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LOVED TOO LATE.

Year after year with a glad content,
In and out of our home he went—
In and out.
Ever for us the skies were clear;
His heart carried the oars and fear,
The oars and doubt.

Our hands held with a careless hold
All that he won of honor and gold
In toil and pain.
O dear hands that our burdens bore—
Hands that shall to I for us no more,
Never again!

Oh, it was hard to learn our loss,
Bearing daily the heavy cross—
The cross as we bore;
To say, with an aching heart and head,
"Would to God that the Love now dead
Were here once more!"

For when the Love we held too light
Has gone away from our speech and sight,
No bitter tears,
No passionate words of fond regret,
No yearning grief, could pay the debt
Of thankless years.

Oh, now while the sweet Love lingers near,
Grudge not the tender words of cheer;
Leave none unsaid,
For the heart can no sadder fate
Than some day to awake—too late—
And find Love dead!

Cook's Story.

"Yes ma'am," said cook to me, pausing in the stirring of a pudding as she spoke, and shaking her head until her double chin looked like a mound of jelly. "Yes, ma'am, I've seen some strange things in my long life of service, I can tell you. I know the secrets of a good many families, and understand the difference between home faces and company faces by this time."

"There's many a happy looking couple with 'my dear' and 'my darling' before folks that are like cat and dog when they are alone. And I can tell you you don't know much about people from seeing the front door. I've found out many secrets in the course of my life, but never, I'm thankful to say, any that weighed upon me so as what I met with at my first place, thirty years ago this winter."

"I was a young girl then, with only one relation living—my old grandmother—and she was terribly anxious about her. 'Girls are light minded,' said she, 'and are carried away by flattery. And a handsome young fellow with a smooth tongue might lead Anne into all kinds of folly.' So granny deliberated and deliberated, and refused this place and that place, and seemed as though she never would be suited."

"At last, however, the minister, who had been a bachelor so far, married and brought his wife home, and granny came in out of her wits with joy one day to say she'd got me the place."

"It's a fine thing for you," says old granny. "You'll get no harm there."

"So poor old granny helped me pack my box and I went over to the minister's."

Every one in the place knew about the minister's courtship, and how he had before that courted Miss Nellie Reed, and that it would have been a match, if it had not been for Miss Bella Dunton, who came to the place on a visit and set her cap for him at once. That was the story; but there was nothing of the flirt about Mrs. Burlington, Miss Dunton that was; and if Miss Reed had been jilted, she was much the handsomest. Handsome, but a fierce, bright kind of beauty, like that of the wild animals in cages at the menageries; and I never could learn their names to know them apart, but there was a way they had of stepping that was soft and yet fierce, that put me in mind of her when I saw them. And Mrs. Burlington was like a dove—soft and mild and sweet. I couldn't call her plain, whatever others did."

"I suppose that married life is the same the world over while people are young and in their honeymoon."

"The minister and his wife were like two turtle-doves. His arm always about her waist, or her hand on his shoulder. They couldn't bear to be apart. At first I think he loved her most—but her love grew. It's always so—marriage makes a man love more while, generally, it makes a woman love of a lover. Though I'll say for Mr. Burlington, I noticed no change in him."

"And I know I'd just said to the cook that I hoped if ever I had a husband he'd be as fond of me as master was of mistress, when the bell rang and I went to open the door and who should walk in, and hand me her card, but Miss Nellie Reed. I took it in to master and mistress, and I saw his face flush as he looked at it—but she only smiled."

"Show the lady in," said she, and you may believe me or not, ma'am, but as she spoke I felt a cold chill run through me, and if I'd dared to step out of my place so far as to say, 'Please, ma'am, let me send her away,' I'd have done it, but I didn't dare, and she came in, and from that time they were intimate, always going and coming, and sitting together. 'I don't believe the story they tell of missus having cut Miss Reed out,' said cook, one day. But I did. I'd seen a spark in her eyes that meant no good."

"All this pleasant seeming work went on for a long while, and at last the time came when a little baby was born. I remember when I first saw it lying on its mother's arm, and Mr. Burlington kissing them both. Miss Reed was not there, but when I went back to the kitchen she was there, stirring something we were making for mistress. She gave a start as she saw me, and something dropped out of her hand. It was a little china jar with a flower painted on it, and as I picked it up I said:

Strangely Fulfilled.

