### THE GREEN PATCH.

[Arthur M'Ewen in Stockton Mail.]
Seven or eight years ago this sign in large plain black letters on a white ground, was nailed up over a store door on Second street, San Francisco:

on second street, san Francisco:

JOHN AMBLER, DRY GOODS.

The establishment was a small one, but it was neatly kept, and had the unmistakeable look imparted by prosperity. I passed the store every day in going to and from my work. It was just like many other stores in the neighborhood. many other stores in the neighborhood, which, with the rest of the sidewalk throng, I went by daily as unconscious of their individuality as that of the separate cobbles in the street's pavement. The eye sees a thousand things where the brain takes cognizance of one. I have no doubt that I did glance often into the show windows and store doors as I hurried along day after day, but there was nothing in them that the eye thought worth while to telegraph. What caused me to note the place of John Ambler more than the others was that Mr. Ambler were a green patch over his left eye. I did not think consciously about this Mr. Ambler might have been married, died or talled in business, and I should have felt no more interest in either of the disasters than if a boil had gothered on his shoulder-blade, unknown to anybody but himself. Possibly it was a tellow-feeling which caused my eye to observe the affliction which had befailen one of its kind and to demand my attention. If Mr. Ambler had had but one leg, no doubt my eye would have been as indifferent to his misfortune as the rest of me was to the green patch. But the solicitude of my eye for Mr. Ambler's eye gradually in-terested me in him. I caught myself wondering in a bazy way, whenever I passed his store, how he had come by the injury which had disfigured his countenance.

There was nothing striking in the ap-pearance of Mr. Ambler e cept the green patch. Be was middle aged, middle-sized, and neither dark nor fair. His full board was of lightish brown, as was his hair, which had begun to fail out. his face was not sparkling with intelligence, neither was it stupid-simply an ordinary case; and his remaining eye had a somewhat conciliatory expression, imparted probably by his trade, which was almost exclusively with women, to whom he was under the necessity, of course, of being deferential by reason of their sex and patronage.

I was absorbed one evening in a newspaper, which I had stuck up against a sauce bottle as I consumed my cheap and lonely dinner in a Second street restaurant. I chanced to look up, and my eye saluted Mr. Ambler's green patch. He had seated himself on the other side of the narrow little table at which I was eating. We presently exchanged a few words, and then fell into conversation. What we spoke about I can't remember, but I know it made my three 12-cent dishes for 25 cents a pleasanter meal to have some one to talk to, even if the discourse was neither profound nor amusing.

Mr. Ambler and I became friendsthat is, each would seek the table of the other rather than feed alone. From this we rose to the intimacy of little after-dinner walks around the blocks, defiling the air with the eigar presented to each customer by the restaurant-keeper—the motive for the generosity being to crush a rival opposite, found Mr. Ambler to be modera talkative, quite intelligent, but' not at all inquisitive. Indeed, he never asket me about myself: I had even to volunteer my name. In one of our commonplace chats as we strolled to aid digestion, it chanced to come out that he had a hobby-the collection of autographs. I was a reporter on a newspaper, and happened to be able to present him with half a dozen brief notes from as many politicians, asking to be interviewed. This endeared me to Mr. Ambler. He invited me to his rooms. They were over his store, and were com-fortably furnished. There were lounges, casy chairs and pipes. Two German chromos and a dozen framed letters, written by more or less eminent men adorned the walls. It became quite a regular thing for us to spend our evenings together here, and smoke, and drink a glass or two of punch. While ready enough to talk of his business and its rivalries, and frequently talking about himself and the most interesting occurrences in his uneventful life, Mr. Ambler never, by the faintest allusion, touched upon the loss of his left eye. He showed a perfect absence of curiosity about me, listening politely if I dropped into personal reminiscences, or spoke of

The green patch began to torment me. It challenged me continually to inquiry. By many delicate stratagems I sought to entrap him into a revelation. It is my misfortune to have a club-foot, and | a scene I left the theatre. I dwelt upon the distress it gave one to be deprived of the full use of the body, narrating instances in which my de-formity had caused me to suffer great

the seamy side of newspaper work-a

subject which commonly excites lively

interest in most people, it being like a peep behind the scenes of a theatre—but

he never asked questions.

