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. TOCUM & HASTINGS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW BELLEFONTE, PA.

High Street, opposite First National Bank. WM. C. HEINLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. BELLEFONTE, PA.

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

WILBUR F. REEDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA. All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a speciality.

BEAVER & GEPHART,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

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

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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

TOHN G. LOVE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the

BUSINESS CARDS OF MILLHEIM, &.

A. STURGIS,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Repairing neatly and promptly done and warranted. Main Street, opposite Bank, M liheim,

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, Cigara, Fine Confectioneries and everything in the line of a first-class Grocery store. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Main St. eet, opposite Bank, Milheim. Pa.

DAVID I. BROWN, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN TINWARE, STOVEPIPES, &c.

SPOUTING A SPECIALTY. Shop on Main Street, two houses east of Bank, Millheim, Penna.

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, Wa Papers, Coach Trimmings, and Saddlery Ware, &c,. &c. All grades of Patent Wheels.

TACOB WOLF, FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

MILLHEIM, PA.

MILLHEIM BANKING CO.,

MILLHEIM, PA.

DAV. KRAPE, Pres.

AUCTIONEER,

REBERSBURG, PA

TO DEATH.

Methinks it were no pain to die On such an eve, when such a sky O'er canopies the west ; To gaze my fill on you calm deep, And like an infant fall asleep On earth, my mother's bresst.

There's peace and welcome in you see Of endless blue tranquility; The clouds are living things trace their veins of liquid gold, I see them solemnly unfold

Their soft and fleeev wings. These be the angels that convey Us weary children of a day, Life's tedious nothing o'er-

To vex the genius of repose, On Death's majestic shore. No darkness there divides the sway With startling dawn and dazzling day;

But gloriously serene Are the interminable plains; One fixed, eternal sunset reigns O'er the wide, silent scene.

cannot doff all human fear ; I know thy greeting is severe To this poor shell of clay ; Yet come. O. Death! thy freezing kiss Emancinates! thy rest is bliss! I would I were away.

Heari Shadows.

In a richly-furnished parlor, its crimson curtains closely drawn to shut out the piercing winter night, before a glowing fire, sat Maurice Greenwood, merchant. Somewhat more than fifty years had written their ecord of his life; but his hair was thickly prinkled with gray, and his face, with its deep-set hazel eyes and compressed mouth,

seemed like that of one much older. That face was one where will was graven on every feature, as with a pen of iron and diamond-point. But some regret, some lasting shade there was, about brow, and cyes, and mouth, and Maurice Greenwood

Wealth he had, and every outward neans of happiness, save dear faces, by his areside, and tones of home affection. These he had not; in his palace-like home

Ah, there was a shadow on Maurice Greenwood's hearth and heart; one, too, of heart, perhaps. They're all alike, these long-continued observation. his own making. His wife slept beneath the green shades

of the cemetery; and his only daughter, his beautiful, gentle, true-hearied Annie, was no longer at his side. She had kept her his thoughts. But that he could not do. even, she were living or not.

Time passed on, and he became accustomed to his lonely life; yet the regret he

his deserted fireside, the thought of his daughter grew so vivid that she seemed to stand beside him. The white brow, the radiant wavy hair of golden brown, were the same; but the blue eyes with a sad, reproachful look, gazed steadily into his

Once or twice the illusion had been strong that involuntarily he stretched his arms toward her and called her name, and his housekeeper, perhaps coming in with his tea-tray, had found him nearly fainting, or, as he always answered, "tired."