"What a wonder it was it wasn't broken, and how pretty it is."

"She made me no answer, but put it into her pocket in a hurry, and poured the gruel into a bowl and carried it up stairs."

"Oh, Miss," said cook, as she passed her, "how glad I am missus is getting on so well!"

"But Miss Reed just looked at her in a strange way and said in a sort of whisper: 'She's far from well—far from well. I think her very ill myself.'"

"Does the doctor say so?" asked cook.

"But Miss Reed had gone; and whether he had said so or not, he said it the next day."

"Ah, she was very, very ill, and Miss Reed was very kind; she watched her, and cared for her, and cooked all her food. But day by day the poor lady grew worse, and the baby pined; and at last on the same night both died."

"After she was dead the minister lay upon the sofa all day long, moaning and weeping. Once I heard him say that fate was cruel. Miss Reed heard him."

"And it cannot be retributive justice," she said, in a strange tone, "for you have never been cruel to any one, you know."

"Even in his grief he looked at her then; but that was all they said."

"The night of the funeral she was there still. The minister was shut in his room, and she in hers, as we supposed, and her servants dreaded to go to bed, for the house seemed full of ghosts. The very commonest noises frightened us; and a flapping window-shutter made us all start. It was one belonging to a pantry window, and cook bade me go and fasten it, at last, and I went, shaking and trembling, and found I must go outside to do it."

"Must be must, and I made up my mind to brave it; but, as I put my hand to the bolt to draw it, I found it was not fastened, and the lock was not shot either. So I opened the door softly and stepped out, and there, in the moonlight, I saw what I thought to be a ghost kneeling and digging a grave. At first I was too frightened to scream; but before I got my breath again I saw that the figure was a living one. It was Miss Nellie Reed. She was kneeling and digging a little hole with a trowel mistress had used for her gardening. And when she had dug it she dropped into it something white and shining, patted down the earth, and came in."

"She did not see me where I stood, and she fastened the door and crept up stairs in the dark. A little while after I went out and fastened the flapping shutter, and I told nobody of what I had seen."

"Nobody; but that night I dreamt a dream. I thought my dead mistress came to me, and took me from my bed, and led me to the spot where I had seen Miss Nellie Reed kneeling."

"When my husband tells you he is going to marry that woman, dig here, and show him what you find," said she.

"I awoke wet with perspiration, and shivering with fright; but I said nothing yet."

"I said nothing, until a year from that day I dreamt the dream again; only this time my mistress said:

"My husband is going to marry my murderer; dig here, and show him what you find."

"Then I went to the old doctor, and made my courtesy, and told him my dreams, and what I had seen. 'And is master going to marry any one?' said I."

"He is going to marry Miss Reed," said the doctor.

"Then he bade me say nothing, and promised to come to the house that night and help me prove to myself that there was nothing under the tree."

"Late that night, with the moon high in the sky, as it had been when I saw Miss Reed digging there, we knelt down together under the old tree, and I dug where she had, and in a little while I struck something hard and lifted it from the earth."

"It was only a little china jar, with a tight fitting cover, but when I looked at it I knew it for the jar Miss Reed had dropped upon the hearth while she was stirring Mrs. Burlington's gruel."

"It is half full of white powder," said I.

"But the doctor snatched it from me."

"If Miss Reed chooses to make a grave for her tooth-powder jar, she has a right to do it," he said. "And don't make a fool of yourself and talk to your fellow-servants, and there is five dollars to get you a dress."

Luminous Paint.

Not the least promising application of the new luminous paint is found in the production of a safety lamp for coal miners. It is said to give light enough for practical use, and as it contains no fire or heat, it is evident that its use is absolutely free from risk. By means of this form of lamp, in connection with blasting by compressed air, fire and the attendant danger of exploding gas might be ruled out, and the most dangerous mines be made quite safe.

The Deacon's Turkey.

On the night of May 11, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scortier House, near Redruth, in Cornwall, woke his wife, and in great agitation told her of a strange dream he had just had. He dreamed he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the Chancellor. His wife told him not to trouble about the dream, but to go to sleep again. He followed her advice, but presently woke her again, saying he had dreamed the same dream.

