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NO. 2.

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Our minds are as different as our faces; we are all traveling to our destination—happiness. But few go the same road.
How common to see wealthy people who have to resort to arrogance of manner to prevent their innate vulgarity from being detected.

WORSHIP IN THE WOODS.

How rich the embroidered carpet spread,
On either side the common way;
Azure and purple, gold and red,
Russet and white, and green and gray,
With shades between,
Woven with light in looms unseen.
The dandelion's disk of gold,
With rustle decks the meadow green,
And multiplied a million fold,
The daisy lights the verdant scene:
The blue mint's pinnacles
Invite the bees to their perfumes.
A wrinkled ribbon seems the road,
Unspooled from silent hills afar;
Rest, like an angel, lifts the load,
And in my path lets down the bar,
And here it brings
A lease of life on healing wings.
The summer leisure of the cloud
That wanders with its trumpeter,
The wind, its mine; no wrangling crowd
Annays the humble worshiper
In the white tent
Beneath a listening firmament.
Up-floating on the ambient air,
Sweet songs of sacred music rise,
And now a voice distinct in prayer,
Like the lark's hymn, reaches the skies,
And the "Amen"
Is echoed from the hills and glen.
The wood a vast cathedral seems,
Its dome the overarching sky;
The light through trembling branches streams
From open windows lifted high;
Under the firs
Soft shadows shield the worshippers.

HIS RACHEL.

"Going away! Ah, thank Heaven, going away!"
It was a joyous cry of ineffable gladness and relief, and Cleo Lynn, talking half to her bounding heart, and half to the damp painting before her, to which she had just given the finishing touch, clasped her tired brown hands at the back of her head, her eyes seeking the pale white-flecked strip of sky above—eyes misty with unshed tears.
It was a curious place for a studio—the tumble-down disused barn-loft back of Mrs. Black's ugly farmhouse, supposed to be haunted only by mice and spiders, while, instead, "the girl" spent every stolen moment there at her easel, reveling in her own creations, so precious because so dearly won, and so entirely her own, starting at every sound, communing with her heart and the little mice that came out of their holes to watch her curiously.
She dressed badly, shabbily; none knew it better than she, who hated and loathed the ragged untidy calicoes, and coarse shoes; but on this particular morning she laughed at herself and her dress triumphantly, until the pretty straggling curls all about her wide white brow bobbed comically.
"No more hard drudgery."
"No more harsh words and bitter hurtings of poverty and dependence against my teeth, under which my spirit chafes."
"Better to beg in the streets of the great city I read of, than longer endure this life—than eat of the bread so grudgingly given."
"Going away! Oh, thank Heaven, going away!"
"Cleo, what are you saying?"
The girl sprang to her feet as if to shield her picture from unkind curious gaze, standing as a looness at bay, her eyes flashing angrily upon the speaker through their tears.
Swinging himself up through the small opening into the loft, William Black advanced toward the girl, a startled look on his face, that, though clear cut, even patrician in features, under the large slouch hat, portrayed no emotion—was cold, stern, and indifferent usually.
He was Mrs. Black's brother—a man who roamed about always, but was seen very rarely at his own house.
"You are going away, Cleo, little Cleo?"
"Why, I shall miss you when I come home."
He looked at the girl wistfully, lifting his hat from the long thick hair on his brow, white and strangely in contrast with his bronzed cheeks.
All the pent-up bitterness of the miserable life passed beneath his roof broke forth madly.
"Yes, William Black, going away from a life of heartache and misery."
"Oh, no, you never thought, you never cared all these years for the child left you by dying parents."
"I have been tempted to curse my own dead father for consigning me to your care."
"Why do they not hang, shoot, the orphans when parents die?"
"It would be a mercy."
"God in His mercy grant when I leave you here, that I may never look on the face of a Black again!"
With one hand on her heart as if she would still its mad suffocating throbs, she stood in an attitude of pale scorn and defiance.
William Black had recoiled as if shaken by a mighty wind before this passionate anathema, and now stood watching her in silent wonder and pained amazement.
"Why, Cleo, little Cleo, I never thought but you were happy."
"I—"
"Stop!"
"Make me no excuses; you come with them too late."
"All I ask of you is to leave me—to keep out of my sight, to which a Black is hateful."
"I hear your sister calling me to carry the farm hands' dinner—for the last time, thank Heaven!"
"To-morrow I go for ever!"
"Stop!"
Stepping hastily forward to bar her egress, William Black laid his hand heavily on her shoulder, and the passion that leapt up into the chill face startled the girl into obedience.
"You shall not go, for, Cleo, little one—I love you better than my hope of Heaven!"
"I did not dream of it until now—until I was about to lose you."
"Wait; I am not poor, and I will take you away now, to-morrow, to the great cities you long for."
"Forgive my neglect all these years—be merciful, little Cleo."
He had thrown his arm around her

