



NO. 26.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF BELLEFONTE. C. T. Alexandet. C. M. DUWEL.

VOL. LIV.

LEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office in Garman's new building.

TOHN B. LINN, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office on Allegheny Street.

CLEMENT DALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Northwest corner of Diamond. VOCUM & HASTINGS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW BELLEFONTE, PA.

High Street, opposite F.rst National Bank.

WM. C. HEINLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA. Practices in all the courts of Contre County. Spec al attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

WILBUR F. REEDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. All bus ness promptly attended to. Collection of claims a speciality. J. A. Beaver. BEAVER & GEPHART, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office on Alleghany Street, North of High. A. MORRISON,

Pa.

datisfaction Guaranteed.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court

THE PASTOR'S STORY. The pas'or's litt'e daughter Site smiling in the sun, Beside her on t e old stone bench The story-book just done, And lurking in her wine-brown eyes A story just begun, For youder, pruning the apple trees, Behold the farmer's son. Slowly adown the pathway The pastor comes and goes, And settles with his long, lean hand The glasses on his nose. Bore ever dry. brown branch before So beautiful a rose ? Ah, he thinks his blossom only a bud. Though he watches it as it blows. Is it the story of Moses In his rusb-wrapped cradle found, Or of Joseph and his bret tern. He thinks as he giances round ?

"You have finished your volume. Amy, Is it something scriptural and sound ?" And his little daughter blushes and starts, And her book falls to the ground. Go on with your walk, good pastor, You do not yourself deceive : It has been a scriptural story Since Adam first kissed Eve And never blush, little lassie, The ta e was written above.

No other so speaks of Heaven As the old. old story of love.

pleasant if not a happy home.

this rude cabin.

aid of his rifle. .

The Hermit of Lone Cabin.

As a last favor I beg that you will not in any way try to discover my identity. Will Away to the base of the beetling crags you promise that ?" Receiving the hearty assent of the byand cliffs of the hoary Sierras stands a standers, the man signified that he was inlonely cabin, where only ruin and desolareadiness for action. tion mark what might have once been a

women ?"

hand

other.

that score.

the open air.

the duel.

Jostled and pushed by the excited spec-tators, the hermit slowly followed.

duelists took the positions assigned them.

"I call upon you to witness," said the

recluse of Lone Cabin, addressing the spec-

tators, "that this is no quarrel of mine.

But, after this treatment I have received

from this man, whom I postitively say I

I fall, please see that I have proper burial.

If

never saw before, I am driven to this.

slow movement of his foe.

upon him in silence,

There succeeded the ominous "one, two, Well do I remember the dark, tempestuthree, fire," when the young stranger rapous night that a friend and myself passed idly discharged his weapon and with such accuracy that his antagonist reated forward beneath its roof but a few years since. While seated before a glowing fire, for it and fell to the earth without making a hoswas late in autumn, he gave me the followtile movement. ing veritable history of the place: Smiling grimly the slayer remained mo-Notwithstanding that it was miles from tionless as the spectators rushed to the side any habitation, several years before a soli- of the fallen man.

tary individual had appeared in the vicin-"Is he dead?" cried one. ity, and out of the material that he pro-"Dead as a stone !" exclaimed a tall cured from the neighboring forest built weather-beaten mountaineer who was bendng over the silent form. He was a stranger to all who met him, "Then my work is done, and the wrongs

and seeming to avoid rather than to seek my poor sister suffered are avenged !" said acquaintance, he soon became known as the younger stranger as he turned to join "The Hermit of Lone Cabin." his companion.

Three years passed, and the unknown Meanwhile some of the others began to still lived in his secusion, subsisting upon make preparations for the burial of the unthe game that he readily procured with the fortunate hermit.

