Deavery Gephan



MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1880.

The Secon ! Love.

ALFRED FIELD.

pered, hoarsely; but if you say all is over

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D.

Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court led velvet finery, and evidently stationed House.

BE STRONG. between us, why it must be so. Be strong to hope, O Heart! Though day is bright, The stars can only shine In the dark night. Be strong, O Heart of mine. Look toward the light! Be strong to bear, O Heart! Nothing is vain; Strive not. for life is care,

lifted to his.

myself "

"You won't see him again?

"I woa't-I swear I won't! What should

want to see him for now? she sobbed.

And God sends pain; Heaven is above, and there Rest will remain! Be strong to love. O Heart! Love knows not wrong: Didst thou love-creatures even,

Life were not long; Didst thou love God in heaven. Thou wouldst be strong.

The Belle of Wolf Run.

A company of strolling players in a barn. The great space is lighted by lamps of to-morrow. Don't cry, darling; I dare say every description, the most ambitious of it will all come out right;" and after a few which is a circle of hoops stuck full of can- low-spoken words, the young man left her, This does duty as the grand chand- but by no means with peace seated on his dles. bosom's throne. elier, and is quite effective. Seated near the stage, before which hangs

a green curtain, are two persons-a man out," called Margaret, from the top stairs. and a young girl, whom, even the unpracticed eye might take as rustic lovers. He is a tall, finely-formed young fellow; with sponse. "Don't walk in the sun," she a noble head and keen, sparkling blue eyes. added, for mother and father were proud figure and feature, and with a something in wished for her a better match than 'even this day were all a dream !" her expression denoting that she is not quite their neighbor's son. satisfied with her position, even as the belle of the villiage. or her surroundings.

Margaret Lee had never in her life seen a play, therefore she was prepared to realize all the emotions of novelty, terror, wonder, heart, "and I shall never see him again. delight, with which a novice looks on the strut and action of these who cater to the profoundest emotions. Of course she forgot where she was; of course she was dazwhich were, as usual, exaggerated.

The hero of the drama was a handsome, worthiess rascal, who learned, before the evening was through, to play at our unso-phisticated little Margaret, reading her admiration in her eyes, and enjoying the smiles, tears, and almost spoken interest, of the beauty of Wolf Run.

"Pretty good-wasn't it ?" said Charlie wrap about her, at the close of the performance. Margaret had no words, she only gasped:

"Oh, Charlie !" as they gained the door, spreading over her brow and neck, and and caught at his arm; for there stood would have fled but that he was beside her the hero of the stage, still in his bespang- at a bound. "My beauty ! my darling ! my own !" at that particular place in order to catch a

wide, tearless eyes.

held it, in the blue depths.

in the tops of the trees.

A footstep near startled her.

vision that had become all too dear to her-

She sprang to her feet, a burning flush

You must permit me to offer you my "I don't say it need be, mind," he said, looking pitifully down at her. "I can over congratulations. Mr. Renaud will, no look a good deal, I love you so much, so doubt, be more happy than most of the,

Millheim

much! God in heaven only knows how Benedicts, having distanced so many commuch I have loved you. But I won't have petitors; and he is also greatly to be envied the face of that man between us. God ! no! in finding a Beatrice so artless and so unno!" and his great shoulders lifted with the touched by the world and its vanities. For scarcely drawn breath, while a dark red myself, the woman I shall marry is not born. When she appears, I will let you hate smoldered in his usually soft eyes. know; until then, believe me your very "It shall be just as you say," she murmured, meekly, without looking up. sincere friend. "It shall be just as you say," he replied.