But the most cunning and alert are sometimes off their guard. I knocked at Mr. Ambler's door one evening. My halting footstep and knock had grown familiar to him, and it was in an abstracted tone that he called to me to come in. He had been absorbed in the study of a new autographic prize, and as I entered he raised his eyes and

I say eyes, for the green patch was thrown up against his forehead, and for an instant—and an instant only—both

an instant—and an instant only—both his eyes met mine. In a flash he flipped down the green patch over the left one. Mr. Ambler was confused and agitated. I was amazed, and no doubt my face showed it, for he soon lost his embarrassment and laughed a little as he said: "Well, since you've found me out, I may as well tell you. Let's have a punch and a pipe while I am at it." It dashed down upon me that he had committed a crime, and wore the green

rotch as a disguise.

We sat down face to face, pipe in mouth and glass in hand. Mr. Ambler leaned forward a little, and then lifted

committed a crime, and wore the green

the green patch and gazed fixedly at me.
"Oh, I have no special purpose," I said hastily, "in wishing to know why you wear it."

"Mere idle curiosity, that I am now ashamed of," I said. "Yes," I said, "I do feel that I have no right to pry into your secret." "I assure you," I said, "that I shall hold it in the strictest confidence."

"I can't imagine, I'm sure, what the onsequences would be if I divulged it,"

"Oh, you may rely upon me," I said.
"I give you my word of honor."
Mr. Ambler replaced the green patch,
and, leaning back in his chair, gave a short laugh that had more pain than mirth in it. Then I awoke to the fact that while I had been answering questions with eager rapidity, Mr. Ambler had never asked one!

"It affects every one the same way," he said, draining his glass, and setting it down with a sigh. "Look at it once it down with a sigh. "Look at it once more, and don't speak until I replace

the patch."
I looked again. It glared questioningly at me. I could only by a strong effort restrain myself from answering aloud, as I had done before. Never did I see such a blaze of interrogation in any human eye.

"It is purely physical," said Mr. Ambler, as he let fall the green patch. "You have noticed, perhaps, that I am rather deficient in eurosity than otherwise. You know it is not my habit to ask questions; yet, if I were to keep this shade up, you would sit here and fancy that I was devoured by inquisitiveness and go on answering questions which, though I might never speak a word, you would imagine I was asking you-just as you did a moment ago."

"It is very strange," I remarked, be-

wildered. "It is, indeed. I have found no oculist who can give any explanation of it. None of them ever heard of a case like mine. As I look back I can see that it began to come on about ten years ago, but it took two years of very painful experience to make make me aware of of the nature of my misfortune. The green patch was a happy device discovered by accident, as I shall show you. The sight of the eye is perfectly good, but I dare not use it, except when I am alone here. For the first two years," Mr. Ambler went on, "I was wholly unconscious that there was anything pecultar in my appearance, and I came to believe that either the world was going mad or that I was out of my senses. When going along the street, thinking of my own affairs or nothing at all, men would stop before me and say, 'Well, sir? as if I had asked them some question; and when I assured them that I had not spoken, they would look sharply at me to see if I was drunk or hoaxing them. I made everybody uncomfortable; without the slightest wish to do so. I stopped a trial in a district court by simply going in and taking a front seat, and watching the proceedings with the interest of an ordinary spectator. First the lawyers began casting side glances at me, and hurriedly covered up their papers-it was a will case, I remember; then, with vicious looks at me, they charged each other with hiring spies.

lowed home by agents of the lawyers. "I used to go to church occasionally," pursued Mr. Ambler, "but was com-pelled to give it up. I went late on Sunday, and was shown into a front pew. The minister caught my eye as I came up the aisle. I seemed to fascinate him, for I had not been seated a minute when, after stumbling in his sermon, he stopped and beckoned a deacon to him, and leaned down and whispered in his ear. The deacon came to me and asked if what I had to say to the preacher was of very great import-ance, or could I wait until after ser-vice. I thought both the parson and deacon were lunatics, and got up and left the church.

