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NO. 9.

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In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing, and thinking of another, is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life.

At the bottom of a good deal of the bravery that appears in the world there lurks a miserable cowardice. Men will face powder and steel because they cannot face public opinion.

MEMORIES.
We tread the same hills that our forefathers trod, We shed the same tears that our fathers have shed, We have the same horror of boarding-house hash, And we wash the same girls that our fathers would wash.

If they could.
We see the same sun that for ages has rolled, We listen to tales that our forefathers told, The same inspiration comes down from above That fitted their long lives with beauty and love, This is granted.

We breathe the same air that our fathers inhaled, We sail the same waters our fathers have sailed, We've the same high ambitions, the yearning for fame, And our highest officials get drunk just the same, Won't they always?

ANSON GREY.
Anson Grey was a still, stern man at thirty, shut up within himself and by himself, in his great stone mansion on the hill, and people knew no more about him than they knew about the dead. His early years had been passed abroad, where, or how, nobody knew and most had ceased to care, for that matter; the last two had been passed in Burlington.

A brilliant light at night, shining from the great east windows, and occasional gallops through the town, by day, were the only tokens of his presence. However a change was coming and that without warning, Anson Grey fell sick, suddenly and dangerously so. The village doctor was summoned, who in turn telegraphed for another from the neighboring city in hot haste, and together, they said in whispers, that their patient would probably die. There was no woman in the great house to act as nurse, and the head servant, obeying doubtless his master's orders, refused to allow one there as yet.

How it came about was a mystery, but one morning, when the master had laid a week half senseless, an unusual cloud of dust was observed whirling up the hill, and emerging therefrom was a carriage, splashed and weather-stained, headed by two straining, panting horses, who came up to the entrance as if driven by the evil one. A lady, tall and fair as sunlight, pushed open the carriage door impatiently and sprang out. With a hasty glance around she hurried up the steps, entered the drawing-room and stood before the two astonished gentlemen who were seated there.

"Is Anson Grey alive?"
"Yes, but he grows worse."
Before they divined her intention, she had passed them, and was in the next room bending over the sick man.

"The devil will be to pay if she exerts him now," the elder one said, "If some good nurse had come, it might have been of some use; but this dainty thing—bah!"

She came out in a moment, her face white but determined.
"Will you be kind enough to send for a minister and remain until he comes?" she asked, as she began to remove her things.

There was something in her manner that forbade questioning, and they obeyed her like so many dumb men, as they said afterward.

The minister did come; William Skinner, the head servant was called, and after the three held a private conference, which seemed to be satisfactory, they came out and, to the amazement of all, the lady stood beside Anson Grey and the marriage vows were taken.

The wise doctors were mistaken in their estimate of their unknown. She was something besides a fair young lady, as her actions soon proved. A new order of things was instituted in the sick man's room, and his wife installed herself as nurse, a change which told for the better. In a month he was riding through the village, with his wife at his side, all eyes, of course, agog to catch a glimpse of her handsome face.

All agreed that she was just an angel, when they came to church the next Sunday, and sat down in one of the pews like other people, they were more than ever confirmed in their opinion. What they never knew was this:

Three years before, Anson Grey, haughty and indolent, was killing time at one of the fashionable watering places where Edith Willoughby also lingered, though sorely against her will.

A sweet and wondrously fair face, much admired, and sought after, Anson Grey had half a mind to enter the lists with the others, but something kept him back, and he only exchanged a few words with her now and then.

There happened to come a heavy, two days' flood, and the first night of it Edith sent a servant asking Mr. Grey to come to a private parlor for a moment. He obeyed the summons with alacrity, wondering much what could be coming now.

Edith was waiting for him, cloaked and hooded, and evidently in haste to be off somewhere.

"I hope you will pardon me," she said, as she closed the door behind him, "but really I did not know whom to ask and mamma will not allow me to go by myself. A poor woman down on the beach is sick, perhaps dying, and I must go to see her. Her little boy just came after me. I was there yesterday and they are in great distress. Could I trouble you to go with me?"

"I will do your errand. It is too stormy for you to venture out."

"Oh, it is no errand. I am sorry to trouble anybody."

Mr. Grey saw what was wanted, and saying he would be back directly, vanished in his rubber suit.