Thus wrote Alfred Field to his former quickly. "Do you think you could learn to love me again, a little?" he asked, the anger all gone. She was so beautiful. Thus wrote Affred Field to his former *fiancee*, Miss Effie Severe, on the receipt of her wedding-cards, a few days before her marriage. He had loved her in the old "Try me, Charlie. You are so strong days two years before ; but Effie was an undeniabie little flirt, and Alfred having been and good, and noble: I always felt thatand one can't long like where one can't re- severely tried once or twice by reports of spect, can one?" Her hands were on his the havoc caused by arm now, and the lovely pleading eyes up-

"Those sweet eyes, those low replies." he had forced himself to forget her, and sternly deny to his longing eyes the sight of her faithless, but still beloved face. His victory over himself he had thought eomplete until the sight of her wedding cards, with the formal "Miss Severe" and "Mr. Renaud" in such close and significant relation, seemed to bring back some of his old feelings. He suddenly resolved to go to her wedding; and arrived just in time to wit-

ness the ceremony at the church. "Mamma, if anybody comes, say I'm He followed the bridal party home, and

entered the old familiar home with the "Well, I guess nobody'll be here to-day, throng, who crowded around the happy unless it's that actor fellow," was the repair to offer their joyfnl congratulations. At his approach Effie gave a violent start. "Effle," cried Alfred, in a low, intense She is the beauty of Wolf Run, faultless in of their darling's beauty, and they secretly tone, "I would give my soul could I believe

> "You threw away your own happiness," Deep in the woods she struck, determinreturned Effle, in a tone deep with suped never te see that too fair fatal face again. pressed emotion. "And now you are left "He'll be gone to-morrow," she half sob- to look forward to felicity with 'the woman bed, holding her hands hard against her who is not yet born."

Years passed away, and Alfred Field still lingered in the realms of bachelordom. The of the Order he had worn at the banquet, Nannette's experiences in taking care of God be thanked! for, oh, I dare not trust sunbeams glanced on many a silver thread The path, slippery, with pine-leaaves, among his chestnut curls as he sat on the led to a favorite resting-place-a cleared deck of a steamer one fair spring afternoon, zled and terribly stirred at the love scenes, spot through which ran a crystal-clear river. about nineteen years after he had witnessed The place combined several distinctively Effle Severe's wedding.

beautiful features. Here she sat down, He was on his way to look after a little unmindful of the singing stream, the soft ward whom fate had thrown upon hishands shadows, the sweet murmuring of the wind in a rather curious manner.

Years before, he rescued the child and its nurse from a burning house; and, no trace In the river, as in a mirror, she saw a of the little orphan's parentage ever turning up, he had generously maintained her ever a graceful figure člad in black velvet, since. The nurse had become insane from Vance, as he held her fleecy red shawl to the small hat, with its waving plumes, re- the fright of that terrible night; and, after flected, with the outstretched hand that lingering for years in this condition, was now about to die.

He was looking forward to meeting quite a little girl when he arrived at his lonely villa just outside the town; but as he entered the gate, and advanced up the windng avenue which led to the home, he held

The pillow is a silent sibyl-despise

Her father and mother arose from their

Of course Nannette was questioned, and

"But what shall we do with it?" asked

So it was decided that the baby should

It would take a large book to tell all of

"my baby" as she called the little girl,

"mos' six." who is named Nannette for

Story of a Faithful Servant.

In the reply acknowledge first the receipt

of the letter, mentioning the date and after

wards consider all the points requiring at-

If the letter is to be very brief, commence

Should the matter in the letter continue

It is thought improper to use a half-sheet

of paper in formal letters. As a matter of

not its oracles. Employ your time well, if you mean to gain leisure.

Frequently review your conduct and not your feelngs.

belong to the cats.

outlive a great deal.

A good man will never teach that which he does not believe.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

ording to the object which inspires it.

A man may have a thousand acquaintances, and not one friend among hem.

Never count on the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or vices.

"Mankind," said a preacher, "includes woman; for man embraces woman."

Jealousy is the height of egotism, self-love, and the iritation of a false vanity.

The best penance we can do for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it.

whom she afterward named Victoria in I reckon him a Christian indeed who honor of the then young queen of England. is neither ashamed of the gospel nor a Victoria is now a woman, and she lives shame to it.

Look in thy heart and write. He that writes to himself, writes to an eternal public.

When the world has got hold of a lie, t is astonishing how hard it is to get it away from it.

What is that which never asks any uestions but requires many answers? The street door.

When a tooth begins to feel as if there was a chicken scratching at the root, it's time to pullit.

