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Cleaver & Gephan

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25., 1886.

NO. 8.

'I don't know but what you'd better be chasing hens than wasting time over veying the crochet-ground with stern-

ness in his long-featured face.

'You hain't no call, as I know of, to

Mr. Long turned his eyes upon his irate countenance. He was slower to anger than his neighbor. 'About them the numerous gaps in the broken-down hens,' he said ; 'I rather guess this line fence better be fixed up; needs it. They den from that of his neighbor, Alvia couldn't get in then unless they should Talcott-a procession of nine, clucking go round by the orchard, and that ain't likely.'

They came on with composed delibera-'I hain't been calculating to lay out tion, pausing among the cucumbers anything on fences jest at present,'said with a contemplative air, skirting the radishes after a dissatisfied survey, and short legs defiantly.

settling down at last among the toma-'The laws allows,' rejoined his neightoes with a chorus of victorious clucks. bor, 'that a man's obliged to pay half to hand things across.' 'It ain't going to do,' said Mr. Long, toward fixing up a fence that's been wiping a disturbed face with his old complained of.'

red silk handkerchief. 'I ain't going 'I hadn't been calculating to lay out no money on fences,' Mr. Talcott repeated, his voice rising to a high pitch. Mr. Long's thin face grew grim.

'I don't know as I eyer heard that the law makes exceptions of people new line fence wasdone. It was seven that are a little clus,' he observed.

Mr. Talcott gasped. His hard, round cheeks were red with resentment; his sharp eyes blazed.

'Your strike, Talcott,' said Mr. Mc-Quirk, shortly; he had spent several moments in aiming for the middle wicket, and had failed to go through.

this fence,' said Mr. Long, as he turned stiffly away. Mrs. Talcott had come out of the house with a little bowl in her hands;

'You better jest think over about

flock, pursued them unrelentingly to of sandy-haired prettiness. 'I want you to take in some of my rising to Hannah,' she said. They had grimly. When Mr. Talcott was apexhaustedly against the sunken gate of the delapidated fence. It was sunken known each other by their first names pointed to the school board, of which with the weight of the many friendly for some afty years.

chats held across it since the long-ago When Mrs. Long opened the kitchen period of its erection; chats held at all door at 6 o'clock the next morning, and stood looking out at the early August! day in the moment before the fried the coffee come to a boil-her faculties cencentrated themselves upon an unexpected circumstance just beneath her

helping him.' She was devoid of suswas merely inquiring.

His eyes were fixed upon the long figure of Bart Collicut, the champion slowly. He stood there rubbing his amicableness. crochet-player of the town, who stood chin doubtfully; and then went down at the other end of the ground in the the steps and toward his neighbor's act of striking. Old Dr. Blair, upon whose ball he was preparing to operate,

Mr. Talcott was working energetically. A pile of worm-eaten posts, pulled up by the roots, and broken pickets, lay before him. A little further down Job Dwyer was amassing a similar heap.

Mr. Talcott appeared unaware of his another picket without speaking. He wore a forbidding look which set strangely on his ordinarily good-humor-

'I thought likely you'd think better of it,' Mr. Long observed, with his eyes fixed warily on the other. 'This fence has been wanting fixing for quite a spell. I don't know as it's worth while tearing it down; I thought mebbe a little fixing up'd do it. But I'm willing to do my share, if you be calculating to build a new one.' After an un responsive pause : 'You're calculating to build a new one, I s'pose !'

'Yes, I be,' Mr. Talcott rejoined. with acrimonious promptness. 'Jest fetch up that crowbar, Job. This post seems to atook root.'

Something in his voice shook his neighbor's composure. But he carried off nis discomfiture creditably.

'Well,' he said, 'it'll be a good thing. fore.' He pulled a grass and chewed it undauntedly for two or three minutes before he went into the house.

