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SUMMER REST.

Swinging in my hammock, Looking at the trees, Under pines and maples Rustling in the breeze.

Bathing in the sunshine All the summer morn, Underneath the hilltops Crowned with standing corn.

Songs of robins lulling-Here I sweetly rest, Toils of life forgetting: Surely I am blest.

Lazy brook now rippling, Swelled by welcome rain, Musical and friendly-Life has not a pain.

THE WEDDING CLOUD.

Bessie Burton swept and dusted her tiny parlor, brightened the fire and made it even more cheerful than usual -and Bessie was always tidy, for this was the anniversary of Bessie's weddingday, and she meant to make it a holi-

Just one short, happy year she had kept house for John Burton-big broadshouldered, good natured John, whose sunny blue eyes had never yet turned an angry look to Bessie's fair face, whose sweet mouth (yes, John had a splendid, tawny mustache and he never used tobacco) had never given her one cross word yet.

A busy, helpful little bee had Bess herself been, for nobedy's heart was brighter, nobody's table was neater, onbody's little wife was more cheery than John Burton's, and neither of them had ever repented the day when they were made one.

Mrs. Bess bad a little secret from John, though, to-day.

After her work was done up, and the table set ready for the dinner which was already bissing and bubbling on the stove, she paid a visit to the little bedroom off the parlor, where she always put her company to sleep, and where John hardly ever went.

And there spread out upon the snowy bed was Mrs. Bessie's great gift to John - a gorgeous dressing gown of marooncolored cashmere, faced with a darker shade of maroon velvet, and lined with the skirts of Bessie's wedding blue silk dress.

It was all done now except the last

Bessie had made it herself, because the materials had cost about six dollars, and she didn't think she could afford two or three more for making.

She was delighted with her success, for it was quite an undertaking for a

She finished the buttonhole, fastened the cord and tassels securely, and then laid it back upon the bed, and looked

at it with an admiring gaze. "Im glad it locks so nice," she thought, her bright brown eyes spark-

ling with pleasure. "It's all ready now to give him when he comes home at noon.'

"I wonder what he'll give me?" Something of course, but he can't afford so costly a present as this,

"I couldn't either, if I hadn't made it myself, and took my dear old wedding-dress for lining, and saved every penny I could from the housekeeping

"I meant to take the sovereign and go this very night to Patti's concert, but when I found I couldn't spare any more I was bound to make John a wrapper, anyhow. Now I must run and hurry up dinner before the old darling comes.'

"I'll not say a word till he does, I'll make believe I haven't even remembered what day it is until he speaks of it, and then I'll surprise him."

The bedroom door was carefully shut, and the little tipping feet went out to the kitchen, and made light, hasty steps from pantry to cellar and back again, until the cosy little dinner, with

She put the last shining spoon upon the table as the click of the gate-latch told her that John was coming, even before his quick, firm tread came round | couldn't afford it."

to the side door." She met him with her rosy mouth lifted, and as John gave her a hasty

"Halloa, Bess, dinner smells good! I'm as hungry as a hunter."

He threw off his coat and began to wash at the little stand in the sittingroom, which was also their bedroom, as the house was small, while Bessie went into the kitchen to dish up the

warm dishes waiting upon the hearth. There was a pretty little pout on Bessie's red mouth, and she thought,""I think he might have said something more than that! I wonder if he has forgotten what day it is? Oh, surely, he hasn't, maybe he is only tired and hungry; after he has had his dinner he will say something. I won't till he

out John's coffee, under the genial influence of which he was soon quite lively, and chatted in good spirits.

But not a syllable did he drop about the day, and, as he grew merry, Bessie's pretty face grew sober.

When dinner was over, he lingered a little, and Bessie, seeing she was not going to have the chance she wanted,

was silent, and gave only the briefest answers to what he said. At last John noticed it, and spoke

somewhat shortly himself. "Bess, what's the matter?" he asked, "you seem out of temper about some thing. What is it?"

"There's nothing the matter with me! answered Mrs. Bessie, tartly. "Then what in the world makes you

look sour?" persisted John. "I suppose I've a right to look as please!" snapped Bessie, angry and disappointed beyond measure at being now convinced that John had utterly

forgotten the day. "Oh, of course. Only I don't know as you need to be so snapping about it,"

"It's nobody's business but my own, anyhow," unwisely said Bessie, with sparkling eyes and red cheeks.