Many years ago, there lived on the banks "Figures won't lie." That's another, How about the human figure after a

dice, and he was compelled to remove for sessed an old faithful servant. This servant They who are very indulgent to hange of air far from the place which he was a horse, and his name was Charley. themselves, seldom have much consid had always declared to be the most beauti- Now Charley had trotted before the family eration for others. ful spot he had beheld in all the travels to chaise for many a long year, to the village Kindness is stowed away in the heart postoffice, to the Sabbath-day meeting, and like leaves in a drawer to sweeten every upon all kinds of errands. Old Charley object around them. was ever ready to be "hitched up." Not Pawn shops are called collateral banks in Philadelphia, because it is not one trick had he shown, nor had he once A good many years ago, in the city of proved unfaithful, and grandfather always so vulgar, as it were. Philadelphia, lived a little girl named Nan- rode him on such errands of business as he We are more prone to persecute othnette. One summer afternoon her mother might have about the farm. The river diers for their faith tuan to make sacriwent to pay a short visit to her aunt who vided the farm, and it was at times necesfices to prove our own. lived near by, and gave her little girl per- sary to visit the lot on the other side; there Those who pray with an unforgiving mission to amuse herself on the front door- was a bridge a mile and a half from the spirit curse themselves every time they steps until her return. So Nannette, in a house, but there was a good ford just down say the Lord's Prayer. clean pink frock and white apron, playing and chatting with her big wax "Didy," the water was not too high. One day in Adversity does not take from us our true friends; it only disperses those which was her doll's name, formed a pretty the Springtime, grandfather had to go over picture to the passers-by some of whom the river, but the freshet had come, the who pretend to be such. Speak little, speak truth; spend lit-tle, pay cash. Better go supperless to walked slowly in order to hear the child's backs were overflowed, and the ice in great cake and fields was coming down with a "You'se a big old girl," she went on, rush, so he mounted old Charley, and set bed than to run in debt. smoothing out Didy's petticoats, "and I've off by the way of the bridge. Arriving When one man has a prejudice had you for ever and ever, and I'se mos' safely on the other side, he spent some time against another, suspicion is very busy six. But you grow no bigger. You never on the business which had brought him in coining resemblances. cry, you don't. You'se a stupid old thing over, and it was nearly sundown when he Those who are most addicted to satirand I'm tired of you, I am! I b'leve you'se got ready to go home. He looked up toward ize others, dislike most to be made obonly a make-b'leve baby, and I want a real, the bridge, said it was a long three miles jects of satire themselves. live baby I do-a baby that will cry! Now around, and that he would try the ford. The height of all philosophy is to don't you see," and she gave the doll's head "Old Charley can swim," he said, as he know thyself, and the end of this a whack-"that you don't cry? If any- rode down to the bank of the stream, "and knowledge is to know God. Never think the worse of another who Charley looked reluctant, but after conon occount of differing with you in rewould come, and there would be an awful siderable urging he entered the stream. In ligious or political opinions. time. There, now sit up, can't you? Your a moment he was striking out bravely for In talking, everything is unreasonaback is like a broken stick. Oh, hum, I'm the opposite shore, but in another moment ble that is private to two or three, or a great cake of 1ce came pounding along, any portion of the company. overwhelming both man and horse. They The grocer offered him a frozen ham. way against the door, Nannette posed her both rose, but grandfather had lost his seat, but he said he'd rather not take the dimpled chin in her hands and sat quietly and as he was swept along by the powerful cold shoulder from any one. looking into the street. Presently a wo- current, he caught the drooping branches of There is no man so friendless but man came along with a bundle in her arms, a large sycamore tree, and was soon safe that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths. The riderless horse pursued his journey A lot of bootblacks sitting on a curbgirl if she would not like to have a real lit- toward the house, and soon reached the stone may not be India-rubber boys, shore. Here, appearing to miss his familthough they are gutter perchers. iar, friend, he looked around, and, as it It can be as pleasant for power to ex-ercise power, and for seed to develop seems, discovered his master clinging to the branch of the tree; immediately, and withseed, as it is to rest when rest in needed. after a bit," answered the woman, all the out hesitation, he turned around and swam time looking keenly about her; and then in boldly for the tree, and beneath the branch "Dying in povery," says a modern moralist, "is nothing; it is living in a hushed voice she asked the child if her he stopped and permitted my grandfather poverty that comes hard on a fellow. to get on his back, and then, although quite "You are carrying this thing too exhausted, he started at once for home. The whole scene had been witness by the far," said a policeman, as he arrested a entire family, and they got ready with thief running off with a man's watch. boats and went to meet the nearly exhaust-All men are better than their ebullied horse; he was caught by the bridle when tions of evil, but they are also worse near the shore, and the old gentleman rethan their outburst of noble enthusi-What is the difference between a trot-Etiquette of Letter-Writing ting-park and a tribe of savages? One is a race course and the other a coarse As a rule every letter, unless insulting

