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Practical suggestion: When a man is excited he is very apt to talk without thinking. An Austin landlord called on his tenant the tenth time for the rent. "I haven't got any money," was the response. "Well, if you haven't got money enough to pay rent you ought to build yourself a house."

A SHADOW GOAT.
Under my keel another boat
Sails as I sail, floats as I float;
Silent and dim and mystic still,
It steals through that world neither-world,
Mocking my power, though at my will
The form before its glow is curled,
Or came it in, with canvas furled,
Would draw me downward through the brine!

Vainly I peer and vain would see
What phantom in that boat may be;
Yet half I dread, lest I with ruth
Some ghost of my dead past divine,
Some gracious shape of my lost youth,
Whose deathless eyes once fixed on mine
Would draw me downward through the brine!

IN A MOMENT.
Standing by the window, with a thoughtful look in her dark blue eyes, and a wistfulness about her little red mouth, Isabel Jeffrey was indulging in one of the retrospective memories she did not very often give way to.

But to-morrow was New Year's Day, and in the old times that seemed so far back, it had been the gayest happiest day of all the year for her, when the elegant parlors in her father's mansion on Madison Avenue had been decorated with flowers, and the windows darkened, and the gas had been lighted in pink and silver globes, and every luxury and delicacy been served on the New Year's table by the waiters in the Jeffrey livery.

And Isabel quailed it over all— young, fair, rich, happy, hopeful. Five years passed, and now she was a woman of twenty-three, whose best dress was a cashmere, whose home was in three rooms, whose father had been dead ever since the terrible break-up in his financial affairs, and whose friends, whose name had been legion, were scattered she never knew where.

It had been pretty much the same old story. Isabel had had to face the world, and she had done it bravely. She had been fortunate enough to obtain a position in a store, and on her hardly-earned salary of six dollars a week, she managed to make a fairly comfortable home for herself, her delicate little lady-mother, and her ten years-old sister.

Of course it was hard—awfully hard—to stand it; but people have to endure just such things, and the more brave and cheerful and philosophic they can be, the easier it is for them; although beyond the philosophy that Isabel Jeffrey brought to her, she had no other than her sweet patient trusting that helped her so much, that kept her very gentle and uncomplaining all these dark days, when, more keenly than loss of property, or home, or friends, was the ever constant memory of Jack Mervin's handsome face, and bold blue eyes, and charming voice, and caressing manner.

They had never been, lovers, that is, engaged lovers, nor had Jack ever said much of anything special to her. All the same though Isabel had been very sure of him.

So sure that she was perfectly content to wait just as long as fate ordained. And then, just at the time when he should have been staunch and true, if his love were worth anything, so Isabel reasoned, just as bitterly, he had gone with the crowd that had deserted the Jeffreys in their reverses.

And in five years Isabel had never seen him or heard his name spoken. Poor little soul!

The big tears would start to her lovely wistful eyes as she stood there between lights that New Year's Eve, that might have been so different. For perhaps half an hour she stood there looking down into the brilliantly lighted street below, with its throngs of people hurrying through the stinging cold, the solemn moonlight shining high, and pure and holy above all.

"If only Jack had not gone with the rest!" "Oh, if only he had stayed and loved me!" That was the burden of her thought, just as heavy that night, five years from the time since she had seen his handsome smiling eyes, as at the first.

Unwomanly! Well, I think not—certainly not. She had cared for him from the very first and she would care for him to the very latest throbb of her loyal heart, choosing—nay, perforce, having to suffer her loss of him, rather than enjoy another man's love.

Directly, with a little sigh, she dashed the big slow dropping tears off her lashes, and obeyed Bessie's cheerful summons to supper, and went slowly out to the neat frugal little meal of buttered toast and cold thin-sliced ham and mustard.

And delicious steaming tea and a wee taste of canned pineapples. Then she returned to the store, where, after hours, Dell Amber took her confidentially aside and imparted a delicious bit of information and an invitation. "Grandma Amber, up in Jersey you know, Isabel, has sent me the loveliest invitation, to spend New Year's Day with her at the farm, and she wants me to bring somebody with me. "You'll enjoy it ever so much if you like sleigh-riding and want turkey, and mincepies, and cider, and walnuts and a roaring big fire in the open fireplace, and everything old-fashioned and country-ryed. You will go with me, won't you?" An unusual little thrill of delight crept over Isabel. "Oh, what a blessed, blessed rest a day

in the country would be, where, if anywhere in all the wide world, she could banish the memories that every New Year's Day persistently brought!" "I really believe I will accept your charming invitation, Dell.

