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DECREED.
Into all lives some rain must fall,
Into all eyes some tear drops start,
Whether they fall as a gentle shower,
Or fall like fire from an aching heart,
Into all hearts some sorrow must creep,
Into all souls some doubting come,
Lashing the face of life's great sea,
From dimping waters to settling loam.
Over all paths some clouds must lower,
Under all feet some sharp rocks spring,
Tearing it a dash to bitter wounds,
Or entering the heart with their bitter sting,
Upon all brows rough winds must blow,
Over all shoulders a cross be laid,
Bowling the form in its lofty height,
Down to the dust in the bitter pain.
Into all hearts some doubts must thrum,
Unto all arms some burdens given,
Crushing the heart with its dreary weight,
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven,
Into all hearts some hopes and lives,
God's dear sunlight comes streaming down,
Gilding the fane of life's great plain—
Weaving for all a golden crown.

The Bachelor's Will.

The sun of an August day was sending golden shafts through the interlacing foliage overshadowing a limpid trout stream.

A young man was kneeling beside it, pole in hand, ostensibly fishing; but the speckled denizens of the brook had but little cause for alarm. The cool brain and steady hand, so dangerous to peace under ordinary circumstances, were not really putting forth any effort against them.

It was a handsome young fellow, named in such evident earnestness toward the faintly defined foot-paths leading through the woods to the sylvan spot. The features were almost too regular for masculine ideas of beauty; but the firm way the red lips were set together and the massive chin redeemed them from weakness.

He started to his feet as the cracking of dried leaves and twigs betrayed an approaching footstep. Another moment, and a breathless young creature was beside him, panting from her rapid approach.

"I began to think you were not coming, Dot, and that my holiday was to prove a failure."

"It was by the merest accident that I got away. Father hardly trusts me out of his sight. But he was called off on unexpected business, and I've run every step. I feel so guilty all the time—I can't do it unless things change."

"Dot," began Philip reproachfully, "I know it is hard," continued the girl, "but I am as much the sufferer by it as you. Though, Phil, with a sudden intensity in her voice, "one thing I can do, I solemnly promise never to marry any one but him I love, and that is—you know whom?"

"That is poor comfort, Dot. To know that the girl you would shed your heart's blood for cannot give you a kind word now and then to keep up your spirits! I shall half the time think you are forgetting me, and making my name a mere name to marry the man your father is so taken with."

"You are very different from the idea I have of you if you give way to any such feeling. Why, Phil, all the people in the world couldn't make me believe you false, if you had promised to be true. But I must go. I just came to tell you—no matter what happens—that force could not drag me into the marriage with Oram Dismore, and to say good-bye until we can meet as we used to, with the full consent of father."

"That'll never be!" was the gloomy answer. "It's good-bye forever, I am sure. I wish that old cousin of yours had left his money to some one else. It has destroyed our happiness. Your father's sinned to like me until that will made you an heiress, and Oram Dismore began coming to the house. Much as he might have been taken with you, he never bothered his head about you unless there had been a prospect of adding to his possessions. I know him of old, and he's as tight as the bark of a tree."

"Really, Philip, you are complimentary. So money is the sum of my attractions, is it?"

But there was no vexation in the eyes she turned upon his troubled face. Here was a true, faithful nature, and she understood her lover's meaning, though she tried to speak lightly and playfully to prevent a painful parting scene. Tears were near her eyes, but she forced them back; she must be strong for both. She held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Philip. Don't be discouraged; all will come right yet."

Philip took the little hand in his brown palm and gazed longingly into the sweet young face. Then he said:

"Won't you give me one parting kiss, Dot?"

"Yes, Philip, kiss me here," touching a slender finger to one of her soft cheeks, "and from this time that place will be sacred from the touch of other lips until we meet again."

Philip kissed the cheek, which flushed redly at the touch of his lips. Dot was chary of permitting caresses, and though they had been fond of each other from their boy and girl days, Philip had never presumed to kiss her, unless when playing a game of forfeits in some of the merry gatherings which are sometimes given in country neighborhoods for the double purpose of drawing the young people together and helping the farmers to husk their corn, or get the rosy produce of orchards into festoons of neatly pared and quartered apples to dry, on the principle that many hands and nimble fingers make light and pleasant work.

