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GOOD-NIGHT WISHES.

A blessing on my babes to-night,
A blessing on my mother;
A blessing on my kinsmen light,
Each loving friend and brother.

A blessing on the toiler's rest;
The over-worn and weary;
The de-late and comfortless,
To whom the earth is dreary.

A blessing on the lad, to-night;
A blessing on the hoary;
The maiden clad in beauty bright,
The young man in his glory.

A blessing on my fellow race,
Of every clime and nation;
May they partake his saving grace
Who died for our salvation.

If any man have wrought me wrong;
Still blessings be upon him;
May I love to him be strong,
Till charity have won him.

Thy blessings on me, from of old,
My God! I cannot number;
I wrap me in thy ample fold,
And sink in tranquil slumber.

SHIPWRECKED.

It was one of those bright and beautiful days in the month of October, when old Summer, with his fewed heat, seems loth to leave us, and lingers yet for a few days, until his forces are gradually lessened by the cooling winds of Autumn.

At some distance from the business haunts of the thriving city of San Francisco, which borders upon the bay of the same name, and with thousands of struggling humanity, may be seen the beautiful grounds and green parks of Captain William Woodwain, a rich and retired sea captain.

After spending many years upon the briny deep, he determined to give up his calling, as he was now rich, dispose of his vessels, and enjoy these hard-earned pleasures in his mellow old age. Having lost his wife, a beautiful and accomplished woman, some eight years before, he was now left with only one to comfort him in his declining years.

Maud was the only living child, and was a perfect image of her mother, now passed from earthly view, with eyes of a dark brown that one could never look into and never be able to sound their depths; hair of dark chestnut, that flowed in sunny ringlets about a fair and classic brow, and a form and face that might well be envied by many a fair one.

Capt. Frederick Goodwin was a young and accomplished seaman, having not yet reached the age of twenty-five; but from the serious brow and streaks of gray in those locks, you would suppose him to be fully ten years older. With eyes of that peculiar gray that at once show strength and determination of character, dark and curling hair, shading a broad and expansive forehead, giving evidence of intellect, combined with these a firm and expressive mouth and chin, broad shoulders, well developed form, and standing full six feet in height, he was indeed fit to be the guardian of the human freight placed under his charge.

Such were the young people of whom I shall write.

During Capt. Goodwin's short visit in that city, having met Miss Woodwain at a private reception, he was pleased and at once captivated. It was plainly a case of love at first sight. And the object of this passion? How was it with her? She saw this noble looking stranger, and was at once pleased with his bearing. After an introduction, given by their kind host, they were left to chat together until the evening had finally worn away, and it was time to depart. By this time, however, two young people had become the best of friends, and a cordial invitation was extended to the captain from both the young lady and her father to call on the following Wednesday afternoon. It was of course accepted.

He continued his calls for some time, until at last it was whispered through society's circles that Miss Maud Woodwain and Captain Fred Goodwin were engaged. It was a cool and yet pleasant day in October. The birds in the groves were singing their farewell songs to Summer, but in the beautiful parks of Captain Woodwain they seemed to carol their sweetest songs; for a great event was about to happen.

One of the most brilliant marriages that had ever been heard of this side of the continent was to take place ere many hours passed. Excitement seemed to be in the air, renewed energy in the mansion upon the hill. The invitations to this grand event were beautifully gotten up, and all who were fortunate enough to receive one were expecting something grand; in this they were not disappointed, for the rich and generous old gentleman had prepared sumptuously for the occasion, and he was noted for the grand dinners and other entertainments that took place under his hospitable roof.

The guests at last arrived, and at four o'clock the bridal party entered the spacious parlors that were filled with many friends. They were a handsome couple. The ceremony over, they left the parental roof, and with many friends, went upon the tiny steam yacht "Victor," the private boat of Captain Woodwain. All paid a short visit to the large and elegant steamship of Captain Goodwin, which for a time was to be the home of the bride.

