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MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shinning flowers; like stars at rest
The stars shine gloriously; and all
Save me, are dead.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet with its blossoms, blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming to rest bow!
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die;
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams—
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie
And share thy dreams.

But I must linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hope's to childhood dear,
With bitter tears.

Aye, I must linger here,
A poor, unloving, withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, autumn's sere,
Went down with thee.

Oh from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner, on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-wind's wail,
Around thy grave.

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

The "Green Dragon," at Orpington, assumed to be an inn, was really little more than a wayside stopping place. Mr. Hunter, landlord and proprietor, was therefore not a little surprised and hurried when, upon a raw October afternoon, a young man presented himself at the bar of the "Green Dragon," and asked languidly if he could be accommodated with a bed and a sitting-room.

"A bed, sir?" replied Mr. Hunter, a big man with red face and gray hair; "yes I think we can manage to give you a bed."

"And a sitting-room?" echoed the landlord, in a tone of one who is considering some great undertaking; "one minute if you please sir."

And Mr. Hunter disappeared into the little room adjoining the bar, there to hold counsel with some second persons, the upshot being that, in a few minutes, Mrs. Hunter and a few Hunters just out of the crawling state, issued forth, bearing respectively working materials, socks in process of being mended, in whistles and decapitated dolls.

"You can have this room all to yourself sir," said Mr. Hunter, triumphantly; "you really must not let me disturb you," replied the traveler.

"Don't you mention it," replied the landlord, in a tone which was at once genial and confidential; "we would not turn a customer away from our doors. You see we do not have much parlor company."

"And this is the only room you have that is disengaged?"

"Well, yes, sir; this is the only room at present, Susan! coals for the gentleman's fire."

The traveler was glad enough to enter the apartment and to draw close to the fire the one dilapidated arm-chair.

Arthur Seton, barrister by profession, and a writer for choice, was not really more than thirty, though he looked considerably older; for the dark hair and beard were streaked with gray, and the face, with its regular handsome features, wore a look of intense mental weariness.

For some time he leaned indolently back, his hands clasped behind his head; at last he rose and took from his bag a pocket and diary, which he opened, and availing himself of pen and ink which stood upon the table, made the following entry:

"October 17, 1874.—Got up late. Called on the Brainstones; George was out. Had a pleasant chat with Annie; went like a fool to Richmond, and like a fool, hunted the well-house. It looked just the same as in the old, dear days; but I heard children playing in the garden. The house I believe is let to city people. Came back to London; dined at the Pall Mall; went to the club. Got back to chambers late; wrote a column 'Review.' A weary, weary day. Shall I never know a moment's forgetfulness?"

He drew then from the leaves of the diary a letter written in a delicate hand and addressed, "Arthur Seton, Esq., 12 Gray's Inn." This letter he regarded with a long, sad, loving look; then, resting his head on his hand, he read it through very slowly. It ran as follows:

"MY DEAR ARTHUR:—If you will be so suspicious, so jealous and exciting, I cannot see how we are ever to be happy. Faith without works is dead, dear days; but without faith is no blessing, but a weary burden. I am tired of cross words and looks. Some women, I believe, like the feverish excitement of quarrels, but I only wish for peace. This miserable jealousy is quite unworthy of you. Do try and put it from you; and remember that love, once wounded, is sometimes hurt past hope of recovery. I received your article quite safely, but I cannot speak about it now. You have made me too sad, too weary, and even a little indignant. Yours affectionately,
ALICE CLAREFIELD."

He replaced the letter, closed the diary, took up his pipe and began smoking. The early part of this day had been fine and mild, but toward the afternoon the sky grew leaden and the wind shifted to the northeast. Now the wind was rising and the rain was falling—a cold, penetrating, impetuous, determined rain.

For want of something better to do, Seton began to write a letter; but he made slow work of it. For minutes together he sat holding the pen listlessly, leaning his arm wearily upon the table listening, as we all listen when alone, to what sounds may be going on near us, from a feeling that is not curiosity, but more overpowering.

