# LATE FORGIVENESS.

"No, Mister," said Uncle Jake, "I ain't spliced nor never was." For many years Uncle Jake had kepta

little tavern near one of the inlets where the sea breaks through the long sand-bar into the Great South Ex, at a point about fifteen miles from New

Of a pleasant Sunday in Summer it was a pretty lively resort. Uncle dake made a jovial host, and people used to say that he owed his good health in a great measure to the frequency with which he drank to it himself. Most of the fishing parties from the harbors along the bay stopped here for a clam-bake and a cocktail; yachtsmen an-chored near the inlet and sportsmen would put up at the tavern for a week or

two at a time. But in winter it was a dreary spot. The monotonous turmoil of the surf was broken only now and then by the shrill cry of the gull or the shrieking of the wind as it whirled across the bar. During the long storms only an occasional wrecker or a patrol from the life-saving station visited the place, and at any time in Winter a party like ours was a rarity.

A real Bohemian freak had brought us down to Uncle Jake's that night. The evening before a dozen of us artists had met at a little reunion in the studio of one of our number, and one of us seeing a sketch of Uncle Jake's tavern on the easel, had proposed paying him a Winter's visit.

We all knew Uncle Jake, and the idoa of a Winter's visit to him was too much of a novelty to be resisted. So we set out for the tavern the next day, and arrived there before night time. Uncle Jake knew that the trip across the bay had been a rough one. So he started a roaring wood fire; and when we had finished supper he put a steaming bowl of punch on the table.

But despite his attention and the jollity of our party, he wasn't in the best of spirits. Not that he didn't dip his glass into the punch bowl pretty often, but he seemed moody and didn't talk

His low spirits seemed also to have a depressing effect on Samson, his big mastiff, who was about as well known along the coast as Uncle Jake himself. Usually he barked a friendly welcome to every one who came to the house. But he had been sullen and silent all the even-ing and had sat near Uncle Jake, resting his head on his master's knee and now and then looking up wistfully

I had known Uncle Jake and his big dog longer than the others had, and I noticed that something was wrong. The old man seemed glad enough to

see me again and made me sit next to him. But I felt that since I had been

him. But I felt that since I had been there some change had come over him and the dog and the old place; and at times he looked as though he would like to tell me something but hesitated on account of the others. I remembered a pretty, bright-eyed lass, about 17 years old, when I last saw her, who was at the tavera in for-mer years, and whom we used to call "Uncle Jake's little girl." She made herself handy about the place, and was so simple and graceful in her bearing that she was a favorite with all who went there. The sun had browned her face and arms, and the wind had played with her fair hair until it hung over her forehead like tangled sun-beams.

She was tall and lithesome, and as strong as she was graceful. Often, when she was a mere girl of 10 or 12, I had seen her pulling her skiff across the bay and hailing the old fishermen as they scudded past in their smacks. Many a time they would lay to and take her aboard and tow her skiff home; and then she would take the helm from the skipper, trim the sheet and shout

was a good-lookin' chap, strong an' quick, versee. He seemed to kind of like it

erd e In the beginnin' he hired one o' my ents by the week, an' when he'd had it hat way about four weeks he took it or the season. Well, I was glad to let. in have it, for it was often as he'd take in have it, for it was often as he'd take aggie out, an' I felt easy when I knew daggie was with him. " One bright mornin' in September

ust afore they sailed away she came runnin' in to me an' says as they was a-goin' for a long sall an' wouldn't be back till late. I didn't begin worryin' about 'em until it got to be very late, an' they hadn't come back.

they hadn't come back. 'Some filks as was at the house walked the beach between the inlets with me till late in the night; but we saw nothin' of 'em. But I didn't give 'em up. It had been a fine day, an it was a clear, bright night, an' I kind o' trusted he young feller. Next day early in the moran' we spied the boat sailin' up the nlet, an' I began wavin' and shoutin' to em for joy. But some one as had a spy-rlass sad they wasn't ab.ard—an'—mis-ter—they wasn't. er-they wasn't.

