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THE OLD HOME.

Back to the old home, With its ivy-clothed wall, Its long running porch, Its windows so tall; Back to the old home, With its fires so bright, Its joys and its sports Through the long winter night

Back to the old home, To its clear running brooks Its vales and meadows. Its romantic nooks. Its birds, trees and flowers, That bloomed sweetly there; Its tall, stately mountains,

Its cool balmy air. Back to the old home: It was there in my youth I learned my first lessons Of wisdom and truth, Like angels of good, They attended my ways,

When lonely my journey, When dreary my days. Where are my friends? Oh! tell me, I pray; Alas! like the years They have gone and away. Like sunbeams they came, And as soon were they gone,

There did I muse In the quiet of eves, Not a sound to disturb, Save the rustle of leaves. The birds to their rest In the tree-tops had gone, And hushed for a time Their burden of song,

To mourn them alone

And now I am left

ARIADNE'S PROPHECY.

"You will be famous yet, Paul, believe

These words were uttered in a sweet earnest tone; the speaker was a fair young girl, standing in the moonlight beside her lover. A mansion with princely walls gleamed white from among the distant shrubbery; and forth from that mansion her girlhood home, had Ariadne Homer stolen to meet her lover for the last time. For the arrogance of the purse proud rich man had done its work; the boy-artist, the dreamer, he who is richer far in his dowried soul than the great manufacturer, Amos Homer had been forbidden those walls and the favoring glances of

that rich man's daughter. "I wish my faith were as strong as yours. Adne!" he said, doubtingly.

"It should be, Paul," replied the girl. "My heart is a true prophet; I can always trust its teachings. You will come back some day, and then-

She stopped suddenly, and then added, "And Paul I will be true and patient, and await the day of your coming." And a small white hand stole into

"It is enough, Adne. It is more than deserve-more than I hoped. Now I can go forth from the humble home of my boyhood and wrestle manfully with life, bearing with me the words you have this night spoken. Adne, you have saved me. You shall be my good angel, my prophet, my guiding star. Now good by, darling, and God keep you when I am over seas and bring me

again to your side !" And there, under the tender moonlight and the linden shade, they parted.

Bridging over five long years of toil and endeavor, and study, we come to a time in Paul Dillard's life when that life seemed fairest and best, because, his dreams fulfilled, his feet fairly set upon the highway of fame and fortune, he began to turn his gaze homeward to the land where his heart lay-over the

But few letters had found their way to the toiler, and those were all penned in the brown weather stained farm house at Spring Meadow-none from Ariadne Homer. But these he did not expect; relying implicity on her faith,

he had asked no token. And how is it with her? Ah, hearts will change, and gold is a strong lure; it has won many before now, and this girl, bred in affluence, the pet of an idolizing father, is no wiser nor better. And then Paul Dillard at best was but a boy and a dreamer. He could never bring her to a home like that to which she had been accustomed, or like

the one old John Etheridge offered her. Thus it happened the twilight of the same eve that joined the lives if not the hearts of Ariadne and John Etheridge -brought back Paul Dillard to his boyhood's home. Honors and laurel wreaths had all faded before the beacon light of love guiding him homeward. The faintest rays of lingering golden twilight shot upwards through the dusky bars that latticed the west in the dim gray twilight, when the old-fashioned stagecoach set down a weary. travel-stained, bearded, foreign-looking man at a bend in the dusty country highway; and a few minutes' brisk walk brought him into the green grassy lane

leading to Jonas Dillard's farmhouse. He will pass over his welcome in that home where he was so loved, but when he retired that night there were tears in the proud mother's eyes as she presed her quivering lips to his cheek; and

Jonas Dillard's own were not dry. stuff, after all. He'll do something for us an eager listening attitude. our old age yet. 'Twant a bad move, his going off to furrin parts, was it, like me to make this confession," went feel the hand of adversity that was so

mother?" and the night shadows had lengthened the stain of an unconfessed sin upon on Tower Hill, Paul Dillard softly lifted my soul. I have been wicked; but I in Paris recently that cost him about city. the doorlatch of the large "spar cham- will make what reparation lies in my \$1,500. The dancers tarried until six ber" and stole down the winding stair- power. Ariadne, listen; I won you o'clock,

case. Sliding back the bolt of the old through fraud. I coveted you, with oaken door, he stood in the outer air, He had not slept; many thoughts orowded upon him-thoughts of her whose eyes had lured him homeward.

