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A man's fortune should be the rule for his spending not spending. Extravagance may be supported, not justified, by affluence.

Tears are not manly! Well, the highest type of manhood that ever blessed earth with his presence wept on more than one occasion.

It is a very good thing to mean well, but if you expect to get on in the world you must also do well. Good intention is no pay no debts.

A man should always look upward for comforts when the heaven above our heads is dark, the earth under our feet is sure to be darker.

Activity, like zeal, is only valuable as it is applied, but most people bestow their praises on the quality, and give little heed to the purposes to which it is directed.

Let us think much of rest—the rest which is not of indulgence, but of powers in perfect equilibrium; rest which is deep as summer sunshine, the Sabbath of eternity.

It is in the nature of men and things that education, no less than religion, must be personally experienced to be the largest benefit.

Invest your funds carefully and intelligently. Beware of the brilliant bubbles that are blown up to tempt ingenious speculators.

ABOUT KISSING.

Little child, when twilight shadows,
Close the western gates of gold,
Then those loving arms of mother's
Tenderly about the fold.
Over lip, and cheek, and forehead,
Like a shower of roses fall.
For a mother's kiss at twilight
Is the sweetest kiss of all.

Pretty maiden at the gateway,
Shy, sweet face and downcast eye,
Two white trembling hands in prayer,
How the golden moment flies!
Lips that softly press thy forehead,
All the rosy blushes call;
For a lover's kiss at twilight
Is the fondest kiss of all.

Happy wife, thy noble husband,
More than half a lover yet—
For those sunny hours of wooing
Are too sweet to soon forget—
On thy smiling lips uplifted,
Full of love his kisses fall.
For a husband's kiss at parting
Is the dearest kiss of all.

Wearily mother, little child,
With their dimpled hands so fair,
Passing over cheek and forehead,
Soothe away all pain and care;
Lead your doubting heart to Heaven,
Where no dreary shadows fall,
For the kiss of sinless childhood
Is the purest kiss of all.

The Wife's Lesson.

Myra was pointing.
The unmistakable expression of ill-temper disfigured her pretty face; and Ernest sighed as he remembered how often it had been there during their brief married experience.

Upon the breakfast table were standing the dishes of a substantial meal, in the disorder that followed their use.

Breakfast was over, but Ernest still kept his seat, toying absently with a teaspoon, while Myra looked at him with the cross look of a thwarted child.

"Then you won't give me the dress!" she said.
"I can't, Myra. I really could not do it without running into debt."

"That's just an excuse. Papa always gave me the money for my clothes, even if he was cross about some other things."

"Your father was a rich man, Myra, when we were married."
"I wish he was rich now. I'd ask him for the money. I never thought you would be so stingy, Ernest."

"This last trumper was too much for the long enduring temper."
Ernest's mother's voice was very stern as he answered:
"I am not stingy, Myra. You know I was a poor man when you married me, and that I could not give you the luxuries of your old home, but I have granted you every indulgence in my power without getting into debt. That I will not do for your sake as well as mine."

"He left her then, lingering in the hall as he put on his overcoat, hoping she would come for a kiss and a word of reconciliation."
But she sat tapping her little foot upon the floor until the half door closed, and then ran to her room crying.

She was a spoiled child, the only daughter of a man who had been very wealthy, but who had hazarded his money in an unfortunate speculation and lost.

A position abroad was offered him and he accepted it.
His house and furniture which he had given his daughter for a wedding gift, were settled upon herself, and not affected by his change of fortune.

He knew Ernest Mather to be an honorable man, who had a good business capacity and a high place in the esteem and confidence of his employers and felt no anxiety about Myra's future.

So the little wife, as she made her pretty blue eyes all red with tears of temper, had no sensible mother to tell her how wrongly she was acting, no sister to sympathize with her, no one to scold or humor her.

Under the circumstances the tears were soon dried and Mrs. Mather went out for a walk.
"It's no harm to look at the dress again, even if I can't buy it," she said, as she tried on a coquettish little bonnet, and otherwise beautified herself for the expedition.

The day was bright, a soft warm morning in early spring, and the shops were filled with tempting finery.

Myra's eyes were sparkling with pleasure as she after five o'clock when the little matron, "fired to death," as she said reached her home.

dress you desire. I have sent for Aunt Cordelia, as usual, to stay with you.
ERNEST MATHER.
"Not a loving word, not a word of regret for the long separation."
Myra recalled then how considerate and loving her husband had been under the weary vexations of her whims and caprices.

