PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF BELLEFONTE.

C. T. Alexander. 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.

YOCUM & HASTINGS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW

BELLEFONTE, PA High Street, opposite First National Bank.

WM. C. HEINLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Practices in all the courts of Centre County. Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

WILBUR F. REEDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a speciality.

J. A. Beaver.

J. W. Gephart.

BEAVER & GEPHART, ATTORNEYS AT LAW BELLEFONTE, PA.

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

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court

D. S. KELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA. Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street.

JOHN G. LOVE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. P. Wilson.

BUSINESS CARDS OF MILLHEIM, &.

A. STURGIS,

DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Re-

pairing neatly and promptly done and warranted. Main Street, opposite Bank, Millheim,

O DEININGER, NOTARY PUBLIC. SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,

MILLHEIM, PA. All business entrusted to him, such as writing and acknowledging Deeds, Morlgages, Releases, &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch. Office on Main Street.

H. TOMLINSON. DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF

Groceries, Notions, Drugs, Tobaccos, Cigars, Fine Confectioneries and everything in the line of a first-class Grocery Stre.
Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Main St. eet, opposite Bank, Mi lheim. Pa

DAVID I. BROWN,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN TINWARE, STOVEPIPES, &c. SPOUTING A SPECIALTY.

Shop on Main Street, two houses east of Bank EISENHUTH,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

MILLHEIM, PA. All business promptly attended to, collection of claims a specialty. Office opposite Eisenhuth's Drug Store.

M USSER & SMITH,

DEALERS IN Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints, Glass, Wall

Paper-, Coach Trimmings, and Saddiery Ware, &c., &c. All grades of Patent Wheels.
Corner of Main and Penn Street-, Milheim,

TACOB WOLF, FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

MILLHEIM, PA.

Cutting a Specialty. Shop next door to Journal Book Store.

MILLHEIM BANKING CO., MAIN STREET,

MILLHEIM, PA.

A. WALTER, Cashier. DAV. KRAPE, Pres.

AUCTIONEER.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It might have been! When life is young And hopes are bright, and hearts are strong To battle with the heartless throng. When youth and age are far between, Who hears the words so sadly sung? It might have been !

It might have been! When life is fair, Youth stands beside the boundless sea That ebbs and flows unceasingly, And dreams of name and golden fame ; And who shall limit the To Be That's dawning there?

It might have been. When life is bright, And love is in its golden prime, Youth recks not of the coming night. Nor dreams that there may be a time When love will fail, or change, or die

Eternally! It might have been! When time grows gray, And spring-tide's hopes have passed away, Old age looks back on by-gone years-Their many wants and doubts and fears; And through the mist a way is seen,

The might-have been !

It might have been! When age so sad, Weary of waiting for the fame That, after all, is but a name, When life has lost the charm it had True knowledge makes regret more keen-It might have been

It might have been! When youth is dead, And love that was so false is fled. When all the mockeries of the past Have lost their tinsel rags at last, The one true love is clearly seen That might have been

It might have been! Ah me! Ah me! And who shall tell the misery Of knowing all that life has lost? By thinking of the countless cost Poor comfort can the sad heart glean! It might have been!

It might have been! Nay, rather rest Believing what has been is best! The life whose sun has not yet set Can find no room for vain regret. And only felly crowns as queen Its might-have-been.

The Lottery Ticket.

Painsted was in a state of excitement. There was gossiping by the roadside and over early tea-tables.

Innumerable voices had uttered the exknow!" but all that had happened was the | bought a ticket and drew a blank. quietest wedding possible.

Two people in their Sunday clothes, actheir best, had walked over to the church, and there the minister had pronounced them man and wife.

Even at Painsted people sometimes married, and many more importantant person; had been made one than Sally Corkindahl and Simon Wheeler; but somehow Painsted was excited.

Sally Corkindahl was a young woman of thirty, without beauty, but wonderfully neat and industrious.

