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ALL THE WORLD.

All the world is full of children, Laughing over little joys, Sighing over little troubles, Fingers bruised and broken toys Wishing to be older, larger, Weeping at some fancied woe; O, the happy, hapless children! Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of lovers, Walking slowly, whispering sweet, Dreaming dreams, and building castles That must crumble at their feet; Breaking vows and burning letters, Smiling lest the world shall know i O, the fooling, trusting lovers! Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of people, Hurrying, rushing, pushing by, Bearing burdens, carrying crosses Passing onward with a sigh; Some there are with smiling faces, But with heavy hearts below; O, the sad-eyed burdened people Still they come, and still they go.

A WILD RIDE.

Before I begin my story I must tell you that I am a commercial traveler, born and bred, so to speak, to the bus-

I have my wits about me, and, as I often happen to have a good many valuable articles also, I have need of them. I am an Englishman-English to the

back bone-and live on roast beef, bottled ale and old port wine. I am one of the men who don't dream and don't

When I see a thing I see it. When I hear a thing I hear it. And what I saw on one particular occasion I mean to

You will not offend me if you doubt Nevertheless, I shall, as I said, tell

It was in the year 18-, and the month was May, and the place was England I had left London five days before, and now I was miles and miles away from it, in the very heart of the country, travel-

business. It was an old-fashioned inn. and the people were kind and obliging. Travelers did not often stop at that inn, I suspect, for they were as particbeen a prodigal son come home for the

They killed the fatted chicken for me and made much of me altogether; and time to take me on, as I wanted to go, up a rusty old coach that was tucked Betty." away in the coach house, and ordered his man to drive me over that evening. It wasn't an extra, mind you. It was sheer good will. So I shook hands all around, and remembered the chambermaid and the waiter with half a crown each, and off I rode. It was getting dark fast, and the road wound away among the hills in a very romantic sort of a way; why, it made you think of ghosts, if you were a commercial trav-

"Here's the place," says I to myself, "where the old gentlemen of the road would like to have met me and my black bag fifty years ago,"

A hundred years ago, anyhow, I would not have felt as safe as I do now. Just then the coach came to a sudden

"Hallo," cried I out of the window "what's the matter?"

"It's more than I can tell, sir," said the man. "Black Jane has turned sulky: she won't move one step."

With that he began to shout and crack his whip, I, with my head out of the window, watching him, when suddenly the beast started off like mad, and l drew in my face and saw I had com-

While the coach was at a standstill lady and gentleman had slipped in.

They sat on the seat opposite me, and though it was an intrusion I had not the heart to find fault, for a prettier pair I never saw in my life.

If he was twenty-one years, it was just as much as he could be, and she was not

I have seen a pair of china lovers on the mantle-piece the perfect image of but facts are facts, and here you have what they were, as pretty, and dressed much the same.

His hair was powdered, and hers, too. She had on a yellow silk, lower in the neck than I would like a daughter of mine to wear it, and her arms would have been bare only for her long kid gloves. She had pearls in her ears and on her throat, and she had just the most innocent face my two eyes ever rested upon. As for the boy, he had a chocolate velvet coat and white silk stockings. and lace ruffles at his wrists. And they had one large cloak-his, I fancy-cast about the two of them, though it drooped

back a bit as they sat down. "Two young folks going to a fancy ball, perhaps," said I. "and just took a lift on the way."

And I touched my cap to them, and says I: "Fine evening, sir." He did not answer me, but she looked at me and stretched out a little white

hand. "Oh, sir," she said, "look out at the back of the coach, I pray you, and tell me if he is gaining on us.

I looked out of the window. up the road, said I, for I saw one.

fellow. "They shall never part us."

Then I knew it was a runaway match.

'I see how it is," cried I, "Keep up your heart young man. If the young lady likes you, she'll stick to you through thick and thin. I'll do my best to help

"Oh, heaven!" she cried again. "Oh, my darling, I hear the horses' feet. There are more of them. Oh, sir, look; tell me,"

men following swiftly. "Closer to my heart, Betty," cried the young man. "My beloved, they come."

I looked and saw many armed horse-

He drew his sword. Among other things he wore a sword. I pulled my pistol from my pocket. We all stretched our heads forward, and at that moment the coach turned a rocky point of the road, and I saw we

were on the margin of a precipice. All the time Black Jane had kept up her furious speed, and I saw we were in danger.