Suddenly what must have been a very light vehicle dashed swiftly down the road and drew up at the door of the "Green Dragon" while the voice of the new comer became audible; Seton how-

ever, could only catch a few disconnected words, such as "caught in the rain—delicate—shelter—Chiselhurst—closed carriage."

Then the door opened, the landlord, presented himself upon the threshold, and said, in a very pointed manner:

"If you please, sir, a young lady, driving over to Sevenoaks in a light open trap, has been caught in the rain, and her servant wants to know if I can give her a sitting-room while he drives back to Chiselhurst for a closed carriage."

"And this is the only one you have?" rejoined Seton. "Oh, ask her in by all means. However, I am sorry the room smells so of smoke," he added, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Don't mention it, sir, and thank you very much," replied the landlord.

In another moment the door opened again, and the unexpected intruder entered—a lady tall and graceful, having a pale, Madonna-like face, and golden hair shining like an aureole round a classic head.

Seton's face had grown white to the very lips, and his voice quivered perceptibly as, extending his hand, he said:

"This is a very unexpected meeting."

"Very unexpected," echoed the lady, removing her wet mantle, and sitting down on the leather sofa. The recognition had been mutual, but women, as a general thing, have more self-possession than the sterner sex.

"Let me recommend this chair," said Seton, laying his hand upon the one from which he had just risen.

"No, thank you; I prefer sitting away from the fire."

"I am sorry the room should smell so of tobacco," observed Seton, after a pause, "but, you see, I did not expect the pleasure of a visitor."

She smiled a rather forced smile by way of answer, and Seton folded elaborately and put into an envelope a blank sheet of paper.

"The country is very beautiful around here," he observed writing his own name with great care upon the envelope.

"We have only been back from the continent six weeks," she observed, after a pause. "Mamma has taken a house near Chiselhurst. I was driving over to Sevenoaks this morning, and I was caught in the rain, and induced to ask for shelter here."

"And how is Mrs. Clarefield?"

"Mamma is quite well, thank you. Then after a pause, "Are you stopping here?"

"Hardly," said Seton, with an assumption of gaiety in his tone, "but I'll tell you all about it. My friends kindly took it into their heads that I was sticking too closely to work—that I wanted fresh air and exercise—so they bound me over on my word of honor to walk from London to Hastings in a week. I acquiesced in everything now, so, of course, acquiesced in this, and this is my first day of hard labor and imprisonment."

"But a man changes a good deal in three years," he replied, wearily.

It would weary you, reader, to set down here the dreary commonplace with which these two tried to begin the time for over an hour. At last they took refuge in silence, while the wind roared, and the rain lashed the window, the dusk came on prematurely, and Seton looking out on the cheerless prospect, shivered as with the cold. Then the lady rose very quietly, stirred the fire into a blaze, and resumed her seat on the sofa.

"No, you shouldn't really," said Seton not turning round, however, and with a look of pain on his face. It is wonderful what suffering some small, commonplace word or action may cause us. What vistas of possible joys may they not open up to us!

"I suppose the carriage will soon be back," said Alice, presently, and speaking with effort; "our coachman drives very fast."

"Yes, your term of imprisonment will soon be up," rejoined Seton, resting his arms upon the mantelpiece, and examining with critical interest a photograph before him.

"How the time passes!" said Alice in a low voice, as if speaking to herself. Then, with a sudden energy, "I cannot tell when we shall meet again. Before we part, answer me one question. You are looking worn and weary—are you happy?"

"From your lips that question is an insult."

"Of which we need not fear the repetition," she rejoined, with cutting formality.

"No, it can't end like this," he went on. "Do you know, ever since you have been here, I have bitten my lips through and through to keep them from speaking of the past? This meeting was not of my seeking, and it seems to me unmanly to take advantage of this opportunity."