Even the judge could not keep his eyes off me, and finally, after fidgeting about

in the most uneasy way, adjourned court for the day. I am sure I was fol-

"I visited the theatre one evening." Mr. Ambler went on, "and between the acts looked around, like everybody else, but at nobody in particular. My eye rested carelessly for a moment on a young lady near me—a richly dressed and very handsome girl. To my surprise she colored and looked modestly down. This naturally excited my interest, and whenever she looked up our eyes met. She became agitated, and hurriedly whispered to a large man with a big mustache who sat beside her. He turned fiercely, but, encountering my eye, said, in some bewilderment: 'Did you speak to me, sir?' 'No, sir,' I answered, in astonisment. He glared at me for a moment then, and leaning toward me until his face was close to toward me until his face was close to mine, asked in a low and ferocious voice: 'What the devil is it you want to know, sir? Can this young lady or myself give you the information you are clamoring for? I was speechless. An-other madman, I thought, and to avoid

"My life became a sort of panie. People were continually demanding to know if I had spoken to them I saw men formity had caused me to suffer great mortification. He expressed hearty sympathy, but, to my chagrin, did he meet confidence with confidence. The green patch covered an apparently impenetrable mystery.

But the west covering and elect are faults. I found, too, that my business was suffering. Ladies, to whom I had not addressed a word, would lose their temper and tell me not to keep asking them what they were going to buy; that if it was too much trouble to show goods they would go elsewhere. Others when paying for their purchases would demand indignantly how I dared to suspect them of trying to pass counterfeit money. Still others grew coquettish, and giggled and called me a horrid man in the sight and called me a norrid man in the sight and presence of my best and most respectable customers. I was engaged to a lovely girl!"—here poor Mr. Ambler's voice became unsteady and he pulled hard at his pipe—"and she threw me over. She told me she would threw me over. She told me she would never marry a man who was insanely suspicious, and never an instant in her presence but he showed that he doubted her. I swore frantically that doubt of her had never entered my mind. She was weeping, and at my impassioned words relented; but as she raised her head to come forward she sprang back ndignantly, and cried that my own face t that instant belied my words."

"Had you no friend to tell you the cause of all this?" I asked.

"How could any friend do that?" an swered the unfortunate Ambler. "Who ever heard of such another case as mine, ever heard of such another case as mine, and how could any one suspect that my questioning look was merely a physical peculiarity? Most of my friends I lost rapidly. I came to be spoken of every where as a prying, meddlesome, suspicious person whom it would be well to avoid, and I was avoided accordingly! "How did you come to know what

ailed you?" I asked. "By having my photograph taken. I was thunderstruck when I looked at them. My face had become one interrogation point. I saw it all then, and felt as if the devil had taken possession of me. I was afraid of myself as some-thing uncanny, and dreaded to be alone. I haunted the offices of the doctors, but none could help me. I thought I should

Filled with wonder at this strange story, I asked the miserable man how he came to adopt the green patch. He replied that one Tobias Trotter, a cigar dealer on Market street, had been his life-long friend. They were boys to gether, and had always been intimate. Mr. Trotter's eyes having no questioning infirmity, and being ever turned to the main chance, he had no difficulty ir finding a wife. A year after his marriage he dashed one forenoon into Mr. Ambler's store, with his hat on the back of his head and his coat flying open, shouting as he extended his hand: "It's

a boy, John! Congratulate me!" Mr. Ambler gave Mr. Trotter a waru grasp, and being too deeply moved by joyful sympathy for the moment to finwords, tried to look his gratification.

