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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Character alone is immortal. Not what we have, but what we are, endures.

Ideas, as ranked under names, are those that, for the most part, men reason of within themselves, and always those which they commune about with others.

We can enjoy fellowship with God only by walking where he dwells. If we would have the companionship of pure friends, we must go in the same society in which they move.

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then we think our work in this world is over. That is a sign that the heart has begun to wither—and that is a dreadful kind of old age.

He who spends his younger days in dissipation is mortgaging himself to disease and poverty, two inexorable creditors, who are certain to foreclose at last and take possession of the premises.

It is easy in the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he, who in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

When you doubt between words use the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheek.

The best rec for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs a kindness they can get from others in this world.

If a man wants to be right and to do some good in the world he must not be discouraged when he finds himself with the minority. At one time or another he who accomplishes much for the cause of truth is sure to find the majority against him.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to attribute them to the settled course of things.

Did any one ever hear of a person who because there were counterfeit money in circulation would have nothing to do with money? Why, then, reject Christianity because there are bogus Christians in circulation? It is very strange that so trivial and unreasonably an excuse should be so often offered.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladness current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disparted,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to men,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is rapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends are gone
And left our bosom bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of falling strength
Indemnifying feebleness;
And those of youth, a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

CATHERINE.

If you think the lovers I am going to tell about were a pink and white girl, with sweet eyes and fine hair, and a tall, handsome fellow saying soft things to her, you are greatly mistaken.

They had been at summer hotels, at the seaside, and among the mountains, where pert Irish girls, and sometimes pert Yankee ones, flouted around the table in parti-colored costumes, and with hair frizzled and pulled over their eyes, a la poodle.

We were tired of people, and wanted to rest; so we induced a farmer's wife to content us among her family, and let us share their fresh butter and sweet cream. These and the strawberries, and the chickens, were all very nice, but the most refreshing sight there was a real genuine servant.

She was a middle-aged woman, with horny hands, hair touched with gray, and a patient, sad expression in her eyes. Her voice was low and pleasant, and her smile winning, although she was uncommonly plain, and bore marks of an encounter with that destroyer of beauty—the small pox.

Catherine—she answered to no such pet name as "Katy," or "Kitty"—always wore a clean, well-starched print, with a frill of the same at the neck; a checked apron, tied with tape around her waist, and her hair was always combed smoothly over her forehead. She was one of those rare women who can get up a dinner, and then, as if by magic, put herself in perfect order to serve at table.

Catherine was doing a double duty at this time. The boy, whose duty it was to milk seven cows and feed two hundred hens, had gone home, ill, and as the men were all busy in the harvest fields, his work came on her. The farmer had gone down to New York to get another man, and was expected home the next day.

That evening, we went out to see Catherine milk, and, as we stood beside her and the delicate buff-colored Jersey cow she was milking, we fell into conversation with her.

She told us she was well acquainted with her work, having been a farm-servant in "Holland." She thought work lighter and wages better here than there, and remarked:

"If servants were willing to be like servants here, and not be always struggling to look like ladies, they might lay by a good bit for a sick day, or for old age."

I said that it was cheering to meet one who was contented with her lot; upon which she heaved a deep sigh, and I saw that it was the same old story—"an aching void," if no deeper sorrow.

She did not look up, nor court sympathy, but I could not help saying:

"I suppose you left your parents behind, and your brothers and sisters?"

"No; my parents died when I was a bit of a child. My brother died ten years ago."

"Well, one sighs for the very green earth of his native land," I said.

"Oh, well, I don't know about that, ma'am; I never think of that. It's just as green and sweet here. God's earth is about the same all over; and again there was a deep, deep sigh."

We followed Catherine as she bore the shaming pails into the dairy, and there we met the lady of the farm.

Yes, we mean just that, for she was a lady, well as a farmer's wife. She met Catherine with a smile, and said:

"Be patient on more milking, Catherine. The master's coming to-morrow with a man who will be twice the help to you as Joe was."

Catherine smiled and replied: "I'm not a-weary, and neither am I impatient, ma'am."

We left the brick-floored dairy, and as we passed into the sitting-room, I said to the lady, "That woman has some great sorrow."

"Oh, no; only perhaps a little 'omesick for old Holland,'" was the reply. "She has been with me two years, and has never spoken of any trouble."

