

Deaver & Gephart

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# The Millheim Journal.

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### How Bessie Chose Her Husband.

Mrs. Lanson's door opened and Bessie came in with a troubled look on her sweet young face. 'What is the matter, my daughter,' said Mrs. Lanson pleasantly. 'Oh, I'm in such a dilemma, mother. Tuesday evening when Arthur Mercer was here, he asked me to be his wife. I was taken by surprise and did not know what to say. I begged him to give me a month's time to consider the matter. He kindly consented to do so; last evening when I went riding with Gus Windon as I promised, he asked the same question: of course I had to put him on probation too. They have both been dear friends, but I think my heart inclines a little more favorably toward Gus. He is the jolliest fellow I know: but whether his nature holds out at home as elsewhere, I cannot say. Home is the place to form a correct estimate of a person's disposition, and not in company. 'Yes, my daughter, that is true: but, unfortunately young people seldom have a chance to judge each other from that standpoint. There would be many more happy marriages if they could.' Bessie sat in deep thought some time, then suddenly sprang up and danced around the room, as she exclaimed: 'I have it, mamma, I have it. Mrs. Mercer told me last week, her girl would leave to-morrow. I will disguise myself and apply for the position. If I succeed in getting it, I will stay long enough to satisfy myself about Arthur, then get homesick and have to 'leave,' as Bridget would say. You know, mamma, the Irish brogue is so easy for me, it will help me effectually to disguise me.' 'As your plan may have much to do with your future happiness, I have no objection,' said Mrs. Lanson. Bessie left the room, and in about an hour she returned so completely changed, even her mother scarcely knew her. 'An Irish Biddy you surely are,' said Mrs. Lanson. 'You need not fear discomfiture, your own father would not recognize you.' Well satisfied with herself, Bessie proceeded to Mrs. Mercer's, and when an hour later she left that lady, she had the promise of the coveted situation, if all parties were satisfied after a week's trial. She was to begin her duties the following morning. With a light heart, she sped home to tell her mother of her success, and to make preparations to return that evening. She kept the highway about half the way home, then looking intently up and down the road, and not seeing any one to observe her actions, she climbed the fence and ran across a meadow to a piece of woods lying directly beyond. She then felt perfectly safe from detection. Just at dusk, with her bundle under her arm, she again appeared at the Mercer farm house. Mrs. Mercer greeted her with a pleasant 'good evening.' After a little talk with her regarding the work, and what she expected of her help, Bessie was shown her room and informed that she must be up at 5 o'clock every morning. After a sound refreshing sleep she rose, made her simple toilet and appeared in the kitchen at the appointed time. She wore a neat calico dress, protected by an ample apron, and a plain linen collar. Her own brown locks were completely hidden by false ones of a decidedly reddish tinge. When the family assembled for breakfast, she was introduced to each