The rain drove into their faces, and the wind howled through the dark night like the minister of a thousand storms—not for a poor fisherman, perhaps, but for one as good as fair Edith Willoughby, he should not have hesitated a moment. When they came upon the beach the waves fairly leaped into their faces, and Edith shivered and clung half terrified to her companion in spite of herself.

"I believe you had better return now, and leave it to me," he said.

"No, we are almost there. I should never forgive myself if I did," she answered, catching her breath as she spoke. "It is only you I am worried about." "I am glad to be able to help you," he said. And I think he spoke the truth.

Inside the cottage poor Grace Pooley lay on her hard bed trying to breathe on a little longer, if so the good God might send some good friend before she died, to care for her orphan boy.

When the door opened her eyes brightened, and she raised up a little.

"The Lord bless ye for coming. I know He will," she said as Edith threw off her wet covering and went toward her.

"This is only one of the boarders who came with me," she said in reply to the woman's questioning look. "I should have come to-day had I known that you were worse."

She sat down beside the bed, and Anson Grey watched her as she spoke in a low, tender voice to the grateful woman. Among the words which she could distinguish was a promise to be to Jamie; and when the old woman who seemed to be nurse came up to administer something, and in a half whisper asked Edith to pray with them, he began to think he was in another world. And it was another to him truly. Surely she would never do that. But she did. Kneeling upon the bare floor, clasping her white hands, she sent up such a prayer for help and strength as Anson Grey had never dreamed of hearing before.

After that night Anson Grey knew where his heart was, but for his life he dared not approach Edith. She seemed an immeasurable distance from such as he, but he cherished the memory of her prayers as the one glimpse into heaven for which he should thank God all his life.

Edith's mother was a gay woman, and such she meant her daughter to be, though for her life she could not keep her from fretting out and helping also, an innumerable number of forlorn, poverty stricken people who had no earthly claim upon her, as they went their fashionable rounds. It was mortifying, even exasperating, but she was powerless to prevent it. They were to be off again soon, Anson Grey heard; but he would have missed seeing her had he not accidentally met her as she was hurrying up the beach toward their boarding house on the very day they left. He could not let her go without telling her what was in his heart.

"May I speak to you a moment?" he said abruptly stopping her.

"Certainly."
As the words left her lips she saw what his speaking was going to be.

"Oh, not that, Mr. Grey!"
Somehow he took courage from the quick paling of her lips.

"Yes that I love you and want you for my wife."
"I am to be married Christmas."
He turned and was leaving her, when something made her speak.

"Mr. Grey."
He faced her again and she saw how white and stern he looked.

"Had I been free you would not have asked in vain."
"For days and weeks afterward, Anson Grey hugged the memory of her look, as she said those blessed words to his heart, caring more for that than for the love and caresses of any other."

Christmas came, but death came with it, and Edith's lover went his long journey, leaving his affianced bride and her scheming mother to console themselves as best they might.

In a way mysterious to all save William Skinner, Edith heard of Anson Grey's illness, and, as we have seen, went to him and had the courage to become his wife.

The people of Burlington learned to love the gentle mistress of the old stone mansion on the hill, and never a suffering one called for help in vain, as long as "my lady" as they called her, was mistress there.

Siberia.
In St. Petersburg was celebrated on December 18, the three hundredth anniversary of Russian rule in Siberia. December 18 was chosen as the day for this celebration, not because it was the exact date of the acquisition, but because it was the name-day of the young heir apparent, Nicholas Alexandrovitch, the exact Siberian date being unknown to Russian history.

