Deaver aprin

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Some may escape from its troubles and care;

And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Robbing our hearts of their treasures of

Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,

Though poverty's cottage and crust we may

Weak is the back on which burdens are press

Hope in the heart makes the burden seem

And somehow or other we get to the end.

Charlington Hardness.

Helen Charlington was as white as the

ermine cloak which she had wrapped about

night air that made her shiver ; but she

faced Doctor Warren Bolton with a deter-

mination which needed no words for its ex-

"Listen to me. If you cannot come to-

night, do not come to me again anywhere.

Yet somehow or other we worry along

Every-day toil is an every day blessing,

Life tas a turden for every man shoulder,

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,

older,

song ;

share :

by prayer.

ing,

friend

lighter.

"But Helen-

It is the end between us."

Her eyes had not left his face.

"Are you going ?" she said slowly.

"Helen, Helen !"

only for an instant.

waited for him.

you.

nacy.

The

VOL. LIV.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF

BELLEFONTE.

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower. 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,

Northwest corner of Diamond.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

VOCUM & HASTINGS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, her head and face. Perhaps it was the BELLEPONTE, PA High Street, opposite First National Bank. WM. C. HEINLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. Practices in all the courts of Centre County Special attention to Collection in German or English.

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Office on Alleghany Street, North of High. A. MORRISON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

which she had never known happiness. Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court There was but one other child, a daughter, House. "the image of her father," every one S. KELLER, agreed, and the impression prevailed in Riverford that she was exactly like him in ATTORNEY AT LAW disposition. A few who knew the facts asserted that she had taken her brother's BELLEFONTE, PA. part with such determination that both of them had been ordered to leave the house Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street. never to return to it; Helen being prevented from doing so only by the refusal JOHN G. LOVE, of her brother to allow her to sacrifice herself to his interests. That Helen and her father were too much alike to agree was ATTORNEY AT LAW, well known, though their lives ran in such different directions that they seldom BELLEFONTE PA. clashed. Mr. Charlington's time was spent among the looms and spindles of his factory Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. P. Wilson. to which he would not wholly trust any overseer. His daughter was a social favorite. She enjoyed a life of singular free-BUSINESS CARDS OF MILLHELM, &C dom, and with abundance of money at her command, gathered about her in her STURGIS father's house whatever friends she pleased Α. to select. Mr. Charlington was glad to see any display which could be made with DEALER IN his money, although too busy in making Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Watches. more to take time for any comfort of his pairing neatly and promptly done and warranted. Main Street, opposite Bank, Millheim, Helen, after her engagement to Doctor Pa. Bolton, found herself for the first time in her life in a position where she was occa-O DEININGER, A. sionally called upon for some self-sacrifice. For this her previous life had wholly un-NOTARY PUBLIC. SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER. fitted her. Much as she loved Warren Bolton, the new relation between them had MILLHEIM, PA. not existed six weeks before they had All business entrusted to him, such as writing and acknowledging Deeds, Morigages, Beleases, &c., will be executed with neatness and dis-patch. Office on Main Street. many stormy times and words. He was a popular young physician, with a large practice among the mill operatives, and H. H. TOMLINSON, Helen, though neither a jealous nor capricious woman; was exacting and unreason-ANTO : able. She ignored the poverty and wretched DEALER IN ness of the world. That there was a good ALL KINDS OF deal or it she knew in a vague, general Groceries, Notions, Drugs, Tobaccos, Cigars, Fine Confectioneries and everything in the line sort of way; for Doctor Bolton, he was content to have it so. It would have been of a first-class Grocery store. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Main Street, opposite Bank, Milheim, Pa. his first instinct to shield her from anything disagreeable or painful, had she DAVID I. BROWN. needed such protection. But for himself he reserved the right of ministering to the MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN afflicted, asking no help in his work, but submitting to no interference. His own TINWARE, STOVEPIPES, &c., comfort and convenience he was always SPOUTING A SPECIALTY. ready to sacrifice to her, that of his patients, even the poorest among themshop on Main Street, two houses east of Bank, Millheim, Penna. never! and slight as the causes of their quarrels had been, they involved a prin-EISENHUTH, ciple vital to both. The old New England fashion of JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Thanksgiving dinner had always been held in the Charlington family, and Helen's in-MILLHEIM, PA. vited guests always made a gala day of what would have been in Seth Charling-All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a specialty. Office opposite Elsenhuth's Drug Store. ton's house a very sombre festival. On this particular occasion she had arranged USSER & SMITH, a little different programme. The preceding summer Mr. Charlington had built a DEALERS IN fine cottage on the bluffs by the seaside, Hardware, Stoves, Olls, Paints, Glass, Wall Papers, Coach Trimmings, and Saddiery Ware, &c., &c. five miles south of Riverford, and it was Helen's fancy to invite the guests, who at All grades of Patent Wheels. Corner of Main and Penn Streets, Millheim, different times had sojourned there with her, to a Thanksgiving party by the side of the sea. Her father humored what he called one of her many unaccountable TACOB WOLF, whims. The sleighing was fine, the weather perfect, and it would have been FASHIONABLE TAILOR, hard to find a merrier party than the one MILLHEIM, PA. assembled at the ocean at that unaccustomed season. But Dr. Bolton was absent. Helen had not waited for him. She had Cutting a Specialty. Shop next door to Journal Book Store. received a note from him before they left MILLHEIM BANKING CO., the city, saying that business detained him, and he should, if possible, drive down to the cottage later in the day. She was MAIN STREET. terribly annoyed at the disappointment. She had always made Thanksgiving her MILLHEIM, PA greatest holiday of the year, and never before had anything occurred to mar its A. WALTER, Cashier. DAV. KRAPE. Pres. pleasure. "Heartless and selfish where I am con-HARTER. cerned," was the feeling with which she A crushed in her hand the little note. It was AUCTIONEER, surely too brief and curt to be loverlike, that was true, but Helen refused to con-

