

The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LV.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1881.

NO. 32.

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REBERSBURG, PA.

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

ADVERTISE IN THE
Millheim Journal.
RATES ON APPLICATION.

PARTING.
The sun is lying in its western chamber.
The stately ships are sailing on the bay,
And cloud-hands spread a covert of amber,
Border'd with brown, above the drowsy day;
The opaline skies will shine the same to-morrow,
And white sails pass gilded with amber light;
But the coming shadow of a parting sorrow
Shall dim the glory of to-morrow night.

Now, in the West, the radiance grows dimmer,
The first faint star comes, shining tremulously,
And red rays from the distant lighthouse glimmer
Across the foam-capp'd waters of the sea;
To-morrow's dusk will bring the trembling starlight
And wind will chase the white waves to the shore,
And fitfully again will come the far light
Of warning lamp; but thou wilt come no more.

Ever and everywhere specters of parting
Stretch forth their weird hands, saddening our
mirth;
Ever and everywhere hot tears are starting,
Where stands the empty chair upon the hearth;
But Nature brightly smiles, though hearts are broken;
Taking at last her children to her breast,
And kindly hides in her mute mounds all token
Of the great heart-throbs of a life's unrest.

BESIEGING HIS HEART.
"A clergyman hasn't any business to
be a single man," said Mrs. Brushby.
"Certainly not," acquiesced Miss
Foxye.

"But I dare say he's engaged," slyly
remarked the plump widow, with a
sidelong glance of her green eyes, which
seemed to dilate and contract, like those
of a middle-aged cat.

"No, he's not," said Miss Foxye. "At
least I heard him tell Colonel Copley
that he was entirely fancy free."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Brushby. "Then
there's no reason why he shouldn't
marry and settle here at Exmar."

"Exmar, indeed!" said Miss Foxye,
who had accepted her own old maiden-
hood as a foregone conclusion. "There's
nobody here for him to marry—only fac-
tory girls, and Colonel Copley's six
daughters, the youngest of whom is
three and twenty, to select from."

The green eyes scintillated sharply.
"Why shouldn't he marry either you or
me, Felicia Foxye?" asked Mrs. Brush-
by.

Miss Foxye gave a sort of gasp, as if
she had attempted to swallow some mor-
sel too large for her.

"Why, he ain't 30!" said she.
"Neither am I," said Mrs. Brushby.
"No, Cornelia Brushby, there ain't no
sort of use coming that sort of game over
me," said Miss Foxye, fairly aroused at
last into antagonism. "You were eight
and twenty when you married Brushby,
and he's been dead and buried these ten
good years."

Mrs. Brushby laughed.
"Felicia," said she, "you're worse
than an old family record. Don't you
see, there's people older than their years,
and people younger! I'm one of the
latter; and I don't see why I can't marry
Mr. Selwyn, if I once make up my mind
to do so."

So Mrs. Brushby took up the brown
yarn that she had been buying at Felicia
Foxye's thread and needle store, and went
home.

Her niece, a tall, pale girl, with yellow
hair like braids of dead gold, a transpar-
ent pale skin and sad, hazel eyes, was
setting the table.

"How slow you are, Clara!" said Mrs.
Brushby, snappishly. "I supposed, of
course, tea would be all ready by the
time I came back."

"I'm sorry for the delay, aunt," said
Clara, timidly, "but I was detained at
the factory."

"There, that will do. I don't see why
you need be flinging the factory in my
face all the time. Oh, it's had enough
to have a niece obliged to drudge for
her living without hearing of it forty
times a day."

The deepest scarlet glow mounted in-
to Clara Cone's cheeks.

"I could not pay my board, aunt,"
said she, "if I did not earn the money
in the factory. But if the subject is
disagreeable to you I will endeavor to
avoid it."

"I belong to the 'Rebecca band,' which
always meets in the chapel on Sunday
evenings, and Deacon Halstead calls for
me in his box wagon. If you feel so
piously inclined, you can read your pray-
er book at home."

And so Clara found herself gradually
degenerating into the merest household
drudge. She went nowhere and saw
nobody.

