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I am the Man.
On the way to Terre Haute, a traveler, with the air and appearance of a man who knew it all, approached the fat passenger, and said, in the shocked tones of a man of fine feelings:

"I should say it was," the fat passenger replied.
"Did you hear about it?" the traveler continued more impressive than ever.
"I saw it," the fat passenger replied, even more impressively.

There was an awkward silence of several minutes between them, and the traveler went back to his seat with a discouraged expression. Presently he came forward and approached the tall, thin passenger.
"Sir," he said, "did you know they were taking up a collect on for his family?"

"I should pause to hesitate," said the tall, thin passenger. "I headed the list with a \$10 note myself."
The smart traveler's countenance dropped, but he spoke still hopefully:
"Ah, you heard of the sad circumstance, then?"

"Heard of it," exclaimed the tall, thin passenger. "I was mixed up in it all the way through."
The smart traveler sighed and once more resumed his seat. His face brightened up after awhile, and he came to the front once more, laying his hand softly on the arm of the fat passenger.

"Sir," he said, "did you know the train run over a man at the last station?"
"He was my only brother," said the sad passenger in a bashful manner. And then he bent his head forward and covered his face with his hand.
The smart traveler looked really distressed. But he rallied by-and-by, and in a last determined effort he approached the man on the wood box. Assuming an expression of the most intense horror, he said:

"Pitiful heavens! I am faint with fear and horror yet! Did you know the train struck a man on that bridge and tore him to pieces?"
The man on the wood box leaned forward, shaded his mouth with his hand, and said, in a thrilling whisper, that went hissing down the car:
"Sir! Don't give it away, but I am the man!" It seemed to be about time to close the lodge.

Mr. PRIM was fishing, and on his return told some terrific lies about what he caught. Said sharp to him, "What do you want to tell such yarns as that for? Tell something possible, if not probable. Don't you know that everybody saw that you were lying?" "Yes," answered Prim. Then, what the blazes did you do it for?" "Why, I wanted them to know I was lying. I didn't want them to think I was eccentric."

"Is the weather on Mt. Washington any better or more certain than it used to be?" inquired Pingrey of a friend who spends his summers at the White Mountains. "Well, I don't know that it is," said his friend; "why do you ask?" "I heard that since they built the railroad, the tourists had a different climb at it. That's all," added Pingrey, as he cut his name in big letters on the office furniture.

THE WORLD AS I FIND IT.

They say the world's a weary place,
Where tears are never dried,
Where pleasures pass like breath on glass,
And only woes abide.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet this I dare to say,
My lot has not more glad than sad,
And so it has to-day.

They say that life's a cruel jest;
They tell of women's wiles—
That poison dips in pouting lips,
And death in dimpled smiles.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet sure of this I am,
One heart is found above the ground,
Whose love is not a sham.

They say that life's a bitter curse—
That hearts are made to ache,
That just and song are bravely wrong,
And health a vast mistake.
It may be so—I cannot know—
But let them talk their fill;
I like my life, I love my wife,
And mean to do as still.

THE NEW DOCTOR.

"I think I will try the new doctor,"
Esther Warren spoke in a faint half-pleading tone, as if she expected to meet a storm of objections, but somewhat to her surprise, her aunt Martha said:
"I would if I were you."

"Dr. Wyck, it would seem, has tried his utmost skill for the last five years," sighed Esther, wearily, "and I get no better. It may be Dr. Dun will know of some new remedy."
"I will write to Dr. Dun now," said Miss Martha. "I will see Robert harness up to drive to the town."

It was a very brief note, merely requesting Dr. Dun to call upon Miss Warren at his earliest convenience, yet Miss Martha's pen traveled very slowly over the paper, and she kept her head to one side, lest a tear drop should mar the neat letters.

Five years before there had been no brighter, stronger maiden in all Millville than Esther Warren, only child of Bates Warren, who had made an enormous fortune in iron, and held Esther as the choicest of all his father's treasures.

At eighteen her father was killed and she seriously crippled in a railway collision. Her hands and arms were strong as ever, her brain clear, but her lower limbs were utterly without power.

Heiress to immense wealth she was almost a prisoner in her splendid home, subject to attacks of pain that prostrated her for days, suffering intensely.

