MADGE'S MISTAKE.

"We start for Egypt on Thursday, old fellow. I have not yet broken the news to Madge, poor girl! But it will have to be done without loss of time, although I

shrink from the ordeal. The speaker was a tall, handsome man, of perhaps five and twenty, with bright eyes and a dark, resolute face. He looked every inch a soldier as he stood beside his friend on the platform of the crowded London terminus, where they had met each other, after a separation of some eighteen months.

Madge!" said the young officers friend, "surely you are not engaged? You, who were always so proud to proclaim yourself a woman bater.

"Not engaged," returned George En field, with a slight flush on his bronzed cheek. "Not engaged, Le Roy, but married. Where have you been all these months not to have heard the news!"

"I had forgotten how time passes," said Le Roy, hastily. "I footree the world has not been standing still since I left England, with the grim determination no to open a book or newspaper until I had regained the health and strength I had exhausted in long hours of study.

'And you have gained your object, said George, with friendly solicitude. You are quite yourself again.

Le Roy made no immediate answer, but turned his eyes away that George might not see the look of anguish which had darkened them for a moment.
"I am better," he said at last with no

trace of emotion on his fine face. "I am better, er I should not have returned to take up the old life.

"You have come home for good?" said George, eagerly. "You really mean to remain in England?"
"Yes," said Le troy, absently. "A man can not fly from himself. I have come to the conclusion that the man who seeks

health in travel had far better remain at

George felt that le Roy was hiling something from him, but he would not utter a word to bridge the barrier of reserve which his friend had allowed to come between them.

"He shall tell me of his own free will, or not at all," thought George Enfield. "I will not try to wring his secret from him. So there was silence between them for a space, as they strode up and down, each

occupied with his own thoughts.

George was the first to speak, and his voice startled Le Roy, arousing him from a painful reverie. He looked up eagerly, meeting the eager gaze of his friend.
"What is it, George?" he asked apolo-

"Forgive me, but I scarcely getically. heard what you were saying."
"I was telling you he doy, that my people do not approve of my marriage, and I could not think of letting Madge go

"I am sorry to hear this, " said Le Roy. "It must be hard for her and for you; she will not be quite alone, I hope. course, your wife has her own friends. "She has one sister," replied George; "but the two poor children will be very lonely when I am gone, Le Roy, and I want you to extend your friendship to It was a strange request to make, but George could see nothing strange in He loved his friend, and had every faith in him; he knew that Wilfred Le Roy was the soul of honor. "How fortunate that I should have met

you bere," he continued, without giving Le Roy time to speak. "You must come to our little villa and let me introduce you to my wife. I know you have an eye for beauty and will appreciate my good taste. Don't accuse me of egotism, old fellow,

until you have seen my Madge."

They jumped into a cab, and as they drove quickly in the direction of George's home, the two friends fell to talking of old times, and Le Roy was laughing quite merrily when the hansom drew up before a pretty cottage not far from Hampstead

A pretty little maid with bright eyes and rosy cheeks opened the door in answer to George's ring, and Le Roy followed her into a quietly furnished parlor, where a young lady was bending over some needle

"Madge!" said George, putting his hand on her shoulder, "let me introduce you to the best friend I have in the world—Wilfred Le Roy; Wilfred, this is my wife."

They looked at each other, and a sud

den ghastly pallor came over Le Roy's face, while the girl seemed about to faint. Then, with a warning glance, as quick as a flash of lightling. Le Roy held out his hand to his friend's wife, and expressed his pleasure at making her acquaintance. "Where is Bertie?" asked the uncon-

scious George. "In the garden, as usual, I suppose. I'll go and look for her." And he hurried out of the room, leaving his wife and Wilfred alone together. Madge leaned back in her chair, white as the lacework that had fallen from her

slender fingers. "You won't tell him!" she said pite ously lifting her beautiful eyes to Wilfred's face.
Wilfred was silent for a moment; he could scarcely trust himself to speak. But he controlled his anger by a mighty effort,

and said calmly:

"Let the past rest—it is gone forever. I wish to remember only that I am your husband's friend."

husband's friend."

It cost him a great deal to speak these words, for Madge had treated him very badly in days gone by. They had been engaged, and she had jilted him on finding that his prospects, were less bright than people had led her to imagine. It had been a secret engagement, and he had never told the wrong she had done. But it was rather hard on him, to find that she was the wife of his friend, and that he was expected to look after her during was expected to look after her during

George's absence.