Tobogganing.
The toboggan, or Indian sleigh, is made from long, flat strips of hickory of a thickness of from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch and from eighteen inches to thirty inches wide, according to desire, while the length may vary from three to seven feet. The long strips that are fastened together to make the desired width are turned up at one end, after the manner of the old Dutch or "turn-up" skates of twenty years ago. Upon the toboggan may be placed a cushion or not as to choice. Generally there is a very good cushion on each. The steering is done by the gentleman in charge of the toboggan, who sits in the stern of the craft, with his cargo of ladies far in front of him. Some toboggans will hold five or six adults very comfortably. All who make the trip get upon the toboggan, just on the brow of the hill or slide. The steersman is the last to embark. He is supplied with a sharp pointed hickory stick, about four inches long, one held in each hand. He is gently pushed over the top of the slide with his freight of ladies. If he finds his craft veer to the right he strikes hard with the right hand stick into the snow to bring her straight again. All the time he and his toboggan are careering toward the foot of the hill like the wind, and he must be clever if he would miss an upset. His bevy of fair damsels do not like to be upset and rolled unceremoniously over the generally frozen surface of the hillside. Thus he exerts all his energies, and if he is strong and clever brings his craft safely to the hill bottom. Then there is a walk back in the moonlight or the torchlight to the summit of the hill and the ride is repeated. But while the steersman must know his business in regard to the safety of his craft he must also be accomplished in the knowledge of how to up-t the toboggan into a soft snow bank. Some of the jolliest of the parties rather like to be suddenly hurled into each other's arms in that manner, and have their stout beaux pull them out again. The advantage of the toboggan over the bobsled is that on the former a spill means only a shake or two. As the tobogganer skims along with only an inch between his body and the snow he has not far to fall when the upset comes. Wee betide him, though, should he run into a tree. A few lives have been lost in this way by reckless and venturesome gentlemen.

Grandpa.
The grandpa is an individual, aged somewhere between 60 and 100 years, of a promiscuous temperament, and is a common occurrence in all well-regulated families. Next to a healthy mother-in-law, they have more active business on hand than any other party in the household. They are the standard authority on all leading topics, and what they don't know about things that took place sixty-five years ago, or will take place for the next sixty-five years to come, is a damage for any man to know. Grandpas are not entirely useless; they are handy to hold babies and feed the pigs, and are very smart at mending a broken broom-handle, and sifting coal ashes, and are good at putting up clothes-lines on washing days. I have seen grandpas that could churn good, but I consider it a mighty mean trick to set an old fellow of 80 years to churn butter. I am a grandpa myself, but I won't churn butter for no concern, not if I understand myself. I am solid on this conclusion as a given image. I am willing to rock baby all the time while the women folks are boiling soap, I am willing to cut rags to work up into a rag carpet, they can keep me hunting hens' eggs wet days, or picking green currants, or I will even dip candles, or core apples for sauce, or turn a grind-stone, but, by thunder, I won't churn. I have examined myself on this subject, and I will bet a jack-knife, so long as he remains in his right mind, Josh Billings won't churn. As a general thing grandpas are a set of conceited old fools who don't seem to realize that what they know themselves is the result of experience, and that younger people have got to get their knowledge in the same way. Grandpas are poor help at bringing up children; they have got precept and catechism enough, but the young ones all seem to understand that grandpa minds them a heap more than they mind grandpa.

For young cattle feed one of fish to 8 of heat-producing substances, and to older animals give one to six. Most of the food of young cattle go to make up bone and muscle, leaving about three class manure; the food of half-grown animals goes to make flesh mostly, leaving second-class manure; the food of mature animals goes to make fat and support life, the excess becoming first-class manure, exclusive of water. Chemically animals coming to maturity will eat about one-fifth of their own weight per day.

Never let a man imagine he can pursue a good end by evil means, without sinning against his own soul! Any other issue is doubtful; the evil effect upon himself is certain.

It is not in the storm nor in the strife, We feel benumbed and wish to be no more.

But in the after-silence on the shore, When all is lost except a little life.

More Meat.
No producer need fear becoming the owner of too many cattle or other meat-producing animals, provided he is so situated as to give them proper care and maintain a profitable growth at all seasons. The very poorest—those who formerly seldom bought meats—now swarm about the retail shops and buy shank bones, rib tips, flank pieces and all anything that will make a bowl, a stew, or work into a soup. The rapidly-increasing population of our cities is made up very largely of the laborers and operators from foreign countries a class of people who ate but very little meat in their own country many of them none at all. Increased wages, with an advantage in the price of meats here, compared to that in their own country, prompts them to eat meat; and this class of consumers alone absorb an enormous amount of the lower grades of meat every day.

