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A LOVE SONG.

O, lassie wilt thou gang with me
Adown the meadows green?
The pretty thrush sings merrily
The lilac leaves between;
The ox-eyed daisy nobly low
A' through thy locks of jet,
And' where should I gang with thee,
A down the meadows green,
Even though the thrush sing merrily
The lilac leaves between?
Low nods the modest daisy flower
The soft wind bloweth free;
O come and hear my love so true—
The love that never dies,
The ivy swingeth on the wall,
With sunlight glints between;
O lassie, thou so fair and tall,
Come down the meadows green!
And by yon brook grow violets blue,
Like unto thy sweet eyes
O come and hear my love so true—
The love that never dies.

Yes, lassie, an' that be the way,
I fain would gang along—
For true, true love doth never die,
But yearly waxeth strong,
O winds and flowers, and ivy vine,
How sweet you be to day!
O yellow sun, how bright you shine!
Come, lassie, let's away!

WHOSE FAULT.

Fred Dayton assisted his wife's cousin, Jenny Seares, into the carriage that was waiting for her at the station. She had been his wife's bridesmaid, and he sighed as he looked in her smiling face.

It was three years since that so-called happy event occurred, but though she was a trifle more staid and dignified, she had the same happy smile, neat, trim appearance that he so well remembered.

"You will find Fanny a good deal altered," he said, as he took a seat by her side.

Jenny cast a somewhat surprised glance at the grave face of the speaker.

"Why, how? Has she been ill?"

"Well, no! I can't say that she has been ill," she was hesitating reply; "but she—she's changed. Marriage don't seem to have agreed with her very well."

The laugh that ended these words sounded rather forced. Perhaps he felt the implication conveyed by them; or, rather, the fact itself.

Jenny looked earnestly into the frank, kindly face of the speaker.

Was it his fault?—for there must be a fault somewhere.

The house, as the carriage stopped in front of it, looked as if it was all shut up.

If Jenny had expected to see her cousin in the hall she was disappointed.

Fred looked slightly disconcerted as he glanced around.

"Fanny's in her room, I suppose; I'll hunt her up."

"Ah! there you are, Fan."

Here a dowdy-dressed woman made her appearance at the other end of the hall, whom Jenny would have failed to recognize had it not been for the warm embrace and eager greeting.

After leading the way to the dark and rather untidy sitting-room, Fanny's animation all at once forsook her, and, throwing herself upon the sofa, she burst into tears, much to Jenny's surprise and consternation.

"The sight of you reminds me so of the happy past!" sighed Fanny, as she wiped away her tears.

"And the present is no less happy, I hope?" suggested Jenny, feeling for her cousin's husband, who looked foolishly conscious that he was in some way considered to be at fault.

Fanny's only reply was a mournful shake of the head, which, rightly interpreted, meant that she never expected to be so happy again as long as she lived.

Putting his hands in his pocket Fred walked to the window, whistling softly to himself with an ill-dissembled air of unconcern.

"If you knew how that noise goes through my head, Fred!" remonstrated Fanny, as she rang for Ann to take away her cousin's things.

Fred ceased whistling, taking himself out of the room at the same time.

Fanny gave her cousin a look, as much as to say, "You see what I have to put up with?"

As soon as the door closed after her husband Fanny's countenance lost its disconsolate, abused expression, and she commenced talking with her visitor with considerable spirit and animation.

Jenny now had an opportunity to observe her more particularly.

It was nearly dinner-time, and still she had on the calico wrapper that she had worn at breakfast; not much soiled, but still faded and wrinkled.

She wore neither cuffs nor collar, while her pretty brown hair—pretty when properly cared for—was smoothed over the top and tucked back of her ears in tangled bunches.

Her feet were thrust into a pair of old slippers, much too large for her and down at the heels.

As Jenny looked at her she could hardly believe that it was her cousin, Fanny Burns, who always used to look so fresh and neat, so smiling and happy.

From the habit of giving way to all her peevish and discontented feelings as they arose, it seemed impossible for her to look pleasant now, when she tried; while her very voice, which used to have such a clear and cheerful ring, had become infected by them.

In answering and asking questions the time passed rapidly until it was nearly

time for dinner.

"I had no idea it was so near dinner-time," said Jenny, rising to her feet, as she glanced at her watch. "I shall hardly give you time to dress."

"O! I shall not make any change in my dress; there'll be nobody but my husband at dinner, and you won't mind."

"No, certainly, I sha'n't mind."

