

Ten Cents and a Moral.

Here is a silver dime, my son. Look like that, it is black and so. Not a bit like the shining one.

A WIFE'S MISTAKE.

Everyone said that Clara Johnson was foolishly fond of her husband. A nature as free from suspicion as hers proved an uncorrupted and incorruptible heart.

It was her custom in the long winter evenings, when her husband, deeply engaged in his business affairs, was absent, to prepare for his return a delicious little supper, and then, quietly awaiting his return, to dream over his last words of love; for Clara was a foolish little blonde, and certainly loved well if not wisely.

One evening she was surprised by a visit from a maiden aunt, who was noted for gossip, and had heretofore been very sparing of her visits to this house of wedded bliss.

"My dear," said she, "I suppose you are totally unaware of what is going on in the theatrical world? You have not heard of the extraordinary beauty of Mademoiselle Vera, the leading star at the theatre?"

"Aunt, you know my husband's time is so occupied. I dearly love the theatre, but I love him better, and I can't enjoy myself when he is toiling for me."

"But did you never think it strange," said Aunt Liza, "that Mr. Johnson, who is so immensely rich, should be forced to work so hard? Why another woman would be mad with suspicion."

"Oh, Aunt Liza!" said the sensitive girl, as her eyes filled with tears, "I could not suspect the husband I have married and loved."

"Well, there are women and women and you are one of the most trusting little dears I ever met. I trust you will never have any cause to repent of your fidelity."

Clara sat by the window at her house in Windsor, gazing at the star-embossed heaven, with a vague feeling of uneasiness which she found it impossible to reason away.

The hours passed away, seeming centuries to the poor young wife who was thus rudely awakened from her dream of bliss by the venom of a woman's tongue.

"Herbert," said Clara suddenly, nervously twining her hands, "what is this business that detains you in the evening? Oh, do tell me! Let there be no more secrets between us, or I shall die!"

"My darling," he asked, simply, "who has been here?"

"No one—that is, Aunt Liza," replied Clara, wondering.

"Ah!" said Mr. Johnson. "But, Herbert, you have not answered me; you treat me with contempt."

"Oh, no," my dear!" said Mr. Johnson, quietly, "not you. Come, love, you are overdone by nervousness and groundless suspicions. I promise you I will be more at home hereafter, and give to my little rosebud of a wife that love which her angelic disposition so justly deserves."

tortured mind completely at ease.

She kissed her husband fervently, and said, "Forgive me for doubting you, Herbert. It was my love caused my fear."

"There is nothing to be forgiven, my sweet wife. Heaven bless and keep you always!"

Clara's eyes filled with tears, and the reconciliation was complete.

A few days after this, Clara was at her favorite window, gazing out with rapt pleasure at the handsome equipages which dashed past.

It was a splendid winter day, and there was snow on the ground.

Since the night of Aunt Liza's visit Clara had been supremely happy; her husband had spent his evenings regularly in her company, and had once even taken her to the very theatre spoken of by her aunt. True, she had noticed the lovely Mademoiselle Vera, and had imagined her attentions were rather plainly addressed to her husband, but she had deigned to banish suspicion to ever. It was an easy task, for frankness was one of the chief virtues in her lovely character.

Absorbed in her pleasant reverie, she had not noticed the approach of a maid, who handed her a letter. A vague premonition of evil came over her as she opened it. It was from Aunt Liza, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR NIECE—I regret exceedingly the position I am placed in but feel bound under the circumstances to expose your husband's duplicity. I saw him, unobserved, this forenoon, conversing in the lobby of the theatre with Mademoiselle Vera. I overheard enough to convince me that he is going to attend the performance to-night. He is cruelly deceiving you, and I strongly advise you to unmask his villainy and separate from him."

Affect unately yours, AUNT LIZA.

Clara crushed the letter in her hands, and sat there looking at the fast-falling snow. It was growing darker, and he would soon be here. And then? Would she show him the letter and demand an explanation? No! It would be met by equivocal replies. He was a master in the art of deception, but that night would end it for ever.

As she thought this, she felt a dull pain at her heart—and the evening grew deeper.

"Why, little wife, are you sitting alone in the gloaming?"

It was Herbert's cherry voice; he had entered unperceived.

"Herbert!"—the tone was forced and hollow—"are you going out to-night?"

"Why, yes, my dear—I might have told you this morning. I have an important engagement. It will not be long now, pet wife!"

What did he mean? He could not see the weird beauty of that deadly pale face as she bade him farewell.

It was a gala night at the theatre. The benefit of Mademoiselle Vera, the fame of whose beauty and talent was whispered, had drawn a crowd of audience; and boxes, orchestra and gallery presented an animated scene.

