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OLD DREAMS.

Where are thy footsteps I was wont to hear,
O Spring, in pauses of the blackbird's song?
I hear them not; the world has held mine ear
With its insistent sound too long, too long!
The footfall and the sweeping robes of Spring,
How, once, I hailed them as life's full delight!
Now, little moved, I hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men wake not at the sudden light.
Nay, not unmoved? But yestereve I stood
Beneath thee, throne, queen songstress, in the
beech;
And for one moment heaven was that greenwood,
And the old dreams went by, too deep for speech.
One moment—it was passed; the gusty breeze
Brought laughter and rough voices from the lane;
Night, like a mist, clothed round the darkening
trees,
And I was with the world that mocks again.
So near is Eden, yet so far; it lies,
No angel-guarded gate, too far from sight;
We breathe, we touch it, yet our blinded eyes
Still seek it every way except the right.

THE COQUETTE'S LOVE.

"Are you engaged to be married to
Charlie Danforth, Kate?" asked Ann
Duncan of her friend.
"Pray why do you ask that ques-
tion?" retorted Kate Landon, rather
peevishly.
"I asked merely for information," re-
plied Ann.
"Well, what put such an idea into
your head? I cannot guess who told
you. I am very sure I never lisp'd such
a thing."
"Such is the current report, Kate.
You have not told me whether it is true;
but I mistrust it is."
"Yes, I'll own it, Ann; though I'm
ashamed to."
"When are you going to be married?
or don't you intend to be married?"
"I told him I would be married next
winter, but I won't. I am tired of him
already."
"Kate Landon," said Ann, "will you
promise to answer me one question, if
you can?"
"Yes, half a dozen, if they are not too
silly."
"How many times have you been en-
gaged, then?"
"Pon my word, I don't know.
Twenty times, I guess."
"As many as that to my knowledge,"
said Ann.
"Yes," said Kate, "there was Will
Harley. He was such a wit that I told
him I would have him for the sake of
laughing; but I soon got tired of his
folly, and told him so. And Captain
Stanton, with such beautiful, curling
moustaches! I never liked him. I only
engaged myself to him for the sake of
teasing Fan Lawrence. And Burwell;
I don't know why I flirted with him, ex-
cept it was because no one else offered
himself just then. And there was Mr.
Higgins, with a most beautiful hand and
foot! But I found he wore tight boots,
and I would not have him. Who would?
And young Simper, who looked so senti-
mental, and always talked of love and
moonlight! I concluded he must be the
man in the moon, and I should not like
to live in moonshine always. And there
was Wilmerston, who looked so silly,
and never said anything worth mention-
ing in his life. But I never engaged
myself to him. I flirted with him till
he made me an offer, and then refused
him. And Jenkins! Good reason why
I refused him. The only question in
my mind is why I ever engaged to marry
him. And Simpson—his father was
rich, but I found that he was stingy.
There is a host of others, but I am tired
of them. They call me a coquette, but I don't
care. I won't have anybody I don't
like; and if I find it out after I am en-
gaged to them, I'll break off the match."
"I would not have any one I did not
like either, Kate; but why did you not
mention Henry Eaton in your catalogue?
I thought he stood at the head!"
"Because I did not want to, Ann. I
do not like to speak of him with those
fellows."
"But you were engaged to him, were
you not?"
"Yes; we promised to have each
other when we were children, and re-
newed the promise once a week regular-
ly, until he went away."
"Why did you then break the en-
gagement? I should have thought it
was so strong, no power on earth could
have done it."
"I thought so once, but I have grown
wiser. I have found by sad experience
that vows are things of air."
"But you really loved Henry, once?"
"Yes, and always have and do yet."
"Why, what made you refuse him,
then?"
"I did not refuse him, Ann. The
fact is, that Henry Eaton was poor, and
he felt it. Edward Leslie's father was
very wealthy; he had just returned from
college, and frequently came to see me,
though for nothing more than friend-
ship, and because we were children to-
gether, as you yourself know.
"Henry was a little jealous; he hinted
his suspicions to me.
"I was angry that he should suspect
that I could love any one more than him,
and especially that I loved him less be-
cause he was poor.
"I told him, in a pet, that if he
thought me so fickle, he could be re-
leased from all childish engagements.
"This only confirmed his suspicions;
he left me. I received a letter of fare-
well from him.
"Where he went, I never knew. He
has probably forgotten me, and given
his heart to one more worthy of him;

but I have not forgotten him, and never
can.

