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Deavon & Gephan

River, O River, that singeth all night, Nor waitest thou for light To pour out thy mirth Along the chill earth, The words of thy song let me know .-

"I come, and I go."

River, O River with swell and with fall, Thy musical call Waketh, summoneth me: What thought is in thee That lulls me, yet rouses me so?-

"I come, and I go." River, O River, a word thou must give To help me to live. "Then sing on thy way Sing the joy of To-day-Time's ripple, Eternity's flow

I come, and I go." River, O River, thy message is clear Chant on, for I hear. "What the mountain gives me Bear I forth to the sea. Life only is thine to bestow

I come, and I go." River, O River, thy secret of power I win from this hour: Thy rythm of delight Is my song in the night: I am glad with thy gladness; for, lo!

I come, and I go.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

It had rained all day a dull, depressing pour-down; but just now, as the day was ending, the sun saw fit to burst out from behind a pile of jagged black clouds, and flood the little planet below with crimson glory, The far-spreading sea shone like an ocean of flame; and all the western windows of the old farm house were flecked with the crimson

Janet Stuart stood looking out at the radiant western sky, her heart in her like! What is it to me?" eyes. The red light went shifting in fiery lances through the thick masses of blue black hair, and flashed back from her deep, strong eyes. She stood there looking fixedly out at the lurid light, her back turned to the pair at the piano, talking and singing softly in the April twilight.

One of these was Miss Ingestre, their New York guest-a delicate, fairy figure, not at all like Janet's; a delicate rose-bloom face looking out at you through a halo of pure gold hair; the other, Mr. Etheridge.

Now the pair struck out into a duet. Softly and sweetly came across the room the delicious Italian song, a song full of passionate pain. Out of the western sky slowly faded the crimson sunburst, gravely crept up the twilight, palely gemmed with stars.

"Darkening!" Janet Stuart thought, with weary eyes, that never left the steel-blue sky. "Darkening-like my

It faded entirely out, the last flush of the dying day. The stars swung into the blue black concave; and a pale, young crescent moon sailed serenely up to the zenith. And still, while the day faded and the night came, the twain at the piano never stirred. Their low laughter, their half-whispered words, their soft singing came to the listener's ear: but she never looked at them. She sat colder and whiter than snow, her still hands folded.

"He promised to love me and be true to me always," her heart kept crying; 'and see how he keeps his word!" "In the dark?" called a cheery voice,

and old Mr. Etheridge came in. He was the owner of all the broad acres that spread right and left; and his nephew, Ernest, was the sole heir, for his wife had died nine months before and there were no children. Janet Stuart was his adopted daughter, of course; but she was to marry handsome Earnest and reign in the fine old homestead, where all her happy girlhood had

"In the dark, you three young owls!" called Mr. Etheridge. 'Jennie, lass, where are you? Leave off billing and cooing, and ring for the lamp."

He looked over at the piano, and the two heads so close together separated suddenly. A tall, dark figure rose from the window.

"I'm not billing and cooing, Uncle Janet rang for the lamp as she spoke this, and Miss Ingestre fluttered off the piano stool.

"Oh! so it was you, little Eva, and not Janet. I want a wedding in two montns; and you mustn't cut Jennie out."

The red blood mounted guiltily to Earnest Etheridge's face, but Miss Ingestre's musical laugh chimed softly through the room. Janet sat by the table, fixedly pale, her eyes bent on a book; but the printed page danced before those eyes; and Miss Ingestre's faint, sweet voice, chattering pretty nonsense, with her blue eyes fixed on the old man's face, sounded in her ears like the rushing roar of a waterfall. By and by some neighbors dropped in, and there was more singing and some dancing; and Janet played waltzes, redowas and quadrilles until the midnight hour struck; and she toiled up to her room, too fagged in body and mind even to

But she was up early for all that-up with the April birds singing in the scentel trees outside, and down on the sea, shore, staring with dreamy eyes over the dancing sea. How bright it was all sparkling in the bright sunlight, with the saline winds strong and sweet, and the fishermen singing as they cast their nets, and the noisy children, rolling in the warm sands, filling the air with

their glad shouts. "Oh!" she thought, "What happy creatures there are in the world! Men who love, and are never false, women who trust, and are never betrayed. And I-to think I should have staked on one

throw-and lost!" A man's step came crunching over the sand—a man's clear voice singing, "O'er the muir amang the heather," on the shrill wind. She knew both step and voice, but she never turned.

should find you here. I know what brides, Mr. Etheridge the most ecstatic heathenish hours you keep, and what of old addleheaded bridegrooms, Janet heathenish places you frequent."

