Beaver & Gephart

The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LIV. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1880. NO. 17.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The care of most people is how to get husbands for their daughters; but my care is to fit my daughters to be good wives; and then let God provide for them.

Soap bubbles are airy things, but they soon burst. Just so it is with men puffed up with vanity. They make a show for a season—sail on the current, but soon burst, and nothing is left of them.

Whoever thinks of life as something that could be without religion is yet in doubly ignorance of both. Life and religion are one, or neither is anything.

One of the hardest lessons to learn in life is that the man that differs with you, not only in opinions, but in principles, may be as honest and sincere as yourself.

The powers of the mind, when they are unbound and expanded by the sunshine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom into goodness.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, "'Tis all barren!" And so it is, and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruit it offers.

I have seldom seen much ostentation and much learning met together. The sun, rising and declining, makes long shadows; at mid-day, when he is highest, none at all.

Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions, and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and seasons whether they come up or not, or whether he or any other gathers the fruit.

If any one does not know by personal experience how much of heaven's promised rest can be secured for the soul even now by prayer, he had better leave every other lesson of life unlearned till he has mastered that.

Unceasing vigilance is the only way of safety. "While men slept, an enemy came and sowed tares in the field," so will it be with our precious fields if we are neglectful, or sink into a careless slumber with regard to these dangers.

"In everything give thanks." Even with the manacles of a criminal about his wrists, Paul writes: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

RATTLE OF THE BONES.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they all are in place.

How many bones in the human ear?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human head?
Three in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones of the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each, one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each fore-arm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each—and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each—the knee-pan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each—we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each—but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each; as in the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now, all together, these many bones fix—
And they count in the body two hundred and six.

And then we have in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And we now and then have a bone, I should think,
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink.

A Sesamoid bone, or a Wermian we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

My Charlie.

My Charlie was the most unromantic and matter-of-fact fellow that ever existed. He would read an old almanac any time in preference to a volume of poems, and when I told him one day about the trials and sufferings of that dear "Claude Clonett," in Stringemont's new novel, he coolly asked me, when I had finished, if "C. C. took sugar or drank his whisky straight." Oh, my! what a trouble he was to me, and I really do not know how I ever came to tolerate him. He wouldn't act one bit like a hero, and when he said "good bye" at the gate, after spending the evening with me, he would walk straight away through the field whistling "Yankee Doodle," and never turn and kiss his hand to me once.

Then when I flirted just a little with a nice fellow to make my Charlie jealous, he never said one word, and I had expected he would vow vengeance on the nice fellow, and threaten to take prussic acid himself.

No, there was no romance in Charlie Marsh. He drank two cups of coffee for breakfast, ate lots of pork and beans for dinner, and poured down three cups of tea for supper. His hair was always parted on the right side of his head, a moustache never graced his lip, and his voice, instead of being soft and low and sweet, was loud and coarse like the sound of a bass viol.

It will be proper to state, before I go any further, that Charlie was my promised husband; and I think he loved me, although he was unromantic. As I said before, how I came to love him has always been a profound mystery to me, for he was as different from my ideal as night is from day; and when he proposed to me, in place of dropping on his knees and telling me that I was the whole world to him and he could never, never, never exist one moment without me for his guiding star, he just turned to me one evening, as we were sitting together in the parlor, and said, as coolly as you please: "Sis"—that's what he always called me—"you know I have been head over heels in love with you for more than two months; won't you be Mrs. Marsh, and make a fellow happy?"

"Head over heels in love" with me! what an expression! I was really shocked and I never ought to have said "yes," but I took pity on the poor fellow, because I thought he sincerely loved me, and would become more sensible in time. I do not think I would have loved him so well if Pa had not detested him. Pa did not like him, because it was rumored that his great grandfather sold peanuts on an old ferryboat; but I never believed it. Pa at last forbade him the house; but that made me all the more anxious to see my Charlie, and we met under the great maple trees. He, of course, should have proposed an elopement; but he was too matter-of-fact to ever think of it; and when I asked him what we had better do under the circumstances, he thought for a few moments and said:

"I think I'll give your father a good thrashing when I catch him out, and then he will think better of me."