"They call me a heartless coquette
perhaps Henry does. I was not a co-
quette then, though I have been since.
"My heart is given to Henry, but I
have lost his."
"But, Kate, if you have loved no one
but Henry Eaton, why have you so often
promised to marry others? Was it for
the sake of breaking your promise?"
"No, not exactly that, I hardly know
why I have done so. I have given you
the reason for some of my engagements.
I did not know but I might forget Hen-
ry, and love some other one—but I can-
not; sometimes I did it for fun, and
sometimes I was altogether reckless.
But I will never promise to marry again.
I'll tell Charles Danforth I cannot love
him, and live a nun for Henry's sake."
"See that you keep that resolution,"
said Ann, laughing at Kate's sober con-
clusion.

"Oh! I'm in earnest. I'm tired of
hearing of broken hearts and dying
lovers. There is no sense in it. I am
tired of being called cruel and hard-
hearted. I'll give no more occasions for
silly words and sickening sonnets. I
am really determined to take the veil."
"Perhaps you are serious, but I'll
wager a diamond ring that you'll be en-
gaged again before the end of the win-
ter."
"I don't think I shall have much need
for diamond rings in a convent," said
Kate; "but I'll accept your bet, for I
know I shall win and it shall remain a
lasting witness that I have, at least,
kept one promise."
Thus the bet was agreed upon.
Kate Landon had determined to be-
come a nun, and immediately wrote for
admission to a convent in the following
spring.

I don't know but she would have
taken the veil the next day after her
conversation with Ann Duncan; but Ann
was to be married in a few weeks to
Edward Leslie, and Kate had promised
to be her bridesmaid.
This, like the promise between Kate
and Henry Eaton, had been made in
childhood and ratified ever since.
If Kate was married first, Ann was
to be her bridesmaid; and if Ann was
married first, Kate was to be hers.
Though Kate had made twenty prom-
ises to her beaux, and broken them all;
and though she had declared that vows
are things of air, yet these two prom-
ises she had ever considered sacred; and
though her promise to Henry was now
void, yet there were moments like that
in which she had conversed with Ann
Duncan, when she felt that perhaps it
was binding, and she would live in se-
clusion rather than trifle with or break
the engagement.
The promise she had made to Ann
though of minor importance, was also a
promise of childhood, and now remained
in full force; and Kate deferred entering
the convent, in order to fulfill it.

Ann's wedding was a joyous occasion
to all save Kate Landon. It had been
long wished for and expected.
The parties were wealthy, and young,
and handsome, and happy in each other's
love.
The wedding party was large and
splendidly adorned and lighted up. The
refreshments were rare and sumptuous.
The bride was elegantly arrayed. She
looked almost as beautiful as Kate.
The bridegroom looked better than
usual, though Kate thought not so well
as Henry Eaton.
But all this happiness, elegance,
beauty and bliss had no charms for Kate.
She had dressed herself richly, and
with taste, and looked beautiful; for
she could not look otherwise.
She looked happy and pleased, for
she would not look otherwise at Ann's
wedding; yet she felt that such a festi-
val might have been, but never would be
for her.

That all those happy smiles and joy-
ous wishes and bridal kisses might have
been lavished upon her who soon would
be so lonely.
When she looked at Edward, the
happy bridegroom, she thought of Hen-
ry and their sad parting, and longed for
the sad cell of the convent—the holy
cloister of the devoted nun.

Gay music echoed through the festive
halls. Youth and beauty joined in the
"light-toed dance," but as Kate accept-
ed the hand of the first groomsman to
join in the quadrille, she felt that it was
for the last time.
Her partner was a young gentleman
from India. He had just arrived.
Kate had been introduced to him as
Lieutenant Atwood, an old friend of
Edward Leslie's, who had returned in
order to visit his friends, and be present
at Edward's wedding.
He was tall, erect, and of a fine figure;
with large, regular features, and dark,
expressive eyes.
He was noble, dignified and command-
ing in his bearing; graceful in the dance
—all that a girl could love.