"I do declare," she said to an intimate friend, "if he would get his daughter home, with her husband, and treat her like a father, how happy the man might be! Likely enough, they've little children that would make the old house alive again, and it's more like a tomb than anything else. But, dear me, there's no knowing whether she's alive; wonder if he knows? never can ask him; it won't do to mention her name; just set him against her still more, if that could be; but I wish I knew! To think I cradled her on my breast, same as I did him before her, and I never thought to see my boy like this; just making himself wretched for the sake of worrying his own

flesh and blood," "Ten years to-day, since Miriam left said Maurice Greenwood to himself. was a mild, sunny spring morning, and opening leaf-buds and a scent of garden violets, even in the busy city, brought glad tidings of that which should be. A Miriam's grave, and he resolved to ride

out to the cemetery that afternoon. It was a lovely, shaded spot near the river, and the early flowers were beginning old man; and the shadow grew light, misty, o bloom. Maurice Greenwood stood there alone in

the still glow of sunlight, that wrapped the "city of the silent" as in God's great peace; and in those moments a glimpse of a higher, better life dawned on his soul. What startled him? What made the strong man tremble in every nervel For

He had only a glimpse of her face, but

the golden brown hair beneath the little sun-hat, the form, the step and bearing A great hunger sprang up in his heart and he could not resist the impulse to follow her. He did so, silently, not to attract her

attention. She did not see him approach, as she sat on the grass twining a wreath of the flowers she had brought, and singing a low, sweet melody; one that Annie loved, and often sang. He drew nearer; near enough to read the

inscription on the marble tablet before her. Hls daughter's name was graven there, and the man with difficulty repressed a cry of pain. The young girl turned her head; she

"Pardon me, young lady," he said oourteously, "for my seeming intrusion. She who lies here was very dear to me; but I have net seen her these many years, and I did not know of this."

His manner, his gray hair, and worn, sad face, reassured her, and she remained awhile, answering simply and frankly his inquiries about her father and home She was the only child his Annie left, and like-

Could he tell her that he was her grand- after it is wet, and for pillows they are betfather? Would she not fly from him as ter because they have no odor. Their and the saddle at every leap. Her hair from a savage beast if she should know that strength is very great; a man weighing streamed out behind. In one hand she should be eaten in the morning, a little be- in perfection for the various uses to which he was the father who turned her gentle 160 pounds may stand upon one without swung her huge poke bonnet by the strings, fore breakfast—not later than noon. Ear- they can be applied as an article of daily that, for all right judgement of any mother from his heart and home, and left bursting it. They are said to be water- while she shrieked in a shrill, quavering ly in the day they will, if eaten, prove to consumption, as well as in a medicinal man or thing, it is useful, nay, essen-

tion. And his good angel told him that Annie would forget, in kindness shown her loved ones, even at this late hour, the deep and bitter wrong done herself.

"I have a carriage waiting at the gate," he said, at least. "Will you allow me to carry you home and see your father?" But the revelations made there are not for mortal pen to describe. When he left, there was peace between them.

It was buf a little time that the sick man lingered, Maurice doing all he could for his aid and comfort, and he went to his rest, happy in the assurance that Grace Brown should ever hold her mother's place in the heart and home of the repentant

This promise Maurice songht earnestly

to fulfil, and though his daughter's presence seemed still conscious at times the shadow on his heart grew less, and not all of pain. Yet thoughts of the unreturning past, regret, softened though it were, served in after years asia warning, a beacon, the Five years have passed since Grace Brown has becomes the sunlight of his home; her voice the weetest music that meets his ear; her hand alone rests on his temples with soothing touch, when sad memories and, surrounding the spots for thousands

He sits musing alone this evening, and a shade of troubled thought is on his brow. astronomers cannot tell with certainty the Rarely does he talk to himself, but he feels | cause of sun spots, or give a reason for the lonely now, though Grace Brown has been occurrence of the outbreak once in eleven

