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VOL. 60.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

would never rise. His men, whom he

always spoke of as "his children,"

greeted his speech with ringing cheers.

en leaders, were marching to Delhi,

English national anthem, "God Save

the Queen." Allahabad had faien.

Every officer at the mess table, with

one exception, had been butchered by

the servant who stood behind him, and

struck with his knife when the signal

was given. The one who escaped the

general doom, and who was called, when

the story was told, the "Martyr of Al-

lahabad," sprang through a window of

the mess room, and reaching the banks

of the Ganges plunged in and swam

for many miles; hiding in the jungle

during the day, and drifting with the

current at night; suffering incredible

hardships, to die of native fever induc-

ed by the exposure when friends and

Other officers belonging to that ill-

fated mess escaped. Not many, and

those only because they were not at the

table when the murderous signal was

given. One of them, having been de

tained by regimental business, was hur-

rying to join his comrades when a wo-

man stopped him by coming with a

startling suddenness from the shadow

of a clump of bamboos beside the road.

all dead by this time. Bonden Singh

cartridges? Ah, here they come !"

been warned. I was the officer.

of the road

"Quick, Sahib !" she exclaimed, has-

"They will see us in a minute. Hide

in the clump of bamboos !" And in a

moment we were crouching there, side

their English masters. They had learn-

same teachers, and in the next few

months they showed all too plainly that

the seed of instruction had not been

"Why did you put grease on the cart-

and death hanging about evenly in the

balance, those words and their evil in-

terference were ringing in my brain.

Assuredly the pork grease on the car-

tridges had in some degree hastened

the mutiny. The cartridges of that

day had to be bitten before they were

used, and both Hindoo and Mussulman

abhor the flesh of the pig, though the

higher classes eat imported hams and

bason, and protest that they are not

the same meat at all. The Sepoys had

gone on biting the cartridges content-

edly, and with no idea that they were

putting the unclean thing into their

mouths, until the rebellious rajahs,

watching for such an apportunity, wili-

ly pointed out the grievance. Several

of the regiments protested and asked

that the grease on the cartridges be

changed, so as no longer to clash with

Agra, afterward governor-general of

India, been taken their requests would

have been granted at once; but India's

cast upon barren soil.

tily, as I stood irresolute in the middle

apparent safety were reached at last.

# MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 6., 1886.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

NO. 18.

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A TRUST WELL KEPT A clump of bamboos is a good spot for a fugitive to hide in. It is an excellent place also for a party of soldiers The torrent of mutiny in India that to encamp by. The mutineers thought had been gathering volume and force so, and, throwing themselves on the in secret for months had burst its barparched grass beside the road twenty

riers at last, and was sweeping along as yards from where we were hidden, they though past all control. The gallant began to smoke and discuss in low, old Colonel Pratt had paraded his regicautious tones, for they were still disment in front of his bungalow, and, trustful of themselves and each other, with his gray hair rippled by the warm the prospects of the desperate venture breeze, had expressed to them his illto which they were now irretrievably founded confidence that, though all the committed. other Sepoys rose in rebellion, they

It was quite light enough now to see that Boden Singh was not with the soldiers. Where has he gone to? I asked my preserver in a whisper. "He has Two hours after they had murdered gone to your bungalow, she replied, sigthe veteran, and, under their own chosnificantly. "He expects to find you

their band playing, with the curious Situated as I then was, forewarned inconsistency for which the mutineers and, therefore, forearmed, I was sinfrom first to last were famous, the cerely sorry that Boden Singh would not find me in my bungalow.

The clump of tall, thin bamboos were singing their endless song to the night breeze, felt by their sensitive, lofty tops, though not perceptible below; and, our voices lost to the mutineers in the groaning and creaking of the branches, I learned from Pooniah her reason for saving me. A few weeks previously, when the shadow of the advancing mutiny had fallen on the country. I caught Boden Singh, who could read and speak English remarkably well, about to open a letter given to me by a messenger from Sir John Lawrence to deliver to the commissioner of Jubbulpore. In view of the expected outbreak such an intention, if exposed, would infallibly have been quickly followed by Boden Singh's execution; but ne had read nothing of the dispatch, and, yielding to Pooniah's entreaties, I was silent, and his life was spared.

