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WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green, And every goose a swan, lad,

And every lass a queen. Then hey for boot and horse, lad, And round the world away, Young blood must have its course, lad, And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown, And all the sport is stale, lad,

And all the wheels run down. Cr ep home, and take your place there, The spent and maimed among; God grant you find one face there You loved when you were young.

My Punishment.

I am not yet thirty years old, but my hair is streaked with gray, my heart lies like ice in my bosom, and my life seems only a long, dreary waste-a punishment. Ah, if my sin was great, I was sorely tempted, and my punishment will only end

with my life. When was it I first loved my cousin Kate? It might have been when aunt Barrie offered her soft cheek out of a bundle of flannel for my boy lips to kiss

I was wealthy, my father having left me a fortune when I was six years old, that had been nursed carefully by my conscien-

tious guardian till it nearly trebled in value when I came of age. Aunt, my mother's sister, had only the smallest income from her dead husband's estate, and lived in a cottage not far from

the great house that would be my home whenever I choose to occupy it, My own mother had died when I was a baby, and all home affection in my heart centered in aunt and cousin Kate. Yet it never was a brotherly love I gave

Kate after I was old enough to think of my own home and future happiness. I knew that my beautiful house would be to me desolate and empty if Kate refused to share it with me, and although she laughed at me if I made love to her, I never ceased to hope until Girard Hopkinson

came to Barton. He was, without exception, the hand-somest man I ever saw. Yet he was without a dollar in the world excepting his salary as clerk in my guardian's manufactory,

the Gordon Mills. I had been all winter visiting my grandmother, who had written me a most imploring letter, begging to see me once more before she died, and seeming so heart-

broken whenever I proposed to leave her, she died early i May. I had left Barton in November, and just one week after my departure Girard Hop-

kinson came to take a position in my guardian's counting house. There was nothing of the snob about John Gordon, my guardian, and finding his new clerk to be a gentleman he invited

him to his own house, and introduced him to Barton society. Everywhere he met Kate, the belie of

Barton by universal consent. When I came home in May aunt told me that Girard and Kate were engaged.

I will not dwell on what I suffered. My whole life seemed to me a blank, but I had no word or thought of blame for

I hid my pain as best 1 could. Aunt knew all, for my heart had been an open book for her loving eyes all my life, and when we were all together she accepted

my attentions as a matter of course, leaving the lovers to take care of each other. To aunt only I confided my plans for opening my own house in the winter, and she consented to come and share my home

after Kate's marriage. In October I went away to nerve myself by absence for the wedding, and to purchase many additions to the modest trousseau aunt was making for my cousin.

It was nke a thunderclap to me when my guardian wrote to me that Girard had "It was a very clever forgery," he wrote,

'and it has been traced directly to Hop-Evans, who has been with me kinson. thirty years, has my perfect confidence, detected the forgery, and traced it up. Of course Hopkinson denies it, but it is too clear a case. Still, for his father's sake, I shall not prosecute him. He is the sen of one of my dearest friends--dead many years-and s pared this disgrace. I have discharged Girard, of course, and he has left Barton, but I shall keep the whole affair secret. I have told your aunt and

cousin-no one else." Kate knew then. My heart ached for her, for I knew she loved Girard, even as I loved her.

I wrote to aunt, and received letter after letter, telling me of Kates's grief, and her firm faith in her lover's innocence. The weary winter passed, and Kate's health failed, in her pain and humilia-

All Barton knew of her engagement, but no one knew the cause of her lover's desertion, so that there was the bitterness of ap pearing to be jilted in addition to the burden of knowing the truth.

I was shocked when I returned to Barton to see the shadow of my bright beautiful cousin in the pale languid girl who greeted me with sisterly affection. I consulted our old doctor privately, and

he strongly advised "change of scene." "She is fretting here," said he, "and laver. If she went away for a year, she would come back herself again.

Armed with this opinion I laid siege to aunt, and the result was that we went abroad, no time being set for our return. It was a labor of love with me to win my cousin back to cheerfulness, and if I

was lover like in my attentions I was at least sincere in my devotion. I believed Girard to be a forger, one who had robbed not only his employer, but his friend, and I honestly held the opinion that Kate's happiness would be best secured if

she could forget him. With this conviction and my own love, I hold myself blameless that I tried to win Kate's heart, even though I knew I never could be first there.