She never answered; her eyes were bridesmaids. Then they were gone-off fixed on the far sea line, her lips closed to Paris to begin with; and Janet said in nameless pain. He threw himself on good-bye to the old homer oad ,and wa the sands at her feet, and looked up whirled away to the mestpoetlis, where

less face.

"My solemn Janet! What has come over you of late? Where has your sunshine, your sparkle, your youth, your smiles, your color gone? Tell me what

"Nothing you would care to know." He shifted uneasily; his eyes left her pale, still face, and wandered seaward. Jennie?"

"Yes, I know." "I wanted to speak to you before I Ernest's happy wife. went, Janet; that is why I got up at this unchristian hour, and looked for you here. I don't see the necessity of hurrying our marriage as uncle Etheridge wishes to hurry it-we are both Italy, if you have no objection,"

"I have none." "And when I come back in the autumn, Janet, you will be my little She rose up straight and looked in

his handsome face for the first time. "No," she said, steadily, "I will never be that. Here is your ring, Mr. Etheridge, and here we part."

looking at her in surprise, in a sort of error-in nothing else. "Here is your ring-take it. You

less faithless than you!" She drew the band of gold, studded it far into the sea. "Janet, listen to me, Janet-good

heaven!-are you mad?" "I would be if I listened to you. Go, marry Eva Ingestre to-morrow, if you

She turned and walked steadfastly away, leaving him there, a petrified gazer. Straight up to her own room, and then sank down by the window, her arms dropping on the table, her face lying on them. Not in tears, not in wo- at the gate, weary and pale. manly sobs; only in mute, deadly pain, weary of life, of herself, of the sunshine, of all the world.

"False!" her tortured heart kept crying-"false! And I loved him so dearly -so dearly.'

The breakfast bell rang. She rose up and went down, a little paler, a little stiller than her wont-nothing more. Old Mr. Etheridge was there, bright and lively. Miss Ingestre was there, chattering like a magpie, her pretty

ringlets freshly perfumed and curled, her roses at their brightest. Ernest was there, silent and sulky, but glad, if the truth must be known, that he was well out of the scrape. "She gives me up of her own accord." he thought with a sense of injury; "no-

body can blame me. I'll speak to Eva after breakfast." But he was forestalled. After breakfast his uncle carried Eva off, to get her opinion about some ornamental gardening to be done, and his tender declaration had to wait. Janet attended to her household duties; and then, with her work-basket, went and sat down by the open window; presently the aching eyes losed in dull, dreamless sleep.

With voices in her ears, she awokevoices that blended with her sleep, and that confused her. They came from the garden-the voice of Earnest, tender. pleading; the voice of Eva, sweet and

me! What an idea! And you engaged ing as he went along: to that solemn Janet?" "She is engaged to me no longer; she has broken off of her own free willjealous of you,'

"And you want me to take what another lady rejects! Flattering, really! Athousand thanks, Mr. Etheridge; at the same time-no."

"Eva! Eva! For Heaven's sake, listen to me! I love you with my whole-"Heart! Of course you do! And you will break it because I refuse? I shall be shocked and disappointed if you do not. There! There! Don't coax. I can't marry you because I am going to marry

your uncle! Now, the truth's out!" Janet rose abruptly and closed the window, fully awake at last. "I never thought of that," she said, on her way to her own room, "I might

have seen; but I never thought of She kept her chamber until dinnerthe table with that fixed and stone-like face. Only her uncle and Eva were

there. "To think the boy should go off five hours earlier than he need," Uncle Etheridge grumbled. "Janet, how can you allow such capers?"