"We are sometimes so much mistaken," she said, hurriedly, but her words were hardly audible, and he continued:

"Alice, you have treated me badly. On that day, now three years ago, when I gave you my love, and believed in yours, I was frank with you. I told you how wild and irregular my life had been and how full of faults I was. You reclaimed me—you transformed my days—made me pure and fair; and then, because some thorn in my love hurt you you threw it all away and left me to perish miserably." She would have interrupted him, but he silenced her with a gesture, and went on: "And now when we meet after three years, you ask me if I am happy. If I loved you once I shall love you forever. Do I look happy?"

"I think there were faults on both sides," she said quietly.

"Yes, there were," he replied; "but I was reading your last letter only to-day. Oh, how terribly bitter it was!"

"And have you forgotten your answer to that letter?" she said passionately her voice quivering and her breast heaving.

"I don't remember it word for word,"

he answered quickly; "I know it was written on the impulse of the moment."

"But I have it by heart." Then, very slowly: "You said if your love, in its heart and strength, was a little exciting, mine was cold and lifeless; in fact, no love, only a cold, sluggish affection. You almost thought I was right, and that we could not be happy. I am naturally proud," she went on, "but a woman with less pride than I could not have acted differently. Only on course was left to me—to be silent."

"Well—it is all over now; we shall probably never meet again."

"You won't take my friendship, then?"

"No, thank you; you are very generous but I do not want that gift."

He drew himself wearily into a chair and for a time there was silence. Hope is so subtle, so intangible, that we are only aware of its existence when it has ceased to be. Arthur Seton looked upon himself as a man without hope. It seemed to him that his life could not be more desolate than it was, yet who shall say what feeling, of which he was not directly conscious, may have sustained him during the last three years? Now everything seemed gone—there was nothing left for him but death.

Presently a carriage came down the road; carriage lamps flashed through the dusk, and grew stationary opposite the window. Mr. Hunter bustled in and announced that the carriage had come for the young lady, and had done the distance wonderfully quick. Then the door shut, and they were alone together again.

Softly and distinctly Seton heard muffled his name, "Arthur!" but he did not move. It seemed to him that he would keep back all his love, clench fast his heart till she was gone, and then die swiftly of the pain.

"Arthur, I am waiting, dear. Won't you come? Are you not going to forgive me?"

He groped his way toward her. She stretched out her hand and drew him to her. Then he bent down; she raised her face, and the hearts and lips so long disunited came together in a long passionate kiss. He knelt down by her, her head sunk upon his shoulders, and for many minutes they remained thus, lost in loves profound peace and mystery. And the corks continued to pop, and the waggoners on their way to London tramped in and out of the bar, and good nights were exchanged between customers and landlord, and as Arthur folded Alice's mantle around her, she said shyly:

"You are coming back with me to see mamma, are you not?"

"May I?" he answered joyfully.

So the bedroom which Mrs. Hunter had been preparing all the afternoon and of which she was not a little proud, remained unoccupied, but the payment was lavished, and the day's labor was not regretted.

"Oh! that never-to-be-forgotten ride to Chiselhurst through the wild, windy evening! The rain ceased, and strange voices were abroad in the wind, singing jubilantly over love risen and redeemed. The clouds drifted away, and the pure, sweet moonlight quivered over wet fields and trees, and seemed love's benediction."

As reader is left to imagine the arrival home, Arthur was a favorite with Mrs. Clarefield, and in the old days of quarrels would always take his part. When dinner was disposed of Mrs. Clarefield pleaded household duties and went to her room. There she sat down before the fire and wept, dear soul, over the happiness of her children. Down stairs these two were very quiet. To them love was a solemn thing, and they were silent lovers. The moments went swiftly on.

Presently Alice said, as she looked up in Arthur's face:

"You are not going to continue your walk to Hastings, this week?"

"But, dear, I have pledged my word of honor to do so."

"I command you break it."

