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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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## A Quaint Proposal.

The lilac bush beneath the south window of Willow Brook Farm's wainscotted parlor nodded gracefully as a tiny zephyr swept gayly by, wafting far and near its incense of new-mown hay. In its wake fluttered a purple and golden butterfly, to pose a moment upon the window's ledge, then to soar boldly forward until it lit upon a curious old vase beside an organ, whose yellow keys gleamed softly in the half-darkened room. The butterfly and the vase mirrored themselves in the polished oak door, and if the range had been right they could have repeated the picture in the shining surface of each article of furniture.

A young girl was the sole occupant of the room, with the exception, of course, of the butterfly, who had winged his way to a small oval mirror and was busily making his toilet, as his companion, humming a merry tune, dusted carefully a squat teapot, whose fat little spout and comic tout ensemble at once inspired a longing for gtea brewed in such novel quarters. At that moment a voice, calling "Marthy! Marthy!" echoed through the house, followed by: "Run—quick, old Tim's in the corn field, and my hands are all over gold!"

Hastily replacing the ancient heirloom on a spindle-legged table, the young girl darted from the room, while the butterfly, started at its toilet, spread its brilliant wings and floated swiftly into the sunshine again. Snatching a snowy sun-bonnet from its peg in the hall, Martha flew down the garden path across to an adjacent meadow. In her hurry she failed to notice a gentleman slowly advancing in her direction, until two masculine hands stayed her progress.

With an exclamation of surprise, Martha raised her pretty blue eyes and met a pair of decidedly good-looking brown ones, gazing with evident appreciation at the dimpled, blushing face, from off which the sun-bonnet had slipped, disclosing a crop of reddish golden rings lying close to the finely shaped little head.

"I beg your pardon," murmured Martha, the blushes and dimples waxing deeper, "but I didn't see you, I was in such a hurry."

"Don't mention it. Wouldn't have missed the—the pleasure for anything. I—I like to be run into," averred the gentleman with considerable emphasis.

Such a rippling laugh as bubbled over the lips of Martha at this speech, which she hastily apologized for with: "I didn't mean to, really; but what you said sounded so odd."

"You couldn't do it again, could you? I assure you I never appreciated being a—odd until to-day. I—"

"Oh, the cow!" exclaimed Martha, suddenly recollecting her errand. "I forgot all about him," and away she sped, the gentleman hurrying after, repeating: "Cow! Him! Let me help you. I—I really am very clever with cows. In fact I would like to make them a study."

However, when the field was reached no cow was to be seen, and remarking that doubtless some of the hands had ousted old Tim, Martha turned her steps toward the house, thinking the gentleman would proceed on his way. To her astonishment, however, he kept along by her side, observing:

"Are you acquainted at Willow Brook farm?"

"Why, yes; it's my home. I was born there," answered Martha, surprisedly.

"Happy farm! I mean—a—it must be a lovely place. You see, the fact is—that is, I have a note for Mrs. Duncan, of Willow Brook Farm."

"My mother!" ejaculated Martha, opening wide her blue eyes. Whereupon the gentleman scanned with newly awakened interest a square envelope he had extricated from his breast pocket, as he added:

"I am an odd—I should say my mother is an old friend of Mrs. Duncan's," making a rough calculation of the length of time it might take, all things favorable, to place him on equally as good a footing with the daughter, while Martha's thoughts ran very much in this wise:

"Would be nice looking if he wasn't so sallow. Wonder if mother will ask him to make us a visit. I never heard her speak of an old friend that had a son."

By this time they were proceeding up the path that led to the farm's pretty rose garlanded porch, and having ushered the gentleman into the parlor we have already been introduced to, with a demure little courtesy and the words "I will send mother," Martha left him.

In a few moments a comely, rosy-cheeked woman came hurrying into the parlor with:

"Good afternoon, sir, Martha tells me you have a letter for me from an old friend."

"Yes, from my mother," and the gentleman held toward her the letter. Flaying read it through, interrupted with exclamations such as "Bless me!"