"To be sure; only if I'd known I was going to be served with vinegar and gooseberries I believe I'd have dined in town, instead of hurrying home in spite

"I think you're a perfect brute?" sob bed Bessie, bursting into tears. "Am I? Oh, well then, I'll take my-

seif off, and not come back till you get in a better humor." And away went John, banging the

door after him, while Bessie, allowing her dishes to stand unwashed and the fire to die out, flung herself on the sofa, and cried bitterly for half-an-hour, But the house must be kept clean if

the sky falls, or people cry their eyes After a while Bessie got up, brightened the fire, washed the dishes, tidied

the house, and dressed herself for the afternoon, as she always did. Then she sat sadly down, alone in her little parlor, and sighed as she sewed to think the day she had meant to make so happy should have turned out so

badly, "How could I call my noble John a brute?" she murmured, scolding herself bitterly. "To think we never had any cross words before, and to begin to-day of all days in the world-it was too bad, To be sure I do wish he had remembered; but then men don't think of these things as women, but then I

know John does leve me. "Why couldn't I, instead of scolding, just have said-'John, dear, don't you know that this is our wedding-day?' and then I know he would have said something nice, the dear, old fellow, and then I'd have brought out the wrapper, and we would have been happy. My fault, too, for being such a baby. Oh, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry! Well, I can try to make up for it. I'll be as pleasant as I can when he comes home, and I'll give him my present and say I'm

Having come to this wise conclusion, Mrs. Bess flew around and had supper

ready in a short time. And when John came home, just at sunset, the first sight which met his eyes was Bessie's sober little face, watching for him at the front window. But she smiled as she saw him, and

when he opened the door a very sweet Bessie was standing there to meet him. "Halloa Bess!" (this was careless John's usual greeting) says he, taking her into his arms. "All right now, is

"Yes, John. Do forgive me for being so cross," she whispered.

"No, no," says John; "we won't talk about forgiving. I suspect I was as cross as you were. We'll just not be cross any more. But say, Bess, what was the row?" "Nothing, John, only-you forgot

what day it was to-day,"

"Oh, was that it? Why. no, I didn't. I had a nice little surprise for you, but I meant to keep all mum till this evening, and then come out in grand style, Look here-here's our wedding-treat. and John pulled from his pocket a some of John's favorite dishes was all couple of tickets for the Patti concert, and held them out to her.

"Oh, John!" cried Bessie. "The grand concert! How nice of you. wanted to go so bad, but I thought we

"We will this once, And look here, pet; here's what I brought you to wear." He drew forth a tiny case, and opening it displayed a lovely, twinkling pair of ear-drops, just what Bessie's soul was longing to have hanging in her pretty

"Oh, oh, John!" taking two "ohs!" to express her delight this time. "And I thought you had forgotten all about it!" Then she thanked him in a very emphatic squeeze and a shower of kisses,

present either. Come, see what I have She marched him to the little room where the gorgeous wrapper was spread out upon the white bed, and presented | church is built.

It was a perfect fit when tried on, and it was a perfect surprise besides, and if "all's well that ends well," the wedding-So they sat down, and Bessie poured day was a happy one at last, in spite of the tiny cloud which overshadowed its

> Bessie just one word of remembrance See the moral of that, John?

A foreigner, my young friend, is man who comes from far and near.

h Biggest Bicglary on Record.

Some cunning rascals of Pekin have plundered the Imperial Winter Palace of booty, including several hundred-weight twenty million dollars of our money. The carrying away of such an amount is surprising enough-but the thieves deliberately took all necessary time for the execution of their well-laid and successful plan. Aided by accomplices in the Imperial household, they have been several years at work on their stupendous job. The palace walls bristle with watch towers and ornamental turrets, but they have been of no use in this case of such magnitude, unless, perhaps, they have been of service to the robbers themselves.

China has what is known as the Foxfairy, who is compelled to do penance for his sins by torchlight. He is supposed to be endowed with supernatural gifts, and can at will change himself into an old man, or an old woman, or a maiden, or into a variety of other living shapes. This superstition was taken advantage of by the ingenious burglars. When any of the higher Palace officials noticed by accident that the turrets were lighted by night, upon inquiry of their subordinates as to the cause, they were gravely told that it was Hu H'sian, the Fox-fairy; which answer being eminently satisfactory, the worthy Mandarins would no more trouble their heads about the matter. The devout chamberlains would on no account disturb him. He was, in fact, superstitiously let alone, while the ingenious burglars systematically and at their leisure pillaged the Palace, and safely bore their plunder, the accumulations of the last two reigns away to a place of concealment. The Palace was guarded night and day by hundreds of sentinels, some of whom were undoubtedly connivers in the bold rascality. No clew has been found to lead to the detection of the daring culprits, Mongolians cunning asserting itself at home as

The Other End.

