LEGENDS OF THE BALD EAGLE. (Of the past and present Century.)

BY J. S. BARNHART. In years agone near Milesburg, on the stream just by its side, Brave Logan, the Cayuga Chief, would no and then abide;

There's Logan's Gap, and Logan's Branch the name is always there, And whether white man's friend or foe, Logan was every where.

I do not mean the Mingo Chief-warm friendrevengeful, too, But he who told the traitors plot John Weston had in view,

From east to west, from hill to dale, he bore s friendly truce, But sleeps the sleep of death clorg the Chicka-la-ca-moose.

Of Shaney John not much is known; he wa the white man's friend.

Who built his wigwam in the vale down you der to defend. He ends his days in quiet life; the brave h sinks to rest. And sleeps the sleep of death near by the old Bald Eagle's nest.

Job Chillaway another brave, would smoke his pipe of peace. Deliver wampum on a string, that war might ever cease; He roamed our valleys here and there, and

every where around, Until his spirit light went out for other hunt ing grounds.

All honor to these worthy braves who stayed the crimson flood, And saved our helpless kindred from a -aavage thirst for blood :

There's something which I seem to see and which my love for lore Would rescue from receding years, as time is

passing o'er. Then come with me, escend the hill to retro spect the view, And from old Muncy's rugged height L'ill tell

more things to you, Will tell you of the savages with herrid tragic Resounding like a revel in a carnival of hell I'm thinking of those voices which are shouting over there,

Where the sound is raising upward on the stillness of the air; I see fantastic figures gesticulating crime, And I hear the warhoop schoes down the cor rodors of time.

Near Milesburg in the valley fair nature seem to smile. And there a savage aspect is arrayed in ope

The warriors have weapons, some have tom hawks and knife. And the running of the gauntlet means the cause of noise and strife.

And thus a worthy chieftain spake as he: victim led: "The red man's blood cries from the ground thy guilty hands have shed, Your life must pay the forfeit, for your crin

has broke the law : Run now between you files you see; you punishment for cause. The savage sped through strokes and blows with fearful speed he ran-

At length a brave struck down a This is the way their code of laws in blood i satisfied.

And down there near Baid Eagle's nest the culprit savage died. * * * *

I see that eagle build its nest upon an island There rear its young and sear away, proud em blem of the free! Whence from its eyrie came the name to val-

ley and to stream, Which sparkles in the sunlight down among the grassy green. Oh! the grandure of you Eden-how sublime it seems to be,

As waters of Bald Eagle creek flow downward to the sea, Through mossy banks and shady nooks-no tongue can ever tell

The sweetness of the music that has stirred my heart so well. Now see the fields and hamlets, and the husy

life of yore, So in my dreams of other days I wiewed them o'er and o'er;

And then I turned in pensive mood to view the distant hills, Where water gurgles from their form the rigpling rills

I see beyond the distant hills a high and rounded peak, Where falling leaves of autumn in a thousand voices speak;

They fill the heart with sadness as I linger long and lone, Enchanted by the music of the mountain zephyr's moan.

of the streams, Send something down into the soul which thrills the poet's dreams;

It is the monitor of chapge, in story I will trace, That paints that subject on the heart which

time cannot efface. And while I'm looking backward let me tell you something more:

I see the log heaps smoking and the brush light up the shore, And then the grand old sycamores and oaks sway in the breeze, And fall before a father's hand removing such

as these. I see the early pioneer's strong arm and fervent toil. Go forth to brave the storms of life upon the

virgin soil; I see the forest disappear and then with perve and brain. There is built up a cabin home down youder

on the plain. Long years, and years, and years ago, I hardly know just when In seventeen ninety-five or eight, perhaps it

was not then, A flitting from the valley starts from out the cabin's door, While hearts behind were weeping in the

wilderness of yore. James had just wedded Nancy, they had

packed up all their goods, On two pack saddle horses, meant to travel through the woods, They had no roads to follow, but to guide then

was a trail, On which the Indians traveled from the lakes unto the vale,

I have often heard the legend, but to you it may be new-The twain moved on in silence up the Alle

ghenv's view, They turned to take a last fond look upon the hills so blue-Now tell me gentle reader would these things have melted you?

It was the sister leaving wooddy dell, Two hundred miles to seek a husband dwell: Of other sisters left behind Isabel.