While a couple were in act of raising the One day about this time, as the hermit contrary to his usual habit, visited the nearest settlement, twenty miles below, he to see the long, flowing beard worn by the scene. He knew what the goat could do, six "flies." One master in the trade is was met by a new-comer in the place, who face as white and smooth as a maiden's like a cold fish as he tried to initiate hunself

Moloney's Goat. courage enough to war upon defenseless A few days ago, a boy sat in the dock of The hermit, fairly writhing under the the police court at San Francisco, weeping treatment he had received, could only look

Millheim

bitterly. He was charged by his father with disturbing the peace and leading a disso-The excited crowd began to hoot him, lute life. His name was Moloney. His and the confusion was becoming ominous father was a contractor who, at the expense of danger to the trembling man, when the of the city, earned an honest political livavenger silenced them with a move of his ing. They took a newspaper, and the un-

fortunate boy read an incendiary item to the Then. drawing a brace of heavy revolv- effect that Frank Buckland, the naturalist, ers, he extended them both toward the had discovered that a goat was an excellent thing to keep in a stable along with horses, "Take one," he said flercely. "I see as it would face fire and the horses would

you are not armed; but they are loaded follow it through flames. He thought it alike, and you have nothing to fear from over. He wanted to show his father what a thoughtful and considerate boy he was. Without a word the bewildered victim Besides, he wanted a goat. He went down on Rincon Hill and found one. It was a mechanically took one of the proffered firegoat of Irish proclivities and ownership, and of the male gender. Would it face fire? 'Mid the applause of the crowd, the duelist led the way to the door, and out into It would. It wasn't expensive to keep. It had lived for a month on shingle-nails and oyster cans and the different ropes with which it had been tethered. Would the man Once outside and the young stranger's sell him? He would give this one away besecond began to measure off the ground for cause he liked the little boy's locks. And the poor, unsuspecting little boy started for Natoma street, down First, the goat leading As the preliminaries were arranged, the the boy. He felt pretty good for a goat. Whenever a horse went by or a dog hove in The challenger emphatically waited the sight he would get up on his hind legs and

walk Spanish, while the dogs let out for the Mission, and the children on the front piazzas had fits on an average of about eight to the block. Finalty he got an idea and ricochetted up Mission street in jumps that would have sprained the ankle of any goat but him. The boy acted as rudder and steered him to Natoma street. It was after dark. There was hay in the stable visible through the open door. The goat debated the matter a while and then went in. The boy said nothing about the investment to his kind and lovir g parents. Fortunately his father was down at the grocery store and knew nothing. He would come home so full of politics that he couldn't tell a goat from a six-bit umbrella unless the goat had time to explain. He hoped that his father would not go to the stable. He prayed that he wouldn't. He had faith and confidence in his father, but he doubted that goat. The \$3 clock in his bedroom struck 11, and he knew by that that it was 12:45, and that the old man would be along shortly. He heard him coming, heard the gate slam and then, first trembling and then in anguish, heard his father's footsteps going towards the stable. He heard the padlock rattle, heard the door swing open, and then he heard a whizz, a spasmodic puff as if a small balloon had bursted, and then a skiffling noise as the heels of his father's boots slid along the planks and he fell backwards in the mud, about eight feet and three quarters from the door. He raised the window body to bear it away, they were surprised and looked weeping and silent upon the

present the sprigs are generally sewn, as they are completed by the work-women, on blue paper, and then united by another hand, eilher on the pillow by "cut-works" "purling," or else joined with the or needle by various stitches. The patterns of these sprigs are in the first place pricked with needles on a kind of shining brown millboard known as "parchment paper," by women who often devote themselves exclusively to this branch of the business. Among the commonest sights of a fine summer evening in East Devon are the lacemakers, each seated at her door, with their lace-pillows (which resemble thick circular pads) on their laps, and the small children around them on their little stools, all busily occupied ir making these sprigs, whether "turkey-tails," "blackberries," or "stars." Similarly in winter the steady "click, click, click," of their pins proceeds from every lage 13 heard the incessant jar and rattle of the stockingers' frames.

