him-I will not go to my husband with such thoughts in my heart! My God, 1 will be true-I must be true! Oh, make me-make me true She had not trembled nor appeared in to him, and don't let me swerve! Heaven

And with hands clasped and lovely eyes uplifted, she stood one moment, until a loving Father laid His blessing of endurance and patience, and earnest resolution and consciousness of His own strength and presence, upon her heart. that was sick unto despair.

Half an hour later she looked up into her husband's face, as they sat alone in the depot-such a good, grand face that accompanied the character, no woman could come in contact with and fail to thoroughly revere and admire, And sudden little thrill of humble content warmed in her eyes and quivered into a

"I mean to be such a good wife, Horace," she said, gently.

"My darling, I know it;" he answered her. "And I am most blessed of any man on God's earth to-day."

So their wedded life began. Two years afterwards, and half a city mourning, because of the pitiles scourge that the hot midsummer days had swept relentlessly down upon it. And in a nearly deserted hotel, where fashion, and beauty and wealth had fled before the grim oncoming of the pestilence, two people lying dead -- young, handsome even in death, with refinement and nobility on their marble faces.

And the death-roll, that morning, telegraphed to happier Northern cities. contained these names: "Mr. Horace Van Verst, and his wife, Mrs. Isabel Lisle Van Verst;" while in an adjoining rare and costly white roses she crushed room, rosy, healthy, joyous and unso ruthlessly, this bride of an hour, when conscious of her awful loss, their baby she had locked her door and dashed girl, a year old, watched over by one down the curtains, flung herself on her careful nurse, while another, gray-hairknees beside the lounge, in a perfect ed and tearful, was hurriedly making ecstasy of grief -knelt there, shivering preparations to leave the accursed feverstriken city.

Theo. Edmerton had taken up his po sition at the foot of the grand stair case, curdle around her heart." She did not and was rather enjoying looking on at the gay crowd that was fast filling Mrs. Wyllard's parlors, and especially looking, as not for the first, or the second. or the dozenth time he had looked just

Of late, Edmerton had been passing through a strange experience, and fairhaired Vivian was very intimately connected with it-so intimately that, during these past few weeks, Edmerton had -they two who had worshiped each come to know that had happened to him worship-Isabel Lisle had never spent him again, after the desolate, waste time one happy moment. Not once had she in his life, when Isabel Lisle had mar-

He had thought never to renew his faith and trust in woman. He had no hope nor wish that the week that he had believed himself in love and passion should ever be made anew. And then, right into all the debris of his affections All she knew was, he made no sign; all Vivian Gwyneth had come with sympa-

Until, standing and watching her tonight, the fairest, brightest star in Mrs. reconciled. And now, this fair, bright Wyllard's brilliant assemblage, Theo Edmerton knew he loved her.

Until he was wondering what the rembringing Isabel to her senses. Had it nant of his heretofore unblessed life been a minute or an hour since she knelt would be worth to him if, when he asked

For he had made up his mind slowly, during the past few weeks, that he was warranted in asking her. He was almost sure she cared for him,

An hour afterward he stood before Vivian Gwyneth, alone with her, in the fragrant, half-dim fernery, with his

I think it was the sweetest way a wo-

man ever gave herself to her lover, that which she did, in her own perfect way, "Before I answer you," she said, lifther again into a sort of desperate de- ing her glorious eyes to his in a swift. radiant, little glance—"before I answer And then she tore open the envelope you, let me show you—this—the picture of him I have loved all my life. Even "Without any doubt you will be sur- as a baby I began to worship it. It was

A gasping sort of vague fear crept chilly over him in that one instant when she laid a diamond-crusted gold locket in his hand.

And then he opened it to look into his denly ceased-even the correct, elegant own eyes-the picture he had given

She smiled in his astonished face. "You don't know-no one knows but my dear adopted parents-that I am Isabel Lisle's child; but I knew you Theo, the first time I saw you, and think, if I had not had mamma's locket. I should still have known you from her letters and diary I have kept. Are you sorry I am mamma's daughter?" Was it possible-was it possible?

