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goodness. Ce-phus!' BEAVER & GEPHART, back kitchen window, from which she

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A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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VOL. 60.

over the fence and spoke to her.

very fresh and nice, one bit.'

now turned and asked again :

have it than a lump of gold, Sis.'

'My papa don't call me Sis.'

and gave it to him.

'Lumpia.'

folks ; don't he ?'

'Old ooman ?'

'She gone ?'

'Gone vare ?'

tree, somevare.'

'Yes.'

'My-my-mother.'

'You got a papa ?'

'Say, Sis, won't you give me a po-

'Don's he? Well, what does he

'Lumpie! He beats all at namin'

'Not that I know of. Why, Lumpie,

'No the old woman's she's gone"-

the tree up to seventy years, sure.'

Lumpie, as if taking the census.

ub there, these twenty years.'

The tones were sad, pitifully sad.

'Here, vare papa and mamma are.'

'Where mother is, that's my home.

wish it was, Well, Sis-Lumpie,

'Moye on !' suddenly called out a

gruff voice. 'Don't block the side-

which Lumpie had been looking at-

beginning of his wife's sickness.

cose, and hasn't a home.'

'Yes. Sakes alike !'

'I give him a fower.'

beautiful dahlias ?

said 'twas gold.'

you hear me ?"

round body.

'I hear you. What is it?'

ome's great summer horror.

him at the police-station.'

went by here only five minutes ago.'

'Who do you suppose is round?'

Heaven.

'Tamp ?'

'A tramp! Horrors!'

'I dunno. He didn't have very nice

'What kind? Not one of those

'A nasturtium, all yaller. Only he

'Good? I don't want any of his

'I warrant; for that's what he

your flower may help me get there.'

'Vare's your home ?'

'Where's your home ?'

walk! Move on !'

NO. 29.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 29., 1886.

he may do to you. Sakes! He may The Tramp's Flower. murder you.' 'Booh ! booh ! And what you got there? Can't you give me a flower?

'Where are you going when you fin-

Lumpie-that was the way her father called the chubby little girl-looked up out of the dark shadow of the vines, where her face resembled a white star. She wondered who it was that leaned me in the station house before night.' | bout where he is.' 'Now, Cephas, tell me where you are 'It is a big moon-face,' she said to

goin' when you get through here.' herself, 'a lot of hair 'bout it. And, uear me, I wouldn't wear such an orful old hat. And his cose don't look build it, though that is my business; While Lumpie was painting the stranger's portrait, he was looking up up, and he wants me to step in and Soon there was a shout. at the sky, and holding out his hand look 'round.' to the wind to find out the drift of the

'Don't venture where it is dangerous | tor. latter, and make a weather-guess. He will you, Cephus? Get that tramp and let him go in.

'Not I. I won't ask a man to go where I won't risk myself.

Lumpie picked a bright nasturtium about risking 'a tramp's useless life,' 'That's a good one, and I'd rather and then went into the house to put on her ample sun-bonnet. She told Bob, the colored servant boy, to put 'Jim' street.

of the tramp,' Aunt Salome reasoned knew him. to herself, 'and I've a great mind to let Bob call him out of that saloon ahead. Of course he's in there. That's where if he were livin', he'd be as old as that such people go. Then I can describe had pulled out of the dead man's pocktree back of you, and that would fetch him to the police.

Bob alighted, and went toward the 'You got a mamma ?' continued saloon door.

'Well, Bob,' said Jerry Collins, the saloon-keeper, meeting him on the doorstep, 'I see you have got Aunt Salome here. Will she take a nip ?'

The saloon-keeper raised his voice in this closing clause, and reguishly winked at several thirsty customers. Aunt Where heaven is. Don't you Salome heard it, and in disgust kept her head out of sight.

'I 'spect it's up, up 'bove dat spooce 'Oh! she wants to know if a tramp "That's where she is a singin' cher-

and I thought he was going to make a | pendent. call; but he swung a yellow flower in his hand, looked at that, and then moved off.'

