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I am the Man.

On the way to Terre Haute, a traveler, with the air and appearance of a man who knew it all, approached the fat passenger, and said, in the shocked tones of a man of

"Wasn't it dreadful?" "I should say it was," the fat passenger

"Did you hear about it?" the traveler continued more impressive than ever.

"I saw it," the fat passenger replied, even more impressively.

There was an awkward silence of several minutes between them, and the traveler went back to his seat with a discouraged expression. Presently he came forward and approached the tall, thin passenger.

"Sir." he said, "did you know they were taking up a collect on for his fam-

"I should pause to hesitate," said the tall, thin passenger. "I headed the list with a \$10 note myself." The smart traveler's countenance drop-

ped, but he spoke still hopefully: "Ah, you heard of the sad circumstance. "Heard of it," exclaimed the tall, thin

passenger. "I was mixed up in it all the way through. The smart traveler sighed and once more

resumed his seat. His face brightened up after awhile, and he came to the front ouce more, laying his hand softly on the arm of the sad passenger. "Sir," he said, "did you know the train

run over a man at the last station?" "He was my only brother," said the sad passenger in a bashful manner. And then he bent his head forward and covered his face

The smart traveler looked really distressed. But he rallied by-and-by, and in a last determined effort he approached the man on the wood box. Assuming an expres-

sion of the most intense horror, he said: "Pitiful heavens! I am faint with fear and horror yet! Did you know the train struck a man on that bridge and tore him to pieces?"

The man on the wood box leaned forward, shaded his mouth with his hand, and said, in a thrilling whisper, that went his-

sing down the car. "Sh! Dont give it away, but I am the man!" It seemed to be about time to close

MR. PRIM went fishing, and on his return told some terrific hes about what he caught. Said sharp to him, "What do you want to tell such yarns as that for? Tell something possible, if not probable. Don t you know that everybody saw that you were lying?" "Yes," answered Prim. Then, what the blazes did you do it for?" "Why, I wanted them to know I was lying. I didn't want them to think I was

"Is the weather on Mt. Washington any you were engaged? better or more certain than it used to be?" inquired Pingrey of a friend who spends home." his summers at the White Mountains. "Well, I don't know that it is," said his friend; "why do you ask?" "I heard that since they built the railroad, the tourists had a different climb it. That's tune for asking." all," added Pingrey, as he cut his name in "I never thought of such a thing." big letters on the office furniture.

THE WORLD AS I FIND IT.

They say the world'd a weary place, Where tears are never dried, Where pleasures pass like breath on glass,

And only woes abide. It may be so-I cannot know-Yet this I dare to say, My lot has had more glad than sad, And so it has to-day.

They say that love's a cruel jest: They tell of women's wiles-That poison dips in pouting lips, And death in dimpled smiles.

It may be so-I cannot know-Yet sure of this I am, One heart is found above the ground, Whose love is not a sham.

They say that life's a bitter curse-That hearts are made to ache, That jest and song are bravely wrong And health a vast mistake. It may be so-I cannot know-

But let them talk their fill;

I like my life, I love my wife,

And mean to do so still.

THE NEW DOCTOR.

"I think I will try the new doctor." Esther Warren spoke in a faint halfpleading tone, as if she expected to meet a storm of objections, but somewhat to her surrrise, her aunt Martha said:

"I would if I were you." "Dr. Wyck, it would seem, has tried his utmost skill for the last five years,' sighed Esther, wearily, "and I get no better. It may be Dr. Dun will know of some new remedy."

Miss Martha, "I will see Robert harness up to drive to the town,"

It was a very brief note, merely requesting Dr. Dun to call upon Miss and added: Warren at his earliest convenience, yet Miss Martha's pen traveled very slowly one side, lest a tear drop should mar the

Five years before there had been no brighter, stronger maiden in all Millville than Esther warren, only child of Bates Warren, who had made an enormous for. tune in iron, and held Esther as the choicest of all this earth's treasures.

At eighteen her father was killed and she seriously crippled in a railway col- feetly quiet, interrupted—

Her hands and arms were strong as ever, her brain clear, but her lower imbs were utterly without power.

Heiress to immense wealth she was almost a prisoner in her splendid home, subject to attacks of pain that prostrated her for days, suffering intensely.

