should be sacred from the intrusion of

Though deeply curious to know some

thing of their history, I silently acquiesced

in his proposal; and quietly departing, re-

turned to our hotel, musing upon the un-

"God bless you!" he exclaimed in a chok-

as to accept these two rings for yourself

I took the money-for I saw if I did not

he would feel very much hurt; but fearing

his circumstances might not justify him in

making a present of so much value, I at-

tempted to decline the rings. It was of no

use-he would take no denial-and so I re-

luctantly accepted them, thanking him in

behalf of my friend, who was absent. I

then drew from him his story, which I will

He and his wite were both natives of a

small village on the Chesapeake, and had

Among those believed to be friends in

versity, was the father of his present wife:

but though change of fortune separated the

youth and maiden, it only increased an at-

For years, however, they did not meet;

and during that time the narrator became

purchase a cottage for his mother, leaving

a small balance on mortgage, which his next

voyage was to clear off. While at home

he and his Mary again met, and discovering

a mutual passion and knowing her parents

would not consent to the union, but were

most anxious to ally her to a wealthy sui-

tor, they took advantage of the opportuni-

Charles Delaine, for such was his name

a whaling voyage, intending it should be

parents, discovering the secret of her mar-

Together the widowed mother and wife

penniless, they repaired to Baltimore, hop-

lng to be able to maintain themselves by

I need not prolong the story-it is an old

them; they failed to procure sufficient

work for their necessities, and on the night

when the wife appealed to us, they were

in a starving condition. Charles had just

met him, he was thinking of home, which

been prudent; the voyage had been more

"Come what will," he concluded, "I'll

God, and it shall be the aim of my life to

He urged me to come and see him and

heaven, he wrung my hand and turned

"Ah! such is life, in this world of sel-

About Quicksliver.

One of the most curious properties of

quicksilver is its capability of dissolving or

of forming amalgams with other metals

A sheet of gold foil dropped into quicksil-

ver disappears almost as quickly as a snow-

flake when it drops into water. It has the

gold and silver miners pour it into their

explain to her satisfaction.

quickly away to conceal the emotions he

ty, and were privately married.

a sailor, and acquired sufficient means to

tachment which had begun in childhood.

often played together as children. His own

strangers.

and burst into tears.

give in a few words.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1881.

NO. 5.

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### THE HUSBANDMAN.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power, Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall; Who sows a fields or trains a flower, Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest; And God and man shall own his worth, Who toils to leave as his bequest An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late, to all that sow The time of harvest shall be given The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow, If not on earth, at last in heaven !

### Darkness and Dawn

Some years ago, while making a brief sojourn in the city of Baltimore, I set out one evening with a friend for a stroll through the city. We had visited several places of interest, and were on our return to our hotel, when in passing through a dark and narrow street, a female, closely muffled in a coarse shawl-which, thrown over her head, was drawn around her face, so as to and friend?" conceal all but her eyes—hurriedly crossed over from the opposite side of the way, and accosted us in the accents of deepair. "Gentlemen, for the love of God, give me money! My mother is dying of hunger, and I have not wherewith to purchase a

morsel of food!' We were both struck with the tone of hor voice, for though agitated by a feeling of desperation, it had a peculiar sweetness, and her language was that of one both edu-

"Do not think me inquisitive," said my friend, in a kindly tone, as he drew forth

father was in good circums ances, but subhis purse, "I ask what misfortune has sequently lost his property and died soon brought you to this? for it is clearly eviafter, leaving himself and mother to strugdent that you are no common applicant for gle along as best they might. 'Oh! no, sir-no!" she said, shrinking prosperity, but who forsook them in ad-

back into herself, as it were; "I never asked for charity before; and though I have not taken food for two long days, I would sooner perish than ask it for myself now; but I could not see her die, my snly friend -oh, God! I could not see I er die!