The picturesque village of Beer, near the chalk headland of the same name, so famous gated daily about the Captain's house and of old for smugglers,, is now celebrated for its exquisite Honiton lace. Here the Queen's wedding-dress was made at a cost of £1,000. It is composed of Honiton sprigs connected on a pillow by a variety of open-work stitches. The Princess Royal, Princess Alice and Princess of Wales also wore wedding-dresses of Honiton point made at Beer and the neighborhood. Capital workmanship in this lace was shown at the International Exhibition in 1862, but the patterns were conventional and clumsy, arabesques, made lions and poor imitations of nature. Hence may be traced in great measure its decline in public estimation, though its costliness must always militate against its general use. In consequence of this deficiency prizes were offered in connection with the Bath and West of England Society for natural work in Honiton lace, which produced such admirable specimens that the Queen ordered them to be sent to Windsor Castle for her inspection. From very tender years children are taught to make Honiton lace in what are termed lace schools. The little things collect in a dame's room, and under her tuition, frequently seconded by a cane, are taught the mysteries of the art. They are apprenticed to the trade in Devon at eight, nine, and ten years of age (but in Bucks and Beds commonly at six years, often at four or tive), earning nothing in their first year, and sixpence per week in the second. Alterwards they are paid so much per sprig, the price varying with the demand, value of cotton, etc., but being generally Id., 2d., or 3d. per sprig. "I can make our turkeys' tails a day, and get 11d. for each," a girl of ten lately told us with pardonable pride. A child of five years old

Puss and the Sparrows.

Soucenal.

and giving as many as covered the lace. At The other day a number of gentlemen were sitting in the detectives' room in the City Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, when an Engish sparrow flew near the window, peeped in and darted away again. Captain Holzworth, who saw the little fellow, said that whenever he saw a sparrow flit it reminded him of a little scene which occurred in his yard one cold day last winter. The sparrows, it seems, ascertained the fact that there was a knothole in the gable of his house, and took advantage of that knowledge by taking possession of the hole and a portion of his attic, where they passed the winter as snug as bugs in a rug. The captain's wife has a warm spot in her heart for birds. So when the ground was covered with snow, and the little fellows ran a risk of starving to death, Mrs. H. would sweep away the snow and spread upon the ground cottage, just as in a Nottinghamshire vil- a fine repast of crumbs. The sparrows soon learned to depend upon her, and told their friends what a fine landlady they had. In consequence hundreds of then congre-

partook of his charity. Close to the spot where the birds were usually fed was a pile of bricks, and upon this pile the Captain's cherished mouser used to station himself for the purpose of watching for prey. As soon as the birds would get comfortably settled about the crumbs the cat would pounce upon them and invariably get a tender sparrow for dinner. Finally the birds became accustomed to the cat's mode of precedure and would be on the watch whenever they were feeding. They were so alert that the cat would hardly get ready for a spring before they were up in the air and out of danger. One day they were eating as usual, and the cat as usual was watching them. Like a bolt of lightning the mouser jumped into their midst, but they were too quick for her, and escaped unhurt. Miss Tabby, not discouraged, mounted the pile of bricks again and awaited their return. The sparrows, after flying about for some time, finally settled upon the fence at the foot of the lot, where they held a long and interesting confab. After chattering away for several minutes they cautiously returned to their crumbs and resumed their eating, keeping all the while a sharp lookout for the enemy. After the cat had become satisfied that they were too much interested in satisfying their appetite to think of her, she made another spring. The birds were up in an instant, and instead of flying away as usual they formed themselves into a hollow square and charged upon the foe. Some got upon the cat's back and scratched and picked with all their might; others flew right into her face, while the balance made it interesting in the rear. The cat was so surprised at first that she was unable to move. The birds bewill earn a penny in four hours by making came more and more infuriated and fought such a savage battle that they drove the A Sunless Girl.

