VOL. LVI.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1882.

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TOHN G. LOVE. ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. P. Wilson. THANKSGIVING, 1881.

Indulgent Father at thy feet, We bow this blessed day, And thank thee for a parent's care, That crowned our yearly way,

For health, for hope, for happiness For home, and home delights, For all the countless cares that hedge Our passing days and nights.

The pestilence has passed us by, No famine touched our land; Spring time and harvest made their rounds

At Thy supreme command. Peace sat at all our hearthstone fires, And concord's song was heard, Alike in cottage and in hall,

Where happy hearts were stirred. The poor were fed with open hands. The thirsty drank their fill, Torn hearts received both oil and wine,

And felt a healthful thrill. From sea to sea, from mount to hill. On ocean side and plain, Came down a Father's holy smile

Like summer giveth rain. In all the land the churchly spire Has wedded to the mill, And holy lessons pointed toil

To shun the snares of iil. The old, the young, the grave, the gay, Bowed to the will of God, And in a childlike codfidence, Revered a parent's nod. Our Father from a thousand hearts

Overshadowed by Thy love, Come forth, devout Thanksgiving songs, As pure as those above. For all the past we bless Thy name We magnify Thy will, And in the future trust Thy grace,

To shield us from all ill.

UNCLE VERSUS NEPHEW.

The belle of the season, at Atlantic City, this year, was Adrienne Vail.

A dark-eyed beauty, with one of those rich, wine-warm complexions that remind one of Egyptian Cleopatra, lovely red lips, and white arms sparkling with cordons of precious stones and bands of dead gold; and in the purple light of the setting sun, as she sat there in Major Brabazon's barouche, with the foamfringes of the sea on one side, and the vellow sands on the other, she was as beautiful as a dream!

Nor was she unobserved by the stream of gay promenalers along the shore. "It's a foregone conclusion," said old

"She'll marry Brabazon, of course, said Mrs, Alleyne. "She'll marry the richest man who

Doctor Pounce,

presents himself, no matter who he is, observed Captain Dagon spitefully. "The Brabazons are a wealthy family, remarked Dr. Pounce. "Not that this

young fellow has much of his own, but his uncle, old Barney Brabazon, is the richest planter in Louisiana, without chick or child to inherit his wealth," "You may depend upon it, Miss Vai

has taken all that into consideration, said Mrs. Allevne, with the quiet malice which one woman often exhibits in speaking of another. "She is the most mercenary creature on the face of the

Mrs. Alleyne had spoken, if vindictively, still truly. Adrienne Vail, with her angel face and voice of low toned music, was rather inclined to view mankind through the dollar-and-cent medi-

Her face was her fortune. She had been educated by a scheming mother, who, herself pinched and cramped by perpetual want, had resolved that Adrienne should bring her radiant beauty to the best possible market, and thus redeem the low state of the family for-

Adrienne's girlhood had not been like that of other children; she had tasted poverty, and been trained in the belief that happiness could only be attained by means of a golden spell.

"You must marry, and you must marry rich," was the precept which her mother was perpetually dinning into her ears-nor was she likely to forget the battle cry, now that she was on the actu-

al field of action. "And I suppose," said Mrs. Alleyne, biting ker lips, as she saw her own redhaired, sandy complexioned daughter walking without an escort on the beach,

"Brabazon's fool enough to believe that she really loves him for himself." Yes, Brabazon was just such a fool. He was madly in love with the beautiful brunette-he was in a paradise of bliss

as long as she sat by his side and smiled on him with those wonderful eyes of hers-and he firmly believed that, with the magnetism of true love, she shared his every emotion. They were engaged—that is, subject

to old Barnabas Brabazon's approval. for Adrienne knew that her young suitor had no patrimony of his own, and she had no mind to risk "love in a cottage" even for the sake of handsome Allan

"He stands in a father's place to you. Allan," she said; "and my standard of

filial duty is high." "He cannot help admiring you when he comes," declared Allan Brabazon, who had already written to his uncle upon the subject.

