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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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Steerage and Cabin.

I was in the steerage. She was in the cabin. Not that I was not as much astonished to see her, as, possibly, she was to see me. I had no idea that she was in the Persia, though I knew it was settled some time before that the Dufours were going to Europe.

It was a glorious moonlight evening the third night out. How well I remember it! The first mate was a good friend of mine. He had known me in my callow days of spending and pleasure, for I had gone as cabin passenger more than once. I was indebted to him for the neat arm chair in which I posed, nightly, to enjoy my cigar and make mental apostrophes to the moon. Now and then I could go on the passenger-deck at night, through his courtesy; and as I was not yet seedy, though my clothes were far from new, I fancy I did no discredit to the aristocratic loungers, who never noticed me, as, at his leisure, I was always in company with Alvord, the mate.

Musing, as usual, I sat on the lower deck, my hat thrown back, my gaze intent on her majesty, the moon, when I heard a voice that sounded familiar. It said: "Oh, mercy!" and then a moment after: "Don't let's just stay here, Lu."

I looked up just as the beautiful, proud face was turned, profile toward me.

"Gracious heavens!" I said under my breath. "Lilly Dufour! the banker's daughter."

I did not see her companion, and before I could move or speak, if I had been so minded, both ladies had gone.

I smiled to myself, though my face burned and my ears tingled. Only a few months ago and I had been her partner in a German given at one of the most aristocratic homes in New York. Her beauty impressed me; the acquaintance ripened into love. She had accepted me, and I was the happiest man in the universe. Then a great misfortune occurred, involving me in the disgrace of the head of the firm. Innocent though I was, I had to undergo most searching inquiries before the true verdict was made public. Stripped of money, my good name under a cloud, for a time, at least, I looked for sympathy from my lovely fiancée, and I was astonished beyond measure at the coolness of her reception, the almost indifference with which she listened to my defence. And then again, she declined to receive me, and wrote me a cold little note in which she informed me, in a beautiful Italian hand, that our engagement was at an end. I was absolutely petrified with astonishment. How often she had talked of love in a cottage! How eloquently had she declared that, failing fortune or failing health, and even honor, her heart would be true to itself and me; her love the shield and the reward. I could not believe it possible. I tried to see her, but was always repulsed. I wrote, but received no reply. I haunted her walks, her drives. She never looked at me.

Desperate and disheartened, I cared not what became of me. For weeks I moved, ate, and worked like an automaton. I was at my worst when a note came from a young lawyer, formerly my chum, and a good fellow to boot: "DEAR HAL—There is splendid news for you. Come down to the office as soon as you can. Yours, FRED."

What news was there that mattered anything to me? I scarcely cared to obey the summons. That evening Fred stopped me on the street. "Why didn't you come?" he asked. "Of course you got my note? There's millions in it!"

"Millions in what?" I interrogated. "Pounds, shillings and pence. I happened on an advertisement in an English paper yesterday. I've heard you say your family name was Preston; that there was some coolness between your mother and your English relations. Now here is a certain Halsted Preston, Esq., who has just died at the age of seventy-two, and he leaves—well, enough and plenty to the son of his sister, who married a Thomas DeLong, in America. Of course he must be your uncle, and they are searching for the heir. So you see you are wanted."

I looked at my much worn suit. For a moment my heart beat as if it would leap from my body. Now, if this were true [and I knew I had an uncle Halsted Preston in Devonshire—I was named for him.] I was the peer of any banker's daughter in America.

"Keep quiet about this matter, will you?" I asked. "Don't let it get in the papers just yet. I have good reasons for asking it. Above all don't talk it among your friends. I have nothing to do but to start at once."

"You will let me help you?" he said. "Not a cent. I took an oath that, so help me heaven, I would never borrow again. It has nearly been my ruin once. I have enough to take me there and back, steerage. If on arriving

there I can establish my identity, money will be easy enough, and I shall have incurred no obligation. I'll go just as I am."

In less than three days I had plenty of proof concerning my identity—my mother's marriage certificate being the most important paper; had engaged my passage—steerage—in the Persia; and, desiring to be known to no one, enjoyed my peculiar position with the zest of one superior to circumstances.

