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 un-

healthy, but to a less terrible degree, and

grinders are proverbially neglectful 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

suffer virtual lead personing. Diamond-cutters are generally sick men. Vegetable

dust is unhealthy, too. The men who pre-

powdered charcoal. They have finally a

catarrh with black expectorations, and die

inhaling dust, but they have a singular

skin disease, oftnest 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

of the disease. Millers do not suffer from

pare moulds for castnigs sprinkle them with

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Let us live as men who are sometime 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

Good words do more than hard speeches: as the sunbeams without any noise will make the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering wind could not do, but only make him bend it clos-

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, de tached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded 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

There is gold in the rocks which fringe the pass of the Spingen, gold even in the stones which mends the roads, but there is too little of is to be worth extracting. Alas! how like too many books and sermons. Not so the scriptures. They are much finer gold -their very dust is precious.

grief are of short duration; whether it ever visit your pillow. The morrow's The ownership of personal property in others; or, that we look with slight regard upon afflictions, to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The life that is devoted to knowledge by. On, on, her step faltered, she stopped, passes silently away, and is very little then fell. wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.

It, the face of the strange woman, rigid in is as good as another, if not better."

And I," retorted the wife, "have lived of our hand, but we know nor the strange woman, rigid in is as good as another, if not better."

And I," retorted the wife, "have lived of our hand, but we know nor the strange woman, rigid in is as good as another, if not better."

And I," retorted the wife, "have lived of our hand, but we know nor the strange woman, rigid in ask clemency.

There was no solution of the mystery; sive resort to fuel and the risk of everheating.

There was no solution of the mystery; sive resort to fuel and the risk of everheating.

There was no solution of the mystery; sive resort to fuel and the risk of everheating.

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LIGHT THROUGH CLOUIS.

Deaver & gephant

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 shi es and the broad breezes By every ray and every raindrop kissed,

That God's love doth bestow; Think you I find no bitter less at all,

No burden to be berne like Christian's pack? Think you there are no ready tears to fall, Because I keep them back.

Why should I hug I fe's ills wi h cold reserve To carse myse f and all who love me? Nay, A thousand times more good than I deserve God gives me every day.

And n 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 One golden day redeems a weary year; Patient I li-ten, sure that sweet at 1 st 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

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.

He 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 floor in a swoon. 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

"I wonder where Alice is to-night,

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

"A night of storm never comes but I lain there for two weeks past. One day think of my poor girl! It was on such a after Alice had been laid in the churchyard, night as this that she left our home, and Mrs. Granite received and read it,

done---the disobedient girl." "Oh, Ralph, Ralph, it is unfatherly to talk thus! Remember that she is your was broken, and prayed that her father daughter, my child-the only child God

ever gave us. And tears came rushing to the poor mother's eves.

"What claum has she on us now? A very dutiful daughter she proved, didn't fins have been lowered into the earth, and George Convey, I tore her face and me- daughter.

mory out of my heart." "Alice was never a disobedient childnever, never!" wept the mother. "She yard willow. 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

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

went on Mrs. Granite, "and took the night train for the city two long years | years ago, and only for a slight tremble of ago. From that time to this her fate and the hand would not miss one shot in a ness and sorrow soon overtook the proud whereabouts have been a mystery, and she hundred." In reply to the question, "On Earl of Essex. He was sent a close priso-

"Yes, she wrote," said Raiph Granite, his face growing still harder. "She sent Union man. I had sixteen sons in the life as a penalty for his crime. Elizabeth, two or three letters after she went away, Union army and two in the rebel army, with a bold hand, had signed the deathbut I destroyed them the moment I received and my sympathies were with the Union

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

subject." cottage.

ed with unabated fury.

the kitchen.

Mr. Granite raised the window and put man is in indigent circumstances.

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 "Where 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

"Poor thing!" cried Granite's wife. "I'll go down and open the door." "No you won't."