Under the various demands, graduated by taste and purse, the retail butchers are enabled to assort their cuts as the grocer assort his coffee, there being ready buyers for each grade—some cuts going as readily at twenty to twenty-five cents as others do at seven or eight cents. The canning of meats opens a market for such low grades of meat as hardly any butcher, no matter who his customers are, would tolerate upon his hooks. This trade being, as it is carried on, very profitable, enables cattle growers to close out unthrifty, thin animals, getting, in the absence of any fat, the full market value for skin, shrunken muscles, tendon, bone and offal. The accumulation of this class of stock upon the farm affords a lesson that no observing farmer can fail to profit by, as he has had ample opportunity of seeing that he can no more grow good, profit-yielding meat upon the class of stock referred to, than a thrifty crop of corn upon a dry, sandy knoll.

If beef, to meet the demands of the lower grade of consumers and canners, could be produced at a cost in keeping with its selling value, then there would be some apology for growing it. The manufacturer makes a light article of cloth to meet the demand from a certain class of consumers. He weaves into this fabric cheap material, makes it light, and sells by the yard, in place of selling by the pound. As a rule, he is supposed to make a higher relative profit upon the low-priced goods. But, unfortunately for the farmer, he has no low-priced material to weave in. The grass that will grow and fatten a steer at three cents, will, with greater rapidity, grow one at six cents; and what is true of grass is equally true of grain feed.

Important Discoveries.
Among the Chaldean cylinders recently discovered by Mr. Rissman in the course of his excavations in Babylonia, and upon which Mr. Theophilus G. Pinches read a most interesting paper at a recent meeting of the London Society of Biblical Archaeology, is one of the most remarkable yet found, by reason of the light it throws upon the ancient Chronology of the Chaldean Empire, and records, among other things, the foundation of the Temple Sun God at Sipar, forty-five years after the death of King Nebuchadnezzar, came upon a cylinder of Naramsi, the son of Sargon, which no one had seen for "3200 years." This gives as the date of the ancient sovereign named 3,750 B. C. This, and the fact pointed out by Professor Oppert, who was present, that there was in those early days already "lively intercourse between Chaldaea and Egypt," will have to be taken into account by future Bible critics. It is certain (says the *Jewish World*) somewhat to modify the vulgar conception—due in the first place to Dean Stanley—of Abraham, the founder of the Jews, as a wandering Arab Sheikh, a kind of nomad Bedouin as he exists in our day. The existence more than 5500 years ago of two highly civilized and highly cultivated Empires in Egypt and Chaldaea; the fact that constant intercourse was going on between the two; again, that the high road between them led direct through Southern Palestine, and that Abraham was a native of the one great Empire and an honored visitor in the other, cannot but serve to modify in no slight degree our notions of the wandering sheikh to whom we own our origin. That he would have been unaffected by the culture in which he was born, and the rival civilizations between which he lived, is hardly likely. Altogether the discovery to which Mr. Pinches has called attention may open up a new field for investigation in the matter of Akkad and Akkadian civilization.

North Africa.
The territory of the Kromiris in North Africa, a fertile country, rich in minerals and wood, became, after the French occupation, almost a desert, as the nomad tribes took flight. Steps were taken by the French to encourage European immigration, each immigrant being offered, free of charge, ground suitable to build a house upon, and five or six acres for cultivation. The result has already been that 250 families of various nationalities are established in the country on these conditions, while the number is increasing every day.

"Clara Belle's" Physician.
Clara Belle thus wrote in relation to thin pale women "My friend Laura found it pleasant to be thin and pale, because she is not strikingly beautiful, and in appearance was slowly fading away, like a broken lily. Thus she created an interest that she could not otherwise have enjoyed. Laura is a dear, good girl, and I point out this weakness solely because I mean to make her case an illustration of some things that my readers ought to know. When she found that her etherealness was likely to kill her, she made up her mind that she was a kind of lily that preferred to have her stalk strengthened up, so that she might bloom awhile longer. Therefore, she consented to go with me to my physician. He is a plain-spoken old fellow, and when I explained that Laura was not really sick, but only a drooper, a die-away, a languisher, he held her hand up between his eyes and the light and said: "There is no flesh and blood there—only skin and bone. She lacks vitality." Then he was informed, in answer to his questions, that she did not keep late hours, nor live exclusively on caramels, nor lace tightly, nor commit any other of the common female sins against health.