"The feller as was in her came from the Jersey coast, an' he said as a man an' a girl had landed there the day before, an' the man-a young, good-lookin' chap, he said-had paid him to bring the boat over

"I'd kept up pretty well till then, but when I know'd she wasn't come back, an' felt all of a sudden as if she in my hands an' cried like a baby. "She was all the world to me, was

Maggie. I took her to me as a child, an' brought her up, an' set my heart on her; an for her to leave me in my old days was mighty hard. "When I got quieted down they began

to comfort me a-sayin' as she might come back. Ah, mister, if she only had ! I'd have welcomed her, for she was still my little Maggie, an' I'd ha' loved her as much as ever. But it got to be Winter an Spring an Summer an on toward Fall an I heard nothin of her.

" It wasn't much more than a year after shed left when one mornin' a feller came sailing over from the shore with 1. te egram for me. It came from the city, an' it read that if I was to go to one o' the hospitals there. I'd find a g rl as would like to see me; an it told me to come quick, too, for she was very

low, perhaps a-dyin'. " I er may know who the girl was; an' it's likely yer know, too, as I wasn't long a-gettin' to her. But I wasn't any too soon. She was lyin' on a cot, an' when she saw me, it was just all she could do to stretch her arms out to me, so she could put 'em around me an' press her poor, pale face against mine

" 'Father,' she whispered, 'I went back on yer-on yer who'd been so good an' kind to me; an', father, I want yer to say before I die as you've forgiven

me." "I couldn't say nothin', mister, I just held her closer. I held her till they told me she couldn't speak no more, an' then I laid her back. It was only a few minutes after that she lived, but afore she died she opened her eyes once more an' moved her lips. I bent down to her an' she could just whisper: "Father, I'm sure yer haven't gone back on me. I'm sure yer forgive me. But-father-I want yer to forgive him, too. For-father-I've forgiven----' "I forgive, her, mister, an' I've tried

"I forgive, her, mister, an' I've tried to forgive him. I'll try again, mister; I'll try hard for the little girl's sake. I

know as his sin's a-goin' to drive him back here some time-drive him back that he may go on his knees to me an' tell me how he wronged her an' me." The man's voice broke in his emotion. I had siways been fond of Uncle Jake, but after what he had told me I liked him better than ever. I knew

that his "little girl's " death weighed heavily on him; and so after that I got up as many parties as I could to visit the tavern and cheer him One day toward Autumn, two years One day toward Autumn, two years afterwards, in one of my not infrequent visits to the tavern. Uncle Jake called me aside and said: "Mister, it's gettin' kind o' lonesome for the dog an' me down here Winters, an' I guess I won't stay here no longer after the Fail. I've word a house as Uteck end in the fail. got a house as I took over in the village ashore yonder, near to where the little girl's buried. The dog an' I want to be near Maggie, an' if yer'll come down off an' on, we'll be glad ter see yer, for it ain't much company we'll be havin'

CAMBLING IN NEW YORK. It Seems to be Increasing and Almost

Everybody Bets.

The public who keep track of the subject say that never before in New York was there so much gambling and spe thation done as now. Not that there are more public gambling houses for there ire but few. Ind ed, a stranger in the ity would have difficulty in finding a place in which he might wager on the turn of a card. It is not as in war times. when half a dozen houses of national reputation were running night and day in the bla e of pu licity. But by gamp-ling the good people who are keeping their eyes on it, in hopes of stopping i are understood to mean any game of speculation in which the person partici-pating simply bets on the result of a ucket-shop operations that are an ad-unct to Wall street and the produce exchange. Inder the rigid rules of the stock exchange every transaction mad there is an actual purchase and sale of ectual stock.

The broker who sells 100 shares of Erie actually delivers to the purchaser the certificate of stock issued by the company. But the bucket-shop transaction s nothing of the sort. The purchase of pany. Erie there means only that the purchaser bets that Erie will go up instead of down. He gets no certificate of actual stock, but simply a card saying that he has bought rrie. The actual sale on the stock exchange, however, governs the bucket-shop transaction, for the stock exchange transaction makes the price. The same rule serves in the petty gambling in oil, grain and mining shares, so much of which is going on in the lower part of the city. It amounts only to a bet that the next quotation from the big ex-changes will be at a higher figure than was the last one.