Great tears rolled down her cheeks as she bitterly reproached herself.
"I have made him believe I don't care for anything but money," she thought. He leaves me this to console me for his absence. Oh, Ernest, come home again and I'll wear calico and a sunbonnet to church before I'll tease you for finery again!"

It was not an easy matter to go to dinner and meet Aunt Cordelia, but it must be done.
"I have no new thing that is worthy spinster to see Myra in tears when Ernest was away on business, so she only expressed a desire to see "any man alive she'd cry for," and said no more about the little wife's red eyes.

The days passed very, very wearily. Aunt Cordelia preached only sermons to Myra upon extravagance and various other female weakness, till the poor little woman wished she was as homely and ill looking as her tormentor herself.

"You never see me with such a dress in the house as that," the spinster would say with a complacent glance at her dyed skirts.
"I buy clothes to wear," Myra retorted. "If I had as much money as you, Aunt Cordelia, I'd be ashamed to go about in such dresses."

And the spinster would shake her head and groan audibly, "poor, dear Ernest."
"You never see me," was her ever opening address.

And Myra grew to hate the words in the long months of her enforced companionship.
For Ernest did not return.
Spring, summer, autumn passed away, and December was opening, yet still he did not come.

Every month a formal letter reached Myra, inclosing a check for expenses of such liberal value as to prove Ernest was making money; but each one informed her that her husband was still leaving the place from which he wrote and made no mention of his next destination.

Heart-sick, penitent, and oh! so lonely, the little wife spent only what was necessary for the house, and fairly loathed the sight of the money that was accumulating in her hands.

Letter after letter she wrote and destroyed, not knowing where to direct them.
She was growing so pale and worn, so quiet and subdued, that Aunt Cordelia's most hateful speeches went often unanswered.

She was sitting in the drawing room one cold December morning, when Mr. Agnew, Ernest's employer, came in.
"I am sorry to disturb you Mrs. Mather," he said, but I wish to inquire of you if you have heard from Ernest this week."

"Not since the first," she replied.
"He wrote us on the 15th that he would remain in Cumberland until the first of the month, and was to send some papers on the seventh. These have not come and we are embarrassed for want of them. I telegraphed yesterday but have no reply. However, if you have not heard he is ill, he is probably better."

"Well, I judged from his last letter that he had not fully recovered from the fever he had, although he had resumed business. If you hear to-day will you be kind enough to send us word?"
"Certainly," Myra managed to gasp in a choking voice, and Mr. Agnew was gone.

"Ill! A fever! Sick at a hotel and she not near! Ernest, her Ernest!"
All the love in the little woman's heart rose to protest. She astonished Aunt Cordelia by dashing into that lady's room crying:
"Take care of the house! I'm going to Cumberland!" and dashed out again as abruptly.

The trunk was packed.
Myra never knew what went into it.
She hugged her head of money.
Carefully she put it in the bosom of her dress.

She cried and laughed and acted generally like a lunatic.
The afternoon found her in an express train, rushing to Ernest as fast as steam could carry her.

In a wide, pleasant room, Ernest Mather lay upon his bed dangerously ill.
He had been for months trying to quiet his sick, restless heart by over-working his body, keeping such business hours, such cares and labors in his work, that the firm at last never ceased congratulating themselves on their choice of a traveler.

He made money fast, supply Myra with a generous hand, and yet saved considerably.
For what?
Bitterly he thought that when he was a very rich man he would go home and try to make Myra contented.

He tried to fancy that he had ceased to love her; but the unceasing craving of his heart for the sight of her face and the sound of her voice contradicted it.
Work, work, work!
That was the medicine for his mental pain, till the overworked brain gave way, the overtaxed body succumbed and he lay ill with fever for two weeks.

Up again before his strength was half restored, and now the relapse had prostrated him and he lay suffering, apparently dying, too ill to send for Myra, too ill to give directions, too ill to do any more than lie helpless at the mercy of strangers.
The long night was passing, and the cold-gray dawn announced another wintry day, when a vehicle drove up at the door of the hotel, and in a din, confused way Ernest heard the bustle of the new arrived travelers.

He was vaguely wondering if any friend would come to him, when the door of his room opened very softly and he heard the wailer say:
"Mr. Mather is here."
A soft little rustle followed, and then two cool hands fell upon his hot forehead, tears and kisses followed, and Myra was sobbing.

"Oh, Ernest, darling! thank God, I have found you! Oh, dear, forgive me!"
He was too sick to talk much, but he made his wife fully understand his business, and then sank off to sleep in the sweet consciousness that love had come to him, a nurse and comforter.