"The fact is," said the doctor, "that tight lacing is very rarely carried to an injurious extent nowadays, and late hours by women are usually followed by plenty of sleep in the day-time. Therefore, she consented to go with me to my physician. He is a plain-spoken old fellow, and when I explained that Laura was not really sick, but only a drooper, a die-away, a languisher, he held her hand up between his eyes and the light and said: "There is no flesh and blood there—only skin and bone. She lacks vitality." Then he was informed, in answer to his questions, that she did not keep late hours, nor live exclusively on caramels, nor lace tightly, nor commit any other of the common female sins against health.

"How do you sleep?" he asked.
"Splendidly," she replied, "nine or ten hours without a dream; but when I awake I have a dreadful headache."
"What is your bedroom like?"
"I had seen this prospect of imaginable nests, and I chipped in with a description of it. Nothing could be wrong about the ventilation, I declared, for the windows were high and broad, and were left open over night. The bedstead was carved all over in solid rosewood; the mattress was filled with freshly curled hair and rested on springs; the linen was of the whitest and finest; the blankets were a gift from California, where the softest and warmest are made. The recollection of the down pillows threw me into rapturous praise of the unadorned silk of which their coverings were made, and their elaborate embroidery. The edges were finished with fine silk cord, carefully avoiding anything that would keep the cushion in shape, for it was expected to yield and expand to every movement of the head. They were a little more than a half yard square, and covered with Indian silk of a crushed strawberry tint, on which were scattered designs in neatly worked darning stitches, taken close together, and the—

"Hold on," interposed the doctor; "you are not writing a fashion letter, just now. Have you ever seen Laura asleep in this wonderfully beautiful bed?"
"Yes, only yesterday morning."
"Where was her nose?"
"Let me see. Oh, yes; it was under the blankets."
"I always sleep that way," said Laura, "I cover my head when I get into bed, and it stays so all night."
"Probably that was the trouble," said the doctor. "You manage to ventilate your room properly, and then manage to breathe vitiated air for eight or ten hours every night. Stop it. Sleep with your head uncovered for a week, and then let me know how you feel."
She followed his advice, and at the end of a week felt first rate.

An Old Lamp.
A Japanese lamp, supposed to be twelve hundred years old, in the collection of the Mikado of Japan, is described by Dr. Christopher Dresser in his book on Japan. "In this lamp the oil is stored in the body of a rat, which sits upon the top of a pole. Half way between the pole and resting on a projecting bracket is a saucer, in the centre of which is a pin that connects it with the bracket on which it rests. In this saucer, and leaning over its side, is a wick. When the saucer is filled with oil and the wick is lit we have a lamp which exhibits no peculiar qualities till most of the oil has been consumed. Then an endless stream which suffices to replenish a stream nearly exhausted saucer, issues from the mouth of the rat. The saucer being full, no more oil is discharged from the rat's mouth till it is again nearly empty, when the kind creature sitting 'up aloft' yields a further supply, and so on till its store of oil is exhausted. The manner in which this is achieved is simple, although the effect produced is curious, for it is only an application of the principle of the vent-pipe or pipet, whereby fluid cannot run from a vessel unless air is admitted to take its place. The peg which rises in the centre of the saucer and attaches it to the support on which its rests terminates in a knob or cap; but the peg is hollow, and is connected with the body of the rat by a tube which runs along the bracket, and then ascends through the stand to the upper portion of the rat's body. The pin which stands in the centre of the saucer, it should be noticed, is perforated immediately below its cap, or about half an inch below the bottom of the saucer. It is obvious, then, that when the oil sinks to a point at which this hole is exposed air will enter, and thus allow the oil to run out of the rat's mouth; but when this hole is again covered by oil, no further air is admitted, and, therefore, no more oil can run from the rat's mouth."

—John Walford, age 103 years, voted at the recent election in Pike county, Ky.

McGroarty's Lunch.
Ex-Alderman McGroarty keeps a house of eating and drinking in Brooklyn. It is a feature of ex-Alderman McGroarty's management to place on the side table as early as six o'clock in the morning a splendid free lunch. The writer saw this lunch and was amazed at its variety and substantiality. It consisted of a huge dish of olives, nicely vinegared, a dish of onions, ditto, a bowl of fresh crackers, one plate of corned beef in slices, and one plate of ham ditto.