"Did you ever hear of the absent-mind ed man," asked the reporter of Colonel Solon, as he entered the office, "who threw his coat in the cradle and hung the baby

in the wardrobe?" "No-o," said Colonel Solon slowly but that reminds me of an absent minded man I tackled on the cars one day, or rather he tackled me. I was going to Kinzua, when a young man got on at Warren and sits down side of me, and byin'by says he, 'I've a little box here I call my bean box,' with that he pulls out a little round box, an' shakes it, an' I hears somethin' rattle. 'Now,' says he, 'spose we jest bet the cigars on there being odd or even beans in that box.' 'All right, says I, it's odd. He opens the box and there was four beans. 'You've lost,' says he. Yes, says I, we'll get the cigars at Kinzua. An' then we falls to talkin' about some thin' else a long time, until all at once says he, I just want to show you a little bean box l've got here.' An' he pulls out that box agin. Saashe, 'let's bet the cigars or something on odd or even beans in this box.1 Thinks I to myself, you poor, absent minded critter, can't remember that you showed that to me a minute ago. And I says 'all right,' s'pose we make the bet five dellars. I thought I'd just teach him to remember things. 'I'll do it,' says he, 'now what is it?' 'Even,' says I. He opened the box, and-" "Well, what then,' says the reporter, as the colonel

"He wasn't so absent-minded after all," said the colonel. "There was seven beans

in that box. "I found out afterwards that the box had no bottom, or rather had covers at both ends. Ou one of the ecvers was fastened three beans, and there were four loose beans in the box. When the man who bet said odd the cover to which the beans were fastened was taken off, and when he said even the other end was

Plucky Parsons Dr. French, the Bishop of Lahore, has peen given the war medal for Afghanistan fof having ministered under fire to dying soldiers during the campaign of 1879 81 The bishop of Auckland, New Zealand-Dr. Cowie-has received two war medals, pamely, the Indian mutiny medal with a ciasp, for the final siege and capture of Lucknow, and the subsequent actions of Allygunge, Rooycah, and Bareilly, and the frontier war medal for the short but san guinary Umbeyla campaign in the winter of 1863-4. A Bombay clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Allen, was given the war medal in 1841 for his services in the fielding during the campaigns of that and the preceding year. None of the English papers, however, seem to remember that a few months ago the Rev. J. W. Adams, a chaplain attached to the Cabul field force, was awarded the Victoria cross for having at the battle of Killa-Klazi extricated a number of lancers who, with their borses, had fallen into a flooded ditch. The chaplain had to wade in water up to his waist to drag the horses off of their drowning riders, and performed his gallant feat una hot fire, having ultimately to run for his own life when the swordsmen came up and captured his norse.

Memorial Church.

Canon Brosman, of Cahirciveen, in Ireland, proposes that a memorial church be erected in that town in honor of O'Con nell's birth there. It is thought likely that the movement will be generally favored by the Roman Catholic Nationalists who have held aloof from the Land League on account of its liberal tendencies. A "Well, I guess I'll not get the only certain historic and accient stone alter. which Tom Steele placed in a chapel in his house for the celebration of mass when O'Connell visited hun, will probably have a place in this memorial church if the

The Lighthouse Board.

A committee was appointed to consider the expediency of illuminating Hell Gate. New York, by electricity. An appropripose. The Board, in its annual report to the Secretary of the Treasury, estimates But then if careless John had given the cost of the service for the fiscal year er.ding June 30, 1884, at \$2,750,000, early there need have been no cloud at about the same as the estimate for the \$75,000 is recommended for the comple. tion of the lighthonse in Delaware Bay to take the place of the Fourteen Foot Bank lightship.

