APPLE BLOSSOMS.

From white sea-foam 'neath summer skies, A lovelier heaven in her eves, The sunshine captive in her hair Her body than the foam more fair,

They say Love's mother did arise Now fragrant seas of blossoms bright Flood all the hills with waves of white ; And once again has Beauty birth. Springing immortal from the earth, Mother of ever fresh delight!

And wakened by the sweet surprise, In the still heaven of thine eyes-Of that immortal beauty born, And bright with rose-tints of the morn-I see a baby Love arise! -The Galaxy.

Seeing Better Days.

The widow Minton had seen better days. How far back wasn't exactly certified; but she had seen them. Beter days hung moldily about her, like the defaced shreds of antiquated em-

The sturdy gossips of the sea-side village, who went about with their skirts tucked up and their bare brown arms ready and able for any work, looked askance at the widow Minton, with her pitiful meagerness of aspect, her flickering black eye, and her trail-ing old gown. They nudged each other and said, "Better days—Lord save us!" But the widow did not trouble the neighbors much, nor they her. A body who couldn't do a heartsome hand's stirring was best left alone to her brooding, and the widow's smoky little cabin left pretty much to herself and her boy

who picked up a living by doing odd jobs for the boatmen, and now and then taking a day for fishing. Tom had probably never seen better days. The widow shook her head over him—so stupidly content, poor Tom! so beaming and good-natured over beggarliness and hopelessness. A tall, well-grown fellow, with bare feet, a torn straw hat, and a red shirt, Tom took the world easily, looking with reverent eves on other's doing anything before.

Self.

The widow deemed it due to her past respectability to be seen at church of a Sunday evening, and you could see the two walking at twilight along the sands together, she with her clean pockethandkerchief folded over her old hymnbook and a certain doubtful hesitancy of gait, as if heaven itself might be looking down critically on her shabby the looking down critically on the look of the look of

It might have been the afternoon after the good man's visit that the widow sat idly brooding at her cabin door. Her eyes had a wandering, far-away look, and her face was keener and thinner than eyer. Beyond the bluff which sheltered her cabin, stretched a far line of sea-coast, the white sand gleaming silvery in the sun. Far off a group of bathers, in bright dresses, frolicked between shore and water. They came from the great hotel down beyond; she could almost catch the sound of their voices as she sat slowly rocking in her doorway. It was a quiet afternoon; the

beyond-they seemed both blind and

years. But no Tom appeared. And it was the widow herself, with those withered old hands that disdained the min-ister's kitchen-work-it was the widow herself, who, straining, tugging, and with her gray hair fluttering in the wind, unloosed the old dug-out from its moorings, and trembling, unskilful, armed with a rude paddle, went spinning out dizzily over the water. It leaked, the old scow; it scorned the broken paddle and the heavy oars, but the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed, for the poor old woman who is the seemed to say that I know of no study more valuable to an English comfinally it came drifting out blindly and dizzily to the object of her search. A plump hand, with a glittering ring upon it, clutched the edge of the boat,

ever did you get to me in this water-

"It has seen its best days, certain;" said the widow, tugging at the oars.

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FRED. KURTZ. Editor and Proprietor.

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And then—on, sufficient reward of all her efforts!—this real lady, this fair young girl with the soft hands and the pretty bathing dress, actually replied, "I thought so."

"I thought so."
"The girls of the soft hands are the come rushing upon her, as if dropped from the clouds, a plump, dark-eyed, rosy-checked lady, who flung herself "Here, give me an oar," she added, into the arms of the watcher with a cry

send him for your things." end him for your things."
second mate, you see. And we're going to take you away to where see found our shawl about me and walk down myself after I've rested a bit. I'm not hurt, you know, only scared. Dear me, how I was scared! My old nurse used to teach me not to scream! but if I hadn't reamed, where should I have been ow, I wonder?"

Mrs. Minton would gladly have parted rith the last shred she possessed, and one shivering the rest of her days, to e her worn-out gown donned so hand-mely by the bright lassie.

and a red shirt, from took the world easily, looking with reverent eyes on his mother's borygone gentility, but by no means seeming to covet it for himself.