"Pretty!" Mrs. Brushby would scorn-
fully remark when a neighbor chanced
to hazard an opinion concerning her
niece.

"Nonsense! Just exactly like a color-
less celery sprout, and never a word to
say for herself!"

And if by chance Clara was invited to
join in any of the neighborhood festivi-
ties, Mrs. Brushby made haste to de-
cline for her.

"Clara never goes out," she said.
"She has no taste for such things, poor
dear."

Until people began to believe that
Clara Cone was either a recluse or an
idiot.

The pale factory girl had just taken
the teapot off the stove, upon this espe-
cial evening, when Mrs. Brushby uttered
an exclamation of surprise.

"Whisk the things into the closet,
quick, Clara," said she. "Put the bread
behind the family Bible. Don't leave
that bottle of pickles on the mantle. Mr.
Selwyn is coming."

A minute and a half later Mrs. Brush-
by, in her best black silk apron, greeted
the clergyman with her sweetest smile.

"My visit is intended to your niece,
Miss Cone, as well as to yourself," said
Mr. Selwyn, after the topic of the weat-
her had been duly discussed.

"O, Clara," said Mrs. Brushby, sim-
pering—"Clara wishes to be excused.
Clara sees no company. I really regret
the dear girl's eccentricity, but—"

And she rolled her green eyes heav-
enward, with a deprecating motion of the
hands.

"She never comes to church," said Mr.
Selwyn, gravely.

"Ah-h-h!" groaned Mrs. Brushby,
"her heart is like the nether millstone.
If you knew, dear Mr. Selwyn, how I
have striven with her!"

Mr. Selwyn looked cornered.

"I am beginning a series of sermons
to young people next Sunday evening.
Pray you use your endeavors to induce this
young girl to attend."

And Mrs. Brushby promised that she
would, and the young clergyman took
his leave.

"You must!" said Mrs. Brushby.
"Please, aunt, don't ask me!" said
Clara, with tears in the limpid eyes.

A Highland Table D'Hote.
I had been improving my mind lately,
reading books of travel—"A Ride in Pett-
coat and Slippers," "A Trip to Manitoba,"
"A Daring Voyage Across the Atlantic,"
"Journeys in Canoes Down Foreign Ri-
vers"—every description of adventure,
toil and travel. Fired with ambition, I
longed to travel. However, I am only
a little widow, fragile in appearance,
and not too courageous in reality (in
fact, my sisters laughed excessively at
the mere idea of my traveling); so I
thought petticoats and slippers must be
an uncomfortable way of seeing savage
countries, and to which I really did not
feel quite equal, and I preferred a trip
to Scotland. It sounds easy, but then
it is very romantic; and there is always
the chance of the coach upsetting
(which, by-the-by, one did the other
day, and several people were hurt), or
the steamer blowing up, or oneself being
blown off a precipice, to add zest and
danger to the undertaking. I traveled
alone with a maid—maids are trouble-
some creatures, still it is a great thing
when one is tired to have one's dress-
ing-room laid out, and one's muddy boots
pulled off; so I had to endure her. Of
course she had no soul; she never ad-
mired the sunsets, but least back
munching apples; she could not descry
a charm in hunting up butterflies and
killing them with chloroform—it cer-
tainly always gave me a shudder to per-
form this office; it was so terribly like
vivisection; nor did she care a bit for
all the sweet little wild flowers I picked
as we went along, and which, indeed,
did fade dreadfully before we reached
our destination. I even caught her
throwing some exceptionally decayed
ones out of the railway carriage window,
with the exclamation, "My goodness,
what a lot of muck!" The railway
traveling was dull enough, I allow;
tribes of tourists getting in and out at
every station, and looking hot, angry or
discontented; slamming down their bat-
tles and bundles of weeds and damp
ferns tied up in handkerchiefs upon our
winning feet, or grumbling because we
did not immediately make room for a fat
papa, mamma, and daughters beside us
—why should we? they were no ac-
quaintances of ours—or very tall, very
sunburnt, very ruddy young men with
alpen-stocks, which they planted firmly
in front of them at the imminent risk
of putting out our eyes. All these little
events were very ordinary, and, I must
say, disagreeable. Brushby, my maid,
thought so too, I could see. But, then,
when we fairly reached the Highland
scenery, where fairy-like silver streams
tumbled down the sides of steep rocks
that looked as if made for the purpose;
where birch firs and mountain ashes
clung lovingly to crested hills, and deep
purple tips reached away up through a
dim curling mist into the clear blue sky,
while real burns or torrents or whatever
else is the proper name for them rum-
bled and dashed along in happy showers
of milk-white spray far below us—I did
feel that traveling was very nice.

