

Bellefonte, Pa., May 1, 1891.

AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself indeed secure, So fast the door, so firm the lock; But lo! he toddling comes to lure My parent ear with tenuous knock.

A NOB HILL PRINCESS.

BY EMMA S. ALLEN.

She lived, as a princess should, in the palace of her father, the king. It was one of the richest and most beautiful of palaces, standing on an imposing terrace and looking down with all the majesty of a royal abode upon the surrounding houses, though many of them were equally splendid.

The king, after all, was not a king, as he had no more royal blood in his veins than a hackman or a car-conductor. He had left the aged father who had given him the royal blood of honesty as an heritage, and come to California in "the days of '49" to search for gold. He had found the gold, and since that good fortune had created the hunger and thirst for more and more gold, there seemed to be no limit to his ambition.

She stood, one evening, on the marble steps of the grand piazza, looking in her own dreamy fashion at the steel-blue waters of San Francisco Bay, just as the sun was going out through the Golden Gate. She was wondering, as she had grown to wonder very frequently of late, why her father seemed changed.

"How can he fail?" said Helena, with an inexpressible gesture. Miss Ashton was an extraordinary girl in a very ordinary position in life. She was the oldest of three daughters, and had very good reason to be proud of a talented older brother who was putting the zeal of his life into his profession.

"Oh," rejoined Beatrice, composedly, "he might as well fail as—"

"As the Bank of California?" "As well as some other men who have failed. I wonder how it would seem to be poor?"

"No, you are not poor. You belong to that happy class of which Young tells in 'Night Thoughts'—a goodly competence is all we can enjoy." Your father enjoys life as well—far better—than mine does, because he has that interest in another life that all my father's money cannot buy; and your mother—oh, Helena! if I only had such a mother! But I never had.

"Did I do wrong to come?" she asked Ashton, when he stood under a spotted palm tree in the music room, looking at her in the dim radiance of rose-colored lamps.

"Why wrong?" "Because people will make remarks about it, in the morning, when they know the truth."

stood together in the iron gateway for a few moments, then the princess was driven away from the pretty Queen Anne house—a picturesque affair in dull Indian red and terra-cotta shades—to the portals of King Midas's palace. It was not alone of her father and his unaccountable actions that Beatrice was thinking as she stood on the piazza looking over the waters of the bay.

"I was a poor girl, I believe—but he is too proud—too true and perfect a man to ever think of—there isn't another like him in all the world."

Which scattering reflections certainly had no reference to her royal parent. The unspoken thought brought a blush to her face that made her brilliantly beautiful, even to the stupid footman who answered her questions in the hall.

"Is papa at home yet?" "No, miss. He went away an hour ago to be gone until to-morrow night. He left this message for you."

Beatrice read the scrawling handwriting on a large white card that the obsequious servant handed her on a silver salver.

DEAR LITTLE PRINCESS: To-morrow night I will tell you all that I think you must suspect now. It will be a blow to you, and perhaps you will never forgive me. I ought to have prepared you for the news, but I put it off from day to day with cowardly assurance.

"To-morrow will do as well." Come in to the library to-morrow evening after you return from Mrs. Adley's and I will tell you what the papers will announce the following morning.

There was no more doubt in Beatrice's mind. She was sure that her time for heroic action had come. There would be no more days of idleness and nights of revel for her—no more luxurious sipping of the richest wine of life from golden goblets—no more treading of rose-strewn paths; but thorns and bitter draughts and work—real work for her daily bread—would be her inheritance.

She touched the button of the telephone that her extravagant fancy had caused to be constructed between her sanctum sanctorum and Helena's sitting-room. Just at that hour the pride of the family was having a few moments' chat with his favorite sister, his six feet of splendid manhood stretched on a couch just underneath the telephone.