Before they had finished the first set,
Kate was deeply interested in his con-
versation, and thought he bore a strong
resemblance to Henry Eaton.
She was tired and did not join in the
second quadrille; but Mr. Atwood said
by her on the window-seat, and was even
more interesting than in the dance.
Ann Duncan (now Mrs. Leslie) looked

at them and thought of the diamond
ring.

Mr. Atwood attended Kate to the
supper table. She did not flirt; she
was evidently pleased with him.

He handed her into the carriage, and
Kate asked him to call upon her.
He called the next morning.
I hasten to the sequel.

The winter was not more than half
finished when Ann received a diamond
ring and a note from Kate, stating that
she was once more engaged to be mar-
ried, and before the end of winter there
was a more splendid and elegant wed-
ding. A larger and more fashionable
party than we have before described.
A more beautiful bride and a hand-
some bridegroom than Ann Duncan and
Edward Leslie.

Kate Landon was married to Henry
Eaton.
Solution — Lieutenant Atwood was
Henry Eaton. The plot and fictitious
name had been contrived by Ann Dun-
can and Edward Leslie.

The climate and hardships of India
had so changed Henry his dress and
manners were so altered, that Kate did
not recognize him. After the wedding
Kate received a diamond ring from Ann.
She had not made a new engagement;
only renewed an old one.

The Blonde Bruncho.

"Did you ever see them buckskin
bronchos of mine that I used to drive,
named Yeller and Yaller?" asked Buck
Bramel the other day of Gen. Worth,
while he looked out across the green
billowy divide toward the eternal whiten-
ers of the snowy range.

"Why, no; never heard of 'em."
"Well," said Buck, as a tender light
came in his blue eyes, and a three-corn-
ered nugget of tin-tag tobacco was
stowed away in his cheek "both of them
some cayuse plugs could scoot over
more mountain road between sun and
sun than anything in the line of hoss I
ever see.

"Yeller was pretty niddlin' rapid
but Yaller was an imported terror.
You ought to see him gather up his
limbs in a wad and vama. One day I
was out on board of 'aller, tryin' to
round up an American cow that had
strayed away from the orral, and over
west of the divide I worked up a long-
legged buck antelope.

"I made a little shassay over toward
the antelope to see him lit out, but he
first pranced along kid carelessly like,
as much as to say, 'I guess I won't give
you no 2:13 gait this mornin'. Life is
too brief. I can't run that way just to
amaze every snoozer that comes this way
on a blonde plug like tht."

"I touched up old Miller with the
quirt, and sailed over toward the ante-
lope, thinkin' I'd stir him up a little.
"The antelope trotted along a few
rods, and then looked back over his
shoulders and smiled a ardonic smile,
that made old Yaller as mad as a wet
hen.

"Then he got up and got. Jewhili-
kins, how he pawed thegravel! Occasion-
ally the antelope would look around
and snort, and jump tiff-legged, and
laugh. Then old Yaller would consume
some more spac."

"The antelope turned himself loose,
and for a while all I could see was a lit-
tle cloud of dust and he white spot that
is always behind thisamusin' little ani-
mal.

"After a while, however, I could see
that the white patch got bigger. Yal-
ler was gainin', I jabb'd the Mexican
spurs into him to encourage him. His
tongue hung out so that he stepped on
it every little while.

"He didn't laugh any more then. It
was a terrible reality. He seemed to
think we had imposed on him somehow.
Every little while he looked at old Yaller
kind of reproachful, as if we'd taken ad-
vantage of him.

"By'n by I reached over and took him
by the ears and laid him across the sad-
dle ahead of me and took him home. I
kept him for years, but he never ral-
lied.

"He seemed to lose all hope, and
would walk around the corral like an old
billy-goat that had been betrayed some
time. Life for him seemed to be nothing
but a wide, shoreless waste of bitter dis-
appointment and regret.
"I tell you, General it takes the hope
and joy and pride all out of 'antelope to
be scooped by a \$16 buckskin broncho."

