

# The Millheim Journal

VOL. LIV.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1880.

NO. 4.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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 Office in Garman's new building.

**JOHN B. LINN,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
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 Office on Allegheny Street.

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 Northwest corner of Diamond.

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Let us live as men who are sometimes to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils to count their past years by former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced.

Good words do more than hard speeches: as the sun beams without any noise will make the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering wind could not do, but only make him bent in closer to him.

The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recruited sorrow.

If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of their way; but bad thoughts win their way everywhere, keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad ones may find no room to enter.

That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot will be overcome by that perseverance which, like Cromwell's, can make the iron hot by striking; and he that can only rule the storm must yield to him who can both raise and rule it.

## LIGHT THROUGH CLOUDS.

Because I hold it sinful to despond, And will not let the bitterness of life Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond Its tumult and its strife.

Because I lift my head above the mist, Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow, By every ray and every raindrop kissed, That God's love o'er me bestows:

Think you I find no bitter-ness at all? No burden to be laid on Christian's pack? Think you there are no ready tears to fall, Because I keep my cheek back.

Why should I find life's ills who'd reserve To curse myself and all who love me? Nay, A thousand times more good than I deserve God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears, Kept bravely back he makes a rainbow shine, Grateful I take his slightest gifts; no fears Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past, One golden day redeems a weary year; Patient I sit, sure that sweet at last Will sound his voice of cheer.

## The Heart of Ice.

The winter's day was drawing to a close, and the bleak shades of a snowy night were setting in.

In the silent seclusion of a deep and lonely glen, far from any other habitation, and some length from the public road, stood a small cottage, known as the Glen Farmhouse, the property of Ralph Granite, who resided there with his wife, and had done so for thirty years.

It was a cold, hard man—cold and hard as the name he bore.

Mary Granite, his wife, was the exact reverse, with a motherly face and a warm and tender heart.

On this bleak night of December, this night of storm, wind and snow, Granite and his wife were quietly seated in the large, homely kitchen.

At last Mrs. Granite, dropping her knitting in her lap, broke the silence of the room.

"I wonder where Alice is to-night, Ralph?"

"What do you care where she is, eh?" roughly exclaimed the farmer, looking up from his paper with a dark frown.

"A night of storm never comes but I think of my poor girl! It was on such a night as this that she left our home, and to-night I have such a strange feeling at my heart."

"Banish her from your thoughts as I have done—the disbeliever girl."

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph, it is unfaithful to talk thus! Remember that she is your daughter, my child—the only child God ever gave us."

And tears came rushing to the poor mother's eyes.

"What claim has she on us now? A very dutiful daughter she proved, didn't she?" cried the father, bitterly.

"Yes, she was dutiful by marrying that fop, George Conroy, I tore her face and memory out of my heart."

"Alice was never a disobedient child—never, never!" wept the mother. "She loved a man who loved her truly. She came to you and told you all; he, too, came, and asked your consent, to marry Alice. What was your answer? You refused, insulted him, and thrust him from your house."

"As I'd do again," muttered the father, between his clenched teeth.

"They were married in the village church," went on Mrs. Granite, "and took the night train for the city two long years ago. From that time to this her fate and whereabouts have been a mystery, and she has never written to us."

"Yes, she wrote," said Ralph Granite, his face growing still harder. "She sent two or three letters after she went away, but I destroyed them the moment I received them."

"And you never told me," Oh, Ralph, Ralph, that was cruel!"

"No more so than her disobedience to her father's wishes. Come now, drop the subject."

Once more silence reigned in the farmer's cottage.

Ten o'clock came and the storm continued with unabated fury.

The farmer and his wife took up their candle, and securely fastening the door, took their way up to their chamber above the kitchen.

They had scarcely entered the apartment when a pitiful cry was wafted to their ears from without.

Mr. Granite raised the window and put his head out.

"Whose there?" he asked, trying to penetrate the darkness.

"A poor woman who has lost her way in the night and storm," said the sorrowful voice.

"Here do you want to go?"

"I want to reach the village, but I'm not able to walk any further. Won't you give me shelter. Pray do—only till morning!" spoke the wanderer out in that awful storm.

