

"Pennsylvania Dutch."

DE BOCKMILT VALLEY.

In Bockmilt Valley woona mere. Der Harr wase shunt we long. Un doh mit peawl un bobbeer. Gebt's leedle un gesong. De barga un uns room sin hoch. Un's dahlle isch so eng. Mere lawfa hinnernonner noach. Tsu-tswet ware's shunt tsu eng. Mi leewe fraw, de is so dick. Un ich bin g'wiss net din. Gate's nawanonner uff de brick. Light anes shunt unna draa. Os we de glacher in der ket. So gates in Bockmilt dahl. Dos woo mer nawanonner wott. Tsu eng ware's iverall. Mere drawga oll gra-pegge shoe. Der shushter kon net naa. Mere lawfa grawd dem Himmel tsu. Mer kon sich net room draa. Es wasser lawft--wase wase we weit? Der wake lawft barrick nuff. Un won der buck der shimml ride. Hucked Yuckel hinna draff. Mere blonsa nix os tsawivla doh. Un de oll in a roy. Mer kon ken watsa bowera doh. Kae howver un ka hool. Mer koeke nix os noodla doh. Far dompknepp ware's tsu eng. 'S coomed ollas uff de braiding aw. Un gor nix uff de leng. Es house shate longwels iver'm bach. Un's wasser lawft barrick-nunner. En hilser hawna uff'm doch. Grayed raga, blizt un danner. Un won's e'mohl boll middawg is. Don goked mer in de dach. Doh schind de helling dorrich en riss. So bis on uhrs taw. Don gait de soon shunt unnersich. De shodda wase long. De hinkle wase schlaferich. Un hucka uff der shong. On fier uhr isch's shun hoch bed-teit. De sharna sin oll haus. Es shpinrawd doot mer uff en side. Un's lehtle moecht mer ous. Mer leagt sich he un shummet ei. Bakimmert sich un nix. Mer hard ken larm un ken geschrey. Os nochtell, fux un krix. Mer saned de uhr aw morgets net. So bis on uhr-nino. So wardt bis mere sin us'm bed. No fontg se aw tsu shina. Mer hen shun ordlich kinner g'hot. Un de sin oll fun hame. Un unser gons nucherschoft. Is fogel, fux un bame. Mer saned ken bustle in dem dahl. Un shunskit ke hoochmuts-schond. Far so gupeliter ware's tsu shomal. Far pullbacks ware's schiermond. Doh gleicha de pohawna's net. Far waga era schwentz. Won ane der schwontz doh sheltla wut. Don mist are uff de fense. Doh santsht ken brader husa-lotz. In oll dem eng dahl. Are hut fun end tsu ken blotz. 'S iverall tsu shmall. De weilselt shlaf's net im dreck. Gupeliter hen se kens. De monskit drawga blooe reck. Mit g'shpitata schwolma-schwentz. Des dahl wore net far broadgaga g'mocht. Far sell ware's gons tsu eng. 'S wardt ollas noech der brading g'mocht. Un gor nix noech der leng. Es melie gait won's wosser hut. Un's rawd gait longwose room. Un's leedle de fontg aw. "Och Gut! Was is der mensch so dum!" Der miller shloft won's melie gait. Won's net gait shloft are aw. Un won's aw gait un won's aw shate. So tzonkt dach si fraw. 'Sis monichmohl so antump un shill. So g'wiss os ich er sawg. Mer hard emohls der wipperwill. Gens free im noechmiddawg. Doh is woo nochtell, haws un fux. Ennoner larma kenna. Doh is woo nochtell, haws un fux. Ennoner ohscheid nemma. Es coomed ken peddler in des dahl. Os ushter avich Yet. Den findt mer don boll iverall. Gate avich net kabut. Mer wase nix fun der grumma weld. Un fuu da shmarla leit. Ae heift derfun hen Gott om geld. De onner net recht g'scheit. Mer hen ke shooh-house in dem dahl. Ken karish-hofe un ken karish. Duch leeb un freedra iverall. Un six gait iver-lawrich. Mer hen ken geld far in de banks. Far gentie-leit tsu sheltla. De arlichkeit tsoeked nix os blanka. Un dawg-deeb's geld ferdala. De reicha deeb de gansa fry. Trots' trial, proof un sentence. De orna, in de bresend net. Un des is--INDEPENDENCE! Der tox-mon der coomed dri mohls yohr. Un fuddered uns de toxa. Der kondawlet coomed hinna noach. Un shtricheltes uns de oxei. In Bockmilt Valley woona mere. Un knoocha unser dake. Un ollas shunsh, des doona mere. Os nuch der oldta wake. So we se ols far olders hen. De oldta Bockmilt leit. So we se hunnert yohr shunt hen. So doona mere noch heit. Mer essa won mer hungerich sin. Un drinka far der dorsh. Mer shuppa won mer fardich sin. Un froga net "was kush't's?"

