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Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Tappan & Hastings.

## BE HELPFUL.

Your hands may be small, but every day they can do something that's good as play; they can help mother, and she'll be glad for all that's done by her lass or lad.

If all the children would think to-day of helping mother, as of all their may, they'd bring in water and wood, and do a dozen things she would like them to.

For, though hands are small and though years are few, There's always something that they can do To help the mothers and make them glad, Remember that, little lass and lad.

So help your mothers about their work; Don't wait for asking—don't try to shirk, Do just the best that you can, and she Will say: "What a help are my dears to me!"

## MISS HARCOURT'S LOVER.

"It looks as if it were going to snow for weeks, Miss Elizabeth," said old Gregory, as he touched his hat and hobbled down the icy pathway as fast as rheumatism and old age would permit him.

Miss Elizabeth looked down into the sweet old English garden, with the tangled mass of shrubbery covered with snow, and a mist came over her eyes.

A week! The plum white fingers closed tightly over the yellow envelope clasped in her hand, and as she turned away from the door a tear plied down upon it.

In just one week the morge would be foreclosed, the letter said, and unless the amount could be raised in the meanwhile, the dear old house where she was born must pass into the hands of strangers.

The investments that her nephew made for her all proved failures, and when, five years ago, he had come bustling up from London and told her that this mortgage would save her fortune, she signed her name to the paper, and for a while all seemed well.

How foolish she had been! Why had she not asked more about it? Ralph Morgan had paid the interest for her as it came due, until two years ago, when she received word from him, and he had decided to go to Australia.

That was all, Miss Elizabeth had seen very little of him. He was the only child of her sister. When the father died, the property was divided between the sisters. Margaret took her share in money, and went, with her husband and child to live in London, where she died soon after.

Elizabeth had never left the old homestead, and with proper management, there would never have been any need to do so; but now—she had made another mistake.

The old clock was ticking loudly in the great wide hall as she slowly went up the stairs to the pleasant room where she had spent her life-time.

"I am always making mistakes," she moaned, drearily, as she threw herself on the little white bed. "Sixteen years ago to-day I made one, and now I have made another."

There were no tears now in the dark gray eyes, only a tired look that strangers would wonder at; for if ever a woman was envied in that village Elizabeth Harcourt was.

"She has everything one could wish for," the poor folks said; "but she is too good with it all."

How could they know of the business worries, and the pinching economy, and the aching heart that the sweet, calm face never showed?

Elizabeth Harcourt was a proud woman, and in years gone by, had been a hasty one; and now in the quiet of her room, her thoughts went back to long ago when, in her hot temper, she told Jack Rainsford she never wished to see his face again. How could he know that in the morning she would have given worlds to unsay the words?

It had started like most quarrels, with such a little thing! But he had taken her at her word, and one week from the night she gave him back his ring he sailed for India, and she had never seen him since.

She did not think he would stay away, but, in the meanwhile, no one should ever know she cared at all; so she laughed and talked more blithely than ever, and grew prettier every day, until every one said she never had cared for him; and away off in hot Calcutta, Jack Rainsford heard it and his heart grew hard and bitter.

A year went by and he did not come back; then she promised to marry Philip Dinsmore. After that she was gayer than ever, until, when the wedding-day was fixed, and the villagers talking of the grand match, she broke it off with him. Nobody ever knew why, except Philip Dinsmore. If he had been less grand and noble than he was she might have married him; but looking into those pure eyes of his, she could not take a lie on her lips. So she told him with bitter tears how the face of her absent lover came between her and any one else.

Brave Philip Dinsmore! As he listened, whiter and whiter grew his face; but when she had finished, he stooped and kissed the sweet red lips for the last time. In all the world he knew he would never love another woman as he loved Beth Harcourt, and it was a grander love than she had before.

"I am going to India on business next month, Beth," he wrote to her afterward, "and if I can, I will find Jack

Rainsford." So he sailed away—and the ship was lost, and Philip Dinsmore never reached Jack Rainsford.

After that Elizabeth Harcourt was never the same; and as the years rolled on, she was left alone with faithful servants in the old stone house. Somebody said that Mr. Rainsford married the daughter of a rich merchant, but he never came back. Something had gone from her life with each year, and now, at forty, the very last thing had come, and the old home was to go.

No wonder, on that winter morning Elizabeth Harcourt was in despair! She had so much to bear! From that night that Jack Rainsford left her in anger she had never really been happy again. That hot temper her mother had warned her against—ah! it had been cooled since then. No one who saw her bending quietly over the sick bed in the poorest cottage, would guess that calm face there had ever seen anything but peace.