The worst of it was that he loved her still, although he felt that she was unworthy of his love. Weak and fickle as she had been, he could not help the memory of the sweet rost coming back to him. ory of the sweet past coming back to him, when he looked at her beautiful face.

"Then you will keep my secret?" said Madge, anxiously; "George has such strict ideas. He would be angry if he knew I had been engaged to you. I don't

think he will ever forgive me."
"You can trust my word, I hope," returned Wilfred, coldly—all the more coldly because of the love he could not

And then he held up his hand warningly, for he could hear voices in the hall, and in another moment George entered the room in company with a young lady whom Le Roy had never seen before, for she had been at school in Germany when

she had been at school in Germany when he had first known Madge.

George introduced her informally to Le Roy as his sister-in-law, and then left her to entertain his friend while he took his wife out of the room to break the sad news to her of his speedy departure for

der-they would have had to go out in the world and work for their living. Bessie would not have minded it so much, but Madge had recoiled from the prospect of working, for her daily bread with horror,

They went back to the drawing-room after a time, and Madge sat down at the piano at her husband's request and played for them, but she could not sing-she could not, while Wilfred was in the room. She had liked him better than she had liked George, although her husband was bester looking than his friend, and the old fascination was creeping over her.

If she had been a wise woman she would have objected to be left under Wilfred's guardianship, but unfortunately she was a very foolish one and it seemed to her a ery rleasant arrangement.

Now that he had promised not to speak of the past to George, she was quite cordial and friendly with Wilfred. "It will be so nice for us to have a friend to look after us while George is away," she said, "will it not, Bertie! "very," returned pertie, rather dryly Girl as she was, she thought Le Roy alto

the responsibility he had undertaken. tertie was very sweet and girlish, with soft blue eyes and a closely cropped head that gave her quite a childlike appearance Nor so brilliantly handsome as her sister, perhaps; but, nevertheless, a very pretty

When George was on his way to Egypt Le , oy called daily at the cottage, ofter saying to partake of afternoon tea with the two sis ers, who always gave him s warm welcome

"He is very handsome," said Bertie, as she watched him riding down the street on his brown mare, after spending the afternoon with them.

Something in the tone of her voice and the way she looked after Wilfred an-no ed madge, who had never noticed how retty her sister was getting until that

" i es, " she said, "he is handsome, poor fellow!" and as she uttered these words Madge sighed. Why 'poor fellow?' " asked Bertie

quickly, turning to look at her sister.
"Because he will never marry." "How do you know that?" cried Pertie coloring vividly. "I'as he told you so?'
"No, but I happen to know; he loved some one long ago, and will never forget

"What can you know about Wilfred Roy?"—incredulously. "We have Le Roy?"-incredulously.
only known him a few weeks,"

I knew him before poor father died, said Madge, playing with her rings to avoid meeting her sister's steady gaze.

"And you let George think you had never met before," said Bertie, slowly.

You never loved him," opening her blue eyes. "If you had loved him you would have been true, in spite of his poverty. Months passed on, and, taking up The Times one morning, Wilfred came upon his friend's name in the list of the slain. It was a terrible blow for him, as he had loved George with quite a brotherly

affection. Madge went into hysterics when she heard the news, but soon calmed down, showing admirable resignation to her loss. indeed, seemed to feel it the most. Wilfred came as usual to the cottage.

and one day when he and Madge were alone, rather abruptly alluded to the past. "He can't be going to propose already," thought the pretty widow, and decided in her own mind to put him off at least a

"Madge," said Wilfred earnestly,
"when I first came here and found you
the wife of my friend, I thought I should Madge murmured something about it being too soon to talk of such things, but

he did not appear to heed her. "Yes," he went on, "I loved you still. Forgive me-it was wrong, and I couldn't

help it. And now-He paused for a moment, and Madge colored hotly, forgetting her recent be reavement and knowing only that the man

she loved was metaphorically at her feet. "And now?" she said, softly lifting her eyes to his face.

"And now," he returned, in an agitated voice, "now I love—I love your sister."

Mrs. Enfield's complexion had never looked more lovely—her cheeks were like

roses, but her eyes!—well, they had rather an angry sparkle, and her lips were slightly compressed. "I am glad—very glad, indeed," she said, with emphasis. "If I were Bertie, I should not care for a man's second love; but, of course, everybody to their taste."