Old Barnabas arrived at last-a yellow skinned, bilious-looking man, with iron gray hair, rumpled in a crest on the top of his head, and a pair of black eyes that glowed like coals of fire beneath his

shaggy pent-houses of brows. Panama, which half concealed his blunt features. But his linen was exquisitely features. But his linen was exquisitely for the features and secured the called his assistants and secured the clerk, while features are secured for the features for the first that a robbery was being committed. The superintendent was inexorable. He called his assistants and secured the clerk, while features for the first that a robbery was being committed. The superintendent was inexorable. He called his assistants and secured the clerk, while features for the first that a robbery was being committed. The superintendent was inexorable. He called his assistants and secured the clerk, while his assistants and secured the clerk from the first that a robbery was being committed. The superintendent was inexorable. He called his assistants and secured the clerk, while his assistants and secured the clerk from the first that a robbery was being committed. The superintendent was inexorable. The pew was set apart in 1816 for the that are observed that a robbery was being committed. The superintendent was inexorable. The pew was set apart in 1816 for the that are observed that a robbery was being committed. The superintendent was inexorable. The pew was set apart in 1816 for the that are observed that a robbery was being committed. The superintendent was inexorable. The pew was set apart in 1816 for the that are observed that a robbery was being committed. The superintendent was inexorable and cook. When cooked, add two tables are observed that are observed that a robbery was being committed. The superintendent was inexorable and cook and cook are observed that a robbery was being committed. The s fine, buttoned with diamend sparks, and Atlantic City told me you were a for- its occupants, without exception, insis the lady walked to her carriage with the ship, bout three years 'go, they was th' corn, and let it stand three hours before

king's ransom.

"Well?" quoth old Barnabas, fixing an inquiring eye on his nephew.

"Uncle," cried the young man, enthusiastically, "she is an angel!" "I'll have a look at her before I make up my mind on the subject," said Uncle

Barnabas. He was taken to call on Miss Vail, and like most other gentlemen he "went down" at the first sparkle of her liquid

dark eves. "By Jupiter, Allan, you're right!" said Uncle Barnabas, "She's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life."

So the gay season went on. The clash of viols, cornets and trombones made musical answer to the diapason of the waves; grim old dowages played cards; battered beaux smoked their cigars and strove to rejuvenate themselves once more in the fragrance of the seaair, pretty girls flirted; handsome cavaliers held fans and bouquets, and news- Uncle Barney-only in a different sort paper correspondents invented all sorts of way." of fact for the New York and Philadelphia daily press. And as time went by, a rumor gained credence, to the effect that Uncle Barnabas Brabazon was ousting his nephew from the affections of the beautiful Miss Vail.

"There!" said Mrs. Vail, her witchlike countenance assuming a radiant expression. "Here it is in black and white, An offer of marriage! My dear, you'll be the richest woman south of Mason and Dixon's line."

Adrienne, in a lovely dishabille of white cashmere and rose-pink ribbons, like dismay upon her countenance.

"Write and accept him at once," urged Mrs. Vail. "What! that old man?" "Old man!" screamed Mrs. Vail.

'The richest planter in Louisianal Why, child, every diamond that he wears is a fortune in itself."

rienne, in a low voice.

"Love-bah!" screeched the old lady, sugar and honey, a few sweetmeats, and have here pictured, where one of these starvation for the rest of your life. I huge tyrants was actually captured and made a love match, and see what drudging career mine has been. Adrienne, don't be a fool! You will never ing a spur of the mountain by the edge of have such another chance as this.'

Still Adrienne hesitated, "Mamma," she said, "I am engaged to Allan, and—I love him. And I will be his wife!"

"But, child, don't you see what ruin that will bring upon us?" breathlessly cried Mrs. Vail. "Allan hasn't a penny of his own, and if he offends his uncle

"He can work for a living, mamma, like other men."

"Work-work for a living!" snarled the old lady, displaying a set of yellow teeth that would have done credit to a hyena. "And you live in a a flat, and do up your own laces in the wash-bowl to save the laundress' bill, and turn your own silk dresses, and darn your husband's stockings, to lighten the expenses-you, that have the chance to but- plucky little assailant had now laid hold ton your gown with diamonds, and live in a palace!"

would life in a palace be worth without this flight; and as the ant still yelled for the man you love? I won't marry old re-enforcements, its companion again ap-Mr. Brabazon, and I will marry Allan, if I have to live in barracks with him, or ride around the world in a baggage

And this was the end of Miss Vail's 'mercenary" career. She wrote a resolute little note to Mr. Brabazon, while her mother indulged in a good, oldfashioned fit of hysterics. The note was worded as follows:

"I like you very much, but I loved Allan long before I ever saw you, and I don't think I can be happy with any one but Allan; so, if you please, Mr. Braba zon, I must decline your kind offer. And pray-pray don't be any more angry than you can help."