"Who'd have thought it!" Mrs. Duncan, her pleasant face deepening into a smile ejaculated:

"So you are little Paul Dorsey. My! how time flies. When I last saw you, you were only a little shayer. It must be nigh on fifteen years ago. And to think of Lucindy's remembering me all these years and sending her son to see me. Not that I have forgotten her—not a bit. Only with one thing and another one hasn't time to think much of old days. You see your ma and I went to the same academy, and we thought a sight of each other; only somehow after both of us married we sort of drifted apart. Your ma she married a wealthy city man, while I got wedded to a well-to-do farmer, and so gradually we each went our own way. Not to forget: each other though, as you see, and now, my dear, excuse the liberty, but it comes natural like, being your Lucindy's son, I'll send one of the men down to the village after your trunk, and you'll just stop along with us and be as welcome as my own son, if I had one, and Marthy and I will do our best to make you comfortable," and motherly Mrs. Duncan laid her hand with an approving pat upon Paul Dorsey's slightly stooping shoulders, while he, coloring somewhat, endeavored to thank her for her warm hospitality, but was cut short with:

"Bless you, it's no put out, we have lots of room, and it will be a real pleasure to me to see Lucindy's son making himself to home in my house."

And thus it was that Paul Dorsey became a guest at Willow Brook Farm. That evening after her visitor had retired Mrs. Duncan observing to her daughter:

"Poor young man, he hasn't a bit of appetite. I don't wonder Lucindy is fretted about him. She writes that he is always that taken up with books, that she can hardly ever coax him to go about a bit with young folks and enjoy himself. I've been thinking Marthy, if you was just to kind of make believe you need his help now and again about the garden and such, it would do him a sight of good, and he'd never suspect it was for the sake of his health," and Mrs. Duncan laughed, a low, pleased laugh, at the thought of the deception, while Martha exclaimed:

"Why, mother! you are getting to be a regular conspirator. But I am afraid it won't work, he's so—so odd."

Paul Dorsey had been told to make himself perfectly at home; so the morning after his arrival he withdrew from the breakfast table to his own room, and forthwith commenced to unpack his books preparatory to a good day's study. Everything was at last arranged to his satisfaction, but something his thoughts were strangely wandering this day, although not a sound disturbed the cool quietness of his surroundings. A pair of blue eyes seemed to glance mockingly from the musty page he vainly sought master, he caught himself repeating aloud the old-fashioned name of "Marthy," which took unto itself the sweetest of sounds; by reason of its connection with so pretty an owner. Suddenly, with a thud, the book fell from his hand, as, exclaiming:

"By Jove! that's her voice," Paul Dorsey, with one stride, was at the window making sad havoc of the dainty dimity curtains with clumsy hands.

Martha, accompanied by a tall, stalwart fellow, was passing down the garden path, her infectious laughter floating merrily upon the balmy air as she chatted away to the young man at her side, who appeared to be enjoying the subject under discussion as much as herself. As they disappeared from view Paul, with rather a blank look, resumed his seat and sought to apply himself to his interrupted task, but not with the old ardor did he work, and for the first time that he could remember, he listened anxiously for the bell to summon him to luncheon.

The days slipped into weeks, and still Paul Dorsey remained a guest at Willow Brook Farm, and it became an unusual sight to see him obediently following Martha's directions concerning the uprooting of certain weeds, or the fastening of some vine more securely about its support. An honest, bronzed face had replaced Paul's once sallow complexion, and the books—well, they had become secondary, a more potent charm having outvalued them. Mrs. Duncan congratulated herself upon her happy forethought that was working such a change in her friend's son, and Martha admitted with a slight blush, that Mr. Dorsey was getting to be almost as handsome as her cousin Joe—her beau ideal of manly beauty heretofore.

The sun burned scorching hot upon the broad gravel path just outside of the farm's pretty parlor, but within that quaint room a restful coolness held sway. Lounging idly in the depths of a willow chair, was Paul, while Martha, seated at the old organ, drew from its aged keys a low, plaintive melody. As the last note died softly away, whirling round upon her seat, Martha exclaimed:

"Do you know, Mr. Dorsey, you have been wasting the whole morning? I don't believe you have looked at a book for two days!"—this last, it must be owned, with a slight air of triumph as she continued, pettishly: "I am afraid I have been to blame, but tomorrow I will leave you free to spend the whole day with your books, for Cousin Joe has promised to drive me over to Dapleston to do some shopping."

"Hang cousin Joe," "Mr. Dorsey!" from Martha's astonished lips.

"I beg pardon, I really—I hope you will have a delightful time, Miss Duncan. I assure you I shall—enjoy it immensely being left to my books and—confound it! Excuse me!"

And before Martha could reply, Paul Dorsey had left the room.

"How queer it is," soliloquized Martha, as Paul's departing footsteps echoed through the hall. "I don't see why he should dislike Joe so; Joe is always such a favorite with every one. I hope I haven't offended him. I am sure I didn't mean to." And with rather a puzzled look upon the fair young face, Martha closed the organ.