The magnitude of the gambling done in this way cannot be known. It is carried on in such a variety of ways, and in a manner leaving no record to the trans-action, that it would be impossible to collect even approximate statistics on the subject. The stock exchange has seen it eat its way into the regular business of the exchange, until now the transactions of the old concern are not more than one-third of what they were three or four years ago. The produce exchange mem-bers complain that they are ruined by the bucket-shops. Both exchanges have done their utmost to crush the little con-cerns, but all efforts have resulted only in more bucket shore. in more bucket-shops. It does not cost a speculator so much to buy or sell of the latter, and be may purchase one share of stock if he has \$1 to put up as a margin. The big exchange will not deal in less than five shares, and on that number \$50 must be put up. 1 The result is the crowding of the buck-

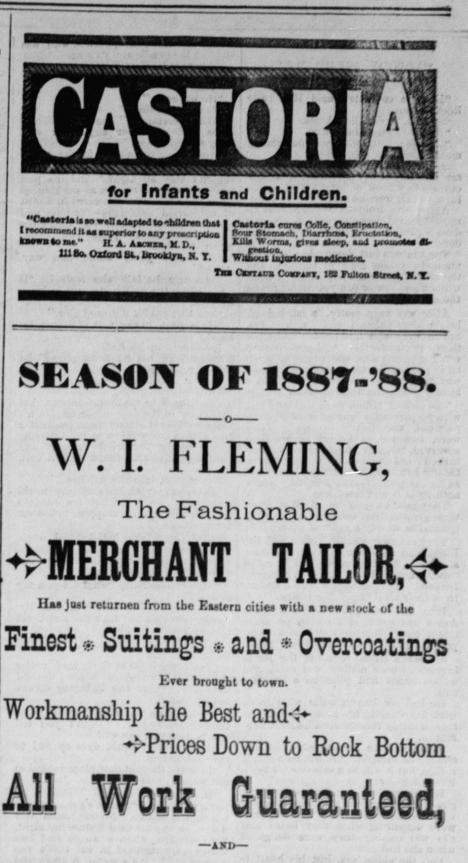
et shops by boys and messengers and clerks, who bet every sum from \$1 up to \$1,000. For quick turns many old Wall street speculators prefer the bucket shop. Desides, the system admits of bigger returns from the same amount of money invested. With \$100 a man can do very little in a regular stock exchange broker's office. It is margin for ten shares of stock only, and it would be a rare run of luck that enabled a man to double his money. To do so the market must ad-wance ten points. In a bucket-shop, however, with the same sum of mon-y he might buy 100 shares of stock, which would double the money at an advance of one point only, and he might quadru-ple it did the price advance four points. All the elements of gambing enter into the bucket shop transaction. It is a quick trade as a rule, and it is popular for that reason. Thousands of men gam'le in them daily for a living, and hundreds o

## A SCOTTISH COLONY ...

Twolve Highlanders Who Made a Garden Spot in Vermont.

