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THE GIVER'S REWARD.

Who gives and hides the giving hand Nor counts on favor, fame or praise...

The Homestead.

"But, Katy dear, won't you listen whilst I explain why I was unable to be with you yesterday?"

"No, Mr. Amory, I will listen to no excuses, nor do I wish to continue your acquaintance."

"Each turned from the other; Katy going toward the homestead, and Harry Amory walking with quickened pace toward the village."

"The above dialogue had taken place at the gate of an old-fashioned farm-house."

"Where have you been pussy? I have good news for you. Harry Amory was sent for yesterday."

"Poor Katy could scarcely command herself to give the intruder a civil greeting."

"Little did Frank Churchill think he was making a slight impression by his liping talk, whilst he stroked his mustache with his delicate looking hand."

Just as he was leaving the house he came upon Harry Amory, who, between struggling with his anger and love was wandering about the neighborhood of the homestead...

"So, Amory, I have to congratulate you on your rise in life," said Churchill.

"The heartless coquette! So this is the fool's game she has been playing with me!"

"Katy, child, what is this I hear? Giles the plowman, has just brought the news that Harry Amory has thrown up his new situation and is gone to London!"

"Poor, poor Katy! She was indeed severely punished for her petulance."

"Three years passed away, and she only heard that Harry was in a merchant's office in London, and doing well."

"Katy passed her time chiefly in attending to her old father. She seldom joined her companions in the village gayeties."

"Harry Amory, after so long an absence had come on a visit to an aunt in the neighboring town."

"Oh, dear, no! And I am not Miss Randall," she smiled. "Why, you have been talking to my husband; and, you think, you did not know that I was married?"

"Engaged to Frank Churchill!" exclaimed the farmer, "What are you thinking of? Katy despised the fellow. He's got his match now."

"Katy being unwilling to leave her father, and a second time offered to Harry, he threw up his appointment in London, and once more settled down in his native place."

"What do we mean by the 'deer pen'?" Nothing more, not less than the Ladies' House in the House of Commons."

"From 1778 to 1834 women obtained a glimpse of the largest by looking through the ornate and highly decorated hall."

"Arriving at the residence of the first judge, this agreement was kept up. The judge invariably introduced the examination by a narrative of something connected with the war, and with a jocular admission of his own difficulties in pursuing his legal theories."

"The history of a single bean, accidentally planted in a garden at Southbridge, Mass., is traced by a correspondent, who figured out its produce for three years."

"Matt M. was a queer genius. A neighbor found him one day at an enormous wood pile, sawing away for dear life, with an intolerably dull saw."

Earning a Living.

It is very hard to understand how the mass of men live in any large city, where everything, from a wink of sleep to a mouthful of food, must always be paid for."

"Katy, dear Katy!" he exclaimed, "three years ago I left you, thinking you had thrown me overboard for believing in the boasting talk. I came to-day expecting to find you my wife, and only just now found out how wily I have been deceived."

"Katy being unwilling to leave her father, and a second time offered to Harry, he threw up his appointment in London, and once more settled down in his native place."

"Bowler Miller, a man of admirable character and education, who had concluded his legal studies decided to establish himself in Tennessee. It was soon after the war of 1812-1814, and in visiting the circuit judges to obtain their certificates of professional qualification, he fell in with Sam Houston, fresh from the campaigns of Alabama and elsewhere in the Gulf States."

"Miller, who was well-qualified, was amused, and promised to do anything in his power to aid him."

"We are not to suppose that the examinations were very technical or strict. A succeeding examination, however, disappointed in a reply to a question upon the same subject took up the reply and repeated the information that he had acquired, and when they called on the last judge, Houston observed that the two preceding examinations must have been satisfactory, and Judge White gave his signature and made the young man stay all night."

"The history of a single bean, accidentally planted in a garden at Southbridge, Mass., is traced by a correspondent, who figured out its produce for three years."

In a Great Kitchen.

"It was not hushed, for there was sumnering and sizzing, and a subdued sound of frying, like the attunement of an orchestra. They were notes of preparation."

