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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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GIAOMO, Or, "I Remember Thee."

"Mrs. Bacon! Mrs. Bacon! Mrs. Bacon!" cried Mrs. de Luce. "Yes, ma'am."
The housekeeper started to her feet at the sound of her lady's voice.

"Missus is in a temper," she said to herself, and smiled, and looked amiable, hoping to conciliate; but the lady did not smile in return.
"Mrs. Bacon, my daughter is playing with a dirty little ragged boy."
Mrs. Bacon turned red.

"Phoebe told me that there had been a child there for several days, and that you actually allowed Gladys to play with him," continued the lady. "I refused to believe it, but she asked me to see for myself. He is there. What does this mean, Mrs. Bacon? Who is he?"
"My first cousin's second wife's aunt by marriage's daughter, ma'am—"
began Mrs. Bacon.

"This boy!" gasped Mrs. de Luce. "This boy is that?"
"No, ma'am," said Mrs. Bacon, plucking up spirit. "I only said that my first cousin's second wife's aunt by marriage's daughter left lodgings since she was a widow, left with a house of her own; and one of them died with a week's rent owing, a fortnight ago, and this was his child; and, as for sending it to the poor-house, who could have the heart? and I thought I'd have him in my room a bit; and he'll do anything you bid him; and Miss Gladys just run in; and though shabby, he is not dirty; and I've given those old clothes master said I might have for any poor person, to be made up for him; and—"

"I fail to understand you, Mrs. Bacon," exclaimed Mrs. de Luce. "If the lodger died, I'm sure it is to be lamented. But why should Gladys be set to play with the child? Send the boy away at once, and tell him never to come again. He looks like a foreigner."
"I believe his pa was Eytalian," said Mrs. Bacon; "but as good a boy, and—"
"Call Gladys and send the boy away!" interrupted Mrs. de Luce. "Really, Mrs. Bacon, I thought you could be trusted."

For one moment it occurred to the housekeeper that it would be delightful to give a month's warning and speak her mind; and, to do her justice, it was rather because she loved little Gladys so well, than because of her good salary that she refrained.
Mrs. de Luce swept out of the room and entered her carriage; and the housekeeper bustled into the little room she called her parlor.

A fair-haired girl, and a dark but beautiful boy were sitting opposite each other on little benches. The boy was singing a song.
"Listen! it is so pretty," cried the other child, with her blue eyes shining so yes!"
"Yes, it's lovely," said Mrs. Bacon. "And now I'll give you each a bit of cake, and then Gioaomo must run away. Your ma doesn't like you to play with the little boys, she's just told me. So you'd better not come again, Gia."

"Can't he play with me anymore?" sobbed Gladys. "Oh, he must—he must!"
"I shall be so sorry not to come here," said the boy, wiping away a tear; "but I will go nowhere where they don't want me."
"You're a little gentleman, if you are poor," said Mrs. Bacon. "And it's not me, Gia; I'd like you to stay here, poor boy!"

"No one wants me," said the child. "Mrs. Garcia doesn't; I heard her say so. And I will never go to the poor-house—never!"
"You might get to be cash-boy," Mrs. Bacon said; "or you could sell papers."
"I could do one thing," said the boy, "if I had a violin I could play on it; but I have none. I could go to places I know, and play, and they would give me money. I play well enough."

"A little creature like you!" cried Mrs. Bacon. "Well, I never!"
"I have a violin," said Gladys. "It is all my own. My poor Uncle William gave it to me before he died—that and his music-books. I shall never learn the violin. Mamma says the piano is right for girls. So I will give you that. Uncle would like it, because then you can earn money."
Gladys ran away. Up in the nursery the violin lay, on an upper shelf. After some teasing, the nursemaid consented to leave the fluting of her own caps for a moment and get it down.

Then, in the housekeeper's room, the boy proved his skill.
"Such a little creature to play tunes!" cried the housekeeper. "Now kiss and say good-bye," she said.
Gladys began to sob.
"Good-bye," said Gioaomo. "Sometimes, when everyone is asleep, I will come and play on the pavement before your house. Listen, that you may know it is I. I will always begin with

this tune. It is a song, called "I Remember Thee."
He played it over and over again.
"I shall not forget it," said Gladys.

The boy sighed and lifted his lips to those of the housekeeper; then he kissed the little white hand of Gladys, and was gone.
For a long time Gladys used, now and then, to be awakened from her sleep by the sound of a violin. Listening, she would hear the air—"I Remember Thee."
"It is Gioaomo," she would say. And tears would fall upon her pillow to think of the child alone in the dark midnight streets.

