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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

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MILLHEIM, PA THURSDAY, JANUARY 13., 1887.

NO. 2.

NEWSPAPER LAWS
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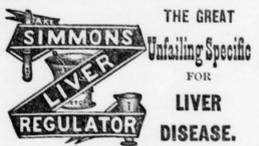
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AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR
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Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.
It acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. It regulates the Liver, and causes the bile to be cast to the purgative effect of bile being removed, a tonic effect is produced and health is perfectly restored.

There is but one SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR!
See that you get the genuine, with the red Z on front of wrapper, prepared only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
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A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

In his speech at Cooper Union, Oct. 22, Mr. Hewitt, then a candidate for mayor, now mayor-elect, gave a sketch of his life as an answer to some attacks made upon him as a 'rich man.' In the course of these remarks he said: 'I became nearly blind and was compelled to pass a year in Europe, for which I paid out of the earnings which I had laid up from the lessons I had given. On my way home another accident occurred—the ship on which I was went to the bottom, and I was saved by another accident in one of the boats of that ship in company with a man who has been mayor of this city, and who is and is my friend and brother, and will be to the end of my life. I landed in midwinter in a borrowed suit of sailor's clothes—not a thing of my own—and I had three silver dollars in my pocket, which constituted my entire worldly wealth. I was 22 years of age.'

Let the captain of the rescuing ship tell the story as he did a few years ago to a little circle of friends in a New York club:

'In 1844 I was commanding the ship *Atalanta*, and in the month of December of that year was making a voyage from Liverpool to New York. On the 11th I was crossing the gulf stream, and got well over it when, near evening, I saw a ship under full sail several miles to the windward and evidently heading for New York like myself. My barometer had been falling rapidly, and as I always regarded it with great care and obeyed its orders, I took warning and shortened sail. But I noticed that the stranger kept every thing spread, and when night came on and hid her from sight she was far off on the horizon, and didn't appear to have taken in a stitch of canvas. During the night it came on to blow heavily, a regular cyclone, in fact; and you may be sure I was glad I had taken in sail. It only lasted a couple of hours or so, but was very rough as long as it was on us.

'About 9 in the forenoon the watch reported pieces of wreck floating on the water, and an hour later we sighted a boat, and bore down for her. It was as I had feared, the stranger had foundered in the gale, and this was one of her boats.

'She proved to be, or have been, the American ship *Alabama*, Capt. Hitchcock, from Leghorn to New York, and besides her officers and crew, she had two passengers in the cabin. She was under full sail when the wind struck her, and in a very short time she was an unseaworthy wreck. She had two boats, one a staunch lifeboat, and the other an old and rotten longboat. Lots were drawn for places, and the lifeboat fell to the first officer, while the longboat went to the captain. The two cabin passengers went to the longboat and also nine of the crew. It was the lifeboat that I picked up, with the first officer in command and he said they left the ship at 2 in the morning, and lost sight of the longboat soon after. She was nearer the ship than they, as the captain had been the last to leave her.

'The weather was cold, and they suffered considerably from their cramped positions, but in a little while after coming on board they were warmed up and all right. Nothing could be seen of the longboat, and it was not certain whether she was still afloat. I determined to say her if possible to do it, and the great question was to determine what course to steer to find her. I reasoned that Capt. Hitchcock would try to get out of the gulf stream

as soon as he could, in order to find smoother water, and, after carefully studying the situation, I changed my course in accordance with this theory. I sent men aloft to keep a sharp lookout, and report the least sight of a boat and to watch for anything that would indicate she had gone down and was past all help.

'Noon came, and then 1 o'clock, and then 2, and no signs of the boat. I went to the cabin with my first officer and the officer of the *Alabama*, and we held a council. One of them thought I ought to run on another course, and he gave his reasons for it, and then the other, who had been wavering on the subject, joined him. I persisted in my belief, and stood alone in it. Somehow I could not see their reasons as they did, and I had a firm conviction that I was right, and if the captain of the *Alabama* had done what I should do under similar circumstances, he would be exactly in the track I was running.

'The afternoon went on, and about an hour before sunset I went into the crosstrees to have a look on my own account. I swept the horizon with my glass over and over again, but saw nothing and felt that a terrible responsibility rested on me, and what would be said of me for holding my course against the advice of the others, if I should not find the boat.