Then all the passion came radiantly back to his pale face and astonished

eyes, as he held out his arms caress-I think your mother has given you to me. I loved her, but not as I love you,

oh, my little one! Vivian will you come to me? Will you give yourself to me? And she stepped inside the outstretched arms, and laid her bright head on his breast, and made him realize that it was for his highest human happiness that fate had seemed so apparently cruel in all those past dreary years, which now, in one little moment, was blotted out forever.

The Bedroom.

A bedroom should impress the observ er with the idea of a dainty cleanliness reigning supreme in every part of it, while the prevalence of cool, soothing tones of color suggest repose and rest. The paint might be delicate chocolate, the walls soft peagreen; no color equals green for giving rest to the eyes, and in its paler tints it offers a pleasant sense of coolness during the most sultry days of summer, while they are free from the suspicion of coldness seen in many of the gray shades commonly used. Light colors make a room appear larger than the dark shades. Woodwork, painted chocolate, and cream walls look well with bright blue furnitare covering and curtains, or maroon paint and citrine well with deep blue. A wall of a pale tone of blue and sagegreen woodwork will harmonize with furniture coverings bearing a design of autumn tinted leaves. Stained boards are without doubt best for bed-rooms; a square of carpet covers the centre, leaving three feet all round the room. Dust invariably collects under furniture and draughts of air sweep it up into the corners; but the boards, being without a covering, allow of its being easily taken up with a duster. Then, too, the carpet being simply laid down, there is no difficulty in the way of its being often shaken; no tacks have to be taken out or heavy wardrobes moved, so that there is no possible excuse for its being left down until the dust accumul ates thickly

Salt for the Throat.

In these days, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat. For years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subjected to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourself, but to our friends and these with whom we are brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noor, and night, We dissolved a large table spoonful of pure salt in about half a small tumbler full of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeared. tribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many parsons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days use, no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.

How Rats Steal Honey

When the clerks in a certain Rochester drug-store are not operating with the mortar and pestle, or compounding a black draught, or mixing equal parts of Turkey rhubarb and hydrocanic acid (for children teething), or spreading shoemaker's wax on porous plasters, or engaged in any of the multifarious modes of making themselves useful known to apprentice anothecaries; in a word, when they have an idle hour and a friend to entertain, they resort to a plan decidedly novel and not without interest to lovers of anecdotes about animals. What the boys do is to take the honey jar from the shelf, take the stopper rom its mouth and place it near a rat-hole from which one of the rodents emerges quickly when the store is quiet. It discovers the presence of the honey in a short ime through the assistance of its nose, and then puts in practice a plan it has found to work well for reaching the sweet contents of the jar. The expedient is simply to insert its tail in the mouth of the jar deep enough to reach the honey, then withdraw it and suck the linked sweetness at its lei-The clerks are ready to swear this story is true, and they are now carefully observing, for the benefit of science, the effect on the human family of strained oney in which rats' tails have been soak

THE idea has become prevalent that the Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the that has given to your husband the what you wish, knowing what I have really the most stayed among their sex.

How to Learn Botany.