It was a long, tedious illness, but in the years that followed it Ernest and Myra looked back upon it as the beginning of their true happiness.

Doubts and regrets were swept away in the danger of a separation in the grave, and all Myra's penitence went into such self-sacrificing devotion as snatched her husband from the very jaws of death to her side again.

The dry goods clerk receives permission to go off into the country for two weeks to rustate. He receives his fortnight's pay in advance, and is as happy a butterfly in the bosom of a tulip as he glides out of the city. He generally goes to visit some farmer relative, for then he can have all the fresh milk he wants, and besides won't be obliged to pay any board. The latter is the feature which makes the farm preferable to a fashionable watering place. He never visits the farmer a second time, as he has discovered to his philosopher of no mean order. He tells the young man that as he has been confined in a close store for a year, all he wants to brace him up is to dig a little, so he takes him out and introduces him to a two-acre lot of potatoes which needs hoeing. Of course he can't decline and offend his host, so he shoulders the hoe and goes to work in a manner which would lead a casual observer to imagine him to be committing murder under special contract. The way he makes the hoe fly about his head and the number of potatoes he chops in half ought to be warning to the agriculturist to call him off. This he would do if he knew the damage that was being done; but he doesn't—he only sees the hoe in action, and that makes him smile and exclaim:
"Well, now, I swan if he ain't a gosh-blamed lively boy."

After that he is asked to chop some wood and turn a grindstone for an hour or two, the farmer, asserting that these things are extremely helpful in their tendencies, and withal quite the thing for a young man who works in a store all the year.

On the following day he is asked to help fix a stone well, and, being rather slender and light, is selected as the most available person around the place to be lowered down the well to fasten the bucket to the chain.

After he has been in the country for about two days he begins to sigh for the city, and to be back again in a store in charge of a cross-grained employer with yellow hair. He is by that time completely used up, and wonders if he has fallen down stairs or been run over by a lumber wagon. He thinks even a residence of Zuzaland, with fever and ague thrown in, would be sweeter. He feels like asking the farmer to pension him. In an asking of despair he gets his brother to telegraph to him saying there is a death in the family and he must return immediately; and as he departs, the farmer remarks that he doesn't seem to "take on" much, and that he is about the happiest mourner he ever saw in his life.

The Secret of Success.
A few days since I met a gentleman—the owner of large paper-mills. He took me to a cross-grained employer with vats of pulp, and the great piles of paper ready for the market; and a world of things which I did not comprehend. After seeing all the machinery, and hearing his praises of his men, and how they sent for United States stocks, fifty and a hundred dollars at a time, every time he went to the city, I said:
"Will you please, sir, tell me the secret of your great success? For you tell me you began life with nothing."
"I don't know with there is any secret about it. When I was 16 years old I went to S. to work. I was to receive forty dollars a year and my food, no more and no less. My clothing and all my expenses must come out of the forty dollars. I then solemnly promised myself that I would give Him one tenth of my wages, and also that I would save another tenth for my future capital. This resolution I carried out, and after laying aside one-tenth for the Lord, I had at the end of the year much more than a tenth for myself. I then promised the Lord whether He gave me more or less, I never would give less than one-tenth to Him. To this day I have conscientiously adhered from that day to this; and if there be any secret to my success, I attribute it to this. I feel sure I am far richer on my nine-tenths (though I hope that I don't now limit my charities to one tenth) than if I kept the whole."
"How do you account for it?"
"In two ways: First, I believe God has blessed me, and made my business to prosper; and secondly, I have so learned to be careful and economical that my nine-tenths go far beyond what the whole would. And I believe that any man who will make the trial will find it so."

Popular Fallacies.
Night air and damp weather are held in great horror by multitudes of persons who are sickly or of weak constitutions, consequently, by avoiding the night air, and damp weather, and changeable weather, that is considered too hot or too cold, they are kept within doors much the largest portion of their time, and as a matter of course continue invalids, more and more ripening for the grave every hour; the reason is, they are breathing an impure atmosphere nineteen-twentieths of their whole existence. As nothing can wash us clean but pure water, so nothing can cleanse the blood, nothing can make health-giving blood, but the agency of pure air. So great is the tendency of the blood to become impure in consequence of waste, and useless matter mixing with it as it passes through the body, that it requires a bog-head of air every hour of our lives to unload it of these impurities, but in proportion as the air is vitiated, in such proportion does it infallibly fail to relieve the blood of these impurities, and impure blood is the foundation of all disease. The great fact that those who are out of doors most, summer and winter, day and night, rain or snow, have the best health, the world over, does of itself falsify the general impression that night air or any other door air is unhealthy as compared with indoor air at the same time. Air is the great necessity of life; so much so that if deprived of it for a moment we perish; and so constant is the necessity of the blood for contact with the atmosphere that every drop in the body is exposed to the air through the medium of the lungs every two minutes and a half of our existence.