Do the flics, as they crawl over an apple in the orchard, ever feel that they are specially favored as they light on some very juicy spot and cling to that place for an hour, while the other pomoplace for an hour, while the other pomo-politan insects hurry about from one place to another and never are quite satisfied? The cosmopolitan and the pomopolitan are much alike. There is a little difference in the sphere of their wanderings; the one going about the world and the other crawling over an apple. It was not the restless spirit of adventure that took possession of twelve honored residents of the highlands in Scotland, when they gathered all their earthly treasures to ether and bidding a fond farewell to the land of Burns, took passage on a little sailing vessel for the passage on a little sailing vessel for the olonies of the New World. It was in the year 1770 that these men determined to be among the early settlers and get in before all the land in America that could be cultivated was taken up by actual ectlers. These men never could have freamed of the fertile plains of the great west being of any value. Their home had been in the highlands and the thought of a farm in such a swamp as lilinois then was, would not have been entertained for a moment, even if the country had been as inviting as it is ountry had been as inviting as it is today, and had been opened for settlement. They were to some extent disappointed when they saw how very level the coun try was about Boston, compared to the grand old mountains they had aban loned. But they were led by a kind Providence that ever guides its children better than they know, near what is now the town of B----, in the state of Vermont. As soon as their eyes beheld the site they were filled with joy. They saw be fore them a cluster of hills that had seemingly been thrown up to suit their desires. They counted over the hill-and found that there were precisely twelve—a hill for each family. The detwelve-a hill for each family. The de-cision of the exact location of each was more difficult, and so, after solemn servi-ces, they cast lots and each one took possession of the hill that fell to his lot Near by was a great lake, called by them Harvey's pond. It was two miles square, and in places was of fabulous depth. They sounded for the bottom and a line 400 feet was drawn up with the assur-ance that the lead did post strike. They ance that the lead did not strike. These men carried with them their intense love of liberty, their honesty and frugality, of fiberty, their honesty and fruganty, and, withal, that peculiar skill of getting the best out of everthing that distin-uishes a true Scotchman. The inher-itance that was thus chosen was so wel. elected that they sang with peculiar emphasis the words of the psalm which had never been so appropriate before: To me most happily, the lines In pleasant places feil, The heritage which I received

In beauty doth excel. ..... GOODS + AS + REPRESENTED. And truly no finer landscape was ever seen, when in the spring time the hills were clothed with verdure and the forests put on their attire of new-made leaves, and the gay blossoms of the dogwood peered among the trees as if to add the attractiveness of its pure white to the living beauty of the green. One of these farms is still owned by a great grandchild of the then vigorous man who began life in the new world by entering his claim to the hill that fell to him by lot. It is recorded of some of these men that they lived to be over 100 years old, and that their children settled about them, and thus one of the best communities in all the country was established. Churches and schools were soon proposed, and the teacher and dom-inie did faithful work in developing the



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the skipper, trim the sheet and shout with glee as the spray came dashing over the bow.

I wondered what had become of her and asked Uncle Jake, but he didn't seem to hear my question, though the dog sprang to his feet and roamed about un-easily before he slunk back to his master's feet. I was about to ask the question again when one of our party proposed a song.

While they gathered in a group around the old piano in the corner, the old man stole quietly to the door of another room and beckoned me to follow him. As I joined him he was stooping over an old bureau fumbling among some papers, while the dog, who had slipped in after him, watched him intently until he put his hand on a tin-type which he drew out and showed me. It was the picture of a child, and in the features I recognized "Uncle Jake's littlegirl."

In the next room some one was playing a jangling accompaniment and the rest were shouting a boisterous song. I thought then would be a good time to ask him what had become of the girl whose childish features we were looking at, so I inquired, by way of introduction. if he had ever been married. It was to this he had replied :

"No, Mister, I ain't spliced, nor never was. But yer see," he continued, as though he knew what I was driving at, " it's uncommon lonesome here in Winter, an' many a time when I've hear i o' some young one ashore yonder as wasn't cared for at home, I've got its folks to let me take it out here with me. The children kind o' cheered me up durin' the long Winter evenin's, an' when Summer came I'dask to have 'em stay a bit longer. The little ones would beg real hard, too, for I made a good deal of em, and they thought kind o' well o'

"Some o' them stayed a few years, but na they not big an' could be handy at home their folks fetched 'em away from me; an' so at last they all went; all but intile Maggie, her as they used to call 'Uncle Jake's little girl.' It was a bad home I'd took her from, an' afore she'd been with me long her father wandered off an' her mother died in this poor touse. There wasn't no one to take her from me then, so she stayed here; an' right glad I was to keep her.