The widow deemed it due to bor next.

he distance.

Gazing absently on the smiling scene had it now," she added, as she felt the socked again, the young water nymble.

One day Tom came and told her he one day Tom came and told her he was going to sea. There had been a minute she stood still, listening—a feemand told her her was going to sea. There had been a with mentally averted eyes, on the had taken Tom gladly, for Tom was a handy fellow at almost any kind of sea.

The Study of English Composition

had saved her life.

daily of a summer afternoon you might have seen the widow sitting in her upon it, clutched the edge of the boat, nearly oversetting it. A young, eager face, with streaming hair, looked up from the water, and gasping, shuddering, half drowned, and wholly scared, the young water-nymph was presently aboard the old craft.

"Oh, how frightened I was!" she cried. "I felt sure I was losing all my strength, and would go to the bottom. Oh, you good soul! you dear soul! how success, Tom was a gentleman, and oh, above all things, Tom was coming

Not every one watches in vain, though we may not always be looking in the right direction. It was so with the reciprocal concessions.

"You don't look able for such work," widow. As she sat one day with strain aid the girl.
"I have seen better days," was the nearer and nearer, and some, alas! took And then-oh, sufficient reward of all wing farther and farther away, the

"If my Tom would only come, I'd you know; so if Tom's captain, I'm

Penalties of Ballet Dancing. ness of her rescuer, and treated it tenderly.

"Whatever a lady has worn is fit for a lady to wear," she said and forthwith wrapped herself, smilling, in the old And at that moment Tom, with his red shirt gleaming in the setting sun, and a string of fish on his shoulder, stood in the doorway.

He storved with the performance of the pos scul, hunted it through all the most complicated movements known to the profession, and at last found a sufficient cause for its appearance in that beautiful step. ring was best left alone to her broodg, and the widow's smoky little cabin, intarily apart on the sea-shore, was a sturdy, brown-faced lad, no picked up a living by doing odd of for the boatmen, and now and then king a day for fishing. Tom had obably never seen better days. The dow shook her head over hum—so apidly content, poor Tom! so beaming a good-natured over beggarliness and a sufficient cause for its appearance in that beautiful step now so rarely seen, to execute which the dancer poises herself on the extreme point fire behind her, and the kettle boiling cheerily. She nodded to him familiarly. Tom thought he must be dreaming.

"Tom and I are acquanted," said she.

"Are you?" responded the astonished widow.

"Yes," said the girl. "I've watched Tom many a time walking along shore with his red shirt, and once he took mad good-natured over beggarliness and as tring of fish on his shoulder, stood in the doorway.

He stooped when he saw the guest standing upon the hearth-stone, a bright fire behind her, and the kettle boiling cheerily. She nodded to him familiarly. Tom thought he must be dreaming.

"Tom and I are acquanted," said she.

"Are you?" responded the astonished widow.

"Yes," said the girl. "I've watched Tom many a time walking along shore with his red shirt, and once he took me and father out rowing. Tom, your mother saved my life."

"Saved your life!" echoed Tom, who never in all his life had heard of his sily, looking with reverent eyes on better days.

da red shirt, Tom took the world.

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"Saved your life!" echoed Tom, who never in all his life had heard of his stonding the with a support ranning to feel with a sufficient cause for its appearance in that beautiful step now as family and hamping foam, while the atmedian for the variety of the head as their the dancer poises herself on the extreme point of schulzt, telling tales out of schot

bemploy her services in his household for a season. He deemed it his duty to rouse the old woman to activity.

He did rouse her; and it is averred that he never found time to call at the cabin again. Did he take her for a common household drudge, or a low-born field hand? She thanked God she had too much spirit left yet to put herself under anybody's feet. He hadn't far to go to find scores of drudges and diggers, but he might go further before he knew a lady when he saw her.

It might have been the afternoon after the good man's visit that the widow sat idly brooding at her cabin door. Her eyes had a wandering, far-away look, is head, "that this good lady will have the fore a property pout.

The father smiled, but also he furtively wiped away a tear.