One was there, however, whose heart was aching with pain. Yes, Mademoiselle Vera was beautiful; and there was no mistaking the fervent admiration with which she was regarded by all, but more especially by the solitary occupant of one of the boxes; and this person Clara recognized as her husband. How changed he looked! The contamination of that woman's presence seemed to infect him with fever; there was unnatural brilliancy in his splendid eyes, notwithstanding which his face looked worn and haggard. He was never so at home.

The curtain fell at last, and tumultuous applause brought Mademoiselle Vera before it. She was greeted with flowers and cheers, which were treated by the pampered beauty with proud indifference, till at last a bouquet more elegant than the rest fell at her feet. She gave a glance at one of the boxes, kissed her hand to the occupant, and withdrew. Clara felt the building swim round before her, but by a strong effort she controlled herself, and reached the entrance in safety.

Shutting herself in her carriage, she waited patiently, much to the astonishment of her coachman, an unusually stolid individual, quiet averse to adventures. Half an hour afterwards he received the welcome order to drive home.

Clara has seen her husband emerge from the stage entrance with Mademoiselle Vera. A deadly pallor passed over her countenance, and she fainted.

On arriving at home Clara proceeded to the drawing-room. As she opened the door a cry of astonishment burst from her lips. Mr. Johnson was seated in an easy chair, reading.

He looked up good humoredly, and said, "Turn about is fair play; where has my pet wife been?"

Clara sat down wearily. "Herbert, you can deceive me no longer. I was at the theatre to-night. I saw you and know all."

"I was not at the theatre to-night, Clara, I do not like Aunt Liza; she has been here again."

"Herbert, are you mad? I saw you and—that woman!"

Mr. Johnson advanced, and took his wife's hand in his.

"My pet wife," he said, quietly, "the person you saw to-night at the theatre is my twin brother. Years ago he was obliged to leave the country on account of his participation in a mad escapade. Notwithstanding a long career of profligacy, I loved this erring brother of mine I accumulated money by additional labor without impairing that fortune which, in the events of my demise, of right belongs to you. I have finally paid his debts, and summoned him back to his native land. He was improved but little, I am sorry to say, but his destiny is in his own hands, and he can make or mar it as he chooses. And now, my dear, are you satisfied?"

"Oh, Herbert, darling!—can you forgive me, wretch that I have been?" "On one condition, Clara," said Mr. Johnson, smiling; "that you will never listen to Aunt Liza again."

Habits of Order.

In the strict and busy characteristic of the American people, care is not apt to be taken to secure order and regularity. These to many involve waste of time, care in small matters, and too much attention to details. The view is erroneous. It really is a saving of time and is conducive to success in life along lines that to many are of great importance. It has been the uniform testimony of men who have specially succeeded in many forms of public life, that habits of order were at the foundation of their success. It is impossible for any person, for example, to carry along with him the multitude of data he will need for use, and unless it is classified and put a way so as to be available he will often find that what is most needed is unavailable at the moment most essential. So, on the other hand, others are fully furnished for every emergency. The difference is in habits of order. We know of one who, possessed of good memory, has a place where all opposite clippings or memoranda of readings or illustrations are so laid or classified as to be immediately available. Spurgeon, who has a retentive memory, says he puts away in it, in a classified form; all he wishes to retain, and can command it at will. Precisely how this habit of order shall display itself is less important than the habit itself. It is the habit that should be inculcated.

There is a wide difference in children as to this. But the prevailing tendency is to carelessness in all such matters. A few have order naturally, and need no aid in that direction; the majority are careless. They throw down their hats, wraps, books, toys, and all else, making it the task of someone to follow on their track and put away in their proper places what they have carelessly dropped. Yet the worst evil that can happen then is to permit this carelessness to strengthen and grow. If rigid discipline is necessary, it should be applied to cultivate order. "A place for everything and everything in its place," is a good motto. And where not observed it should be patiently inculcated until it is a habit. To many this is a trifling matter. It should be remembered, however, that habit is the foundation of much of life's success. One possessed of the habit of order also has method in his career. The mind takes on habit as well as the body. And one teaching of order is conscientiousness. A person who, when a duty is to be performed, will at once grasp the order in which its several parts should occur, will accomplish his task most successfully and with the least expenditure of vital force. But one without habits of order plunges into a task without plan or purpose, struggles and toils, and finally fails.

Still another advantage of this discipline is the confidence it gives in our own powers. Order takes up life's duties consecutively. We are occupied only with the part first to be accomplished. And we can attempt each part as it presents itself, with conscious ability to succeed. It is when each part has been met and mastered that the whole work is done. But if the full scope of some great undertaking were to press on us, we might fail. Then the orderly person is prepared for larger tasks and greater enterprises than the one whose spasmodic energy is directed in erratic channels.