"She was a spart, likely little thing an' I thought as I'd care for her an lay by a bit o' money for her. When she first came here she was no more than 5. an' when yer saw her two summers ago she was goin' on 18. "Yer knew Maggie was as good-look-

in' a girl as yer could find hereabours, an' many a feller as has come here with his boat in Summer has been kind o' took wi'her. I was kind o' proudsto have 'en o' Maggie, an' I liked to see 'em back me up. It weren't very one she'd take to, neither; for she'd make her choice like

any lady, would Magde. "I lot her go sails' whenever she wanted. She was a good girl an' a com-fort to me Summer and Winter, was

" It's coin' on three years now, Mister, that a little after the June Maggie got to be eighteen, there was a young feller as came over here to stay. Fe

Well, Uncle Jake took the house and I did go down there as often as I

The blazing logs and the singing kettle seemed particularly cheery one January night. A fierce wind was howing around the house. It had been snowing all day, but as it grew colder the snow had stopped, and now the gusts sent ley particles rattling against the window panes

The dog seemed sleeping peacefully-at least he hadn't stirred-when Uncle Jake went to the hearth to lift up the kettle. The old man had brewed a o inch, and was just raising the glass to his lips, when suddenly Samson sprang toward one of the windows with a furous bark. As I turned in the direction in which he sprang I saw what might have b en an illusion, it vanished so quickly-a man's faceApale, haggard and driven, pressed against the pane. A moment later the dog was leaping against the door. I sprang toward it and threw it open, letting out the dog, wao remained outside barking and howiig for half an hour after I had closed

I told Uncle Jake that I thought a man had been out there, but all he said was: "I guese it's one o' them tramps as comes around. Samson ain't particu-lar fond of 'em. But if the fellow was cold and wanted a drink why didn't he knock an' ask for it decent-like? Eure ne'd ha' got it."

The next morning was bright and clear and very cold. As the wind had subsided, Uncle Jake proposed to

had subsided, Uncle Jake proposed to go over to the grave-yard—he hardly let a day pass without going there. The grave-yard was a little enclosure a trille further out of the village than our house. As we entered the gate the dog suddenly darted forward arking furiously as he had the night efore. Following him hastily we saw hat he was barking at. A thin, white and had clasped the headstone, and ver the grave lay, face downwards, the By of a man.

Uncle Jake grasped me and held me back a moment. Then we tried to Then we tried to from the stone. At last it fell, and from the stone. At last it fell, and we turned the body over. I saw the same pale, haggard, driven face that was pressed against the window the night be ore.

Mist.r," said Uncle Jake solemnly, "hes come back. An'-an'-I think I've forgiven him, as the little girl asked me 

boys and young men form gamiding habits there that unfit them for real work

and honest application to business. The demoralizing in fuence of the ron-cerns can scarcely be estimated. Indeed, it is frue of Wall street speculation in general that the man who once gets a taste of it is ever afterward good for nothing in legitimate business.

### Mrs. Cleveland Beats a Letreat.

At 12 o'clock, says the Washington National Republican, Mrs. Cleveland has been in the habit this year of coming down and shaking hands with whatsoever persons were waiting. Recently she returned from a drive with her very pretty guest, Miss Willard, five minutes before noon, and when she came down stairs again, coming through the door precisely as the President does for his 11 o'clock levees, she found five hundred people there, mostly women. She began the handshaking at once, passing the people into the red corridor with great napidity. But the women were un-They did not want to shake hands and be whisked out; they wanted to stand and stand and look and look, and exnange comments about Mrs. Cleveland's looks and dress. She wore the black silk dress in which she had been driv-ing, and had added only a diamond-headed pin to her coiffure and fastened her high collar with a clover leaf in diamonds. In shorter time than it takes to write this, the women, and the few men present, were passed out, but they simply returned to the East koom by another door, and coolly presented them selves again and again. Mrs. Cleveland's quick eye soon detected the im-position, and when the crowd began quadrupling the performance she lauguingly retreated.

#### Tricks of the Butcher Trade.

"The profits of a butcher," remarked a man who had been in the business, "are not to be estimated by the regular business methods. When a man buys a hundred pounds of meat at 7 cents and sells it at 10 cents an inexperienced person would say that he makes \$3 profit. while in reality he makes about \$4. That's one of the tricks of the trade that must be well known to every observing perchaser. The same qualities that make good bartender make a good butcher. A man who knows his business can get twenty more glasses out of a keg of beer han the green bartender. It is the some way with a butcher. A good cutter will always slice off an ounce or two more than the weight called for, and as not less than a quarter of a pound is reck-oned, he can thus gain two or three ounces on each customer. Another heme is to cut the meat an ounce or so short and throw in a piece of sust to make up. Many butchers never grow weathy just because they have poor assistants."