Books, needlework and a feeble attempt at drawing helped to fill the time; but it was not easy to be patient, and Esther was not yet perfectly saint-like, although she tried to be submissive.

Dr. Dun's practice was small, and much of his time at his own control, but he was an enthusiast in his profession, and gladly took much of the old doctor's gratuitous practice off his hands.

He had come to Millville as Dr. Wyck's assistant, to take his place when he retired, but the patients of the old doctor were a little shy of the new one.

"Ah—yes!" said Dr. Wyck, reading Miss Martha's note. "Little Essie Warren! Sad case, and the doctor entered into a long description of the case, summing up in the words, 'Utterly hopeless! She may live for years, but she will never walk or stand.'"

It seemed to Herbert Dun when he entered the beautiful room where Esther Warren spent her long waking hours, that life even with pain, must be pleasant surrounded by such luxury, and the rare exquisite beauty of Esther's face, pale, it is true, but delicately lovely, was a jewel worthy of exquisite setting.

There was a little flush upon the invalid's cheeks as the new doctor took a chair beside her, a light of hope in her large eyes that made his heart ache.

It was not long before Esther Warren under the grave professional manner, felt the power of his sympathy, and found herself expressing more freely than she had ever before spoken the hope that filled her heart, fully satisfied when Dr. Dun said:

"In a case of such long standing I cannot express an opinion at once, Miss Warren; but depend on me to give my most earnest study and care to it."
But if Dr. Dun could not restore strength to Esther Warren's crippled body it was not long before she felt her life flooded with a new strange happiness. The hour that the new doctor spent with her every morning gladdened the whole day.

He was not a conceited man, and Essie seemed to him like a child, so that he was blind to the fact that he was gaining the heart of the crippled heiress.

So when Martha invited him to spend some chance evenings there he went.
Essie was to him a patient; one who called on his professional skill frequently to care the most agonising suffering; and if he could also make some of her long, lonely hours any brighter he gladly contributed his liveliest talk, his best tenor songs, his most courteous manner to the service.

But he never thought she loved him until Dr. Wyck answered his application for a month's holiday.
"Spare you? Why, yes, I suppose I can get along. But I am afraid I have made a middle of sending you to Esther Warren. Why didn't you tell me that you were engaged?"
"I waited until I could offer Annie a home."
"You—you couldn't break your engagement, I suppose. You know you could have Esther Warren and her fortune for asking."
"I never thought of such a thing."
"Perhaps you had better consider it,

Solving a Tough Problem.

One day Jack Marland, on going to the gallery of M. Lepage with one of his friends, found it occupied by a young man well known as one of the best shots in Paris; and most assuredly he was a good shot. He performed all the feats which tradition assigns to the Chevalier St. George; he each time hit the bull's eye of the target at the usual distance, snuffed a candle with the ball, split a bullet against the edge of a knife, and drove a nail into a wall by striking the head directly in the center with his ball; and, in short, by a thousand feats of this nature proved himself worthy the name of a first-rate shot.

His *amour propre* was roused by the presence of Jack, whom the attendant, in presenting him with the pistol, quietly said was almost as good a shot as himself, but at each shot, instead of receiving from Jack the tribute of praise which he deserved, he heard Jack, in reply to the exclamation of astonishment which proceeded from all in the gallery, say "No doubt, that is a very good shot, but the result would be very different, if I were a notion, if he had a live man for his butt." This incessant calling in question of his powers as a duelist, for Jack had repeated his observation three times, at first astonished the "tireur," and ended by annoying him; and, at length, turning round to Jack, and looking at him with an air half threatening, he said:

"Forgive me, Mr. Englishman, but it appears to me that three times you have made an observation disparaging to my courage; will you be kind enough to give me some explanation of the meaning of your words?"
"My words," answered our friend, "do not, I think, require any explanation; they are plain enough in my opinion."
"Perhaps then, sir, you will be good enough to repeat them, in order that I may judge of the meaning which they will bear, and the object with which they have been spoken," was the reply of the Frenchman.

