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PARTED.
Can I believe, what yet mine eyes have seen,
That we are parted who were once so near?
That far behind us lie the meadows green,
Where we no more may greet the early year,
And praise the dewy crocus buds, while yet
More happy in each other than in Spring?
If I remember, how should you forget,
And leave me lonely in my wandering?
Can I believe, what yet mine ears have heard,
That severed is our sweet companionship?
An autumn wind among the woodlands stirred
And blew your kisses from my grieving lip;
Time stepped between us and unclasped our
hands
That reach in vain across the widening days:
Life met our wistful looks with stern commands,
And led us coldly down divided ways.

Can I believe, what yet my heart has felt,
That never more our paths will be the same?
That even now your joyous musings melt
To tender longings at a dearer name?
Then say farewell, since that must be the word.
In life's strange journey I may yet rejoice,
But still through all its voices will be heard
The lingering echo of your vanished voice.

THE BOARD FENCE.
"Shoo, shoo, get home, you plaguey
critter?" cried Mr. Babcock, waving
his arms, as he chased a dozen sheep
and lambs through a gap in the fence.
It was a wooden fence, and when he
had succeeded in driving the animals to
the other side of it, he lifted it from the
reclining position and propped it up
with stakes. This was an operation he
found himself obliged to repeat many
times in the course of the season, and
not only that season, but of several
previous seasons.

Yet Mr. Babcock was neither slack
nor thrifless; in fact, he rather prided
himself on the ordinary appearance of
his farm, and not without reason.
How then, shall we account for his
negligence in this particular instance?
The truth was that this fence formed
the boundary line between his estate
and that of Mr. Small, and three gen-
erations of men who owned these estates
had been unable to decide to whom it
belonged to rebuild and keep it in re-
pair. If the owners had chanced to be
men of peaceful dispositions they would
have compromised the matter and avoid-
ed a quarrel; but, on the contrary,
they belonged to that much larger class
who would sooner sacrifice their own
comfort and convenience than their so-
called rights, this fence would have been
a source of unending bickerings and
strife.

And of this class were the present
owners. Again and again had they con-
sulted their respective lawyers on the
subject, and dragged from their hid-
den places dusty old deeds and records, but
always with the same result.
"I say it belongs to you to keep it in
repair; that's as plain as pike-staff,"
Mr. Babcock would say.
"And I say it belongs to you—any
fool might see that," Mr. Small would
reply; and then high words would fol-
low, and they would part in anger, more
determined and obstinate than ever.

The lawyers' fees and the loss by
damages from each other's cattle, had
already amounted to a sum sufficient to
buy a fence around their entire
estates, but what was that compared
with the satisfaction of having their own
way?
At last, one day, Miss Letitia Gill, a
woman much respected in the village,
and of some weight as a land-owner and
tax-payer, sent for Mr. Babcock to come
and see her on business; a summons
which he made haste to obey, as how
could it be otherwise where a lady was
concerned?

Miss Letitia sat at her window sewing
a seam, but she dropped her work and
took off her spectacles when Mr. Bab-
cock made his appearance.
"So you got my message; thank you
for coming, I'm sure. Sit down, do. I
suppose my man Isaac told you I wanted
to consult you on business—a matter of
equity, I may say. It can't be expected
that we women folks should be the best
judges about such things, you know;
there's Isaac, to be sure, but then he
lives on the place; maybe he wouldn't
be exactly impartial in his judgment
about our affairs."

"Yes, so," said Mr. Babcock.
"Well, the state of the case is this:
When Isaac came up from the long
meadow to dinner—they're mowing the
meadow to-day, and an uncommonly
good yield there is—when he came up
to dinner, he found that stray cows had
broken into the vegetable garden."