Well, madam, "said he courteously, "well awas a stange carried hand to the decade hand to the decade hand to the sattention was called then sheep were placed handy to the men for washing. While watching the men for washing. While watching

could almost catch the sound of their voices as she sat slowly rocking in her Tom had never seen better days, and doorway. It was a quiet afternoon; the felt as if he were being made a jest of.

The German Woman's Pride of Birth.

The German Woman's Pride of Birth. doorway. It was a quiet afternoon; the air was soft and soothing, and the widow's heart so full of bitterness, felt itself sweeten and soften in the still ness. This part of the shore, sheltered by its overhanging rock, was seldom disturbed by intruders, but presently the watcher's eye caught sight of a young girl splashing and frolicking in the water just beyond the rocks. It was a quiet afternoon; the air was soft and soothing, and the widow class if he were being made a jest of.

A week passed, during which the young girl strolled almost daily to the cloud. When she was there Tom seldom entered the house. He had grown shy and sulky; he sat on the shore darkly brooding, or went off silently to his fishing.

One morning Belle and her father deated the withered cheek of her friend, and that was all. For when mention had been made of the was young and blithe too, and had as cheery a voice as that with which he fair swimmer hailed her companions in the distance.

"I may have seen my best days," she said, "but I haven't come down to that when she areverie fell upon her, and when she corrected by some one that every woman not born an Englishwoman, could she have down enter the bouse. It has somewhere been rashly asserted by some one that every woman not born an Englishwoman, could she have done the matter, would have the day now not a be solven. No greater error could be made as regards the German woman. She, taking her all round, is undered the house. It has somewhere been rashly asserted by some one that every woman not be so born. No greater error could be made as regards the German woman. She, taking her all round, is undered the house. It has somewhere been rashly asserted by some one that every woman not be so born. No greater error could be made as regards the German woman. She, taking her all round, is undered the house. It has somewhere been rashly asserted by some one that every woman not be so born. No greater error of other women. The day of small things and they rear up on their hind legs and wrestle f dazing absently on the smiling scene a reverie fell upon her, and when she looked again, the young water-nymph had disappeared. She had probably swum ashore behind the rocks. The widow turned away, hugged her thin shawl over her shoulders, and thought that the sea-wind was chilly. Hark! What was that? Surely she heard a cry. No merry shout or ringing laugh this; it might be the cry of a wild bird lad's heart with an unwonted bitterness. what was that? Surely she heard a cry. No merry shout or ringing laugh this; it might be the cry of a wild bird on its way to its mate.

She couldn't have got beyond her depth, that young creature, surely! But, la! what of it if she had? Dying young, a body gets quit of a deal of trouble. And—Yes, surely, that was a scream. The widow looked sharply out. Would Tom never come? The tide was rising, and—and something certainly was the matter. She called—she beckoned frantically to the bathers

In love with love with a move that fishing life and for himself and for all their miserable surroundings of poverty filled the lad's heart with an unwonted bitterness.

"Mother," said he one day, as he sat darkly brooding over the hearth, "you said you were a born lady; why didn't you make a gentleman of me?"

"I hadn't an unwonted bitterness.

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"In the face of such convictions as these, it would be daring to hint at the state of mind that has been characterized as a mean satisfaction with a mean position. The "coming" woman, as yet, casts no shadow across the dead level of German home life. The "platform woman" and the "redical woman" and the "viction" there is only one country in the world, and that is Germany; there is only one country in the world, and that is Germany; there is only one country in the world, and that is Germ that cause the virtuous matron to draw her imaginary skirts shudderingly around her ample form, and to pass by,

that young thing in peril of life! A minute she stood still, listening—a feeble old woman with a haggard, scared face, to whom no one would have dreamed of looking for help.

"I can't stand this," she said, "Seems I might pull out that old scow myself. Tom!" she screamed, with a yell that the concentrated energy of ten had the concentrated energy of ten had the concentrated energy of ten had taken Tom gladly, for Tom was a handy fellow at almost any kind of sea craft, and would soon make a good seamed. "And you must just bide here patently till I come back, mother; for if there's better days anywhere, I shall bring 'em with me, to be sure."