Yet it was two years before I ventured to ask Kate to be my wife. We were in Paris when she put her hand in mine, saving-

knowing that my heart was giving to Girard." faithful wife, since you love me in spite of the muck and sand. In either instance, for your late wife to wait a reasonable time.

There was no reason to delay our wedding, and I made every preparation to be married on the 12th of May, and sail for home early in June.

Aunt banished me to another hotel for a week before the ceremony, to have Kate's | tinted oleomargarine. undivided attention in the trousseau, and other details of the wedding, for we had many friends invited, and had resolved to have a grand breakfast after the return from church.

from my guardian. He wrote: "MY DEAR BOY, -You will be as glad as I was to hear that Girard is an innocent man. I cannot be too thankful that I never openly accused him of the forgery. Evans died last week-committed suicide. He has been robbing me systematically ever since I took him into my full confidence. The forgery was committed to cover a loss by speculation, but he has gone on from one venture to another until discovery was mevitable, and suicide seemed his only escape. He lett a full confession, and fortunately I knew where to find Hopkinson. I wrote to him at once, and he is

his salary. Need I say he is still faithful to Kate? I enclose his letter to her." There it lay, the letter that was to destroy my whole scheme of happiness. I put Girard's letter unopened into the

now in Barton in Evans place, and with

flames of the gas burner, and watched it burn to ashes. Then I folded away my guardian's letter which had some business details I intended

to copy before destroying it. What excuse could I make for delaying our return to Barton?

Worn out already by mental excitement whether to take aunt into my confidence in so far as to tell her of Girard's return to Barton.

my pale face at the wedding breakfast, but out like a beautiful dream. everything passed on well, and Kate was my wife. With Kate my own I had thought to

defy fortune to injure me, but before the honeymoon was over I knew that my wife would be dutiful and faithful, but never We had been married nearly two months,

when one morning Kate came into the room of our London hotel, where I sat Upon one pretext and another I had de-

been some weeks in London. I looked up as Kate came in, and her ghastly face and set hps absolutely fright-

Before I could speak, she held out to me my guardian's letter. "You asked me to clear up your table

another paper, but so that I read one line 'Girard is an innocent man!' Then I read the letter. I only ask you one question-did it reach you before we were married?'

I could not lie to her, with her eyes riveted on my face. "Before," I said.

"And you distroyed the inclosure?" "Yes. She uttered no reproach.

She simply put the letter on a table beside me, and left the room. But it killed her. For months she faded away, coldly dutiful to me, gently affectionate to her mother.

but crushed by the weight of her misery. Her only hope of happiness was gone bitter contempt, and I faltered in every at-

of love she had tried to show me. I am writing this in my own home at Kate's dying wish was to be buried here,

tempt to win back even the dull semblance

and we brought her home to place her beside her father in Barton cemetery. Yesterday the coffin that held my heart

was lowered into the grave. Aunt knows all; she has forgiven me, and will share my home. It was her hand that burned the fatal

letter, and no one has questioned us about My guardian has the idea it reached me after my marriage, and Girard shares this

But I know that my treachery has killed the only woman I ever loved, and that my life will be one long agony of remorse.

The Sugar Beet and Its Products

It is not generally known that very vigorous efforts are in progress to introduce sugar-making from the beet. The State of Deleware has a commission organized to award premiums to farmers for raising crops of the sugar-beet, seven premium aggregating \$400 being awarded for crops of 16 tons of roots per acre and over, and seven smaller premiums for crops of 4 to 16 tons per acre, The Delaware Beet-Sugar Company has a large factory 56 by 142 feet, intended to work up the crop of the present year, and has contracted for the produce of 400 acres, in addition to 114 acres grown by the company. During last year eleven farms attempted the cultivation, and the official report of the quantities grown shows that the product ranged from 7½ tons to 26 tons to the acre, five of them exceeding 16 tons, and that the calculated product of sugar per acre ranged from 1,407 pounds, the lowest, to 4,488, pounds, the highest. Seven of the farms execeked 2,400 pounds of sugar per acre. The percentage of sugar was also high, in all but three everythings reminds her of her faithless cases exceeding 10 per cent. The percentage of sugar increases if the gathering of the roots is delayed; those pulled in August yielding 51 per cent.; in September, 8 6 10 per cent., and in October, 8 98-100 per cent.