Did my heart throb faster, when on that beautiful night I saw the face of the girl I loved? Well, yes, for a moment or two. But I had also learned to despise her character too thoroughly to give way to the sentiment. If I had not quite conquered my infatuation, I was master of myself.

She, over there, in her rose-colored reveries, speculating upon the possibility of winning a duke at the lowest in that marvelous London; I, in the steerage, though kindly cared for by my sailor friend.

I smiled as I wondered what her thoughts could be just now. I was more than anxious to know her opinion through some available means, and taking advantage of my friend's permission, I haunted the upper deck nightly.

For some time I was disappointed. At last one evening she came up on deck, a young lady following, carrying her shawl and a pillow. They came quite near where I sat, my face to the sea, watching the wonderful gold-and-crimson gleams that mingled with the ripples and wavelets left in her wake by our good ship.

"Now, are you quite well fixed?" asked the young lady, who I suppose was her companion.

"Yes, thanks. Sit down, I wish to ask you something. Have you found out about him yet?"

"No, indeed. How can I talk of it? Nobody knows him but you and I."

"Strange that we should meet her of all things, and he in that horrid place!"

"Nothing strange, if it is poor," said the sweet, low voice of the other.

"I hate poverty! besides—" her tones fell, her words were inaudible.

"I hope you will never be sorry," was the answer.

"Sorry?" with a scornful laugh. "She has certainly lost his beauty," she added, with a bitterness in her voice that I had never heard before, and in which only her pride spoke. "One can never tell in these business troubles how far dishonesty will lead a man. Probably he is running away!"

I pulled my hat lower over my face, which was one burning flame. I longed to turn upon her and upbraid her with her treachery, but I controlled myself.

"Never!" said the other, with emphasis. "How can you speak of such a thing! I believe him to be the soul of honor—a thorough gentleman! He looks it."

Who could this girl be? I tried to steal a glance at her, but could see only the outlines of a very graceful figure. I remembered then that Lilly had once or twice spoken of a cousin in such a way as led me to think her a dependent upon her bounty. This must be she. And how grateful I was for her sweet, heartfelt defense of me! I wondered if I should see her again.

Night after night I waited patiently in the moonlight, until at last I gave up looking for her. She did come one night, however, with an elderly gentleman whom I did not know. I was in my old place in the steerage. Some of the other passengers were around, lounging about, leaning over the rails, but I had chosen my seat where I could see without being seen.

I saw her face. It was as I had hoped, a lovely, youthful face, and I could hear every inflection of her clear, low voice.

"Quite nice people, I suppose, go as steerage passengers sometimes," I heard her say.

"Oh, yes, even gentlemen in reduced circumstances. Indeed I once had a rich friend—you might call him a crank—who went 'for the fun of the thing,' he said, to see life in a new phase. I believed he liked it best," and the old gentleman laughed.

"A girl with such a face," I said to myself, "must be worth winning; by no means as beautiful as my former divinity, but more lovely in every way." Lilly was taller, more queenly, but this girl with the sweet voice and glorious, starlike eyes was, in every way but the mere matter of fortune, her cousin's superior. Of that I felt assured, and was quite willing her image should haunt me.

A few weeks had passed, and I stood before the gates of a fine old mansion, now my own estate—in a Devonshire village, and looked up the long avenue bordered by noble oaks. All that my uncle had died possessed of was left to me, money and lands. I certainly did feel the pride of possession in the first

flush of proprietorship—I held my head erect, I was once more even with the world. The country about was exceptionally beautiful. Rose hedges bordered the village lanes—here and there a thrifty farm lay smiling in the sunshine—cottages dotted the hillsides. Everywhere the land spoke of care and prosperity. The house was well preserved, and filled with solid though quaint furniture. There were hot-houses, and all the inventions of this utilitarian age needed for farming on a large scale, on the grounds. I saw the houses of my tenants. I was a lord of the soil.

Once more in London, my thoughts turned back to my own country and some unsettled business there. There was yet work to do, mistakes to correct, enemies to meet and friends to reward.