'Well ?' said his wife, as she set the dish of pork on the table. 'He's set out to build a new line

fence,' said Mr. Long, taking his seat and shoving his knife up and down behis primal attitude of rigorous disap- tween the tines of his fork. His wife turned to look at him. Her

exultingly, as the doctor's ball came side of the statement. affably, turning to Mr. Long, 'It looks pleasant face. 'Now, you didn't have and gone in. as though we'd fix 'em this time, eh?' no trouble with him yesterday about

them hens?'

any breakfast.

Mr. Talcott and Job Dwyer worked fast. By night the old fence had been this here,' responded his neighbor, sur- demolfshed and carted into the woodhouse, and new boards stood leaning against the well stone. By noon the Mr. Talcott's small, bright eyes snap | next day the posts and scantlings were up and a yard of fence done.

Mrs. Long got up from the dinner give no opinion whatspeyer,' he retort- table to look at it, and turning a blank face upon ber husband.

> two yards high. Mr. Long stared at her. Then he recovered himself.

'It don't make no sort of difference to me how high he's got it, 'he snapped. 'I don't know what to make of it,' she said, coming back to the table, anxlously. 'I don't know why a little low picket like the old one wouldn't done Mr. Talcott, bracing himself on his jest as well. You can look right through it jest as well as though there wasu't nothing there; and it was handy

> She went about the house that day with an uneasy apprehension in her

'I don't know what to make of it, she kept on thinking, in a troubled

She knew by the next night. The feet high. There was nothing to be seen across it except the upper half of Mr. Talcott's house, the tops of the trees and the barn roof. It rose tall and stern and forbidding. And there was no gate. It was a hostile, uncompromising barrier. It was an effective monument to Mr. Talcott's wrath and

The summer passed on into the fall, and the fall became raw and windy, and eventually snowy.

Mr. Talcott and Mr. Long did not speak to each other when they met in street or the postoffice or the blacksmith shop; they passed each other Mr. Long was already a member, he sent in a resignation. When Mr. Long was put on a church committee of which Mr. Talcott was one, he refused

It became rapidly known that the pork had sizzled itself quite brown, and two old neighbors were 'not on speaking terms;' and the causes and circumstances of the rupture were not a mystery. I'eople came on varying pretexts to look at the fence, from one side or 'Elias,' she said, 'he's tearing down the other, and hear the story in detail. the line fence. He's got Job Dwyer Often they went thence over to the other side, and listened with interest picions concerning the fact; her voice to the complimental version. The whole affair, perhaps, was welcomed as Mr. Long came to the door rather a break in the monotony of the general

It was known, too, that Mrs. Long and Mrs Talcott were not active participants in the quarrel. Their old pleasant companionship seemed virtually ended; their backyard intercourse was necessarily cut off, and they had ceased to run in of an evening. But this was because neither telt 'free to enter her neighbor's house,' as matters neighbor's presence. He snapped off stood; and because, in their timid womanly submissiveness, they obeyed the unspoken commands of their husbands rather than face the displeasure which would have followed a defiance of them.

They smiled when they met each oth er; they lingered in the church, vestibule to exchange good-morning. Once Mrs. Long sent in a dish of fresh fried cakes by a neighbor's boy. He told her that Mrs. Taicott had burst out crying. She had emptied the dish and sent it back full of apple sauce.

The autumn days filled the air with the dim blue yapor and not unpleasant odor of bonfire smoke. Mr. Talcott was late with his. He had put it off till his fall clearing was done-the garden freed of the dried and empty bean vines, and raked off; the weeds pulled up which had flourished powerless for harm during the last month or two, and which now stood black and frozen; a few dead bushes cut down, and the I s'pose it ought to have been done Le- fruit trees trimmed here and there. It was late in November when the pile lay ready, low down in the garden in a corner of the plundered potato patch. In some of its rough hollows lay the remains of a thin snow.