"There was a hundred orders in the air. Here was the faint smell of parsley, of thyme, whiffs of clove, fragrance of mace, savors of onions, slight reeks of garlic, with acidities of lemons, all tempered, blended and commingled into one general abundance, when one got a flight of the provender, for an ice receptacle is opened for an inquisitive woman. Here lie blond chickens, with legs of snow-white veal, and ruddy tenderloins, and marbled roasting pieces, and whole sides of mutton, all garnished with their lace-work of fat. In this one there is fish; and green blue-fish, and red snapper, with vermiculated mackerel, and cardinal colored lobsters—for they are boiled—with lordly-striped bass, complete the ichthyological tabernacle. And here is the bread basket—all apart in another room—for piled up to the ceiling stand in layers the brown-crusted loaves, the white crisp rolls. Then there is fragrant agnol; for the inquisitive woman is led by her nose to where the pastry cooks—there are six of them—are compounding their cakes. Could a whole generation of pie eaters ever get through those innumerable rounds of pumpkin, apple, mince, and custard pies? There is great sizzling and tumbling about that huge iron drum, and the steam huffs forth now and then, as if from a Hecla. But it is not much that comes up to the surface. There tumbles up in the most jolly and inviting way, done up in linen cloths, vast quantities of dumplings! How they bob up and down in the scalding fluid! How much indignation is there? I repress the thought, amazed at a man who patiently turns the handle of something which looks like a churn. What might that be?"

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Favors of all kinds double when they are speedily conferred. To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves. Avoid an angry man for a while—a malicious one forever. A judicious silence is better than truth spoken with charity. Nature is the master of talent; genius is the master of nature. Have a care of whom you talk to; whom, and what, and where. Make not thy friend too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend. An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you give before. What is becoming is honorable, and what is honorable is becoming. Earnestness of purpose can spring only from strong convictions. There can be no true thankfulness where there is no benevolence. You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself. The good which you do may not be lost, though it may be forgotten. He that catches more than belongs to him, deserves to lose what he has. The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter will be our own. The trouble with many communities is, that their dead men refuse to be buried. Man believes that to be a lie which contradicts the testimony of his own ignorance. A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hid in adversity. It is good in a fever, and much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth. Never send your guest who is accustomed to a warm room, into a cold, damp bed to sleep. Taking a penny that does not belong to one removes the barrier between integrity and rascality. Patience on a monument is all well enough for poets, but doctors plant their patients beneath. Never fail to offer the easiest and best seat in the room to an invalid, and a elderly person or a lady. Never neglect to perform the commission which the friend intrusted to you. You must not forget. The loud tones in which some persons appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them. The happiness of the tender heart is increased by what it can take away from the wretchedness of others. Intellectual pride is less outraged by the obscurities of faith than by the authority with which it is clothed. Let every one sweep the drift from his own door and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles. Christianity is the element in modern civilization that secures it against the vicissitudes of another civilization. Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance; reverie is the same flower when running to seed. It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them, for the better a man deserves the worse they will speak of him. We may dwell so exclusively on the many forms of right-doing as to shut from our view the presence of goodness itself. Right habit is like the channel, which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper with each year. A man need only correct himself with the same rigor that he apprehends others, and excuse others with the same indulgence that he shows to himself. Of Trebonius, Tullius said: "I am glad he whom I must have loved from duty, whatever he had been, is such as I can love from inclination." Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking out for what he sees in himself. Infamy is where it is received. If thou art a mud wall, it will stick; if marble, it will rebound. If thou storm at it, it is thine; if thou contain it, it is his. Handsome people usually are so fantastically pleased with themselves, that if they do not kill at first sight, at the phrase is, a second interview deprives them of all their power. Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation—smaller faults of our pity; but affection appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous. No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind. The very heart and root of sin is an independent and selfish spirit. We erect the idol self, and not only wish others to worship it, but we worship it ourselves. Universal love is like a glove with-out fingers, which fits all hands alike, and none closely; but true affection is like a glove with fingers, which fits one hand only, and fits close to that one. It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind that we are most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne had they flourished. The great sorrows of life are either a curse or a blessing to us. Even the open grave may be a doorway into the heaven of a larger faith or the open way into a life of solemn despair. The intellect of man sits visibly enthroned upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed himself to the prophets of old in the still, small voice from the burning bush. Man is like an engine—it will run well and long if it is well oiled. Contentment and cheerfulness are the oil which keeps the nerves from wearing out. Busy men and woman think that time taken from toil for sleep and recreation is time lost. It is really the cement put in to fill up the joints, to keep out the weather and preserve the building.