Gaily decked with streamers and bunting, and amid a salute from her guns, they passed upon her decks, where, after a pleasant hour of enjoyment, all departed for the shore, and night settled down quietly over the bay and city.

It was a bright and beautiful morning on which the "Ocean Bird" was to spread her white wings and sail for the distant port of Liverpool. Now could be heard the merry "heave-ho" of the seamen, mingled with the noise of the rattling chains, and the anchor slowly ascended from its muddy bed to its accustomed place. Flags were floating to the breeze, the smoke poured out black clouds, the water foamed and boiled as she slowly and majestically swung about, setting her prow for the head of the bay. She was a floating palace—without, probably dark and gloomy to the eye; but within, all was brightness and gaiety. She was manned by as good and bold a crew as ever trod a plank, with a generous and noble-hearted captain.

How bright and beautiful were the waters as her sharp prow cut through them, and they were hurried aside by the graceful hull of her huge hull! First they were of a bright green; gradually this deepened into

a darker hue; then they changed altogether and became a dark blue.

Happy and light of heart were the passengers. They had caught some inspiration from this beautiful day, and were engaged in merry songs and laughter. The city gradually faded from sight, and at last was lost. As they floated smoothly along, the scene grew brighter and more beautiful along the banks. Here was a farmhouse, with its several outbuildings, all surrounded by large and shady trees, and the cattle peacefully grazing in the fields beyond, while overhead could be seen a flock of crows cawing continuously as they wheeled in circles over the corn-fields. A forest in the distance covering the sides of a mountain, and extending away at last into the blue and empty air, while dotting the whole of the rippling surface of the bay could be seen crafts of all nations.

Now a fishing smack passed under her bow, howling merrily along on its course. A large schooner was moving slowly up the bay, towed along by a tiny tug. They were passing through the "Golden Gate," one of nature's greatest and grandest freaks. Anon they were beyond the head of the bay, and were passing the lighthouse. The land gradually faded away into long banks of blue clouds.

At last they were in the calm Pacific, with her mild and balmy breezes, her cloudless skies above the blue waters below. This gaily continued from day to day. On the morrow they expected to weather the stormy cape. And night settled down upon them, leaving all in peace and happiness, with nothing to disturb their calm slumbers.

The morning broke clear and beautiful, with not a cloud to obscure the blue heavens. It was a warm and lovely day; even the most feeble had ventured from their berths to behold this beautiful scene. But as the day wore on, a cloud was seen in the offing. At first it was only a small, white spot; then another rose, to be followed by still another; they seemed to be hurrying together until they had combined into one large and widely extended mass, which rolled along, blackening and enlarging until it covered the whole heavens.

A breeze sprang up, lashing the waves into frothy foam; the white caps were rising, now sinking. Few remained on deck to see the storm which threatened.

The waves were tossing and tumbling, dashing and splashing with great violence against the deck and rigging. The sea grew more boisterous as the night advanced. At eight bells the wind was blowing a hurricane. The ship plunged to and fro, as she bravely braved the angry waters. Now, as she rode upon the crest of an enormous wave, her stern sank, and she seemed slipping backward, down—but as the wave broke under her, she rushed madly forward into the trough of the sea. She trembled and quivered like some dumb creature in agony, as the waves broke over her, deluging her decks, and seeming about to engulf her. But she still rode upon the crest of another.

What was that? A bell! Yes, it sounded again! By some chance the tongue of her watch-bell had become unfastened, and it struck her resounding sides with a dull and hollow sound, startling everybody with its weird and hollow clanging, as the ship rolled in the trough of the sea. Deafeningly and sadly it pealed out upon the waters, with the chilling and almost human words, "Your Kneel! Your Kneel!" filling the minds of the passengers with horror and dismay.

What was that dull roar? Was it not the beat of the surf? The man upon the look-out shouted—

"Port your helm! For your life, or you are lost! The breakers! The breakers!"

Too late! In another instant her keel struck the rocks, and with a fierce lunge she struck. She quivered and trembled from bow to stern.