Mr. Talcott lighted it directly after supper. Now and then he replenished it; at 8 o'clock it was still burning. He sat down on an old stump to look at it as it leaped and flickered itself out, sharp intuition rooted out the dark lighted up a broad space around it and shining on the high fence. His wife 'You ham't had words with him, had come out with a shawl over her right along! Come in,' he went on Elias?' she said, a quick alarm in her head and watched it a few minutes,

A spark from the subsiding fire snapped into a little pile of dried stalks half 'I told him,' said Mr. Long, reaching a rod distant, and they flamed up. A yourn to home,' he said. 'They're for the coffee pot, 'his hens had been twig took fire from them and burned to spoiling my garden jest about as fast making tol'able free in my garden, and its end, and a loose splinter blazed in the fence had better be fixed up. If its turn. He watched the curious lithe's a mind to flare up like a fool, I the line of light as it ate its flickering don't know as it's any of my concern.' way along. There was a small deposit He took a swallow from his cup. His of dead leaves drifted up against the wife watched him wistfully. She look- tall fence; they took the alarm, and glowed and crackled smartly. And With money, come poor relations; my concern,' he said; 'you can't jest 'You hain't ever had no trouble with then the flames mounted up, and grew with property, taxes; with the winter, will never be found in closets or vessels lost on the great lakes annualexpect for me to be chasing hens eyer- him before, she said. She did not eat broader and redder—the fence had pneumonia, and with the summer, drawer if a small bag of sulphur be ly than on any two oceans.—Boston caught fire.

Mr. Talcott got up and walked over to it. Then he turned, with scarcely the haste which might have been looked for, and started for the pump. He seemed rather to linger on the way when he reached it, he stood for a moment without doing anything particular before he filled a wooden pail, which lay near, and went back with it. The fence was flaming brightly; but he 'Elias,' she said, 'he's got it more'n stopped to pick out a chip which had got stuck into the sole of his boot, and tied the old woolen muffler he wore around his neck with hands which were not quite steady. Then he peered all about him, in an oddly guilty way, emptied his pail of water on the ground, and went and sat down on the stump again. He looked cold and anything but heroic; but there was a new-found warmth within him.

> There was quite a crowd about the place half an hour later, looking at the blackened remains of the line fenceseveral men, attracted by the flames, and a few women hastily wrapped up.

Mr. Talcott had a good deal to say about the way it happened. He said a bonfire was a plagued thing-you never knew what it was going to do; you couldn't feel safe with one if you didn't watch it every minute. He dwelt on the inefficacy of water when once a fire had got started, and pointed to the empty pail, where it lay on the ground, in conclusive proof of the point.

Mr. Long had come out and watched the conflagration from a discreet distance. But he had drawn gradually closer, till he finally stood poking over the warm cinders with one foot. Mr. Talcott stood near by. They did not look at each other for a moment. Then the latter spoke, in a voice made high and sharp by the greatness of the

'Went down jest like paper.' he said. I guess there couldn't anybody a-stopped it. I couldn't do anything against it-nothing at all !' He felt that he regained by this some of the dignity he had lost in his own conception; he look His neighbor did not reply directly.

ed expression, and he was not the person to make it manifest. His tone, when he spoke, was composed and eyen condescending. 'According to law,' he said, I s'pose 'm called on to put up the next one. I

s'pose I might do it any time; I ain't

The darkness hid his softened perturb-

so terrible busy jest at present.' 'Well,' said Mr. Talcott, looking down the garden. 'I ruther guess you had better build a picket. I guess a picket will do full as well. You hain't heard how old Lem Pearson is, have you ?'

He Hadn't Been at Gettysburg.

'No, I didn't lose that leg in th war,' replied a stranger yesterday, as he leaned up against a cold wall of the postoffice. 'I used to claim that my eg was shot off at the battle of Antieam, but one day something happened to cure me of lying. I was stumping along the highway in Ohio, and stopped at a farm house to beg for dinner.