The next moment he was following the little figure with sad eyes until it had disappeared under the overhanging branches. He lacked Dot's faith in the kindness of the future. He could only anticipate a long separation, and perhaps estrangement; and it was with a heavy heart that he gathered up his fishing tackle and started for home. A distant relative of the Ingrahams had lately died, and had willed his property to his cousin, Dorothy Ingraham. During his lifetime he had never shown that he was aware of the existence of our little Dot, and it was a great surprise to her when the old gentleman's solicitor came from New York with the intelligence that he had made her his heir. At first it was a great pleasure to her, and she built many pretty "castles in the air" about the way she would use her wealth, until a change came over the scene.

Mr. Ingraham, who had heretofore seemed well pleased to have his daughter in Philip Bertram's company, began to entertain higher views for her, and when young Mr. Dismore, son of the President of the village bank, begged for her in an evening, with the ostensible intention of seeing Dot, though he asked for her father, poor Philip began to be treated coldly, and was at last forbidden the house.

Had Dot's mother been living, things would have been different, for her sterling good sense would have carried the day against her husband's sudden infatuation of feeling caused by their good fortune. But since his wife's death Mr. Ingraham had no one to influence him, for he considered Dot a mere child, to be petted and governed as though she were five years of age, instead of a well-grown girl of eighteen, of more than ordinary capacity and good sense.

Affairs went on this way for several months. Mr. Dismore's calls grew more frequent, and a strong pressure was brought to bear on Dot to make her listen to his suit, which was now openly declared. She now tried to discourage him by treating him with marked coolness and indifference, but he would not take a repulse, and her life was growing to be an unhappy one, her father's conversation being almost principally upon the perfection of her suit, whom at heart she cordially detested; though doing her best to treat him with courtesy.

Philip knew of his constant visits, and heard rumors of an engagement. He grew gloomy and morose, and when he chanced to meet Dot, would pass her in a way which made her feel that she was not the man who had been so kind to her. So things went on from bad to worse, until Dot would have been glad if her inheritance had been sunk in the sea. At last another actor appeared—a young girl who created quite a sensation in the quiet village. She was from a city in the far West, and was very pretty, and knew just what colors to choose for her toilet to set off the tints of her glowing brunette complexion.

Dot's heart felt like lead in her bosom, when one day she met the stranger walking jauntily by Philip's side. She was shortly afterwards introduced to her, and for a few moments a hateful spite suggested that she would make herself disagreeable; but she resisted the temptation away from her and appeared her own natural, lovable self. She soon ceased to wonder at Philip's evident pleasure in Miss Belmont's society. She was so frank and cheerful, and sparkling in her conversation, that she was won from prejudice, and they grew to be friends.

It was not long before Kate Belmont knew the true state of Dot's feelings toward Oram Dismore, though Philip's name was as sealed book between them. Dot loved him as dearly as ever, and the very intensity of her feelings for him made her strangely shy of mentioning him to even her dearest friend.

It was a great surprise when Kate said to her one day, half jestingly:

"How strange that you don't like Mr. Dismore better! I have taken a great fancy to him, but have studiously avoided being even pleasant to him, for rumors give him to you, and thinking him your special property, I didn't want to play with edged tools. But if you don't love him, I shall adopt different tactics—for I think he is perfectly splendid!"

"What is meant to one is poison to another. How true those old adages are. I don't think he cares for me; he never looked at me before I became rich. I wish old Jared Ingraham had left his money to some one else."

"Jared Ingraham," said Kate, musingly, "where have I heard that name? Old I know. I have the dearest old friend out West, and he's over her love story which that name has brought to my mind. Something happened to separate them when they were both very young, and she left all her friends and settled in the West. But she always remained single, and to this day is true to the memory of her old love. By the way, her name is almost the same as yours, only it's Dorothy Ingraham instead of Dot."

"Why," said Dot, "my name is Dorothy. They only call me Dot for short."

"I wonder if you and Miss Ingraham are related to each other? I am quite sure that Jared Ingraham was her lover's name. If it was the same person, doesn't it seem strange that he should have left his money to a young child like you, begging her ladyship's pardon, instead of his faithful old love?"

"I'll give it to you, of course, but first promise me not to say anything about it until you are sure."

"I will keep silent until you give me permission to speak," said Dot.