Books, needlework and a feeble attempt at drawing helped to fill the time; but it was not easy to be patient, and Esther was not yet perfectly saint-

like, although she tried to be submissive. Dr. Dun's practice was small, and much of his time at his own control, but he was an enthusiast in his profession, and gladly took much of the old doctor's

gratuitous practice off his hands. He had come to Millville as Dr. Wyck's assistant, to take his place when he retired, but the patients of the old doctor

were a little shy of the new one. "Ah-yes!" said Dr. Wyck, reading Miss Martha's note. 'Little Essie Warren! Sad case,' and the doctor entered into a long description of the case, summing up in the words, 'Utterly hopeless! She may live for years, but she will

never walk or stand.' It seemed to Herbert Dun when he entered the beautiful room where Esther Warren spent her long vaking hours, that life even with pain, must be pleasant surrounded by such luxury, and the rare exquisite beauty of Esther's face, pale, it is true, but delicately lovely, was a jewel worthy ef exquisite setting. There was a little flush upon the inva-

lid's cheeks as the new doctor took a chair beside her, a light of hope in her large eyes that made his heart ache. It was not long before Esther Warren under the grave professional manner, felt the power of his sympathy, and

found herself expressing more freely than she had ever before spoken the hope that filled her heart, fully satisfied skill and kindness could ever do so. when Dr. Dun said: "In a case of such long standing I

cannot express an opinion at once, Miss my most earnest study and care to it." But if Dr. Dun could not restore

strength to Esther Warren's crippled body it was not long before she felt her life flooded with a new strange happiness. The hour that the new doctor spent Dunn and his wife into the place of

with her every morning gladdened the whole day. He was not a conceited man, and

Essie seemed to him like a child, so that he was blind to the fact that he was gaining the heart of the crippled heiress. So when Martha invited him to spend some chance evenings there he went. Essie was to him a patient; one who

called on his professional skill frequently to care the most agonising suffering: and if he could also make some of her long, lonely hours any brighter he gladly contributed his liveliest talk, his best tenor songs, his most courteous manner to the

But he never thought she loved him until Dr. Wyck answered his application for a month's holiday.

can get along. But I am afraid I have made a muddle of sending you to Esther Warren. Why didn't you tell me that

"I waited until I could offer Annie a

could have Esther Warren and her for- points to Coney Island.

Now, do not imagine that Essie has taken me into her confidence."

"She is as maidenly and modest as the most fastidious lover could wish," continued the old doctor; "but I have known her and loved her since she was a baby, and I can read her heart. Poor

His sigh was echoed by Dr. Dun. "Will you believe me if I tell you that I never dreamed of this?" he said, earnestly. "Miss Warren seemed to me set apart by her suffering from earthly passions, and I should have as soon thought of loving a saint."

"She is very rich." "Yes, I am glad she has every alleviation money can give her," said Dr. Dun, not appreciating the implied hint.

"And Miss Leigh; Is she wealthy?" "My Annie? Bless you, no! But we are not afraid. I shall continue to live here for a few months, because Annie will select and furnish a house so much better than I can; but it will be the tiniest cottage.'

"Well, you can go," said the old doctor, "and take my best wishes for your But he said it in a dull, heavy tone,

and his face was very grave when he called upon Esther. "You must take me back for a month,"

he said, as cheerfully as if his heart was "I will write to Dr. Dun now," said not like lead in his bosom. "My assistant has gone away." Then he looked at Esther's fernery, as

if his whole soul was absorbed in ferns,

"He has gone home to be married. It is quite romantic. A long engagement,

over the paper, and she kept her head to with the wedding postponed by poverty on both sides." He heard a quick, gasping breath, but

> did not turn his head, as he continued: "What luck you have with your ferns, My maidenhair will never grow as yours does. Mrs. Wyck says that raising flowers or ferns is a gift. She does not succeed as you do," and so on, and so on, until a clear voice, low, sweet and per-

"Dr. Wyck, please come and sit here and tell me about Dr. Dun."

He told her all he knew. Essie said, "for he has been more than kind, and I should like to make his wife a wedding present. I hope we shall be

"I hope so," the doctor said."

"He left her soon after, stopping in the hall to mutter: "I had rather face the worst surgical

operation I ever performed than repeat But Essie made no moan.

