PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF BELLEFONTE.

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.

ILBUR 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.

W. A. MORRISON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court House.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street. JOHN G. LOVE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. P. Wilson.

BUSINESS CARDS OF MILLHEIM, &.

A. STURGIS,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Re ranted. Main Street, opposite Bank, M.llheim,

O DEININGER, NOTARY PUBLIC. SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER, MILLHEIM, PA.

All business entrusted to him, such as writing and acknowledging Deeds, Morigages, Releases ac., will be executed with neatness and dispatch. Office on Main Street.

H. TOMLINSON,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

AVID I. BROWN, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

TINWARE, STOVEPIPES, &c., SPOUTING A SPECIALTY.

Shop on Main Street, two houses cast of Bank, Millheim, Penna.

J. EISENHUTH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, MILLHEIM, PA.

All business promptly attended to.

Collection of claims a specialty.
Office opposite Eisenhuth's Drug Store. USSER & SMITH, DEALERS IN

Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints, Glass, Wa Paper, Coach Trimmings, and Saddlery Ware All grades of Patent Wheels.
Corner of Main and Penn Streets, Milheim,
Penna.

TACOB WOLF, PASHIONABLE TAILOR.

MILLHEIM, PA. Cutting a Specialty.
Shop next door to Journal Book Store.

WILLHEIM BANKING CO., MAIN STREET.

MILLHEIM, PA.

DAV. KRAPE, Pres.

HARTER,

AUCTIONEER,

A. WALTER, Cashier.

REBERSBURG, PA.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

From "THE LAY of the LAST MINSTREL." beats, but, darting from me, he exclaim-

Call it not vain :- they do not err. Who say, that when the Poet dies, Mute Nature mourns her worsh pper. And celebrates his obsequie Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone, For the departed Bard make moan; That mountains weep in crystal rill That flowers in tears of balm distil; Through his loved groves that breezes sigh And oaks, in deeper groan, reply : And rivers teach their rushing wave To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn

Thos: things inanimate can mourn ; But that the stream, the wood, the gale, Is v. cal with the p a ntive wail Of those, who, else forgo ten long, Lived in the poet's faithful song, And, with the poet's parting breath, Whose memory feels a second death. The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot. That love, true love should be forgot, From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear Upon the gentle Minstrels bier: The phantom Kuight his glory fled, Mourns o er the field he heap'd with dead Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain, And shrieks along the battle-plain. The Chief, whose ant que crownlet long Still sparkled in the feudal song, Now, from the mountain's misty throne, Sees, in the thanedom once his own, His ashes undistinguish'd lie, His place, his power, his memory die : His groans the lovely cavern, fill, His tears of rage impel the rill :

The Doctor's Story.

All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,

Their name unknown their praise unsung

We were a knot of doctors, enjoying ourselves after meeting of the Hippocratic Medical Society, whose members were accustomed to assemble once a year for purposes of mutual edification and improvement. Dr. Gelen Cupps was in the chair. He was our Nestor, our old man eloquent, a living professional legendary budget. On his face you could read "Entertainment" as plainly as you saw it painted on an oldfashioned tavern sign; and to it, after a day of weary rambling over the dusty paths of therapeutic lore, we turned as naturally for refreshment as the tired wayfarer halts before the inviting signboard within.

Genial Dr. Cupps! Like Father Grimes, that other good old man, "we'll never see him any more." No monument marks his last resting-place. The guild of undertakers, possessed they a spark of gratitude, would not suffer this to be. As for his surviving professional brethren, few of us, I fear, have money to spend in that way.

"How do young doctors, as a rule, get their start?" queried a cynical-looking M. D. at the foot of the table, with a nose as sharp as the tip of his own lancet-"leaving out, of course, exceptional cases, like that of a man swallowing a fish-bone, or dropping suddenly into a fit, where there is no choice but to seek the nearest aid. What I ask is, how do people come to trust their lives deliberately in inexperienced hands? What's the philosophy of it?"