How is the world to be paid out of a sinking fund?
—Sound moves 743 miles per hour.

Our Small Boy's First Circus.

It was an event in the early life of our boy Charles, and, as he says, he derived a lesson from it that he has been able to use to him since—a lesson to the effect of making sure of a landing place before leaping,—he shall tell the story himself:
"I was twelve years old when the big circus came to our village, of Conway, N. H., and exhibited on land belonging to Sam Thoma. For many days before its advent the great flaming posters had glared upon the sides of barns, upon fences, and on the walls of our stories, and I was eager to see the sight. But I must earn the money, for my mother had it not to spare. It was during the planting season, and I found odd jobs enough at dropping corn and potatoes, and such like, to enable me to earn a coveted quarter. The day came, clear and bright, and those who have passed the entrance, and can remember the feelings of boyhood, will know how the grand entry of the circus, with the band playing, the performers and their horses bedecked in glittering array, and the two elephants grandly hopping along—how it all affected me. It did not seem as though I could wait for the opening hour; but I waited, nevertheless. When dinner had been eaten, and we were ready to set forth, my mother, believing that the ren-folks would not bother themselves in looking out for me, gave me particular directions for my conduct.

"Now, Charles," she said, "you will look out for your money; you will see where the people are going in; and do you look sharp and go in with them. Give your money to the man that you see others paying, and be sure you don't make any mistake."

But I didn't get half of her directions. If I had been patient to listen, I might have been spared the grief to which I was destined; for she afterwards declared that she had warned me against that very thing. But I was only a boy, and I suppose I had a boy's lesson to learn.

I got out at length, and ran all the way to the village. I stood in a crowd for an hour, listening to music which I could not see; and at length I saw men pushing towards the entrance to a tent, and I joined in and pushed with them. I saw folks give money to a red-faced man who stood in a passage-way of canvas, and I heard music beyond. I gave him my quarter, and he gave me back two cents. I thought I was getting in for half price, and looked around.

Mercy! How my heart sank! I don't know how many spectators were there; but for a show I saw what the man who exhibited called the Five-legged Horse! Then there were two White Negroes, on a platform; and a man grinding a hand organ. And that was all! I had just seen so much, when somebody cried out that the circus was open! and upon that there was a rush for the entrance. I went in, and looked up at the tent it was but a small affair—one of the catch-penny side shows always accompanying the big circus. I looked around for our men-folks—men who I had seen in the crowd, but could not find them. Most likely they had gone in. I asked the man at the entrance if he would let me in for twelve cents. He said I must go and buy a ticket. I found the man who sold tickets, and when I asked him a like question he laughed at me.

And then I went home, crying all the way; and when I had told my mother of my grief, she told me by declaring that I was the biggest fool she had ever seen, and she would take me over her knee if I did not stop crying.

Well—I got over it in time; and it taught me a valuable lesson. From that day I have never paid money to enter a show, or for any other purpose, without being first assured that I was headed in the right direction.

Flowers on the Table.
Set flowers on your table—a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower—a rose, a pink, a daisy, and you have something that reminds you of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets that have done it most honor. Flowers on the morning table are especially suited to them. They look like the happy wakening of the creation; they bring the perfume of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the very representative and embodiment of the very smile of your home, the graces of good mornow; proofs that some intellectual beauties are in ourselves or those about us, some Anora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweetness, or ourselves some masculine wildness not unworthy to possess such a companion or unlikely to gain her.

Hints on Starting a Fire.
Starting a fire is a familiar daily exercise for thousands of thousands throughout the United States at all times; but there are many who do not know the best way. Concentration is the leading feature in this little, but very important domestic duty. First, the fuel should be concentrated, that is, put together in a compact heap; and 2d, in a place on the grating where the draft can be concentrated upon it. These two points gained, it is an easy matter to produce a brisk fire. When the kindling, which we have presupposed was dry and in sufficient quantity, is well started, the wood or coal, as the case may be, is so put on that the draft and flame will pass directly through the fuel. In starting a fire, all depends upon having the conditions all right, and great loss of time, and even patience, is incurred if they are not provided.