away but one short day. we have been! And here this girlish fancy terrestial magnetism. It is strongly afmust upset it all. Why haven't I seen this firmed that the disturbed condition of the before? Why didn't I stop it? I must sun at this period is reflected on the earth have been an old fool to let them go off on in northern lights, waves of intense heat, that boating trip to-day? But, if I had re- and storms of unusual severity. The defused, what then? It would only provoke vasting tornadoes and cyclones at the west, Frank, and make him more resolute than and the display of auroral light in the ever; and as for Grace, she'd have cried all Scottish skies, lend their aid to support day, I suppose. I'm in a pretty plight, I this theory. A fascinating field of obserdeclare! I might have foreseen it-but I vation is thus laid open before intelligent didn't-when I took Frank into the office, and let him come here so much. I don't for, the occurrence of great storms, the apwant him to have her; he's as poor as Job's proach of a heat wave, and the appearance cat-steady and sure, and loves her, no of the northern lights. Clear-headed obdoubt of that. I'm not afraid she wouldn't servers can work at these problems, even be happy; but I wanted my pet, my pride, if they are not trained astronomers; for, if my beauty to take a place befitting her. ever the cause of sun spots and the reason But, dear me! if I say say no, she'll run of their periodicity are made clear, the away with him, or she'll go and break her work will be accomplished by close and

girls. A look of intense pain passed over the old man's face, and he murmured:

"Maybe if I'd been different, Annie might have been here now-Miriam, too- the earliest form was a simple crook similar faith with the lover who lacked only gold; who knows? What makes me think of to the common picklock. The ancient and for this he had banished her from his home, and tried to banish her image from moving uneasily in his chair. "I wish able shape, the shaft terminating on one spain, but as I could not speak Spanish, He knew not where Annie was; whether, It seems as if she stood by me this blessed Keys of this description were presented by minute. Oh, Annie! Annie! don't look so. husbands to wives, and were returned again I haven't harmed them!" cried the old man, half-wild ir his excitement. "Will you have dinner now, sir, or wait

> for Miss Grace?" asked the housekeeper, opening the door. "It's past your usual "Dinner before she comes! No indeed!" was the instant reply. "But isn't it time

or her to be home? "It is a little late to-night, sir. She'll be n soon, no doubt,"

"Late!" The old man sprang to his feet as if his years had suddenly rolled from him. "Late!" he repeated, as he hurriedly glanced at the clock, and then walked nervously to the window and back again.

The door-bell rang. An instant after, Grace's merry voice wound through the entries and up the stairs, and in she came, radiant with health and happiness, just as she had parted from him in the morning. "Oh, grandpa, such a splendid day we have had!" she exclaimed, delightedly clasping her arms round his neck.

"No, indeed. What made you think of alking, and I didn't think much about

"Happy child!" thought Maurice Greenwood. "God helping me, I'll not break her heart—one's enough; and the shadow

A year went by. Frank Shirley had become a junior partner in the firm of Greenwood & Co., and in the old family mansion

"Ah!" thought the housekeeper, as she herself fastened the white dress, and placed the orange blossoms on Grace's fair brow. sudden impulse came over him to visit "If I could have done this for Miss Annie! Well, what's past is past forever, and she's angel crowned now." "God bless you, my children!" said the

> and almost disappeared. Ten years more. Grace had filled Annie's place; her gentle care and tender affection

making the old man's heart warm, and his home sunny. Her husband had long been as a dearly-loved son; her children, the little heart's-ease blossoms that brought comfort to his spirit. He is way-worn and weary the moment it seemed to him a vision. A now, and the loving friends gathered around young girl passed with a basket of flowers him know that he is passing from them succeeding events to the capture of Major swiftly, but with peace and trust in his

lightly, Grace sitting beside him, his hand clasped in hers, when he opened his eyes, and, looking at her with a world of affec-

tion in their clear, steady gaze, said: "Grace, darling, I have seen your mother. She forgave me long ago. In a little while I shall hold her to my breast again, as I did when she was a babe. She is so beautiful, Grace, all in white, with a rose crown on her forehead, and young and bright as you are now. I have tried to make you happy, dear-kiss me!" And as Grace bent her face, dripping with tears, to his, the failing hand caressed her golden hair, as it had been wont, and he spoke once more, feebly:

"The shadow is gone now! She stands there, but it is all glory-Annie?" "What does he mean? What shadow? whispered Grace's husband. But she raised her head, slightly.

