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S. R. PEALE, H. A. MCKEE, PEALE & MCKEE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office opposite Court House, Bellefonte, Pa.

C. T. Alexander, C. M. Bower, ALEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

JOHN B. LINN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

CLEMENT DALE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

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W. M. C. HEINLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

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JOHN G. LOVE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA.

BREVITY OF LIFE. We are born; we laugh; we weep; We love; we droop; we die!

LAURA'S MISTAKE. Laura had been making out a bill. Miss Hayden, To Laura Stetson, Dr. Satin overskirt, \$2.00

That's all, said the tired girl, letting her pencil drop, and breathing a sigh of relief. I hope she will pay you to-night, murmured Mrs. Stetson.

For a proud Laura, earning a scanty living for her mother and herself, had a memory of the Haydens hidden in her heart. When Bart Hayden had gone away, only a year before, she had thought of him for months after, nay, even till now with quickened pulse and heightened color.

Laura, the child of wealth and fashion, her father's idol, a delicate, thoughtful, elegant girl, who had hitherto sunned herself in the warm rays of prosperity, and hardly knew whether she had a heart or not, proved herself a heroine. Whatever she could find to do she worked at with all her heart.

"I am ill—that is, my head aches; but the walk will do me good," Laura responded, trying to look bright. "Do you think I would let you carry home my work? No, indeed!" and she bent over and kissed her mother's forehead.

"Why, Lucy! Why, Benny!" exclaimed Laura, for the girl was nurse-maid at the Haydens', and Benny the youngest hope of the house. "What's all this?"

Laura heard, and for a moment street and houses whirled round so that she had much ado to keep herself from fainting. The words rang in her ears, "I do suppose it's his wife," and would probably, to the end of time.

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receded, leaving her pale and almost faint. She stormed at herself for being so supremely foolish; but the tears were very near her tired eyes, for all that. Huge trunks blocked up the hall. A loud, cheery voice sounded, that struck woefully against her heart; and the first person she saw was stalwart, handsome Bart Hayden, just coming forward as he issued his orders to the men who were taking the boxes up stairs.

"Laura—my dear Miss Stetson!" exclaimed the young man, hurrying toward her. But Laura's face was like steel. She made a cold little bow. "Welcome home, Mr. Hayden," she said, in a set, cold voice.

"I—rather think she may be engaged," he said in a blundering confused way, there might have been a little anger in the voice, "but—yes, perhaps you had better go up," and he turned on his heel.

"That's all," said the tired girl, letting her pencil drop, and breathing a sigh of relief. I hope she will pay you to-night, murmured Mrs. Stetson. "She is well aware of our needs," was the sad reply.

"Oh, don't mamma!" pleaded Laura, with a little laugh that was partly hysterical. "You only make it worse for me, you see, calling up old times. Just say it will all come right in the fall, as papa used to."

"What is the matter, my darling? I see—she didn't pay, of course; and not a stick of wood in the house. Oh! the heartlessness, the wickedness of those who are rich!"

"To be sure!" was the quick answer, "if you will come to so humble a place. You see how the wheel has gone round with us. Poor Mr. Stetson—"

"Yes, I heard," he said pityingly. "Long ago, Anne wrote me. But I am not one of the fickle kind, Mrs. Stetson."

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worst for them? Was there, indeed, bright hope for the future? Bart put his full shining beard close to Laura's ear, and the second time said the mystic words that had so long lingered in her memory.

"I can hardly be necessary to say, that damp clothing on entering the house should be removed, lest it should increase the radiation of heat and so rapidly reduce the temperature of the skin and more and more augment the sad results. Those who are feeble and delicate, may take a warm bath, or soak their feet, rub the surface to a glow and drink some hot fluid, as hot milk, beef tea, or best of all, hot lemonade.

Another error, or way of catching cold is putting on overcoats that have been long hanging in some cold place. Cold outer garments should be somewhat warmed, before they are put on, and then when we reach our homes, let the garment remain upon the person until its chill has been removed.

"I'll run around, perhaps. Must you go? You don't know how much I've to tell you. Well, then, good night."

"I'm dreadfully tired, mamma; let me lie down," she cried in a suppressed voice and threw herself on the creaking old lounge.

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How to Deodorize Stables. We often wonder why the occupants of large costly dwellings permit stables for horses and the pits adjoining holding the excreta so close to the house, and have hostlers and coachmen to come there, to kitchen and dining-rooms, with rank-smelling person and clothing.

When the bottom and sides of the vaults are dusted, and the ordure nicely levelled therein, then firm by treading them down with the feet of stablemen standing on a thick board; finally, having a moderate coat of plaster scattered over as painters sand-coat oiled walls, will cover or coat them and preclude the escape of ammonia.

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use to us," he said. At that time there was in New York a merchant named James Livermore, who was largely engaged in the West India trade, particularly with Jamaica. He owned several vessels, some of them good size, and Mrs. Astor advised her husband to go and have a talk with him. Mr. Astor went, showed the East India Company ship pass, and the Canton prices current, and "now," said he, "if you will make up a voyage for one of your largest ships, you can have the pass and the prices current on one condition: You are to furnish ship and cargo, but I am to have one-half of the profits for my pass and for suggesting the voyage."

"I was never more so," was the prompt reply, and again they talked over the matter. Mr. Livermore finally thought he saw his way clear, and an agreement was signed by which Mr. Astor was to receive one-half the profits, and Mr. Livermore to furnish vessel and cargo.

The rubbish so generally bought for manuring is almost worthless—hardly worth hauling—for the substance has largely evaporated, either before or during transit, and more yet are said still more exposure. It might be well for the horse car companies to try this process on a small scale.