Yet another time was the dream repeated, after which he was so disturbed that, despite his wife's entreaties that he would trouble himself no more about the House of Commons, but try to sleep quietly, he got up and dressed himself. This was between one and two o'clock in the morning. At breakfast Mr. Williams could talk of nothing but the dream, and early the same morning he went to Falmouth, where he told the dream to all of his acquaintances whom he met. Next day Mr. Tucker, of Tremont House, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scortier House on a visit.

Mr. Williams told Mr. Tucker the circumstances of the dream. Mr. Tucker remarked that it could only be in a dream that the Chancellor would be found in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr. Tucker asked what sort of a man the Chancellor seemed to be, and Mr. Williams minutely described the man who was murdered in his dream. Mr. Tucker replied:

"Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but is very exactly that of Mr. Percival, the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

He asked if Mr. Williams had ever seen Mr. Percival, and Mr. Williams replied that he had never seen him or had any communication of any sort with him; and further, that he had never been in the House of Commons in his life.

At this moment they heard the sound of a horse galloping to the door of the house; immediately after a son of Mr. Williams entered the room, and said that he had galloped from Truro, having seen a gentleman there who had been in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man called Bellingham had shot Mr. Percival. After the astonishment which this intelligence created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described minutely the appearance and dress of the man whom he had seen in his dream fire the pistol at the Chancellor, as also the appearance and dress of the Chancellor.

About six weeks after, Mr. Williams, having business in town, went in company with a friend to the House of Commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps of the entrance of the lobby, he said: "This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my own house," and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and also that which Mr. Percival reached when he was struck by the ball, where he fell. The dress, both of Mr. Percival and Bellingham, agreed with the description given by Mr. Williams, even to the most minute particulars.

A Scotch clergyman, who lived near Edinburgh, dreamed one night, while on a visit to that town, that he saw a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. On awaking he instantly got up and returned home with the greatest speed. He found his house on fire, and his children in the flames, and he was obliged to rescue them from a place of danger. The second story runs as follows:

Two sisters had been for some days attending a sick brother, and one of them had borrowed a sack from a friend, her own being under repair. The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder awoke in a great state of agitation, and roused the other to tell her that she had had a frightful dream.

"I dreamed," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped, and that when I told you of the circumstance, you replied, 'Much worse than that has happened, for —' his breath has stopped also,'" naming their sick brother.

The watch, however, was found to be going correctly, and the brother was sleeping quietly. The dream recurred the next night, and on the following morning, one of the sisters, having occasion to read a note, went to get the watch from a writing-table in which she had deposited it, when she found it had stopped. She rushed into her brother's room in alarm, remembering the dream, and found that he had been suddenly seized with a fit of suffocation, and had expired.

Deacon Turner had been a "professor" for upwards of thirty years, and a walk and conversation had passed on with his high profession; but the store he set by that turkey, some of the stricter sort shook their heads and said, was also altogether greater than was met for one of his calling to set by any carnal creature.

But there was a great excuse for the worthy man; for it must have been a very spiritual individual whose mouth would not have watered at the sight of such a fowl as the deacon was fattening for the coming Thanksgiving.

That turkey, it is our candid belief, stood full four feet between the deacon and the table; but he is not to be taken into the record of corpulent statistics, and we prefer not to shock the reader's credulity by hazarding an opinion. Not old enough to be tough, but in full perfection of completed adolescence, plump in contour without the grosser obesity of declining years, with every gallinaceous grace, he was, indeed, a bird to be proud of.

Now, whilst juicy vapors were flitting before the minds of expectant guests, and more than one mature maiden was longingly anticipating a tug at his wishbone, the deacon's turkey became a stumbling block of temptation in the way of Sam Whipple and Dick Spangler—a pair of light-minded youths who could see a great deal of fun in a very poor joke.

"What capital sport it would be to steal that turkey on Thanksgiving eve," suggested Sam, with a wink at Dick.

"And get Tom Grill, the colored cook to roast him, then call in a lot of the boys and have a glorious time," added the latter.

the missing fowl? They'll beat out of sight all the sighs ever heaved over the flesh pots of Egypt," chuckled Sam.