"Yes," said the General, "I should
think it would. If I was a broken-legged
antelope, with a fod done up in a gum
overshoe, and couldn't outrun any buck-
skin hoss I ever saw, I'd go away to
some lonely spot and stick my head in
to a prairie dog's hole, and die of re-
morse."

Sport in Saxony.

The peasant inhabitants of Saxony are
perhaps the richest in the world. Want is
scarcely known among them. Once a year
a fair is held by the farmers, at which the
horses are exhibited, and a race called the
Flag Race is held. The animals used are
only plow horses, and not trained for any
such sports, and all sorts of comic scenes
occur. Small trees grow at intervals on
the race course, and the riders attempt to
fell them as they pass. Whoever succeeds
first in this endeavor is the winner of the
race, is presented with a flag, and becomes
the village hero on the spot.

Parson Briggs.

The other day Parson Briggs, an old-
time preacher from "away in the coun-
try," paid his first visit to Little Rock.
He went to the residence of old Squire
Muckle, who at one time had lived in
the parson's neighborhood. The Squire's
family were exceedingly glad to see the
parson, for years ago he had taken off
his saddle at the Squire's gate; had
eaten corn bread and cabbage with the
family and had sung and prayed until
the boys, who had plowed all day fell
asleep. After singing the old familiar
songs and praying the old familiar pray-
er, the Squire conducted the parson to
the bed-room designed for the rest of
the good old servant.

"What do you call this?" asked the
parson, regarding with an air of interest
a mosquito-bar suspended above the
bed.

"Why, that is a mosquito-bar."
"What account is it?"
"To keep off mosquitoes."
"Brother Muckle, I thought that you
were too sensible a man to give way to
these town fixins. You told me that
when I came to see you that we would
have a revival of the old days. Now
you want to hang the thing over me.
Take it down, please. I'm afraid that
the vanity that I've allers heard lurked
about these towns is taking a hold of
you."

The bar was taken down and the old
man blew out his candle, which he al-
ways carried in his saddle-bag, with a
"puff," and retired.
"The Squire and Mrs. Muckle slept
in an adjoining room. They had been
in bed but a few moments, when Mrs.
Muckle remarked:

"What was that noise?"
"Pov, pang!" came from the adjoin-
ing room.
"I don't know what it is," answered
the Squire, stuffing the corner of the
pillow into his mouth.

"Slap!" came from the next room.
"Did you hear that?" exclaimed Mrs.
Muckle.
"It's nothing," said the Squire.
"Something is shaking the bed, Mr.
Muckle."
"Slap, slap!"

"Go in there and see what's the mat-
ter with the parson, Mr. Muckle."
"Chuck, chuck, chuck," was all that
Muckle could say.

"You act like a man that hasn't got
any sense. You'd lay here and see a
man die in the next room."
"How can I lay here and (chuck) see
a man in the (enuck) next room? The
door's shut and the lights out."
"Slap, bang!"

"You must go in there, Mr. Muckle."
"Why don't you go?"
"Think I'm going into a man's room?
All right, if the old man dies it ain't my
fault," and Mrs. Muckle turned over
and Muckle chuckled himself to sleep.

Next morning when the parson appear-
ed at the breakfast table he presented a
swollen appearance. His face was cov-
ered with bumps and his hands looked
as though he had the nettle rash.
"I lay there and fit them things all
night," he said solemnly. "Reckon you'd
better put up that thin looking sheet,"
and bowing over his plate he said,
"Gracious Lord, make us thankful for
these, Thy many blessings."

An Indian Princess.

Princess Marie Lulu Nemenosha, as
she is called, now on her way West,
is a member of the tribe of Blackfeet
roiskius. She is not a thoroughbred
savage, for her father, Joe Lavagnie,
was a famous French trapper and scout,
for many years in the service of the
United States. Nemenosha is a com-
ely woman about twenty eight years of
age. She wears the usual Indian garb
—gay colors, with strings of beads
around her neck, and large ear-rings,
crescent shaped, in her auriculars. A
woman of more than ordinary intelli-
gence, she converses well in several lan-
guages. Maria Lulu has a very roman-
tic history. Her father, while on a
hunting excursion in 1847, was lost, but
was picked up by some friendly Osage
Indians, who treated him kindly, sup-
plied him with food, as he was almost
starved and took him to their camp. He
became much attached to his red breth-
ren, and married Nemenosha, daughter
of the chief, a girl of rare beauty.