member. Mr. and Mrs. Mercer believed in treating their hired help as ladies and gentlemen, so long as their behavior entitled them to such treatment. They seemed to be a very loving family, though not as demonstrative as some. The Mercer farm was a large one and consequently there was much work indoors and out. Bessie had several opportunities during the first few days, of seeing Arthur take the heaviest burdens upon himself instead of leaving them for his father or younger brother. He was uniformly kind and gentle to his mother and sisters. When resting at noon, little Mattie and Harry seemed to think him their especial property to tumble over as much as they pleased, while he was lying on the grass in the shade. Bessie, he treated as kindly and respectfully as he would any lady who was his mother's guest. He kept the wood box full and never let her bring a pail of water, if he was around when it was needed. The whole family seemed to place all confidence in everything he said or did. One week sufficed to perfectly satisfy Bessie in regard to Arthur's capabilities of making a good husband. Yet her thoughts reverted many times a day to gay laughing Gus. She was more than delighted one day when Mrs. Mercer mentioned that Mrs. Windon's seamstress was very sick and she did not know where to find another. 'O mamma,' she cried bursting into her mother's room, and starting that good lady out of her nap, 'How fortunate smiles on me.' 'I have just found out to-day that Mrs. Windon's seamstress is sick and she is very anxious to supply her place; so mother mine, this time I'll assume the garb of a little Quakeress and before I sleep I'll know whether Dame Fortune will assist me in finding out good and bad qualities of my other suitor.' As Bessie passed along the broad path leading from the gate to the pleasant Windon homestead, she heard Mrs. Windon say, 'It is too bad, Gus; your father was so anxious to finish that fence to-day and could if you had only helped him.' 'Mother it fatigues me to work when it is so warm,' laughingly answered Gus. Bessie's knock ended the conversation. She made known her errand and Mrs. Windon very gladly engaged her. When Mr. Windon came in he looked tired and worried, but said nothing. The next morning Mrs. Windon asked Gus to drive her to the city, as she must do a little shopping. 'All right my lady mother, but please instruct Ned to see that the carriage is at the door when you desire it, and I shall be quite happy to accompany you,' said Gus, from his comfortable position on the couch. When the carriage was driven to the door, he did not offer to assist his mother, but sprang in and waited for her to follow. The next morning he took his gun and dog and went hunting, though it was altogether too warm to work. One morning Mrs. Windon had a severe headache which confined her to her room. Bessie had nearly finished one dress when she found it would be necessary to have a little more trimming. She reported the fact to Mrs. Windon who immediately called Gus and asked him to take Miss D— the seamstress, to the city that she might catch the trimming. But he very politely declined the honor of riding out with her, by saying in a tone loud enough to be perfectly understood in the sewing room which joined Mrs. Windon's. 'My dearest mother, I prefer to choose my company when I ride out and I am not in the habit of choosing out hired help. What would the elegant Miss Bessie say if she should see me in such company?' Bessie's eyes flashed for an instant and then a queer little smile danced around the corners of her mouth as she murmured to herself, 'The die is cast, my elegant admirer, do-nothing; how surprised you'll be when you come for your answer.' Good-hearted Ned volunteered to go, not very gently telling his elder brother that probably Miss D— would prefer riding with a gentleman if she went at all. When they returned, Neddie handed his mother a letter from her niece, Alice Crofton, who stated that she might expect her and a friend, Carrie Wagner, on the 3.45 train the following afternoon. Gus was delighted, and when the time came to go for them he needed neither coaxing nor urging. When he returned, he sprang out and assisted the ladies to alight. Bessie could hardly realize that he was the same person she had seen lounging

around for the past few days bent upon taking his ease regardless of the rights or feelings of others. He was now the same gallant Gus of Bessie's acquaintance. Though extremely warm, it was no trouble to plan amusements for his cousin and her friend. One day they had a croquet party to which several young people of the neighborhood were invited. Arthur Mercer and his sister Emma were of the number. She came, but he sent his regrets; his father was not very well, and there was some work which must be attended to. How unlike Gus, thought Bessie. Another day there was a picnic at Forest Lake, then a party at Mr. Dimple's. Soon after the arrival of the young ladies, Gus drove after Bessie to present her to his friends. He had not a doubt but what her answer would be all he desired. He returned very much disappointed. 'My bright and particular star will not shine upon you ladies during your stay, and I am very sorry. Her mother tells me she is away and may not return for two weeks.' 'Don't grieve too much, Gussie dear, for I'm sure Bessie cannot be prettier or more winning than sweet Nellie Lindon. If Bessie does not return why not stifle your grief and play the gallant to little Nell?' 'My dear cousin Alice you are not one bit worldly wise, or else you are ignorant of the circumstances,' chimed in mischievous Ned. 'Bessie is the only child of the richest man in these parts, Nellie is the eldest of eight children; and it is a constant struggle for the where-with-all to clothe and feed the flock. Our Gus is not fond of work.' During the laugh which followed, Ned made his escape. The seamstress was utterly ignored by the gay young people; though she did not sew in the evening she was not invited to share any of their amusements. She received her pay Saturday night and with a light heart started for home. Her mission was accomplished as well as Mrs. Windon's sewing, and both parties were perfectly satisfied. One evening, the following week, Arthur and Emma drove around by Mr. Lanson's and invited Bessie to take a ride. Emma proposed that they call at the Windon homestead, which Bessie was nothing loth to do. They found Gus, Alice, and Carrie finishing a very interesting game of croquet. Gus was delighted to have the opportunity of presenting Bessie to his friends. He did not relish the idea of her riding out with Mercer, but as Emma was along he soon dismissed it from his thoughts. They spent a very pleasant evening, Gus scarcely leaving Bessie's side. As they were taking leave he managed to whisper to her, 'Remember my month of probation is over next Wednesday night, you may expect me that evening for my answer.' 'It will be ready, you may rest assured,' said Bessie, and she treated him to one of her sweetest smiles. Bessie was not a coquet, but she felt he needed to have his expectations raised a little that he might be the more completely humiliated. She was confident that his cousin and her friend looked upon her as his affianced; their words and action plainly said so, and he must have given them that impression. That night in his room Gus soliloquized after this fashion: 'Poor Mercer! I'm deuced sorry for him. He seems quite infatuated with Bessie. How surprised and chagrined he will be when he sees me carry off the prize. A little of old Lanson's 'filthy lucre' will not come amiss, that is sure, and Bessie is the queerly sort of a lady that Mrs. Windon should be. How all my less fortunate friends will envy me my beautiful and accomplished wife.' With visions of Bessie presiding over his home, which her father's money would probably purchase, he fell asleep. Quite different were the thoughts of Arthur. 'I fear Bessie cannot care for me as my wife must. Gus was all devotion this evening and she seemed to enjoy it. How stupid and inattentive I must appear compared with Gus, who is all life and jolity. I believe I could make Bessie happier than she will be with him. I fear her pleasure will have to be subservient to his, many times. But mother says we men never can understand a woman, so I will lay no more stress on Bessie's behavior this evening, and patiently wait till next week.' With a quickly beating heart Bessie entered the parlor Tuesday evening, for she knew Arthur was there waiting for his answer. He rose as she entered, one look at her beautiful face and he dared to hope his love was returned. He opened his arms and Bessie all blushing and smiling walked straight into them.