At last he came no more.
"Come here, little fellow," a musician had said to him, one night. "You are a genius. And, in the name of Heaven, how do you come by such a violin?"
Then he had talked to the boy, and it had ended in his taking him abroad with him. He had called to see Mrs. Bacon, to tell her what had happened; but she was away, and the servant did not think it worth while to remember his message.

Fifteen years had passed. In a little room, in a small suburban house, sat an old woman and a young one. No one who had ever seen Mrs. Bacon could have failed to recognize her, though she had aged considerably. The girl was Gladys de Luce.
Strange things had happened since those old days when Mrs. Bacon was her mother's housekeeper. That mother, left a widow, had married a rascal, who had wasted her fortune, and finally broken her heart.

Gladys had found Mrs. Bacon her only friend. The old woman had taken her little savings and kept a modest home for them both in this little cottage, while Gladys gave lessons on the piano to young children.
She was no genius, but had had good masters, and taught patiently.
To-night she was busy trimming a pretty though simple bonnet for evening wear. Two tickets had been given her for a grand affair. A violinist, said to be unequalled, was to appear for the first time in Philadelphia, and tickets were utterly beyond her reach; but the bachelor uncle of one of her pupils had given her two, which he had intended to use, but could not, being obliged to leave town on business.

"It was so kind," said Gladys, "and we shall enjoy the music, I know. Oh, Aunty Bacon, do you remember little Gioaomo? I believe he was a genius. I wonder what became of the sweet little fellow."
"I wish I knew," said Mrs. Bacon. "I do, indeed. I hope it was no harm. He was a good little fellow, and he might have stayed in that big house. His meals would never have been missed by anyone; but your ma wasn't very apt to take to poor folks."

So they talked over the past, and Gladys felt herself on the verge of tears as she recalled the memory of those nights in which she was awakened in her warm bed to hear the little violinist playing "I Remember Thee" in the cold street below her window. She had never heard anyone else play that air in all her life.
The night of the concert came. Gladys, chaperoned by Mrs. Bacon, took her place in the large room, filled with fashionable women and men of society. The lights were bright, the dresses elegant. Great pots of plants adorned the stage. Beyond hung a rich drapery of cream-colored velvet. It formed an exquisite background for the splendid figure and beautiful dark face of the great musician as he advanced towards the foot-lights.

He played; none who heard him ever forgot. Thunders of applause filled the hall. He played again amidst a rapture of silence. Encore followed encore.
In reply to one of these he stepped forward and turned his face towards the seats in which Gladys and her old friend sat—his eyes met those of the girl across the heads of the other listeners, and suddenly she heard music like a revelation from an angel's heart, so sweet, so low, so tender.

Not the least great for its simplicity was that to which the audience now listened; they did not know the name of the composition, but Gladys knew. She had heard it in the street below her window many a winter night. It was the tune little Gioaomo had bidden her keep in mind—"I Remember Thee."
Yes, he had remembered, for he saw her—he was playing it to her, and this was Gioaomo.

Shortly after, an usher brought Mrs. Bacon a card. It was from the great violinist, begging them to remain seated after the performance.
That night as they drove through Chestnut, Broad and Walnut streets, to their humble abode in his carriage, he held a hand of each.

"But for your gift, I never should have been what I am," he said to Gladys; and then he spoke of the old

times, of the little cakes Mrs. Bacon had given him, and of the kindness which had kept him from suffering when he was left an orphan. "Did you ever hear me play beneath your window?" he asked Gladys; and she answered:
"Oh yes; I have always remembered how I used to cry for you there in the lonely street."
"Poor little fiddler!" said the great man. "I can hardly believe it was I! Yet here beats the same heart; and remember, it is to you I owe all!"

Well, reader, you know how this story ends just as well as I do. Imagine the wedding, and make it as splendid as you please, only I will tell you this much: In the elegant home to which Signor Gioaomo conducted his bride, there was a plaque of honor for good Mrs. Bacon. —*Manyon's Illustrated World.*

OUT ON STRIKE.

"Little one, little one," said he, "it is come to this at last."
Nancy could but partly understand him. She was so weep, only four, and this speech of father's puzzled her. The little one was motherless. Quite two years ago they laid her mother to rest in the lonely churchyard, and now the grass grown mound was a haunt of spring's first daisies, and by strange chance a few frail snowdrops lifted their heads above the sward.

