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NO. 7.

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MILLHEIM, PA.

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To correct an evil which already exists is not so wise as to foresee and prevent it.
The person who is good for making excuses is seldom good for anything else.
Action may not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without action.

LIKE THE IVY.

True love is like the ivy bold
That clings each day with firmer hold,
That grows on through good and ill,
And 'mid the tempest clings still.
What though the walls on which it climbs
Have lost the grace of former times—
With them the ivy loses its hold,
Forget the sunny days of old?
Nay, rather it will cling
With loving clasp, remembering
That it had hardly lived at all
Without the kindly sheltering wall.
True love is like the ivy green,
That ne'er forgets what hath been,
And so, till life itself be gone,
Until the end it clings on.
What though the tree where it may cling
Shall have its leaves all dead and brown?
What though its branches be dead and bare?
The twining ivy clings there,
And clasps it with a firmer hold,
With stronger love than that of old,
And lends it grace it never had
When time was young and life was glad.

DOROTHY PINK.

Half way up the steep narrow street
of the little village it stood, the tiny
gabled roofed house, whose small lead-
ed windows overlooked with
sentinel-like air the modest shop en-
trance beneath, in whose casement was
displayed the stock of feathers, ribbons,
and velvets, which represented the sole
earthly wealth of Miss Dorothy Pink.
Usually the street door stood open,
and behind the diminutive counter was
seen the pale face of the little milliner
herself; but to-day the wind rattled in
vain at the bolts and bars; the space
behind the counter was empty, and in
the little chamber above, peering in-
tently into the ancient black-framed
looking-glass, whose cracked surface re-
flected back the white dainty curtains,
and the glow of the small wood fire,
stood Miss Dorothy herself, engaged
in fastening a knot of blue ribbon at
the neck of her well-worn but freshly-
ironed black silk gown.
"Who would think to look at me now
that I had once been young," she mur-
mured, surveying ruefully the face that
gazed pathetically back into her own.
"I do not think that after to-day I
shall ever wear a blue ribbon again."
It may do very well for the maidens
with their fresh flower-like faces, but
not for a woman of thirty-five, with
streaks of grey in her brown locks, who
buried her youth long years ago in the
grave of the past.
Something that glittered like a dia-
mond rolled down Miss Dorothy's cheek,
and fell, a spot of moisture on a rusty
fold of her dress.
"What, crying?" exclaimed Miss
Dorothy incredulously, shaking her
head at the countenance in the glass.
"Actually shedding tears because
your eyes cannot always remain bright
and your cheeks rosy? I and when you
are invited to visit cousin Silas beside!
"For shame, Dorothy Pink!
"You deserve to be left to brew your
lone cup of tea by your solitary fire-
side instead of dining on roast turkey
and listening to the voices of your own
kin!"
"Your own kin!"
The words seemed to float back on
the still air, and before their echo died
away the face faded from the ancient
mirror, and in its place Miss Dorothy
saw a low-ceiled room, on whose ample
hearth the great logs burned redly,
shining on the blue delf and pewter
ware that lined the generous side-board,
burnishing the old-fashioned furniture
till it fairly shone in the flame.
A tall grey-bearded man bent over a
white-haired, white-capped matron,
from whose hands the bright knitting
needles had fallen unheeded.
Two handsome dark-eyed lads romped
with a couple of setter dogs, and mid-
way between them stood a young maid-
en with fair locks cut square on the
forehead, and falling in shinnig curls
over her shoulders; a pretty vision from
the smiling open brow to the small
slipped feet that peeped from the
seam folds of her flowered silken gown.
A smile of delight parted Miss Dor-
othy's lips, and she clasped one hand
over her eyes as if to assure herself of
the reality of the vision.
When she looked again the bearded
man, the white-haired matron, the dark-
eyed lads, and the delicate maiden had
disappeared, and she saw only the wist-
ful face that always met hers when she
was wont to gaze at her own reflection.
"Gone! all gone!" she cried; "father,
mother, brothers, and I—only I am
left! What would Dick Weatherbee say
if he could see me now?"
"I, the proud girl who refused to be
even listen to his suit because he was
poor and in no father's employ."
"How well I can remember his honest
rugged face, and the soft light in his
grey eyes—they were handsome eyes,
poor lad!—when he promised to to-
ward and win gold and fame for my
sake, it I would only give him one little
word of encouragement and the pink
rose that I wore at my belt. I smiled
at his words, and threw the flower
wantonly away."
"The next day he went away, and in
his stead came grim care and dire mis-
hap."
"One by one death snatched my loved
ones away, and not till then did I learn
the terrible truth that my honored
father died a ruined man, and that I
was penniless."
"The old homestead was sold along
with the fertile acre, and Deacon Pink's
daughter came at last to depend for
bread on the very toil that she had once
so despised."
"Poor Miss Dorothy!
"For years she had toiled and moiled;
for years she had lived her lonely life,
keeping the door of memory resolutely
shut, and striving to be content with
the meagre happiness that fell to her
lot.
But this frosty November morning
there was no sunshine without or with-
in; hope unfurled its wings, and fled
away, and the grey leaden sky that
frowned down on the outside world
seemed a fitting type of her future life.
"And I am not brave enough to look
the morrow in the face," went on Miss
Dorothy.
"It is rent day, and cousin Silas is a
strict landlord."
"I owe him already for one quarter,