Even Martha could only guess her pain, and before the new doctor returned to Millville his patient was her sweet placid self again.

But at the station Dr. Dun and his happy wife found Robert, the coachman, waiting with a carriage.

"Miss Esther's compliments, doctor," he said. "and will you allow me to drive It was bewildering to be driven to the

prettiest of cottages which was brilliantly A little maid-servant opened the door, and ushered the way to a drawing-room

daintily furnished, where a note was laid conspicuously upon the table. "It was directed to "Mrs. Herbert Dun," and begged the acceptance of

cottage and contents from the "doctor's grateful patient, Esther Warren."

"Ours!" the bride cried. This pretty nome is ours!" And a happy home it proved as well

Martha had made it as attractive and complete as possible, every room handsomely furnished, and many trifles of Essie's own work adding to its beauty, and the doctor accepted it with a most earnest resolution to pay her for it if

There is no more welcome visitor in the beautiful home of the crippled heiress than Annie Dunn, and if the children Warren; but depend on me to give my of the pretty cottage ever have a grievance, they are sure of sympathy and comfort from Essie, who stands in the place of a guardian angel in their hearts. But there has never come to Essie any dream of love since she took Herbert

Coney Island.

beloved brother and sister.

Everybody has heard of this popular summer resort of the New Yorkers with its splendid hotels, the Manhattan, the Brighton, and Oriental. It lies directly on the Ocean, and the pure sea air, safe bathing, and excellent music, make one forget the heats of summer. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the Iron Steamboat Company of New York, have entered into arrangements by which extra facilities are offered for reaching Coney Island, this popular summer resort. These palace steamers will connect with trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City, and land passengers at the Iron Pier. Coney Island, direct, also at Bay Ridge, where connection is made with the New "Spare you? Why, yes, I suppose I York and Sea Beach Railroad. Return trips will be made at such hours as will afford satisfaction to all visitors to the island, and enable them to make sure and close connections with trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad homeward bound. The time on this line between Jersey City and Coney Island will be about "You—you couldn't break your en-gagement, I suppose. You know you speedy, and pleasant route from all

"Perhaps you had better consider it, of a suit of clothes.

Solving a Tough Problem.

One day Jack Marland, on going to the gallery of M. Lepage with one of his friends, found it occupied by a young man well known as one of the best shots in Paris; and most assuredly he was a good shot. He performed all the feats which tradition assigns to the Chevalier St. George; he each time hit the bull's eye of the target at the usual distance, snuffed a candle with the ball, split a bullet against the edge of a knife, and drove a nail into a wall by striking the head directly in the center with his ball; and, in short, by a thousand feats of this nature proved himself worthy the name of a first-rate shot.

His amour propre was roused by the presence of Jack, whom the attendant, in presenting him with the pistol, quietly said was almost as good a shot as himself, but at each shot, instead of receiving from Jack the tribute of praise which he deserved, he heard Jack, in reply to the exclamation of astonishment which proceeded from all in the gallery. say "No doubt, that is a very good shot, but the result would be very different, I've a notion, if he had a live man for his butt." This incessant calling in question of his powers as a duelist, for Jack had repeated his observation three times. at first astonished the "tireur," and ended by annoying him; and, at length, turning round to Jack, and looking at him with an air half threatening, he said: "Forgive me, Mr. Englishman, but it appears to me that three times you have made an observation disparaging to my courage; will you be kind enough to give me some explanation of the meaning of your

"My words," answered our friend, "do not, I think, require any explanation; they are plain enough in my opinion."

"Perhaps then, sir, you will be good enough to repeat them, in order that I may judge of the meaning which they will bear, and the object with which they have been spoken," was the reply of the

Frenchman. "I said," answered Jack, with the most perfect sang froid, "when I saw you hit the bull's-eye at every shot, that neither your hand nor your eye would be so steady, if your pistol were pointed against the breast of a man in the place

of a wooden partition. "And why, may I ask?" to me, that at the moment of pulling the entreaties of the Frenchman, Jack a yard—now the deepest shaft is 170 trigger, and firing at a man, the mind mounted his cab, and drove off, repeat- varas; there is a powerful pumping and would be seized with a kind of emotion ing to his friend, "I told you there was hoisting engine, many large buildings, likely to unsteady the hand, and conse-

quently the aim. "You have fought many duels?" asked the Frenchman.