After that the sea looked bluer and kinds of culture. "May I be allowed bring 'em with me, to be sure."

After that the sea looked bluer and colder than ever, and the solitary woman lived a sort of hermit's life. No cheery voice of gossiping neighbor quite so prominent a place as it ought to occupy? No one bows with a more prattled about her; and only Belle, the had saved her life.

Three years—four—passed away, and thing of a summer afternoon you might have seen the widow sitting in her sical knowledge and the knowledge of there will be no after possibility of es-cape. Our educationists should give more thought to the subjects taught.—

Elephant Fighting at Baroda. Writing of the Prince of Wales' re

the London Daily Telegraph says: chief feature of the entertainment pro pared at this return call was an ele-phant fight, for which sort of exhibi-tion the Court of Baroda, has always been famous. Native Indian Princes have, indeed, a remarkable passion for "Here, give me an oar," she added, still panting. "But, my dear soul, we'll never be able to row down to that point, where I left my clothes, and I can't walk to the hotel; I'm awfully drived. Can't you put me ashore at your tired. Can't you put me ashore at your wife, and I've brought the captain with me!"

Into the arms of the design of joy.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, half successor, the late Guicowar, were particularly devoted to the dubious amusement of watching the contests of animals, so that at Baroda there has always been kept up a large supply of elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, tigers. "Mother," said Captain Tom, that inght, "you've seen better days, perbrightened up with an unwonted luster haps, but I never have."

"For didn't I tell you," said Mrs.
Tom, archly, "that I was in love with this ship.
"If my Tom would only come I'd."

"If my Tom would only come I'd."

"Mother," said Captain Tom, that delephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, tigers rams, and camels, trained to fight for the pleasure of the court. Combats
Tom, archly, "that I was in love with the pleasure of the court. Tom archly, "that I was in love with its ship."

"If my Tom would only come I'd."

"Mother," said Captain Tom, that was been kept up a large supply of elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, tigers rams, and camels, trained to fight for the pleasure of the court. Combats
Tom, archly, "that I was in love with its ship the plant was the shocking still more cruel, such as the sho tore each other to pieces with Iron claws fitted upon the palm-used to disgrace the leisure of the Guicowars; but we trust that such sights are now abolished there. The savage struggles of beats, starved or excited into feroeity, are bad enough, in all conscience to witness; but these are so very com The decline of the ballet is an unquestionable fact, the cause of which we cannot pretend to fathom. Judging however, from some revelations made by Dr. Schultz, an Austrian physician, we should be inclined to attribute it to the circumstance that the greater the attainments of the dansage for the country. Nor, to tell the truth, is there wanting an element of excitement in watching the tiger and buffalo bull manocurve against each other, saberlike see her worn-out gown donned so hand somely by the bright lassie.

"They have seen better days, the clothes, miss, and I'll not deny that they've been in good company in their time; but they're not fit for a lady now."

Her companion laughed, a pretty mischievous laugh. She read the weakness of her rescuer, and treated it tenderly. as Captain Burton has elaborated in his recent wonderful treatise on a sword-play, with all its deadly mysteries of moulinet and the like. These cunning behemoths fence and feint to get the ad-vantage of the telling thrust under the jaw with their horn, and over and over again they will close, and press, and butt one another backwards and for-

> contending pairs are carefully trained and prepared beforehand with stimulating food and drugs, and advantage is also taken of that periodical frenzy dis-played in the male elephant which is known as must. At such a time of natural excitement the elephant be-comes flerce and formidable even to his keeper, and only to lead two such beasts forth into the arena and show them for a mement the waving trunk of the dis-tant female, produces a degree of pug-naeity which wants little additional encouragement. It was one of the favor-ite pleasures of the unfeeling Roman

looking down critically on her shabby black gown and rusty bonnet. As for Tom, patient Tom, he went plodding slowly after her, with his smilling face, whistling to himself as he went. Always patient, always plodding, poor Tom! Patiently falling asleep during the sermon, and patiently listening, open mouthed, to the closing hymn, his careless, bright face, contrasting so oddly with his mother's querulous and tear-worn visage, won for him the soubriquet of Widow Minton srainbow.

