

The Millheim Journal

VOL. LIV.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1880.

NO. 36.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF BELLEFONTE.

C. T. Alexander, C. M. Dower, ALEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN B. LINN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Office on Allegheny Street.

CLEMENT DALE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Northwest corner of Diamond.

YOCUM & HASTINGS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. High Street, opposite First National Bank.

W. M. C. HEINLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Practices in all the courts of Centre County. Spec. attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

WILBUR F. REEDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a specialty.

J. A. Beaver, J. W. Gephart, BEAVER & GEPHART, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Office on Allegheny Street, North of High.

A. MORRISON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court House.

D. S. KELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street.

JOHN G. LOVE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA. Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. F. Wilson.

BUSINESS CARDS OF MILLHEIM, & C.

A. STURGIS, DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Repairing neatly and promptly done and warranted. Main St. opp. Bank, Millheim, Pa.

A. O. DEININGER, NOTARY PUBLIC. SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER. MILLHEIM, PA.

All business entrusted to him, such as writing and acknowledging Deeds, Mortgages, Releases, &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch. Office on Main Street.

H. H. TOMLINSON, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF Groceries, Notions, Drugs, Tobacco, &c. Clear. Fine Confectioneries and every thing in the line of a first-class grocery store. Counter Produce taken in exchange for goods. Main St. opp. Bank, Millheim, Pa.

DAVID I. BROWN, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN TINWARE, STOVEPIPES, &c. SPOUTING A SPECIALTY.

Shop on Main Street, two houses east of Bank, Millheim, Penna.

J. EISENHUTH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. MILLHEIM, PA.

All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a specialty. Office opposite Eisenhuth's Drug Store.

MUSSER & SMITH, DEALERS IN Hardware, Stores, Oils, Paints, Glass, Wall Paper, Coach Trimmings, and Sundry Ware, &c., &c. All grades of Patent Wheels. Corner of Main and Penn Street, Millheim, Penna.

JACOB WOLF, FASHIONABLE TAILOR. MILLHEIM, PA.

Cutting a Specialty. Shop next door to Journal Book Store.

MILLHEIM BANKING CO., MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

A. WALTER, Cashier. DAV. KRAPE, Pres. HARTER, AUCTIONEER, REBERSBURG, PA.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ONLY.

Only a boy, you can't be like: Only a child, mother would miss.

Only a boy, and just what he seems, Only a youth, living in dreams.

Only a man, brave and true: Only a father, with feeling so new.

Only a grandpa, waiting for rest: Only a mound, by dewdrops caressed.

A Woman's Sacrifice.

"You might do better, John."

Mrs. Williams spoke fretfully, as if the news told to her by her only son was not pleasant for her to hear.

"Better, mother?"

What a ringing clarity it was.

So strong and clear, as if to match the tall, straight figure, the bright brown eyes and handsome, sunny face of John Williams.

"Better!" And now a hearty laugh rang out. As if there lived a better woman than Hannah Coyle!

"But John, she is only a shop girl."

"She won't be a shop girl when she is my wife. I am not a rich man, but my salary will make a comfortable home for all of us."

"She will turn me out of doors like enough."

"Mother," cried John with a quiver of anger running through the surprised reproach of his voice, "you should know Hannah Coyle better than that."

Mrs. Williams's conscience gave her a sharp twinge, for she did know Hannah better than to think she would deprive a crippled old woman of her only home.

But Mrs. Williams, like many a fond mother, had nursed such high hopes for the future matrimonial prospects of her boy, that she felt only a rude shock of disappointment when he told her of his engagement.

"Surely," she mused, after John had left her for his daily routine of duty, "surely John might aspire to something higher than a mere shop girl."

He was well educated, well connected, and occupied a responsible position.

Just one week later Hannah Coyle came to the house, where she was to have had grudging welcome as its mistress, and entering softly went to the crippled woman's chair.

"Crouched down among the cushions seeming to have shrunk to less than her actual size in her misery, was the fond, proud mother, her frame shivering in convulsive agony, her words always the same.