Then the panic was fierce and wild; frightened men, women and children rushing madly here and there in their fear, while above all could be heard the wild roar and beat of the surf upon a rock-bound shore.

Above the roar and din could be heard the noble shouts of command.

"Keep the guns booming! Men, stand firm to the boats! Let no one of us enter until the women and children are safe!"

Then did they show their true and noble hearts. The boats were lowered, but the sea was so wild that the women, one by one, the other, instantly swamped, and with shrieks and groans the poor wretches sank to their watery graves.

The ship was sinking slowly. Her fires were out—she had passed the last line. The remaining passengers, frightened, were huddled together upon the upper deck. The waters had reached them. Some, braver than the others, were trusting themselves upon spars and doors—with anything, so as to reach the wished-for shore. They felt the chilling waves gradually creeping under their feet, hungrily reaching up with their horrid jaws to grasp them, determined not to be cheated out of their prey. There were only five left—the sea had claimed the rest. These clung to the rigging with the tenacity of despair, and as a large and mighty billow came rolling to wash them, as they reached men and swept them from their hold upon its crest, with a last despairing shriek two were swept away and lost.

Out of the two hundred souls upon this noble ship, only the mate, wife to a gun, and the captain and his wife were left. The wind, whistling through the broken masts and cordage, seemed to play the prelude to their "Valedictio March to Heaven." With a last dull boom, the ship sank to its final resting-place.

What was that upon the beach yonder, half buried in the sand? A spar and a human figure? Yes, it was that of a man. A woman clung closely to him. 'Twas a brave commander and his beautiful bride. Her arms were about his neck, and a sad, sweet smile upon those pale, cold lips. One of his hands still grasped the spar. With the other he held her close. Together, hand in hand, their spirits had ascended to the bridal feast.

In Scripture the drunkard's style is legions in lawlessness, proceeds in unprofitable ends, in misery; and all shut up in that denomination of his pedigree. A son of Belial.

They who are ignorantly devoted to the mere ceremonies of religion here fallen into thick darkness; but they are in still thicker gloom who are solely attached to fruitless speculations.

Hand Organ Music.

"The popular taste just now seems to run more to light and comic tunes, and continual music," said Mr. Taylor, America's only hand-organ maker, pressing down the ashes in his pipe bowl and meditatively giving a twist to the nearest crank, which brought forth a protesting yowl from the instrument. "But, of course," he continued, "when they get their musical cargoes by the hand-organ line, they have to take them mixed. We put up the tunes in assorted lots, as you may say. For spring styles just now, the principal choice seems to be selections from the 'Pirates of Penzance,' Ed. Harrigan's 'The Pitcher of Beer' and 'The Jumping Jack,' airs from 'Fatinista,' and a variety of jigs, reels and waltzes. What are we doing from the 'Pirates?' Well, the opening chorus, the second chorus from the policemen, and the aria of the General's daughter. Published! Well, I believe there are some serious tunes published, but I'm not certain. It isn't necessary for us to wait until music is printed to get it on our cylinders. I can listen to a piece of music once and write it out afterward correctly, without it is terribly complicated. But the 'Pirate' is weak, viewed from the hand-organ standpoint. It lacks taking airs, melodies such as 'Pinafore' was rich in, things that everybody gets to know and that the children sing. We had a great rush on 'Pinafore' last season, but now they are never called for. I only make organ barrels, or cylinders, to order, and the person ordering picks out for himself the tunes he wants put on; so there is no regularity about the arrangement, and no two are alike. As I said the demand for it is really for music more than ever before, but still there are some serious tunes that hang on well. 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' is one of them, and the 'Sweet By and By' will always be good in the West and through Connecticut. Some of Moody and Sankey's tunes are good to have in working the rural districts, particularly the sort of lively ones, such as 'Where is My Boy to-night?' and 'Hold the Fort' is a good, steady stand-by. An opening air, one from some old, good, standard opera is always well to hand."

