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MANY A TIME AND OFT.

When the house is still and the day is done, And the stars shine out aloft, I sit by the failing fire alone, And think of the years that are past and gone. Many a time and oft. dream of that village by the sea;

dream of that seat by the trysting tree, and of one who will never come back to me, Ah! many a time and oft! When the city is hushed and the chimes are still,

And the voices of the crowd are soft, My thoughts wander on at their own wild will, And my tears fall fast and my heart is chill, Many a time and oft. I dream of the hopes, all faded and fled,

Of the vow that is broken, the shaft that is sped of one to whom I forever am dead-Ah! many a time and oft.

A PHYSICIAN'S REWARD.

I had been six years a surgeon in the ful Gold Coast. Perhaps I was not the best tempered man in the service, but I thought I was badly treated. The Admiralty and I had a slight disagreement. and the end was that I threw up my commission in disgust, My health was much broken, and while I was recruiting my strength in a little Devon village, did the one thing which I have never regretted, fell in love with a good girl instead, and I'll trust to God for a and married her. I had a certain amount | night's lodging-I've slept out before of money, which I invested in a country now. practice; and for some time all went well

But we were not to escape our share of trouble. My health, which had suffered more seriously than I imagined during my period of service, broke down; my practice went to the dogs; we got deeply into debt, and, to make a long story short, three years after my marriage, one miserable Sunday in November, I found my wife and myself, with our two little children occupying a single ment, said, "Edinburgh," but from the poor room in Greenville street off Guildford street.

We had then been in London about six months, and I had been unable—chiefly on account of my precarious health-to get anything to do. About a month, however, before the day I speak of, my only friend in London had held out a hope of obtaining for me the post of private physician to a wealthy relative. But my friend had been compelled suddaily expected back, yet three weeks had now passed, and I had gone to his lodging-house in Fulwood's Rents home in Kensington day after day with-

out any tidings of him.

Meanwhile our little stock of money was quite exhausted; everything that can be spared was sold or pawned; and on this Sunday evening, with a month's the time our own troubles. My wife inrent due next day, my wife and I sat before a miserable apology for a fire, with absolute want staring us in the face. We had not quite a shilling left, and when I looked at my sleeping children and thought of the future, I fairly broke down in utter despair. It was then I found what a treasure I had in the noble woman by my side. Affecting a cheerfulness which she could not feel she imparted to me a portion of her own courage, and at length induced me-anxious to please her, and glad to do anything rather than sit powerless-to go once to my friend's house.

It was ten o'clock, on a cold drizzling night, when I sat out on my walk, somehow felt a kind of fictitious hopefuluess and walked briskly, resolutely shutting out the thought of failure stood some time at my friend's door before I dared to ring the bell that would change my hopes or my fears into certainty; and when at last the servant who answered my ring told me that her master had not yet returned, I fairly staggered into a chair in the hall, overcome with disappointment.

The woman, seeing my condition, brought me a little brandy, which revived me somewhat; but it was some time before I felt able to move, and it struck midnight as I left the door for my long and cheerless walk. The rain fell in a steady drizzle, but though I was lightly clad I never heeded it; my thoughts were fixed on my poor wife sitting alone and watching for me, and en the wretched news I was bringing her. I walked on, heedless of the bitter cold and of the constant rain, feeling the numbness of misery in my heart.

How it happened I do not know, but somehow I lost my way, and after wan dering aimlessly for some time, I found that I was in a street that I did not know-the Gray's Inn Road, as I afterward learned. I could see no one to direct me, and was walking on rather anxiously when I stumbled over the form of a man, who was lying half out of the covered entrance of a wretched court. For a few yards I walked, too absorbed in my own troubles to think of aught else; but then, thank God, I thought of the unfortunate man lying in the rain, and as a doctor, felt, perhaps more strongly than I otherwise should, that it was my duty to go back and assist him if possible. There was a gas-lamp in the entrance to the court, and by it I was enabled to see that the prostrate figure was that of a singularly tall and powerfully built man; and on a closer inspection I was surprised to find that his dress was that of a gentleman. At once I though that he had been robbed and perhaps murdered; but, taking his hand to feel his pulse, I saw that he had on his finger, and the beating of his pulse though very faint showed me that

