

# The Millheim Journal.

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## UNSPOKEN.

I may not keep these, dear. I long have known.  
An hour must come for farewell look and sigh;  
An hour wherein love blossoms that have blown  
Around our path, like summer flowers must die.  
And I have communed with my wretched heart,  
And thought of all that I would say to thee,  
Ere hand and lip from hand and lip should part.  
And oceans roll between my love and me.  
But as we stand upon the shore to-day,  
The gorse and purple heather at our feet,  
I have no spirit left in me to say  
The words I meant to be so strong and sweet:  
No eloquence to help me at my need.  
No words of fire to thrill my last "Good-speed!"

Yet standing there beneath September's sky,  
With solitude around us, God above,  
We feel, with precious moments fleeting by,  
That silent farewell better suiteth love.  
No honey-d phrase can ease the cruel smart:  
Felt with the stroke fate dealt us to-day,  
I read each longing of thy tender heart.  
Thou knowest all I would but cannot say.  
I do not bid thee by a parting vow,  
Thou speakest not of faith, a nest to me;  
It is enough to be together now,  
Ere yet between us rolls the milky sea.  
Silent, alone, among the mountain flowers,  
Passeth the last of all our happy hours!

## Major Boots.

Once upon a time a certain gentleman, who lived splendidly and did not pay his debts, owed his shoemaker a large bill, and the shoemaker having been told to call again many times, and having written notes without end asking for a settlement, resolved to disgrace his customer by exposing him to his friends the very next time he gave one of those large dinner parties which so excited the creditor's ire.

Accordingly, having seen the wagons of the caterer stop before the door, and watched the waiters enter one by one, Mr. Shoemaker, attired himself in his Sunday suit, and with his little bill elegantly written out, awaited the appearance of the carriages and when at last fifty had arrived, set down their burdens and departed, stalked up the doorsteps like a vengeful ghost, and ringing the bell furiously, found it opened for him with startling celerity, and stood face to face with a tall, black waiter, white-gloved and stately.

"Where's Mr. Cheatem?" whispered the shoemaker.

"Gentlemen's dressing room, second floor back," responded the waiter.

Some one else had arrived, and was treading on his heels. A vision of splendor, in the most wonderful, soft, white wraps floated past him.

"Ladies, front room, second floor, gentlemen back," repeated the waiter.

Mr. Shoemaker was hustled forward, hand in hand, and saw his delinquent debtor in all the elegance of dress-coat button hole flower, and white cravat, bowing to, shaking hands with and smiling upon aristocratic personages innumerable.

The sight fanned anew the flame of the tradesman's just wrath. He marched forward, planted himself directly before the elegant Mr. Cheatem, and stared him in the face.

But Cheatem did not wilt. He knew his guest well enough and he understood his purpose; but what he did say, was:

"Beg pardon; for the moment I've forgotten your name."

"Have you? Then perhaps you'll remember me when I tell you that I made your boots."

"Now, if you'll trouble yourself to repeat these last four words rapidly, you will find that you don't say, as you believe you do: 'I made your boots,' but, 'I major boots.'"

The lucky Cheatem detected this fact on the instant.

"Major Boots!" he cried, demonstratively slapping hands. "Dear, dear; how could I forget you for a moment! Delighted to see you—delighted. Mrs. Chiffins, let me introduce you to my old friend, Major Boots."

"So glad to know you," responded the old lady thus introduced. "I'm sure I've heard Cousin Cheatem speak of you a thousand times. Sit down, do, and tell me who all these people are. I'm quite a stranger I've isolated myself in Europe so long. Sit down, Major Boots; here is a chair."

The newly-christened shoemaker hesitated a moment, but it was not possible for him to cry out: "I'm not Major Boots; I'm Clump, the shoemaker, come for my bill." He found he had not the courage. He crammed his hat under the velvet chair to which he was motioned, and subsided into angry silence while the old lady went on:

"On Major, I always felt so privileged when I have the opportunity to talk to a military man. I adore courage. Do tell me all about it."

The bootmaker, finding it necessary to reply, said: "that he never had been wounded."

