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THE JOY OF LIFE.

Over the fields, by winding ways,
We wander on together,
Under the flashing azure skies,
In a hush of August weather.
Round about us, afar and near,
We hear the loon's humming,
And the asters starting the lonely path
Laugh out to see us coming.
Bird songs out of the sunlit oak
Fall rippling through the shadow,
Like a spear of flame the cardinal flower
Burns bright along the meadow.
Into our hearts the blithe wind blows,
Its own free gladness giving,
And all things laugh in the happy earth
For the pure, sweet joy of living.

Heft of Heart.

Miss Illione Howell sits on the top step of the black porch of the Pebble House, gazing out upon the river—blue as the sky above it, and almost as bright—which flows gently by at the foot of the garden. Everything looks bright and beautiful this warm, pleasant, fragrant October day. The garden walks formed of many small glittering stones, encircle the beds of autumn flowers and plots of feathery grass like broad gray ribbons thickly strewn with precious gems, and the little summer and bathhouse, built of some dark wood, and incrust'd with more brilliant pebbles, gleam and glow through the trees at the water's edge, as the homes of the diamond gnomes must gleam and glow in the heart of the dark brown earth. Nor does the sheen and glitter end with the garden; for the Pebble House itself is decorated around each window and door—imbedded in some mysterious manner in the frames—with many colored stones, each one sparkling bravely in pygmy mimicry of the setting sun.

But loveliest of all things that adorn this wonderful October day—lovelier than flashing river, gleaming sunshine, steeped pebbles, flaming gladioli, and bee-loved four-o'clocks—is the lady, young and fair, with gold brown hair, large blue gray eyes, pale oval face, and sweet, small mouth, leaning back against one of the pillars of the Pebble House porch, the red foliage of the Virginia creeper that envelopes it drooping over her beautiful head. There is a tender, dreamy look in her large eyes, and a soft smile about her pretty curved lips, as she sits there so motionless, gazing out upon the river. One can see that she is wandering in dreamland; but, alas! she is doomed to be rudely recalled to earth again.

"Kleptomaniac indeed!" says a loud girl's voice near her, and Miss Ada Warden a little brunette with magnificent black eyes and heavy black eyebrows, comes suddenly out on the porch, arm in arm with her inseparable friend, Linda Lee, whose eyes are blue as Ada's are black, and whose eyebrows are the faintest shadows of those belonging to her friend. Why do they never call it that when the—the—"

"Kleptomaniac," draws Linda, sinking into an easy chair, and clasping her pretty hands above her head with a generous yawn that seems to indicate her weariness of the subject.

"Oh, thanks!" continues Ada, in the same loud tone, twining her broad-brimmed hat carelessly and carelessly—"Kleptomaniac is a sure—happens to be a poor wretch who steals a loaf of bread or something of that sort!"

"Don't look at me, Ada dear," Miss Howell begs, in tones that would have delighted Shakespeare himself; "I'm sure I don't know," and she yawns too, but such a cunning, mischievous, as though a red rosebud had suddenly made up his mind to unfold into the smallest of red roses.

"Well, upon my word," exclaims Ada, indignantly, looking from one of her friends to the other, "you both appear to be in remarkable spirits this afternoon. I can't stand it. I must run away in search of some one less boisterous. No, I won't either, for here comes Herbert Moore, my cousin of cousins, attended, prince of good fellows as he is, by slaves bearing good baskets and casks of dew and honey—that is lemonade and macarons. Girls ain't you glad I've got such a duck of a cousin, and that he coaxed him to spend his vacation here instead of at Newport? And now for his opinion on the subject."

"What subject?" asks Herbert Moore. And then, without waiting for an answer, he turns to the lovely face interwoven with the vine leaves, and says, "May I sit at your feet, Miss Howell? I've been roaming, and I'm deuce—beg pardon—awfully tired."

"Wouldn't you rest better in a chair?" and she leans forward, with a bright smile on her lips and in her eyes.

"Not at all, thank you," seating himself a step or two below the lady.

"Mrs. Sherwood," begins Ada, between two bites of macarons.