Miss Ingestre looked at her, a malicious smile on her rosebud lips. Miss Stuart met the look steadfastly. "Mr. Ernest Eldridge's comings and goings are nothing to me; he is free as the wind that blows. But when am I to congratulate you, my good uncle?"

Mr. Etheridge stared - laughedooked at Eva. "So you have told her, pussy?" "I protest that I have done nothing of the sort," cried the amazed Miss In gestre; "but then she is a witch, and knows everything."

"Well, since you have divined it, in three weeks; and you must be first bridesmaid, Jennie, "With pleasure, Miss Ingestre."

"Precisely. And when is it to come

"I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull said: luring our absence, Janet," her uncle "We're going on a three months' bridal tour, and-"And I am going to New-York. My dear uncle, don't say a word, I have set my heart on it. My old nurse lives

there, I will lodge with her; and,

really, life in this stagnant village is growing insupportable. So it was settled; and duly the wed-"Janet!" cried Ernest, "I thought I ding came off; Eva, the loveliest of law, go to a law office." Stuart the stateliest and calmest of

with laughing blue eyes in her change- she was soon busy in the precarious

venture of writing a book. Another summer, and it came out and was a brilliant success. Another, and a arresting decay. As long ago as 1769 a second followed; and Janet Stuart woke Mr. Jackson, a chemist, obtained permisup one morning and found herself fa- sion to prepare tumber for the shipyards, mous. Rieh, too, or comparatively so, by immersing it in a solution of salt and able to gratify the desire of her water, lime, muriate of soda, etc.; anheart and go abroad to fair, foreign other prectical experimentalist suggested lands, with an admiring party of literary slaked lime, thinned with a solution of "You know I am going to-morrow, friends. Once—ah! how long ago it glue, for mopping the timbers of a ship. seemed now-she had thought io wan- The preservation of timber has been der through these storied nations as attempted by surrounding it with pounded

years went by, and ten of those years lime. Mr. Britton, in his work on "Dry had been counted off the great rosary, Rot," mentions a number of cases where when Janet Stuart came back to her lime has been of service. He says, native land. Wealth and fame had "quicklime with damp has been found to young enough to wait. I should like to crowned her; but she came back Janet accelerate putrefaction in consequence of spend this summer in Switzerland and Stuart still, true to that old dream, a its extracting carbon; but when dry and saddened and lonely woman.

uncle was dead; his young wife all his vast wealth had inherited; the fine old sels long in the lime trade have afforded homestead was for sale, and Ernest was proof of this fact, also examples in plas--where? No one knew; he had gone to Australia, having quarieled with his new aunt, and consdquently with his old uncle; that was all Janet could

Janet Stuart went back to the village "He sprang to his feet and stood of her girlhood, purchaser of the fine old homestead where her happiest years had been spent, and settled down among the familiar sights and sounds to conwill not? Then let the waters take it, tented old maidenhood. There were friends there still glad and proud to welcome her-and she could do good; with brilliants, from her finger, and flung | and with her "gray goose quill" and her piano and her pets she was happy.

She stood in the May twilight under the sycamore by the gate, one radiant eyening, six months after her coming, tying up early roses, and singing softly, when a man came slowly up the dusty road and looked at the pretty picture. A man who was bronzed, haggard, weather-beaten, and but poorly clad, with his cap pulled far over his eyes -handsome blue eyes still. He paused ant in India costs the government £100,000

"Janet!" She turned round, with a shrill, low crete basements have been found to resist cry, dropped the rose vine, and caught the encroachments of the ant. Dr. Darboth of his hands her face more radiant win proposed a process of timber preserthan the sunset sky.

"Ernest! Oh, Ernest! Ernest!" "And you are really glad to see me,

"Did you know I was here!" she ins ances have been mentioned of its

But I did not mean to intrude, I only painter uses limewater to kill the grease wanted to look upon your face once more before I went away again. "Went away! Where?"

"Back to Australia, I am poor, and can do nothing here; there is still an opening there. And before I go, dearest, bravest Janet, tell me that you forgive me for the past." His voice broke down; the old love, stronger than ever, looked at her im-

pleringly, hopelessly out of his eyes.

