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R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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HER FIRST WARD.

'There ought to be a law against it!' said Alice Hawkes. 'Yes, there ought.'

She was a tall, handsome girl, with great dark eyes, hair of lustrous brown, all lighted with changing gleams, like satin when it lies in folds.

'Well, then,' said Kate Jennings, 'you have no business to be left an heiress, with no one to look after your rights and privileges. It is natural enough that you should become the prey of your needy relatives.'

'But this Mrs. Whyte Wayte was the most disagreeable of them all!' cried Alice.

'Then let us be thankful that she has departed to a better world,' observed Kate.

'Yes, but to leave her great clumsy boy to my guardianship—I that always detested boys. Kate, it's actually diabolical!'

'Oh, well, Alice, I wouldn't take such a gloomy view of it as all that,' suggested Kate. 'He may be an infant cherub for all you know. You can send him to boarding-school.'

'He is not old enough for that.' 'How do you know,' queried Kate.

'I don't know; I have only a dark presentiment. Oh, dear, what do people want to die for? Or, if they must die, why couldn't it have been Alexander Adolphus instead of his mother?'

'When does he arrive?' asked Kate. 'To-morrow,' was the mournful rejoinder.

'And what are you going to do with him?'

'I've fitted up the north room as a nursery, with tops and balls and all that sort of thing, and old Hannah has promised to have an eye on him at night, in case of croup or diphtheria, or any other of those merciful dispensations. And I've bought a sled and a pair of skates for him, and perhaps he may break his neck without much further trouble on my part.'

Alice Hawkes laughed as she spoke; but there was a sigh mingled with the mellow ringing of her mirth, and there, by Katharine Jennings knew that her fair friend's soul was inwardly troubled at the unwelcome bequest.

'Poor, dear Alice!' thought Kate. 'But she'll make the best of things—she always does! And perhaps it won't be so bad after all.'

Miss Hawkes' countenance was very dejected, however, the next day, when, wrapped in sables and velvet, she drove to the depot, about a mile and a half distant from Hawkes Hall, to take possession of her new treasure.

But the horses were fat and the roads were heavy with the mud following on a January thaw, and the noise of the retreating train had long since ceased to echo among the hills when the carriage drew up in front of the station.

'I knew we should be too late, Ralph,' said Miss Hawkes, sighing, as she descended from the carriage, with a little sugar dog—the result of a last sudden uncertainty whether her future charge were three or thirteen years of age—in her gloved hand.

There was but one inhabitant of the waiting-room as Alice Hawkes swept in—a tall, fine-looking man, somewhere in the twenties, with hazel eyes, a nut-brown mustache and a valise. He looked with a puzzled air at the fair apparition in blue velvet and ermine.

For one minute—and then the whole situation seemed to flash, as it were, upon Alice Hawkes' mind. Mrs. Whyte Wayte had never mentioned the age of her son. Could it be possible that this young man was the charge? She felt her cheeks grow scarlet as she dropped the sugar dog into the depths of her pocket.

'I—I beg your pardon,' said Miss Hawkes, laughing and coloring, 'I expected to see a much younger person.'

The stranger rose and bowed. Alice Hawkes was a well-proportioned girl, but the gentleman towered a head and shoulders above her.

'And I beg yours, ma'am,' he said, 'I was prepared to see quite an old lady!'

'It is Mr. Wayte, isn't it?' hesitated Alice.

'That is my name!'

'I am sorry we are so late—it is all my coachman's fault. The carriage is waiting. Will you allow Ralph to take your checks?'

He smiled as he touched the valise and color-box that lay on the floor at his side.

'I have no other luggage than this!' Old Ralph, with eyes like full moons, bestowed the two boxes on the seat beside him, and held open the carriage door for his mistress and her guest to enter.

'Ma'am, he could not forbear whispering, with a slight giggle, 'there won't be no call for them there sleds and marbles and the kite, shaped like a man.'

Alice pretended not to hear, but she knew that her cheeks were as red as the scarlet feather in her hat.

'Is this the old place?' he asked, leaning out of the window, as they neared the graystone portico in front, every column draped in glossy green ivy. 'It will make a beautiful picture.'

'Do you think so?' said Miss Hawkes smiling. 'Wait until you see the southern elevation; it is still prettier and more picturesque.'