"Herel" said my companion, placing a sum in her hand which I immediately She clutched the money like a miser, and

for a moment or two was completely overpowered by her emotions. Then, with choking effort, she gasped forth: "Thanks, gentlemen! may God in heaven

She turned away, and took two or three hasty steps, and then stopping suddenly, she looked around, and added-"You ask me what misfortune brought | then took leave of his wife, and shipped for me to this! I shall seem ungrateful if I re-

fuse to tell.' "Never mind." said my friend; "the recital will give you pain, and therefore con- riage, disowned and drove har forth, and

she took refuge with his mother. "Your noble generosity overpowers me, sir!" she reinined, in a tremulous voice, "and my pride shall give way. If you have a few minutes to spare, come with me and not at the time expected, the mortgage was you shall known all." foreclosed, the property sold, and, almost

"Nay," said I, "do not let us intrude upon your sorrows, unless you think we can be of further assistence. You are welcome to the little we have given which should be doubled if we had more to spare, but we have no right to claim your secret in return." She buried her face in her shawl, and

burst into tears. "Alas!" she sobbed, "if all mankind were thus generous, how many a miserable returned from his cruise; and at the very being might be made happy! Come with moment when his Mary so unexpectedly me and hear my story! I know I can trust you, and I shall rest easier to know I have he expected to reach the next day. He had convinced you I am no impostor."

We assured her that we did not for a than usually profitable, and his share, he moment doubt of her being the victim of said, would enable him to start in business. some terrible misfortune; but as we might be of further service to her, we would see never leave my dear mother and Mary again her safely home, and she might then relate | while we live. They're happy now, thank her story or not, as she should think proper. "Follow me," she said, and set off at a keep them so." quick walk down the street, we keeping a respectful distance behind, and I for one his now happy family, and bring my friend; feeling an unusual enriosity to know some- and then invoking upon us the blessings of

thing more of her. At the next corner of the street was an oil lamp which threw out a dim light; and cared not to display. standing near it, in a listless attitude, we observed a man in the garb of a sailor, and fish and unselfish humanity," mused I, as evidently just from sea. As our unknown I watched his retreating footsteps, till a guide drew near him, I noticed that she turn in a street concealed him from my secmed much agitated; and on coming up view. We never met again. to him, to our surprise, and apparently his, she stopped, and looked eagerly into his face for a moment, and then, with a wild cry, she suddenly threw out her arms, clasped him around the neck, and appeared

to swoon upor his breast. "See!" said my friend, making an abrupt halt; "we are duped—this is some trick that girl is an impostor!

"Impossible!" returned I, unwilling to power of separating or of readily dissolving believe that such grief and misery as she those refractory metals which are not actrepresented could be a base counterfeit, eu upon by our most powerful acids. The

As I spoke, the sailor, as if in deep surprise, partly unwound the arms of the un- ing quartz, and although no human eye known from his neck, raised her head, and can detect a trace of the precious substance, looked, first curiously and then wildly, so fine are the particles, yet the liquid into her face, which we could see, even metal will hunt them out, and incorporate from where we stood, was pale and beautiful. The next moment he uttered a wild it yields it into the hands of the miners, in cry of surprise; and quickly throwing his a state of virgin purity. Several years ago, arms around her now lifeless form he ex- while lecturing before a class of ladies on

' My God! my God! Mary! My God!" It seemed to be all that he could utter, as he fairly to tered with his fair burden and after the lecture, and an old lady, thinking for a few moments we stood dumb with it would be very nice to wrapher gold spec-

"What's this? what's the meaning of this purpose. The next morning she came this?" he now demanded, looking fiercely at to us in great alarm, stating that the gold

"Well, if that is acting, it is the best I was left in the parcel but the glasses. Sure ever saw," muttered my companion, as we enough, the metal remaining in the pores hastened forward, and gave a hurried account of all we knew of the matter. "Great God! is it possible?" said the man

looking alternately at us and the fair creature in his arms, and clasping his forehead as if to collect his scattered senses. "Mary!" he continued, at short intervals; "my wife! my dear wifel And my mother too

starving!' He continued to repeat these expressions like one overpowered by some terrible ces, such as cod-liver oil, musk, valerianic shock, and who knew not what he was saying; while we stood looking on, too may also be readily freed from odor by the much astonished to think of offering him

looking wildly and fondly into the manly odors. The smell of carbolic acid may be face of him who supported her, she mur-"Charles! Charles! is this you? in life-

may be cleansed with a little of the same. in death-or in a dream?" or olive oil. I pass over the wild! frantic, passionate exclamations on both sides, as each began to realize the truth—the one that he had expense.