Mr. Brabazon read the little, tearstained note, and folding it grimly up, went across to the hotel where his nephew was staying. "Well, lad," said be, "I have offered

myself-myself, mind, the richest man in Louisiana—to Adrienne Vail." Allan started to his feet, turning alter-

nately red and pale. "And she has-refused me!" The young man was deadly white now. He scarcely new what he had

feared or hoped-he only felt the intense relief of knowing that Adrienne was still "My own true love," he muttered be tween his teeth; "my little dark-eyed

jewel! If she had played me false, uncle,

commit suicide! "Umph-amph!" grunted Uncle Barney. "Love-love! How these young people talk! And what, may I venture

to ask, do you expect to live on?" "I can work, Uncle Barney, for her sske," said Allan, bravely. "Very well," said Uncle Barney.

"Let's go and tell her so." ever, with flushed cheeks, eyes glitter- other Presidents who followed him, had better secure him." His dress was of course brown tweed ing with excitement and rose-red lips. The pew was set apart in 1816 for the

on his finger he wore an emerald ring tune hunter. And yet I've offered you ted upon paying the annual rental. \$4,000 worth of jewelry.

which represented almost the value of a a fortune, and you have up and down declined it.

"Because I loved Allan better than all the gold of California!" said Adrienne, with drooping eyelashes.

"Come here and kiss me, my dear, said Uncle Barnabas. "No, you need not be afraid-I shall not make love to you any more. I've lived to be sixty years old without marrying, and wouldn't wed the finest woman alive. If game, was about to retrace his steps home- black heaving waves toward the ship as you hadn't refused me, I should have run off to the Sandwich Islands to escape matrimony."

Adrienne opened her lovely eyes very grown black bear, which in a few moments sued. The fog lasted in dismal thickness

"Then why did you ask me?" she

"Simply, my dear, to make certain that you loved Allan for himself alone, not because he was the nephew of his rich uncle. And I'm satisfied now!" "I do love him," said Adrienne, with

tears in her eyes. "And I love you, too, "I'm quite satisfied, my dear," said Uncle Barnabas. "And I shall take it

perish of want." So Adrienne Vail "married rich" after all. Rich, not only in money and sugar plantations, but rich in love and true affection. Happy little Adrienne!

upon myself to see that neither of you

Strategy versus Strength. The sand-hornet is the greatest villain that flies on insect wings, and he is built for a professional murderer. He carries two keen cimetars besides a deadly poisoned poniard, and is armed throughout with sat looking at the letter, with something an invulnerable coat of mail. He has things his own way; he lives a life of tyr- charge of buck-shot. He finished the anny and feeds on blood. There are few work of death with the other barrel of his birds-none that I know of-that care to gun, and then returned home in triumph swallow this red-hot morsel. It is said for aid in bringing his game to the settlethat not even the butcher-bird hankers | ment. after him. The toad will not touch him, seeming to know by instinct what sort of chain-lightning he contains. Among insects this hornet is the harpy-eagle, and nearly all of them are at his mercy. Even "But I don't love him," pleaded Ad- the cicada, or drumming harvest-fly, an insect often larger and heavier than himselt, is his very common victim. Considcring these characteristics, it was of espec-'what does love amount to? A little ial interest to witness such an incident as I