And the farmer staved his wife; then said to the woman: "You follow the road a couple o' mile except for necessities. and you'll reach the village. We don't take

He shut down the window, and his wife fell into a chair weeping. "Ralph, Raiph!" she cried, through her

will perish!" The farmer made no answer, but retired

Man without a heart, sleep on, for it is In the decline of life, shame and the last night of peaceful slumber that will non-payment. as it was never rent before!

And the poor weman of the storm, where was she? Out on the lonely road, where snow lay in drifts, and the wind tore purpose of avoiding the payment of debts.

Farmer Granite and his wife were eating breakfast.

The farmer's face wore a strange look and his wife was puzzled. "Wife," said he, after finishing his breakfast, and pushing back his chair, "do

you know what I'm going to do to-day?" 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

ong enough. I'm going to make up with A ice and her husband. Mrs. Granite's joy was unbounded. The neart of ice was melted at last.

"I wonder what become of that poor woan who came to our door last night?" "Oh, she's in the village now, in all pro pability.

A pain, heavy and sharp, seemed to catch his breath. Why did he start and seize the back o is chair to keep himself from falling? Four men were coming up the path-

our 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 as was found by us four this morning, up 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

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

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

es, and staggering backwards. "It is Alice-our Alice-whom you refused to shelter last night! Oh, Ralph, it is the vengear.ce of Heaven!

A moan, and Mrs. Granite fell to the "Our Alice?" moaned the striken father, kneeling at his dead daughter's side, and parting the frozen hair from the white temso longed for; and I-I killed her! I was

going to write for you to-day, Alice. It's oo late now!" His mind was giving way under the aw-A letter was in the postoffice, and had

to-night I have such a strange feeling at It was dated from the city, and from her daughter, telling that her husband had "Banish her from your thoughts as I have failed in business and died, and that she fatally faster and faster. An instant may was coming home -coming back to the place where she was born, for her heart its struggling train—a mad rush to the

> 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 cof-

she?" cried the father, bitterly. "When the little slab contains three names-Ralph Alice disobeyed me by marrying that fop, and Mary Grante, and Alice, their

Husband, wife and daughter sleep together now, under the shade of the church-

Rev. Daniel S. Helton, a Baptist proof of the affection of his royal mistress preacher of Roane county, Tenn., is 88 in the gift of a ring, accompan ed with the years old, and is as active as most men at promise, "That should be ever forfeit her 50. He recently walked three miles to favor, to return it to her, and the sight of give testimony at the county seat and re- it would immediately ensure his forgive-"They were married in the village turned the same day. He says: "I can ness." sight a rifle gun as well as I could sixty which side were your sympathies during ner to the gloomy Tower, under charge late war" he replied: "I was always a of high treason, and he must yield his fourteen majority." When asked if he knew which of the boys were right, he said, "I know which I think was right, cap'n. "Not more so than her disobedience to her father's wishes. Come how, drop the family including me. I helped the boys on carried in advance of him, with its sharp the Union side." He has been twice mar-Once more silence reigned in the farmer's ried, and is the father of twenty-one children. He served in the war of 1812, but Ten o'clock came and the storm continu- draws no pension. It is said by the exsoldiers that he did good service during the The farmer and his wife took up their war by aiding Union soldiers to communicandle, and securely fastening the door, cate with their families when they were in took their way up to their chamber above the rebel lines, and in many other ways. If he can't get a pension for services in They had scarcely entered the apartment either the war of 1812 or that of the rebelwhen a pitiful cry was wabted to their ears lion, he certainly ought to get a liberal one ness. His doom appeared inevitable. for his services between the two. The old

Peints 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

The law compels no one to do impossibiliites. The act of one partner hads al the others. A receipt for the money is not legally conclusive.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be en forced. A contract made with a minor is void

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 respontears, "your heart is ice! The poor woman sible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

An endorser of a note is exempt from

dishonor within twenty-four hours of its Queen that it had been sent. of sale is prima facie evidence of ownerless the sale was fraudulently made, for the