And if you only listen I have something me Then Mary, too, in later years, appeared with

smiling face, That sent a charm of sweet content into he dwelling place; Her raven hair and sparkling eyes may be remembered still,

or oft she pushed the old car Now I see within the valley of my legendary

nother habitation with its smoke ascending New neighbors settled in there from the Sus quehanna vale,

They brought strong hands and m had no such word as fail. Ienry loved the blue-eyed beauty-Jacob,

the raven hair, And the brothers magried sisters in the valley over there, Their homes were full of friendship and their hearts were full of love. and a halo dwelt within them from the angel's

home above.

Haw fondly I remember I would tell you if 1 could, But effort fails me trying to do less than half I should:

Yes, the blue-eyed maiden wedded; she lived and passed away, In hope of that new springtime when life

is bright and gay Lam thinking now of Mary, I saw her last in tears, At her dear old home to meet again, perhaps in coming years;

She put her arms about my neck, gave me mother's kiss. And then invoked God's blessing for world than this.

I see the houses here, and there with clapboards for the roof. All chunked and daubed with straw and mud against the winter proof,

And from my view I note the place, the smoke is curling round, Where kindred of the old time days could here and there be found; seem to see an aged man with gun and pow-

der born, A hunting something in the woods, long 'ere It is John Holt, the pioneer, a wandering all about,

To shoot the wild deer, if he could, as he might spy them out. And then I see the fleeing deer, down there from where they stood,

With dogs in hot pursuit of chase to cate them if they could, With fearful leaps from off the bounded strong and quick. And tried to swim the swollen flood across the

Bald Eagle Creek. Then from the cabin door there ran fens and bogs, Aunt Jane," who caught the fugitive, a swir ming from the dogs,

A hunter's knife was soon at hand, a brother' heart was thrilled. As "Uncle Tom" sprang out to help and quick the deer he killed

And so it was from out the reach of dark foreboding fears, The God who fed Elijah fed the early pioneers; Children became a blessing, to labor all were reared. Where loom and oldtime spinning wheel in

every home appeared; With cheerful hearts and willing hands each hopeful, good and true, Is something of the old time ways the people

had to do; The woodman; in the forest and his axe within the vales. Resounds and echoes back to me how time is telling tales.

see the springtime blossoms, and winter pass away, And the hopeful age of manhood going down in life's decay,

Where I oft have been admonished, and have seen life's ebbing tide Move over, gently onward, to the Jordan's other side.

hear the German accents ringing now upon my ears, As I said good by, grandfather, in the days of other years.

my head is silvered over, and my hear is full of pain, For the days I so remember will no more return again.

The past is in the present, and the future ye to be: The murmur of the cadence with the rippling Is where the life's elysium lies beyond the crystal sea;

The oldtime joys and sorrows, now forever hushed and still. Repose in silent slumber on you cemetery

I look upon the valley, and I see the village Where sculptured marble marks the end o

life's ambitious dream; Now when our dream is over. where down to rest, To rise from out that slumber in the glory of

the blest. HE HAD A WIDE MARGIN FOR GRA-TITUDE.—Of the late Bishop Ames the following anecdote is told: While preover a certain conference a siding member began a tirade against the universities and education, thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After ceeding thus for some minutes the Bishop interrupted him with a question, "Do I understand that the brother thanks God for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer; 'you can put it that "Oh, do you remember sweet A ice, Ben Bolt? way, if you want. "Well, all I have to Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?" say, said the bishop, in his sweet music al tone-"all I have to say is that the brother has a good deal to thank God

-In China the man who lives nearcence or stand the punishment. Consequently if he is innocent he rattles DOROTHY'S ROMANCE.

Dorothy Field looked very sweet and demure as, with her father, old Squire Field, and her tall, rather looselyhung brother Andrew, she walked to church one Sunday morning forty years. ago. The little village of Framleigh was always quiet, yet on Sunday mornings it seemed even more peaceful than usual. Dorothy was sometimes a little oppressed by the calm, and wished it would not make itself quite so obstructive. But on this May morning no such rebellious thoughts were in her mind, for she entered into the gently beguiling mood of nature, and her

neart was full of sunshine. As they neared the rather stately looking brick church little groups were large, it was, on the whole, a well-todo-one, for the inhabitants of this little village, most of whom were decended from a few aristocratic families, prided interest outside of the little village, it themselves on this fact and kept up

their good name. As Dorothy from her place in the eaught by an unfamiliar face in Deaon Gray's pew. Surely, never before seemed to her that Andrew's coat nev-

er fit so badly. Occasionally, during the service, she | May I write to you, Dorothy?' sweet soprano voice, "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," she looked over toward the deacon's pew, to see if the new occupant was singing, and leaving Dorothy in a very bewildered finding his dark eyes resting on her state of mind. with a calm, interested gaze, this simole country girl blushed and nearly