"The time is close at hand, sahib," said the grateful wife, "when I may do for you what you have done for him, "Sahib, don't go on!" she said, speakfollowing a well-known custom of Hining in her own language. "They are doo fanaticism-"may this choke me if

was behind your chair, his knife ready, Bonden Singh, too, pledged himself and had you been in it you would have to repay the debt I had placed him unbeen with Allah now. Boden Singh der. How the husband and wife kept was mad with rage, and waiting. He faith with me the coming ordeal showhad waited so long that he said he could

wait no longer. He wanted to murder "Pooniah! Why are you here?" It you last night when you were asleep on the charpoy, but I told him if he did so by a short cut from my bungalow he it would not be easy to get the officers had approached the rear of the clump all together at the mess to-night. So and had nearly fallen over us. In ahe agreed to wait a little longer and nother second he had seen me, and his stab you in the back, as the others knife-a carving knife from the mess were stabbed, while he stood behind at table -was in his hand; and in the next dinner. He has killed somebody else by this time, to make up for having on the ground. He would have shoutmissed you. Yes, it is terrible, but why did you put the grease on the The butchery was over, and a troop of soldiers, accompanied by the servants who had slain their masters, were marching down the road, headed by a band playing "Rule Britannia." The woman who had spoken was Pooniah, the wife or the villain Bonden Singh. Bonden Singh was the "bearer," or body servant of the officer who had

night."

by side, while the mutineers came on, marching with that steady military step that they had learned so well from ed some other things, too, from the saw her again.

ridges?" At that moment, with life poys tied to a staked rope running forward from the muzzle of a shotted gun. "Boden Singh, I said, "I cannot save

> you this time." "Would you if you could ?" he ask-

And as I looked on the traitor's face, and as recollections of the past crowded upon me, I could only reply:

## Rachel and Jacob

"I don't think I would."

This true story comes from sea-board town in Maine:

Jacob loved Rachel, but Rachel wouldn't have him. Jacob labored their religious principles, and had the on, pressing his suit at intervals, and advice, strongly urged, of the astute after each rebuff telling her he was Sir John Lawrence, then collector of bound to win her yet, and convince every one she cared for him as much

as he in his heart knew she did. 'Very well,' cried the indignant rulers, in the pride of a century's almost

Jacob did persevere, but with small success, and at last began to lose courage. About this time another suitor of Rachel's arrived home from sea, bringing with him, among other exotics, a parrot of gorgeous hue, which he presented to Rachel, who forthwith had the bird suspended from the sitting-room window, whence she looked out afternoons when her work was done. For a day or two after his elevation to this dignity the parrot remained marvelously quiet, only casting an eye about as if taking in his new situation. On the third morning, however, no sooner did the neighbors begin to stir than he electrified each passer-by with the an-

nouncement: 'Rachel's gone on Jacob; no chance

for John!' Of course the more laughter this raised the more vociferonsly the bird proclaimed the news. It spread like wildfire, and the parrot's audience steadily increased. Rachel, mean while, went into hysteries, but however much this incommoded the family it made no impression on the parrot, who, although threatened and beaten and relegated to darkness, waxed more and more furious with desire to spread his knowledge.

Jacob kept out of the way for while, but there was no lack of couriers to bring him information of the other fellow's discomfiture and the parrot's heroic defense of his cause. At last Rachel's father appeared, one who got up first was to pull the wearing on his weather-beaten face an odd mixture of frown and grin.

'Look a-here.' he said, 'between that infernal bird's screechin' an 'folks a cracklin', that gal's a'most out o' and"-she stooped down, picked up a her head. There's nothin' for you small piece of earth and swallowed it, to do but go over there and try to fix bed asleep. The story got out by John most likely she'll see you-I do' no, folks can't always tell.'

The upshot was that Rachel married Jacob, who sticks to it that it was the penetrative wisdom of his rival's parrot that did the business. and denies to this day all knowledge was Bonden Singh who spoke. Coming of the way the parrot came by his