Then, too, I began my first experience
on a table d'hote. When we reached the
little country inn, half smothered in
larch and ash trees, staring right up a
beautiful valley that seemed to fade
away into a kind of regiment of dark
blue hills, each popping up to look over
the other's head; of course, I asked for
a sitting room. "Ye can have one, me;
but there's just the common room and
the coffee room, where ye'll tak' yer
meals." I had never taken meals before,
like the servants; I had always dined;
however, there was no help for it, and
now at last I felt I was really exploring,
really rousing it. Mine was a stuffy
little bedroom, with red moreen curtains
and the chambermaid and waiter wash-
ing the tea things and quarrelling and
making it up just outside my door; so I
was not sorry when the bell rang, or
rather tolled (for it sounded, just like a
church bell) for dinner. I walked down
the stairs with my usual dignity—no-
thing gives so much effect to a small
woman as dignity—and perceived a
good-looking young lady, with clouds of
fuzzy hair and a jersey-body, just in
front of me. "I'll follow her," I thought;
and so I did—into the servant's dining
room, where a waiter, running after me,
explained that I was wrong and brought
me triumphantly into the dining hall.
The latter had an imposing effect, pan-
celed ceiling, sides and doors of polished
pine, a quantity of flaring mineral oil
lamps on the table, a few artificial flow-
ers, and round about fifty people all
eating soup. I took my place, while my
heart sank and my appetite faded away.

This was indeed "taking" meals, not
dining. "Oxtail on gilet?" a hoarse
voice murmured at my elbow; and be-
fore I even knew that I had answered, a
smoking bowl of soup stood in front of
me, into which I absently plunged my
electro-plated spoon. How I wished
now I had brought Brushby! But then
I reflected maids must never be taken
out of their proper sphere; and if she
had dined with me then, she might ex-
pect to do so in the future at home.
Indeed, a widow is so lonely she would
gladly give me with her maid.

Presently, as nobody seemed to pay
any attention to me, I ventured to look
around; and I was struck by one fact—
almost all the women were in mourning.
Not in complimentary or fancy black,
such as it is very chic now to wear, but
in real uncompromising mourning, jet
brooches, and all that sort of thing. I

thought with dismay of my own dark-
blue gown and amber tie; for my period
of weeds was over. What did it mean?
Was it the livery of the table d'hote?
Was it considered good taste? Or were
they really in such grief that they had
elected to travel in order to disperse
some of their sorrow? I could not de-
cide, so I looked again. Then I saw
that almost all the men were clergymen,
and the rest rough-looking people in
shooting-coats, with tanned faces. Be-
side me, on one side, an elderly gentle-
man of amiable appearance, trade un-
mistakably marked upon him; on the
other, a lad with aquiline nose and
retreating chin. I could not tackle him,
for I always detest boys or any men
under thirty. I turned to my other
neighbor, rather uncertain, if it was the
thing to speak to one's neighbor, and
said: "Do you think it will rain?"—I
noticed afterwards that it was raining;
but then one cannot be expected to
think of everything—and the old gentle-
man answered pleasantly that he thought
it would. After that we got on capiti-
ly. We began talking on all sorts of subjects,
even the Academy; he had seen a great
many pictures that I had somehow over-
looked, and I felt quite at my ease and
at home, and laughed just as I do when
I am happy, when a sharp "Luke, my
dear, don't you see I want the salt?"
from the wife on the other side brought
us up short, and I had to hold my tongue
while my neighbor soothed his better
half's irritated feelings.