Was Lumpie's flower guiding the homeless one homeward? 'I won't give it up. He ought to be

here,' said Aunt Salome, as they near. ed a gambling saloon, knowing very well he ought not to be there.

'Tramp been here ?' replied the pro-In an instant, the moon face, the big prietor to the inquiring Bob. 'Well, lot of hair, the old hat and seedy coat no ; yes. A big rough heathen came to my door, twirling a yellow flower; all vanished, an then appeared a man but he turned away and I lost sight of wearing a blue coat and silver badge, who strutted along and wrapped on the

Was the flower still guiding?

fence with his billy in an important 'What shall I do?' exclaimed Aunt way. Lumpie now ran into the house Salome. 'I can't report his looks as and was met by Aunt Salome, who was would like to the police, and yet I must keeping house for her brother since the have them jest watch our house. Land! What is that noise? Bob, 'Lumpie, whom were you talking

'Awful, marm, wasn't it? Hebben and arth gib way den? Fearful noise! See dose folks runnin' !' 'What can it be ?' screamed Aunt

Salome. 'Do you know, mister?' The man she was hailing stopped in the midst of a vigorous run, and bawl-

'They say it's Emerson's block that has tumbled.'

The man had no second edition of

news to give her, but rushed on head-'He's a good man, 'cause he said suskin about his old mumma's home in

'O Ce-phus, you there?' shrieked Aunt Salome. 'Drive on, Bob!'

And Bob drove till they came to the ruins, one mass of fallen chimaey, Aunt Salome had now rushed to a walls, floors, roofs. There was a dense black crowd around the spot. Several could look out upon the garden where of the people, seeing Aunt Salome, toiled Lumpie's father, Cephas Bixby. rushed to the carriage. His face no more resembled his sister's

'He is safe, marm. He's all right.' 'Ce-phus is ?'

thin, wiry, nervous visage than a shin-'Yes; we have him in the 'pothe. cary-store; but he had a narrow es-'Ce-phus! Ce-phus! Why don't cape,' said a man. 'I saw the whole of it. You see this building was not put up right, and everybody thought it crazy, and Emerson wanted your broth-'Folks say I am,' and here Cephus er to examine the thing. People mischievously contemplated his plump, thought they saw the end wall bulgin' out and advised him not to go: but 'Now, don't plague me. Who do down into the cellar he went. While you s'pose has been on the garden he was there the end tumbled, and then we heard a big cry for help from the cellar. You see it was Cephas caught Cephas here referred to Aunt Saunder a timber. But you must not wonder if no man dared go down 'Salome, there has been one special there; for people were callin' out: fly that I know for two days has been 'Tother end is bulgin' out !' At last watching your screens and trying to get in. Get in! If I am ever hungry, there came along a big, strong moosemay I not be a fly trying to get by your sort of a feller, a rough-lookin' customer that nobody knew, and he jest 'You are too bad. Cephus. It was a whisked down that cellar quickly; and tramp; and I'm goin' to complain of in about as short a time as I am telling this story, he got to your brother and then passed him out to us through a 'Oh! let him go. I dare say the police have seen him; and in fact one cellar window. By the time we'd crossed the street with Cephus-

'And that man ?'

'Well, as I was sayin', we had cross-Cephas directed a funny look at the ed the street with Cephus and all there toes of his boots, and resumed his was left of the building tumbled ! 'Twas awful !'

'And buried that man underneath?' 'That's where he is, I'm sorry to say; 'Well, I shan't go off to be a tramp under that pile the people are tryin' to while you are here. You may be sure turn over; for they think they can of that. Bless me ! You would have fetch him out pretty quick, guessin' a-

The next moment Aunt Salome was out of the carriage. In spite of a lot 'I s'pose I must go down to Emer- of nerves, she had a lot of sense and son's block and inspect it. I did not heart in her old, thin body, and she went off at once to get things that she but Emerson has been suspicious of knew would he helpful to the poor felthe man's thoroughness who did put it low, if taken from the ruins alive.