He did so; but none of his friends brought it up as an accusation against him that he for once in his life had broken his word of honor.

Providence or Chance.

A leading merchant, a very nervous man, who had directed his mind more to the sale of dry goods than intellectual cultivation, had a ticket to hear Mr. Emerson given him, which he improved, and sat without moving a muscle till the close, apparently delighted. The lecture was upon "Chance," in which the lecturer took almost if not quite evangelical ground regarding mysterious providences which control human affairs though not, maybe, in the same terms. Chance, however, as an agent, was at a discount, but not an impossibility, and full of the beautiful parts which he had comprehended, the dry-goods man next day was enthusiastic in his explanation.

"Well," said he to a friend, "I had a treat, last night, let me tell you." "What was it?" "Oh, Jim Gates gave me a ticket to hear George B. Emerson lecture."

"You mean Ralph W. Emerson, don't you?" "Yes, that's what I said. 'T was capital.' "What was the subject?" "Chance," and the way he handled it was masterly. His illustrations were very fine. For instance, a ship on the sea with her sails blown away, her rudder unshipped, the sea making a clear breach over her, and arriving in port, saved, through it all, it was grand."

"Well, did he show how she was saved?" "Yes, he proved to a dot that 'twas either by Providence or chance, but I couldn't exactly make out which."

How require free access to water in the summer time. If they can have a place to bathe or wallow in, it is beneficial to them as it cools and cleanses the skin. Mud is not fit; it is a good disinfectant and healthful. Some times mud baths have been found useful as medicinal treatment for sick people.

Perfectly Satisfactory.

The next man was a tall, bow-legged, long-faced chap who had worried through the winter without an overcoat and perhaps without changing his linen.

"No use to ask if this charge of vagrancy is true," remarked his Honor, at Chicago, as he surveyed the prisoner.

"Not a bit of use, Judge; you know it's false," was the ready reply.

"What! Do you deny that you are a vag?"

"Certainly I do!"

"Then what are you?"

"A gentleman and a speculator, sir. If you'll give me a few minutes of your valuable time I'll make the most satisfactory explanations of my present appearance and financial embarrassment."

"Go ahead."

"Well, sir, my name is Rhoderic De Langley. To begin with, no vagrant owned such a name. I am a speculator in grain, bonds, silver stock and other things. When I make a strike I dress like a Prince and live high. When I lose I sleep in the alleys and cut my expenses close. My last speculation was a loss; therefore I am economizing."

"What was your last speculation?"

"Four hundred shares at ten dollars each in an invention to hatch fish by steam. My partner ran away with all the funds and left me flat. In thirty days I shall be on my feet again."

"How?"

"I am after one hundred shares in Union Pacific. They are down to hardpan and must react. Give me thirty days and I will be in clover again."

"I'll give you sixty," said the Court, after a pause.

"Good! I am a thousand times obliged. Everything is perfectly satisfactory."

"Yes—sixty days in the Work House! April showers will be invigorating the earth when you come out."

"That was a base trick," said the prisoner, as he fell back, and when out of ear shot of the Court he told Bijah that if he lived to serve out his sixty days he would send his Honor an infernal machine and blow him five hundred feet high.

The Poncas at Home.

This tribe of Indians were taken, much against their will, to the Indian Territory, in 1878, a discontented and thoroughly broken down people. Happily their wrongs and misfortunes have been forgotten, the government has paid them for their Dakota homes, and they are now in a comfortable, not to say prosperous condition. Dotted here and there over the beautiful rolling prairie that stretches along the Arkansas, the Salt Fork, and the Chickasaw rivers, we see the smoke curling gracefully upward from the cozy little homes of the Poncas, and as approach we discover the Indian transformed into the less romantic farmer trudging along behind his plow. Stopping to speak a word of encouragement he tells you, not so much in words, for but few of the Poncas speak even a little English, as by unmistakable sign-convinced pantomime that "he soon have lots wheat, lots corn."

