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JACOB WOLF, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, MILLHEIM, PA. We will bring the first part of our tale to a speedy conclusion. Mr. Hepburn, of course, denied that the signature was his, and Herbert Wallis was arrested for forgery.

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QUESTIONING.

Why do the children leave us? O our Father! The little children cried on our breast? Why do our eyes fly upward in the morning? While other birds sleep within the nest? Can it be true that music up in heaven is sweet? Or when their voices join the hymn? Is richer light to realms of glory given? For that which fading left our homes so dim?

The Bitter End.

Herbert Wallis was "no man's enemy but his own;" at least so people said, till the final catastrophe came. Then they discovered that his extravagance was viciousness, his free open-heartedness hypocrisy. He was one of those unfortunates who can never say "no." When a fellow clerk in the government office, in which he was an employe, asked him to endorse a promissory note for \$200, he was not the man to refuse him. Once in the clutches of the vampire bill-discounters, a fast-living young man, without private means and without strength of character, may consider him on the "high road to ruin." So it proved with our hero. In the course of a few years he became, as incidentally involved that he forged a senior clerk's name to a note at three months, hoping, may believe, like Micawber, that something would "turn up" to enable him to meet it when it became due.

and he seemed to feel his position far less acutely than the two poor women whom he had left to fight the battle of life unaided and alone. Three years and more have passed. Let us briefly review the changes that have taken place in the lives of simple Mrs. Roberts and her daughter. Soon after Herbert Wallis's conviction they were "sold out," but fortunately before the small sum left from the sale of their furniture was entirely expended the mother procured a situation as housekeeper to a middle-aged gentleman of wealth, with permission to have her daughter with her as an assistant. This procured them a comfortable home. Elsie wrote frequently to Herbert, and at first bewailed her letters as often as the prison regulations would allow him to do so; but before the expiration of a year his letters were so much colder in their tone as to perplex and worry the poor girl sadly. Finally he wrote to say that he would rather all correspondence should cease between them. If, at the expiration of his sentence, he found himself able to regain his position in society he would come and claim her. If not, why it was better to commence the final separation at once. In the meantime he begged her not to neglect any opportunity for advancing herself, by marriage or otherwise, and to endeavor to forget his existence.

There is in Zion, a young man of excellent character, good ability, a worthy young man who has but one failing. He has received an excellent education, traveled abroad and now has gone West to learn a few things more. His one failing is a desire to acquire and use Western expressions and slang phrases. Recently, while seated in a company of hale fellows, well met, a popular miner, whose name suggests all sorts of bathing places except warm ones, made mention of "spuds." At the employment of the firm, our young friend glanced up and at an opportune moment drew a friend apart, the user of the term, to find out what in the infernal regions "spuds" were. The friend explained that they were potatoes and well satisfied, the young man left.

What effect has his imprisonment had upon Herbert Wallis? The most inevitable one. He has listened to the thrilling adventures of his fellow prisoners till he has himself longed to share with them. At the end of three years and seven months, having behaved himself well enough to gain his commutation time, he is discharged, and with him two of the most notorious of the men whose tales he so loved to listen to. A villa surrounded by his own grounds; time, midnight. Three men lurking on the piazza, listening attentively to the slightest sounds.

In the month of July, 1880, after riding over the mountains for two days, the Crow Indians came upon a fine herd of yellowstone. There were four hundred Indians and four thousand buffaloes. The Crows had been forced by fear of starvation to take to the chase, and the keen hunger they were suffering only sharpened their eagerness for a tilt with their old fellow-nomads, the noble bison. The game stampeded down the valley in the direction of the Yellowstone. The chase was hotly followed, half because his country said they were pot toes. He reproached him for trying to resell him and it took a visit to half a dozen groceries and a like number of inquiries as to the price of spuds before he was convinced to what kingdom they belonged.