The Razor Clam

When the tide is out, one may find the razor-fish, so called because the shell re- twin: sembles the handle of a razor. If laid hold of suddenly, the chances are that before he can be drawn out he will slip out you would feel if he would die. of his shell, leaving that empty in the hand, while the "soul and essence" of him showed the matter was settled in her mind, has gone down half a fathom into the sand. Yet he is not more slippery than many an rangement when we were married. You magnanimous deed in behalf of the community, slips out of his shell, and, losing the grip, you can no more find the soul and Henry,' said I, 'you ought to be ashamed essence of him than you can find the soul of yourself. Only seven days a widower. "You know all. I will be your true of this razor fish, which has gone deep into You should at least have respect enough the empty shell is the only sign of the Co thing wanted.

He Wanted Oleomargarine.

Gilhooly strolled into his grocer's establishment recently just as that distinguished statesman was opening a keg of golden "That looks nice. It's genuine butter,

suppose: none of your bogus stuff?' queried Gilhooly. Now, this was a leading question. The grocer wanted the worst to sell some of

that oleomargarine to Gilhooly, so he spoke On the 11th of May I received a letter "Of course it is butter. Just look at the eautiful golden hue only found in dairy outter. It makes one think of cows and butter-cups, just to look at it-don't it

> "But is it butter?" "Is it butter? Why, of course it is. ome people are so suspicious they won't believe butter is butter unless they take it out of the churn themselves. Man alive! just smell it. Don't it make you think you are rolling in fresh-mown hay? You can just taste the buttermilk it you try." But is it butter ?"

He had to be or lose a customer. When that issue was squarely put it would have been commercial suicide to have hesitated, so he came right out like a little man and said it was butter. "Butter from cow's milk ?"

"Yes," "Then," said Gilhooly, as a sad smile passed over his features, "then I don't want it. Cow's butter is no longer fash-

ionable. I wanted some of this oleomar garine, made, you know, of axle-grease, second-hand tallow, and mucilage, that looks like butter, but contains the organism of a new kind of tape worm. I don't say left that question open, undecided that I like that kind of jelly, but I am going to keep up with the procession, anyhow. So you haven't got any oleomarga-Barton. rine? Sorry, for I thought you kept a I heard more than one comment upon first-class establishment," and he passed

> The grocer was silent for a moment, and then he spoke confidentially to himself: "Next time I'll tell the truth if it bursts

Ancient Tombs in Switzerland.

An interesting find of ancient tombs supposed to have formed part of a Burgundian burying ground, was made a short time ago at Assens, a village of the canton of Vaud. These tombs, which follow each layed our return to Barton, and we had other in regular order, are hollowed out of the rock on a hill at the entrance of the viltiage, about three feet below the soil. They are each two metres long and eighty grave is a flat stone, dressed, but bearing no inscription. The bones are disposed in the ordinary way, as if the bodies to which they belonged had been laid down in a loose, and the crowd stood back to see the horizontal position, and not vertically, as in some tombs lately opened at Chamblandes, in the same canton. Fragments of tibiæ, femurs, and the clavicles were found, but no skulls. One of the tombs contained | yelled, but the only thing he could say | go along with one policeman if he was not the bones of an adult and an infant, presumably of a mother and her child. Among hide,' the objects found are pieces of curiously wrought and chased metal and silver rivets, the remains probably of a warrior's glaive and sword-belt. In another of the tombs half a litre black as to its exterior, but in substance yellow. Whether the material, of which it is composed be stone or burnt earth has not vet been determined. Inside as well as outside there are traces of lozenge-shaped figures executed apparently and, from the look on his face, we knew the force. I expect the police knew me with some graving tool. The chief interwhen her quiet affection for me turned to est of these tombs consists in the fact that they are almost certainly coeval with the arrival of the Burgundians in the Jura ing he motioned for us to come to nim, country in the fifth century whither they and as I kneled beside his couch and took were called by the aboriginal inhabitants his hand in mine he said: "Boys, I'm to repeople the land, almost depopulated going to pass in my checks, but I ain't by an invasion of the Allemain. Being going to shiver about it, even if I do die for the most part shepherds and hunters, away out on a prairie, with no one but a they dwelt chiefly on the mountain slopes few friends around me. I'll have a big and in elevated valleys. The plateau of | broad bed to rest in, and if some day you Mount Jorat appears to have been one of their most important settlements, and there can be little doubt that the origen of Assens, as well as of Cheseaux, where also Burgundian tombs have been found, dates back some 1,400 years.