"Hush, dear-see-he is gone!" Japanese Paper Air-Cushion

rubber. They may be rolled into a package of smaller dimensions when not in use; they will not stick together as rubber does

Once in about eleven years, the sun completes a spot-cycle. Its commencement is marked by a period of great solar activity, when spots for two or three years are numerous and large upon its large surface. These gradually disappear, and the sun remains more or less quiescent during the remainder of the time. A new spot-cycle is now in full action. Portions of the huge blazing surface of the sun are dotted with spots. They throng the solar territories, appearing in rows, or groups, or more frequently the large spots are surrounded by families of small ones. They are of enormous dimensions. Some are so large that our whole globe might be rolled into the seeming cavern, and our largest continents would not cover others, while many are so small that they can be seen only by telescopes of high power. Some of these spots will continue for months, others will quickly disappear, and others will break into small ones, which new ones will reminder his impervious will still needed. more than fill the deserted places, and give variety to the ever-changing exhibition. came to Maurice Greenwood. Her presence | Sun spots, seen through the telescope, present a very curious appearance; The central part, or umbra, is black, the border, or penumbra, is usually of a grayish tint; oppress him; and even, as she comes near, of miles, the sun's surface seems to be piled the shadows on heartn and heart grow into ridges, dotted with groups of small shining spots, called faculæ, from a Latin word n. eaning "small torches." The wisest years. It is well-established that there is "Five years!" he says. "How happy an intimate relation between sun spots and observers. Three things are to be watched

Not Generally Known

Keys were originally made of wood, and side by the wards, on the other by a ring.

upon divorce or separation. Hats were first made by a Swiss a Paris, 1404 A. D. They are mentioned in history at the period when Charles VII. made his triumphal entry into Rouen, in 1449. He wore a hat lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a rich plume of feathers. It is from this reign that hats and caps are dated, which henceforth began to take place of the chaperons and hoods that had been worn before in France. Previous to the year 1510 the men and

women of England wore close-knit woolen The custom of crowning the poets origi nated among the Greeks, and was adopted by the Romans during the empire. It was revived in the twelth century by the emperor of Germany, who invented the title of poet laureate. The French had royal poets, but no laureates. The title existed in Spain, but little is known of those who bore it. The tradition concerning the laureate in England is that Edward III., in 1367, emulating the crowning of Petrarch at Rome, in 1341, granted the office to that, grandpa? Am I late? Oh, yes, I see," Chaucer with a yearly pension. In 1630 glancing towards the clock "We were the laureate was made a patent office. Chaucer with a yearly pension. In 1630 From that time there has been a regular

succession of laureates. Until the close of the eighteenth century the finest muslins in use were imported from India. The earliest mention of cotton among the classic nations of antiquity is by Herodotus, who speaks of it by the name of tree-wool, which name it still bears in German and several other continental languages. Cotton was not known in Egypt until about 500 years before Christ. Then it appears probable that it was imported, for all the cloths found enveloping the mummies of earlier ages have proved on examination to be linen. Cotton cloths are mentioned as having been imported into London in 1596, the knowledge of both the culture and manufacture having probably been conveyed there by the Moors and other Mohammedan nations. The former were the means of first bring ing this n.anufacture into Europe.

Mrs. See, an old woman living on the Bedford Road, about two miles from the Tarrytown depot, tells a pictureque tale of Andre. Mrs. See, familiarly known as "Aunt Betsy," says that a party of "Skin. ners" with their prisoner went directly to "Mug Tavern," near White Plains-a hostelry presided over by Aunt Polly Reed. Strange to say-considering her sex-Aunt Polly was notorious for her curiosity and inability to keep a secret. While ham and eggs were sizzling in the pan for the hungry "Skinners," Aunt Polly was struggling to ascertain the identity of the melancholy young stranger who was so handsomely clothed in a blue overcoat, claret-colored coat, and nankeen waistcoat and breeches. Finally Paulding seized her by the wrist

"Can you keep a secret?" "Yes," stammered the old woman with hardly suppressed eagerness.

and drew her close to him.