"Have a care!" cried I. "Faster!" cried the young man. Suddenly there came a jolt and a scream from the young lady. I heard him say, "At last we die together." And the coach lay flat on its side-

A man is a little stunned by a thing

not over the precipice, but on the edge

like that. When I climbed out of the window and helped old Anthony up with the coach, and coaxed Black Jane to quietness, I remembered that no one else got out of the vehicle, and I looked about in vain for my pretty lovers. They were not there, nor were there any signs of the troop of horsemen I had seen dashing up the hill. They could not have passed us in the narrow path by any possibility.

"We ran a chance for our lives, master," said Anthony. "Yet I am called a good driver, and Black Jane is the kindest thing I ever saw in harness. Thank ing toward a little town where I had God for all His mercies. It's a strange thing we did not go over the cliff."

"But where did they go?" I asked, "Who?" said Anthony.

"The two lovers—the pretty creatures ular about my meals as though I had in fancy dress. The people who were after them-Where are they

"Where-" began Anthony. he turned as pale as death. "All good angels over us!" he cried. "We have to crown all, as the train did not stop in ridden with Lady Betty. It's the 10th of May. I might have known better and as it was only a matter of five miles than to try the road to-night. Protect or so, what did the landlord do but hunt us all. Yes, we've ridden with Lady

> pretty a creature as ever I saw, at all by 8,856 feet. The northern end of the events. Who is she?"

Old Anthony stood looking at me and shaking his head. "It's an old story," he said. learned folks tell it better than I. But

a hundred years ago and more, on this blessed night, my Lady Betty Hope, the prettiest lady, ran off from a coun-

"They put one cloak over their heads, and an old servant drove them, knowing 3,870, when the gradient is reduced to it was worth his life.

"But before they had gone far, behind them came her kinsfolk, armed station at Airolo, situated 3.755 feet and ready for vengeance. And when they reached this point they saw that Majeur. The normal width of the tun-

" 'Better die together than live apart,' he said, holding her close. Then he called out to the servant. 'How goes it?' "'All is lost, sir,' said the man. The horses can't hold up five minutes long-

"Then drive over,' said he. The man obeyed orders.

"But ever since that night, sir, as sure as the 10th of May comes around there's plenty here that will tell you that whoever drives a coach past this road after nightfall won't ride alone. "There's nobody that remembered

the night would do it for a kingdom, but I forgot. I'm getting old, and I forget things whiles; and so we've ridden with Lady Betty." That's the story old Anthony told me,

and what went before is what I saw and heard. I'm a solid, sensible man,

I want to Smoke.

As the Pacific express train coming east on the Central Road reached Ann Arbor the other day there were many to get off and on, and there was the usual hurry and confusion. Among those getting aboard was a little old woman about 60 years old, who secured the assistance of the brakeman and drew herself up the steps of the smoking car.

"This way, madam—this way," called the official as she laid hand on the door of the smoking car; but as she paid no attention he continued: "Hold on, madam—that's the smok-

"Wall, don't you 'spose I've traveled enough to know that?" she queried as she whirled around. "I guess I know

where to go when I want to smoke!" And she entered and sat down, filled her old clay pipe, borrowed a light, and was soon puffing away in the greates

into my inkstand."

Touched his Vanity.

A dark-eyed beauty, with a mouth like mule's ear and a nose like a sugar-cured ham, a saddle-colored complexion, and something sweet and assuring in her de meanor, walked into our den the other day and bearded us. "I want to to see the gentleman who ed-

its this paper," said she. We pointed ourselves out. "I lecture on temperance," said she, "and let me assure you that I just tear the life out of the whiskey subject every

time I throw my jaws apart." "Indeed!" "True as gospel, and the way I get in my work on the tobacco subject would tickle the heels off your boots' "You seem to be a kind of

Benson," we ventured. "Worse than that. If Benson and Gough both boiled down and copper distilled, they would't do to travel on the same train that I do. And, besides that, I am naturally a literary character. I don't mind giving the thing away to you, for you seem to be a square man, but I am the auther of 'Beautiful Snow,' " "You are?"

"Yes I am. I write like a mule kickng, and the publication of my lecture would make the fortune of any half-starved editor in Arkansas."