"That is an excellent spread," said the reporter.
"Yes," answered McGroarty, complacently coming to the table bearing a huge dish of chicken salad fresh as juicy "Yes, we always set a lunch every day, and this afternoon in addition there will be three big dishes of sandwiches and some clam-chowder."

"What's that, hey?" said a voice at the other end of the store, uttered by a man who had just entered.
"He was a tall cadaverous-looking man in a seedy black coat and tall hat, 'what's that, hey?"
"I say that we always set a lunch here," replied McGroarty, "and that this afternoon, beside this, we shall have three big dishes of sandwiches and some clam-chowder."

"Oh, indeed," said the long man. "Certainly; a very good idea, indeed; very good." Saving which he walked to the counter and took up THE MOUNTAIN JOURNAL, but he didn't call for anything to drink.
Mr. McGroarty went behind the bar again and resumed his business of washing glasses, fixing up the bar, etc., etc. The tall man eyed him furtively for a moment or two, and then edged toward the side table. Presently the wooden fork was deep into the olives, then it plunged into the onions, anon into the chicken salad. As an additional relish he took an occasional nibble at the ham and beef, only by way of a refresher. The proprietor didn't notice him. He was busy with his glasses and things, and was keeping up a desultory conversation with the reporter while still at work.

"You set quite a fine lunch here," said the tall man. "Oh, yes," said the unsuspecting McGroarty, from the other end of the bar, "we find it pays to be liberal."
"Of course it does," said the other enthusiastically; "of course it does." With which he walked up to the lunch table and began again to ply his fork.
But McGroarty said nothing. He was as innocent as a child unborn of what was going on. "What time did you say the sandwiches came on?" said the tall man, looking up nervously at the clock. "Oh, in the afternoon some time."
"I'll drop in," said the tall man. "Yes, do," said McGroarty, giving an extra flourish to a beer glass, and holding it up to the light to see that there was not a speck on it.

"That's excellent ham," said the tall man, with a choice morsel at the end of his fork!
"He had got to the ham, now, exclusively. The vegetables had gone."
"Yes, it is," answered McGroarty, "We always get our hams at the—"
He stopped short. His eyes rolled all over the lunch table. His mouth opened. His ears flapped. His hair stood on end. He couldn't speak. His knees shook beneath him. He came round that counter like a rickety locomotive going round a bad curve. He glared at the tall man. "Say-yl" said he, after recovering the power of speech.

"Where's those olives?" shouted McGroarty in an awful voice. The tall man smiled pleasantly. "Hal hal!" he laughed. "Very good; very good, indeed. By Jove, Bunnell the museum man, would engage you."
"Bunnell be hanged!" roared McGroarty. "Where's the olives? where's the olives? where's—yes, by Jove," he screamed, as he noticed another absentee; "where's the beef?" with which he made a terrible rush at the long man's coat-tails, expecting that the viands were concealed about his person.

So they were, but not outside. The tall man bore the inspection with great calmness, sucking a piece of cracker out of a hollow tooth while.
Then McGroarty fell back and assumed an oratorical attitude.
The tall man was evidently pained at Mr. McGroarty's agitation, and left precipitately.

"That settles it," said the ex-Alderman. "Not a scrap—not a snifter of anything to eat—does anybody get here after, this until the afternoon, if I lose all the trade I've got."
Various old friends of the proprietor have sought to change the proprietor's mind, thus far, but without success.

Fond of Shrimps.
The bulletin of the United States fish commission for the last year contains an account of the shrimp fisheries of the Pacific coast, which are controlled almost entirely by the Chinese. The part of each day's catch which is not sold is carried to the Chinese quarter and there put at once into boiling brine. The shrimps are then spread out to dry upon level plats of smooth, bare ground. After four or five days they are crushed under large wooden pestles or trod upon by the Chinese in wooden shoes, for the purpose of loosening the meats from the outer chitinous covering; after which the entire mixture is put through a fanning mill, for the actual separation of the meats from the shells. About 200,000 pounds of shrimps are sold annually in San Francisco, and the annual exports of shrimp meats to China and the Sandwich Islands are valued at about \$100,000. The meats are eaten by all classes in China, but they are cheaper and less esteemed than the native shrimps, which are said to be comparatively scarce.

—The population of Rome under the emperors greatly exceeded a million.