### Cutting a Boy's Hair. found a loving wife in the depths of mis-

ery-the other that she had regained a fond There is no use in fooling arout it. When husband at a moment of all others when a boy's hair has become long and bleached she most needed his aid, counsel, love and and scraggy and full of burrs and feathers it is time to cut it and the inevitable must "Come," whispered my friend, touching my arm, "let us withdraw; their meeting

be faced. The boy doesn't want it cut of course. No one ever had a speaking acquaintance with a boy who thought that the time had arrived when he could part with enough hair to stuff a sofa pillow. They must be coerced, and kind words and broad promises certainties, vicissitudes and romance of are thrown away. Coercion is the only

Two days after, as I was sitting on the I let my boys run about so long and then when I get a spare half day I play barber. piazza of the hotel I saw the sailor passing There is no appeal from my decision. along the street, and curiosity prompted When I come out flat-footed I carry my me to address him. The moment he saw me he came bounding up, grasped my hand, point or dietrying.

"Young man, you can get ready to have your hair cut. "Next week?"

ing voice; "God bless you and your friend! "No, sir-now!" and so says Mary. I've been hunting you "With a buzz-saw?" all over the city, sir, but feared I'd never "Yes, if the shears won't do it." see you again. Here, let me pay you back "Won't you draw blood?" your money and will you be so kind, sir,

"I may have to." "If you won't cut my hair, I'll bring in nuff wood and coal to last all winter, and won't ask for a light when I go to bed!"

"Come out here and make ready!" I never take any chances on a boy. have an old chair bolted to the floor, and than I bolt the boy to the chair. I fix him so that he can move neither hand nor foot. put a soft-gag in his mouth to prevent a neighborhood alarm, and begin work. The first step towards cutting a boy's hair is to put in ten minutes' hard work with a curry-comb. If he hasn't been running loose over two or three years this tool will be found sufficient to rake out the snarls, buttons and articles previously mentioned. A basket is placed behind the chair for them to drop into, and they can be decorated with faucy pictures and made to serve as parlor ornaments.

When a boy's hair is ready for the shears brace your feet and shear away. Shear front, back, top and side without reference to lines or angles. The object is to remove hair. There is no use of any conversation, not even when the shears find a piece of wire and refuse to cut it. The boy wouldn't know how it got there if you asked him. He has had his head in closets, cellars, garrets, barns, fence-corners, barrels, boxes and all sorts of nooks. and such extra attachments are no surprise

No one should be less than half an hour robbing an average boy of ais capillary substance. Any attempt to hurry the job will result in overlooking a lot of shingle nails, which may damage his Sunday hat. My average is thirty-five minutes, and I have his last cruise. While absent, his wife's only two minutes left after being able to see that he has a scalp. It then takes an additional ten minutes to look him over and identify him as the same boy I began foregoing. This sentiment of appreciation on. His neck has grown longer, the size for the day is, to a large extent, shared in struggled along hoth anxiously looking for of his ears increased, and the whole shape the return of their only friend; but he same of the head is altered. that it is my boy, and not the son of some neighbor who has skulked in on me, I brush him off with an old broom, crack his head three or four times, draw the bolts and remove the gag, and then hold the door open for him to shoot into the back tale. Sickness and misfortune followed yard. I am a loving father on all else, but wien I cut a boy s hair I m a stern o'd Roman of the first water.

A Fearful Visitor. The bane of the beautiful Island of Martinique is a serpent called the "iron lance. This reptile, with venomous taste, chooses the coolest and most delightful places in the garden for his retreat, and it is literally at the risk of one's life to lie down on the grass, or even take a rest in an arbor. The wounds inflicted by these serpents are very apt to be fatal unless immediately cared for. The whole island is infested with this dangerous reptile, and it is said that on an average nearly eight hundred persons are bitten every year, of which number from sixty to seventy cases prove fatal, while many others result in nervous A few years ago, when Prince Arthur of England, visited this island, a grand fete was given in his honor in the Jardine des 1 la ites. In the evening the grounds were brunantly illum:nated, and thousands of people sauntered through its cool and shady avenues. A large number were bitten by the "iron lance," and many of them never recovered from the effects of the poison. The fondness of this terrible reptile for cool and shady places is a serious drawback on the pleasure of rambling through the charming groves of Martinique. A rest on the grass under the shadow of some spreading tree is always haunted by the dread of unseen dangers, and one cannot even cross a field without exercising extreme caution.