Henry Richter and his wife were married in the old country about thirty years ago, and in succession they lost four children. each of whom came to the age of two or three years and then died of something which seemed like inanition. They faded away, and the best medical talent in the Grand Duchy-they are Badenese-could assign no cause for the deaths. Richter and his wife came to America and settled in St. Louis, where they lost two more children in the same way. Shortly before the birth of the present girl, Richter met the Baron von Michæloffsky, who was stopping in St. Louis at the time, and to him he told the story of the blight which had fallen upon his family. The Baron was a member of a number of mystical societies. We believe he belonged to some lodge of Rosicrucians, which the great Liebnitz adorned; and touched by the tale that the father had told him, he cast the horoscope of the child at the moment of its birth. carefully noting the aspects of the planets' and making a chart of the future of the baby which at the moment was crying in its nurse's arins. Just what that horoscope was has never been told to any one but Richter and his wife, and the result was that they have never moved away from the house in which they then lived and have carefully kept the girl out of the sunlight ever since. Henry is a wealthy man and can gratify every whim which an idle fancy could perceive, but he has chosen to live always in a mean neighborhood, surrounded by people with whom he has not a thought in common, all for the reason of preserving the daughter whom he idolizes. A writer gained access to the lady's chamber and had a pleasant chat with her. She evinced a strong desire to get out of doors and see a world of which she knew nothing. The writer thus describes the lady: Margaretha was reclining in an easy chair before the grate, in which a rather bright fire was burning. The room was also lighted by gas, and every detail was very apparent. There were no windows in the room, and the furniture was of the most costiy character, but it may easily be imagined the scribe had eyes for nothing and for nobody but the pale girl by the fireside. She looked fully her age-nineteen-but her face was blanched and white; not a tinge of red could be made out in the cheeks, although it was evident enough in the rather full lips. Her eyes were blue almost to blackness, and her hair, which rolled off the cushioned back of the chair and fell in masses on the floor, was black as night. There was not a feature or a tist to suggest German origin in her face or lithe form, and she looked rather sweet and amiable than pretty, although her features were regular enough. She was attired in a laced and frilled white wrap, gathered about the waist by the strings of an oldfashioned sontag of white wool, the only