And with this parting taunt she waiked out of the room just as Bertie entered it. The girl could not understand the meaning of the angry look her sister gave her. She did understand it, though, a mo

ment later, when Wilfred caught her in his arms and told her of his love. After all, it was fortunate for all concerned that affairs had taken this turn for a short time later on it was found that George Enfield's name should have been among the "missing," not the killed.

Madge, to do her justice, was genuinely glad when she heard that her husband had "turned up" safe and sound, and welcomed him as warmly as if she had never thought of being his friend's wife. So all ends happily, and—for George, at least—where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise.

Had Seen It All.

[Arkansaw Traveler.] One night while John McCullough was playing "Virginius" in Little Rock, a lean, old fellow from the hills, while standing at the foot of the opera house stairs, was accosted by an acquaintance, who asked:

"Uncle Billy, are you going to see the show?" "What sort o' a show is it, Lige?
"One o' these here actin' shows, whar

men an' women come out on a platform

men an' women come out on a platform an' bow an' scrape."

"No hosses in it, Lige?"

"No hosses, Uncle Billy."

"Then I don't b'lieve I'll go up. I got enough o' that sort o' thing when Abe Spiller's school shet down. We've seed all they can do. Come on here an' let's go 'round here whar that fellow is playin' a fiddle in a grocery."

History in the Great West.

The Fullerton Telescope man is writing a history of Nance county, and in order to get to the beginning has gone back to the creation of the world. He cannot decide, however, when he gets there, "or whether it was God who created it or whether it was godly by self-oresting. whether it was evolved by self-operating forces inherent in matter." He is coming down to Nance county by easy stages, by way of Adam and the flood.

Johnny Tantalizing His Sister.

news to her of his speedy departure for Egypt.

She cried a little, for although she did not love her husband very much, he had been kind to her when her father's failure and death reduced her and her sister to poverty, and she had given them both a home by making her his with.

But for that—she reflected with a shud-

THE FRENCH "SALON."

Characteristics of a Noted Institution Peculiar to the French.

[Atlantic Monthly.] There are some words that have a charm about them that never fades, and an interest which never flags. To those who care for France, her literature, her history, the little word salon has an irre sistible fascination. It conjures up every thing that is clever, charming, piquant, most characteristic of the women of France. The salon is essentially a French institution. No other nation ever pro duced it; no other society contains the ele-ments for producing it. We say "a pleas ant house" when we speak of a social center, In France they say "a pleasant salon." The different terms both express and explain the different ideas they represent. A house is a home where material hospitality is exercised; where friends are entertained with more substantial fare than the feast of reason and the flow of soul. A pleasant house is suggestive of snug, convivial dinners and gether too young and too handsome for sociable, unceremonious lunches, of bread broken at various hours between the own ers of the house and their friends. Another nice distinction is that it implies a master as well as a mistress. A salon calls up a totally different order of ideas. It supposes a mistress, but by no means necessarily a master; and it suggests no more substantial fare than talk, flow of words, and liberal interchange of ideas. It is simply a center where pleasant poo-ple are to be met and good conversation is o be had. It may have-indeed, it generally has-its particular tone and color; it may be literary, religious, political, artistic or philanthropic; but it remains always a place for talking-a place where intellectual nectar replaces material bever-

When we consider how much pleasure, amusement, even downright happiness, to be got out of talk, the wonder is that so little is done toward cultivating it. Formerly, the French understood this, and gave as much time and care to the cultivation of talk as to that of any other fine art. Their salons were schools where the art of conversation was taught, arenas where its adepts and pupils exercised themselves in the game. To say of a woman, "She talks well," was to pay her a far more delicate and flattering tribute than to praise her beauty, or even her dress. Paris is the birthplace and natural home of the salon. It is a growth indigenous to the soil of the lively city and an empire which has been respected there ever since it was first founded by Mme. de Rambouillet for the purification

and perfecting of the French language. The throne has been left vacant at various periods, sometimes for long intervals; but there it has stood, ready for any pretendant who could take possession of The right of conquest was the only right recognized, or necessary. There was no hereditary law which transmitted the scepter from one queen to another. There was no dynastic code to which she was compelled to conform once she had grasped it. Like Cæsar, she had only to come, to see her empire, and to conquer Every woman who held in her own individuality the power to do this might, under the most elastic restrictions, aspire to a sovereignty at once elective, absolute, and demogratic.