machines holding the powdered gold bear-The Origin of the Horse, When the white men took possession of this continent they found no horses here. The horse—our horse—came with the new it into its mass. By subsequent distillation settlers, and through him is now common over the whole continent. But the remains are found in a fossil state of many species of houses, showing that at one time in the chemistry we had occasion to purify some earth thistory they existed here. Profesquicksilver by forcing it through shamois sor Marsh has made a good point in favor leather. The scrap remained on the table of gradual evolution by showing how these fossil horses varied in their feet bone, and he has collected specimens, which seem tacles in, accordingly appropriated it to the most complex, the chief point being once the horse had not a single large hoof had mysteriously disappeared, and nothing as he has nowadays. Professor Cope has recently discovered in Texas a breed of of the leather had amalgamated with the seems to us, ought to be taken as much a gold, and entirely destroyed the spectacles. sign of "evolution" as Professor Marsh's It was a mystery which we never could horses. They are regarded as distinct species, because their bones are distinct, but no one would think of calling these pigs a distinct species. It is thought that as the world changed in temperature and other Ground mustard, mixed with a little water, is an excellent agent for cleansing the climate has not changed to make the horse-footed pig, nor is there any sign that it will be any better fitted to endure the acid and its salts. Scale pans and vessels mustard, the development of ethereal oil, cud," that so excited the ire of Moses. It ed with the laurels of victory. The battle same method. In the case of almonds and under the influence of water, may perhaps the poor creature opened her eyes; and be an additional help to destroy foreign ly got "the hang of the thing yet," as the flashed. But eagles, like men, contend nower says of the new scythe. removed by rubbing the hands with damp flaxseed meal, and cod-liver oil bottles

-The foreign business of the Boston and Albany railroad now occupie sheds and warehouses at the East Boston terminal covering 200,000 square feet A man must become wise at his own besides the grain elevator with a carpacity of 1,000,000 bushels.

Origin of Thanksgiving Day. The origin of the observance of Thanksgiving day, like many other interesting matters, is little understood by those who most would like to know of it. It is supposed that the day was originally suggested by the Hebrew "Feast of the Tabernacles," which was held at the end of the year. The Protestant Episcopal prayer-book, which was ratified in 1789, recommends the first Thursday in November as the proper day, except when some other one is appointed by the civil authorities. The last Thursday in the present month has of late years generally been selected. The first recorded observance of the festival occurred on October 3, 1575, when the good people of Leyden, in Holland, gave thanks for their deliverance from a siege. In 1608, when the pilgrim fathers were exiled to Holland, they temporarily revived the occasion. In America the first known celebration was in 1621, shortly after the landing of the pilgrims, when Governor Bradford, according to history, "sent four men out fowling that the people might in a more special manner rejoice together.' Ever since that time Thanksgiving day has been generally observed in the New England States, the governors annually issuing the proclamations for that purpose, but it was not until 1688 that it became a recognized annual custom. To go back a little in the recountal, a day in July, 1628, was appointed a day of fasting and prayer on account of drought, and it is recorded that rain came abundantly while the people were praying; for this another day was appointed for thanksgiving, the same to be

observed with religious exercises. In 1755-60 the English Governors of New York also named days for the giving of thanks. During the Revolution, Thanksgiving day was a national institution, being annually ordered by Congress. After 1784 there was no national observance until 1789. when, by request of Congress, President George Washington recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution; also in 1795, on account of the suppression of an insurrection. In April, 1815, President Madison followed the example of his illustrious predecessor. Since that time the custom has annually been observed in an appropriate manner. In New York State the day of thanksgiv-

ing was not the subject of any serious thought from its chief executives until 1817, and its adoption by the Southern States did not occur until several years later. Of all the festivals of the year, none is more eagerly enjoyed than Thanksgiving. Christmas, with all its hallowed memories; New Year, with all its enjoyment, and the Fourth of July, with all its joyed and long anticipated, yet we venture to say that in the homes of the devout

tiller of the Eastern soil Thanksgiving day is hallowed and enjoyed in a quiet, happy way as fully in extent as is either of the For an island twelve miles long and two