Victoria on her Throne.

When Victoria opened Parliament, she acknowledges the grave meeting of her lieges by scarcely more than a glance of the eye. The head bent slightly, perhaps, but I am not sure. She, too, walks slowly; there is no vulgar hurry about any part of the business. As she rounds the corner of the dais, her face is turned full toward our gallery. It is the business of courtiers to say that the Queen looks always well. For my part, I thought she had grown gray since last I saw her, and that the lines of the temples and about the mouth were ten deeper than ever. It can never have been more than a comely face, and there is nothing, strictly speaking, in its contour, and nothing in the figure, which can be called beautiful or noble. What strikes you, nevertheless, is the air of authority and the air of stern sincerity which sits upon this royal brow and marks the least gesture of the Queen. The sadness of the face is profoundly touching; the dignity with which the burden—the all but intolerable burden of her life—is borne, appeals to your respect. She is here, they say, to mark once more her sympathy with the First Minister of the Crown; and with the party which, under his guidance, has been leading the country so strange a dance these three years past. But politics are forgotten in such presence; and any criticism one has to offer is put decently aside so long as the woman and Queen is present. When she has seated herself upon the royal robes spread over the throne—which she might have worn, one would think—there is again a pause, almost solemn, and there is time to observe the gown which the majesty of England has on. The Majesty and Beauty of England are face to face, for the Princess sits nearly opposite; and as the Princess is perhaps the best dressed woman in the room, so is the Queen almost the worst. Her gown is of velvet, with broad longitudinal streaks of miniver or ermine running down the skirt and horizontal trimmings to match about the body. But you need not stop to look at it, the Koh-i-noor jewels in her coronage, and a miniature crown of diamonds shines above the stony head. The Princess Beatrice, in blue velvet, stands by her mother's side, with traces of the womanly attractiveness which belongs to her sister Louise, now reigning over the hearts of our Canadian friends. There was some murmuring with footstools and awnings and benches, and the Queen's veil had been extricated from the netted work of the throne. Then the Queen said "Pray, be seated," and once more came silence.

The Changing Earth.
The student of history reads of the great sea-fight which King Edward III. fought with the French off Sluys; how in those days the merchant vessels came up to the aid of that flourishing sea-port by every tide; and how a century later, a Portuguese fleet conveyed Isabella from Lisbon, and an English fleet brought Margaret of York from the Thames, to marry successive Dukes of Burgundy at the port of Sluys. In our time, if a modern traveler drives twelve miles out of Bruges, across the Dutch frontier, he will find a small agricultural town, surrounded by cornfields and meadows and clumps of trees where the sea is not in sight from the top of the town-hall steeple. This is Sluys. Once more. We turn to the great Baie du Mont Saint Michel, between Normandy and Brittany. In Roman authors we read of the vast forest called "Seticium Nemus," in the centre of which an isolated rock arose, surmounted by a temple of Jupiter, once a college of Druids. Now the same rock, with its glorious pile dedicated to St. Michel, is surrounded by the sea at high tides. The story of this transformation is even more striking than that of Sluys, and its adequate narration justly earned for M. Manet the gold medal of the French Geographical Society in 1828. Once again. Let us turn for a moment to the Mediterranean shores of Spain, and the mountains of Murcia. Those rocky heights, whose peaks stand out against the deep blue sky, scarcely support a blade of vegetation. The algarobas and olives at their bases are artificially supplied with soil. It is scarcely credible that these are the same mountains which, according to the forest book of King Alfonso el Sabio, were once clothed to their summits with pines and other forest trees, while soft clouds and mist hung over a rounded, shaggy outline of wood where now the naked rocks make a hard line against the burnished sky. But Arab and Spanish chroniclers alike record the facts, and geographical science explains the cause. There is scarcely a district in the whole range of the civilized world where some equally interesting geographical story has not been recorded, as where the same valuable lessons may not be taught. This is comparative geography.

Images in Ice.
"Come out here," said the ice-image man, leading the way to his back yard, "and I'll show you some work I am doing now." The ice-image man's back yard was not larger than the average Philadelphia back yard. It had the conventional brick paving, and upon this paving were strewn various tokens of the image man's calling. First and foremost there was a huge square block of ice, fresh from the ice-house. Next there was a large pile of ice shavings and small crumbs, the immediate result of the latest effort in the way of a large ice globe which at that instant sat on the top of the table, not yet relieved from its base, the image man having been, in fact, engaged upon this piece of work when the ring at his door bell called him away for a moment. Next there was a three-cornered chisel and a large knife, and lastly, there were a number of thin standing around in the yard, all covered with heavy pieces of canvas.