She wrote at once to the old lady, and in due time received a reply which confirmed her suspicions. So she immediately began to put things in train so that Miss Ingraham should receive her rights.

A month had hardly gone by when, much to Dot's amusement, Mr. Dismore called and requested a private interview with her. She had noticed his growing fondness for Miss Belmont's society and half suspected the denouement.

As she went into the room he rose to meet her, and for the first time Dot felt an emotion of sincere liking and respect enter her heart for him. Under the influence of genuine feeling he seemed a different person to the plausible, polished man of the world who had tried to palm off the semblance of love upon her during his unsatisfactory courtship.

"Miss Ingraham," he said, flushing as he spoke, "I have come to make a confession and ask your forgiveness. Not for withdrawing my suit, for I know you have never even liked, much less loved, the unworthy man who stands before you; but for persecuting you with my unwelcome attentions. Under the light which your genuine passion has shed upon my actions, I see how contemptible they have been, and I wish to apologize to you and make my

peace before I dare speak to the young lady I love of my desires to win her for my wife. Will you forgive me?"

Dot held out her hand. "With all my heart," Mr. Dismore, and I shall always respect you for the frank, manly way you have acted at the last. You have my best wishes for your success."

Mr. Ingraham was at first very angry at Oram Dismore's defection, but when Dot said decidedly: "I would not have married him if I remained single all my life," he determined to give up trying to direct the course of true love, making a virtue of necessity, yet thinking himself a model father.

Dot was willing that her father should please himself with this delusion as long as he withdrew his opposition to Philip's coming to the house.

When a few months after the real heiress, Miss Dorothy Ingraham, appeared upon the scene, the delusion was at an end. Mr. Dismore had known of her mistake.

But Kate Belmont, his betrothed wife, had the pleasant consciousness that she had won his heretofore mercenary heart while he thought Dot the true heiress, and that he valued one glance of her bright eyes more than he did Dot's supposed thousands.

His real mistress was very much taken with her namesake, and would not consent to take more than half the property. The mistake about her legacy had been the means of drawing her into the society of a young relative of whose existence she would otherwise have been ignorant. It proved very pleasant to her to have such a treasure trove of warm human affection and being used in laying it all out for her loved her aged cousin very dearly, and always pleased to entertain her in her pretty home, for she became the wife of Philip Bertram, and the happiest little matron under the sun.

A Murderer's Tor.

Haynes, the Rockland (Me.) murderer, has recently made a toy house after the French style. It is about four feet high, by two deep and four long, is as nicely built as the best mansion, with slate roof, and fancy chimneys, has two stories, the lower one being devoted to a kitchen and a dining hall, the upper story to a drawing room, and best chamber. The floor of the dining hall is inlaid with cherry and mahogany, one thousand and twenty pieces of wood being used in laying it; the kitchen is also inlaid, but less expensively. The furnishings are somewhat regal for a small person. They consist of the usual kitchen paraphernalia, including hard wood tables with drawers in them roller for long toilet, dishes, even to an old lady with specs, who eyes the visitor conspicuously. In the dining room or hall a large chandelier pends above a black walnut table on which rests a handsome table set, made of wood, painted blue. A sideboard stands at the back of the room—a mere ornament. The sets in the drawing room and chamber are perfect marvels of mechanical skill and Yankee ingenuity. The floors are carefully carpeted. A marble fireplace is in the drawing room, and in a rack at its side stand the shovel and tongs all already to "oke up the fire" which merrily burns behind the grate. The chairs are as nicely made and upholstered as though they had been intended for the president of the United States. The walls and windows of the room are well adorned, and the house as a whole is a complete gem.

A Peculiar Fashion and Its Cause.

Many years ago the village of Shelford, near Nottingham, England, was distinguished by a very peculiar fashion in dress affected by most of them. This consisted in the wearing of coats with red velvet collars, and for a long time no explanation of it was forthcoming. Eventually, however, the mystery was solved through the vicar of the parish. It appeared that the village tailor was also the sexton, and that the velvet which he adorned his customers' coats had been appropriated by him without license from the burial vaults of the Earls of Chesterfield, to which he had access by virtue of his office. The vicar communicated to the Earl a discovery which had filled him with horror, but that nobleman not merely forgave the offense, but actually commended the tradesman for making a good use of that which he and his ancestors had consigned to corruption and decay. Probably the Earl who approved the tailor's action was the famous "letters lord" who was the first prominent man in England to fire a bullet into a woman's trunk. "Satisfied with the pious follies of this world of which I have had an uncommon share, I desire no funeral honors," wrote the man who has been stigmatized "a high priest of the world's vanities;" and he proceeds to limit the expenses to be incurred at his obsequies to \$500.