'Where did you lose that leg?' asked

"At Gettysburg." 'Sit down till I call my husband. 'He came in from the barn, and I was asked where my regiment was stationed in the battle.

'In the cemetery,' I replied. "Ob! Well, my son Bill was in the

cemetery, too. I'll call him in.' 'Bill soon came in, and he wanted to know what particular grayestone I took shelter behind. I said it was a Scotch

granite monument. ''Oh! grunted Bill. 'My brother Bob was behind just such a stone, and

I'll call him in. 'Bob came in, and he swore a mighty oath that he was there alone. He sort o' pre-empted that monument, and remembered the inscription to a word. However, to give me the benefit of a doubt, I was asked to name my company and regiment.

' 'Company B, Fifth Ohio,' I promptly answered. 'Oh! Brother Jim was in that com-

'Jim came in, took a square look at me, and remarked: 'Stranger, our regiment wasn't within 200 miles of Gettysburg during

pany. I'll call him in.'

the war !' 'I said Twenty-fifth! Of course the Fifth wasn't there.' "Oh! I'll call in my brother Aaron.

He was in the Twenty-fifth.' 'Aaron came in, called me a wooden legged liar, and I was pitched over the fence into the road. They've got this war business down so fine that you can't go around playing roots on the country no more, and the best way is to own right up that you got drunk and got in the way of a locomotive.'-M. Quad.

cholera and base ball.

PLUNDERING A SAFE.

A Sleep-Walking Merchant Caught in His Own Trap.

I was a clerk to Mr. Parkman-confidential clerk-and knew as much of the business as he did. He was an old bachelor, and lived in the rooms over the counting-house. His servant was a fellow about 40 years' old, a native of Africa, and so black that ebony was nothing to him. I never liked him, but Mr. Parkman thought him a treasure. His name was Scipio. He always dressed in white, too, winter or summer. I don't really think that my lishke began until the day Mr. Parkman missed the first money from the end of December. I had locked the from rising. money up the night before, in Mr. Parkman's presence. It was a payment made just as we were about to dollars. Only Mr. Parkman and I clean them. knew the combinations of the lock. Yet when I came in the morning it was | ed by the addition of a little sperm or

I confess that my mind flew at once to Scipio. I yentured to hint this to Mr. Parkman but I thought he would have knocked me down for the sugges-

'Scipio would die for me,' he said. I should be more apt to suspect that hy-away young Robinson of ours.'

Robinson was a young fellow o wenty-six, Mr. Parkman was about fifty. He had taken Robinson into his employment on the recommendation of the silent partner of the firm, Mr. Oakes. He would have been glad of some decent excuse to be rid of him, but the young man did his duty so well that no one could find fault with him and was so polite that he could not be quarreled with.

him best, I should think, and both wanted her. Fathers generally go with the money-bag; but, naturally enough, Mr. Parkman disliked Robinson very much. When a man has such a reason stoves is made by adding to each for disliking another he's not likely to pound of black lead one gill of turpenshow it openly. He tried to hide it; tine, one gill of water, and an ounce but I saw it plainly.

Six months after fifty dollars went in the same mysterious manner. A little while more a much larger sum, and, at last, one night, a great package of bonds, worth twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Parkman had set detectives on the watch before. He did it again; but they could discover nothing. They decided that Scipio was as ignorant of the proper means of opening the safe as a monkey. I made up my mind that he knew all about it, but though I tried to catch him he baffled me. Mr. Park man swore he would find the rascal if he were above ground, and abused the detectives for their stupidity. At last one day, he called me into his private office, and opening a square box, show-

ing me something that puzzled me. 'It's a thief trap,' said Mr. Parkman. Let the thief get his hand into this and he'll never get it lcose again without help. It will spoil his beauty too, I fancy.

Then he locked the horrible box again, and told me that he should put it in the safe that night.