That evening as Martha stood down by the meadow gate caressing old Dorey, the mare, her quick ears caught the sound of a familiar tread advancing toward her, and a moment after a voice exclaimed:

"I am an idiot, Miss Martha, but I—I hope you will forgive me. I couldn't bear the idea of his monopolizing you all day. I know you could never think of an old bookworm like myself—still I—I have been very happy, and I forget sometimes that—that there is such a difference between us."

Martha's cheeks had been growing rosier and rosier, and a strange, wild joy surged through her veins, as she answered, her tones trembling slightly:

"Since I can remember Cousin Joe and I have been playmates, and since father died he has been so good and kind to mother, helping her about the farm and in every way, that he has become like a son to her, and as dear as a brother to me. Dear Joe! I don't know what we should have done without him." She paused, tears gathering in her pretty eyes. Paul drew nearer, then hesitated, as Martha continued:

"Joe is engaged to my dearest friend and they are to be married in just six weeks."

"I am awfully glad—I mean I wish them joy, and all that sort of thing," and Paul Dorsey advanced still nearer the little figure into whose eyes a sweet shyness had stolen.

"Martha, do you think there is a ghost of a chance for me? As it's my first attempt at anything of the kind, perhaps you will sum it up leniently, and make my sentence as easy as you can," then gath'ring courage from Martha's half-averted face, and the extreme pinkness of the one visible ear, he laid his hand caressingly upon hers, adding:

"Martha, do you think you can forgive me for—for loving you?" "Why should I forgive you for what I have done myself?" came the low answer, followed naively by, "But I did not know it until to-day, when I thought I had offended you."

"And—and you don't mind my being odd—or anything?" stammered Paul, in his excessive joy.

"You are not a bit odd," was the indignant reply; "I wouldn't have you any different," and Martha touched shyly the coat-sleeve in close proximity to her waist, whereupon she immediately disappeared from view, and from some where in the region of Paul's waistcoat pocket a muffled little voice might have been heard ejaculating:

"Oh, Paul! suppose somebody is looking?" "I hope they are," was the audacious reply, succeeded by a second exclamation on Martha's part.

A week or so later a stylishly-dressed, middle-aged lady was sitting tete-a-tete with Mrs. Duncan, who was observing:

"Dear me, Lucindy, you've no call to thank me. I had nothing to do with it. Not but what I am real pleased that your son and my daughter should come together; but I had no more thought of it than yourself."

out half as good a woman as yourself. I am satisfied that Paul has won a treasure."

"And he'll never forget, mother, that he owes that treasure to you, for if you had not sent him to seek out your old friend he'd have remained a bachelor to the end of his days," interrupted a masculine voice, while a girlish treble exclaimed, "Oh, Paul!" the rest of the sentence being forever lost by Paul darily sealing his betrothed's lips with his own.

## A Very Sharp Witness.

Sometimes a lawyer meets his match on the witness stand. Not long since there was a breach of promise case in an Ohio town. The unusual bully-ragging lawyer was there, but an unusual witness, in the person of a country schoolmarm, met him.

"Ah, miss," said the lawyer, when she had taken the oath, "will you state your name?" "Elizabeth Martin," she responded, quietly.

"Your occupation?" "Teaching school." "How old are you?" he next inquired, with a sidelong smile at the crowd. "Old enough to know that it is none of your business," she answered as gently as the ring dove cooes.

"Objection sustained," remarked the court. The lawyer's face fell, but he braced up and went on, without a smile. "Do you know the nature of an oath," he asked, spitefully.

"Oh, yes. I heard you damn the court yesterday on the street for ruling against you, and I knew you were not saying your prayers."

The court looked at the lawyer, the lawyer looked at the ceiling and the witness looked at ease. "Confine your answer to the case, if you know the plaintiff?" "Yes, sir, I know her."

"What do you know of her?" "More good than I do of a lawyer, sir."

"That's not what I want to know." "I presume not, sir," continued the witness softly.

"I want to know," shouted the exasperated questioner, bringing his fist down on the table, "if you know anything about the case before the court."

"More than you do, possibly." "Well, tell it to the court and I have done with it."

"Thanks, I know, your Honor, that Joseph Hill the defendant, asked Mary Jackson the plaintiff, if she would be his wife. It was done in my presence."

"Indeed! Isn't that rather an unusual way of popping the question?" "I don't know, sir. I have no experience. I happened to be present, because I came into the room unexpectedly and found the plaintiff sitting in the defendant's lap, and he, to show me that he had a right to save the furniture in that way, asked her again to be his wife, as he had done a week earlier."