"Poor thing!" cried Granite's wife. "I'll go down and open the door."

"No you won't!"

And the farmer stayed his wife; then said to the woman:

"You follow the road a couple of mile and you'll reach the village. We don't take in wanderers."

He shut down the window, and his wife fell into a chair weeping.

"Ralph, Ralph!" she cried, through her tears, "your heart is ice! The poor woman will perish!"

The farmer made no answer, but retired to bed.

When dawned a heart, sleep on, for it is the last night of peaceful slumber that will ever visit your pillow. The morrow's dawn will bring to your house a horror which will blight, darken, and shadow your future on earth; it will rend your icy heart as it was never rent before!

And the poor woman of the storm, where was she? Out on the lonely road, where snow lay in drifts, and the wind tore by. On, on, her step faltered, she stopped, then fell.

Pierce howled the wind, heaven fell the snow, and on the roadside started up a face; white as the snow that surrounded it, the face of the strange woman, rigid in death, in her shroud of snow.

Morning dawned, with a blue sky, a genial sun, and a snow clad country.

## Farmer Granite and his wife were eating breakfast.

The farmer's face wore a strange look, and his wife was puzzled.

"What's the matter, after finishing his breakfast, and pushing back his chair, 'do you know what I'm going to do to-day?'"

"No."

"Well, then, I'm going to write to the city and ask both Alice and her husband to come out here."

"Are you really in earnest?"

"Yes, wife, I've been a stern father long enough. I'm going to make up with Alice and her husband."

Mrs. Granite's joy was unbounded. The heart of ice was melted at last.

"I wonder what became of that poor woman who came to our door last night?"

"Oh, she's in the village now, in all probability."

A pain, heavy and sharp, seemed to catch his breath.

Why did he start and seize the back of his chair to keep himself from falling?

Four men were coming up the path—four neighbors carrying between them a plank, with something on it.

They entered the farmer's kitchen and laid the burden on the floor.

The farmer and his wife were pale as the dead face before them.

"A woman, Mr. Granite," explained one of the men, "a woman was found by us four this morning, yonder on the road. She's quite dead, sir."

"Why—why did you bring her here?" gasped the farmer.

"Cause I thought as how her face looked like—like—"

A wild shriek came from Mrs. Granite, who dropped on her knees and tore the covering off the face of the dead woman.

A cry of agony and horror came from the farmer, as the dead face, with its open, glassy eyes, stared up at him.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, covering his eyes, and staggering backward.

"It is Alice—our Alice—whom you refused to shelter last night! Oh, Ralph, it is the vengeance of Heaven!"

A moan, and Mrs. Granite fell to the floor in a swoon.

"Our Alice!" moaned the stricken father, kneeling at his dead daughter's side, and parting the frozen hair from the white temple. "Our Alice, whose brightness I have so longed for; and I—I killed her! I was going to write for you to-day, Alice. It's too late now!"

His mind was giving way under the awful shock.

A letter was in the postoffice, and had lain there for two weeks past. One day after Alice had been laid in the churchyard, Mrs. Granite received and read it.

It was dated from the city, and from her daughter, telling that her husband had failed in business and died, and that she was coming home—coming back to the place where she was born, for her heart was broken, and prayed that her father might forgive her.

The letter was received too late.

It is summer, and the little churchyard of the village is a blooming Eden.

A double grave has been made; two coffins have been lowered into the earth, and the little slab contains three names—Ralph and Mary Granite, and Alice, their daughter.

Husband, wife and daughter sleep together now, under the shade of the churchyard willow.

## California Drivers.

The California ranchmen have won defunct aptitude for driving, and one sees some pretty good examples among the hills. The road down the mountain sides is entirely unguarded upon the outer edge, and the descent in most places is precipitous. A balky horse or a fractured wheel, or a slight accident in handling the reins, might easily send a carriage load of people to destruction—and an awful destruction, too. The path is wide enough for one pair of wheels, only, but, at intervals, in favorable places, it broadens so that teams may pass each other. To drive in such a manner as not to meet another traveler midway between these places is a special branch of the art.