And the old lady went on:

"Never! How charming! Bore a charmed life, and all that sort of thing. Do tell me all about it."

The shoemaker replied: "that there was nothing to tell."

On which that most gushing of old ladies cried:

"Now, Major, I won't believe that. It's like the majesty of you celebrated military men. I know you stormed redoubts and led forlorn hopes, and were the only one left of your regiment, and all that. Oh, sure I read all about it at the time. Oh, here is Colonel Hobbs, a celebrated English officer, did something awfully brave in India. Colonel let me made you acquainted with Major Boots, one of our bravest military men. He's been telling me all about the wonderful things he did in the army. I mean he wouldn't tell me about them—just like all you great men—won't trouble himself to fight his battles over for an old woman."

"Aw—awfully charmed, I'm sure," responded the gallant colonel. "Awfully, aw. Must introduce you to my brother, Captain Hobbs in the same regiment with myself."

The shoemaker had arisen and was looking down on his business suit.

"I didn't intend to—that is, I didn't expect to be at such a swell affair as this," he stammered, "or I—I should have word my dress-suit."

"Oh, my dear fellow, we always expect you American officers to be wough and

weedy. We'd be disappointed if you were not. The ladies, you know, adore wough and weedy men. It's the particular charm of Americans."

Away he led the bootmaker, who really began to feel that he must have been, at some period of his life, a military man. And after being introduced to Captain Hobbs as Major de Boots, who was "delighted," found himself *tele-a-tele* with a very lovely young French lady, who addressed him as "General de Buta," and whom, at the request of his hostess, whom he had never seen before, and who had no idea who he was, he took down to supper.

Somehow this stranger in his mixed suit, and with his sulky air, had been set down as a most eccentric and distinguished military man by everybody. He was regarded with attention, listened to with reverence when he condescended to say a few words. The French lady introduced him voluminously as General de Buta; and thus was he addressed thereafter. The waiters offered him champagne frequently, and the bootmaker gradually grew exhilarated. Never had he been present at such elegant festivities. Never had he partaken of such viands—been so overwhelmed with festivities. Never had he so loved a creature leant on his arm. Never had he tasted such wine. At first it exhilarated him, then it mounted to his head, and suddenly it appeared to him that his host was a glorious fellow, and that he was under infinite obligations to him.

Doubling his fist, he brought it down upon the table with a crash that made the glasses ring again.

"Better man than Cheatem don't live!" cried he.

"I agree with you," replied his neighbor, politely.

"Ah! I adore such enthusiastic friendship, such of like Damon and Pythias in zeal," ejaculated the French lady.

"Ho! original! Now delightfully eccentric! A perfect military man," whispered others.

Meanwhile the bootmaker, staggering to his feet, made his way, as best he might, toward his host.

"Cheatem," he cried, look here! I came—here he reeled and caught at a table—I came to give you this—before every (hic) everybody."

And he held out his folded bill, which Mr. Cheatem instantly took.

"Now I—I wouldn't (hic) do it—for—for—"

Mr. Cheatem beckoned two waiters.

"My dear old friend," he said, "you're not quite well. Let these men put you in a carriage, and go home. I'll call on you to-morrow. So glad to have seen you. As for this—pooh! pooh!"

The waiters led the bootmaker from the room, after their host had whispered a direction to be given the driver.

And Mr. Cheatem thus addressed his friends:

"You must not think ill of my old friend for this little lapse of his. After the trials of military life it is only to be expected that his habits should not be those of quiet civilians, and 'tis his only weakness."

"One forgives everything in a soldier," remarked a lady.

"A very ordinary failing for a military man," responded a gentleman.

"And to think the honest creature should have remembered so slight an indebtedness as this, and been so anxious about it," sighed Mr. Cheatem, as he put the shoemaker's receipted bill into his pocket.