"By the way, Miss Martin, how much does the plaintiff weigh?" "One hundred and forty pounds, sir."

"How do you know so exactly?" "By the weight, of course," she smiled and the lawyer went off another track.

"Did you know the defendant was telling the truth?" "Oh, yes; you know he is not a lawyer."

"The witness will confine herself to the facts," interrupted the court. "Very well, your Honor. I shall pay no more attention to the statements of the attorney."

"That will do, said the provoked lawyer. The witness may stand down."

"May it please the court," she replied, "the witness would like to sit down."

"The sheriff will please provide the witness with a chair," said the court. "She seems to have sat down on everything else in the court room, and the court sees no reason why a chair should be exempt."

The witness smiled placidly and took the chair to await another call to the stand.

"There were countless millions of mosquitoes down on the marsh to-day," said Johnny. "Don't exaggerate," said his mother. "I don't exaggerate, ma; there were countless millions; for Jimmy Brown and me counted 'em."

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## A TOWN LYING IN RUINS.

**A Tornado's Terrible Destruction in Ohio.**  
Washington Court House Levelled to the Earth—Five Persons Killed—Three Injured—Loss Over \$1,000,000.

WASHINGTON, C. II., O., Sept. 9.—A tornado last evening at eight o'clock almost completely demolished this place. Not a single store facing Central Square out of forty is left intact, and a majority of them are leveled.

The storm came from the northwest, and broke up the town very suddenly, carrying everything before it. The tornado whirled up Court street, the main business thoroughfare, and ruined almost every business block in it, at least forty or fifty in all. Hardly a private residence in the town escaped, fully 400 buildings going down. The Baptist, Presbyterian and Catholic churches all suffered the common fate.

The Ohio Southern, Pan Handle, Narrow Gauge and Midland Railroad depots were blown into "Smithereens," and every building in the vicinity was carried away, making ingress or egress almost impossible. Every wire within a circuit of two miles is down.

The reports of the catastrophe were sent by a telegraph operator who tapped a wire two miles west of the town, and, sitting in a heavy rain storm, worked his instrument. The panic-stricken people were taken completely unawares, and fled from the tumbling buildings in every direction through the murky darkness.

A mad frenzy seemed to seize the people, and they hurried hither and thither in their wild distraction, little knowing whither they were fleeing. After the whirlwind, which lasted about ten minutes, a heavy rain set in, which continued unabated throughout the night. Sheriff Rankin ordered out the militia, which took charge and helped get order out of chaos.

All the gas went out when the storm came up. The gas works were destroyed. Bon fires had to be burnt in streets to give light for the searchers. One of the injured is the manager of the Telephone Exchange. He was hurled across the street and had an arm, leg and collar bone broken. Some houses were lifted up and carried bodily several hundred feet.

As soon as a few of the cooler heads recovered their senses, searching parties were organized and the sad work of looking for the dead began. The glimmer of lanterns, procured from farm-houses in the vicinity and from the few houses left standing, was the only light they had to work by. Two or three bodies were stumbled upon in the middle of the street, where they were stricken down by flying bricks or timbers. The cellars of houses and every sort of refuge were filled with shivering people, huddling together in the vain attempt to keep warm. One babe in arms died from exposure.

**LATER PARTICULARS.**  
CINCINNATI, Sept. 9.—A special dispatch from Washington Court House says: Mrs. Mollie Jones, Edith Floyd, Ella Forsha, Jennie Forsha and Flora Carr were killed, and Hubert Taggart, James Jackson and John C. VanPelt are supposed to be fatally injured. Fully 300 persons were hurt. The loss will exceed \$1,000,000. The council has appointed a relief committee. The militia are guarding the stores whose contents are all exposed. Washington C. II. is a town of about 4,000 inhabitants.

**THE TRACK OF THE TORNADO.**  
CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 9.—Advice from Circleville, Ohio, state that last night a tornado passed through the country south of that place, unroofing houses and blowing down fences and trees. A very heavy rain fall accompanied the storm.