'Just as the sun was within a hand spike's length of the horizon I saw a speck on the crest of a wave. It went down as the wave fell, and I believe my heart stopped beating till the speck came up again and showed itself. There it was, and no mistake, and it was exactly dead ahead as near as you could draw a line.

'I hailed the deck, and sent the first officer to take the wheel. I told him not to vary the breadth of a hair from the course we were running. Then I came down and sent a man up to take my place.

'Have you seen anything? everybody asked, as I reached the deck.

'Nothing I'm certain of,' I answered; 'but we may have developments presently. I don't know if my heat was beating then, but presume it was.

'In a little while—it may have been a quarter of an hour, and just as the sun was dipping into the horizon—the man in the rigging called out, "Sail no!"

'Where away? I asked.

'Dead ahead, sir. I think it's the boat.'

'My heart went up in my mouth, but I tried to appear as cool as an iceberg. Of course, everybody else was all excitement, and that was the more reason why I should not be. Besides, I was captain, and nobody else was, as I had shown them by sticking to my course.

'The night came on clear and beautiful, and we kept straight on. We lost sight of the boat as the daylight faded, but in half an hour or so we saw her again, and we still had her right in line. As we neared her I kept the ship up a little, so as to bring the boat under our lee, and I put men in the fore chains and along the sides with plenty of lines, and made all possible preparations to make fast. I knew the men in the boat would be so chilled with the cold that they would be nearly helpless, and whatever was to be done would have to be done by ourselves.

'We got them out all right, and it was as I had surmised, they were most of them too numb to climb up the sides, and had to be helped. When they were all safe on board we tried to hoist the boat in, and she broke in two with her own weight. How she ever lived as long as she did is a mystery.

'Capt. Hitchcock told me they roared as long as they could after leaving the ship, with the intention of getting into the smoother water beyond the gulf stream, and he thought that in case I fell in with the other boat I would do just as I had done. The two cabin passengers took their share of the labor with the rest. They were both young men, with a difference of perhaps five or six years in their ages, and had been traveling in Europe, the elder of the two being tutor for the younger, who was the son of a prominent citizen of New York. They took passage at Leghorn for New York, and when their turn came to enter the long boat they did so without complaint, and had borne the privations of the night and day as cheerfully as any one else.

'All day they had watched and hoped and hoped and watched, but there was no sign of a sail. The night threatened to be cold, and there was little expectation that any of the party would live till morning, even if the boat continued to float. As the sun neared the horizon the younger man was lying in his over coat and a blanket, while the elder sat in the stern with the captain.

'Just as the sun was dipping into the waves the elder of the twain said

to Capt. Hitchcock that, with his permission, he would offer prayer. Of course it was given at once. 'And I never, in all my life,' said Capt. Hitchcock, 'heard a more beautiful prayer from lips of mortal man. And as he said "amen," and I said "amen," too, I raised my eyes and saw your sail.'

'Perhaps,' said Capt. Raymond to his group of listeners—'perhaps you'd like to know the names of those two passengers? They are familiar to you all, and you'll find them at the bottom of this letter, which I received, with a silver pitcher, a few days after we reached New York. I haven't seen it for some time, until it turned up today while I was overhauling my desk. It is an old letter, you see, and was written before the envelope was invented.'

The letter was passed around and handled with great care. It was then read aloud by one of the group, and ran as follows:

'NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1844.

'DEAR SIR—Desirous of testifying our grateful sense of the noble disinterestedness with which you stood from your course on the 12th of December last in search of the captain, passengers and crew of the ship *Atalanta*, which foundered on that day at sea, and of the kindness we received at your hands while your guests, we beg your acceptance of the accompanying piece of plate.

'We know that no offering of ours can add to the proud feeling of satisfaction which must have animated your bosom when upon your own deck, you saw the eighteen human beings whose lives you had saved; but we wish you to possess some slight token which in after days may serve to remind your children and your friends of how nobly you did your duty to your God and fellow men; and we desire that other ship masters, incited as well by their own humane impulses as by the approbation which so noble an act never fails to call down from the public, may go and do likewise.'