'They've got him !' bawled a specta-

'Take him to the 'pothecary's !' called out Aunt Salome.

There they took him, and he was laid beside Cephus. The latter was sore Aunt Salome muttered something and weak, but Aunt Salome's informant was right in saying he would not need even a plaster. His lifeless rescuer, though, was so bruised and battered, so mutilated and so covered with into the coupe and drive her down blood and dust, that he was not recognized. When his face had been washed 'I would like to get some description by Aunt Salome, then, even, no one

'Who can it be?' inquired the by

standers. 'I know,' said Aunt Salome. She

et a crushed little yellow flower. Aunt Salome was not given to dreams.

'Weak, vain, superstitious!' she called them. However, that night, after questioning Lumpie about the flower, and learning much that the tramp had said, a dream came to her. She seemed to see a valley shrouded in darkness, but beyond it glowed the walls of a Golden City. And treading and dark hair hanging in glossy curls. 'No. I saw, though, a trampish the city beyond; and it was toward looking sort of a fellow opposite here, that city his face was turned, -Inde-

A FIENDISH WOMAN.

Barbarious Treatment By a Foster Mother.

Little Boy Subjected to the Most Outrageous and Inhuman Cruelties-The Husband Afraid to Interfere.

DETROIT, Mich., July 22 .-- Colonel T. C. Hudson is a well-knownDetroit er. He is entry clerk in the Custom House here, and lives with his wife in good style at No. 140 Locust street. A tremendous sensation was caused vesterday by the application of a neighbor named Mrs. J. J. England to the Probate Court to appoint C. M. Stocking guardian of Clarence, the 5-year-old foster child of Colonel and Mrs Hudson. Mr. Stocking is the agent of the Humane Society, and the proceedings were taken on the advice of the society. Mrs. Hudson is charged with the most inhuman treatment | gain. of the child.

The story of her brutality is a narrative that would be incredible if not proved by the testimony of a former domestic in the Hudson family and other eye-witnesses, including Mr. Hudson himself, who seemed utterly unable to prevent it. He declared vesterday that the"pure devilishness" of his wife rendered it impossible for him to interfere with her torture of

One of her favorite modes of punishment, the domestic says, was to double him up, with his head between his legs, tie him in that position, place him in the bath-tub and then turn the water on him. If he kicked or squirmed she would take him out and beat him until his back was black and blue. Another method of punishment was to tie his hands behind his head and place him in a dark cellar, where she would keep him for hours at a time. If the boy told Mr. Hudson when he came home of what had occurred Mrs. Hudson would give him a worse punishment the next day. The boy was on several different occasions made to stand in the corner of the room with his face pushed up against the wall for hours at a time. Mrs. Hudson would sit where she could see him, and every once in a while would call out, 'Push harder; I can tell when you are not pressing hard,' and the suffering child would push so hard that his enter the complaint. I know he's Aunt Salome.

spotted the house, and to-night be'll break in here. There's no tellin' what really he won't need even a plaster.'

I know he's Aunt Salome.

make the boy bite his own tongue, and an interior of the dowers included the dear to change of climate, diet and water. Curved up still more; so much so that to horse, and she knew we should be kind to here enjoying that dear curved up still more; so much so that he released himself and stood head to here. Sold by J. Eisenhutla, Millheim, Pa.

Sold by J. Eisenhutla, Millheim, Pa.

He made a tremendous intovement and to change of climate. Curved up still more; so much so that he released himself and stood head to him. She felt perfectly easy about him.—N. Y. Tribune.

up double its natural size. On one oc casion the little fellow was asleep in bed, and Mrs. Hudson went to his room and told him that she was the devil and had come to kill him. 'All right,' replied the boy.

Often she made him stand up in front of her for hours at a time when she was at work. On one occasion, after he had stood there for two or three hours, she said, 'You hate me. Don't vou ?'

'No, mamma,' replied the boy.

