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Millheim Journal.

RATES ON APPLICATION.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

A little dreaming, such as mothers know;
A little lingering over dainty things;
A happy heart, wherein hope all glows
Starts like a bird at dawn that wakes and
sings—
And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;
A little nuzzling over dainty things;
A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, Thou know-
est best,
But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of
tears?"
And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread;
A little patience keeping back the tears;
A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,
God keeps us safe through His eternal
years!"
And that is all.

THE BRAKEMAN'S STORY.

A rough-looking man? Yes, perhaps
I am. We ain't all of us responsible
for our outside husk, no more than a
horse-chestnut or a hazel-nut is. The
kind of life I lead can't be lived in
white kid gloves and dress coats. I
wasn't brought up with many advan-
tages, and I'm only a brakeman on the
Rensselaer and Saratoga line. Old
Jones was telling you about me, was
he, sir? He'd better hold his tongue.
There's more profitable subjects of con-
versation than I am. But old Jones
means well enough, and if he told you
to ask me how that stripe of white hair
came on my black mane, I ain't the
man to go back on him. Oh, you needn't
beg my pardon, sir! I don't mind
talking about it now, though the time
was when I couldn't speak of it with-
out a big lump coming in my throat.

We hadn't been married long, Polly
and me, when it happened. Polly was
as trim, bright-eyed slip of a girl as ever
you'd wish to see. She was one of the
waitresses in the Albany lunch room;
and the first time I ever set eyes upon
her I made up my mind to make that
girl my wife. So, when they raised my
wages, I took heart and asked her if she
would have them with me, with a
wedding-ring thrown into the bargain.
"Do you really mean it, Jake?" said
she, looking me full in the face, with
those dark blue eyes of hers, that are
like the skies at night.

"I do really mean it, Polly," said I.
"Then said she, putting both her
hands in mine, 'I'll trust you. I've no
living relation to advise me, so I can
only take counsel with my own heart.'"

So we were married. I rented a little
one-story house, under the hill on the
height, that overlooked the Hudson—a
cozy place with a good-sized wood-pile
at the rear, for winter meant winter in
those parts, and the snow used to be
drifted up even with our door-yard
fence many and many a cold gray
morning. And everything went smooth
until Polly began to object to my mates
at the White Blackbird, and the Satur-
day evenings I spent with the boys,
after my train was safely run onto the
side track at the junction.

"Why, Polly, girl," said I, where's
the harm? A man can't live by himself,
like an oyster in its shell, and a social
glass never yet harmed any one."

"No," said Polly, "not a social glass,
Jake, but the habit. And if you would
only put every five-cent piece that you
spend for liquor into little Bertie's tiny
savings bank—"

"Pshaw!" said I. "I'm not a drunk-
ard, and I never mean to become one.
And no one likes to be preached to by
his wife, Polly. Remember that my
girl, and you'll save yourself a deal of
trouble."

I kissed her, and went away. But
that was the beginning of the little,
grave shadow that grew on my Polly's
face, like a creeping fog over the hills,
and that she has never got rid of since.

It was a sore point between us—what
the politicians called a vexed question.
I felt that Polly was always watching
me; and I didn't choose to be put in
leading-strings by a woman. So—I
shame to say it—I went to the White
Blackbird oftener than ever, and I didn't
always count the glasses of beer that I
drank, and once or twice, of a particu-
larly cold night, I let myself be per-
suaded into drinking something stronger
than beer; and my brain wasn't the kind
that could stand liquid fire with im-
punity. And Polly cried, and I lost my
temper, and—well I don't like to think
of all these things now. Thank good-
ness they're over and gone!

That afternoon, as I stood on the back
platform of my car, with my arms fold-
ed and my eyes fixed on the snowy
waste of flat fields through which the
iron track seemed to extend itself like
an endless black serpent, I looked my
own life in the face. I made up my
mind that I had been behaving like a
brute.

"What are those senseless fellows at
the White Blackbird to me," muttered
I, "as compared with one of Polly's
sweet bright looks? I will give the
whole thing up. I'll draw the line just
here now. We shall be off duty early
to-night. I'll go home and astonish
Polly!"

But, as night fell, the blinding drift of
a great storm came with it. We were
blasted by the snow which collected on
the rails, and when we reached Earldale
there was a little girl, who had been
sent on in care of the conductor who,

must either wait three or four hours
for a way train in the cold and cheerless
station, or be taken home across a
snowy field by some one who knew the
way.