"It is come to this at last!" sighed Ned.
"What at last?" asked Nancy.
"That there's no help for it. Father must—must go." Ned broke down with sobs.
"Go where?" asked Nancy.
"Far away—away to look for work, my darling!"
"Without me?"
"Yes, even without you; and, childie, I could better bear death than this parting." Ned turned away to hide his tears from Nancy's gaze.

"Don't cry, father," she said. And the poor wee one had not tasted aught but dry crusts for many days; besides which, they failed to keep fire now. So the room was cold and comfortable, and Ned's Nancy was starving. But oh! the wee darling's patience.
"It seems as though she knew all about it," said Ned to himself.
"Don't cry," said Nancy, soothingly, "but come by the fireside and sit on your chair, take me on your knees, and I'll tell you what we'll do."

So Ned took her.
"Father," she said, looking up into his face, and, with her glance, a heaven of light seemed to fill her father's heart. "Father, we must sell the chair, and—"
"Sell Bob the cat, and—"
"Tears choked Nancy's utterance. She could better spare the chair than her cat. "There," she exclaimed, dashing her tears away, "I mustn't cry, for I'm a big girl now."
Ned clasped her closely to him.

"Well, father," added Nancy, "if we sold the chair (it was their last piece of furniture, and—) and Bob, we'd have enough money to go."
"Where?" asked Ned.
"To Heaven," replied Nancy. "Our hymn's bread in Heaven. Doesn't our hymn say so, an' that would feed us till we'd want no more!"
With that Nancy tried to sing the hymn, and she never knew the anguish of heart which seized her father.

"Bread!" he gasped. Ned bowed his head. Poverty—merciless, cruel poverty—and the helplessness that comes with the want of food, caused the strong man to tremble and weep like a child. A man "on strike" in the face of myriads of unemployed, a man whose life, even though honest, temperate and upright, was not worth living, how could he look upward?
"Nay," he muttered; "I have cried aloud to the walls, 'Give me bread or I die,' and nobody has heard. I have pleaded for her, ay! and to no purpose. The rich heed no, the poor are often merciless and jealous of their fellows; and who cares that one grave more shall be dug, in your churchyard, even though two be put in it one morning?"
Let us sleep and die—and wake."
"Where?" asked Nancy.
"Wake," repeated Ned, as one in a dream. "Wake—where?"
"Yes," said Nancy; "in Heaven, I s'pose."

That was enough. The factory hand among the trees turned to the open door. Far out from over the hills a gleam of sunshine darted down into the valleys, and, at the same moment, a sunbeam entered Ned's wintry-cold heart and cheered it. Ned took courage, comforted by his wee one's words. Better days came for Ned's Nancy, but her father never forgot the dark days when he was out "on strike." —*Manyon's Illustrated World.*

—First-class job work done at the JOURNAL office.

A Journey in a Coffin.

A Boston correspondent of the New York Tribune writes: "Do I remember any incidents of the underground railroad that haven't got into print?" said an old abolitionist and slave-rescuer the other night in response to a question: "Well, there is one story that I don't remember to have seen in the books or papers. In 1859, just in the height of agitation, S—, our agent at Columbia, S. C., had occasion to ticket a middle-aged negro, Job Vancey by name, through to Providence, R. I., by the underground. Job had sheltered a runaway in his cabin and had been betrayed by another negro. He learned the situation and came into Columbia in the middle of the night. There was no hope of concealing him. Our agent had thought of a new means of shipment that he had never tried. This was his opportunity to try it, for Job was clear, strong with the well-knit strength of middle age, and patient as his namesake.

"S— got a large coffin that he kept for the emergency, and into this coffin he put poor Job, and with him a quantity of crackers, cheese, dried meat and a rubber bag full of water. A few gimblet holes admitting air. On the first train the next morning Job Vancey went off, shipped as a corpse to a chosen address in Providence. Trainmen were general respectful of the dead in those days, and Job traveled comfortable for a time, barring the hours that he occasionally lay on some depot platform in the broil of southern sun. Travel was slow, and sometimes the treatment was a little rough. Job after a day or so began to get exceedingly lame with the confinement and pressure, his grim berth grew irksome, but it was when the loud shouts and laughter of his own kind died away around him, and when that and the sickening chill came over him when they dumped him one night on the stone floor of a cold baggage-room somewhere told him that he was in the north, and he began to suffer. The mere consciousness that he was in the north might have buoyed him up, however, if it had not been for one dreadful circumstance.