Then I thought with something of contempt, that I had a case of mere careful examination 1 could detect no fume of spirits, and the faint action of his heart at length convinced me that the man was in a state of complete exhaustion, probably from want of food,

With considerable labor, in my weak condition, I managed-half lifting, half dragging him-to convey him into the covered passage, and determined to stav with him until some passer-by would assist me. I had not waited long when parcels of valuable silk. Several arrests a half-tipsy woman, walking past, look- were made, including that of the driver, ed into the passage and came over to but his astonishment at finding the ensee what was the matter. She looked gine to which he had so long been ackeenly at me and at my unconscious customed converted into a hardened

I asked her to go at once and fetch as- turn to his duties,

sistance, but she immediately replied that I heed not trouble myself any fur-

"I know him well, He's Rooney, that owns the public house uear by. I'll get

him home all right." At first her assurance almost imposed upon me, but when I looked at the pale, aristocratic face that I supported on my knee, I felt convinced that she had invented the story with a view to plunder-

ing the helpless man. I tolk here sternly that if she did not go for a policeman I would do so myself. She went off hurriedly—as I thought tor that purpose-but came back no more; and now I was once more alone with my strange patient, and as the minutes went by I knew not what to do.

Help, however, was near. I noticed a poor gfrl-she did not look more than sixteen-walking slowly on the other navy, and for the last two of these six side of the street; I called to her, and years I had been cruising on that dread- after a moment's hesitatation she came over. I briefly explained to her the circumstances, and asked her, if she possibly could, to get me a drop of cordial,

or the man would die. "I have only got fourpence," she said, in a kindly Irish voice, "and I was going to pay for my bed with that at the kitchen in Fulwood's Rents; but, sure I'll get something from the chemist's

And away she went-surely not the

worst of Good Samaritans. Very soon she returned with the medicine, and I sent her again to fetch a policeman. I forced a little between the man's teeth, and presently he came to and opened his eyes. I asked him how he came there; he said: "Tired and starying." And then I asked him where he came from, and he suddenly brightened up, and looking at me keenly for a moway he said it I felt convinced he was deceiving me, and shortly after asked the same question again, and he, with the same look, said, "Glasgow."

In his weak state, however, I forbore questioning him further, and a policeman coming up, we got him in a cab and took him to the hospital, where I waited until he was put in bed. Before I left I asked the house surgeon to give shilling to the poor girl-Mary Kennedy denly to go abroad, and though he was was her name. He readily did so, and she went off to sleep in "Old Walter's"

When at last 1 got home, I found my wife waiting anxiously for me. However, when I told my story she forgave the delay, and in talking over the strange circumstances of the night we forget for sisted that something good would come of the matter, and at eight o'clock next morning she roused me and made me set off for the hospital. As I was on my way there, my eye was caught by the following advertisement on a boarding:

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD, -A Gentleman of unsound mind has escaped from the M- Private Asylum. The above reward will be paid to any person finding him and restoring him to his

Then followed a description which exactly tallied with the appearance of my patient. Everything was now clear to me, and I fairly ran to the hospital.

Here, however, my hopes were damped, for I found that Policeman Z had gone there before me and told a story very different from the true one which l have narrated, and had actually gone the length of warning the authorities against me. The solicitor whose address was given in the advertisement had been sent for, and the worthy constable had evidently determined to brazen it out and secure the £100. I saw the house surgeon, and told him the whole story.

He thought for a few moments, and then said: "We must get the girl at once." I went myself immediately to the wretched den where she had stopped, and brought her back with me. A very short examination before the solicitor settled Policeman Z's case; and an hour afterward I was able to go back to my wife with more money in my pocket

than I had had for many a long day, But that was not the best of it. visited my patient-who was no other than the wealthy baronet, Sir Charles Frampton-every day,

He was perfectly harmless, and after residing abroad with us for a couple of years, he so far recovered that he was enabled to dispense with my services, and to manage his own affairs. He showed his gratitude, however, in most princely fashion; settled an annuity on poor Mary Kennedy (she had previously been liberally rewarded by his friends), and bought for me the practice which I still hold

From that day every thing has pros pered with me, and I am now rich enough to leave the work to my oldest son, and amuse myself in writing some of the curious incidents of my life, not the least strange of which is the provi dential occurrence in Gray's Inn Road,

A Sinuggling Macnine.