Botany is usually regarded as a very dull and difficult study, even for advanced students, and of course quile too dry and hard for young children. This is all a mistake. Botany is really a most fascinating study for children or grown people. It is better adapted than almost any other to cultivate post-office, but the postmaster's face the very faculties which are not stimulated by other studies. The secret of success consists in making each student an independent explorer and discoverer. Taught by an enthusiastic teacher, botany awakens and strengthens powers of accurate observation, acute perception and correct classification, such as are needed to make life useful and happy. The study of botany may be commenced at any time. The best time is early spring. Suppose we start with a family of voung people from gotten the faithless one of her days of seven years old to twenty. We meet every For our first lesson we study any plant, or part of a plant, that we have at Each makes a sketch on paper, and writes a minute description of it. Then maiden name that derived from her huswe put some seeds, or grains, such as band. An accompanying note from the beans, corns, oats, etc., in warm water to postmaster explains that in tearing away oak till the next day. At the second lesson we open some of these softened seeds, and observe their internal structure. The older and wiser ones tell the younger ones postmarked "1876." The lady spanks what they know about the seeds. Then the baby to keep it quiet while she we plant the remainder, some in earth and ome between layers of damp cotton floating on a tumbler of water. While waiting a few days for these to sprout, we bring up from the cellar onions, potatoes, celery cabbages, etc. Each object is examined externally and internally, sketched and relatives of the former lover. It is learncescribed in writing. Some of them are planted in earth and put in warm places, that we may study their growth. Looking out of the windows, we examine each tree and shrub in sight, sketching and describ ing twig, branch, trunk and bark and swelling bud. We cut cross sections, and compare them with cross sections of bam boo or-palm stems, as seen in common fans. We cut vertical sections, and compare them with the wood used in making furniture. The flowers and plants in the window are sketched and described down to her mother was the fair, unfortunate the most minute particulars. Now we begin to study a book on botany. Our seeds are beginning to germinate and illustrate the first lessons, and our leader takes care that in all our course our investigations shall his officers came in state to Greenwich, keep in advance of our book lessou, that clad in gold and purple. The nobility we have the pleasure of making discoveries and finding them confirmed. Each day we recite something previously learned; find plants to illustrate it, and others to lead in The trumpets sounded, the people the direction of the next lesson. Then cheered, and the infant princess was that there was an attache who spoke Huntaking some plant (if possible a complete brought back to the palace with blazing garian, but he had gone to Biarritz for one from root to flower and seed), we examine, sketch and describe it. Then turning to the analytical tables, we trace the description till we determine the species. We commit to memory and recite some of

the distinguishing characteristics of the family, thus becoming so familiar with them that in future we need not go through with the tabular analysis. We press and preserve specimens of all plants analyzed. As soon as possible we pursue our studies in the fields and woods. In each of these excursions we study one particular organ or part of a plant. Sometimes collecting the greatest possible variety of leaves, we sit down and compare the different forms. Sometimes we do the same with roots. Thus we learn a great deal about plants which we cannot analyze, because some part is lacking. In studying botany in the ordinary way very little enthusiasm is awakened; but, studying it in the way described, vastly more interest is excited, and more knowledge gained. A thousand beauties are discovered which the books pass over unnoticed. Any young person who has stu died botany for a single season could conduct a class on the plan I have described. It is a shame that country children should be allowed to grow up ignorant of natural objects around them. It is time that edu-

young poople if they would offer premiums for proficiency in natural science as well as

cated people, school boards, etc., should

see that arithmetic and geography are not

the only : ciences worth studying. Agri-

cultural societies would help to educate the

manufactured articles. Dead Branchts. According to a first-class ty it has been clearly strated that a dead branch on a tree makes almost as great a strain on the main plant for moisture as does a living one. It is one of the most important discoveries of modern botanical science to the practical horti culturist, as by this knowledge he can save many a valuable tree. When one has been transplanted some roots get injured, and the supply of moisture in the best cases Is more or less deficient. Any dead branch, or any weak one, should therefore be at once cut away. So in pruning trees at transplanting, the large lifeful branches should not be cut back as is generally done, but the weak, half-dead ones that are usually left, should be the ones to cut away. The large, stout ones are reservoirs of the sap, which the plant needs: the half-dead ones draw on these reservoirs and contribute nothing of their own. It has been found that deciduous trees can be transplanted simply cutting out all the weak and miser able wood and leaving a few main branches with their foliage.

Married or Martyred.

He walked into the office looking nuch like a man pretty well satisfied with general results, and said:

"Can I see the editor?" He was shown that eminently useful adjunct to a newspaper at once. "Good morning, sir," he cheerily be-

"Mornin'," said the editor. "I came in," he proceeded, "to tell land, you of a misprint in the paper.' "Yes. What is it?"

"Well, you see, I sent a notice around resterday that Mr. Smith had been married, and your compositor, I see, has got it Mr. Smith has just been martyred. but I guess it don't hardly make enough Mary was Queen of Scotland, and liteness, to accept it.

difference to change it." other female eccentricities, and told the dering her husband, Darnley, was driven such jintlemanly ladies!" gratulations on the auspicious event Would you care to have me to tell you are fast. This is an error, as they are away whistling, "Why should the spirit came Elizabeth's prisoner for nineteen car amid the cheers of his fellow pasof mortal be proud?"