## How the Fooler was Fooled.

A party on the West Hill did not make much by fooling his wife. When he went home late, waiting until after twelve o'clock so as to play the joke, he rang the door bell, and answered "April fool" when she appeared at the door. His wife laughed over the joke, and it was soon forgotten. About two o'clock in the morning her friend was awakened by his wife, who informed him that there was something wrong with the horse at the barn. She held the lamp while he went out to see. As soon as he had gone a short distance, he "smelled a mice," and returned to find the door locked. He knocked, pounded, kicked, but it did no good. He went around to the bedroom window and could hear his wife breathing regularly, as though quietly sleeping. He could not go down town for he was *en dishabille*. Finally, tapping on the window he gently called:

"Dear."

"Yes."

"Let me in!"

"Will you promise never to try to April fool me again?"

"Yes."

"Will you get me that new bonnet?"

"Yes."

There was a turning of bolts, and the man, who had gone home happy with the thought of fooling his wife, passed in and retired. But he will never forget that the party who informed us will die if he is found out.

## Shaking Their Relations.

One of the most remarkable things noticeable in social life is the unanimity with which people shake their relatives. Recently a gentleman arrived in Carson with a letter of introduction to one of our leading citizens from the citizen's uncle. After the Carsonite read the letter he remarked:

"Glad to see you, sir. Glad to see anybody who knows my uncle in Cleveland. How are all the folks?"

"Splendid. I spent six weeks there last fall, and I don't really think I ever met such a fine family of genial, hospitable and cultivated people."

"Yes, indeed—I never spent a pleasanter time in my life. Your relatives are, indeed, the—"

"Well, young man, if my relatives are such fine people they must have changed like thunder since I lived with them there a year, and I think they are about the worst pelicans in the deck. I wouldn't spend a month with the crowd for an old woman."

"Indeed," said the other. "Well, since you've been so candid about it I might as well remark right here that your uncle and his whole family are the toughest collection of old fossils I have ever had the misfortune to be steered against."

"Put it there, young man—you show good sense. Let's go out and take a something."

In a few minutes more the two men were pledging perdition to the Cleveland relatives over a foaming schooner of Carson beer.

## A Lawyer's Predicament.

What is known as the "Western Hotel case" was tried on an ordinary sharp Boston lawyer recently, and was frustrated through the shrewdness of a bank cashier, but to the extreme discomfiture of the lawyer. The operator was a young and attractive woman, and the victim was Charles E. Allen, having an office in Pemberton Square. The development of the case was full of surprise to all concerned. Late one afternoon the young woman in question drove up in a carriage to the National Security Bank, on Court street, and on entering the bank presented a check for \$1,000, signed by Charles E. Allen. The gentleman has had frequent dealings with the bank, and from the fact that some time ago several bank checks had been stolen from his check-book, and a few had been subsequently presented at different places for payment with forged signatures, the bank officers were particularly cautious in paying out money on checks purporting to be drawn by him and presented by strangers. Accordingly the cashier, Mr. Charles H. Bell, attempted to check was presented, became at once suspicious, and stepped to the President to ask whether he should give the money. As the woman was giving the closest attention at the time, the President thought it prudent to reply in the affirmative. As soon as the teller had begun counting out the bills the cashier slipped out of the bank unperceived, and hastened to the detectives' headquarters.

Officers Wade and Horsom immediately hurried to the scene of the transaction, and, as but a few moments had passed since the presentation of the check, the woman was still there. After the officers had stationed themselves outside, the cashier entered and informed the woman that no payment would be made. She then started to leave, and was arrested by the detectives, who took her to the Revere House, and in answer to an inquiry if Louis Sylvan was stopping there, was shown to an apartment in the hotel. Unlocking the door with the keys which had been found, what was the detectives' astonishment at discovering the very lawyer of whom they had been in search, without his coat and appearing very much ashamed at being caught in the predicament. Questioning him, the detectives were told that he had been invited by the woman to call at her room to see about the purchase of some real estate. He complied with her request, and once at the hotel the woman induced him to remove his coat. Then, before he was aware of her design, she had thrown that garment into her trunk and locked it. Turning upon the bewildered lawyer, she demanded \$10,000 or the Revere House, and the cashier called the police. Finally she reduced the sum to \$1,000, and a check for the amount was given her, when she left, taking the precaution to lock the door, and promising to let her prisoner go in case the money was paid. The woman is unknown to the detectives.