"I said," answered Jack, with the most perfect sang froid, "when I saw you hit the bull's-eye at every shot, that neither your hand nor your eye would be so steady, if your pistol were pointed against the breast of a man in the place of a wooden partition."
"And why, may I ask?"
"Because," answered Jack, "it seems to me, that at the moment of pulling the trigger, and firing at a man, the mind would be seized with a kind of emotion likely to unsteady the hand, and consequently the aim."
"You have fought many duels?" asked the Frenchman.

"Not one," said Jack.
"Ah! rejoined the other with a slight sneer, "then I am not surprised that you suppose the possibility of a man being afraid under such circumstances."
"Forgive me," said Jack, "you misunderstood me. I fancy that at the moment when one man is about to kill another, he may tremble from some other emotion than that of fear."
"Sir! I never tremble," said the shot.

"Possibly," replied Jack, with the same composure; "still I am not at all convinced, that at twenty-five paces, that, at the distance at which you hit the bull's-eye each time—"
"Well, at twenty paces?" interrupted the other.
"You would miss your man," was the cool reply.

"Sir, I assure you I should not," answered the Frenchman.
"Forgive me if I doubt your word," said Jack.
"You mean then to give me the lie?"
"I merely assert the fact," replied our friend.

"A fact, however, which I think you would scarcely like to establish," said the "retour."
"Why not?" said Jack, looking steadily at his antagonist.
"By proxy, perhaps?"
"By proxy, or in my own person perhaps, I care not which," said Jack.
I warn you, you would be somewhat rash."

"Not at all," said Jack, for I merely say what I think; and, consequently, my conviction is that I should risk but little."
"Let us understand each other," said the Frenchman; "you repeat to me a second time, that at twenty-five paces I should miss my man."
"You are mistaken, monsieur," said Jack; "it appears to me that this is the fifth time that I have said it."
"Parbleu!" said the Frenchman, now thoroughly exasperated, "this is too much; you want to insult me."
"Think as you like, monsieur," said Jack.

"Good!" said the other, "your hour, sir."
"Why not now?" said Jack.
"The place," said the other.
"We are but five steps from the Bois de Boulogne," cried Jack.
"Your arms, sir?"
"The pistol, of course," was Jack's answer, "we are not about to fight a duel, but to decide a point upon which we are at issue."

The two young men entered their cabriolets, each accompanied by a friend, and drove towards the Bois de Boulogne. Arrived at the appointed place, the seconds wished to arrange the matter. This, however, was very difficult; Jack's adversary required an apology, whilst Jack maintained that he owed him none; Jack would himself be either killed or wounded; for unless this happened, he (Jack) would not have been proved wrong. The seconds spent a quarter of an hour in the attempt to effect a reconciliation, but in vain. They then wished to place the antagonists at thirty paces from each other; to this Jack would not consent, observing that the point in question could not be correctly decided, if any difference were made between the distance now to be fixed, and the distance at which his antagonist had hit the bull's-eye in the gallery. It was then proposed that a Louis should be thrown up in order to decide who was to shoot first; this Jack declared was totally unnecessary, that the right to the first shot naturally belonged to his adversary, and although the Frenchman was anxious that Jack should take advantage of this one chance, he was firm and carried his point. The "garcon" of the shooting

Profits For May.

Old Pinchem sat in his private office the other day figuring up his profits for May, when his head clerk, looking as pale as a sheep and as red as a cow by turns, entered and began:

"Mr. Pinchem, I—I—"
"Have you got those goods off for Kalamazoo?" interrupted the old man.
"Yes, sir, they are off, Mr. Pinchem, I have long—"
"And about that order for starch?"
"That has been attended to, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted to speak to you."
"Ah! speak to me. Why, I thought you spoke to me fifty times a day."
"Yes, sir, I know, but this is a private matter."
"Private? Oh! Ah! Wait till I see how much we made on that last 10,000 pounds of soap. Six times four are twenty-four; five times two are ten, and two to carry are twelve; three times seven are twenty-one and one—ah, well, go ahead; I'll finish this afterwards."
"Mr. Pinchem, I have been with you ten long years."
"Ten, eh? Long years eh? Any longer than any other years? Go ahead."
"And I have always tried to do my duty."
"Have, eh? Go on."
"And I now make bold—"
"Hold on! What is there bold about it? But never mind—I'll hear you out."
"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask—ask—I want to ask—"
"Well, why don't you ask then? I don't see why you don't ask, if you want to."
"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask you for—"
"You want to ask me for the hand of my daughter. Ah! Why didn't you speak right out? She's yours, my boy! Take her and be happy. You might have had her two years ago if you had mentioned it. Go long, now—I'm busy."
"Mr. Pinchem."
"What, you here yet? Well, what is it?"
"I wanted to ask you for, for—"
"Didn't I give her to you, you rascal!"
"Yes, but what I wanted to ask you for was, not the hand of your daughter, but for a raise of salary."
"Oh, that was it, eh? Well, sir, that is an entirely different matter, and it requires time for serious thought and earnest consultation. Return to your work, and some time next fall I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar a week. Six times four are twenty-four and two to carry; and three times—"

For more than three hundred years the mines of Pachuca have been worked by the Mexicans—first by the Mexicans pure and simple, then by the Spaniards and now again by Mexicans who would scorn the name of Spaniard, though his blood mingles in their veins. Here in this very town was discovered the process of amalgamation now in use to-day, by which all the precious ores dug from the mountain are made to yield their silver. Yes, more, the very hacienda is still worked and profitably, in which, in 1857, Senor Medina made that discovery so valuable to Mexico. Senor Medina has passed away, it is presumed, but his memory still lives. The English colony comprises about 350 men, women and children, from the mining district of Cornwall. The first Cornish miners came here about fifty years ago, introducing English machinery and modes of working the mines, much to the benefit of the owners. Some of the original number are still living, though very few, and all here now agree as to the healthfulness of the climate as a place of residence for English people. Though some of them have acquired wealth and some have retired to old England with enough and to spare, the majority have earned little more than a living. Precarious property are these mines, except in exceptional cases. The most noteworthy of all the instances of poor men striking it rich is that of the Santa Gertrudis mine, which is now "in bonanza." It had been successively worked and abandoned years and years ago, and was finally "pronounced"—or taken to work—by a Cornishman, who has just died. Forming a small company in 1877, he commenced active work. After it was proven that the mine was paying he sold out his share—nine twenty-fifths—for \$15,000. Since then, two twenty-fifths has sold for \$80,000, the present price per bona or share. This would give at that rate \$720,000 for what he got but \$15,000 for. The mine has been in "bonanza" now for three years and is yielding about 3,000 ounces of 900 pounds each of metal weekly, and giving a clear profit of \$1,000 per day. From June, 1877, to March, 1881, the mine produced \$2,800,000 and declared thirty-two dividends of \$20,000 each—\$640,000. In June, 1877, there was but one shaft of sixty varas—a vara is a little less than a yard—now the deepest shaft is 170 varas; there is a powerful pumping and hoisting engine, many large buildings, and all the appurtenances of a mine in this section, all paid for. With all this profit, present and prospective, all the ore obtained here is sent to be reduced to Regla, a distance of seven leagues. This mine, which is located less than two miles from the center of Pachuca, is owned principally by men who were poor at the time they commenced to work it. There are, it is said, two distinct lodes, running parallel and at least than fifty yards from each other. At first the vein worked was only a vara wide, but as they went down they found a cavern filled with "metallic mush," twenty-four feet wide. They were at first compelled to timber around a great deal, for the sake of economy, taking out merely enough to meet current expenses. What remained was "pure black sulphurates, which exhaled globules of native silver when exposed to fire." One can trace the silver lode as it crops out above the surface and runs diagonally across the hills; and if appearances are good for anything, the two new mines of Dr. Skilton, the Santo Tomas el Nuevo and the Santa Catarina, to the west of Santa Gertrudis, are right in the silver track. We visited these latter, which are at present operated by the old-fashioned Mexican mode, the metal being brought up in bullock skins by means of long ropes of maneyro fiber wound about a large drum operated by mules or horses. The whole district abounds in picturesque features, but none more so than these primitive mines. One hundred million dollars taken from one mine in thirty years! This is the amount declared on good authority to have been extracted from the Rosario mine since it was started in 1850, and the books show that there has been paid \$500,000 per share in dividends!