The Crooked Course of Leve.

Five years ago a maiden fair, whose home was a little town near Macon, Ga. anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. Days passed wearily. The sighing lass haunted the always bore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come. The maiden thought that her heart would break, for she realized at last that her lover was faithless. The scene shifts. It is September, 1881. In Macon dwells the same lady, but she is now a happy wife, with two children. She has forwoe. She is therefore surprised when from the town of her youth comes a letter bearing as a superscription to her some of the boards of a letter-case the missive was found. The envelope is eagerly devours the contents. "Heavens! it is from John," who proposes in loving words, and begs a kind reply. The lady's husband also enjoys the letter, and, out of curiosity, communicates with that he is a happy Chicago packer, with a wife and three sons.

Queen Elizabeth's Youth. Elizabeth Tudor, the famous queen, vas born September 7, 1533, at a beautiful palace on the Thames, at Greenwich. Her father was the cruel Henry VIII., the husband of six wives in succession : Annie Boleyn. Her birth was the occasion of a splendid ceremony. At her baptism the Lord Mayor of London and and the clergy assembled, and brought rich gifts of gold, silver and jewels. torches by a crowd of gaily clad attend- some sea bathing. Almost in despair, the ants. For nearly three years she was looked upon as the heir to the crown : a palace was given her, and she seemed destined only to good fortune. But now her eruel father cut off her mother, Anne Boleyn's head, and married another. Elizabeth was neglected, and was left without clothes and almost without food. "She hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat," wrote her governess of her. and "no meat at home." Her father forgot his child, and seemed almost to desire that she might die, like her

His third wife, Jane Seymour, died, leaving a son Edward, who was to be King of England. Elizabeth was now treated with kindness, and formed a strong affection for her young brother. She was about four years older than he was. As they grew up they were edu cated together in the same palace, and had the same tutors. They studied Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and learned to write well. At twelve, Elizabeth could compose in French and Italian; and when Edward was about twelve, he began to keep a journal, which is still read with pleasure. Their elder sister, Mary Tudor, afterward the cruel queen, was sometimes with them. Their father, Henry VIII., gave them excellent teachers, and they lived in happiness together several years. But Henry had in the meantime divorced one wife (Anne of Cleves), cut off the head of another (Catharine Howard), and he finally married a widow, Catharine Parr, who outlived him. He died in 1547. When the news of his death was brought to Elizabeth and Edward, who were in the room together, they burst into floods of

Edward went up to London and became king at nine years of age. Elizabeth fell into bad health, grew pale and thin, and for many months seemed scarcely to hope for life. She wrote sometimes to Edward, and their fondness for each other still continued. She grew up tall, fair, her eyes blue, her hair red or auburn, her nose prominent. her manners pleasant and attractive. easily all through the summer season by She played on the viol, danced, sang, read Greek, spoke Latin easily, and was fond of literature; she made translations from the Italian, and was one of the most intelligent persons of the time. At this period she dressed very plainly, and lived a studious life. In 1553 Edward died, at sixteen. Mary, his eldest sister, became queen, and at one moment wished to put Elizabeth to death. She was carried to the Tower, passed through the Traitor's Gate, and was a prisoner for many months. At last Mary relented, and set her free. Marry died in 1558 and Elizabeth became Queen of Eng-

> Her life can scarcely be called a happy one, for she was in constant danger of assassination, and her enemies on all ure. sides threatened to deprive her of her crown. Her chief rival and foe was her second cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots. claimed to be Queen of England. She years. She was always plotting againts | sengers,

her cousin; sometimes she planned the assassination of the Queen with the discontented English, and sometimes she called upon the Kings of France and Spain to invade England, and place her on its throne. Mary's long captivity and various misfortunes have made her an object of lasting interest. Like all the Tudors, she was very intelligent and very cruel, Elizabeth kept her for nineteen years a state prisoner in different castles. At last, when some new plot was discovered, it was thought necessary to put her to death. Elizabeth signed the order for her cousin's execution with tears and hesitation. She had

