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The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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NO. 12.

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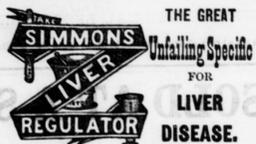
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PURELY VEGETABLE,
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A NICE NEIGHBOR.
"I don't think I should have taken this house if I had known there was a marble-yard so near," said Mrs. Grafton fretfully. "It almost drives me frantic to hear that man chip, chip, chipping all day."

"You can hardly call that a marble-yard, mamma," Laura answered soothingly, as she glanced across the way at the solitary workman under a small shed, where perhaps half-a-dozen blocks of fine white marble stood ready for the chisel.

"I call it an aggravation. They said it was a nice neighborhood. Well, it may be, but I don't fancy watching a man making tombstones all day."

"Is that what he does?" asked Laura, looking pensively at the workman over the way.
He displayed a fine set of muscles, as he stood with his flannel shirt open and his sleeves rolled up, looking about for a place to put a large new block of marble. He was a tall man, close-set and supple, with a good head and eyes of great power.

Laura stood watching him, and wondering how many times that little chisel he held had chipped out "Sacred to the Memory," etc. The little shed was an annex to a small one-story structure.

"I suppose he lives in there, poor man!" she mused; "all alone, cutting tombstones from one week's end to the other. Oh, mamma!"

Her cry of dismay came from the fact that the stonecutter over the way had attempted to lift a large block of marble on to a small truck, and it was too heavy for him.

There was a great crashing thud, and then he dropped to the ground, white and insensible as the marble beside him.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried Laura, springing up, "he has killed himself!"
She dashed downstairs and out at the front door, over to the marble-yard, where Mrs. Grafton followed her at a more leisurely pace.

The man was lying on the ground, and a small stream of blood was ebbing from his lips.
Laura lifted his head and bade her mother bring salt and water, while she summoned a little boy, who ran for the doctor.

"Stefano!" exclaimed the physician, as he bent anxiously over the injured man. "This is too bad! I was afraid it would come some day. How did it happen?"

"He was lifting one of those horrid tombstones," said Mrs. Grafton resentfully. "I should think those working-men would learn to be careful, when they know that so much depends on the preservation of their health. I suppose he has a wife and four or five children to support!"

"No, madame," said the doctor with a peculiar glance at the patient; "he is a single man. That will do, miss," he said to Laura, who was helping two volunteer aids to lift the injured man on to an improvised litter. "Take him right into the house, please."

The house proved to be one large room, furnished for the most part with pieces of marble, wrapped in drapery of brown muslin. The floor was littered with chips of marble and dust, while the bare white walls were rudely marked with charcoal outlines and certain abiguous drawings, which Laura fancied were the beginnings of monuments and other funeral stone-work.

There were, besides, a couch and some chairs, a table and an extinct fire place.

The injured man was laid down on the couch, and made comfortable with pillows and covers, which Laura brought over for him.
The doctor worked with him anxiously till he opened his eyes and betrayed signs of consciousness.

"You must not speak," said the doctor warningly. "Lie perfectly still and put your hand on the place where the pain is. Ah, is it there? Not here? Are you sure there is no pain here? Good!"

He made a careful estimate of the extent of the injury, and then called Laura aside.

"It is not so bad as I feared," he said confidentially; "but he must not be moved on any account. Everything depends on his being kept quiet. And yet," he added doubtfully, "I don't see how we can manage here."

"I will take care of him, doctor," Laura said quickly, "if that is what you mean."

"Laura, my dear," interposed Mrs. Grafton.
"Well, mamma, we can't leave him here to die!"
"He must have friends somewhere. They ought to be sent for."

"I happen to know, madame," observed the doctor, "that he is quite alone. He is a foreigner—an Italian, I believe. They call him Stefano."

"I will stay with him," Laura reiterated.
And stay she did, though Mrs. Grafton was scandalized by her uncalculated devotion.

As the man began to recover she made him all manner of dainties, which were set forth on tempting china.

When she found that he cared to read she scoured the library for books that would please him, but failed to find what he liked, until on day he asked for Petrarch, and Dante, and Ariosto.