"Oh, that affair of the diamond bracelet—poorthing?" says the young man.

"What, do you believe in the kleptomaniac?" draws Linda from her easy chair.

"That's the way they explain it, Ada goes on. She has been an innocent picker-up of costly trinkets since her childhood, her father at first, and then her husband, refunding. But Mr. Brown, the jeweler, with a heart as hard as his diamonds, threatened prosecution and only consented to compromise on condition that he should be allowed to warn his brethren of gems and gold. And so it all came out. Oh dear, what a shocking thing, especially when one remembers that the—the—"

"Kleptomaniac," Linda again lazily suggests.

"More thanks, Linda love—that the kleptomaniac came near being one of one's intimate friends. Do say something, Herbert."

"The most charming girl I ever met in my life," Herbert responded, gravely, was a pickpocket."

Science in Flour Manufacture.

Until recently it was believed that the only thing to be sought for in the production of a good article of flour was a more or less fine disintegration of the kernels of wheat. As long as millers held to the theory that grinding was all that was required, a large percentage of the flour had its nutritive powers greatly reduced by being ground to an impalpable dust. Science, by aid of the microscope, has shown that no really good bread can be made from flour in which any large portion of the starch globules have been thus broken down. The rising of bread is due to the starch globules which remain whole, whilst the dust from the disintegrated ones, by souring, impairs the lightness and sweetness of the loaf. It is but recently that these facts have been made known to millers, and since that time they have been discarding their old theories and machinery and devising improvements with the view of saving the starch globules from being pulverized them. Another important advance in this industry consists of an improvement in bolting machines. Until recently the bran was separated from the flour by a powerful air blast, which blows off the light particles of bran. Considerable power is required for this process, and although it is carried on in a closed room, there is not only a great waste of the flour particles of flour, but the impalpable dust penetrates every part of the mill and often gives rise to destructive explosions. By a recent invention, electricity is made to take the place of the air blast. Just over the wire bolting cloth, which has a rapid reciprocal motion, a number of hard rubber cylinders are kept slowly revolving and rubbing against strips of sheepskin, by which a large amount of frictional electricity is evolved. Then, as the middlings arise by the reciprocal motion, the lighter bran comes to the top, whence, instead of being blown away by an air blast, it is attracted to the electrically charged cylinders, as light substances are attracted to a piece of paper, or a stick of sealing wax which has been smartly rubbed. The removal of the bran from the rollers, and its deposit on one side, are readily effected, while the flour is carried in another direction. The separation is thus made complete, with very little loss of dust. Still another device has been introduced, to remove from the wheat, before being ground, small pieces of iron, which, despite the utmost care, will find their way into the grain, working great injury to mill machinery. This trouble is now remedied by the use of a series of magnets, directly under which all the grain is made to pass. These magnets readily catch all the stray pieces of iron from the wire bands used in binding; and they have also revealed the singular fact that, of the scraps of iron and steel which find their way into the grain, fully one third are something besides the binding wire. They are of larger proportions, of varying character, and much more hurtful to the machinery than the wire. Thus it is that science is constantly coming to the aid of all the various industries, lightening the labor of the workmen, decreasing the cost of products, and in every way improving all the various processes which are involved in the improved and constantly advancing civilization of the age.

"What was it?" asks Ada.

"Ada—with great solemnity—"not for the world would I give any one, not even you, my gentle coz, a cune by which—"

Well, I was just seated, when a most lovely girl, followed by her escort—a young man whose resemblance to her led me to believe him her brother—sank into the chair next me."

"What did she look like?" slyly questioned Linda.

"Miss Lees, I must repeat the remark I made to my cousin a moment ago. No word or act of mine shall lead to the—"

Suffice it to say she was lovely. The curtain rose as soon as she had taken her seat, and from that instant her attention was riveted upon the stage. I was pleased to notice, however, she did not favor her companion with any gushing remarks about the handsome—"

"Who?" from Ada.

"No matter, and that she did not wear—"

"What?" from Linda.