A singular adaptation of the railway engine has been made in Russia. Information having been giving to the authorities at Alexandrovo, on the Polish a remarkably handsome diamond ring frontier, that the locomotive of the express leaving that station for Warsaw had been ingeniously converted into a receptacle for smuggling goods, it was carefully examined during its sojourn drunkenness to deal with; but yet on at that station. Though nothing was found wrong, it was deemed advisable that a custom house official should accompany the train to its destination where the engine furnace and boiler were emptied and deliberately taken to pieces. In the interior was discovered a secret compartment, containing 123 pounds of foreign cigars and several that he was released and allowed to reCooking in Germany.

I doubt whether the mysteries of German cooking are comprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon mind, permanently endurable by the Anglo Saxon stomach. In order to obtain that piece of mind which is absolutely necessary to aid the digestion of the compounds which daily come upon the table, one must not seek to comprehend.

Is there not a close relationship between the methods of cooking of a people and their intellectual and moral development? Cannot the positive, practical directness of the Angle-Saxon mind be connected with their plain, succulent, unmistakable roast and chops?-or the grace and sesthetic sense of the French referred to their delicate ragouts and sauces? - and the cloudy self-evolving philosophies or the Germans to their incomprehensible mixture of fish, flesh, fruit and vegetables? Or would a closer analysis show that the reverse process works out food preparation from innate characteristics?

The fundamental principle of German cooking is to mix as many incongruous things as possible. My countrymen bird. have a special talent, recognized the world over, for inventing mixed drinks but their combinations pale before those of the Germans in mixed cooking. That compound which is so toothsome to a German, a herring salad, is concocted from sixteen different articles. A German beefsteak is made of hashed meets, rolled in a ball and fried. What they call roast is a chuck of meet boiled a while and then baked; it usually looks like a lump of india rubber. With the meats is always served a compote, made of stewed or preserved fruits. The vegetables are deemed at their best when they are floating in grease. Sausage, however, is the great national delicacy. It is produced in great varieties of size and quality; and the sausage shops of Berlin are the most elegant in the city. The German family table, with its mysterious and abominations, is the severest which the American has to undergo who submits himself to the domestic life of the country. My estimable landlady modified her culmary practices somewhat to suit my fancies; yet six months of effort failed to reconcile me to the strange diet. I have met with a few Americans in Germany, a long time there, who first endured, then finally embraced the execrable cookery; but as one might suspect, they have in a degree become denationalized.

In Berlin, however, one is not obliged to suffer this daily martyrdom; there are a few good restaurants, where one can fare sumptuously and in a civilized way.

Church Fairs.

It was a church fair, and he had come there at a special request of his "cousin," who was at the head of the flower table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and grabbing him by the arm, said:

"Oh, you must, you will take a chance in our cake. Come right over here. This way."

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that "really he didn't have the pleasure of knowing-" "Oh, that's all right," said the young

lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come, the cake will all be taken if you don't hurry." She almost dragged him over to one of the middle tables, and then said:

"There, now, only fifty cents for slice, and you may get a real gold ring. You had better take three or four slices. It will increase your chances you know."

"You're very good," he stammered. but I'm not fond of cake—that is, 1 haven't any use for the ring-I-I" "Ah, that will be ever so nice," said

the young lady, "for now if you get the ring, you can give it back, and we'll put novels that enervate both mind and it in another cake." "Y-e-s," said the young man with a

sickly smile, "to be sure, but, but-" "Oh, there isn't any 'but' about it." said the young lady smiling sweetly. "You know you promised?" "Promised!"