and I dread to have to tell him that I
cannot make up the amount.

"Dorothy," he will say, putting on
his gold glasses and looking at me as if
I were a criminal, "you have
aptitude for business; really no aptitude."
"It may do very well for ladies of
fortune to have whims and fancies, but
you are too sensitive, Dorothy; really
too sensitive."
"I suppose it is kind in him to invite
a plain body like me to share his Christ-
mas cheer, and sit at the table with his
fashionable wife and daughters; but
still he is hard—the world is hard, life
is hard, and I don't know what to do."
By this time the blue knot was fast-
ened, the hair that was inclined to curl
a little on the forehead brushed smoothly
down, and Miss Dorothy was ready for
her visit.

As she glanced out of the little win-
dow she caught sight of a faint ray of
sunshine that flickered a moment on
the sill and then vanished away.
"The sight of the unexpected visitor
seemed to cheer her."
"I know what I shall do," she said
answering her own query.
"I'll pretend just for this one day
that I have found my youth again; that
I am not poor and lonely; that some
friendly heart on the earth will grow
glad at my coming; that there is no
such phantom as buried hope—and the
morrow I will leave to Heaven."

The great parlors of Silas Pink's
stately mansion were thrown open, and
that august personage himself, a stout,
well-groomed elderly gentleman, with
fat hands and a beaming smile, stood
before the costly marble mantel, warm-
ing himself in the glow of the coals, and
chatting and laughing with a group of
kindred spirits.

On a velvet couch was seated the lady
of the house—haughty, severe, and per-
fectly attired—while her daughters,
freshly dressed in their new gowns,
sat beside her, and performed the
graceful duties of elegant hospital-
ity.

Pictures adorned the tinted walls;
silver mirrors flashed back the sheen of
silk and the glitter of jewels.

Heavy flower-strewn carpets hushed
the sound of dainty gliding footsteps,
and the merry sound of music and
laughter filled all the scented air.

Sitting alone—as she thought—in the
library, with the cold marble eyes of
the dead and gone heathen philosophers
looking unwinkingly down upon her,
and row upon row of gilt-titled books
staring her out of countenance, was
Miss Dorothy.

The wealth and elegance displayed as
lavishly about her brought no pleasure
to her beauty-loving nature.

Her day-dream was shattered and
broken.
She had no place in this little world
of beauty and fashion.

They were ashamed of her shabby
dress and lack of ornament.

No faces had brightened at her ap-
proach, no voices grown lower and ten-
der in kindly greeting.

She was more utterly alone than in
the little chamber under the gabled
roof, or in the tiny shop with its meagre
stock of dingy feathers and flowers.

"I will go home," she said aloud.
"When I have seen Silas and told
him of my inability to pay my debt, I
will go home."

"I want no rich viands, no ruby
wines, I will go back to my lonely
fireside and enjoy it while I may, to-
morrow may see me without a roof to
cover my head, or a spot wherein to rest
my weary feet."

In a dusky corner, turning carelessly
the leaves of a portfolio of rare engrav-
ings, was seated a figure, entirely hid-
den from view by the high-backed cush-
ioned chair against which he leaned in
idle, luxurious enjoyment.