A wife wanted her husband to sym-

California Driver's, The California ranchmen have won derfu 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 ln most places is precepitous. A balky horse or a fractured wheel, or a slight carelessness in handing 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 could see no way of deliverance. 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 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 enormously stout. These are fastened together and the people were amazed and horrified. 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 prodiglously under a mask of gayety. long whip. The first wagon has a powerful brake, worked by a long iron lever by the and go. The Countess of Nottingham grew driver upon his seat. The driver is a man ill. A terrible secret was buried in her breast, and its poison was slowly destroyof nerve and courage. His skill must be of the highest order. It will not do for him ing her. Her guilt robbed her life of all to take fright even if in imminent danger, joy and light. It was ever before her in all and he must know to a hair's breadth where its hideousness and blackness-a terrible he can go, and where he can not. Towering accuser from which she could never esup far above the road, overlooking the most stupendous depths, and guiding with a few slender lines a tremendous force, he must Neither medical skill nor the most careful needs to be an adept and a tireless one. nursing availed anything. Her anguish

and, regards the teamster with profound

The Earl of Essex's Ring.

The gav and accomplished Earl of Essex

occupied a proud and enviable position.

But the alluring favor of a sovereign

often fluctuating and dangerous. Dark-

He had been conducted to prison in

way most harrowing to his sensitive spirit.

edge full in his view, and a merciless, curi-

ous crowd had followed, cruelly taunting

But his greatest danger came from his

rivals and enemies. There were courtiers

high in power and in favor with the Queen

who gloried in his downfa' and thirsted for

It was a terrible time for the unfortunate

At last a faint ray of light arose and

struggled for mastery in his bosom. The

Queen's gift, the ring was in his possess-

ion, and he remembered her promise. Pos-

How could he get it to her? He we

knew he was surrounded by treachery, and

it was difficult to distinguish friends from

foes. Could no trusty messenger be found

to whom he could confide the precious

pledge of past favor to his royal mistress,

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

and be certain it could reach her?

don for his offence.

sibly it might lead to his deliverance.

Essex, and his soul was shrouded in black-

respect thereafter.

rapidly approaching.

his blood.

But a beholder-ignorant of the danger that was dreadful. As her end approached her constantly surrounds him-would say that remorse was unconquerable. Again and his work was simple, and that he managed again she called for Elizabeth, and a mesmatters with ease. True, he seems so. senger was sent to summon the Queen. With his broad-brimed hat shading his sun-In feeble, broken accents, the dying burned face, his sinewy hands holding the Countess disclosed to her her fatal secret. reins with carelessness, his legs outstretch- Without any concealment she confessed ed, with one foot feeling the all-important "that the Earl of Essex had entrusted her brake, he jogs onward with his monster with the ring, to convey it to her; but at charge without trouble or concern; the bells the instigation of her husband she had kept upon the horses' breasts jingle a little tune; it, and could not die in peace without her the great wheels crush the stones in the forgiveness." path; the load creaks like a ship's hull in a When informed of the truth, the rage of sudden gust; wild birds sweep down into Elizabeth had no bounds. She seized the ple, "Our Alice, whose brightness I have hazy, sunny depths below; yet the driver arm of the Countess, and cried: "May God

seems to take no heed. But let a scare take forgive you, I never can!" place; let a herd of runaway cattle appear It was a shock from which the Queen at a bend and set the horses wild, and then never recovered. Her pledge of affection see what will happen. The day-dreamer had caused the death of her much loved will become a giant of strength: he is up Essex, and she could not be comforted. 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 shrieks again, and the huge wheels turn

death released her. Her last act was to appoint James, son hurl the wagon down into the valley with of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scotland, to be her successor. Elizabeth was the other side of the way may end all in one greatest of England's sovereigns. She ashorrible plunge. muscle, eye, brain, skill are then brought to work so splendidly tosembled around her the most learned and brilliant men of the times, who contribgether that the peril is averted, and the looker-on, who knows not the way of the

uted much to the glory of her reign. She expired in the year 1607, at the age of seventy.

A Death Duel.

appeared before the Queen bearing the ex-

unasked, to revoke the sentence of death.

the envied, brilliant Essex was no more.