REBERSBURG, PA

pearance, every hour intensifying Helen's he realized the love which could conquer anger against him. It was nearly ten the Charlington hardness, was a love worth o'clock before he entered the house, pale waiting for, and to both it was indeed a Thanksgiving. and worn, and, without removing his over-Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're

Millheim

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1880.

till the owner mends his manners, Butchers,

have also a set of inspectors specially ap-

coat, he made his way directly to Mr. Charlington. A few animated words French Meat-Markets and Restaurants. passed between them, evidently disappointing the doctor, who, crossing the

The restaurants, hotels, and pastrycooks, room to Helen, said hurriedly. shops in Paris, are visited by a special set of inspectors, whose business it is to ascer-"Come this way one minute. I must go tain whether the kitchens are clean and the directly back to the city." Her first impulse was to turn away from cooking utensils free from verdigris. The him. Her second to make him answer for Grand Hotel and Cafe Anglais are amendwhat she considered nothing less than an able to this inspection equally with the insult. She followed him without a word meanest eating-houses of the suburbs; and to the front door, where he stepped outside if the inspectors discover any ground of so as not to be overheard ; but one glance complaint they visit the house day after

at her face made him realize the useless-But stout is the heart that is strengthened ness of words.

"You must trust me, Helen," he said, 'until I can explain," but she would not pointed to watch over them, and many ex-Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter listen making her own terms. And so they cellent laws exist in France for keeping Just when we mourn there were none to beparted.

the premises of these tradesmen in a healthy "If you ever want me, I will come to condition. Thus, the butcher's shops must Over and over she heard the words, have nothing wooden in their fixtures exvou." and hated herself for hearing them, as she cept the chopping-block. The floor must moved, smiling and brilliant, among her be covered with enamel tiles, and in place guests. Her father was apparently at his of shutters there must be iron bars, that ease, but she knew from the red spot on fresh air may pour into the shop at all hours his forehead that something had disturbed of the night. No slaughtering is allowed on the premises of butchers of pork,

The Thanksgiving party was a great the giant slaughter-houses at La Villette I fixed Wilber up and combed his silky success. At precisely twelve o'clock the being sufficient to meet the requirements sleighs were brought to the door, and all of all Paris. Here the cattle and pigs are returned to the city, separating for their brought along the outer boulevards between ten o'clock at night and nine in the morning, several homes with many hearty congratuations to the host and hostess. so that there may be no passing of flocks and herds through the city in broad day-Mr. Charlington's face was still flushed. light; and all the delivery of meat must be