When he heard the voice, he started
and rose to his feet, and Miss Dorothy
saw advancing towards her a portly
grey-haired man, clad in a suit of black
brocade.

"Richard," he began hastily, "but
did I not hear you address yourself as
Deacon Pink's daughter?"

"What can that matter to a perfect
stranger?" answered the little figure in
the shabby silk, looking towards the
open door as if to escape.

"She did not want to meet any one
who had known her in youth—the youth
that she had that day buried from sight
forever, poor, lonely, sensitive, heart-
sick Miss Dorothy."

"Naught to a stranger, but much to
a friend," answered her questioner,
bending his face a little nearer.

And Miss Dorothy, looking up sud-
denly, found herself gazing intently in-
to a pair of deep, earnest grey eyes,
whose glance held her, spite of self,
completely fascinated.

"Yes, I am Dorothy Pink," she
managed to stammer, feeling as if a
cruel hand was clutching her throat,
"and you are, Richard Weatherbee."

This man, whose simple, loyal nature
gold and its possession had not spoiled,
looking down at the face of the woman
he had loved in her fair girlhood, read
printed there in clearest type the story
of her life, and realized that care and
not time had wrought the wondrous
change.

"The same Dorothy of old?" he
asked with meaning in his tone, but
with the smile she remembered so well,
the smile that alone made him seem
different from other men.

"Nay, not the same," she answered,
dropping her eyes she scarcely knew
why, while the hot blood surged into
the cheeks that had lost their roses
years before.

"In the old days I was proud, and
vain, and boastful."
"Nay, I am—"

"What?" he asked, with a little
tremor in his deep voice.
"What you see," she answered, drop-
ping her face in her hands with a bitter
cry of loneliness and pain.

"My poor Dorothy!" he said softly,
"what you have suffered!"
And before she knew it his strong
arm was round her and she was drawn
closely to his broad breast.

"Many years I have spent in foreign
lands," he went on, still holding her
captive, "and many faces have I seen,

but strive as I would my heart could
never forget its one love, its one treas-
ure."

"A month ago I came back to this
my native place."

"Then I learned of your losses, your
poverty, and the hard struggle you were
waging with the world."

"I will give her back the pleasures of
her youth, I said, if she will but give
me in return the love she once refused
me."

"I am not the eager hopeful boy that
sought you in the olden days, but I
have loved you long and faithfully, and
if you say me nay, I will go away quietly
as I came, and no one will be the wiser."

"Which shall it be, Dorothy, go or
stay?"

"Stay," she whispered, looking up
with such a radiant face that half in
amazement she turned her own reflection,
and pointing, triumphantly to her eyes,
"I have more than fulfilled my promise."

"I have given you back youth itself,"
What mattered the sheen of silk and
the glitter of jewels?

What mattered the shabby dress
lightened only by the knot of blue rib-
bon?

What mattered the grey leaden sky
without?

No jewels could equal the light that
shone in Dorothy's eyes, no grey sky
quench the gladness that filled Dorothy's
heart.

When Silas Pink was summoned to
the library he grew white with astonish-
ment, his work when gratification upon
hearing the news.

"You must make this your home till
you leave it for one of your own," he
insisted. "Let bygones be bygones,
Dorothy."

And Dorothy, too happy to hear ill
will, consented to share his hospitality
till she became the wife of Richard
Weatherbee the banker.

Later on, when the guests had de-
parted, and they stood arm in arm by
the dying fire talking of that far re-
mote time when life seemed a dream of
ceaseless pleasure to the one and of high
hope and youthful ambition to the other,
the musical chiming of the steeple clock
rang out on the frosty air.

"Ten, eleven, twelve," he counted,
bending his head to listen.

"Dorothy, Christmas Day is ended,"
"The happiest Christmas Day in the
world," she answered reverently; "a
day to be ever remembered."

"No other day but one could ever
make me so happy."
"I know," said Richard, smiling,
"our wedding-day."

"Oh, Dolly, darling, do not make it
too far off."
"We are not so young as we were,
dear."

And Dorothy smiled, and blushed,
and looked very charming, for all her
old dress.

And report says that the wedding was
not long delayed.

ARTHUR BURT AS A CROSS-EXAMINER.