Der mawga is far maischkeit. Un net far soweri. Un bi uns oldta Bockmilt leit. Is aw ken breweri. Mere shommas oll fun Adam hare. Un fan der Afe aw. Of course, Ich denk de Afe wore Am Ad. si arshite fraw. De shlong de hut de Afe fershtift. De Afe hut era mon. Des con mer lassa in der Shrift. Ware's lassa will un con. Mere wissa dos de ardt shill shitate. Is flat un gor net rund. Un dos de soon gons drum-rum gait. In fier-un-tswonsich shtoond. Aweck mit duckter-shaft un law. Won aner ebbes speert. Don gait are tsu der duckter-fraw. Un wardt mit huns-fet g'schmiert. Duch nembt mer ne kens innerlich. Shunshit soent mer elafdritha. Un drawmed un gonsen moonet nix. Os loader hund un bitcha. Un won mer un-g'fare hypo hut. De holb-ferhete klawgie. Don gait mer--won mer glawra hut. Un lust sich worheit sawga. Un won ich in de law mist--deef. Far mich ous druvvel schmitzla. Tzum by-shpeel, far en shada-breef. Geb mere der Billy Bixler. Es is en hex in Bockmilt Dahl. So runschik, grum un din. Os we en darre boona-shawl. Odder'n oldte keasha-rin. So oldt we oldt Mathusalem. So schwartz os shonshata-roos. Se coomed ous oldt Jerusalem. Un oll der wake tsu fous. Ehr g'scheft des is don ous-grashpleit. Un gowl un fee hut rhue. Duch won em Shuffel ebbes failed. Don hut's de hex ga-doo. Mer maucha unser rechnung noach. Em wedder im kolleiner. Mer maucha unser essa noch. Em howfa in'm shoenner. Mer hen tsawa bicher in'm house. De Beevil un der Psalter. Doh lassa mere un singa roos. So we se hen far oldter. Mer beed net geld un menscha aw. Nix os der leewe Gott. Doh holdta mere uns immer draw. We Are's bafala hut. En yader mind si bissich doh. Un maucht ken huddlyr. Are shoft, ferdeent, un greekt si loh. Laebt arlich un ga-dri. So long os schomols shmelst in der pon. Un freiheit fawna schwabt. Sin mere far Jackson tsu ma mon. Yushit wile are ols nuch laebt. So long os wasser lawft im Dahl. Un whiskey ous 'm shpicket. So gait mer yarlich on der poll. Un vote de Jackson ticket! So lava mere im Bockmilt Dahl. Es wase keen mensche we long. Un won's aw is so eng un shmall. Bleibt ollas shun im gong. So is my leedle fardich now. Un's Dahl is ols nuch eng. 'S coomed ollas uff brading aw. Un gor nix uff de leng. 'In spite of. Street Railway for Bellefonte. A gentleman was in Bellefonte this week for the purpose of securing the sentiments of some of our citizens with reference to the building of a street car line from the Milesburg railroad station to the railroad station at Centre Hall. He has the figures down fine and he feels confident that such a road would pay. The idea would be to give Bellefonte the benefit of the road by placing its tracks on several of its principal streets. Not only this, it would have the tendency to bring more trade to Bellefonte. For instance, the people could be brought here from Milesburg, Pleasant Gap and Centre Hall for less than half as in any other way. This certainly would be some inducement for the people to come to Bellefonte to do their buying and selling. One merchant is so thoroughly satisfied that it would be a paying investment that he offered to take one thousand dollars worth of stock. Another merchant said that he would take five hundred dollars worth of stock. If we can't have manufacturing establishments just now let us have the railroad and the others will follow. Keep the ball rolling. Huntingdon's New Glass Works. Last week ground was broken for the establishing of a new glass works at Huntingdon. We don't desire to become narrow-minded and covet the new industry but we wonder a little why Bellefonte didn't offer some inducements to the capitalists to come here and start the Bellefonte glass works which is said to be the best equipped plant in the State. A little check and "chink" would have done it. Garden and Carpet Cleaning. William Doak desires the public to know that he is prepared to make garden and flower beds. He also cleans carpet: carpet taken up and delivered on short notice. If you have any garden to make, call on him or address by postal card, at his residence on Pine street. All work guaranteed satisfactory. So when you are ready to clean house don't fail to call on him. Prices reasonable. It ought not to insult a business man or any other, if he owes a just debt to be asked for the sum in a gentlemanly way, the man ought not to feel it necessary to bluff the man he owes in an ungentlemanly manner, either. Business transactions are not entirely one sided, neither was the world built for the bristle race exclusively.