"Where are you going my boy?" "Hunting with you, if you'll let me."

"You do not look stout enough to stand the fatigue of the tramp I am about to make. Don't you go to school!"

"No; but I expect to have to lie some! I'll tell the teacher I had the belly-ache, and I'll tell papa I've been to school and didn't want no dinner."

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A Lion Tamer's Experience. "While with Robinson's circus," said Mr. Neylan, "I became acquainted with Bill Reynolds, the well-known lion performer, and became a fast favorite with him. He was growing old and was taken ill quite frequently, thereby necessitating the withdrawal of that feature in the entertainment. I was in the habit of playing with the animals outside the cage, and one day I asked Archie McCarty, the boss cavassman, who had charge of the cage, if he would let me go inside. He laughed at me, and insisted that I would back out mighty quick. I looked about for a cowhide, and being unable to find one, substituted a broom handle and started in. There were two lions in the cage, and a tiger, the famous lion, Old Prince, the pet lioness, Jennie, and a beautiful tiger of magnificent proportions. Old Prince was a stubborn, bull-headed creature, and meant mischief every time. I was about sixteen years of age at this time, and was in good physical condition. The moment I entered the animals regarded me as an intruder, and Old Prince commenced to assume a warlike deportment. I belabored him vigorously with the broom handle, maintaining myself possession and nerve, and ere I left the cage he was humbly submissive, and, with the other animals, would prompt to my bidding. I informed the manager that I had found a substitute for Reynolds, and would produce him that night. The cage was drawn into the ring, and at the appointed time I appeared, greatly to the surprise and bewilderment of the manager. As I started toward the cage he shouted: "Come away, you fool, you'll get eaten up." But I went on with the performance, and the animals behaved beautifully. At another time Robinson had a young lion, three years of age, of great strength and ferocious disposition. I determined to break him, and selecting an empty cage with two partitions, I had it drawn into the woods one Sunday, and had a terrible fight with him for three hours. The enraged beast refused to obey the lash, and it became necessary to use hot irons instead of rawhide. After he had been subdued I petted him for a time and furnished him with a substantial meal, and we became the best of friends. All the clothing I wore at the close of the encounter was a pair of stockings and a wristband to my shirt. I subsequently broke another pair for Robinson, and had a tough tussle with him, but winning in comparison with the three year old. Mr. Neylan was asked if he had ever found himself in extreme peril. "Well, yes," replied Mr. Neylan. "I was once placed in a most uncomfortable situation. Jennie, the pet lioness with young, and one day I had occasion to enter her cage to repair it. The sound of the hammer employed in driving nails appeared to frighten her, and suddenly she fastened her teeth upon the calf of my leg. I had the presence of mind to leave her cage although she was tearing my flesh terribly and seizing my hammer I watched my opportunity, when she had caught my wrist between her teeth, and thrust the handle down her throat, choking off her hold. Then she sought to leap upon me, and stripped me of my clothing, beside leaving the bloody imprint of her claws upon my back. The blows of the hammer did not seem to have any effect, and at an opportune moment, one of the keepers, seeing my predicament, seized an iron bar and belabored her vigorously, while I kept accompaniment with my hammer. We conquered her at last, and I left the cage to dress myself and my wounds. She never disturbed me again, and was always gentle and tractable. Once, previous to this, Jennie incensed me down, and Old Prince evidently intended to make a meal of me, but my good fortune was such that I did not deserve it, and I whipped them both into subjection with my cowhide.

"The best time to break lions," said Mr. Neylan, "is when they are cubs of eight to ten months growth. My practice was to devote an hour a day to the training, always exercising them on empty stomachs and feeding them immediately afterward; if the animal is tractable and submissive, he should be treated kindly, but if he is inclined to be stubborn and sure that you must obtain the mastery by vigorous use of the cowhide. They are inclined to be treacherous even when the most frolicsome and gentle, and it can be shown that the majority of lion performers who have been killed, have allowed too much liberty to their pets. The objective point of the cowhide is the face and eye to blind and confuse them, and they start and are forced into retirement by vigorous flagellation. It must not be thought for an instant that one can look them steadily in the eye and thus disarm them. The lion does become somewhat blinded by a steady gaze, but the moment he lowers his head and gives it an ominous shake, then look out for danger, and the more promptly the lash is applied the better. The tiger is more treacherously inclined than the lion, and more difficulty is experienced in their training. I have trained Asiatic, African and Mexican lions, and some of them have developed remarkable power of intelligence and sagacity.

Colorado's Cave. Colorado abounds in the finest scenery, and now it comes to the front with a fine cave at Manitou, which for beauty cannot be excelled in the world. This wonderful cave is situated about one mile from the Manitou depot, up Williams' cañon, and should be seen by every one who visits that favorite resort during the summer months. While this cave is not as large as the Mammoth one in Kentucky, it is equally as interesting. It was discovered last year by a couple of boys from Colorado Springs, but the wonderful beauties under ground were not known until last February, when Messrs. Rineheart and Snider purchased it and began exploring the different chambers, and their trouble was rewarded by finding some seventy-five or eighty different chambers, varying in size from 25 feet square to one hundred feet, while one chamber is 325 feet long by 87 feet wide and the same distance high. The caverns are covered with limestone formations called stalactites, and they can be found in every imaginable shape. Upwards of 3,000 people visited this wonderful cave during the past season. All were well pleased with the sight. This cave is six stories high, and when tourists visit Manitou next year it will have been explored and made ready for them.

Self-denial is the finest factor in education.