#### The Guyer Is the Bigger Rascal.

It is a poculiar circumstance that the oun ryman who goes to New York to my "green goods" is invariably rebuked by the judge before whom he is usually who have made this wise is doubtless all right, but who have made this wise is would be only fair to rebuke the rascal against emergencies have found in the time to the time the destage a some true based as will it.

-----

sterling qualities of brain and heart that the youth so soon exhibited. The fields were cleared and the reapers went for h with songs and gathered in the sheaves. The work of road building and clearing, harvesting with the sickle, flax pulling and cloth fulling brought the people together on many happy oc-casions, where the old songs were sung, the bag-pipes played and many a one pledged eternal faith to the lass who added to her mother's grace the beauty Vast that youth so generously confers. wealth was not secured by any of these farmers, but what is far better they enjoyed life and made an honest living; were free from the cares and feverish excitements that belong to city and

The Deer Range of the Northwest

speculative life.

5-

The great deer range is in Northern Wisconsin, across Minnesola to Dakota, and covers the country adjacent to Brush City and Pr neeton and to the north of Frainerd. There are very few deer on the Ked Lake Reservation, and very few about Duluth, because the wolves are so numerous in the counties adjacant. The wolves drive the deer out. At the ex-treme frontier the deer are found in good condition. They breed in the tumber, and remain there during the Summer, and are driven out by the wolves in the Fall. Detween the Indians and wolves many deer are wast-fully destroyed. It is necessary to kill the wolves to keep the deer crop, and the bounty is coing some good. But the deer are not getting exterminated. You might as well talk about extermination from highr as well take about exterminating the ducks, cranes, guils, pelicans, and all kinds of water towl which breed up in the Peace Liver Country, 1,500 miles northwest of Win-nipeg. There are about 20,030 saddles of nipeg. venison handled here a year, to settimes this amount is exceeded as in 15.5, when the prairie fires got into the timber, and

drove the deer into the actilements. The deer fue is of no commercial value, but the skin is made into moccasins and lato buckshins for the stores. -

## Small Stock Balsers in Sebraska.

The certain result of the great losses of cattle on the ranges will be the creation of a large number of small s ock growers in place or a few heavy randomen who have numbered their herds by the thous ands. This effect has already been notic ed throughout Neoras-a during the past five years, where the farmers have been rapidly belowing more hit dich unse the care of small banches of call ", and n ding to their creat pro if it the hoor brings in larger in a shaft to than on the coo. There are seen farmers seatt red throughout Nenes to-day who are feeding from but to head of cittle from the proincis of own fields where five yes a good

were scarcely ten. Lycn the companies, learning something by perience, have found it 1.500 a size build feeding estaid sliments where I cattle can be proceeded iron the weach and fattened for the market, and these who have made this wise provision 1. C.T willy weath we the a mainten

# W. I. FLEMING.

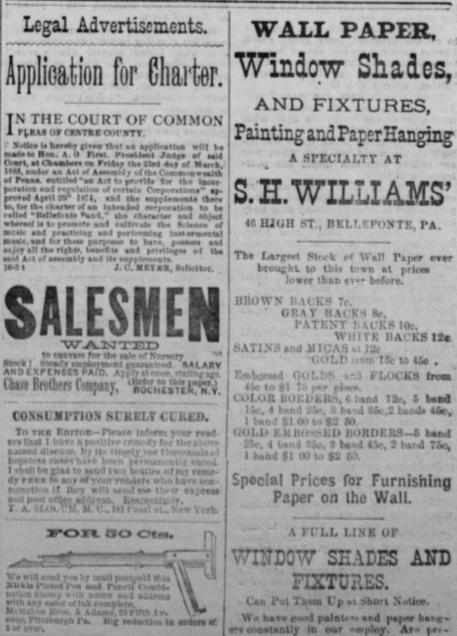
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