"Rather a bunch of violets or a Jacques rose. But I was not so well pleased to find that she seemed totally unconscious of my proximity, although she did accept a programme from my hand, in an absent-minded kind of way, without even a glance in my direction, while the young lady on the other side peeped coquetically at me."

"You concocted fellow!" exclaimed his cousin.

"She did, upon my honor, from behind her fan, every few minutes, and at last, gaining confidence, from the angelic repression of my countenance, no doubt, actually offered me a chocolate caramel."

"Why Mr. Moore!"

"She did, Miss Lees, and I took it and ate it. She was about six, I should think. However, to go on with my story. In the third act, where—"

"Rose Michel,"

"The 'Two Orphans.'"

"Neither. Where there is some very pathetic business, my charming neighbor bowed and weeping, and reaching her grey-kiddied hand down by her side, took from the pocket of my coat my handkerchief—the last of that dozen of silk ones you brought me from Paris, Ada."

"Not really?" And what did you do?"

"Nothing. Yes, I did, I brought it along, till the dirt of the fan and the chocolate caramel said to me, roughly, 'Why do you laugh? It isn't funny. And I watched her at the end of the play walking away in the most dignified manner, after carefully putting my handkerchief in her pocket, or whatever you call it, pocket.'"

"It was all a mistake you may depend upon it, Herbert. Last winter we wore our pockets so—"

Ada hesitates, and Linda, as usual, comes to her assistance: "In our back breadths."

"I—that she—I mean no doubt your coat skirt was intruding upon the arm of her chair. And did you ever meet her again?"

"I did. And she immediately possessed herself, in just as guileless a manner as she possessed herself my handkerchief, of something belonging to me, from my point of view of infinitely more valuable."

"There's George, and we promised to go sailing with him. Come, Linda," shouts Ada, grasping her lady friend by the arm; and as they ran down the steps she shouts back at her cousin, "If there's any more, tell us this evening, Herbert."

"Is there any more, Miss Howell?" asks Mr. Moore, rising and standing face to face with the blushing girl.

"Should there be more?" she asks in return.

Whistling in the Mines.

In 1840 there was a great mine disaster near Carbondale, Pa. Several miners were buried in one of the Delaware and Hudson Canal company's mines by a sudden caving in of the roof. Although the cause of the caving was known to have been a lack of proper support by pillars and timbers, at least one old miner, a survivor of the disaster, still insists that it was caused by a "dare-devil miner," named Jack Richards, whistling in the mine while working with his gang, against the protests of his comrades. Richards was a skeptical young Welshman, who ridiculed all the superstitions of his fellow-workmen. With the old miner mentioned above and fifteen others, he was working in the mine, a mile from the entrance, on the day of the catastrophe. The mine was well known to be scantily propped, and the miners were "robbing" it preparatory to its abandonment. He is described as having been a merry fellow, fond of teasing his companions. On this occasion he suddenly laid down his pick, and announced to his fellow workmen in the chamber that he intended to "write them up the 'Rigs o' Barley.'" The miners were against all the thought of Richards thus deliberately flying in the face of mine luck, and they begged of him not to do so. He laughed at their fears, and with clear, loud notes made the chamber ring with the lively Scotch air. Not content with that, says the old miner, shuddering at this late day over the sacrilegious temerity of the merry Welshman, he raised a jig-knave by the miners as the "Devil Among the Tailors," and ended by telling the good luck spirit to "take a dance to that, and be blown to it." None of the miners could speak for some time. Some of them tried to go to work again, but the fear of disaster was so strong upon them that they all made preparations to quit the mine. The old miner, who recalls this incident says that he had a brother and a son working in another mine, and he made up his mind to go to them, tell them of Jack Richards's foolhardiness, warn them of its consequences, and escape with them from the mine. Jack Richards could not convince any of them of the childishness of their intended course.