"Negro minstrel airs are very seldom called for now. That sort of music seems to have in a great measure died out, and it's a pity, for some of the sweetest purely American music was written for the burnt cork brethren. I have a good deal to do in old country songs, German and Italian, generally, that people love to hear, and I sing to me for the purpose of getting them set up. But the popular favorites, you may say, for the coming season, those which you will hear on more organs than any others, will be the 'Jumping Jack' and 'Pitcher of Beer.' 'No, I don't make a great many instruments. I can turn out about two a week, if I want to, but the demand is limited, and no one of my work is in repairing and making new cylinders. A cylinder with eight or nine tunes for hand organs cost from \$32 to \$40, and for parlor and drawing room organs from \$33 to \$100, according to size. The score of instruments you see about you all belong to individual owners who are having something done to them. The large ones come from the carousel at Jones' Woods, Coney Island and some other places of summer resort. I don't hire out any organs, but there is an Italian on Baxter street who rents out a dozen or more during the season. I never tried that, but I did try once selling hand organs on the installment plan. It didn't pay. Organs are too light and handy to get away with."

Roses.

It is not known from what country the rose first came, but it has been common from the earliest period. The variety of this beautiful flower is infinite, and the study of the various kinds forms one of the charms of botany. There are several wild kinds in the United States, among which are the prairie or Michigan rose, blooming in July, and from which some of the cultivated pink roses have descended. There is also the dwarf rose, so called, which blooms from May to July, the sweet rose, four usually in damp ground, and which blooms from June to September, and the early wild rose. The Cherokee rose, much used in the Southern States for hedges, was originally brought to this country from China. Among the cultivated roses, the red French or Provence rose is fine and attractive. It was brought to France from Syria in the days of the Crusades. The familiar and luxuriant rose rose came from Damascus. The poetical moss-rose was first brought to England from Holland; the yellow rose from Persia. With us the rose is valuable for its ordinary fragrance and beauty, but in the East it is a source of valuable manufacture, and is valued for the perfumes of oil extracted from it. The petals of roses in oil distilled from the petals and leaves of roses and is produced in India and Turkey, some also being made in the South of France. It requires 4000 pounds of rose leaves to make one pound of otto of roses, hence the great cost of this article, very little, if any, of which ever reaches this country in an undiluted state. Damask and musk roses are chiefly used for the production of their delightful perfume.

A Nasty Joke.

A faithful night watchman in a Sacramento warehouse was recently made the victim of a practical joke. Six alarm clocks were locked up in the drawers of six desks along the wall. They were so arranged that the first should begin the racket about 1 o'clock in the morning, and the others to chime in intervals of a half hour each. At the appointed time, as the watchman was resting his feet upon the stove, the heretofore noiseless little instrument in one of the drawers fairly turned itself loose with a noise resembling the ringing of half a dozen door-bells mingled with the roar of a steam engine. The startled watchman sprang to his feet and rushed to the windows, but, gazing out, could see nothing, and again taking his seat, was beginning to imagine he had been mistaken, when clock No. 2 went through a like performance. This time the location was suspected, but this cause not understood. When No. 3 began there was now cause for wonder, as the noise had changed from one desk to another. The matter now became too perplexing for rest, and No. 4 and No. 5 were listened to with equal astonishment. When the last one had ended the night's entertainment the joke was seen.

Experiment shows that with Early Rose potatoes the smallest amount of seed in the hill yields the best crop.

Safety in Thunder Storms.