Even the drive in the snowy air had not effected before ten A. M., in carts having lessened his color. Helen removed her white cloths to cover the quarters of beef wrappings, and sat down facing him. and mutton. Bad meat may be so chop-"Doctor Bolton had some news for you, ped up with pepper, spices and garlic that father. What was it ?" all tell-tale flavor will be disguised; but the He glowed at her angrily. meat must be bad, for the pork butchers so "Nothing pleasant for you to hear,

For an instant he seemed to waver; but Helen. "I have heard things before that were "1 am going, Helen," he said as slowly not pleasant," was the answer, "and I of veal and a similar quantity of ham can "if you ever want me I will come back to have a special reason for wanting to be mixed up with spices and sold as pie,

He doubted afterward if she had even know. heard the words, so quickly did she turn "Doctor Bolton made a discovery in his visit to-day. Your brother Edgar is in delusion. The inspectors can only do their away from him. He caught the dazzle of Riverfork Hospital, brought there yesterthe brilliantly lighted room which she enday, he tells me, from New York. tered, turned his face to the darkness and

the cold again, and strode off where duty At the mention of her brother's name Helen sprang to her feet. The Charlingtons were called "a hard "And you _____" she gasped.

family," not from any social shortcomings, "I am in no way responsible. Edgar but on account of their well-known obstitook his own course. I told him that if he left the house that night, he need Seth Charlington was one of the never return to it. For once he obeyed largest manufacturers in Riverford, and in

the numerous strikes among its operatives, | me." always held his own against them longer "Father, father! And you can be cruel! It is Thanksgiving night." and more successively than any other mill-"Did you forget that," ne sneered, owner. He had discarded his only son for some slight disobedience. Rumor said that 'when you sent Bolton away with almost his wife, who had died when the boy was

the same words. I heard them-acciborn, had gone gladly out of a home in dentally. Appeal was useless, Helen knew. With-

into the street.

solitary way up-stairs.

He heard of her often as a brilliant mem-

solitary musings, and watching the roll of

the enormous breakers on the beach, was

comes when we need him, God bless him.

The old man hurried away with the

"WARREN, you said if I ever wanted

less hardness in your heart than in our

It was fully three hours later before

Doctor Bolton stepped upon the cottage

piazza. It was duty first then, as it had

I have wanted you all the time,

"HELEN

family blood, come and spend Thanksgiv-

provisions, and a note which ran :

threw her arms about him.

interrupted by her maid,

ton."

ady.

any of us.

ing evening with

ago.

Warren."

sider under what paintul pressure it was

probably written.

could have nothing in common.

able.

Mrs. Grumper on Baby Shows. The other day a lady called on Mr.

Grumper's wife, informing the latter person that she (the visitor) was on the committee for inviting babies to the prize baby show, soon to be given.

"No," said the old lady, "I can't do nothing for you, becoz, in the first place, I hain't got any baby to begin with, and in the second, I don't believe in baby shows." "For reasons herinafter to be expressed," put in the old man, as he detected a significant glitter in his wife's eyes.

"Now," began Mrs. G., "there was that lived there and Wilberforce was but acomplainin' child." fishmongers poulterers and pork-butchers

oy that ever sucked paint off a red-colored rattle or cut teeth under disadvantgeous circumstances. He was such a nice, peaceful child, he was; never getting out of humor, allus good, seeming like he knew that yelling wouldn't help him through any quicker. The folks down there at Milton got up a baby show, and the first prize was a twenty-five dollar cradle, to be given to the finest baby exhibited inside of three days at the town hall. Josiah knows how locks until the first day of the fair came, and how when it did come I took him over on an old wheelbarrow. I sigh to think of it-of the fair. When I got there they was about forty brats arranged along the wall in cradles, and in I wheeled, toting Wilber and wheelbarrow up along 'ginst the wall. I took him back and forward the whole three days, and at the end of the third day the time for prizes was at hand, and I was all of a tremple. There was five deacons on the judge's committee, and towards evening they all come down to where I was undersell the butchers, that they would apsitting with the wheelbarrow, coming to parently have us believe that half a pound inspect my baby, I found. The first one for about three pence cheaper than a pound and shuck his finger at the rest. Another of plain veal! Let us pass lightly over this best, and if they discover offal or tainted meat on a pork-butcher's premises they imchild purty near out of the barrow by his mediately report the man to the Tribunal ears. de Simple Police, where he is scolded and came another sayin,' 'We must examine his fined; at the same time his shop will be phrenologistic capacities.' Then the sonwatched for weeks, till perhaps on some dark night a lad will be discovered stealing about the child's head, much to the amuse-

in with a sackful of dead cats, dogs, and rats, all ready for consignment to those could stand it no more, so rushin' up to the terrible steam mincing machines, which skinny brute I gave him a smart lick in the make chopped dog look like hashed beef for Coming now to the pastry cooks, grocers, and bakers, the honest folks have to put up with a great deal of inspection, the gro-

little brat. Good day."