Ever since her fifteenth birthday she had gone about from house to house making dresses and children's clothes, known everywhere as a good, pious young woman, out never considered attractive.

Her work was good and slow. In the course of these fifteen years she had laid by

She always had a black alpaca, a clean linen collar, and a checked apron; but whether they were the same or were occa-

sionally renewed, no one could tell. Simon Wheeler was a very pretty young man of four-and-twenty, with light hair and big blue eyes. Since he left school he had never been

Wheeler's door step and look at the news- You've got it safe, I suppose." paper-actually "look" at it-he never As soon as it arrived he would seize

upon it, turn to a special corner and look What he stared at, though this was known only to himself, was a small advertisement which occupied the same position in that particular paper from one year's end to the other, and which was headed: "Great Gumbo Lottery! Capital Prize, Fifty Thousand Pounds. Tickets, one

pound each." When the day of the drawing came, and a little list of numbers was to be seen below this advertisement Simon looked longer and was often observed to sigh.

Not however, because he had invested his money in tickets and lost, but because he had none to invest. Aunt Wheeler was not too generous. "I'll keep you till you can keep your-

self," she often said, "but I shan't have my better off without none.' Simon neither desired wine or cigars, nor any other luxury of dissipated youth;

but if he could have had the price of a lottery ticket without working for it, he would have rejoiced. In his early boyhood he had dreamed

that he had drawn a lucky number. He believed in dreams—that dream in particu-It had the effect upon him that having

his name in a will has upon many a young He saw no need of learning a trade, of going into a shop or setting himself to earn

his bread anywhere or in any manner. With his first pound he would buy a lot- out, sharply : tery ticket, draw the fifty thousand prize, reimburse his aunt for all that she had expended upon him, be very jolly and generous to everybody, and "live luxuriously every day," like the town mouse in the

One afternoon as he sauntered in, sleepyeyed and dreamy, he found Sally Corkin-

He had found an imaginary pound, prize. Think of my disappointment!" bought a ticket, drawn the prize, and becream-colored horses and a black silk Her delight over the unexpected present ga able with."

and wonderful news had kept him from opening the canned fruit as he had promised to do. Mrs. Wheeler, who knew nothing of you to have me, I meant to make you rich. saleratus and muriate of ammonia; put into the wood work. It should be added still more than that."

However, Sally's presence prevented her great deal of you. I meant to do every- bottle for use; after washing the hands parts of the white lead which is used with vance.

dence, her economy. "That's the way to get on," she said- true; but my luck is bad, I see that-"that's the spirit I like. Independent from a nickel, I've heard my grandmother say. can't see you for a little while, do!" Many a one that has earned double your

money hasn't saved a penny." Simon listened. "Fifty pounds!" said he to himself. ted him to do so. "Why don't she buy a lottery ticket, draw a prize, and stop sewing? I would."

He looked earnestly at Sally. The color came into her thin cheeks. She was not often the object of such intent regard.

Could it be that this young man admired so when Simon offered to see her home that

That was the beginning of it.

The end was that wedding which had ence. awakened such astonishment at Painsted. The wonder that industrious Sally Corkindahl had married such an idle fellow, who certainly could not take care of her, was only matched by the wonder that handsome Simon Wheeler had married that plain, utterly unattractive Sally Corkin-

Mrs. Wheeler resented it highly. "Since you've chosen a common seamme, you can take care of her," she said:

So Simon had sauntered over to the one room which Saliy hired, with his portmanteau in one hand and an umbrella in the other; and Sally still went out to work, while Simon sat at the window and looked

He had told her he expected to come into a fortune, and she received his statement with the credulity of love, and was content to pinch and toil in the meantime. She had placed her savings book in his All she had was his by the laws of her

love, and before their wedding-day was over Simon had bought his first ticket. It was that that made his heart beat so wildly, not the touch of her honest hand upon his own as she met him in the gloaming; but he said to himself. "There shan't be any more drudgery for Sally

when I draw the capital prize. There are twelve months in the year each month the great Gumbo Lottery had clamations, "Do tell" and "I want to a drawing-each month Simon Wheeler

Sally knew nothing of it. The anniversary of their wedding came. companied by two friends also arrayed in On that day Simon bought two tickets, and He was always kind to his wife, fcrever talked of his expectations, and praised her industry: forever looked at the paper, and made little sums in lead pencil on Sally's pine table.