The safest place in a thunder-storm is the interior of an iron building, or of a house well provided with lightning rods. As to what meets the latter condition, it is sufficient to say that the application of lightning rods is a matter demanding the exercise of expert knowledge and judgment, and intelligent apprehension of the law of electricity. Experience has shown that it is not safe to trust to an ignorant person the decision as to the quantity and location or arrangement of lightning rods for any building what so ever. Under ordinary circumstances, in a house without any rods, or with rods improperly adjusted, the safest position is a horizontal one, in the middle of a room, upon a feather bed elevated above the floor. An iron bedstead, however, furnishes a perfectly safe position, and a wooden bedstead may be made a safe place of refuge by attaching metallic wires to the corner posts, and connecting them all together by other wires running from one to the other around the bed. In these circumstances, a discharge of lightning is provided with an easy path in any direction, either vertical or horizontal, and no injury can ensue to a person lying upon, such a bedstead. Number nine annealed iron wire or a small copper or brass wire may be conveniently and effectively used in this way; or strips of sheet-metal may be tacked on. Nails, bell-wires, stove funnels and other metals in buildings present an interrupted path for lightning. It is especially dangerous therefore, to assume a position between two detached lines or masses of conducting matter. For example, a person has been killed by lightning while seated in a chair with his head leaning against a bell knob; in another instance, a man was killed by a discharge of lightning, which passed from a so-called lightning rod on the outside of the wall to the quicksilver on the back of the mirror, in front of which he was standing; then through him into the floor, and to a stove pipe in the next lower story. Positions near windows, doors, and fire places are to be avoided as particularly dangerous. Out of doors the safest position is flat upon the ground, away from any tree or other elevated object. Thoroughly wet clothing is a partial conductor, and gives increased security to the wearer. An umbrella with a metal shaft, having attached to it a handle of metal or flexible wire cord long enough to trail upon the ground, would protect the person carrying it. Farmers might easily arm their wagons with wires in a manner similar to that already suggested for a bedstead, or they can fasten a wire on a long handled pitch fork or rake, and then hold it vertically, with one end in the ground and thus secure protection. The interior of a barn containing new hay or grain, is a very dangerous place in a thunder storm, and such building need lightning rods of the most complete and perfect description.

Niagara in India.

Colonel Haig, in his account of his journey to discover the best road to Jugalpur in the Bastor country, thus describes the falls of Indravati, which must very nearly come up to those of Niagara: "The falls are certainly one of the grandest sights in India, though from their inaccessible position few will ever see them. The river was in flood within ten feet (according to the people on its banks) of its extreme height. About four miles above the falls (which are a mile above the village of Chitruk) the Indravati is joined by the Narnagi, a river about three-fourths its size. The united waters of the two, swollen by the heavy rains to a volume which I reckoned at about thirty million cubic yards per hour descend perpendicularly a height of ninety-four feet over a ledge of sand-stone rocks, slightly curved in at a place at one end, so as to give the fall the shape of a horse shoe shape. The rich coloring of the water, varying from a reddish brown at the crest of the falls to a brilliant ochre, where more broken in its descent, adds much to the beauty of the sight. The lower part of the fall is hidden by the clouds of spray, and in damp weather, immediately after a shower, when the air is loaded with moisture, these rise even higher above the crest of the falls, fill the whole chasm below, and even hide the country on the opposite bank from view, disclosing only at intervals the final plunge of the immense mass of water into the gulf beneath; the scene then becomes one of the wildest and grandest imaginable."

How to Write Well.

We believe that the whole of our method is a mistake, and there is no single system of *mechanique* for writing, and that a child belonging to the educated classes would be taught much better and more easily if, after being once enabled to make and recognize written letters, it were left alone, and children or praised not for its method, but for the result. Let the boy hold his pen as he likes, and write as he likes, and he will, in a hurry of course, being discouraged—but insist, strenuously and persistently, that his copy shall be legible, shall be clean, and shall approach the good copy set before him, namely, a well-written letter, not a rubbishy text on a single line, written as nobody but a writing master ever did or ever will write till the world's end. He will make a muddle at first, but he will soon make a possible imitation of his copy, and ultimately develop a characteristic and strong hand, which may be good or bad, but will not be either meaningless, undecided or eligible. The boy's hand will alter, of course, very greatly as he grows older. It may alter at eleven, because it is at that age that the range of the eye is fixed, and short sight betrays itself; and it will alter at seventeen, because then the system of taking notes at lecture, which ruins most hands, will have cramped and temporarily spoiled the writing, but the character will form itself again, and will never be deficient in clearness and decision. The idea that it is to be clear will have stamped itself, and confidence will not have been destroyed by worrying little rules about attitude and angle and slope, which the very irritation of the pupils could convince the teachers are, from some perspective, entirely applicable. The lad will write, as he does anything else that he cares to do, as well as he can, and with a certain efficiency and speed. Almost every letter he gets will give him some assistance, and the master's remonstrance on his illegibility will be attended, to like any other caution given in the curriculum.