"Oh, John, my son, my good son! Oh, Heavenly Father, let me die!"

She had been all one long night so moaning, so sobbing, utterly desolate, utterly alone.

The son she idolized, the trusted clerk, the fond, proud lover, was lying in a cell, waiting a trial for forgery.

He had been arrested for passing a forged check, taken in the very act of attempting to cash it at the bank.

The story he told of his possession was so improbable that it still further injured him, and gave personal revenge an additional motive for his punishment. He said that Gerald Somers, the son of one of the partners of the firm, had sent him to the bank with the check.

It scarcely needed the young man's indignation denied to contradict this story.

A friend in the same employ had gone to the mother and told the news as kindly and gently as possible.

A fierce anger and stout pride had kept the old lady up during that trying interview, but once she was alone, she crouched in the cushions of her chair and moaned out in the utter misery of her heart.

"There was no strong arm to lift her to her own room that night."

There was no hearty, ringing voice to bid her good-morning.

Still the feeble voice, freighted with its burden of anguish, moaned its sad refrain, when the door opened and Hannah Coyle came in.

But the shock came rudely on her from the columns of the daily paper.

It was not in one hour, or two, that she could conquer her own grief so as to leave the house. But when the first battle was over in her heart, she went at once where she knew John would have her go.

So when, faint with her long night of misery, the mother lay moaning, a kind hand was placed upon her shoulder, and a voice clear and strong, but sweet with womanly tenderness, spoke the dearest word on earth.

"Mother!"

She looked up with haggard, bloodshot eyes, and saw bending over her a face that love, pity, and deep, muttering tenderness had transformed into positive beauty.

"Mother," the sweet, clear voice said, "this is not what John would wish."

The mother's tears, the first she had shed, flowed fast at the sound of her son's name.

"Oh, Hannah!" she said, "you do not believe John is guilty?"

"John guilty?" the girl cried, her voice ringing like a trumpet call, her eyes flashing, and her cheeks glowing crimson.

"Mother, how can you put the words together? You know—I know that he is innocent."

"But he is in prison. He will be tried!"

"This was the first conversation that drew the hearts of the two women together, but the bond that knit them during the months that followed was that of suffering and sorrow, that would have torn the heart of the man whom they loved and trusted during his darkest hours."

For the trial only separated them more surely and terribly.

Twelve intelligent men, after hearing all the evidence, pronounced a verdict of guilty, and John Williams was sentenced for ten years.

It is not in the power of our pen to describe the desolate home to which this news was carried.

They never doubted him, even in the face of all the overwhelming evidence that had condemned him, but Heaven seemed to have deserted them when they knew the result of the trial.

Hannah Coyle was not pretty. Her features were plain, her eyes soft brown, and she had a sweet mouth, that could smile bravely and light her face for the invalid's eyes in their darkest hours.

But she had one great beauty in long, heavy masses of hair, of a rich dark brown, and of which she was fond and proud because John admired it.

The Gypsy at Home.

In Hungary, the Gypsy is to be seen in the purest type, strongly resembling the Italian race, except that the eye is generally more liquid, like that of the Spanish or Italian races. As a rule, the men are finer looking than the women, and their picturesque costume, gold ear-rings, and long curls adding greatly to their good looks.

Once in a while, however, one sees among the young girls a real Eastern beauty, who might serve for a model of Cleopatra, but usually their principal attraction lies in their peculiar dress—a bright handkerchief wound around the blackest of luxuriant hair in fantastic fashion, fastened with gold pins, dangling ornaments, and sometimes a bunch of flowers.

Many of the gypsies have beautiful houses and extensive estates in Sieben-burg; are rich not only in money and lands, but possess treasures in plate and rare old furniture, for which they may well be envied. Notwithstanding these attractions at home to induce them to lead domestic lives, this race, upon whom the curse of disquietude seems to rest, can only enjoy their homes for short periods. After a few months of ease and luxury, even the wealthiest among them leave civilized life, and join wandering bands to go off for months of travel, without any apparent aim except the fulfillment of that destiny which has made them wanderers on the face of the earth.