"Yes, I will go, and thank you a thousand times, only I never can repay you." Dell gave her hand a loving little squeeze. "You are a darling!" "Grandpa is to meet the seven-thirty train with the big sleigh, and we'll have a five mile ride to begin with.

"Oh, we'll enjoy ourselves immensely, Isabel!" "And don't you ever say another word about paying anybody back. "It's an honor you pay me, Isabel." New Year's Day, clear and sparkling, and frosty and exhilarant, and the Amber farmhouse, warm, and sunshiny, and low-ceiled, and odorless with the plentiful preparation progressing for the marvellous dinner.

And grandma Amber, portly, happy, merry as a girl, a big apron tied around her comfortable waist and her spectacles on the top of her thick grey hair, the very ideal of the hostess; while grandpa Amber hale, hearty, and jolly, was like a grown up boy, all that lovely day, when Dell and Isabel thoroughly enjoyed every single moment.

As Isabel had thought, there was almost absolute sturceuse from stinging memory, amid the delightful novelties all around her, and only at rare intervals did she find herself allowing thoughts of the one above all others to creep in. "It has been a grand, good day, so far," Dell declared with a happy sigh, at three o'clock of the bright, cold afternoon; "the best is to come yet.

"What do you think, Mademoiselle Isabel?" "The big folks over at the big house—otherwise the St. Clements, of the Hollies—have invited you and me over to dinner, and to assist the young ladies in receiving. "Imagine us. "Two of Macy's sales-ladies receiving New Year calls. "I don't know what to do.

"Do you?" "A cruel little pang smote Isabel, but she repressed all sign of it. "We can be as agreeable as we know how, and I imagine—this is the secret of all true entertainment. "But our dresses, Dell. "Do you really want to go?" "Do I really want to go?" "Well, I should say so.

"It's just too lovely for anything. "Mr. St. Clements driving over to ask us, with Miss St. Clements and Miss Mabel's compliments." "But dear—our dresses—" began Isabel, looking deprecatingly at her well-worn black cashmere. "They won't expect us to be dressed stylishly or expensively. "A bit of bright ribbon and lace—the ribbon off our hats, Isabel, and I know where grandma has some lace."

But Isabel was hard to be persuaded. "I would so much rather stay here and talk to grandma, while you go to the Hollies, Dell. "Let grandpa drive you over, dear. I won't mind your going in the least." But Dell was obstinate. Unless Isabel went she would not go, and when Isabel saw the disappointment Dell would not express, she relented, with a desperate little curb on her own inclination and consented; nor did she permit Dell to gain the slightest idea of the cruel stab it was to her to go to the splendid house, where everything reminded her so painfully of the very thing she had come away out here to escape.

Mrs. St. Clements was the very impersonation of refined womanliness and erect graciousness, and she instantly recognized the nobility of Isabel Jeffrey as she saw her pure sweet face—her grave, yet interested attention; her quiet reserve and ease of manner, while the young ladies were friendly and social, as only the real aristocrat can be. "Our friends are nearly all to come from the city," Mabel explained, when they were all seated in the parlor. "A few of them have been and gone, but the majority of those we expect are yet to come.

"And the first arrival, grandma," she added, with a little laugh, as a sleigh load of gentlemen dashed up to the door. "And the very first one to enter the room was Jack Mervin—handsome elegant as ever, and the first person he saw was Isabel Jeffrey. For one little awful second she thought she should faint or die, because of that sensation that overpowered her. He saw she inclined her head coldly as a duchess might have done. "Mr. Mervin."

But her repelling tone, proud as icy, did not freeze him. Utterly ignoring Mrs. St. Clements, who really was busy with the other gentlemen and Miss St. Clements, he went straight up to her. "Isabel, where have you been?" "If you had wanted very much to know, you might have learned where."

Her eyes met his—haughty, steady—his momentarily darkening with emotion. "I swear to you I could not find you. "I thank Heaven I have found you. "Isabel," and he dropped his head

forward, and his voice lowered to a quick passionate whisper, "will you be my wife?" "Quick! before I lose you again, my darling." And all the warm color left her face for one brief instant, as she looked in his eyes—the man she loved.