There was more than this on Jenny's lips, but she checked herself.

This was not the right time to speak, even if she had any right to speak at all.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than those two presented at the dinner-table, both of nearly the same age, and both endowed with more than usual personal attractions.

At the time of her marriage, Fanny had been called the prettier; but it was quite the contrary now, and all the difference lay in the dress and expression.

Not that Jenny's attire was either gay or expensive.

The dress was a simple merino, simply made and trimmed, but it fitted neatly the neat waist of the wearer. The cuffs and collar were white and fresh, with a knot of bright ribbons at her throat.

On the contrary, Fanny wore the same faded, ill-fitting dress of the morning, with the addition—if addition it could be called—of a half-soiled collar, pinned away and fastened with a bunch of dingy ribbon.

It was impossible for Fred not to notice the difference, and making a mental comment on it not very flattering to the wife of his choice.

The contrast was too marked to escape her notice, though it was easy to see that she ascribed the change to their different conditions.

"Ah! you won't think it's worth while to fuss so much after your wife married, Jen," she said, with a laugh.

"Perhaps Miss Jenny will think her husband worth dressing for," retorted Fred.

"If she does, I hope it will be for a husband who cares enough for her society to spend one evening at home out of six."

Fred turned red with anger and mortification.

It was evident to Jenny that this would not have been the last of it had she not been present.

She hastened to change the subject, being aided in the endeavor by the advent of baby.

It was a lovely child, and one would suppose would be an additional tie to bind their hearts together, but instead of that it was a constant bone of contention.

Thus matters went on for some days. Jenny observed with pain that Fred was in the habit of spending most of his evenings out. For a while after she came he stayed in, but mortified as well as irritated by his wife's slovenly appearance and fretful complaining, he gradually absented himself, until he rarely spent an evening at home.

"Is Mr. Dayton out this evening?" inquired Jenny, as, entering the sitting-room, she glanced around.

"You never need ask, that question," returned Fanny; "he's always out."

Jenny had long wished for an opportunity to talk with her cousin. After a moment's grave silence she said:

"And do you know what the end of this will be, Fanny?"

"Ruin, I suppose," was the bitter response. "But there is no help for it, as I see. It is something for which I am not responsible."

"But I think you are, Fanny."

"I'll reply Fanny, opening her eyes widely; 'what can you mean?'"

"Just what I say, my dear cousin. When you married Frederick Dayton, no man was more domestically inclined or fonder of his wife and home than he."

"He's got over it bravely!" exclaimed Fanny, with a bitter laugh. "He don't act as if he had the slightest affection for me, and seems to prefer any place to his home."

"And is not this in a great measure your own fault? Nay, look not so angry, dear cousin; I love you too well to see you recklessly throwing away your happiness and his. Did not the alteration you speak of spring from the change in you? We cannot love what is unlovely. No man can love a wife who takes no pains to make her person neat and attractive, or a home that is full of bickerings and discomfort. Before your marriage you would have been terrified at the idea of his catching a glimpse of you in the attire in which you now allow him to see you all day. Why should you seek to look less pleasing in his eyes now than then?"

Fanny glanced at the opposite mirror that revealed so unflattering a face, coloring with anger and mortification.

"It is impossible for a married woman to dress as she did when a girl, and no man has a right to expect it."

"Every man has a right to expect his wife to have sufficient respect for him to present a neat and tidy appearance. You did not consider it too much trouble to dress when Judge Barry called on you. And last evening, at the party, when Mr. Howard picked up your hankerchief, you received it with a look and smile such as I have not seen you bestow upon your husband, even when he took twice the pains to please you."

"You are very severe," said Fanny,

her eyes filling with tears.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend. My dear Fanny, two ways are open to you. You can either make home to your husband the dearest place in the world, and yourself one of the most beloved and happy of wives, or you can alienate his affections, driving him to haunts and companionship that will wreck the peace and happiness of both."

Here they were interrupted by the advent of visitors.

Jenny returned home the next morning, so she had no opportunity of knowing what effect her earnest appeal had upon the better feeling of her cousin.

It was some months before Fanny and Jenny met again, and then it was at the marriage that transformed the latter into the loved and loving wife of the husband of her choice.

The happy smile on the face of Fred, and which was reflected back from the smiling eyes of his wife, told of the happy change that had been wrought.

"Fred spends all his evenings at home now," said Fanny, giving her cousin a significant look.

"Why shouldn't I?" cried the happy husband, when I have the dearest wife and the pleasantest home in the world!"