Upon the death of his squaw's father,
Lavagnie succeeded to the position of
chief. To his wife a daughter was born.
Lavagnie finally became tired of his
wild mode of life, and his wife having
died, at the imminent risk of his life, he
stole away with his infant child, two
years old and reached Montreal, Can.,
in safety. The little girl was placed in
a convent, where she remained until
fourteen years of age. During this time
Nemenosha obtained a finished educa-
tion, and learned to speak French flu-
ently. Her father married the second
time, and by his second wife had four
children. About three years since Lav-
agnie died, leaving a handsome fortune,
Nemenosha's share of which would have
been \$16,000, but her stepmother proved
her Indian birth, and the girl was cut
off without a farthing. She knew nothing
of her Indian origin until that time,
and at once she went West, among her
own people, where she was treated very
kindly. Organizing a company of the
wild red men, she went with them to
Europe, and made a very successful tour
of England, exhibiting in nearly all the
leading cities of the United Kingdom.
A few months ago the princess returned
to this country, and is now on her way,
with her husband, Wild Harry, to his
ranch in Texas.

The Presidential Bullet.

In reviewing the case from an autop-
sical standpoint, it is quite easy to offer
criticisms. The stubborn facts of post-
mortem always stand out in bold relief
against decisions rendered ante mortem.
But it must be recollected that there were
peculiar difficulties in the case. They are
best appreciated by all who have had ex-
perience in the treatment of gunshot
wounds. However greatly we may regret
that, in view of the great public impor-
tance of the case, a correct opinion as to
the source of the ball was not made at the
beginning and was not proven at the end,
it is quite difficult to see how the error
could have been avoided. There were no
symptoms during life to point to the local-
ity of the ball. But, even at the worst, as
proving that the surgeons never knew
during the life of the patient where the
ball was located, there is nothing to show
that in consequence of that error the pa-
tient suffered. The ball itself, by being
firmly encysted, became harmless, being
the real cause of all the trouble had its
origin seemingly in the comminution of
the eleventh rib. It is a matter for much
congratulation that the bullet was not found
in a pus cavity. Under such circum-
stances, even if it were impossible to remove
the bullet, there would have been many
who would have claimed that such an
operation should have been attempted, or
at least that the neglect to resort to such a
procedure was indirectly the cause of the
patient's death. But all doubts in such a
direction are cleared up by the autopsy.
On the supposition that the ball should
have been extracted in any event, what
have we not escaped? At least the wis-
dom of not cutting down upon the missile
until the locality of the latter was clearly
made out, cannot be gainsaid. As nearly
two hours were consumed in finding the
ball at the autopsy, what might have been
the chances of extracting the missile during
life!

Burglary Epidemic in London.

It is a curious satire upon the complacent
boast that we are the most orderly and law-
abiding nation in the world that the public
should be discussing with eager interest
whether the protection of life and property
in the suburbs of London demands the
arming of the police with cutlasses and
revolvers. The murder of the policeman
by burglars at Kingston has given point and
urgency to the discussion, and there are
no lacking symptoms that London is on
the eve of a scare about burglars similar to
the famous scare about garrotes. Nor can
it be denied that there is some ground for
the general alarm. The long nights are
settling in, and the housebreakers of the
metropolis have begun the season with
spirit. Burglaries, many of them—such
as that at Kingston—giving evidence that
the burglars are as ready with the revolver
as with the jimmy, have been reported
almost simultaneously in several districts,
and as yet none of the marauders appear to
have been arrested. The police statistics
prove that burglary is on the increase in
London. In 1879, 903 cases were reported;
but last year the number rose to 1,292,
while the number of cases of shopbreaking
increased in the same period from 302 to
393. Even after allowing a liberal margin
for changes in classification, which vitiate
so many statistical comparisons, this parti-
cular crime seems to be increasing in fre-
quency. Unfortunately the number of
burglars convicted has by no means kept
pace with the increase of burglaries com-
mitted. In 1879 there were 163 con-
victions, or one conviction to every six cases,
but in 1880 there were only 142, or one to
every nine. In the same period there was
reported an enormous increase in the number
of other robberies, assaults with intent to
rob, and cases of sacrilege. There were
only twenty-nine cases of sacrilege, an
offence closely akin to burglary, in 1879;
but they increased by 200 per cent. in 1880;
London. In 1879 there were only five to
eighty-five offences. If to these significant
and disquieting figures we add the fact that
murders in the metropolis rose last year
from nine to seventeen, we have sufficient
warrant for regarding the situation with
considerable uneasiness.