Got a Corner On one of the morning trains over the Erie road, the other day, a farmer-looking man, walked the length of a car, without finding an empty seat, and he slowly returned to one occupied by a lone man, who at once spread himself out as much as possible, and suddenly became deeply interested in his newspaper. The farmer halted beside the seat, but the other made no movement. Even after a full minute had

share his quarters with the other. Then the farmer gently touched his arm and said: "If you can hang on long enough you'l

make a fortune." "What-what's that, sir?" demanded the other, as he looked up. "It's a big thing-hang on to it!"

pered the farmer.

"What is it? What do you mean sir?" "I tumble; but I won't give it away," chuckled the farmer. "What do you mean, sir?" "I mean that you've got the biggest corner on the hog market ever known in this country, and if you don't make a million

but the farmer preferred to stand up and brace against the stove. "And I Did."

dollars out of it I'll eat codfish for a year.'

Hallof the seat was suddenly vacated,

In one of Michigan's interior towns live a couple known as the "Siamese Twins." They are always together. No one in the villiage ever remembers seeing one unaccompanied by the other. They go to church together, they split wood together, they walk the streets together and they fight together. Not long ago, after a severe battle, a gentleman said to the feminine

"Sarah Jane, why do you pummel your unprotected husband so? Thi k how bad

"Oh," said Sarah Jane in a tone that "we will die together. We made that arindividual, who, when pressed to do some see John Henry was married before, and seven days after his first wife died he came to me and asked me to marry him, 'John ne back ten days after the funeral and I'll marry you.' And I did."

Killed by a Mustang

It was a clear moonlight night when, after a hard day's "drive," and the herd of wild horses had been penned, that the cowboys stripped their tired ponies of saddles and bridles, and staked them out to graze on the thick mesquit grass which fringed

the bank of the San Bernardo. After this duty had been attended to, the cooking utensils were brought forth, and soon the coffee pot was singing a musical little song, and a leg of fresh calf ribs spluttering before the fire. The repast, though rough, was made enjoyable by an appetite which only violent exercise and pore air can give, and after the boys had eaten until it became necessary to unbackle their six-shooter belts, blankets were spread under the braaches of a gigantic live oak which seemed to stand guard over the broad expanse of prairie, and

they settled down for a quiet smoke, "I tell you what, boys," said Ned Curtis, who was one of the hardest riders and best poker players west of the Brazos, as he lit a cigarette, "we are going to handle some pretty rough mustangs to-morrow, and if any of you fellows want to show your fancy riding you had better be fixing your flank girts and rolls, because there are some unbranded four years old in that bunch, who are going to make you hum like a churn-dasher, and you'll have to fork 'em deep to stay in the saddle. There' is one in the pen that is a perfect picture of the mustang mare that sent Bill Hall to

the angels.' "Wasn't he some galoot from the old States ?" inquired one of the boys, turning over on his blanket.

"Yes," replied Ned, "he was a long tow-headed chap, greener than an August persimmon, with legs on him shaped like

a pair of hames.' "How did he happen to get killed, Ned. Did the mare flirt him a little too strong?' "Yes, that was the way of it. You see, he had just come from Gregory, and had never been on the back of a wild horse before in his life, but he was spunky with take me around to the undertaker's shop to

county, we made 'round up' all of the horses in the range, and after 'cutting out' all that were in the 'diamond P' brand the boys began throwing some down and riding 'em, just to see the wild devils buck." "Well, Bill Hall took a darn fool notion some of the boys to help him throw her before they are taken to the hospital.' down, because he didn't know any more

One day while driving out in Nueces

running a prayer meeting. her and Bill forked it, she was turned howling." looked back, bellowed a couple of times, I ever looked at. "Stick to her Bill," I

While he had his knees gripped to her sides like a vise, and his hair standing like self out like a step-ladder, put her head between her front legs, and then bringing herself together like a rat-trap, she slamthan I ever heard a fellow hit before. When we picked him up one ear was jammed around to the back of his neck. that he wasn't long for this world. He and hired that little tailor to bring me in, lingered for a day or two, and we did all knowing I only go to war with regularly we could to ease his pain, but one morn- ordained policemen.