The days and weeks con inued to come

Daily and hourly her illness increased

A bloody duel took place recently near Cottowood, Mo., three miles above the Ar-He was the favorite courtier of Queen kansas line, and about a hundred miles Elizabeth, and had been loaded with honors north of Memphis on the Mississippi river, and made Lord-Deputy of Ireiand. Moreand resulted in the death of both the comover, he had received a distinguishing batants. The quarrel was between two farmers, named A. M. Crockett and Doc. Nichols, and grew out of Nichols' stock trespassing upon Crockett's lan i. A bitterness 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 yet been arrested!" Crockett replied: "I see you haven't, you rascal, and I propose to whip it out of you right here!" Nichols | mention of which sets the gourmand agog said "All rtght; you just wait till I fix this coffee on my mule and I will join you in that little game!" Crockett quietly awaited Nichols movements until both men met. warrant, and the time for his execution was Crockett drew a large pocket-knife, while Nichols displayed a dirk, 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 juguar vein; having previously cut his tongue completely out. Nichols fell dead by the side of Crockett, who lay on the ground completely exhausted from 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 snot 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 peacea-

ble and very quiet neighbor. Fruit Drying By Cold Blast

An experiment was made at a foundry in seemingly manifested a strong interest in him, and had constant access to the Queen. Placerwille last week, in fruit curing, by Accordingly, she was sent for, and Essex blast of cold air. In this experiment about gave her the ring, and begged her to take a peck of sliced apples were placed in a sieve and subjected to a cold blast for three it to Elizabeth and entreat her royal parand a half hours in the cupola furnace of Unfortunate Essex! The messenger he the foundry, and the fruit is reported to loftiest station, had chosen in this dark hour of despair and have been completely and beautifully cured agony was a cerret and bitter enemy. As by the treatment, remaining soft and withsoon as the Countess of Nottingham had out the slighest discoloration. We were gained the ring, she hurried with it to her about to say dried, but cured is a better husband, and they mutually agreed to con- word, for there wrs none of that hard, harsh liability if not served with nonce of his ceal the ring and never reveal it to the stiff dryness about it which frequently re sults from drying by sun heat or fire heat The experiment was a most gratifying suc-In the meantime, Elizabeth. the great sovereign of England, was sorely agitated cess, and in our judgment is fraught with be that we bear easily what we have borne long, or that, finding ourselves which will blight, darken, and shadow your the purchaser actually takes possession of death-warrant of the Earl of Essex, but and manipulators of frult. The blast of in age less regarded, we less regard future on earth; it will rend your icy heart such property, though in some States a bill without designing h s execution. His rich | cold air completely frees the fruit from its and versatile talents and manifold attrac- excess of moisture, with no possibility of ship if executed, even against creditors, un- tions had won her affection, and she anx- burning or shriveling it. Compared with ious to save him. He had her pledge of sun drying, it effects a great saving of time past favor—the ring—and her royal prom- and labor. Compared with fire drying, it ise that when she would behold it, it effects a great saving of expense, attention would ensure pardon for any offence. Why and risk. Anybody who can command or diversified by events. To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to lic, to think in solitude, to read and to snow, and on the rowlside started up a but he refused, saying, "I've lived but he refused, saying, "I've lived but he refused, saying, "I've lived spirited nobleman prefer to suffer an ignomanner, without being dependent on the pathize with her in a feminine quarrel; did he not return it to her? His conduct devise a strong blast of cold air, can dry it, the face of the strange woman, rigid in is as good as another, if not better." minious death on the scaffold rather than weather and waiting on the slow process of

