

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., February 6, 1891.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

(40 Per cent. ad Valorem.)
JOSEPH DANIEL MULLER IS ROCK.
With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sits at a taxed machine,
With high taxed needle and thread,
Tax! tax! tax!
In her poverty she must pay
A tax upon everything she buys
From her wages day by day.
Tax! tax! tax!
With the body growing thin,
But the Welschmen out in the Western mines
Are taking out the tin!
Seam and gusset and band,
Till her hands can work no more;
But the tin plate lords may drink champagne,
As she faints upon the floor!
Work! work! work!
With the comforts of life aloof,
But a higher rent for the higher tax
On the tin upon the roof.
It's Oh! to be a slave
Along with the pauper Turk
Or seeing someone who pays a tax
On the unprotected work.
With fingers weary and worn,
She presses her aching head;
While the party levies its taxes on
Machine and needles and thread,
And she leaves a little sigh
That is silent and soft, but deep;
"Alas! that men may be so proud;
Alas! that prices should be so high,
And wooden men so cheap!"

FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE.

The memory of the soldier's first battle will never be forgotten by him. The impressions were burned so deeply into the brain and spirit that a century of peace would not efface or even dim them. Twenty-nine years have passed since I went through the first "baptism of fire," and yet the scenes and events are as fresh and as vivid in the soul vision as is the storm of yesterday eve.
I want to tell you something about it. I shall not name the time nor the place—the living who were with me will remember the facts—for the record I give is historic, is real, not ideal or fanciful, and I wish to have the record so worded that any man in the world can read it without a feeling of bitterness in any known direction. The picture I give is not for the man who wore this or that uniform. I want a cameo that will outlast the passion that produced the bloody struggle.
I do not pretend to give a history of an entire battle; no one man can do this unless he draws upon the experience and observation of others, for each actor in any great battle sees the struggle differently from what it appears to others. I shall relate my own individual experience and observation—what I personally saw and heard of one fiercely fought battle—one memorable in the history of the war—my first passing into and through its flame of fire.
A soldier's first battle in war does not always come at the appointed, looked-for hour. Many of the volunteers went to the front, expecting to wipe out the fight the next morning after arrival—either before or after breakfast—then to return home crowned with immortal honors. But with thousands many weary months elapsed before opportunity of meeting the foe came in real earnest, and when it did come countless thousands were not expecting it. After my enlistment as a soldier I had not long to wait the coming of the fight.

Night had enveloped the camp, and I was dreaming of sunny fields, of smiling meadows, of a happy home—of mother, and all that was near and dear to a human heart. But the destroying angel came, and all vanished into the realm of sweetened shadow.
For a comrade stood beside me with his hand on my bosom. As he leaned over toward my ear I heard him say tremulously—the man's heart in a flutter of emotion.
"Wake up! They are advancing!"
Was there the hush on his lips that made me think instantaneously of the line?
Whispering with white lips, "The foe—they come!"
The first beams of the full morning rays fell upon a group of half a dozen anxious faces gathered around the adjutant's tent. Two horses were there—one with drooping head and limb at rest; another was panting heavily and reeking with smoke as the courier still sat on him. The commanding officer was reading a note, hastily scratched in pencil, under starlight alone.
The officer was in dishabille. Yet I heard him speak hurriedly and anxiously to the bugler just called up.
"Sound reveille at once, and hoists and saddles immediately afterward." Turning around he added, addressing his servant, "saddle my horse at once, William."

Strange it is what a magnetic influence, as it were, that pervaded a mass of men in the hour of danger and duty. Three minutes had not elapsed after the sounds of the last bugle blow had thrilled the camp till the squadrons were forming.
"Move the column down the road, captain," said the commanding officer, "I will gallop on and ascertain the real situation."
We passed another and another courier, and then we came to a body of men holding horses behind a clump of trees.
Just then there seemed to be an awful stillness in the morning air, suddenly broken by a noise that sounded strange to me.
"What is that?" I asked.
"It is the rambling of their artillery," said Gen. S. Then he turned round, looking us all squarely in the face, and added in a confident tone, "Yes, they are advancing, and in force."
There was no mistaking the sound that next greeted the ears, there was a clear, ringing report that punctuated the stillness, then there was another and another and the rifle cracks died away. They were the prelude of the battle soon to begin in earnest.