"Well, no, not exactly that, but you will take just one slice?" and she looked her soul into his eyes. "Well, I suppose_"

"To be sure. To be sure. There is your cake" and she slipped a great slice into his delicately gloved hands as he handed her a dollar bill, "Oh, that is too nice," added the

young lady, as she swiftly slapped another slice of cake on top of the one he was holding in his hand. "I knew you would take two chances;"/ and his dollar bill disappeared across the table, and then she called to a companion: "Oh, Miss Larkins, here is a gentle-

man who wishes to have his fortune "Oh, does he? Send him right over."

answered Miss Larkins. saying anything about-"

won't refuse-will you?" and once more found,

the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into

He was soon, but quite against his will, at the "fortune teller's table. "Here we are!" Miss Larkins bluntly blurted out, as she thrust an envelope towards him, "That'll tell you all about it," He took it and opened it hesitatingly; Miss Larkins turned him around to the light and he read:

"You are going to be married in

"Oh, isn't that jolly! And all that good news for seventy five cents?" And the poor youth came down with another dollar note, which Miss Larkins instantly crumpled up and stuffed into her pocket, remarking nonchalantly, but in quite a business way to the waiting young man-"No change here you know."

"Oh, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was, he was standing on the platform of the scales. "One hundred and thirty-two," said the lady, "Oh, how I should like to be a great heavy man like you," and she have been supposed to be the mere stepped on the scales as lightly as a "One hundred and eighteen," she called out, "Well, that is light, one sense all wine is a manufacture, and One dollar please!"

"What!" said the youth, "One dollar! sn't that pretty steep? I mean-"

"On! but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity;" and another dollar was added to the treasury of the

"I think I'll have to go. I have an

engagement at-"Oh! but first you must buy me bouquet, for taking you all around, said the lady. "Right over here," and few steps brought them in front of the flower table. "Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven years past in process of transformation dollars, please,"

poor youth's cousin, from behind the flower counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Ga ggle, too? Oh, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate paratively innocent. The danger is that for twelve hours at 100 feet under water

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" cried the

terribly confused, as much as though he may dispense with grapes altogether. didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door, and give up all hope and settle down in despair. "You'll excuse me, ladies," he stam-

mered, "but I must go. I have-"

I be-be-" he ejaculated, as he councar fare to ride home.

What the Girls Should Learn.

By all means let the girls learn how to cook. What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping, and she cannot properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge of herself. Most men marry without thinking whether the woman of his choice i capable of cooking him a meal, and it is a pity he is so shortsighted, and his health, his cheerfulness, and indeed his success in life depends in a very great degree upon the kind of food he eats; in fact, the whole household is influenced by their diet. Feed them on fried cakes, fried meats, hot bread, and other indi-

will need medicine to make them well A man will take alcohol to counteract the evil effects of such food, and the wife and children must be physicked. Let all the girls have a share in the by turns. It need not occupy half the time to see that the house has been properly swept, dusted and put in order, or to prepare puddings and make dishes, that many young ladies spend in reading body and unfit them for every-day life. Women do not, as a general rule, get pale faces by doing housework. Their

gestible viands, day after day, and they

Lacustrine Relics.

On the other hand, the sinking of the

The phylloxera has desolated the Gironde, and has not left unscarred French vineyards elsewhere. French vines have been yielding little liquor and bad. Wine drinkers are scarcely conscious of the disaster. They are resolved to have their claret, and Bordeaux is too courteous not to gratify them. Xeres sends full hogsheads of sherry. Oporto supplies its natural port. Zante contributes its currants, and Crete its malmsey. Australia itself helps to fill up the void which the malignant blight has created. Sherry, port, malvoisie, Christmas currants, broglio, and Marsala, all flow into hospitable Bordeaux, rough and smooth, sweet and sour; they issue from it veritabble claret, and are bought and imbibed with undoubted faith by the unsuspicious.

Much of the pleasure which Englishmen have enjoyed in drinking claret has been derived from the belief that they were drinking a wine absolutely pure. Port and sherry and champagne are manufactured. Claret and Burgundy juice of the grapes of the vineyards in the vicinity in which they are made. In a very elaborate manufacture. It may, however, manufacture itself, and this is what Bordeaux and Burgundy have been credited with doing. In reality, they have at all times been liable to a certain amount of composition. The stronger wines of the Rhone have for ages been blended with the weaker vintages of the Garonne. An occasional practice has, through the devastations of the recent pest, been converted into a settled habit. Bordeaux, to judge from the statistics of its importation of alien materials, would seem to have been for several from a manufactory of French wine into a laboratory for the introduction into wines from every part of the world of a French flavor and French qualities. So long as only grape juice is borrowed for the mixture the counterfeit is comchemical ingenuity, when Levant cur-

A Boy's Game of Circus.