The human body, which seems made up of flesh and blood, really contains several metals and gases, and other substances which perform important offices in the world of science. Nitrogen and carbon and hydrogen are its chief constituents; but it holds, besides, about two pounds of phosphorus, which is essential to the health of the bones and the vigor of the brain. This phosphorus, if extracted and put to use, would make up about four packages of friction matches. Besides phosphorus, it contains a few ounces of sodium, and a half ounce of potassium, which schoolboys know as a curious metal that burns brilliantly on the surface of water, or when touched by an electric spark. The quantity of such in the body would be sufficient for many experiments in a large school. In addition to sodium and potassium, there are a few grains of magnesium, enough to make the "silver rain" for a family's stock of rockets on a fourth of July evening, or to create a brilliant light, visible twenty miles away. Who knows but some reckless chemist may undertake to drive a profitable business by extracting these materials from dead bodies?

The California Mountain Messenger reports an interesting experiment in fruit curing, lately made at a Piacerville foundry. About a peck of sliced apples were placed in a stove and subjected to a cold air blast for three and a half hours in the cupola furnace of the foundry, and the fruit is reported to have been completely and beautifully cured by the treatment, remaining soft and without the slightest discoloration. The cured fruit showed none of the harsh, stiff dryness which results from hot curing, the cold blast completely freeing the fruit from excess of moisture, with no possibility of burning or shriveling. The Messenger says: "Compared with our sun drying, it effects a great saving of expense, attention and risk. Anybody who can command or devise a strong blast of cold air, can dry fruit in a superior—we might say perfect—manner, without being dependent on the weather and waiting on the slow process of sun drying, and without the most expensive resort to fuel and the risk of overheating."

Mr. Turquet laid the following project before the Minister of Finance of France, and the budget committee relative to the rich collection of precious stones known under the official title of "Diamants de la Couronne." The under-secretary for the Fine Arts proposes to divide this treasure into three parts. The first part will comprise the historic jewels and stones, and will be placed in the Louvre. The second part will contain stones having a mineralogical value, and will be placed in the museum of the Ecole des Mines. The third part composed of royal and imperial jewelry, and having only material value, will be put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds will go to form a State Fine Art Fund. Mr. Turquet has had an inventory made of this princely treasure. One of the most famous of the diamonds is the one called Regent. It weighs 136 carats, is of an extreme whiteness and brilliancy is square in form and was estimated at 12,000,000 francs in 1791. Another remarkable object is a round pearl, weighing over 27 carats and valued at 200,000 francs; and still another one is the necklace of pearls, styled Collier de la Reine, composed of 25 pearls and worth 998,700 francs. None of our lady readers would be sure to disdain the large, long clear ruby in this collection, weighing 56 carats and valued at 50,000 francs; nor the amethyst of more than 13 carats, estimated at 6,000 francs, nor the sapphire of 132 carats, worth 100,000 francs. By selling the jewels of the third class Mr. Turquet expects to realize the sum of 3,000,000 francs, and with it he will purchase works of art and enrich the national museums.

The oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date, is a little molded ring, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty in the Slade collection at the British Museum. This is to say at a period which may be moderately placed as more than 2000 years B. C., glass was not only made, but made with skill which shows the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film of varnish or glass is so old that among the fragments which bear inscriptions of the early Egyptian monarchy are beads, possibly of the first dynasty. Of the same period are vases and globes and many fragments. It can not be doubted that the story preserved by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phoenicians, is so far true, that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schliemann found disks of glass in the excavations at Mycenae, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of the glass-blower was known long before, is certain, from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb of Beni Hassan, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty, which show an older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half-obscured scenes in a chamber of a tomb of Thy, at Sakarra, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty, a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of the assiduous researches of many Egyptologists, to give it a date in years.

A citizen of John street, Detroit, not only keeps a score or more of hens, but the family take pride in them, and the slightest noise in the back yard at midnight arouses every inmate of the house. A morning or two since a weary-looking old chap called at the sidewalk with a dead hen in his hand, and when the servant girl had summoned the lady of the house he said: "Madam, as I was walking down the alley just now a boy jumped over your fence with this dead hen in his hand. I am poor and hungry, but I am honest, madam. This hen belongs to you. She will make you a beautiful dinner. I ask for no reward, madam, though the smell of coffee almost makes me crazy with delight."