The housekeeper, old Hannah, came smiling and courtesying to the door; but she stared a little as Mr. Wayte, springing first from the carriage, assisted her young mistress to descend.

'If you please, mem,' quoth she, 'where's the young gentleman?'

'This 'ere's the young gentleman, Hannah,' cried Ralph from his box, converting a laugh into a very explosive species of cough.

And Hannah remembered the little cranberry tart she had just baked on an 'A. B. C.' tin platter 'for the dear little orphan boy.'

'The blue room, Hannah,' said Miss Hawkes, biting her lip, to repress her amusement at the old woman's face of astonishment.

'Yes'm—to be sure, 'am,' said Hannah. 'Dear, dear! how strange things does turn out!'

How much pleasanter was the tete-a-tete dinner than anything Alice had dared to anticipate—the long, confidential chat in the drawing-room afterward. And the young man himself evidently enjoyed it as much as she did.

'I did not expect such a reception as this,' he said when the evening was well advanced, and they began to feel quite like old friends.

'Why not?'

'One reason is that you are rich and I am poor.'

'No reason at all,' said Alice, coloring hotly.

'And I am destined to earn my livelihood as an artist.'

'Well, what then? I would like to be an artist, were I a man. It seems to me one of the most beautiful and poetic occupations one could choose.'

'Do you really think so?'

'Of course I do.'

Alice's eyes sparkled—her mind was electrically roused by contact with one triper and richer than itself.

'It will be very pleasant,' she thought leaning back in her chair, her crocheted needle idly threading its way through the meshes of colored wool. 'He is so handsome and so gentle—though I wonder why he don't speak more of his mother's recent loss. Perhaps the wound still bleeds. What will Kate Jennings say?'

But, just as these thoughts passed through her mind there came a prodigious jerking and peeling at the front door bell.

'It can't be Kate at this time of night,' thought Miss Hawkes.

It was not Miss Jennings, but the station master of the depot, a clumsy, loopy-jointed chap, with saucer eyes and a square chin, which he was perpetually feeling, as if not quite certain of its locality.

'If you please, Miss Hawkes, I've brought him,' said Jabez Slades. 'His trunks 'll be sent round to-morrow mornin!'

'Whom?' gasped Alice.

'Him—and glad enough we be to see the last on him! Like to set the depot a fire, snow balled a hole in the windy and tied a tin pal to old Bose's tail!'

And as he spoke he pushed forward an ungainly boy of about twelve green springs—a freckled, sullen-eyed, heavy-looking lad, with both paws thrust into his trousers' pockets and his chin sunk on his breast.

'Alexander Adolphus Wayte, mem—that's the way he was labeled on his trunks. 'To be called for by Miss Hawkes, and the very time you were there I was a larripping' him down in the cellar for a comin' that there game on Bose, as has been station dog these three years. And I calculate that ere was the way I missed ye.'

Alice gazed hopelessly from the gawky boy to the stylish young artist opposite. He rose.

'I thought there was some mistake,' he said, reluctantly. 'You are Miss Hawkes? I supposed you to be Miss Glenfield, who has sent for me to paint a picture of Glenfield Hall.'

'And I thought you were my cousin Adolphus Wayte, left in my charge by his mother,' stammered poor Kate.

'My name is Wayte—Gerald Wayte—but my mother, thank heaven, is still living; and I thank you, Miss Hawkes, for your hospitality.'

'You are not going away to night?'

'I must; it is my misfortune to have already intruded too long. Miss Glenfield was to have met me at the cars. I wonder what has detained her?'

'I will send you over to Glenfield Hall to-morrow morning in the carriage,' said Alice, resolutely. 'To-

night you are my prisoner-of-war! You will stay, just to teach me what to do with this creature.'

And she glanced at Alexander Adolphus, who was making preparations to besiege the cat behind her intrusions of the sofa legs.

Mr. Wayte laughed and yielded. 'If I can be of use!' he said.

He sketched the Hall next day—and the day after he sketched Alice herself, and then Kate Jennings. Adolphus behaved very badly, and it seemed an absolute necessity to have a gentleman about the place.

'Alice!' cried Kate Jennings, a month afterward, 'is it really so?'

'Really how?'

'Are you actually engaged to that young artist?'

'Yes, I am,' said Alice. 'How could I manage Adolphus myself?'

How, indeed?'