The night was calm and warm; a dark blue, star studded sky bent down upon him. Two miles distant lay the village in whose suburbs, on a linden-crowned hill, stood Amos Homer's mausion, He stood a moment on the broad doorstep. then passed down the grassy lane and out into the highway. Then setting off at a brisk pace, a turn in the road soon brought him in view of Amos Homer's mansion. Every window was ablaze with light, and as he gained a closer proximity, he paused and leaned against the white railing which outskirted the

grounds. Placing one hand on the railing he lightly leaped it, and stood within the of the windows, he looked and what he saw made his heart almost stand still. Ariadne, his plghted wife, in wedding robes.

It was enough. One glance told him all. His head on his breast and his thoughts he knew not where, he again sought his home. The night passed, though it seemed it would never end And there was no trace on his face of his struggle when he came down the next morning.

"Mother." he said, after breakfast, 'I shall have to get away from you again. You will not think it hard if I leave you for Boston to-morrow. I have some orders that must be executed before the foreign steamer sails."

"But I thought you had come to tarry here, Paul. And then you are sick, I know you are; and you will wear your

self out with work." "O, never you fear, mother; I am not ill. I look pale always, now. If I have leisure, I will run up among these New Hampshire hills again in a fortnight or so; but if I am yery busy I shall write for you to bring Mary to Boston to join me. O, yes, mother, I'll have time yet for rest and recreat on before I go over seas again."

"Again! And must you cross the Atlantic once more? O, my son, we do not want riches or comforts, if we are to dying husband. be divided from you. Do not go from home again. Stay with us, Paul," urged Mrs. Dillard.

"Nay, mother," said Paul, gently, but firmly, "you would not have me remain here an idler, a drone. I must return to Italy."

An Italian sun was setting behind s low range of hills that skirted a broad Roman Campagna, as two travelers, one an invalid, alighted from a diligence at an humble hostelrie, whose brown vine-covered walls slept under the protecting shelter of a grove of

The invalid was an old man, the other a beautiful, sad faced woman And that wasted, wan sufferer, and that beautitul, but pale woman, were John and Ariadne Etheridge.

In all respects she had been to him : faithful wife. And so she had accompanied him across the seas to Italy, day by day attending him unweariedly with gentle fingers and tender care. But John Etheridge was a doomed man; all that long summer day had his strength waxed fainter; and when they lifted him carefully from the cushions and bore him within the mountain inn, even then the death angel entered beside

There was one other traveler who came slowly down the hillside path and sought the hostel's shelter that nighta dark, pale man, with sketch-book in hand, and enveloped in the folds of an ample Roman cloak. And while the shadows gathered deeper and the rain pattered on the low roof, the stranger threw himself on the rude wooden bench beside the window, and with face buried in his hands seemed lost in

The evening wore later; the hotel keeper and his wife had sought their slumbers; the stranger still lay wrapped in his cloak-folds and almost lost in the dark shadows; but in an humble inner room Ariadne Etheridge and her faithful man-servant watched the flickering lamp of life. For an hour he dozed heavily, then the waning flame flashed up with fitful radiance: he started from his pillow and said gasp ingly: "Wife! Ariadne!"

She came closer and moistened his "Wife, I have something to say to

you before-before-" but his voice faltered. I am going-I know it," he gasped feebly, "and I must talk with you Ariadne. I have been very wicked. You remember Paul Dillard?"

The head upon his breast drooped heavier; her beautiful hand clutched his convulsively for an instant, then she lay very still again. And the man upon the bench in the outer room started to his elbow with a sudden "Paul's turned out the right sort of bound, and leaned his head forward in