"Popular ignorance, probably," suggested

"Or cheek in the youngster," another hinted. "It's mostly luck, I think," remarked pairing neatly and promptly done and war- the chair, whereon had converged a num-

ber of inquiring looks. "Come, doctor, gaves us your experience on the point was seconded and carried.

"Mine was a case of pure luck," sa'd "Won't you tell us about it?" we en-

Dr. Cupps was not the man to refuse.

"Young men 'now-a days," he began 'enter the profession with other advantages than we old fellows had. The pub-Groceries. Notions, Drugs, Tobaccos, Cigars, Fine Confectioneries and everything in the line of a first-class Grocery store.

Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

Main Store, opposite Bank, Mi lihelin. Pa. lic hospitals, now accessible to students.

"Though I took my degree after a then have distinguished, by inspection, bewen the incipient stages of chicken-pox and measles. Had I been called to treat a simple case of rheumatism, ten to one should have found a verdict of white swelling, and passed a sentence of amputation without stopping to ask the victim what he had to say against it. My first patient was Percy Topham, a young man who had inherited a splendid constitution as well as fortune, but was fast making way with both. The case, no doubt, would have fallen in Dingo's hands, for he monopolized the practice thereabout, but for his absence on a distant call.

"Come quick, sir!" urged the messen ger; Mr. Percy's taking on at an awful "ate."

"Without staying to inquire further, snatched my hat and sailed forth. quite forgetting, in the excitement, the new-pill bags wherein was stored my stock of samples.

"I arrived to find my patient "taking on at an awful rate, sure enough.

"Poker in hand, he was laying about him in a manner highly detrimental to the furniture. He was killing snakes, he said. Had it been dogs, hydrophibia might have been my diagnosis; but snakes I knew, meant delirium tremens. And such was prepared for that purpose. When it was the decision of Mr. Topham's own more completed a public officer was appointed practiced judgmentfor, turning toward me. in a lucid moment:

"I've got 'em, Doc,' he said. I should bring him around, placed my fin- nobody had thought it worth while to ingers on his pulse, and began to count the quire how he earned it.

"There goes the biggest snake yet-the old serpent of all!' making a slash with the poker, which caused me to dodge into a

"Leaving two to watch him, and accompanied by the man who had summoned me. I horried home to prepare such remedies as I should conclude the case required-a point, I must confess, I was very far from clear upon. I had been reared in a temperate community, had seen little intoxication or its effects, and my reading had not borne specially in that direction.

"Before reaching my office, however, I decided what course to take. There was no time to consuit books. Besides I was ashamed to do that in the presence of the man who waited to carry back the physic. He would have taken it as a confession of ignorance, and would have lost no time in proclaiming me a dunce.

"Overhauling my stock of drugs, and taking a little from every one, I produced mixture, some element of which I hoped might prove a service.

"Give him a tablespoonful of it every half nour,' I said to the man, handing him the bottle, on which I was careful to put no label.

"Not caring to be present to witness the effect of my maiden prescription, 'Tell Mr. Topham I'll call in the morning,'

"Whatever my patient did, I passed a bad night. Of all cases in which to make a debut, why should the malgnant fates send the very one most likely to expose me?

"With many misgivings I presented my self next morning at the patient's door. was glad to see there was no crape on Passing the servant, who admitted me. hurried, trembling, to the sick room.

"Good-morning, Doc,' cried the invalid, rising from a tumptuous breakfast, wiping his mouth with one hand and extending me the other. By George, you did bring me through famously! That stuff was mighty nasty, but it did the business. I'm sound as a dollar this morning!'

"Before I could reply, a serving-man entered, the same by whom I had sent the

"What's the matter, Dick?' said Top-"Boxer's dead, sir,"

"Dead! The deuce! There's a go! suppose you forgot to call at Botts," the farrier's for that drench yesterday; just like you when my back is turned ' "No, sir," the man replied: 'I stopped and got it on my way from the doctor's, and gave it according to direction.