Mean Honesty.

George came running into the house one day, sobbing as though his heart would break.

'Why, Georgy, what ever is the matter?' exclaimed his mamma, in alarm.

She said 'what is the matter?' but she would have said 'whatever' had she known her words would be seen in print.

'I have done a naughty, mean thing,' cried poor George, his tears breaking out afresh.

'There, there, darling, don't cry. Tell it all to mamma.'

Thus urged, the little fellow told his story, with downcast eyes and with many a mighty sob.

He had found a pocketbook with ever so much money in it. It had a name in it which showed him that it belonged to Mr. Souless, the rich merchant, who lived five miles out of town. George had walked out to Mr. Souless' place and found the owner in a state bordering on distraction. He had lost his pocketbook with nearly a thousand dollars in it. Said George:

'When I gave him the pocketbook he was so glad! He didn't notice me at first but after counting the money and finding that none was missing, he said I was an honest boy, and handed me a five-cent piece, telling me to keep that for my honesty. And oh, mamma! I can't help thinking what a mean little honesty I must have when it's only worth a nickle!'

A Good Example.

In cutting down our trees, we have been in danger of destroying the greatest of our heritages. In Prussia and Germany the laws relating to the forestry exhibit the wisest forethought on the part of the government, and the people sustain it in every effort to preserve what other generations had well-nigh deprived them of. These nations set us an example which it would be wise to consider. Their laws have given rise to a large system of tree-planting, thinning, and preserving, and also to an enormous literature regarding arboriculture and great rainfalls and droughts are obviated while malaria from both causes is greatly diminished. The ill results of the old denuding process are rapidly disappearing, showing that nature's capillary clothing must be respected, for utilitarian as well as sentimental reasons. In the United States the general fashion of extravagance prevailing in respect to forests is largely due to ignorance. Only lately has the scientific man impressed upon him of average intelligence the necessity of tree-preservation and the desirability of using other materials than lumber for many purposes in which wood was formerly considered indispensable.

Tammany in Early Days.

We in this calmer age can have no conception of the intense hatred for European symbols and usages that drove men in 1789 to assume the American and savage emblems of Tammany. But the new club was at once intensely American and republican. It was non-partisan; it was liberal to all shades of thought. Many federalists joined it. The Tammany officers interchanged civilities with the Society of Cincinnati, then the terror of Jefferson and Mirabeau. Yet Tammany was composed chiefly of intelligent mechanics, tradesmen, lawyers and merchants, who had little sympathy with feats of arms. Govern or George Clinton was among its first members. Philip Home, Schuyler Hoffman and many others joined it. A wigwag was built next the corner of Nassau and Frankfort streets. The association grew. 'I am old enough,' said Verplanck in 1867, 'to remember the original Tammany wigwag—the pipepen, as it was contemptuously called by its political adversaries. It was an humble wooden building.' Later it was transformed into a finer one, and at last, in 1867, arose ominously on its present site.

Moravian Customs.

The Moravians have settlements not only in Germany, but also in England, Switzerland and America. They hold nearly all the doctrines of Luther. Their largest settlement, called Herrnhut is in Saxony, and the Moravians in many parts of Germany bear the name of Herrnhuter. In each community there are two houses set apart one for the unmarried men, called the "Brother's house," and the other for all unmarried sisters or widows who wish to enter them.

The Moravians cannot marry without the consent of the elders of their church, and in some cases the bridegroom has been chosen for the bride. They seldom marry outside the community, and their engagements are nearly as solemn as the marriage. The weddings are very simple, the sister wearing but a black dress with a white lace handkerchief, and her pretty cap with its pale pink ribbon, which is changed afterwards for a pale blue ribbon when the ceremony is finished. There are always two rings at a wedding in Germany, as there are married men always wears one, which he receives from his bride in exchange for his.

The Moravians wear no crape nor mourning for their dead, and they speak of them as blessed, and of dead as "going home." They call the graveyard "God's acre," and they take the greatest care of their graves. But there also is the division, as in the Church, for the men are buried on one side of the cemetery and the women on the other.

The Moravians are all well educated, and the poorer brethren amongst them enjoy the same privileges in their excellent schools as do the richer brethren. Life amongst the "United Brethren" is simple and unartificial, love to God and man being their first principle; and many who have lived amongst them bear in their hearts a loving memory of their goodness, and of the pretty little village of Nuedendorf.