'My darling, last Thursday evening when I saw you smile so sweetly on Gus, I trembled for fear he would be your choice.' 'Now, Arthur, I have a confession to make, and perhaps you will respect and love me less.' Then she related what the reader already knows. It did not seem to change his sentiments, but to amuse him very much. 'And what will you tell Gus to-morrow evening, Bessie?' 'I shall tell him plainly how I arrived at my decision, and it may help him in future to be courteous to all.' After a pleasant evening discussing their future, Arthur said good night and went home with a happy heart. The next evening Gus presented himself in an unexceptionable toilet, and the air of a favored suitor. Bessie hesitated a moment in the doorway. Gus immediately crossed the room to her side, attempted to put his arms around her and lead her to the sofa. Bessie put out her hands in protest and quietly slipped into her willow rocker and motioned Gus to a seat opposite. He obeyed without a word, looking rather crest fallen. 'Gus, I have a little story to tell you. Four weeks ago last evening Arthur Mercer asked me to be his wife. I was somewhat surprised, having thought of him only as a pleasant acquaintance; I asked him to give me time to decide. He kindly consented. The next evening you proposed and was treated in the same manner. I had no thought of you in the character of a lover any more than Arthur. I did not understand my own heart well enough to accept either of you at the time, yet I was rather more favorably inclined toward you. I determined to find out, if possible, which would make the most agreeable companion for life. Mrs. Mercer had told me the week before that her girl intended to leave; while I was trying to think of some plan by which to accomplish my purpose, as if it had been an inspiration, the thought came, why not obtain the position in Mrs. M's family and find out what I could of Arthur's home life? I went immediately to Mrs. Mercer's, offered my services, was accepted and began my duties next morning. I found them a very courteous family. The sincerest affection was manifested by each one toward the others. Selfishness could find no abiding place there. I studied Arthur's character every time an opportunity presented itself. I saw he was a kind, affectionate son and brother, who thought of the comfort of every one else (even the hired girl) before self. He treated me as respectfully as he did his mother's guests. I could not help admiring and respecting him, and yet your pleasant face was often before me.' Gus had grown restless during the story, but during her last sentence his face had brightened, and he interrupted her with, 'Bessie, is it fair to give one a chance to display his amiable disposition and not the other?' 'No, indeed, but I am not through. Fortune was very kind to me. I heard your mother needed a seamstress. The little Quakeress you despised and would not ride to town with, was none other than the 'elegant' Bessie you so much wished to present to your friends. It is needless for me to repeat the many other incidents of that week, which convinced me that you cared more for your own ease and pleasure, than for the comfort or happiness of those you should love best on earth, and I decided it would be safer to trust my life's happiness to Arthur. I hold every woman should be treated like a lady so long as her conduct warrants such treatment, whether she be rich or poor, homely or handsome. I forgot all about your pleasant gallantry when I saw how utterly selfish you were in your home. The dear home friends should receive kindness and polite attentions as well as honored guests. I feared the time would come when you would care as little for my pleasure as you seemed to for your father and mother. And then how my heart would ache to see you so polite and attentive to visitors, while I would be totally neglected. I believe Arthur will ever be the same kind courteous gentleman to every one, no matter what their position in life. Last night I promised to be his wife. He has his answer; you have yours. Forgive me Gus, if I have seemed harsh or unkind.' When Bessie finished Gus lifted his face out of which all hope had vanished. 'You are right, Bessie, you have chosen wisely. No one is to blame but myself. My life has been a miserable failure; but you shall not despise me. I will be a man and win your respect. Will you be my friend still, Bessie?' 'You do not know how happy I shall be if any words of mine lead you to a life of usefulness.'