The minister of the parish, mistaken soul, deemed it incumbent to make a call on the widow; and, on charity bent, it is said he unwarily offered to employ her services in his household for a season. He deemed it his duty to the shabby lack of the complete and the propose of the favor-tionage and the return alone, however. Following him came a tall gray-headed gray-headed gentleman.

He did not return alone, however. Following him came a tall gray-headed g

and a blow or dig which would a and a blow or dig which would annihi-late anything but Leviathan is dealt, whereupon, ordinarily, the sagacious brute who bas fought in vain knows that he is dereated, and quite declines to stand up to any needless punishment. He turns tail and trots off, ungainly the victor, who soon, however, is con tent to trumpet out an insulting blast and arrange the arena for another foe. It wants considerable skill at such a moment to slip the foot-ropes on the triumphant monster and get him out of the way; but this is managed by the adroit mahouts, either by cunning approaches or by bringing in a couple of females. Sometimes a weak elephant is forced to the earth and gored or tamped to that he dies, but generally t wants considerable skill at such a

fitted with steel points which is occa-sionally practised.

Great Fortunes. Recent events in this country call to mind the fact that in 1872 there appeared in the London Spectator a list of almost every one who had died in England between 1862 and 1872 leaving a personal property over twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It appeared by this that ten persons had died within the decade in Great Britain leaving more than a million sterling, fifty-three leaving more than a half million, and than a quarter of a million. These es-timates, be it borne in mind, referred only to personal property, and in no case included real estate. It may be added that in appraising for probate duty the estimate is very low.

The list contained only the following

peers and peeresses, much of whose per revenue principally drawn from Ireland, where he did not reside, £350,000; the Duke of Cleveland, revenue drawn from great English estates, £800,000; Duke of Newcastle, £250,000; Duke of Northumberland, vast estates and col-lieries, £500,000; Marchioness of Londonderry, principally collieries, £400, 000; another Duke of Northumberland, £350,000; Lord Aveland, the great-grandson of a wealthy merchant, lan-Countess of Jersev, banker, £300,000: Marquis of Salisbury, of economical habits, real es- keeps it in working order. Spirit of Speculation in Former Times.

tate of great value, some of it in London.

One very moderate-sized mansion in Lowndes square sufficed for him-while Mr. Morrisson had three residences— and an old friend of his used to declare that he never saw him thoroughly wretched but once, when Mrs. Brassey had set her heart upon a rather conthe best and most amiable of wives, as qually between his three sons. Mr. Morrison left more to his eldest son than to the rest. In his will he says:

spicuous mansion near Cambridge House (then occupied by Lord Palmer-ston) in Piccadilly. But presently she, he was of husbands, gave way, and Mr. Brassey's brow was smooth again. He seemed to care nothing for money for himself; all his thought was for his sons. Mr. Brassey divided his property than to the rest. In his will he says:
"I leave to my eldest son a legacy of one million pounds sterling." This was up to that time the only legacy of that amount on record in England. In addition he bequeathed to him vast estates. His second son, Alfred, whose house on Carlton House Terrare is one we are conscious of a music subtler than ouse on Carlton House Terrace is one that of the plane, passing unheard that of the pl of the sights of London, received about forty thousand pounds a year; the daughters, £50,000; his widow, £10,000 forty thousand pounds a year; the daughters, £50,000; his widow, £10,000 a year and and two superb residences. But for his benefactions while living, George Peabody must have been included in the list of those who died worth over a million pounds sterling. His will was sworn in London under four hundred thousand pounds, and the total of his gifts amounted to over seven million dollars.

through these tiny boughs, and issuing in what Mr. Martineau would opulently call the "clustered magnificence" of the leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cinster and every leaf—their form and texture—lie, like the music in the rod, in the molecular structure of those apparently insignificant structure of those apparently insignificant structure. The Great Fish Market could hardly close the door."

through these tiny boughs, and issuing in what Mr. Martineau would opulently on the set of the seas accosted as follows by a shrill voice resembling that of an aged lady:

"Shut the door; don't you know any better? Its cold outside."