ride by my grave won't you get down and think of me awhile?" "Well, sir, the boys-the ornary cusses were crying like women, and I felt terribly shaken myself, but we all promised that little, and in a faint voice said: 'Ned, I of leather hanging half way down the back, want you to write to my mother and tell make furious rushes from Lower Thames

her that I wasn't a very dutiful son, but I loved her just the same. "Ned," Le muttered so faint I could hardly hear him, "don't tell my folks when you write that I was slid into Heaven by a d-d mustang," and with that his head fell back, his grasp on my hand relaxed, and Bill Hall was on this earth no more, and when I thought how his mother would grieve it made me feel weak in the knees. We buried him, and Jack Jones, who passed there was no sign that he meant to is something of a scholar because he had a chance to go to school down in Bay Prairie, wrote on the head-board of the grave-

WILLIAM HALL got a fall; Killed Dead as a Slug

By a Texas Plug, BORN IN GEORGY. "It always makes me feel bad when think of that poor fellow, and how to-day he sleeps on the bank of the Santa Gertrudes with nothing but a live oak to mark his last resting place in the bosom of the prairie. Do any of you fellows want a lit-

tle araw poker to-night?" Several did, and 'mid the shuffling of a greasy pack, Bill Hall was soon forgotten.

Where the Smash Was.

the particulars about the recent accident on your road. Superintendent—"What road?"

Rep.—"Why your road?"

Supt .- "I own no road."

Rep,-"Are you not the Superintendent of the Go-to-Blazes. Smash and-Crash Rail Supt,-"I am. Why didn't you ask that before?' Rep .- "Well, now about the accident.

Sup. - "What accident?" Rep .- "Why, the recent accident." Supt. - "There has been no recent acci-Rep .- "Why, didn't a train run off the

rack recently, smash half a dozen cars to

kindling wood and kill five or six people?" Supt.-"Where?" Rep .- "At Gimlet Falls Station." Supt. - "Where is Gimlet Falls?" Rep .- "Where? Don't you know?" Supt,-"I am not called upon to know. Prove to me where Gimlet Falls is.'

Rep .- "Well, this is cheek." Supt .-- "No, it ain't it's business." To the Christian nothing can Cured by Hasty Pudding.

Doctor Radcliffe cared but little for books and yet he left \$200,000 to found the library at Oxford University, which bears his name. A friend, visiting him, asked where his study was. Pointing to a few vials and a skeleton, he replied, "This is

Radcliffe's library." Though one of the most successful physicians of his day, he seemed to ignore physic. He once remarked, that when he began practice he had twenty remedies for every disease, but before many years he but one remedy.

His reputation was due to the same qualities which command success in all'departments of life-namely, quick penetraion, good sense, decision and fertility of He was called to a gentleman ill of the

quinsy. Seeing that neither an internal nor an external application would be of any service, he ordered a hasty pudding to be made. When it was done, his own servants having been instructed as to their behavior, brought it to the patient's room. "Come Jack and Dick," said the Doctor as the pudding was placed on the table, 'eat as quickly as possible. You've had

no breakfast this morning." Both began, but on Dickis diphis spoon twice into pudding to Jack,s once, quarreled. From words they went to throwing spoonfuls of hot pudding at each | other; then handfuls. The patient was so much amused that he nearly burst with laughter, and that burst the quinsy and he recovered.

Colorado Jack.

"You don't try a man for murder before

He called bimself "Colorado Jack," and ooked like he might be a bad man to handle. He was up for drunkenness. "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" said

the recorder.

all of that, and wasn t scared of anything. | identify the remains? That's what I have been accustomed to in Colorado." "What remains? What inquest?" "Why of the policeman who tried to

"You didn't kill any policeman," "Well, don't you want to see the result of their wounds before you try me? Don't to ride one himself' and he picked out a you take their ante mortems and have little Roman nosed mustang mare, pure them identify me as the tornado that Spanish, and wilder than a cavote, and got struck 'em? As a general thing they die

"I don't know what your are talking cen imetres wide. At the head of each about handling a lariat than he did about about. You were arrested and brought to the lock-up by a little sick tailor on Gal-When the saddle had been strapped on veston avenue, who was disturbed by your