The Winter Drama.

The heroic prevails in the drama of the West, even among the amateurs, and what is lost in style is made up in action. The kitchen of the Bon Ton Lodging-house in Bodie, Colorado, recently witnessed an amateur performance of thrilling interest. There was a critical audience present when the curtain rose, and the drama was drawn aside. The piece was *Deadly Bill*; or *The Roaring Watersport of the Rocky Mountains*, and it opened with a bloody fight between Bill and Pete Dickson, the terror from Tar Flat, for the possession of a lovely maiden, who was seated in a stage-coach, personated by a dry goods box. The fight was long and desperate, and brought into play all the knives and pistols the actors could borrow. Of course Bill whipped. There were nine murders in the first act, and in the second four stages were robbed and a band of Indians routed. The piece was a great success.

A Champion Liar.

Young Gluckerson met old Judge Van Snyder on the ferry boat at San Francisco, the other day, and, after shaking hands respectfully with that venerable friend of the family, said, casually:

"Did you hear of that terrible accident at Pitts' the other night?"

"Nothing serious, I hope?" said the Judge, much interested.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was," said Gluckerson, in a mournful voice. "You see, the old doctor was out until about 2 o'clock in the morning attending some patients, and, supposing he would be hungry when he came in, Mrs. Pitts put a large plate of mush and milk—the old doctor's favorite dish, you know—under the stove to keep warm for him."

"Yes," said the Judge eagerly, as Gluckerson stopped to light a cigar. "Go on—what then?"

"Well, the doctor came in after a while, and went groping round in the dark for his must—couldn't find a match, you know—and, as luck would have it, he picked up instead a pan containing bread, put there to raise over night. He was too tired to notice the difference—besides, he had taken two or three sips as he drove round—and so he actually ate up all the dough!"

"Gracious!" said the Judge.

"It's a fact, though. Well, towards morning the doctor began to swell, and swell—the yeast was getting its work in, you know—and pretty soon the whole family was up and rushing around half distracted. The doctor kept on groaning and shrieking and swelling, until he looked like a sardine in a barrel. At last they found out what he had done, and the whole family piled right on top of him, and sat there while they sent for a cooper."

"A cooper?"

"Yes; you see, they saw at once that unless something was done the doctor would burst before morning. So the cooper started in and put nine of those big half-inch beer keg hoops around his stomach. Of course that stopped his swelling, and by keeping a tin tube down his throat for the gas to escape, he just managed to pull through."

"Oh! the doctor pulled through did he?"

"Oh! yes; he's all right now excepting—"

"Excuse me," said the Judge grimly as he took out his notebook, "but will you favor me with your name and name of the town? They are getting up a medal for the champion liar in the State, by order of the Governor, and I think I'll send in your name!"

But the boat had landed, and the promising young candidate had melted away into the crowd.

A Monstrous Seaweed.

Of all marine algae, the *Nereocystis* is most wonderful. Its stem occasionally attains a length of three hundred feet, though it is extremely slender even at the top, where it is surmounted by an enormous floating bladder six or seven feet long, which affords a favorite resting place to the sea otter. The account, indeed, is apparently so fabulous as given by Mertens in an interesting paper on the botany of the Russian possessions in America, that it could not be believed did it not depend upon unquestionable authority. The floating stem with its bladder as thick as a pack thread, when two or three feet long, swells suddenly above into a globe bladder. From the top of this springs a tuft of germinate leaves, mostly rising in five petioles. These leaves are lanceolate and membranaceous, from one to two feet long, and two inches broad in the center. As the plant grows older, the stem increases enormously in length, but only slightly in thickness. The globe bladder swells into a trumpet-shaped or retort-like cylinder, six feet long and four feet six inches or more in diameter, in the widest part, the lower extremity gradually passing into the stem. The leaves, which at first were marked with a few faint nerves, split in the direction of the latter, cover a large space by their entangled masses, and attain a length of twenty-seven feet or more. Where the plant grows in any quantity, the surface of the sea becomes impossible to boats, in consequence of the dense floating masses of vegetation. The stem is employed for fishing lines when dry, and the large cylinder is used as a siphon for draining water out of boats, in the same way that another seaweed, the *Ecklonia buccinathus*—is used frequently at the Cape.