"Now there," said the image man, pointing out his latest work, "is a globe. This is made to go on this—I'll show you." He went to a barrel and lifted up the image of a crooked-backed individual in his shirt sleeves, and with his arms bent akimbo and his head bowed as if he had the world on his shoulders. It was Atlas, a gentleman not unknown to those versed in mythology. On his back was a smooth place for the globe to rest.

"Now that," said the image man, indicating the globe, "goes on here. We make a hole in the back of the image and leave a little tenon or bolt on the under side of the globe and slip it in, which joins the two firmly together.

The globe had been hollowed out until it was perhaps about one inch in thickness. In the top was a hole large enough for a ten-year-old boy to thrust his flat in—any boy who has ever parolined his mother's preserves from a slender-mouthed jar will understand this—and inside there was a capacity for about a half a gallon of raw oysters, the use to which these ice images are mostly applied at banquets, entertainments, weddings, or other festive occasions. After exhibiting this, his latest production in the line of art, the image man, growing more enthusiastic as he saw the interest of his visitor on the increase, went to one of the several tubs, raised a canvas and displayed a wooden crate containing a number of oysters, the use to which these ice images are mostly applied at banquets, entertainments, weddings, or other festive occasions. After exhibiting this, his latest production in the line of art, the image man, growing more enthusiastic as he saw the interest of his visitor on the increase, went to one of the several tubs, raised a canvas and displayed a wooden crate containing a number of oysters, the use to which these ice images are mostly applied at banquets, entertainments, weddings, or other festive occasions.

"I don't think it would be if the ice was good and clear. Sometimes, when he has good ice, you can't tell his image from glass."

"Yes," said the image man, "this ice—referring to the yet uncut block that stood in the yard—is not as clear as I have been used to working up. I make up things in many different designs—elephants, camels, diamond dishes and Atlases, as you see here. I have some diamond dishes," said the image man, going down into a tub, "which look very much like glass."

He brought up one of the dishes in question, the sides of which were nicely ornamented by the carving of flowers and vines thereon. "That dish," he said, "isn't as clear as I sometimes make them. Must have crystal ice to do good work in that way."

"I do wish the gentleman could have seen the elephant," said the wife, whose interest in her lord's work had not been diminished by repeated descriptions; it was beautiful. Had a pandoo sittin' on a saddle, and in this saddle, and where the oysters went in. And there was a camel, that elephant and that camel, I do think, were the beautifullest things I ever saw in my life."

Further talk revealed the fact that the image man had a monopoly of the business, and combining it with his vocation as a caterer, gave a quite flourishing trade. Outside of the immediate demands for various entertainments, demands that came to him directly from headquarters, he did an extensive business in the image line through the various caterers of the city, who invariably went to him for supplies on great occasions. His designs were in many cases the result of instructions from those ordering the images; they would give him the idea, and he would work them up. Some designs would be popular at this place, while others would be more appropriate in that place. His best work lies in the direction of camels and elephants with Hindoos on their backs. Here he is entirely at home, as he also is in fashioning out mythological characters, in all of which the utilitarian and the domestic spirit are happily combined. The quadruped and the fish designs are usually sold as receptacles for raw oysters; the designs in the way of diamond and Bohemian vases are sometimes used for fruit as well as for oysters. The business of making them during the past year or so has grown in importance.

The image man during the fashionable season before the advent of Lent used to use on an average 3,500 pounds of ice a week in image making alone. The cost of ice during the winter has been twenty cents a hundred. He sells the images for from \$1.50 up to \$5 apiece.

A Swimmer's Peril.
Thomas Coyle, a laborer in Roach's ship yard at Chester, Pa., who will be remembered by the sporting world, as the opponent of Johnson, the English swimmer, in the race on the Delaware, from Chester to Gloucester, August 24, 1875, and for his various swimming exploits, boasted recently that he would enter the river in March and swim a distance of two miles without injury. The feat was set down for the 6th of March, and at half-past five, amid a large crowd of people who had collected at the ship yard to witness it, Coyle entered the water. The course was up the Delaware to Chester Creek, and thence up stream to the Beal House. Coyle started out evidently in good trim, but before he had been in eighteen minutes signs of exhaustion and cramps indicated that he would not be able to hold out. His condition soon became so alarming that he was picked up and conveyed to the Beal House, where he remained in an insensible and precarious condition for some hours. Coyle is about forty-three years of age.

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