The whole world seems arrayed against them, and, except in their own little colony, they are only allowed to dwell with their fellow-beings for a few days at a time. Even this short intermission is granted by a special written permission from the chief of police, without which no gypsy can enter or remain over night in any village.

They are obliged, however, to serve in the army, but are disliked and mistrusted by both comrades and officers for their dishonesty and insincerity. Several officers in the Austrian army, who have had them under command, told us that the Zigeuners made very poor soldiers, insubordinate, and deserters whenever the chance offered, although cringing to the last degree when in the presence of their superior officers.

"We can always detect a gypsy in the ranks," said Major B., "by the servility of his salute." Yet among themselves they are brave and law-abiding, having generally a male leader to each band or tribe. As far as we could learn, the "gypsy queen" is a theatrical creation, but the wives and daughters of the leaders are held in high esteem, as are also the descendants of their ancient chiefs. There is a pride and independence about them that would lead us to believe that they had their origin in ancient royalty.

Baron X., wishing to get rid of a band which had encamped on his grounds, offered them money to "move on," which they laudably refused, saying:

"I don't want your money; my estate in Siebenburg would buy yours out a dozen times."

The Baron told us he had no doubt that the man's statement was true, for, when on the road, rich and poor meet on an equality, living the same simple camp life.

They travel in comfortable caravans, varying in style, according to the owner's means, from the canvas-covered wagon, or such a one as that in which Mignon is introduced to her audience, to quite a nice cottage on wheels. They generally select a resting place either in the woods or groves near some town, or by the margin of some retired lake, or river, buying whatever provisions they cannot buy at the camp.

The time of encampment is spent in trading horses, repairing or making tinware, and giving *à fresco* entertainments, consisting of music, dancing, and fortune-telling. If a gypsy comes to your house inquiring if your tin need mending, you may as well yield up some article at once, for he will not leave till he has obtained what he wants, or pushed his way into the kitchen if refused, and carrying off a pan or boiler by force. He will return in a few days, repaired and burnished up equal to new, but demanding double its original price for his labor. It is in vain to remind him that he did the work against your will, and that his price is exorbitant; he will only assure you, with the utmost coolness, that the article is much better now than when it was new, and repeat his demand for pay. So feared is the Zigeuner's displeasure that few people have the temerity to argue the point, and his request is usually complied with, however exorbitant.

Hobson's File.

John Hobson was hugging the lee side of a King street alley, New York, to keep out of the rain, when a policeman came along and invited him to stroll over to the station house. John did not care to go, but he was finally persuaded. He was traveling incognito, though he wanted them all to know when they tried to register him, so they had to identify him with a grocer's bill and an invitation to a Rhode Island clam bake, which constituted his effects. Ten dollars was the fine imposed when he was arraigned in the police court, and Mrs. Hobson was very mad over it when she came up to settle for her captive spouse.

"I like to see justice done right up to the hilt," she observed. "But you ain't goin' to stick the Hobson family for no ten dollar note because the ole man made a fool of himself. There's law in this country, and I'm goin' to see what the Supreme Court'll say to this."

His Honor kept mute, and vacantly eyed a paper weight.

"I ain't goin' to be bluffed either by no blue coats and brass buttons. I know what's right, and I'm not to be treated so if I have to go to Washington to square myself."

His Honor lifted his eyes to a last year's calendar.

"Ten dollars! Good lands! To think o' the like. You believe you can impose on a woman, but Matilda Smith Hobson's not the kind to stand extortion. D'y'e hear?"

His Honor took up the ten-day commitment and dipped his pen to sign it.

"This is a free country and we won't stand no tyranny. Do you take trade dollars?"

His Honor began to write.

"I'll see if the Mayor hasn't a hand in running this town, and if you swindle poor people this way. There's a five, a two and three ones. That's right, ain't it? Send the ole man out if he's sobered up. I'm not the woman to stand imposition, I can tell you."