"Those bad boys—they ought to be shut up!" exclaimed the indignant lady. "So they had, madam. It is a sin to murder a young and healthy hen in this sudden manner. I could have taken the bird and sold it, but I would not do so base a thing. No, madam; I am as hungry as a wolf, but I am honest. There's your hen, lady, and though I need food I will not—" He laid the hen beside the door and was going away, when she asked him to come in and get breakfast. He accepted the invitation, cleared the table, and had been gone about five minutes, when the girl called to her mistress: "Why, this hen is frozen as solid as a rock, and only about half of it is here?" The lady investigated, and saw that it was a "cocker" which had been kicking around for days, and as she rushed for the front gate there was a bright red spot on each cheek, but the man was out of sight.

A fine Robin, picked up in the park when quite young and helpless several months ago, is now the favorite pet of an uptown family. "Rob" has been petted and nursed until he has become a tricky fellow and is as mischievous as a magpie. He flies off at will; returns when he feels like it, and perches on the shoulder of the mistress of the house at which he has made his home and by a series of soft, plaintive notes makes known his wants and is immediately satisfied. His favorite dish is bread and milk and he is also fond of raw meat and berry berries. He will show fight to members of the family who tease him, and gets very angry at strangers. He has a fondness for bathing and will raise a shower bath in a short time if given a basin of water, into which he dashes and flaps his wings, playing and dabbling until the water is wasted and "Rob" is a sorry looking bird. Recently while the family who own the bird were washing, they neglected to provide the bird with a shower bath. Nothing loth "Rob" spied a large basin filled with starch and into it he jumped making the starch fly in all directions. Soon as he was discovered he was taken out, with his beautiful plumage pasted firmly against his body, so that he could not open his wings to shake off the sticky substance. "Rob" was immersed in a basin of tepid water and thoroughly washed before he looked like a decent bird once more. In half an hour afterward "Rob" was snugly perched in his cage, singing merrily and adjusting his coat with care, utterly indifferent to the trouble he had caused his mistress.

Although sparkling champagne has made its appearance at highly patrician tables in England ever since the times of King Charles II, who was very partial to it, the consumption of the wine among the middle classes was, so recently as fifty and sixty years ago, of the most sordid kind. Trifles have often advertised on the parsimony of the British government in allowing only a single bottle of champagne a day for the table of Napoleon at St. Helena; and Sir Walter Scott protested against the conduct of Lord Bathurst, and Sir Hudson Lowe in denying the captive "even the solace of intoxication." The truth is that Napoleon did not care for champagnes. His favorite wine was Chamarrin, and of that he partook very sparingly; and it is possible that the largest share of the solitary flask of "fizz" allotted to his table fell to the officers of his suite. Champagne was always a ladies' wine. In 1815 it was certainly not a vintage much prized by gentlemen. The recognized beverage for good, steady after-dinner drinking was port, with sherry for a wind-up or "white-wash;" and the British government, so far from being stingy, doubtless expected that the exile would take his bottle or so of "ar-bonnell or Sandeman after dinner.

Boston is said to own the two first horse chestnut trees brought to this country. They are on Washington street, and are reputed to be 103 years old. A ring does not always denote a year, for the blue gum tree of Australia sheds its bark twice a year. A tree recently hewn, that was known to be only 18 years old, showed 36 distinct rings of growth. When Washington visited Long Island he probably crossed the shadow of an old oak tree that still stands on the premises of Judge Macie in Babylon. It was made a landmark in 1716, and is therefore a local monument 60 years older than the nation. Old oaks and yews in England are not uncommon. Several oaks felled in Sherwood forest, about a quarter of a century ago, exposed, on being sawn up, the date 1212 and the mark or cipher of King John; and it has been calculated that these trees must have been several centuries old at the time the marks were made. At Fowls' Nest, in Perthshire, in the centre of the village, standing on a slight knoll about four feet higher than the surrounding country, is a very large and old sycamore, which girths 17 feet and 14 feet 2 inches at one foot and five feet respectively, and with a hole of 14 feet. The legend goes that a man of Poulis planted it on a Sabbath night with his thumb. Berks, Penn., claims the largest chestnut tree in the country. It is growing on the farm belonging to the estate of Solomon Merkel in Rockland township, and measures 38 feet 4 inches in circumference; the limbs are 15 feet from the ground, and measure 14 feet in circumference at the base. The top of the tree is reached without danger by steps that are fastened between the limbs. It is estimated that this tree contains about 17 cords of wood. It still yields about three hundred chestnuts annually. The oldest yew tree in England, which is situated in Couthurst churchyard, was mentioned by Aubrey, in the reign of Charles I., as then measuring 10 yards in circumference at a height of 5 feet from the ground. It is said, on the authority of De Candolle, to be 1,450 years old. Its present growth is about 35 feet. In 1820 this old tree was hollowed out, and a cannon ball was found in the centre. In 1825 a severe storm deprived it of its upright branches. A door has been made to the inside of the tree, where seats are to be had for 12 persons comfortably. A fossil forest has been discovered in Oldham, England, in Edge Lane quarry. The trees number about 12, and some of them measure about two feet in diameter. They are in good preservation. The roots can be seen interlacing the rocks and the trunks of the ferns are to be found imprinted on every piece of stone. The discovery has excited much interest in geological circles round Manchester, and the "forest" has been visited by a large number of persons. The trees belong to the middle coal measure period, although it has been regarded as somewhat remarkable that no coal has been discovered near them. The coal is found about 250 yards hence.