'We've got a British spy. In three minutes the old woman had in trusted household cares to her girl, saddled her white horse, and was galloping to the next house, in a place then called "Twitchobstacle, and Aunt Polly was forced to make a long detour by the road. The "Skinners" finished their meal and dehave some advantages over those made of parted, making a straight cut across the country toward "Twitching." As they approached the house they caught sight of Aunt Polly flying up the road on her white horse, daylight showing between herself Around the Globe,

"That is my man in the corner of the "What, that well-mannered individual

with handcuffs on ?" "Yes, he is the man, and I doubt if ever a fugitive gave an officer a longer

The above conversation occurred recent on the incoming passenger train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road, between one of Pinkerton's shrewdest detectives and a reporter who boarded the train at Lawrence. No one, to look at the detective casually, would take him for the human sleuth-hound that he is, but a second glance at his face, and a look from his cold gray eyes works wonders, and it is seen that he is "up to snuff."

The man he had in custody was Ransom, formerly the trusted cashier of a prominent wholesale silk house in New York, who in June, 1879, embezzled over \$200,000 from the safe of his employers and took passage for Europe. A clue to his whereabouts was ascertained soon after his flight, and when he reached New York recently, it can be truly said that he has been chased around the world. "Is he such a desperate man that

must needs have him handcuffed?" "He escaped occe from an officer by umping from a passenger train, and don't want him to do so again." "Have you any objections to telling

ome of the man's wanderings?" "No, not at all; but he can do it The prisoner was then introduced, and on his going into an apartment of the sleep-

ing car the "darbies" were taken from his

wrists, and his story was as follows: "The causes which led to my leaving New York need not be told: suffice it that woman had something to do with it, and when I bearded the Bothnia on Saturday in June of last year I thought I was going away forever. My identity was carefully protected while on the water, as I pretended to be a cripple and always appeared on deck with a cane. On landing in the old country I went directly to London and deposited certain funds at a well-known banking house, and settled myself to await quietly the arrival of a 'friend' from Amer-My boarding house was not far from the celebrated 'Scotland Yard, and one day in August I ran across a little notice in a paper which stated that I was supposed to be in London, and that the detectives were on my trail. This startled me at first, and after waiting six weeks I left for Paris, intending to remain there awhile. In crossing the channel I saw a family I had known in New York, and did not dare go to Paris,

enabled me to get along. "Did I have much money? Yes, I had quite a large sum, but the idea that I took ridiculous. Most of the money was lost in Wall street; but to go on with my story. At Athens I met a young Englishman who was traveling for pleasure, and we determined to visit Egypt, to which country we went in November last. All this time I was afraid of my shadow almost, and after stopping several weeks at Cairo took passage for Bombay by way of the Suez Canal alone. It was dreadfully lonesome, this going about alone, and but few Americans were met with. From Bombay I went to Hong Kong, and then foolishly decided to return to America, and took passage on an Oriental steamship for San Francisco. 1 was a fool for doing it, but the longing

made my way to Greece, where my

came over me and I could not do other-"At San Francisco I did another foolish thing by writing a letter to a friend in New York, which fell into Pinkerton's hands, and he at once sent Mr. Halcomb, who now has me in charge, out after me. fore he arrived, however, I was arrested, but escaped and fled into Arizona, but was again captured at Prescott, and here I am. I'm glad I'm going back to New York, as the life I have led during the past fifteen months was killing me."

As the story was timshed, the train was entering Kansas City, and the reporter accompanied the officer and his prisoner to the dining-room at the depot for supper.