Now she lay with wide open eyes, thinking of the past, and in her ears were ringing old Nurse Blackitt's words of her: "She will take an awful site of soberin'."

Just then there came a knock at the door, and Elspeth's voice saying: "Miss Elizabeth, there is a strange gentleman down stairs who wishes to see you for a few minutes. He looks as if he was from London."

The lawyer from London! Miss Harcourt's heart gave a quick throb as she arose and mechanically glanced at the little narrow glass between the windows. There was a red spot burning on each cheek, and the brown hair had lost its smooth, satin appearance; but she did not notice that to-day, but passed quickly down to the cool, dark room below.

The stranger rose and bowed as she entered, a tall man with gray hair and a swarthy skin.

"Your letter came this morning," began Miss Elizabeth, nervously. "I am afraid the house will have to go for the mortgage."

"My letter?" said the stranger, "I think there must be some mistake."

"I beg your pardon," Miss Harcourt said, "but you are not from London?"

The stranger took a step forward. "Beth," he said, "have I changed so completely that you do not know me?"

"Jack!" she gasped. "You cannot be Jack Rainsford!"

Such a different meeting from that which she had planned in the years gone by! Instead of passionate kisses she quietly shook hands with her old lover, and sat down on the chair opposite to him.

A child disappointed look came over the worn, tired face of the man, and he arose and walked over to the window as he said bitterly:

"You have hardly changed at all, but sixteen years in India are not likely to keep a man fresh and young—especially when they are not particularly happy ones."

Something in the tones made Elizabeth Harcourt's heart thrill as in the old days; but she remembered that wife in India. The feverish cheeks grew a deeper crimson but she said quietly:

"Are you going to stay any length of time in England, Mr. Rainsford? Is your wife with you?"

With a startled look he turned and faced her.

"You know I never married, Beth Harcourt," he said bitterly, "I never loved anyone but you, and you have forgotten me."

With a low cry she sprang toward him, and the next moment was sobbing in his arms.

"Jack, my darling," he said, "I have loved you always, and have not forgotten you for one moment of the weary years!"

"If I had only known it before!" he answered sadly. "Some one told me you married the year after I left, and I thought it was true until one day on board a vessel, I met a lad that came from here. I asked him about the old place, and he told me Miss Elizabeth Harcourt had nursed him through a fever when every one else was afraid to come near him."

Rainsford stopped and slipped an odd hoop of shining stones on Miss Harcourt's finger.

"Do you know," he said, "a wild hope filled me, and I said to myself, 'If not I will drop it in the middle of the ocean, and never look at England again.'"

Elizabeth looked down at the sparkling diamonds, and said with a long, drawn sigh:

"Oh, Jack, it was only this morning that I was in despair."

## Light and Heat.

The light, heat and other vibratory emanations that are issued from the sun are scattered around it in all directions into space. If the sun were placed in the center of a solid hollow shell that was everywhere at the same distance as the earth—that is, approximately 93,000,000 miles from the solar surface—all these vibrations would impinge upon this outer boundary wall. But as there is no such intercepting screen, they for the most part pass still onward into space, and being widely scattered there, are weakened by the diffusion more and more, excepting just where they fall upon the earth and other planets chancing to be in the way.

It appears, from a consideration of the distance and size of the earth, that about two billion two hundred and fifty millionth part of the entire radiated energy is thus caught by the earth, and probably about ten times as much falls to the share of the other planets. This, therefore, implies that scarcely more than the two hundred and twenty-five millionth part of the radiant energy is appropriated by the planets, and that the rest is dissipated into space. Nothing whatever is yet known as to what finally becomes of the vast amount which thus wanders off into the void fields of the measureless immensity. What is done with the comparatively small part that is intercepted by the earth is clear enough. The solar vibrations that strike upon the earth rouse its dead substance into life. They clothe the terrestrial surface with its garment of vegetation, feed its countless myriads of animated forms, work the mechanism of its rivers and winds, warm the ground and air, and brighten the sunward half with glowing hues and glorious colors. That is, in any case, the result brought out from the two billion two hundred and fifty millionth part. It creates a world teeming with life out of a dead, rocky chaos. It nothing can be said as to what happens to the much larger part that trembles off into the unbounded immensity, excepting that to all appearance it is lost to the sun and in some way absorbed into the infinite void.