'That's a lie,' screamed the woman, 'and I will whip you for it,' and then she gave him a terrible beating with a piece of barrel stave that she kept for that purpose. The boy made no outcry. In fact, he never whimpered or cried when she was inflicting the severest kind of punishment upon him. At another time Mrs. Hudson put the boy's plate on the floor and made him get down on his hands and knees and eat from it like a dog. He said, 'Mamma, can't I take some of it | gy drove into our yard. Hitched to his in my fingers ?'

'No,' she replied. 'Eat it down you're no better than a dog; you little wretch.'

Mr. Hudson said his wife was in the habit of putting oil on the child's bruises so as to prevent them from becoming too conspicuous. Hudson says that since the child has been with them he has bought not less than fifty bottles of oil for this pur-

Colonel Hudson is now and has been for many years employed in the Custom House as an entry clerk. Although past middle age, he is still a handsome man, with silky moustache the darkened way, she saw the tramp | He likes a good cigar and a good bearing the yellow flower in his hand. story, but as a rule his face wears a The flower shone with the brilliancy of sad, careworn look. Mrs. Hudson is now in Chicago visiting relatives and the child is with her. Mr. Stocking, as soon as appointed guardian, will go after the boy. Hudson appears to be frightened of his life at the woman, aud is much relieved that the authorities have finally taken action. The affair is the town talk.

Innocent Chidhood.

'Tain't so,' triumphantly exclaimed Bobbie from his perch on top of a chair gazing down on Algernon's head.

his sister Mand. 'Why, you said Algy was so green that grass was growing from the top

of his head, and (determinedly) there ain't any here.' How Maud explained the situation is unknown .- Detroit Free Press.

Settled It.

Grandpa was telling about some one who was very heavy for his size, and he said: 'He is the biggest man I ever saw for his size.'

At this all smiled, so he tried it a

'I mean he is the heaviest person for his weight I ever knew.' Then, after a pause, 'What are you all laughing at?' and grandpa walked off in indig-

Of Interest to Ladies.

The new treatment for ladies' diseases dis covered by Dr. Mary A. Gregg, the distinguished English Physician and nurse, which has rev into the U.S., under a fair novei plan.

Sufficient of this remedy for one month trial treatment is sent free to every lady who is suftering from any disease common to the sex who sends her address and 13 2ct stamps for expense disease and the free trial package is many times sufficient to effect a permanent cure. Full directions accompany the package (which is put up in a plain wrapper) also price list for future reference. No trial package will be sent after reference. No trial package will be sent after Aug. 1st, 1886. Address, GREGG REMEDY COM-

A Brigadier General of the late was is pursuing the humble though honorable avocation of street car driver.

IT WENT ROUND AMONG THE NEIGHBORS.-Mr. Levi Stahl, merchant and postmaster at Fostoria, Pa.,

'Mr. J. A. McDonald, Reedsville, Pa. DEAR SIR : - Some time ago I had a evere attack of chronic diarrhoea Could obtain no relief. A friend gaye me a part of a bottle of your Cutis' Carmelite Cordial, and a few doses entirely cured me. The balance of the bottle went around among the neighbors. Since then I have written to New York and Philadelphia for the medicine but could not procure it. I traced up the bottle we had and found it was purchased of Mr. Jacob Cowan, merchant in Altoona, and from him obtained your address. Please forward me one dozen bottles by express at once, as I do not wish to be without it in my family and wish to sell it in my store.' Single pottle Curtis' Carmelite Cornose would be almost flattened out. dial guaranteed to cure any case of chol-

JACOB.

TWO WOMEN AND A HORSE.

It is now nearly three weeks since we took a horse to keep. The family to whom he belonged were going to spend the summer in Europe. We knew the Fletchers slightly. They call. ed on us to see if we would entertain Jacob, their faithful steed. They said they knew if we had him they should rest easy; and they knew that our horse was lame now, and perhaps we might like to use Jacob for his keep. Afterwards we found out that though the Fletchers might rest easy, we could not. We thought well of this proposition. We decided we would have Kentucky's shoes taken off and put her in our pasture back of the barn.