The Duke of Edinburgh,

pected ring, her heart grew hard and cold At an early hour the Duke of Edinburgh oward Essex, and she determined never, is mostly to be found reading or writing in his own morning-room-a snug apartment, Time went on. Elizabeth was suffering which like all the others in the house is the keenest anguish, and she could not comfortably, not luxuriously, furnished. fathom the surprising obstinacy of her Deformed as it is by exterior hideousness, favorite courtier. Essex, too, was hope-Eastwell supplies an excellent instance in less and despairing. He felt that his doom favor of those practical people who insist was sealed. The Queen had received the that houses were not made to be looked at, ring, but it had failed to awaken any teelbut to be lived in. The rooms are well ings of pity or mercy within her, and he disposed for the purpose of circulation, and those in use every day are on the ground The hour for the execution of Essex floor. Dining-room, music-room, drawingcame. Accompanied by a strong guard he rooms, morning-rooms and boudoir are all was conducted to the scaffold. The headson a level, and are therefore deliciously man was there, and a crowd of malignant, convenient and comfortable, full of air and blood-thirsty people, anxious to see him light. Two other apartments on the first floor are of especial interest to the select circles visiting at Eastwell. These are consumption, and many lose their teeth and The fortitude of Essex did not desert him in this awful hour. Calmnly he laid the day and night nurseries, absolute mohis head on the block. The axe fell, and dels of what such apartments should be. To begin with, they are of immense size, The tidings of Essex's death quickly perfectly lighted and ventilated, furnished spread. Though he had many rivals and with light maple and cane furniture, and enemies plotting his ruin, the heart of the completely free from the stuffness of deep nation was true and faithful to him, and carpets and rugs. In a corner of the day nursery is a military tent, a birthday pre-The soul of Elizabeth was shrouded with sent from his father to Prince Alfred, and gloom, but she adroitly concealed her grief | 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 ill. A terrible secret was buried in her 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 cots of the four little children are arranged. The two youngest, tired with the morning promenade, are fast asleep; but the little Prince is obviously 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 glerious 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 pairter -- a tiny sleeping beauty in the prettiest 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 diseases. Prince Alfred and his sisters could hardly At midday the Duke of Edinburgh has got through his serious reading, and perhaps some practicing for the family musical party of the evening, and is ready for a drive round the park, which is beautiful and spacious enough to afford ample scope for any species of out-door entertainment. In the afternoon friends arrive from the Soon life became a burden. Her step country side, from London, from Paris and grew weary and heavy. Ambition was from St. Petersburg. Like the majority of new workmen and which they only have quenched. She became bitter and des- those who prefer a small circle of friends once. Gasmen also have skin troubles potic to her people, and her days and to the crowd and noise of large assemblies, nights were passed in tears and groams till | England's Sailor Prince is thoroughly appreciated by all who know him. He is emphatically what is called a quiet man-only way in which mirrors can be made cheerful rather than joyous, pleasant rather than sparkling. Thoroughly German in his taste for music and serious studies, he is completely English in his domestic life. No man is more pleased with the perfect working of his establishment-from the metropolitan inspector, who, with a brace of constables, keeps watch and ward at Eastwell to the clerk who attends his private telegraph office. Old habits of discipline picked up on the Galatea, and confirmed by recent experience afloat, cannot be lightly shaken off, although the sportive loose his jawbone and teeth. Working in humor of early days may have died out. Like his brother, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh likes good things in reasonable quantities, and is a steady opponent of the German custom of turning dinner into a wearisome ceremony, protracted beyond all reasonable limit by a cumbrous menu. At the little dinners at Eastwell there is no bewildering number of dishes, cholera plagues tanners are exempt. but a good, straightforward bill of fare, which may be eaten through with perfect enjoyment. Rare things, however, appear at these modest banquets-dishes the mere -wild boar from the forests in which Arminius brought the Roman legions to naught and sterlet from distant Volga. The sterlet, which is to the sturgeon as a smelt is to a whiting, arrives on some lucky days at was, I think, the first who promulgated the Eastwell packed in ice. The eating of him dictum that man is the only tool-making is a species of celebration, and very good animal. As far as I can ascertain, this asindeed he is when 'accommodated' after sertion is admitted by developmentists, yet

Kentish woodlands.

Observatory on Mount Etna. The Italian Government is about to conwith the naked eye almost as well as with telescopes of low power through the thick scratch, which was deliberately made shadow. This will be the second loftiest at an elevation of 14,336 feet, being the

Arabian Provet bs.

If your stomach is not strong, do not eat If one cannot build a house, he builds

A hald-headed person does not care for a

The thread is quite accustomed to follow the path of the reedle. The sole of the foot is exposed to all the filth of the road.