"I have never consented to have my ectures published," continued she, "but I don't care if you give a report of it, provided it don't extend over two column. Give me ten dollars-five now and the other five after it is delivered-and its all right. Here is the copy for the report, so you won't be troubled.

looked at us in a superior kind of a way that seemed to say: 'You havn't got five Now if there is anything that makes us mad it is to insinuate that we are not wealthy, and as, strange to say, just at

She laid down a pile of manuscript, and

that moment we happened to have, for once in our life, a whole five dollar bill all at once, we pulled it out with a lord ly air and handed it to her. She took it, smiled, bowed, and retir-

The next morning our beloved Mayor 'Ellen Arabella Smythe, you were very drunk and disorderly last night, but as your little rest in the cooler has seemed to bring you to repentance, I will let you go, provided you leave town in one hour.'

ed up at the office window, and spying us, "I will send you a few notes from my

As she walked down the railroad she look-

The St. Gothard Tunnel.

The St. Gothard Tunnel, nine and a third miles long, pierces the Helvetic Alps, and forms a link in the St. Gothard Railway, connecting the Swiss railways with those of Upper Italy. It "Who is La y Betty?" said I. "As exceeds the Mont Cent Tunnel in length tunnel, Goeschenen, is 82 feet from the southern end of the station platform, situated 3637-5 feet above the sea level. and 2,204 feet above Lake Lucerne. From this point the line rises with a gradient of 1 in 171 for 24,600 feet, then with a gradient of 1 in 1,000 for 4,428 feet, where it reaches the highest point try ball with her father's young secre- of the tunnel 3,785 feet above the sea. Then after a length of 1,279 feet it descends with a gradient of 1 in 200 for an English paper? We must not forget 1 in 500 for 13,792 feet, which brings it to within 984 feet of the platform of the above the sea, and 3,109 feet above Lake nel is 24 feet 11 3-16 inches at the level of the rails, and 26 feet 3 inches at the height of 6 feet 6 inches above the rails. The height of the tunnel is 20 feet the roof is semicircular. The floor of the tunnel is formed with a fall of 21 per cent from each side toward the center, and at the lowest part is a drain 217 inches deep. Up to the level of the top of the railway sleepers the floor is filled with ballast. The nature of the revetment varies with the rock traversed. In addition to the main tunnel there are fifty-two subsidiary tunnels on the line, having a total length of 17 miles, and 64 bridges and viaducts. Of the entire length of the St. Gothard line 17 per cent is tunneled and 1 per cent bridges and viaducts. The main

feet 81 inches guage.

tnnnel carries two lines of railway, 4

Objects of Interest in India One of the principal objects of interest in India to the strarger is the temple of worship. You can enter and witness their worship of the various idds with which their temples are adorned, and to which they are consecrated, by paying a trifle to he usher. He will then take you to every point of interest, and explain to you the meaning of what otherwise would seem a senseless devotion. He wil show you also the other temples and instruct you in their peculiarities and the weird legends concerning them. Near one of the temples is he old car of Juggernaut, upon which the poor victims of long ago used to be broken, and under whose ponderous wheels many wretched victim has been crushed to ap.

pease the anger of the gods Among the other points of interest is the river Gauges, worshiped as sacred by the natives, and called by them the goddess Gavga. Pilgrimages are made to particular places on its shores, ablutions performed, the dying exposed, the dead thrown in, infants frequently sacrificed. The river is replete with inierest from its source to its and sweeping down a distance of 1500 miles to the Bay of Bengal, where it forms the most extensive delta in the whole world, aking and unmaking yearly thousand

a perfect wilderness of creeks and rivers, and during the wet season is almost entirely inundated. It is navigable from Hurdwas, but above Campore only for river crafts and passenger steamers, but below Allahabad for large vessels. A large amount of traffic is conducted on its waters. The Island of Elephants derives its name from the gigantic stone figure of an elephant which formerly stood upon its shores. It is situated in the harbor of Bombay, seven miles from the city and contains several very remarkable ancient cave temples cut in the rock and adorned with numerous sculptured figures of the Hindoo mythology. The largest of these cave temples is 133 feet long, and is supported by twenty-six pillars. The island s six miles in circumference, and always of interest to travelers.

Taurus in Traces.