"Hello, Lena! Do please come up and stay all night; papa is away from home. He left a message for me. My suspicious are correct, I am satisfied—he is on the verge of financial ruin. He has promised to tell me to-morrow night after I return from Mrs. Adley's. The next morning, he says, all the world will know of it through the papers."

There was an excited ring in the voice away off in the Nob Hill palace. "Princess Beatrice, I don't believe it in spite of your correct suspicions. Helena has just been telling me, in confidence, of your anxieties. It seems to me the trouble must be something else."

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how long I have loved the king's daughter with a hopeless love?" "Perhaps," said Beatrice, "for as long a time as you have made her believe that she is the daughter of a hundred earls, she was not to be desired."

He lifted the hand to his lips. "We succeeded in misunderstanding each other perfectly, then. I should never have been brave enough to ask King Midas's little daughter for her hand with all the royal jewels in its palm."

Beatrice tapped tremblingly at the library door at midnight. After some little delay her father opened it and smiled very much as he had been in the habit of doing before he became "peculiar."

"Come in, my dear," he said kissing her, as he always did. "Don't wear your seal-skin in this warm room. Did you enjoy the evening at Mrs. Adley's? Sorry I could not go with you."

As he did not seem to expect an answer to any question, Beatrice made none. She sank into the huge depths of the nearest chair and stared blankly at the old gentleman. He was not pale and haggard and showed no symptoms of paralysis. On the contrary, his face wore a blush like a school-boy's and his eyes shone with anything but a wild despair.

"What is dreadful for me? You don't know anything about it?" demanded he. "I know enough to satisfy my suspicions."

"Well, what do you know?" "Oh, papa! why do you act so strangely? I believe you are crazed with trouble."

"The old man scratched his bald head. 'Bless my bones! What is the matter with you, Beatrice? It isn't such an awful calamity for a man to be married if he is sixty.'"

Beatrice stood gaping with astonishment. "Well, my dear, is that what you knew?" laughed her father kindly. "No—not I. Is that all?"

"Yes; that is all. It is enough to make me feel as young as I did at twenty-five."

"And you are not bankrupt? We are not on the brink of ruin?" John Vernon laughed uproariously. "This is too much fun! Marion," he called, going to the half drawn portiere of the adjoining room, "come and enjoy it with us."

"When they all separated for the night the princess and the queen swore life long fidelity. "It isn't strange that you loved such a little woman well enough to bring her into the palace to usurp your princess, papa," she told her father, when they were alone for a moment. "But she must have married you for your money."

diamonds again, and a soft, trailing tea gown of white and gold India silk. He laughed happily. "Since I have become so hopelessly entangled, I shall have to submit to my fate, royal jewels, princess and all."

"That sounds heroic. We will let the world say what it pleases," and Beatrice placed her hands in his. "If you had not proposed to me in such an accidental way, I am not sure but I should have taken the step myself, 'Philip, my king.'"

Teaching Lions. Various Steps Explained by a Practical Trainer. Long before I began to teach lions, says B. E. Darling in the New York Telegram, I had been acquainted with the character of the animals. I had dealt in wild animals, had attended them, fed them, and so I was accustomed to them. I knew considerable about their nature and habits from observation and not from the reading of books.

When I resolved to train these lions to perform tricks I started with fourteen of these animals. Only two of that number proved serviceable, and those I now have, and they perform at each of my entertainments. Of the other lions I discarded some were stupid, others died, and some were vicious and several times hurt me.

In training the animals the first thing I did was to go in their cage and sit there. Nothing more than that; simply sit there hour after hour. "You may ask whether I wasn't afraid to do this. No; because, as I say, I had for years been accustomed to be with wild beasts. I will not say it is a pleasant experience to go in a lions' den, but it is not so bad as you might think it would be if you know the animals you deal with."