oth as a maiden's face as white and sn greeted him with the familiarity of an old D. S. KELLER, suddenly disclosed to their gaze. friend. Appearing surprised, he denied ever having seen the other, and would fain have that the Hermit of Lone Cabin was a ATTORNEY AT LAW, left him, but the would be associate seized woman! BELLEFONTE, PA. him by the collar, excla ming: "You can't deceive me, Loren Gray. knew you the moment I saw you, though the spot, and as he haught sight of the fair Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon', Building, Allegheny Street. five years have changed your looks greatcountenance he cried: Don't you remember Frank Chap-TOHN G. LOVE. lv. eless. map. I am he. Come, old boy. I want to show you to another old friend whom ATTORNEY AT LAW, you will be glad to see." Still the herm t, confused and excited, BELLEFONTE PA. protested that his name was not Loren turning life. Gray, and that he had never met the other. Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the ate W. P. Wilson. "Twon't do old chap; you can't deceive me by playing off in that way," was the likely to prove so. reply he received. "I known that you are BUSINESS CARDS OF MILLHEIM, &C. Loren Gray, and I have a friend down to the Eagle House who desires to see you on known A. STURGIS, most important business. Come with me, and if he don't recognize you, I will stand the drinks for the crowd," for by this DEALER IN time quite a knot of spectators had collect-Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Reed around the spot, eager to know what was pairing neatly and promp'ly don . and warranted. Main Street, opposite Bank, M. Ilheim, Yielding with great reluctance, the hermit was half dragged by the impetuous O DEININGER, stranger down to the public house, followed by a throng of lookers-on. "I tell you it's a mistake," repeated the NOTARY PUBLIC. her false lover. SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER, victim; "my name is not Loren Gray. but_" MILLHEIM, PA. All business entrusted to him, such as writing and acknowledging Deeds, Morigages, Releas s, &c., will be executed with neaturess and dis-patch. Office on Main Street. By this time they had entered the building, and the stranger, turning quickly to instead of returning to her friends, she had a young man lying on a dry-goods box sought a life of loneliness. Her brother it. near at hand, indolently smoking his pipe, cried: H. TOMLINSON, "Here Al, I have found him." Springing to his feet in surprise, the DEALER IN one addressed, who did not seem to be ALL KINDS OF more than twenty-one or two years of age, Groceries, Notions, Drugs, Tobaccos, Cigar Fine Confectione ies and everything in the lin Cigars but with a tall, athletic form, turned upon of a first-class strocery st re. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Main St eet, opposite Bank, Mi lheim Pa. the intruders. him by it. As he caught sight of the hermit he staggered back like one shot, and pressing his AVID I. BROWN, hand to his forehead, exclaimed: "Loren Gray !" MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN "Yes," cried his friend, triumphantly, "I found him less than five minutes ago; TINWARE, STOVEPIPES, &c., but he has the audacity to deny his iden-SPOUTING A SPECIALTY. tity. Unheeding the words, the younger man shop on Main Strett, two houses east of Bank Millheim, Penna. faced the amazed hermit, and as his piercing eyes met the others, he said hoarsely, their homes a happy company. EISENHUI'H, trembling with passion: "Have you torgotten me, Loren Gray?" JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, "For mercy's sake, tell me what this means! I am not Loren Gray, and neither of the past. MILLHEIM, PA. do I know you." All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a specialty. Office opposite Eisenhuth's Drug Store "Bah! You need not think to escape by Premier Gladstone. your lies. I have not hunted for you this five years to be baffled now that I have M USSER & SMITH, found you. If you do not remember me, have you forgotten my sister, whom you DEALERS IN betrayed and murdered?" Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints, Glass, Wall Paper, Coach Trimmings, and Saddlery Ware, &c., &c. ··I-"Not a word, dog! You can offer no of intellectual activity and personal leader-All grades of Patent Wheels. atonement for the wrongs that you have Corner of Main and Penn Street, Milheim, done save in the sacrifice of your life. But long line of Scotti-h lairdmen of small I wish to take no advantage, and I chal-Penna. lenge you to meet me in mortal combat." TACOB WOLF, "No, no!" cried the other. "You are a think and to lead. The face is scholarly, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, stranger to me and I have no quarrel with cultivated, its outlines boldly defined by you. 1 must decime to fight you." MILLHEIM, PA. As the hermit spoke the words, which in the minds of the rough men around him not an ounce of supefluous flesh on it. Cutting a Specialty. Shop next door to Journal Book Store. marked him a coward, the room rang with thin lips and well-cut mouth and chin be-MILLHEIM BANKING CO., their cries of derision. The young stranger, too, his face nearly ance. Seventy summers have sat lightly colorless with rage, uttered a contemptuous on Mr. Gladstone, but the years have cry as he dealt the man a smart blow on the brought their blessings of rest, and his face historian, "which gave great satisfaction at her tying his feet and hands. But he didn't viaduct arch and the old man shot up in lend him some Kyann pepper to help start MAIN STREET. cheek. "There; see if that will not awaken you. MILLHEIM, PA. I say that one of us must die. Take your of trouble and thought. A new fact, how- Brussels lace, on a pillow, and then applichoice of wespons and meet me at once. I ever, or an aggressive opinion, wakes the qued, or sewn on to a net ground. In the got him securely tied, and had got the his legs twisted around his neck. Hasten-A. WALTER. Cashier. DAV. KRAPE. Pres. am impatient to have it over. I care but whole man in the fire of youth, and the eye last century this was a plain pillow-ground little if I fall, if I can know ere I die that flashes with eager light, and the body bends made of the finest Antwerp thread, which the untimely fate of my poor sister has quickly forward as if to grasp a fresh ac- in 1790 cost £70 per pound, though even I've caught you in the very act !" But she HARTER, been avenged. Come, Norman," address- qisition. Like all strong Englishmen, Mr. more was given for it. Eighteen shillings didn't drop the knife or seem dismayed. ing his companion, "you will be my sec- Gladstone is a man of large physical pow- a yard, scarce two inches in width, was She asked him what he was going to do knots in his legs, brushed the dust from his AUCTIONEER, ond, while he can select whom he will. If er and endurance, fond of out-door air and paid for this ground. The ordinary way about it, and then he discovered that he ears and hair, and rubbing his bruised el-I fall, you know my request. Don't let work, and the ring of his axe at Haw- of paying for veils of this fabric was (as couldn't do anything, and as she whacked bows growled : REBERSBURG, PA.