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A Preplexing Predicament.

occupied it for some time during the French somewhere that surely was in the house,

monarch was frightened into a fit of jaundice, which lasted some time, and necessi- to slide down from her chair, saying with tated the change of air which sent him to great emphasis, "That's my baby. Wittau. In the garden exists a cool grotto, Her mother laughed. "Your baby, Nan-

occupied by a cold bath, furnished by the nette?" waters of the little lake in the middle of "Yes, mamma, my baby; don't you hear which Lazienski stands. The exiled Bour- it cry? 'Tis hungry." And she started to bon, then Count de Provence, was ac- run up stairs, but her mother called her

customed to use the bath frequently; and, back. one morning, after a night of rioting in the "Why Nannette, what ails you? What chateau, to which all the great drinkers do you mean about your baby?" she asked

amongst the high life of Warsaw had been in surprise. invited, he walked down leisurely through "Why, my baby, mamma! I bought i the garden to the grotto, determined to have for a quarter of a dollar. A baby that cries a dip before returing to rest for the day. -not a mis'ble make-b'leve baby. Oh, how The grotto was dark at all times, at that it does cry; it must be awful hungry. And away she darted up the stairs.

early time in the morning particularly so. The Count de Provence hurried to strip and plunge into the pool, which lay clear seats in perfect amazement and followed their little girl to her room, where, lying and pellucid at the bottom of the marble steps, shining through the darkness like a upon her bed, was a bundle, from which mirror in which the moonlight is reflected. came a baby's cries. Nannette's mother His royal highness, differing at that mo- began to unfasten the wrappings, and sure ment in nothing from the meanest peasant enough there was a wee little girl not more in the same expectant condition, walked than two or three weeks old looking up at

down the steps, and was just about to throw them with two great wet eyes. himself into the water, when a surly oath broke, as it were, from the bottom of the she related all she could remember of her bath, and in another moment a figure, all talk with the women from whom she bought

dripping, jumped up amid the darkness, baby. Her papa said perhaps the baby had and, seizing the count in a slippery grasp, been stolen, and that something had been flung him heavily forward, and burst into given to it to make it sleep. a hoarse laugh at his floundering, and almost unconscious with the shock occasioned both the father and mother. "Do with it?" by the surprise. It was Prince Kasolowski, cried Nannette; "why, it's my baby, mamthe governor, who, inspired with the same ma. I paid all my money for it. It cries,

idea as the Count de Provence, had hurried it does. 1 will keep it always." into the grounds with the same intention, and now stood before his royal guest, grin- stay if nobody came to claim it, which noning and chattering, and presenting the body ever did, although Nannette's papa most extraordinary figure possible, for he put an advertisement in a paper about it. wore, as sole raiment, the ribbon and collar with his jeweled star upon his bare skin. By a not unusual characteristic of drunkenness, he had carefully replaced the insignia after having undressed. The obese Bourbon, after having gazed at him wildly as does Nannette, in the city of Philadelfor a few moments, and, not recognizing phia. She has a little girl of her own, him amid the obscurity of the grotto and