"Yes," she said. And with a triumph almost beyond imagination, he linked her arm in his, and turned towards them. It had all happened in a moment. "Friends, this is my betrothed bride—Miss Isabel Jeffrey. "Will you not wish us a Happy New Year."

And then explanations were briefly made. "It has been a day of days," Isabel said, between smiles and tears, as she told it all to her mother in their little quiet home, that blessed New Year's night.

"We are to be married at once, mamma, because Jack insists on it—next week, mamma. "And once more you will have your carriage to ride in, and your laces and diamonds to wear. "But if he had been a beggar, shoveling off the snow for his dinner, and had asked me to be his wife, I should have said Yes all the same.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, I am so happy." **Larruping an Ardent Lover.** "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to men." With this angelic anthem began a sentimental letter received by a young lady in Quincy, Mass. It was written by a young man, a stranger to her, who has for some time past been demonstrating his affection for her by sending her love-letters by messengers and by mail.

He began at first by standing on the opposite side of the street, gesticulating and bowing in a manner that would have done credit to Don Quixote himself. Later his infatuation grew to almost a mania, and notwithstanding the girl and her mother discouraged his attentions, he began sending, almost daily, love epistles written in the most gushing style of affectionate sentimentality, declaring that his love for her remained. All the letters have been shown to the girl's mother. Her wrath has for some time been steadily increasing, and this morning it passed all bounds, and in a fit of passion she rushed over to the court room and besought the court to interfere in the matter. On being told that the man was not legally responsible, not having done anything criminal, she started out pale with anger. On the sidewalk in front of the building stood the object of her ire. She rushed upon him and struck him in the face with her clenched fist. Getting out of her clutches, he stepped back a few paces, and taking off his hat, gave her a most insinuating bow. This had the effect of making her still more angry, and, seizing a large stick which lay in the street, she swooped down upon the unfortunate lover and vigorously belabored him about the head and shoulders. He took the thrashings as a martyr, who was being sacrificed for his devotions. He looks upon the matter very lightly, and seems to believe that he has got the best of the affair, and his enthusiasm, fanaticism, or whatever it may be called, is by no means ended. The mother is becoming desperate, and unless the law interposes, the affair is likely to result seriously.

Contentment And Sorrow. A resident of Park street, Detroit, had a photographer come up the other day for the purpose of taking a view of his residence, and the man of the camera had just got in position when along came an old coon, with a buck-saw on his arm and wanted to know what was up. "Going to photograph the house," was the reply. "Then I guess I'll pose," remarked the old man. "I'll take a position at the left of the gate and represent the statue of industry."

The members of the family came out and arranged themselves, and the man called out: "Here, old man, you want to get out of that!" "Can't I represent industry?" "No, sir!" "Can't I stand over there and represent Laziness?" "No, sir! We don't want you in the group at all."

"Lemme represent the Sleeping Beauty." "You go away!" He drew off to one side, the passing teams halted to give the artist a chance, and directly the plate was made. Everybody rushed forward when it was ready for inspection, and the old man was one of the first. As the plate was held up he giggled and tickled, and finally burst into a loud laugh. He had dodged around the corner of the house and his full figure was revealed behind the family.

"Well do you represent in that attitude?" sternly inquired the photographer. "What, I reckon that's a pretty good pose for Contentment." "Very well. I will now represent Dissatisfaction."

And the artist took the festive old chap by the ear and walked him out of the crowd and put in a couple of kicks which changed the pose of Contentment to that of Sorrow.

Gambetta's Tragic Fate. A despatch says of Gambetta: The corpse reposes on a bed. The eyes, which are wide open, preserve their customary expression, while the mouth seems mobile. The hair is thrown back from the forehead. There is no distortion in the features. Death has not disfigured his countenance. Perhaps, had he been like ordinary mortals, he might have recovered, but high living and excesses of all sorts had brought on diabetes, which was complicated with other disorders. The patient being asthmatic, the use of anaesthetics was proscribed. Without anaesthetics it was feared he would die during an operation. Besides, in the condition of his blood, gangrene was the inevitable consequence of an incision. He would as surely have died from the result of an operation as he did die of the disease, wherefore it was judged unwise to attempt what could only have increased his sufferings. This was the decision of his medical attendants.