Not long ago, an old woman named Lutetia Perkins, residing at Macon, "Here, let me pin this in your button locked up her two grandchildren, one a hole," interrupted his cousin, "Fifty boy about ten and a little girl about cents, please," and the youth broke three yers of age. The children were away and made a straight line for the locked up in the house, but the window was opened, out of which they looked "Well, if I ever visit another fair may upon a frightful sight. In the adjoining lot lives Sol Clemens and wife, In this ted over his cash to see if he had the yard from the limb of a tree ts suspended a single rope, at the end of which is a large knot, and the boys used this to swing upon. Aunt Lutetia had in her employ 9 boy named John Henry Calvin. He went to the house, and then into the next lot where hung the swing. and told the children who were watching from the window that he was going to play circus. After swinging awhile in the usual way, he got upon a piece of scantling that was laid upon the fence and the tree, and then put the rope, around his neck. Having done this he told the children that he was going to play circus and hang himself off. The children saw his convulsions, but could not get to him, and could not have helped in any way, as they were too small. though they might have called assis-

Aunt Lutetia returned from the funeral about half-past four o'elock. As soon as the children saw her from the window they called to her to hurry up, as John had hung himself. She repaired at once to the swing, but the boy had housekeeping at home before they marry; been dead some time. The boy evilet each superintend some department dently miscalculated the distance when he swung off, He was found in a sitting posture, his feet touching the ground and his body about six inches from it.

Corsets or No Corsets.

Fred Treves of London who has paid

great attention to the matter of ladies

costume says the notion that women need the support of stays is an entirely sedentary habits, in overheated rooms, erroneous one; nevertheless, the eye of combined with ill-chosen food, are to the present generation is so accustomed blame for their bad health. Our mothers to the sight of the female form as it apused to pride themseves on their housekeeping and fine needle work. Why pears in stays that a woman who dispenses with this adjunct of the toilet is sure to be curiously commented on. Our favorite contralto, Madame Antoinette Recently further finds of lacustrine Sterling, prides herself on the fact that relics have occured at Steckborn, on she has never worn stays and never will Lake Constance. Among them are two do so; but I suppose she is unaware of vases in perfect condition, quartzite or- the remarks which her appearance somenaments, carved boars' teeth arrows, times calls forth in a miscellaneous anand other weapons. A new lacustrine dience. Often I have heard the quesstation has been discovered at Arbon, in | tion pass from lip to lip in a concert hall the same neighborhood; but except the where she was singing: "What a frightpiles on which the houses were built, no ful figure she has!" "How badly her relics of importance have come to light. dress fits!" And these remarks come from men as well as women. Ellen Terry dislake has laid bare the foundation of a penses with stays and all her gowns in Roman watch tower and the paved road Juliet are mere shapeless wrappers of that connected it with the mainland, a different degrees of splendor. But Ellen circumstance from which it is inferred | Terry has the figure of a slim girl of that the level of Lake Comstance is now thirteen - bustless, high shouldered, considerably higher than it was 1,600 or square-waisted; in fact, that of the model "I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid 1,800 years ago. The watch-tower, esthete, Fred Treves says no woman shrubbery directly in front of the north you are mistaken. I don't remember paved way, and lacustrine station are could live an instant if her waist were door. The attendants at the President's all near the landing-place at Arbon. At no bigger than those represented in house positively aver that this Presidential "Oh, but you will," said the first another lacustrine village near Boer- the French fashion plates; but there is dog story is the whole truth, and nothing patient, and I noticed her eye gleamed as she caught sight of a massive gold chain offender against the laws was so genuine young lady, tugging at the youth's arm. hausen a number of relics similar to an actress Kate Vaughan, whose waist but the truth. 'Its for the good of the cause, and you | those collected at Steckborn have been is for thinness a sight to behold. It | WE real as God made us, and oftenis so small, round column, like a section times a great deal worse,

of little stove pipe, and it seems not very much bigger than her own neck. Yet Kate Vaughan lives, dances, sings and turns the heads of her crutch-andtoothpick adorers.