'It is five years to-night, dear Arthur, since I gave Gus his answer. To-day he is the leading lawyer of B. To-morrow he will be the husband of our dear Emma, and I do not fear to trust her to him. The old selfish Gus is transformed into a true gentleman like—like—well somewhat resembling your papa, darling,' said Bessie, as she caught up two-year-old Winnie and danced around the room. 'Dear Bessie, if it had not been for your little scheming head, I fear there would not now be four such very happy people in this little town. May many others go and do likewise.'

### Dynamite For A Singer.

#### A Rude Shock at Patti's Concert In San Francisco.

An Agod Crank Makes Some Evil Remarks About the Diva and J. C. Flood and Prematurely Explodes a Bomb Which Injures Himself—Patti Calms the House.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10.—A crank attempted to kill Adeline Patti during a concert at the Grand opera house by means of a bomb. The would-be assassin was injured, though not seriously, by the premature explosion of the engine of destruction. It was Patti's last concert and the Grand opera house was crowded. At 10:20 after Patti had twice appeared in front of the curtain in response to recalls at the conclusion of an aria from La Traviata, and just as she had retired again to the wings, a tremendous explosion was heard above the applause, and a cloud of smoke was seen to rise over the railing of the top gallery. Instantly every loggette in the house was focussed on the spot where the smoke arose and a panic was imminent. People in the gallery were rushing about, seeking the quickest means of exit, and it was only through the self-possession of the newspaper men present in the boxes coupled with that of the diva herself, that a stampede of the entire audience for the doors was prevented. The newspaper men were in the stage box, and they quickly perceived that no serious harm had been done. They communicated by nods and motions with Mme. Patti, who was still in the flies, to come before the curtain. She comprehended the situation and came forward quickly, and giving the cue to Ardit, began singing Home Sweet Home. This had a calming effect on the audience, and though many left their seats to ascertain the cause and effect of the unexpected punctuation to the performance, the concert was carried on to its conclusion. As soon as the location of the trouble could be learned a policeman rushed to the scene and found a man with a badly-burned face and hands moaning with agony, and the remains of an infernal machine about him. He was placed under arrest and conveyed to Irving hospital, where he said that when he stooped to pick up his hat and cane he found a package under his seat which he picked up, and that as he raised it to see what it was, it exploded. Though he was badly burned about the face and hands, it is believed he received no serious injuries, and no other person is believed to have been hurt. He gave his name as Dr. James Hodges, aged seventy-one years, a dyspepsia specialist, and his residence at No. 4 Central place. Others give a different, but undoubtedly correct, version of the affair. A lady who sat next to him, and who narrowly escaped injury, says that during the evening he made a number of significant remarks which pointed clearly to the purpose he afterward attempted to carry out. Among the observations which the lady distinctly remembered was: 'Patti is singing excellently to-night, but she will never sing any more.' He was also heard to make uncomplimentary and revengeful allusions to J. C. Flood and his family, who were present in a box. At the Irving hospital, after his wounds had been dressed, the chief of police attempted to make him commit himself, but the effort was a complete failure. He stoutly maintained his innocence. The chief of police pronounced him a crank. The bomb was made of a can filled with powder, in the centre of which was a bottle. The can was wrapped in pieces of cloth soaked in inflammable oil, and it is believed that the intention was not only to kill Patti and those near the stage, but also to set fire to the building. The bomb was arranged to explode by a number of friction matches, which were connected with the fuse in the powder. The theory is that the fuse burned too quickly for the crank and the explosion was premature. Though Patti performed her part in the remainder of the programme, it was noticeable that the occurrence had considerable effect upon her and had somewhat subdued her usual vivacity.