overpowered by the strategy of three black

I had left the meadow, and was ascend a pine wood, when suddenly I espied the hornet in question almost at my feet. He immediately took to wing, and as he flew on ahead of me I observed a long pendant object dangling from his body. The inumbrance proved too great an obstacle for continuous flight, and he soon dropped again upon the path, a rod or so in advance of me. I overtook him, and on a close inspection discovered a plucky black ant lutching tightly with its teeth upon the hind-foot of the captive, while with its two hind-legs it clung desperately to a long cluster of pine needles which it carried as a dead-weight. No sooner did the hornet touch the ground than the ant began to tug and yell for help. There were certainly evidences to warrant such a belief, for a second ant immediately appeared upon the scene, emerging hurriedly from a neighboring pine-tree moss. He was too late, however, for the hornet again sought to escape in flight. But this attempt was even more futile than the former, for that of another impediment, and this time not only the long pine needles, but a small branched stick also, went swinging through "Mamma," cried Adrienne, "what the air. Only a yard or so was covered in peared, and rushed upon the common foe with such furious zeal that I felt like patting him on the back. The whole significance of the scene he had taken in at a glance, and in an instant he had taken a vice like grip upon the other hind-leg. Now came the final tug of war. The hor net tried to rise, but this second passenger was too much for him; he could only buzz along the ground, dragging his load after him, while his new assailant clutched desperately at everything within its reach, now a dried leaf, now a tiny stone, and even overturning an acorn cup in its grasp. Finally, a small, rough stick, the size of a match was secured, and this proved the 'last straw." In vain were the struggles of escape. The hornet could do no more than lift his body from the ground. He rolled and kicked and tumbled, but to no purpose, except to make it very lively for his captors; and the thrusts of that lively little dagger were wasted on the desert air. for whether or not those ants knew its searching propensities, they certainly managed to keep clear of this busy extrem-How long this pell-mell battle would

have lasted I know not, for a third ant now appeared, and it was astonishing to see him; with every movement of the hornet, he in turn would lay hold of a third stick, and at the same time clutch upon those pine needles to add their impediment to

the burden of his own body. Practically the ants had won the victory, but what they intended to do with the floundering elephant in their hand seemed a problem. But it was to them only a question of patience. They had now pinned their victim securely, and held him to await assistance. It came. The entire neighborhood had been apprised of the battle, and in less than five minutes the I believe I should have been tempted to ground swarmed with an army of re-enforcements. They came from all directions: they pitched upon that hornet with terrible ferocity, and his complete destruction was now only a question of moments.

The President's Pew.

President Arthur, it is said, has formally taken possession of the pew in St. John's Church, Washington, which Adrienne was looking lovelier than was occupied by President Madison and about. He is getting a little violent. You kles does like music sure's preachin'.

Many bears have been captured recently in the Southern Catskills, New York, and this portion of the mountains seem to be Siberian coast for a few days and calling full of them this fall. They seem to be at the Cape Wankern village 10 procure as unusually bold. The most desperate en- many as possible of the articles taken by counter with bruin that has occurred in the natives from the wreck of one of the this region for many a year took place in lost whalers, we found ourselves once more the Shandaken mountain recently. Wash- on the edge of the Wrangell ice, and once ington Jax, of Shandaken, after a long, more in dense fog on the morning of weary tramp, made the more dishearten- August 9. A huge white bear came swiming by the lack of any appearance of ming through the drizzle and gloom and ward. He suddenly heard a crushing of we lay at anchor, guided, doubtless, by twigs and underbush. He was now far scent. He was greeted by a volley of rifle away from any settlement. Peering balls, no one of which injured him, howthrough the forest he soon saw a half. more was joined by three others-fine, shaggy cubs. They had all emerged from a dense thicket into a partial bit of clearing on another border of which the hunter was concealed. Although a long distance away, he levelled his gun and fired. One of the cubs fell dead. A moment after, with the other chamber of his gun, he brought down another bear. He then attempted to reload his piece, but the other enraged animals, having by this hills, and the small dimpling hollows with time discovered his hiding-place, now pounced upon the hunter. The struggle that ensued is described by the hunter as most terrific indeed. One of the animals tried to chew up the hunter's left shoulder, mangling it badly; but while this was gong on, he managed to plant his bowie in a vital spot in the other's breast. The blood spurted over him, but the animal sank at his feet. The remaining bear, nowever, gave him a hard tussle, but he finally conquered him also. He then says he was nearer dead than alive, but managed after awhile to reload his gun and bandage his throat as best he could. He then started toward home, but had not preceded far when, with a deafening roar, the enraged mother sprang across his path, but now he was enabled to bring the infuriated beast to the ground by a heavy

A Strange Custom.