"He! he! he!" giggled Dick.

"Haw! haw!" guffawed Sam.

"Let's do it," said one.

"Agreed!" returned the other.

After laying their heads together for half an hour, a plan was matured, and the two separated in great glee.

The deacon's turkey roosted in the wood house, which had a shutter opening on an adjacent alley, and fastened by a hook and staple inside. On a visit which Sam Whipple made to the premises on Wednesday afternoon, under pretext of borrowing the deacon's sawwhisk, he managed slyly to undo the hook, thus leaving the way clear for the night's operations.

At a safe hour after dark, the conspirators started on their errand, first casting lots to decide which should enter the wood house and bring off the prize, and which should keep watch—the former task falling to Sam, and the latter to Dick.

"You stand here," said Sam, as they neared the mouth of the alley.

Dick took his station, and Sam, advancing stealthily, soon reached the shutter, which he had no difficulty in opening. Then climbing in he was not long in finding the object of his search.

"Put! put!" squawked the turkey, and flop, flop went his wings, as Sam grasped his legs and pulled him down from his perch.

After a sharp scuffle, Sam was triumphant, and held his gobbling fast under one arm and securely gagged with the other hand.

The noise of the struggle had aroused the deacon's dog, who growled and barked furiously; but Sam kept quiet and soon all was still.

"Is that you Dick?" he whispered, as he heard steps approaching softly outside.

"Yes," was the answer in the same tone.

"Here, take him," said Sam, passing out the turkey, which the other received.

Then climbing out himself, which took a little time, for he moved cautiously, he looked about for Dick, but neither he nor the turkey was in sight. He walked up and down the alley, but the search was in vain.

"Well, I call that a shabby trick!" muttered Sam—"after my taking all the risk, too. But maybe he'll turn up all right in the morning. He'll be better, I tell him!"

So saying, Sam walked sulkily home.

Next morning, bright and early, he started in search of Dick, whom he met shortly apparently on a similar hunt for him.

"Where's that turkey?" was Sam's first question.

"Where is he yourself?" retorted Dick.

"I handed him out to you, returned Sam."

"You didn't," replied the other. When the dog barked I dodged round the corner. When I came back, I went up to the wood house, and called you as loudly as I dared, but you had gone."

"That's too thin," sneered Sam.

"What do you mean?"

"That you've turned traitor, and made away with the turkey."

A Revolutionary Estate.