"What are you thinking, signorina?" he asked one day, as she sat with one of the great poets in her hand, after an hour's reading.

"I was wondering," she said hesitatingly, "why you ever chose to be a marble-cutter? I should have thought some other trade would have suited you better."

"How, signorina?" he asked with a peculiar smile.
"There is not much scope in tombstones for poetry or a love of the beautiful. What are you laughing at?" she demanded, as he indulged himself in a merry outburst.

"I was laughing at the idea," he said, striving to regain his gravity. "Yes, it is a mean business, cutting tombstones."

"And I don't suppose it pays very well?" said Laura, doubtfully.
"No, not very well. When one is sick and can't cut tombstones, he might as well give up and get one of his own."

This was uttered with such a sudden accession of gloom, that Laura hastened to say:
"Don't get despondent, Stefano. You will have some work just as soon as you are well. My mother wants a tombstone for my grandfather's grave—indeed, I am not quite sure but it will be a monument—and she has promised to let you have the work."

"I am much obliged, signorina," he said in a smothered voice that came from behind his hand.
He coughed vigorously for several minutes, and then he managed to say:
"How can I ever repay you for all your kindness, Signorina Laura? Will you let me teach you Italian when I am well? I should like that."

When Laura proposed this to her mother, Mrs. Grafton was up in arms, but Laura had her way, notwithstanding, and the lessons began.

"I saw you out in the shed this morning," said Laura reproachfully, one day when Stefano had gone against the doctor's orders.

"True; but one must live!" he answered with a shrug. "And there is your grandfather's tombstone."

"Never mind that. He has waited eighteen years for it, and he can wait a little longer. You must take care of yourself, Stefano. It is not fair to me for you to overtax yourself."

His face suddenly lighted with joy.
"Is it possible that you care, signorina?" he cried eagerly.

"I—I want to see you well. If you get sick again, it will throw discredit on me as a nurse. I do wish you would give up marble-cutting altogether."

"One might if he had some inspiration," he said in a low tone. "I could give up anything for you. If I thought some day you would love me one-half so well as I love you, I would do anything—make any sacrifice."
"Stefano!" she cried indignantly. "You forget yourself. You must not talk like that to me."

"Oh, I never dreamed of this!" cried Laura, bursting into tears. "You must go away, and never come here again!"
The next day he was out in the shed, chipping marble again. Laura went by and saw him.

"You ought not to do that, Stefano," she said reproachfully. "You are not able."

"It matters very little to me now whether I live or die," he said sadly. "If I did not hate cowards, I would soon settle it."

She went home, and for some time he did not even see her face.
Meanwhile he went on working, and one twilight he threw himself down on the couch in his work-room, tired out in mind and body.

As he lay there with his face in his hands, a voice that sounded to him like the voice of an angel called:
"Stefano!"

It was Laura who came towards him, holding other hands.
"Stefano," she said, "I did not know that I loved you, but I have found it out, and I have come to tell you."

He uttered a low cry and fell at her feet.
"My angel!" he said, kissing the hand she held out to him. "Can it be that you love me well enough to become the wife of a marble-cutter?"

"I have made up my mind not to care about the tombstones," said Laura, smiling.
And Stefano caught her in his arms, laughing gaily, radiant with joy.

"My love," he said, "the tombstones existed only in your fancy. I am not a mere marble-cutter, if you please! My name is Stefano Michetti."

"Michetti!" Laura echoed. "Stefano, it cannot be that you are the sculptor of the famous bas-reliefs in the Hall of Justice?"

"Even so, signorina," he said, laughing. "They who know me call me generally nothing but Stefano, but my family name is Michetti. I rejoice that its fame has reached you."

"Oh, how could you deceive me?" she cried reproachfully.
"I never tried to. You jumped at a conclusion, and I let you alone; first because it amused me, and then because I hoped to win your love, even in the capacity of a poor stone-cutter. Laura mia, the sculptor would not have cared for the heart that was too proud to bestow its treasures on the staturary."