## Are Twice Two Four?

Mr. Frank Galton somewhere tells I had him by the throat, disarmed, and an amusing story, since profusely copied by all the anthropologists, of how, ed for help, but Pooniah stooped, and during his South African wanderings. in quick, nervous tones whispered : he once wanted to buy a couple of sheep Boden Singh, utter one word and I from an unsophisticated heathen Dawill run out and say you were saving mara. Current coin in that part of made? your sahib! You were his bearer, and the world is usually represented, it gave him warning in time to prevent seems, by cakes of tobacco, and two and my wife had sent him to hunt me. him from going to the mess table. How cakes were the recognized market prices He was within ten feet of the stump long do you think you would live after of a sheep in Damara land at the time that was told? The sahib will spare of Mr. Galton's memorable visit. So fuse on the cartridge when I heard his your life again if you will promise not the unsuspecting purchaser chose a to join the mutineers. Lie quiet now, couple of wethers from the flocs, and and you will never see me after to- naturally enough laid down four pieces of tobacco to pay for them before the The yillain saw his only chance for observant face of the astonished vensafety. Sullenly he gave the promise dor. The Damara eyed the proffered required of him, and lay still for twen- price with suspicious curiosity. What ty minutes. Then the Sepoys moved could be the meaning of this singular away, and half an hour later I, for the precipitancy? He carefully took up a rise of six or eight feet, came down second time, allowed Boden Singh to two pieces, and planted them in front spread eagle fashion, and then scram-"Sahib," said Pooniah, "I have kept | the other two pieces, with much won- slivers sticking out all over him. When my trust. I can do no more for you. der, and placed them in front of the Salaam." She was gone, and I never other. Goodness gracious, there must him if the machine saved ten per cent. be magic in it! The sum actually in soap, but he never answered nor More fortunately than the "Martyr came out eyen. The Damara, for his of Allahabad" I got safely into Luck- part, didn't like the look of it. This now, and came out with Sir Colin thing was evidently uncanny. How Campbell's men when they marched to | could the super-naturally cleyer white our relief. It is, perhaps, needless to man tell before hand that two and two say that Boden Singh's word was brok- made four? He felt about it, no doubt, en. He was an active mutineer. I as we ourselves should feel if a great saw him for the last time near Cawn- mathematician were suddenly to calcupore. He was one of a long line of Se- late out for us a "priori" what we were going to have to-day for dinner, and how much exactly we owed the butcher After gazing at the pat and delusive symmetry of the two sheep and the four cakes of tobacco for a brief breath. ing space, the puzzled savage, overpowered but not convinced, pushed away the cakes with a gesture of alarm, took back his sheep to the bosom of his flock and began the whole transaction over again "de capo." He wasn't going to be cheated out of his two sound wethers by a theoretical white man who

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

principles.

managed bargains for live sheep on

such strictly abstract mathematical

Are you disturbed at night and broken by your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhose, regulates the stomach, and and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothrulers, in the pride of a zentury's almost undisturbed possession, feared nothing, suspected no danger, and drifted blind. ly on to the sharpest crisis in England's later history.

Rachel, with a toss of her head, 'keep right on till you make folks believe that, and when you do I'll marry you!'

Thanks, my lord, and many more, the most good that the mos

Unfilial "Prince John."

While his father wasPresident young John Van Buren visited England, and, as the son of the President of the United States, he received great attention. He dired with the Queen, who was then a young girl, where his superior grace of manners, fine conversa. tional powers and witticisms made him appear to greater advantage than the titled flunkeys who were around Her Majesty. He attended one of the balls at Buckingham Palace and danced with her, and the story was told that Her Majesty became very sweet on him. It was this incident that gave him the cognomen of "Prince John," There was another story in circulation about him which illustrates his want of special reverence for his father. The old gentleman and John had a habit of lying in bed in the morning. Finally, one day the former said to his son that a reform must be instituted-that both must rise earlier. The hopeful agreed and suggested that the first one who got up should go to the room of the other and pull him out of bed! This was agreed to. John was out all the following night on a "lark" and did not reach home till next morning about 5 o'clock. He went to his father's room and took hold of him for the purpose of pulling him out of bed. The old gentleman protested against being disturbed, saving he had not had sufficient sleep. "Look here, governor, it was your own proposition that we should institute a reform in regard to lying in bed so late. Here I am, up at part of the agreement. Remember, the other out of bed. So now get up, or I'll pull you out." Tell it not in Gath! This young scamp made the President of the United States get up in spite of himself. After seeing the old gentleman dress himself the rascal sneaked to his own room and was soon in his up things as well as ye can. I guess telling on his father to a lot of boon companions. John afterward became a famous lawyer and politician.

### That Agent Lacked Push.

'About four weeks ago,' said a farmer on the market the other day, 'I concluded to get rid of several old stumps near the barn, and I came in and purchased some giant cartridges. Next afternoon I went at the job, and had just got a cartridge tamped down in the first stump when I saw a man drive up to the house. That was nothing to bother over, however, and I lighted the fuse and ran around the barn to wait for the explosion. I had only got in place when I heard a voice calling:

'Ah! there Sharp! I want to sell you the best washing-machine ever

'It was the chap who had driven up, when he called. I had a two-mipute to the all-important word, lit a cigar. voice, and I called back :

"For Heaven's sake get out o' that!"