> At the end of two years Sally began to feel a little anxious, at the end of three a little weary, at the end of four alarmed. Forty-eight months had passed by, forty eight drawings had been made by the Gumbo Lottery, and forty-eight blanks had

been drawn by Simon.

One day he made his purchase with trepidation, and returned home trembling; he had spent the last pound of his poor wife's He had bought his fiftieth ticket in the

Gumbo, and for the first time his heart failed him; he had always expected a prize before, now he only looked for

He went into his small room. Sally sat at her table sewing. She looked up at Simon as he entered, and her eyes filled with tears. "Husband," she said, "I've got to ask

you about the bank book. I hoped to known to do anything but on his Aunt leave the money lie and then add to it. "Yes, the book is safe," said Simon, with a dreary oppression.

"I'd like to see it, if you don't mind, "It seems as if it would said poor Sally. be a sort of comfort." Simon took the book from his pocket and handed it to her. She opened it and glanced at it.

Then her face flushed and she began to "Don't!" said Simon. "Don't, Sally -don't cry. I meant it for the best." "If you needed it, you were welcome. It belonged to you as much as to me," said Sally; "but you might have mentioned it.

"I was so sure," said Simon. sure. "So sure of what?" asked Sally "Of the fifty thousand pounds," said Simon; "I expected it long ago."

I'd have been prepared."

"You've never told me what you expected it from," said Sally. "Do you ever money wasted on cigars and wine. You're think it will be left you? Was it your father's money? If you'd tell me 1 could think it over. What was it? You wouldn't deceive me, and you are not crazy; but I can't think what you mean by expecting fifty thousand pounds. And, oh, I am so worried, Simon!"

"Perhaps it may come yet, Sally," said He took his handkerchief from his

eyes with it. As he did so a bit of yellow paper fell into her lap-the last Gumbo Lottery ticket, bought but an hour before. She caught at it and her face flushed again.

tune you've talked of? Are you crazy en- for the spectators. ough for this? Have you been buying

for that thing?"

"I can't think of anything except that stowed upon his aunt a little carriage, two I've married a fool," said Sally. "I could ence," he said; "there's room for it, with kill myself when I think of it. I believe all the signatures." Then she began to cry.

"Yes, I've been a fool," he said; "but though the money made me think of asking pulverized borax, four ounces each of of paint to prevent water from penetrating this fine waking dream, desired to scold I did, Sally; I vow I did. We've got into a tin pan and pour in four quarts that it seems advantageous to mix about along very well, haven't we? I think a of hot soft water; stir-until well mixed, one part of elutriated chalk with three twenty years and always paid for it in adaway, and makes the girls seek happiness rom doing so. She contented herself with thing for you; but it's all over now. I and face, wet with the above.

a talk at him over the dress-maker's shoul- look at that ticket, and I know it's a blank. I should never buy another-never, never! She praised the girl's industry, her pru- You see, that dream-I told you once of my dream-appeared as if it must come

"Luck!" cried Sally, stung by resentthe time you lost your parents, and making little savings all the while. Don't say, Pick up that ticket that you've spent my "only fifty pounds." Every little makes last hard-earned pound on, and go where I

> "I'm going, Sally!" said Simon. He stepped towards her as he spoke. He would have kissed her if she had permit-

Then he picked up the yellow ticket, read the number aloud-9889-crammed it into his pocket, and sauntered away. At six o'clock that evening there was little crowd beside the mill dam. It was fast increasing, for a body had

been taken out of the water with a pocket handkerchief full of stones about the neck; Sally Corkindahl felt sure that this was Simon Wheeler's body.