Burglars About.

Of late several burglaries have been committed in the neighborhood in which Mr. Simpson lives, and, of course, the folks are not a little alarmed. In Simpson's row alone enough fire-arms and ammunition have been collected to conduct a very fair-sized war with Mexico, and Simpson, particularly, has bought a whole army of weapons and loaded them to the muzzle. Simpson's brother-in-law, George Washington Budd, commonly known as "Wash," lives with him, and for weeks past Wash, upon going to bed, has made such a preparation and display of various kinds of engines of destruction that a looker-on might have concluded that his purpose was to conduct a kind of battle of Gettysburg on his own responsibility.

The other night Wash, after recapping all his revolvers, ransacking his trunk along the edge of his broadsword, half-cocking his gun, and laying his bowie knife on the chair, thought he heard a burglar prowling about down stairs. Buckling on his artillery, Wash, in his stocking feet, crept down the back staircase, determined to annihilate the thief.

Simpson heard the noise at the same moment, and he, thinking Wash was in bed asleep loaded up his machinery of death and crept softly down the stairs also without his boots.

Both reached the floor at the same moment. They stopped and listened. Wash thought he heard the burglar in the parlor. Simpson felt sure the rascal was in the dining-room pocketing the spoons. So while Wash stood motionless, looking towards Simpson, Simpson stepped stealthily to the rear. Midway in the hall they came into collision. Each felt perfectly certain that the other was the burglar.

Wash grappled with his antagonist instantly. Simpson knew that a death struggle had begun, so he took hold with all his might. Neither had a chance to draw his weapons.

Wash strove to throw his burglar down, and Simpson, perceiving the game, made a huge effort to prostrate Wash. They pushed and pulled, and jerked, and shoved, and panted, bumping up against the wall,

Tricks on an Amateur Bartender.

The Hon. Hugh Carlin, of Lyon county, was in Virginia City last week. He is naturally good-natured and unsuspecting, but, don't presume too far, or he will be sure to drop on your little game. Some time ago Hugh was in Eureka. Not having anything to do when he first arrived in town, he wore away a good deal of time at a saloon kept by an old acquaintance, whom he happened to find there.

One morning this friend had some business out of town and got Hugh to take charge of the bar during his absence. Hugh laid aside his hat and took up his position. Some person who was in the saloon when Hugh thus took command went out among the boss jokers of the town. In pursuance of a plan agreed upon the first customer that arrived said, as he marched up to the bar, "Got any real first rate whiskey?"

"Have I got any good whiskey? Haven't I? You don't find anything else passed over this bar. Never was a finer package of whiskey lugged into Eureka than what is on tap back in the store room!"

The man poured out a big horn, took a light swallow of it and began coughing. He coughed so hard that he was obliged to set down his glass. He then clasped both hands on his stomach and coughed himself all about the room—coughed his hat off and coughed until he was almost black in the face—coughed till the tears streamed down his cheeks—till he seemed not to have breath left to cough more, or to utter a syllable, when he took his handkerchief from his eyes, shook his fist at the astonished deputy bartender or cashier, and rushed out of the saloon without a word, leaving his glass of liquor standing on the counter.

Hugh was frightened and bewildered. He took the whiskey bottle, held it up to the light and carefully examined it, fearing he had made some mistake. Finally, to make sure, he tasted it, and found it to be whisky, and pretty fair whisky, too.

He had but little more than recovered his usual serene mind when a gentleman came in and said:—"Have you got any good brandy—real, genuine brandy—no manufactured stuff?"

"What do you take us for?" cried Hugh. "There's not a drop of doctored liquor of any kind about this establishment. No such brandy as this was ever before brought to Eureka. It cost \$22 a gallon in San Francisco. It's like oil!"

The customer poured out a liberal allowance, but had no sooner attempted to swallow it than he began coughing and spat out what he had taken into his mouth. He held both hands to his chest and whirled around on one heel like a dancing Dervish, then ran for the water pitcher and finally began coughing as though he would cough up his lungs.