Water Superintendent Bush, of Spring field, Massachusetts, has a horse about which some wonderful stories are told. The animal has been in the family for several years, and since the water-works were built has aided in many a fire by superintending them. Mr. Bush's headquarters are at L. R. Norton's store and there Huldah stands most of the time ready for any emergency. It is said that she knows the location of every hydrant and can scent a leak in the water pipes in any part of the town. If in doubt about it she will start alone for the suspected spot, and not finding anything the matter there, will sheepishly return to her post. But, if there is a genuine leak, then she trots rapidly back to get her master. Sometimes it happens that Mr. Bush needs assistance in repairing the break, and in such cases he simply says, "Huldah, go and get Pat and Mike, I want them to help me." The animal trots off to the houses of the Celts, and they, understanding what it means, jump in the carriage and are carried to the place. If, while the leak is being attended to, a tool is required that is not at hand, Mr. Bush ties a slip of paper to the whip, explaining what is needed, tells the horse the name of the implement he wants and the intelligent animal goes straight to headquarters, and when the needed tool is found starts back with it. Some time since the wrong tool has been intentionally put into the buggy to deceive, but she is too smart for such tricks and refuses to start until she is given what the note-calls for. Innumerable stories of this sort are related of the animal's intelligence which one can believe or disbelieve as they please. Certain it is that the horse is more than ordinarily intelligent, and shows in that line, as well as in gentleness and affection for its owner, the effect of kind treatment—it never having been struck a blow or been struck a blow or been spoken crossly to since coming into Mr. Bush's possession.

Some Wonderful Arab Horses.
Somewhere about 1780, it appears to me, the search after Eastern horses began to languish, and then gradually died out. One reason was that the aristocratic importers found, let them work never so hard, they could not equal that "first regimental charger" on which Capt. Byerly of the Boyne, otherwise obscure, has ridden into everlasting renown, or the Paris cart-horse, or the Turkey merchant's unhoped-for treasure from Aleppo. I regret this, because the very highest specimens of Barb and Arab, like the very highest specimens of our English race-horse, must be few and far between. Had our wealthy breeders persevered, other accidental wonders, once and again, might have fallen into their hands, and even short of that, valuable qualities would have kept infusing themselves into horses of every description, together with an unfailing flow of Eastern blood. To show how much accident has to do with such matters; There was an Eastern screw, belonging to the surgeon of the Ninetieth Regiment, at Zante, in 1828. He was a flea-bitten gray, standing somewhere about 15 hands 2 inches. Turk, Barb, Arab, or a mixture of all three, nobody knew. He was not regularly trained, and far from being in a racing condition; he was, therefore, naturally thought nothing of at first. But to the astonishment of the military mind, when races were established there under high Newmarket superintendence, neither thoroughbred chargers from home nor Barbs and Arabs—many of them horses of merit belonging to the Greek gentlemen of the place—had the shadow of a chance with him; he scuttled away from all competitors in the most unexpected style, and may, for aught I know, have been a second Godolphin in disguise.

In Cyprus.
The Cypriote makes night hideous with his howlings, laboring under the impression that he is musical. The noise or music to which he jumps is chiefly produced by scraping one—the tibia—string of a little fiddle with great rapidity, and has to all appearances been learned from the mosquito, which it mimics with considerable accuracy. The fiddle is generally accompanied by the *boudoun* of a zither, which copies well the wearing screech of the cicada. When the native Greek breaks into song he produces a brief nasal drone, whose melancholy sound is often repeated. The boys never whistle; but the children, chiefly the girls, from time to time, with a voice from the head and nose produce a short tune, which never exceeds two or three bars. With all this they have wondrous lungs. The men will send their clear voices ringing through the pure dry air across the country-side; in the streets and on the roads they converse, preferably it would almost seem, from a distance in loud tones. When on fine evenings—and all evenings are fine in Cyprus for months together—whole families sit in the lanes outside their doors, they do not take the trouble to move in order to visit their neighbors, but shout to them with shrill distinctness as they sit. The result is a babel of noise, for they shout together. Notwithstanding that, they seem to make themselves intelligible.