When Suppose fered to see her home that He had drowned himself in less than half an hour after he had walked so leis-

> They found in his pocket an empty ourse, a little list of numbers, and a yellow ticket soaked through, but still bearing on

its surface the figures 9889. Sally would have known what it was but she never saw it, or the dead face that looked into its marble whiteness like some beautiful statue, for she lay upon her pillow as white as he, with her little baby on her bosom; and the three were buried totress, and married her without a hint to gether in the little churchyard at Pain-

On the day of the funeral there was a drawing of the Gumbo Lottery. The manager of the enterprise shouted the numbers of the capital prize; 9889 was called upon to exclaim. not among them. Its holder was not en-

titled to fifty thousand pounds. But it made no difference. Simon Wheeler lay beside his wife unconscious of the drawing, and the yellow ticket had long ago resolved itself into a yellow sop among the sedgy grasses by the mill-pond.

Raising a Weaver.

Jojee was a tramp, and hungry. Happening to pass one day in a village where the women were wailing, he noticed the preparation for a funeral. In hopes of getting something to eat, Jojee said to the relatives: "Would thou have the dead restored to life?" Then all the relatives said, "Yes, that would we."

"Place me," said Jojee the tramp, "in the room next to the dead man. Bring me good cheer, so that I may propitiate the reanimating angels. Most especially put there a pot of the finest honey, three loaves of the whitest bread and a flask of the pur-That the relatives did. Jojee, the

tramp, bid them retire. Jojee, the tramp, then eat until his appetite was satisfied. Then he uttered many shrieks and howls. The relatives waited long and patiently. At length Jojee called in the people "Tell me," asked Jojee "what was the exact calling of the deceased?"

"A weaver was he by trade," the relatives replied. "A weaver," cried Jojee, the tramp. 'Why did you not tell me so? There is honey, bread and oil wasted. Had he been a tinker, a tailor, or a cobbler I might have brought the dead man to life-but a weaver! I never could do anything with a

She did not care to discuss the point with the ignorant fellow, so, to conceal her by an airtight cover, the quicker the feremotions, she once more let herself out on the piano. The woods were filled with music. The mocking bird whistled as if his throat would split, the cuckoo filled the who prescribe that the timber be felled in sylvan bowers with his repeated cry, while ever and anon the mournful cooing of the dove interrupted the matin song of the

lark. "There, now, I guess you know what that sounds like," she said, as she paused. "You mean that tootle, tootle, tootle, chug, chug?' You just bet I understand that. Many a time at a picn'c I've heard it from the mouth of a demijohn or the

bunghole of a beer keg. Her first impulse was to hurl the piano stool at him, but it passed off, and once more she went at the piano as if it was the young man's head and was insured for double its value. The thunder growled, the lightinng flashed (from her eyes), and the first heavy drops are heard upon the leaves. She banged and mauled the keys at a fearful rate; peal after peal of deafening thunder perturbed the atmosphere and re-echoed in still louder reverberations until it wound up in one appalling clap as a four to six years, unless artificial seasoning grand finale. Then, turning to the awestruck youth, she said-

"I suppose you have heard something like that before?" "Yes, that's what the fellow with linen

pants said when he sat on the custard The audience found himself alone, but he picked up his hat and sauntered out into the street, densely unconscious that he had

said anything out of the way.

A Sole-Stirring Incident. It is a sentimental custom for young men to write their names, and something soft, pocket as he spoke and wiped his wife's on the soles of the girl's shoes. You con.e across couples in the angles of hallways, in of pressure, where this can be done. the corners of verandas, and on the beach, filling out these novel autograph albums. arguments are necessary in defense of the afraidthe Lord would set me up as a guardian render the care of that child to some wiser The girl grasps something—sometimes the value of this method; it cannot be too angel over some red headed lawyer from young man's shoulder—to steady herself, strongly recommended, nor is the expense She looked at her husband with and coyly holds her foot bottom upward, great—about \$1 per cubic meter. When the gleam of anger in her eyes, and cried while he squats and tickles her sole with the point of her pencil. This is not only the woodwork should be left two or four "Is this it? Is this the secret—the for- pleasing to the pair, but makes great sport