"I could not resist you," she murmured, "in any capacity."
He kissed her fondly, and then, glancing around the room, he said:
"This is my studio—my atelier—but elsewhere I have a beautiful home, where you shall reign as a queen! See, my darling, here is my work!"

He drew aside the brown drapery, and revealed the most exquisite panels and fret-work, beautiful sculptured bas-reliefs in Carrara marble, about which the art-world was raving.

"But you need not cancel the order for your grandfather's tombstone," said Stefano mischievously. "I will execute that as I promised to."

What Mrs. Grafton said when she heard it all is a matter of small consequence as long as she yielded her anticipations gracefully.

Laura was married very soon afterwards, and Stefano's fame still rises.
He has just made a splendid stone capital, embodying a frolic of cupids, for which their own beautiful boy did the posing.

A Bank Scene from Which the Reader Can Draw a Wholesome Lesson.
Yesterday forenoon as two men who had lived neighbors to each other on High street for a year and walked down town together a hundred times, met on Griswold street, one of them remarked:
"Say, Green, drop into the bank with me for a minute. I want to be identified."

"Certainly, certainly," replied Green, and they entered the bank and walked to the teller's window.

"You identify this man as Baker, do you?"
"Baker? Baker? Yes, I believe that is his name."

"Do you know it to be?"
"No—no, but I've heard it was. He lives next door to me."

"How much of a family has he?"
"He's got a wife, anyhow, and I see some children around."

"What does he do?"
"Let's see. He's got an office of some sort down town here, but I can't say what he does."

"Will you positively identify him as Baker?"
"Well—well—no, I guess not, I think he is but he may be Barker or Barkum, or he may not be the one I think I know. Excuse me, Mr. Baker; I'd be glad to oblige you, you know, but I don't know you, you know."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bill Nye and Big Hats.

He Adds His Anathema to the General Chorus.
Telling How His View of a Dramatic Performance Was Obscured by Elongated Millinery.

The late William Shakespeare once wrote in an autograph album these words:
All the world's a stage.
Sincerely your friend,
WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Perhaps he meant that there were flies on it—but we will not undertake to enter this field of thought. However, to speak in a more serious way, and treating the subject in a more dignified way, I will state that after a number of years' scrutiny of the world, I am convinced that the great bard used this expression in a figurative sense only. Could he pick up his pen to-day, he would either erase the above line, or add to it so that it would read:

"All the world's a stage, and nobody but the woman in the high hat can see what is going on upon it. Yours bitterly, BILL."

It is not a new field, perhaps, this discussion of the tall hat, but I desire in my poor, weak way to add my testimony to the testimony of those who have sat down on said hat. I feel of a truth—occasionally—that this high hat is making an old man out of me, and drawing lines of care here and there over my fair, young face. Here at a full time of life when I ought to be in the full flush and pride of manhood, I find myself no longer able to build the fire in the morning, and my breath, which was once as robust as the sap tree, now comes in short pants.

The tall hat with a wad of timothy, or a five-pomped pompon at the apex thereof, has brought this about. How would a man look, who might sit in the bald-headed row, wearing a joint of stovetop on his head, trimmed with hay? Has it not been the custom for years to place bald-headed men on the front row, because they offer no obstruction to the vision.

And now, what do we see? We do not see anything! I will leave it to any disinterested person to say whether I do not love and admire women, whether aggregated or segregated, but she does do some things which as her friend and admirer I deeply regret.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of attending one of Mr. Booth's performances in which he took the part of Hamlet with great credit to himself, as I afterward learned from a member of the orchestra who saw the whole performance.

I paid a large price a week beforehand for a seat at the Hamlet performance, because I had met Mr. Booth once in the Rocky Mountains and had made a deep impression on him. I had also told him that if he ever happened to be in a town where I was lecturing I would dismiss my audience to come and hear him, and he might do as he thought best about shutting up on the following night to come and hear me.

Well, I noticed at first, when I went in, that the row before me was unoccupied, and I gathered myself up in a strong manly embrace and hugged myself with joy. The curtain humped itself, and the first act was about in the act of producing itself, when a meek little gentleman, with an air of conscious guilt, came down the aisle in advance of a woman's excursion, consisting of four female members of his family, I judged. He looked about over the house, timidly took off his coat and seemed to be preparing himself for the vigilance committee. Then he sat down to see whether executive clemency could do anything for him.