And Hobson's fine was marked paid as she bustled to the door.

There has been a great many failures this year, and the rash to Europe is therefore correspondingly large.

They Missed the B'y After All

Jack was not a bad boy, but his parents really felt relief at the thought that he was to start for boarding school the next day. His father thought of it when he found that Jack had used his razor to whittle a kite-stick. He thought so again when he discovered that Jack's ball had gone through the parlor window. Jack's mother thought so when she found muddy foot-prints all over the parlor carpet, and a great scar on the piano leg. They both thought so when their chat at the supper table was interrupted by whistling and the upsetting of the milk picher, and they told Jack so, when, after having driven almost wild his father, who was trying to read the evening newspaper, by getting up a fight between the dog and cat, he sat down on his mother's new bonnet, she had just been fixing and utterly ruined it. Early the next morning Jack was packed off. Oh! what a relief from noise and trouble it was, his father's razor remains undisturbed, no sound of breaking glass was heard, the parlor carpet was unstained by mud. But some how the house didn't seem very cheerful to its occupants. It was a long day.

Tea was served. There was no whistling and upsetting of dishes to interrupt the conversation, but the talk didn't seem to run so smoothly after all. And when it came to reading the evening newspaper and fixing up another bonnet, the dog and cat sedulously interrupted the proceedings.

That's the difference between having a quiet life and having him away, and the gentleman put down his paper and remarked as much to his wife, when noticed a quivering about her mouth and two big drops on her cheeks, and there was a kind of mistiness about his eyes that bothered him about seeing.

"Yes," she answered; it is nice—and quiet, uh, uh, uh, u-u!" and he got up an went to the window and looked out and blew his nose for twelve minutes steadily.

Silly Impertinence of an Earl Earl

Out of the giving of one of the most successful and *recherché* balls of the season there arose an unpleasant incident. Among other guests the hostess invited a noble lord of superior proclivities and literary tastes. He thanked her for the invitation, but, pleading that his dancing days were over, he wrote her that if she would ask his daughter, Lady—, in his place he should esteem it a kindness. To this the lady replied that as there were many daughters of her personal acquaintances whom she was obliged to invite, she could not invite a daughter whom she did not know. The Earl, for such he was, swiftly retorted with a note to this effect:

"Dear Mrs.—: As I am not accustomed to being refused, I beg you to erase from the visiting list of Mrs.—, the name of the Earl of—, and—, Yours to command, '—' AND—"

The lady took the note to her husband, who, indignant at the affront which he considered had been put upon his wife, wrote and demanded an apology from the Earl. The Earl declined to apologize. The husband thereupon threatened to publish the Earl's letter. The Earl forbade his doing so, adding that it was scarcely worth while to trouble the papers with the probability there was not one person in ten thousand who would cross the road to see either of them hanged.

Thus the matter stands, and the friends of each party are discussing with some animation the question, "Who was in the wrong?"

Old Times in Colorado.

The first settlers of Boulder, saw a writer from that place, came here in 1838. In 1859 quite a number came, and some sixty low houses were erected before 1860 stepped in. Of these low houses but a few remain. Christmas, 1859, saw a jovial crowd of dancers in one of these houses, window, we believe, at the time. The early pioneers went after fun and had it. On the night in question, about two hundred some of toil and seekers of gold and their fortunes, and seventeen ladies, had assembled at the above-named place to partake of a frontier terepsichorean. Marquis G. Smith was then one of the beaux of town, and his dress suit consisted of pants made out of seamless sacks, and colored blue by the aid of logwood. A lady now living in town had an elegant dress made out of four sacks, also colored by the aid of logwood. There were few white shirts in the neighborhood then, most of the pioneers wearing woolen or flannel ones. A man with a white shirt on was in style and could dance with his coat off, a man without any would wear a coat buttoned up to the neck. Coats for dancing purposes did not seem to be very numerous, consequently the pioneers helped each other out. For instance, Alf. Nichols had six white shirts which were all at that ball and the coats of these six white-shirted fellows went to cover the backs of some one else. When one fellow had a dance he would loan his coat to another, and then his turn would come, and so the white shirts and long coats were dancing all night, and went around among the two hundred men. There were no wall flowers among the seventeen ladies. But they say the supper for the occasion was a grand affair: wash-boilers full of coffee, great hunks of black-tailed deer, jack-rabbits, fish, game and delicacies brought on a glorious supper one that the party would like to see repeated. There may not have been much style, but the seamless sacks and four bags saw as much pure enjoyment as does the finest and gaudiest attire of today.