BILL LET GO OF THE MULE'S EAR. But Not Until He'd Added a Chapter to the History of the War. In the rotunda of the Auditorium hotel several veterans of the war of the rebellion were seated around in a circle telling of some of their war experiences, one of them relating the following incident: "Our regiment was in camp at Harper's Ferry, and one bright morning a comrade and I secured permission to visit a farmhouse some distance away, where we knew there was some poultry. We rode horses and had some money in our pockets to purchase the chickens and turkeys we desired, for on this occasion we had made up our minds to forego foraging, but later circumstances arose that made it necessary for us to forget our good resolutions. Turning our horses into a grassfield which was but a short distance from the house, we left them to graze at will. On reaching the house we met the farmer on an old fashioned porch that ran the whole front of the quaint farmhouse. I told the farmer that we had come to buy some of his poultry, at which his southern blood began to boil. He swore he'd rather see every chicken and turkey on the place rot before he would sell them to any d--- Yankee for a thousand times what they were worth. "That settled it with us. We could not stand such an insult and went straightway to the barn, where a fine lot of fowls were pecking grain. It did not take us long to tie the legs of a goodly number of chickens and turkeys. As I was in the act of tying up the legs of a proud gobbler I looked up, and to my dismay saw coming up the lane a small company of Confederate cavalry. I took in the situation at a glance. I knew we had not time to reach our horses, and to escape on foot was impossible. In the barnyard were two fine, sleek mules. Throwing my string of fowls over the back of one and jumping astride the animal, I shouted to Bill--that was the first name of my comrade--to follow my example. He did so, and I took the lead for the camp. The mule that I was on had taken but a few jumps when I heard Bill shout: "Holy smoke! He's balked, Jim." I looked around, and sure enough the mule had balked. The Confederates were close at hand, and I shouted back to Bill: "Crawl on his neck, Bill, and chew his ear." Bill lost no time in trying the experiment. He got the end of the animal's long ear into his mouth and began operations. The mule gave a squeal, like that of a stuck pig, and rushed madly after its mate, which I was riding on, for dear life. Suddenly I saw something loom up and rush past me. It was Bill and his mule. Bill's teeth were imbedded in the animal's ear, and blood trickled down the side of its head. Bill was all humped up on the back of his mad steed and presented a most ludicrous sight. The turkeys flopped their wings, and the chickens made a terrible clatter. "I had the Confederates behind us laughing. They fired at us, but we were not hit. I am sure that they could not have hit Bill, for he was being carried along at a great speed. Through the picket line of our regiment and on through the camp went Bill's mule, the fowls bobbing up and down at every jump. As soon as I knew we were out of reach of the enemy I gathered all of my lung power and shouted: "Let go the mule's ear, Bill; we're safe!" Bill heard me and let go. He finally succeeded in stopping the mule, whose sides went in and out like a big bellows. An examination showed Bill had chewed over half the mule's ear off. Bill allowed it was the longest bit of meat he had ever tackled, but that night he got square on roost turkey and chicken. We lost two of the best horses in our army.