When these people drove over from the town where they live, they did not drive their own horse, but came with a neighbor. It happened that we bad never seen the horse that we were to take until he came on the day his family left for New York to take the steamer. A man in a very narrow open bugwagon behind him was an iron-gray horse so tall that it made one gasp to look at him. It was not that he was so very heavy, but that his legs and neck were so long. Now we know enough to be aware that it is not a good sign to "see too much daylight under a horse." One could see half the firmament under Jacob.

The old man grinned as he said he guessed this was the old Barton place. We said it was.

'Well,' he responded, jumping down from his seat and beginning to untie the halter which was fastened to the rear of his buggy. 'Wall, I've brought ye this 'ere railroad bridge, ye see.'

My sister and I both stood with our heads thrown back, gazing. I immediately suggested that it might be well to lead the horse home again. I didn't believe we could take care of him, and my sister added that we had had no experience in the wants of a dromedary, or even of a giraffe. . The man grinne

'Can't take him back,' he said; 'his folks have gone. Hadn't ye eyer seen this critter before ?'

Never. Then he laughed, and laughed so long that we began to be angry. Jacob, meanwhile, had begun to graze. I saw he had kind eyes; there was no vicious appearance about him. My sister remarked that if she had money enough to travel in Europe she thought she should afford to sell Jacob, where upon the man went off into another laugh, and I asked sternly how many tricks he 'What is not true,' doubtfully asked had. As soon as possible 1 was told that he hadn't any tricks; he was a perfect horse, so far as he knew. The Fletchers set such store by him they wouldn't sell him at no price, and they thought we women folks would appre-

> ciate him. Having said this with great solemnity and emphasis, he put the end of the halter into my hand, placed his foot on the hub of the wheel, and sprang over into his buggy. As he drove away we saw him swaying with laughter, and he kept looking behind at the group he had

It was a good while before either of us spoke. Our Gordon setter now walked up from somewhere, glanced at us, and walked away again, as if washing

his hands of this affair. 'I guess we'll put him into the barn, I said cheerfully after a while. 'You

go in and turn Kentucky out.' Gertrude did as she was told. In a moment I saw our horse walk out of the west door into the pasture. She had a loose box, and it was into this that I now led Jacob. The box was not the largest kind, but it was roomy enough for Kentucky to turn round in, and she was a good-sized animal. It never occurred to us that this apartment was not large enough for any horse, or if it was not, that any horse of sense would try to turn round in it.

We closed the door and stood a moment, asking each other what we were going to de. We said we hated the Fletchers. We said we hoped they would drown; but we withdrew that wish for two reasons; first, because if they drowned we should have to keep Jacob forever; secondly, because the he could, or back into his stall. One of wish was wicked.

As we walked toward the house we heard a great noise of hoofs, and then an ominous stillness, in which we fancied was a kind of choking sound. We ran back and flung open the box door. There was Jacob describing a curve across the room, his hind-quarters being one end and his head the other, both extremities being pressed so hard against either partition that he was curyed nearly into a half circle, and appeared to be smothering, so twisted was his

'Run for a man !' I cried out, looking wildly round for something, I knew | that I was ashamed.

My sister started, while I recklessly caught up a whip and went at the down walls and fences, but we are in horse, flourishing it across his back. comparative peace. When Mrs. Fletch-'Well, I'm goin' to make sure and ter the complaint. I know he's Aunt Salame

Another method of torture was to change of climate, diet and water.

Another method of torture was to change of climate, diet and water.

Another method of torture was to change of climate, diet and water.