How Towser Caught a Bee.

One day our dog Towser was a lyin' in the sun to sleep, but the flies that had been bled to him had caught him, and bime by a bee lit on his head and was working about like the dog was his'n. Towser he held his head still, and when the bee was close to his nose, Towser winked at him like he sed you see what this bufer is doin, he thinks I'm a fly-of-the-valley which isn't opened yet, but you see just what I'll blossom and you will see some fun, and so our Towser opened his mouth very slow so as not to frighten the bee, and the bee went into Towser's mouth. Then Towser set his eyes and his mouth too, and had begun to make a peaceful smile when the bee stung him, and you never see a fly-of-the-valley ask so in your life.

Eaten by Mountain Lions.

On or about the 1st of July two prospectors completed their outfit at Pitkin, Colorado, and departed in search of pay dust and saleable holes. They traveled on for some days, and stopped only for a few hours now and then to examine the deceptive rock that rose before them on both sides. They at last reached a small valley in the mountains and were passing through it, when suddenly a number of mountain lions made their appearance and started immediately for their prey. One of the men made an effort to repel the attack of the hideous beasts, while the others sought protection in his legs, and, running to a projecting rock on the mountain side, was emboldened to see the terrible encounter between his comrade and the lions. They were in bloody battle, while the shining claws of the beasts were seen to combine and strip the flesh from the man who was battling with the stock of his gun. The coward, who unfortunately lived to tell his story, says that suddenly the prospector was on the ground and that his enraged adversaries were devouring him. Thinking that possibly one man would not appease their appetites, the looker on thought it about time to leave and so hastened away. He was now without any weapon against the invasion of hunger or the chill mountain weather, and his only recourse from inevitable death was to reach a camp. To return through the valley he dared not, and by making a circuitous route he trusted he could strike a trail. He started on, however, and wanted to reach the trail before night was there to lead him astray with her myriads of star lights. This was where he committed his error, for he wandered from the right direction, and wearied and discouraged, he sat down and built a fire. The light came to succor him, but now hunger advanced, and soon visions of a comfortable cabin and plenty of food danced before him, as if glowing upon his misery. He did not succeed in finding the trail that day, and when nightfall came he ate a few pine burrs and laid down exposed to the elements again. This continued for eight days and nights, and at last he accidentally discovered a trail. He reached this, and when he should have been overjoyed at his prospects, all hope seemed to desert him and he laid down, not caring what came. He remained there some hours probably, when a party of prospectors came along, and found him almost unconscious. They administered a little brandy and succeeded in reviving him. A meal was prepared, but his stomach, that had been denied food for so many days, refused to retain it. He was taken up and strapped upon a horse, being unable to keep his seat without it, and the narrow condition of the trail prevented them from riding beside and supporting him. The reporter's informant met the party with the man shortly afterward, and, halting them, elicited the above, but neglected to ascertain the names of the unfortunate prospectors. The man with his days of starvation was almost reduced to nothingness, while his assured lips and cheek-bones that appealed for aid presented a revolting picture. The man, who no doubt, follow his friend into eternity, but in a way not so tragic and horrible.

Three Wonderful Dogs.