"He did, he?"
"You can fancy the riot made. I de-
clare, Isaac was almost ready to use
profane language. I am not sure that
he didn't; and, after all, I couldn't feel
to reproach him very severely, for the
pains he has taken with that garden is
something amazing; working in it, Mr.
Babcock, early and late, weeding, and
digging, and watering, and now to see
it all torn and trampled so that you
wouldn't know which was beets and
which was cucumbers. It's enough to
raise anybody's temper."

"It is so," said Mr. Babcock.
"And that isn't all, for by the looks
of things they must have been ram-
paging in the orchard and clover-fields
before they got into the garden. Just
you come and see;" and putting on her
sunbonnet, Miss Letitia showed Mr.
Babcock over the damaged precincts.
"You don't happen to know whose
animals did the mischief?" said Mr.
Babcock.
"Well, I didn't observe them in par-
ticular myself, but Isaac said there was
one with a peculiar white mark, some-
thing like a cross, on its haunch."

"Why, that's Small's old brindle,"
cried Mr. Babcock. "I know the mark
as well as I know the nose on my face.
She had balls on her horns, didn't
she?"
"Yes, so Isaac said."
"And a kind of hump on her back?"
"A perfect dromedary," said Miss
Letitia, "I noticed that myself."
"They were Small's cows, no doubt
of it at all," said Mr. Babcock, rubbing
his hands. "No sheep with them,
hey?"
"Well, now I think of it there were
sheep—they ran away as soon as they
saw Isaac. Yes, certainly, there were
sheep," said Miss Letitia.
"I knew it—they always go with the
cows; and what do you want of me?"
"It's to fix damages," said Miss Leti-
tia. "As I said before, women folks are
no judges about such matters."
Mr. Babcock hesitated a moment,
and then said:
"Well, I wouldn't take a cent less
than seventy-five dollars, if I were you—
not a cent."
"Seventy-five dollars! Isn't that a
good deal, Mr. Babcock? You know I
don't wish to be hard on the poor man;
all I want is fair compensation for the
mischief done."
"Seventy-five dollars is fair, ma'am—
in fact, I might say it's low. I wouldn't
have a herd of cattle and sheep tramp-
ling through my premises in that way
for a hundred."

"There's one thing I forgot to state;
the orchard gate was open, or they
couldn't have got in; that may make a
difference."
"Not a bit—not a bit. You'd right to
have your gate open, but Small's
cows had no right to run loose. I hope
Isaac drove them to the pound, didn't
he?"
"I heard him say he'd shut 'em up
somewhere, and didn't mean to let 'em
out until the owner calls for 'em. But,
Mr. Babcock, suppose he should refuse
to pay for the damages? I should hate
to go to law about it."
"He won't refuse; and if he does,
keep the critters till he will pay. As to
law, I guess he's had about enough of
that."
"I'm sure I thank you for your ad-
vice," said Miss Letitia, "and I mean to
act up to it to the very letter."

Scarcely was he out of sight, when
Miss Letitia sent a summons for Mr.
Small, which he obeyed as promptly as
his neighbor had done.
She made to him precisely the same
statement she had made to Mr. Babcock,
showing him the injured property, and
asked him to fix the damages."
It was remarkable, before he did this,
that he should ask the same question
Mr. Babcock had asked; namely, whether
she had any suspicion to whom the
animal belonged.
"Well, one of them I observed, had a
terrible crooked horn."
"Precisely—it's Babcock's heifer; I
should know her among a thousand.
She was black and white, wasn't she?"
"Well, now I think of it, she was;
one seldom sees so clear a black and
white on a cow."
"To be sure, they're Babcock's ani-
mals fast enough. Well, let me see;
what you want is just a fair estimate, I
suppose?"
"Certainly."
"Well, I should say ninety dollars
was as low as he ought to be allowed to
get off with."
"Oh, but I fear that it will seem as if
I meant to take advantage. Suppose we
call it say seventy-five?"
"Just as you please, of course; but
hanged if I'd let him off for a cent less
than a hundred, if it were my case."
"And if he refuses to pay?"
"Why, keep the animal until he comes
around, that's all."
"But there's one thing I neglected to
mention—our gate was standing open;
that may alter the case."
"Not at all; there's no law against
keeping your gate open; there is against
stray animals."
"Very well; thank you for your ad-
vice," said Miss Letitia; and Mr. Small
departed with as smiling a countenance
as Mr. Babcock had worn.
But at milking-time that night he
made a strange discovery—old brindle
was missing!