Another complication, not generally known, was that of varicose veins on the left leg, the existence of which explains certain attitudes often severely commented upon as ungraceful. He was physically incapacitated from sitting straight in a chair. It is impossible to affirm until the autopsy, which takes place to-day, that, as asserted by some persons, he had received a bullet in the abdomen. Still, without doubt the wound in the arm was the primary cause of death, and necessitated immobility, depriving him of the exercise prescribed as indispensable to one of his constitution and temperament and continually threatened by cerebral congestion.

It is whispered also that he disobeyed the medical order of a strict diet of milk and eggs. Throughout his illness his friends have sought to conceal the gravity of the situation, and above all the agency of a woman in the tragedy. Nevertheless, no doubt is permissible that the shot which directly or indirectly caused his death was fired by a lady who is well known in Paris, and whose pseudonym, Leonie Leon, conceals the patronymic of one of the most honorable French families of Bordeaux. She left her husband, the minister-general of the Grande Depot, to manage the fortunes of him by whose eloquence in the Baudin subscription and trial she was completely fascinated, and uniting with him in 1868, she deserted her family. He was impatient of the chain he could not break, especially as a child was born the succeeding year, whose paternity she refused to acknowledge. These refusals caused scenes of recrimination and often of severe violence between the lovers. The man wanted of the connection, and the woman clung devotedly to him for whom she had sacrificed her honor. Gambetta disliked the child, who was sickly, but intelligent, and lived as his nephew. He resembled Gambetta in character and features. Two years ago Leonie's husband died, and she summoned Gambetta to fulfil his promise of marriage, but received the answer, "I am already married," and however, to provide for young Leon on the condition that he should be educated in Germany. The mother desisted, but finally consented and accompanied the child and his father to Dresden. This was the journey so much commented upon last year by the European press, which ascribed political motives to the presence of Leon Massabie et la dame at the German hotels. The connection was continued after their return, Leonie going every Saturday evening to his villa, where she was accepted as mistress by the servants, and returning Monday morning in his carriage. Their quarrels also continued. Within a week three discharged domestics revealed the mysteries of the ill-starred establishment. Finally the discussions culminated in the scene of the unhappy pistol-shot. Gambetta lost his temper, giving vent to abuse and coarse language, such as he was wont to employ in moments of passion. She was exasperated, seized a revolver, and fired. He raised his hand to turn aside the weapon, and received his death wound. Every thing else is conjecture.

How to Get Thin. A pamphlet was published in England in 1863, entitled "Letter on Corpulence, Addressed to the Public by William Banting." In this was narrated the experience of the writer, who suffered much from excessive corpulence, in reducing his weight forty-six pounds in a few weeks. The system was suggested to him by a Mr. Harvey, an artist. It consisted in avoiding all sweet, starchy and greasy food, and the very moderate use of liquids, substituting meat, fish and fruit in moderate quantities at each meal, together with the use of an alkaline draught. This method of diet was effective in this person without any serious injury to his health; and it was practiced by many persons with a like result. But in some cases the rapid reduction in weight was found to be injurious to health, and the method could not be adopted with safety in all cases. In such an important matter as this, when the habit of body is so seriously and suddenly changed, it would not be safe to act without the advice of a physician. But if the changes were made judiciously it would not probably be hurtful. Severe exercise and the use of nitrogeous aliment, discarding hydro-carbon substances, as starch, sugar and fat, would always operate to reduce the weight. The well-known opera singer, Mlle. Albani, who was very stout, kept her weight reduced by eating lean meat, mutton and beef chiefly, and also by working three hours a day at a force pump fitted to a barrel of water, to which the water was returned by the pump. This kind of work exercises all the muscles and is very effective for the purpose. The following rules for reduction of corpulence are given in a work on dietetics. On rising early take a cold bath and rub the body with hair gloves and exercise for half an hour. Breakfast upon lean meat, oatmeal and tea, with out sugar and milk, but with a little lemon juice in it. Do not use plain meat, free from fat, with beans, spinach, cabbage and sourkraut, but no potatoes, sweets, pastry or butter. Baked apples and lemonade, not sweetened, may be added, and water for drink. For supper, tea with lemon, oatmeal and skim milk cheese. Between meals exercise must be taken until perspiration is produced. The loss of flesh should not be more than half a pound a day, and if the loss is too rapid bread and skimmed milk may be used to a small extent, and a little sugar. A moderate allowance of claret or other acid wine and water at the meal is also advisable in case a feeling of depression is experienced.