Stove lustre, when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy and durable than if put on with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove will make it look as well as new. The odor of the turpentine passes off quickly.

Coney Island.
Everybody has heard of this popular summer resort of the New Yorkers with its splendid hotels, the Manhattan, the Brighton, and the Oriental. It lies directly on the Ocean, and the pure sea air, safe bathing, and excellent music, make one forget the heats of summer. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the Iron Steamboat Company of New York, have entered into arrangements by which extra facilities are offered for reaching Coney Island, this popular summer resort. These palaces steamers will connect with trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City, and land passengers at the Iron Pier, Coney Island, direct, also at Bay Ridge, where connection is made with the New York and Sea Beach Railroad. Return trips will be made at such hours as will afford satisfaction to all visitors to the island, and enable them to make sure and close connections with trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad homeward bound. The time on this line between Jersey City and Coney Island will be about forty minutes. This will be a safe, speedy, and pleasant route from all points to Coney Island.

It does not always follow that a man is a sculptor because he chisels his tailor out of a suit of clothes.

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"Yes, but what I wanted to ask you for was, not the hand of your daughter, but for a raise of salary."
"Oh, that was it, eh? Well, sir, that is an entirely different matter, and it requires time for serious thought and earnest consultation. Return to your work, and some time next fall I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar a week. Six times four are twenty-four and two to carry; and three times—"

For more than three hundred years the mines of Pachuca have been worked by the Mexicans—first by the Mexicans pure and simple, then by the Spaniards and now again by Mexicans who would scorn the name of Spaniard, though his blood mingles in their veins. Here in this very town was discovered the process of amalgamation now in use to-day, by which all the precious ores dug from the mountain are made to yield their silver. Yes, more, the very hacienda is still worked and profitably, in which, in 1857, Senor Medina made that discovery so valuable to Mexico. Senor Medina has passed away, it is presumed, but his memory still lives. The English colony comprises about 350 men, women and children, from the mining district of Cornwall. The first Cornish miners came here about fifty years ago, introducing English machinery and modes of working the mines, much to the benefit of the owners. Some of the original number are still living, though very few, and all here now agree as to the healthfulness of the climate as a place of residence for English people. Though some of them have acquired wealth and some have retired to old England with enough and to spare, the majority have earned little more than a living. Precarious property are these mines, except in exceptional cases. The most noteworthy of all the instances of poor men striking it rich is that of the Santa Gertrudis mine, which is now "in bonanza." It had been successively worked and abandoned years and years ago, and was finally "pronounced"—or taken to work—by a Cornishman, who has just died. Forming a small company in 1877, he commenced active work. After it was proven that the mine was paying he sold out his share—nine twenty-fifths—for \$15,000. Since then, two twenty-fifths has sold for \$80,000, the present price per bona or share. This would give at that rate \$720,000 for what he got but \$15,000 for. The mine has been in "bonanza" now for three years and is yielding about 3,000 ounces of 900 pounds each of metal weekly, and giving a clear profit of \$1,000 per day. From June, 1877, to March, 1881, the mine produced \$2,800,000 and declared thirty-two dividends of \$20,000 each—\$640,000. In June, 1877, there was but one shaft of sixty varas—a vara is a little less than a yard—now the deepest shaft is 170 varas; there is a powerful pumping and hoisting engine, many large buildings, and all the appurtenances of a mine in this section, all paid for. With all this profit, present and prospective, all the ore obtained here is sent to be reduced to Regla, a distance of seven leagues. This mine, which is located less than two miles from the center of Pachuca, is owned principally by men who were poor at the time they commenced to work it. There are, it is said, two distinct lodes, running parallel and at least than fifty yards from each other. At first the vein worked was only a vara wide, but as they went down they found a cavern filled with "metallic mush," twenty-four feet wide. They were at first compelled to timber around a great deal, for the sake of economy, taking out merely enough to meet current expenses. What remained was "pure black sulphurates, which exhaled globules of native silver when exposed to fire." One can trace the silver lode as it crops out above the surface and runs diagonally across the hills; and if appearances are good for anything, the two new mines of Dr. Skilton, the Santo Tomas el Nuevo and the Santa Catarina, to the west of Santa Gertrudis, are right in the silver track. We visited these latter, which are at present operated by the old-fashioned Mexican mode, the metal being brought up in bullock skins by means of long ropes of maneyro fiber wound about a large drum operated by mules or horses. The whole district abounds in picturesque features, but none more so than these primitive mines. One hundred million dollars taken from one mine in thirty years! This is the amount declared on good authority to have been extracted from the Rosario mine since it was started in 1850, and the books show that there has been paid \$500,000 per share in dividends!