Suddenly, while they were gathering up their tools, a noise like the sound of distant thunder came to the ears of the excited miners. They knew too well what the sound presaged. The roof was "working," and a cave-in threatened. The miners turned to Jack and charged him with bringing disaster upon them by his defiance of the good luck spirit of the mine. Jack replied that if the roof was falling, it was because of insufficient support, and not because of his whistling, and knowing the danger that encompassed them all, he would select his comrades to lose no time in "getting out." But before they could take the first step toward reaching the surface a second shock ran through the mine. This time it was like a clap of thunder near the earth. It was followed by a crash that could be made out by the falling masses of rock and coal from the roof, and by a gust of wind which hurled the miners against the jagged walls of their chamber. Then the mine fell in all about them, and the seven miners and the car-horse were imprisoned behind a wall of fallen coal and rock, in a space not more than forty feet square.

Their lights were extinguished, and there was not a match in the party. With death awaiting them in one of its worst forms, they cursed Jack Richards, and one of the miners tried to find him in the dark to brain him with a pick. To ascertain whether any of the gang had been killed by the falling coal the name of each one was called by one of the miners. All responded by Jack Richards. He was found dead, half buried beneath the wall of rock and coal. The miners gave themselves up to despair, as they did not dream it was possible for any aid to reach them from without, and to dig their way through a mile of rocky debris was a task they knew was hopeless. Among the imprisoned miners was a young man named Boyden. He was a son of Alexander Boyden, the superintendent of the mine, and, like his father, was a man of great nerve and courage. He encouraged his imperiled companions with the assurance that the air in the mine would not be poisoned by the gases for at least two days, and that as long as the horse's body lasted they need not starve. He said that his father would leave nothing undone to rescue all who were shut in the mine, and, meantime, they themselves could aid his efforts by digging out to meet him. Only three picks could be found, the others being buried beneath the coal. With these the men went to work with a will. Those who had no picks worked with their hands in digging into the barrier between them and their freedom.

The body of poor Jack Richards was uncovered and laid tenderly in a safe place in the chamber. The horse seemed understand the terror of the situation, and gave voice to frequent piteous neighs.

The men worked for hours, many of them working the flesh from their fingers in the sharp coal. Some of them lost all heart, and threw themselves upon the damp floor of their underground prison and bewailed their fate. Suddenly a ray of light broke through a small opening in the wall. Then a lantern was pushed through, followed by a man's head. The man cried out: "Is there a man here that is alive?" A glad shout from the miners was the reply. The man pulled himself through the opening into the chamber. It was Alexander Boyden, the superintendent. The miners took him up in their arms, wept tears of joy, and kissed the man whom they believed had come to deliver them.

Mr. Boyden had found his way to the spot where the miners were imprisoned by crawling along a narrow passage that had been left in the falling coal and rock by the lodging of rock timbers all along the way. It required a struggle for hours to make the perilous journey! He did not expect to find one man alive in the chamber, his first desire being to ascertain the body of his son, if possible, and save it from being devoured by rats. He soon had the mine entrance in readiness to follow him back toward the mouth of the mine. He took the dead body of Jack Richards on his back and led the way, and two hours afterward the miners were in the arms of wives, parents and sweethearts on top. Richards had no relatives but a crippled sister, who was dying of consumption. She died that day. The brother and sister of the narrator of this tragical incident and twelve other miners were never found. Three days after the fall, mine boss Hossie, who had been in a distant part of the mine when the roof caved in, emerged from its depths, worn away to a skeleton. With his pick he had dug his way for more than a mile under an old solid wall, without a taste of food or a drop of water to strengthen and sustain him.

This mine tragedy forms one of the favorite narratives of the old miners of this region, and, after relating it to inquiring visitors, they never fail to warn them not to whistle if they intend going down in a mine.

Primalve Man.