## A Strong Cigar.

"Don't care if I do stranger. Thanks. Strong? Yes, tolerable. Strongest cigar I ever smoked? [Puff, puff.] No, tain't. [Puff, puff.] Not by a long shot. What was the strongest cigar I ever smoked? Well, I'll tell you. It was so strong that it knocked some of my teeth out. You don't believe it? Wait till you hear the particulars. It was way back in '65. I was with the army of the Potomac, and were closing up on Lee in Richmond. I was on picket duty one night, when I got hankerin' for a cigar. It was agin orders to smoke on the picket line, but I couldn't stand it, and I dived down into the trench and lit my weed. Then I returned to my beat, puffing away happy as could be. It was a very dark night, an' everything quiet, an' I was just flatterin' myself that there was no danger in a smoke when which I bang! and that cigar of mine went to pieces an' I felt a prickly pain in my mouth. I felt, an couple o' teeth were gone. Pretty strong cigar that, eh? Loaded? No; but the rifle of that 'ere Johnny reb sharpshooter was, and right here on my cheek is where the ball cum out. If the ash hadn't fell off that cigar I would have two more teeth in my head to-day."—Chicago Herald.

## A VERY HAPPY FAMILY.

**HOW A POLANDER GETS ALONG WITH HIS COW, BULL, CALF, PONY, CHICKENS, WIFE AND CHILD.**

An Alderly cow, a heifer, a bull calf, four dogs, eleven cats, a pony, a variety of poultry, Stanislaus Mirzowski, Mrs. Mirzowski, Miss Mirzowski and Mrs. Mirzowski's mother are residents of a shanty in the most picturesque part of the West End, known as Polacktown.

Mr. Mirzowski came to this country fifteen years ago, bringing with him all the attributes and tastes of his fatherland. He first settled in New York, and for a while led a struggling existence, sharing his humble abode with a porcine favorite and diligently tilling the patch of land he had purchased with the little money he acquired by persevering economy. By degrees fortune smiled on him, and so did a maiden of his adopted country. Marriage ensued, and the banishment of the porcine favorite from the Mirzowski fireside was the first act of the blushing bride. The unhappy pig speedily developed into bacon and other succulent substances, the last trace of him being lost in several pounds of country sausage.

A year or two after the Mirzowski menage, now increased by the arrival of a baby girl, was removed to Pittsburg and housed in Polacktown, where Stanislaus set up in business as a remover and hauler of furniture. But the absence of four-footed denizens in his household created a void in the feelings of Stanislaus, and so one day he went out and returned with a heifer calf of the Alderly breed, which he installed in the communal bed-chamber. Mrs. Mirzowski, being a woman of toleration did not object. So, by degrees, a dog or two, a cat or two, or a fowl or so were added to the establishment, and still Mrs. Mirzowski did not complain. The infant daughter played with the animals, and a monthly account was opened with a neighboring manufacturer of flea poison. The heifer grew up, and was sent into the country for a change of air, returned, and shortly after produced a calf, and Mrs. Mirzowski began to believe she was lying in a circus. But at last her patience gave way. One evening her husband returned home later than usual, a violent clattering followed his footsteps up the stairs. He entered the room leading a tiny crown foal by the halter, and fastened it to the bed post. The long enduring wife was short but decisive in her remonstrance.

"Stanislaus," she cried, "this ain't no menagerie, no zoological garden, no Noah's ark. Either them animals go or I do."

Stanislaus did not argue the matter. He had enough in a long stocking hidden between the cow's fadder to find other quarters for his household pets, and so he rented the shanty he and his family occupy at present. A visit paid to him found him milking his cows, a second calf having been added to his stock.

A variety of dogs greeted the visitor on his approach, a barrier of teeth opposing further progress until the little girl came to bid him enter. A table with tea cups and the remnants of supper, was on one side of the entrance. An open partition on the other side disclosed a cooking stove and accompanying paraphernalia of pots and pans. Cats perched in all directions, mixed up with dogs. The heifer was lying down, with its head under the table; the calf was tied up in a corner, while its dam was being milked. In the opposite corner the pony was quietly munching his hay, while a chicken or two roosted on his back. The little girl looked fresh and happy, and was evidently on perfectly intimate terms with the animals. Mirzowski appeared the picture of contentment.

"It looks like a farm in the city, don't it?" he asked in broken English. "Do you sleep here?"

"Well, no. We sleep in that place yonder. You see, the missus don't like it, but we are here all day long. Now, if you could pull down them houses, and grow some grass and a few trees around here, why you couldn't wish for more."

"But do you make any money, out of your animals?" "Of course. The cows give milk, and the chickens eggs, while the pony does his share with the light cart. I work at hauling, while my wife and girl look after things here. All things considered, we make a good living and manage to be happy."

General Washington went fishing at least once. And on that occasion he caught a trout at least four inches long. While down at the corner grocery in the evening, after returning from his angling tour, he was asked how much the trout weighed, when he uttered those memorable words, viz: "I can not tell a lie. It weighed seventeen and a half pounds."

A woman who thinks for herself is weak, but a woman who thinks for another is decidedly strong.