The common sense view of this subject very naturally leads to the idea that there is scattering of light and heat from the sun, which goes on so unceasingly, must all be set down as lost, at least to that luminary. Vast and not as the solar sphere is, it must in the end be chilled and cease to emit these, to us so beneficent vibrations, unless there is some as yet undetected provision in nature for the renewal of the solar fires. All our own experience of such matters, derived from the observation of artificial processes going on upon the earth, tells us that fires ultimately go out unless they are periodically supplied with fresh stores of fuel.

Dr. W. Siemens states in a recent contribution to the Nineteenth Century, and no doubt correctly states, that the present annual yield of all the coal mines of the earth would suffice to keep up the fire of the sun, at its present intensity of light and heat, for the forty millionth part of a second, that if the entire earth was made of coal, it would serve as a fuel supply for feeding the solar fire about thirty-six hours. On the other hand, it has been calculated that, even with no specific provision for restoring the waste radiations of the sun, the mass is so vast and the heat so enormous that it could go on cooling by free radiation into space for what, taken in reference to man's method of counting the lapse of time, would be a very long period before any actual change of temperature could be perceived. It is tolerably sure that during the last 3000 or 4000 years of history, there has not been any appreciable diminution in the heat communicated by the sun to the earth. It is true that there have not been any trustworthy records by thermometric instruments for more than a very small portion of that time. But there are records, which are quite as significant, furnished by the distribution of vegetable life. Plants that required the sustained warmth of a genial and approximately tropical climate, and the luxuriant allowance of solar influence that is now communicated to the earth, were quite as widely distributed upon the terrestrial surface, and quite as vigorously maintained ages ago as they are now, and the climate of Egypt was then, as now, habitable by man.

The arrest of over one hundred women in the little district of Hungary, charged with poisoning their husbands, and the conviction of one-third of the number, is startling, but not without a parallel in history. In the seventeenth century an old fortune teller in Italy, carried on the business of selling poisons to such an extent that the attention of the authorities was attracted to her place, and it was discovered that the poisons were supplied to young married women who were desirous of getting rid of their husbands. The courts in those days were little better than Judge Lynch's tribunals, so that it is impossible to say whether their judgments were well founded, but dozen or more women were hanged, and scores of others were whipped through the streets. About the same time there was a similar outbreak of poisoning in France, which was not controlled until over one hundred prisoners, chiefly women, had been sent to the stake or the gallows. Early in the eighteenth century a woman in Naples carried on a large trade in poisons, and is supposed to have been concerned in bringing about the deaths of over six hundred persons. She was tortured to confession and then strangled. In every instance of wholesale poisoning, such as that reported from Hungary, there has been found some seller of poisons responsible alike for supplying the means and the suggestion of murder. The poisons used were always slow acting, frequently administered, and so gradually undermined the health of the victims that their deaths excited no suspicion until the aggregate grew so large as to cause investigation.

Optical and philosophical instruments made in France often have all their brass surfaces of a fine dead black color, very permanent and difficult to imitate. The following, obtained from a foreign source, is the process used by the French artisans: Make a strong solution of nitrate of silver in one dish, and of nitrate of copper in another. Mix the two together and plunge the brass into it. Remove and heat the brass evenly until the required degree of blackness is obtained.

Europe will have a deficit this year of \$42,000,000.

## Fairs for Farmers.

But for the constant weekly reminders through the press, and the inducements held out by advertisers through the same medium, backed up by annual exhibitions, we hardly see how the half of what has occurred in the way of disseminating domestic animals of the highest types could have occurred. The fairs have proved of great value in disseminating the smaller classes of farm stock, such as sheep, swine and poultry, and indirectly in bringing the several breeds of cattle to the attention of farmers. It is not safe to take all you see at fairs as meaning just what outside appearances indicate. Obscure parties and traders sometimes put in an appearance with very striking specimens of pigs, but the representations of these men cannot be safely taken, and in the majority of such cases, if purchases be made, the buyers will be bit-ten.