Perry's Famous Victory.

Sixty eight years ago a battle was fought on Lake Erie between a fleet commanded by Commodore Oliver H. Perry, then 27 years of age, and a British squadron commanded by Commodore Barclay. The American command consisted of nine vessels, viz.: The flagship Lawrence, 20 guns; the Niagara, 20 guns; the Caledonia, 3 guns; the Ariel, 4 guns; the Scorpion, 2 guns; the Sonner, 2 guns; the Trippe, 7 guns; and Porcupine, 1 gun each. The British squadron consisted of flagships Detroit, 19 guns; Queen Charlotte, 17 guns; Hunter, 10 guns; Lady Provest, 13 guns; Little Belt, 3 guns; Chippewa, 1 gun and 2 swivels. In cannon the British outnumbered the Americans by 10. Six of the vessels were built at Erie, under the inspection and direction of Perry, in about 90 days, and by the aid of canoes were floated over the bar which hemmed them in, equipped ready to sail—a work at that day of no common magnitude. When the fleet met, the Lawrence bore at her masthead a flag inscribed with the last words of the brave commander of the Chesapeake, "Don't give up the ship." The battle raged with intense severity on both sides. The late Dr. Usher Parsons, who was surgeon-in-chief on board the Lawrence, says that "for more than two long hours little could be heard but the deafening thunders of our own broadsides, the crash of balls dashing through the timbers, and the shrieks of the wounded. These were brought down faster than I could attend to them, farther than I could stay the bleeding, or support the shattered limb with splints, and pass them forward upon the berth deck. Two or three were killed near me, after being wounded. * * * When the battle was raging most severely, Midshipman Lamb came down with his arm badly fractured; I applied a splint and requested him to go forward and lie down; as he was leaving me and while my hand was on his, a cannon ball struck him in the side and dashed him against the other side of the room, which instantly terminated his sufferings. Charles Pohig, a Narragansett Indian, who was badly wounded, suffered in like manner. * * * Lieut. Yarnell had his scalp badly torn, and came below with the blood streaming over his face; some lint was hastily applied and confined with a large bandanna, with directions to report himself to the better dressing after the battle, and he insisted on returning to the deck." The duties of Dr. Parsons were arduous and exhausting, and were performed with persistent fidelity, until the last man had been cared for. He experienced several hairbreadth escapes, and after the close of the war pursued his profession for many years in this city, honored with a professorship in Brown university, and respected by his fellow citizens.

The Lawrence, against which the heaviest fire of the enemy was at first directed, was terribly cut up, and rendered nearly unmanageable. In the midst of a storm of shot, Commodore Perry quitted her and proceeded to the Niagara, took command, brought her up into close quarters with the enemy, and soon insured victory. From Put-in-Bay, he wrote to Gen. Harrison this terse and comprehensive sentence: "Dear General: We have met the enemy and they are ours." On the same day he wrote to the Secretary of the Navy: "It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one sloop and one schooner, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command after a sharp conflict." The loss of the Americans in this battle was 27 killed and 96 wounded. Of these 22 were killed and 61 wounded on board the Lawrence. The British loss was 41 killed and 94 wounded. Commodore Barclay bore testimony to the humanity of the Americans in caring for his wounded men. The battle was an important one in its results. It gave to our government the command of Lake Erie, which up to that date, had been controlled by the British. With this success grave and vital issues were connected. In communicating this achievement to Congress, President Madison used the following complimentary language: "The conduct of Capt. Perry, and of the crew of the Lawrence, and which was well seconded by his comrades, justly entitles them to the admiration and gratitude of their country, and will fill an early page in its naval annals with a victory never surpassed in lustre, however much it may have been in magnitude." The attempt in subsequent years to wrest the glory of this victory from Commodore Perry, and transfer the same to the brow of his second in command, Elliott, proved "a lame and impotent conclusion." So long as bravery, skill and moral worth hold a place in public estimation, the roll of fame will retain high upon it the name of Perry, while by every Rhode Islander the names of Brownell, Turner, Champlin, Almy, Breese, Taylor, Parsons, Alexander Perry and their Rhode Island compatriots, will ever be held in honor.

A Trickster tricked.