Watches And Personal Magnetism. "Sir, you should wear an open-faced watch if you desire to be accurate in your time" said a watch-maker to the stout man; you are too magnetic. "Why, what the deuce has the case got to do with it?" was the interrogative reply. "Everything. Your watch has a hunting-case, necessitating steel springs for opening and shutting. By constant association with your body those springs become magnetized, and they generate their condition to other necessarily steel portions of the watchworks, and thus render their movements imperfect."

"Then, if I were not fat my watch would not lose two minutes, more or less, a day," said the puzzled stout man. "Exactly," returned the watchmaker. "I have worn your watch for over a week and it has neither gained nor lost a dozen seconds; but then I am, from a corporal point of view, your antithesis. I am exceptionally thin and slender."

The stout man mused. "Accordingly," said he, "open-faced tickers for fat men, closed cases for thin, eh?" "Not at all," replied the other. "Thin men have at times more magnetism in their systems than fat men. Everybody is more or less magnetic; you happen to be particularly so; I happen to be quite the reverse; hence my remarks and advice. For the rest, open-faced watches are always more accurate than hunting cases. They are more air-tight for one thing. As for the steel springs in hunting cases, mechanical science has not yet discovered anything else to replace them; the public like double cases, and there the matter remains for the present. There are, however, many ill-conceived notions in watches, and while the demand continues for watches of a certain price it is impossible, from a commercial point of view, to think of improvements. Long-used methods and ingenious engines have been specially provided to fashion and cut out every one of the minute parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Every watch consists of over 200 pieces employing over 200 persons, distributed among forty trades, to say nothing of the tool-makers for the artisans. If the construction of the watch were materially altered, all the trades would have to be re-learned, new tools and new-cutting engines would have to be revised, and the majority of working watchmakers become useless. The consequence would be that the watch would become enormously enhanced in value and its possession a token of wealth. You see, in your complicated state of society even machines in the process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of 'vested interests' which embarrass attempts at improvement."

"You are interesting me," remarked the stout customer, as he placed his watch in his pocket. "You have been many years, I suppose, in the business. Of course, there must have been some improvements in your time?" "Of course. Watches during the past ten years have grown much in thickness. Old-fashioned watches are thin and flat. I have had a watch in my charge as flat as a trade dollar. It is impossible to properly adjust the works for heat, cold and position under such circumstances, I should have to give you a long explanation of the packing of mechanism to explain to you why."

"Well, has the increased thickness raised the value?" "No. On the contrary, watches are now worth 25 per cent less than they were twelve years ago. That fact, you will say, bears against my previous remarks. I am referring to the cheaper grade of watches worn by the majority of people. There are watches which bring \$1,500, and watches which can be purchased for \$18 a dozen. If you are willing to pay for costly work almost anything can be accomplished."

"I made a watch for a physician which fitted into a signet ring not much larger than a pea. It had only second hands. It was perfectly accurate, and was used by the doctor to time the pulse of his patients. That cost \$400. Watches are made from the size of a ten-cent piece to half a dollar, and worn as trinkets by ladies. They are also fixed in bracelets, brooches, tops and pencils, eye-glasses, and even umbrella handles; but they are very luxurious toys."

The stout man paid his bill and went home. **The Khedive's Wife.** The wife of the khedive is a remarkable woman, both by descent and former personal qualities. Her mother was the daughter of a Turkish sultan; her father the son of an Egyptian khedive and a descendant of Mohammed Ali the founder of the present dynasty. Tewfik Paacha, who married her ten years ago, when she was only twenty, has never given her any rival in his affection or in his household. They have four children, two sons and two daughters, who are educated by English governesses in English ways. The princess looks more like a European than our idea of an Egyptian lady.

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies. Life is a comedy to him who thinks; a tragedy to him who feels!