For beginners the best bows for use are known as self bows—that is, bows made from a single stick. Of this class the majority is lemonwood and lancewood. A good, serviceable bow to start with can be had for \$4 or \$5; half a dozen arrows, say as much more; arm guard, finger tips and quiver; say \$3—so that the total of \$12 or \$15 will fit out the intending archer ready for the range. A straw target thoroughly made, with the regulation painted facing, will cost \$4, but can be bought by a club or a few friends joining together for common use. Once the propitiatory period is passed the archer will become ambitious and desire a better bow—where his taste can be gratified with a large variety to select from. What are known as backed bows, made usually from two different woods (occasionally three), abound in styles and numbers, at from \$7 to \$25 in price, according to quality, through the various grades, Snakewood, bedford, partridge-wood, lenonwood, lancewood, yew and ash, are in common use here, and can be seen on any archery range. Perhaps the handsomest in appearance are the snake-wood and hickory, the beautifully mottled dark wood contrasting well with the white. The more expensive bows of this class are marvels of finish and workmanship. Every part is wrought out to a certain scale so delicately graduated as to secure the best results in accuracy of shooting, elasticity and strength. The yew however, is the bow par excellence, and is unequalled in smoothness and elasticity of pull, quickness and lack of tendency to "kick," noticeable in all other bows. The archer desiring of doing the handsomest thing by himself can get a fine yew bow for \$250. Should that frighten the intending purchaser, perhaps a statement that a yew can be secured for \$15 or \$20 may be reassuring. The fortunate possessor of a fine bow is envied among archers less favored, but at the same time has a little extra care on his hands in giving it proper attention, although that should be done with every bow, whatever the quality. A frequent rubbing with an oiled rag is to be the careful grooming is to be the race horses; and the better taken care of the better the results in every way in either case.

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On the road leading from Fairplay to Alma and Leadville, Colorado, is a board sign nailed to a tree and bearing this device: "Chinamen are warned not to locate in this district." Despite this warning, two foolhardy sons of Siam mounted the stage at Fairplay recently, their celestial pigtails wound tightly about their heads, and that portion of their garments which civilized people wear inside their pants fluttering in the breeze, en route for Alma. The smile that broadened their dark lunar faces was one of happy thought. The field for "washe-washe" was large, and they were the first in the race. Their unanticipated jumble from the top of the coach arrested the attention of a passing horseman, who significantly inquired of the driver, "Have they got return tickets?" The latter smiled and whipped up his horses, as he thought of the fun awaiting him at his destination.

The celestials were spotted the moment they entered town, and when the coach stopped it was immediately surrounded by a crowd. The white passengers dismounted, but lingered on the skirts of the crowd awaiting developments. The Chinamen started to descend from their lofty perch on top of the coach, but the ends of sharp sticks and several rifles stretched up to receive them caused them to hastily clamber up again. Amid the cries and hoots of the crowd to take them out and hang them, a man stepped forward and firmly informed the celestials, now almost pale with fear, that their place was on top of that coach till it went back, when they were to go too.