At about the same hour Mr. Babcock
made a similar discovery; the black-
and-white heifer was nowhere to be
found!
A horrible suspicion seized them both
—a suspicion they would not have made
known to each other for the world.
They waited till it was dark, and then
Mr. Babcock stole around to Miss
Letitia's and meekly asked leave to look
at the animals which had committed the
trespass. He would have done it with-
out asking leave, only that thrifty Miss
Letitia always shut her barn doors at
night.
While he stood looking over into the
pens where the cows were confined and
trying to negotiate with Miss Letitia for
the release of the heifer, along came Mr.
Small in quest of his brindle.
The two men stared at each other in
blank dismay, then hung their heads in
confusion.
It was useless to assert that the dam-
ages were too high, for had they not
fixed them themselves? It was useless
to plead that Miss Letitia was in a man-
ner responsible for what had happened,

on account of the open gate, for had
they not assured her that that circum-
stance did not alter the case? It was
useless to say she had no right to keep
the cows in custody, for had they not
counseled her to do so? As to going to
law about it, would they not become the
sport of the whole town?
"He that diggeth a pit, he himself
shall fall into it," said Miss Letitia, who
read what was passing in their minds as
well as if they had spoken, for the light
from Isaac's lantern fell full on their
faces. "However, on one condition I
will free the cows and forgive the debt."
"What is that?" Both thought the
question, but did not ask it.
"The condition is, that you promise
to put a good new fence in place of the
old one that separates your estates, di-
viding the cost between you, and that
henceforth you will live together peace-
fully, so far as in you lies. Do you
promise?"
"Yes," muttered both, in a voice
scarcely audible.
"Shake hands upon it, then," said
Miss Letitia.
They did so.
"Now let the cows out, Isaac; it's
time they were milked," said she.
And the two men went away driving
their cows before them, and with a
shame-faced air, greatly in contrast to
the look of triumph with which they
had before quitted her presence.