A writer thus describes the conclusion of
a case in which Burt was, one of the law-
yers. The evening session opened and
Burt resumed his cross-examination of the
witness. It was a test of the profound
skill and subtlety of the lawyer, the self-
possession, courage and tact of the witness
standing on the very brink of a horrible
guilt firmly and intrepidly resisting the
efforts of the terrible man to topple him
over. At last, after dexterously leading the
witness to an appropriate point, Burt sud-
denly seized a lamp in each hand, and hold-
ing them in such a manner that their light
flashed instantaneously upon the face of the
witness, he exclaimed in a startling voice,
like the voice of the avenger of blood: "Gen-
tlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!"

With a wild, convulsive start, a face of ashy
pallor, eyes starting from their sockets, lips
apart, his whole attitude evincing terror, the
man sprang from his chair. For a moment
he stood motionless, struggling to recover
his self-possession; but it was only a momen-
tary struggle, shaking every nerve with
paralyzing fear. Conscious that the eyes of
all in the Court room were fixed upon him
reading the hidden deeds of his life, he left
the witness stand and walked shrinking to
the door of the Court room; but he was
prevented from making his escape by the
Sheriff. The effect can be better imagined
than described. It struck the spectators with
silent awe, changing the whole aspect of the
trial in an instant, overthrowing the hypo-
thesis of the Attorney General, which he
was convinced would send the prisoner to
the gallows, saving an innocent man from
the deathful hands of a bold and skilful
perjuror. The false witness was arrested,
2 indictments were found against him, one
for murder, another for perjury. He was
acquitted of murder, but subsequently
convicted of perjury and sentenced to a
long term of imprisonment.

Theatre Properties.

The "properties," as they are termed,
of the theatre, that is, the unused scenery
and also the machinery and fixtures of old
performances, gradually form an immense
accumulation. The machinery used in
"Sardanapalus" was of very great bulk,
and is now stored in the rear of the the-
atre, where it may remain till called for.
The storage room in the Booth Theatre is
of vast extent, and embraces an accumula-
tion which, no doubt, cost one hundred
thousand dollars. It is in this manner that
the profits are so often sunk. A play must,
before it can be called profitable, pay for
the expense of getting it up, and hence a
large risk is taken. "Sardanapalus" is
said to have cost thirty thousand dollars,
but as the play had a run the outlay pro-
ved a first rate investment. After a few
years it may be revived and have another
run. At present, however, it is almost
forgotten. There is at the present time
scenery of more than one hundred plays
lying idle, and most of it will be painted
over. Scene painters are now very busy,
and the artists make fifty dollars per week.
They work with rapid touch, and acquire
great skill in this specialty. The drop cur-
tains; however, are very elaborate, and
are often highly adorned. It is estimated
that twenty five thousand persons attend
the theatres every night, besides those who
attend other places of amusement. One
reason for this is found in the homeless
character of New York life. Everybody
wants to go somewhere to be amused, and
hence the theatres are crowded.

The Diet of Children.

Permitting children to eat at table with
their elders is the cause of a good deal of
mischievous and injury to their youthful di-
gestions. A variety of dishes should never
be permitted, and any attempt at wasteful-
ness should be checked at once? Econ-
omy and self-denial can be taught at the
children's table far more easily than at
school.

The diet of children can hardly be too
plain, if they require to be encouraged to
eat by the administration of dietetics, there
must be something radically wrong some-
where. It is unlikely that something is
constitutional, more probable insufficient
exercise is taken, or taken at wrong times,
or the nursery is stuffy, or the bedroom
badly ventilated, or the parents have forgot-
ten that sunshine and fresh air are neces-
sary to the healthy life of a child as whole-
some food itself is.

The want of cleanliness, or frequent use
of the bath, is many times the cause of in-
different appetite in children. Without
cleanliness of clothes and cleanliness of
person, you can not have healthy children.
Without this the young blood seems poi-
soned, the child has neither buoyancy nor
heart, appetite is depraved or absent,
and he grows up as pale and poor as a sick-
ly plant.

Inducious clothing is another cause of
dyspepsia. It is bad enough to encase the
body which has attained its full develop-
ment in a tight dress, but it is ruinous for
a child to be clothed in tightly fitting gar-
ments. Every organ of a child's body
requires room to grow and expand; if it
be in any way compressed, the circulation
through it becomes lessened, and it is there-
fore sickly and rendered weak.