his own troubled visions, rushed from the the good little "sister-mother," who once bath, and ranscreaming through the grounds upon a time bought her mamma of a strange towards the chateau, with Kasolowski at woman for a quarter of a dollar, as she his heels, endeavoring to soothe his fears; thought. And this other little Nannette and the household, aroused from slumber, never tires of hearing the romantic story of beheld with amazement this extraordinary the indolent "Didy" and the "real little chase in the bright summer morning, and live baby that will cry." failed to recognize either of the actors in the scene until they had reached the hall

step. Poor Louis was put to bed well wrapped in blankets, but the shock was so great that it brought on a bilious attack, of the Brandywine, in the State of Pennsywhich terminated in a severe fit of jaun- Ivania, an old Quaker gentleman, who pos- day's hard work?

was seated at the supper-table with her pa-

Souceal.

pa and mamma that she remembered her The chateau of Lazienski! Louis Dixhuit baby; but at that time, suddenly, from

emigration; and it was there that the fat came a baby's cry; and clapping her hands, her eyes dancing with joy, Nannette began

Flattery is like champagne-it soon gets into the head.

Every dog has his day, but the nights

It is better to live on a little, than

Man's knowledge is but the rivulet, his ignorance as the sea.

How to get a good wife-take a good girl and go to a parson.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

A slip of the foot may be recovered, but that of the tongue, perhaps, never. We should take abundant care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present.

"Whatever is, is right," except when you get the right boot on the left toot. Love elevates or debases the soul, ac-

S. KELLER, "Confound his impudence." Vance muttered between his teeth. ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Consultations in English or German. Office light upon a scene of sylvan beauty ; but the in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street. JOHN G. LOVE, house set back in a garden. ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE PA. do you?" Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. P. Wilson. night." said Margaret, fervently. MILLHEIM BANKING CO., lover, a little malice in his voice. MAIN STREET, that ?" she asked, eagerly and reprovingly. MILLHEIM, PA. Well, good-night, Maggy;" and he had they had parted without a kiss. A. WALTER, Cashier, DAV. KRAPE, Pres. HARTER tavern, too. Why should it nettle me so, AUCTIONEER, anyway?" almost as inseparable as sisters. It was with REBERSBURG, PA. a quick beating heart that the former took her way to the tavern next day, meeting Setisfaction Guaranteed. Anne as usual at the private entrance for the family "Oh, Mag !" cried Anne, her eyes spark. A Needless Alarm. ling, "you have made a conquest." "What do you mean ?" asked Margaret,

There are but few, if any insects, either in the larval or perfect state, but what may be eaten with perfect safety. Some, however, have oils in them which forbid their being eaten in quanties at a time, because of what is called their richness. All may be eaten in limited quanties. The so-called centipedes, or thousand legged worms, are eaten by some of the human race, and may be by all, so far as anything poisonous is very handsome about you at the table, and concerned. What is called the great white then papa up and said you were engaged to grub, the young of the May beetle which, in great numbers, are often ploughed up in And I give you my word of honor the genour fields and gardens, is a favorite dish tleman turned pale.' with some of the most enlightened people. oysters." It is our prejudice, ignorance ing face did not a little execution? and education that makes us view these things with loathing and fear. I have my- Charlie Vance, sternly. This was only a conflicting struggles-and that was the self seen a schoolteacher, in my boyhood, week afterward. All the softness had gone frank, honest, blue-eyed Charlie Vance, the Court. eat of the rattlesnake. The silk worms are extensively eaten in some countries, and lost their gracious. sparkling beauty. It baby. snails are much thought of by some persons | might be that his cheeks were a trifle thin, as are oyster by us. And so with spiders, and certainly his dark face was haggard. so generally feared. They are reckoned equal to any dish that can be made up by side of the spacious hearth, drooping and some people. If insects were poisonous we timid, her face very white, and the large should destroy ourselves "daily," so to eyes startled in expression, like those of a speak, for we are constantly taking them frightened fawn. into our systems in what we eat; that is, living matter in the form of the infusoria, it alone. God help us both, it's talked all the insect larvæ or some other shape, kind over the place. Last night, when I heard you my opinion in no better way," he reor form. Let attention be given to the con- something at Dilleways, I felt like going plied, dition of the vegetable itself, the efore, home and blowing my brains out." rather than to the worm, for a person had better eat a pound of any kind of worms than an ounce of decaying, diseased vegetable matter.