An Australian Opossum.

The tree was a large one. Its bark was smooth like glass. Cutting a notch in the bark, and embracing as much of the huge trunk as possible with his arms, the black fellow mounted the height of the step, then, standing with his toe in the notch, with his tomahawk he proceeded to cut another, about the height of his waist, which he also ascended, keeping his body flat to the tree. Step by step he gradually rose, looking like a fly walking up a window-pane, until he reached the first fork, nearly forty feet above the ground. A sudden twist enabled him to surmount this difficulty, after which he walked among the branches with the activity of a monkey. Selecting one with a hole in it, he dropped two or three small stones which he had carried up with him down the hollow, listening intently as they rumbled down the pipe. They all stopped at a particular place. Descending to the spot Stick-in-the-mud cut into the hollow, and, inserting his hand, drew forth a large opossum, its eyes blinking in the daylight. A few knocks against the tree deprived it of life, and throwing it down, its capar descending, grinning from ear to ear his appreciation of the white fellow's compliments as to his dexterity. Blacks never move without a firestick; and soon the opossum, divested of its fur, was roasting on a fire, emitting a most inviting odor under the circumstances. It makes Stick-in-the-mud, who has only lately despatched an immense meal, hungry again; and John has some difficulty in persuading him not to seize the half-roasted creature and bite out a piece. The black fellow looks astonished; the prohibition is quite against the customs of his race; however, he gives in, contenting himself by throwing the entrails on the fire for a moment, and soon, to his guest's horror, he commenced dispatching yards of the scarcely warmed intestines, at the conclusion of which operation his face presented a sickening spectacle.

Fifty Cents Worth.

Jamie Welch, a bold teamster, living in Detroit, was sitting on his doorstep the other evening when along came a stranger who picked up something from the walk. "Was it a hair pin you found at my door?" demanded Mr. Welch.

"I never bend my back for less than fifty cents," was the reply, as the stranger tossed the coin in the air.

"It rolled from me pocket, and I'm much obliged that you found it," said Jamie, as he put on a smile.

"You can't roll no fifty cents out of this chicken," was the answer, as the man moved on.

Mr. Welch followed him, and argued and flattered, and when that wouldn't do, he put his fists at work and hammered the finder until he gave up the coin. When he returned home and told his wife she claimed half, and there was a family row which brought an officer and an arrest.

"Where's the money?" asked the court, after the story had been told.

The prisoner handed it over, and after it had been inspected his honor said:

"It's the worst counterfeit I ever saw!"

"What is it, is it bogus?" exclaimed Jamie.

"She's a liar. It's more than half lead."

"And I was fool enough to have two fights and get myself run in for the sake of this old sham!" groaned the prisoner, as he flung it on the floor.

"You were, and I must punish you."

"Go ahead, judge; I'm deserving of all you can pile on. I'm the biggest fool in America, and I might as well be in prison as out!"

"I'll say ten dollars or sixty days."

"That's little enough. Is the performance over?"

"It is."

"So an I. I've no money, and so I shall go up. If my wife comes crying around tell her I've been out to a circus and the big fool, and that I won't be home for two months."

A DISCOVERY ABOUT CORN.—An exchange tells of a man who plants two or three weeks after the crop is planted, a new hill of corn every fifteen or twenty days. And this is the reason: If the weather becomes dry after the planting time, the silk and tassels both become dry and dead. In this condition, if it should become seasonable, the silk renews and renews its growth, but the tassels do not recover. Then for want of pollen, the new silk is unable to fill the pores for which it was designed. The pollen from the replanted corn is then ready to supply silk, and the filling is completed. He says nearly all the abortive ears so common in corn crops, are caused by the want of pollen, and he has known ears to double their size in this filling.