"Just my luck!" cried Topham, smiting the table, 'You see, Doc, Boxer was my fastest trotter. I counted on winning a mint of money on him at the coming races. and now he's gone and kicked the bucket. Well, "peace to his manes!" as the poet says. Here, Dick, hand the doctor that medicine bottle from the mantel. He may as well fill it up again. This morning's luck may set me on a fresh spree, and there's no telling how soon I may need another dose

"A glance at the bottle as I took it made me start. It bore a lable, on which I read SIMON BOTTS, Farrier.

"Can it be," I mentally exclaimed, "that it was Botts' potion that cured the man, and mine that killed the horse?" It was a strong case of circumstantial evidence, at any ra'e.

"Quietly pocketing the bottle, I went my way. If the truth was as I surmised, it never came out. Topham sounded my praises every where, and soon the local death-list was pretty equally filled with the names of old Dingo's patients and my own.

Forgotten Officials.

A writer who was been giving reminiscences of life in Washington says: Before this house (the one occupied by Mr. Seward when he was attacked by Mr. Payne) for several years afterward a sentry paced night and day, even when Mr. Seward nad moved away and gone out of office. The same building was once used as a club creditable examination, I doubt if I could house, and from it Key just issued when he was shot by Stckles. This lonely sentry, still at his post long after he had been forgotten at the war department, and allowed to remain, I suppose, because no one thought it was his duty to relieve him, reminds me of several similar incidents that are related in Washington. The great fails of the Potomac are about sixteen miles above Washington, and during the war there was a station for the collection of provisions for the army on the bank of the canal near these grand cataracts. The road between Washington and Great Falls was several times raided by the Confederates, and a block house was erected by the Federals at a point three or four miles above Georgetown to prevent parties of Southerners from passing up and down the r ad. At the close of the war the defences about the capital were one after another deserted, but nobody seems to have remembered the corporal's guard stationed out there on the Aqueduct road, and they remained on duty for a year or two. Atter they were relieved, the block house was set on fire by tramps or boys, and only a few blackened posts now mark its site. A still more remarkable case was that discovered by General B F. Butler, about ten years ago. He was nosing around among the appropriations, one day, when he discovered an officer in the capitol whose duties he did not understand. He was "watching crypt." An investigation showed that many years ago it was proposed to deposit the bones of General Washington beneath the capitol, and a crypt was whose duty it was to watch this crypt and prevent its desecration, and there he had been ever since, growing gray in the service; while Cengress had appropriated Widow Harkins.

One evening a crowd of young people congregated at Bill Burton's ranch, and when the first quadrille was over he took a stand in front of the fire and parting his coat tails in a comfortable manner remark-

"That was rurty neat dancing; you all know the step and handle yer hoofs purty peert, but some of you young folks can't hold er candle to sum old 'uns I've seed, an' that kinder reminds me of old Widow Harkins I knowed back in Georgy, when I

"Oh, tell us about her, Uncle Bill," exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"Wall, she wus ther all firedest activest old heifer I ever knowed. She lived up in the Peach Branch settlement nigh to Bill Brown's an' was kin-aunt or suthin'-to ther Millers from Alabamy. When I knowed her, she was crawlin' on to eighty years old, but she was tougher'n 'er pecan sapling, an' the way that 'ere old critter knocked dust that June day was 'er caution to 'er mustaug colt'