"Not one," said Jack. "Ah! rejoined the other with a slight sneer, "then I am not surprised that you suppose the possibility of a man being afraid under such circumstances.'

"Forgive me," said Jack, "you misunderstood me. I fancy that at the moment when one man is about to kill another, he may tremble from some other emotion than that of fear.

"Sir! I never tremble," said the shot. "Possibly," replied Jack, with the same composure; "still I am not at all convinced, that at twenty-five paces, that , at the distance at which you hit the

oull's-eye each time-"Well, at twenty paces?" interrupted

"You would miss your man," was the cool reply. "Sir, I assure you I should not, "ans

vered the Frenchman. "Forgive me if I doubt your word," "You mean then to give me the lie?" "I merely assert the fact," replied our

friend. "A fact, however, which I think you would scarcely like to establish," said the 'reteur.' "Why not?" said Jack, looking steadi-

y at his antagonist. "By proxy, perhaps?" "By proxy, or in my own person perhaps, I care not which," said Jack.

I warn you, you would be somewhat "Not at all," said Jack, for I merely say what I think; and, consequently, ny conviction is that I should risk but

"Let us understand each other," said the Frenchman; "you repeat to me a second time, that at twenty-five paces I

should miss my man.' "You are mistaken, monsieur," said Jack; "it appears to me that this is the fifth time that I have said it." "Parbleu?" said the Frenchman, now

horoughly exasperated, "this is too much; you want to insult me." "Think as you like, monsieur," said

"Good!" said the other, "your hour, "Why not now?" said Jack.

"The place," said the other. "We are but five steps from the Bois le Bologne," cried Jack. "Your arms, sir?" "The pistol, of course," was Jack's answer, "we are not about to fight a duel,

but to decide a point upon which we are

The two young men entered their caand drove towards the Bois de Bologne. Arrived at the appointed place, the seconds wished to arrange the matter. This consent, observing that the point in as he has been as a jockey he will cer- tentionally put into the buggy to deceive, question could not be correctly decided, tainly have a wonderful career. He has but she is too smart for such tricks and ddstance now to be fixed, and the dissome and comfortable residence in close the note calls for. Innumerable stories tance at which his antagonist had hit the proximity to the Heath House stables, bull's-eye in the gallery. It was then but is as yet said to be unmarried. proposed that a Louis should be thrown up in order to decide who was to shoot necessary, that the right to the first never blame a horse for starting at a as in gentleness and affection for its tine and applied in the usual manner, is r- points to Coney Island.

IT Joes ne', always follow that a man is a soulptor because he chisels his tailor out of a central form of a central form.

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It is not naturally belonged to his adversary, and although the Frenchman was anxious that Jack should take advantage of this one chance, he was firm and carried his girl to accept a "bucket" of flowers because he chisels his tailor out of a central form.

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gallery had followed, and was ready to charge the pistols, which he did with the same measure, the same kind of powder, and the same kind of balls as those used time before. The pistols, too, were the same; this condition alone Jack had imposed, as a sine qua non. The antagonists, placed at twenty-five paces from each seconds retired a few paces, in order to leave the combatants free to fire on one

another, according to the stipulated ar-Jack took none of the precautions usual with duellists: he attempted not to or any other means; but allowed his knew what to make of this extraordinary conduct. He had fought several duels, sang froid in any one of his antagonists; friends, to show that he was not wound-

ist, "You, see, sir, I was right!" "You were," answered the Frenchman; and now fire, in your turn. "Not I," said Jack, picking up his hat,

vou?

see how you shoot." "Let us understand each other," said Jack. "I never said that I would hit June, 1877, to March, 1881, the mine you; I said, that you would not hit me; you have not hit me; I was right; and two dividends of \$20,000 each-\$640,000. a mighty difference between firing at a and all the appurtences of a mine in this and found that he was not a coward.