The bull is both playful and pugna When confined in a stable and fed as usually fed, to look sice, both of these characteristics are stimulated. A bull plays hard; is rough in his manners. This is well enough when bull meets bull, but when the playful propensity is exercised oward his keeper, as it often is, it is dangerous. A toss of the head by way of gambol or exercise may kill a man, and then again a bull who has been pampered doesn't feel like stopping, and is very hable to continue his gambols. A large number of the injuries from bulls are due to these bullish propensities, which are increased by the treatment which they receive. Instead of being kept confined in stables, like prisoners in cells, bulls should be made to work. When young they should be thoroughly broken and kept in subjection, and be taught to mind at the word. They are capable of performing hard work, which would not in the least injure them, but would make them better sires than when kept in an unnatural confinement. A bull and an ox may be worked together, or two buils, or a bull may be worked singly. I have known them to be used in all these forms, and a single bull, with a collar made to fit his neck and a bit in his mouth, with reins attached, to do as much hauling, attached to a boat or cart, as a pair of horses. Thousands of dollars are wasted annually in the shape of useless bull fat and muscle. Bulls are usually kept too fat, especially thoroughbred ones, which stimulates them to be restive and ugly, or at least not so easily managed. With a ring in a bull's nose, and broken to lead, it is a very easy matter to bring him to work in the yoke. I have known a pair to be hitched up and taken to the field at once, led by the nose, put to work drawing stones without any trouble whatever. They will soon learn to follow the driver without any leading, and thus really become a serviceable team. Bulls thus handled, with plenty of work, will rarely do any injury to persons. A oull will live on coarse fare, and on this account makes a cheap worker. He can be made to do more than earn his keep, besides being less dangerous. His stock will pe better, and he will be a surer getter. For rough and tough places a bull team is ust the thing, as there is no danger of their being injured, and they will save the risks to the horses. Less grain will be required for the horses if the bull is made to do a part of the heavy work. Exposure to storms won't hurt him, which often brings sickness to horses. Better slaves than pets.

Our Horses in England.

What is the moral to be gleaned from

this unusual excellence of Foxhall, asks

that, although the Americans began importing English thorough-breds as far back as the commencement of last century, they did not seriously address themselves to the task of raising blood stock until after the great civil war, which ended in April, 1865. That within 15 years they should have been able fhrew up a window, and peered out into o produce a Foxhall speaks volumes for the soil, water, and climate of Kentucky; and during the next 20, 30, or 50 years we expect that many as fine, or perhaps even finer, horses will be raised thein Western hemisphere. But it is probably due to English air, food, training, and riding that Foxhall is now what we saw him to be Recently It is not disputed that the blood of our English brood mares is purer than that of their American sisters, whose pedigrees in many cases "end, es the phrase runs, "in the woods," But, as a climate in which thoroughbred foals may be dropped to advantage, we do not believe that anything more favorable can be found upon earth than the United States to the south of Mason and Dixon's line. When Richard Brinslev Sheridan was buried in Westminster Abbey with splendid pomp and ceremony, although bailiffs struggled to tear the last blanket off his body while the breath was still in it, a witty French wag remarked that "France was the place for a man of letters to live, and England for him to die in." Foxhall, in the same manner, has been fortunate in the piace of his birth, and in that of his training. The Kentucky grass is the most nutritious in the world, but the English and Scotch oat far transcends the oat of the United States. In the management, training, and riding of thorough-breds our horse-loving cousins are still in their infancy, and Mr. Keene may well thank his stars that he sent Foxhall to England to be trained. The Grand Prix, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and the Cesarewitch have set the Kentucky-bred colt upon the very mouth. Rising as it does among hills of highest pinnacle of equine glory; and it eternal snow in the Himalaya mountains, is a singular fact that, while Blue Gown, the best horse of this day, was in course of transportation across the Atlantic, at the bottom of which he now lies, Well, Andrew, have you worked hard of acres of ground. According to an an- Mr. J. R. Keene was at the same mo- vulsed with laughter, during which young dont remember of ever having shot a pistol "There's a man on horseback riding at school to-day?" "Oh, yes, mamma; look cient legend this delta was formed by the ment in possession of an American colt Campbell withdrew in the company of his in my life," there was a considerable exat my hands." And in fact the little fin- god Siva, who, squeezing the water through who within a year was destined to show at my hands." And in fact the little lingers who water through his fingers, thus forming the innumerable streams that divide the delta. This delta begins at a distance of 200 miles from the sea, forming winner.

Go no Further.