"No, Mr. Marsh," I replied, "you'll do no such thing. Just lay your finger on pa, and I'll never speak to you again while I live."

I said this in such a tragic manner that poor Charlie could do nothing but stand and look at me and whistle.

"What shall we do then?" he asked.

"Why, if you are too dumb to think, I will tell you," I answered, feeling dreadfully provoked at him. "To-night, when pale Luna has—"

"What's that?" he asked.

"The moon," I returned, impatiently; "and you will oblige me by not interrupting me again. When pale Luna has sunk to rest behind the horizon, and our cottage is hushed in silence, come steathily to the back yard, and—"

"That confounded dog will get after me!"

"Mr. Marsh," I replied, getting entirely out of patience, "if you interrupt me once more, I will leave you, and return to my home." "Go on, then, Sis," he replied, "and I'll be as silent as a tombstone. Proceed, as Parson Sagby says."

"Well," I continued, "when you reach the back yard be sure that no one is up—see that the house is shrouded in darkness—and if it is, throw a little gravel stone against my window, and I will appear to you like Juliet did to Romeo—"

"But where will that dog be—"

"Silence!" I said; "I will see that the dog is shut up in the kitchen. Don't interrupt me again, please. I will be all in readiness to leave my father's mansion, and you must stand beneath my window and catch me, for I will have to jump down—"

"Suppose you should fall and skin your nose?" said he.

I could not stand that. All patience was gone, and I commenced to sob hysterically.

"Don't cry, Sis," he said, tenderly, taking me in his arms. "I'll see that you do not fall. Tell me the rest of the programme, and I'll listen in silence."

I then ceased sobbing, and resumed:

"After we are safely away from the grasp of my cruel pa, I will become your own wife forever; and then we will return to him, fall on our knees and ask forgiveness. Do you like my plan, dear?"

"All right, Sis; your arrangement is A No. 1. I will do exactly as you say.—When pale what-you-may-call it has sunk to rest, a chap of my inches will be about."

"That's a dear Charlie," I replied; "you'll try and be good hereafter, and have a soul above buttons, won't you? And now I must return home. Tra-la-la till to-night." And, kissing my hand to him, I turned and walked home.

It was awfully dark. Murky, sombre clouds floated through the sky, and hid pale Luna completely from view. I had everything in readiness to leave my father's house; and I sat by the window of my cosy chamber awaiting the sound of the gravel stone against the pane. It came at last, with a sharp crack that made me half jump from my chair, and silently I slid the sash up as high as it would go.

"Are you there, dear Charlie?" I asked in a low voice.

"Yes," was the reply, and his head appeared on a level with the window-sill. "I got on this hogshead, and now I can lift you out easily. Is that dog shut up safely?"

"He is, I replied, "and now help me out. Be careful. That hogshead is full of water, and the cover is weak—O, gracious!"

My admonition came too late. Our combined weight was too much for the cover—it gave way, and in we both went up to our necks in water.

"Just as I expected," said Charlie, climbing out.

"You're a brute!" I returned. "Lift me out of this."

He did so, and at the very moment I was deposited on the ground, pa and the dog Towser, appeared on the scene.

"There's that dog!" cried my lover, and he disappeared over the garden fence in a twinkling.

"What means this?" asked my cruel father.

I made no reply; but pushing past him I entered the house, ran up to my room, and had a nice long cry. I would never see Charlie again, and he married a widow with five children. Poor fellow! I pity him!

"I Licked Him."

"Now, Mrs. Roosmyer.' said his honor, "what do you want a warrant for?"

"Foor my husband, so much I know."

"What's he's been doing?"

"I licked him."

"*You* licked him!"