At the various dinner tables in Framleigh that day this young man demurely, with a happy conscious litest. It became generally known that he was a cousin of the deacon's wife, an anxious nervous manner. Poor litand had been studing at the medical

to give his eyes a rest. The blooming damsels of Framleigh, who outnumbered the young men of the village, were especially interested a good-natured, red-cheeked girl, who grieved that it was too late in the season to have a sugar party, that she might invite Mr. Deane, but finally decided to content herself with a "gathering," which meant a social meeting of the swains and maidens of Framleigh, in the large old parlor, where they played "fox and geese" or "around the chimney," and ate apples and cake or popped corn. The gath ering would break up at 10 o'clock, when those of the youths who were not too bashful would ask their favorite Mehitables or Abigails if they might see them home.

This kind of gaiety was quite new to the young Harvard student, and, alwent in a rather superior mood, thinking to be mildly amused by the harmless gambols of these country people, yet he felt a thrill of interest as he wondered if he should entered the parlor almost the first person he saw was Dorothy, looking very charming and pensive in a dainty figure brocade dress which had belonged to her mother.

Rebecca, the hostess, ushered him in and introducee him to every one in the room. Then Robert did something which quite shocked the feelings of Framleigh society. On one side of the room all the maidens were sitting, while on the opposite were all the young men; looking awkward enough in the straight backed chairs and dressed in their best clothes. For this was the way in which the guests were always arranged at the "gatherings" unwith an easy, graceful manner, took a seat on the girls' side of the room, between Dorothy and little Ruth Hawkes, and began to talk to them as if very much at ease-a proceeding which caused a surprised flutter on one side of the room and struck consternation on

the other. But when they began to play games the chilly air of reserve which seemed to encircle the company was changed to one of merry good humor. From the moment whe Dorothy's clear, shy eyes looked into his, as she took the cat's gradle off his hands, Robert had a feeling of exhilaration, and knew that he should enjoy himself. And when he left Dorothy at her own door he telt very joyful as he walked home to the deacon's, and it seemed to him that there was nothing more charming

than a country village in Mav. Dorothy came down to breakfast next morning looking very trim and domestic in a light print gown, and when Andrew spoke in a joking manner about her new city beau she blush ed up to the little curls on her forehead

and looked rather conscious. That afternoon she thought she she reached the top of the hill she found a beautiful bed of May flowers which had come out late, as they were under a pine tree which had kept off the sun. As she was bending over the flowers, pulling off the dead leaves which covered them, she heard a deep

voice humming:

Looking up, she saw Robert Deane not very far from her. Just at that momene he saw her and came toward her. So together they gathered the arbutus, and when Robert said that est the scene of a murder is accused of picking Mayflowers seemed to be the the crime, and he must prove his inno- appropriate thing in the world for her to do, she was so like them, she turned pinker than the pinkest of flowers in around pretty lively to discover the her hand. And then he added, "1 never knew how beautiful the arbutus

Robert wanted to go higher on the than those weary weeks of suspense flowers there. So they did not get less waiting, of his heartache and sor who was usuall very capable about the

As the days went on Robert Deane doctors told him he wouldn't need to room with her usual sunshiny manner. rest them for more than a week or so, Then she went out into the garden to and here he isn't able to go back to Cambridge yet; but he does seem to unattractive, old Miss Durn, whom mighty contented here." May change she pitied very much, for she firmly ed to June, and still he stayed. He believed that she never had a lover. seen coming from all directions. For acquired a great interest in walking, every one in Framleigh went to church. and he and Dorothy used to take long Although the congregation was not rambles on the mountains or by the quiet little river. He told her about his past life, his hopes and ambitions, and to this country girl, who had no