The first woman of the four was probably over forty, and yet with her almost beardless face she looked scarcely thirty-eight. She wore a tall, erect hat, with a short plume in it, made by pulling the paint-brush tail out of an iron-gray mule and drying it a deep crimson. She wore other clothing, but that did not incense me so much as this hat, which I had to examine critically all the evening.

She moved her head also, and kept time to the music, and breathed hard in places, and shuddered once or twice. She also spoke to the miserably man who brought her. Her voice was a rich baritone, with a low xylophone action, and she breathed like the passionate exhaust of an overworked freight engine. When she spoke to her escort I noticed that he stertored up about four inches and seemed to wish he had never entered society.

The other three women had broad hats with domes to them, and the one who sat on my right also sat on her foot. This gave her a fine opportunity to look out through the skylight of the opera house now and then. The next one to her wore her deceased Plymouth Rock rooster in her hat. The fourth one sat in front of an oldish gentleman who went out between the acts and came in with a pickled olive in his mouth each time. He could not see anything on the stage, but he crawled up under the brim of this woman's hat, with his nose in the meshes of her hair, and his hot, latent option breath in her neck, patiently trying to see.

If you will continue in your excellent paper to sit down on the tall hats, I will get you a number of subscribers here.—*Bill Nye, in New York World.*

A Lesson With a Moral.

When Will Our Eyes be Opened to this Great National Calamity?
The year 1886 played sad havoc with many prominent men of our country.

Many of them died without warning, passing away apparently in the full flush of life.
Others were sick but a comparatively short time. We turn to our files and are astonished to find that most of them died of apoplexy, of paralysis, of nervous prostration, of malignant blood humor, of Bright's disease, of heart disease, of kidney disease, of rheumatism or of pneumonia.

It is singular that most of our prominent men die of these disorders. Any journalist who watches the telegraph reports will be astonished at the number of prominent victims of these disorders.

Many statements have appeared in our paper with others to the effect that the diseases which carried off so many prominent men in 1886 are really one disease, taking different names according to the location of the fatal effects.

When a valuable horse perishes, it becomes the nine days' talk of the sporting world, and yet thousands of ordinary horses are dying every day, their aggregate loss is enormous, and yet their death creates no comment.

So it is with individuals. The cause of death of prominent men creates comment, especially when it can be shown that one unsuspected disease carries off most of them, and yet "vast numbers of ordinary men and women die before their time every year from the same cause."

It is said if the blood is kept free from uric acid, that heart disease, paralysis, nervous prostration, pneumonia, rheumatism, and many cases of consumption, would never be known. This uric acid, we are told, is the waste of the system, and it is the duty of the kidneys to remove this waste.

We are told that if the kidneys are maintained in perfect health, the uric, kidney, acid is kept out of the blood, and these sudden and universal diseases caused by uric acid will, in a large measure, disappear.

But how shall this be done? It is folly to treat effects. If there is any known way of getting at the cause, that way should be known to the public. We believe that Warner's safe cure of which so much has been written, and so much talked of by the public generally, and which can be obtained of dealers everywhere, is now recognized by impartial physicians and the public as the one specific for such diseases.

Because public attention has been directed to this great remedy by means of advertising, some persons have not believed in the remedy. We cannot see how Mr. Warner could immediately benefit the public in any other way, and his valuable specific should not be condemned because some nostrums have come before the public in the same way, and more than that all doctors should be condemned because so many of them are incompetent.

It is astonishing what good opinions you hear on every side of that great remedy, and public opinion thus based upon an actual experience, has all the weight and importance of absolute truth.

At this time of the year, the uric acid in the blood invites pneumonia and rheumatism, and there is not a man who does not dread these monsters of disease; but he need have no fear of them, we are told, if he rid the blood of the uric acid cause.

These words are strong, and may sound like an advertisement, and be rejected as such by unthinking people, but we believe they are the truth, and as such should be spoken by every truth-loving newspaper.