"I licked him. Und I got right py dose."

"How do you make that out?"

"Ven I told you, then you find out. I fix his dinner so he go py his vork. Then he catch his hand pehint und say he got a pain in his pack. So he lie down on the lounge und groan like he vas very pad. Ven he feels petter it vas too late to go py his vork, so he say he go mit the greek und catch some fish. He don'd goome pack pefore it vas nighd, und all the fish vat he got vas as a meesrable leedle pullhead what you could'd ground; put he smell like some peer parrels more ash dwendy dimes. Und den he say:

"What for supper aind ready?"

"I tell him you schplit some of dose firewood und I dalk mit you. Then he catch by his arm und schream:

"Oh! I got the roomasticks!"

"So you can'd schplit some wood?" I say.

"Nein. Oh! oh! dose roomaticks! dose roomaticks!" he kept on griveing.

Then I vas madder ash you dink. Und I say:

"Ven you dold me you got a bain in your pack, I say nothing. Und ouf you got dooble up on accound you got some of dose roomatickst I say it vas all righd. Put, by golly, ouf you dose bain in the pack und dot roomaticks von don'd gome only ven you got some vork to do, then I lick you on sighd."

"Very well, if you licked him what do you want a warrant for?'

"Oh accound he shall be locked oud the way so I put smearcase on my own brod, by shimmeny. Vot you dinks?"

A Duel on Horseback.

The Earl of Glencairn challenged Lieut. Gen. Sir George Munro for grossly opprobrious language used by him towards the Highland troops, as being "no other than a pack of thieves and robbers." They met in a field near Dornoch, "by gray daylight. They were both well mounted on horseback; each of them were to have one pistol, after discharging which they were to fight with broad-swords. The pistols were fired without doing harm. They then engaged with their swords, and, after a few passes, my Lord had the good fortune to give Sir George a sore stroke on the bridle-hand, whereupon Sir George cried out that he was not able to command his horse; 'and I hope,' says he, 'you will fight me on foot.' 'Ye earle,' says my Lord, 'I will let you know that I'm a match for you either on foot or horseback.' Whereupon they both alighted; and at the first bout my Lord gave him a sore stroke on the brow, about an inch above his eyes, which bled so much that he could not see. His Lordship was going to thrust him through the body: but John White, his man, pushed up his sword, and said: 'You had enough of him, my Lord.' His Lordship, in a passion, gave him a stroke over the shoulders, and then took his horse and came to his quarters. Munro and his brother went to head-quarters, but with much ado, for the bleeding head and hand." Their only attendants as seconds were Lord Glencairn's trumpeter and valet—his man John above mentioned—and Lieut.-Col. Alexander Munro, a younger brother of Sir George.

Foiled by a Woman.

"Madam, it is my duty to arrest you!"

"You dare not!"

The lips were white with passion rather than fear, and the lady stood before me like a lioness at bay. Even then I could not help but note the splendid beauty of this grand lady. Tall and slender, eyes black and flashing—almost lurid now; the spectacle she presented, standing there in the middle of the apartment, was more the appearance of a queen than a hunted criminal.

"I must," I replied. "I do not doubt your innocence; looking in your face, it is not marked with guilt. But I am constrained to do my duty madam, however inimical it may be to my feelings."

"Will you allow me to change my dress?" she said in a tone almost pleasant. The hard lines around the mouth had relaxed, and the passionate glow of the face gave way to a pleasant smile.

"Certainly, I will wait for you here."

"I wish to send a message for a friend; will you allow him to pass?"

"Certainly."

This was my first interview with Eugenia Cormille. I had seen her here for months, the leader of our gayest and most fashionable society. In her splendid mansion she dispensed the most profuse and elegant hospitality.

A Spanish lady—a widow, she had represented herself—and had been a resident here almost a year. No one ever suspected her of being aught but what she seemed, until one day I was ordered to arrest her as a murderess.