Mr. Trotter met the fatal eye and started. His joy evaporated and he snatched his hand out of that of his friend and started at him with a red dening in his face.

"How dare you-how dare you insul me and my wife?" demanded Mr. Trot ter, husky with rage.

Poor Mr. Ambler made an effort to speak, but ere he could do so, Mr. Trotter, goaded beyond self-control by the steady blaze of mocking inquiry in the eye, hit it with his fist, and then fled from the place.

It was to hide his blackened eye that Mr. Ambler first wore the green patch. To his great joy he discovered that its presence relieved him of the great annoyances-and indeed, dangers-which embittered his life; and for eight years he had never appeared among his fellow-

men without it "But a terrible fear haunts me," said he, as he mixed another glass of punch. "You know that there is a close sympathy between the eyes-that when one is affected by any disease the other is almost sure to be attacked in the same manner. If my right eye should get to be like my left I would have to quit be like my left I would have to quit business, and God only knows what would become of me. I should be cut off from my kind. Do you see any sign of it coming on in the right eyer asked Mr. Ambler, pulling down the lower lid a little with his forefinger. bending toward me, and looking into my face with the most intense anxiety.

'N-no," I said doubtfully. "Ah!" exclaimed the wretched man springing up and pacing to and fro, wringing his hands, "I knew it, I knew it! Your voice tells me what I have seen in the glass for months past, yet re-

"Oh," I cried, "it was natural that your lear should give you the look of eager inquiry which I saw."
"No, no!" said Ambler mournfully.

and calming himself with an effort. "It is my fate."

Whenever we met during the next few months Mr. Ambier would turn his right eye upon me, and with deep concern ask if I perceived any change in its expression. I certainly did, but sought out of pity, to deceive him by protesting that I did not. His constant questioning of his eye in the mirror, and the absorption of his mind by one thought, at last, as I firmly believe, brought on the very ca-

But there is no ill, save death, which can befall a man that has not its compensations. Mr. Ambler became an inand, as might be supposed, has success in this creek. A series of high and was so phenomenal that the leading journals of the country were soon ball cending and mingling with them, and ding for his services. At present he is so, from generation to generation, they the chief ornament of the Chicago press they have thus by a natural barrier been

The Good Old Days.

(Giodely's 'Tairty Years' War.") Such were the atrocities committed upon their victims by these robbers that the old chroniclers have produced nothing more frightful even in regard to the Huns, Avars and Mongols. They would unserew the flint of a pistol and screw up the thumb of the unfortunate in the place; they would skin the bottom of the foot, sprinkle salt in the fresh wound, and then make a goat lick the salt of the place. the fresh wound, and then make a goat lick the sait off; they would pass a horse-hair through the tongue and draw it slowly up and down; they would bind about the forehead a knotted rope, and draw it constantly tighter with a lever. If an oven was at hand they would force their victim into it, kindle a fire in the front of it, and compel him to creep out through this fire. They often bored holes in the knee-pans of those whom they would torment, or poured disgusting fluids down their throats. When the robbers had by torture compelled the surrender of hidden treasures, when robbers had by torture compelled the surrender of hidden treasures, when their lust of plunder was satisfied and their inhuman desires quieted, they completed the proof of their vandalism by destroying that which they could not carry off.

The proof of the martyrs, with all their age tion of the martyrs, with all thei their lust of plunder was satisfied and

Boiled peanuts are a favorite dish with the Chinese. Long cooking beneath water extracts all the oil and

WHISPERS.

[Marah Ellis Ryan.]
Whispering, whispering low to my love,
Telling my secret all over,
Out where the night winds lovingly kiss
Bweet scented pastures of clover;

Shyly the sweet face is lifted to mine,
Brightened all over with blushes,
Swiftly I bend to her, and—well, why notiThe winds kiss the reeds and the rushes!