"I have had my suspicions, however," she added, "that she might have a husband somewhere, although she passes for an old maid. The worthy man in our cottage, who has a nice home and some money, wanted to marry her, last winter, to secure a good mother for his boys. But she said, 'No, that she'd no' care for marrying.'"

When the open wagon came up from the depot, about sunset next day, we all went to the kitchen door to welcome "the master," and to take a peep at the new man.

Catherine stood in the doorway, the picture of neatness. She was dressed in one of her "Hollandish gowns," in which good-looking cowboys reposed on a ground of refreshing lilac color.

I complimented her dress, and her high-topped comb, and her broad muslin collar, when she smiled and replied:

"These all were given me at a fair at 'ome, years ago, and I have worn them out twice. Some way, I just felt like dressing up this afternoon. Perhaps it was to do with money? Why, then, reject Christianity because there are bogus Christians in circulation? It is very strange that so trivial and unreasonably an excuse should be so often offered."

feel at home before you go to your room. Catherine!"

Catherine had fled; and the man, who had caught a glimpse of her, stood looking at the door through which she had vanished, his eyes and mouth wide open.

"Catherine, come now and give your countryman a good supper!" called the farmer.

In a moment she appeared in the doorway, as pale as marble; and the great, good-looking, middle-aged man made a bound for her, and caught her in his arms, and showered kisses—which sounded like the report of patent pop-guns—on her pale face.

He then held her off at arm's length and cried:

"Is it ye, indeed, Catherine, that I thought dead, found by a mermaid?"

"O Timothy!" gasped Catherine, "I'd long thought ye dead in Austraila!"

"I never set foot on it, sinner as I was to tell ye I was gone."

Here we all withdrew from what should be a strictly private conference.

That night Catherine tapped at my door, and, when admitted, she said, with a courtesy:

"I couldn't let ye sleep, ma'am, till I'd explained, lest ye might think me an on-mo-dest girl that a stranger would dare be kissing."

"Timothy and me were 'trothed to each other at 'ome, and for four years we were struggling to lay up a bit to me to Holland. I was by natur' a bit sad, and 's was the merriest lad in the town. 'I would tease me at times, telling me 'e found a fairer nor me, and would marry her, and so he used to fret me."

"But we'd always make up, and 'e'd say 'e wouldn't change me for any girl in the land. But 'e'd soon be at it again."

"'E tried it once to hoften. 'E came in, sayin' 'e was goin' hooft to Austraila, and wouldn't be back for ten years, and hid me farewell. I couldn't bear the mortification, and I made up my mind to leave Holland."

"When night came, I put my box in the wagoner's 'ands, and went to Liverpool, and took ship for 'ere. 'I halways thought 'im in Austraila, and 'e thought me crazed or dead when I was not to be found. But 'e's suffered enough, poor dear lad."

"'E's, ye though, such long years 'a gone by. 'E's never loved another, and 'is 'cart is just breakin' wi' gratitude to God for bringin' 'im safe to me. 'E's promised, so soon as an oth'er, to treat me no more, and 'e's pledged me never to be a silly fool, but a wise, sensible woman, worthy to be 'is wife. I've asked leave of the mistress to go to the minister with 'im to-morrow; and the master 'imself offered to drive us 'over in 'is best wagon.'"

"But you have no wedding dress," I said.

"O dear lady, if I had a thousand o' 'em, I'd throw them all aside and wear the cow-slip gown that Timothy gave me at the fair!"

The next evening, we had a wedding supper in the dining-room; and we all waited on Catherine and Timothy. We gave them wedding-presents, and wished them joy, and made them the happiest couple in town.

The Sensitive Plant.

The idea of subjecting this remarkable plant to the action of anesthetics was natural, and several experiments of the kind are recorded, the plant having been placed in vapors of ether or chloroform. Recently, Mr. Arloing has made some interesting observations of the effects of chloroform, and ether presented for absorption at the roots.

The pots were sprinkled with aqueous solutions of these substances, then covered to prevent evaporation of the vapors. After absorption of chloroform or ether, one notes primary and secondary effects; the former are phenomena of excitation similar to those arising from mechanical irritation, and comparable to those in animals when anesthetized. They occur successively from the bottom to the top of the stem. In thirty to sixty minutes the common petioles (or leaf-stems) straighten and the leaflets separate, beginning from the top of the stem; but the plant is now found to have lost its sensibility. The secondary effects consist of elimination of the anesthetic. The sensibility often does not return for one and a-half or two hours. Chloroform does not act anesthesically on the sensitive plant.—These observations afforded Mr. Arloing an opportunity of ascertaining the velocity of liquids in the stem and branches of plants under strictly physiological conditions.