Woman as Artists.

There are now in France 1,700 women engaged in literary pursuits, and 2,120 who great pain in her voice. make a living by cultivating the fine arts. Two-thirds of the former were born in the milar proportion of the artists were born in Paris. Of the 1,700 writers, 1000 have elsewhere, eh?" written novels or short stories for young people; 200 are poets, 150 write on educa-tion and science, the remainder are com-add—"It is because I have found him base, tists, 10 are sculptors, 602 oil painters, the of light." majority being painters of portraits, flowers,

pilers, translators and the like. Of the ar- untrue, when he seemed to me like an angel and still nature, 193 are miniaturists, 754 large and shining on her lashes, her eyes middle, has graduated at Freiburg, and woman, by tam! Zat would be no good for Very soon Nannette's mother came home, A letter of introduction or recommendainters on porcelain, and 404 draw and were downcast, her hands folded with the speaks very bad English."

glance at her lovely face. herself from his caressing arm. Charlie barn. Everybody was laughing and talk- with me; I want to show you a lovelier spot The soft, clear, round moon shed its than this-come !" "I will not, she said, firmly, wresting two spoke but few words until they had herself from him, not daring to look up in forward, and seizing his hand. reached Margaret's home-a square white his face. "How could you follow mehow dared you ?" "A little of that goes a great ways," said the young farmer, who had evidently been gayly, fastening his powerful eyes on her thinking the matter over. "They stay here tace, and drawing her glance up to his. a week or more. I don't care to go again, "Come. I will woo you like Claude Melnotte." And again he put an arm about "Oh, I do believe I could go every her; but, like a flash of lighting, the two were torn asunder, and the man was thrown "They're a hard set, Maggy," said her headlong with one blow from the powerful arm of Charlie Vance. "How do ycu know? Are you sure of "Oh, they're generally thought to be. gone ten steps before it occured to him that broken promises." Latter in the day Charlie came up to Mar-"I don't care," he said, sullenly, half garet's house and asked for her. aloud; "and that fellow stays at her uncle's "Whatever is the matter with the child ?" such low spirits."

Now Margaret and her cousin Anne were

her fair face flushing, her pulses beating tumultously.

'Why, you know-last night. Oh, isn't he glorious !--exquisite? and only think he you're free. I never should want to think great surprise. asked papa who that very lovely girl was n pink ribbons in the second seat-and that was you! Papa laughed and told him his niece, and somebody else said something Charlie Vance, which sounded so ridiculous. girl had fainted away.

"Nonsense!" said Margaret; but the flat-

out of his face as he spoke. His eyes had who had loved her ever since she was a And of course they were married. "Oh, Charlie !"-she stood on the other

"You are changed, Maggy. I don't say

"Oh, Charlie!" The voice was more plaintive, and the little figure drooped yet lower. "And it all comes of that infernal villain.

to the hotel, and with your Cousin Anne, to see him.' "He is going away to-day," she cried, a

"And you will see him before he goes?" "Oh, no, no, Charlie. Oh, don't look so you had visited and inspected most of the previnces, chiefly in the south, while a si- cruel. I can't see him now you know Ican't! known mines of the west?" "You did, sir." "Since you've heard that he's got a wife

"Charlie! I don't care; it isn't that," she for years?" "I have, sir." "Well then, please state to the court

the definition of a mining-expert." "Well, sir, a mining-expert is a man Her red lips quivered; the tears stood who wears eye glasses, parts his hair in the

asked:

"Sir, those words are an insult to me!" his breath in wonder at the apparition that she cried with spirit, striving in vain to free appeared to greet him.

Was his old love risen from the dead past? "An insult! I would die before I would Margaret shivered a little as they left the offer you an insult, my beautiful. Come image of Effie Severe, leaving forward with In a bower of orange trees stood the living eager expectancy written in every line of her mobile face.