Potatoes in Europe,

The word potato in 1602 and 1609, the dates of those plays respectively, designated two different plants-one volvulus, a well-know plant at this day, but too tender for our climate. It is batatas, was imported from Spain, but merely as an article of food, and was is no evidence, though there is opinion, must have been introduced in Spain, while under Spain, as an article of food; article of food in any of these countries, nor in England. It made slow progress and there is a general silence about it. We may reasonable suppose that every grower of it who had heard of its nature tried it once or more as an edible that it did not at first please European palates. Ireland was the first country it into use in other English counties. mon opinion in Lancashire. Sydney works as I have at hand. The early transactions of the Royal Society may possibly throw some light on the subof Evelyn or Pepys relating to the potato. Had Pepvs eaten of it tentatively I think he would have noted it as he does tea and nettle-porridge.

Persian Carpets.

In the general havoc which the spread

of Islam brought about in Oriental art, it is fortunate that no ban was laid upon the manufacture of carpets, but that, contrariwise, the new religion gave a fresh stimulus to this famous branch of Eastern industry. Carpets are even more essential to the Moslem than pews to the Christian. The many prayers of the Mohammedan ritual must be said toward the point of the compass where Mecca stands, and no better indication of that point can be devised than that which the pattern of the prayercarpet supplies. Moreover, the pious Moslem delights in decorating his sacred temples with hangings of fine tapestry, and the most exquisite products of the loom were frequently destined for the adornment of the holy Kaaba, or some scarcely less venerated shrine, Sometimes the whole interior of a mosque, such as that at Meshhed Ali, was hung with beautiful carpets; and the Mihrab, or niche toward Merca, was always a favorite subject for such ornamentation, which in this case corresponds to the altar hangings of Europe. Mats of ess costly nature were spread on the floor; and it is on record that in 1912 A. D., the Mosque of El-Hakim, at Cairo, was strewn with 36 000 ells of carpeting at a cost of 000 dinars, while the Azbar required 13,000 ells of striped mats a year. The Kaaba at Mecca was covered with hangings in the "Days of Ignorance" before Islam was preached, and clothes from the Yemen or a "white Chinese silk carpet," covered the shrine; and later on the famous white and gold fabric of the Copts, or heavy vel vet or plush carpets, from all parts of the East, were employed in the decoration of the Mecca temple. The rulers of the Mohammedan world vied with each other in presenting the richest covers to the Kaaba; the very Mongol Khans of Persia sent gorgeous hangings, and we read of a cover studded with gold and pearls and precious stones to the value of 250,000 gold pieces.

Adulteration by Rule.

An Illinois merchant who was taking baking powder in bulk from a Chicago firm called at headquarters, the other day, to say that there was something

wrong with the goods. "I don't think so," was the reply, 'we make the best article sold in the

"I think we ought to have a more erfect understanding," continued the ealer. "Now, then, you adulterate efore you send to me, then I adulterate before I ship, then the retailer adulterates before he selis, and the consumer can't be blamed for growling, I wanted to see if we couldn't agree on some schedule to be tollowed.'

"What do you mean?" "Why, suppose you put in 10 per cent. of chalk, then I put in 20 per cent. of whiting, then the retailers put in 30 per cent. of flour; that gives the in baking powder or putty; we must inactivity. current fiscal year. An appropriation of give him something for his money, if it's only chalk."

pounds of glucose,

A Catarast Illuminated.