The writing wears off in an evening's have drawn from the bank to-day, spent by girls with little feet. One who was not manent. Although wood tar is considera-Poor Simon! He stared at his wife for corrider, Long Branch, gracefully posed being somewhat similar to wood color, it his tailor for money lent him. a long time without answering; then he against the wall, with the spacious bottom can be used on small unimportant buildings. "Think of it-forty-nine blanks, and swain, who had his pencil thoughtfully and can be applied by a common workman. every time I expected a prize—the capital suspended. Her hardened brother came

"Put on the Declaration of Independyou married me to get that fifty pounds to The girl took her foot away immediate-

ly, because she wanted to stamp with it. WASH FOR THE HANDS .- Four ounces That Deceiving Hammock

"I've been a fool!" growled Harper as he untied a parcel in his front yard and shook out a new hammock. "Here I've been lopping around all through this infernal hot spell when I might just as well been swinging in a hammock and had my blistered back cooled off by the breezes.

Any one can put up a hammock. All you've got to do is to untie about 500 knots, unravel about 500 snarls, and work oyer the thing until you can tell whether the open side was meant to go up or down. This puzzled Harper for full twenty minutes, but he finally got it right and fastened the ends to two convenient

Then he took off his hat and coat and rolled in with a great sigh of relief. No he didn't quite roll in. He was all ready to when the hammock walked away from him, and he rolled over on the grass and came to a stop with a croquet ball under the small of

urely away from his injured Sally's pressmall boy who was looking over the fence had got hold of, and proceeded to investislowly chewing away on green apples,

> that fence or I'll call a policeman!" The boy slid down and Harper brought lous camps he had visited, and he distriup a lawn chair for the next move. It's buted a lot around, and they all lighted up the easiest thing in the world to drop off a for a smoke, and pretty soon amore surprischair into a hammock. Lots of men would ed and puzzled set of Indians never got tobe willing to do it on a salary of ten dollars gether. The chief had a cannon cracker, per week. The trouble with Harper was and after the explosion it was three minthat he didn't drop all of his body at once. utes before he could get breath enough to The upper half got into the hammock all yell, and then the wild shrieks he gave thrashed around on the grass until the ended the smoking. Another buck fell off small boy, who didn't mean to leave the the top of the wagon with a box of giant neighborhood until the show was out felt torpednes, and the crash that greeted him

head all wound up in that there ere net, contrived to get a pin wheel afire, and as

and I'll bet money on it!" to rise up and shake his fist at the young made it go kiting along the ground like a villain, but that didn't help the case a bit. wheel of fire, sending out a shower of He carefully looked the case over, and de- sparks and causing the affrighted lady to cided that he had his plans too high. He scud away from it, with her eyes as big as therefore lowered the net within two feet saucers, with terror. The pin-wheel got of the ground, and he had it dead sure. He fell into it as plump as a bag of shot Indian at first tried to extinguished the going down a well. He felt around to see if flames, and pretty soon a Roman candle he was all in, and then gave himsel a swing. went off, and before the man who was hit No person can be happy in a hammock un- by the first ball on the nose could clap his This hammock of Harper's was just get- caromed there and then a third, and then ting the regular salt-water swing when his the rockets began to go off and hit the bucks knots untied and he came down on the in the legs and ribs, and the different colbroad of his back with such a jar that the ored fires threw first a red and then a blue small boy felt called upon to obseerve:

"That ain't no way to level a lawnou want to use a regular roller!" out, gently rubbed his back on an apple a buck jumped to avoid a pin-wheel he got tree, and slowly disappeared around the in the air just in time to be hit by a rockcorner of the house in search of some et, and almost everybody got me weapon which would annihilate the hammock at one sweep, and though the boy of the worst scared and most frantic In called upon him again and again, asking dians the world ever saw was scurrying off it, so to speak, and it is prudent for those if a minstrel performance was to follow

his head nor made a sign. Protection of Woodwork,

It is well known that the sap of wood

contains substances like albumen, gelatine, gum, etc., which easily undergo decomposition, and under certain circumstances, such as favor fermentation, and in warm damp air, are able to destroy very rapidly the stronger woody fibers. The more sap there is in the wood, that is to say the greener it is, and the sooner the evaporation of this sap is stopped mentation will set in, and with it the decay of the woody fiber. These circumstances are correctly understood by practical men, winter, and try to obtain a free circulation of air through the structure. They think they avoid the disadvantages above mentioned if they, further, demand "seasoned wood," because it is clear that there is less danger of decomposition in such wood than in fresh or green stuff. But here we at once stumble on this difficulty, namely, of determining what degree dryness in the wood to be tested seems most advantageous for its use, and the time required for this is much longer than is generally supposed. The appearance of the wood is very seldom a reliable guide, and people are accustomed to think that the wood is much drier than it really is. The comparatively important changes which the wood undergoes during the first year from shrinkage enables us to measure approximately the time necessary to destroy the last evil effects of its interior life. Not until it has reached this stage, which requires covering it with a protecting coat of paint. At this time the paint must have a beneficial effect in protecting the wood, for it probably found out. Heaton was at Oregon prevents atmospheric moisture penetrating a few days since on some trial connected ing into the wood to serve as a reagent to decompose the albumen, which is now attorney, was cross examining Heaton and dant. Owing to the position of the lum- in faver of the railroad company. ber yards and the urgency for materials to build with it is seldom possible to obtain well seasoned lumber and wood. Sauerwein, therefore, proposes the following you?" process: The most rational and sensible process for large, heavy timbers is the impregnation, as for railroad ties, with chloride of zinc under six to eight atmospheres (Fresh green wood is best for this.) No there is no opportunity for impregnation of her shoe spread out before an enamored Its cost is only one-fourth that of oil paint Planed and worked surfaces should be merely oiled (three times) not painted. Besides having a better appearance, this

ing and drawing of thin parts like doors

the expiration of three to five years the oil-

seems to make the paint adhere better to the wood, as shown by experience. Without going into the subject of oil paints the author cautions the public against the many new fargled and highly extolled paints and substitutes. They are generally much dearer, he says, and at best are only equal to ordinary linseed oil paint made with equal care from well selected pure material. The chief effect of a good oil paint depends on the purity of the materials used, especially of the oil and white lead or zinc white, whether it is finely ground and thoroughly mixed, and the

paint carefully applied in good weather. Indians and Fireworks.

to celebrate the Glorious Fourth in bang up style, ordered a heap of fireworks to be sent to them. A whole wagon load went on, and while on its way was captured one night by a band of Indians. They didn't "Did you mean to do that!" called a exactly know what kind of property they gate. The chief thought the cannon crack-"Did 1? Of course I did! Git down off"n ers were cigars and the little ones cigarettes, which article he had seen in use at the varbut the lower half kicked and could be heard five miles away. That as he alighted scared him so that he got up "You can't turn a handspring with your and ran off at breakneck speed. A squaw she dropped it on the ground the natural Harper suddenly rested from his labors tendency of the thing to whirl around under the wagon and ignited it, and the ess the hammock has a pendulam motion. hand on the injured member, another ball light upon the scene, and the "mines" blew up and filled the air with hissing serpents and other things horrid to behold, After consciousness he crawled slowly and more pin-wheels got loose, and when the regular show, Mr. Harper never turned with pain and fear. And the next load of fireworks sent through that region won't the chimneys of the houses. be meddled with by those Indians.

Something out of the Way.