It was now alleged, said Mr. F., that the young beauty was none other than the woman who had poisoned her husband in Havana, and fled with all his wealth. An immense reward was offered for her apprehension, and the circumstances that had come to our knowledge pointed her out beyond all doubt as the person we were in search of. Yet the person who had recognized her the evening before at the theatre advised us to be careful lest she should escape us. I laughed at the idea. Mr. I——and myself were sufficient to arrest a lady. We were old enough in the ways of cunning to defeat any such attempts. When the lady left me, I stepped to the window and said to Mr. I——, who was waiting at the door:

"The lady desires to send a friend; suffer him to pass.

Almost at the same instant the door of the apartment the lady entered was opened, and a youth—apparently a mulatto boy—came out and passed hurriedly through the room into the hall, and from thence into the street. It was no doubt the messenger, I thought, and I picked up a book and commenced reading.

Nearly an hour passed, and still the lady did not make her appearance or did the boy return. The friend she had sent for must live at some distance, or the lady is unusually careful about her toilet, I thought; and so another hour went by. At last I grew impatient and knocked at the door.

"Madam, I can wait no longer."

There was no reply. I knocked repeatedly, and at last dertermined to force an entrance. Strange fears harassed me. I began to suspect, I knew not what. I took but a moment to drive in the door, and once in that apartment the mystery was revealed. The robes of the lady lay upon the floor, and scattered over the room were suits of boy's wearing apparel, similar to that worn by the mulatto. On the table was a cosmetic that would stain the skin a light, delicate brown.

I was foiled for a surety, the lady had escaped in the guise of a messenger. I should have detected the ruse; I felt humiliated, and determined to redress my error. I knew she would not remain in the city a moment longer than was necessary. I hurried to her banker's and found she had drawn the amount due her an hour before.

"Who presented the check?" I asked the clerk.

"A mulatto boy. It was made payable to bearer."

There was yet a chance, The French steamer left within an hour; it was possible she would seek that means of escape. I jumped into a cab and arrived there ten minutes before she left the wharf, just in time to assist an aged, decrepit gentleman into the cabin.

There were few passengers; none answering the description of the person I sought. I was in the act of turning away when a hackman approached me with the remark:

"Mr. F.. did you see that old man on board; he had a long white beard and hair that fell on his shoulders?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, there's something curious about him."

"Why?"

"Why, sir, when he got into my carriage he was a mulatto boy, and when he got out he was an old man."

I will not repeat the expression I used then—it was neither polite nor refined—for I knew the vessel would be far out to sea before she could be overtaken. I was foiled by a woman. Nor could I help rejoicing, now that the chase was over, that she had escaped.

Innocent or guilty there was a charm about her none could resist. The spell of her wondrous beauty affected all who approached her. It lingers in my memory yet; and I could not have the sin of her blood upon my conscience.

A Deadly Ring.

Here is a true elephant story for you from an American missionary, who once lived among the Dutch Boers of Natal, for seven years. He saw the ivory, and believes the story:—One afternoon, about four o'clock, three Dutchmen were out hunting, and came upon a large herd of elephants. They fired at the leader, and instantly the entire herd fled. The leader rushed on and on, thinking he was on the right track to escape; but the elephants were in a valley and only ran round and round it in a circle perhaps three hundred yards in diameter, and were shot down from four o'clock in the afternoon until eight in the evening, when darkness prevented the Dutchman from taking aim any longer. But the three men rose at break of day, and found the poor elephants still going round. It was several hours before a new leader, breaking out of the beaten track, led off the remainder of the herd in safety. The Dutchmen, whose names were Botha and Potgeiter, two being brothers, counted the slain. Ninety elephants lay dead in the valley; and as their valuable tusks of ivory were divided equally among the three Dutchmen, you can believe that each man's share was considerable.

Love's Sacrifice.