In the first place, you cannot safely take the representations made as to the pedigree. Grades often take on a very comely exterior, quite cleverly imitating the higher type from which they have sprung, but when used with the expectation that they will reproduce their kind, the efforts end in failure. If you are a reader of the "Prairie Farmer," look over its advertising columns and if you do not see what you want offered over the signature of a reliable, well-known breeder, write to the office for information. While many of the most reputable breeders exhibit at fairs, so, likewise, do traders and speculators take advantage of the seeming character obtained by showing in respectable company, and they thereby, many times, get a position before visitors to which they have no legitimate claim. As a rule, the proper place to buy any kind of stock is at the home of the breeder, where you can see the general character of his stock, not as represented by the few head he may have fitted with oil cake and new milk, for exhibition, but on their every-day feed, which is supposed to be similar to what you feed upon your own premises. It is not advantageous to the breeder to sell highly fitted exhibition stock to other than a professional breeder, who fully understands the process used in the fitting, and the necessity of following this up, if appearances are to be maintained.

Many men who have taken their liking for improved farm animals from specimens seen at the fairs, have had their ardor cooled down by becoming more intimately acquainted with these or others of similar characteristics, after they had put aside the Sunday rig, assuming the every-day farm apparel.

Taking improved stock to your farm should be, to a certain degree, likened to taking to yourself a wife. As this is not usually on any temporary basis, and is often a matter of business, a prudent man will plan to see the lady in her every-day garb, as the arts of the dressmaker are equal to those of the expert herdsmen, and polish and adornment are found to be so embellishing that our admiration is greatly modified when these are taken off.

Big Thursday.

A most picturesque scene presented itself recently at a small beach on the Indian River Bay, Delaware, called "Pot Net." Here, under the thin shade of two tall pine trees, was gathered a crude and motley crowd of people from the back country to celebrate "Big Thursday," or "Bare-foot Thursday," as it is also called, which is a picnic of the farmers after harvest work is over. They came in all sorts of vehicles; there was the festive buggy, of ancient pattern; there was the old family carriage and there were sulks, open wagons and Dearborns, but the queerest of all were the two-wheeled ox-carts, with a hoop-pole frame covered with white muslin, and one cart even had the rag carpet from the floor for a roof.

On these carts were whole families sitting on the straw like a pack of gypsies. At one place there was a group of young men and maidens standing together, screaming hymns out of an ancient hymn book. Another group was gazing at a couple of men dancing jigs on either end of a tail-board from an ox-cart, to the squeaking and scratching sounds which were saved out of a dilapidated fiddle. A local politician had another group of men listening to his flatteries. But the chief amusement of the people seemed to be to sit in their wagons or carriages in the sun and look at the rest. To these our party from the hotel seemed no doubt like people from another nation or with the self-satisfaction of Sussex countyauns, like barbarians from the outer world.

A Block System.

The permissive block system has hitherto prevailed on most French lines, and where the absolute block was in use the signaling instruments adopted were those of Tye and Regault, which merely inform the signalmen of the approach of trains, leaving it to them to block the line and communicate with the drivers of other trains. The French Minister of Public Works now requires that the absolute block system, with automatic signaling apparatus, should be as soon as possible established on all double lines. He recommends the electric semaphore of Lartigue, Teseo, or Prud'homme, laying great stress upon the absolutely automatic working of the signals, and on their standing against all trains in case of a failure of current. Single lines are all to be furnished with electric bells, and the Leopolder apparatus is particularly recommended, as it can be used for giving danger signals or for announcing trains automatically.

## Cooking in Pitcairn Island.

A resident on Pitcairn Island writes as follows in relation to cooking at that place:

As there are no stoves, we know well how to do without them, although labor can be so much lightened by their use. Each family has, for baking, an oven made of stone, not bricks. The top and bottom of each oven are made each of a solid piece of stone, hewn out of some huge rock. These ovens are made according to the requirement of each family, the largest families having the largest ovens. In them we bake a kind of sweet-potato cake, made of grated sweet potato, to which milk is sometimes added; also corn-cake, bread, pies, etc. Sweet potatoes form the staple food here, besides, we have Irish potatoes, bananas, plantains, and yams. Garden vegetables—such as turnips, parsnips, radishes, etc.—we do not have. Bread-fruit, in its season, forms a considerable part of the food eaten, and taro as well. Flour is a luxury, rather than a necessity. When meats are baked, the most general way it is done is in the primitive style of cooking underground. The way of cooking meat is very soft and tender, and the leaves of the ti plant (pronounced tei), in which the meat is cooked, impart to it a most agreeable flavor. Fish is often cooked in ti leaves. This is done by wrapping the fish in the leaves and laying it over the stones of the oven built in the ground. This is a favorite mode of cooking fish here. When any kind of food is cooked in ovens underground, baking-pans are, of course, dispensed with. The kind of cakes made from sweet potatoes, yams, bananas, and bread-fruit are called pilli here, as we still retain its Tahitian name. After the yams, etc., are grated on a stone grater, they are then wrapped in broad leaves of the young banana tree, and then laid on the hot stones in the ground. Other hot stones are placed over, and then the whole is covered with leaves, over which earth is thrown; and in a short time all within the oven would be nicely cooked. The flesh of the goat supplies us mostly with meat, and sometimes, but rarely, we have mutton. As for poultry, there are only the common domestic fowl and a few ducks. Turkeys do not thrive at all. Of birds there are two kinds that are eaten—the noddy, a black bird, that lives among the rocks, and the white bird. Occasionally the tropic bird and a kind of hawk are killed, their flesh being esteemed as an article of food. The shot used in killing these birds is a natural production, being the seed of the Indian shot plant. Children are often sent to gather a quantity of the Indian shot, when required for shooting birds. The white bird frequents mostly the banian tree, and lays its eggs on the bare branches of this tree, wherever a niche large enough to hold an egg can be found. This bird is often shot in great numbers, and taking them with guns or climbing trees after the young birds affords much pleasure and sport to boys and young men. There are no singing birds, and the only bird-note that can be heard is the little brown-sparrow chirping its solitary note among the branches of the trees. After living on Norfolk Island, where the air is made vocal with the sweet music of the feathered songsters, it seems a great want is felt here, where it cannot be heard. Fish are not so plentiful as may be supposed. Sometimes the fishermen catch them in great numbers; but more generally the day's fishing would not be very successful. The depths at which fishes are caught vary, the greatest depth being 150 or 140 fathoms and the least from six to fifteen. The usual fishing depth is from twenty-five to forty fathoms. Canoes are always used in fishing in deep water, as they are so easily managed. There are several kinds of fish caught while fishing among the rocks. Going on the rocks after fish is an occupation much liked by the women, as well as the men. This is not considered toil, but pleasure; as well as taking the small fish with nets as with the hook and line. Accidents are so very rare as scarcely to deserve a mention, and, as all the islanders learn to swim almost from infancy, no case of drowning has ever occurred except once, at a shipwreck.

Water in Egypt.

During the Roman war upon Alexandria, a supply of water for the troops was difficult to obtain. The General of the Egyptian troops was Ganymed, who made great exertions to deprive the Roman troops of their water supply by the introduction of salt water into the canals supplying the cisterns of the quarter of the town held by them. When the brackishness of the water became unendurable, there were plenty of others—the bodies of the outcasts of the world. Scarcely one of them lies in the grave twenty-four hours after it is covered. They generally die in the hospital or almshouse, are pitched into a pine box, and thrown into a hole but a few feet deep. The body-snatchers are a live set of men, always on the lookout, and resurrect the corpse the first night. Nobody cares for these unfortunates, hence there is no trouble, or, indeed, any inquiry.

The Paris 'Bus.

"The 'bus system of Paris is the best in the world." So says the guide-book; and I stood on the sidewalk and hailed a 'bus that had "Bastille" on it. They didn't pay the slightest attention to me. I hailed the next and the next with the same result, and I began to get offended. I shouted at the next, and waved my umbrella, but both guard and driver looked at me with a sort of mild curiosity, and passed on; but a white aproned water approacher from the cafe in front of which I stood, and said, Parley voo Fratsay, mossau?"

"No."

"You speak of English, den?"

"Yes."

"Well, my master, le proprietair, would be much obliged if you do not repeat your wawe le parapluie—le—le—umbrella—but to move 'way."

"Then does your master, the proprietair, imagine I am doing this for his amusement? I want to get on one of those idiotic 'buses, if I can."

"You vont to get on 'z 'bus?" asked the water, in astonishment. "Zen who you not go to the stothec—le station?" and he pointed down the Boulevard des Italiens, to where a 'bus was standing and people crowding on board.

"Then 'buses only stop at stations, like railway trains?"

"Certainnang, mossau. Ze 'bus system de Parce ez ze best in ze world."

Agriculture for Girls.

France has an agricultural school for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have begun with a capital of one franc, by a sister of charity and two little discharged prisoner girls, and to be now worth \$100,000. This establishment has 800 girls from eight to eighteen years of age. The farm entirely cultivated by them, is over 400 acres in extent. The staff of teachers consists of twenty-five sisters. More than one medal of the French Agricultural Society has been awarded to this establishment at Darneval, and the pupils are in great demand all over Normandy on account of their skill. They go out as stewards, gardeners, farm managers, dairymen and laundresses. Each girl has, on leaving, a small sum of money, earned in spare hours. If they want a home they can always return to Darneval.