The huge lumber teams, which carry wood from the mills in the mountains to the yards in the valleys, being unwieldy and very heavy, are especially hard to manage. Yet the drivers always seem easy and nonchalant. First, there is a large four-wheeled oaken truck, with a seat in front ten feet above the ground; behind it is another truck, somewhat shorter, but still enormous, by stout. These are fastened together and loaded with from ten to fifteen tons of freshly sawn lumber—boards and joists. This mass is drawn by six or eight mules or horses, guided by reins and a prodigiously long whip. The first wagon has a powerful brake, worked by a long iron lever by the driver upon his seat. The driver is a man of nerve and courage. His skill must be of the highest order. It will not do for him to take fright even in an imminent danger, and he must know to a hair's breadth where he can go, and where he can not. Towering up far above the road, every oak and pine, stupendous depths, and guiding with a few slender lines a tremendous force, he must needs to be an agent and a tireless one. But a beholder—ignorant of the danger that constantly surrounds him—would say that his work was simple, and that he managed matters with ease. True, he seems so.

With his broad-brimmed hat shading his sun-burned face, his long, slender limbs holding the reins with carelessness, his legs outstretched, with one foot feeling the all-important brake, he jogs onward with his monster charge without trouble or concern; the bells upon the horses' breasts jingle a little tune; the great wheels crush the stones in the path; the load creaks like a ship's hull in a sudden gust; wild birds sweep down into hazy, sunny depths below; yet the driver seems to take no heed. But let a scarce take place, let a herd of runaway cattle appear at a bend and set the horses wild, and then see what will happen. The day-dreamer will become a giant of strength; he is up in a flash; he shortens his hold upon the reins, and feeling his wagon start up beneath him, places a foot of iron on the brake. The horses snort and rear and surge; the harness rattles, and the dust arises, the load lurches again, and the huge wheels turn faster and faster. An instant more hurl the wagon down into the valley with its struggling train—a mad rush to the other side of the way may end all in one horrible plunge. muscle, eye, brain, skill are then brought to work so splendidly together that the peril is averted, and the looker-on, who knows not the way of the hand, regards the teamster with profound respect thereafter.

## The Earl of Essex's Ring.

The gay and accomplished Earl of Essex occupied a prominent and enviable position. He was the favorite courier of Queen Elizabeth, and had been loaded with honors and made Lord-Deputy of Ireland. Moreover, he had received a distinguishing proof of the affection of his royal mistress in the gift of a ring, accompanied with the promise, "That should he ever forfeit her favor, to return it to her, and the sight of it would immediately ensure his forgiveness."

But the alluring favor of a sovereign is often fluctuating and dangerous. Darkness and sorrow soon overtook the proud Earl of Essex. He was sent a close prisoner to the gloomy Tower, under charge of high treason, and he must yield his life as a penalty for his crime. Elizabeth, with a bold hand, had signed the death-warrant, and the time for his execution was rapidly approaching.

He had been conducted to prison in a wretched cart, and to his sensitive spirit, the death instrument—the axe—had been carried in advance of him, with his sharp edge full in his view, and a merciless, curried, and a merciless crowd had followed, cruelly taunting him.

But his greatest danger came from his rivals and enemies. There were courtiers who gloried in his downfall, and thirsted for his blood.

It was a terrible time for the unfortunate Essex, and his soul was shrouded in blackness. His doom appeared inevitable.

At last a faint ray of light arose and struggled for mastery in his bosom. The Queen's gift, the ring was in his possession, and he remembered her promise. Possibly it might lead to his deliverance.

How could he get it to her? He well knew he was surrounded by trenchery, and was most narrowly watched by his friends and foes. Could no trusty messenger be found to whom he could confide the precious pledge of past favor to his royal mistress, and be certain it could reach her?

Long did he wrestle with torturing doubts and fears, and after much reflection he decided to make a confidante of the Countess of Nottingham. She had always seemingly manifested a strong interest in him, and had constant access to the Queen. Accordingly, she was sent for, and Essex gave her the ring, and begged her to take it to Elizabeth and entreat her royal pardon for his offence.