Fred Archer, the man who rode the

American horse Iroquois, to victory at the late Derby race in England, was born on January 11th, 1856. His family had always been famous for their powers of horsemanship, and his father was a well-known performer between the flags, and as recently as 1858, or two years after Fred was born, he rode and won the Liverpool Grand National upon Little Charley. Before Fred was ten years old ne showed that he knew how to stick on horse, and it was resolved that he should be brought up as a jockey. He was apprenticed to Matthew Dawson, of the Heath House, Newmarket, with whom he has remained ever since. At the early age of fourteen so thoroughly proficient had he become in the business that he was given amount on Athol Daisy for the Nursery Handicap at Chesterfield, which he won on September 28, 1870, previous to which he had ridden and won a match on a pony belonging to Mrs. Willan Matthew Dawson, and all connected with the Heath House stables recognizing that they had a very promising light-weight in Archer, gave nim every chance possible, and his first success in any great event was on Salvanos for the Cesarewich in 1872, which he rode at 77 pounds. In this race he showed a wonderful amount of ability, coolness and judgment of pace, which foretold the brilliant career in store for him. During the remainder of that and the following seasons he did not ride, but in 1874 he began a series of brilliant seasons which at the end of 1880 showed a total of no less than 1,430 successful mounts. As early as 1870 he had already won the confidence of Lord Falmouth, and although his riding weight was little more than 88 pounds, he rode Atlantic for the 2,000 guineas at 122 oounds and won. Since then he has won all the classic events—the Derby in 1877 several years, and since the water-works been a second Godolphin in disguise. with Silvio, in 1880 with Bend Or and in were built has aided its owner largely 1881 with Iroquois. With Jannette and in superintending them. Mr. Bush's Wheel of Fortune he took the Oaks in headquarters are at L. R. Norton's 1878 and 1879. Silvio and Jannette in store and there Huldah stands most of 1877 and 1878 were his winning St. Leg- the time ready for any emergency. It er mounts and besides Atlantic in 1874 he is said that she knows the location of won the 2,000 guineas with Charibert in every hydrant and can scent a leak in 1879, while for the 1,000 guineas he rode the water pipes in any part of the town. Spinaway and Wheel of Fortune in 1875 | If in doubt about it she will start alone and 1879, all with the exception of Iro- for the suspected spot, and, not finding quois and Bend Or being the property of anything the matter there, will sheepish-Lord Falmouth. Five times in six years | ly return to her post. But, if there is a Archer has won the City and Suburban, genuine leak, then she trots rapidly viz., on Thunder, Julius Cæsar, Parole, Master Kildare and Bend Or. With happens that Mr. Bush needs assistance Parole Archer also took the Great in reparing the break, and in such briolets, each accompanied by a friend, Metropolitad Handicap in 1879. Twice cases he simply says, "Huldah, go and he has won the Dewhurst Plate with get Pat and Mike, I want them to help Wheel of Fortune and Bal Gal, but me." The animal trots off to the houses singular as it may seem he has never of the Celts, and they, understanding however, was very difficult; Jack's adbeen able to run a place for the Middle what it means, jump in the carriage and versary required an apology, whilst Jack Park Plate. It is utterly impossible to are carried to the place. If, while the maintained that he owed him none; un- mention all the important events Archer leak is being attended to, a tool is reless he himself was either killed or has won, he being alike at home in a quired that is not at hand, Mr. Bush wounded; for unless this happened, he dash of half a mile or at a distance, and ties a slip of paper to the whip, (Jack) would not have been proved as he is still able to ride at 118 pounds explaining what is needed, tells the wrong. The seconds spent a quarter of or a trifle less, he will no doubt be kept horse the name of the implement he an hour in the attempt to effect a recon- busy in the saddle all the present season wants and the intelligent animal goes ciliation, but in vain. They then wished although he went in partnership with straight to headquarters, and when the to place the antagonists at thirty paces Matthew Dawson last January as a needed tool is found starts back with it. from each other; to this Jack would not trainer. If he is as successful as a trainer

L'Estrange says: "So long as we that the horse is mofe than ordinarily infirst; this Jack declared was totally un- stand boggling at imaginary evils let us telligent, and shows in that line, as well