"Where do they get those skeletons?" said a reporter to a medical gentleman, in Chicago, the other day, as the two stood looking at a number of ghastly female frames hung up in the window of a surgical instrument store.

"Get them!" said the doctor. "Don't you know?"

The writer admitted that he didn't know.

"Well," remarked the doctor, "I will tell you. They come from the medical colleges. Each student, as you are probably aware, purchases from those who disinter stiffs a 'subject,' and, with the demonstrator of anatomy as his instructor, he hacks it to pieces, examining the several parts and getting therefrom all the information he can. The flesh is boiled down, and the bones separated from it and cleaned, after which they are mounted (strung on wire), as you see these, and preserved. Students, as a rule, do not take with them to their homes complete skeletons, contenting themselves usually with a skull or a head."

"That would leave the frame imperfect," the reporter ventured to suggest.

"Yes, but the loss of a member is nothing, as it can be easily supplied, there being cases of loads of odd bones always on hand. Now, I have no doubt, if you will step in and ask the proprietors they will tell you just what I have told you, and will agree to supply any particular bone of the human body asked for. Some of the skeletons in this window may be put together from the bones of half a dozen people; but, skeletons can be had perfect in themselves."

"Students," remarked the reporter, "I am informed, are a graceless set as a rule, and are disposed to be jocular and unorthodox over a cadaver, or stiff, as they term a dead body, especially if it is that of a woman. Is there any truth in such statements?"

"I am sorry to say that there is. The jokes, as the boys call their twaddle, are always of a ribald character, but brandy, let me tell you, has a good deal to do with the talk of medical scholars over a body. The fire water is taken to free them from nervousness, and it is astonishing what a quantity of it it takes to braze a young man up in the presence of the dead. When I was a professor in a Cleveland college I knew a student to drink three pints of whiskey during one dissection, and he did not get very drunk, either."

"Are these we see, think you, the skeletons of respectable people?" queried the reporter.

"Oh, no! Respectable people lie in their graves unharmed. There are plenty of others—the bodies of the outcasts of the world. Scarcely one of them lies in the grave twenty-four hours after it is covered. They generally die in the hospital or almshouse, are pitched into a pine box, and thrown into a hole but a few feet deep. The body-snatchers are a live set of men, always on the lookout, and resurrect the corpse the first night. Nobody cares for these unfortunates, hence there is no trouble, or, indeed, any inquiry."

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During the Roman war upon Alexandria, a supply of water for the troops was difficult to obtain. The General of the Egyptian troops was Ganymed, who made great exertions to deprive the Roman troops of their water supply by the introduction of salt water into the canals supplying the cisterns of the quarter of the town held by them. When the brackishness of the water became unendurable, there were plenty of others—the bodies of the outcasts of the world. Scarcely one of them lies in the grave twenty-four hours after it is covered. They generally die in the hospital or almshouse, are pitched into a pine box, and thrown into a hole but a few feet deep. The body-snatchers are a live set of men, always on the lookout, and resurrect the corpse the first night. Nobody cares for these unfortunates, hence there is no trouble, or, indeed, any inquiry.

The Paris 'Bus.

"The 'bus system of Paris is the best in the world." So says the guide-book; and I stood on the sidewalk and hailed a 'bus that had "Bastille" on it. They didn't pay the slightest attention to me. I hailed the next and the next with the same result, and I began to get offended. I shouted at the next, and waved my umbrella, but both guard and driver looked at me with a sort of mild curiosity, and passed on; but a white aproned water approacher from the cafe in front of which I stood, and said, Parley voo Fratsay, mossau?"

"No."

"You speak of English, den?"

"Yes."

"Well, my master, le proprietair, would be much obliged if you do not repeat your wawe le parapluie—le—le—umbrella—but to move 'way."

"Then does your master, the proprietair, imagine I am doing this for his amusement? I want to get on one of those idiotic 'buses, if I can."

"You vont to get on 'z 'bus?" asked the water, in astonishment. "Zen who you not go to the stothec—le station?" and he pointed down the Boulevard des Italiens, to where a 'bus was standing and people crowding on board.

"Then 'buses only stop at stations, like railway trains?"

"Certainnang, mossau. Ze 'bus system de Parce ez ze best in ze world."

Agriculture for Girls