It was my last act of my mission as a detective before leaving New Orleans for San Francisco in the Spring of 1849; and I may add that it is the saddest memory connected with my career as a detective. In one of the fashionable millinery establishments of that city was a young girl named Mary Elliston. She was very young, but with a character formed by the sad experience which is sure to be met with in the life of an orphan. She had clear, beautiful gray eyes, cheeks soft and delicate as the leaf of the roses; brown curly hair shaded a low, broad forehead, instinct with intellect and intelligence. She was small in figure, but the petite form was faultless in its exquisite delicacy of outline and contour. It was impossible not to love her, if to such physical beauty is added the generous and kind heart she really possessed. It is not surprising that such a girl had many admirers. It would be strange if she had not. But there were two, who, from their devotion and her treatment, acquired a prominence over the rest. Indeed the sphere they moved in was far above that of the little milliner. She believed they loved her; and, notwithstanding the great difference in their social position, believed they meant kindly. That they loved is certain. They were jealous; and more than once a hostile meeting was imminent between them. Her way home from the store led by Jackson square. It was not as beautiful then as now, but its rich foliage and elegant bowers, even at that day, excited admiration. One evening as she passed along the river side of the square she was met by Luisand Lacour, the richest and most perseverering of her admirers, but the one whom she favored least. Indeed, it was said she disliked him, and on one occasion had resented bitterly an insult he had offered her. A passer-by heard her voice raise indignantly as she passed him that evening in front of the iron gate. Standing there a moment she entered the square, from which a half hour afterward she was seen to hurry away with every sign of distress and intense excitement. It was but a few minutes after this that young Lacour was found murdered, lying on the iron bench with a short Spanish dagger through his heart. The girl had been known to possess such a weapon—the gift of one she never named. This was all.

Of course almost every one believed her to be the assassin. I could not. I had seen too much of criminal life to mistake its characteristics. That girl was innocent I knew. When arrested she protested her innocence in language frantic and wild. Terror had made her forgetful, seemingly of look and action, and she gave way to the most excessive paroxysms of grief and distress. After she was taken to the station Mr. L. and myself visited her, to see if we could learn anything of the case. We felt more like friends than detectives. The sad orphanage of the young girl enlisted our deepest sympathy and touched our hearts—they would have been flinty, indeed, had they not softened at her distress. I never saw such anguish before. The pale, beautiful face was almost wild with terror. She was frantic one moment, and sobbing, walking and terror-stricken the next. As we entered the cell she threw herself at my feet, and, lifting her face, so pale and beautiful, wailed out:—

"I am innocent, sir—I am innocent."

"I believe you are, Mary; and it was to help you that we came here."

"I could not do such a deed, sir; indeed I could not."

"I know that; but, Mary, do you know who did?"

She lifted her face quickly, and a wild, frightened expression crossed it, and then it grew like marble in an instant. She did not reply, but I never saw one in whom hope seemed so suddenly and utterly to have fled as that girl then. I repeated my question:

"Do you know who did, Mary?"

She shook her head and remained silent. I told her that we were satisfied that she was innocent, but to establish this it was necessary to bring the real criminal to justice. She could help us in this. But she still shook her head.

"Mary, Paul Villie is the man!"

She sprang to her feet and screamed out rather than spoke her denial:

"No, no, no, not him; it was I, it was I. I did it! I'll acknowledge it now—punish me if you will, but do not accuse him—do not let him be arrested!"

It was plain to me now. My first impression was correct. Young Villie had come upon his rival talking with Mary in the square, and under a first impulse of resentment had slain him. Her confession of the fact was only lacking to secure her acquittal, but she would not confess; and from that hour acknowledged her guilt. A few days after young Villie left the country, and in time his family furnished evidence that released the girl. She, too, went away, but it was not long before she died. The fright and horror of the terrible crime laid to her charge finally killed her. I shall never forget the scene I witnessed in her cell. The desolate woman struggling with her anguish and terror haunts my memory still.

A Thrilling Night.