seemed as if a new world had opened. One morning when she was working in the kitchen, the old knocker went choir looked over the familiar faces in such a vigorous way that she hurwhich showed themselves over the ried to the door with her apron on. high, straight pews, her attention was | She found Robert Deane there, looking pale and anxious. She had hardly ime to say "Good morning" before he had she seen this tall, elegant young began: "I have just had a letter sayman, with the pleasant eyes and sunny ing my mother is very sick. I must hair. And as she looked from him to go home. Cousin Nathaniel is going her good-natured, awkward brother, it to drive me to Dayton, and I am going right on. He is out here waiting. But I couldn't go without seeing you. t the new face beside the staid old how sorry she was that his mother deacon, and while she was singing in her was sick, and that he might write to her if he wanted to. Then, with an

earnest, lingering look and then, a gentle pressure of the hand, he was gone, She stayed in the house for several days, and then she began to go to the postoffice. At first she asked the good old postmaster if there was any mail, was spoken of with more or less inter- tle blush. Then, as the days went on, and no letter came, she would ask with tle Dorothy! Although she was faithschool in Cambridge, but was obliged | ful in her visits to the postoffice, she

received no letter, and after a while all the pink went out of her face and it grew pale and had a pathetic expression. She always cherished a faithful in the stranger. Rebecca Thompson, hope that she should hear from Robert, and although one of the most well-towas hospitably inclined, was much do young men of Framleigh was urgent in his proposals of marriage, and the squire would gladly have welcomed him as a son-in-law, she told them it

could never be. It was a bright June morning. Miss Dorothy, now a nice old lady of 60, was picking roses off the large old cinnamon rose bush at her back door. Although her face was not so youthful looking as it was that afternoon when she gathered Mayflowers with Robert Deane forty years before, yet it was still very attractive, with its clear, kind eyes, its sweet mouth and just a trace of the roses that used to bloom in her cheeks. Perhaps it was partly her sindly face that made all the children of Framleigh love Miss Dorothy-Aunt Dorothy, as they called her-and no real aunt ever had more regard and love than she had. Her life was not see the sweet-faced girl who had sung an unhappy, lonely one, for it was so in the choir on Sunday. And when he full of kindness and blessing to others

that she was happy and content. A few years after Robert Deane had gone from Framleigh she had heard that he had married a rich Boston girl. Only about a year after she had read of his death. While practicing at the hospital he had taken some contagious disease. That was all she knew about him. Although at first her heart had been bitter toward Robert, yet as time, went on, her feelings had softened, and she thought of him in a fond, tender way as one she had

loved. This morning as she was picking the roses, little Tom Chapin, one of her most devoted cavaliers, came out of til the games began. But Robert, the back door and said, "I left a letter on the table in the sitting room for you, Aunt Dorothy."

"Thank you, Tommy. Don't you

think your mother would like these roses? I'hey're about the last there'll be, I guess, and if you'll come in I'll give you one of my ginger cookies.' So Tommy followed Miss Dorothy in, and she gave him a large round cooky out of the stone jar which she always kept full so that she might have something to give the children

when they came to her. When he had gone, with a large bunch of roses in one hand and a cooky done up in brown paper in the other, Miss Dorothy went into the sitting and opened her rather official-looking letter. There were a letter and a letter and a note inclosed in the envelope. She unfolded the note and read: SALEM, June .-

MISS DOROTHY FIELD: In refitting the boxes of this postof-There we found this old letter directed to you. On ascertaining that you still live in Framleigh we at once forward Respectfully yours,

POSTMASTER. There was another envelope, vellow with age and with a postmark of forty years before. Miss Dorothy opened it with trembling fingers and read:

SALEM, June, 185-MY DEAR DOROTHY :- I have thought about you a great deal since I left Framleigh, and now that my mother is better I must write to you. I could not bear to come away without telling you that I loved you, although I think you must know it. I never supposed that I could care for any one as I care for you. Now, dear Dorothy, it you return my love at all, let me know, and I will come at once to Framleigh. If you do not and cannot care for me, do not pain yourself and me by saying so, but do not write at all.