The fence was built, and the strife
ceased when the cause was removed;
but it was long before Miss Letitia's
part in the affair came to the public
ear; for she herself maintained a
strict silence concerning it, and she en-
joyed the same upon her man-servant,
Isaac.
The Fragile Follower.
"Are you esthetic?" inquired a New
Haven young lady of a Brooklyn girl,
as the two sat down to a dish of fried
clams in a Fulton street restaurant.
"I guess so," replied the Brooklyn
girl, vaguely. "Why do you ask?"
"Cause it's so terribly awfully the
thing. We're all esthetic at home.
Everybody is, and you don't know how
we enjoy it."
"Is it—is it very expensive?" queried
the Brooklyn girl, feeling her way,
"It comes rather high, but it is so es-
sential. I haven't felt so well since I
left school as I have since being esthetic.
You don't know how much I have
gained!"
"What's the nature of it?" How do
you take it?"
"Oh, you sit around, and be exces-
sive, and when one speaks to you glare
at 'em and say, 'How quite!' Then you
shut your eyes and breathe hard. I
wouldn't be without it for anything.
They say it's very healthy."
"Can you do it alone?"
"Oh, gracious, no! It takes four or
five to play. All you've got to do is to
cut off your eyelashes, so as to look
stony, and then practice with some
chairs until you are ready to go into
society. At home we commenced with
clothespins to represent the gentlemen,
and bandoline bottles for the ladies.
Then we joined the Association and
licked 'em all."
"I had an idea that esthetic meant
the pleasurable sensations that arise
from a gratification of artist apprecia-
tion," explained the Brooklyn girl tim-
idly.
"Merciful goodness, no! On the con-
trary, it means the absence of taste. You
mustn't have any taste. You must only
be utterly."
"How do you fetch that?"
"That's done by holding your breath
until you are nearly ready to burst, and
then let it out quick. You do that when
somebody asks you if you are prepared
to esthetic. Then you go on esthetic
until the party breaks up. Myra Brown,
of New Haven, is just lovely at it. We
admire her so much."
"It must be fun," mused the Brook-
lyn girl, holding a clam on her fork and
contemplating her companion.
"It just is. The gentlemen are ever
so nice. They wear swallow-stomach
coats and eye-glasses."
"Eh?" ejaculated the Brooklyn girl,
rather startled at the uniform.
"Yes, and they are so extreme. Oh,
you don't know. When we girls are
esthetic we wear a sort of shroud. Mine
is a cashmere, and \$2 a yard. Some of
the societies wear lilies, but we use pop-
pies. They are more laudible. The last time
we met somebody put red pepper on the
stove, and I haven't fully recovered yet.
Then some of the esthetes are graceful,
but our society runs to flesh. We think
it more soulful."
"I've got an idea that it's a sort of
a fraud, from your description," observed
the Brooklyn girl gulping down the clam.
"You nasty busy!" shouted the
esthete. "You've got no more intensity
than a lobster! You're a coarse, vulgar
animal! You are a sense groveler! And
more than that, you pay for those clams
or you stay in pawn for 'em!"
And the fragile follower of the prevail-
ing fashion slammed out of the estab-
lishment, leaving her hard-headed
friend to liquidate the account. It
doesn't do to rouse up the nutcrackers.
They are liable to forget the sufficient
and become sibilant.

A Comical Outlaw.
A good story, with a touch of the
pathetic in it, is told regarding the no-
torious outlaw of New Mexico, Allison,
and a distinguished editor now of Col-
orado. The latter went at one time to
Trinidad and became the editor of a
small daily publication at that place
called the Enterprise.
About that time Allison had
been raiding the saloons of Trinidad.
Feeling in an unusually happy mood
one morning the editor took up his pen
and dashed off the following brilliant
paragraph:
"We have a curiosity to see this
pest Allison—this monster in human
form, from whom men run and hide."
On the next day about 9 o'clock the
editor sat in his sanctum with his feet
cocked back and a ripple of amusement
breaking over his handsome visage as
he pursued the racy productions of his
fertile brain in the columns of the En-
terprise. A stranger built on an unusu-
ally tall frame suddenly threw open the
door, and striding into the room, an-
nounced himself as follows:
"My name is Allison—Clay Allison.
Is Editor Dill in?"
The man in the chair hesitated a
moment and then answered, "No, sir—Dill
is still in bed. My name is Smith."
It is of this Allison that the story is
told regarding the killing of a gambler
named Chubb at Cimarron, New Mexi-
co. Court was in session when the mur-
der was committed, and the Sheriff took
Allison immediately before the Judge.
When Allison came to the front he sud-
denly whipped out a big navy revolver,
and placing it before him on the table
said: "Judge, don't make no mistake! I
want justice done, and propose to hold
this court responsible."
"Sheriff, disarm the prisoner," said
the Judge.
"Your Honor, I beg to be excused,"
replied the Sheriff.
"Summon a posse," ordered the
Judge.
"I will kill the first man that moves,"
explained Allison.
"This court stands adjourned for the
present term," was the only further
order of the court, and the prisoner and
the court moved out of the building
from opposite doors.