There are no flies or mosquitoes at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, but there are plenyt of snakes in the outlying neighborhood. The monntains are filled with copper-heads, rattlesnakes and adders. There are no desirable walks and drives about there. The majority of visitors kee p within the 800 acres known as the White Sulphur reservation. The other day a mountaineer brought in two huge rattlesnakes. He had them in a wooden box with a glass top. They rolled, hissed and struck at visitors who bent over the box. greatly to the terror of the children who crowded about the owner of the snakes. One colored man expressed great fear that the snakes would get out and bite some one. "That would be all day with them, I guess, said he. "Oh no!" said the mountaineer; "a rattlesnake bite doesn't amount to nothin'.

'It don't?" said a visitor. "No," said the mountaineer; there is not a man up in our pearts but what has been bit by rattlers a good many times. It

is easy enough to cure the bite.' "How!" "Some put on turpentine. That draws the pizen ont. Jest put the mouth of a bottle filled with turpentine on the wound and the pizen will drop out and make turpentine green. Some, however, kill the snake and bind a piece on the bite. That droprs tho pizen out. There is a man up our way, however, who never does nothin' when a rattler bites him. He has been bitten three times, The bites kind a swell up, but after a time the swellin' went

away again.' "Did he say he did nothing to cure the bites?"

"Yes." "He must have lied." "He is a preacher, and-" "Enough-you need not go no fur-

The mountaineer says that the worst snake in the mountains is the copperhead. It gives no warning, is often inclined to be aggressive, and strikes quickly at these stations that we shall be and surely. Its bite is much more deadly in a condition to send out an exthan that of the rattlesnake, There is a pedition for the Pole itself with anything den of snakes at Cool Kuob, a station some thirty miles from here, where there are thousands of snakes in a great cavern that no native has ever been bold enough to approach, to say nothing of exploring. tries forming the International Associa-

Anybody Sick,

the store.

morning that he had got about tired of nance, and Lieutenant Bove's Italian buttering his bread with a spoon, and that day he sent home a refrigerater. It was Antaretic expedition is to some extent a beauty and he felt prond of it. So much affiliated to the Association.

"I suppose you have to put ice in it, don't you?" inquired one of the clerks, "Certainly," said Mr. Sarsaper; "but then it takes very little. It's an improvement on all others ever made. Full of little boxes and places for all sorts of by the United States, has already, we things. Keeps everything seperate-meat, vegetables, milk and so on-without any mixing up. It makes hot weather so much more comfortable, Bob, to pull up to the table, and find every nice, cool and crisp, instead of limp, sour and slushy. wouldn't be witbout it again for any money. I wish you would run in and look at it Bob, the first time you're going by. It's a curiosity, and I know you'll get one as soon as you see it. Dun't bother about

cerermony- run in at any time." About two o'clock one morning Mr. Sarsaper was awakened out of his stumber, that always keeps company with an easy conscience by his wife poking him in and see what the matter was. The door-

bell was jingling like all possessed. Mr. Sarsaper crawled out of bed, and, after banging his nose on the door-post until the blood started, giving himself a black eye against the corner of the mantel, and falling down over pretty much everything in the room, he finally made his way to the front part of the house,

the wet and mucky groom. "Who's there" he demanded, looking dawn at the top of an ummbrella. "Me!" came in a thick voice from the

under side of it. "Who's me?"

"Bob." "Oh!" it's you is it? What's the matter, Bob; anybody sick?" "Oh, no. You see I've been out to Sodamsville with some of the boys to help institute a lodge, and I'm just getting back. happened to think about that refrigerator of yours as I was going by, and so I thought I'd stop in and see it, without ceremony as you said. Come down and

let me in. I'm in a hurry to get home, and can't stop but a minute.' Mr. Sarsaper said something that would bend the types double if we should undertake to print it, and slammed down the window. He remarked to Bob the next day that for downright coolness his refrigeator was a bake oven compared to the prank practiced on him.

The Wrong Boy. In an alliged "horse thief" case there was quite a lettle sensation. The accused was John Campbell, a young stripling of perhaps eighteen, and not a bad looking ooy at all. The principal witness for the prosecution was a young gir who claimed to have seen Campbell in the stabte. Just pefore she took the stand counsel for the defendant managed to get another boy, very much resembling him, into the seat next to Campbell. After a few questions the wily lawyer looking all the time at the other boy, ask the witness if she could positively identify the prisoner. She must be very careful, and make no mistakes, etc. Looking over the seat, she said; "There

he is, there. "You are quite sure, now, are you?"

said the lawyer. "Oh, yes, sir, quite sure," was the con-Why I know Johnny ident response; Campbell well."

