

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

A solitary figure, with few lines of comeliness or grace, John Holloway sat upon the meadow gate, looking off into the distance. He was whispering softly yet he seemed to be in a deep reverie, for his great, tender eyes had a far-away expression in their brown depths as he gazed over the sunlit meadows, where the blood-red clover and the golden butter-cups swayed under the soft, caressing breeze. Suddenly an imperious voice broke the silence.

"Mr. Holloway, please let me take down the bars. I'm in a hurry, and came the shortest way."

The young man started; he had not heard her approach, and there beside him stood the object of his thoughts.

Ah, clover blossoms and buttercups, paled were your charms now? A little, graceful figure in the daintiest of cambric dresses, and underneath the wide hat a sweet, girlish face with velvety, peach-tinted cheeks and eyes as blue as freshly gathered violets. Such was Lily Lawrence, the prettiest girl—so the popular verdict ran—in all the country round. A flush rose to John's sunbrowned face as he quickly rose and commenced taking down the bars.

"Out for a walk, Miss Lily?"

"Yes," very briefly.

"So you are fond of a quiet stroll? I am too."

Lily drew herself up, and looked at the presumptuous speaker.

"Mr. Holloway, I don't see what it is to you—"

Then she stopped. She did not mean to be rude, but truly she thought to herself, it was high time she should show this young man that his openly expressed admiration was exceedingly distasteful to her. It had been going on for some time, and every one, even Lily herself, had come to see that the sun rose and set for John Holloway where she was.

"He must be intently stupid not to know how utterly indifferent I am to him," she thought.

But John was not stupid. He understood the unfinished sentence, and as he drew back without another word to let her pass, Lily saw that he did, and a shame-faced, compunctious look stole into her eyes. For, from the richest to the poorest, everyone acknowledged John Holloway's noble sterling character.

Lily walked slowly along the road, half determined to turn back and apologize for her rudeness, until a turn brought her face to face with someone whose handsome eyes met her own with such a glad welcome that all other thoughts were for the time driven completely away.

It was Richard Blake, the most admired and courted young man in the village.

"Ah, good afternoon, Miss Lawrence I was hoping I would meet you."

And the wavy black rich locks were bared to the breeze as Richard courteously lifted his hat and walked on beside her.

What a contrast to John Holloway. And the contrast was great in many other ways than Lily thought. But the girl was but young to read character, and that Richard Blake was very handsome and very elegant, no one could deny, a lover of whom anyone might be justly proud.

When Lily's home was reached, and with another graceful bow Richard had left her, she did not go directly into the house, but lingered awhile among the flowers that filled their little garden. Her thoughts were very busy. She thought she had behaved very unkind to her old friend, and her memory went back to the first time she had met him: It was at a picnic, and she had fallen and sprained her ankle. She remembered how the great fellow so much stronger than his mates, had persisted in carrying her all the long distance back to her home. Since then he had shown in a hundred ways what she was to him; and, knowing his noble nature, perhaps her heart would have gone out to him before this if Richard Blake had not come back from college. But he had, and Lily really fancied his gay, debonaire manners, and his entertaining conversation, and, like many another young girl, had begun to take for true, heart-deep love that liking which we all have for things pleasant to the sight.

And so she shook off her reproachful feelings, and went into the house.

"Why, mother, dear, what is the matter? Crying, and I out enjoying myself? Tell me, what is it, dear? Let me share your trouble."

Mrs. Lawrence lifted a face, smiling through her tears.

"Yes, crying, Lily, darling, but not from grief. Sit down here beside me, and let me tell you what a load has been lifted from my mind this morning. Lily, I did not tell you, but some time ago Mr. Burton, the lawyer, came to me, and informed me that the holder of the mortgage on our home was in need of money and intended to foreclose, unless the mortgage was paid in full when he should demand it. Now, child, you know what a trouble has been weighing upon me, for I knew that it would be impossible for me to raise the sum necessary, and that we must leave the dear old home we had loved so well. And now, this very morning, Mr. Burton came and told me that a kind friend, hearing of the intended foreclosure, had paid the amount in full."