"Ough, oough—hooh! hooh!" coughed he. "Call that brandy?" and doubled up like a half open jack-knife, he coughed himself out of the saloon.

Again was Hugh astounded, and again he critically inspected the liquor he had dealt out. He was finally convinced that it was all right, but that the fault was in the people—something wrong with them.

About the time that he had arrived at this conclusion a man came in, and spreading himself out before the bar to good advantage, said, "Have you got a good article of gin—real good, pure gin?"

"Of course we have—never keep anything else. What do you take us for?" and Hugh reached down the gin bottle from a shelf behind him with his left hand, while with his right he brought up from under the bar a cocked revolver, which he pointed at the head of the customer, as he placed the bottle before him, saying, "Now, you cough!"

That customer didn't cough.

I Can and I Will.

How many boys there are who can, but never do, because they have no will-power, or, if they have, do not use it! Before undertaking to perform any task, you must carefully consider whether you can do it, and, once convinced that you are able to accomplish it, then say, "I will do it," with a determination that you will never give up till it is done, and you will be successful.

The difference between "Give up" and "I can't" and "I can and will" is just the difference between victory and defeat in all the great conflicts of life.

Boys adopt for your motto "If I can I will," and victory will be yours in all life's battles.

"I can and I will" nerves the arms of the world's heroes to-day, in whatever department of labor they are engaged. "I can and I will" has fought and won all the great battles of life and of the world.

But I must not forget my schoolboy. He was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him:

"Shall I help you?"

He replied, mildly, but firmly:

"No, sir! I can and will do it, if you will give me time."

I said: "I will give you all the time you wish."

The next day he came into my room, to recite another lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon" (this by-the-way, was not his name), "have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you will give me a little more time."

"Certainly you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like these boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men, too. The third morning, you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face had the glow of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labor. Not only had he solved the problem, but what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

My young friends, let your motto ever be: "I can, I will."

He had one son named, another son in the penitentiary, and his wife eloped with a chromo peddler. "Have you any family?" he was asked by a fellow passenger. "None to speak of," was the prompt response to the census man,

Richer Than Croesus.

The ancient historians have a great deal to say about the wealth of various old Greeks and Romans; but none of them were so rich, in all probability, as any man living Americans. Croesus, king of Lydia, 500 years before the Christian era, had so much gold, with other kind of property, that "rich as Croesus" has been a threabard simile. He was the great plutocrat of antiquity, and it is difficult to judge of the value of his possessions; but it is not likely that it ever reached more than \$100,000,000 to \$120,000,000 of our money. There are, no doubt, forty New Yorkers at least worth more than he, and some six or seven may have four-fold his wealth. The richest Roman in Julius Caesar's time, and one of the triumvirate, was Marcus Lucinius Crassus, an astute speculator, noted for avarice. His fortune has often been estimated, and never above \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000 in United States currency. An Athenian or Roman who could count his estate at what would be 1,000,000 of our dollars was considered immensely wealthy, but residents of our large cities who have no more than \$1,000,000 are not now considered particularly well off. An unknown among the 000 members of the community, Mere millionaires are so common as to merit little distinction financially. There was no such estate in ancient times as those of the Astors and Vanderbilts, and no such private fortunes as are held in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities of the republic. The growth of wealth has been prodigious in the country within this generation. Some of the largest accumulations of the land have been made within forty or fifty years. Half a century ago only one man in New York was worth \$1,000,000, and his name was John Jacob Astor. Now hundreds of its citizens can go beyond those figures, and they feel rather poor than otherwise. When Stephen Girard died, in 1831, he was considered by all odds the richest man on this continent. Nobody approached or began to approach him monetarily, and yet his property was not valued at more than \$9,000,000. Men who do not regard themselves as very old can easily remember when \$100,000 was thought to be a fortune, even in our largest cities, and when \$10,000 in the small towns was deemed an independence. At present \$100,000 is hardly reckoned sufficient to make a man comfortable, and \$1,000,000 would not be deserving of mention, unless in some rural village, where general poverty lends a magnifying power to any eye that contemplates any kind of coin. Within the next fifty years it is likely that great fortunes will be increased beyond what they have been in the same period in the past. In 1830 and 1840 it is probable enough that we shall hear of plain American citizens who are worth from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000, and who will be grumbling that they have no more.