"Dear guardian!" said she, springing Alfred was speechless with emotion. Speak to your little Gertrude, will you

"Love will dare anything," he said, not, dear guardian?" pleaded the sweet voice It was long ere Alfred bould command

himself sufficiently to talk coherently to his little ward. The likeness was indeed wondrous; and as day by day flew by, and the old nurse still lay in an unconscious state, Alfred remained in that fairy villa, having ample opportunity to find out how much in "Go!" he said, sternly, pointing to the mind, as well as in person the fair young

rightened girl. "I can save you from his Gertrude was like his lost Effie. Soon insolence, but I cannot promise to save you again Alfred Field loved, with all the infrom yourself. Go, and think on your tensity of his nature. At last the old nurse died. Just before

her death she regained her mind for a brief space, and in broken accents told them where to find a pocket bible. which had bequeried the mother. I never saw her in longed to Gertrude's mother.

He took her in his arms, held her close to The young man made no answer, but his beating heart, and never let her free went into the cool, shaded parlor. Presently until she had promised, with her sweet face Margaret came down, white as a lilly. hidden in his bosom, to be his love, his There was an unspoken question in her darling, his wife.

As he unclasped her from hisarms, a book, which had been lying in her lap, fell to the "No, I didn't kill him, Maggie, though he deserved it. I don't want the crime of murground, and from between its leaves dropped a letter, old, worn, and wrinkled. der on my soul, even for you my poor girl.

"Where did you get this?" he gasped. But I sent him away as subdued and cool-"It was my mother's Bible, and that leted-down a man as ever you see. Such men are always cowards. And now, Maggie ter was tied inside," answered Gertaude, in of the look you gave him while I held you "Ah, beloved ?" returned Alfred, folding

"Zis is one Grand Meestake."

in my arms, and I should have to think of her once more in his arms. "Your mother it. I've come to say good-bye, for I'm off was my first and early love; you are my last and eternal affection." for the West, and if ever I-hello!"

There was a low, broken sob, and on his chest Margaret lay a dead weight. The

Well, a long sickness followed. Charlie With both eyes hidden by the black could not leave her lying there between life swoollen lids that had risen to a level with and death, and the first visit after she could the bridge of his nose, Henri Larquette, The Mahometan loathes the oyster as we tering words had accomplished their work, set up settled the matter. Margaret had whose shirt front was spattered with blood do the scorpion or spider, and says of the and it was not hard to persuade her to stay conquered her vanity, which, after all, was that had dropped from his badly damaged Christian, "he is a dirty dog, because he eats to dinner, where of course her lovely blush- more touched than her affections, and found lips, presented a really pitiable appearance as if in some way she was to have her longthat there was only one image in the heart when recently he appeared as a prisoner at

"Well, Maggy, what is it to be?" asked that had been, as she thought, so torn with the bar of the Police Court. "How did you get your injuries?" asked

"Zis 19 one grand meestake, Monsieur," answered Henri, giving his shoulders the characteristic shrug of the Frenchman. "There can be no mistake that you have

been injured by some one," said his Honor. "Zis is no doubt true, Monsier, but zis is vera, vera painful. I would la-ike to have silver coin into her apron, ran down again. spoken to. one conversation wiz ze doctaire?"

isn't it?" "But tell me who struck you?"

"Madam Marquette, Monsieur." "What! Your wife did that?" said the Court, in evident astonishment.

"Oui, Monsieur. She was one grand of the famous Emma Mine, which took fighting woman. Mon Dieu! How zat

"Is she French, too?" asked His Honor. "No. Monsieur. She was one Irs' woman

one of the lawyers, in cross-examination "She was nice then, eh?"

"But now she is_" "One tam tigaire! I shall be undaire ze

"Did I not understand you to say that

advise you to be temperate hereafter," said the Court. "And then she carefully tripped out sible. It is decidedly better to copy the

me. I go wis ze doctaire," said Henri, as bringing her a fine large apple which drove tion should never be sealed, as the bearer a house, "it ought to be," was the re-

which the revolution had condemned him.