At the head of the table was a parson,
evidently looked upon as a person of
importance, for reference was made to
his opinion on all subjects, from Church
questions to trout-fishing. The man
next him was stout and jocular, and car-
ried on a running conversation with the
waiter, in this wise—"Yes I'll take some
more beef and some of the greens—at
least," or being corrected and informed
that they were not greens, but French
beans, "at least they're green, which the
greens never are. Now, then, give me
some strawberry jam! Who ever heard
of a Scotch meal without strawberry
jam?" Opposite was a spruce little
couple—she with polished hair braids
and best silk neckerchief and brooch;
he in spotless black, like an undertaker
out of place, even the sparse hairs on
his head black and shiny and funeral.
They conversed much together amiably,
and he remarked that 7 o'clock was quite
a heathenish hour to dine at; 6 o'clock
was late enough in all conscience. The
meal was very plentiful and very good,
and every one did justice to it except
myself, who, after the remark about the
salt, felt distinctly snubbed.

The next morning, after I descended
to breakfast, I again sat next the same
family, but this time it was next the
lady. I attempted, in the intervals of
scones and buttered toast and newly-
gathered honey, quite delicious to an
English gourmet, to hazard a slight re-
mark. The lady tossed her head, and
said, "Indeed!" I felt further efforts
were hopeless; and there was my friend
of last night at the head of the table,
not even daring to throw me a glance of
approval. I drew myself up and looked
haughtily, as I can do when I like, but
the mother could smile well enough
when she chose, as she proved presently
when her good-looking daughter asked
for jam. I wondered what would have
been the result had I asked for jam. To
my surprise, later in the day, when I
had finished my tramp among the hills
with Brushby—the views were lovely,
but Brushby's petticoats got wet, and
she did not care for the walk—the same
elderly lady came up to me at the sta-
tion, where I was sitting partly on a coop
of chickens, partly on my own portman-
teau, very damp and sticky with ladies;
and said in an unctious voice, "I think
you said you were going to Inverness,
would you mind taking charge of my
daughter?" I felt flattered, pleased,
flabbergasted, all in one moment. What
had happened? Had the husband
apologized or the wife forgiven? Or
did she think, after all, a little widow at
a table d'hote was entitled to some indul-
gence, or perhaps she imagined I was a
duchess in disguise? I never knew, but
the girl was very nice, and I took care
of her as far as Inverness, much to
Brushby's disgust.

A Telescope Story.
The San Francisco Call tells an extra-
ordinary story respecting a monster tele-
scope, made by Professors Lefevre and Longour,
French scientists, and erected at San Fran-
cisco. The lenses are twenty feet in di-
ameter, and this is what happened when
the astronomers and their frinds turned the
instrument to the heavens. M. Dufrene
was the first to apply his eye to the eye-
piece of the telescope. For fully five min-
utes he looked on in speechless amazement,
then, without a word, turned away to hide
his emotion. One by one the gentlemen
present tested the telescope, exhibiting
their astonishment in various ways. The
planet which happened to cast its beams
upon the great speculum was Mars, and the
revelation is too wonderful for credit. The
eye-piece of the lowest magnifying power
was first placed on, when the planet pre-
sented a most astonishing sight. The pow-
erful lens brought the planet nearer than
that of the moon has ever been brought by
the most powerful telescope. The green of
the sea was brought out in unmistakable
color, and one could almost imagine that
he could see the waves upon the surface. The
before the eye was spread out a splendid pa-
norama of hill and dale, dark patches that
must be covered by forests, great yellowish patches
that looked like autumn fields, silvery
threads that must be rivers, and several
unmistakable volcanoes in action.