"O. well. Well, air, that plug raised her head, was afraid I had disgraced myself. Any citizen can arrest me with impunity. and then she lit into the prettiest bucking Civilians are beneath my resentment. You can't make me destroy one. I might was, "Whoa! Stop her boys, darn her old armed and very polite. When I want a fight I want the genuine article. It takes five able-bodied policemen to make it interesting enough for me to let myself out. a brush heap, the mustang stretched her- I never fish for sardines. In Colorado they usually bring out a battery on me and a company of infantry. As long as you keep your police out of my way when I med Bill Hall against the ground harder am drunk they are safe. That explains it. I couldn't find the police to get up a matinee. That explains wify there is no mortuary report this week-no vacancies on

Billingsgate, London. Who would see Billingsgate at its busiest must be there by 5 o'clock in the morning, for at 5 o'clock, all the year round, the policeman, permanently appointed to this post, rings the great bell, and at the first tone of its iron tongue the iron-gates, river side and city side, are unbarred, and swinging wide open, admit such a concourse as is not seen in any other city under the sun. Men in socalled white smocks, with head-dresses, street to the river side, where they are met by fellow-laborers, who have reached there the North Sea, and which may have over. this old chief, exasperated to war by inhauled them close at Heligoland, or nearer justice, has within the course of eighteen to, or further from our shores, are moored alongside the dummies by the landing, and Mexicans and 100 soldiers, beside stealing into each of these are lowered two timber over 1000 horses and committing no end gangways, up one of which climb the por- of minor depredations. ters with trunks of fish upon their heads, whilst down the other trip other porters with their empty boxes or trunks, as they are indifferently called, ready for a fresh load, These steamers may have arrived dent believer in Scripture that he is ready in the river during the early morning, or to bet on any proposition that is laid down they may have come late the previous af- in the Bible. A few weeks ago, he visited ternoon; or, should your visit be fixed for the Lake, and stopped on Sunday at Glen-Monday, they may have been there from brook. Being nearly penniless, he deter-Saturday afternoou, lying lazily in the mined to give an exhertation, and securing suffocating weather, which is not calculatabelled the sinners together. His ed to improve the flavor of the cargo. But text was the marine episode, in which there are also ice ships about, and the knowledge of their presence lends a senti-

mental coolness to the atmosphere. Now the streets become noisy with the arrival of carriers' carts from the railways lieve, but I know that it is so, every word whose system touch the sea, or carry river of it." fish from Scotland or from Ireland. Of Reporter—"I wish to ascertain some of course the Irish and Scotch salmon are the most highly prized, for those of the Eng- after pausing a moment, he continued: lish rivers are not rated so highly, and the produce of the Norway rivers stand at the lowest figure n the market. But for this class of fish the season is nearly if not completely, at an end, for the speckled trout goes out of fashion at the close of the pariamentary session, with its lordly relative the silver-coated salmon. Cod and skate, which lie about in all directious, are just coming in, and while haddocks and plaice seem numerous enough, turbot and oysters are rather shy of putting in plentiful ap- row. pearance. Norway lobsters are not just now in season, so that one visiting the neither moths nor rust corrupt, nor thieves market at present loses the sight of their break in and steal," he remarked, as he sorting in the "haddock-room," over the saw the hat coming back. ground floor market, a sight well worthy of beholding

As 6 and 7 o'clock approach, the business becomes fast and furious. The fish his hearers and complained bitterly of his arriving by boat and by rail are being rapidly sold off, for the most part by auction. anxious to obtain their required supply, and heeled didn't need take up a collection in dary but that there is a bright side. | anxious to obtain their required supply, and | heeled didr. | to carry it off to different parts of the me-

tropolis, to waste time in beating down for pence, for shillings or even for pounds sterling. From the steamers, and the Dutch eel boats, hung with cages round the sides, and fitted with wells inside to keep the fish alive; from the heavy barges laden with shrimps, which are shoveled like grain into baskets, or with mud-colored flounders caught by and beyond Blackfriars bridge, from the railway vans in the narrow roadways, crowded with flat-fish and fresh-water fish, or with huge baskets running over with slimy eels, the porters found twenty diseases for which he had make their way in and out of the market. The numerous narrow by-ways that radiate from the base of the "tall bully that lifts its head and lies"-in Latin-are thronged with costermongers' carts and barrows, so that for the general public these so-called thoroughfares are positively impassable up