----Nannette's Live Baby.

talk to her doll.

body should hit me so, I'd squeam m-u-r- it is but a short way over." d-e-r, I would! And then the p'lissman

tired of you, Didy." Leaving the doll leaning in a one-sided and seeing Nannette and Didy in the door- from immediate danger. way, went up the steps and asked the little

tle live baby. "One that will cry?" eagerly asked Nan-

nette. "Yes, one that will cry and laugh too,

mother was at home. "No, she's gone to see my auntie, shall] call her?" replied Nannette, jumping to her feet and clapping her hands, from a feeling

"No, don't call her; and if you want a baby that will cry, you must be very quiet lieved from his perilous position. and listen to me. Mark me now-have you

a quarter of a dollar to pay for a baby?' "I guess so," answered Nannette; "I've a lot of money up stairs." And running

up to her room she climbed into a chair, neglect to answer a letter when written to, took down her money box from a shelf, and emptying all her pennies and small "This is as much as a quarter of a dollar

The woman saw at a glance that there was more than that amount, and hastily tention.

taking poor little Nannette's carefully hoarded pennies, she whispered: sufficiently far from the top of the page to "Now carry the baby up stairs and keep give a nearly equal amount of blank paper it in your own little bed. Be careful to at the bottom of the sheet when the letter make no noise for it is sound asleep. Don't is ended. tell anybody you have it until it ories. Mind that. When you hear it cry you may beyond the first page, it is well to com-

mence a little above the sheet, extending know it is hungry." as far as necessary on the other pages. Then the woman went hurriedly away,

and Nannette never saw her again. Nannette's little heart was nearly break-

ing with delight at the thought of having a economy and convenience for business purreal live baby; and holding the bundle fast poses, however, it is customary to have the take ze life of my friend. Last night 1 in her arms, where the woman had placed card of the business man printed at the top have some little wine, and when I was in it, she began trudging up stairs with it. of the sheet, and a single leaf is used. my slumbaire zat woman come wis her fist Finally puffing and panting, her cheeks all In writing a letter, the answer to which "And have you not made mining a study and strike one such awfool blow zat I think aglow, see reached her little bed and turn- is of more benefit to yourself than the pering down the covers, she put in the bundle son to whom you write, inclose a postage and covering it up carefully, she gave it stamp for the reply.

And then she carefully tripped out sible. It is decidedly better to copy the letter than to have these appear. "Oui. I go, but I no go home wis zat of the room and down stairs again.

in its character, requires an answer. To Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem is as uncivil as to neglect a reply when of ages through which they have passed

Blessed is the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again loom forth.

Rasper, being told that he looked seedy and asked what business he was in, replied: "The hardwear business; look at my wardrobe."

"Dipped into a weak solution of ancomplishments," is the term now applied to those of our girls professing to be so highly educated.

In the South the boys can go in wimming two months earlier than can the juveniles in the North. This is another Southern outrage.

A graduate of West Point, who went West to startle the country by some marvelous performances, is now the traveling agent for a corset factory.

"Is this air-tight?" inquired a man in a hardware store, as he examined a stove. "No, sir," replied the clerk: "air never gets tight." He lost a customer.

"Is your house a warm one, landlord ?" asked a gentleman in search of

Mining Experts In a recent conversation with Mr. W. B. Welles, of New York, we asked that gentleman his opinion of mining-experts as

they are known to miners. "I can give "than relating an incident in the suit

place in Utah, and in which Schenck, of woman strike out wis her shouldaire !" ex-Ohio, was seemingly mixed up. During claimed Henri.

the trial, one Capt. Tom Bates, a man known throughout the mining regions of It all comes of your going back and forth the west, was on the witness-stand, and zat I got 'quaint wis in Europe."

"Ah, oui, oui!" said Henri,

"You are a mining-expert. Mr. Bates?"

"No, sir. I am not," was the answer. obligation to leave zis woman. She will

I was one dead Frenchman."

"I guess she punished you enough for getting tight. You can go, but I would some loving little pats, saying softly: "My Letters should be as free from erasures,