Then with a dignified flourish of the hand he points with pride to his chickens, and sometimes ducks and pigeons, his little herd of cattle often numbering from fifteen to thirty head, according to the size of his family, his ponies grazing peacefully in the distance, and his neatly-wire-fenced fields, and smiles with a look of complete satisfaction.

We enter a one-roomed dwelling. In one corner on a bed lies a poor little fellow with his broken thigh, the doctor is beside him, and like the brave soldier that he is, he never whimpers although his leg is being set for the second time in its encasement of plaster. The mother is squatted among a confusion of gay quilts and shawls, on the floor nearby and is industriously beading a curious little bag to hold matches. Evidently hearing us nearing her door, with a kind of instinct that it is the proper thing to do, she has placed the three, chairs of her apartment in a stiff row, and offers us these as we enter. The grandmother does the honors of this hospitable home. She is a tall, magnificent specimen of her race, perhaps about 45 years of age. Her dress is of bright red striding, and most elaborately trimmed with a complicated kind of patchwork of different colored ribbons, in fact covering the entire front breadth of the skirt; her loose jacket is of a deep blue, and her wide sailor shaped collar is also decorated with the silk ribbons, while around her neck and falling below the waist are strings upon strings of light blue and garnet beads. Her hair is braided carefully, each finger has an ample supply of rings, and the wrists are encircled with coils of brass bangles. She talks to you constantly in the plaintive Southern Ponca language, goes to a bundle wrapped with a gaily-painted ox hide and brings forth her treasures. You immediately recognize in these two pictures the likeness of the Ponca chiefs, taken in all their glory of Indian costume. Again she tells you about her boy at Carlisle and his father who was murdered a few years ago, and this woman is Mrs. Big

Snake. You must surely recall the touching story told by Standing Bear of the shooting of his brother, the prominent chief, Big Snake. And in the office of our commissary is pointed out to us the very spot where he fell, and you may see the bullet-hole in the thin wooden wall that marks the fatal shot. Those were exciting times at Ponca. The women brandished their long knives, and Mrs. Big Snake falling in the wagon beside the dead body of her husband, swore vengeance on the agent, and yelled her war whoop in his very face. But to-day she kindly welcomes us to her home, and bids us come again.

At the agency the Indians are busily employed, and some have done themselves great credit as carpenters and blacksmiths. Others make bricks, mix mortar, haul logs and do all the freighting to the agency. When you realize that four years ago these men knew absolutely nothing about this sort of work, the results are truly wonderful. But the chiefs have a great power in the tribe, and in this enlightened age they use it to advance their people. White Eagle, the head chief of the Poncas, is a true Indian, and a dignified and splendid-looking man. He seemed to be thoroughly conscious of his high position, and always inspires one with a certain awe, although you know him to be literally an "ignorant savage." But this head chief is a bright man, eloquent and effective in council, always politic and always popular. He comes to church on Sunday plainly arrayed in a suit of black broadcloth, but on other occasions he appears arrayed, wrapped in his chief's blanket of dark blue, with here and there tufts of gay-colored ribbons, a single eagle feather stands out in bold contrast among his long glossy black hair, his six-shooter thrust into his ornamented belt, his fancy knife-edge hung at his side, his beaded leggings and moccasins proclaim him an Indian of the old traditional type. Among the chiefs are White Eagle, Standing Buffalo, Harry Berr, McDonald and Frank La Flesche and they have great influence among their people.