to 9 or 10 o'clock. As the market exists, its business is carried on with all possible propriety, and taking into consideration that its lowest chamber, which by the way, is scarcely ever used, is ten feet below the level of the river, it is kept remarkably dry. This has to be effected, however, by means of steam power, which keeps continually pumping the water out from under the flooring and which would if allowed to rise, flood the building in thirty-six hours. Strange to say, too, this drainage is not water from the river, for it is perfectly pure and tasteess, but it is supposed to percolate through he earth from the coal exchange opposite, where it is said the Romans of old had established spring baths.

Victorio's Career.

The Indian chief Victorio, who was recently killed in Mexico, was an Apache leader over seventy years old, short and stout in build and of wonderful skill and courage. Though his left arm hung paralyzed by his side, and his age was so great, he baffled the unremitting pursuit of United States and Mexican troops, pillaged and murderthe inquests are held, do you? Don't you ed on both sides of our southern border and fought scores of fierce combats. Up to 1877 he was a good Indian; but at that time the Interior Department resolved to remove him from the Hot Springs reservation, where he had lived with his people for ten years and began to make progress in the arts of peace. Victorio refused to submit to a removal to the Don Carlos reservation but was forcibly transferred in February 1877. He broke away after a six months residence in his place of exile, but was captured and brought back. He made his escape a second time, and remained in his place of refuge at the Hot Springs until the Spring of 1879, when peremptory orders came for his transfer and he became an outlaw. In the latter part of April, 1879, Victorio with about thirty followers, Joruedo del Muerto, stealing enough horses at Alormocito before crossing the river, to mount his band, and went on to the Hot Springs reservation. At Hot Springs, he surprised six or eight men who were guard-ing Company "E," Ninth Cavalry, captured forty-five horses, and killing the whole guard rode away to Hillsboro and McAllister's ranch. At this time General Hatch, who had great influence over Victorio, was unfortunately ordered into the Ute country. Only a day or two before Victorio's desperate attack, General Hatch had received permission to move him back to Ojo Caliente reservation. Word was sent immediately to Victorio, but either the orders were not promptly obeyed or they reached the now infuriated chief too late. Victorio, when near to Hillsboro, had meanwhile attacked a mining camp, and eleven miners were killed, although they bravely defended themselves. From there Victorio went to McAllister's ranch, which he burned, stealing more horses and killing three men. Major Morrow, of the Ninth Cavalry was following him, but Victorio was making a long circuit towards the Black range and Membres mountains, and the troops in pursuit fared hardly. In these raids about twenty teamsters and herdsmen were killed but Major Morrow pushing down towards Messilla, drove his foe towards Mexico. In Mexico, Victoria we would, and then he raised himself a partly felt, partly leather, some with leaves made himself the terror of the frontier, and crossing the border after numerous depredations, he was once more encountered by Morrow and driven back only to renew his bold incursions. The record of the pursuit, by some mysterious means already, and the wonderful marches of the Indians and who search about eagerly for work to do. our cavalrymen, and the desperate encoun-The steamers that have been out for days ters that took place from time to time. in search of the fleet of fishing boats from reads like a romance. It is estimated that

months killed 200 American citizens, 200

Old Shockey, a peripathetic preacher, well known in California, is such an ar-

"Now, my hearers, to the class of peo-

ple who never look beyond the surface of

things this looks like a hard story to be-

He saw an incredulous look on the faces of the hard cases in the front row, and "I'll bet any man in the crowd, \$100, that I can prove every word of it. Does

Jonah was taken in by a whale.

anybody respond?" He thrust his hand down into his trouse pocket and leaned forward. No one took him up. He went on with his sermon, showing conclusively that the whale did all that was claimed of it, and then passed around the hat.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord," he said, as it went down the "Lay up your treasures in heaven, where

It was handed back to him empty, and he dismissed the audience with a hasty benediction. After services he met one of lack of coin and enthusiasm in the town.

"We've got the enthusiasm here, Par-There is but little time to haggle about son," said the man addressed, "but when prices; the market figures are tolerably well you bluffed us on a hundred dollar bet. established almost from the moment the some thought you must be a road agent. gates are unbarred, and customers are too and the rest concluded that a man se well

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