Within the stem, the velocity of the liquid has been found to have increased in plants which have been withered or mutilated plants. If the leaves are in good state, the common petioles bend down suddenly and successively from below upwards in the plant as the absorbed chloroform reaches them. Hence, knowing the dimensions of the plant the velocity of the chloroformized water in the stem and primary petioles can be easily calculated. Within the stem, the velocity is modified by the state of the tissues and foliage, the temperature, &c.; it was found in different cases, at the rate of 0.90 metres, 2.22 metres, 2.40 metres, and 3.76 metres per hour. The velocity increases from the base to the top of the stem in the ratio of 1 to 1.25 or 1.50, and it is one and a half times or twice as great in the petioles as in the stem. The time of absorption by the roots was found to vary from two to six and a half minutes.

Flinging a Judge.

A Daniel has come to judgment in the person of Judge Eldridge, of Memphis, Tenn., who requires the officers of the Circuit to be prompt in their attendance under penalty of fine. One day recently he was late himself, and business was, of course, suspended until he appeared. He mounted the bench with the stern aspect of Brutus.

"Mr. Clark," he observed, "you will please see, enter up a fine against Judge Eldridge for absence without an excuse." This was done amid breathless silence, but soon after Judge Arloing General Duval made a most eloquent appeal in favor of remitting the fine. He referred in touching terms to the uniform promptness of Judge Eldridge, and to his devotion to the duties of his official position. Then followed W. J. River, in a speech in which logic and pathos were most delicately and ingeniously interwoven. But the eloquence of both attorneys fell on stony ears. The Court observed that while edified and moved by the eloquence of the learned counsel, its determination to punish the offender was inflexible. Bartlett might pass away; the time might arrive when Memphis would cease to discuss the sanitary question; but that fine must stand.

The Tonnage Market of Paris.

By the Jardin des Plantes, in the old and quaint quarter of St. Marcel, Paris, you will find, every Wednesday morning, from spring to autumn, a very curious market place. From seven to nine A. M., your attention is called to an open space of ground, separated by a boarding from the street by a noise like unto that which greets the cars of tired Senators when the sun of day is meeting the twilight hour, and all frolicdom on the banks of the Washington canal is chorously joyous and loud! We approach this market place so full of stupor and sound. Young men in blue blouses, black silk caps, pert faces, jaunty airs, big finger rings, dandy boots, greasy hair—parted down the middle—and prim moustaches, are the vendors. In one hand they hold a little stick, and when the sounds aloud to grow heathenish, whack! goes the stick on the top of a barrel whence these diabolical noises emanate, and silence reigns. The toads are momentarily dumb. We know there is a great deal of unfavorable sentiment arrayed against toads, yet toads are full of love sentiment. A toad carries all its young in a most loving and sentimental manner, and why should not like beget like, if there be any truth in the doctrine of Aristotle? Much bad blood and malignity is got up against toads. This one of the young men in blouse tells me, in a foolish, half-philosophical way. Barrels of toads! Think of it! Barrels packed like barrels of potatoes! "Selling at 2 francs, 40 to 6 francs a dozen, prime toads! nice toads!" Who buys them? Vegetable gardeners. Why? For the reason that toads devour the insects that otherwise would devour the vegetables. Who devours the toads? Contrary to some ideas—not the French people. But toads are being sold now, not devoured, and quietly. The license revenue to the Government is great, while the profit to the vendors is greater, arising from this other peculiar Parisian business, the selling of toads. I addressed myself to one of the merchants. "Permit me to ask if you have been long in this business?" Merchant looks at me and laconically replies: "Born in it! Then I resume and say, encouragingly: "You know a good deal about toads?" He looks at me again and replies: "All? I am uneasy as to its feelings; therefore change the attack by asking: "Does it pay well?" He deigns not to look at me now, but replies: "It does." "Do you suffer much loss by death by packing the toads all of a mass in a barrel?" "I do not!" "Is it expensive to cultivate them?" "It is!" "How do you care for them and propagate them?" "We don't care much for them, but we propagate them!" "Where?" "Marshes and rockeries!" "Do you ever feed them?" "Never!" "How do you live?" "Pretty well!" "Have you a large supply?" "Too large!" I look upon him as the concentrated assemblage of many toads, and I leave him.