"Was she scared, Uncle Bill?" in quired

the crowd. "Wall, now, I guess she was kinder skeert. You see one day I had jes' cum outer the field from plowin' an turned old Job in ther lot. Darn that old mule, he had jes' busted a new pair of traces to flinders tryin' to kick 'er parcel of bumble bees of'ern his hind legs. He was allers gettin' in a yaller jackets' nest or suthin' else, an' consarn his ole pictur; he busted my leg outer jint je,' when camp meetin was cumin' on 'bout 'er week arter that. As I was goin' on to say, I wus huntin' round 'er stable gettin' up 'er new set of gear when I heerd the derndest yellin' an' er' bellowin' up ther lane, 'an it peered to me it wus cumin' closer all the the time, an I clim' on the fence an' 'gin to look. Ther fust thing I seed wus 'er big cloud 'er dust 'an ther next thing my eyes lit on wus Bili Brown's ole brindle bull jes 'er rippin' an 'er rearin' an' 'er liffin' up his tail an' 'er chasin' old Widow Harkins fur everthing she wus worth. Tharwus ther bull with his head down 'an tail up, an, thar wus ole Widow Harkins with her balmoral histed. jez' 'er clatterin' down ther lane like 'er couple of race horses. I warn't much pious in those days, an' get tin' kinder ex cited I tok off my hat an' yelled, 'Sling out yer best hoof, go it, old gal, till you make ther gap in the calt-pen an' thar you're When I hollered to her it braced her up. She puckered her mouth like ther butt end of 'er persimmon, histed her balmoral 'er little higher, 'an I tell yer it fairly made me sweat to see ther way that come." ole citizen did climb over dirt. She sorter looked back over one shoulder an' saw that bull about ten feet behind her an still 'er cummin' 'er rippin' an' rearin'. But feelin' she wus safe, she jest pulled the balmoral over her head, 'an the ole hull stood still, astonished, an' went off kinder'a a kitten. I would jest like to see some of you quadrille dancers try to take the rag

off Widow Harkins." "You Bill!" shouted his wife in dismay. He stopped dead short, and there was pause-a long, dreary pause, until one of the young men looked out of the window and said he thought it would rain before morning. The young ladies said they thought it would, too, and Old Bill Burton went down to the cow-pen to see if the calves had been turned out, and never came back in the parlor again that night.

A Team of Rendeer.

Each of the Wapoos had under his or her charge five deer, and except upon these five animals, they did not bestow a thought. leaving the others to each capture his own individual five as best hecould. Even the old Wapoos, Nilas, by name, did not offer to assist his better half, nor did she seem to expect such assistance. The animals having been very speedily got in order, the next thing ie to harness them, which is done in this fashion : The deer has a skin collar on its shoulders, to which is fastened a long strap, also of untanned skin, which, going between the legs of the animal, is tied to a ring at the prow of the poolk. The single rein with which we drive is made fast to the left side of the head and is held in the right hand. In steering to the right, cast the rem over the right shoulder of the animal, and rull, or rather tug a little. If you wish to hasten you can strike with the rem on the animal's sides and back, though if you have a wild brute this is rather dangerous, as it on being struck becomes utterly unmanageable, and therefore it is generally quite sufficient to raise the left hand, as if for a blow, which will cause the deer to run off smartly enough. The instant the foremost deer starts all the others follow in a long line. winling in and out according as the leader's tracks go. All deer won't lead the way. Many are trained to follow only. Over all Finmarken, in fact, over all Lapland, one never sees two deer harnesse together or wit hproper geat. In this respect the Samoyedes are far more practical, and not nly do they bring the animal to the same state of subjection as the Lorse with us, but they also use entire bucks for domestic purposes, a thing unheard of in Lapland.

Tanuing. The process of tanning in China is thus described: The skins are put into tubs containing water, saltpetre and salt, after thirty days they are taken out, the hair is shaved off, and the skins are vell washed in spring water. Each hide is then cut into three pieces and well steamed, which is done by passing them several times backward and forward over a steaning oven. Further, each piece is stretched out separately over a flat board and secured with nails, in order that it may dry gradually and thoroughly in the sun. The smoke or the oven makes the leather black, and if it is required to give it a yellow appearance, it is rubbed over with water in which the fruit of the so-called wonghee has been soaked. Of the offal, glue s made by heating it in pans for twelve hours over a slow fire. The glue so obtained is poured into rough earthen vessels, where it remains three days, in order to coagulate. solid mass is then cut in peces with sharp knives and carefully laid upon grating, like trays, to dry, which are placed in open spaces resembling the Lutch threshing floors.