Hopefully yours, As poor Miss Dorothy read this a more.'

was before." After they had gathered mist came over her eyes. This was all the blossoms under the pine tree, the hardest moment of her life, harder mountain to see if there were not some As she thought of Robert's weary, rest home till supper time, and Dorothy, row, and of the sadness which had her that a very cruel tate had guided

house, seemed rather abstracted that the course of that letter. But Miss Dorothy's trusting heart still stayed at Framleigh. The simple could not be bitter long. She believed old deacon, in speaking to the minister that somehow all things must be best about him, said: "It does seem mighty as they were, and after a few quiet queer about Cousin Robert's eyes. The hours spent alone, she came out of her pull some of her nice radishes to send

A Republican Who Seems Satisfied.

The following letter from a life long and influential Republican of Bellefonte, in reply to one from a personal friend, has been handed us for publication. While it takes no decided ground for or John Bigelow, in his life of Bryant, against any one, it will be noticed that says that "though these early verses that the defeat of Quay and his candi- gave no particular poetical promise, date does not cause any particular sorrow, or the selection of Pattison create destined to be distinguished—the corany cause for distrust or dissatisfaction rectness both of the measure and the in his mind.

BELLEFONTE, Nov. 11th, 1890. vesterday and read it carefully, and am happy to gather from its perusal that that he "might receive the gift of poetyou and I are not very far apart in our endure. glanced demurely over the hymn book thy very softly and blushing told him views, touching the late political can-

vas, its methods and results. It is very possible that one who fails of two men, Delamater and Pattison, literary anecdote. for instance, seeking the same coveted position, the less worthy may succeed, drawers in his son's desk, came upon and often does. We should, to a cer- some manuscript verses. He read them tain extent, sympathize with the defeat- and was so impressed that he hurried tain extent, sympathize with the deteat-to the house of a friend, and thrusting ed aspirant, for it is comely to do so; the verses into her hand, exclaimed, and regard him as unfortunate, rather while tears ran down his cheeks than undeserving. I suppose candidates "Read them! They are Cullen's." for political favor think of the uncer- Boston, without communicating his intainties of the conflict on which they tention to his son, to show these verses are entering, and so are not altogether to his friend William Philips, who was unprepared to accept, with more or less one of the editors of the North American

cheerfulness, the verdict of the people. Whatever may be the character of the with the with the character of the with the defeated candidate for Governor as to tion of their parentage. personal force, he was undeniably from the start handicapped, as few men under the circumstances have been con- editorial calleagues. doned, Mr. Delamater was not the while Mr. Philips read the manuscript choice of the people, as represented in and heard the little he had to tell about the nominating convention. The "fulness of time" had come in the history of skeptical smile, "you have been impos-Mat Quay. The "vindication" was not delayed, but came to him and "his

able to him. der vituperation he was patient. Indeed, it might be said of him, he opened not his mouth, but bore the sickening incubus with rare composure and with grave dignity. Not so the other man. He endured not the contradiction of the tient waiting" is rare with young maligning editors, but kicked, and authors. smote the conscience of one of them in such a way that in penitence the offendbegged forgiveness, which was fully granted him, by the stern candidate of

the Democratic party.

One other indignity was cast upon the defeated candidate, and perhaps harder to bear than all the other inflictions put with which the much abused man was to make a smooth, stiff paste, and then treated by his own constituency in Meadville and Crawford county. "Et phet is not without honor, save in his boiling point, then stir the corn-starch own country and in his own house." I, into the boiling mixture, and cook for for one, wish that he may draw from two minutes. Stir the butter into the this gracious declaration all the comfort there is in it; and I do not overstate, well beaten. Pour the mixture into perhaps, when I say that very many a large, deep plate that has been lined Republicans who voted against the Quay with paste, and bake in a moderate oven candidate have similar kindly feeling for the man who so miserably represented, in the late canvass, the grand O. R.

With regard to Robt. E. Pattison, let us all hope that in his official life, as in the past, he will avoid the association and intimacies which have degraded and large deep pie. The materials are suffidebauched so many men in high official position, and that he may take good fice it was necessary to take down the care of his soul and mind and body, so cold as possible. - Marian Maloa. baseboards behind the receiving box. that he may prove adequate to the discharge of any trust to which he may be

called in the future. and industrial interests of this great country. I but very imperfectly under-I try mentally "to take it in;" but I am a believer in progress and hope that our country within the near future may world, and this to come about by our better understanding, in its practical supply and demand.