The New Ocean Cable.

North Eastham, where the shore end of the new cable has been laid, is near Provincetown, Cape Cod. From North Eastham the land lines of the American Union Telegraph Company will afford transmission to all points in the United States and Canada. The Poyser Quarter Company is composed mostly of French and American stockholders, the former holding the balance of power, and has a paid-up capital of about \$8,000,000, soon to be increased by an additional amount of \$2,000,000. Its officers are practical men, experienced in telegraphy and in the management of telegraphic business with the outside world.

The cable was constructed by Siemens Brothers, of England, who also built the cable used by the Direct company. It is considered heavier, stronger and more nearly perfect than any now used by other companies. The process of its building is especially adapted to secure those results.

A central wire of copper is surrounded by three copper wires, twisted, insuring absolute continuity in all weather. For insulating purposes three envelopes of gutta percha surround the wire, and outside of the gutta percha is placed a wrapping of manilla hemp treated with Chatterton's compound. An armor of steel wire for protection is placed outside the hemp, the wires composing the armor, being laid in a peculiar manner, side by side, so that fractures seem almost impossible to occur.

Surrounding the armor is another covering of manilla hemp, saturated with an anti-corrosive compound, which makes the assurance doubly sure that the cable will be always ready for use. The cable extends from Brest, France, to St. Pierre, Miquelon, and from St. Pierre to North Eastham. At its completion the Faraday will return to Brest, when another cable of similar construction will be laid from Brest to Land's End, establishing connection with that country. The distance across is only about two hundred miles, and as the water is shallow, the electricians regard this as an easy task. Next year the company will lay still another cable from Land's End to St. Pierre, thus establishing a double line between this country and Europe. The Faraday, which is well adapted to the laying of ocean cables, was in the very centre of the cyclone in the North Atlantic Ocean, but paid no attention to the unruly element, keeping on about its business of cable laying just as if nothing else was going on.

To secure a landing-place in the United States the company gave the United States Government a guarantee that the company will not consolidate or amalgamate with any other line, or combine therewith for the purpose of regulating rates.

A Married Widow.

It was just before the opening of the railway from Baganore to Kharok in 1869, and I was driving these dreary distances in autumn. For the first two days and nights the weather was lovely, but on the third morning, soon after sunrise, the sky became covered with heavy, torn and jagged clouds; a northerly wind arose, and with thunder, lightning, cold gale, and snow, the winter burst on us as it yearly breaks on Southern Russia. In half an hour the rich, black, rolling plains had become an ocean of inky mud, and we reached the post station of Donski only to find this order, "Impossible to proceed."

I called for tea, and the samovar was brought in by a fine, upright, gray bearded man, whom, from his black velvet tunic and slashed sleeves, I took to be the post-master himself. He was followed into the room by a noble looking Cossack woman of his own age, who said, "Little husband, why don't you ask the little lord if he will eat a partridge and a bit of bread?" The kurupatka is plump, and the day will be long before his troika can be harnessed to face the storm." She smiled sweetly as she spoke—she smiled lovingly upon her; then she left us, looking lingeringly back.

"Your wife is in love with you still, and you with her, postmaster," I said. "You must have beaten her well when she was young for her to love you so. How long is it since you were married?"

"I am sixty," he replied; "I was married at twenty-five, thirty-five years—five years before I died."

"What?" said I.

"Five years before my death. Is it possible that you don't know my story? You must have come a long way off, for I have heard that it is told even upon the Azof."

And, throwing his legs across a chair, without more ado, he spoke thus, I was born in 1809 and can remember the return from Paris of my father and uncle—Cossacks of the Don. Those were grand days, when every Cossack was an officer of birth, and when the Hetman Platow was King of Europe, conqueror of the Turks and of the French, and friend and equal of the White Tsar. Now this Petersburg Tsar says that we're no better than his Great Russian slaves, and for many years my sabre and long pistols have hung upon the wall unused; and when I have worn my red bandied cap and my red striped breeches I've been as hid as much as I could of the stripe in my boots, for I'm ashamed of it now; and they're even going to take away our privilege of the supply of salt."