The respectable women of Thibet always appear in public with their faces painted black, so as to disguise their charms and thus prevent frail men from the perils of too great admiration. Before hemselves as unattractive as possible. they daub this composition over every but a patch of open water near the beach, like those of human beings as possible. M. Huc in his travels in the country ascertained that the singular custom had its | 10 o'clock A. M. the Corwin was riding at origin in the decree of a Lania king, some two nundred years ago. This king, being a man of austere halits, was desirous of checking the license which prevailed among the people, and which had even spread to the priests of the Buddhists to have suffered any appreciable damage their discipline, issued an edict that no had undergone. Going inland, along the than with her face daubed in the manner larger than it first appeared to be. There described. Severe temporal and spiritual penalties enforced the decree among them, the hills or mountains in sight, excepting the terrible wrath of Buddha. Tradition giving rise to a petticoat rebellion, the seen in the streets with unpainted faces.

A Little Violent.

One of the shrewdest and boldest tricks ever played on a jeweller was done by a woman of nerve in Cincinnati not long ago One day a middle-aged woman, of fine personal appearance, well dressed, and of most attractive manners called at a private lunatic asylum and asked to see the superintendent. That official met her in the

"I wish to make arrangements for the confinement of a patient here," she said. What are your terms and the conditions on which you receive your Inmates ?"

"Our terms are \$15 per week, and you nust have the certificate of two physi-"Very well, said the lady, 1 will pay you for two weeks in advance. The patient is my son, who is insane on the subject of diamonds. He has a mania tor selling my jewelry, I have not yet gotten the certificate of the physicians, but can

easily do so. I will bring my son here in the afternoon, and if you will keep him an hour I will bring the physicians with the authority. Then the lady entered her carriage and drove to a jewelry store. There she selected \$4,000 worth of jewelry, which she said was intended for the trousseau of her daughter, about to be married. She gave the name of a wealthy family recently arrived in Cincinnati, and said to the proprietor: "If you will let one of your

the money for the goods,' The proprietor consented and the clerk, with the goods in a box, entered the car riage with the lady, who said she wished to stop on the way and show her purchases and were shown to the parlor. The superintendent entered, and the lady said quite calmly to the clerk; "Just open the box and show the things to this gentleman.

The clerk unsuspectingly complied. Carelessly drawing near, the lady suddenly the room with it when the astonished clerk cried : "Hold on, madam, I must not let these

clerk, but, turning to the superintendent of the asylum, said: "This is the young man I spoke to you

It was in vain that the clerk pr

A writer says after cruising along the ever, and fortunately he could not be puruntil 1 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, when we once more saw the hills and dales of Wrangell Land hopefully near, We discovered a lead that enabled us to approach within perhaps fifteen miles of the nearest portion of the coast. At times we thought ourselves much nearer, when the light falling favorably would bring out many of the smaller features, such as the subordinate ridges on the faces of the mountains and their different shades of color, furrows that the peculiar rounded outlines due to the glacial action. Then pushing eagerly through the huge, drifting masses toward the nearest cape, judging by the distinctness of its features, it would suddenly seem to retreat again into the blue distance, and some other point catching the sunlight would be seen rising grandly across the jagged hummocky ice plain, relieved against the blue shadowy portions to the right and left as a background. It was another, and coming to a stand-still with the ship's prow against ice of enormous thickness, before we were forced to the conclusion that all efforts made hereabout seem to have been broken or moved in any way for years, We turned, therefore, and made our way back to open water with difficulty and steamed along the edge of the pack to the northeastward. After a few | tol' th' boys I'd show 'em a new way fer hours' run we found the ice more promising, showing traces of having been well crushed and pounded, enabling us to bear gradually in toward the land through a wedge-shaped ledge about twenty miles in

length. Next morning, steaming ahead once more to the end of our water lane, we were rejoiced to find though there was now about eight or ten miles of ice separating us from blocks extremely hard and wedged closely, feature, so as to render their faces as un- now plainly in sight, tempted us to continue the struggle, and with the throttle wide open, the barrier was forced and by anchor less than a cable's length from a dry gravel bar stretching in front of the mouth of a river. I'he long battle we had fought with the ice was now fairly won. monasteries to such an extent as to relax from the terrible shocks and strains they woman should appear in public otherwise left bank of the river, we found it much was no snow left on the lowlands or any of