## The Fireside.

The fireside is a summary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education of the women in the world of childhood, gives form and color to the texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, ennobled upon the hearts of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perchance, seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned, and restored seen it fade away, while a brighter and much more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait first drawn upon the canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth, and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

## Hints for the Laundry.

If you invite friends to pass a week or more with you, try to fix the visit to begin the day after the ironing is done. Your girl feels a weight off her mind, has time to cook the meals better, and you will find these good things take time to prepare, and can be avoided as well as not. If it is asked what to have, let me suggest baked white or sweet potatoes, macaroni, boiled rice, parsnips, sweet corn, stewed tomatoes, any canned vegetables in the winter. For dessert, baked apples and cream, bread pudding, or something easily prepared. The lady of the house will find it both pleasant, easy and economical to attend to the dinner herself. Neither do we call during work, and strongly advise her to let she can of it. Of course there is much that a lady must do about her house to have it neat and attractive, but we do not call this actual work. It is rather laying the hand of taste and adaption upon her belongings, and so making her home harmonious and individual.

During mild weather sheep should not be kept in too warm pens, but should be given the run of the backyard in the daytime.

The King of Slam has turned twenty-four.

## Why He Would Not stay.

He was a tall, thin man who hadn't been shaved for probably two weeks. His hat had holes in the top of it, his clothes shone like a placid lake at sun rise; and how his shoes managed to stay on was known only to the man himself. He ambled up the narrow stairs and into Mr. Margrave's law office. The lawyer was sitting in his chair chewing on his penholder.

"Is Mr. Margrave in?" inquired the petitioner.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "I am he."

"Ah yes," responded the client, reflectively, as he rubbed his chin with his knuckles, "if you are at leisure, the Melliduous Morning Glory of the Appenines would like a moment's audience."

"Certainly, certainly," responded the man of law, "take a seat. Now, then, state your case. Is it a divorce you come—"

"No sir. Oh, no, no, no."

"Assault and battery I presume," quietly interposed the lawyer, as he picked up his pen to make a memorandum.

"Oh no, you are wrong," smilingly replied Melliduous Morning Glory of the Appenines. "I just came in here to have you examine a salve I'm selling. It is composed entirely of vegetable matter and is made by myself only and is called the Aromatic Ointment of Whigmootie. It is just the thing you want. It is as necessary as overalls. Of course, I do not mean for a moment to insinuate that it will keep your feet warm or keep water out of your boots. I was only speaking metaphorically. You tumble to my metaphor, eh."

"Yes sir."

"Well now, here is a box—a nice little sky blue box which will make a nice play thing for one of your children when it is empty. It is only twenty-five cents per box and this is genuine. See my signature."

"Yes."

"Well, that's satisfactory. Now that we understand each other we'll just get down to business. Now how many boxes will you take?"

While the lawyer was thinking, the canvasser continued:

"There is no doubt of the virtue of this great healer. It will cure chapped lips in one night. I have known it to close up cracks in a door and on one occasion a woman put some on her lips and it drew them together and closed her mouth. Her husband came down next day and rewarded me handsomely. I have testimonials from lots of ministers and prominent men."

Here the lawyer chewed on his pen holder in reverent silence.

"Have you a letter recommending your salve from the man who saved Courtney's boots in too?"

"I have not."

"Then sir, I can't purchase anything from you. When I buy salve, it has got to be endorsed by the man who saved Courtney's boots."

"Yes," responded the client savagely as he backed towards the door. "You are one of them lads who always find fault and won't be satisfied. You're a healthy man—you are. You wouldn't buy a box of pills unless it had a set of legislative resolutions and a schedule of the dates of the deaths of all the famous people for the past two centuries attached to it."

Then he slammed the door and went down stairs.