"In 1834, as a young postmaster—for my father was dead—with a good place and a handsome beard, I was the best match in the two church villages round. I could pick my wife, and I chose Olga, that you saw just now."

"There!" said I.

"Ah! wait and see. Wait, little lord! Don't be impatient! Olga was so lovely as she was good. You have seen her in her sixtieth year. Her goodness is what it was; and, though I may be an unsafe judge, her beauty, I think, is not yet gone."

He looked at me, I nodded.

"We were happy at first; but I was young, I felt the chain. I was faithful to her as far as women went, but not kind. We had no children."

"One day, in 1839 she was in low spirits about me, and flung her arms upon a sudden about my neck, with, 'Do you really love me, little John?'"

"You knew I do."

"But not as I love you."

"To tell you what thoughts flashed in an instant through my mind would be impossible. That what she said was true, that while I did love her in a kind way, I was bound to her for life, whether I would or no. In a fit of wild rage, I struck her one short, sharp blow. She looked at me, with despair in her eyes, and walked slowly into her other room. I ran into the stable yard."

"Harnass a troika," said I to the starosta. "I leave at once for Kharok, and that despatches for the courier dropped, and that I've found upon the floor. Quick! quick! the best courier horses."

"In an instant they were ready. Merrily I jingled the bells in the crisp air. Paul took the reins, and off I whirled. In twenty hours I was at Kharok. To my friend the starosta at the great Kharok station, who was equal in rank and pay to most postmasters themselves, I said, 'Do me a service, little friend, as I would do one for you. I am going to leave my wife to whom I have been unkind, and am going to enlist in the Guard. But I wish her to forget me, and she must think me dead. Write to her in a week, and tell her I was taken with the cholera and died. Beg her to forgive me for my unkindness. Say that I was grateful for her love; and that it was my last wish that she should marry again, some lad more worthy of her than myself. Make interest to have the station continued to her as postmistress. She was a priest's daughter, and can write."

"We crossed ourselves; he swore: we bowed to the image in the corner of the stable; and in five minutes I was gone."

"At the recruiting office I enlisted for the Empress's regiment of Cuirassiers of the Guards as a fourteen years' volunteer, and in a false name. I'd of course no papers, but they ask no questions, for I was a fine recruit. My beard was shaved, my hair was cut, and when I got to St. Petersburg, and was fitted with my uniform and eagle crowned helmet, no one would have known me. I rose to be sergeant and second riding-master, upon my padjarjina I see that you are English."

"Now, in 1853, when I had served my time, there were rumors of war in Turkey against you, and tempting offers were made to me to stop and drill the recruits. But I was wretched, and home-sickness drove me South; though, if I found my wife dead or married, again, I intended to kill myself."

"Petersburg is not a place for Cossacks either. By brooding over the past, I had become madly in love with my wife. It was no use for me to tell myself that I had left her well off; that she was married again and happy; that she was forty-four and fat; or else, perhaps, a scarecrow. I was madly in love. I got my discharge and pension papers, and started South. At Kharok my friend was dead. What if she too were dead?"

"Who keeps the Donski post station now?" I asked, crossing myself the while under my long cloak.

"The widow."

"A widow that has kept it fourteen years?"

"The same."

"In eighteen hours I was there. I recognized two of the old men, but they not me. I rushed into the house. She was at her day book, writing, not changed; only grayer, and with silver in her black hair. My own little Olga, in the best style of old days. She did not turn to look at me, but threw up her arms and fell forward on the table. I rushed to her and felt her heart, with mine, too, all but ceasing to beat. In a moment she came to herself—our lips pressed together. That was in 1853. This is 1869. Sixteen years gone like a day. We have made up for the past, little lord."

"But would you believe it? That wretched Government at Petersburg insists that I am dead, and that the Donski station is kept by a widow. Or else, they say, the cuirassier riding-master must be dead, and with him his pension. My widow accepts the situation with a smile, for our neighbors all know better than to believe the Government, and she keeps the books, signs the receipts, and pays the taxes. I draw my pension in my cuirassier name."

A Doomed Family.