In the height of the excitement following the discovery the stranger duelist reached "My God! it is my sister!" and fell sen-To cut the story short, by the time the speaker recovered his consciousness after the fearful shock he had received, the dear mother appeared surmounting her kind wounded one began to show signs of re-It was then found that though the shot had barely escaped being fatal, it was not A long sickness followed, however, and t was months before the whole story was "The Hermit of Lone Cabin" was indeed the sister of him who had nearly become her murderer. Years before she had portion of the loose soil in the yard along met and loved a man by the name of War. ren Arnold, but on the day before that fixed for their wedding he had disappeared, unroofed himself and peered in. No exand she, nearly broken-hearted, was a few days after abducted and borne away to the and the spavined mare delivered a reassurmountain retreat of a band of road agenrs, the leader of whom was none other than More grief-stricken than ever, she succeeded in escaping; but, somewhat crazed, Raiph, who had been away at school for three years, learned of her misfortunes and supposed death, and returned to his home to begin a search for the villain who had been the cause of so much suffering. no trouble. Warren Arnold's true name was Loren Gray, and Ralph ever spoke of him by that name, though his sister had never known Accompanied by his friend, Norman Arlin, he had sought far and wide for him, but to make at last that well-nigh fatal gated a gentle "baa!" error in mistaking the "hermit" for his foe. As his sister had not seen him for eight years, and at a time there is most change in one's appearance she had not recognized benches, and understood why he wanted to When she was able, they all returned to Later, Norman Arlin became her hus band, and a new life dawned for her. The Lone Cabin still stands, a memento In personal appearance Mr. Gladstone i an active, lithe muscular man, rather tall which so strongly impresses the traveler and of well-proportioned frame. His face and figure have that clear-cut contour which generally indicate several generations ship. Mr. Gladstone is the decendant of a wealth and limited possess ons, but accus tomed to stand first in their community, to that meagreness of muscle which distinguishes the intellectual athlete. re i The token firmness, determination and endurin general wears the repose of strength and Court." The usual type of Honiton lace give himself away. He determined to the air, turned seven separate and distinct a circulation." experience-strongly lined with the record consists of sprigs made separately. like stop her in the very act of committing the somersaults and lit on the small of his back

him escape. Well, Loren Gray, dare you arden, so familiar to England, has echoed jeweiers now weigh sovereigns against gold the nose off he didn't feel that he'd been so meet me like a man, or have you only even across the Atlantic.

like a gold-fish as he tried to inflate himself again. Finally he forced down enough A glance told them that it was false, and wind for meagre conversational purposes. He said : "C'm out here'n (hic) gimme a show.

Yee bloodi coward !" Still no response except a faint clatter of hoofs that told the listening son that the concealed thunderbolt was prancing around on his hind legs aching for another shot. "Is that you, Moloney? I'd shpake wid

you." The voice came from the bed-room window where the night cap of the boy's race and the top of a broomstick.

"Can't c'm up. Got somefin here (hic. Sumfin blowed up.

"Whart is it ?" "Don'no (hic.) Guessr roof fell in."

"Why don't yer go an' see ? Air ye goin' ter shlape there all night, ye dhrunken ould freckle ranche ?" Braced up by the connumbial indorse

ment, the father arose, as did also a large with him. Triangulating with some difficulty to the windward side of the door, he plosive agent was visible in the darkness, ing whinny. Mr. Moloney had prize-fought in his younger days, and it occurred to him that it would be strategic and defiant to shy his hat at the ambuscade. The ambuscade and, on the whole, the occupation of lacetook in the shy but remained quiescent, save for the motion necessary to masticate morality.

Having regained his wind and some courage, he concluded to enter. He placed himself temptingly in the doorway, facing outward. No sign! He took a sep backward, still with safety. A third, and still

Moloney struck a match, and there stood revealed a meek-looking billy-goat, largest size, copper-fronted and sweet of expression, who, as the last two inches of hat rim disappeared down his œsophagus, promul-

The kind ju ge noticed that the little boy had been standing up all the time he was in the dock, though there were plenty of go to the Industrial School until his father broke his arm and his mother caught the paralysis. He told him to cheer up, however, and he would see about his case, and the little boy wiped his nose on the sleeve of his coat and went below.