"My child, it is hard for an old man on old John Etheridge. "It is hard; weigh so heavily upon him; he had al- 125. When the old farmhouse was still, but harder yet to go into eternity with

your youth and beauty; and when it was breathed to me that you loved a poor, unknown, humble youth, toiling afar over the waters, the flend of evil sent a suggestion into my mind which I was not long in obeying. How could that poor, humble youth stand in comparison with a rich man? I knew that such were your father's wishes; but I knew that such, however much they might influence your decision, would never your heart. And so I followed the evil devices of my own brain, and coined a lie and spread the rumor that, in his far off home your boy lover had wooed another. But it was all false -all false-my poor child. And when you, in your youth and beauty, came to my arms, and the first flush of triumph was over, when day by day I saw how meekly and uncomplainingly you sacrigrounds of the mansion. Nearing one ficed yourself to all an old man's whims and caprices, then repentance came, and O how bitter! Disease came. Ariadne as God is my witness, I joyed chill fingers at my heart. The physicians sent me abroad; we came here, to Italy. You did not know how often I sent my imagination here before me, and built a structure whose walls would be reared above my grave! For, my child," and his voice sank to a whisper,

> Then came an unbroken silence in that death chamber; and the man in the dark kitchen breathed convulsively

as he crept nearer the door. "Yes, you will be happy yet," gasped the dying man slowly. "And now I am going-forgive. Your hand my child here, on my heart. God is good I have but one wish in this death hour -if I could have brought you togetheryou two, whom I wronged so. If Paul

Dillard were only here!" "Yes, god is good! Paul Dillard is here!" came in husky whispers; and as the pale man staggered in from the outer room, Ariadue fell forward, with a faint scream, upon the breast of her

What need have we to record more? Can you not see how the reparation of the dead was accepted ?-how, her period of mourning over, Ariadne Etheridge, in that warm Southland, gave her hand where her heart had long been pledged, and fully redeemed her early prophecy by its fulfilment?

Napoleon Just Before Waterloe.

The Emperor sent for me (after his return from Elba) and kept me with him about a quarter of an hour. As this was my last interview with Napoleon, I will give the particulars of it:

"Well," he said, as soon as he saw me. "well, have you made good selections? Can I rely on the men you have appoint-

"I have done my best," I answered, but I can not answer for them to your Majesty. The time allowed me was altogether insufficient. I found new prefects who knew the country no better than my self. I avoided as far as possible making choice of men of extreme views, and I excluded all those who were notoriously such but I can answer for nothing. Besides, until either political treaties or victories have definitely pronounced for us, we can not reckon on any real success. The return of the Empress to Paris would do more at this moment than all the efforts of the Commissioners to the Departments."

"You are right; I don't altogether despair. I have sent to Vienna; I have endeavored to treat with Talleyrand; he will listen to nothing; he is sold to England. But," interrupting himself, "was the Duc de Bourbon still in La Vendee when you

"I do not know," I replied, "and made no inquiries. If he was there, it was better to give him an opportunity of getting away than to try to detain him." Then after a moment's silence, he re-

"What was the state of public feeling in those departments?"

"It is my duty to tell your Majesty the truth," I replied, "and I will not attempt to disguise it. With the exception of some parts of La Vendee, where it was entirely against the Bourbons, and almost evolutionary, in other places, and especialw among the higher classes, it is, if not postule, at least cold and indifferent. As for the lower classes, they seem actuated rather by a return to republican maxims than by any other sentiment; and if they attach themselves to the name of your Majesty, it is because they take it as a guarantee of the liberties which they claim and which you have promised to restore. But I must not conceal that nearly everywhere women are your declared enemies,

"Oh, I know that," he exclaimed, "I am told of it on all sides. I never admitted women into cabinet secrets; I never suffered them to meddle with the Government; and they are now avenging them

The conversation, during which, as his custom was, he had never ceased walking up and down, then dropped, and after a silence of a few minutes, I was dismissed. I left the audience chamber with an unsatisfactory impression. The Emperor was no longer what I had seen him form. erly, He was moody. The confidence that of old had manifested itself in his

ready ceased to reckon on his destiny. -James Gorden Bennett gave a ball 101, of which 47 were committed in the

The Weather Bureau.