A Bear Chase. A short time ago as Mr. Welschance of Lycopcon County Pa., was going through with the morning work, such feeding the horses, cattle, swine and chickens, his attention was attracted by a shout from his son, who lives near the mountain, inviting him to come and help capture a large bear. Without waiting a moment he dropped his basket of corn, and rushed to the house with a shout of, "Wife, untie my dog while I get my gun; there is a great bear coming!" The wife obeyed, and in a moment man and dog were galloping up the hill, and soon joined Bigler, who shouted, "Pap, put the dog on him!" The faithful dog obeyed, dashing after the bear who made a start across the valley. Soon the dog came so close that old brim determined to give battle which was done by striking and biting him until he resolved to abandon the pursuit, and howling and yelping, he began retracing his steps until he was met by his master who vainly implored him to return. By this time the bear had passed Lantbach's, who were soon i. hot pursuit with dogs, guns, and Mr. Stephen Lantbach was not far behind with his axe. The bear now changed his course and went direct for Oriole, thus changing his route from a line to a triangle, and the Welschance's traveling on the hypothesis soon joined the Lantbachs. The bear was now about in the position of the British army in its retreat from Concord and being saluted in front, rear and flanks with stones, clubs and dogs he was brought to a stop about half a mile south of Oriole. This spot will ever be memorable on account of the desperate struggle which then ensued. The bear planting himself on his haunches prepared to resist all his enemies. The fight now became terrible to behold; the bear and stral bullets succeeded in dispatching several of his canine enemies before he was prostrated upon old mother earth by a ball from Abram Welschance's ever reliable rifle. The bear now breathed his last, and the next order of work was to dissect the prize. The leadership of this part devolved upon Mr. Seth Phillips, who by making use of his natural ability, soon had the hide severed from the flesh. By the use of a pair of scales furnished by John Gebhardt, his weight was found to be 317½ pounds. The gathering was now transformed into a parliamentary body with Rev. White as president. By the skillful management of this gentleman they soon decided by vote to give each of the ex-hunters twenty pounds of the meat (of course the scalp belonged to Abram), dividing the balance equally with the families they represented, which entitled each to about nine pounds of meat.

A Delitium Of Dishes. A fashionable table now looks as if a dozen families had been called upon to help set it, and every color known to science is represented in an abandon of rainbow-hued disorder. A lady of this city who had hired a new girl was expatiating to her on a set of china she had recently bought. "Just think of it, Bridget," she said enthusiastically, "it's in a hundred and fifty pieces!" "Sure, mem, was it the cat?" asked Bridget, sympathetically. But they are not really dishes. The quaint brown basket, with pink lining and a braided handle in mottled china, is a sugar bowl, and that funny little pitcher that looks as if it had the jim-jams is a vinegar cruet. Castors are out of style nowadays and all the available space beside your plate is filled in with stubby bottles, individual pepper and salts; the pepper usually comes out with a rush, but the salt tearfully revolves itself into brine and returns to be dislodged.

It would be a comfort to drink your after-dinner coffee out of a fine white china cup, against the shell-like sides of which the yellow waves of aromatic coffee would ripple softly; but you lift the no x cup by a green lizard handle, and as your lips touch the wings of a variegated butterfly you observe on the opposite side a baked tarantula, while in the bottom of the cup—may your shadow never grow less!—is an Arab's head—hospitality.

The next design thrust upon us will doubtless be a literature in china; for instance, the edge of a breakfast plate might be appropriately inscribed, "The early bird catches the worm," "First the grub and then the butterfly," "For the team jay, 'Little pitchers have long ears.'" There are already Shakespeares, Longfellow pitchers and Whittier bowls. A table set, in Emerson china or Carlyle clay, would be very hospitable.

Cloth had become the usual material or the coat, with black satin breeches. Top-boots and round hats were worn in the morning, with the hair undressed; but silk stockings and buckles, with three-cornered cocked hats, hair powder, and swords, were worn upon occasions of ceremony. But swords were not so generally worn in full dress as they had been ten years previously. Planché observes, in his "History of British Costume," that about the year 1778 gold-laced hats had become fashionable again; because the press gangs were particularly busy in that year for the Royal Navy, and the gold-lace was supposed to impart a military or distinguished air. The Peers still habitually wore their scarlet and ermine robes in the House of Lords. In the Commons it was customary for the members of the Government to appear in full dress, bag-wigs, buckles, and swords. Jesse observes that Charles James Fox and his party, who had been accustomed to dress in the negligé style which had come into vogue, created much amusement when they came into power in 1782, and appeared in the House in all the stiffness of the full dress.

A want of care does more damage than a want of care does more.