There are three very smart dogs in Brooklyn. The first of these dogs is Jerry, and Jerry is the property of a fire engine company. His duties are supposed to be, or originally were, by barking, to help the firemen hurry the horses from their stalls to the engine, when the bell rings for fire, for horses and engine are in the same room; but age has begun to tell upon him, and he is not kept so strictly to work as in his younger days. Besides, the horses are so well trained as not to need urging or assistance, from men or dogs, in taking their places at the pole.

Jerry's funny trait is begging. How he came to take to begging, no one knows; but one day, some ten years ago, it was discovered that Jerry treated the meals served him at the engine-house with considerable indifference, and subsequently the secret leaked out, when he was found paying visits at certain hours to fine mansions in the vicinity. In some way, best known to himself, Jerry had established a regular food route, and to this day (unless he has died within a few weeks) Jerry, about eight a. m., walks out of the engine-house, and begins his cold victual tramp from house to house, sure of being well received and well entertained by his patrons. But Jerry is always ready for duty, and let the fire-bell ring in the neighboring tower, and off he speeds, like an arrow, for the engine-house. Once I met him at a distance from the engine-house when the bell rang. Instinctively he knew he could not get back in time to go with the horses, so he began leaping up until strangers began to think he thought him gone mad. Suddenly, over the heads of the people in the street, he caught sight of what he wanted—the cap of a fireman—and then, with a fearful yelp, sped down the street, and following the fireman, was in a few minutes at the post of duty. Jerry is a tawny-colored animal, part shepherd-dog and part spaniel, so that he has good blood in his veins.

Do not number two is beautiful sky-terrier, r. w. eby D. J., of the H. e. g. s., and is as well known in that part of the city as his skillful master, since the doctor's carriage is rarely seen without having Jack perched on the seat, between the doctor and coachman. Indeed, Jack is such a licensed character that he insists upon having his ride, and the moment the carriage is at the door, jumps into it and on the seat without asking any questions. Dr. J. has occasionally succeeded in leaving his canine friend at home, but Jack, bound not to be cheated out of his ride, has on several of these occasions managed to escape from the house, and then has very saucily jumped into the first doctor's carriage that has come along, and insisted upon being accommodated, either by growling and baring his teeth. Jack has been taught to take a penny in his mouth every morning, and go to the butcher's and buy his own breakfast. Not long ago the butcher, to try Jack's patience, pretended not to see him, and even disregarded his short, pleading barks. Suddenly the butcher missed the dog, and, at the same time, a fine chicken, and looking out of the door, saw Jack running for dear life, with the fowl in his mouth. The butcher presented the doctor with a bill for the chicken, which the doctor paid, thinking the joke a good one, though, to my mind, the butcher would have been served just right had he not gotten his money—for it was a mean thing to tease the dog.

The third dog is the property of a lady, and a great, ungainly-looking yellow he. But he is an excellent watch-dog, and decidedly down on tramps. The lady has an aviary—which is a place for keeping birds—and a wonderful aviary it is, consisting of two rooms filled with canaries, which fly about at will and live in as nearly a wild state as these delicate creatures can in this rigorous climate. One of these rooms has a mosquito-net of partition running across it, in order to afford visitors an opportunity to watch the feathered inmates without disturbing them, and, as the stairs lead directly into this part of the aviary, of course the dog since he lives in the house has free access to the aviary as his gentle mistress. Indeed, he is allowed to go up there alone, and such is his good nature that he has no objection to peering through the netting. More than this, Mrs. H. often lets him go into the part of the aviary where the birds are confined, and such is the feeling existing between him and the canaries that when he lies down on the sanded floor—as he often does—the birds will sometimes alight on his body. When he gets tired of being made a perch of, he begins to gently roll from side to side, until the birds have been shaken off, then rises, stretches himself, and demurely follows his mistress down the stairs.

Great Beem.