"I see," says Mrs, Spoopendyke, as she laid the paper down, "I see that we are to have rising, followed by falling barometer with northeast to southwest winds, and higher or lower temperature, with clear or partly cloudy weather, and light rains, How is it they contrive to tell so accurately about the weather? Do you understand it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, "they do it by observation. They have a man out West observing, and a man down East who observes, and fellows observing around in different parts of the country. They put all their observations together, and we know just what it's going to do." "I suppose that's what makes the wind so different every morning, when one man's

and when one is clear, all the rest are partly cloudy with ---"No, they ain't. Each observer sends in what he observes, and then the chief makes up his mind from those reports what the weather will be. Can't you un-

temperature is rising, another's is falling:

derstand?" "Perfectly," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, rubbing her elbows. "If one sees the barometer rising, and another sees it falling; more than I sorrowed when I felt its and it's cold in one place and cloudy in another, they all say so. But I should think when one hits it right the others would be awful mad '

"What would they get mad about? demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't colonies on these shores gives promise of imagine that they all get together and a ready assimilation with the descendants fight it out, do you? They take the of their own ancestors. Sweden has con weather from different points and combine it, and then they parcel it out among the and he lifted her face with one thin different regions. For instance, if it white hand, "you will obey me; he is snows in the East and warm in the West, here, and by and by your paths will they strike an average for the lake region. Now, what's the average between heat and cross each other. Ariadne, you will be

"Rain," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, delighted with her segacity. "I see how it numerous, nearly 14 000 of whom arrived old book which nobody else has, their is now. They take what is usually going on, and equlize it all overthe country. 1'm glad the Democrats weren't elected.

"What have they got to do with it? Do you think a barometer is a politician?" "No. But if the Democrats had been elected they would have had to change it all around, wouldn't they? And the South would have got the best share. That's what the Repub-

"Dod gast the Republicans! They've got ne more to do with it than you have. You've got an idea, that they throw the barometers and observers into one end of self-supporting thing about the Govern- grants are under no obligation to tell how ment. And these signal men only watch

it, and tell what it's going to be." "I suppose when these observers all get ogether and talk it over, that it is called

a storm center, isn't it?" "That's it!" shouted Mr. Spoor endyke. You've got the weather, now. All you want is your name painted on the handle and the spring broken, to be an umberella they know, and it is fixed up in Washington. They agree on it here, and then they telegraph it all over the country. It is generally made in Manitoba and then

sent down here." "How wide is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, deeply interested. "Because if it ain's too big, I should think they might

stop it." -"Widef It's about a feet wide! Just a feet. Just about as wide as your measly information. How're they going to stop it! S'pose it travels on a railroad train! Think it jaws the sleeping car conductor because there's only an upper berth left? Well it don't. It hires a horse. That's the way it comes. It hires a horse!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, "and the only way to stop it is to build a fence around There was some talk about burning

the last one, but the wood was wet." "Well, my dear, you needn't get angry about it," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "I only thought there might be some way they could make some arrangements about it. I think storm centres are horrid, and the observer in Manitoba must | it bears a constantly decreasing proportion have a hard time. If he has to observe much in the winter, he must be nearly the census of 1880 we had then 6,679,943 frazen.

"Does any human being know what

you're thinking about?" raved Mr. Spoopendyke. 'Do you s'pose he goes around with a spy glass looking behind rocks? Think he prowls around all night with a dod gasted lantern, hunting up storm centres? Got an idea that he runs around under the bed with a broom, like a measly married woman I know of, and when he catches a centre, pulls him out by the leg and observes him? He don't do anything of the sort. He has 'em in to spend the evening with him, and gets 'em drunk, and finds out what they're up to. Understand it now? All you want is to whirl around twice and squeak nights to be a

weather vane." "I didn t know how they did it," quoth Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently, "but I see now. If the Prohibitionists had been elected he couldn't have done that, and we would have been in a bad way. Now that I understand it, I'll learn the indications every morning How does a barom-

eter rise and fall? "With jack-screws, dod gast it!" thun dered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Sometimes they haul it up with a stump machine: then they drap a carpenter's shop on it. Once in Dakota it got so high that they had to dig a hole and ram it down with a pile driver. Got it now? Begin to see and in France they are adversaries not to through it? What you need is a box of pills and a conundrum to be an almanac!"

"I never quite understood it before, soliloquized Mrs. Spoopendyke, speculating whether she would put the plume on the side or back part of her hat; "but now that he's made it plain to me, I wonder they don't observe by steam. It must be awful hard on the poor men." And, having decided about the plume, Mrs. Spoopendyke filled her mouth with pins, and crawled under the bed in search of her

speech, the tone of command, the lofty -The gold yield of the Nova Scotian ideas that directed his words and gestures,

-New York state is first for the past year in number of killings. It has had

-Vanderbilt's great ball cost \$20,-

Population from Abroad.