Tightness, therefore, of any portion of a
child's clothing ruins not only the organ
directly underneath the constriction, but
indirectly those at a distance from it, for
no disarming of the circulation can be
tolerated by nature. Tightness round the
waist in children and young people is the
cause of many cases of dyspepsia, and in a
lesser degree so is tightness of the necker-
chief, by retaining the blood in the brain.
Have your children's clothing loose, then, if
you would see them healthy and happy. See
too, that at night they sleep not on feather
beds, and that though warmly they are not
heavily clothed.

Children should be fed with great regu-
larity day by day. The parents having
closed the hours for dinner, breakfast and
tea, ought to see that the times are strictly
adhered to.

Irregularity in meal hours, and times of
getting up in the morning and retiring to
bed at night, is not only prejudicial to the
present health of a child, but it teaches him
habits which are greatly against his chances
of success in after life.

I need hardly speak here about the qual-
ity of the food that is placed before a child;
against indigestible or too rich food, against
saucy and spicy dishes of all kinds, including
carries against heavy foods of the paste-like
dough and dumpling kind, against sturpie
fruits, against too hot soup, against sturpie
tea and coffee, or beer, or against overmuch
butcher's meat.

Pray, mothers, do not forget that an in-
terval of rest should ensue between the
meals you give your children, and do not
injure their young digestions by cramming
them with cake, or buns, or sweets of any
kind. To do so is worse than cruel, it is a
sin, and a sin which you are but little
likely to commit if you truly love them,
and really wish to see them generate into
strong and healthy men and women. Tarts
and sweets and confectionery would be
had enough in all conscience for children,
even if they were always pure and unad-
ulterated. But they are too often pos-
sively poisonous. Feed on plain and whole-
some food regularly from day to day, per-
mitting no stuffing between meals, and not
forgetting the benefits that accrue from
frequent changes of diet, more espe-
cially as regards dinner. Do this, and
your children will live to bless you; do
otherwise, and expect to see them sickly,
with veins and arteries possessing no re-
siliency, with mucous membranes pale
and flabby, pipes of lungs that the accident
of a slight cold is sufficient to close, mus-
cles of limbs so weak that exercise is a
penance instead of a pleasure, and flesh so
unwholesome that pin's prick may cause a
fester, and all this because the blood is im-
poverished through errors in diet.

Pleasant Vales.

Fully a century ago the pleasant vales
leading up into the Coast Mountains in
California had been penetrated by the
frontiersmen of Mexico, of which country
this whole great region was an ill-defined
province, under the name of Alta Califor-
nia. These men were herdsmen or farmers.
Early in the present century a colony of
Russians and Indians from Alaska, under
the leadership of Alexander Koskoff,
landed at Bodega Bay, and began farming
where now is the village of Bodega. Not
satisfied with this place alone, however,
they travelled northward some forty
miles, and established a permanent trading
post and agricultural station near Salt
Point, the site and many of the buildings
of which are now occupied as the village
of Fort Ross—an anglicized abbreviation
of *Fuerte de los Ruos*, as the post was
called by the Spaniards. The occupancy
of this strip of coast—for their hold ex-
tended all the way between Point Arenas
on the north and Point Reyes on the south
—by the Muscovites from 1811 until 1840,
when they abandoned their station, left its
impression upon the names of the region, and
especially clings to the principal stream
watering this portion of the redwood belt
—the Russian River.

California Vineyards.

Late accounts from California notice
the great increase in the size of the vine-
yards there. A plantation of 200 acres
used to be considered a large vineyard;
now vineyards of 500 and 600 acres are
not uncommon, and one of 1,500 acres was
recently planted near Los Angeles.
It is expected that in three years or so
California will possess vineyards of 5,000
or 6,000 acres in extent. The total num-
ber of acres at present devoted to vine
culture is estimated at about 100,000, 400,
000 or 500,000 gallons annually. New
wines at present fetch from 30 to 25 cents
per gallon for dry wines, either red or
white. Sweet wine is dear, ranging from
55 to 75 cents per gallon. Though next
year's prospects are good, last year's
prices for grapes are not likely to be main-
tained, as the cellars of San Francisco are
said to be full.

Whitewood.