For more than three hundred years the mines of Pachuca have been worked by the Frenchman in the gallery a short by the Mexicans-first by the Mexicans pure and simple, then by the Spaniards and now again by Mexicans who would scorn the name of Spaniard, though his blood mingles in their veins. Here in other, received each his pistol; and the this very town was discovered the process of amalgamation now in use to-day, by which all the precious ores dug from the mountain are made to yield their silver. Yes, more, the very hacienda is still worked and profitably, in which, in 1857, Senor Medina made that discovery shield any part of his body, by position so valuable to Mexico. Senor Medina has passed away, it is presumed, but his arms to hang down at his side, presented memory still lives. The English colony his full front to his enemy, who scarcely comprises about 350 men, women and children, from the mining district of Cornwall. The first Cornish miners but it had never been his lot to see such came here about fifty years ago, introducing English machinery and modes of he felt as if bewildered; and Jack's theory | working the mines, much to the benefit occurring to his mind, tended but little of the owners. Some of the original to reassure him; in short this celebrated number are still living, though very few, shot, who had never missed either his and all here now agree as to the healthman or the bull's-eye of the target, be- fulness of the climate as a place of resigan to doubt his own powers. Twice he dence for English people. Though raised his pistol, and twice he lowered it some of them have acquired wealth and again; this was of course contrary to all some have retired to old England with the laws of duelling; but each time Jack enough and to spare, the majority have contented himself with saying: "Take earned little more than a living. Pretime, monsieur! take time." A third carious property are these mines, except time he raised his arm, and feeling in exceptional cases. The most noteashamed of himself, fired. It was a mo- worthy of all the instances of poor men ment of the most painful anxiety to the striking it rich is that of the Santa Gereconds; but, they were soon relieved, trudis mine, which is now "in bonanza." or Jack, the instant after the pistol had It had been successively worked and been fired, turned to the right and to abandoned years and years ago, and was the left, and made a low bow to the two finally "pronounced"—or taken to work by a Cornishman, who has just died. ed, and then said, cooly, to his antagon- Forming a small company in 1877, he commenced active work. After it was proven that the mine was paying he sold out his share-nine twenty-fifths-for \$15,000. Since then, one twenty-fifth and handing the pistol to the garcon; has sold for \$80,000, the present price "what good would it do me to shoot at per bana or share. This would give at that rate \$720,000 for what he got but "But sir," said his adversary, "you \$15,000 for. The mine has been "in have a right, and I cannot permit it to bonanza" now for three years and is be otherwise; besides I am anxious to yielding about 3,000 cargas of 300 pounds each of metal weekly, and giving a clear profit of \$1,000 per day. From produced \$2,800,000 and declared thirtynow there is an end to the matter;" and In June, 1877, there was but one shaft "Because," answered Jack, "It seems in spite of all the remonstrances and of sixty varas—a vara is a little less than doll and firing at a man." Jack's mind section, all paid for. With all this prowas eased; he had solved his problem, fit, present and prospective, all the ore obtained here is sent to be reduced to Regla, a distance of seven leagues. This mine, which is located less than two miles from the center of Pachuca, is owned principally by men who were poor at the time they commenced to work it. There are, it is said, two distinct lodes, running parallel and at less than fifty yards from each other. At first the vein worked was only a vara wide, but as they went down they found a cavern filled with "metallic mush," twenty-four feet wide. They were at first compelled to timber around a great deal, for the sake of economy, taking

> have been extracted from the Rosario mine since it was started in 1850, and

the books show that there has been paid \$500,000 per share in dividends! A Knowing Horse. field, Massachusetts, has a horse about which some wonderful stories are told. all competitors in the most unexpected The animal has been in the family for style, and may, for aught I know, have back to get her master. Sometimes it Sometimes the wrong tool has been inany difference were made between the already built for himself a very hand- refuses to start until she is given what of this sort are related of the animal's babel of noise, for all shout together. intelligence which one can believe or disbelieve as they please. Certain it is Notwithstanding that, they seem to make owner, the effect of kind treatment- blacker more glossy and durable than if put

Profits For May.

Old Pinchem sat in his private office the other day figuring up his profits for May, when his head clerk, looking as pale as a sheep and as red as a cow by

turns, entered and began: "Mr. Pinchem, I-I-" "Have you got those goods off for Kalamazoo? interrupted the old man. "Yes, sir, they are off, Mr. Pinchem,

I have long-"And about that order for starch?" "That has been attended to, sir. Mr.

Pinchem, I have long wanted to speak "Ah! speak to me. Why, I thought you spoke to me fifty times a day.'