These queens have sometimes been women not born in the purple of "society," or even promoted to it by mar-riage. It is characteristic of the supreme position conceded by the French to mere personal charm and spirit in women that even in the eighteenth century, in those relatively feudal ages before the revolution had leveled the barriers between classes, a weman endowed with these qualities might, without being well or even decently born, throw down the high barricales of social prejudices, and reign triumphantly as queen of a salon.

> Daniel Webster as a Farmer. [Boston Budget,

Mr. Webster endeavored to introduce English and Scotch husbandry to some extent on his farm at Marshfield, beginning by keeping a large number of cattle and sheep. His farm at Franklin was cultivated in the old New Hampshire style, and he was very fond of making comparisons between the two. He had some of the products of his farm sent to Washington, and his blazing black eyes would gleam with joy, while a smile of satisfaction would light up his swarthy face, as he would ask a guest at the din-ner-table to partake of boiled mutton of his own raising, with potatoes and turnipe of his own growth. What such a dinner cost him he never explained, but he must have been somewhat like Mr. Alvin Adams, who accumulated a fortune in the express business, and who said to some friends who visited him at a magnificent estate which he owned near Boston, "Gentlemen, shall I give you a glass of Alderney milk or of champagne; the cost to me is about the same.

Law in Brief.

[Baltimore American.] A note dated on Sunday is void. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it. Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm, except in cases of special partnership. norance of the law excuses no one. agreement without consideration is void. Signatures in lead pencil are good in law. A receipt for money is not legally con-clusive. Contracts made on Sunday can not be enforced. A contract made with a minor is voidable. A contract made with a lunatic is void. Checks or drafts must be presented for payment without un-reasonable delay. An oral agreement must be proved by evidence. A written agreement proves itself. The law prefers written to oral evidence, because of its precision. Written instruments are to be construed and interpreted by the law according to the simple, customary and natural meaning of the words used.

The Great Eastern's Mission.

[Brooklyn Eagle.] The Great Eastern has been chartered for a year for \$25,000 by an enterprising body of men. Their notion is to take her to New Orleans as a hotel, to stay there during the great exhibition. She will arrive in all respects complete, stores and stuff. The ship is provided, among other things good for man and woman with stuff. The ship is provided, among other things good for man and woman, with 24,000 bottles of champagne—everything else is on a like scale. It is expected that the ship will soon be full of lodgers, who will, if only for the novelty of the thing, take up their quarters on the Great Eastern; but there will also be a daily influx of guests to the table d'hote, and so on, and the bar business will be lively beyond precedent. The Great Eastern will perhaps be one of the biggest novelties during the exhibition. Whoever conceived this idea is a smart man, as there is money in it.

The Melon Shrub.

A newly imported bush fruit from South America is being introduced among the fruit-growers of Los Augeles. It is called the meion shrub. It bears a lus cious fruit about the size of a goose-egg. and produces fruit all the ye'r round.

An Exhibition Which Draws.

[New York Tribune.] The base slanderers who have strenuously asserted that the dude was the cipher Crowds view them daily. with trowsers tucked into A haughty smile plays for a mo-And his vis-a-vis? Clad in bungling

knee-breeches and colonial coat, he is even a greater marvel. He, too, smokes a cigarette, but to his non-human palate the bluish vapor is evidently not so much a relish as it is a necessity of the situation. The poor, misguided chimpanzee smokes with ill-concealed distaste. peatedly after each repeated effort, and has dimculty in getting the smoke out of his broad mouth. Yet he is equal to the human dude and if he is wanting in the smoking act, the artistic way in which he handles his glasses atones for his other shortcomings. His gaze at the multitude is less elegant, but it seems a hundred times more critical.

There they stand, forever doing the same thing, and never disturbed, never irritated. They are clever automata. "Both from Paris," says the shop-keeper; the dude costing \$60 and the monkey It is the best advertisement I have struck yet.