A young lady in the most exalted socia circles of Galveston, after much toil and practice at the piano, learned to play with considerable dexterity a piece entitled "Picnic Polka." It is something after the style of the celebrated "Battle of Prague," in which the listener can readily distinguish the roar of the artillery, the rattle of musketry, the shouts of the soldiers, and the groans of the dying. In the "Picnic Polka" the noise of the wind among the trees and the joyous carols of the birds are reproduced, the final being a thunder shower which disturbs the sylvan revellers. It happened that a country cousin was in town, and the young lady thought she would play the piece to him and hear his comment. He was a plain simple-minded youth, and although not very bright, was very appreciative. She told what the piece was and then proceded to give him the "Picnic Polka" The first notes are rather slow and hesitating, the idea sought to be conveyed being the solemn solitude of forest through which the gentle zephy (not heifer) sighs. After she got through with this preface, she asked him if he did not almost imagine himself in a lodge in some vast wildernes. He replied that he thought all that slowness meant the delay in getting off. Said he. "There is always some dammed cuss who oversleeps

himself and keeps everbody else waiting.

A Western Witness. Conductor Heaton is one of the best boys Bluffs Road, and is also one of the sharpwith the railroad company. Powers is an

"No," replied Heaton. "You would testify for the railroad rather than lese your position, wouldn't

"You'd like to be an angel, wouldn't

you?" sneered Powers. "Why not?" "Because," was the ready answer. "I'm

Holt county and I couldn't stand that." A Miracle of Honesty.

"No," said Heaton.

At a party one evening several contested years unpainted. In my experience, says the honor of having done the most extra-Sauerwein, wood tar is better than coal ordinary thing; a reverend gentleman was and to pull steadily. They now know that tar, because it penetrates in the wood more appointed judge of their respective pretentickets in that cheating lottery all these dancing, and the shoe is then ready for the easily, and, containing a larger amount of tions. One produced his tailor's bill with a caress is better than a blow. If dog and years, and is my last pound, that I see you next fellow. The custom is encouraged antiseptic substances, its effect is more per- a receipt attached to it. A buzz in the horses can be thus educated without punroom that this could not be outdone; when ishment, what is there in our children so fortunate stood in a Howland House bly dearer it is to be preferred. Its color a second proved that he had just arrested which makes it necessary to slap and pound

> "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the acts of my predecessors, for I have just returned to the owners three lead pencils and two umbrellas that were left at my oil varnish is necessary to prevent crack- house." "I'll hear no more," cried the astonished and windows. It does not interfere with arbitrator. "This is the very acme of

"The palm is his," was a general cry,

when a third put in his claim.

never knew any one capable. The ing may be replaced by a protecting coat | prize-"Hold," cried another, "I have done

the special color for all oil paints. This He took the prize.

the gradual drying out of the wood. After honesty, it is an act of virtue of which I

Fear of Lightning. Reason and study of the laws of lightning

have done much to lessen the fear of it. It

is true we live between two magazines of

electricity-one in the earth and the other

in the air-and a cloud charged with elect-

ricity passing over a point or body in a negative condition will discharge its surplus by the very quickest and most congenial medium, which it finds in the human body, a tree or house indifferently. But it is also true that, provide the lightning with a convenient and easy conductor in the shape of a stout iron rod higher than any point of a house, and reaching well into the ground, where electricty may scatter harmlessly into the damp earth, it will prefer that conducting rod to anything in its The Indian has a hard time of it, altovicinity, and people who stay indoors in a gether. An Idaho mining camp intending well-protected house are safer from lightning than any bomb proof from bursting shells. Every accident from this cause we ever knew of came from careless exposure in situations known to be unsafe. The first I noticed after my own accident was that of a missionary's daughter who was killed while passing an open window just as a woman was on Long Island last snmmer, while sitting at her sewing-machine. A young man in Malden we think, was killed while sitting on a porch with his chair tipped back and his head against the knob of a door-bell-wire. Many men have been struck while riding into a barn on a load of hay. Many will remember the frightful calamity at Scranton, Penn., where a party of women, out picking berries on one of the high hills, crowded into a deserted log hut in a sudden storm, and seven were killed by one bolt. Steep hills with mineral veins croping out are not places for persons to live on who wish to escape lightning, and