wide, and inhabited by some seven hundred people, Roanoke Island, Virginia, has been as loud a spot as any of the same number of square inches on the globe. It has been full of sensation from the jump; and from the birthday of Virginia Dare, in 1585, to the bully fight on the 3d of December, in which birds, beasts and women bore a hand, a period near unto three hundred opener in the shape of a sensation. It has been the scene of bloody fights between hostile Indian tribes, and between civilized armies in hostile array. Savage and civilized relics of remote ages and modern convulsions are hidden beneath, or wave-washed upon the surface of its golden sands. Indian forts and cairns and tumuli attest its hoary history. Abel's pet dog that sings in church meetings and the canary that praises itself in parrot English attest the attainments of its beasts and birds in polite accomplishments. Lewis Mann's sixty alligators, hatched and reared in a potato-house, attest the fecundity of its soil-or the fecundity of Lewis' imagination Two miles from the shore, at the point at the gateway to Oregon, lie luscious bivalves. Wild fowl of every name feed upon its grasses. Its men are the best specimens of manhood; its women of feminine

But to our tale. On the 3d of December, at Roanoke 1sland, a soaring eagle, towering in its pride ing at the sun upon the quiet yard of Walter Dough. A flock of fat geese invited was father to the thought, and down he pounced, The feathers flew, the geese squawked, and there was a sensation in the farm yard, and there was a dog there, too. A goose is put down as a fool, but it is a vulgar error. A goose is a particularly smart fellow. And so was the one the eagle struck in Walter Dough's yard. As soon as struck, the goose ran under the house (which was some feet above the ground) with the eagle fastened to her back, and the rest of the flock in hot parsuit. And there the fight grew fast and furious Forty biting and flopping geese on one side and the king of birds on the other. Al-

though outnumbered, the eagle maintained the fight and clung to his victim. But soon another enemy presented himself-an enemy more terrible than an army of geese-a bull-terrier dog-little, but full like links running from the most simple to of tight. It wasn't fair, and the dog had no natural, belligerent rights in a combat between birds, but he came with a bound, and the eagle had no time to settle questions of military ethics; so he threw himhogs with undivided hoofs, and this, it self on his back (eagle fashion) to do his best in this hard fight between tooth and toenail. The dog made a lunge at the of whisky I'll prove that he cannot be areagle's breast, and the eagle struck his claws deep into the dog's fore-shoulder.

The blow was simultaneous on either side. Both blows told. But a terrier never, and an eagle hardly ever says die. The conditions, the species changed to suit, but only witnesses of the dread combat were the geese, who now stood off and looked on, and Miss Martha Brothers, who was singing to her spinning jenny in the house struggle for life than the unclean thing that | alone when the fight began, and who in the "splitteth the hoof and cheweth not the end was to be the conquering hero, crownseems that our men of science have scarce. raged. Teeth gnashed, claws staved, eyes and so this eagle's great heart sank within married again." him, and turning tail upon his foe, he was slow and full of difficulty, for he had you out the window." fifteen pounds of bull-terrier swinging behind him. He reached the yard fence. THE white men didn't have a common with one desperate effort he sought to scale a chance in the walking match.

it. He reached its topmost round. He bore a weight he could not further carry. There they stood, victor and vanquished. Then it was that Miss Martha Brothers, the true hero of the fight, came to the front and won the palm of victory. Seizing a rail, with one fell swoop she came down with a crash upon the eagle's head, and left him prostrate, struggling in the agonies of death, the victim of a combination too powerful to be resisted. Alas! poor eagle! He measured nine feet between the tips of his

outstretched wings. The Buil Dog. A wealthy nobleman residing in the county had a magnificent and much valued bull mastiff. This dog had been accused of sheep-killing. Though the gentleman refused to credit the accusation, the evidence of several was so incontrovertible that the dog, in accordance with the then strict laws, was ordered to be shot. This order was given to one of the servants in presence of the dog, who was lying on the stoop, who responded to the affectionate spring farewell of his master without making a sign. In the meantime, while the servant went for his gnn, the dog disappeared. When the servant returned from the sup- and the party separated. posed shooting, the nobleman asked if it was all over; the servant merely replied, "The dog is out of the way." A year or dark. After waiting several minutes, the went back to bed. vears ago." And, to satisfy the steward prowled back to his room. he called the dog by the familiar name; rushed up the stairs in advance, and they what it's going to get." Upon