Among my acquaintances in the metropolis was a young German baron, who had married a lovely English girl, and with whom I had passed many happy hours.

"You must come here to-night," said the young baroness, one day; "I expect some Americans whom perhaps you know—the Dufours. The young lady is exquisitely beautiful; there are two—cousins, I think."

"I did know Dufour, the banker of New York," I said, quietly, though my pulse fluttered with a new thrill of gladness.

"Oh, yes—it must be the same family. You will come?"

"On one condition," I said. "And what is that?"

"That you will not speak of me till I come. As I have another engagement, I shall not be here until late in the evening."

"What! may I not even tell the story of your good fortune?"

Webster and the Bartender.

Mr. Quincy narrated the following characteristic anecdote of Mr. Webster: The route between Boston and New York by the way of New Haven had just been opened, and Mr. Quincy was occupying a seat with Mr. Webster when the cars stopped at the latter city. Mr. Webster was not quite well, and saying he thought it would be prudent to take some brandy, asked Mr. Quincy to accompany him in search of it. They accordingly entered a barroom near the station, and the order was given. The attendant without looking at his customer, mechanically took a decanter from a shelf behind him and placed it near some glasses on the counter.

Just as Webster was about to help himself the bartender, happening to look up, started as if he had seen a spirit, and cried "Stop!" with great vehemence. He then took the decanter from Webster's hand, replaced it on the shelf from whence it came, and disappeared beneath the counter.

Rising from the depths he bore to the surface an old-fashioned black bottle, which he substituted for the decanter. Webster poured a small quantity into a glass, drank it off with great relish, and threw down half a dollar as payment. The barkeeper began to fumble in a drawer of silver, as if selecting some smaller pieces for change, whereupon Webster waived his hand with dignity, and with authoritative tones pronounced these words: "My good friend, let me offer you a piece of advice. Whenever you give that good brandy under the counter never take the trouble to make change."

As they turned to go out, the dealer in liquors placed one hand upon the bar, threw himself over it, and caught Mr. Quincy by the arm. "Tell me who that man is!" he cried, with genuine emotion. "He is Daniel Webster," Mr. Quincy answered. The man paused, as if to find words adequate to convey the impression made upon him, and then exclaimed, in a fervent half-whisper: "By heaven, sir, that man should be President of the United States!" The adjuration was stronger than Mr. Quincy had written, but it was not uttered profanely; it was simply the emphasis of an overpowering conviction.

After all, our greatest work is not that which at the time seems to be great; and the epochs of our lives are not always heralded by a signal flag on the current-outlook of our anticipations, nor are they always marked by a red-letter in the calendar of the memories. The opportunities of doing an obviously great thing are true, but the opportunities of doing our simple duty, which may have infinite consequences of good or ill, are at every moment of our lives, wherever we find ourselves.

A single sentence of counsel or of warning to a child, in the home-circle or in the Sunday school, may shape his course for all the future, in a line of conduct not thought of by us at the moment. An approving word, or a hearty hand shake to a weary friend, may be just the means of stimulus and cheer to him in his need, which shall enable him to do a work for others over which he and we shall rejoice together when the toils are ended.

A personal note which is written under the pressure of a sense of duty, or a brief paragraph prepared at the printer's call for another "stick" of copy, may have larger permanent results in the impulse it brings to its reader—known or unknown—than an ambitious volume which cost many toilsome days of research and of writing. In fact, the best thing for us to do, in the hope of greatest good, is the one thing that can be done now. Nothing that we do is great in itself. God can use our least doing for great results.—S. S. Times.

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A PUZZLING PROBLEM.

A Citizen of London Anxious to Know Where He Lives.