and drawn her close to his side, looking down with hungry eyes into the pale face; but, wrenching herself free, Cleo replied mockingly—
"What! marry you, Will Black?"
"I am not a dog to lick the hand that has struck me."
"Marry you, and continue to be a slave—a pensioner on your bounty?"
"Never!"
Defiance rang through the girlish voice, and without a word or sign William Black, pale as death, turned away and descended to the stables, and in a few moments the rocky road around the cliff resounded with the pounding of his horse's hoof-beats.
Cleo Lynn knelt before her picture offering up a fervent prayer to Heaven to sanctify it, then stood a minute bidding the dear old loft, where she had spent the few happy moments of her life, good-bye, and ran across the back garden bareheaded, an unwonted brilliancy in her eyes, a flush on her piquant elfish face, into the great, clear odorous kitchen where Mrs. Black awaited her, angrily, impatiently.
"Take these palis and be off with you, you lazy, careless—"
"Madam!"
It was not the tone nor the word that made Mrs. Black jump with a slight shriek, but the flash in the eyes that was almost murderous, and so out through the glaring scorching noon sunshine Cleo Lynn went—for the last time.

"I am so tired of this struggle for fame and a crust of bread."
"I thought long ere this to wear a crown of laurel, but, instead, it is one of thorns and cypress."
It was a poor room.
Every one has seen such rooms in squalid houses, without warmth, cheer, comfort, though it be bitter weather. A woman's form with arms outstretched, the gesture of despair, the same figure last seen flitting across the hot dry fields back of Mrs. Black's farmhouse, though thinner, more poorly clad.
Lifting her face at length against the grey streak of twilight at her own window, the once round cheeks were thin, the hair disheveled, and the eyes strained and unnatural in expression.
"Destitute, friendless, almost blind."
Slipping her hand into her dress she drew out a vial of darkish fluid, holding it up between the light and dim, dim, vision.
There came a sound of steps up the rickety stair, then a rap, firm, quick, at her door.
"Come!"
The door swung wide, and a man, tall, muffled in a great coat, entered, and half crossed the bare floor.
Rising, the girl leaned her clasped hands on her chair waiting.
"Miss Lee?"
She bowed her head, the white hands suddenly clutching the chair-back, icy cold.
"I saw one of your paintings at the Academy and wish to purchase it, the one called the 'Cow Boy.'"
"What are your terms?"
The girl's voice as she made answer was so hoarse and unnatural that she scarcely knew it herself.
"What you are willing to give," leaning forward a little in the dim light, with numb chill fingers interlaced, while the tall haughty figure seemed dancing wildly, undignifiedly.
"Three hundred dollars for the 'Cow Boy,' or say six hundred dollars for the two—'My Studio,' as a surprise for my wife."
"The room, the bed, the chair, everything swam wildly before her eyes.
"Sir you are liberal," was all she could murmur.
Counting out the roll of notes the man handed them to her.
Then bowing and saying, as he gave her a street number—
"Order them to be sent around to my house, if he withdraw, and, as the door closed behind him, Cleo Lynn fell forward prone on the floor with the bank notes clutched desperately in one hand and a shattered vial of dark fluid in the other one.
"Oh, Will, Will, and I loved you so, yet was too proud, too hateful to confess it even to myself."
"Oh, what madness has goaded me on to my well-earned misery?"
It was a tastily-dressed figure in a grey cloak and hat that stepped out of the rambling old stage in the village of Grayson, passing swiftly toward the dark ugly Black farmhouse.
The hall door was open that led into the cool tidy parlor so well remembered, and entering, the stranger beheld a man's figure bowed before a table, his head in his folded arms, while directly above him hung a pretty rustic painting, her work, under which stood a glass of fresh-cut flowers.
Passing softly up, the girl laid her hand on the bowed head tenderly, timidly, on hair streaked with grey.
"Will!"
The bowed head was lifted eagerly, the black electric eyes seeming to lighten as they rested on the fair face before him.
"Little Cleo!"
"You—back here again?" and he trembled as he spoke.
"I have come back to the old home to see you all once more."
"I have won fame, and shall win wealth, for the money you gave me, in the hour of my deepest despair, lifted me into prosperity."
"I owe it all to you."
"I do not understand, he replied dreamily.
"I only know you are back again when I never thought to see you here now."
Cleo looked wistfully around as if to see expectant faces, as she asked—
"And your sister?"
"She is dead, and I am all alone, Cleo."
"Seven years, Cleo—and—and Rachel has come."
"Where is your—your wife, Will?"
He stared at her even more wonderingly.
"My wife?"
"Have you forgotten—forgotten the past, Cleo, and do you come back to stay?"
Without heeding the pleading hand-