--Chicago Tribune. Dog and Dog. The street fakir was stationed on the corner of East and Mission streets yesterday with a machine that an investor could spin around, and "if it stops at a watch yer get the watch, but if it don't yer sure of a smoke." Such was the language of the fakir. A man stood by and watched things for a few minutes. He saw several cigars given to spectators, but the bright steel index never stopped on the watch or the revolver. He cried a very stout cane. Going up to the watch he stood abreast of the watch and held his heavy cane fairly up and down. He put down a nickel, gave the index a twist, and to the surprise of all it stopped right over the watch. The crowd cheered and jeered, and the fakir tried to look as if he liked it. After depositing the watch in his pocket the stranger edged around the table till he stood abreast of the revolver. The cane was again held straight up and down, and another nickel was thrown on the table. The index was sent flying around, and it stopped right over the revolver. The crowd was too surprised to cheer anymore, and before the fakir had recovered his composure the stranger walked off. An officer from one of the ships near by had watched the whole proceeding, and going after the stranger asked permission to see the watch. The stranger handed it to the officer, who found it weighed eight or nine pounds. It was a powerful magnet. "It was one of the cleverest cases of dog eat dog that I ever saw," said the navigator.--San Francisco Examiner. Sermons and Roller Skating. The craze for roller skating has again broken out in the northern portion of the city, and in looking around for a place to build a rink so great was the demand for one that the managers secured an abandoned burch on North Front street, from the slip of which a few years ago sermons were preached against what was termed the evil of roller skating was preached.--Philadelphia Call.

THE TOOTHsome PEANUT. Ten Million Dollars Spent Annually in America For This "Fruit." A man incidentally asked a street vender if his peanuts were first class, and the response to the inquiry was surprising. "No," said the vender, "you do not get first class peanuts in this country in this way. The best peanuts are used for other purposes. They are made into meal and grits by scientific men, and in Germany they are prepared for sick people in the hospitals. The peanuts you get in candy are the very poorest grade, and some of the 'burnt almonds' which you get are nothing more than fourth rate peanuts." "Where did the peanut come from?" "From Central and South America. They grow there in long pods, and the pods contain from four to five kernels. They were carried to the old world in the early days, and in the seventeenth century they constituted the chief staple of Africa. You will find if you look it up that the slave dealers of Africa in those days used to load their ships with peanuts to be used as food for their human cargoes. The negroes who were imported from Africa to this country brought over the peanut, and they were scattered and first grew in Virginia. And now this country is raising the crop, and, owing to American shrewdness, the nut is ground and used for various purposes and shipped all over the world. "I reckon you know," the vender continued, "that peanuts in a certain condition are more nutritious than beef. When specially prepared, they rank with beans and peas. The peanuts are said to contain 29 per cent of protein and 40 per cent of fat. What is known as peanut meal contains 52 per cent of protein and 8 per cent of fat. It is the cheapest of all food materials." In 1861 and 1865 peanut oil was manufactured largely in four southern states and was employed as a substitute for olive oil. In fact, one druggist admitted some of the "olive oil" sold now in this country is nothing more than peanut oil. Nearly all of the olive oil sold in the United States is mixed with part of the peanut. Peanuts furnish from 30 to 50 per cent of the weight of their kernels in oil. Sometimes peanut oil is used for lighting, and, again, it is utilized to advantage in the making of soap and as a lubricant in machine shops. The American peanut is larger and better flavored than any other, but it does not contain so much oil as the African nut. The "cake" which is left after extracting the oil makes excellent feed for cattle and is used very largely for that purpose in Germany, where it sells from \$30 to \$35 a ton. This country owes to Germany the