The steamship Rotterdam, from Rotterdam to New York, met a terrible gale on the 1st. of March which increased throughout the day and at nightfall had attained the fury of a hurricane. The engines were kept moving just sufficiently to maintain steerageway; the 350 steerage passengers were confined under battened-down hatches, and every precaution that care and experience could devise was employed to mitigate the imminent danger. The storm was, however, an extraordinarily violent one—the worst, in the opinion of the first officer, John Vernes, that he has ever encountered in long service on the sea—and the vessel, tossed by gigantic waves, labored so heavily that she threatened momentarily to capsize. At 2 o'clock on the 2nd. a mountain-like wave came aboard on the port bow, and, rushing aft with tremendous force, carried away the false bulwarks thrown across the deck in front of the first hatch; then becoming jammed in the narrow passage beside the chart-room, dashed in a whole pannel of that apartment, and forced out the opposite panel on the starboard side for its escape. The Captain was seated at his table in the chart-room, when tons upon tons of water were hurled over him through the bursted side of the room, and without waiting an instant to open the door behind him, he took a header out of the new aperture in the wall, with the swiftly-rushing billow, and picked himself up away amidships, startled, confused, and soaked, but unhurt. The same great wave continuing aft, burst open the cook's galley, and upset a great steam boiler used for cooking the food of steerage passengers. A lamp-trimmer named Yunson was forward of the chart-room when the ocean invaded the deck, and was carried like a cork clear aft to the wheel-house, along with a portion of the false bulwark and some other dismantled parts of deck lumber. Of that brief but exciting trip in the embrace of the flying wave he was conscious of nothing, but when he regained his senses and got to his feet he found his left arm broken and a great chunk torn out of its muscle. Another sailor was tossed about almost as wildly, but escaped without other injury than the severe spraining of his left hand. The moment after that wave left the deck, as the stern of the vessel descended into the trough of the sea, another enormous wave boarded the deck on the port quarter aft. It dashed in part of one side of the wheel-house and, to force its way out again from that room—which it had instantly filled—tore off both the side doors and carried them away with it to sea. Strangely enough, it did not break the great panes of thin glass which, from breast-height up, constitute the front of the wheel-house, but exerted its force laterally upon the doors at the sides. Another wave that mounted the deck was high enough to reach above the companion-way doors, which were closed, and to hurl many tons of water in one seemingly solid mass throughthe open space of the sliding cover above, which was temporarily unclosed, and down the stairs into the first cabin. The cabin floors and the staterooms were deluged, lockers and drawers were filled with water, and beds in the lower bunks were set afloat. It was hours before all the water shipped in that one second could be pumped and bailed out, and the frightened passengers who, springing from their bunks, found themselves knee deep in the water in the darkness, gave themselves up for lost. During the worst twenty-four hours of the storm, including that eventful night, the vessel made but twenty-four miles, and the next day but ninety miles. The violent gale lasted four days, and the high winds continued all the rest of the way across until the arrival of the vessel.

Housekeeping In Venice.