VI. Thou shalt not listen to flattery nor accept trinkets from any man save thy weights, the pastry cooks because of the time," the old lady mused, wiping the husband. VII. Thou shalt not rifle thy h

The Bewitched Clock.

About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sun-day go-to-meetin' clothes, It was, in short, Joe Mayweed who thus burglariously, in the dead of the night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

NO. 28.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not te darken his door again ?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't but didn't say in a way that he had no right to do. So nothin' about winders. Winders is just as certain were they of this that a meeting good as doors, if there an't no nails to tear was held in the smoking car, and a vigilance your trowsers onto. Wonder if Sal 'll come down? The critter promised me. man was put off the train and the beautiful I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might girl protected, At a very lonely place on break my shins over somthin' or other, and wake up the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar bear here. Oh, here comes Sally !

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of another swoon, but she finally recovered the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for ?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at that clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and corroborating the words the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

'Good gracious! It's father!" "The deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe.

"Hide me, Sal !" "Where can I hide you ?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock-case.'

And without another word, he concealed himself in the case and drew the door be-V. Thou shalt not go to the opera or evehind him.

ning parties without thy husband; neither The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, and lighted it, and com smoking very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh ?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four then I'll go and feed the critters. pockets for money when he is asleep; "Hadn't you better go and feed the critneither shalt thou read any letters thou ters first, sir, and smoke afterwards," sugmayest find therein ; for it is his business gested the dutiful Sally. to look after his own affairs, and thine to "No, smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment. Bur-r-r-r-whiz-z-ding-ding! went the clock.

A Wedding Trip.

Somenal.

committee appointed to see that the ugly

time ago-this according to the reliable local chronicler-a beautiful and timid young girl, in company with a particularly uglylooking man, got aboard a train on an Iowa railroad. They attracted the attention of

the passengers at once; the girl appeared so uneasy and the man so anxious, that the most dreadful things were easily imaginable. After a while it ocurred to some of the more chivalrous that the ugly man was running off with this beautiful young girl

baby show in Milton, when me and Josiah tairteen months old, and a dear, sweet, un-

"Ah, hum-m !" from Mr. Grumper. "The neighbors said he was the finest

the road they proceeded to perform their whole duty. The train was stopped, and while the beautiful young girl went into a swoon the vigilance committee bound and gagged the ugly man and threw him from the train into the swamp. He was left there, while the train went on about its business. In the course of an hour the beautiful young girl came to and asked for "him," and the chairman of the vigilance committee, in the simple language of the prairie, said : "Cheer up, sissy ; we give him the grand bounce off'n the rear platform." The beautiful young girl went into enough ot her senses to tell the impetuous gentlemen who had appointed themselves her protectors that the ugly man was her husband, that he was a Sunday school teacher, and just too sweet for anything. The vigilance committee has retired from the business of rescuing beautiful young girls from ugly-looking men. The Husband's Commandments. I. I am thy husband, whom thou didst vow to love, honor and obey; for I saved stairs. grabbed him by the nose, and when the thee from old-m poor infant gasped, the big brute laughed gle blessedness. thee from old-maidism and the term of sin-II. Thou shalt not look upan any other one stepped up and says, 'Good woman we man to love or admire him; for I am thy

must test the physical qualifications of husband, who will visit the sin of the wife your child;' and then he lifted the poor upon followers; therefore keep thou faithfully to thy marriage vows. III, Thou shalt not backbite thy hus-My blood begun to boil, when up band, nor speak lightly of him; neither shalt thou expose his faults to his neighof-a-easter-egg began rappin' his knuckles bors, lest he should punish thy perfidy by a deprivation of sundry items, such as bonment of the rest of the committee. I nets, dresses, etc. IV. Thou shalt purchase cigars for thy

right eye with one hand and punched his ribs with the other. I treated his associates to a similiar dose, and airing my opinions of their individual selves, I trundled the wheelbarrow out, invoking disascers and bakers in connection with their ter to the whole concern. Since which

shalt thou dance too frequently with thy 'cousin' or thy "husband's" friends.