'In conclusion, we congratulate you upon the opportunity you have enjoyed of gratifying the most generous prompting of the soul, we pray that Heaven may shower its choicest blessings upon you and yours, and we beg you to be assured of the lasting gratitude of, very truly, your friends,

EDWARD COOPER,
ABRAM S. HEWITT,
Passengers.

'To Capt. George B. Raymond, of the ship *Atalanta* of New York.'

'A day or two after receiving and answering this letter,' said Capt. Raymond, 'I received an invitation to go to Mr. Peter Cooper's house, as the family was very desirous of meeting me. I was so busy with the affairs of my ship that I could not respond at once, but sent word that I would call on New Year's day. When I called, and my name was announced they did not wait for me to go into the parlor, but all came out into the hall to greet me; the ladies pressed around me, and I assure you it was rather embarrassing for a young sea dog to receive so much attention. I had done nothing more than my duty, and somehow felt that I was being thanked and praised a good deal beyond what I merited. I tried to tell them so, but they wouldn't listen to me, and all the time I was there they made such a hero of me that I didn't know what to say, and wondered how I would be able to escape. None of the Cooper or Hewitt family have ever forgotten me, but on the contrary, they miss no opportunity of referring to that incident of the 12th of December. When the *Atalanta* club gave a dinner to Mayor Cooper I wanted to come as much as I ever wanted to do anything in all my life, and I thought I would do so; but I don't like to be called up for a speech, and I knew that Hewitt or Cooper would be sure to have me out and make me say something; so I staid away, and saved the club from listening to the story of the loss of the *Alabama*.'

'If you had told the story as you have told it now,' said one of the listeners, 'you would have made one of the most effective speeches ever made at a dinner party.'

'So say we all.'—*Harpers Weekly*.

History of the Postal Card.

A treatise on the history of the postal card has been published in Berlin. The originator of the idea is said to have been a German state official, Dr. Stephan, who wrote an essay upon it in 1865. Austria was the first to adopt it, beginning in 1869. The first three months witnessed the passage of 2,930,000 cards through the mails. Germany followed suit in 1870, and on the first day after the introduction of the postal card 45,498 were sent off in Berlin alone; and in two months over 2,000,000 were used. Other countries soon initiated the same step. During the Franco-Prussian war the postal card

was a great boon to both armies. Over 10,000,000 cards passed during the campaign between the German soldiers and their friends and homes. The greatest proportional consumption of the postal card occurs unquestionably in the United States. The whole of Europe is estimated to use annually 350,000,000, while the consumption in the United States alone will probably not fall short of 231,000,000. Germany consumed in 1879 122,747,000. The use of the postal card is, moreover, constantly increasing, and, to some extent, at the expense of the letter correspondence. There are now said to be seventy-three countries in which it is introduced. Austria, which has the honor of first putting the idea into practical execution, is now said to have cards of the poorest material and most inconvenient form.

HAIGHT'S CONFESSION.

The Story of the Express Robbery and Fotheringham's Innocence.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 4.—W. W. Haight, one of Witrock's accomplices in the train robbery, has furnished a written statement of his connection with the affair. He says that poverty and his inability to obtain employment forced him to devise some means whereby he might provide his wife and child with the necessities of life. To do this he planned the robbery and approached Witrock with the scheme. Witrock became enthusiastic over it and thereupon took the affair into his hands and he (Haight) heard nothing more of him until he read an account of the robbery in the papers. Soon after that Witrock sent him \$1,000 by Oscar Cook and summoned him to Leavenworth. There Witrock gave him \$10,000 more.

He says it was he who forged Mr. Damsel's signature to the pass which was presented to Messenger Fotheringham and had the Adams Express letter heads and envelopes printed. Fotheringham, he asserts, is absolutely innocent of every charge brought against him.

The convicted robbers will be sent to the penitentiary to-morrow. Witrock said to-day that he stipulated with Pinkerton's detectives that they must lift the mortgage on his mother's house before he would restore any of the stolen money. This he said they had promised to do and added that it was done when they went out to Leavenworth, and thus his chief object in robbing the express was accomplished. The mortgage was for \$1,700.

Examination Stories.

Some Funny Ones Told of Students Who Were Excited.