A Danish "Roller-Coaster,"

[Harper's]

It is called in Danish Rutschban, and may as well be dubbed in English rushrailway. A tower stands at either end of a railway, which is perhaps a hundred and eighty feet in length, forty feet high at one extremity, and half as high at the other. I climbed the rude staircase of the higher tower, and found my self in a room crowded with people waiting their opportunity for a ride. At the entrance stood a phaeton-like car on four small iton wheels, the car being very stout, and holding two people with comfort. The wheels were in grooves, and the course extended over the de scending and ascending slopes.

Two people would get into a car and be strapped in by a learthern boot; the car would be started down the inclined plane by an attendant, and away it would go down the first slope, and by its impetus rise to the next height, go over and down and up again, at each rise pitching a little lower, at each pitch rising to a lesser height, until the last slope, when it rustied up the hill, bumped against a buffer, and the two travelers got out. The ear would then be seized, dragged aside, put upon a lift, hauled up to a height above, and sent back, with other passengers or empty. down a corresponding road parallel to the first, and terminating in a similar lower tower by the side of the one I was in, where it would be hoisted again into place, and be ready to make the round of the rush-railway again,

I stood by the entrance where the car started down, watching the couples get into the vehicle and then go thundering down the slope. I saw schate men who might have been bank presidents get in, and children, and ardent youths and maldens, two by two. They held each other in: they almost lost their hats; they bowed, and fell back upon the huge "thank-you-ma'ams:" they looked fright-ened, and they looked bold, they smiled, and they almost cried; but I heard no one scream. At length, when I had politely given way to those more eager, I was driven by shame and an inextinguishable curiosity to try this reckless "coast."

1 paid the fare-about 21 cents-and took my scat. I jammed my hat down over my brow, grasped the back of the car with one hand, and no doubt turned pale as the push was given and we began that awful descent. I felt that thrilling sensation of vibration in the pit of my stomach which one has in a swing when descending, and then we shot up the slope, saw a new abyss, and plunged into it. A delicious re-prieve was followed by another fearful descent; four times we dashed in the face of fate, and then with one triumphant rush, flew up the last incline. I got out of the car with my wits standing on end, and tumbled down the staircase in a bewildered, groggy way, anxious to get my legs upon the immovable earth again.

There was no mistaking the thorough All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction enjoyment which everybody took in this amusing place, and the decorum and good feeling seemed to come by nature. The applause was enthusiastic and energetic, and one formed a most agreeable impression of the sociability of the

Tront Flaked with Gold. [lnyo Independent.]

The waters of Kern river and its tributaries, excepting the beadwaters of Whitney creek, are occupied by the speckled brook trout so often found in the streams and lakes of the Sierra, whose meat is hard and sweet because bred in water so fresh and cold. The species found in the headwaters of lamity which he would have given all he possessed to escape. Within a year from the time when he made a confidant trout." They are found, as we underof me his right eye was as bad as his stand it, at no other place in the world, left. No human face ever before bore such an expression of consuming curiosity—of such insatiable questioning—

and have as yet secured no scientific name. They do not excel in delicacy of flesh the other varieties found here, but osity-of such insatiable questioning- | flesh the other varieties found here, but as his now did. He could not wear two | are noted for the beautiful color which green patches, and was forced to retire flakes their sides, as purely golden as if they had been submitted to a coating of terviewer on one of the morning papers, and the other varieties which are found they have thus by a natural barrier been able to preserve their distinct character. At times some of them have descended into the lower courses of the stream, and a mixed tribe of trout, combining the speckled and golden trout, has been formed, individuals of which are often

An Old Bed-Room. [Lizzle York Case.]

I am glad to hear an artist say that Americans are developing a sense of color, since it is the moral element of

Then there was a cheerful death bed scene of John Wesley; also the persecu-tion of the martyrs, with all their ago

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Boiled peanuts are a favorite dish with the Chinese. Long cooking beneath water extracts all the oil and flavoring principle, and leaves a dough that can be used in the same manner as that made from flour.

Emerson: Sober thought about one's own sober soul and its destiny is by no means a favorite occupation with them.

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