When I first went into the cage the lions would growl; now and then they would act as if they were going to bite me. When they were kind and quiet I would talk to them pleasantly as you would a vicious dog who was trying to train to like you. I would call them "good old fellows," "fine old fellows," and so on, and so they would get used to a kind voice. After while, some two or three months, when they were in their quiet mood I would venture to touch them, finally to pat them gently on the head or to stroke them on the back. When they were cross I would stand apart from them, but without showing any sign of fear. I used no force with them. Such a method might do in training some kind of animals, but it would not do with lions.

By being in the lions' cage day after day, and spending hours at a time there and never ill-treating them I gained their confidence. Naturally they are afraid of human beings, or rather, I should say, they dislike the presence of human beings. In their native state lions, when young and active, live by hunting in the forest far from human habitations and seldom quit their retreats while they are able to gain a subsistence. When they become old and unable to surprise their game they boldly come down into places more frequented by man, the flocks and herds near the habitations of the shepherd, the husbandman. It is remarkable however, when they make their sallies, if they find men and quadrupeds in the same field they only attack the latter and never meddle with men unless provoked to a fight.

Lion taming, before me have not sought to teach the animal to tricks. It was my ambition to appeal to their good sense and intelligence, the same as we do in the case of the dog or the horse. So, after I had gained the confidence of my animals, and was able to touch them, to stroke them and to pat them on the head, I would pick out the best lion and put a chain around his neck and lead him around the cage. It took a long time, you must remember, before I could touch him, and a longer time still before he would allow me to put the chain upon him and lead him any distance.

When I had arrived at this stage of the training I was on such familiar terms with the animal that I allowed myself to talk sternly to them, and reprimand them if they did not obey my commands. But there is this important thing to be borne in mind in the training of lions (and I will mention it in case my young readers wish to adopt my profession)—You must continually keep your eye on the animal and see that you are not worrying him and making him do too much. You learn to know his disposition simply by being with him, the same as you know people by being with them and studying their dispositions. A lion easily becomes confused when he is being taught, and when he gets in that condition he is apt to be shy and dangerous; and so one of the principal parts of the lion trainer's art is to watch the lion, to study his disposition and to stop before you have given him too much to do.

Training a lion is something like training a bulldog; you must first gain his confidence and you must let him know you are his master. After the lion allowed himself to be led by a string I would march him around an arena, run with him. Then I would put trifling obstacles in his way. First a small log, which he would learn to jump over; then gradually I would increase the size of the obstacle, using first a small box, then a larger box, and so on until finally, after many days of regular exercise, I had a jumping lion.

The same kind of training was pursued in teaching him to ride the bicycle and to drive him like a horse—it was a gradual process of leading him on. After I had got him so that he would be led around the arena, it was not such a difficult matter to drive him with reins instead of leading him with a rope. The same with riding a tricycle, though that is a more difficult trick and took a longer time to teach, but it was simply leading the animal on from one style of the performance to the other until he had mastered the art.

It has taken me from ten to thirteen months to train my lions. Some are more docile than others. One is very affectionate, more like a dog than a wild

beast; one is savage at times, but he is driven to the chariot at every performance. You have some times heard that a lion tamer charms, magnetizes or hypnotizes the animal with his eyes. That is not true. It is possible to pursue this course with human beings, but a lion will not remain quiet long enough to come under such influence.

The best lions in the world come from the central part of Africa, from Nubia and Abyssinia. The latter is a particularly rich country, full of forests and all sorts of game and wild animals. My lions came from these sections. When I am in countries where the horse is used as an article of food I feed my lions on horse meat. The reason for this is, that coming from a warm climate the flesh of the horse which contains considerable heat, will warm up their blood better than any other kind of food. I do not use it in countries where it is not used for human food, because the meat might be diseased. In this country I use lean beef, and the animals are given about eight pounds a piece a day.

A Ghastly Necktie. Awful Experience of a Mining Prospector in a Colorado Landslide. "Yes, that may be an old necktie, but it is not the queerest neck wear I have worn," Henry B. Gillespie of Aspen, Col., remarked to a servant at the Grand Pacific as he was removing a little Chicago real estate from his collection. "I once wore a corpse for a necktie."