As might be expected, the examinations of medical students afford some good stories—true or otherwise. As might also be expected, some of them are wittily impudent. For instance, a "badgering" examiner asked a student what means he would employ to induce copious perspiration in a patient, and got for an answer, 'I'd make him try to pass an examination before you, sir.' The most frequent cited anecdote of this kind is that of the brusque examiner—said by some to have been Dr. Abernethy—who, losing patience with a student who had answered badly, exclaimed: 'Perhaps, sir, you could tell me the names of the muscles I would put in action if I were to kick you?' 'Undoubtedly, sir,' came the prompt reply; 'you would put into motion the flexors and extensors of my arm, for I should knock you down.' On the same line as this was the retort made to M. Lefebvre de Fourcy, a French examiner, celebrated not only for his learning, but also for his severity and rudeness. He was examining a youth, who, though well up in his work, was hesitating in answering one of the questions put to him. Losing temper at this, the examiner shouted to an attendant, 'Bring a truss of hay for this young gentleman's breakfast.' 'Bring two,' coolly added the examinee, 'Monseur and I will breakfast together.' Of such alleged answers as this by students as that the pancreas was so named after the Midland railway station, that the bone of the upper arm (humerus) was called the humeros, and was so styled because it was known as the funny-bone; or, that the ankle-bone (tarsus) was so called because St. Paul walked upon it to the city of that name—of such alleged answers as these it is charitable to suppose that they must be clever inventions of the enemy. An inspector, who had been explaining to a class that the land of the world was not continuous, said to the boy who happened to be standing nearest to him: 'Now, could your father walk around the world?' 'No sir,' was promptly answered. 'Why not?' 'Because he's dead,' was the altogether unlooked-for response. As little anticipated, probably, was the answer made to another inspector, who asked, 'What is a hovel?' and was met with the reply, 'That which you live in.'

MODERN CIVILIZATION.

Human Beings Living on Oats and Sleeping on Straw.

(HENRY APPLETON IN "MAYFLOWER.")
NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—It happened that not long ago my business led me through the classic precincts of Mulberry street, one of the arms of that peculiar civilization which is summed up in every great city. Years ago, I remember, when Tony Pastor first spread his wings as a popular warbler, he used to preface some of his ditties by the remark that he had only been induced to sing them at the urgent request of some of the first families of Mulberry street.

While picking my way through the groups of ragged, motiveless, poverty besotted creatures, who for want of a better name are still called human beings, my attention was arrested by a large sign ahead on which was written, "Hay, Straw and Oats." This otherwise not unusual sign seemed strange on this street, where there appeared no detached carts, or any indications that there were stalls in the neighborhood. The fact is that in this vicinity civilization is at so low an ebb that any place where beast of burden will lie down is already monopolized by men, women and children who are more profitable lodgers. Horses find quarters in more advanced localities, where human beings do not covet the places reserved for them.

In the front of this store were a number of bales of clean straw, of a kind not usually used for bedding horses, and within its dingy walls were numerous barrels and boxes. My attention was soon attracted by a wretched man coming out of the door with a bundle of straw under his arm, who was followed by another with a dirty bag in his hand, apparently filled with corn or grain. Pretty soon a man who appeared to be a helper in the store came to the door, and I made bold to ask him, as politely as I could, what these people did with the bundles of straw and the bags of grain.

'What do you suppose?' was the bluff reply. 'Yer a little fresh, boss.'

I assured the man that, as a stranger in New York, I had only asked out of curiosity, and hoped he would excuse me. I soon gained his confidence and went away with some points on latter-day civilization of a very suggestive character to the student of "ethical culture."

This clerk of the grain store informed me that cellars and basements constituted the lodging places of a considerable portion of the inhabitants of Mulberry street. The enterprising landlord provides a stove in the middle of the floor, upon which is a kettle of water. On the sides of the den bunks are built up to the ceiling. The lodger provides his own bedding, which consists of an armful of straw, purchased at the feed store for five cents, and which may do service for an indefinite time. With the lodging is included the kitchen privileges. These consist of the use of the hot water, which is supplied by a faucet in the kettle, and the right to warm or cook whatever fodder the lodger may chance to have on top of the stove. The fodder is usually oatmeal or cornmeal, which he has purchased at the feed store, added to such swill as he may beg or steal through the day. The bill for lodging and culinary privileges is something like 25 cents a week, and when it is considered that twenty or thirty, often of both sexes, are packed into these holes, the business of the hotel keeper becomes a quite lucrative one.