The City of Venice stands in the water as though perpetually bathing its feet. There is no rumbling of carts and wagons, only the soft splash of the oars of the gondolier as he propels his dark gondola. No one has any fire in the house—that is, nothing that we should call a fire. They make a fire in a sort of pipkin, which they call a scaldini, and warm their toes at that if they are chilly. But the climate is mild and they know nothing of winter. The floors are of marble, and are oiled; in some places mats or rugs are spread about. A suit of apartments can be hired for about five dollars a month, and a small palace for about thirty dollars. A man servant works for about three dollars a month, and at that rate does general housework. Strange to say, women ask a little more than men. Washing is sent to the country to be done, but ironing is done at home. In the kitchen fireplace is a flat raised piece of stone with hollows in it. Here the irons are heated with charcoal, and cooking is done. But most of the ordinary Venetians never cook at home; they simply send out at meal times and buy food ready prepared for them. Much light wine is drunk, and water must always be bought to drink. There is a great deal of fruit, fine melons and exquisite grapes, in season; also another luxury—not always appreciated by foreigners—hot, roasted pumpkin, which is brought about by a man who sings of its sweetness, and declares it hot from the fire, until he has sold it in slices; and polenta, which is only a boiled Indian meal dumpling, but which is more used among the Venetians than bread. When anyone rings a bell in Venice the door is not at once opened to him. Someone cries from above: "Who is there, if you please?" And the applicant looks up and sees a face leaning over a window sill, and then instantly bellows his business. If he is to be admitted, the door opens from within. And however many may be the floors or apartments, he finds a private staircase to the one he wants. But if he has anything to leave, a basket is let down by a string, and he deposits it and it is drawn up. The mothers of the lower orders have no trouble about the children's daily bath. As evening approaches they undress the little boys and send them out in short little white cotton garments, barefooted and bare-armed, to take a bath in one of the canals. Sometimes the head of the family also takes his bath there. Venetian ladies are often artists or musicians; otherwise, their principal occupation seems to be to dress elegantly and sit on a balcony.

He Had Done It.

Mr. Piute went home from the "lodge" the other night and tackled the "fifteen" puzzle. He wrestled with the thirty blocks—at least he thought there were thirty of them, he being in splendid condition to "see double"—and in about an hour and a half had the thing solved to his own satisfaction. Then he got pen, paper and ink and attempted to write out the solution as follows: "Shove 4 down, push 1 over, carom on the 14, swing the right bower, drag out 6, keep the 10 in the king row, keno on the black, deal again, run the 5 from first base, move 3 to the southwest of 15, white to play and mate in twelve moves, P to K B4, QR to K, move 13-14-15 a little northeasterly, R to Kt5ch, then set 'em up on the other alley, throw double 6's rouquet the 9, take the seven on the fly, lead king, then R to R7, rake in the pot, and mo—mov—move—" His wife becoming alarmed at his long absence came down stairs at 2 a. m. and found him under the table. But he had "done it."

Saw Through the Meat.

Madame C——, dressmaker, has a great deal of trouble with sewing girls. The other day one of them came to her to say:

"Madame, I fear that I will not be able to work much longer. I think I am getting blind."

"Why, how is this? You seem to get along pretty well with your work."

"Yes; but I can no longer see any meat on my plate at dinner."

Madame C—— understood, and the next day the young ladies were served with very large but very thin pieces of meat.

"What happiness," exclaimed our Miss, "My sight has come back. I can now see better than ever."

"How is that, Mademoiselle?"

"Why, at this moment I can see the plate through the meat."

An Irish Fishing Village.

There was scarcely a well-thatched cabin in the village; the floors of most of them were as muddy as the roads, and dotted with little pools of water, which seemed a refreshing feature to the ducks that came in, in quest of food. The most sheltered corner of the cabin is devoted to the pig, and the chickens seize upon every coin of vantage for a roost. Nets hang from the rafters, and the equipments of the boats are disposed in whatever dry nooks the habitation boasts of. The warmest spot on the hearth is usurped by the cat, cherished with great care as the protector against their terrible enemies the rats; and beside it an old woman, who did not seem to have changed her clothes since her youth, cuddled the latest born of the household. The village was prevaded with so strong an odor of fish and tar that less agreeable emanations were unnoticed. The dungheap was zealously guarded by the door—I have seen it, indeed, in the very living-room of the occupants—as the riches that were to prosper their next year's potato crop; and every morning the pig was sent out to walk with a solicitude for his health not bestowed upon the other members of the family. These people spend three-fourths of their time in idling and gossiping. I saw poor haggard old women at the doors of their cabin, or by the village well, who had to crouch like apes to make their rags cover them, so mad for gossip that they forgot their hunger and the rain that soaked them; and day after day old men gathered on the sheltered side of a wall and talked with as much gravity as if they had never seen each other before, and every recital was an unheard of marvel. Troops of half-clothed and half-starved children sprawled in the mud, fought among themselves, or with loud yells crowded about some poor ass, inflicting all the torments that their untutored imaginations could suggest, while their mothers, cans in hand whispered, with amazement written on their faces, of all they had heard or seen or dreamed of since yesterday in a village dependent entirely upon itself for its topics of interest. Hither, I learned, the priest came once a year to hear the confession of the inhabitants. They repair to one of the cabins, where, while the pig, chickens, ducks, and geese are kept in abeyance by the zealous host and hostess, the rite is celebrated. Among these people, whose only extravagance seems to be on the score of their religion, he is entertained and requited in a manner quite out of proportion to the means of his entertainers; and when departing, after the manner of the fond mother in the story-book, who whipped her children and put them to bed, he gives them all a sound rating upon their idleness and remissness in their religious observance, and receives in return, "Long life to your reverence," and "Godspeed," from his humble flock.