the remains of heavy drifts; nevertheless says that women were perfectly resigned it was still about seventy-five yards wide, and obedient, and that far from the edict | twelve feet deep and was flowing on with a clear, stately current at a speed of three practice was cheerfully adopted and has miles an hour. While the snow is melting been faithfully observed down to our own it must be at least two hundred yards wide time. Now, it is considered a point of and twenty feet deep, and its sources lie religious creed and evidence of a spirit of | well back in the interior of the country. devotion, the women who daub their faces | Not the slightest trace, however, could we the most being the most religious. It is find along the river, along the shore or on only in the large towns that woman are the bluff to the northeastward of the Jeannette party or of any human inhabitants. A land more severely solitary could hardly be found anywhere on the face of the

Music-Loving Turtles.

November 25, winter opened in dead earnest, and as the wind was wailing through the trees old Jerry Greening | country turkles. Wall, that summer I came into the Williamson House bar- ketched nine hundred an' sixty-three room, Lackawaxen, Pa., and having turkles with that jew's-harp, and when driven out the cold with a little rock and rye, he sat down behind the stove and like music I set him down fer a durn listened attentively for a few moments to busted galoot every time." member of the Legislature Westfall, who was telling about a remarkable turtle he had seen ouce in Virginia.

"Now, boys," said old Jerry, clearing his throat, as the attentive listeners drew nearer the fire, "I'll jest give ye a few fac's concernin' turkles. In th' fust place they's some people as is fools 'nough to say thet turkles csn't ketched with music. I s'pose if 'tweren't fer my rep'tashun fer v'rac'ty ye'd scarcely believe thet oncet me an' Deacon Nearpass down t' Port Jervis ketched seventeen durn big turkles with nothing in the world 'ceptin' a piece of holler bamboo that a Philadelfy man give me an' a nole jew's harp, thet m' gran'father, which, clerks step into the carriage with me, 1 if he were a livin' now, would be a hnnwill go to my husband's store and give him | dred an' eighty-nine year ol' yest'day, used fer ter lead th' choir with in th' ol' Dutch 'Formed church over in Jersey. Wall, ez I were a sayin', 't ain't ev'ry one as is goin' t' b'lieve this here story, to a friend. They drove to the asylum I s'pose, but if they's any of ye here as don't b'lieve it arter I git through a of Albany's bride has not, theretore, lived tellin' of it he kin jist hey a piece outen in a whirl of exc tement, and may even me, fer I reckon I used t' be the bully goodest fighter in Pennsylvany a few years ago. I knowed a feller once what seized the box, and was walking out of peeled seventeen o' them durn Jerseymen jest fer 'musement an' I'm jest that to much, as Mrs. Carver did poor Woodlittle ol' man. But I guess they hain't cock. The marriage will excite a good goods go out of my sight until I get the none o' you ducks onto the fight, an' as deal of surprise in England, where most I were a remarkin' previous to makin' The lady did not deign to notice the th' forementioned assertion, as a feller A satisfactory feature about it is that it infrom ol' Philadelfy said oncet when I troduces entirely new blood. int'rupted him b'knockin' 'in down, tur-

"But I forgot, I started out t' tell ye 'bout me an' Deacon Nearpass ketchin' cussedest lot o' turkles ever I see, an'as cooking.

Off Wrangell Land.

were a offerin' a quarter a piece for 'em I jest intarmined to ketch a few. Ye see, this here 'French pollyvoo' jest got these turkles and biled 'em, dirt and all, I s'pose, into a kinder soup fer them consarned city people which 'ud eat a muskrat ef a Frenchman cooked it. Well, me an' Jerry-he's m' youngest, an' a riptearsnorter on a fight-we jest biled a hunk o' salt pork an' took a loaf or two o' bread an' hitched up th' ol mules 'n' off we started for' th' pon. Well, you'd a busted all th' buttons offen your clothes ef you could a seen th' gang we found camped out at the sand spring. They was the confoundest galoots ever I see. Lem me see, thar was Van Fredenberg, which wore corsets like a woman an' lives down t' Mauch Chunk now, an' they was Fred Salmon, he did the cookin', then they was Thompson o' th' Middletown newspaper, but he stole all th' liquor an' got so drunk 'twouldn't be fair t' count him in. seemed the channels of small streams and Lemme see, they was 'Erve' Fowler and Charley St. John an' Doty, th'ol' cuss what never eats salt nor nothin' an' fin'ly Deacon Nearpass. There wasn't no doubt but what th' deacon were the 'boss trump' o' that pack, an' he an' Thompson was th' only ones that wouldn't keep sober. Wall, finally Van Fredenberg come t' me an' give me fifty cents and a year's subscription to th' paper ef not long, however, tracing one lead after I'd get deacon away from the crowd an' get him straighten'd up. So me an' Jerry an' the deacon went arter turkles in one o' Barney Stigler's boats that would now be in vain. The ice did not Doty stole while Fredenberg talked Pennsylvany Dutch an' Carbon county ring politics to ol' Barney.