Builders tell us that in the early
days of Philadelphia whitewood was
largely used in house-building in that
city. It was used for rafters and joists
in the upper stories, and was much es-
teemed for its lightness and strength.
As the wood became scarce in the
vicinity pine very naturally took its
place. In an article on its present use
the "Woodworker" says:

In the middle, Southern, and West-
ern States, where the tree grows abun-
dantly, it has been, and still is, exten-
sively used, and is considered a good
substitute for pine, red cedar and
cypress, and serves well for the exterior
work of houses as well as for external
covering. The panels of doors, wain-
scots, and moldings of chimneys are
made of the wood, and shingles have
been made in some States. These
shingles are preferred by some to pine,
because they are more durable and not
liable to crack from the effects of in-
tense frost and sunshine. Lumber
sawed from this tree is used in all the
principal cities for the panels of car-
riages. When perfectly dry they take
paint well, and will admit of a brilliant
polish. It enters largely into coach
manufacturing, and is used in cars,
wagon-boxes, sleighs, etc. It is par-
ticularly applicable to any work requir-
ing soft wood, easily worked, and re-
quiring great strength, especially if
wide work is desirable. It was used
years ago in large quantities in the
manufacture of trunks, which were
covered with cloth or skins. Large
quantities of tables and bedsteads have
been made from this wood. They are
usually stained to imitate mahogany.

It often enters into the construction of
bureaus and general cabinet work,
particularly where it is the base for
covering with veneer. It has been
used also in the interior work of canal
boats and steamboats. As it is easily
wrought in the lathe, it is often used
for bowls, brush and broom handles,
and numerous other articles of turned
ware. Farmers construct eating and
drinking troughs for their animals of
the wood, as it stands long exposure to
the weather better than chestnut or
butternut. It is also used in bridges
in some places; the Indians were wont
to make canoes from the big trees, and
some of them had room for twenty or
more persons. In some parts of the
country long lines of fences may be
seen that are made of rails of this tree.

One-third of the lumber used in making
coffins in New York City is whitewood,
it being used for the sides and tops.
Very large quantities are consumed in
the backs and legs of pianos. Furni-
ture manufacturers use it for ebonying,
and in parts where great strength is not
required. A manufacturer of bungs in
New York uses 500,000 feet annually,
and it is also used largely in making
toys and pumps.

Rattlesnake Jim Matin.

Intelligence has been received that
"Rattlesnake Jim," a sporting man
well known from the Missouri river to
the Sierra Nevada mountains, had bit
the dust in Weiser City, Idaho. John
Said, alias Rattlesnake Jim, who had
been stopping at Weiser for some time
past and endeavoring to run the town
when drinking, entered the Gem saloon,
kept by Gray brothers, about ten o'clock
Wednesday night and called the house
up to drink with him. After drinking
he asked John Smith, the bartender,
to charge it, which Smith said he could
not do. Jack said: "You won't; take
this, then," at the same time pushing a
large navy revolver into Smith's face.
Smith dropped behind the bar, when
Jack made a second attempt to shoot
him, at which time other parties inter-
fered and indeed him to put up his
weapon. Jack then made Smith stand
up, look at him and shake hands, re-
marking: "I'll not kill you now."

Smith summoned George Porter,
Deputy Sheriff who, in company with
two citizens of Weiser, attempted to
arrest Jack on the street. When told
to "throw up," Jack remarked, "If
you think I won't shoot you are a
—," and he drew his pistol, but be-
fore he had time to set it the Deputy
gave him a slight wound in the hip.
Jack, however, nothing daunted, fired
four shots at the deputy and posse
without doing any more harm than
powder-burning some of them. The
deputy and posse returned to the saloon
and white discussing means for Jack's
arrest much to their surprise the latter
entered and the deputy again com-
manded him to "throw up," which was
answered by a shot from Jack's pistol,
the ball entering the calf of the officer's
leg.

The deputy responded by discharging
one barrel of a double-barreled shot-
gun, the contents of which entered
Jack's breast just below the right nip-
ple. Jack, with pistol in hand, now
pressed the officer to the very wall,
the other barrel of the latter's gun re-
fusing to act, leaving the officer at his
mercy; but at this juncture, when it
was seemingly impossible to check
Jack in his death rage, Hans Matson,
one of the posse, fired his pistol, the
ball entering Jack's back and ranging
upwards, which shot seemed to paralyze
him. Stepping back a few steps he
fell a dead man.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.