She stood before him, her hands lightly on his shoulders, her dear face smiling up at him so tender, so true. "You must not go; you must not leave me! Dear Ernest, I don't forgive bling of the Heavens—a trembleave me! Dear Ernest, I don't forgive -I only love you!"

Later, when the moon was at its valley. This is the warning. nighest, and the last lights were dying out of the homestead windows. Ernest Etheridge walked up the peaceful moon- a rumble-a roar-a shock so mighty that lit road to his hotel. But with, oh! giant trees are but jack-straws to its in-"Marry you, Earnest! Good gracious such an infinitely happy face, and sing-

'Say I am old, and gray, and sad: Say that health and strength have missed me: Say I'm poor, but also add-

Jennie kissed me!"

Humping Along.

Last summer as a northern man who was looking up land in Alabama was riding along the highway he met a father and son riding at a furious gallop and both armed with shot guns. They drew up as they reached him, and the old man called out:

"Say, stranger, hev ye met a young man and a gal riding the same mule and humping along as if Satan was after them?"

"No." "Well, my darter has eloped with Bill Gordon, and Sam and me are trying to time, and then went down to preside at git within shooting distance before the

"Ah? Why, that couple were being married in Blankville as I came through there an hour ago."

"Did the gal hev on a blue waist?" "Yes."

"And was it a cream mule?" "Yes," "And it was a tall fellow with a skeered look?"

"It was." "That was them, stranger, and I'm horse. much obleeged. Sam, we're too late to stop 'em, and the only satisfaction we kin git is to let our hosses jog along into town and shoot the preacher arter we

Gimme that Pen.

One day, in a 'cow case,' at Wabash, Indiana, the judge was in a harry to go to the races over on the Fair grounds, and he put on his hat before the lawyer back, but no pebble fell. No bird uttered slept here at night for several years—being for the plaintiff got half through and a note. The wind had ceased sighing driven into the kitchen occasionally of a

"There, John, you can dry up now; I've heard enough about the case, and I'm going to decide against you." "But, your Honor," expostulated the

law is all on my side." "Law! What do I care about law? This ain't no law office, sir; this is a

"But, Judge, you can't decide this "I can't hey?" "No, it's impossible."

"Who says so?-gimme that pen."

Lime as a Preservative.

It would be interesting to record the many evidences of the value of lime in lime, and several attempts have been So the world went round, and the made to preserve timber by the use of in such large quantities as to absorb all There were changes before her. Her moisture from the wood, the wood is pre served and the sap hardened." "Vestering laths which are generally found sound where they have been found dry.' The joists and sleepers of basement floors are rendered less subject to decay by a coating of limewhite; and this might be renewed at intervals. The same writer adds, "it does not appear practicable to use limewater to any extent for preserving timber, because water holds in solution only about 1-500 part of lime, which quantity would be too inconsiderable; it, however, renders timber more durable, but at the same time very hard and difficult to be worked." These facts are instructive; they show, at least, that lime in a sufficient quantity kept dry is a valuable preservative agent, and some practical chemist might earn a deserved repute if he could prepare a lime solution that would be capable of rendering so substantial a service to all builders. Such a solution would be at least sufficiently remunerative to make it worth while to try a few experiments in this direction. It is stated on good authority that the white a year for repairing woodwork, bridges, etc., caused by its depredations. Conservation some years ago, in which an absorption of limewater was effected, and after that had dried, a weak solution of sulphuric acid, so as to form sulphate of She opened the gate, her happy eyes lime in the pores of the wood. The shining luminously, and drew him growth of dry-rot or fungus on timber has been prevented by limewater, and many "Yes; why else should I have come? of lime are more generally known. The upon his work instead of turpentine; and soot stains on the outside of flues have been removed by the agency of thick warm limewash. The value of limewhite as a wash for walls, as a purifier of the air in sheds, stables, and other buildings is unquestionable, though all limewashed roofmbers have rather a rough and penurious look. As a preservative coating to the

extended trial.

joists of floors and other timbers net ex-

posed to damp, it seems worthy of a more

InThe Canyon . lion mad forces deep down under hill and

A rocking to and fro-a weaving this way and that, as if hill-tops were drunk-

fluence. That is the climax. In that convulsion mountains were rent and split and shivered, and canyons were of age; but after a year or two of what born-dark, dismal and cold. A canyon | we should call apprenticeship, when he is a highway into the heart of a mountain. It may be 200 feet broad at one spot and not more than three feet at another, but it is always full of death. You may look up rapidly learn to attend to most of his from the rocky path and count the stars at own repairing of the ordinary implenoonday. You may walk for miles and see no place where a panther could scale the rocky walls.