some face, that outstretched arms, Cleo Lynn pointed towards the painting, "You—you bought that from a poor artist—"
He interrupted her, wonderingly.
"My brother, whom you never knew—an older brother—bought it while on a visit to London, and, because it reminded me of you, I begged him to give it to me."
"Throwing back, with a quick passion-like movement, the grey traveling cloak, Cleo Lynn dropped on her knees at William Black's feet."
"I am unworthy."
"It was a bitter, bitter lesson that learned me the value of a love that would have shielded me all these years."
"If you can forgive, if I may come back to the old home, will you take your Rachel, for whom you have served seven years?"
That was the way Cleo Lynn went back to the home nest and sheltering care of the man she had cursed seven years before, and learned in the restful home life of the years as they sped, how infinitely above all fame, all wealth, was the consciousness of satisfied love.

Eastern Carpets.

It is not easy for a European who has never been in the East to realize what an important position the carpet fills there. To an Arab his rug is his most treasured possession. Without one he is a pauper. It is necessary to his devotions, it is often his bed, sometimes his saddle and generally the only decoration of his tent. This has been the case for centuries and over a vast extent of territory. The prices given for ancient times would now be thought extravagant even by the collector who will offer thousands of pounds for a Meissenian a few inches square. A million of money is said to have been paid by a former Gulkwar of Baroda for a cover for the Prophet's tomb, and, though the greater portion of this sum represented the jewels interwoven, still about £30,000 remained as the value of the groundwork. Major Evan Smith mentions that he saw at Kerman a carpet made for the shrine of Mashhad which was to cost at the rate of 27 the square yard. It was 11 yards long by 27 broad, and would take two years to make. Tans means a still larger price when labor becomes more valuable, which it must do even in Eastern countries. Then, too, modern chemistry has done its best to ruin the colors, and dyes are not proof against the temptation of the cheapness of aniline as a substitute for the more expensive but lasting pigments. Mr. Vincent Robinson tells us that Kerans, the red ever discovered, was in the Middle Ages in general use all over Europe. It was known to the Greeks and Romans, the Turks, Cossacks and Armenians. The Venetian red was made from it, and the Spaniards paid tribute to Rome with its grains. The serfs in Germany were bound annually to deliver a certain quantity to the convents. Hellot speaks of it in old Flemish tapestries as having lasted two hundred years without fading. Mr. William Morris has determined to revive this valuable dye, for there is no red known in modern times that can supplant it for lasting qualities. Whether it can be procured at a price which is likely to bring it into general use, remains a question yet to be solved.