The population of the United States

was increased about one per cent. last year

by immigration abroad. Statistics are not

not at hand for other ports than New York, but the total number of arrivals was probable something over half a million. About 440,000 immigrants arrived at this port, or nearly nine tenths of the whole number. The general character of the arrivals is said to be better than the average of the previous years On the whole there is no doubt that the addition to our popalation is of real value. Considerably more than one-third of the immigrants landing at Castle Garden were Germans, a very large proportion of whom were industrious and frugal agricultural laborers, seeking homes in the West. This class as a whole, contributes an orderly and law abiding element which is readily and rapidly assimilated. The Irish come next in order of numbers, but were only about one-third as numerous as the Germans. They furnish a valuable working force, though they are rather addicted to congregating in the cities. The English come next to the Irish in numbers, and, not withstanding their attachment to inherited ideas, they almost invariably become good citizens of our free Republic. Those who come over for the purpose of establishing themselves in colonies are, indeed, of a rather superior class, and the fact that they are of the same blood with the founders of the first tributed more than 35,000 to the arrivals, and Norway has added about 14,000. They are for the most part an industrious and peaceable people, and much the same may be said of the Scotch and Welsh. The most undesirable of our immigrants in recent years have come from the South of Europe, and of these the Italians are most at Castle Garden during the year past. They are very apt to herd together in the large cities and recruit the lowest ranks of the laboring population. This is due in some measure to the fact that the immigration of criminals and paupers and worthless people generally from Italy has been rather encouraged of late. hordes of Asia poured in upon our Eastern shore to the number of something less than 400, all told, but San Francisco and the Pacific coast are yet to be heard from.

Not only has the addition to our population from abroad been valuable in itself. a steam engine and the weather comes out | but with it has come a moderate accession of the other. They don't make weather. of accumulated capital. The amount of The weather makes itself. It's the only this cannot be ascertained, as the immimuch they have, and most of them make their exchanges on the other side before embarking. It is estimated that they paid \$5 000,000 last year for railroad transportation after leaving Castle Garden, and the Superintendent believes that the total amount of cash brought with them was not less than \$11,000,000. This is probably a very low estimate. The destination of They don' ttalk it over; they tell what the immigrant is no less interesting than their origin. They still flock in large numbers to the Northwest, where many settle on farms and aid in developing the untouched resources of the land, thereby aiding in the most affective manner to increase the production of wealth as well as the population of our country. Others seek mining and manufacturing districts on account of the characters of their previous industrial experience. Those who sink to the bottom of the social strata in the cities and become a source of trouble probably form no larger preportion of the whole than that of natives of foreign parentage who find the same level. The capacity of the Southern States for absorbing foreign immigrants has not yet been fairly tested, though many are seeking the vast unsettled areas of Texas, and the current is gradually percolating into

other parts of that section of the country. There is certainly nothing alarming even to the most timid in the great flow of population from abroad which has been going on during the last two years. Though unprecedented in absolute volume to the entire population. According to foreigners in a population of 50,155,788, or less than one eighth of the whole. The increase of population for the preceding decade was about thirty per cent .. or an average of three per cent. a year, and even in 1881 the accession from abroad was only about one per cent. Considering this fact and the rapid transformation whice is constantly going on, as well as the general good quality of nine-tenths of the immigration, there is certainly a very large percentage of gain for us as a N ation in the increase to our population that comes from over the sea. -N. Y.

Utilizing Rough Ground.