They seem to have a queer way out west of of treating a man on his wedding trip. Some

out another word she left the room. At sometimes put into their sweetmeats. Besix o'clock that morning she was driven to fore the "liberty of baking" had been dethe hospital, and shown to her brother's creed, which was only about a dozen years Doctor Bolton had spent the night ago, absurd raids used to be made upon room. but that very hour Edgar had bakers to see if they sold pastry, and pastthere: passed beyond the need of any human ry cooks were heavily fined if they sold friends. Helen stood rigid by her brother's bread. To this day the bakers form a corporation governed by rather peculiar laws, bedside.

"He is to be brought to my father's which compel them to sell common bread house," she said, without looking toward in two-pound or four-pound loaves accord the doctor, who waited silently, and with- ing to the tariff, which never varies in best out another word she passed him. or worst wheat seasons. A "Caisse de la At the door she hesitated an instant, Boulangerie" indemnifies the bakers for

ooking back at the living and the dead, the losses they may sustain in time of war the only two she had ever loved on earth. or famine; and they repay the fund out of But Warren Bolton's face was hidden in the profits they clear in years of plenty. his hands, and, crushing the impulse that Thus the gains of the trade lie wholly in had moved her, she made her way out the sale of fancy bread, which is not tariffed, and it was because the profits in this direction were so small that the state ended

you in a trice.

Her father was alone at the breakfast by reluctantly conceding the principle that steward, unknown to the Earl, gave an in-"Edgar will be brought home to-day," no harm would be done if bakers took to vitation in his Lord's name to a great Jaking cakes and tarts in their ovens. she said, sharply. "You had your way

with him when he was alive, I take mine French pastry cooks enjoy the privlege of now he is dead," and she passed on her selling liquors, wines and beer without a special license, provided they retail it to The paths of Helen Charlington and customers who are eating on their premis-

Warren Bolton never crossed each other. es; but the only ones who seem to make an extensive use of this faculty are the proprietors of two or three big Parisian ber of the society to which she pre-emihouses patronized by the English. These him, as his work and time were given to a sell a great deal of port and sherry. To nently belonged. She knew nothing of class of the community with which she conclude with the inspection of food, an admirable feature in connection with it is the perfect incorruptibility of the agents

Thanksgiving had never been observed employed in this work. They are armed in the family after the day spent at the with very wide powers; they are poorly separately, and if it was an anniversary for paid, and consequently exposed to many seashore. Father and daughter passed it either, it was never spoken of. It was have been known to abuse their trust are four years afterward that Helen, a few so rare that they must be regarded as inevdays before the annual holiday, announced itable exceptions to a rule of entire blameher intention of spending it at the seaside lessness. In the halls where quantities of cottage. It was really a delightful month, edibles—and notably fish—are condemned a prolongation of the Indian summer, but Thanksgiving Day dawned as bleak and inspectors but no one ever ventures to acinspectors, but no one ever ventures to accheerless as the heart of the lonely woman cuse these useful public servants of tampby the sea. Toward noon a storm came up, the day wore away in a tempest, which the day wore away in a tempest, which ulled at nightfall. Helen, wrapped in her

Brought to Book.

A funny scene occurred at a recent city "One of the fishermen from the shore would like to speak to you, Miss Charling- election in New England, which neither political party has appeared anxious to

that he had brought a large supply of corn He entered as she spoke, an old weather- publish. Mapagers on both sides had a beaten man, evidently in great distress. hand in it, with an axe or two to be ground. "It's my boy," he explained, "hurt, my ady. They brought him ashore, and the interval desired, but some of it Riverford doctor has come down to see couldn't read. To overcome this difficulty, him, but it's a bit of the brandy that's and meet the constitutional reading test, a wanting, lady, and I thought may-be you thing they wanted. wanting, hady, and vertices and wanting, hady, and vertices and drifted in to the applicant. Option As the maid left the room to get the needed supply, she asked, "Doctor Bol-ton ?" vance, and drilled in to the applicant. Upon

"Oh, yes, lady, the doctor who is so accepted.