"There was a sort of a faint gleam around him that told that 'it was day, and he must have been in New York, for he said that he knew that he had been carried across some water by the sensation of rising and falling that he had felt. He had felt himself rattled along in a wagon, too, and the wagon had brought up in a place where he had heard the clatter and the roar of trains again. His coffin was dragged violently out of the wagon and when his bearers put him down they stood the coffin against a wall—on his head. Job began to feel the blood rushing to his head. He felt that he was lost, and would die, but he dared not shout for help, as that would mean discovery, a delivery to his owners, and worse than death. Better die there; even a horrible death from torture, than be carried back to his master's plantation. He clung to the determination, but at last felt his weakened senses give way. His consciousness, after minutes of agony, which seemed hours, was lost.

"When he recovered Job had actually arrived at Providence and his new-found friends—better friends than he had ever known—were using their best endeavors to restore him. In a few days he was able to step out into the world, in a home in a chosen village, a free man."

He Fired Up.

He had been courting a West End girl for a long time, but he has quit now. It happened Sunday night after church. They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.
"George," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for my sake?"
"Yes, Fannie, and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I."
"Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me."
"Speak, darling; what is it?"
"Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."
The sequel is stated in the preface.

In a Hurry.

Horace was standing in the upper hall one day doing something which his mother disapproved of and ordered stopped. He continued at it after one or two prohibitions, and finally she started toward him. He darted toward the staircase and down the stairs with such haste that he went two, three and four steps at a time, and landed in a heap on the floor. Gathering himself up, he managed to climb upon a chair, and sat there puffing and panting until his frightened mother reached him, when he was just able to gasp out: "Mother, you oughtn't to—hurry me so!"

SENORITA LOPEZ.

THE HANDSOMEST FEDERAL SPY.
When the Senorita Maria Lopez made her appearance in Atlanta during the siege she created a decided sensation among the gallant officers who were fighting all day and dancing all night. The senorita was pretty. Her flashing eyes seemed to look right through a man, and her manner of fluttering a fan was too eloquent for anything. Just where the Senorita Lopez came from no one knew. She said that her father, a New Orleans refugee, was in Richmond, and that in returning from a visit to friends in Charleston she had received instructions to await his arrival here. Of course this explanation was satisfactory, and if there had been any doubt the young lady's glittering diamonds, bright eyes, and ardent Confederate principles would have won the day.

We were not entirely given over to sackcloth and ashes during the siege. Balls and receptions took place almost every night, and there were various amateur entertainments. In all the festivities of the time the charming Spanish senorita bore her part. She was the acknowledged belle of the siege and her almost reckless daring completely fascinated the officers, from the general down. One thing about Maria Lopez delighted us. Federal shells had no terrors for her, and when other ladies shrieked and ran off unceremoniously from their visitors to plunge into a bomb-proof, this brilliant and fearless creature would simply clap her hands and make some scornful remark about the wretched aim of the Yankee gunners. After our fortifications around the city had been nearly completed, the senorita rode out nearly every day with some of her military admirers to view the works. This was rather perilous. Stray bullets and shells were always whizzing by, and it was a common thing to see a general or a colonel dodge behind a tree. But it was soon noticed that the senorita never even ducked her proud little head. She would sit on her horse like a statue, and laugh in derision when heresorts proved themselves unable to stand the racket.

"Oh, I would give anything to be a soldier!" she said one day, after looking through Colonel Blank's field glass. "I would glory in the opportunity of showing men how to fight and die for a great cause."
Perhaps this was too intense, too bombastic, but in those days everything that we wrote and spoke was in this fervid strain. So the senorita's talk provoked no comment, except a tribute of admiration.
One day our heroine passed me at a gallop on her way back from the breastworks. Something white fluttered down from her riding habit. I picked it up, but the lady was out of sight, riding like the wind. Thoughtlessly I allowed the paper to come open. What I saw troubled me not a little. I saw traced out in detail the plan of fully of our forts and trenches. The paper also contained the location of certain Government buildings, and an estimate of our forces.

There was but one thing to do. I hated to get a pretty woman into trouble, but I had to do my duty. In an hour's time the paper was in the hands of the provost-marshal. The next day I was brought face to face with Maria Lopez. The hearing was in private, and a circle of colonels and Majors sat around the accused, frowning at me as if I had been guilty of some criminal act. When I related the circumstances attending the finding of the paper, the little Spaniard looked at the officers with a merry smile.

"I think," said she, "that you don't care to hear from me. I will say however, that I never saw the paper, and therefore could not have dropped it. The young man perhaps found it, but he could not have seen me drop it." She smiled sweetly on the provost-marshal.