On many farms there are portions of

and that cannot be plowed without great difficulty on account of ravines or stones. They may be seeded to grass and used for pasturage, but it is hard to cut the grass that grows on them. This broken land may generally be utilized to excellent advantage by planting it to crops that require considerable room. Grapes do well on rocky and broken land, if sufficient pains be taken to prepare the places where the vines are to stand. Quite a large hole should be excavated and partially filled with manure and loose earth. A rocky soil is ordinarily warm and well drained by the spaces between the stones. Many And Mr. Spoependyke jumpen out of the of the best vineyards in Europe are located house like a conical shot, and banged the on land so broken and rocky that it cannot be made to produce paying crops of grain, grass or potatoes. Tomatoes can also be profitably raised on broken land. The vines require considerable space in which to spread their branches. There is some trouble in preparing the hills, but the warm location and good drainage will generally insure large crops that ripen early in the season. Pumpkins, melons and squashes may be planted on broken and rocky land to most excellent advantage. As the hills should be about ten feet apart, but little difficulty will be found in making them. Excavations can be made with the spade or pick if necessary, and nearly fill- away by them none the less for this. ideas that directed his words and gestures, had disappeared. He seemed already to had disappeared. He seemed already to by the official reports, valued at \$6,212,The large space between the hills will require little attention except to remove the weeds which will not be very trouble- because our neighbors do; and they run some in a poor soil. If a farmer has a after the same because we do. If there large tract of broken and rocky land he is melancholy in the air, we feel it. If forest trees, giving a preference to those there is any mania abroad we are in can scarcely do better than to plant it to that will produce nuts,

Manus.

There are certain forms of mania which are postively useful. Some persons have an insane propensity to explore strange and dangerous regions, not so much for the fame of the thing, or because of any strong desire to benefit the world: they are the victims of an irrestible impulse to penetrate the ice-bound shores of the Arctic, or to hunt ostriches in Patagonia. or to rub noses with the sable kings of Central Africa. In carrying out their schemes, these men will expend any amount of money and endure any amount of suffering, and the world at large gets the benefit of their traveling

mania. We are much indebted for the increase of our knowledge to naturalists, who also endure much fatigue in hunting butterflies and birds, and collecting shells and snakes and sea-weeds, and sorting out the rocks of which the earth is made: all which they would not have been likely to do if they had not had a mania in that direction

Then there are others who have an insatiable appetite for ferreting out and collecting old books and pamphlets and manuscripts-not that they ever expect to read them, but simply for the pleasure of the hunt. They rummage garrets and about book-stalls day after day, and dig into all sorts of crannies and holes, and attend every library sale, not always for any special love of literature. but because they have a mania for collecting; and if they can get hold of an

cup is full to overflowing. Rich treasures have thus been brought to light, for which scholars have great cause to be thankful-rare gems are sometimes found among the rubbish which these men rake together.

The coin collector is one of the most indefatigable of human beings. The intrinsic value of a coin is not a matter of the slightest account, and its historical value may not be especially regarded if he can only beat everybody else in

the size and rarity of his collection. The autograph mania is still more general, and when it develops itself, not merely in accumulating the signatures of ordinary men and women, but rather authentic documents in the handwriting of the great personages who have figured in history, it is a very re-

The mania for collecting postage stamps, which of course is quite modern cannot be regarded as of so high an order, the likenessness of great people with which they are adorned have not much attraction as works of art, and the main charm depends upon the completness of the collection; if one or two stamps are wanting in the Austrian or any other list, its value is very much

There is, to besure, a certain degree of interest in studying the style in which the taste of different nations manifests itself in their postage stamps; for even here the peculiarities of the several portions of the earth can be more or less

distinctly traced. The rage for old porcelain or pottery, or what is known as the "ceramic fever" prevails just at present with great force together with a passion for ancient

things in general. Venerable relics that had long been stowed away in remote places as of no further service, are now brought to light; chairs, buffets, chests of drawers broken-winded bellows, andirons, brass fenders, and warming pans, are all in

great demand. Antique glass and crockery are equally sought for and rich treasures of ceramic art are sometimes found among the old kitchen cups and platters.

There are persons who have a mania for rings and bracelets, and chains and sleeve-buttons, and neck-laces and fancy pins, and jewelry in general; and when they appear in public, they look as if they were employed to advertise the goods of some thriving gold-smith. Fashion, in all its extreme forms, may

while ago, all the ladies expanded their dress with steel and whalebone, until it took the form of an umbiella, and now the balloon has collapsed and the umbrella is closed again. Structures are sometimes made te grow upon the top of the head, architectural, botanical, entomological, or

be regarded as a sort of mania. A little

otherwise, that are very suggestive of the insane asylum. It is a very ancient mania that manifests itself in this way, and it is found all over the world-savages often treating their heads and hair after a more

elaborate style than anything we are capable of doing. Different people are marked by a mania for some particular kind of gamecroquet, lawn-tennis, polo, or perhaps

Manias of one sort or another break out in a very mysterious way. They cannot be explained, but we are carried

We run after certain things simply danger of catching it.