Chased by Snakes.
Not long ago some boys from
Williamsport, Pa., started up Lycoming
creek after making arrangements to
have their stores transported to a wild
point in a little dell, surrounded by
ragged rocks, where they intended to
camp. They reached the point selected
early in the afternoon and pitched their
tent. The first night was passed quite
pleasantly, although Eeles dreamed that
he was chased by an enormous black-
snake and did not sleep very soundly.
The next morning they started out early
to fish, each man armed with a small
bottle of snake medicine in his satchel.
The stream made its way over rugged
rocks, forming little cascades and pools
every few hundred yards, where some
very fine trout were found. Primeval
hemlocks formed an archway overhead,
completely shutting out the sun, and
the air was cool and refreshing. The
second day the party scattered along the
little stream to fish, each man intent on
bagging all he could. Deacon Calvert
went ahead, followed by Policeman
Bubb, who was about a quarter of a mile
in his rear. The others fished down
stream. Everything went well for about
two hours, when Bubb was suddenly
startled by a series of frightful screams
in the direction the deacon had taken.
Dropping his rod he ran to see what the
trouble was, fearing that his comrade
had been caught by a bear. Arriving
at the spot he was horrified to find the
deacon standing like a statue on a large
flat rock, so completely charmed by four
enormous rattlesnakes that he could not
move. As he did not fear snakes and
wished to have some fun with the
deacon he rushed up and grasped the
largest snake with his right hand around
the neck, as it evidently was on the
point of springing at the charmed fisher-
man. This broke the charm. The other
snakes fled and Bubb shook the
poisonous reptile which he grasped at
Calvert, who gave a frightful yell and
started down stream as fast as his legs
would carry him. Bubb pursued, shak-
ing the snake at him, which writhed
and twisted as he held it in his grasp.
In a few minutes he discovered that it
was coiling tightly around his arm and
it shook its rattles defiantly in his face.
He found its coil grow tighter every
minute and his hand began to relax.
This alarmed him and he would gladly
have flung it from him, but he could
not. He must retain his hold, as it was
life or death with him. Great beads of
perspiration stood on his forehead and
he felt sick. The reptile coiled tighter
and tighter around his arm, while its
eyes glistened like sparks of fire and its
white fangs could be plainly seen.
Finally, in a moment of desperation, he
thought of his jack-knife and after
fumbling for some minutes he got it out
and, opening the blade with his teeth,
severed the head of the reptile from its
body and saved his life. His arm re-
mained partially paralyzed for the
balance of the day, and he declares that
he will never grasp a snake in that way
again.