Dr. Lenda, of Syracuse, New York, was found near that place recently lying in an open meadow, with a bullet wound in the center of his forehead, penetrating to the brain. The spot where the young man was found is about one hundred feet from the cemetery where the dead are interred from the Onondago County Poorhouse. There were evidence of a terrible struggle near the wounded man and the earth was swimming in blood. Plain foot-prints led from the body to a now-made grave in the cemetery, which was half-disinterred, showing that Kendall was engaged in the ghastly task of robbing a grave when surprised by his unknown assailants. Near by were two shovels wrapped together in a piece of old carpet, and a satchel. On his person were a dirk and two revolvers in a belt. In the satchel were a bottle of whisky, a cant-hook, a long piece of rope, a dark lantern, a bit and stalk and screw-driver and other tools used in grave-robbing. In his pocket was found a card on which was written: "Be sure eight o'clock." Kendall has made in the past a business of furnishing bodies for the medical college in that city, but has had a falling out with that institution and has lately been engaged in supplying some college elsewhere. He is aged about twenty-five years and is of a most aristocratic family. He is at variance with his relatives, as he married about four months ago a beautiful servant girl employed in his father's house. Why he should be engaged in this ghastly occupation is not known, as his practice is quite lucrative. It is believed that he was shot by members of an association called the "Grave Protectors," which has secretly been organized since a recent attempt at a burying ground in that city. Kendall will not recover.

A few months ago a farmer living on the line of Jackson and Fort Wayne road visited the headquarters of the company to urge the necessity of a new passenger station at a certain cross-roads on the line.

"I'm afraid the patronage would not pay the expenses," replied the official.

"I tell you a heap of people would get on and off at them corners," urged the farmer.

"Well, how many of your neighborhood have passed over our road this year?"

"How many? Well, there's the old man Skinner for one. He has been to Jackson twice that I know of. Then there's aunt Deborah Smith, who goes down to Fort Wayne every spring and fall. Then we've got several young men who allers go up to Lansing when there's a circus."

"Any more?" asked the official, as the farmer scratched his head and wriggled around.

"No-o, I don't know as I kin think of any more just now, but if you'll go ahead and put up a station there you can count on a dozen of us sitting around there all the time to make things look like business."

Life Saving.

The life-saving crew on the New Jersey coast having been relieved from duty, the fact is brought out that only one life was lost on that coast from wrecked vessels from September 1st of last year, to and including Sunday, April 30th, although 178 lives were imperiled. The value of the vessels wrecked and their cargoes was more than half a million dollars; about three-fourths of which were saved through the exertions of the life-saving crew. That is a very creditable record.

MINERAL meal is often found of more feeding value than the seed itself, because in making it into cake twenty-five per cent. of oil is pressed out leaving only eleven to twelve per cent. in the cake. This increases the percentage of albumen about five per cent. making mineral meal contain twenty-eight per cent.

The Story of the Secretary Bird.

There was a time when the Secretary Bird lived on fish, like the other long-legged and crane-like birds, and he was so well satisfied with this fare that he never cared for any other kind of food. One day, a large Secretary Bird was standing in the water, on the edge of a river, busily engaged in fishing. When he caught a fish, he would wade ashore, and there eat it. While he was thus engaged in fishing, a large serpent came winding his way along the river-bank, and, as soon as he perceived the bird, he stopped to see what it was doing. When the Secretary Bird came out of the water to eat the fish, the Snake remarked:

"Friend, it seems to me you would make a pleasant meal if you would toss your fish upon the bank as fast as you catch them, and then, when you have enough, come out and eat them at your leisure."

"I should like that plan very well," said the Secretary Bird; "but if I should toss a freshly caught fish upon the bank he would flop into the water as soon as I had gone to catch another. Thus I should always be catching fish, and eating none."

"There need be no trouble of that kind to-day," said the Snake; "for, if you will throw the fish on shore, I will see that they do not get into the water again."

"Thank you very kindly," said the Secretary Bird; "if you will do that, it will save time, and I shall soon catch enough fish for a dinner."

"I shall be only too glad to oblige you," said the Serpent.

Thereupon the bird waded into the river, and as soon as he caught a fish he threw it ashore, where the Snake took care that it did not get into the water again. When the Bird thought he had caught enough fish, he came on shore and saw the Snake slowly moving away.

"What is your hurry?" he cried.

"Stop and take dinner with me. I have now caught twelve fish