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blue gown and amber tie; for my period
of weeds was over. What did it mean?
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the girl was very nice, and I took care
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Tricks of Auctioneers.
A young couple who came from the
country, having a little ready money,
determined to try the experiment of
letting furnished rooms in New York.
They hired a house within four blocks
of Madison Square, in a residence neigh-
borhood, at a moderate rent, and stocked
it with furniture which, although not
new, was in a fair condition. They paid
\$1,200 for their furniture. After a few
weeks they concluded that the experiment
would not be profitable, as both were in
ill health, and they decided to sell their
furniture. Advertisements for purchas-
ers at private sale brought none willing
to give more than \$1,000 for the furni-
ture, and the owners made up their
minds to sell it by auction.

An auctioneer was recommended to
them, and he went to look at the goods.
He told them that the furniture would
bring more than \$1,000 at auction. He
was so positive that he offered to take
the goods and pay \$900 cash for them.
When the day of sale came the auction-
eer took charge of the house, with his
clerks and helpers. The owners were
both sick and unable to give their per-
sonal attention. Meanwhile the auction
went on. Pretty soon friends who had
come to bid on several articles of value
found that they could not catch the eye
of the auctioneer. The house was filled
with second-hand dealers who were on
familiar terms with the "going-going-
gone" man, and they alone could get
their bids recognized. The result was
that things went for nominal prices. It
was in vain that the honest bidders pro-
tested that their bids had not been
recognized.

"Can't help it; I didn't hear you;" or,
"You must speak louder;" or, "I did
not see you," were the replies that the
auctioneer made in an off-hand way as
he hurried from one article to another.
It was in vain that messengers went to
the owners and told them that their prop-
erty was being given away. The sale
was rushed through, and a thing would
hardly be put up before it was knocked
down to some of the dealers who crowded
around the auctioneer, and with know-
ing nods and winks showed how they
enjoyed the legalized robbery that was
going on. A parlor set worth \$150 was
sold for \$40. An easy chair worth \$40
went for \$5. Hair mattresses worth \$18
sold for \$4. Kitchen utensils were
knocked down hurriedly for a few cents
before anxious bidders in the room could
get a chance to bid.

When the auctioneer settled with the
owners he had a long list of charges and
commissions, bills for advertising, print-
ing catalogues, help, stationary, per-
centage, auctioneer's fees, etc., which
took off a large slice of even the small
percentage of value obtained. The result
was that the owners got about \$200 for
\$1,200 worth of furniture, and had the
satisfaction of seeing a large part of it
for sale in a neighboring auction store
the next day.

Ice Cream and Glue.
"Is there any pure ice-cream? Well,"
a New York confectioner said, "I
claim to make ice-cream of pure ma-
terials, but I cannot afford to sell it at
the price laid down by manufacturers.
They charge \$1 a gallon, I charge \$1.50,
and, although I give my customers a
pure article for their money, I don't sup-
pose that I make nearly as much profit
out of a gallon as the large firms make
who sell it 50 cents cheaper."

"Why?"
"The reason is plain enough. If you
read this postal card it will give you the
key to the whole mystery—"
"Dear Sir:—We herewith send sam-
ple; please give it a fair trial. Price 50
cents per pound."
"Respectfully yours,"
"This sample packet contained two
ounces of what was called gelatine, and
is said to make one and a-half quarts of
crystalline jelly. In reality," the con-
fectioner continued, "it is nothing more
nor less than a fair quality of glue, which
can be bought at any drug store. The
cost is estimated at from 35 cents to 30
cents a pound. It is not even gelatine,
for gelatine is usually sold in sheets.
These two ounces are sufficient to make
two gallons of ice-cream. It is first
melted in lukewarm milk and then
poured into the freezer to give the cream
a body. Nearly all the large manufac-
turers use it, and in proportion to the
amount of glue they put in, the less
cream they require. It is quite easy to
tell when ice-cream is adulterated. It
has a puffy appearance, somewhat like
Charlotte Russe, and if you plunge a
spoon into it you will almost feel the air
rushing out. After eating it a peculiar
sensation is felt in the throat. This
arises from two causes: First, from the
gelatine, so-called; and secondly, from
the adulterated flavoring that is used.
For instance, the lemon flavor is obtain-
ed from oil of lemons; the strawberry
flavor from concentrated strawberry,
which, in turn, is made from ether; the
vanilla extract from alcohol, as it does
not pay to make it from the beans, which
cost \$10 per pound. That is how some
manufacturers get their flavoring. Since
this refined glue has been introduced,
corn-starch is used less extensively. It
is not uncommon for big dealers to put
bone-dust in their white sugar, so that
you see there is another item of adulter-
ation."