It is stated, that on the last night of the year 1880., about nine o'clock, a large portion of the counties of Galway and Mayo, Ireland, were suddenly ablaze with torches formed roughly of sheaves of wheat. It was not a quarter of an hour from the time that the first torch was observed before the country to the horizon was all alight. Loud shouts were heard, horns and whistles were blown, cans were beaten and the inhabitants seemed to have become demented. County houses were hastily closed up and secured; the police prepared in theiir barracks for defense, and everybody outside the Land League made certain that the dreaded moment had come. The lights and the noises subsided about with no more than the usual number of of the county prison, the Eastern penitenoutrages. The country people affect to be tiary, Sing Sing, Charlestown, Mass., Balignorant of the cause of the illumination; timore, Richmond, Whelling and Wilmingome said it was to celebrate the liberation of Parnell, but the facts of the trial are was known to the detectives all over the well known in every hamlet and such a land as a daring hotel thief; the stories of reason could not hold water. There is no whose exploits would fill books. He was custom of the kind on New Year's eve. first known in 1836, when he became The question asked on every side in Ire- an inmate of the Eastern penitentiary. In land is, we hear, was it a preconcerted the great days of steamboat travel along practice in signalling? or was it an expe- the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, thirty years iment? A few nights before the Fenian rising something of the same kind was lar coalitions of gamblers, who preyed upon observed in several parts of the country, the Southern and Southwestern planters and many well affected people are of the opinion that the incident portends no good. In the winter of 1832 the country was observed one night to be full of flashing lights in every direction. Men were fran- successful gambler alike, often taking tically running around with lighted sods of turf in their hands, with which they where it had been deposited by the card rushed from one house to another. The origin of the phenomena was never clearly the famous games in which the reckless traced, but it was supposed to have been a planters often staked, not only the ready man appearing at a house and leaving a lighted sod of turf, at the same time giving directions that the house owner should field hands, residences, etc., and lost all to rub it to seven other sods which he was the cunning knaves whom the blind godt) leave to s v.n houses that had not before received them. This was to be done on pain of eternal perdition. That night almost every Catholic house in Ireland was an acquaintance of Hi Megary, the notorivisited, and many died from the exertion of ous Mississippi river thief, who was in partgetting rid of their seven sods of turf. It nership with Al Burtis and Tom Buchanan supposed that it was an experiment to see | in working the steamers plying the Father in how short a time communication might of Waters. This man took Sipple West be effected on an emergency from different | with him, and his coolness and adrottness centres of activity, acting simultaneously. It was called "the night of the holy fire." In Ireland no sign ought to be neglected. In 1867 the police were still in their years. He had a thrilling adventure once country barracks when the day of the rising came, although orders had been issued for their concentration in the event of the tion with Burtis and his other confede-

The Man at the Windsor.

While riding up town the other day in a Fifth Avenue stage, New York, a reporter met an acquaintance who is a frequenter of races during the season, and a fair judge

"Anything new?" inquired the reporter. "I have just heard of a trick in horse selling that I think should be shown up in the newspapers."

"What is the dodge?" "My uncle, who considers himself pretty sharp, came down from the country to buy a trotter. Without taking any one into his confidence, he started off alone to make a periences, one of which, being new to me.

is best described as follows: "A stranger enters a sales stable and explains what sort of a horse he desires. After two or three ordinary animals are shown up, an apparently likely horse is brought out with considerable flourish. 'There, says the seller, 'is the offer for you. You'll never take anybody's dust behind that fellow. I'he fact is, I sold him to a city man recently, and allowed him to try the horse on the road. I knew the man had plenty of money, and thought he could manage a trotter. In about three hours afterward a negro brought the horse back, with the harness and cutter all knocked to pieces. He said a man who was a little off had given him \$5 to bring the horse around, and say that he would call and pay for him. But,' continues the seller, 'he can't have the animal at any price; I'll never seil a good horse to a man that can't take proper care of him. You can have him for \$200

less than he promised me. "While they are dickering about the animal in walks a well-dresed man, saying in a rather blustering manner. 'I have come to pay for that horse I bought recently,' at the same time displaying a large roll of money. 'You can't have him,' replied the stableman. 'Why?' 'Because you damaged my property, and don't know how to use a horse. Besides, I have sold him to this gentleman."