See how suddenly this canyon widens feet and narrows again. This makes a rocky bed sixty by fifty feet. Its walls are 300 feet high. A bird would have to make a powerful effort to rise out of this canyon. Daylight beats down into this and daily warmed in winter so as to be rocky square, but only faintly. You would have to look closely to read the coarsest print. You would be nervous and wary, and the drip! drip! drip of water from a crevice in the left hand wall would startle

you as it first struck your ear. an with grizzly locks, semi-Indian dress, ace scarred and tanned. His sole weapon s a hunter's knife, which he carries openhanded and with a firm grip. Some great danger coupled with accident has driven iron rakes, repairing even some portions him up the dark rift, and he carefully scans the rocky walls in hopes of an es-

cape that way. A body is moving down the canyon just building of corn-cribs, hog-pens, wagon as cautiously and with eager eyes. It does and cart shelvings, making of the not scan the walls, but it smiffs the heavy air, tosses its head, and opens its mouth to show a great red tongue and fangs which can meet each other through the leg of a

It is a grizzly bear, angry as they al- very handy in the use of good tools after ways are—hungry as they ever seem to be a short experience, and saves many a -ready to attack any foe that God ever dollar without consuming any time made.

cautiously.

The other creeps, crawls and ambles. eniffing its prey, but it is not able to lo-The fall of a pebble from the wall would have halted one and sent the other running enough for himself and his two dogs. He through the lonely chasm. When the two very cold night in order to get warm. His they faced each other with no sound

between them but the drip! drip! drip! of water striking the hard rock It was light enough to see the hunter's face grow white as he looked into the blaz- some shreds of harness and two boxes full lawyer, you can't decide against me; the ing eyes of the body opposite. Retreat! those terrible claws would sink into his paying the rent he and his traps were put flesh. Retreat? A grizzly bear would justice office. If you want to practice pot retreat from the front of a marching covered with a board over them. His dogs army. They must fight it out.

plash of the water it would have been the silence ot the grave.

One-two-three minutes. going to face each other forever? Have they

nor paw? "Drip! drip! drip!"

It acts upon both at the same instant. It is a monotony which strings up the nerves and excites desperation. Of a still night, when the only sound is the tick! tick! tick! of a clock, the sound will un string the nerves of men and excite a feeling of anger.

Sixty by fifty feet, with a surface as level as a floor. Neither had selected the spot, but it could not be better. Plenty of his life. of room for the hunter to dodge, spring and retreat-a splendid surface for the grizzly to sharpen his terrible claws!

"Drip! drip! drip!" They advanced as if one lever moved and controlled both. Not a growl from the bear-not a muttered word of despair from the man. They meet half way. The bear rears up, strikes gnashes his teeth. The hunter strikes, dodges, retreats. There is blood on his knife as they back away from ach other to breathe. If the man would shout-if the bear would growl-but they will not. As they look into each other's eyes and rest the stillness is so deep that

he earth seems to sleep. Forward again! The knife is wet again, out not the knife alone. These long, sharp claws are red with blood clear to the roots. Why didn't the man scream out when they tore cloth and skin and flesh and muscle from his shoulder? It would not have been cowardice, and yet he did not even groan. Red blood oozed out and stained the bear's half white coat, but he lay down on the rocky floor and licked that other blood from his paws. It was a long rest, but the silence was not so oppressive.