-Wife (pleadingly) -"I'm afraid, George, you do not love me as well as you used to." Husband—"Why?" Wife—"Because you always let me get up to light the fire." Husband—"Nonall.
yours,
ROBERT DEANE. up to light the fire. Husband up to will be called the grand opera sense, my love. Your getting up to though its patrons may never see grand opera nor any other kind of opera.

In a Poet's Youth.

William Cullen Bryant's Early Lyrical Aspirations and Performances.

The poet Bryant was an exception come into her own life, it seemed to to the rule which ordains that precocious children will either die while young or become ordinary men, says the Youth's Companion. On his first birthday "he could walk alone, and when but a few days more than 16 months old knew all the letters of the alphabet." Ir, his sixth year he was, as he himself tells us, "an excellent, almost infallible speller, and ready in geography." In his sixteenth year he entered college, having mastered in less than a year all the Greek and Latin required for admission to the sophmore class at Williams col-

The boy was as precocious in rhyming as in studying. Before he was 10 years old his grandfather gave him a 9 pence for a hymed version of the first chapter of Job, and the country paper publish a rhymed description of the school he attended, which he wrote and de-

they were remarkable for two characteristics by which all his poetry was rhyme.

So intense was the boy's ambition to be a poet that he not only read what Dear Sir :- I received your letter poetry fell in his way, but in his priate devotions often prayed with fervor ic genius, and write verses that might

"Thanatopsis." the poem which gave him a national fame, was written in 1811, before he had attained his eighteenth year, though it was not published in securing his object may nevertheless until 1817. The story of its publication, be possessed of great merit. In the case as told by Mr. Bigelow, is a unique

One day Dr. Bryant, the youth's

Review, then two years old. He left the

Mr. Philips read them and went to Cambridge to submit them to Richard H. Dana and Edward T. Channing, his They listened

Inquiries, however, showed that Mr. house" in a form and manner not agree- Philips, instead of being imposed upon, had read to them the poems written by The dissatisfactian referred to, at an an American boy who had not yet atearly date showed itself in the canvass.

Mr. Delamater was kicked and cuffed

Mr. Delamater was kicked and cuffed appeared in the Santember pumber of in such a persistent method as no other the Review for 1817. The poem which candidate could have experienced. Un- accompanied it also appeared in the same number under the title of "Fragment." It is now known as "An In-

scription for the entrance to a Wood." A significant fact associated with the two poems is that "Thanatopsis" was six years old when it was printed and the "Fragment" two years. Such "pa-

LEMON CREAM PIE. - For the filling er came and acknowledged his guilt and for this pie there must be taken the juice of three and rind of one lemon, a half of corn starch, a large cupful of water, a cuptul of granulated sugar, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and four eggs, and the crust will require three large tablespoonfuls of flour, one large tablespoonfuls of butter and some water Make the crust by rubbing the butter together, and that was the indifference into the flour, adding cold water enough

rolling very thin. Mix the corn-starch with four tablespoonsfuls from the cupful of water. Put tu Brute." Truly is Mr. Delamater an the remainder of the water into a sauceillustration of this utterance. "A pro- pan, with the lemon rind and juice and mixture, and set away to cool. When cool add the yelks of the four eggs, for thirty-five minutes. During the last quarter of an hour make a meringue by beating the whites of the eggs to a stiff dry froth, and gradually beating the powdered sugar into this froth. At the end of thirty-five minutes cover the pie with the meringue and bake, with the oven door open ten minutes longer. By following this rule one gets a very

At serving time the dish should be as

would of course be sma ler and thinner

Vaseline as-a Shoe-Cleaner. It is not generally known that the I have made no reference to that part easiest way to clean shoes or rubber of your letter touching the commercial overshoes which have become muddy is with vaseline. A little "swab" of flannel on the end of a stick is good for this purpose. Even if the vaseline touches stand the detailed workings of the won- the hands, it forms a coating over them derful system, and am confused when so that the task is not so pleasant as it otherwise would be. Such a dressing as this is sufficient for some fine kid snoes, but others may need a coat of polish. establish the fact that we can hold our If the polish is put on after a coat of own in a "stand up fight" with the vaseline it is not liable to crack the leather and it lasts much longer. Rubber overshoes, especially, look much application, of the great problem of better and last much longer if cleaned in this way than if they are washed with water. - New York Journal.

-Nearly every building intended for theatrical performances is called an opera house. If it is over a rich man's store in a swell little town the show hall