And stay they did, for the remarks were of such a tenor as to admit of no dispute. And when the stage wended its way back to Fairplay that night two sad faced Chinamen occupied the same exalted seats as did the merry ones in the morning. A MAN dying left \$1,000 to an individual who years before ran away with his wife. He stipulated in his will that he never forget a favor.

On the 22d of February, 1812, a miner Hubert Goffin of Aus, near Liege, descended the shaft of a mine with one hundred and twenty-six men, who were under his orders. His son, Matthias, a brave boy of twelve, accompanied him. When this miner descended into the depths of the earth, he left, five hundred feet above, a wife and six children. Suffocating vapors may poison him, the gas may take fire and explode, the walls may fall in and crush him. And yet he is happy and of good courage, in his subterranean hole he sings and rejoices at the sparkling splendor of the metal. Hubert instructed his son Matthias in the art of discovering the veins of ore. About ten o'clock in the morning some water suddenly rushed down upon them out of an old mine, and threatened to inundate the shaft. The prudent Hubert wished to call his men together, but the water pressed in with such force that he could not get to the alarm bell. Another workman risked his life to save his companions. He wedged to the bell and ran it. His life was sacrificed in vain; it was too late when the others came. The water rushed down the shaft by which they generally ascended and their retreat was cut off. The flood rose higher and higher, and threatened to drown them. All pressed up to the saving rope, which alone could bring them up above. Each wished to be the first, but the stream rushing violently down seized them and carried them onward with it. Hubert was still and strong. He lifted up his son in his arms. He was nearest the rope, and might have saved himself; but he looked upon the others. "No; they are my friends," he said. "I cannot leave them to perish." But his son he would save at all events. But the younger miner protested saying: "Father, I came with you; I will return with you, too, or remain where you remain." Hubert took courage. He called to his comrades: "Let us see whether we cannot break through into the next shaft. Our lives depend upon it. Let us make the attempt." But this was not so easy. Two days passed away in this terrible position. They work on unwearyingly, still the hard walls of the mine yielded but slowly. Once they thought they heard a noise, and with joy exclaimed: "We are saved! We are saved!" But they were deceived, and the young men among them threw themselves down before Hubert, and exclaimed: "Sir, you have led us hither; you must save us, too—we cannot die so young!" Hubert himself was utterly exhausted, and seemed to have lost all courage. He thought of his wife and children who were mourning for him above; he thought of his son and of his companions who were down with him in the mine, and to whom death and destruction were so near. Not one of them was able to strike another blow.

Leon Matthias came up to him, and boldly striking into the rock with an ax, said: "If men weep like boys, boys must work like men." These courageous words nerved them to fresh hope. They worked on bravely. Suddenly there was a fearful cry; they had come upon a suffocating stream of gas. Hubert rushed up quickly and stopped the aperture, but he proceeded, pointing the workmen to another part where they could continue their labor.

In this sad state they had already passed thirty six hours. The last lamp had gone out. Thick darkness reigned around them. All were suffering the keenest pangs of hunger. Several sunk down utterly exhausted. Matthias clasped his father firmly and said to him: "Courage, father, all will be well yet!" Still they worked on in the darkness. At last voices came to their ears on the other side of the stone through which they were breaking. Other strokes were meeting theirs. Yet a few minutes more and they would be saved. Hubert and his son were the last who were carried up above. "I should never have dared to look upon the light again if I had returned without my companions," said the brave miner. The Emperor Napoleon presented him with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and gave his son free admittance to the college at Liege.

No Place for Chinamen. On the road leading from Fairplay to Alma and Leadville, Colorado, is a board sign nailed to a tree and bearing this device: "Chinamen are warned not to locate in this district." Despite this warning, two foolhardy sons of Siam mounted the stage at Fairplay recently, their celestial pigtails wound tightly about their heads, and that portion of their garments which civilized people wear inside their pants fluttering in the breeze, en route for Alma. The smile that broadened their dark lunar faces was one of happy thought. The field for "washe-washe" was large, and they were the first in the race. Their unanticipated jumble from the top of the coach arrested the attention of a passing horseman, who significantly inquired of the driver, "Have they got return tickets?" The latter smiled and whipped up his horses, as he thought of the fun awaiting him at his destination.

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