[Chicago Herald "Train Talk."] "Several years ago," said an old engineer, "I was running a fast express one night. We were three hours behind time, and if there's anything in the world I hate it's to finish a run behind schedule, These grade crossings of one-horse roads are nuisances to the trunk lines, and we had a habit of failing to stop, merely slacking up for sm. At this crossing I had never seen a train at that time of the night, and so I rounded the curve out of the cut full tilt. I was astonished to see the target set against me, though I had time enough to stop. But it was down a grade there and the track was very slippery, and to add to the danger my air didn't work right. I whistled sharply to have the target set clear for me, but on looking I saw that a freight train was standing right over the crossing, evidently intending to put a few cars on our switch. I wish I could tell you what my thoughts were at that moment. I gave the danger whistle and tried to stop my train, but I had seven heavy sleepers on and we just slid down that grade in spite of everything

I could do. "Now comes the surprising part of my story. Quicker than I can tell you the brakeman on that freight train uncoupled a car just back of our crossing and signaled his engineer to go ahead, which he did sharply, but barely in time to let us through. In fact, the pilot of my engine took the buffer off that rear car. Through that little hole we slipped, and lives and property were saved. Now that brakeman was only a common railroader, yet he saw that situation at a glance. wasn't time to run his whole train off the crossing, nor even half of it-barely time to pull up one quick work. He kept his wits about him as I ventured to say not one man in a thousand would have done, and saved my reputation, if not my life. He is now division superintendent on one of the best roads in this country; and may good luck go with him.

Custer and Young.

[Atlanta Constitution. There is a good one told by Gen. Pierce Young, which we print in cor-rected shape. Custer and Young were messmates and classmates, and devoted friends at West Point. In the war they were major generals of cavalry on oppos-ing sides. One day Gen. Young was in-vited to breakfast at the Hunter mansion in Virginia. The beautiful young ladies had prepared a smoking breakfast, to which the general was addressing himself with ardor, when a shell burst through the house. Glancing through a window h saw Custer charging toward the house at the head of his staff.

Out the window Young went, calling to the young ladies: "Tell Custer I leave this breakfast for him." Custer enjoyed it heartily, and looked forward with pleas-ure to the dinner in the distance. In the meantime, Young, smarting over the loss of his breakfast and his hasty retreat, drove the Federal line back, and by dinner time was in sight of the Hunter mansion again. Custer, who was just setting down to dinner, laughed and said: "That's Pierce Young coming back I knew he wouldn't leave me here in peace. Here's my picture—give it to him, and tell him his old classmate leaves his love with this excellent dinner." And out of the window he went and away like a flash, while the Georgia general walked in and sat down to dinner.

Candies that are moulded, such as peppermints and gumdrops, or jellydrops, poured into imprints made in corn starch, which is easily dusted off. Nougat is made with white sugar, pure gum Arabic, the whites of eggs beaten, and chopped almonds, Pingoli nuts or pistache. Nougat has to be boiled a long time, and is constantly stirred by machinery. Some candies are made in a few hours, while it takes a week to make sugared or burned almonds. Marrons glaces require a certain manipulation and to be long submerged in sirups, kept at a certain tem-perature, to become thoroughly flavored. The vegetables used in coloring are a par-The vegetables used in coloring are a particularly juicy beet that supplies the reds and pinks, lettuce and spinach for greens, carrot for yellows; coffee and maple sugar are used for browns. The "Estelle" bonbon, made of apricot and marsh-mallow, is the last thing in soft or French candy; while "curls," or "opera-favors," which are twisted sticks flavored with acid fruits and cut into small pieces are some and cut into small pieces, are some of the features in hard confectionery. "Strings," which are but snips of chocolate and cinnamon hard candy, are also

(Philadelphia Call.) Fashionable Ma-Children! children!

after the decimal point in the economic computations of the universe are at last met. Not only has this interesting speci-men found his place in the eternal fitness of things, but his type among his next of kin—the affected monkey—has come to share his renown. In a Broadway showwindow there stand representatives of both classes. The dude wears a carmine dresscoat, lacquered top-boots and a high hat. In his right hand he holds a cigarette. Slowly and without dignity he raises the burning cigarette to his opening mouth, takes a few dainty puffs, and again lowers the arm. As he curls the last of the smoke out upon the air, his left hand with the single glass is raised to the eye, and the head turns upon its seven-jointed axis through an arc of 45 degrees. He is ooking at the curious throng in the street, as they stare at him in mute astonish ment. ment about the corners of his mouth; he disdainfully turns his head aside.

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Concerning Candy. [New York Letter.

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