And yet this great New York abounds in schools and churches, charitable institutions and art galleries galore!

Kingsley and His Pets.

It is pleasing to recall the distinguished Canon Kingsley's attachment to dumb animals among the traits of his every day life. Like Mrs. Somerville, he believed that some of the created beings inferior to man were destined to share the blessings of a future state of existence. His dog and his horse were his friends. As a perfect horseman, possessing the patience and much of the skill of a Rarey, he was a pattern to all who ride, reasoning with the animal he governed, and talking to it in gentle tones, mindful that the panic fear both of horses and children is increased by harsh punishment. A Scotch terrier named Dandy was the rector's companion in all his parish

walks, a diligent attendant at cottage lectures and school lessons and a friend of the family during thirteen years. He was buried near home, under those fir trees on the lawn, beneath whose shade his master himself now lies. "Fideli Fideles" is the inscription on Dandy's gravestone. Close by lies Sweep, the retriever, and "Victor," a Teckel, presented to her distinguished chaplain by the Queen, rests on the same spot.

Even in this brief narrative, one would not willingly omit to mention the rector's cats, the delight they afforded, and the affection they yielded, nor the "natter jacks" (running toads) of the garden, the sandwags which frequented a cracked window frame, the flycatcher that nested every year beneath the master's bedroom window, and the favorite slowworm of the churchyard. Kingsley's children were taught to handle gently even toads, frogs and beetles, these being, as he would tell them, "the works and wonders, like all things He has made, of a living God." That such lessons were effective, his little girl proved one day by regesting "Daddy" before numerous guests, "to look at this delightful worm," a very long one which wriggled in her hand. "Study nature," he says. "Do not study matter for its own sake, but as the countenance of God. Study the forms and colors of leaves and flowers, and the growth and habits of plants—not to classify them, but to admire them and adore God! Study the sky! Study water! Study trees! Study the sounds and scents of nature! Study all things as beautiful in themselves, in order to recombine the elements of beauty."—*National Review*.

A Struggle for Life.

He looked up at the waiter and said, "A small steak." And added, as the waiter started to give the order, "Make it tender."

The waiter looked surprised, but said nothing. Then the victim got up and went through a physical movement of the arms, frightening an old lady with glasses, who sat at an opposite table. He was strengthening his muscles preparatory to encountering a small steak. A small steak will not be trifled with. When the small steak was brought the melee commenced as follows, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules:

First Round—The stranger and the small steak came to the scratch and shook hands, the small steak looking confident and smiling. The stranger acted on the defence and sparred cautiously. Some neat science was displayed by the small steak, who sent the stranger to grass. Time of first round, two minutes and seven seconds.

Second Round—Both came up smiling. The small steak planted a blow on the stranger's nose, and dodged a left-hander. The stranger became groggy, when the referee called time. Time of second round, three minutes.

Ten rounds were fought, the small steak coming off victorious.

How to Advertise.

A contemporary, in some "hints on advertising," says: "Another thing which publishers have to content with is, that the results of advertising are not always visible to patrons, many of whom can not understand why custom can not be directly traced to the source where they expend their money to obtain it. Business is like a river with many tributaries, and in which it is impossible to trace every individual drop of water to the spring from whence it came. But if a journal is selected for advertising purposes, that reaches time and again, the persons most likely to be interested in the solicitation, that paper is certainly a sure fountain head of profitable trade in the stream of patronage far below. Temporary advertisements in a small way will not produce an immediate or permanent increase of business any more than a light shower will affect the depth of water in a well, but by persistency in the use of printer's ink in the right direction, the results sought will be gained in the end with interest."

An Intelligent Dog.

Andrew McCatherine, of Princeton, Maine, was the owner of a Newfoundland dog who for superior intelligence surpasses any we ever knew. McCatherine permitted a friend to take the dog with him to the lumber woods. Pine squirrels were very thick around camp and obtained much of their food out of the box from which the horses were fed. The dog observing this lit upon a novel plan for obtaining fresh meat. He would take a mouthful of feed and bury himself in the hay with simply his nose sticking out, then he would open his mouth and wait. The squirrels in search of food would walk into the ingenious trap set for them, when the dog would shut his mouth and the game was captured. In this way he supplied himself with fresh meat all winter.