"Drip-drip! drip-drip! drip-drip!" First the water-then the blood from that mangled shoulder. It was an awful sound, and yet the ear took no notice of it. Man and bear glared at each other and rested and moved to the third attack. It lasted longer than the others. Kuife and claws and teeth found blood but there was no word-no growl. When they had moved back the knife fell from the hunter's hand. No wonder, when the flesh had been stipped to the bone from shoulder to out that pleasant tale in another poem wrist. He did not totter and weave about in his weakness, but sank slowly down of Beddlegert, an unpleasant sense of "Drip! drip! drip!"

Only the single sound now. The other was lost in the pool of blood creeping over But the tone of nine French writers out the rocks, its centre the man who could no of ten, when they talk of dogs, reveals value. The cleansing and sanitary virtues longer stand. This pool spread and spread, the hollowness of Gallic regard for the thicker blood. Eyes kept fast hold on eyes, and the ers of MM. Balzac et Cie. Good honest

fainter. One pair of eyes began to loose their fury. Despair and desperation began but in more recent French novels "un to fade from the other. They stared at each other, but the distance between them able petit caniche hargneux," is comgrew longer. No sigh or groan -- no growl | monly introduced solely to add a point or move, A pebble fell. It did not start of ridicule to the old simpleton or disthem up. A buzzard sailed leisurely over the canyon, and uttered its harsh note. There were no listeners. "Drip! drip! drip!"

The ears of the dead were closednerves had ceased their play-the pool of blood was growing cold.

De Your own Repairing.

We think that almost every farmer will agree with us that every farm should have its own workshop, and every cultivator of the land understand he first enters upon farming on coming finds that to "know how to do things" is absolutely indispensable, he will ments and machines upon his premises, instead of incarring delay, expense and uncertainty by depending upon profesfrom six to sixty, jumps a distance of fifty sionals at a distance. Rather than to be without a workshop and the necessary tools, one should be erected expressly for the purpose, in a convenient spot ready at all times for use, in which many odd jobs can be done also not

immediately connected with the farm. All ordinary wooden repairing ought to be done by the farmer and his hands A body is moving up the canyon with during rainy days and in winter, when autious step and watchful eye. It is a there is plenty of time on hand for that purpose. Every part of a wheelbarrow, except the wheel, ought to be made on the premises; new forks and handles of of the farm machinery, building of garden and yard fences, repairing roofs, about a well-conducted place too numerous to mention, A person becomes necessary for the usual demands of the One walks up the rocky path slowly and farm,

Right Side of Starvation.

Years ago, a man down East quarreled with his wife and moved out of the house into the corn-crib, which was just large bodies debouched upon the rocky square step-daughter having a mortgage on the place, foreclosed it, and last April the constable ejected him. Taking his old horse and two dors, a buggy-box and springs, without wheels, a useless stove, of junk, he went to a barn about half a He could not run a hundred yards before mile distant, which he had rented, but not runs wine, not water." out into the road, where they have stood, he ties in the woods, shifting them about him yesterday. He was beaten in a mile "Drip! drip!"

when people complain of their howling, dash at the fair grounds."

and his horse, with rags and scraps of car
"Can I ever love this man?" asked like those found upon the butcher blocks. beg, cuts stones for horse-blocks, and in doesn't knew the greatest states man from Not a word from the man, not a growl this way manages to keep just on the right a three-year-old colt?" from the bour But for the monotonous side of starvation.

At the meeting which has just taken place at Dantzic of the two Emperors turned to stone that they have neither hand who between them sway half Europe. there is mention of the fact that Prince Bismarck arrived to attend the interview "accompanied by his short hand writer and his famous dog," The image of the "Iron Chancellor" who has welded long-divided Germany into one Empire will go down to posterity not quite solitary in its sternness. Beside him will always stand the noble beast whom he has loved, and who, it is said, has more than once saved