The inculcation of habits of order in children not inclined to adopt them will be found no small task. It will require firmness, tact, patience and care. "Line upon line, and precept upon precept," will be necessary. But the result will be worth all its costs. The future of persons depends on this. A person negligent in personal habit is apt to be careless in all else. And a shiftless, careless person will not as a rule make progress. Study, business, profession or any successful employment requires order and method. Hence the importance of the early fixing of such habits. And nothing is too trivial when this is involved. A hat, coat or school book should be placed where it belongs. Hours of meals and study of employment should be rigidly enforced. Out of this will come habits of order in mental operations.

tions. Yet this is rarely urged in our home life. Faculty education in this particular, however, leads to other and greater faults. We call attention to it because of its supreme importance.—McVeytown Journal.

The Fatal Name of Walter.

Forty-four years ago the writer was called in professional capacity to a rudely constructed log cabin in the woods, 16 miles east of this city. A male child was born—the first born of man and wife—whose intelligence and general cultivation were much in advance of the society in which they lived. They were determined to make themselves a home of plenty in the new country by their own industry, having nothing but a quarter section of good land and their household goods. They came from Clearmont county, Ohio. Three neighbor women were there, and after the little stranger was dressed the mother, with black hair and beautiful eyes, was asked to name the boy. "I want to call him Walter, but it is an unlucky name. My great grandfather was named Walter, and he never came home from the war for independence. Then my husband's grandfather was named Walter, and he went to the war of 1812 and he never returned. His oldest brother was named Walter. He went to sea and we heard that he became a soldier in Europe, but he never returned. We do not know where any of them are buried. No grave stones mark their resting places. There is no war now, and I trust never will be in our life in this country, and I am in favor of calling him Walter, that the old family name may be retained among us. Twenty-two years from that time Walter had his widow's mother farewell to join the army for the defense of the union and the home of his childhood. He was a good and brave boy, but was missing after the battle of Stone River. All efforts to gain some trace of his death and final resting place proved futile. No one can tell where, when, or how he died, or who disposed of his remains. His mother mourned the loss of her first born, and often regretted that she had named him Walter. A few years ago she died at the old home. On her death-bed she said: 'Bury me beside my husband on the hillside, and if Walter's grave is ever found spend all the estate I leave, if it takes that much, to bring him home and put him by his father and me.'"

Gowns and Frocks.

By the way, the fashionable name for ladies dresses is now "gown" or "frock." Worth no longer fabricates dresses, but frocks and gowns, and the sound falling upon unaccustomed or long disused ears is quaint and rather pleasant. A famous dressmaker here is making some marvelous "gowns" and "frocks" for Mrs. Gen. U. S. Grant and Mrs. W. Vanderbilt and Christine Nilsson. Patti does not effect American modistes and brings all her dresses along. One of Mrs. Grant's dresses is of rich black silk, with the front breadth embroidered by hand in passion flowers and leaves. The stomacher and pistils are in small steel beads, while the flowers are worked with black twist and in raised patterns. The court train is lined with pale pink satin. The corsage is square and the sleeves come to the elbow. With this will be worn a head-dress an egrette of pale pink leather and a jet buckle mixed with steel.

One for Mrs. Vanderbilt is of heavy satin and embossed velvet. The petticoat is of cream-colored satin, hand-embroidered with shaded brown flowers and foliage. The court train is of ultra-marine blue, lined with the palest blue. The corsage is low. No sleeves to speak of.

The girl who, at New Lisbon, Ohio, announced herself as the prize in a raffle—a hundred chances at a dollar apiece—was taken at first as a joke, but she affirms her sincere willingness to marry the winner, provided he is under forty years of age, and bears a good reputation. She is described as pretty, intelligent, and heretofore unassailed by adverse criticism.

Making Eggs Without Hens.

"Do you mean to say that you made that egg without the assistance of a hen?" asked the reporter of a Connecticut egg manufacturer.

"Yes," he replied; and if you wish I will show you something of the process. Come."

He led me through a room in which there were stored boxes upon boxes of eggs, and into another large, cool room in the rear. Several strange looking wooden machines, totally unlike anything I had ever seen, stood in different parts of the room. Six or seven men were operating the machinery, which ran noiselessly and with great rapidity. I followed my conductor to one end of the apartment, where there were three large tanks or vats. One was filled with a starchy mixture and the third was covered.