suggestion it has received in relation to the edible qualities of peanuts, and the department of agriculture is now investigating the method of Germany in the way in which that country has handled the nut, and the result is to be published by the department for the benefit of the farmers. The United States now produces 4,000,000 bushels of peanuts annually, or 88,000,000 pounds. The total world's supply amounts to about 600,000,000 pounds. The exportation from Africa and India to Europe during the last year amounted to nearly 400,000,000 pounds. Of this quantity 222,000,000 pounds were delivered at the port of Marseilles, the bulk of it being pressed for oil. It is estimated that \$10,000,000 worth of peanuts are eaten every year in the United States, and most of the quantity, it is said, is consumed between meals and at odd times.--Chicago Post. Within the Law's Limit. The game was poker, and the players were men prominent in American public life. One was a statesman from Kentucky and the other Judge "Tom" Nelson of Indiana, ex-minister to Mexico, and one of the brightest with America has produced. A western senator dealt the cards. There was a careful "skinning" of indicators on the part of the participants, and Judge Nelson found the result such as to guarantee the advisability of chipping in. The Kentuckian did likewise with an eagerness that denoted strength in his particular direction. The others dropped out. The Kentuckian and the Howler each demanded a single card, and the senator deftly flitted them off the deck. For a few minutes the betting progressed. "Two blues better, Tom." "Two more than you." "I'll have to lift you about so many, Tom." "Well, I'm sorry, but you must meet a further increase of ivory." So it went until the Kentuckian began to doubt the efficiency of the three ten spots he held in his left hand. There was too much in the pot to allow him to lay down, so he sighed and called the judge, with the words: "What have you got, Tom?" "Queens," was the sententious response. "How many?" queried the Kentuckian. "One," thundered the diplomat. "Do you take me for a bigamist?"--Washington Post. Big and Costly Keys. The keys to the iron gates which are placed at either end of the corridor in the Philadelphia city hall, where council chambers are to be, are marvels of strength and workmanship. The New York manufacturer claimed that each key cost \$16 and occupied the time of a skilled workman for a week. They are made of steel, entirely hand wrought, and the designs are artistic and complicated. The locks on the gates are unusually powerful, and it is explained that the councilmen feared last lobbyists might secure an entrance to the chambers. The bolts run up and down from the door to the ceiling, and nothing short of a dynamite charge or a battering ram could induce them to give way.

CURIOUS BEDSTEDS. One Made of Gold and Another of Glass. An Electric Bed. Although the majority of mankind is content with the conventional bedstead, manufactured either from wood, iron or brass, there exist certain individuals whose tastes, as regards this necessary article of domestic furniture, are by no means so simple. Such, for instance, was the Parisian gentleman who a short time ago ordered from a firm in Paris a golden bedstead, every part of which, even down to the laths, was made of this precious metal. At first sight this certainly looks like a piece of unwarrantable extravagance, yet who knows but that the gentleman looked upon it in the nature of an investment, which he could at any moment realize if he felt so inclined? Equally uncommon was the bedstead which an old lady, who certainly had only tasted the Pierian spring of scientific knowledge, ordered to be constructed for her use. She had read somewhere that glass insulators placed under the casters of a bedstead were conducive to the retention of electricity in the body, and so she argued that a bedstead composed entirely of glass would prove a still better contrivance. Accordingly she had such a glass bedstead constructed, which on completion proved to be by no means an inartistic piece of furniture. Apropos of electricity, early in the present century a Dr. Graham, a quack, who made