It was the afternoon of March 10, 1884, that I started up Aspen Mountain to visit a claim which I thought was located upon my land. Should I find that my surmise was wrong, I intended to purchase the owner's right for \$75,000, and accordingly I took my mining superintendent with me.

The mine-owners refused to allow me to go down the shaft to make level explorations, but consented to allow my superintendent to accompany them. I remained in the shaft house with a few laborers. At exactly 5.40 o'clock, one of the miners asked me the time. I had just closed my watch, when crash! and we were hurled into a promiscuous mass of timbers, men, ore, snow and ice.

"We had been enveloped in a genuine Colorado landslide. I fell near a stack of ore bags corded several feet high. The roof timbers fell so as to allow me about eight inches of leeway. Around my neck, bent into a semicircle by the pressure of the terrible wall of ice and snow that was heaped above, was the lifeless body of the miner who had asked me for the time. Poor fellow, he found that time, all time was before him. His head and shoulders were crushed into a jelly, which the ever-sinking weight squeezed around my neck until the worn flesh penetrated my clothing. His lower extremities shared a similar fate on the other side of my head. My breathing was restricted. A few feet away and resting upon my outstretched right arm, was the mangled body of another victim. Three others perished in the shaft."

"There I remained in that silent, oppressive cell, with my ghastly necktie until midnight, when a rescuing party of 200 inhabitants of the mining camps of Roaring Forks cut me out of my icy prison. The snow had become ice; hence the small army of willing miners found plenty of work for their picks and spades. But if my sensation was terrible, what was that of those imprisoned in the mines? They were not so cramped for room and oxygen, though. "Only four men buried in that avalanche were rescued. Now, that is how I once wore a peculiar necktie."—Chicago News.

A St. Louis Charity. A meek-eyed, mild spoken man dropped around to the hotel in St. Louis one evening last fall, and as fast as he came to any one whom he sized up as "safe" he said: "It is a case of charity—a noble charity—but we are opposed to anything but a subscription. The widow wouldn't have it that way, you know. We have, therefore, arranged for a tin-rod go between the Missouri Terror and the St. Louis Chain Lightning. Comes off at 10 o'clock—admission \$1. Its for blood, and the money goes to the widow of the best dog-handler in the United States."

It seems a sort of duty to go around with the crowd and pay the admission fee. The affair was to come off in a barn, and when the principals entered the ring there were sixty-two us-dollar men present. They shook hands, "put up" in good shape, and the knowing ones predicted a hot time. At the first punch the Terror made, however, the other fell down seemingly unconscious, and after working over him for five minutes the meek-eyed man stood up and said:

"Gents, I am sorry to inform you that Chain Lightning is a dead man. He has evidently died of heart failure, and under the adverse circumstances the fight cannot go on. I'll have to send for the police."

Of course everybody made a hustle to get away, only too anxious to escape arrest and detention, and the barn was emptied in thirty seconds. Next day, as I was going down the river on a steamboat, I heard two men in the stateroom next to mine disputing.

"Well, make it an even divide," said one. "Of course, its even," replied the other. "Bill worked in the crowd, you played dead on 'em, and I had the rig there to get off. Purty slick game, but you died too soon. You ought to have waited until I got in one on you."

How to Control Him. How to control man is a nice but not a difficult problem. The average man, and it is fully to waste time on one below the average intelligence and culture, is mentally and morally amenable to improvement. He is a well meaning, pig-headed, thoughtless creature, but he is fearless, loyal and responsive to good influence. Civilization has made man a warring animal, aggressive and domineering; it was once a measurement of physical strength between man and man, now is a measurement of brain against brain. Men, since time began, have heard themselves and that for which they stood, reviled and abused.