Bless His Dear Heart.

In a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, plainly-dressed woman with three little children—one a babe in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she settled down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boot." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others. "Auntie," said the boy to the little babies clinging to her, "I'm going to carry my basket of fruit and that box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing of course?" He spoke eagerly, but she answered: "Don't be foolish, dear, you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor." "No, I'll not need them," he answered decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, auntie, and so good, too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie; I speak mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I meet them." The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said, audibly: "Just like his dear mother." About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and the three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they had never done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket had opened, and the eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said: "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?" "No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes; "but he is doing angels' work, bless his dear heart!" And we, too, said, "Bless his dear heart!"

The Priest and a Heretic.

Father O'Rafferty, an Austin clergyman, met Mike Sullivan the other day, and during the conversation Father O'Rafferty said:
"Mister Sullivan, how is it that you being an Orishman ye do not belong to the howly Catholic Church?"
"Because I lost all confidence in the howly church twenty years ago, sor."
"And how did you come to lose all confidence in the howly church?"
"I'll tell you how it was, Father O'Rafferty. Me yungest brother was married to a hiritic, but in the howly church by a priest. It was a mixed marriage, as it is called. Well, sor, the priests made me brother promise that all the children should be brought up in the Catholic faith."
"And how did that cause ye to lose faith in the infallible church?"
"Bedad, sor, they have been married now, sor, more than twenty years, and nivil a kid have they got yet, sor."
"Mister Sullivan," said the priest solemnly, "it would have been better for yer sowil if yer father, instead of yer brother had married a hiritic."
The priest had him there.

The Reason Why.

"Say, Schneider!" exclaimed Matson and Blifkins as they entered the cheerful little room at the rear of the grocery, with nearly as much noise and haste as is observable when two boys come tearing into the house together and announce in tumultuous tones, "There ain't no school to-morrow, Ma, 'cause its Christmas!" their tousled pates creak full of Santa Claus and new skates.
"Say, Schneider, the Meat Inspector is coming around to look at that cheese of yours out there in the front room that keeps the little children from coming in and teasing you for apples!"
"Dere don't vos any meat in dot cheese vor been to inspectet. Dot was a limburger cheese unt vos all right!"
"I believe you, Schneider!" exclaimed Bill. "A rat couldn't live in that cheese. He's coming, though, I read it in 'The Free Press' that the Health Officer was going to send the Inspector around to smell of the strong cheese, and he'll come right here the first thing, for that cheese of yours has been strong for the last five years. You ought to take it out into the back yard and bury it."
"That wouldn't do," said Blifkins. "The sanitary police would have you in the Recorder's Court within a week. Tell you what to do, Schneider. Scoop out the inside, build a fire in it and send for the Boiler Inspector!"
"By colly, poy! I guess you vos make fool of me, don't it?" said Schneider indignantly, as he dropped in the lemon peel and reached for the nutmeg grater.
"Yes, Schneider," said Bill, sententiously, as he took a sip and then set the steaming decoction upon the end of the bar to cool, "but everybody is being fooled by somebody all the time. The police fool you into the belief that you must close this whisky shop of yours at 10 o'clock, while the big saloons down town that sell more liquor in a day than you do in a week, haven't turned the key in their front door, Sundays nor no time, for a year. The lawyers fool the jury, and the jury fools the judge. The pupil fools the teacher, and the teacher fools the pupil."
"The people are fooled in a hundred different ways; that fast and reckless driving will soon be abolished, and the streets become safe for pedestrians; that one-half the public offices are necessary for the good government of the city, or that half of them are worthily filled; that they can buy cheaper at the public market than they can within a block of their homes; Bays agents and quack doctors fool the street peddlers and street beggars take them in. Everybody is fooled, except the Common Council."
"Does nobody fool that body?" inquired Blifkins doubtfully.
"It's unnecessary. Come around this evening, Bill, and I'll tell you the reason why."