I ran after Gertrude and told her to come back, that we did not want a man; the horse had turned round. She did not hear at first, and I screamed still louder that we did not want any man. Now she heard, and turned, walking with great slowness and dignity toward Something in her aspect made me look about, and I saw a gentleman within a few feet of me. He did not attempt to disguise his merriment. He said it did not appear to be a good time for him to call, and he would go on. He was not urged to stay, but he was invited to call some other time and see

the horse that we had taken to keep. As soon as possible we hurried into the barn and found Jacob with his head in the meal barrel. We pulled him out and decided that he could not be loose in his box, so we tied him to the manger just as if he had been in a stall. He was all right now. It being sunset, we placed hay and oats before him and left

The night passed quietly. When I went to the barn in the morning I saw plainly that I had not fed the horse enough. He had eaten everything I had given him, all the bedding, and about one-half of the manger, which was made of thick pine plank. shallow hole was gnawed out in the partition. I hastened to give him his breakfast, and I gave him in my anxiety three times as much as the usual quantity. I told my sister what I had discovered, and she informed me that we should have to have our stable and eating-box lined throughout with zinc, for it was not because Jacob was hungry, it was because he was a "cribber" that he had done this thing.

She proved to be right. In less than week we had the zinc put on, and only barely in time then to saye the walls and foundation. I watched the horse once; I saw him take hold of the wood and pull and grunt. He was lost and bewildered when he could not do that. I think it was for lack of this occupation that he got into trouble the very first night after his dwelling was repair ed. We were awakened about midnight by a noise which at first we could not place; but of course as we had had no real freedom since Jacob had come, we immediately thought he was the cause of it. We dressed hurriedly lighted the lantern and went out into the summer night, which was full of sweet odors and the hum of insects. A whippcorwill was singing on the grindstone under the cherry tree as we opened the back door.

When we reached the stall our hearts sank. There was the horse sprawled out, with yards and yards of hind legs on the floor behind him. He was not struggling now, he was lying perfectly still, his head on its side. we had never seen a horse like this before, we were sure that he was in a fit.

I ran to our nearest neighbor. I ruthlessly pounded and called until he came to the window, when I informed him that the gray horse was in a fit, and would he come right up? He said he would, and I ran back, being perfectly breathless and helpless when I reached

Gertrude was sitting on a stool beaind the horse, looking at him. He lay just the same.

'He is coming,' I said, and sank down on the meal chest. 'I wouldn't run myself to death,' she said. 'I don't know that it is required of us that we give our lives for this horse, though his family are in Europe. I wish they were here with us, gazing

The man came. He said the horse was not in a fit. He was well enough; he was only cast. 'Only cast !' cried my sister. 'What more would you have? How long does

at their pet.

a horse stay cast ?'

What you want is a good plank, said our neighbor. We found a good plank. He laid one end of it over Jacob's hind legs, and there was ample opportunity so to do; then he directed Gertrude and me to get on the plank and stand firmly, while he went in the stall. We did not see what he did, we were too much occupied with what we were doing, for we o-

Immediately there was a movement,a lurch, an upheaval. The legs were drawn up, and we flew off across the barn. Gertrude's nose began to bleed, but I only sustained general bruises, which I counted as nothing. The horse was standing. 'I guess he's all right now," says our

friend. 'I'll hitch him up so high he

can't get his head down; if he can't do

that he can't lie down. I guess he tried

to roll. Better put him in a narrerer stall. Too much room. Horses don't try to roll in narrer stalls.3 When daylight came we harnessed our own horse and went for a carpenter to make a narrer stall. But we never used it after it was made more than half a dozen times. We turned Jacob out to pasture and drove Kentucky, lame though she was. The reason why

we did this was because to harness Ja-

cob was more than we were able to do

At our first attempt he got away from us six times as we tried to put his bridle on. The instant we slipped off his headstall he flung up his head even higher than usual, mountain high it seemed to us, and went out of doors if us led him out, the other stood on a chair with the bridle in complete readiness to put on his head. No, his teeth were shut hard, and his head was, so far as we were concerned, miles off. Only those who have tried it on a hot summer day know how exasperated and how helpless we were. ceed. Then we went into the house and rested. When we came out the sight of that beast attached to a low phaeton made us feel that our labor was thrown away. He looked higher than ever; he was monstrous. He would have looked tall in a T-cart or an omnibus. When we sat down and I took the reins, they came to me from such a height, and descended so far be fore they reached the little dash-board.

I think we had sufficient reason for putting Jacob to pasture. He tumbles

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