"Who is it that has helped you, mother?"

"That's the strangest part of it, Lily. Mr. Burton said he had strictly promised not to tell me the name of my benefactor, and as to who it can be I have no idea."

But though she did not say so, Lily had; and when later, in her usual impulsive way, she told John Holloway how sorry she was that she had been so rude to him, and then asked him frankly whether he was not the kind friend who had come so opportunely to her mother's relief, his manner confirmed her suspicions.

It is said that "gratitude is neighbor to love," and whether that be true or not, it is certain that from that time the manly young farmer was often in Lily's thoughts, while Richard Blake was just as steadily losing ground. But John, of course, did not know it. He was not one to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and at length, after a hard struggle, had decided to abandon his hopeless suit and leave the field to that rival who evidently was the favored one. Lily appeared to notice the difference; but womanlike, she did not appear to care, and so the months went much the same, until at length the crisis came.

The village in which our heroine lived was just on the shore of a little bay, and many were the pleasure parties that enjoyed a trip over its limpid waters.

One afternoon Richard Blake, obtaining Mrs. Lawrence's consent, invited Lily to take a sail.

When they reached the beach, who should be waiting in readiness to manage the boat but John Holloway.

"Hallo, Holloway, are you turning into boatman?" exclaimed Blake, in astonishment.

Lifting his cap to Lily, John answered, "Not exactly; but Joe came to me in great distress, saying he did not feel well enough to go out, but had promised not to disappoint you, and knowing he could not manage a boat, he asked me to take his place. Joe has done me many a good turn, and so I could not refuse him," he added, wrongfully interpreting the little flush that had risen in Lily's face as she listened; "and he said, too, that it was your sister who was to be your companion. Else I should not have come; I would not for the world be a mar-sport."

The bitterness in tone touched a like chord in Lily's heart. For some little time back she had been slowly but surely learning a lesson, the difference between real worth and mere glitter; and now her heart sank as she saw, or thought she saw, how completely her conduct had driven all affection towards her from John's mind, and that she had foolishly thrown away her own happiness.

"Well, Holloway, I'm sure I'm obliged. It's very kind of you," was Blake's reply.

And the two young men soon had the little craft in readiness for its fair freight.

Blake had seen John's liking for Lily, but his vanity had not been alarmed; he knew by experience the power of his dark eyes and Lily Lawrence was like any other young lady if she were ten times prettier. So he reasoned.

They floated over the blue water, anchoring after a while under a bluff, and dropping their lines to fish. Lily chatted gaily in her own fascinating

way, and never had she seemed more lovely in Richard Blake's eyes, while poor John, who had thought of late that he had driven her image from his mind, felt the old charm creeping over him again stronger than ever before; but he hid his pain manfully and kept up his part in the lively conversation.

Time crept on, and just as they determined to return, to their sudden dismay the heavens suddenly clouded over, and peel of thunder suddenly brought them to their feet in alarm. Squalls were not common upon the bay, but one was evidently now upon them, and John saw the great danger. A moment and they were dashing over the waves, while overhead the awful darkness gathered more ominously all the while, and every now and then flashes of flames seemed to envelope them on all sides.

Suddenly there was a blinding glare, then a terrific crash, and half the mast dropped over the bows, while the sails were dragging in the seething waters. For an instant John was almost stunned; then his first thought was Lily. Where was she? A second more and he caught the gleams of yellow curls in the cruel waves among the tattered sails; the ropes had twisted about her little finger and dragged her over the bow.

He sprang to Blake's side.

"If she is to be yours, it is you who is to save her. Quick! or it will be too late. Your chance will be gone!"

But Blake still cowered tremblingly where he was, unheeding the peril of the one he professed to love.

Another instant John was struggling among the sails, a few seconds of awful suspense while the waves were tugging savagely at him, then weak, almost fainting, he crept back into the boat with Lily's insensible form clasped close to his brave heart. He had saved her.