they was a Frenchman down t' Milford

"Wall, when we got out to th' pon' I t' ketch turkles an' I'li be blamed ef them fellers didn't call me a cussed fool when I showed 'em that all th' tackle I hed were th' ol' fam'ly jew's-harp, the holler bamboo stick an' an ol' red flannel shirt. We pulls outen th' middle o' th' pon' an' let th' boat drift. I stuck one end o' th' stick under water, put th' going out of doors they invariably rub the shore it was less firmly packed, and our jew's-harp on t'other an' commenced their faces over with black glutenous little vessel made a way through it without playin' like th' very old Nick. In less varnish, something like current jelly in difficulty until we were within two miles than twenty minutes arter I struck th' appearance. The object being to render of the shore, when we found the craggy fust chords o' th' 'Battle o' Prague' onto thet jew's-harp the whole top of thet pond for more'n a mile were black's tar with turkles. They'd come close up 'round th' boat, then I ketches hol' o' the red flannel an' holdin' onto th' sleeves into th' water. Now, ye see, turkles is zac'ly like turkey gobblers, they'll grab anything red, The fust haul I made I had seven, an' I kep' haulin' 'em in till I had a boat load, an' all this time Jerry an' th' deacon were a settin' thar jest par'lyzed with 'mazement, I wish you could a seen them newspaper fellers when we got back to the camp. Deacon were sober 'nough

> "Wall, t' make a long story short, I drove down t' Milfore with th' mule team an' th' load o' turkles, an' you orter seen that Frenchman swear when I drove up t' his door. The way he 'bused Jake Kleiuhaus oncet weren't a circumstance to th' way he cussed me; but ez he took th' turkles thet's all I cared fer. Come t' find out, he thought I'd pizened all of them turkles, so he goes an' barrels 'em up an' sends 'em down to 'n ol' cuss in New York-I think they called him Mister Delmonkey, which keeps a little eatin' s'loon thar, an' Pompey Flood, o' Port Jervis, tol' me that Delmonkey paid a dollar a piece for them any feller tells me thet turkles don't

b' that time t' tell 'em how it happened.

Prince Leopold's Intended.

The lady to whom it was announced that Queen Victoria's only bachelor son is en gaged is in her twenty-first year. Her father. the Prince of Pyrmont Waldeck, was born in 1831, and is, consequently, fourteen years jun'or to his son-in-law, the King of Holland. His other married daughter is the wife of the heir to the King of Wurtemberg. He has no sons. The Prince's first cousin, Prince Albert, his next heir in the male line, made a morganatic marriage with an Irish lady, Miss Gage, created Countess Rhoden, the descendant of a Chaplain to Queen Anne, who accompanied a Duke of Dorset, when Lord Lieutenant, to Ireland in the same capacity, and whose descendants have long been seated at Rathlin Island, which covers some 3000 acres, off the coast of Antrim, Ireland. Prince of Waldeck has about 60,000 subjects, and rules over 500 square miles. He has a pleasant home at Arolsen, his capital, on the River Aar, the population of which comprises about 2000 people. The Duke find Osborne and Balmoral lively. On the the other hand, she may, perhaps, like Mrs. Col Carver, in "Woodcock's Little Game," resolve to make up for lost time, and use her young Duke, who is not up had, in view of Prince Leopold's delicate health, set him down a permanent bachelor.

To CAN GREEN CORN.—Take one and a