The estate which Col. Morris purchased on New York Island, and upon which he erected the mansion known in Revolutionary history as the Roger Morris house, and to New Yorkers of a latter day as the "Mansion House," is situated at the upper end of Manhattan Island. The house, which stands unchanged, a noble specimen of the homes of the colonial period, is almost opposite to the intersection of Tenth Avenue and One Hundred and Sixty-first Street with the old King's Bridge road. It fronts to the southward, and its eastern portico and balcony overlook from its precipitous height the Harlem river, Westchester, and the Sound, and command a view of the Harlem Plains to the Southern limit of McDowall's Pass. Notwithstanding the various uses to which the building has been subjected by the exigencies of war, it still remained a desirable residence. For a time after the Revolution it was occupied by Dr. Isaac Ledyard, a distinguished patriot, but in June, 1786, it passed into other hands, and became a house of Public Entertainment. Talmage Hall, who the same year undertook the eastern line of stages from New York to Boston, starting from the old City Tavern, at the corner of Broadway and Thames street, opened the Morris House as the first stopping place on the route, and asked besides for the patronage of parties from town. He describes the building as an elegant house, and dwells particularly on the advantages of the octagonal room, a rear extension, which still remains, as "very happily calculated for a turtle party," and otherwise desirable for transient visitors, as well as permanent boarders. The main features of the mansion are its location, its view, its situation to a great extent unchanged by the march of improvement, that modern iconoclast which ruthlessly sweeps from its path all things, however venerable by time or association, which have ceased to be available for utilitarian purposes. The projecting extremity of the Point of Rocks, where the Continental advanced guard kept watch and ward over the smiling plain beneath, has vanished before the potent breath of giant powder; a stately boulevard passes over its former site. Where the King's Bridge road climbed the long hill from the plains beneath, the serpentine course of St. Nicholas Avenue gives easy access to the plateau above. Yet the inquiring eye of the lover of history, versed in local lore, may still discern some of the outlines of the great works at which their fathers toiled in that long-ago Autumn; and the elevated railroad, last and most audacious feat of the modern engineer, newest harbinger of New York growth, to-day carries its thousand visitors, who to-morrow will be daily passengers to the very foot of the lawn which was once trod by the majestic form of Washington. Above the foot of the hill, even less changed, with the exception of a few residences along the front overlooking the Hudson, the country presents the same features now as then. The Blue Bell Tavern, the roadside inn where Lieut. Gov. De Lancey, riding into the town from his country home, first heard of the suicide of Sir Danvers Osborne but a few hours arrived to his New Government; where Hessian soldiers caroused for many a weary year; to which Washington turned his longing eye from the heights of Westchester on his famous reconnaissance in the Summer of 1781, and at whose homely door he is reported to have halted on his triumphal entry into New York in 1783, stood until May, 1876, on the west side of the road, near the lane which leads into the Bennett grounds. A little building, known as the Century House, the front of which, the King's Bridge road once passed, may now be found some distance to the eastward of its present line near Harlem Creek, and is used as a river-side hotel. At the foot of a blind wood road, which winds through the valley that intersects in wood, Heights is a very old wooden building, which tradition dates back to the Revolution, called the Spring House, from the clear stream of water which bubbles up from the foot of the hill, under the shadow of which it is situated. Banks of oyster-shells bear witness to the good taste of the Hessians who camped in the vicinity. Bullets, grape-shot, time-worn belts, bayonets, and rusty bayonets may still be found by the careful seeker of such relics. Knowlton, Leitch and Henley, all of whom gave their lives for their country in this memorable campaign, sleep in unknown and unmarked graves upon this historic ground, while the grand highway of the stately pleasure ground of the world is grimly guarded by the colossal images of alien forms monstrous in perennial bronze; gaunt shapes haunt the pathways and peer through the vistas of the shrubbery, and high above all towers the apocryphal form of an epicene angel. A careless people forgets its heroes and martyrs, and over the very ground which holds the sacred dust raises images to gratify ephemeral vanity, satisfy vaulting ambition, and pander to the lust of greed.

Some years ago, a Spanish steamer, while crossing the Bay of Biscay in a severe storm, gave such indications by an unusual noise at the stern, that there was something wrong with the screw propeller or its shaft outside of the ship—that is, in the open space between the stern and rudder posts where the screw revolves. There was no dry dock in any of the ports on the coast where the ship could go to be examined; and on arrival at Vigo it appeared as if there was no alternative but to remove the cargo from the stern, and by placing it forward thus lift the screw propeller and shaft to the surface of the water. The alternative, simple as it was, meant a serious delay and great expense. Before commencing to remove the cargo, another consultation was held. It was then decided to put the stern of the ship over a bed of light colored sand; and as the water was very clear, there might be a possibility of ascertaining the extent or cause of the mishap. For two days after the vessel was so placed, the wind caused a ripple on the water, which effectually prevented anything being seen. It was then suggested by some one on board to try the use of oil on the surface of the water round the stern of the ship. The effect was most satisfactory. The water was becalmed as if by magic, and it was then seen that the wedge or key which kept the propeller in its place on the shaft had come partly cut, and thus left the screw loose on the shaft, which caused the noise. By continuing the use of oil for a few hours, the wedge was ultimately driven into its place and secured. Many days of detention and the use of costly appliances and labor were thus saved.