Boniton Lace

Few people need reminding for what Honiton, England, is famous, as they are plamant paid the costs and pointed out the whirled through its delightful valley, man. The "Court," with majesty on his brow and his sleeves rolled up, went for who here first makes acquaintance with the the offender, and in sixty seconds thrashed varied scenery of Devon. Lace-making, him to the full content of both parties. however, is not confined to Honiton, but The Court then put on his coat and reextends over a large triangular district of marked that "he was a peace officer, and southern Devon, from the little village of wished it understood that this Court would Seaton at the mouth of the Axe river along preserve the peace, and any man who the coast by Beer, Branscombe, Salcombe, thought he could raise thunder in that neck Sidmeuth, and Otterton to Exmouth, including most of the villages between Hom- the court personally." No other case has ton and the sea, and especially the town of Ottery St. Mary. It even reached to

Lyme Regis in Dorset, where, at the end of last century, lace was made as high as four or five guineas a yard, which rivalled

Brussels in estimation; "a splendid lace dress for the late lamented Queen Charlotte was fabricated at Lyme," says its

workchildren. A clever adult hand will their feast and were left to themselves the easily earn a shilling a day at her lace-pilbalance of the winter, the cat making herself low in good times; in many parts of Devon, scarce when they put in an appearance. however, the work is paid for on the truck system. The average carnings of a quick Strange Vocations.

hand may be put down at three shillings or three shillings and sixpence a week. At A lady-resident of the Faubourg St. Ger-Valenciennes the workers used to toil in main, Paris, 18 credited with earning a underground cellars from 4 in the morning till 8 at night, and scarcely earn tenpolice a day. The abuse connected with the lace-schools were lately exposed by the Children's Employment Commission. It was found that the hours of work in them were generally excessive, and the atmosphere extremely bad, owing to the crowded state of the small rooms in which the children work. Discipline is rigidly enforced, and in some schools, in order that the lace may be kept clean, the children sit without shoes on brick or stone floors. These causes, coupled with the constrained position of the worker, who must bend over the pillow which rests in her lap, lay he seeds of illness and frequently of consumption in after life. The morality can testify, from personal knowledge, is large. They are thin and sallow, inclined to that bold, false independence which is

good income by hatching red, black, and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nigtingales; and a third "marchand d'asticots" boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from five to ten pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby over three hundred pounds a year. No wonder he professes great fondness for amongst the lacemakers of Devon, we his "children" as he calls them; although, like other fond fathers. he is ready enough to part with them when opportunity offers. This curious vocation is not unknown in always engendered when women neglect England. Some twelve years ago, we are the domestic virtues. The children are told, Mr. Wells, a fishing-tackle maker of often defiant and disobedient to parents, Nottingham, in order to ensure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a: making cannot be called one favorable to farm for the rearing of lobworms, cockspurs, ring-tailed brandlings, and other worms in demand among the deciples of Walton, who abound in the old lace town.

foe down the garden path on a full gallop

and under the barn. They returned to

To keep his farm stocked, men and boys In Presque Isle county, toward Macki go out at night collecting worms in the nac, is a beautiful lake-Hight Grand lake meadows and pastures; a moist warm night -on whose shore stands a club house vielding from two to six thousand worms. owned by sundry fish-loving citizens of As soon as they are brought in they are Adrian, Michigan. The country around is placed in properly selected moss, field moss pretty much as nature made it-roughfor choice, to scour until they become little and the few backwoodsmen living there are more than skin-freshly caught worms bemuch like the country. One of them, ing too tender for the anglers to handle : named Crawford, was lately elected Justice while "when a worm is properly educated, of the Peace. A wood-chopper made comhe is as tough as a bit of india rubber, and behaves as a worm should do when put plaint that a certain raftsman had beaten upon the hook." When this condition is fender's arrest. The Justice's entire stock attained, the worms are packed in moss, and put up in light canvass bags for the a subpœna. After spending: some time market. This worm merchant does not entirely depend upon the industry of his the case, he got mad, flung down his collectors, but breeds large quantities himself in his own garden; the component See here, mister, this court is bound to see | parts of his breeding-heap being a secret he not unnaturally keeps to himself.

A Diplomatic Answer.

The old man Smith, of Richfield, is a self-sufficient sort of an old fellow, and prides himself upon his riding abilities. One day he espied his young hopeful lead. ing a colt to water rather gingerly, and remarked:

"Why on earth don't you ride that beast ?" "I'm' 'fraid to; 'fraid he'll throw me.'