estered the room together. The steward Anderson crept down into the cellar and was assigned the room adjoining, and the innoculated the barrel with a couple of valet and coachman a room in another part | pounds of raisins. "It's beginning to spoil of the inn. When the nobleman had already," he soliloquized, eyeing the floatclosed the door, he placed his light on the | ing seeds and radish suspiciously, without stand, divested himself of his pistols, and, identifying them. "If I hadn't been lightsitting down in a chair, called the dog by the name with which he had been so by this time." And satisfied that he had familiar. The faithful animal at once ap- saved the beverage he went back to the that he was the way messive sions proved nobleman sat for a long while in bewildering conjectures as to how the dog happened to be there, and why his servant should have told him he was shot. At tinker with that barrel before I can get length he understood, and was approach- there. If they can manage to stick their ing the bed, when the dog jumped upon it foolishness in first, I'm gone, but if I can and refused with signs of violence to let him lie down. The nobleman returned to there's so much cider saved. Mr. Sher his chair, and the dog resumed his position | wood belted away at the barrel until the at his feet. A second attempt was made years, it has seldom been without an eye to approach the bed, but with the same result, the dog becoming more violent. This set the nobleman to thinking. He remembered the large amount of money he had matic with their remedies hereafter. with him; he took up his pistols to examine them, and found the priming had laid them on the table; then he took up cider. the chair on which he was sitting, a heavy the apparent satisfaction of the dog; then | isn't fit to drink now.' took it off, and arranged the bolster in its disappeared through a trap, in the floor. | think, Hathaway?" He sat opposite to the edge of the trap, and locking down saw the landlord and his first," said Mr. Hathaway. "It's old with a bludgeon, and a third person with away.' them. The fiends disappointed in their object, and taking the word of the coachman that the pistols were harmless, started ter to have let the other gentleman try for the nobleman's room; but he had aroused his steward and was prepared. As they opened the door they were met by the nobleman and the dog. The latter seized his eye and tempted his taste. The glance the landlord by the throat, while the steward appeared on the spot just as the valet was coming to the aid of his confederate. All three were severely bruised and left in charge of the steward and the dog; while the nobleman, as soon as it was daylight, went for a magistrate, and they were duly committed, tried, and hung, after

### making a full confession of the plot. Without a Divorce,

"Cap'n, I've got a thing that you might work up," said a man to the chief of po-"All right," replied the chief;

come up into my office." "Now," he continued when he had shu the door, "go ahead." "You, of course, know that when a man marries again without a divorce he can be

put into the penttentiary." "Yes. "Well, Colonel Billings never got a di-

"He can be arrested then." "I don't want to spring questions of law at you, but if you will give me a half pint rested according to law."

ting a divorce?" "Prove then that he has not violated the law and I'll give you fifty cents." Well, you see some fifteen years ago,

"You say he married again without get-

Billings married a lady in Maine. After living with her awhile he came to Little repugnant, the surroundings are so beauti-Rock and married again." "If that is the case, he has violated the

"No, he hasn't." "Why?"

"Here, take your fifty cents, but if you lonship of the dead, and well protected, and sought safely in flight. But his retreat ever come up these stairs again I'll throw watched. Friends have access at all hours

Save the Cider.

"One thing is certain," said Mr. Hathaway, emphatically, "forty gallons of cider won't keep while we're drinking it. There must be something to put in it to keep it from spoiling, and I've heard that mustard

seed is the article. "I agree with you," said Mr. Leffing-well. "If you don't take care of it, the cider will sour, and I encline to the idea that horse radish is the best. Put in horse radish and your cider will keep all win-

"Let me remark, gentlemen," said Mr. Anderson, laying down a chicken wing and wiping his moustache, "that raisins are what you want. Dump in plenty of raisins and you've got your eider where you want it. Think so, Mr. Sherwood?"

"I can't say I do," rejoined Mr. Sher wood." "There is no doubt that the cider will spoil unless you put in something, but what you want is borax. A pound of borax will keep that barrel of cider until

Each gentleman sustained his view with potent arguments, but the dinner was finished before any conclusion was arrived at,