Then, still in eminent danger, they remained clinging to the dismantled boat, until, as suddenly as it had fallen, the squall lifted, and a welcome hail from the shore proclaimed that help was at hand.

Lily came to herself at last to find that John was holding her fast, with her face close to his own.

In an instant the memory of what had passed came back to her. She did not draw away, but raised her lustrous eyes to his, as if to read his inmost thoughts; the cold cheek pressed itself closer against his own, while her arms wound themselves softly around his neck.

"John—dear John!" was all she said.

And John knew that with the greatest thrill the greatest blessing of his life had come to him; while Richard Blake, looking on with pale, scowling face comprehended clearly that John's words had been prophetic when he had said, "Your chances will be gone."

EIGHTEEN MILLIONS A WEEK.

This concerns you and me and every one. To-day there are millions of people in the United States who sorely need better clothing, food and shelter, while at least one-half the wages earned goes for the purchase of liquor.

The weekly sales of liquor amount to \$18,346,346. This would give \$5.00 a week to 3,669,269 families. There being about 1,800,000 families the head of which has to earn their daily bread, it would give \$10.00 a week to each more than they now get.

At \$3.00 a pair, it would buy 6,173,173 pairs of shoes every week.

At \$10.00 a suit, it would pay for 1,834,634 suits every week in the year.

At \$5.00 a barrel, it would buy 3,669,269 barrels of flour every week.

At a cost of \$1000 each, it would build 18,346 houses every week in the year, and in one year 944,000 people would own their own homes.

The amount spent for liquor in one year would pay for 183,880 farms at \$2000 a piece.

Thus, by stopping the liquor traffic, we feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and shelter the homeless. See you not the tariff question sinks into utter insignificance when compared with this woful waste, this all-engrossing issue! —Selected.

The wholesale cost of the beer, annually consumed in New York city is given, in an article in the *Witness*, at \$38,400,000. It is also stated that its cost to the consumers is \$76,800,000, or double its cost to the dealers.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.
THE W. C. T. U. MEETS EVERY THURSDAY
AT 2 O'CLOCK IN THE Y. M. C. A. HALL.
THE FARMER AND THE SALOON.

The great argument used for licensing the saloons is that a revenue is thus secured to lessen taxation; license money will build sidewalks, support schools and do many other things which otherwise would have to be paid for directly out of the pockets of the tax-payers. Professor Foster and Dr. Herrick Johnson have in preceding Timely Talks so well shown the fallacy of this claim, we spend no time on it now. There is another phase of the question to which we wish to call the special attention of our farmer friends. It is this: license money does not decrease your taxes one cent; but the saloons do increase your taxes enormously. You are not taxed to build sidewalks, light the streets, or do any of the things it is claimed the license money does for the town. But you are taxed, and that right heavily, to pay the county's bills for courts, jails, poor-houses, care for the insane and things like that. The land you own pays the bulk of the county taxes; beside that, you are often taken from your work at the busiest season of the year to sit on grand or petit juries, two, three or four weeks at a time, when every day's absence foots up a dead loss to you.

What do these courts do? Examine the docket of any county where liquor is sold and see if whisky is not at the bottom of fully one-half the criminal cases. A man goes into a licensed saloon, gets drunk, comes out a raving lunatic, murders another man, and you try, convict and hang him, or put him in prison for life. Such a case in my own county lately cost in court expenses \$30,000. The county, which means mainly the farmers, footed the bill while the city pocketed the thousand-dollar fee for the license, which allowed the liquor that did the deed to be sold.

Again, we have just built a \$40,000 jail, and it is pretty well filled with fruits of the saloon. You paid a larger proportion of the \$40,000 than the city did; it affords "accommodations" to very few of your class, and you receive not a cent of the license fee paid by the saloons that had the biggest share in filling it. The poor-house and farm are just outside the city limits and you feel flattered when the state authorities report it the best kept institution of the kind in the state. Well you may, for you are back of that institution, so far as money goes; for the taxes you pay, in large measure, sustain it. But its physician, himself a drinking-man, not a temperance fanatic, reports again and again, and again, to your supervisors that at least three-fourths of its inmates come there through drinking habit, either in themselves or others. As though to substantiate his opinion, counties where no liquor is obtainable show few inmates in their poor-houses, and their jails often stand empty.