Colorado Heights.

Just west of the line of contact of plain and mountains rise some of the sublimest peaks in America. Go up Pike's Peak before sunrise, and you will see about twenty peaks tipped with flame that are over 14,000 feet above the sea. The Alps have very few that are higher, and nowhere so many visible from one place. Colorado has one hundred peaks over 14,000 feet high, and two hundred more over 13,000 feet. Among these peaks lie the parks in the same general direction north and south. These are large areas from twenty to one hundred miles wide, and from sixty to two hundred miles long. They are supposed to have formerly been very deep lakes among the mountains, but the mountain barrier having been cleft with a canon they are now dry. They are located as follows, beginning at the north: First, North peak, then two charming little ones called Egeria and Estes, Middle park, then South park in the middle of the State—where Fremont was hemmed in with snow and obliged to subsist on his mules—and San Luis park in the south. The view of these deep inclosed valleys from the surrounding heights is attractive in the extreme. Men build their cities and work their mines at unheard-of elevations. All Leadville, with its 30,000 inhabitants, is 1,025 feet above the sea; the Stevens' mine is nearly 12,000, and the present help mine 14,000 feet above the sea. This is nearly twice and a half the elevation of Mount Washington.

A Floating Island.

Among the many natural curiosities of Oregon, it is not generally known that there is a "floating island." Up in the "Siskiyous," lying like a pearl in the great mountain chain, is Squaw Lake, a beautiful sheet of water now utilized by a mining company as a reservoir. For many years the lake has been a favorite and delightful resort for fishing parties, and contained nearly in its centre an island, comprising about an acre of ground, covered with luxuriant grass and a growth of willow and alder. It was never dreamed that the pretty little island was not part of terra firma; but when the bulkhead across the outlet of the lake dammed up its waters, the island rose slowly until it had been elevated fully sixteen feet above its original level. It would be a question for the naturalist, rather than the geologist, to determine the age of this floating island, as it is evidently made up entirely of decayed vegetation. Perhaps at some remote period the roots of a tree, uptorn by a mountain storm and drifting out into the lake, formed the nucleus from which the island has grown; but it seems singular that it should have remained anchored and unchangeable in its position. The locality is much frequented by pleasure-seekers, who will hereafter notice the increased elevation.

Three Wishes.

Three young soldiers, a Parisian, a Gascon, and a Marseillais, were walking one starry summer night on the shore of the Mediterranean, and seeing who could frame the most colossal wish for a fortune.

"I," said the Parisian, "wish this sea were all ink; then I'd dip my pen in it, make a big nine on a sheet of paper, and after the nine I'd set down naught until the ocean were dry, and the sum thus written would represent my fortune."

"And I," said the Gascon, "wish that every star above us represented a bushel bag of louis d'or that belong to me."

"And I," said the Marseillais, "wish that both your wishes were true, and that you might die of heart disease the moment after you had made your wills in my favor."