and lost a large fortune over the "Temple of Hygiene," was in the habit of selling electric bedsteads at the price of \$200 apiece, the property of which beds, he advertised, was to rejuvenate the persons who slept in them as well as to give them beauty and health. As a matter of fact, these bedsteads were nothing more than ordinary brass ones, with a battery attached, while all that could be said in their favor was that they were perfectly harmless. But by far the most curious kinds of bedsteads are to be found in what we may term mechanical bedsteads, which some people of eccentric habits have from time to time ordered to be made. A retired sea captain who, although not actually mentally deranged, was what one may call "on the borderland," declared to his friends that he could not sleep unless he felt the motion of the sea. Night after night this unfortunate gentleman kept awake, thereby causing considerable damage to his health. At last it occurred to his medical adviser that something might be done in order to produce, by mechanical means, the movement which his patient so much desired. A consultation with a practical engineer resulted in the production of a bedstead which, by means of machinery, moved the mattress upon which the captain was to sleep up and down, producing in every way the effect so much desired. This bedstead proved a great success, and the captain was no longer troubled with insomnia.--New York Advertiser. The New Birth of India. No one can tell what Alexander did for the world when he made the Greek language coextensive with his empire, and which in after years became the jewel setting for the matchless pictures of the Son of Man, the Son of God, and no one can fully estimate the vast and splendid results wrought in India by the introduction of the English language. That there are millions of illiterates in India cannot be denied. Education has been confined too long to the few and not to the many. Nor is this peculiar to India. The masses have always been allowed to burrow in ignorance, and compulsory education is far from an active law in this enlightened land. During the reign of Pericles in Greece, Augustus in Rome, the masses knew nothing of the refining and transforming air of intellectual communion, and here in the fairest of all lands, where schools are numerous and gleam like gems upon the plains, where books are widely circulated, where the printing presses are dropping daily millions of leaves, the black band of illiteracy is seen stretching hundreds of miles, and mixed with the wheat of high literature, temperance and moral beauty are the tares of drunkenness, gambling and lecherous writings, all permitted to abound. And if the benighted Hindoo once threw her child into the Ganges we have parents committing deeds as villainous and black. Better throw an infant into the river, with the hope it will be cared for by a loving God, than to offer grown children as living sacrifices on the bloody altars of Bacchus, Meloch and Mars. The besotted debauchee is a more frightful spectacle than a Hindoo mother flinging her babe to a crocodile or under the crushing wheels of Juggernaut. If we are looking only for vices, we can find them as easily in America as in India, as easily in "palace decked, church jeweled Boston" as in Lucknow or Bombay.--Home and Country. Jenny Lind's Voice. Jenny Lind's voice, at its best, was a high soprano of bright and remarkable timbre, clear and ringing, and being stronger, clearer and richer than the lower. She had also very large, well developed lungs that gave her phenomenal length of breath and enabled her to tone down a note to the finest pianissimo while maintaining the quality unchanged. Her execution was really marvelous, and her performance of cadenza passages was never equaled before or since. She usually invented her own cadenzas and modified them in a way that electrified not only the ordinary audience, but the most highly cultured musicians also. Nothing like the furor she excited had ever been known before in England or America. People were known to stand in line for 24 hours to have an opportunity to purchase, at an extravagant rate, a ticket to one of her concerts.--Exchange.