"After a quarrel, in which the city mar wears that he will have the horse at any price, and the seller is equally emphatic in declaring that the horse is sold, the city man sidles up to the stranger, whispering, 'I'll get the best of him any way. You pay tor the horse and bring him right around to me at the Windsor, when I'll hand you \$100 more than you pay for

"To cut the matter short, the stranger buys the horse, and afterward looks in vain for the man-at the Windsor."

"Did your uncle look for the man at the Windsor ?" "No, but I know of several who would like to see him.

He Didn't Want to Buy. Looking at the twin "before" and "after"

'Produces hair on the smoothest head?' "Yes," said the clerk, "produces a most luxurant growth of hair in six weeks or money refunded. Never was known to fail, sir, and we have sold a million and a half of bottles. How many will you have?" 'Young man, don't ask me to take any more bottles. The last one I took home has ruined my peace of mind and brought desolation to my home. My wife thought it was bay rum or something or other for the complexion, and she's just worried to death now that she's found out what it will do, and spends half her time at the mirror watching for the first premonitions of the luxuriant full beard that is to hide her beauty forever. No young man I don't want any more of it. And to tell you the There are in the Saddiers Orphan grows. Look at my bald head, now. The School of Pennsylvanias bout twenty- clerk looked, and had not the heart to say brought to an abrupt halt by one of the tity of flour equal in weight to the guin, "I did my best to calm him, assured him money to pay his salary year after year, six hundred pupils, whose mainten- more, but put the bottle away and advised wheels striking against a stump. The without boiling the mixture. The paste

Not long ago a wagon rumbled swiftly way from the Eastern penttentiary, at Philadelphia, Pa., and an hour afterwards stopped in the municipal burying-ground -the potter's field of the vulgar-and in a few minutes a plain pine box was lowered into a hole in the earth and the frozen clods rattled upon the pine-inclosed form of Wade Sipple, alias Pierce, alias William Gray, who in his day was one of the most famous hotel and sneak thieves in the United States. His end was that of nine out of ten malefactors, although his fate had not overtaken him until he had gone beyoud ihe allotted three-score and ten years. For more than forty years Sipple had pursued a criminal career, and in that time he ton, N. C., prisons and penitentiaries. He ago, when the boats were infested by reguwho travelled between New Orleans and Cincinnati and St. Louis, the fine art of sneak-thieving was adroitly plied. The thieves stole from the planter and from the thousands of dollars from the staterooms, sharpers for safety during the progress of money derived from the sale of their crops, but wagered, besides, their plantations, dess and skill favored. Sipple, who was down on his "luck" after a term of imprisonment at Richmond, Virg n a encountered so pleased the veterans that he was admit. ted to full membership in the band of plunderers, with whom he remained many near Natchez, Miss., which is said to have frightened him into abandoning his affilia-