In a recent speech Prof Dawkins generalizing from the distribution of the animal remains found in the early tertiary periods, concluded that Europe was then joined to Africa. The evidence found in the middle period of the tertiary of the river drift hunter in France, Italy, Spain, Greece, North Africa and also in India, brought up in his opinion, face to face in that period with the primitive condition of human culture on which, in all probability, all progress had been based. The absence of geographical limitations already referred to would account for the freedom with which the hunter passed to and fro. Subsequently, in the cave-men found in the recesses of the river-drift hunter-men of much higher type. He gave of their habits the following hypothetical description: They dressed themselves in skins and wore gloves not unlike those worn at the present time. They wore necklaces and armlets, and probably pierced their ears for the reception of ear-rings for ornamentation. They used red radi, and indeed some of the practices of the present time might be looked upon distinctly as being survivals. The skins with which they clothed themselves they sewed together with bone needles, and from what they left behind on bones and pieces of skin and the like it appeared that they were able to form a distinct idea of the creatures they hunted, the representations thus left probably being the trophies of the chase. They were fowling and fishermen, and it was evident from the figures of animals which had been discovered that the hunters of these times had great facility in representing forms of animals on bone; but their attempts at representing the human form were rude. They had also left behind evidence of the art of sculpture. They were ignorant of metals. They had no domestic animals. Apparently they were not in the habit of burying their dead. We were not aware of what sort of physique they had, but there was reason to believe they were most closely related to the Esquimaux. They were wholly different from the river-drift men. The river-drift man was in a state of primeval savagery; the cave man was of a higher type, but in his turn was wholly inferior to the farmer, herdsman and merchant who followed him. We had this proof of the development of the human race in times before history began, and it occurred to him they had no reason for fixing any limit as to where progress would end, his opinion being that man would go on increasing in knowledge and in improving in the arts of civilization until in perhaps not a very remote future he would be as superior to the men of 1880 as we were superior to the early hunters and cave men.

Stick to one thing until it is done, and done well. The man who chases two hares not only loses one of them, but is pretty sure to lose the other also.

Gold in Musical Instruments.

The use of gold in the construction of musical instruments, never yet thoroughly investigated, offers an interesting field for experiment. Four metals are distinguished as being capable of being hardened to spring temper, and in that state possess more or less power of vibration. Steel hardened by tempering is used for pianoforte strings. Brass is hardened by drawing down or drawing out, and the elasticity is not equal to steel. Nickel can also be drawn or flattened, and possesses great springiness, but no metal, either in a pure state or mixed with other metal, equals gold, if combined with copper, silver or both, for ductility or of power of vibration. A spiral spring made of fifteen-carat gold—that is, fifteen parts of fine gold to nine parts of copper drawn into a wire—possesses more springiness. Many years ago a superintendent of the manufacture of some gold wire on this principle, as a string upon an ordinary pianoforte, and the results were marked. Not only was the tone considerably increased, but its quality materially improved. With the thinner and shorter strings this was so noticeable that it is surprising the idea should not have suggested itself to others. Fifteen carat wire drawn down at least six holes after softening answers best. I have also suggested the use of gold for the vibrating tongue of the harmonium, concertina and other instruments of the kind. Some time ago I asked an amateur zither player to try the effects of gold wire upon his instrument and he has since assured me the increase in tone is so remarkable that he has substituted it for the steel springs with complete success. I think the idea one that merits further inquiry. The expense (if advantages are to be gained) should not deter those most interested in the matter. The harmonium tongues are made so thin that little extra outlay would be required, and with small loss, seeing that the old gold can be remelted. Let anyone take a disk of steel the size and thickness of a sovereign, throw it upon a wooden table so as to make it ring, then take a sovereign and beat it in the same way. The first will have a dull sound, as if the metal were cracked, and the second a bright metallic bell-ringing. A still better test is to throw a piece of steel band on the floor, listen to the vibrations, then do the same with a strip of gold of the same size and density. Gold has been used for the strings of the virginal, with what effect I cannot say; everything depends on the gold being alloyed and hardened by drawing down to the desired condition, in which it will stand nearly the same as steel.

A Poetic Story.