TWO TYPICAL AMERICANS. Lincoln and Jackson, Who Were Both Men of the People. A writer whose essay on Lincoln and Washington was recently published repeats an assertion often made that Lincoln was the "first typical American" among our presidents. It is said that Washington represented the traditions and the habits of thought of a class above the rest in cultivation--an assertion that need not now be discussed. It is certainly true that Mr. Lincoln's life realized in a large measure the aspiration of the masses of his countrymen. He was in his instincts a man of the "plain people"--of the people whose axes and rifles conquered the continent. He did not know this himself. It was always a delusion of his that he was a Whig--a member of the "gentlemanly party"--and as long as he lived the facile, suave and elegant, though humbly born, Henry Clay was his model of the statesman. But his sympathies were never really with the Whigs. He was always drawn away from them toward that radical democracy of which Andrew Jackson was the great exponent in America. The same causes which produced Jackson made Lincoln. The west came into national politics with Jackson and once revolutionized America. The regime of the colonial gentlemen of Virginia and Massachusetts ended there and then, never to be revived. The attempt to re-establish it was made repeatedly until another great revolution came with Lincoln. Jackson was in every sense a man of the people. He was Scotch-Irish--that is to say, Anglo-Saxon to the core. He had no "Norman blood." He was "Jack's-son," the descendant of some Saxon serf of the fourteenth century who was not of enough importance to be worth a patronymic. The humbleness of his origin and of his earlier years could not have been surpassed. He was a product of the log cabin with punch-oven floor and clapboard roof, and his sympathies, like Lincoln's, were always with the masses of "plain people." The two men, so much alike in many things, were radically different in a point of vital importance. Jackson represented the military spirit in its extreme. Lincoln was a thorough civilian. In this respect he is surpassed if at all only by Jefferson. The pride of military glory was hateful to Jefferson, while to Lincoln it was only ludicrous. It is hard to guess now whether the future will rank the son of the Kentucky peasant above the son of the Virginia yeoman. But it can hardly be said that Jefferson was the typical American. He had exceptional advantages, which take him out of the class to which Lincoln and Jackson belong. That class is not extinct in America. It has Lincolns and Jacksons in it still, waiting to be developed by circumstances. And it is hard to tell which of the two is the more numerous.--New York World. Marion Crawford's Rapid Writing. "I was told the other day," I said, "that you wrote 'The Three Fates' in seven days." "No," he replied. "That would have been a physical impossibility. As a matter of fact, I was not very well and spent a whole summer writing it from time to time. One of my stories, however, 'Marzio's Crucifix,' which is not a long novel, I wrote in ten days in its original form as it appeared serially. Afterward two chapters were added for book publication. 'The Tale of a Lonely Parish' I wrote in 24 days--one chapter a day, of about 5,000 words. Both of those stories were easy to write, because I was perfectly familiar with the background of each. I had once studied silver carving with a skilled workman, and the idea suggested itself to me to write a story about an atheist who should put his life and soul into the carving of a crucifix. With that for a motive, the story wrote itself. In the case of 'The Lonely Parish,' I found myself with a promise unredemed, given to my publishers, for a novel at a certain date, as I had already sold the novel which I intended for them to a magazine for serial publication. So I looked around in my memory for some spot which was so thoroughly familiar that I need not invent details, but simply call them up from my memory. I immediately thought of the village of Hatfield Regis in Hertfordshire, where I was sent as a pupil to a clergyman. I lifted that village bodily out of my memory and put it into my story, even to the extent of certain real names and localities."--Robert Bridges in McClure's Magazine. Wolf Dog Teams in the North. "One of the novel sights at Edmondstown, N. W. T.," said H. H. Schaefer of Moncton, N. B., "was a dog train which arrived from the north. There were 160 teams, four dogs to a team, each drawing a sledge holding about 500 weight of furs. The drivers and attendants of these dogs were Indians and half breeds. They had traveled about 300 miles in a little over a week. "These dogs are known as 'huskies,' a cross between the gray wolf of Canada and the ordinary dog, and their average weight is 100 pounds. They are big and as savage as their ancestors, the wolves, which they greatly resemble. These animals, despite the heavy loads they haul and the long distances they make each day--nearly 50 miles--are fed only one whitfish each day weighing not more than a pound and a half. This food is given them in the evening at the end of a day's journey, and they devour the food ravenously. Meat cannot be given them, as it makes them wild and fierce. During my stay at Edmondstown one of these brutes escaped from the pack and ran amok through the town, snapping at everybody and everything it passed, and it created a reign of terror before it was recaptured. These dogs, when broken, are valued at \$25 to \$50 each, according to size and strength."--Chicago Times.