In May, 1838, Messrs. Moffat and Smith, surgeons on board a merchant schooner, went to the city of Great Beem, wishing to open, or rather reopen, trade. They found a "very promising" country, the diet of a dysentery caught by a friend with rain. They were horrified to see a trench full of bodies at which the turkey buzzards were tugging, and "two corpses in a sitting position." These victims had probably been dispatched with a formal message announcing the arrival of strangers to the King's father in Ghost-land. The same unpleasant spectacle was offered in August, 1862, when I visited Beem, accompanied by Lieutenant Stokes, of her Majesty's ship Bloodhound, and Dr. Henry. In the tall rank herbage, on the right of the path leading into the city, appeared the figure of a fine young man, bare to the waist, with arms extended and wrists fastened to a scaffold frame work of peeled wand, poles and stakes planted behind him. For a moment we thought that the wretch might be alive; a few steps convinced us of our mistake. He had been crucified after the African fashion, seated on a rough wooden stool, with a white calico cloth veiling the lower limbs. Between the ankles stood an uncouth image of yellow clay, concerning which I remember peep. Freshly-killed violets, tuberoses, clove pinks or other highly scented flowers should be added each year in season. Fine extracts of any kind will enhance the fragrant odor, while fresh roses, salt and alspice, made as at first, must be added when convenient in the rose season. Shake and stir the jar once or twice a week and open only during use. The delightful effect produced throughout the dwelling by the daily use of these jars is not as universally known as it should be for apartments rendered unpleasant by the odors arising from the kitchen. Noxious gases may be dissipated by the frequent use of the "rose jar."

On or about the 1st of July two prospectors completed their outfit at Pitkin, Colorado, and departed in search of pay dust and saleable holes.

They traveled on for some days, and stopped only for a few hours now and then to examine the deceptive rock that rose before them on both sides. They at last reached a small valley in the mountains and were passing through it, when suddenly a number of mountain lions made their appearance and started immediately for their prey. One of the men made an effort to repel the attack of the hideous beasts, while the others sought protection in his legs, and, running to a projecting rock on the mountain side, was emboldened to see the terrible encounter between his comrade and the lions. They were in bloody battle, while the shining claws of the beasts were seen to combine and strip the flesh from the man who was battling with the stock of his gun. The coward, who unfortunately lived to tell his story, says that suddenly the prospector was on the ground and that his enraged adversaries were devouring him. Thinking that possibly one man would not appease their appetites, the looker on thought it about time to leave and so hastened away. He was now without any weapon against the invasion of hunger or the chill mountain weather, and his only recourse from inevitable death was to reach a camp. To return through the valley he dared not, and by making a circuitous route he trusted he could strike a trail. He started on, however, and wanted to reach the trail before night was there to lead him astray with her myriads of star lights. This was where he committed his error, for he wandered from the right direction, and wearied and discouraged, he sat down and built a fire. The light came to succor him, but now hunger advanced, and soon visions of a comfortable cabin and plenty of food danced before him, as if glowing upon his misery. He did not succeed in finding the trail that day, and when nightfall came he ate a few pine burrs and laid down exposed to the elements again. This continued for eight days and nights, and at last he accidentally discovered a trail. He reached this, and when he should have been overjoyed at his prospects, all hope seemed to desert him and he laid down, not caring what came. He remained there some hours probably, when a party of prospectors came along, and found him almost unconscious. They administered a little brandy and succeeded in reviving him. A meal was prepared, but his stomach, that had been denied food for so many days, refused to retain it. He was taken up and strapped upon a horse, being unable to keep his seat without it, and the narrow condition of the trail prevented them from riding beside and supporting him. The reporter's informant met the party with the man shortly afterward, and, halting them, elicited the above, but neglected to ascertain the names of the unfortunate prospectors. The man with his days of starvation was almost reduced to nothingness, while his assured lips and cheek-bones that appealed for aid presented a revolting picture. The man, who no doubt, follow his friend into eternity, but in a way not so tragic and horrible.

There are three very smart dogs in Brooklyn.

The first of these dogs is Jerry, and Jerry is the property of a fire engine company. His duties are supposed to be, or originally were, by barking, to help the firemen hurry the horses from their stalls to the engine, when the bell