Unfortunate Essex! The messenger he had chosen in this dark hour of despair and agony was a secret and bitter enemy. As soon as the Countess of Nottingham had gained the ring, she hurried with it to her husband, and they mutually agreed to conceal the ring and never reveal it to the Queen that it had been sent.

In the meantime, Elizabeth, the great sovereign of England, was sorely agitated and sorrowful. She had firmly signed the death-warrant of the Earl of Essex, but without designing his execution. His rich and versatile talents and manifold attractions had won her affection, and she anxiously to save him. He had her pledge of past favor—the ring—and her royal promise that, when she was right, she would ensure pardon for any offence. Why did he not return it to her? His conduct was unaccountable. Would this high-spirited nobleman prefer to suffer an ignominious death on the scaffold rather than ask clemency.

There was no solution of the mystery; and as the hours passed and no messenger

## Eighteen Sons in the War.

Rev. Daniel S. Helton, a Baptist preacher of Roane county, Tenn., is 88 years old, and is as active as most men at 50. He recently walked three miles to give testimony at the county seat and returned the same day. He says: "I can sight a rifle gun as well as I could sixty years ago, and only for a slight tremble of the hand would not miss one shot in a hundred." In reply to the question, "On which side were your sympathies during late war?" he replied: "I was always a Union man. I had sixteen sons in the Union army and two in the rebel army, and my sympathies were with the Union fourteen majority." When asked if he knew which of the boys were right, he said, "I know which I think was right, captain. There were fifteen majority in that party, including me. I helped the boys on the Union side." He has been twice married. He served in the war of 1812, but draws no pension. It is said by the ex-soldiers that he did good service during the war by aiding Union soldiers to communicate with their families when they were in the rebel lines, and in many other ways. If he can get a pension for services in either the war of 1812 or that of the rebellion, he certainly ought to get a liberal one for his services between the two. The old man is in indigent circumstances.

## Points of Law.

A note on Sunday is void.  
 A note by a minor is void.  
 Ignorance of the law excuses no one.  
 Notes bear interest only when so stated.  
 An agreement without consideration is void.  
 The law compels no one to do impossible things.  
 The act of one partner binds all the others.  
 A receipt for the money is not legally conclusive.  
 Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.  
 A contract made with a minor is void except for necessities.  
 If a note is stolen it does not release the maker; he must pay it.  
 A note obtained by fraud, or even from one intoxicated, cannot be collected.  
 Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.  
 An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.  
 The ownership of personal property in law is not changed until the delivery, and the purchaser actually takes possession of such property, though in some States a bill of sale is prima facie evidence of ownership if executed, even against creditors, unless the sale was fraudulently made for the purpose of avoiding the payment of debts.

## Arabian Proverb.

If your stomach is not strong, do not eat roaches.  
 If one cannot build a house, he builds a shed.  
 A bald-headed person does not care for a razor.  
 The thread is quite accustomed to follow the path of the needle.  
 The sole of the foot is exposed to all the filth of the road.  
 The pot-hd is always badly off; the pot gets the sweet and the fire gets the rod.  
 He who waits for chance will not wait a year.  
 He who marries a beauty, marries trouble.  
 Though a man may miss other things, he never misses his mouth.  
 We wake, and find marks on the palm of our hand, but we know not who made them; we wake, and find an old debt, and cannot remember how we incurred it.