'Remember,' said he, 'not a word to anyone.' I slept soundly until about one o' clock in the morning, when I was a

wakened by a terrible explosion. I started to my feet in an instant but at first I could not remember where I was. When I did, however, I guess ed at once that the sound I heard came from the office where the safe stood, and that the thief had been caught at last in the infernal machine: I hurried on my clothes, rushed to Mr. Parkman's room and found his bed empty, and, expecting I know not what hor-

ror, made my way to the office. A man had been caught in the trap, but it was not Scipio. The poor fellow howling and wringing his hands, stood staring over my shoulder. The man at the safe was dressed in his nightclothes. He had sunk down upon his knees, and blood was streaming over his body. A moment more and I bent over him, and saw Mr. Parkman him: self. He was not mortally wounded, out. He always will be lame. Do you and the first words he said to me as he see now?'

came to were these: 'Hubble, don't tell any one what a fool I've been. I used to walk in my sleep when a boy. I forgot that, I

must have taken to it again.' All the missing money, as well as the bonds, were found in an old hair trunk in an attic. Mr. Parkman said he was thinking about that trunk when he felt his hand gripped and heard the explosion, as he had felt and heard things in dreams; and when he recovered, which lakes might have been saved by the and Miss Merivale were married. I must say Mr. Parkman cameout bright just then. I was proud of him. He sent the young pair a set of silver with his compliments.

Housewife's Scrap Book.

If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

If subscribers move to other places without in forming the publisher, and the newspapers are

forming the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.

Stains on cups and saucers may be

removed by rubbing with ashes. If the oven is too hot when baking place a small dish of cold water in it.

is nice to cut in thin slices and toast. To remove mildew, soak in buttermilk and spread on the grass in the

When sponge cake becomes dry it

To prevent mustard plaster from blistering, mix it with the white of an

Never put salt into soup when cooking till it has been thoroughly safe. That was in winter, about the skimmed as salt prevents the skum When the burners of lamps become

clogged with char, put them in a close-not a great sum, only a hundred strong soap suds and boil awhile to Boiled starch can be much improv-

> a little salt, or poth, or a little dissolved gum arabic. To brighten the inside of a coffee or tea pot, fill with water, add a small

> piece of soap, and let it boil about forty-five minutes. If matting, counterpanes, or bedspreads have oil spots on them, wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, and

then rinse with clear, cold water. It is said that canned berries retain their flavor, and keep better, when a buttered cloth is laid over the top of the jar before screwing down the cov-

Nurses in a sick room should not sit or stand too near the patient, and Miss Merivale couldn't help liking, above all things they should avoid talking when leaning over a sick per-

A liquid black lead for polishing

A Horse Trade.

G. W. Bulger is one of the best horse traders in Western Texas. Not long since he offered for sale a large bay horse to Colonel Witherspoon, who thinks he knows all that is to be known about a horse. Colonel Witherspoon bought the horse at a very low price. Gilhooly, who happened to be present when the trade was made, took the purchaser aside and said to him:

'Colonel Witherspoon, how did you come to let yourself be taken in on that horse? Don't you see that he is lame in his left hind leg ?"

Colonel Witherspoon winked and whispered to Gilhooly.

'I am not fooled a blamed but in that horse. I know he is lame, but his lameness comes from a nail in his hoof. I'll just have that nail pulled out, and then the horse will not limp and will be worth twice what I gave for him. It's a big bargain and den't you give it a-

way. Gilhooly whistled and remarked. Well, you are a shrewd one after all.' 'It will be a cold day when I get left on a horse trade,' replied Witherspoon as he led off his limping purchase.

Next day Gilhooly met G. W. Bulger. 'Bulger, you are not as smart at a horse trade as 1 thought you were. You let Witherspoon have that horse for half what he is worth.' 'Are you sure of that ?' 'Certainly I am. That lameness

comes from a nail in the hoof. Witherspoon will pull the nail out, cure up the sore place, and the horse will be worth twice what he paid you.' 'I don't think so,' replied Bulger, 'I

know all about that nail in the horse's hoof. I droye it in myself.' 'You did ?' 'Yes, you see I wanted people to believe that it was the nail that made him limp, but he was lame before. He will keep on being lame after that nail is

'Well, yes, I think I do. 1'm glad you told me. When I want to buy a horse I know who not to buy from.'-

Perils of Lake Navigation.