On making his way to the camp he
found the "Deacon" looking as white as
a sheet and swearing furiously that he
would not remain there another hour
and he immediately commenced packing
up to leave. And while engaged in this
work Fremont came tearing up the path,
pursued by a blacksnake which appear-
ed to be about ten feet long. It ran
alongside of him, with its head elevated
as high as his shoulder, and looked him
squarely in the face in the most tantaliz-
ing manner. Bubb managed to seize a
stick with one hand and dispatch it
before it got away. Fremont, too, was
terribly frightened and fully satisfied
with fishing on Rock run. He declared
that he would leave at once for Ralston
and he did. Eeles had not been heard
from and it was feared that, as he was
so afraid of snakes, a whole colony might
have attacked and devoured him.
The three fishermen now resolved to
leave the accursed place, which seemed
to be the favorite abiding place of ser-
pents, and giving orders to the servant
to pack up as quickly as possible they
hurried away. On arriving at Ralston
late in the afternoon they found Eeles
ahead of them. He had been chased
down stream by a big blacksnake, evi-
dently the mate of the one that had
pursued Fremont Upegraff to the camp,
and he looked as pale as a ghost.
"There," said Chet Myers, with a
broad grin on his face, "I cautioned you
about keeping a sharp lookout for
snakes, but you seemed to think there
was no danger. Why, I tell you there
are blacksnakes up in that mountain ten
feet long, and as to rattlesnakes, there is
no end to them—I mean in numbers. I
am glad you got back safe. Have a
little of this snake medicine to drive the
recollection of the serpents out of your
minds!"
The boys declared they were satisfied
with fishing for trout on Rock run, and
when their baggage arrived they boarded
the evening train for Williamsport.
And as they stepped on the cars the
piazza of the hotel was filled with young
ladies who were heard to remark to each
other: "Oh, I'm so glad the poor
fellows were not eaten up alive by those
horrid snakes." When the train rolled
away Chet swung his hat and yelled
after them: "Come again, boys; there's
always good fishing in these mountain
streams."
The Late Pope's Tomb.
The translation of the body of Pope
Pius IX., from its resting-place in the
Basilica of St. Peter to the tomb pro-
vided for it in the Church of San Loren-
zo was accomplished recently in a single
night. The ceremony was attended by
some of the most shameful scenes ever
seen in Rome. Immediately after his
death and his obsequies, it will be re-
membered that the body of the late
Pope, encased in several coffins, one
within the other, was elevated to a niche
prepared for it high up on the walls of
one of the chapels of St. Peter's Church,
where it remained until the time of re-
moval. Meanwhile, in accordance with
the order given in his will, a simple and
inexpensive tomb had been prepared as
its last resting-place under the altar of
the Church of San Lorenzo, which is
some distance from the Vatican. The
late Pope had certain tender reminis-
cences connected with this church and
for this reason wished his body to repose
there. Moreover, it is said that the
profound humility of spirit of which he
was capable at times had induced him
to wish to mortify his pride in life by
directing that his body should not have
the honor of permanent sepulture in the
grandest church of the world and near
the remains of the Apostles Peter and
Paul.
The tomb in the Church of San Loren-
zo has been completed for some time
but for reasons satisfactory to his exe-
cutors the translation of the body was
postponed until last night. A careful
watch was preserved over it until all the
arrangements were complete. At mid-
night the coffin was carried from the
chapel, and surrounded and followed
by a large body of priests and Catholic
laymen, the mortuary procession set
forth. The coffin was placed upon a
bier drawn by horses and the priests and
laymen carried lighted candles. The
scene was solemn and sombre in the
extreme, but scarcely had the procession
left the steps of St. Peter's than an un-
ruly mob of the roughs of the city
swarmed around it, hustling and inter-
cepting the priests, endeavoring to ex-
tinguish the candles and to overturn the
bier and shouting "Long live Italy!"
"Down with the Pope!" Away with the
"black gowns!" and so on. The distur-
bance became so great and the fear of a
terrible scandal was so imminent that
the city authorities were compelled to
intervene. The police force proving in-
adequate, some companies of soldiers
were hurriedly sent for. On arriving
they dispersed the mob, order was re-
stored, the procession moved on to the
church and the ceremonies of placing
the body in the tomb were completed.

Dangers of the Ice-House.
It is not generally known, but chem-
istry nevertheless affirms, that a certain
gas is generated from ice. An ice-house
is, in fact, a regular powder magazine,
and people who have ice-houses should
take care to secure proper ventilation.
At a certain state of heat, the gas in an
ice-house has been known to explode by
the lighting of a match. The fact does
not appear to be generally known.