"Bring that hoss here," snapped the old

The colt was urged up to the fence, and braced on one side by the boy while the old man climbed on to the rails and stocked and put bricks to his feet. Mam, she's uphimself on the colt's back. Then he was stairs, with four quilts and a carpet over let go, and the old gentleman rode proudly her, but I heard her shiver clear down to off. Paralyzed by fear the colt went slow-

threat, and in the night he awoke and found bunched together, his back bowed lke a sun on the sidewalk an' axin' everybody to crime, and so feigned sleep until she had in the middle of the road, and with both zen. knife all ready to do the deed, when he ing to him the young hopeful anxiously in-

"Did it hurt you, pa?"

The old man rose slowly, shook out the

"Well, it didn't do me a bit of good. You go home."

bit of color in her dress heing a kerchief wrapped negligently about her throat. On the whole she resembled nothing but a crayon picture brought to life. She seemed all black and white

A Boy and a Pole.

Of course it is wrong to go fishing on the Sabbath day, and the clergyman of a Berkshire county church felt that it was so when he addressed his Sunday School and earnestly exhorted the boys to refrain from such a proceeding. But there was one boy in the school who, instead of being led away from the evil by the pastor's address, merely got the idea from it of going out that very afternoon, and when the reverend gentleman, who, on six days in the week, was as ready to pull a trout from the water as the next man, was strolling in the meadows later in the day, he was pained to come upon that wicked small boy seated under some bushes and angling in a deep hole in a brook. He s opped and said to the confused and blushing youth : "My boy, I'm sorry to-see that you pay so little regard to what I said this morning." The boy had dropped his pole at being addressed, and at that instant the line straightened with a yank that be: okened a big trout on the hook. The lad saw it, but he dared not touch the pole until the olergyman said: "You had better take your pole and go home. Be quick, too, boy !' Then the youngster tried to obey, but he was a very small boy, and the fish didn't come out very easily, and the way that clergyman fretted and fumed for a minute was a caution, and then he said : "I-Iam afraid-if I leave you with the pole, you'll use it again when I'm gone-go home and J'll take it home for you," and he seized the pole and the small boy skipped away and in a miuute there was a splendid three-pound trout in the clergyman's hands. and then before he could hide the pole and wrap the fish in his handkerchief to put it in his pocket, along came one of the deacoas, and the pastor had a terribly embarrassing time explaining the matter, and had to rame seven different days that he expected the deacon to dine with him before the latter would believe that the pastor found a boy there with the pole and fish, but that the youth ran off on the pastor's approach.

Beat the Thermometer

When the toiling, prespiring masses discovered that the thermometers down town marked plump 100 degrees in the shade, they wiped off their chins and congratulated each other on having lived to see such a period. About the time that everybody was happiest, along came a small boy whose face was as red as a beet and whose eves shone like glass.

"Where's a doctor ?" he called out as he entered a crowd.

"Here, boy-what's the matter ?" replied one of the men as he reached out to detain the lad

"Hull family fr zin' to death at the house?" he explained. Dad is in the downstairs bedroom, shakin' and chatterin and callin' on me to bring him red-hot tea the corner. My sister she's got her feet in the cook-stove oven, and is writing an ode

"Is-that-so?" slowly queried a cit-

"Course it is! Hain't I down town after a doctor an' some soft coal? I wish some of you fellers would tell me if the Prob. report predicts a change to warmer weather.'

The thermometer still marked a plump hundred, but as the crowd again turned to the figures there seemed to be a goneness somewhere-a sort of aching void which figures couldn't till.

of woods would have to try the case with since been tried by' Squire Crawford. He Felt a Trifle Flat. An Oregon woman threatened to cut her | ly for about twenty rods without a demonhusband's nose off. and he overheard the stration. Then like lightning his four legs to winter, and bruther Bill he's lyin' in the

opened his eyes and cried: "Ah! hussy, quired:

chains (by spreading shillings over them, blamed smart, after all.

him, and asked for a warrant for the ofof legal blanks consisted of a summons and vainly in trying to make these papers fit papers and addressed the complainant thus: justice done in this township. You pay me two dollars and a half, costs of court, show me the man, and the Court will lick the evil out of him in two minutes." Com-

He was a Peace Officer.