## A Turreted Roof.

A man living in West End of Baltimore recently had the flat roof of L of his house tarred, and when six or seven cats got on it the following night they could yell and scratch their backs and try to get a pull on all four feet at once, but they couldn't lift themselves free and their sighing was frightful, and people in the neighborhood began to chuck things at them, and the owner of the house forgot about the tar and went barefoot and in his robe de nuit upon the roof to chase them off, and pretty soon found he couldn't stir, and he began to whoop and swear, and a policeman got a ladder and climbed upon the roof, and when he came up over the edge, on his hands and knees, he had to remain in that posture. Meantime the bootjacks were falling in a shower about and upon them, and the man's mother-in-law, in looking out of an upper window that overlooked the L roof, to ask them if they were not ashamed to be out on a roof playing cat at that time of night, unfortunately knocked her wig off, and it fell in the tar; and then she rushed down a flight and went out on the roof to get it, and couldn't pull the wig up, but got her hand stuck to it so she couldn't let go of it, and of course her position and her bald head made a dead give away, as it was quite light, when some one finally came with boards to put down on the roof for them to get on to when they were out loose from the tar, and the ladder didn't feel a bit wobbly when the policeman, who had to walk through the streets with the knees of his trousers cut out and left stuck to each other, and a great hunk of tar stuck to each hand, and got a reprimand when he reached the station. And the houseowner himself blistered his feet trying to melt the tar off of them by holding them up to a hot stove, and when the cats were out loose, he tried to gnaw the tar from their claws and got their paws stuck in their mouths and rolled about and yowled and carried on so that folks thought they were mad and killed them.

## False Teeth and Crutches.

Among the passengers who boarded the east-bound train at Holly, Michigan, the other day were a bride and groom of the regular fully-hocked order. Although the car was full of passengers the pair began to squeeze hands and hug as soon as they were seated. This of course attracted attention, and pretty soon everybody was nodding and winking, and several persons far forgot themselves as to laugh out right. By and by the broad-shouldered and red-handed groom became aware of the fact that he was being ridiculed, and he unlinked himself to the height of six feet, looked up and down the aisle and said: "There seems to be considerable nodding and winking around here because I'm hugging the girl who was married to me at 7 o'clock this morning. If the rules of the railroad forbid a man from hugging his wife after he's paid full fare then I'm going to quit, but if the rules don't, I'm going to begin on the next mile-post. I'm a rising market for false teeth and crutches!" It there were any more winks and blinks in that car the groom didn't catch 'em at it.

## Angling for Whales.

The fact that whales abound in sufficient numbers immediately outside the harbor of San Francisco—between the Golden Gate and the Golden Gate—to warrant the establishment of a whaling industry of some importance, is not generally known, the idea generally entertained being that those waters are too far south to become the resort of schools of whales, and that only an occasional fish, separated from his companions in the north, strays into a latitude so far from his supposed habitat—the Indian Ocean. Considerable numbers of whales can be found at all seasons of the year in the ocean adjacent to that port, and within a distance that can be easily traversed in a day. Between the 1st of May and the 1st of October is the most favorable season for fishing, on account of the calm weather generally prevailing. When fishing in rough weather there is always some liability of losing the fish by breaking the line or by cutting the whale when the vessel is engaged. The abundance of whales on that coast is accounted for by the fact that whales migrate southward along the coast in winter, returning northward during the summer, and are constantly in motion. The varieties of whales which may be caught in that vicinity are the sulphur bottom, which is about 130 feet long, the largest in the world, and weighs in the neighborhood of 200 tons, yielding a small quantity of valuable bone, but being rich in oil; the humpback, weighing 120 tons, the California back, eighty tons, and the finbacks and blackfish form the remainder. Sperm whales, which are valuable on account of the large quantity of spermaceti which they yield, are but rarely found in those waters, and prove a valuable addition to a vessel's catch. Capt. Thomas Whitelaw is now constructing a little screw steamer, sixty feet long, sixteen wide and nine deep, with which he intends to inaugurate the business of whaling outside the Heads. She will be completely decked over, so that a sea can be completely over her without causing damage. She is built very strongly, and is deeper than ordinary, so that she can be drawn some distance into the water by a whale, to which she may be made fast without danger. She will be fitted with two compound engines—four cylinders. She can carry enough for a run of thirty days, which will be stored in the after part, and with the weight of her machinery is expected to keep her propeller submerged, to avoid the "beating" caused by the blades when the vessel pitches, which can be heard by a whale a considerable distance, and frightens him off. The cabin will be in the forward part, and will be occupied by the crew of five men.