On our way we crossed the Grand Maiden, a public place, in which we perceived at least three thousand Mohammedans kneeling in regular lines, shoes off, arranged in rows behind them, foreheads bare and touching the earth, in adoration of the prophet Mohammed. Next we met in a narrow street Bengalee Baboos, gentlemen of Bengal, without hats and arrayed in loose flowing durtas, shirts with skirts. Some of these Baboos were perfect Apollos in appearance; others bore great resemblance to ideal pictures of Julius Caesar, Antony, and other noble Romans. We passed a crowd of painted Hindoos, each very strictly arrayed, and ornamented with a dabs of paint on the bridge of his nose, the inescapable emblem of the idolator. The Bheasti Wallah was everywhere; he had tied to his back the skin of a goat filled with water, with which he supplied the thirsty multitude and sprinkled the parched thoroughfares. Marching by us with regular military tread was a squad of native Sepoy police, who looked quite commanding in their white shirts and scarlet turbans. We were riding in a g'any, a sort of closed carriage, but learned afterward that the popular mode of city travel was by palanquins, which are always available on the street of any East Indian city at a trifling expense. These palanquins are carried by four naked Hindoos or painted heathens called "palke mallahs," a wallah or bearer, who importunes every Englishman in the following terms, "Falkes, Sahib, foldjowster palkee," which interpreted means, "Palanquin, sir, I'll go quick; will you have the palanquin?" and you often hear them chant, as they bear you at a rapid pace, the Hindostanee words with now and then an uninterpretable English term thrown in, of a popular song, the literal meaning of which is that the English Sahib is full of champagne and wants to be taken home as quickly as possible, and that he is willing to give extra baizees (money) for it.

Turning the corner of a street which led from Dhurumtolla Street to Jahn Bazar we met a yelling mob of idol-worshippers carrying on their shoulders dozens of enormous and hideous-looking wooden idols, and amid the din and noise of crazy horns, the brassy banging of gongs and the dull thud of numerous tom-toms, they drew near to the holy Ganges, where, as we were told they were to cast these distorted shapes into the holy stream, and then plunge in themselves, under the protection of these insane gods. If a crocodile seizes one of them, or he turns sick and lies down and dies on the sands, or the tide rises and sweeps him away, then he is happy; he is accepted of the gods. But if the tide refuses him, and the crocodiles reject him, he is kicked out as vile and unworthy the privileges of his caste.

A first night in India is always full of prospective horrors for the new-comer. At midnight, in the principal streets, the festive jostle holds high carnival and cuts and runs the discordant gamut, giving forth sounds as of an amateur opera company at rehearsal, or the first attempt of a juvenile trombone player. I have actually seen the effect of a whole scene of native opera, ruined by these screaming scavengers, which in droves of 50 and 100 assemble on the public streets and in front of churches and theaters, and howl as if in opposition.

As the Mohammedan can never be Haddjis until after performing his pilgrimage to Mecca, neither can our modern magicians become perfect in their art until they have visited the Indies to see the clever manipulation of the native conjuror. They perform the most marvellous things in the streets, corridors and on the decks of vessels, without the aid of apparatus—the "basket trick" and "the growth of the mango tree" being among their earliest performances. The growth of the mango tree is illustrated by placing a seed beneath a little heap of earth, which is covered for a few brief moments; the cover is removed and behold, we see a little green shoot just peeping from the top of the earth. It is again covered and removed at intervals of three minutes, until we have quite a pretentious tree, of about three feet in height. The mystery of the basket trick, as performed in India, lies in the unaccountable disappearance of the girl who is placed beneath an altar of incense, and whose words are run through this covering hill deep, and in every direction—it is even trodden flat, and when raised the girl is gone. A laugh is then heard, we turn in that direction and behold, with open-mouthed astonishment, the girl running toward us.

They Beat Ham.

A gentleman traveling in Virginia last summer had occasion to take a stage in order to visit the natural bridge. Riding on the seat with the driver, he fell into conversation with him, and found that he was an old hunter, who was a veteran in killing deer, bears, and smaller game. Passing a small stream the traveller enquired if it contained fish.

"Lots on 'em," was the reply.

"What kind?"

"Mostly trout," said the driver. "All these trout and brook trout are all of trout."

"They must be fine eating," was the next remark.

"Fine eatin'" exclaimed the driver. "You just go up to the mountain and catch half a dozen trout twelve inches long, clean 'em without washin' 'em, rub in some salt, roll 'em up in Injun meal and bake 'em in the ashes—good eatin'!" why, stranger, by heavens, they beat ham!"

An Old Surveyor's Mark.

Recently a civil engineer was running and locating the lines of a lot of land below the city of Augusta, Georgia, and used as assistance a deed to the property drawn one hundred and twenty years ago. In one section of the deed it is recorded that the line touches a certain point where stands a peach tree, and upon which a cross mark had been made with an axe. The engineer ran his line to an old peach tree, and