Failed to Make a Crow's Nest.

Being, a short time since, at an evening party, or 'soiree,' I witnessed an occurrence which convulsed the whole company with laughter.

In playing a game of forfeits, a green gawky young man was judged to 'make a crow's nest with a certain young lady and put some eggs in it. Greeny protested he didn't know how.

'I will show you,' says the judge. 'Just step this way and kneel down in front of this chair. Now, miss, kneel on the opposite side. And you (addressing greeny) must kiss the lady seven times through the back of the chair.'

According to instructions, he knelt down and made a desperate lunge at the lady's face through the chair back, but was doomed to defeat by the lady moving quickly aside. But he was determined not to be foiled in this manner and tried repeatedly to reach the lady's face with his lips, which were protruded to their utmost capacity; but as she constantly evaded him, he became discouraged at last and got up and was making tracks to his seat, when the judge interrupted him with:

'You did not pay your forfeit, sir. I told you to put seven eggs in and you have not put in one.'

'I—I tried to,' he stammered, 'but—the old crow wouldn't lay!'

Marriage of Presidents.

The only instance of a President marrying a second time is that of John Tyler, who was too bashful to kiss his first wife during their engagement, but was bold enough to marry a young girl shortly after her death in the White House. The first three Presidents married widows, and Washington had one or two love affairs before he got Martha Custis. Washington seemed to make it a principle to fall in love with nothing but heiresses, and he got a nice lot with Martha Custis, who used to tell him she brought the money into the family. Jefferson was a good match while he was in the White House. He was a widower and true to his first wife. Martin Van Buren was also a widower President, but though he said sweet things without number, he did not talk love. Jackson's wife was buried in the dress made for her White House receptions, and Arthur put a memorial window to his wife in St. John's Church while he was President, and also sat in her old pew.

The estate of John G. Weaver, dec'd, in Clinton Co., will be offered for sale by L. B. Stover, Trustee, on Friday, August 6th. See Orphans' Court Sale Notice under legal advertisements.

How Stanton "Tapped" the Telegraph.

Major Johnson, of Washington, who was Secretary Stanton's confidential clerk, said the other day: "About one of the first acts of great importance which Stanton did was to establish the headquarters of the telegraph of the United States in the War Department. This meant that all the telegraphic communications with relation to the war should pass directly into the hands of this amazing Secretary. At his orders I made a record of every telegram from and to the President, from and to all the Secretaries, from all the Generals in the field, to any and everybody. A record was kept of all the dispatches sent by General-in-chief Halleck, by General Grant, and all the commanders of the army of the Potomac, and by General Sherman, and all the generals of the West. The dispatches of the Secretary of the Navy and all the movements of his gunboats were put on record, and all cipher dispatches received at the War Department deciphered by General Eckart, and recorded by me. Every wire in the country was tapped and its contents run into the War Department and made a matter of record if it in any way related to the war or was in cipher. The telegraph operators of the department, under this censorship, became the most expert, probably, in the world, and they now hold high positions in their profession. They were Bates, Tinker and Chandler. Some of the dispatches in cipher intercepted were from corps commanders in the field relating to gold speculations in New York."

He Was a Retail Customer.

A correspondent residing in Portland, Maine, in sending a renewal of his subscription relates the following anecdote: Last Fall a green-looking customer observed a sign hanging over the door of one of our business establishments reading thus: "Wholesale and Retail Store." He worked his way through the crowd of ladies and gentlemen until he got facing one of the clerks who was exhibiting some goods to a young lady, then he broke forth:

'Say, mister, who's boss here?'

'The proprietor has just stepped out, sir.'

'Well, be this a retailing shop?'

The young man, hardly comprehending the greeny's thoughts simply answered:

'Yes, sir; both a wholesale and retail store.'

'Guess you understand your trade?'

'Oh, yes,' replied the clerk, wrapping up a bundle for his lady customer; 'what can I do for you?'

'Well, as the cold weather is coming on I thought I might as well come in and give you a job.'

'I don't understand you, stranger,' replied the clerk, who began to think that the fellow was in the wrong box.

'Zactly so. Well, I'll tell you.'

'Explain what you mean, my friend,' said the clerk, as he saw him produce a bundle from under his gray overcoat.