from New Orleans, had "cleaned out" a number of planters, and were making merry over their triumph. The spoils of victory were supposed to be fabulous. Sipple learned that the money, which was mostly in bundles of brand-new crisp bank notes, was in the stateroom of one of the gamblers. He determined to possess himself of it and succeeded in his enterprise, afterwards concealing the plander in his own room. The gambler discovered his loss in a few hours and notified his associates. They fixed on Sipple and another man as the thieves and, catching them on the upper deck of the steamer on a moonlight night, as she was passing Natchez, they surrounded them, and, with drawn bowieknives and derringers, threathened them purchase. He met with several queer ex- with instant death unless they produced the booty or told where it was hidden. Sipple pretended to be frightened into compliance, and told his captors to accompany him to his room. On his way thither, although encompassed by gleaming steel, he sprang through his environment and plunged overboard. An attempt was made to stop the boat and capture the thief, but no trace of him could be distinguished even under the moonlight, and he was given up for lost. Not so, however. He escaped, and not liking the manners of the Southern gamblers, he forsook steamboat thieving as too perilous. The gamblers recovered their money in Sipple's room after a fight with his companions. As age crept over the once daring criminal he descended lower and lower in the grades of crime until he became a mere sneak thief-a snapper up of trifles. Suspicion was not likely to seit e upon a white-haired, whitewhiskered, nicely-dressed old man, and so he subsisted miserably on his piffering where thousands had been insufficient to satisfy him before. He was arrested many, times for petty larceny and sentenced to a few months in the county prison. In January, 1878 he was in custody under the name of Peck along with Charles Blake, the burglar, on the charge of disposing of some of the plunder from J. E. Baum's house, 2036 Diamond street, at a second hand dealer's store, representing that Blake was his son in-law, who was breaking up housekeeping. Blake was taken to West Chester atterwards on suspicion of participation in the Bailey mask ed robbery, On October 16, 1878, Gray is found in trouble again for the last time. Three men who climbed over a back fence from a brickyard were surprised while in the act of breaking into the residence 1208 Thompson street. Two of them escapeu from the police, but the third, poor, old Wade Sipple, who told the magistrate afterwards that his name was William Gray, was too stiffened by age and rheuma tism to clamber up the ladder again and was cornered behind a barrel in the yard of the dwelling. He was convicted and sentenced to three years imprisonment. Af ter a little over two years' confinement he fell dead on Saturday last from appoplexy and his melancholy burial, like that of the forger Rollins, took place in Potter's field. pictures on the bottle, the bald headed old Very few of his old associates in crime are gentleman asked, "Is that the way it always works?" "Always," said the clerk. believed to be alive. A Marvelous Stage Ride.

One of the darkest, coldest, rainiest nights of the past month, an adventure occurred in a neighboring county which deserves ito be perpetuated among the remarkable episodes of stage traveling. The lady and gentleman who were prominent actors in the almost tragedy were recently at the Morris House, and the story is in no manner exaggerated or overwrought. This couple were the sole occupants of the inte rior of the stage on the night in question. and were sitting silently muffled up wishing for morning to dawn. The hack was drawn by two horses that were quite restive and high-spirited, though the drowsy truth," he added in a stage whisper, "it passengers gave little heed to this fact until three parts of sugar in order to prevent the wouldn't be of any use. She is that mad afterward. The night was so dreadfully gum from cracking; then add water until that she pulls out my hair as fast as it dark that it was almost impossible to keep the desired consistency is obtained. If a ance and education during the coming the old gentleman to present his wife with year will cost the State about \$260,000. a razor and fixings.

if he needed any assistance, and receiving a negative answer, snuggled back into hi wrappings. Presently the stage moved on and the incident attracted no further attention. In a little while another stoppage occurred and the passengers had a vague conscioust ess that the driver again descended to arrange something about the wheels or traces. The rain pattered unceasingly upon the roof, the wind mouned through the forest branches, and weary, exhausted and benumbed, our friends were only semiconscious of the fact that the stage again resumed sits journey. Suddenly the gentleman became impressed with the idea that they were traveling at too high a rate or speed, and this conviction became so strong that he finally leaned out of the window far enough to ascertain that the driver eleven o'clock, and the night passed over had been made familiar with the interiors had disappeared and his horses were running away.