There is a quite singular tale in connection with Stiles' hill, in the town of Southbury, Conn. known to the country residents living within sight of that eminence. For six decades two tall elm trees stood side by side, a little distance apart, upon the topmost point of the elevation; these trees were visible for many miles around, and from this fact they became noted landmarks. More than sixty years ago two little girls were wont to pass over the summit of this hill daily, during the summer season, to drive their father's cows to pasture. They were impressed by the slightly attributes of the elevation, and often tarried to gaze at the wide-spread landscape. One day they conceived the idea of planting each a tree upon the hill, which should be to them a reminder of their childhood days in the years to come. They put their idea into effect, and two slender elm shoots soon waved their green branches as solitary sentinels in the open space round about. Years passed by and the shoots grew into tall, stalwart trees. The girls grew to womanhood and passed out of the parental home into the great wide world. Occasionally they would meet one another and allude to the living reminders of youthful days, and often they would visit the familiar haunts of their girlhood and would sit beneath the wide spreading branches of the marmoth elms. About five years ago one of the girls died, an aged lady of almost eighty. Scarcely had the intelligence of her death reached the neighborhood of her rural home, when the residents observed that one of the old elms was dying. Its leaves withered and withered as though scorched by flame, and although midsummer yet the foliage fell to the ground, leaving the naked, lifeless branches and stock looking desolate enough. Decay quickly followed in the great tree, and during a high wind, one night the following winter, it fell to the earth. The other girl, although an octogenarian, still lives, and the old elm which she planted in her fresh young girlhood still lives. But the people, to whom the above circumstances are known, watch it with interest, feeling that a subtle relationship exists between the two lives, and that the one will cease with the other.

Clearing the Way for Old Hickory.

When President Jackson visited Hartford, Ct., in June, 1833, among the incidents of the day, which provoked considerable merriment at the expense of the sufferers, was the following, related by a gentleman who witnessed it. As the President's party came in sight of the crowd at Skinner's Corner it was observed that three men in a wagon were riding abreast of Jackson's carriage, and while not designing to insult the distinguished visitors, their conduct was so boisterous as to annoy them. One of the assistant marshals requested them to fall back, but he was answered by a flat and profane refusal. General Pratt then rode up and asked them to take themselves out of the way. Another blast of profanity and an emphatic negated greeted this request. General Pratt's eyes flashed ominously. He was mounted on a fine, powerful horse, and halting until the wagon containing the belligerents was a few yards away, the General put spurs to his horse and charging upon the animal which was drawing the refractory three. He came up full gallop, his horse striking with tremendous force. The horse was knocked down the embankment, the wagon upset and partially wrecked, and the stubborn occupants found themselves sprawling on the ground. Although the shock of the collision was great, Pratt kept his seat as firmly as a rock, and the crowd cheered him lustily. Old Hickory could not repress a smile at the ludicrous scene as the three men took the unexpected tumble. There was a good deal of the Jackson snap in the performance, and possibly the President thought if he had been in General Pratt's place, "I would have done the same thing, by the Eternal!"

Manias.

There are many strange physiological phenomena; such as, for instance, as what is known as imitative and curiosity manias, the one being an uncontrollable desire to do as we see others do, and the other an irresistible wish to see what others see. History records many instances of these manias. One of the most remarkable of the first occurred in Aix-la-Chapelle and other cities in 1874, when an assemblage of persons appeared who had "danced their way through Germany." It was estimated, at one time, that there were 30000 persons thus engaged. Its commencement was supposed to have been that a single individual, afflicted with some nervous disease, commenced dancing; others seeing him, in obedience to the desire, the mania, to act as others act, joined in the dance, which, in a short time, engaged the above extraordinary number of persons. In the same category may be placed the "biting mania," who appeared in the convents of Germany, Holland and Rome in another century. This extended imitative mania arose simply from the act of one man attempting to bite a companion, and almost immediately the whole sisterhood commenced biting each other. So in regard to the "mewing mania." A nun in a convent initiated the mewing of a cat. Other sisters commenced mewing, until, finally, the whole sisterhood mewed in concert for hours at a time. Something similar to this, about sixty years ago, took place in our own country. At a camp-meeting held at Caneridge, Kentucky, a man thought he could best serve the Lord by climbing a tree and barking like a squirrel. In a short time the imitative mania seized upon others, and the trees upon the camp-ground were soon covered with men barking in like manner. The curiosity mania leads to scenes, if not so ridiculous, quite as strange. A despotic gambler by the name of John Law killed a man in a duel in London, and escaped to Paris. The finances of France were in a deranged condition. In a short time he became famous as the great financier who had extracted that country from her difficulties.