Ransom was not handcuffed, but the officer never allowed him to leave his side. and when the train on the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Road left for the East the two men occupied a section in a Pullman car. The prisoner realized that he must suffer for the crime, and told the officer he expected to get ten years in Sing Sing. When arrested he had drafts and cash on his person to the amount of about \$10,000. and was traveling under the name of William Allison.

Wurtemberg. The house of Wurtemberg, it is said, derives its name from the following legend: A poor burgher fell in love with the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and, as the two young people saw no prospect of obtaining the imperial consent to the union. they fled together into Suabia, where they bought a small piece of land, and established an inn. It stood at the foot of a mountain, and its possessor therefore went by the name of "Wirt am Berg" or the "Landlord at the Mountain." One day the Emperor was traveling to Frankfort, and stopped on his way at his daughter's house without recognizing her. She knew him directly, and persuaded her husband to make himself known to the Emperor, and to beg his forgiveness. Accordingly, taking their little son, they all fell at his feet, entreating his pardon, which he willingly granted. Moreover, the Emperor created his son-in-law a Duke; but in memory of this occurence he was to keep his name "Wirt am Berg," which subsequently became Wurtemberg.

When to Eat Fruit, The Spanish proverb has it: "Fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, but lead at night." Americans do not seem to have heard of this proverb, nor to have made one from their own experience. Mostly they eat fruit at night, and hence have not the sovereign idea of it that they would have if they had eaten it at more dinner. This may be the most proper time to eat dried fruits, but it is not the right time to eat the juicy ones. The Spanish people learned their proverb from eating the very juicy fruits, like oranges. These

Bromley as a Book Agents.

Bromley had but just left college and was hesitating as to what to do when the enterprising publisher of "The History of the World" persuaded him to take a trip to New Brunswick to introduce the work. After some hesitation, Bromley acceded and started on his journey. The day after his arrival he sallied forth from his hotel to commence his canvass, but for a long while hesitated as to where to begin. By and by, he spied a clerical looking person very neat in appearance and dignified demeanor, sitting on a front step. Approaching him Bromley introduced himself as introducing "The History of the

"Pleased to meet you. Take a seat," said the stranger. "What have you to

say about the book?"

Much encouraged at the kindly reception Bromley began his story, in which he had been carefully instructed on leaving home, to the effect that the book was "the history of the world, from the creation down the present year, 18-: embracing full and complete descriptions of Eden, the world before the deluge the flood itself, the rise, progress, and fall of the Grecian and Roman Empires, with much information concerning other nations of antiquity prior to the birth of Christ; the rise and progress of Christianity, conversion of Constantine, growth of the Papacy, the Crusades, the thirty years' war, the American revolution, the French revolution, the Mexican war, the great exhibition, the voyages and fate of Sir John Franklin, a full exposition of the Rochester knockings, the loss of the Arctic, &c., &c., all in one magnificent octavo, half turkey morocco, ot several hundred pages, all at the low price of five dollars-

Here the new solicitor paused for breath. "Any illustrations?" said the stranger. "Pictures? I should say so. There are steel plates by the dozen, lithographs by the hundred, and wood cuts by the thou-

or in the waters under the earth. There are likenesses of Adam, Eve, Noah, Moses, Potiphar's wife, Daniel, Hosea, Belzebub and all the other old saints, besides Napoleon, George Washington, Zack. Taylor, Frank Pierce, Henrietta Robinson, the veiled murderess, P. T. Barnum, and iadrawings by our own artists, engaged at an enormous expense in every section of the globe. Among these are views of the garden of Eden, crossing of the Red sea, tomb of Semiramis, seven wonders of the world, ancient Egyptian methods of plowing, Italian races, Daniel in the lion's den, le fields of Bunker Hill. Waterloo a

certainly be a remarkable work." slammed the door.

penter at work on the roof of a new house.