## Healthy and Unhealthy Occupation.

There is said to be dust everywhere, but what constitutes dust is variable material. Many occupations, the working of fibres no less than the working of metals, develop dust and seriously affect the lungs. Iron often settles there. A workman, who had polished iron, died, and his lungs were found to be hardened and actually one per cent. of iron in their substance. Grinding, particularly needle-grinding, is very fatal. These grinders die at the average of 31. The grinding of other metal products is unhealthy, but to a less terrible degree, and grinders are proverbially neglected or proper precautions. Making ground glass is a hard life, and hardly any of the workmen at it are sound. Thirty-five per cent. die of consumption, and many lose their teeth and suffer virtual lead poisoning. Diamond cutters are generally sick men. Vegetable dust is unhealthy, too. The men who prepare moulds for castings sprinkle them with powdered charcoal. They have finally a catarrh with black expectorations, and die of the disease. Millers do not suffer from inhaling dust, but they have a singular skin disease, often affecting the left shoulder, where they carry meal bags. It itches at night only, and, according to some authorities, is not a vegetable matter but an insect. Making brushes is very bad for the health, as bits of bristles go into the lungs. In button making bone dust is not injurious, but mother of pearl is very injurious. Feather handling is exceedingly bad for the lungs and throat, and for the eyes, and artificial flower making brings poisoning with it. Working in copper actually makes the hair green and the teeth and it is said the bones, but it is not injurious. Copper is seldom worked alone and what is called copper poisoning is probably lead poisoning. Seamstresses suffer from poisoning from the stuffs they work. They also hurt their eyes, but the sewing machine, it is now held, is rather a benefit than any injury. It is used only a few hours a day. It is the all day work in a bad air that has given it its work name. Tobacco working involves a week or two of sickness at first, but this is overcome, and after it the workmen are said to be particularly free from epidemic diseases. However its effects upon women are said to be permanently bad. There is a great lack of children with them. It is a cause of serious trouble from eczema, which comes from the hot water and dye, which also gives washerwomen cracked hands and eczema. Ninety per cent. of the people employed in preparing sulphate of quinine are taken down with severe eczematous troubles and often high fever. This is a disease that overcomes new workers and which they only have once. Seamstresses also have skin troubles from the violent sweating brought on by the heat, and changes of temperature also develop rheumatism. There is no bronchitis or lung troubles among them. The only way in which mirrors can be made without the horrors of mercurial poisoning is by using silver and letting quicksilver stand, but considering that it is now known the condition of mercury workers, they can be made to keep clean, and not to eat in their workshops. Matches in every town and every pocket are made at a terrible cost. Match-makers (not matrimonial, but material), have their intellects dulled by the fumes they inhale and suffer dreadful necrosis of the jaw. No one with imperfect teeth can make matches and, not less, his jawbone and teeth. Working in rubber produces "rubber poisoning," which is accompanied by catarrh and eczema, and is marked by a singular development of despondency, that leads to despair and the abandonment of the work, after which recovery comes naturally in. It is a singular fact that offensive odors are not unhealthy. Tanners are proverbially well. In chloera plagues tanners are exempt. Butchers hardly ever know what consumption is. The dangers of the lowest order are very well, and stables boys are notoriously healthy.

## The Duke of Edinburgh.

At an early hour the Duke of Edinburgh is mostly to be found reading or writing in his own morning-room—a snug apartment, which like all the others in the house is comfortably, not luxuriously, furnished. Deformed as it is by excellent housewifery, Eastwell supplies an excellent instance in favor of those practical people who insist that houses were not made to be looked at, but to be lived in. The rooms are well disposed for the purpose of circulation, and those in use every day are on the ground floor. Dining-room, music-room, drawing-rooms, morning-rooms and boudoir are all on a level, and are therefore deliciously convenient and comfortable, full of air and light. Two other apartments on the first floor are of especial interest to the select circles visiting at Eastwell. These are the day and night nurseries, absolute models of what such apartments should be. To begin with, they are of immense size, perfectly lighted and ventilated, furnished with light maple and cane furniture, and completely free from the stiffness of deep carpets and rugs. In a corner of the day nursery is a military tent, a birthday present from his father to Prince Alfred, and is treasured accordingly. It is a Spartan kind of an edifice, of gray-striped material, with a plain deal table and a stool—the kind of tent that *der alte Fritz*, who did not like dandy officers, loved to see his own ensconced in. Before a brightly-burning fire is one of those good old-fashioned brass fire-guards, several feet high, and to the left of this the coats of the four little children are arranged. The two youngest, the little Prince and the little Princess, are already outgrowing the idea of going to bed at midday, for he is laughing merrily at the joke of being tucked up again after his glorious run with black "Prince." Little Princess Marie, with her shower of fair hair spread over the pillows and her great blue eyes only half open, is a delightful subject for a painter—a tiny sleeping beauty in the precincts of woodlands. This midday rest is part of the regular programme at Eastwell, and appears to be successful, if one may judge by present results, for finer and heavier children of their age than Prince Alfred and his sisters could hardly be found.