Water Superintendent Bush, of Spring field, Massachusetts, has a horse about which some wonderful stories are told. The animal has been in the family for several years, and since the water-works were built has aided in many a fire by superintending them. Mr. Bush's headquarters are at L. R. Norton's store and there Huldah stands most of the time ready for any emergency. It is said that she knows the location of every hydrant and can scent a leak in the water pipes in any part of the town. If in doubt about it she will start alone for the suspected spot, and not finding anything the matter there, will sheepishly return to her post. But, if there is a genuine leak, then she trots rapidly back to get her master. Sometimes it happens that Mr. Bush needs assistance in repairing the break, and in such cases he simply says, "Huldah, go and get Pat and Mike, I want them to help me." The animal trots off to the houses of the Celts, and they, understanding what it means, jump in the carriage and are carried to the place. If, while the leak is being attended to, a tool is required that is not at hand, Mr. Bush ties a slip of paper to the whip, explaining what is needed, tells the horse the name of the implement he wants and the intelligent animal goes straight to headquarters, and when the needed tool is found starts back with it. Some time since the wrong tool has been intentionally put into the buggy to deceive, but she is too smart for such tricks and refuses to start until she is given what the note-calls for. Innumerable stories of this sort are related of the animal's intelligence which one can believe or disbelieve as they please. Certain it is that the horse is more than ordinarily intelligent, and shows in that line, as well as in gentleness and affection for its owner, the effect of kind treatment—it never having been struck a blow or been struck a blow or been spoken crossly to since coming into Mr. Bush's possession.

Some Wonderful Arab Horses.
Somewhere about 1780, it appears to me, the search after Eastern horses began to languish, and then gradually died out. One reason was that the aristocratic importers found, let them work never so hard, they could not equal that "first regimental charger" on which Capt. Byerly of the Boyne, otherwise obscure, has ridden into everlasting renown, or the Paris cart-horse, or the Turkey merchant's unhoped-for treasure from Aleppo. I regret this, because the very highest specimens of Barb and Arab, like the very highest specimens of our English race-horse, must be few and far between. Had our wealthy breeders persevered, other accidental wonders, once and again, might have fallen into their hands, and even short of that, valuable qualities would have kept infusing themselves into horses of every description, together with an unfailing flow of Eastern blood. To show how much accident has to do with such matters; There was an Eastern screw, belonging to the surgeon of the Ninetieth Regiment, at Zante, in 1828. He was a flea-bitten gray, standing somewhere about 15 hands 2 inches. Turk, Barb, Arab, or a mixture of all three, nobody knew. He was not regularly trained, and far from being in a racing condition; he was, therefore, naturally thought nothing of at first. But to the astonishment of the military mind, when races were established there under high Newmarket superintendence, neither thoroughbred chargers from home nor Barbs and Arabs—many of them horses of merit belonging to the Greek gentlemen of the place—had the shadow of a chance with him; he scuttled away from all competitors in the most unexpected style, and may, for aught I know, have been a second Godolphin in disguise.

In Cyprus.
The Cypriote makes night hideous with his howlings, laboring under the impression that he is musical. The noise or music to which he jumps is chiefly produced by scraping one—the tibia—string of a little fiddle with great rapidity, and has to all appearances been learned from the mosquito, which it mimics with considerable accuracy. The fiddle is generally accompanied by the *boudoun* of a zither, which copies well the wearing screech of the cicada. When the native Greek breaks into song he produces a brief nasal drone, whose melancholy sound is often repeated. The boys never whistle; but the children, chiefly the girls, from time to time, with a voice from the head and nose produce a short tune, which never exceeds two or three bars. With all this they have wondrous lungs. The men will send their clear voices ringing through the pure dry air across