I thought of my own little children.
"I'll take her," said I—and lifting
her up I gathered my coarse, warm coat
about her, and I started for the long,
cold walk under the whispering pines
along the edge of the river. I honestly
believe she would have frozen to death
if she had been left in the cold station
until the way train could call for her.
And when I had left her safe in charge
of her aunt, I saw by the old kitchen
time-piece that it was ten o'clock.

"Polly will think I have slipped back
into the Slough of Despond," I said to
myself, with half a smile; "but I'll give
her an agreeable surprise!"
Plowing down amid the snow-drift,
through a grove of pine trees that edged
a ravine at the back of my house, I
sprang lightly on the doorstep; the door
was shut and locked. I went around to
the front. Eze I effected an entrance,
but the fire was dying on the hearth,
and little Bertie, tucked up in his crib,
called out:

"Papa, is that you?"
"Where is mamma, my son?" said I,
looking eagerly around at the desolate
room.

"Gone out with the baby in her arms
to look for you," he said. "Didn't you
meet her, papa?"

I stood a minute in silence.
"Lie still, Bertie," said I, in a voice
that sounded strange and husky even
to myself. "I will go and bring her
back."

And I thought with dismay of the
blinding snow-storm outside, the treacher-
ous gorges which lay between here
and the White Blackbird, the trackless
woods, through which it was difficult
enough to find one's way even in the
sunshine of noonday, and—worst of all
—the lonely track, across which an
"express" shot like a meteor at a few
minutes before midnight. Oh, heaven!
what possible doubt might I not have
brought upon myself by the wretched
passion in which I had gone away that
morning.

The town clock, sounding dim and
muffled through the storm, struck
eleven as I hurried down
eleven—and who knew what a length
of time might elapse before I could find
her? And like a fiery phantasmagoria
before my mind's eye, I beheld the wild
rush of the midnight express, and
dreaded—I knew not what. For all that
I could realize was that the storm was
growing fiercer with every moment,
and Polly and the baby were out in its
fury!

As steadily as I could I worked my
way down toward the track, but more
than once I became bewildered, and had
to stop and reflect before I could resume
my quest. And when, at length, I came
out close to a ruined wood and water
station on the edge of the track, I knew
that I was full a half a mile below the
White Blackbird.

And in the distance I heard the long,
shrill shriek of the midnight train!

Some one else had heard it, too, for,
as I stood thus, I saw, faintly visible
through the blinding snow, a shadowy
figure issue from the ruined shed and
come out upon the track, looking with a
bewildered, uncertain air up and down
—the form of Polly, my wife, with the
little baby in her arms!

I hurried down to her as fast as the
rapidly increasing snow-drifts would
let me, but I was only just in time to
drag her from the place of peril, and
stand, breathlessly holding her back,
while the fiery-eyed monster of steam
swept by with a rush and a rattle that
nearly took our breath away!

"Polly!" I cried, "Polly! speak to
me!"
She turned her wandering gaze toward
me, with her vague eyes that seemed
scarcely to recognize me.

"Have you seen my husband?" said
she. "One Jacob Cotterel, brakeman
on the local express?"
"Polly! little woman! don't you know
me?" I gasped.

"And I thought, perhaps," she added,
vacantly, "you might have met him.
It's very cold here, and—"

And then she fainted in my arms.
The long, low brain fever that follow-
ed was a sort of death. There was a
time when they told me she never would
know me again, but, thank God, she
did. She recovered at last. And since
that night I never have tasted a drop
of liquor, and, please heaven, I never
will again. The baby, bless its dear little
heart, wasn't harmed at all. It lay snug
and warm on its mother's breast all the
while. But if I hadn't happened to be
close by them at that instant the night
express would have ground them into
powder!

And the white stripe came into my
hair upon the night of that fearful snow
storm. That's how it happened, sir.

Professor Marsh, of Yale college, has
recently discovered in the cretaceous de-
posits of Kansas the remains of a great
number of toothed birds. Scientists aver
that the discovery and study of these re-
markable extinct forms by Professor Marsh
has thrown much light upon the derivation
of the birds, and furnishes another very
strong link in the chain of evidence in fa-
vor of the theory of evolution, which is now
almost universally accepted by naturalists
to account for the origin of the existing
forms of organic life.

Lane Subsidied.