A writer at Giesbach Falls, Switzerland, says: The illumination of the falls takes place every night, without of gold plate to the value of from ten to our potato, a solanum, the other a con- regard to the weather, hence no one is deterred from stopping, as it can be viewed from the hotel windows and balgrown under glass. This latter root, conies much better than from any other point. We had seen it in daytime, but never illuminated, and as it was a good anterior in time here to the introduc- stopping place on our way to Luzerne, tion of our now common potato. There we were spending the night here. At 9 o'clock a bell was rung to summon of the exact date of the introduction of the guests to the verandah, and a few this plant our potato into England, minutes after rockets were sent up as a But, as it is figured in Gerard's "Her- signal to the men in charge of the Benbal," published in 1597, though under gal lights. It was a dark, rainy night, the mistaken name of batatas, and must so dark that the falls could not be seen, have been previously known in Eng- though it was directly before us, and land, Shakspeare may very well have the roaring of the torrents could be known both roots. Now, if we look at heard at a great distance. Whilst peerthe context of Falstaff's speech, the al- ing into the intense darkness nothing lusion is plainly to a common error of was visible but the flicker of the lamps that time as to the supposed provo- of the men in charge of the illuminacative qualities of the root. But, as such tion. All of a sudden the face of the errors soon become current, the impu- walls and cascades for the whole twelve tation may have arisen as to the latter in hundred feet up the steep mountain time, or it may have fastened on the side flashed to our vision in bright earlier and have extended to both. It prismatic colors—red, green, gold and certainly was so believed for a time as scarlet-looking as if illuminated from to our common potato. The context the very depth of the cascades, and that then, does not really help us. Both the light was flashing from them, As plants came to Europe-to Spain-from the water leaped wildly from rock to Spanish America about a century before rock in a stream about twenty feet wide 1609. As the beauty of the plant could and three feet thick, the spray flying in not have been the motive, our potato the air partook of the variegated colors. All were astonished at the wonderful whence it spread into the low Countries | beauty of the scene, so far exceeding their expectations in the grandeur and but it did not for many years become an perfection of illumination. Even the mist caused by the rain which was pouring down as it had all the afternoon, added to the beauty of the scene, and there is no doubt that a dark, rainy night is the best time to view the illumination. There were about one huntuber, since for that purpose it was dred and fifty guests present, and the grown. The reasonable conclusion is expressions of wonder and admiration were universal. The heavy rain had also greatly swelled the usual volume in Europe in which it became generally of water, and we, therefore, viewed it to grown as an article of food. Thence it the very best possible advantage. Some extended to Lancashire, and the Lan- of the Bengal lights were burnt behind castrians made it known, and brought the watertalls, all of which teap clear over the rocks, enabling visitors to go It is in my own recollection that "no behind them. Others were so placed cockney can boil a potato" was a com- in front of the cascades that the whole of the rays of light from them were cast Smith gave it his sanction when he said directly on the falling waters. It was a the first question to put to a candidate grand scene, but did not last long for cook is: "Can you boil a potato?" I do enough to satisfy the enthusiasm with not in the least question that Hawkins which it was viewed. But it was too introduced the potato into Ireland. I see | cold for the ladies to stand long in the no improbability in that tradition. But | raw and misty atmosphere. It is not to evidence we have none; at least none be wondered that Swiss tourists never has fallen under my observeation, though fail to spend a night at Giesbach, whilst I have searched for evidence in all such some stay here several days to wander among the cascades. Two-thirds of those now here will leave in the morning, and before night the boats will ect. I can find nothing in the dairies | bring a sufficiency of new guests to take their places. The water emerges from a dark cayern, 1,140 feet above the lake, being the melting of the snow from the higher mountains.

In Lapland the sun never goes down during May, June and July; but, in winter, for two months, he never rises at all. His place, however, is somewhat supplied by the wonderful Northern lights, which flash and flicker in the gray skies. They look like fires of a thousand shapes and colors. Now like clowns, and now like domes; now like flashing nets, and now like streamers of silk; now like arches and now like banners-these welcome guests make a

night beautiful. As long as the unwearied sun goes round and round the sky in summer, landers live in tents made of poles and skins; but when Jack Frost approaches, with a scowl on his brow, the house of thick sods becomes a very snug home. The Laplanders creeps into it on all fours, along a sort of tunnel. A hole in the roof lets in a little daylight, or rather moonlight, and lets out what smoke there is from the sooty lamp. The lamp is made of stone, and filled with seal oil, and it answers many purposes. It cooks food, dries wet clothes, keeps the house warm, and affords light.

The Laplander likes brandy; but happily for him, it is very scarce. He has often to be contended with snuff instead of which he takes, you may be sure, many a good pinch. For nine months of the year the ground is of a dazzling whiteness, and the cold is intense. In July and August, on the contrary, the heat is almost intolerable.

The Laplanders are a very small nation. Perhaps there are not above seven thousand of them. Part of them are called "Reindeer Laplanders;" and part "Fishing Laplanders." The former live on their herds, some possessing many hundreds; the latter dwell near the lakes and fiords, The greatest plague of Lapland is a plague of gnats. I'heir numbers are incredible,

oon Resting Spell.

The people of the United States, where we have as hot summers as anyone need desire, present a broad and not overwise contrast to the wise habits of tropical natives. The iron rule which regulates the hours for labor or business is not relaxed during the summer months. The tide of labor and of commerce is regulated by the clock, and not by the torrid heat of that sun which regulates the clock. "High Change" must come at a fixed hour, however high the mercury is in the thermometer. The followers of manual toil must toll on in the blazing heat of day, at whatever cost to their health, or even to their

"Early closing" is a good thing, but a "long nooning" would be better; if, indeed, by earlier hours in the morning, consumer 40 per cent, of baking pow- both longer rest at noon and earlier der, and unless he's a born hog he'll be time to "knock off" could not be seperfectly satisfied, You see, if you cured. Among the chief benefits of a adulterate 50 per cent. on the start, summer vacation is the withdrawal, at and the retailer adulterates as much as noon and for several hours after meriboth together, it's mighty hard for the dian, to a cool spot, there taking either consumer to tell whether he's investing the siesta or a better rest of conscious wants that little long.