The pot-lid is always badly off; the pot gets the sweet and the lid gets the steam. Without powder a gun is only a rod. flies at bay as we went along, flapping them He who waits for chance will have to off on each side every now and then. Say what we may, these were both really bona

Though a man may miss other things, he never misses his mouth.

He who marries a beauty, marries trou-

health, as bits of bristle go into the lungs. In button making bone dust is not injurious, but mother of pearl is, very. 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 if used only a few hours a day. It is the all day work at it in bad air that has given it its bad 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 However its effects upon women are said to be permanently bad. There is a great lack of children with them. Bleaching is a cause of serious trouble from eczema, which comes from the hot water and lye, which also gives washerwomen

cracked hands and eczema. Ninety per cent. of the people employed in preparing sulphate of quinipe are taken down with severe eczematous troubles and often high fever. This is a disease that overcomes 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

without the horrors of mercurial poisoning is by using silver and letting quicksilver alone, but considerable can be done in improve the condition of mercury workers if they can be made to keep clean, and not to eat in their workshops. Matches in every house 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

rubber produces "rubber poisoning," which is accompanied by catarrh and eczema and is marked by a singular development of despondency, that leads to dispair 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 proverbally well. In

Butchers hardly ever know what consumn tion is. Even scavengers of the lowest order are very well, and stables boys are notori-The logenious Elephant.

The duke of Argyl in his 'Reign of Law" the genuine Russian fashion. As a rule, it is undoubtely true that the Indian elephmusic follows dinner at Eastwell; but at ant makes two implements, or forms and times-on the days, for instance, when the alters certain things so as to adapt them es-Revue des Deux Mondes arrives—the pecially to fulfill definite purposes, for which, Duchess of Edinburgh, who reads a great unaltered, they would not be suitable. One deal in several languages, will return to her evening, soon after my arrival in Fastern find fair quiet and sweet rest among the It repeated this twice or thrice, and then drew another stake and began again. Seeing that the bamboo was old and dry, I asked the reason of this, and was told to wait and see what it would do. At last it seemed to get a piece that suited, and holdstruct a large observatory on Mount Etna. ing it in the trunk firmly, and stepping the A site has been selected at a height of left fore-leg well forward, passed the piece 0,652 feet above the level of the sea, near of bamboo under the armpit, so to speak, the ('asa degl' Inglesi, so called from a and began to scratch with some force. My building erected there in 1811 by the English during the occupation of Sicily. The large elephant leech fall on the ground, quite large elephant leech fall on the ground, quite purity of the atmosphere is so great at its six inches long and as thick as one's finger, elevation that the planets can be observed and which, from its position, could not easily be detached without this scraper, or atmosphere of towns. Venus, when shining the elephant. I subsequently found that alone in the heavens, casts a distinct it was a common occurence. Leech scrapers are used by every elephant daily. On ing to an elephant, I noticed that the one I rode had no fan or wisp to beat them off with. The mayhout, at my order, slackened pace, and allowed her to go to the side of the road, where for some moments she

fide implements, each intelligently made

boudoir, to learn the last words of the Assam, and while the five elephants were as French authors, whom she knows as thoroughly as the Russian poets and novelists whose works are to be found wherever she up to a bamboo-stake fence, and quietly is. There are no late hours at Eastwell; pull up one of the stakes. Placing it under the life in which is simply that of the foot, is broke a piece off with its runk, and young parents of an interesting family, who after lifting it to its mouth, threw it away. moved along rummaging the smaller jungle on the bank. At last she came to a cluste

observatory in the world, the United States another occasion, when traveling at a time signal station at Pike's Peals, in Colorado, of year when the large flies are so tormentof young shoots well branched, and after feeling among them, and selecting one, raised her trunk and nearly stripped down the stem, taking off all the lower branches and leaving a fine bunch on top. She deliherately cleaned it down several times, then laying hold at the lower end broke of a beautiful fan or switch about five feet long, handle included: With this she kept the

for a definite purpose. We wake, and find markes on the palm | Modesty in your furniture, equipage

cannet remember how we incurred it. from passion.