Pointing to these the proprietor said: "These contain the yolk mixture

and the white of an egg. We empty the vats every day, so you can judge of the business already. Let me show you one of the machines. You see they are divided into different boxes or receptacles. The first and second are the yolk and white, the next is what we term the 'skin' machine, and this the last one, is the sheller, with drying trays. The process is the result of many years of experiment and expense. I first conceived the idea after making a chemical analysis of an egg. After a long time I succeeded in making a good imitation of an egg. I then turned my attention to making the machinery, and the result you see for yourself. Of course, it would be policy for me to explain all the mechanism, but I'd give you an idea of the process. Into the first machine is put the yolk mixture—

"What is that?" I asked.

"Well, it is a mixture of Indian meal, corn starch and several other ingredients. It is poured into the opening in a thick, mud state, and is formed by the machine into a ball and frozen. In this condition it passes into the drying box, where it is surrounded by the white, which is chemically the same as the real egg. This is also frozen, and by peculiar rotary motion of the machine an oval shape is imparted to it, and it passes into the next receptacle, where it receives the thin flimsy skin. After this it has only to go in the sheller. It gets its last coat in the shape of a plaster of Paris shell, a trifle thicker than the genuine article. Then it goes on the drying trays, where the shells dry at once and inside thaws out gradually. It becomes to all appearance a real egg."

"How many eggs can you turn out in a day?"

"Well, as we are running now, we turn out a thousand or so every hour."

"Many orders?"

"Why, yes. We cannot fill one-half of our orders. All we can make now are taken by two wholesale grocers alone. We charge \$2 1/2 per 1,000 for them, and they retail all prices, from sixpence to one and threepence per dozen. We sell only to the wholesale houses. They are perfectly harmless

and as substantial and wholesome as a real egg. The reason we made the machinery of wood is because we found that the presence of metal of any kind spoiled the flavor and prevented the cooking of the eggs."

"Can they be boiled?"

"Oh, yes," and he called one of the men. "Here, Jim, boil this gentleman an egg."

"Can they be detected?" I inquired while the bogus egg was being boiled.

"I hardly think that any body would be likely to observe any difference unless he happened to be well posted as they look and taste like the real thing. We eat, by a little flavoring, make them taste like goose or duck eggs, of course altering the size. They will keep for years. That one you have just eaten was nearly a year old. They will never spoil nor become rotten, and being harder and thicker in their shells they will stand shipping better than real eggs. We calculate that in a few years we will run the hens of the country clean out of business."

Water as a Thirst Quencher.

"Did you ever suffer extreme hunger or thirst?" was asked a Kentucky colonel who had been relating some old stories about himself.

"Well," he replied, "I never suffered what might be called extreme hunger, but no man knows how to endure the agonies of thirst better than I do."

"I remember the time well," he continued retrospectively. "I was on a fishing excursion and became lost in the woods. For three days not a drop passed my lips. My lengthened absence finally caused alarm, and a party was sent out in search of me. They found me lying in an unconscious condition on the bank of a little trout stream, and it was hours before any hopes of saving me were entertained."

"Was the trout stream dry?" asked one of the interested listeners.

"Dry? Certainly not. How could I catch fish if the stream was dry?"

"Well, I don't see how you could suffer from thirst with a stream of water close at hand."

"Water close at hand?" repeated the Kentucky Colonel. "And what has water got to do with a man being thirsty?"—Philadelphia Call.

SECHLER & CO., Grocers, Bush House Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS - FOR THE SPRING and SUMMER TRADE!!

We have endeavored to get the very best of every thing in our line, and now have some really CHOICE GOODS.

- FINE CREAM CHEESE, SELECT OYSTERS, LARGE RIPE CRANBERRIES, BRIGHT NEW LEMONS, Princess Paper-Shell Almonds, A FULL LINE OF CHOICE CANNED FRUITS. PRESERVED PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS and PRUNELLES. PLAIN CANDIES, FINE CONFECTIONERY.

GOODIES of all Sorts and Kinds

We invite the people of Centre county to call and inspect our NICE GOODS, which cannot fail to please.

SECHLER & CO.

Doll & Mingle—Boots & Shoes.

FOR A GOOD Boot or Shoe - TRY - DOLL & MINGLE

Style, Quality and Cheapness.

We defy all competition. We have the largest stock—and bought for cash and sell 10 per cent. cheaper than any store in the county.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

REYNOLDS BROS., Ufca and D. ARMSTRONG'S Rochester shoes or Ladies, Misses and Children.

Hathaway Soule and Harrington's Fine Shoes for Men.

LESTER BOOTS, THE KING OF THE MARKET.

We have a Shoe Polish which will not crack the Leather as good as the best and only 15c.

DOLL & MINGLE, Bellefonte, Pa.