### Blessings in Disguise.

#### A Startling Showing of the Might Have Been but for War, Famine, Pestilence and Carnage.

Never was charity so general as in the present time, and in no land so universal as here. Never was a country so blessed as ours by the absence of the great calamities that constantly threaten human life and health. But what would be the result of a continuation, for centuries, of such a happy condition, and how would it affect the future of man? Take for granted that the world is but six thousand years old, that its inhabitants all sprang from a single pair—Adam and Eve; suppose the virtue, temperance and the beneficent traits of peace and good will to all prevailed at the beginning, and had been continued to the present time. What would then be the condition of mankind? The answer comes from all sides: A wonderful prosperity and happiness. Let us calculate. It is very reasonable to suppose that a community whose members practiced peace and good will, who were virtuous and temperate in all things, would, in the ordinary course of things, double in population every twenty years. Yet, to be entirely within all bounds, we will suppose it to double only once in a century. Now, starting with the single pair in the year one, and doubling their increase every hundred years, it is found that in five thousand years—which would correspond to the year A. D. 5000—there would be 2,251,799,813,685,248 virtuous and peace-loving souls on our planet. This would be over eleven millions to every square mile. While at six thousand years, or the present year of 1887, the population would have so increased that every square foot of the entire area of our globe would be compelled to accommodate 424 persons. Taking the actual land at three-fifths of the whole, leaving out the seas and oceans but including such balmy spots as the North Pole and the Desert of Sahara, the number of persons to the square inch would be five. It is quite possible that long before reaching such a point peace and good will would have given place to practices more akin to war and extermination. Is it not then to these very 'curses of our race,' War, Pestilence, Famine and Intemperance, that we of to-day owe our standing-room and existence? What would happen if there was not some outlet, and will not the time come—if all the world were as nicely behaved as optimists desire—when there will not be space enough to breathe in? Part of this finds its reply in the pithy line of Wordsworth, 'Carnage, too, is God's daughter.'

OWEN A. GILL.

### A Washington "Sponge."

'Do you know I don't actually spend \$4 a month for food seven months in the year,' said a Washingtonian. 'Here is my programme: I rise about 11:30 or 12 o'clock (I am not a workingman), and take a cup of coffee and two biscuits, which cost nine cents. I start out on my rounds calling, about 2:30 in the afternoon, and strike any of fifty places, where I take lunch with the family. I work the dinner racket the same way, and late in the evening put on my dress suit and manage to hit a good warm lunch where a reception is in progress. 'Do many men live in this way?' asked the correspondent. 'I can name you twenty men right in this town who are playing the same game. Why, what's the use in a fellow putting up good hard boodle when he can live without it?'

### A Three Thousand Dollar Cane.

Probably 'the most valuable cane in Chicago' is owned by Dr. W. H. Hale, a Scotchman, who left Edinburgh five years ago, and has since traveled a hundred thousand miles, the cane going with him. The head of this wondrous cane contains over three pounds of 18-karat gold, and is mounted with sixty-five diamonds. The gold snake which entwines the upper part of the cane has ruby eyes. In the top of the head is secured a gold chronometer balance watch the cover of which contains a gold monogram of its owner, 'studded with twenty-four diamonds. Dr. Hale says the cost of the cane was \$3500. He is naturally very proud of it, and never tires showing it to callers.—Chicago Herald.

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