'Well, squire, as I said before, the cold weather's coming on and I thought I might as well be fixin' for it. Come mighty near freezin' 't'other winter, tell ye I did, but—'

'Stranger, I hope you will tell me what you want, so I may serve you,' interrupted the clerk, seeing there were a number of customers waiting to be served.

'Certainly, squire, certainly. I always do business in a hurry; and just as quick as the devil will let you, retail these six shirts. Let 'em come down to about the knees, kase I don't wear drawers.'

The Foxes and the Hares.

A fox who was passing through the forest one day heard a great dispute among the hares, and he turned aside to find several of them engaged in hard knocks around a burrow.

'What's all this row about?' demanded Reynard, as he fell among them.

'Why, sir,' replied one of the hares, 'our father is dead, and we can't agree as to who shall possess his burrow.'

'But it's large enough for all of you.'

'So it is; but that settles a question of fact instead of principle.'

'Well, I'll take fact and you can keep the principle,' said the fox, as he took possession of the burrow.

'MORAL.—When the heirs fight over the old homestead, the lawyer comes to own the farm.'

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

Convalescent Children.

Very often the convalescence of children is retarded by a depressing *causa*. Little children have not the mental resources nor the philosophy of grown-up invalids, and if too young or too weak to read, it goes hard with the patient—and with the nurse, too—if he must lie still all day, sighing and moaning: 'Oh, I wish I could get up!—Oh, dear, I'm so tired of this old bed!—Oh, when can I go down stairs?' and all the fretful lamentations familiar to mothers and nurses.

As it taxes one's ingenuity to amuse and pacify these little patients, I will mention two or three things I did for my boy when he was recovering from diphtheria, hoping the experience may be of use to some other mother. Of course, I soon exhausted stories, and the mild play with such toys as weak little hands can manage, and the old cry of 'Oh mamma, what can I do?' set in again.

The walls of the sick room were of bare plaster—as all sick-room walls should be, for a coat of lime makes them all fresh and pure again—and when my weary child sighed, among his many sighs, for 'something new in the room to look at,' I brought him a roll of pictures saved from a year's numbers of a London illustrated newspaper. These I brought into the sick-room and pinned all about the walls. The effect was very enlivening. The room seemed suddenly enlarged—as if it all at once opened out upon all the quarters of the globe. There were broad landscapes and wild marine scenes, battle fields, Christmas firesides, noble portraits of horses and dogs, brave generals and fair women, pretty groups of children, and tumbling waterfalls. The small invalid was delighted. Then I brought him a long, light stick—a piece of inch moulding, it happened to be—with which he could point at the different pictures while he asked as many questions as he liked. This stick was an inspiration. It was like having arms six feet long, and the boy had great fun 'visiting all around the world' with it, as he expressed it. As long as he staid in bed the first demand in the morning was—'Give me my poke-stick, mamma.' As I had to be out of the room a good deal, I fixed a call-bell on the foot of the bed, and we arranged a code of signals that proved quite entertaining. Three taps on the bell with the 'poke-stick' meant a drink of water; four taps, a clean handkerchief; six taps meant 'I am hungry'; eight taps, 'What time is it?'; and twelve taps signified that the pillows needed shaking up and the bed straightened generally.

After a while I attached to the stick a bit of string with a bent pin attached, scattered some old toys about the floor, and the invalid had a grand season of 'fishing.' It was amusing to see how shy some of the fish were, and what a time it was before they would consent to bite. And then the excitement of landing them in the bed—which was now a boat, of course—was immense.

I am sure these little beguilements helped on my boy's recovery, for they kept his spirits in a cheerful condition, and cheerfulness is a very helpful medicine.—E. H. LELAND, in *American Agriculturist* for August.

Unleavened Bread of the Passover.

The "Pesach" festival or Jewish Passover is the only festival in which "matzos" is the only bread allowed. The bread is unleavened, and there are now four cities in America with unleavened bread bakeries.—New York, New Orleans, Chicago and Cincinnati.

In order to supply the demand these bakeries begin baking two months before the beginning of the Passover. The matzos look like the ordinary hard-tack, except that they are a foot square. They are made of flour and water, and contain no other ingredients. After the flour has been kneaded into a stiff dough, a lump of it containing about fifty pounds is placed on a great block of wood and pressed into a thick sheet with a great beam which is fastened to the