An Insect Carpet-Bagger.

An experimenter in Southern agriculture told me the following historie of Northern bees in the South. He took a colony of the little gratuitous honey-makers down to Florida. The first year they revealed, thrived and stored honey nearly all the unvaried summer time. But the second year a few of the more reflective bees evidently turned the thing over in their minds thus: "this country has no winter to provide against; what is the use of laying up honey where the flowers blossom all the year round?" These bees exerted enough influence among their friends to keep a good many bees from laying by any sweet merchandise the second year of their exile. But the prudential instinct, so strong in the little insect, prevailed with the majority. They evidently said to themselves: "Perhaps this had been an exceptional year. Next season may bring cold and snow and death of flowers." So there was quite a stock of honey laid by on the second year in spite of a few strikers. But by the third year the conviction had evidently thoroughly penetrated the bee mind that it was foolish to lay up in a land of eternal blossom. They made just enough to last from day to day, abandoning themselves to living from hand to mouth as recklessly as does any tropic-born butterfly.

Duelling in the German Army.

For an officer of the army to refuse to fight a duel is still regarded by the German military authorities as a grievous offense. A little while since an officer in the battalion of Landwehr in Cologne offended two of his comrades by some remarks on their conduct. Though these officers could not justify themselves, they were nevertheless aggrieved, and challenged the offender. This gentleman refused to accept the challenge, alleging conscientious scruples. The matter was referred to a court of honor, and the court decided that the officer challenged must fight. Thereupon he called upon his Colonel and informed him of his desire to resign his commission, as he was suffering from a neutral affection of the heart. In reply the Colonel suggested that he had probably refused to accept the challenge because he was in ill-health, and nervous, and mentally debilitated through sickness. The officer, however, not only declined to adopt this suggestion, but again declared that under no circumstances whatsoever would he engage in a duel. Thereupon the matter was again referred to the court of honor, with the result that the poor man, instead of being allowed to resign his commission, was dismissed from the service.

Be silent, and safe; silence never betrays you.

Don't start the day's work without a good breakfast.
Don't sleep in a room without ventilation of some kind.
After the battle of arms comes the battle of history.
Don't stuff a cold lest you be next obliged to starve a fever.

Christmas in Mexico.

The Mexicans surpass all other people in the number and duration of their festivals. Between their religious and political holidays there are scarcely left three days out of the seven for business. Any pretext is seized upon to secure a holiday. It will afford a practical man much diversion to take a Mexican almanac or calendar, wherein all the feast and fast days are marked with a circular red globe, on which the day of the month is printed. As all business is suspended, stores closed, etc., on both religious and political festival days and a Mexican won't work on a holiday, a live Yankee will at once proclaim a reversion of the old proverb: "All work and no fun makes Jack a dull boy," and red "All fun and no work" makes Paucolo a poor man.

A Country Christmas Tree.