The vessel will be launched in about two weeks, and is expected to have a speed of nine knots an hour. Her large coal capacity is to enable her to take an Arctic trip if required. The mode of killing whales adopted by this vessel is by the whaling rocket or bomb-lance, which can be discharged from the vessel, which method possesses considerable advantages over the old style of hunting whales in a boat and with the land-lance. The expectations are that an average of ten fish will be caught each month. When a whale is dispatched the steamer will tow him into port and land him at the reduction works, where the carcass will be treated by an improved process by which every portion will be utilized. When a whale is caught at sea the blubber is stripped off, and the bone removed, after which the carcass is set adrift, and floats around until completely devoured by sharks and birds. Under the process to be tried by Capt. Whitelaw the fish will be cut into sections, and without discriminating between blubber, flesh or bones, will be placed in large steam-tight tanks made of boiler plates, into which steam at a high pressure and temperature will be introduced, which will have the effect of completely digesting the mass and separating the oil, which will be then drawn off. The process will be completed in about eight hours, when the residue of flesh and bones will be taken out, dried, and afterwards ground together to produce a fertilizer. The bones are valuable for this purpose on account of the phosphate of lime which they will yield. Three "trys" can be made in a day, and as three digesters have been constructed—each capable of containing a ten-ton section of a whale—a large fish can be reduced in about two days. An Arctic whale yields from 1200 to 3500 pounds of bone, worth \$2.75 a pound by the cargo at New Bedford. Each whale also yields from 100 to 250 barrels of oil, worth \$10 per barrel.

Bill Shepard and the Big Buck.

Waiting for the train at the Northwestern depot the other day, a reporter saw Capt. Bones, a well-known hunter, telling a story to a small but interested audience, composed chiefly of Tom St. George. "Did you ever hear how Bill Shepard shot seven deer out of one drove? It was a still, cloudy day, and there were two feet or more of snow on the ground. There were just a dozen or so in the herd, and Bill had got behind a big log within ten rods of them. He had to snare a hole through the snow on the log to get sight. He got all ready, picked out the biggest one, and blazed away. It was a big buck, and dropped to the shot. Well, you know if a deer can't see or scent you he won't run, and you can keep on shooting as long as you like. So when Bill dropped the first one the balance just scattered and came right back together again. He shoved in another cartridge, picked out the biggest one again, and he dropped to the shot. By this time Bill was pretty well excited. He had only four more cartridges left; but kept as cool as possible, picked out the biggest every time and fetched him. When he fired his last shot, he sat and watched 'em for a long time, but finally he had to show himself, and the balance of the deer left. It was just about this time the rest of us came up and inquired what all the shooting was about. Bill was feeling awfully because he hadn't any more cartridges, but he swore he'd got seven deer anyway. We went over to see. The snow was mightily tramped down, sure enough, but there was only one deer—a big buck. There wasn't the least trace of the other six, every one of which Bill saw drop to the shot. Then we went up and looked at the one he got, and as sure as you're born he had seven bullets in him. Bill had shot the same one every shot. He would fall, and then, jump up again, and being the biggest one, Bill picked him out every time. Of course it must have been the last shot that settled him, for there was only one ball that would have killed him."

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

If you would not have affliction to visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Nothing so adorns the face as cheerfulness; when the heart is in flower, its bloom and beauty pass to the features.

He who boasts that his heart has remained whole, confesses that he has only a prosaic, out-of-the-way-corner heart.

To be unkind or rude to others and yet expect to be treated by them with courtesy and affection, is absurd and selfish.

Look at the pages of your own heart, and you will see a dim reflection of what the recording angel has written about you.

The more a man knows about a subject the greater will be his charity for, and sympathy with views differing from his own.