"What does a quart of pure ice-cream
cost you?"
"A quart of pure cream costs 20
cents. I can buy cream for 15 cents,
but it isn't pure. Four fresh eggs cost
8 cents, a half-pound white standard
sugar 5 cents, flavoring 3 cents, ice and
salt 3 cents. Total, 39 cents. This will
give a little over a quart, and I generally
put the actual cost of a quart at about 30
cents, or \$1.20 per gallon, leaving a mar-
gin of 30 cents profit. The fact is, no
wholesale manufacturer can produce
pure ice-cream at \$1 a gallon, and there-
fore they have to put glue into it in
order to make a big profit on their sales."

A Fearful Half-Hour.
In the early days of the Cincinnati
Southern, before it had attained its pres-
ent system, and immediately after the
road had been opened for traffic to Som-
erset, occurred an event the recollection
of which even to this day serves to bring
out goose flesh on those who at the time
were cognizant of the impending disas-
ter.

Within a few days after passenger
travel began the officers of the Southern
sent invitations for a trip over the road
to all of Cincinnati's wealthiest men and
heaviest tax-payers, and on the morning
of the excursion dozens of carriages left
the Burnet house, the place of meeting
and conveyed them across the river to
Ludlow, where the "special," headed by
No. 1, the crack engine, with Mat.
Coombs at the lever, was in waiting.
Miles N. Beatty, now superintendent of
the southern division, was conductor.

When all the excursionists were on
board the engineer and conductor went
into Train Dispatcher Cooledge's office,
where they read and signed the follow-
ing order, and placed copies in their
pockets:

"Meet and pass No. 2, north-bound
passenger train, at Williamstown."
To Williamstown for delivery to the
north-bound passenger train on arrival,
was sent the following order:

—Conductor:
"Meet and pass south-bound special
at Williamstown."
So that the situation stood thus—either
train reaching the place indicated first
was to go on the siding and wait there
until the one coming from the opposite
direction had arrived and gone ahead on
the cleared track. Of the wealthy passen-
ger load some were seated chatting,
others were standing on the platforms,
and still others on the summer car, when,
glancing up and down his train, the con-
ductor, finding everything in good order
and readiness, waved his hand to the
watching engineer, and the special pulled
out, slowly at first, but as it moved on
the speed increased until it went out of
sight around the curve a-flying, and a
little later a rumbling sound told of its
crossing the trestle, and that it was well
and fairly started on the way south. It
was understood that extra fast time was
to be made, and to offer no obstacle the
track had been cleared of everything save
the passenger train referred to.

One half hour after the start from
Ludlow, No. 2, fifteen minutes behind
time, reached Williamstown, at which
place the standing rule was imperative
that conductors should at all times stop
and inquire for orders. Stopping only
long enough to unload a passenger in the
mud, the conductor, thinking only of
making up lost time, signaled the engi-
neer, and the train went on.

The horrified operator from his window
saw No. 2 flashing northward to what
seemed inevitable destruction, as the tel-
e-graph line between his room and Lud-
low was unbroken by a single instrument,
and at that moment two trains at high
rates of speed were rapidly lessening the
distance between each other on the sin-
gle track. He telegraphed at once to
Ludlow that "No. 2, had passed without
stopping for orders."

All color left the face of train dispat-
cher Cooledge as he received the message
and as he communicated the dire in-
telligence to Jack Redmond, master of
transportation, that individual's counte-
nance assumed a similar hue. With him
station door he quietly beckoned several
men to him and composedly gave in-
structions to each. One-half dozen of
them went on the double-quick in dif-
ferent directions for physicians. The store-
keepers went into the warehouse and
gathered together s