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There was no solution of the mystery; and as the hours passed and no messenger

## A Death Duel.

A bloody duel took place recently near Cottowood, Mo., three miles above the Arkansas line, and about a hundred miles west of Memphis on the Mississippi river, and resulted in the death of both the combatants. The quarrel was between two farmers, named A. M. Crockett and Doc. Nichols, and grew out of Nichols' stock trespassing upon Crockett's land. A difference grew up between them, and one carried his griefs into the courts. One day they met at the point mentioned when Nichols cried out: "You see I have not been arrested!" Crockett replied: "I see you haven't, you rascal, and I propose to whip it out of you right here!" Nichols said: "All right; you just wait till I fix this coffee on my rifle and I will join you in that little game!" Crockett quietly awaited Nichols' movements until both men met. Crockett drew a large pocket-knife, while Nichols displayed a dicker, or bowie knife. The bloody work began at once, and blood flowed like water from the wounds each stroke of the deadly weapons made in the bodies of the antagonists. Crockett finally got in a stroke on Nichols' neck which severed the jugular vein, having previously cut his tongue completely out. Nichols fell dead by the side of Crockett, who lay on the ground completely exhausted from the loss of blood. He survived his wounds only four hours. No one saw the desperate conflict, but a passing neighbor reached the place a few moments before Crockett, died, from whom he learned the above particulars. The gentleman did all he could for Crockett, but he had received his death blow. On Nichols' body thirteen wounds had been inflicted, while on Crockett were eighteen. It is stated that the spot where they fought bore evidences of a long and most terrible conflict. Both men leave families, that of Nichols consisting of his wife and eight children. Both were respected by their neighbors, but Crockett was considered a dangerous quarrelsome man, while Nichols was a peaceable and very quiet neighbor.

## Fruit Drying By Cold Blast.

An experiment was made at a foundry in Placerville last week, in fruit curing by blast of cold air. In this experiment about a peck of sliced apples were placed in a sieve and subjected to a cold blast for three and a half hours in the cupola furnace of the foundry, and the fruit is reported to have been completely and beautifully cured by the treatment, remaining soft and without the slightest discoloration. We were about to say dried, but cured is a better word, for there was none of that hard, harsh stuff dryness about it which frequently results from drying by sun heat or fire heat. The experiment was a most gratifying success, and in our judgment is fraught with results of great importance to the growers and manipulators of fruit. The blast of cold air completely frees the fruit from its excess of moisture, with no possibility of burning or shriveling it. Compared with sun drying, it effects a great saving of time and labor. Compared with fire drying, it effects a great saving of expense, attention and risk. Anybody who can command or devise a strong blast of cold air, can dry fruit in a superior—we might say perfect—manner, without being dependent on the weather and waiting on the slow process of sun drying, and without the more expensive resort to fuel and the risk of overheating.

## Observatory on Mount Etna.

The Italian Government is about to construct a large observatory on Mount Etna. A site has been selected at a height of 9,632 feet above the level of the sea, near the Casa degl' Inglesi, so called from a building erected there in 1811 by the English during their occupation of Sicily. The purity of the atmosphere is so great at its elevation that the planets can be observed with the naked eye almost as well as with telescopes of low power through the thick atmosphere of towns. Venus, when shining alone in the heavens, casts a distinct shadow. This will be the second loftiest observatory in the world, the United States signal station at Pike's Peaks, in Colorado, at an elevation of 14,336 feet, being the loftiest station.

## Arabian Proverb.

If your stomach is not strong, do not eat roaches.  
 If one cannot build a house, he builds a shed.  
 A bald-headed person does not care for a razor.  
 The thread is quite accustomed to follow the path of the needle.  
 The sole of the foot is exposed to all the filth of the road.  
 The pot-hd is always badly off; the pot gets the sweet and the fire gets the rod.  
 He who waits for chance will not wait a year.  
 He who marries a beauty, marries trouble.  
 Though a man may miss other things, he never misses his mouth.  
 We wake, and find marks on the palm of our hand, but we know not who made them; we wake, and find an old debt, and cannot remember how we incurred it.