"Yes sir, I know, but this is a private "Private? Oh! Ah! Wait till I see how much we made on that last 10,000 pounds of soap. Six times four are twenty-four; five times two are ten, and two to carry are twelve; three times seven are twenty-one and one-ah, well,

"Mr. Pinchem, I have been with you "Ten, eh? Long years eh? Any longer than any other years? Go

go ahead; I'll finish this afterwards."

"And I have always tried to do my Have, eh? Go on."

"And I now make bold-" "Hold on! What is there bold about it? But never mind-I'll hear you

"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask-askwant to ask-"Well, why don't you ask then? I don't see why you don't ask, if you want

"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask you for "You wan't to ask me for the hand of my daughter. Ah! Why didn't you speak right out? She's yours, my boy! Take her and be happy. You might

mentioned it. Go 'long, now- I'm "Mr. Pinchem." "What, you here yet? Well, what is

have had her two years ago if you had

"I wanted to ask you for, for-" "Didn't I give her to you, you "Yes, but what I wanted to ask you

for was, not the hand of your daughter, but for a raise of salary. "Oh, that was it, eh? Well, sir, that is an entirely different matter, and it earnest consultation. Return to your work, and some time next fall I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar a week. Six times four are twenty-four

and two to carry: and three times-Some Wonderful Arab Horses.

Somewhere about 1780, it appears to me, the search after Eastern horses began to languish, and then gradually died out. One reason was that the aristocratic importers found, let them work never so hard, they could not equal that "first regimental charger" on which Capt. Byerly of the Boyne, otherwise obscure, has ridden into everlasting renown, or the Paris cart-horse, or the out merely enough to meet current ex-Turkey merchant's unhoped-for treasure penses. What remained was "pure from Aleppo. I regret this, because the black sulphurets, which exhumed globvery highest specimens of Barb and ules of native silver when exposed to Arab, like the very highest specimens of fire." One can trace the silver lode as our English race-horse, must be few and it crops out above the surface and runs far between. Had our wealthy breeders diagonally across the hills; and if persevered, other accidental wonders, appearances are good for anything, the once and again, might have fallen into two new mines of Dr. Skilton, the Santo their hands, and even short of that, Tomas el Nuevo and the Santa Catarina, valuable qualities would have kept infusto the west of Santa Gertrudis, are right ing themselves into horses of every dein the silver track. We visited these scription, together with an unfailing latter, which are at present operated by flow of Eastern blood. To show how the old-fashioned Mexican mode, the much accident has to do with such matmetal being brought up in bullock skins ters; There was an Eastern screw, by means of long ropes of maguey fibre belonging to the surgeon of the Ninetieth wound about a large drum operated by Regiment, at Zante, in 1828. He was a mules or horses. The whole district flea-bitten gray, standing somewhere abounds in picturesque features, but about 15 hands 2 inches. Turk, Barb, none more so than these primitive mines. Arab, or a mixture of all three, nobody One hundred million dollars taken from knew. He was not regularly trained, one mine in thirty years! This is the and far from being in a racing condition; amount declared on good authority to he was, therefore, naturally thought nothing of at first. But to the astonishment of the military mind, when races were established there under high Newmarket superintendence, neither thoroughbred chargers from home nor Barbs and Arabs-many of them horses of merit belonging to the Greek gentle-Water Superintendent Bush, of Spring | men of the place-had the shadow of a chance with him; he scuttled away from

The Cypriote makes night hideous with his howlings, laboring under the impression that he is musical The noise or music to which he jumps is chiefly produced by scraping one-the treble-string of a little fiddle with great rapidity, and has to all appearances been learned from the mosquito, which it mimics with considerable accuracy. The fiddle is generally accompanied by the bourdon of a zither, which copies well the wearing screech of the cicala. When the native Greek breaks into song he produces a brief nasal drone, whose melancholy sound is often repeated. The boys never whistle; but the children, chiefly the girls, from time to time, with a voice from the head and nose produce a short tune, which never exceeds two or three bars. With all this they have wondrous lungs. The men will send their clear voices ringing through the pure dry air across the country-side; in the streets and on the roads they converse, preferably it would almost seem, from a distance in loud tones. When on fine evenings-and all evenings are fine in Cyprus for months together-whole families sit in the lanes outside their doors, they do not take the trouble to move in order to visit their neighbors, but shout to them with shrill distinctness as they sit. The result is a themselves intelligible.

Stove lustre, when mixed with turpen-