''Oh, I'll get out after I have sold you a machine. Sharp, where are you? 'Well, sir, you can have my ears if that infernal idiot didn't walk up and rest his elbow on the stump, and he was there when she exploded. He took of one of the sheep; then he took up bled up and made for his wagon with he went by the house my wife asked came to a halt. He just sailed over the forewheel to his seat on the wagon, gave the horses a cut with the whip, and was a mile away when I went out to the road to inquire if his machine was full-jewelled.'- Detroit Free Press.

## Johnny's List of Best Book s.

Sir John Lubbock's list of 'one hundred best books' has created wide comment and induces several other persons to prepare a little list. Ola Simeon Sipples asked his fourteen year old son Johnny the other day to write down what he considered the best one hundred books and the youth immediately began as follows: 1. 'Yellow-haired Nance: The Pet

of the Slums. 2. 'Double-jointed Jake: The Cir-

3. 'Blue-devil Dick: The Indian Exterminator. 4. 'Squint-eyed Bob: The Roller

eus Boy.'

Rink Detective. 5. 'The mysterious Demon; or, The Ghost of Shantyto-

At this point Johnny's father, who was looking over his son's shoulder. brought his rattan cane down so vehemertly on a spot where it would do

# Love vs. Friendship.

I sat in my office, my chair tilted backward and resting on the wall. The smoke of my cigar circled upward in fleecy ringlets. But before I attempt any more figurative language, I will tell who, and what and where I

My name is Leslie Randolph, and was a rising young lawyer at the time, with considerable practice. The town in which I had the honor to have a home, was C--, which name, as it stands, you will not find on the map. I was still in the horrible state of bachelordom.

I sat in my office and tried yery hard to think about an important case that was to be tried that day, in which J was counsel for the defense; but, strange to say, my thoughts would revert to the stranger whom I met the in love with Nina Leighton or not. night before, who did seem to me a good kind of a young lady.

But my heart was impregnable to female charms. But-well, maybe I did | the subject. think I'd like to have a wife like Miss bout it any more. I wasn't going to be denly : and any sais bas sund a fool - not I!

'Perhaps,' my thoughts ran, 'it would be pleasant to fall in love with her. Wonder if I'm not more than half

Then I would break off suddenly and begin to rehearse my speech in the case of Brown vs. Smith most heroically.

But it was strange that I got terribly confused, so that I got the names Brown and Smith terribly mixed up your request, and you won't fulfill your and did once in a while get the name Lindley in. My thoughts were broken off sudden-

> ly by the abrupt entrance of my friend, John Carlisle, known to the public as Dr. Carlisle.' We had been playmates in youth, and as we grew up we remained firm

'Morning, Lee !' said he, as he took a

chair and sat down.

'Good morning, Jack!' returned I, wondering what he'd say if he knew what I had been thinking of just now. 'Lee, I've come to tell you something,' said he, as he began to fidget with a button on his coat.

'Tell ahead Jack.' 'Well, Lee, you remember last night

at Jones'?' Did I? That was the very place had met Miss Lindley, and Jack Carlisle had been there too. I merely nodded assent, and he continued:

"Lee, I believe I'm more'n half way in love!

wondered whom Jack did like ! 'Humph!' I growled merely to draw

'You needn't humph, Lee. It's so. You don't know what it is to-' And the doctor, without giving expression

favored one?" 'Who, indeed, Lee !' said the doctor

with a laugh. Like a flash of lightning it occurred to me that Dr. Carlisle had flirted a little more with her than he ought to Just as if he wasn't jealous. have done.

'Miss Lindley ?' I gasped, and I felt pale, and shouldn't wonder a bit if I was pale.

'To be sure !' laughed the doctor.

to bring my fist I brought it down upof that member.

'What !' thundered he. 'Yours ? ley? You, sir?"

est enemies.

'We'll see !' exclaimed the exaspera. ted doctor, as he bolted out of the of-

fice. We'll see !' When the trial was passed, I went | tion says : straightway to my office and enjoyed a full hour of love dreaming, and during I can no other answer make but thanks, that time I made up my mind to see Miss Lindley that evening, not a very fashionable eyening, by the way, being

I found her at home, and willing to see me. After some remarks about the things, I said:

time, Miss Lindley.' It was the first time I had called her

by her name. 'Miss Lindly !' said she, with a laugh. Mrs. Lindley, as I had occasion to re-

that I vary distinctly remember was running against a lamp-pest off the street, in which affair my nose came off second best. I went to my hotel and then to bed, resolving to remain a bach-

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elor all my life. The next day Jack and I made a solemn vow that we would remain firm friends for the remainder of our natural lives, and turthermore that we would not marry until both were willing. We then went into co-partnership for the purpose of hiring a room jointly, and we met with great success.