Political Tragedies.
The disputes of party leaders for the
last three-quarters of a century in the
old states would make a wonderful
volume, but those of New York would
surpass all others. As I recur to the
bitter contest between Burr and Hamil-
ton, I find how many others have flowed
from that early example, and how
strangely history repeats itself. There
was a period in the history of New York
filled with duels produced by these con-
flicts. From 1797 to 1801, and from
1801 to 1804, the utmost violence marked
the politics of New York. Not only ink
but blood was freely shed by both
parties. I count a dozen serious duels
in that interval of eight years. The
rivals were Alexander Hamilton and
Aaron Burr, but long before the first
was killed by the bullet of the latter,
there were other fatal affairs. In 1798
Mr. Henderson killed Mr. Jones in New
York city for writing a political squib.
Jefferson and Burr were both Democrats,
and in 1800 both received the same
number of votes for president, and some
of the federalists, eager to defeat their
ablest foe, Jefferson, were disposed to
throw their electoral votes for Burr, but
Alexander Hamilton, the federal leader,
bitterly opposed that alternative, and no
doubt his opposition to that scheme led
to his death at the hands of Burr, less
than four years after. "I trust," wrote
Hamilton, "New England will not so far
lose its head as to fall into this snare,
there is no doubt that upon every per-
manent and virtuous calculation Jefferson
is to be preferred. He is by far not so
dangerous a man, and he has pretensions
to character. As to Burr, there is nothing
in his favor. His private character is
not defended by his most partial
friends. He is bankrupt beyond re-
demption, except by the plunder of his
country." And Jefferson was elected
over Burr. Then began the reign of the
Democrats in New York, and other
duels. First, the death of Philip
Hamilton, the eldest son of the great
financier, Alexander Hamilton, in 1802,
in a political duel with a Democrat
named Eacker; then the quarrel between
Cheatham, the Jefferson editor, and
Coleman, the Hamilton editor, which
resulted in the duel which ended in
Coleman's death. This was followed by
the fierce conflict between De Witt
Clinton, afterward governor of New
York, a Federalist, and John Sartwout,
a Democrat, and a friend of Burr. They
fired five shots, and Sartwout was
terribly wounded. This followed by a
challenge from De Witt Clinton to
Senator Dayton of New Jersey, after-
ward arranged, and this by another duel
between Robert Swartwout, in which
Richard Riker was severely wounded.

Matters were shaping for the mortal
combat between Burr and Hamilton.
Jefferson was nominated for reelection
as president in 1804, but Burr was de-
feated for vice-president, and Governor
Clinton selected as the Democratic
candidate in his place. Indignant at
this new outrage on his pride, and fail-
ing to get the regular Democratic nomi-
nation for governor of New York, Burr
ran as stump candidate for that office
against Morgan Lewis, regular Demo-
cratic candidate. Hamilton was fierce
in his hostility to Burr, and Burr was
badly defeated in the same year that
saw Jefferson chosen president a second
time. There is no doubt that from this
moment Burr resolved to fight Hamilton.
The latter had been unsparring in his
assaults upon his rival, and Burr, hear-
ing of these comments, sent him a
challenge, and refused all compromise
but an abject apology. This was refused
by Hamilton, and on the 11th of July,
1804, they fought at Weehawken, near
New York, and Hamilton was killed,
leaving a widow and seven children, his
beautiful daughter Angelica, made a
madman by the fearful tragedy. Such is
the skeleton of New York politics over
three quarters of a century ago. The
future, if less tragical, has not been less
quarrelsome. Both parties have been
almost equally afflicted by able and
ambitious rivals. George Clinton, De
Witt Clinton, Governor Morris, the
Livingstons, the Van Rensselaers, the
Hoffmans, the Wrights, the Van Burens,
the Dickinsons, the Seward, Weeds,
Talmadges, the Jays and the Marces
have been on both sides of various
factions in the Democratic, Federal,
Whig, Anti-masonic and Republican
parties.

Home Pretty.
It is strange how little people make of
means that are at every one's disposal
for making homes pretty. Creepers
over a doorway, or climbing up a house,
attract one's attention directly one turns
into a side street; it is singular that they
should be comparatively rare. In this
soil creepers, like the Virginia flourish
luxuriantly, and another hardy cluster,
the ivy, will grow anywhere, under any
circumstances. In Germany the ivy is
an intimate family friend. It is often
trained indoors, carried over framework,
and cultivated until often the whole side
of a room will be covered with it. In
many parts of the country beautiful com-
binations are made by the simple inter-
growth of ivy and the Virginia creeper;
and in the fall the effect of contrast be-
tween the dark deep green of the ivy in-
termingling with the varying colors of
the favorite creeper, make the ruins of
the Rhine more picturesque than any-
thing else could possibly do. Let any
one who desires an interest and an or-
nament in one, cultivate an ivy tree and
he will be surprised and gratified at the
results he will obtain with scarcely an
effort.

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