The local divisions of London are somewhat puzzling. A householder in a letter to a London paper thus illustrates them: "Where do I live?" he asks. "Can any one tell me?" I can not for reasons as follows: The deeds of my house state at Upper Tooting. The postal authorities say at Balham. The taxing masters say Clapham. The rating people say Battersea. The local directory says Wimbledon and Putney. If I pay my taxes I must go to Clapham. If I pay the gas I must go to Battersea. If I pay the water rate I must do so at Kingston-on-Thames. To pay local rates I must go to Battersea. If I give a vote for a member of Parliament I must vote for Clapham division. If I look out front of the house, Wadsworth common is two hundred yards in front of me, and Battersea two miles beyond that. If I look out of the back of the house Upper Tooting park is only fifty yards from me. If I walk to the end of my road I am then in the parish of Wandsworth. If I go to the other end of the road I am in Streatham. If I cross over the road I am in Battersea. If I get over my garden wall I can sit on a post with a part of my body in three or four parishes at the same moment."

Solomon in Tennessee.

A certain justice of the peace, who lived in Tennessee, was once trying a negro for stealing. Among the defendant's witnesses was a girl. It was very evident that she was not telling the truth.

The magistrate stopped her in the midst of her testimony and said: "Do you know what you'll go if you swear to a lie?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

Some True Snake Stories.

(H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.)

I have always had a passion for hunting snakes. I suppose living in the country among them is the cause of it. In my boyhood I loved fishing, and an old romantic broken-down mill dam was a favorite spot where, with my legs dangling over the side, I would sit for hours watching my cork bob up and down on the water. One sunny spring day, while in this position, I felt something hitting my bare legs, but my eagerness in looking after a nibble prevented my discovering for some time that several angry snakes were making a target of me. How quickly I jumped up, increasing my terror by tumbling on a big copperhead coiled up behind me. I'll never forget, nor the fight I then had, tearing half the dam down, before I succeeded in exterminating the nest of seventeen snakes that I had been sitting on so contentedly.

Another time, while bathing in a beautiful brook in the woods, I noticed a large fish flopping in the shallow water just above me. I had a moment before captured with my hands a ten-inch trout that had foolishly hidden in a crevice in the rocks, and without a thought of the danger before me I rushed, naked of course, to grab this second one. I got within a yard of it before I saw that an ugly, four-foot long black racer had it in his mouth. The snake dropped the fish, and with uplifted head and darting fangs went for me, taking a mean advantage of my defenseless condition. As I retreated hastily a water snake that was basking beneath a stone in the water luckily shot between my feet, causing me to look down and see a small stone lying there. Picking it up I hurled it at my rapidly advancing and dangerous enemy with such good aim that I cut him nearly in two. In triumph I bore him and the fishes home, but I never went swimming there again without taking a good look for snakes first.

Once I was high in a cherry tree, and as I drew in a fruit-laden branch a big snake glided into my arms and brushed my face as he dropped to the ground, more frightened than I was. He was probably charming the birds when interrupted.

Many times I've hunted snakes on the edges of ponds, and on one occasion killed twenty-seven. They made a horrid pile and, as the tails live till sundown, they presented a lively appearance.

I've found snakes in the cellar, and once, during a terrible thunder storm, on going upstairs, put my hand on a big black snake coiled around the bannisters.

One morning I came across two snakes of different species fighting each other. The larger one was swallowing the little fellow and to save its life I killed the big one. Then, for fear of accidents, I dispatched the little one.

My sister and another girl were picking flowers in the woods opposite our cottage when they saw a snake, and the best of the two threw a stick at it. This was a mistake, as they soon found out, for hoop snakes are not to be trifled with. Putting its tail in its mouth and making itself in the form of a hoop it started after them, while they, shrieking, flew for the house, barely getting in and closing the front door as the sickening thud of the pursuer banged against the outside. When any one doubts their story they point to the mark the serpent made on the door, and consider that an overwhelming proof. I don't vouch for this affair, for I was away when it happened. Still it may be true, worse yarns than that are told of snakes and eagerly swallowed.

One day I was in the brush hunting for woodcock when the ugliest and nearly the biggest snake I ever saw stood straight up on its tail and stuck his nasty face right in mine. In my surprise my gun went off and the snake's head, too. I've always felt proud of that shot though I don't want to try another just like it.

In the garden one morning I found a little snaker under a board, and managed to get it alive in a glass jar. I had lots of fun with it, and, in fact, made quite a pet of the handsome little creature. He was very audacious, and when I would put him on the floor and when I would put my foot he would throw himself and spit at me and follow me up so closely that sometimes I had to take refuge on a chair or table. I think he was poisonous, but he escaped before he killed me.