Six months passed, and nothing had occurred to mar our friendship, when a gentleman named Leighton came from a distant city to live at C-. We were soon acquainted with him, and through him, with his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, Nipa and Lillie. It was not long before I had no doubt at all as to whether I was Jack did not suspect me, and I wasn't afraid he would fall in love. One evening we sat reading, when I introduced

'I'm glad I didn't marry !' and an in-Lindley. I wasn't going to think a- terval of silence followed. Then sud-

manufactories of electric, (19W., 'So am I !' and again silence, broken by Jack. terprises, and the 'Lee!'

Well ?' and le le gostavoner What do you think of Miss Leighcorresponding quar

Well you see, Lee, I am over head and ears in love with her? 'Ah!' gasped I, as I stared at him. 'What do you think ?' 'I think, Joe Carlisle, that you are a

Do you mean to act in opposition to me again, 'exclaimed I, as I sprang from my chair. 'What !' shouted he. 'Do you mean friends. Whenever one was fortunate to say, Lee Randolph, that you love

blamed fool for trying to cross my path!

the other rejoiced. When we met he Lillie Leighton ?'000 200 12 siais called me 'Lee' while I called him 'Hold on, Jack" said I, with a sigh of relief. 'No, I don't. It's Nina.' 'Ah, Lee, as good a fellow as ever,' said he, as he grasped my wish you success in your undertaking.' 'Ditto, Jack,' and I returned his

pressure. 'I hope we may both be lifted

out of our bachelorship." 'I hope so, Lee, I hope so.' The next day was very nearly a repetition of that with which my story opens. I did get her name strangely mixed in with the names of my clients. The next day was Wednesday, and we went together to see the Leightons. We were in opposite corners, they at

the piano. Nina and I on the sociable. I won't enter into details. Enough I didn't hurt my nose by running a-Ah, he was, was he? Then I wasn't gainst a lamp-post, but, confidentially, the only one who had been affected. I reader, my lips came in contact with some sweet thing, and the result was -a smack. Immediately after this something reached our ears from the other side of the room, which greatly

So you see that, in both the cases aforesaid, jealousy was, indeed, 'Love's 'Well, Jack,' ventured I, Who is the labor lost.'

resembled it.

Jack Carlisle sits across the table. there, and says he can read what I write, eyen if it is 'upside down' to him, and I begin to believe it when he laughs at me for being jealous of him.

# "THANKS."

A correspondent writes to the New York Journal of Commerce that in con-'You, Jack Carlisle! You in love versation with a friend some time since with Miss Linley! She will be mine, he stated that the use of 'Thanks' in place of 'I thank you,' was highly im-And for want of a table upon which proper, and was like using 'gents' for 'gentlemen,' and she asks for informaon my knee, to the slight discomfiture tion upon the subject. The Journal

savs: We have answered this several times You aspire to the hand of 'Miss Lind- by mail for ladies who were too timid to have their little notes appear in It is strange how jealousy will trans- print, but we desire to give an answer form the warmest friends to the bitter- that, as far as our readers are concerned will set the question at rest. Many 'Yes, sir !" said I, fiercely. 'Mine, have written against this brief utterance, and not a few have denounced it as modern slang. This is wholly a mistake; it is good old English, and as unexceptionable as any phrase in the During the trial I conducted myself | English language. Shakespeare puts creditably, and even won the case, it in the mouth of his most cultured at which I was greatly astonished. characters. In 'Twelfth Night' Sebas-

My kind Antonio. And thanks, and ever thanks.

In 'Measure for Measure' Isabel says: Oh, were it but my life. I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin. Claudic—Thanks, dear Isabel.

And further on we have from the weather, fashions and sundry other duke himself, 'Thanks, dear friend, Escalus,' and 'Thanks, Provost, for 'We met last eyening for the first thy care.' In other plays we have 'Thanks, good Egeus,' 'Thanks, Pompey,' 'Thanks, sir,' 'Thanks to your majesty,' 'Thanks, gentle uncle,' 'Thanks, noble peer,' 'Thanks, gentle 'I am married, Mr. Randolph, and am sir,' Thanks, gentle Norfolk,' 'Thanks, good Montgomery,' 'Thanks, gentle the most good that the titles of the mark to your friend, Mr. Carlisle, a few Somerset, 'Thanks, noble Clarence,'