want 'the History of the World,' from-?' "No!" interrupted the man sharply. Bromley was mad at last. And looking at the carpenter for a moment, he resumed "Look here! You've got to buy the book."
"What do you mean?" "I mean just this: That I came from Connecticut to New Brunswick to sell this work, I have been I am going back to-morrow, and you are the last man I shall speak to about it, but you've got to subscribe. We are alone on this roof. I am bigger than you, and I have got control of this ladder!" The carpenter surveyed the situation for a moment and saw that Bromley held the key of the position, and that there was no escape, as nobody else was in hearing and the ladder was the only means of access to the roof, Hence he said quietly, "Where shall I sign?" "There," said Bromley, handing him a blank book. The man signed and then said, "How much?" "Five dollars." 'There it is," handing over the amount. "All right; you shall have the book in a few days." "All right." "Good day." "Good day." "Don't trouble yourfew days." self to come here again." "Never." With this Bromley went the ladder, went: o his hotel, packed his valise, and started home that night.

Cultivation of Hops

It was during the reign of Henry VIII. that hops were first raised in England. Now nearly 64,000 acres are devoted to their production there; 40,000 acres in Kent, and most of the remainder in Sussex. Hereford, and Hampshire. The chief crop in Amerca is raised on the Pacific slope; the amount gathered there this season reaching from 120,000 to 130,000 bales. American hops, however, are not considered as good in quality as those of Europe, having a peculiarly rank flavor, the result proper times. They eat it as a dessert at of imperfect cultivation. Bavarian hops are the best and properly give the fame to being 9,663 strong in the last summer sesthe celebrated beer known by that name. sion. Berlin remains far the most fre-With the increase in the manufacture of quented of all the Prussian, and, indeed, of lager beer the increase in growing hops has become enormous, and their cultivation her to die in poverty and pain? But she proof, and to make excellent life-preserv- voice, "They've got the spy! They've got the spy! They've got the spy!"

| be the best possible medicine for the bil- point of view, demands the attention of pronouncing on his bad | prono

"Well, boss, talking about rapid traveling, I'll give you a little of my experi-

"There it comes," said a man who had heard it before. "What is your experi-

up the railroad after muscadines.

"How fast did you run?" "You see, the engineer got so drunk that we had to lay him out. I stepped up to the blamed thing and pulled her wide open. I don't really like to tell you

"Oh, yes, tell us." "Well, as certain as I am living, she run so fast that she didn't touch the track only in high places. Sometimes she'd fly over the tops of the high trees, and then tip the track on the top of a high grade. All the boys but me fell off when the engine struck a tree, and creaned a little. would have fallen if I hadn't secured a hold on the tender. My pants went off, then my shirt, drawers and socks. One by one my toe nails were popped off by the

"Didn't it kill you?"

"Portraits or landscapes?" was the next "Both, sir, and everything else on earth numerable others, besides engravings from Buena Vista, the open Polar sea, bay and city of New York by moon light, &c." "Well," said the stranger, "that must

"Yes," said Bromley, "I should say so. Of course you will subscribe for a copy." "Subscribe, oh, no. I don't want the canvass for it myself, and I just wanted to see whether you knew your lesson. You will do pretty well, though you forgot some things, but you made up for that by putting in a good many that are not in. But you forgot to say anything about any bright colors always take with the women folks. That's what makes Fox's book of Martyr's go so. But after you have had ninety people say 'No,' and been kicked down stairs half a dozen times, you will learn how. Good day." And, with this, the clerical-looking party went inside and

Bromley gazed at the closed door a few moments, and then turned and went to his hotel meditat ng. He stayed in New Brunswick two weeks longer, but did not essay any further canvass until he received a letter from the publisher, expressing surprise and regret at not hearing from his new agent, save by drafts for expenses. This caused Bromley to make another effoot, and he gave a day to steady canvassing, without any success till near sundown. By this hour ne had got well out into country, when in the centre of a large lot, remote from any neighbors, he saw a car-Ascertaining that no one was near, Bromley approched the house, ascended the ladder and accosted the workman with, "Do you

The Most Barid Traveling on Becord

A genuine Arkansian lives at Conway. You couldn't induce him to make a misstatement. It is said that if his life depended on telling a lie he would scorn the idea. During a long life he has treasured up little bits of truth. One of these truths he keeps for Saturday purposes. Last Saturday when the usual party had gathered in front of the store, the truthful man

"Several years ago a lot of us boys went went on a railroad engine, and traveled about 70 miles an hour going up. After we got there we were all drunk. But it was coming back that we traveled."

how fast the thing did run."