## Healthy and Unhealthy Occupation.

There is said to be dust everywhere, but what constitutes dust is variable material. Many occupations, the working of fibres no less than the working of metals, develop dust and seriously affect the lungs. Iron often settles there. A workman, who had polished iron, died, and his lungs were found to be hardened and actually one per cent. of iron in their substance. Grinding, particularly needle-grinding, is very fatal. These grinders die at the average of 31. The grinding of other metal products is unhealthy, but to a less terrible degree, and grinders are proverbially neglected or proper precautions. Making ground glass is a hard life, and hardly any of the workmen at it are sound. Thirty-five per cent. die of consumption, and many lose their teeth and suffer virtual lead poisoning. Diamond cutters are generally sick men. Vegetable dust is unhealthy, too. The men who prepare moulds for castings sprinkle them with powdered charcoal. They have finally a catarrh with black expectorations, and die of the disease. Millers do not suffer from inhaling dust, but they have a singular skin disease, often affecting the left shoulder, where they carry meal bags. It itches at night only, and, according to some authorities, is not a vegetable matter but an insect. Making brushes is very bad for the health, as bits of bristles go into the lungs. In button making bone dust is not injurious, but mother of pearl is very injurious. Feather handling is exceedingly bad for the lungs and throat, and for the eyes, and artificial flower making brings poisoning with it. Working in copper actually makes the hair green and the teeth and it is said the bones, but it is not injurious. Copper is seldom worked alone and what is called copper poisoning is probably lead poisoning. Seamstresses suffer from poisoning from the stuffs they work. They also hurt their eyes, but the sewing machine, it is now held, is rather a benefit than any injury. It is used only a few hours a day. It is the all day work in a bad air that has given it its work name. Tobacco working involves a week or two of sickness at first, but this is overcome, and after it the workmen are said to be particularly free from epidemic diseases. However its effects upon women are said to be permanently bad. There is a great lack of children with them. It is a cause of serious trouble from eczema, which comes from the hot water and dye, which also gives washerwomen cracked hands and eczema. Ninety per cent. of the people employed in preparing sulphate of quinine are taken down with severe eczematous troubles and often high fever. This is a disease that overcomes new workers and which they only have once. Seamstresses also have skin troubles from the violent sweating brought on by the heat, and changes of temperature also develop rheumatism. There is no bronchitis or lung troubles among them. The only way in which mirrors can be made without the horrors of mercurial poisoning is by using silver and letting quicksilver stand, but considering that it is now known the condition of mercury workers, they can be made to keep clean, and not to eat in their workshops. Matches in every town and every pocket are made at a terrible cost. Match-makers (not matrimonial, but material), have their intellects dulled by the fumes they inhale and suffer dreadful necrosis of the jaw. No one with imperfect teeth can make matches and, not less, his jawbone and teeth. Working in rubber produces "rubber poisoning," which is accompanied by catarrh and eczema, and is marked by a singular development of despondency, that leads to despair and the abandonment of the work, after which recovery comes naturally in. It is a singular fact that offensive odors are not unhealthy. Tanners are proverbially well. In chloera plagues tanners are exempt. Butchers hardly ever know what consumption is. The dangers of the lowest order are very well, and stables boys are notoriously healthy.

## The Duke of Edinburgh.

At an early hour the Duke of Edinburgh is mostly to be found reading or writing in his own morning-room—a snug apartment, which like all the others in the house is comfortably, not luxuriously, furnished. Deformed as it is by excellent housewifery, Eastwell supplies an excellent instance in favor of those practical people who insist that houses were not made to be looked at, but to be lived in. The rooms are well disposed for the purpose of circulation, and those in use every day are on the ground floor. Dining-room, music-room, drawing-rooms, morning-rooms and boudoir are all on a level, and are therefore deliciously convenient and comfortable, full of air and light. Two other apartments on the first floor are of especial interest to the select circles visiting at Eastwell. These are the day and night nurseries, absolute models of what such apartments should be. To begin with, they are of immense size, perfectly lighted and ventilated, furnished with light maple and cane furniture, and completely free from the stiffness of deep carpets and rugs. In a corner of the day nursery is a military tent, a birthday present