The case in a nutshell is this: if there is any good coming from license—which we deny—the city gets it; while for all the mischief the saloons work, the farmers foot the heaviest part of the bills.

Infinitely beyond any money consideration is the danger-pit that the licensed saloons of the town dig for the unwary feet of your boys. From lack of familiarity with their enticements, farmers' boys are more liable to fall victims to the saloons when brought under their influence than city boys are. Where municipalities have power to grant dram-shop licenses you have no power to hinder the city's digging pitfalls for your boys. State and National prohibition, enforced by a party pledged to sustain it, is the only thing that can relieve the farmer from unjust taxation to sustain the fruits of the liquor traffic, or make our country a safe place for his boys and girls to grow up in.

CANOE BUILDING IN MAINE.

A letter from Bangor Me., says: canoe has become so popular a craft among sportsmen and tourists, even indispensable to the former class, that the building of this light and graceful boat has grown to be quite an industry in Maine, especially on the Penobscot river. Time was when the big birch trees were to be found close to the water all along; the Penobscot,

and clear, plentiful straight cedar was near at hand and plentiful, so that the materials for a canoe were easily obtained. Nowadays the birches are from 20 to 100 miles distant from the upriver towns, back in the dense forests, and two suitable trees are seldom found within sight of each other, while the cedar is also more remote and scarce. All bark for canoes comes from the white birch trees outside thickness. In winter its inner side has a reddish brown coat, but in summer it is smooth and yellow. The winter-peeled bark is preferable for canoes because it is tougher, and because, also of the opportunity for ornamentation of the craft afforded by its brown coat, on which various designs, such as deer's heads, arrows, etc. may be easily traced.

The canoe builder fells a white birch which is at least one foot in diameter at a distance of eighteen feet from the base allowing it to fall across some small logs to keep it from the ground, and then strips off its outer coat. The bark must be warmed—toasted, as it were—before it can be straightened out and rolled up in proper shape for transportation. The bark and cedar are carried out of the woods in boats or canoes when the streams are open, otherwise on a "lost sled." When the builder is ready for work he drives stakes into the ground, and thus forms a frame the shape of his canoe. Then the bark after more toasting, is smoothed out and fitted into the frame, after which the gun-wales, strips of clear, stripped cedar, are put in place, and the top edges of the bark secured to them by means of copper nails. Next the whole inside of the birch is lined with lengthwise strips of thin-haved cedar timbers are "sprung" into place over them, the timber heads being secured under the gunwales. All cuts made in the bark in bringing it into the required shape and forming the ends of the canoe are sewn up with cane threads and gummed over with a paste composed of resin and oil. Ash thwart, very narrow, are put in, strips of canvas glued over the ends of the canoe where the two sides of the bark meet, and the graceful craft is done. Paddles are shaved from poplar, maple and ash. If the canoe is meant for deep water, where there is likely to be a sea, she is built rather deep; if for shoal water such as trout fishers require, she is made very flat. A good canoe will hold four men and carry them safely, if properly handled.

About ten years ago canvas began to be used in place of bark as a material for canoes, and a great many of this description are now made in Bangor. They are covered with a thick coat of paint to make them watertight, and are lighter, fully as cheap, but not so symmetrical as birch. The duck for an ordinary eighteen-foot canoe costs \$6, and generally requires a seam, being too narrow for a single breadth covering. The only tools required by either white man or Indian in making canoes are a knife with a curved blade, an awl, draw-shave, and hammer. The Indian often has only the knife. The red man is not so neat as some whites, but he is the best of all navigators of the birch. Canoes of both kinds and all shapes and sizes are the rage at the summer resorts being popular among the dudes because it requires very little strength to propel them at a rapid rate. They are also pretty to look at, and are safe enough in care of an experienced hand. Canvas will never entirely supersede birch for canoes, for the latter bends gracefully, and is a more romantic material than duck.

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