Very much overcome with mortification and embarrassment, she looked about for the speaker, saying, "Pardon me, madam, but the wind blew so, I could hardly close the door." lion dollars.

Modern Naval Warfare. art of sea warfare that mere animal courage is only one of the many elements required to make a great naval commander-in chief. In the days of salling men-of-war good seam anship consisted in performing certain complicated manœuvre- by the action of the wind on the sails; and if it falled, or the rigging was shot away, it then became a question of chance or building the rigging was shot away, it then became a question of chance, or bull-dog courage. The first broadside of Collingwood's flag-ship at Trafalgar is said to have killed or wounded 400 men. Bad seamanship on the part of the French led to such a disastrous result, and not the superior gunnery of the superior gunnery of the and not the superior gunnery of English. With steam-ships ramming will be as fatal as raking was with the old wooden vessel, and frequently more so, because being rammed by a power-so, because being taken in immense numbers as the being taken in the being taken in immense numbers as the being taken in t old wooden vessel, and frequently more so, because being rammed by a power-ful iron-clad will simply mean annihi-lation. Our magnificent and costly ships, if improperly handled, may fall to sudden ruin under the well-delivered blow of a puny enemy. I have long held the opinion that all fighting ships should be fitted with a system of temporary fenders, in order to deaden the blow of an entagonist. Some future stamped so that he dies, but generally they "live to fight another day," pro-vided that the tusks have not been ow of an antagonist. Some future genius will carry this suggestion into effect, and its influence will be as ben-eficial to his ship as the fakes of the don, may have passed a continuous don, m ----

fuel; and coffee a stimulant. It is important that the workman should eat mixed food, which, partaken of at regular seasons, stimulates the system and larged herrings; and people work in restrictions of the system and seasons.

! Gravesend, enlivened now and then by

state of great value, some of it in London, 20,000; Earl of Abergavenay, real earls, elegrane of criterio and surface of chance—the gas of an Irish Archibitop, much of the entry of 200,000; Earl Lecon-collection of the entry of 200,000 and region in the Mahida page it was replaced to the entry of 200,000 and region in the Mahida page it was replaced to early all the endotes of the surface of 200,000 and region in the Mahida page it was replaced to early all the endotes of the surface of 200,000 and region in the Mahida page it was replaced to early all the endotes of the surface of 200,000 and region in the Mahida page it was replaced to early all the endotes of the surface of 200,000 and region in the Mahida page it was replaced to early all the endotes of the surface of 200,000 and region in the Mahida page it was replaced to early all the endotes of the surface of 200,000 and region in the Mahida page it was replaced to early all the endotes of the surface of 200,000 and region in the manidate of 200,000 and region in the surface of 200,000 and region in the surfac

lower-master, 22,000,000, Barkers, however, earn of manufacturers chiefly competed by good the golden roal. Iron-masters, and the golden roal. Iron-masters, that of St. George, at Genoa, and the golden roal. Iron-masters, that of St. George, at Genoa, and the golden roal. Iron-masters, that of St. George, at Genoa, and the golden roal. Iron-master, the golden roal iron-master golden roal. Iron-master golden roal iron-master golden roal. Iron-master, the golden roal iron-master golden roal iron-master golden roal. Iron-master golden roal iron-master golden roal iron-master golden roal. Iron-master golden roal iron-master golden roal iron-master golden roal. Iron-master golden roal iron-master golden roal iron-master golden roal. Iron-master golden roal iron-master golden roal iron-master golden roal. Iron-master golden roal iroal iron-master golden roal iron-master golden r second sound-board, against which the distant end of the rod presses. Thought ends in amusement when it seeks to realize the motions of that rod as the tionate caress struck a sympathetic chord in Frank's breast, which vibrated and caused him to reciprocate, and it is safe to say that never did brothers kiss each other and show the symptoms of passionate ardor as these two brothers did. But this could not last forever. They opened their eyes simultaneously.

"Ah, phew!" exclaimed Bill, jumping up and spitting and wiping his lips, as though he had tasted poison. "What the devil are you about?"

"On the mining-Bird Story.—Summer before last, a humming-bird fiew into the sittingroom of a lady who loves birds and flowers very much. She talked to it in a gentle, pleasant tone; but, after a short call, it flew away. Soon, ater, it came again for another fashionable call.

The third time it came, it brough the mate; and they were so well pleased with their kind reception, that they continued their visits all through the music flows through it. I turn to my tree and observe its roots, its trunk, its branches and its leaves. As the rod Rut this could not have foregoned by the supplemental to say that never did brothers kiss each other and show the symptoms of passionate ardor as these two brothers did. conveys the music, and yields it up to the distant air, so does the trunk convey the matter and the motion—the shocks and pulses and other vital actions up and spitting and wiping his lips, as though he had tasted poison. "What the devil are you about?"
"Oh, horrible!" said Frank, equally disgusted. "What have you been kissing me for?" which eventually emerge in the um-brageous foliage of the tree. I went some time ago through the green-house of a friend. He had ferns from Ceylon, the branches of which were in some cases not much thicker than an ordinary pin—hard, smooth and cylindrical— often leafless for a foot or more. But

Modern science has so changed the its members—became a power in the city, and after various free-fights with

high up the river as Wandsworth; but for all that, the most convenient spot, immediately below old London Bridge was selected by popular consent as the proper site of a fish market. In 1699 Billingsgate was made a free market for the sale of fish, and soon became famous for that vivid interchange of vernacular pleasantry which will engraft its name in the English language for ages after Billingsgate itself, and perhaps London, may have passed away.

Of the market and its surroundings, four years effect its formal recognition.

towards blining to be on the spot early contrivances which mark the man of original thought, and doubtless had a great influence on the result of the ster, had just nicked 7,"he betook him self towards what were then called the self towards what were then called the self towards of Billingsgate, and turning down a dark lane, found his com-panion and himself among the "mari-time nobility," in a narrow lane, redo-In order to keep the system in good order, food should be judiciously consumed. The harder a man works the more nutriment he requires.—While a working man would need daily five pounds of solid, mixed food, two and a half would be enough for persons who lounge and sleep much. Life can be sustained two or three weeks on two lounge and sleep much. Life can be sustained two or three weeks on two ounces a day. A change of diet should follow a change of seasons—in winter, fats and sweets; in summer, fash, and lighter meats. Milk and eggs, a blood lighter meats. Milk and eggs, a blood food; steak, a flesh food; potatoes and wheat, which being heated material, are whatever his other faults, was not fuel; and coffee a stimulant. It is im-

tionate caress struck a sympathetic chord in Frank's breast, which vibrated and

and there entered into by the young men. The story leaked out, however— possibly because the boys would never sleep together afterward.

Yesterday afternoon a very well-bred that of the piano, passing unheard and exceedingly dignified young lady through these tiny boughs, and issuing of this city entered a florist's to make a

spoke, and discovering the lady proprietor standing in her presence.

The denouement was all that might be imagined.—Bufalo Courier.

Twins with Association of Ideas.

In illustration of the extremely close resemblance between certain twins is the association of their ideas. No less than eleven out of thirty-five cases testify to this. They make the same resing the same song at the same moment, and so on; or one would commence as are sentence and the other) would finish it. An observant friend graphically described to me the effect produced upon her by two such twins whom she met casually. She said: "Their teeth grew alike, they spoke alike and together, and said the same things, and seemed just like one person." One of the most at two not to not twin A, who happened to be at a town in Scotland, bought a set of champagne glasses which caught his attention are to the part of the state and the other would be not to the partial of the same things, and seemed just like one person." One of the most that one twin A, who happened to be at a town in Scotland, bought a set of champagne glasses which caught his attention are to the produced upon concerning this similarity of ideas was that one twin A, who happened to be at a town in Scotland, bought a set of champagne glasses which caught his attention, as a surprise for his brother B, while at the same time B, while

away by a gentle hand, the murmuring men eating red herrings; and people lips stopped with a staying overnight to catch the tide for agement goes on. d with a caress, and the man-

NO. 3.

continued their visits all through the summer.

How do you think the lady fed them?

and was mr. Martineau would opulently call the "clustered magnificence" of the leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves the the leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaves the the most in the door, it does not contain the door, it do it again, "repeated the voice the she had been conversing with a will educate and certainly very favour the door, it do it again," repeated the voice when to her great astonishment and are various free-fights with other companies of the Goldsmiths. Grocers, and Drapers. William Walworth, who was Mayor in 1370, and knocked Wat Tyler on the head, was a member of the fishmongers' Company, as was Lovekin, four times Lord Mayor of London.

It would seem that the fish trade, lik the coal trade of our own day, gradually worked down stream, till it drifted below the bridge, and Billinezaral, long.

It would seem that the fish trade, lik the coal trade of our own day, gradually worked down stream, till it drifted below the bridge, and Billinezaral, long.

It would seem that the fish trade long the leave the the coal trade of our own day, gradually worked dow

Mankind like and respect men of de-

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Your business will surely be attended to if you do it yourself.

Soft words and soft water should be abundant in every home. There are two kinds of geniuses, the dever and the too clever.

With most men life is like backgam-non-half skill and half luck. loes not throw it into the nest

God gives every bird its food, but Do not give to thy friends the most

Success has a great tendency to condeeds or men. Zoroaster says: "When you doubt

musket. The study of a single branch of surgery is more than enough to oc-cupy the whole time of the greatest mind."

It is a popular belief that lightning has never been known to strike a beech tree. In a recent thunder shower in Goshen, a beech and a maple standing Goshen, a beech and a maple standing near together, with branches interlocking each other, received an electric bolt from a passing cloud which shattered the maple and passed into the earth through a prostrate hemlock tree lying near, which was stripped of its bark nearly the whole length. No trace of the lightning was left upon the beech.

Summer.

How do you think the lady fed them?

With sweetened water from a petuniable and there entered into by the young len. The story leaked out, howeverest the boys would never eep together afterward.

"An incident from Real Life."

"As Incident from Real Life."

"As Incident from Real Life."

"As well as a scooted as follows by a shrill voice resembling that fan aged lady:

"As saying as much delight as it was possible for such little things to show.

A few days snee, there were no less that that came first told their friends where they would be welcomed, and entertained with "refreshments at all hours."

The story leaked out, howeverest limits and seemed to relish it greatly.

During the winter, of course their visits ceased; but, in the spring, the birds again appeared at the window. The lady raised it, and in they flew; showing as much delight as it was possible for such little things to show.

A few days sance, there were no less that that came first told their friends where they would be welcomed, and entertained with "refreshments at all hours."

The continued abstraction of manuscripts, books and works of art from the lightning was left upon the beech.

There is one noble means of avenging ourselves for unjust criticism; it is solely by the increasing excellence of our works. If instead of this you undertake to dispute, to defend or criticism; it is solely by the increasing excellence of our works. If instead of this you involve yourself in endless disquietudes, disturb that tranquility which is necessary to the successful exercise of your ursuit, and waste in harassing contests that that came first told their friends where they would be welcomed, and enter-tained with "refreshments at all hours."

The continued abstraction of manuscripts, books and works of art from

ing to secure its game. This "shooting" fish is of a plain yellowish color marked with dark stripes, and is about ten inches lorg.

champagne glasses which caught his attention, as a surprise for his brother B; while, at the same time, B, being in England, bought a similar set of precisely the same pattern as a surprise for A. Other anecdotes of a like kind have reached me about these twins.—Fraser's Magazine.

Men and Women.

Men and Women.

Man relies far more than he is aware for comfort and happiness on woman's tated and management. He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed, and yet so ceaselessly exercised, that he enjoys their effect as he enjoys the light and atmosphere. He seldom thinks how it would be with him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and glips topped with a caress, and the marry paths of the wicked. Wages, 15 appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and glips topped with a caress, and the marry paths of the wicked. Wages, 15 and paths o

-The citizens of Natick propose erect a monument to Henry Wilson,