We have one in our house, and we have
a bath room, too. How many farmers can
say the same. Not one in a thousand,
perhaps. I don't know of another farm
house in all this country that has a bath-
tub. Every man and woman knows that
frequent bathing is necessary to good
health. Our family bathe three to four
times a week in warm weather, and once
a week in cold weather. My neighbor's wife
told us, that not one of her family had
washed "all over" for a month. They had
no bath tub, and had to use a wash tub
of simply take a towel or sponge bath. A
sponge bath is better than none, but can-
not halfway come up to a good splash in
a genuine bath tub. We got our bath tub—
the zinc part—in town, and had a carpenter
put it into a small bed room which we
henceforth dubbed "the bath room" and
used it for this purpose only, except to
hang clothes in. It has a pipe leading out-
side into a large hole or cesspool. Of
course we have to carry water to fill the
tub, as we have no pipes to carry water
through the house as in the city. But our
stove has a large heating reservoir, which
holds enough warm water to bathe the
whole family. We intend to run a pipe
from the cistern into the bath room, and
have a pump that will pump water di-
rectly into the tub. Our bath room was
arranged only cost us \$10 and it is worth
\$100 a year, in health and comfort.

It is a curious satire upon the complacent
boast that we are the most orderly and law-
abiding nation in the world that the public
should be discussing with eager interest
whether the protection of life and property
in the suburbs of London demands the
arming of the police with cutlasses and
revolvers. The murder of the policeman
by burglars at Kingston has given point and
urgency to the discussion, and there are
no lacking symptoms that London is on
the eve of a scare about burglars similar to
the famous scare about garrotes. Nor can
it be denied that there is some ground for
the general alarm. The long nights are
settling in, and the housebreakers of the
metropolis have begun the season with
spirit. Burglaries, many of them—such
as that at Kingston—giving evidence that
the burglars are as ready with the revolver
as with the jimmy, have been reported
almost simultaneously in several districts,
and as yet none of the marauders appear to
have been arrested. The police statistics
prove that burglary is on the increase in
London. In 1879, 903 cases were reported;
but last year the number rose to 1,292,
while the number of cases of shopbreaking
increased in the same period from 302 to
393. Even after allowing a liberal margin
for changes in classification, which vitiate
so many statistical comparisons, this parti-
cular crime seems to be increasing in fre-
quency. Unfortunately the number of
burglars convicted has by no means kept
pace with the increase of burglaries com-
mitted. In 1879 there were 163 con-
victions, or one conviction to every six cases,
but in 1880 there were only 142, or one to
every nine. In the same period there was
reported an enormous increase in the number
of other robberies, assaults with intent to
rob, and cases of sacrilege. There were
only twenty-nine cases of sacrilege, an
offence closely akin to burglary, in 1879;
but they increased by 200 per cent. in 1880;
London. In 1879 there were only five to
eighty-five offences. If to these significant
and disquieting figures we add the fact that
murders in the metropolis rose last year
from nine to seventeen, we have sufficient
warrant for regarding the situation with
considerable uneasiness.

We have one in our house, and we have
a bath room, too. How many farmers can
say the same. Not one in a thousand,
perhaps. I don't know of another farm
house in all this country that has a bath-
tub. Every man and woman knows that
frequent bathing is necessary to good
health. Our family bathe three to four
times a week in warm weather, and once
a week in cold weather. My neighbor's wife
told us, that not one of her family had
washed "all over" for a month. They had
no bath tub, and had to use a wash tub
of simply take a towel or sponge bath. A
sponge bath is better than none, but can-
not halfway come up to a good splash in
a genuine bath tub. We got our bath tub—
the zinc part—in town, and had a carpenter
put it into a small bed room which we
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