Even Hemann, the greatest of all living tricksters, and whose conversation with the black art should, one would think, place him beyond the possibility of being on the wrong side of a trick, is himself once in a while victimized in a manner that raises a loud laugh. One night the magician had the most recent laugh placed against him. In his programme he introduces his marvelous cabinet, a large institution like a two-story refrigerator, with double doors opening so as to expose the whole interior, which is crossbarred in the manner made familiar to the public in construction of tables for living heads and bald women. In this cabinet he secretes a sailor, who mysteriously disappears, although the audience can see under and all around the affair, and two gentlemen are sitting on the stage within three yards of it. The sailor cannot possibly leave the cabinet without being seen, and the trick consists in so disposing of the panels of the interior that, although the doors are swung wide, the eye cannot detect any change in the appearance of the compartment. There are several variations of the trick. The sailor instantly releases himself from a pair of stocks when locked inside. He also gets out of a securely fastened and rope-bound trunk, and there are numerous hands shown at the openings in the doors, but the most marvelous feature of the whole thing is the appearance of a little colored boy in the auditorium less than a minute after he has been hustled into the cabinet. The trick went well enough until this stage of the performance was reached: The boy was rushed into the cabinet; Hermann opened the doors a moment afterward and the boy was gone.

"Bo-y! Bo-y!" the magician shouted. "Where air you, boy?"

But no "boy" showed up in the auditorium. The call was repeated a number of times, and Hermann was at last almost in despair. At last one of the ushers ran up the parquet aisle, making directly for the magician.

"Where ee de-bo-y?" Hermann shouted. "You are not here. You luke too pale."

The usher grabbed the magician's left ear and whispered a few hurried words into it. He told him that the colored boy was not on his way to the calaboose in the arms of a tall policeman, and would not be able to finish his share of the trick until he was bailed out. Hermann could not have been more astonished if he had been struck with a brick. He slammed the doors of the cabinet angrily, told the audience that his "bo-y" had been arrested by a police officer, and he would have to bring the trick to a close without the usual triumphant denouement.

The explanation of the difficulty is very easy: The boy, a smart 14-year old boy whom Hermann secured in Memphis, in making his way out of the cabinet runs for the back door of the stage, and then, with the fleetness of a two-legged Inquois, flies through the alley and around the corner into the entrance of the theatre just in time to answer "Here I am" to the magician's "Bo-y where air you?" As he darted out of the alley the boy ran into an officer's arms. The policeman, imagining that the little fellow had stolen something, carried him off to the station, wholly unconscious of the fact that he had quite spoiled one of Hermann's best tricks.

A Fight with a Rat.

A few nights ago a Hartford man heard a rat in his sleeping-room, and on striking a light found that his ratship had evidently lost his way, for he was running wildly about seeking a place to escape. The gentleman opened a door to get a broom or some other weapon with which to dispatch him, and the frightened rat, taking advantage of the opening, scampered across the room over the man's bare feet and out of the door before it could be closed. The rat ran down the back stairs and into the kitchen, followed by the man clad only in his night robe with a kerosene lamp in one hand and a broom in the other. Before beginning the fight in earnest, the gentleman let in his young dog, thinking this would be a good time to initiate the animal into the mystery of rat killing. The dog got his eye upon the rat—a large old fellow—and then skulked off into the corner and lay down. The gentleman, seeing his "purp" was not to be depended upon, "went for" the rat with his broom. He brought the weapon down with a vengeance, but like Patrick's flea, the rat wasn't there. After two or three miss-strikes the man's "dauder riz" and the battle was vigorously waged. The rat circled round and round the room followed by his human foe with high-lifted lamp and swinging broom. This animated scene also frightened the dog and he went round and round the room with master and rat, adding to the uproar. The rat was so desperately scared he at last, in sheer desperation, sprang towards the man, ran up his legs and half way up his body before he was dislodged. This sudden onslaught caused the gentleman to retire for a few minutes, and when he returned he was in full dress with rubber boots on and breeches legs tucked in at the top. No more rats on un-

covered legs in his'n. Now he was ready for the fray again. But where was the rat? He was nowhere to be seen. The gentleman looked in every nook and corner for him, but he was not to be found. The dog still occupied his corner and was trembling as though badly frightened. His master spoke kindly to him, and the animal came toward him when lo! the rat was exposed to view. In his fright he had taken refuge under the dog. The gentleman once more went for the rat and the same scene was repeated. The rat again running to the dog for safety. He was dislodged from this retreat a second time, and once more, when hard pressed, he turned upon his two-legged adversary. But before the rat could clamber up his person a blow from the broom stunned him and a boot heel finished the fight. The skirmish lasted about half an hour, no rat ever before making a more desperate struggle for his life. But the odds were "agin him" from the start, and one more victory must be credited to the enemy of the rat race.

A Yellowstone Bear Story.

The Fire Hole Hotel is located on the west side of the lower basin at the foot of the mountain, near a good spring of water, and from which can be had a fine view of the valley. Marshall, the proprietor, has a thirty years' lease from the government, and will add to his house as the business of the public demands. This is the only house in the Park beside the one at the entrance. It is a wild and solitary place to spend the winter, with Marshall and his wife, with a young lady companion, did for the first time last winter, and in this connection he told me a bear story. He said that after visitors ceased coming to the Park last fall he went to Virginia City for his winter supplies, leaving his wife, children and the young woman in charge of the place. Near the house, in the rear, was situated a dug-out or root house, where he stored his potatoes, etc., to keep them from freezing, and to ventilate which he used a joint of stove-pipe. One morning during his absence his wife looked out of the window and saw a bear pulling down the pipe and trying to dig into the root house, in which they had also stored most of their provisions. The women were at their wits' end as to what course to pursue. They at first threw tin cans from the windows and managed to disturb him for a few moments, but he soon returned, as he had already sniffed the good things of that ground cellar, and he did not propose to be scared off with tin cans. Mrs. Marshall, brave enough to be left alone, did not intend to have all of her provisions taken before her eyes, and proposed to load the rifle if her companion would fire it at the bear, which being complied with, a good charge was soon placed in the gun, which was laid across the window-sill and discharged at his bearship, but the aim, not being accurate, did not strike him in a vital part, although his actions showed that he was hit. He retreated to the hillside, sat upon his haunches, took a view of the situation, and then disappeared in the bushes, where he remained. The women were not satisfied and they went after that bear—a very imprudent thing, to say the least; but nevertheless, they went, for (as they expressed it) they were afraid he might come back again in the night, and, as they were satisfied he was wounded, they wanted to finish him. Loading the rifle again, they went cautiously up the hillside, until they discovered the bear standing in a small clearing, when the women prepared for action by laying the gun across a log and taking deliberate aim, hitting the animal behind the forehead, when he came rolling down the hill. The women did not stop to see whether the bear was rolling or running—they imagined the latter—and both ran for dear life, dropping the gun as they went for the house, which they reached before casting a glance in the rear. When safe in the house they took a view of the situation, and could see him doubled up and giving his last kick. He finally became quiet, and they ventured out and got possession of their gun, which was loaded, and a third charge put into the bear to make sure he was not playing possum. When Marshall came home he weighed the bear, and it brought down the beam to 350 pounds. He tells the story of the action of the brave women with a great deal of pride, and the young woman who did the shooting has become quite a heroine.

The Old Home.

"Darling, wake up and stop snoring, said a Detroit woman to her husband. "Eh? Whazza matter now?" he asked as he half raised up. "bed."

"Won't you please stop snoring? If you only knew how homesick it made me I'm sure you would."

"Homesick! How the deuce can my innocent snore make you homesick?"

"Why, you know, darling, that the home on the coast from which you took me a joyous bride, was only half a mile from a government fog-horn, and every time you snore it reminds me so of home that I just can't stand it. Please lay on your side and have some little respect for my feelings."

And then the brute spread himself out on his back and in five minutes had her bathed in tears as visions of the old home crept upon her.

Hope Deferred.

"When we are married, Lucy," said the poor man's son to the rich man's daughter, "our honeymoon shall be passed abroad. We will drive in the Bois, promenade the Prada, gaze down into the blue waters of the Adriatic from the Rialto, and enjoy the Neapolitan sunsets while strolling along the Chiaja."

"How delicious!" she murmured.

"But, John, dear! have you money enough to do all this? For pa says I mustn't expect anything until he dies!"

John's countenance underwent such a change that she couldn't help asking him if he felt sick.

"No, darling!" he answered, faintly; "I am not sick! I was only thinking that perhaps we had better postpone the marriage until after his funeral!"

A Great Lake.

The proposal to make a great lake in the extreme North of this continent by closing the northerly outlet of the valley of the Mackenzie river at the line of 68 degrees, and thus storing up the water of 1,200,000 square miles, is an admirable one for some reasons, while for others it can hardly be looked upon favorably. Plans in favor of the scheme are that by carrying out a lake 2,000 miles long by 200 wide would be established, which, would be "a never-failing feeder for the Mississippi, and would connect the Hudson Bay with the great lakes, and also with the interior of Alaska through the Yukon and affluents. The connection of the Upper Mississippi with Lake Mackenzie would be a comparatively easy matter, and a vast amount of navigable waterway would be added to the river. The formation of Lake Mackenzie would also contribute to the proposed ship canal from Cairo, Ill., to the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the most straight line which cuts the Washab Valley, the Lake Erie and Ontario and the Lower St. Lawrence. The outlook is beautiful from these points of view, undoubtedly, but not from others; for if the lake which it is thus proposed to make should become a real thing, the end of the world might at once become a concern of what Mr. Conkling likes to call the "near future." Several years ago a French physician named Adoemur proposed the theory that through the gradual accumulation of ice at the North Pole, the earth's center of gravity would eventually become so widely separated from its center of sphericity that the globe would suddenly topple over, and all the land be flooded with the waters from the South, a new deluge being thus brought about from which no man, no matter how trim and tight his ark might be, could possibly escape. This theory is yet held as valid by several competent men of science. Mr. Croly among the number, if we are not in error. To establish at the North Pole such a lake as is proposed would simply do in a short time what otherwise would be the work of centuries, for the water accumulating thus in a hurry would as surely topple over towards the sun, as the ice, gathering slowly, could never cause it to capsize. Capitalists who are engaged in the scheme would, therefore, do well to wait a bit before attempting to put it into effect.

Curious Sea Inhabitants.

There is a continual warfare going on in the deep—a constant struggle for the means of sustaining life. The carnivorous devour both animal and vegetable forms; and this runs all the way down the scale, from the shark and the equally ravenous bluefish to the least of the annelids. These last—the sea worms—are wary but they cannot escape their enemies. If they were to confine themselves to the bottom—where they feed, and where many of them grow to the length of a foot or two—they might in a measure escape, though they would still be a prey to the scup and other fish that know how to dig for them; but they love to swim, particularly at night and in the breeding season, and then they are snatched up in countless numbers. They have almost every variety of form, and their structure is marvelous—monsters with hooked jaws at the end of a pro-opsis, and that sides of blue-green and throw off an infinite variety of iridescent hues. Some of the sea worms have scales, others soft bodies; some are sluggish, and curl themselves up into balls when disturbed; others are restless, particularly at night; some are round others flat; some build tubes of sand and cement, woven together till they make a colony of many hundred members; the tubes of others are soft and flexible, and they are disturbed, withdraw within their crooked, catenaceous tubes, and close the orifice with a plug. One variety of the serpulid has three dark red eyes; another variety has clusters of eyes on each tentacle. The amphipods were accounted of no great value till it was shown by the Fish Commission that these small crustacea furnish a vast amount of food for both salt and fresh water fishes. Indeed there is not a creature that swims or crawls that does not beset the food of some other animal. A beach flea is caught up by a scup or a flounder, and squids make havoc among young mackerel, while sharks and stingrays find something appetizing in the gastropod.

Sailed Away.

His name was Moses Sparrow. He was very green. That was the idea that always came into Miss Page's mind when she looked at her country lady's son. Such a rustic youth, with such fair hair, worn long, such blue eyes, such sloping shoulders, such a lamb-like expression—And, being there at the farmhouse, while her sea had been sent to spend the summer months, the city belle resolved that she would try her powers of fascination upon the boy, who struck her as so good a subject for flirtation, in which all fun was to be on her side and all the sentiment on his.

And at it she went, beginning with a smile, a word, and rejoicing to see the fish bite so readily. She enjoyed herself very much until she grew tired of it, and then she decided on unhooking the bait she had won, and enjoying the crash. So she turned him out in the garden and made him sit beside her on the bench under the wisterias, and said, sadly.

"I'm going home next week. I shall send you wedding cards when I am married. I am to be married to a rich old gentleman next winter."

Then she waited to see him drop at her feet, but he did not drop. He only said:

"Wal, I'm real glad! I kinder felt afraid I'd been going too far with you. I'm a sort of butterfly, flitting from flower to flower, you know, and I have flirted with you, I da do allow. I was afraid you'd go off in a decline or suthin'—you seemed to set so much on me—if you heard suddenly-like that me and Ann Maria was keepin' steady company. But, law, sense you're going to be married, there ain't no harm done! I shouldn't hev liked you to crown yourself, like 'o'other summer boarder did, in the mill-dam. She had my photograph in her pocket when she was fished out." Then he smiled at Miss Page, and she arose and sailed away from him with great dignity.

—A codfish produces 3,686,760 eggs; a mackerel 454,869.

—In 1526 roses were placed over confessionals as symbols of secrecy.