All sorts of makers of hygienic apparel put in a commercial appearance at the Health Exhibition. A staymaker exhibits corsets whose entire front is elastic webbing, which yields at every movement and only expands the more with lacing. It was especially designed for the use of women during a season when tight lacing would be more than injudicious, it would take the proportions of a crime. But there is no time when women might not use with advantage stays thus fashioned. The simple truth is that very frequently women are overlaced when they really do not know it. The internal organs are so easily compressible that, as Mr. Treves said, a women who has not the slightest idea or intention of tight lacing, may be unduly compressed by a matter of two inches, while a really tightly-laced woman reduces her moral waist-size some eight or ten, The diagrams hanging around the walls of the room in which the exhibition is held show the female form divine as it should be, with the sizs and location of the interior organs distinctly defined. These pictures must give the nightmare to some of the fashionable girls and woman who attend the exhibition. Nevertheless must I alas confess that, to the eye of the modern, the ladies so attired at present a dainty frou-frou appearance with which those habited in the new hygienic apparatus sadly contrast. It is this quality of concealing defects and exaggerating beauties in the wearer which forms the stronghold of modern fashionable attire.

A New Submarine Vessel.

A young Roumanian engineer, M. Trajan Theodoresco, has constructed a submarine vessel which quite puts al that has been made hitherto in the shade. The ship, if it does not exceed certain dimensions, can be mavigated without being raised to the surface, "Twelve dollars please, Jack," and rants fail or the price of Spanish, and The working at the surface is similar to the youth put down the money looking Italian and Portuguese grapes rises, that of an ordinary steamship. The speed is not so great as that of some steamers, but it is nevertheless superior to that of sail boats. The immersion is effected by screws, Once under water, enough light is supplied to be able to see obstacles at a distance of one hundred and thirty feet, and the movement is so regulated as to avoid them. The supply of air for the crew will last twelve hours, and can be renewed without coming to the surface by means of telescopic tubes. The propulsion and immersion are arranged to cause no noise. If all these claimed advantages are confirmed in practice, the new vessel will be a most formidable submarine offensive weapon. But it car also be used for more profitable purposes. In the Matchin Canal near Bralia, there has lain since May, 1877, the wreck of Lutfi Dejeit, on board of which was the coffer of the Turkish Flotilla cn the Danube, contain. ing the treasure of the fleet, which it will perhaps be possible to recover by

Justice Late but Sure.

means of the new submarine boat,

Socrates was a stone-cutter by trade, but too lazy to foilow so honest a calling. He loved to talk too well, and spent his time lounging on street corners and gathering young men as idle as himself around him. His personal appearance was disgusting in the extreme, and one has but to gaze upon the Louvre cast in the gallery of which we are so justly proud, to straightway sympathize with poor, abused Xantippe. He had a flat nose, thick lips, prominent eyes, low, broad figure, and awkward gait, went barefooted and halfclad, was a bitter enemy to cleanliness. and a mountebank in manners. He married a woman to whom he was attracted by her singular conversational powers, and although he believed he himself excelled all his contemporaries in that respect, yet, he found that she far excelled him in the command of language. He cared nothing for the welfare of his wife or children, left them to support themselves as best they might, while he spent the time he could spare from the curbstone seances, and wasted the treasures of his thought at the feet of Aspasia and Theodote, whom he pretended to desire to convert, that he might thereby add lustre to his own name-sly old dog-and in addition to all this, he would invite the lazy creatures who surrounded him to dine with him when there was nothing in the

house to entertain them with. It is natural that this would be very irritating to a proud-spirited woman who was struggling for herself and little ones. What woman in existence could have borne her soul in patience under such provocation?

Three Dogs.

Those about the White Louise say that when Haves was President, a strange, lean, gray dog stood watch at the house both lay and night, and could not be driven away. That when Garfield became President, a yellow terrier put in an appearance, the Hayes dog disappearing. The yellow dog was first seen on the day of inauguranon. It followed Garfield's carriage from the capitol to the White House, and persistently remained until the day of the assassination, when it mysteriously disappeared. When Arthur donned the Executive robe a large brindle dog of a mongrel species took up his home in a clump of a