The Judge Needed the Money.
I have just heard the following good story on Chief Justice Bleckley. All who know Judge Bleckley and recall his long waving hair and beard will appreciate the story. Judge Bleckley was on his way to the supreme court one morning, when he was accosted by a little street gamin, with an exceedingly dirty face, with the customary "Shine, sir?"

"He was quite impertunate, and the judge, being impressed, with the oppressive untidiness of the boy's face, said: 'I don't want a shine, but if you will go and wash your face I'll give you a dime.'"

"All right, sir."
"Well, let me see you do it."
The boy went over to the artesian well and made his ablution. Returning, he held out his hand for the dime.

The judge said: "Well, sir, you've earned your money; here it is."
"The boy said: 'I don't want your money, old fellow; you take it and have your hair cut.' Saying which he scampered off."

A boy was asked what meekness was. He thought a moment and said "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

Divided Responsibility.

There are three brothers in the Patrick family—one of the sisters is the wife of Editor Medill, of the Chicago Tribune—Abraham; James, an ex-Common Pleas Judge, and Andrew, a banker. Abraham (of New Philadelphia, Ohio), who read law here, tells this story himself:

When the three brothers were boys their father purchased a litter of young pigs of a particular breed quite uncommon in those days. During their infancy he watched those pigs with a very jealous eye, and would have missed his supper at any time rather than to have seen the porkers go to their nests hungry. One day he took Abraham aside and said:

"My son, I am called away on business and expect to be gone a week. I want you to look after the pigs and see that they get all they want."

"All right, father," said Abraham. Going to James, the old gentleman said:

"I am going out of town for a week, James, and while gone, you feed and water those pigs, the same as I have done."

"I'll give them my personal attention," said James.

"Andrew," said old Mr. Patrick, asking the young man aside, "I charge you with the pigs. Don't fail to feed them at least three times a day while I am away."

"You may depend on me, father; I shall see that the pigs do not suffer," said Andrew.

Having delivered his commands, the old gentleman climbed into his carriage and took up his journey. Eight days later he returned. When he entered the house he met Abraham.

"Did you feed the pigs?" he asked.
"No, James did," said Abraham.
"Meeting James he asked: How are the pigs?"

"I don't know," replied James; "Andrew took care of them."
Hunting up Andrew, he exclaimed: "Well, Andrew, have the pigs prospered under your care?"

"I haven't seen the pigs," said Andrew; "the other boys looked after them."

The old gentleman, with a horrible suspicion under his hat, rushed to the pen. There, in death's cold embrace, lay the young porkers stiff and stark. A few minutes later three young men were being reasoned with in the woodshed, and it is altogether likely that they experienced a change of heart before the old gentleman and his cowhide left them.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The German-American Registers.
His German accent was undeniable, and as he floated into the register's office the boys all stood around to hear the fun.

"Name and residence?" asked the clerk in a peremptory \$125-a-month tone of voice.

"I live in dot same places where I live for twenty years."
"Well, where is that?"
"Don't you found dot in dose great register?"

"What's your name, anyhow?"
"Vvarris you ask so many inkivist questions; ain't dot name mit de great register like the odder, eh?"

"But unless you give me your name and residence you cannot register."
"Vy gant I register? I haf been a citizen fourteen years, and my name is Ludwig Auerhausen, don't it?"

"Oh, Ludwig Auerhausen. Well, Mr. Auerhausen, where do you reside?"
"Der teufel! Don't I already haf told you dot, dree times? I von't talk some more. I come pack here again and talk mit your employer. For vy you be imbudent mit me? If you come to my house sometimes I don't tread you like dot?"

"Where is your house?"
"On Lombard street, between Mason and Powell, of course. I haf always lived dere."

"All right, here you are. Thirty-fourth district. Take this slip and go over to that counter and give it to that clerk."

"Vot I go ofer dere for; don't I shust half gone afer from dot place? I von't register some more at all. Ober I'll haf you discharged mit incompetence, shust as soon as I gan!" and he went off in a rage, neither turning around nor stopping at the registration counter.

A gentleman whose son is a graduate of the University of Texas, to test the young man's knowledge, asked him: