

A horse-race-Cols.
Branch-houses-The florists.
There are fifty substitutes for coffee, and 129 for tea.
The lighthouses of the world are estimated at 2,500.

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Little girl, you are very fair.
With rose cheeks and flowing hair.
Your eyes are bright, your heart is young,
And words are music from your tongue.

The Gold of Hope.
Bright shines the sun, but brighter after rain
The clouds that darken make the sky more clear.
So it is wither when it follows pain.
And the sad parting makes our friends more dear.

THE HOSTLER'S STORY.
BY J. T. THORNTON.
What amused us most at the Lake house last summer was the performance of a bear in the back yard.

the side of the pen; he had seized a fat porker, and was actually lunging him into the air. The bear, however, was not so quick as he looked. He had not been given to give up his prey, even when attacked by a man. He was a pig, but a few jabs from a pitchfork, and a shot in the shoulder, convinced him that he was making a mistake.

They were there for the purpose of catching a bear in the back yard. He was fastened to a pole by a chain, which gave him a range of a dozen or fifteen feet. It was not very safe for visitors to come within that circle, unless they were prepared for rough handling.

He had a way of suddenly catching you by his nose, and then, with his pockets of peanuts and candy—in my opinion, he carried any amount of it in a manner which took your breath away. He stood on his hind legs in a quite human fashion, and used paw and tongue with amazing skill and vivacity. He was friendly, and did not mean any harm, but he was a rule playfellow.

He was a rule playfellow. I shall never forget the ludicrous adventures of a domesticated New York bear who came into the back yard of the Lake house last summer. He was fastened to a pole by a chain, which gave him a range of a dozen or fifteen feet.

About Bats.
There are perhaps a dozen species of bats respectively designed to act their parts in the drama of the night. They are all winged quadrupeds, various in size, corresponding to the duties they have to perform, and the materials in which they are constructed.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.
A Curious Fact.
A little more than half across the Rocky Mountain range, there are two peaks, the one of which is called the 'Old Man of the Mountain'.

The Trade in Birds.
A busy but quiet industry in this city is that of the bird trade. A dealer in ornamental birds says that last year he imported more than a million birds.

An Indian Funeral.
'Neel,' a Digger Indian, was found dead alongside a railroad track near Auburn, Cal., having apparently fallen from the platform of a car and fractured his skull.

Curious Method of Catching Quail.
The following passage, from a work on 'Sport and Work on the Nevada Frontier,' describes the method of capturing quail in the East Indies.

Whoppers.
It was at a miner's cabin in Tennessee, a dozen or two miles from the city of Knoxville, that I first became acquainted with whoppers.

A Suicide's Letter.
The dead body of an unfortunate man, Hood Asten by name, was found on the 31st of March under a tree at Hay Point, N. Y.

A New Astronomical Wonder.
At the last total eclipse of the sun, many astronomers busied themselves chiefly with observing the corona which appeared about the sun.

The Preservation of Forests.
In an article with the above title in the West, under the signature of Felix L. O'Neil, after reviewing the disastrous effects which have followed the wholesale destruction of forests in various countries.

Women Druggists in Holland.
In 1865 a young lady of Zaandijk, Miss A. M. Tobbe, wrote to the medical commission of the province of Holland, asking to be admitted as a student of pharmacy.

Alligator Steaks.
The following letter is from the correspondent of the New York Evening Post, dated at St. Augustine, Fla., dated April 1st, 1879.

Words of Wisdom.
I have seldom carried the crucibles of plausibility. Wisdom prepares for the worst, but fully leaves the worst for the day when it comes.

On the Atlantic coast, during the prevalence of a heavy storm, the extreme altitude of water was running away from the shore, and a number of holes was found to be forty-three feet.

Two lovers at the gate.
They linger, linger, linger,
Holding hands and gazing,
The ring of love and fate—
With a kiss upon her finger.

Wanted to Purchase.
The bells had just struck three o'clock in the morning when three people entered the humble cabin of the humble Widow Lyboid on Woodbridge street.

Did you have the last idea that Mirandy Taylor lived there?
'Well, I don't remember whether I had the last idea or not. I thought I'd inquire and see. I'm a great hand for it.'