PEAR trees will endure a goodly quantity of ashes and cinders at their roots. -A bushel of corn will yield thirty The sweepings of the blacksmith shop are excellent.

Smooth as a Rose Leaf. A correspondent from Paris says there a lady in this city of wonders, an American, who is undoubtedly one o the loveliest creatures that ever were. She is called Mme. Gautherot, and her husband, a Frenchman, is a rich importer, who came up to Paris from Nantes to spend his money and show off his wife, Some say she is from San Francisco, or Los Angeles, or Marysville, or from somewhere along the Pacific coast. I have heard, too, that she hails from New York, from Baltimore, from Lima, from Panama-from any number of places that ought to be, and I dare say would be proud to own her. The preponderance of evidence is in favor of 'Frisco, and so I am going to write her down as a bright, occidental star which has come to us a perfect specimen of the kind of women that thrive apace in the "glorious climate of Californy." I have seen her several times, but the best chance I had to admire her was a few weeks back in the magnificent salons of Mrs. Morton, the wife of the American Minister. A young lady from Chicago was leaning on my arm, and we were slowly traversing the rooms, when we came upon Mme. Gautherot, who was standing talking with M. Clemenceau, the famous radical Deputy, whose wife is an American. I knew from the way my companion acted that she was deeply moved by the lovely apparition, whom she had now seen for the first time, and she whisperingly asked if I knew who the lady was.

"Oh. yes," I replied, "that is Mme. Gautherot. She is said to be the most

beautiful woman in Paris.' "Well, they might say in the world. Of all the beauties I have ever seen, she is, in face, form, hair and complexion,

the most beautiful." I should guess Mme. Gautherot to be about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. Her head is strictly classical, and she wears her fair wavy tresses in Grecian bandeaux. Her form is faultless. She is the Venus de Medici transmuted into flesh and blood and covered by the best man or w man dressmaker of the capital. We stood and looked at this, the loveliest person that ever came out of the hands of a Paris coaturiere, and it seems to me my companion would never be done feasting upon her splendid beauty. She was dressed that night -the details were told me by Miss Chicago and I wrote them down-in cornolored silk, part of which was covered with a net-work of yellow beads and small white bugles. She also wore a necklace of diamonds, a brooch and bracelets, with Greek bandalettes in her hair, which is of perfect gold color. Her dress fitted her form like gloves should fit one's hands, and her skirts clung about her limbs in the most classical fashion. She wore diamond buckles on her slippers. Her pale blue and vellow silk stockings were just discernible. A murmur of admiration greeted her wherever she went. The cowd opened to let this beauty pass, and she strolled around the most unconcerned person in the room. Her eyes are large and limpid, and as I looked into them I could not discover the slightest sentiment of coquetry. The texture of her ears, her neck and her shoulders are precisely that kind which the great Lefevre and the equally great Bougureau paint so magnificently. There is a pink shade which comes through the transparent white skin, and the flesh is as smooth as a rose leaf.

Famous Phrases.

Washington Irving gives us "The

Almighty dollar." Thomas Morton queried long ago: 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers: "Ask me no ques-

tions, and I'll tell you no fibs." Charles C. Pinckney gives "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tri-

"First in war, first in the heart of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen) appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, by General Henry Lee. Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us: "It's an ill wind turns no good," "Better late than

never," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss," "All cry and no wool" is found in

Butler's "Hudibras," Dryden says : "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through

thick and thin."

are from Matthew Prior.

"No pent-up Utica contracts our power," declared Jonathan Sewell. "()t two evils I have chosen the least" and "The end must justify the means"

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "A good hater,"

and Mackintosh made the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity.

"Variety is the very spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear" are from Cowper. "Man proposes, but God disposes" is

from Thomas A, Kempis. Edward Coke was of the opinion that 'A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and

"Moping melancholy and moonstruck Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark," "A fool at forty is a fool indeed," but, alas I for his knowledge of human nature when he tells us "Man wants but little here below, nor

From Bacon comes "Knowledge 18 power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love."

Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life,"