Without awakening his wife to a sense of their danger he attempted to perform a feat which tew men would have the nerve to do in broad day light. This was to climb out of the window while the team was run ning at full speed, and swing h mself up on to the driver's seat so as to secure the reins. It required the strength of an a hlete and the courage of a hero to accomplish this task, but it was accomplished. As soon as he gained the driver's sea, he reached for he reins which he expected to find twisted about the brake, and to his utter horror found they were gone. Meantime the horses were running a the top of their speed, the hack was being violently joked and tossed from side to side, and the ominous darkness into which they were plunging threatened ms.ant destruction. Leading over the boot trying to reach down and find the reins, the stage gave a sudden lurch and the genil:man was hurled headlong under the wheels. there was momentarily a stunned sensa ion, a sharp pain as the wheels passed over his legs, and there was a rush and cla ter of hoofs as the runaway tean disa,peared in the da kness. The wife was gone in the runs way sage. Fiction never conjured up many situa tons more uniquely uncomfortable. Tumbled unceremoniou ly out into the mud and wa er, with a nalf roken leg and a full knowledge that his wife would be da hed speedily to a horrible dea h, our friend was almost frantic when he mally arose and commenced groping along in the darkness.

It was not very long before the driver ca ne rushing along in pursuit of the siage and his pascengers, and gloriously astonish. ed he was to meet with one of their under such circumstances. There was nothing to do but follow the road and await the ternear prospect of what was known must rates. A party of gamblers had come up mination of affairs. Suddenly, as they were passing over a brushy knoll, they must be occasioned by the runaway tea n. the wonder of it, however, was that the team was evidently coming toward them. By some means the horses had turned a ound and were coming back. It was no easy matter to check the frightened autmais, but by vigorous shouting and hurrauing they were turned into the brush and caught. Rushing to the stage to see what ual become of his wife, tue gentleman found her all wrapped up as he had left her and totally ophytous of the fact that she us I been the object of any particular solicnude on his part, or that he use been absent from her side, or that she had been in any uanger. She knew tue stage was going very rapidity, but innocently supposed that the driver was making up for lost time. Not a thing was broken about the earriage

A Terrapin Farm

Mr. Dorlon's great terrapin farm is located at Ceuar Point. Tus projection of land is on the western shore of Monie bay, about 30 miles below this city, and is innabited principally by oystermen who read golden harvesis from the many bods whigh turnish nearly every oyster brought to the port of alobue. Mr. Dorlon, who keeps a store at this point, has about three acres tenced in with strong pilings. Leading to oms inclosure are two cauals, one on the pay side and the other on the gulf side, which supply with salt water a number of ditches ly feet wide and loo feet long. The sand accumulating from the excavation of these ditches is thrown on each side, and used by the terrapins to sun themselves and lay their eggs in, which, if counteu, would go up in the milliots, and can be raked up by the bushel. In the winter season the terrapus remain impedded in the mud of the ditches, where they stay until spring time, never touching a morsel of food, A system of sluices enables Mr. Dorlon to keep the ditches full of sa t water, or drain mem at pleasure, and he is not a all dependent on the tide for that purpose.

The number of terrapins on the farm, as iar as can be ascertained and by the closest calculation, is between 20,000 and 25:00). and in the course of the next three or four years will be something hard to calcula a About May 1st, Mr. Dorlon makes his purchase of terrapins from the country people on the Mississippi Sound, and takes all he can seenre at \$5 a dozen, and that generally averages about 8,000 a year alued to as larm outside of those breed therein. i'ne innabitants of Mississippi and Alabama aud the terrapus with dogs tra ned for that purpose. The dog barks when he finds one and the hunter immediately secures a by going to the spot where the dog points.

The cost of feeling the terrapins, which, as we have said, is only done in the summer, is about \$1 per dozen for the season, and the price per dozen in New York has varied from \$18 to \$8. The tood, which cousists of craos and fish, is caught with a seine in front of the farm, and really very little expense is attached to the raising of these valuable land tortoises. Mr. Dorion begins to suip about October, 1st, and then on to about May 10th. He generally sends as to Savannau by rail, and thence to New York by steamer, averaging about 12,000 a season, and, had it not been for a disastrous harricane which some time ago wash. ed out Mr. Dorlon's iarm, it would be today the greatest terrapin tarm in the world. the can always snip all he can get, for there is a ready market for these delicacies.

Paste for Paper.

To ten parts by weight of gum arabic add