"No, everything finally came out all right. The engine stopped at the depot, drew a long breath, and whistled so loud that the brakeman on a train over one hundred miles away put on brakes.'

Leaning Towers. The most remarkable leaning tower in Great Britain is that of the Caerphilly Castle, Glamorganshire. Being between seventy and eigh.y feet high, it is eleven feet out of perpendicular. The castle of which the tower forms a part was built about 1221. and the canting of the tower is said to have been caused by an explosion of hot liquid metal used by the occupants of the castle to pour on the heads of their enemies at a siege which took place in 1896. There are also leaning towers at Bridgenorth Castle, in Shropsinire, and at Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire both caused by the use of gunpowder during the civil war between King Charles and his parliament. Of churches with crooked spires, the most noteworthy is the famous one at Chesterfield, in Derby shire. It leans six feet toward the south, and four feet four inches toward the west, the distorted appearance of this steeple that it is said to appear to be falling toward the spectator from whatever point he apbook. I let you go on because I used to proaches it. There are several traditions extant respecting this singular architectural deformity. One is that the builder, a native of Chesterneld, having agreed to erect a church, did so, finishing the tower without adding a spire. The authorities of the town, not being satisfied with the strucof the pictures being colored. Those ture, appealed to the Attorney-General, who gave his opinion that the spire was as much a part of the church as the tower, and that consequently the builder must finish his contract by its addition. The subject was, however, fully discussed at a meeting of the Institute of British Architects in January, 1855, and it was ascertained that the oak planks on which the framework on which the spires rests, are much decayed on one side, which is sufficient to cause the divergence from the perpendicular. The timbers also have the appearance of having been used in a green and unsound condition. The action of the sun upon the spire would therefore cause it to become crooked, and this may account for its distortion without attributing

The Value of Wiyes. countries. In America they are often expensive companions, but in the higher regions of the River Amar, and on the Ussuri, in Siberia, according to information furnished to the British Scientic Association by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, the price of a wife is eight or ten dogs, a sledge, or two cases of brandy. In another part of the world, according to evidence furnished to the same association by Wilfred Powell, in New Britain and the neighboring islands on the east coast of Guinea, the wives are the absolute property of their husbands, and are bought, sold and eaten by their better halves. There was one New Britain young woman who had rebelled at her matrimonial relations, whereupon her husband said he could put her to better use, and straightway killed and ate her. Unfortunately, according to the same authority, the eating in New Britain is not confined to wives. The natives are fond of missionary meat, and think the English are unutterably stupid because they are unwilling to feast on such a delicacy as the human thigh, prepared in cocoanut milk and dressed in banana leaves. Mr. Powell does not advise women to emigrate to New Britain.

The German Census

The next census of the German empire will be taken on the 1st of December next. It is estimated that the returns, when made up, will show an increase of from five to ten per cent. in the population. At the last enumeration, in 1875, the German nation was found to number 42,750,000 souls. The Kingdom of Prussia, with a population of about 25,750,000, possesses nine universities and two other institutions which are universites in almost all but name. In these eleven institutions, including the universities of Berlin, Breslau, Gottingen, Bonn, Hall, Konisberg, Greifswald, Marburg, and Kiel, the academy of Munster, and lyceum of Braunsberg, there was a staff of profes in number, the matriculated students alone all the German universities

We are firm believers in the maxim

datisfaction Guaranteed.