Dogs and Their masters

Perhaps, as Schopenhauer, with his candid vanity, remarked of himself. "It is always lonely upon the heights," A philosopher who is bored by the folly of his human neighbors, a poet who is disgusted with the vulgarity of mankind, a king, or great noble, who is weary of the toadyism of his courtiers, doubtless may all find relief in the dumb companionship of some faithful hound, who troubles his master with no stupid remarks or petty gossip, and whose flattery is free from suspicion of any deeper interestedness than may arise from covetousness of a a biscuit or ambition for a bone. The greatest Sovereign on earth may safely unbend with his dog, and neither fear to raise insatiable hopes nor to provoke dangerous jealousies, unless it be in less fortunate canine minds. Even this slight inconvenience may be removed when, as in the case of one of the Queen's favorites -a splendid Dachsund-the animal is so perfectly dignified and rigid in his de-meanor that he keeps all Her Majesty's inferior terriers and colleys in meek subordination, and is himself generally known as the "Lord Chamberlain" of

the canine Court. Prehaps it would not be too much to say that, as the Aryan race loved dogs more than the Semitic so, among Aryans the Anglo-Saxons have been pre-eminent for the same sentiment. It is true we have among the Celts the dog of Llewellyn (though, alas! Professor Max Muller, we believe, has ferreted in early Sanscrit, leaving on us in spite like a mighty tree yielding to the inevi-table. mythical uncertainty); and among the French and Germans, besides the Dog of Montargis, we have innumerable glorified dogs of tradition and poetry. loyal beast, which has not half enough of finesse and duplicity to suit the readdrip of the water sounded fainter and old Dumas (l'aine) might describe poor "Black" in simple and glowing colors; mechant chien barbet," or "un detestagreeable woman whose steps it fol-

Truth must be told, indeed, that dogs with their wonderful habit of "growing like the thing they worship," seem constantly to become, under French mas ters and mistresses, less single-minded than we find them, or-as a cruel canine critic has described the species "Chienloup," par eminence-"frivolous, volatile, interested, and wholly without conscientiousness." In the same way in Italy dogs are as a rule infinitely less useful than English dogs, and are often how to use it. He may not do so when treacherous enough to receive caresses graciously, and afterward, when opportunity offers, to turn around and bite. But the very land of dogs, and the land wherein the dog receives most genuine honor, and himself rises to his noblest development of character, is unquestionably England. It is to be deplored that the greatest English poet never drew the character of a noble dog, and condescended to degrade his pen by the miserable caricature of Launce's cur; but since Shakespeare's daps our poets have done what in them lay to make up for the omission. Cowper, Walter Scott, Burns, Byron, Tennyson, the two Brownings, and Matthew Arnold. have all been eminent dog lovers, and have written tender things of dogs, living and dead.

English history is full of records of dogs-noble dogs of Charles I. and Kenelm Digby; pi ifully faithful dogs, like the little creature which accompanied Mary Queen of Scotts to the scaffold and laid itself down between the severed head and beautiful neck; silky spoiled favorites, like the spaniels of Charles II., and Diamond, the dog of Sir Isaac Newton, which gave that great philosopher a year's extra touble by destroying his papers. We have materials for a book of "English Dogs of Dignity;" and, moreover, we have had in England (since the gaunt boarhounds of Synders are rather wild beasts than dogs) the one greatest painter of frames of hotbeds, and all the many dogs whom the world has seen-Edwin jobs constantly requiring to be done Landseer, the Titian and Vandyke of the canne race.

A Three-Year Old Colt.

"Do you love music?" she asked. "Passionately," replied Irwin; "I can whistle 'The Skids Are Out To night' perfectly, and I never heard it be-

fore last week. "How quite!" said Myrtle. "Altogether too, too," was then answer in soft, low tones that made the girl feel instantly that he loved her. "They tell me you are very wicked Mr. Mullican," said Myrtle, as, the sound

room. "Is it so?" "Well, I have always tried to keep up with the procession," was his answer. "I suppose you will hate me for that." "Oh, no," responded the girl, quickly. 'It is namby-tamby men that are dis-

of a Strauss waltz floated in from the ball-

"Do you" like Gladstone ?" she asked suddenly. "No," said Irwin. "I lost \$80 on

tasteful to me. I like a man whose blood

case against us, I say, the law is all rifle had been lost or thrown away. No pet thrown over him, grazes in somebody's Myrtle of herself as they parted that revolver, no hatchet—nothing but a knife field. He sleeps out of doors, disdains to night. "Can I give my soul to one who

Two weeks later they were "betrothed.