Among these candidates was a preternagood to the poor fisher folks. He always turally stupid son of the Emerald Isle. In vain he tried to commit to memory the though it's little of the money he gets from single line from the second amendment to the Constitution of the United States, "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." A half hour of brandy. A few minutes later a servant was dispatched with an immense basket of hard work left him still uncertain, though hopeful, of his ability to repeat the words. Time was up, and he was ushered into the presence of the keen-eyed guardian of the you, you would come to me. If there is tranchise. The preliminary questions were answered with a frankness and accuracy which left nothing to be desired. Then came the cruicial test. "Can you read?"

"Oh, yis, to be sure." "Well, read this."-pointing to the line efore mentioned.

The Irishman took the book, gazed at it always been. But a woman met him at the door, eager, impetuous, radiant. With one look into his intense, loving eyes, she hard this mornin'," scratched his head, looked around in vain for the cue from his character, which brought the bearer honor "Take me back," she cried, "here, in "coach," and almost gave up in despair, and position. Theodore Parker, who was the very spot where I was so cruel years but finally shouted:

be allowed to carry a goon !

to no prize baby shows."

The Irish Earl's Stratagem

Bad Penmanship

"Thank heaven !" said Josiah. "But what became of the other babies?" queried the committee lady, as she arose to

"Who got the prize ? let his alone. "I ain't certain," said the lady, "but VIII. Thou shalt conceal nothing from heard they give it to the minister's brat-a thy husband. yaller-mouthed, frecklefaced, red-headed

IX. Thou shalt not make false representations of the state of the pantry, thy purse or thy wardrobe.

X. Remember to rise early in the morning and be prepared with becoming good The Castle of Mogeely, two miles from humor to welcome thy husband at the

husband rather than ribbens for thyself.

Tallow, was a principal seat of the Desbreakfast table. mond family. At this castle resided XI. Look for no jewelry from thy hus-Thomas, the great Earl of Desmond, who band on the anniversary of thy wedding, had a favorite steward that often took for it is written : "Blessed are those who great liberties with his Lord, and, by his expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed." permission, tyrannized over the Earl's tenants equally with his master. This

Taming Animals.

The ancients apparently knew little of number of chiefs of Munster, with their followers, to come and spend a month at natural science. The Romans domesticathis castle. The invitation was accepted, ted some animals, and acclimated many and crowds of gentlemen flocked in, to the more than we have yet done in our day. Rome, in her degenerate days, saw great surprise of Desmond, who began to be alarmed lest sufficient provisions should astounding collections of hippopotami, ostriches and giraffes, hundreds of which not be found for such a number of guests. were let loose into her gigantic arenas, with They had not stayed many days when prowhole packs of lions and tigers; but the visions in reality began to fail; and at last the Earl's domestics informed him that only object of these sanguinary shows was they could not furnish out a dinner for the to gratify the brutal appetite for slaughter shared alike by profligate emperors and a next day. The Earl knew not what to do. for his pride could not brook to let his degraded people. The only remarkable guests know anything of the matter; be- success obtained in those days was the skill side, his favorite steward, who used to of the numerous professional tamers, who seem to have done wonders. "They tame help him in such difficulties, was absent. the tigers" says a poem of early imperial At length he thought of a stratagem to save his credit; and inviting all his com date, "they soften the rage of the lion, converse with the elephants, and render pany to hunt next morning, ordered his servants to set fire to the castle as soon as these unwieldy masses fit for human arts they were gone, and pretend it was done and duties." Nor was their skill confined by accident, The Earl and his company to dancing apes or talking parrots, to dramatic dogs and acrobatic elephants; hunted all the forenoon, and from the risthey seem actually to have been able to ing grounds he every moment expected with a heavy heart to see Mogeeley in change the nature of the fiercest brutes, flames. At length, about dinner time, to for Marc Anthony rode about Rome in a his great surprise, his favorite steward ar- | chariot to which two lions were yoked; and Berenice, the Egyptian Queen, had a favrived, mounted upon a fresh horse. The Earl threatened him severely for being so orite lion, who is reported to have eaten at long absent at such a juncture. The her table, and to have licked her cheeks. steward told him he had arrived just in Up to the fourth century it was a regular profession to "make bears, bulls, and lions time enough at the castle to prevent his fit for intercourse with men." orders from being executed; and further,