There were nearly three hundred ornaments on our tree any of the presents went on, said a correspondent. They were nearly all home-made. We cut out of rather stiff Bristol-board some five-pointed stars, little Maltese crosses, butterflies, shields, arrows and horseshoes. Several of each kind were made a large bowl of boiled paste prepared, and each was covered on both sides with colored paper, mostly silver and gilt, and some with red and blue. We found a piece of broken looking glass in the attic and had it cut up into many little pieces, bound each one with lute-strung ribbon pasted on, and when dry furnished each with strings by which to hang them up. They reflect all the lights and make the effect very brilliant.
Cornucopias were able to make very easily, for we had a carpenter prepare us a slender wooden cone, just the shape of one, and it is very pleasant work to place them together over this model, put a pretty embossed picture on each and then slip off to dry. The prettiest of all trinkets we made as follows: Taking a quantity of English walnuts we split them (one at a time) into halves, filled one-half with little "caraway comfits," glued on the other half, first slipping in a little loop of ribbon at the top, and laid each one aside till dry. Then each was glued with liquid gilding. We used the "Bessemers gold paint," and there are many other preparations equally good. These little "rattle-boxes" are lovely, and everybody will want one. A lot of tiny rosy-cheeked apples were polished up and furnished with strings.
But the prettiest of all were the "crystalized ornaments." First I made some small baskets of annealed wire and wound them very profusely with bright-colored zephyr. The rose-colored and the light green proved to be the prettiest, also one that I wound in shaded green, with little dots of red, but the light blue and lemon-colored were not to be despised. Then I procured five pounds of alum and a large stone crock and made a hot solution of alum and put in the crock, laid a stick across the top and suspended my baskets, one at a time, in the hot alum water, leaving them about twelve hours undisturbed. Sometimes I had better success than others, but generally they looked like the most luscious French candy when taken out, as the color of the zephyr showed through the frosting. Then I hung the basket up to dry, reheated the solution, sometimes making it stronger, and started again. I also crystalized grasses and branches with lovely effect.

Golden Gate Nabobs.

The biggest fortunes on the Pacific coast are those of the Central Pacific Railroad magnates, and the richest of them all is the richest of the group. His wealth is estimated at \$75,000,000; that is, his yearly income is equal to the interest on such a capital, and his property is constantly increasing in value. He owns more than \$5,000,000 alone in San Francisco in real estate, to say nothing of his farms, vineyards, breeding ranches, etc. The ex-Governor has but one child, Leland, Jr., a lad of about fifteen. The richest widow on the Pacific coast, or in the country for that matter, with the possible exception of Mrs. Cornelia Stewart, is Mrs. Mark Hopkins, widow of one of the Central Pacific syndicate. Her husband's estate proved up to \$23,000,000, and the only two men in California who could justify on the widow's bond as executrix were Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, two of her husband's business associates. They were compelled to justify in twice the amount of the estate and each swore that he was worth \$3,000,000. Mrs. Hopkins is an elderly woman, she had no children, but had adopted a son, whom Mrs. Hopkins has just married to a Miss Crittenden, a protegee of hers, providing her with the dot of a princess. There are other heirs to the estate, but the adopted son, Tim, will get the bulk of it.
The richest young and unmarried woman on the Pacific coast is Miss Jennie Flood, only daughter of the bonanza king. The richest prospective heiress in California is Miss Hattie Crocker, the only daughter of Charles Crocker, another of the railroad syndicate. She, also, is a charming girl, and, like Miss Flood, is rather plain in appearance. She is noted for her charities and domestic virtues. The whole value of Uncle Billy O'Brien's estate was a little over \$9,000,000. After the legacies were paid the residue was turned over to Mr. O'Brien's two sisters, Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Joseph McDonough. The two ladies inherited \$5,500,000 each.

the pit and on entering announce your desire for a contest. Some fellow who like yourself has become possessed of a game chicken, will wager you his rooster is the better chicken. The master of the pit will inquire if you desire "slashers"—gaffs—and if they are accepted he will proceed to attach them to the natural spurs of the rooster, and charge you a small tax for their use and the service. You can now handle your own bird in the contest or allow the attacks of the pit to do so. This custom of allowing outsiders to bring and fight their own birds makes the sport much more interesting. The admissions to all public entertainments of Christmas are donated to charitable purposes, a custom which our people might emulate to advantage. One continual round of gaiety is kept up for two weeks. The theatre is kept open, operas performed, etc., "Faust" being the favorite for this season. Every device known for pleasure is brought into requisition. Nothing seems to be thought of except how to have a good time yourself and make others do the same. If you want to witness a saturnalia of pleasure be in Mexico on the occasion of the festival of Nacimiento.