"They can talk about their borax and raisins and horse radish until they're gray," said Mr. Hathaway, as he flopped out of two afterward, while the nobleman was bed at daylight the next morning, "but returning from collecting his quarterly I'll have my mustard seed in before they rents on a distant estate, accompanied by roll out;" and cautiously stepping down his steward or bailiff and his valet, the stairs, he extracted the bung and poured a coach suddenly broke down in the midst liberal dose of the seeds into the barrel. of a desolate moor. They had passed no "That will keep," he muttered, "for six house for miles and the night was intensely | years," and driving the bung home, he

coachman suddenly cried out, "I see a "it's clear to my mind that Hathaway light." The valet was immediately de- is trying to save that cider by faith," mutspatched to ascertain what the light de- tered Mr. Leffingwell an hour later as he noted, and shortly returned with the an- groped around for his cloths. "Mustard nouncement that he had found a comfort- seed!" Why, he might just as well put able inn. The horses were removed from in squash rind. I'm going to fill that the carriage, and the party-the steward barrel with horse radish before he's up and taking the gold, a large sum-proceeded show him how to keep cider. Mustard to the inn where the nobleman was obse- seed! I'll head the subscription with five quiously welcomed by the landlord. As dollars to test his sanity." And Mr. Lefthey were entering the door, the steward fingwell shivered down to the cellar saw a huge bull mastiff stretched across the and cracked away with the hammer until threshold and at once exclaimed: "Why, the bung flew out like a bullet. "There!" sir, that is Duke!" the name of the mastiff he ejaculated, as he pushed the horse radthat had been condemned to be shot. "Oh, ish in with his thumb, "that'll do the no!" said the nobleman; "Duke was shot business," and with chattering teeth he

"One would think to hear those people but the dog gave no sign of recognition. talk that they'd been brought up in an After partaking of a hearty meal, the land- orchard," said Mr. Anderson to himself, as lord conducted the party to their rooms. he jabbed the right foot into the wrong As the nobleman passed through the hall, slipper. "Borax! Horse radish! Mustard the mastiff, unperceived by the landlord, What that cider wants is raisins, and that's ning quick we'd have been drinking vinegar

Sherwood, as he opened the door carefully and slipped down stairs. "What I'm afraid of is that those fellows will begin to empty this borax before they're around bung toppled out, and in went the borax. "That's the business," he observed with great satisfaction, as he replaced the bung. "It will teach those boys not to be so dog-

"I don't believe that cider was very good been removed from the pans. He imme he pushed his glass from him that night duately reprimed and cocked them, and at dinner. "We got swindled on that

oak one and threw it on the bed, much to had a bad taste when we tapped it. It "I'd head a subscription with five dol-

place, and waited for what should follow. lars to send that cider man to the peniten-About fifteen minutes elapsed when he tiary," observed Mr Leffingwell, severely. noticed the bedstead began to settle and It is not good cider. We couldn't have put continued to settle gradually until it had anything in it to keep it. What do you "I had my suspicions of it from the

coachman, one with a knife and the other stock, and I think we'd better give it And then there was silence and each gentleman wondered if it hadn't been bet-

their various recipes before zealously ad-

A writer from Munich. Bavaria, says that between the two d visions of the graveyard is a large build ag at all times. A crowd gathered in front of them atracted my attention, in i, joining it, I beheld a most singular and startling sight. A few feet beyond the glass doors lay the dead Munich of the past day, with their feet toward the spectator and their heads slightly elevated. Their faces were plainly visible in all the pallor of death. Between these corpses were extended were quite invisible in the profusion of flowers. All were dressed not in the gloomy grave clothes of other counteries, but in a graceful garments associated rather with life and pleasure than with the gloom of the grave. Thus there was nothing repulsive in the sight and yet there was a publicity about about it which seemed wanting in delicacy. A little babe but a few weeks old was lying on one of the sarcophagi prepared for this last service. It was covered with laces and flowers and looked ike a tiny murble statue, pale and white. Nothing could be more beautiful, and yet nothing could be more lonely. It seemed almost cruel that this dead could not have remained in its home, among those who loved it best, until the moment came for laying it away forever in the crowded graveyard. But at Munich the strange custom has existed for years of exposing the dead thus publicly before burial, and all classes, rich and poor, must submit to the rule. While the custom to us seems ful that to those who are accustomed to it there is nothing grating to the feelings. Indeed, that fearful death watch, so dreary and sad a necessity when death visits an American family, is wholly avoided by this Because his first wite died before he system, for the dead lie here awaiting burial in well-appointed places in cempanto this apartment of light and flowers, and in case of suspended animation and return-THE white men didn't have a color of ing to conscious immediate and can be af-