"Ahem!" said that individual. "There must be some mistake here. We do not doubt your fidelity, sir, but we had better hear no more of this."
I was dumfounded and abashed. Knowing very little about the ways of the world, I hastily retired, thanking my stars that I had saved my head. In a day or two the Senorita Lopez disappeared. Her lovers did not have time to mourn her loss, because Slocum's corps crossed the Chattahoochee, and our forces had to get out in a hurry. But I was destined to see the senorita again.

Many of us failed to follow Hood's army south. We were whirled about in such a vortex of confusion that we were glad to escape with our lives. Among other flotsam and jetsam I was thrown beyond the Federal lines. Stranded in Nashville, at that time a vast military camp, felt badly enough. I could not go South, and I could not get a pass to go North. One night I went to the theatre. During one of the scenes there was a buzz, and people stood up to look at a man in the dress circle just above my head. Finally I rose, as somebody said:

"He is the most successful guerilla and spy on the Union side."
I stood up until my face was on a level with the railing of the dress circle.

It was a wonder that I didn't faint! Looking calmly, mockingly into my eyes was the handsomest man I ever saw. He was dressed in a glittering uniform, and wore diamonds. That clear-cut, dark face, those burning eyes, the slight scar under the left ear—there could be no mistake.
I seized my overcoat and rushed out of the door just in time to hear the alleged Senorita Lopez say in a voice like a bugle:

"Arrest that man!"
A wave of darkness came over me. An officer caught me by the arm. I felt that I was lost. If the senorita was not only a man, but an enemy, I had no mercy to hope for.
There was a sudden tumult, a wild cry of fire, and then a crowd surged down the stairway. When I picked myself up the officer who had arrested me lay on the sidewalk with a fractured skull. I limped quietly away, and took the out-going train for Louisville. I had no passport and trusted to luck.

"Passes, gentlemen," shouted a sleepy lieutenant, as he passed through the car. I kept my head bowed down, "with my hat over my eyes."
"See here, show your pass," said the officer.
A gruff man behind me spoke up and said:
"You don't want to see it twice. He showed it to you a minute ago."
"Beg pardon," said the soldier, slightly confused. He went on, and I was safe at last.

I have never seen the senorita since, and I have no desire ever to meet her, or rather him, again. He would have had me shot as a spy beyond a doubt if it had not been for my lucky escape at the theatre.

Stealing an Invention.

A little more than 100 years ago the manufacture of steel may be said to have had a beginning in England. About that time there was living in Sheffield, Eng., a man by the name of Huntsman. He was a watch and clock maker, and he had so much trouble in getting a steel that would answer for his springs, he determined to make some steel himself. He experimented for a long time in secret, and after many failures he hit upon a process that produced a superior quality of steel. The best steel to be obtained at that time was made by the Hirdoes, and it cost in England about \$50,000 a ton; but Huntsman's steel could be had for \$500 a ton, and as he found a ready market for all the steel he could make he determined to keep his inventions secret, and no one was allowed to enter his works except his workmen, and they were sworn to secrecy. But other iron and steel makers were determined to find out how he produced the quality of steel he made and this is how they accomplished it at last: One dark and bitter cold wintry night a wretched looking beggar knocked at the door of Huntsman's works and asked shelter from the storm that was raging without. The workmen, pitying the supposed beggar, gave him permission to come in and find warmth and shelter near the furnaces. In a little while the drowsy beggar fell asleep, or at least seemed to do so, but beneath his torn and shabby hat his half-shut eyes watched with eager intent every movement made by the men about the furnaces, and as the charging of the melting pots, heating the furnaces, and at last pouring the steel into ingots took several hours to accomplish, it is hardly necessary to add that the forgotten beggar slept long, and, as it seemed, soundly, in the corner where he lay. It turned out afterward that the apparently sleeping beggar was a well-to-do iron maker living near by, and the fact that he soon began the erection of large steel works similar to Huntsman's was good evidence that he was a poor sleeper but a good watcher.

A Client Demands Protection.

A few days ago, in the District Court, a prisoner, who had been defended by one of our young lawyers (who had been appointed by the court) received the highest penalty the law allows for horse stealing, fifteen years.
After the verdict was announced this lawyer was observed to speak excitedly to his client, whereupon the client stood up and told the judge that he looked to him for protection.
His Honor, Judge Noonan, replied that the sheriff would see that his rights were not interfered with.
"But that is not what I mean," urged the prisoner.
"What do you mean?" inquired the judge, kindly.
"I want you to protect me. This young man you 'painted to defend me says he is gwine to ask you to give me a new trial, and I want you to protect me, judge."
And now that young lawyer tells people that he won't defend pauper criminals without being paid for it not even if Judge Noonan sends him to jail for refusing.—*Siftings.*