gerous. It is never too soon to go in the house when a storm is rising. When the clouds are fully charged with electricty they are most dangerous, and the fluid obeys a subtle attraction which acts at great distances and in all directions. A woman told us of a bolt which came down her mother's chimney from a rising cloud when the sun was shining overhead. N. P. Willis writes of a young girl who was killed while passing under a telegraph wire, on the brow of a hill, while she was hurrying home before a storm. The sad accident at Morrisania, when two children were killed, shou'd warn every mother that it is not safe to let children stay out of doors till the last minute before the storm falls. People should not be fool-hardy about sitting on porches or by open windows, whether the storm is hard or not. Mild showers often carry a single charge, which falls with deadly effect. It may or may not be fatal to stay out; it is safe to be in the house, with the windows and doors closed. The dry air in burned, and in about five minutes a crowd damp air outside, and any draught of air a house is a readier conductor than the in the darkness across the prairie bellowing who would be sure of safety to use kerosene or gas stoves in summer and avoid heating

unprotected houses there are doubly dan-

Romance of a Postal Card.

A postal card, was purchased in New York, on November 29, 1879, decorated with two one cent stamps, suitably inscribed and addressed to London, England. By some mischance it failed to secure accommodations in the mail bags which left on the steamer of that date, and its voyage was delayed until the departure of the next mail steamer, It arrived at its destination on Dec. 13, just fifteen days from the time it was deposited in the New York Post Office. From London it journeyed to Mar seilles, France, arriving there on Dec. 17, showing no sighs of sea sickness or fatigue. On Dec. 25, it was manipulated by the officials of Cairo, Egypt, who wished it a merry Christmas and a "God speed" on its voyage, to Bombay, India, where it landed on Jan. 15, 1880. On Feb. 2, the almond eyed Celestiai who rules the destiny of the Post Office at Singapore, China, gave it a ticket of leave in well known laundry hieroglyphics, and allowed it to depart the empire for Yokohama, Japan, where it was received March 9. Becoming homesick at this point, the plucky postal card embarked on an American bound vessel, and on March 26, it reached San Francisco. Although it had traveled over nearly as much territory as ex-President Grant, its arrival was signalized by no demonstration from Dennis Kearney's fellow townsmen. It was met at the wharf by the officials of the Mail Department—the drivers of the wagons-and quietly conveyed to the Post Office, where it was tendered a reception on the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council by the distributing clerks, and quietly escorted to a train en route for New York. est. It is not very often a man gets ahead On April 3, it took up permanent quarters of him as Pat Powers, of Holt county, has with Mr. Rogers in New York, the city where it first saw the light. It bears its honors meekly and refuses, courteously but firmly, to be interviewed. The time consumed in this noteworthy journey was as dried and coagulated as well as less abun- asked him if he would not naturally testify follows: Starting from New York the voyage to London consumed fifteen days to Marseilles, nineteen days; to Cairo, twentyseven days; to Bombay, forty-eight days; to San Francisco, 119 days; to New York, after a voyage around the world, 127 days.

Whipping Children.

A parent who don't know how to govern

a child without whipping it, ought to surperson. Sportsmen once thought it was necessary to lash their dogs in training them for the field. They now know that the whip should never be used. Horsemen once thought it was necessary to whip colts to teach them to start or stop at the word, an apple is bear than the lash, and that them? Have they less intelligence? Have they colder hearts? Are they lower in the scale of being? We have heard many old people say: If we were to bring up another child we would never whip it. They are wise, but a little too late. Instead of God doing so little for children that they must be whipped into goodness, he has done so much for them that even whipping can't rule them-that is, as a rule. But, alas! there are many exceptions to the rule. many children are of such quality that a permanently ugly. Whipping makes children lie, makes them hate their parents, "I have been taking my paper for makes home distasteful, makes boys run nywhere and anyhow. Whipping is Larbarous. Don't whip,