A few nights ago Edward Scannell, shot and dangerously wounded Henry Wilson, in a low grogery in New York. The male members of the family seem born to misfortune, which is a mild word to express what has, at times, been tinged with crime. In the fall election of 1868 Florence Scannell was a candidate for Assistant Alderman. A few nights before the election he was in Thomas Donohue's saloon, at Twenty-third street and Second avenue. The place was crowded, and much heated discussion on politics took place. Hot words led to blows; during the fracas some one fired a pistol. The bullet lodged in Florence Scannell's spine. After lingering for a few days he died in Bellevue Hospital. John Scannell accused Donohue of shooting his brother, although the charge was not made until several days afterwards. Nothing could be proved against Donohue, and the charge fell to the ground. Indeed, it was said at the time that the coroner, among politicians and sporting men, that John Scannell himself fired the shot, intending to hit another man. Be this as it may, John Scannell professed to believe that Donohue was his brother's murderer, and then determined to slay him. Donohue was shot at once in First avenue, and an endeavor was made to show that Scannell had made the attempt to assassinate him, but the evidence was not sufficient to fasten the crime on him. All that could be proved was that a man in disguise had shot at Donohue. Four years passed and Donohue still lived, but Scannell had not relinquished his purpose. Instead, his determination grew stronger with time, and eventually consumed every other desire: it became a mania, which controlled his waking thoughts and dreaming hours. On the eve of the Presidential election, in November, 1872, the pool rooms in this city were crowded by eager investors on the result. One of the most noted places at that time was T. B. Johnson's, at Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. On the Saturday preceding the day of election that place was literally packed. Standing near the door was Thomas Donohue, with no thought or care apparently for anything else than investing his money in the election pools. As he was turning to speak to a friend, John Scannell went down the stairs and saw him. Without warning, he drew his pistol, and pointing it at Donohue, began firing, remarking, "I have you now." Donohue fell at the first fire, and Scannell then emptied the remaining shots in his pistol into the body of the fallen man. Death ensued almost immediately, and Scannell was arrested and indicted for murder. On his first trial he was sentenced to be hung; the case was appealed, a new trial granted, and by a jury of physicians Scannell was declared insane. He was sent to the State Asylum at Utica, and after a short confinement there, was released on a writ of habeas corpus, the courts which declared him insane then declaring him sane. At the time Donohue was shot Edward Scannell was at Fordham College. It was the desire of the family that he should be educated for the priesthood. His brother's crime barred him out from so ambitious a calling, and from that day he changed from a moral youth to a reckless man. When John Scannell was released from the asylum he entered at once upon the life of a professional sporting man. He became, and is now part owner of a gambling saloon in Barclay street and another near Thirtieth and Broadway. In both of these places his younger brother, Ed. Scannell, was dealer for a long game.

A Hot Water River.

The projector of the Sutro Tunnel is of the opinion that the hot water which is so troublesome in the Comstock mines comes from a depth of ten or fifteen thousand feet, where the rocks are at a high temperature; and also that there must be some connection between the water of the Comstock lode and that of the boiling springs at Steamboat, six or seven miles distant. One of the great advantages of the tunnel is the means it affords for draining the mines. The tunnel discharges about twelve thousand tons of water every twenty-four hours. To lift this water to the surface would cost not less than \$3,000 a day. Some of the water has a temperature of 165 degrees where all the water mingles; four miles from the mouth of the tunnel the temperature ranges from 130 degrees to 135 degrees. If left to flow through the open tunnel this water would so fill the air with steam as to make the tunnel impassable. In flowing the four miles through a tight flume made of 3 inch yellow pine, the water loses but 7 degrees of heat. At the mouth of the tunnel the water is conducted sixty feet down a shaft to a wheel in the machine shop, whence it is carried off by a tunnel eleven hundred feet in length, which serves as a tail race. From this tunnel the water flows a mile and a half to the Carson river. This large flow of warm water is now used for many purposes, the first to utilize it having been the mill made small ponds to swim in—pioneers, it may be, in establishing a system of warm baths, which may ultimately become a great sanitary resort. The water can also be turned to account in heating hot houses and for irrigation. The tunnel company have a farm of over a thousand acres which, when properly watered, is very fertile. In course of time there will probably be many acres of fruit and vegetables under glass at this point all warmed and watered by the tunnel water.

The Alpine Horn.

The Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summits of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peaks of these mountains takes his horn, and cries with a