"This is my case," exclaimed the law yer, and Court, Jury, audience and all saw that it was. In her confusion the young lady had identified the wrong boy. Counsel for the State immediately threw np the case, and the Court room was conrelatives and friends.

The human skeleton consists of "I knowed he was a duffer when he more than two hundred distinct bones. took the stand," said the tall veteran.

Polar Exploration.

The editor of Nature thus comments on the effort now making to carry out the scheme of the late Lieutenant Weyprecht, the discoverer of Franz-Josef Land, for the establishment of a ring of observations around the North Pole: Many Arctic authorities are of opinion that the days of great and expensive national Polar expeditions are past, and that the money thus spent would be put to much better use by being devoted to the carrying on of a continuous series of observations, At various points around the Arctic area observatories will be established as near as practicable to the Pole, where a continuous series of observations will be taken, according to a common, prearranged plan. These observations will be connected with meteorology in all its departments, with terrestrial magnetism the aurora borealis, atmospheric electricity, the movements of the ice, biology combined with geographical exploration where practicable. After a year or two of such observations we may then be able to compare and coordinate Polar conditions with those which prevail in regions further south. A vast array of data must necessarily be accumulated that cannot but be turned to valuable account by science.

Our knowledge of the meteorology of the temperate zone can never be complete until we are well acquainted with Arctic conditions, and thus the work to be done at these observatories will have an important practical bearing. Not only so, but it is maintained that it is only when we have the knowledge which will be collected like scientific assurance of success. We cannot but regret, then, that England has no share in the scheme. The countion are Russia, Germany, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Austria, the United States, and we believe Canada; France Recently Mr. Sarsaper told his wife one and Switzerland lent it their countethat he had a good deal to say about it at are to be established on the north coast of Siberia, Novaya Zemlya, Spitzbergen, Jan Mayen Island, the west coast of Greenland, Lady Franklin Bay, and the neighborhood of Behring Straits. The colony for Lady Franklin Bay, sent out

believe, reached its destination Heart Disease.

When an individual is reported to have

died of disease of the heart, we are in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented, and as it is too much the habit, when persons suddenly fall down dead, to report the heart as the This silences all inquiry and in vestigation and saves the trouble and inconvenience of a post-mortem. A truer report would have a tendancy to save many lives. It is through a report of disease of the heart that many an opium eater is let the ribs, and calling on him to hustle out off into a grave, which covers at once his folly and his crime; the brandy drinker, too, quietly slides around the corner thus. and is heard of no more: in short, this report of disease of the neart is the mantle of charity which the polite Coroner and sympathetic physicians throw around the graves of generous people. At a scientific congress at Strasburg it was reported that of sixty-six persons who had suddenly died, an immediate and faithful post-mortem showed that only two persons had any heart affection whatever - one sudden death only in thirty-three from diseases of the heart. Nine out of sixty died of apoplexy-one out of every seven; while fortysix-more than two out of three-died of lung affection, half of them congestion of the lungs, that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work; there was not room enough for air to get in to support life. It is, then, of considerable practical interest to know some of the common everyday causes of this congestion of the lungs, a disease which, the figures above being true, kills three times as many per sons at short warning as apoplexy and heart disease together. Cold feet, tight shoes, light clothing, costive bowels, sit ting still until chilled through after having been warmed up by labor or a long, hasty walk, going too suddenly from a close. heated room, as a lounger or listener or speaker, while the body is weakened by continu l application or abstinence, heated by a long address; these are the frightful causes of sudden death in the form of congestion of the lungs; but which, being falsely reported as a disease of the heart, and regarded as an inevitable event, throw people off their guard instead of pointing them to their true causes, all of which are curable; and very easily so, as a general rule, when the mind has once been intelligently drawn to the subject.

Nevada and New York.

In the recent examination held before the Police Court much interest was manifested by an audience at Reno, Nevada, spectators in the testimony of the various witnesses. One of these hailing from New York, testified:

"I never carried a pistol in my life." A breathless silence spread over the faces of the spectators, and the lawyers all look-

wonderienly at the witness. "I never owned a pistol in my life." A faint pitying smile passed over the weather beaten faces of the audience. They had encountered a very hard formation. One of the old veterans leaned over to a short man who had lost his nose at an annual meeting, and whispered: "He's

Shorty, shifting someting in his hip pocket. odus to the sidewalk to discuss the an-

"Jedge's got the drop on him," returned

nouncement.