A Bird Baby. and cattle sufficient to subsist him and his The phenomenon is a baby, in France, company for some months. This news not a little rejoiced the Earl, who reaged six months, named Augustine Lavir, turned with his guests to the Castle, the nape of whose neck has the singular gift of producing an uninterrupted succeswhere they found sufficient of every sion of feathers. Twenty-three have al-

fant's father, a workingman, whose future The first Napoleon had so little mastery may be considered made if the amazing over his pen that his letters from Germany story turns out correct. The manner in to Josephine were at first sight taken for which these feathers grow is thus described: rough maps of the seat of war. John W. A pimple forms on the nape of the neck, Brooks, the railroad manager, wrote to a quite close to the roots of the hair. At the man living on the Michigan Central route, expiration of a certain time the pimple threatening to prosecute him forthwith, unblossoms into a feather, the child, at the less he removed a barn he had run upon the moment when it appears, seeming to ex-Company's property. The recipient did not read the letter, for reading it was imperience a slight uneasiness. The feather, which is curled and gilded, attains, when possible; but he made out the signature, fully grown, from ten to twelve centimetres and arrived at the conclusion that the manin length, When it falls a few drops of ager had favored him with a free pass whitish color issue from the pimple, which along the line. As such he used it for a then heals, leaving no trace of its existence couple of years, no conductor on the route for a while until another appears, inclosing being able to dispute his reading of the the germ of another feather. A curious document. H. W. Beecher can hardly be circumstance, says the Vigie, is that the considered a model scribe, seeing that one feather remains six days on the infant's of his daughters owned that her three guid- neck when fully grown before falling, and ing rules in copying his manuscript were that its successor takes as many days to that if a letter was dotted it was not an i; and if it was crossed it was not a t; and if The father of the phenomenal child ina word began with a capital it did not com- tends taking it to Paris within a few days intently, turned it upside down, remarked mence a sentence. Horace Greeley's dis- in order to ask science to investigate the incidentally that "radin' seemed to come charge of a compositor by note, we all re- cause of this freak of nature, which, if it really exists, it is certainly one of the

about the worst writer hereabouts within -William H. Vanderbilt employs "Be gorra, I have it. Ivery man shall the last thirty years, took the premium twenty-seven thousand seven hundred Bull Run, wears a wig. He ought to be allowed to carry a goon?" Bull Run, wears a wig. He ought to be and six men.

strangest heard of recently.

"Tormenting lightning !" cried the deacon, starting up and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation's that ?"

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally tremulously. Whiz ! ding ! ding ! ding ! went the old

clock furiously "Powers of mercy !" cried the 'old dea-"Striking five! It's struck a huncon. dred already."

"Deacon Barberry !" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staucase in the wildest state of alarm. "What is the matter with the clock ?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years and never did I know it to carry on so before."

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

"It 'll burst itself !" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause advancing resolutely toward the clock. "I'll see what's got into it !" "Oh, don't," cried the daughter affectionately seizing one of his coat tails, while

his faithful wife clung to the other. "Don't chorused both the women

gether.

"Let go my raiment !" shouted the deacon, "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness.

But the women would not let go, so the deacon slipped off his coat and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily to the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully fright ened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell as of a flend in distress came from the inside, and then the clock case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light -the deacon, the old lady and Sally fied up-stairs, and Joe Mayweed extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat ready sprouted, reached maturity and fal- in the same way that he had entered. The len off, to be carefully stored up by the in- next day all Appletown was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clockcase existed only in his distempered imagination.

Red Hot Items.

Colonel Bagshot, of the Chodunk, Pa. Union, recently left his paper in the hands of an assistant, while he took a trip to the city. On his return the Colonel found the whole town with a big club in hand, in waiting at the depot. The assistant, according to the voracious Lock Haven Journal, had inserted several "red-hot" items, of which the following are specimens: "Religious Intelligence .- That whited-sepulchre, Deacon Marsh, was noticed last Saturday night, trying to open the coal hole in front of his residence with his night key. The deacon was as full as a goat, and couldn't tell moonshine from hid in an oyster barrel during the battle of