Commander Bartlett, U. S. N., has expressed his belief that at least half the vessels lost last season on the was not for many months, Robinson judicious use of oil on the troubled waters. But oil won't give a ship sea-room or keep a sharp rock from piercing a ship's bottom. The fact is, a good many expedients that can be worked to advantage in navigating To keep insects out of bird cages, the high seas are quite impracticable tie up a little sulphur in a bag and on the lakes an account of limited seasuspend it in the cage. Red ants room. It is said that there are more

in applause of a good stroke. But he had always considered that his presence was something of a reproof and

proval.

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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A LINE FENCE.

apron, and regarded the offenders mild-

They were straggling through one of

fence which separated Mr. Long's gar-

in a crooning way and stepping high.

'It ain't likely he's thought of it,'

'He can't think of nothing but that

pesky crochet business,' rejoined Mr.

Long, jerking his head toward his

neighbor's yard, from which the sound

of voices and the click of mallets pro-

reeded. 'I ain't going to stand still

and get ate out of house and home by

'Oh, laws, Elias !' Mrs. Long began,

in easy remonstrance; but her husband

had seized an old tin dipper from the

porch-shelf, and was making for the

comato-patch as fast as his sixty years

would permit. There was a wild cack-

ling and scattering as he threw his dip-

the furthest possible point, and leaned

times of day and upon all subjects-

politics, mowing machines, fertilizers,

sewing societies, crochet patterus,

Mr. Talcott's crochet ground was be-

fore him. Mr. Talcott himself stood

near, leaning the weight of his small

and wiry person on his mallet; his bat

over one ear, his cheerful, round face

shining with eagerness, his whole atti-

tude expressive of watchful and pro-

regarded him seriously from his retire-

ment on the well-stone; little Mr. Mc-

Quirk, who had stepped across from

his grocery to take a fourth hand, and

who was keeping an eye on that edifice,

fidzed about in nervous apprehension

and dangerous proximity to the up-

Mr. Long surveyed the scene with

displeasure. He had, originally, strong-

ly disapproved of Mr. Talcott's crochet

ground. He had not been sure that

crochet was not on a level with 'keerds'

and gambling; and that a deacon of the

church and a member of the town

council should countenance and en-

courage such iniquity was a subject for

From this-after frequent glimpses

and occasional considerations of the

game, over the feace-he had softened

to the opinion that it was a waste of

time and a pack of foolishness : falling

gradually into the habit, despite his

convictions, of observing it regularly-

graduating from the fence to Mr. Tal-

cott's doorstep, and thus acquiring a

tolerable knowledge of its baleful

methods. He bad even been known to

manifest an interest in the game, to

tender advice in a crisis, to give his

opinion upon a disputed point, to join

restraint. Just now, as he stood frown-

ing down the long bewicketed ground.

nothing could have convinced him that

he had ever retreated in the least from

'I declare for it !' said Mr. Talcott,

bowling into the corner: 'we're getting

'You'll have to keep them hens of

Mr. Talcott's smiling face hardened.

It was not the first time his neighbor

had mentioned the hens; though never

hitherto with so much decision.

Mr. Long shifted his position.

as they can manage it.'

raised cake receipts, etc.

found absorption.

raised mallet.

grave reflection.

per into the midst of the scratching a thin woman, with pleasing remains

to stand it.

said his wire, tranquilly.

nobody's hens, if you be.'

'If there ain't them hens again,' said Elias Long, setting down the milk pail on the kitchen porch with a jerk. The stout, pleasant faced woman to whom he spoke paused in the doorway with her bare arms twisted into her calico