My little 5-year old boy came running in frightened the other day saying a big snake had chased him. I went out and found a venomous flat head adder, which I killed to his, the boy's, immense satisfaction. One morning on my way to the train I stepped on a four-foot pilot snake lying in my path. As he seemed chilled from the night air I carefully lifted him on a stick and carried him till I found an old tin can to hold him in. I took him in the car and placed the can on the floor. While reading my paper I hear a lady scream behind me and, looking around, saw half the passengers white with terror standing or climbing on the seats.

It was the liveliest kind of a time to secure Mr. Snake, who had crawled out of the can and had sought shelter under a lady's dress, and I had the whole car to myself for the rest of the ride.

I took the snake alive to the store for the benefit of those unfortunate persons who never see snakes—unless in their boots. As the reptile grew warm he became very savage, and everyone treated him with the greatest respect, particularly the colored men who worked there. We had him in an upright cane waste basket, and there would have been no trouble if some "smart aleck" hadn't clapped the basket with slimy snake in over a colored man's bare head, ramming it down so tight that it wouldn't come off. This was a shabby trick, for the man was nearly frightened to death in his frantic efforts to rid himself of his horrible hat. Then they let the snake out on the street, where he distinguished himself to the delight of the small boys until a policeman clubbed him to death and began looking around for its owner—to serve likewise I guess.

The same night, on my return through the woods, I met my little boy picking berries and noticed a movement of the grass close by him. I knew it was a snake watching him, and quickly breaking a branch I killed what must have been the mate of the snake I had captured in the morning.

But last summer I had an adventure that nearly cured me of snake-hunting. I was crossing a stubble field when I saw the biggest black snake I ever heard of—over six feet long and as thick as your arm. Picking up a stick I hit him, and he turned on me. I struck at him again before he reached me, but he was so quick I missed. As he wound about my legs and began climbing up on me, I was powerless to strike, and before I could help myself he was around my throat, tightening his powerful folds and choking me. I tried to tear him off, but couldn't. Gasping for breath, I tried again, but he wound around my left arm and was fast getting the best of the fight. Then I thought of my knife, and after a desperate struggle managed to get it from my pocket and opened it. I jabbed it into him, wounding myself in doing so, and then feeling his coils relax, fell down, for I was so faint from terror that I couldn't stand. But I brought him home for the boy to look at, and have never liked big black snakes since.

Women Who Count the Change.

"We have a cashier now who is the shrewdest woman I ever knew. She sits up there where the cash balls roll in, evidently kept busy making change. But that young woman knows all that is going on at every counter in this large store. She catches shop lifters, reports irregularities among clerks, and detects every little device invented by the salesman to beat us or our customers. She is not a spy. The crookedness she reports among the clerks would affect her department if allowed to pass. She often calls me up and points out some mistakes in the cash checks, saying, for instance: 'That has occurred five times this week. Mr. M— is very careless.' So you see she does not accuse him of willful mistakes in making out his checks, but I understand her and apply the proper remedy."

"A cashier's place is a hard one. She sits up there, generally alone; the air near the ceiling of a crowded store is not wholesome. She must be quick to make change, and the knowledge that every cent lost comes out of her \$10 per week naturally tends to make her nervous. She must watch for mutilated, punched, and plugged coins, and for counterfeit pieces and bad bills. The checks accompanying the cash are invariably written in haste, are often illegible, and if she does not read the figures correctly she is liable to send back too much change."

"But you ask me do women embezzle. Never have I known a single case; never have I heard of one. I can not say that of men. There are women shoplifters, cheats, confidence swindlers, quacks, and even gamblers, but a woman who is made cashier in an establishment is always one that is known, one who has earned the position by being a good saleswoman. Women are never placed in positions of trust as men are. Men of bad habits and character often obtain trusty places without much inquiry into their fitness. A woman's reputation is the very first thing an employer looks into, and the greater the trust he intends to confide the more scrupulously he inquires. It should be so in employing men, but it is an innate feeling that makes men easily put confidence in men."—New York Star.