no doubt, some humanity. Soon after, Philip II. of Spain sent the great armada to conquer England and destroy Elizabeth; but the brave Englsh sailors defeated the Spaniards. and the great fleet was washed to pieces on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland. Elizabeth's reign was a very famous one. Shakespeare and Spencer were its poets: Bacon, Cecil and Raleigh, its active leaders. The Queen was always fond of reading, and spoke Latin to the students at Oxford. But she grew vain, proud, and forgot her early simplicity. At sixteen she had worn only plain clothes, and lived in quiet study; at sixty she covered herself with laces, brocades and satins, and left at her death three thousand costly dresses and eighty wigs. She never married; and when she died. in 1603, James I., the son of her cousin and rival, Mary, Queen of Scots, became

Translated by the Queen. A good story reaches us from Belgium. the truth of which is guaranteed. A banking house at Verviers recently received a letter from a bank at Buda Pesth. The recipients knew that it related to a matter of great inportance; but, unfortunately, they could not master the contents of the mis sive, as it was written in the Hungarian language, and there was not a soul at Verviers who understood that tongue. Accordingly, one of the partners rook a journey to Brussels, expecting to find everything he wanted at the Capital, but only to be disappointed-nobody at the banks could read Hungarian. There was, however, still the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, whither the banker betook himself, to learn

hero of the story called upon the Bourgo-

master, with whom he was acquainted, and

related his troubles. After some thougat

his worship, striking his forehead, exclaim ed: "Aft rall, sometimes our most foolish ideas prove the best." With this enigmatical observation he asked for the lerrer. The next day he returned the original to the gentleman from Verviers, with a translation in French, in a neat, feminine hand. "To what Hungarian fairy do I owe this good fortune?" asked the delighted banker. This is an affair invoiving some milions. and I shall be happy to pay a handsome douceur to the translator who has enabled me to get at the meaning of the letter in time to conclude the affair," "I take you at your word," replied the Bourgomaster. "Give me 10,000f. for the poor of Brussels for the translator is none other than the Queen. She has experienced lively satistaction in employing her knowledge of the Hungarian language to oblige one of her subjects," The Queen of the Belgians is a daughter of the Archduke Joseph, whose beneficient rule of Hungary is still remembered by the people, and she was born in

Woodcock Telegraphy. On a number of occasions I have closely

the capital city during her father's palatin-

observed the woodcock's system of telegraphy. The bird's mandibles are furnished with extremely sensitive nerves, so arranged that when the point of the bill rests upon the ground the slightest sounds are conveyed to its brain. Standing upon the water-saturated earth of a spouty bog, our bird utters a taint, keen cry, scarcely audible at two rods' distance, then immediately lets fall his head till the tip of his oill touches the ground, and listens atten. ively. If his mate hears him she replies, puts her bill on the ground, and listens in turn. So the love messages go back and forth as long as the birds have anything to say. This sort of thing usually happens in the soft twilights from May to the middle of August, though occasionally I have seen and heard it in the broad daylight of a summer day. In June 1868, I made the following note: "To-day sketched a woodcock in the listening attitude. Shall try to get further studies." Five years later I succeeded in getting three more sketches and last year (1880) I got four more. Many of these and kindred sketches have been obtained at the end of indescribable care and labor. The woodcock is so shy, so attentive, so sensitive, that the least sound will cause it to skulk and hide-a thing it does with even greater cunning and success than the quail, The only way in which I ever have been able to get near enough to the bird to sketch its natural attitude has been to crawl on the wet ground through tangled weeds and shrubs until I reached a hiding place on the border of its feeding range, and there patiently and silently watch for its coming. This I have done over and over again for days together before getting sight of the bird

On the Cow-Catcher.

In a railroad car the seats were all full except one, which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman, and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats. Seeing none vacant, they were about to go to the next car when Patrick arose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleas-

"But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies with a smile, hesitating, with true po-

"Niver mind that," said the gallant The editor scratched his head a min- said Elizabeth had no right to the Hibernilan; I'd ride upon a cow-catcher ute and thought of house-cleaning and throne. Mary was suspected of mur- to New York any time for a smile from

visitor, of course it didn't and he went from Scotland by the people, and be- And he retired hastily into the next