The late John Pettit by the years 1854-5
was the circuit Judge by appointment of
Gov. Wright, and with all his faults was
regarded as one of the best nisi prius Judges
ever on the bench in Indiana. He was
prompt and fearless, and if not always
correct was at the least honest. Wm. F.
Lane, better known as Frank Lane, was
the leading criminal lawyer in Pettit's
court. He was not a man of much ability
but could talk all day about nothing. On
one occasion he defended a man for steal-
ing, and on the coming in of the jury with
a verdict of guilty, Frank entered the usual
motion for a new trial. The next morn-
ing after the clerk had read the minutes
Judge Pettit, turning to Lane, remarked
that he would take up the motion for a
new trial made the day before. Frank re-
plied that the prosecuting attorney was not
in court, and that of course the case could
not be taken up in his absence. "Go on,
Mr. Lane, it is the prosecuting attorney's
responsibility to be here," replied the Judge.
But I am not ready, your Honor," inter-
posed Lane. "I want time to look up au-
thorities." "No authorities are necessary
in this case in this court, Mr. Lane," said
the Judge, "and no other business will be
taken up until this case is disposed of. Go
on with your argument, Mr. Lane." Frank
found he was in for it, and commenced
talking, talking on very little that was
relevant to his case; the truth was he had
no case. About the time he had exhausted
Pettit's patience the prosecuting attorney
—the late Charles A. Naylor—entered the
court room, and listening a moment at the
entrance to the bar, and finding that Lane
was talking about the case tried the day
before, inquired of the Judge what Lane
was doing with it in his absence. "What
does Mr. Lane want?" "I don't know,"
replied Pettit. "I have been listening
to him here for three-quarters of an hour,
trying to find out, and I don't believe he
knows himself!" Lane subsided, the
Judge overruled the motion, ordered the
prisoner to be brought in, who was sent to
the Jeffersonville prison, and the case was
at an end.

England's Great Brewers.

Among those who have been for a long
time at the top of fortune's tree are the
great British brewers at Burton-on-Trent,
but even they have now for some time been
threatened with diminished profits. The
first firm which took to brewing "East India
pale" was that of the Abbots, of Bow,
near London; but eventually the Basses
and Alsops, of Burton-on-Trent, got hold
of the trade and made it their own. Bass'
grandfather was a carrier, residing at As-
bourne, in Derbyshire, in the days when
Mr. Johnson used to pay visits to his friend
the rich person there. He owned the enor-
mous vans, with four horses, which then
did all the traffic betwixt that part of
the country and London, and with some of
his accumulated profits his son went into
business at Burton-on-Trent. The India
trade in great measure made him, but now
it is falling off, not only because people
find kilder wines suit them better, but be-
cause the India breweries are now doing
a large business. In Australia, too, flour-
ishing breweries are cutting into Bass'
trade, while here lager beer is a serious
competitor. In Guinness' stout the falling
off is far less marked, because it is so
largely prescribed as a tonic, and, more-
over, many persons can take it who cannot
take ale. Mr. Bass, worth some \$6,000,-
000, is a very public-spirited citizen of
modest character. He has long been
in Parliament, and may no doubt, if he
please, have from Mr. Gladstone a Baro-
netcy, as his neighbor, Sir Henry Alsop,
had from Lord Beaconsfield. There is a
prevalent notion that the famous ale's ex-
cellence is due to the water of the Trent,
but as a matter of fact it is made from
spring water within the precincts of the
brewery.

The Chestnut Harvest in the Apennines.

The chestnut harvest, which takes
place in October, is the greatest event
of the year in the Apennines, and fur-
nishes a recreation, rather than a task,
to all classes of the population. The
schools have their annual vacation in
that month, that the children may assist
in it; and it is difficult to find hands for
any extra household work while a pleas-
ant gipsy life goes on under the trees.
The steep woods are then alive with
merry parties picking the mahogany
brown nuts from among the fallen
leaves, and dropping them into long
canvas pouches slung at the waist for
the purpose. The boughs are never
shaken to detach them, and the nuts fall
singly as they ripen, rustling
through the leaves, and breaking the
forest silence with a heavy thud as they
strike the ground. They lie till picked
up from day to day, during the appoint-
ed time for gathering them, which lasts
a month, and is fixed by municipal
proclamation—commonly from Michael-
mas Day, September 29, to the feast of
St. Simeon and St. Jude, October 28, but
sometimes extending by special request,
if the season be unusually late, for ten
days longer. Any one wandering off
the recognized paths through the woods
during that period is liable to be shot by
the proprietor, as in the Swiss vineyard
in vintage time, but this sanguinary law
seems to remain a dead letter. After the
legal term has expired, the woods are
free to the whole world, and are in-
vaded by troops of beggars, gleaming
any chance belated chestnuts which fall-
ing now, are the prize of the first comer.
Those which drop at any time on a road
passable for wheeled vehicles are also
public property, and, as the highway
runs through chestnut woods, the poor
have a little harvest by the roadside.
The proprietors of woods too extensive
for the gathering to be done by the mem-
bers of their own household engage a
number of girls to assist, giving them
food and lodging for forty days, and to
each two sacks of chestnut flour on her
departure. After their day's work in
the woods they are expected to spin or
weave in the evening for the benefit of
the housewife, who thus gets her supply
of yarn or linen pretty well advanced in

this month. The poor girls look for-
ward to being employed in this way as a
great treat, and will often throw up other
occupations rather than lose it. In a
dry season it is indeed sufficiently pleas-
ant, for the lovely weather of a dry Octo-
ber among these Tuscan highlands con-
jures up a more dismal picture than
that presented by the dripping chestnut
woods if the autumn rains have chosen
that month for their own, when the
sleeting floods of heaven thresh down
the withered leaves as they fall, and the
soaked burrs have to be fished out of
the swirling yellow torrents that fur-
row the ground in all directions. Wet
or dry, however, October, unless the
yield be exceptionally scanty, is a sea-
son of abundance and rejoicing through-
out the country, while the peasants consume
the fresh chestnuts by the sackful, not
makes open-air life unalloyed pleasure;
but, on the other hand, one can hardly
roasted, as they are eaten in the cities,
but plainly boiled and eaten hot from
the husk. The great mass are spread
on the floor of the drying-houses—blind
deserted-looking buildings scattered
through the woods for this purpose,
and which in the autumn seem to
smoulder internally, as the smoke of the
fire lit to extract the moisture from the
fresh chestnuts escapes through all the
interstices of the roof and walls. From
the drying-houses they are taken to the
mill and ground into farina dolce, a
fine meal of pinkish color and sickly
sweet flavor, which forms the staple
food of the population. From this they
make polenta or porridge, in other dis-
tricts made from Indian meal, and acci-
round cakes baked between chestnut
leaves, which are kept and dried for the
purpose, with the result of imparting a
slightly pungent flavor of smoke that
the stranger will hardly find an improve-
ment. Other delicacies, too, are made
from the chestnut flour, such as cakes
covered with chocolate and sugar, but
none of them are likely to commend
themselves to northern palates.

He is Our'n!

One of the post-office agents who was
making a trip through the northern part
of the Lower Peninsula, Michigan, this
summer, came across a mail route
through the woods from one hamlet to
another, with a weekly average of two
letters and one paper in the bags. The
carrier wore a cap-skin cap and rode a
pony about as fat as a case-knife, and he
took things so easy that the agent saw
fit to question him a little:

"My man, do you realize that you
represent the United States?"
"Well, I kinder reckon."

"And you feel the responsibility, I
presume?"
"Bet yer goggles I dew."

"You know you must brave all perils
to get your mails safely through?"
"That 't'ar hoss an' I me an' good for
anything twice our size, I reckon."

"If attacked by robbers, what would
you do?"
"Bury 'em!"

"Suppose you were offered money to
give up the mail bag?"
"No danger of that, mister. I don't
believe the hull county could scrape up
fifty cents."

"There are awful fires in these woods
sometimes?"
"Kreet! I've seen 'b'ars roasted
alive when they wasn't within a mile of
the flames."

"Well, now, if you were to find your-
self surrounded by a fierce forest fire
what would you do?"
"Fire all around?"

"Yes."
"No chance to burrow under or fly
over?"
"No."

"Wall, mister, it would be kinder
tuff, but I'd remember that I represent
the government. I'd kill my hoss, eat
the mail, and die shouting: 'We have
met the enemy, and he is our'n!'"

"Pure Old Cognac."
"Give me a little old brandy doctor,"
replied the reporter.

"Very well, sir," replied Dr. Leffman,
who is the state microscopist of Pennsylv-
ania. "You shall have a bottle to put
in your pocket. As you see, I take about
half a pint of rectified spirit and mix
with it a few drops of coloring solution
and concentrated essence of brandy—
that is, the brandy flavor prepared by
the druggist, and by brisk agitation the
mixture acquires the appearance of
cognac. You like a little head? Very
well; I add a little out of this vial, a
preparation of nitro-benzoin or artificial
oil of bitter almonds. Now, as I pour it
out, the bubbles remain for some time
at the top. However, it does not taste
ripe or full-blooded yet, so I add a few
drops of a preparation principally com-
posed of glycerine and called by the
trade 'age and body.' Another good
shake, and all I need is a label certifying
that the article is 'ten year old Cognac
brandy,' and there you have my brandy
ready for market. Of course, the ex-
periment has been a very hasty one. I
simply intended to show you the princi-
ple. In practice about half a pound of
each of the substances I have just made
use of would be added to forty gallons
of rectified spirits, and a very respectable
and by no means injurious brandy is
the result. In brief, the adulteration of
spirituous liquids—that is the artificial
production in a few hours by chemical
process of a similar result to that
attained by nature in the course of
months, or even years—has every claim
to be regarded as a triumph of science."

Some of the samples of ice analyzed by
A. Rüdiger yielded large quantities of al-
buminoid ammonia.

A Roman Banquet.

The following is a description of a Ro-
man banquet which took place about 75 B.
C., on the ninth of October of September.
This supper, which corresponded more
nearly with the dinner of modern times,
was given by Lentulus, to celebrate his
inauguration as Flamen Martialis, an offi-
cer who ranked among the flames second
only to the Flamen Dialis. The company
comprised seven of the pontifices, Q. Catu-
lus, M. Aemilius Lepidus, D. Syllanus, P.
Scaevola Sextus, Q. Cornelius, P. Volu-
nius, P. Albinovanus, the rex sacrorum
C. Cæsar, and L. Julius Cæsar the augur.
The party, however, was not limited to
men. There were present four of the ves-
tals—Popilia, Perpenna, Liria, and Arun-
cia (the remaining two of their colleagues
were probably obliged to remain at the
temple to attend the sacred fires), the wife
of Lentulus, Publicia, the flaminica, and
his mother-in-law Sempronia. The pres-
ence of the vestals may occasion some sur-
prise, but their position was in many re-
spects anomalous. The honors paid to
them were very remarkable. They were
attended by a lictor when they went out,
and even consuls and governors made way
for them. Like the peers of England,
they gave their evidence without taking an
oath. The duties of their office were re-
quired to be very strictly performed, and
the most terrible punishments awaited any
violation of their vows. They enjoyed a
fair amount of liberty, and were allowed
to walk about the city, to attend theatres
and gladiatorial exhibitions, where the best
places were reserved for them, and they
were, as we see, sometimes present at so-
cial entertainments. They were even
able, after thirty years' service as vestals,
to unconsecrate themselves and to marry.
The company at Lentulus' banquet was ar-
ranged in three triclinia, with ivory couch-
es. The pontifices occupied two of the
triclinia, and the third was given to the
ladies. From the recumbent positions of
the guests, who were said to lie in the
bosoms of each other (*alicujus in sinu
cubare*), it would not have been decorous
for the ladies and gentlemen to occupy the
same couch, and it was, indeed, only in the
later days of Rome that the ladies adopted
the custom of reclining at table. The re-
past generally commenced with the *ante-
cena*, for which it was usual to serve *hors
d'oeuvres* for the purpose of stimulating the
appetite, but on this occasion the *menu* of
the *antecena* or *gustatio* contained some
dishes which were tolerably solid. Raw
oysters a *discretio* (*ostrea cruda
quantum vellet*), several kinds of shell
fish (*echina, peridius, spondyli, glycy-
meridies, murice, purpura, balani alii et
nigri urticae*), truffles, asparagus, fatted
fowls, oyster patties, ortolans, haunches of
a goat and wild boar, and rich meat made
into pasties. For the *cena* there were
pork, wild boar, fish patties, pork pies,
ducks, teal soup, hares, rich meat roasted,
wheaten cakes and rolls. The conversa-
tion is not recorded, but it is to be hoped
that the company following the advice
given in the "Attice Notes" of Aulus Gel-
lius) avoided painful and involved subjects,
and limited their discourse to the common
topics of every-day life.

The Census of Great Britain.

On the night of April 4 the population
of the United Kingdom of Great Britain
and Ireland, including the islands in
British waters (the Isle of Man and the
Channel Islands), together with the
army and navy and merchant seamen
abroad, was found to be 35,246,562, an
increase of 4,147,236 as compared with
the returns of the census of 1871. The
females exceed the males by a little over
700,000. The percentage of population
for England was 69.8; for Wales, 8.8;
for Scotland, 10.6; for Ireland 14.6
The remainder, 1.2 per cent, was dis-
tributed between the Isle of Man (0.2),
the Channel Islands (0.8), and the army,
navy, and seamen abroad (0.7). The
density of population in England and
Wales is 440 to the square mile. The
greatest density is in the mining and
manufacturing counties. Lancashire
has over 1,700 to the square mile, and
Middlesex (outside of London), 1,364.
Six counties in England and one in
Wales have over 500 to the square mile.
London has 486,286 houses and a popu-
lation of 3,814,571, having increased
over half a million in the past ten years.
The density of population in London is
now 32,326 to the square mile. Liver-
pool ranks next to London in England,
with a population over 550,000; Bir-
mingham has over 400,000; Manchester
and Leeds each exceed 300,000; Shef-
field and Bristol have over 200,000 in-
habitants each. Curiously the popula-
tion of Manchester has fallen off 10,000
since the census of 1871.

Blonde Hair Changed to Black.

A recent paper from Prof. Prentiss, re-
cords a very remarkable change in
color of the hair of a lady patient who
had been treated several months for
blood poisoning with jaborandi, a
Brazilian plant used in medicine. This
medicine, which is given to produce
sweating in certain rare cases, was first
given to the patient in spontaneous in-
jections in December last. At that time,
and previously, her hair was a light
blonde, but within about two weeks a
change toward a darker color was a
perceptible, which increased until, in the
middle of January, the hair became of a
chestnut color. In May the color was
nearly a pure black, which it still re-
tains, although there is a slightly appar-
ent tendency to return again to a lighter
color. At this is the only recorded case
of this plant (which is not, however, in
common use) having produced any per-
ceptible change in the color of human
hair, it becomes a matter of interest to
know how this change was brought
about and how often it might accompany
the use of this remedy. A microscopic
examination shows the hair to contain a
greatly increased quantity of pigment
matter, and scientists now await with in-
terest the results of future growths to
ascertain whether they will retain their
old color or retain that newly acquired.

The rose gardens of Adrianople cov-
er 14,000 acres.
—Coaches were first let for hire in
London in 1625.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

What ought not to be done, do not
even think of doing.
If you do not wish to trade with the
devil, keep out of his shop.
An idle reason lessens the weight of
the good ones you gave before.
All women wish to be esteemed—they
care less about being respected.
It is easier to suppress the first desire
than to satisfy all that follow it.
A man who don't know anything will
tell you the first chance he gets.
A gilded frame makes a good picture
in the eyes of nearly all the world.
While learning adorns a man, let us
remember that truth embosses him.
It is right to be contented with what
we have, but never with what we are.
Nothing can constitute good breeding
that has not good nature for its founda-
tion.
A man's own good breeding is the best
security against other people's ill man-
ners.
Blessings on the head of him or her
who laughs the blues out of a weary
heart.
Virtue requires no other recompense
than the tribute of self-approbation and
respect.
A man looks at a woman from head to
foot—a woman looks at a man from foot
to head.
No reproach or denunciation is so po-
tent as the silent influence of a good
example.
We are acquainted with the justice of
God, but know nothing about his juris-
prudence.
Good intentions are the seeds of good
actions, though they do not always pro-
duce them.
Education is the proper employment
not only of our early years, but of our
whole lives.
As the prickliest leaves are the driest,
so the prattling fellows are generally the
most barren.
The smaller the calibre of the mind
the greater the bore of a perpetually
open mouth.
Never attempt to convince a woman
of anything by argument—you must
resort to emotion.
If you wish that your own merits
should be recognized you must recog-
nize the merits of others.
Advice is like snow, the softer it falls
the longer it dwells upon and the deeper
it sinks into the mind.
"Heaven made virtue; man the appear-
ance;" and, very naturally, man
prefers his own invention.
He that does a base thing in zeal for
his friend burns the golden thread that
ties their hearts together.
God would have been very illogical
and cruel if