Men are used to opposition. Antagonism spurs them on, rouses the fight. Antagonism only hastens the evil it would avert. Men are unused to kindness. Admiration tickles them and praise bewilders them. The man who goes to battle mighty in the armor of his wrath is laid low when his enemy burns incense instead of powder. The foundation of matrimonial comfort must be laid at the very beginning. Nowhere is delay so dangerous. Solomon, to whom we are all indebted, never said a wiser thing than "whoso ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

Consequently a quick and exacting or a jealous, selfish or silly woman must lose the day and put up with an irritable and indifferent husband. Praise at the right time and for the right thing is the secret power over a man. This praise, however, must not be thrown out indiscriminately or in solid chunks. It must be opportune and delicately mixed and seasoned. One does not fish for medals with a quarter of beef. Just as much as a crab can grasp at one time is the rule.

A woman must not only hold herself and her lord the velvet shield of silence and patience, but she must encircle his neck with a silken lasso of diplomatic speech. Being unused to all flattery and praise, he is necessarily susceptible. Don't flatter a man on his personal appearance. The moment you make him conscious of good looks you have developed the poser or the maser. Assure him tenderly, however, that, though not an Apollo, his appearance suits you. Point out to him the weakness of other men, and tell him how grateful you are for his freedom from such faults. Hold up before him your ideal as reflected in himself. It will stir his plastic soul with gratitude and develop in him a mad desire to be what you have painted him. When he occasionally droops, gets cross, refuses a reasonable request, or comes home late, don't rail or wear his head; you have suffered. Simply look the patient martyr, betray no feeling save disappointment in this sign of his weakness. He will consume with regret and scramble back to the place on the pedestal.

A New Industry. The firm of C. Y. Mayo & Sons, of this county, have shipped to a party in Pensacola, Fla., this week, a sample carload of sweet gum logs, or satin walnut, as it is known commercially. This timber has been on the market for a number of years, being shipped for Europe from New York, New Orleans and other points, but up to the present time none has been shipped from this section of Alabama.

Mr. Mayo, who has given the subject considerable study, says that the sweet-gum timber to be found in this section is of excellent quality and size, and he believes there is good money in it for some one. He will make a thorough experiment with it any rate. It will command a price of twenty-five cents per cubic foot and will not be required to stand a high average in size. Further developments in this line will be duly reported.

American Tea. Mr. Gill, an expert on tea, shows from careful calculations made in China, India and Ceylon that teas are produced and made ready for use at an average cost of from 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 cents per pound. China, he tells us, which formerly enjoyed a monopoly of the trade, now produces less than half the tea used in Europe and America, and he maintains with great show of reason, that the tea may be grown in large areas of the Southern States as successfully and profitably as any where else in the world. A rich, sandy loam of good depth and drainage, and a moist climate, are the two essential requisites, and the tree or bush will stand a considerable degree of cold.

Two Old Guss. — Mr. William Moulton, of this town, has in his possession two old guns which are remarkable in their way. One was carried by his great grandfather, Timothy Kingsley, in the campaign against Burgoyne's invasion, and he was present with it on the memorable 17th of October, 1777, when the young English adventurer laid down his arms. Mr. Kingsley used to say that "it was the grandest sight he ever saw." Mr. Moulton also has a gun carried in the French and Indian war by Captain Durkee, of Ashford, which was afterward carried in the Revolution by his great Uncle, Captain William Moulton. Both of these arms are substantially in the same condition as they were when they were in active service.

REVOLUTIONARY WIDOWS.—Twenty-three Revolutionary widows are on the pension rolls of our government, though we are in the second century since the close of the war. They must have been youthful bride of veterans, like the Scotch lass of seventeen who married John Knox when he was in his sixtieth year.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?" "I'm going a shopping, sir," she said. "And what are you buying my pretty maid?" "Nothing. I'm shopping; that's all," she said.—Washington Post.

The hourly rate of water over the Niagara Falls is 100,000,000 tons, representing 16,000,000 horse power in the total daily production of coal in the world would just about suffice to pump this water back.