The clattering of horses' hoofs signaled another courier who dashed up, exclaiming in tones of feeling:
"General, our dismounted men are skirmishing with them." We had heard the rifle shots half a mile away.
"Captain, gallop back, and hurry up the infantry. Tell Capt. Hart we need the artillery at once. He, too, is coming."

Then there was another and another ring of the clear voiced rifle, then a terrific volley and a double shot or two, and then the guns were hushed for a moment. Men were seen hurrying from the direction of the sound. They were being driven back by the strong advance in front. The men rallied with our column.
"Fall in, men," cried a sergeant near me. "Fall in, men! fall in promptly. Fall in there!"
Oh, this terrible tongue of war!
Fall in here! Fall in! This is the most awful appeal that greets the soldier's ear. Fall in. It is a tocsin that dies away only with the funeral knell of many—for to them it says:
"Fall in—fall in—to the arms of death!"

A second staff officer had been sent back to "hurry up the infantry." The noble fellows were coming. You could hear the deep, muffled hum of their footsteps as the double quickening hurried them onward. As they came up I heard the short, quick command:
"Move out by the right flank! Into line! Steady, men; steady! I expect every man to do his duty now!"

Move out, and move on, my dear comrades! Alas! many moved on in that column which passed on, never to return. Their first battle was their last.
There was a lull in the firing in front, but out to the leftward volley after volley poured, upon the morning air—the sun just rising over the hills to our right. I had followed at the gallop the general, who was hurrying to the front. He was more silent than I had ever known him. Suddenly he halted and turned to see who all were about him.
"What troops are those; I asked him doubtfully, as I saw a long line of infantry men double quickening behind a high rail fence distant not 150 yards away. I could not distinguish the uniform, and I was not aware of the direction from which all our riflemen were to enter the battle.
"My God!" said the general, "that is the enemy!"

We were upon them before we were aware of their close proximity. They discovered us, too, at once, and were preparing for the greeting.
"Get out of the road!" shouted the general. There was a clump of trees on either side of the highway upon which he had thus far advanced.
"Get out of the road! Don't you see they are bringing the battery to bear upon us from the hill yonder?"
I looked, and a white puff of smoke greeted my vision, and the same instant—whizz—whurr—chee-ee-ee—went a shell right between the general and his staff, and it bounded down the road, exploding in our rear.
The general addressed me again:
"Get out of the road, and gallop back and have the cavalry moved on the flank of that line yonder in the field."

Another shell came in the mean time, and made the air resonant with the flying fragments.
Then there was a volley of rifles and a faint cheer near to our flanks—for our infantry were now moving out of the skirt of the woods and opening the battle in earnest.
Capt. Hart, too, had come, and he unlimbered his guns on the battery on the hill in our front, though he soon turned his aim to the infantry line that was nearer, and I heard the shots rattling upon the rails behind which the enemy had fallen.
"Thank God, the infantry are here," said one. They are the men whose shoulders move the wheels on to victory. I heard the commanding general shout, as the long line came hurrying, just as the men emerged from the skirt of woods, "Move on that line behind you."
A red and white and blue line of fire answered from the enemy.
"Fall down and fire!" I heard an officer shout.
Alas! many had already fallen—fallen to rise no more.
Half a hundred men of a regiment stood up, and their irregular fire rattled mockingly along the fence.

It was the work of but a moment, for a whole brigade in our front answered the fire of the little band. The battery rained grape and canister and shrapnel against the brigade, and now the battle had joined in awful earnestness all along the line.
Battery replied to battery, hostile brigade replied to hostile brigade, with sheets of iron and leaden fire. There were in the terrific din the hurling shot, the screaming, screeching shell, and whistling whirr of the deadly mine. Amid the roar were the shouts of command, the wailing shriek of the wounded and the moans of the dying. The hours were passing, the musketry was roaring with an unbroken note, the batteries were belowing at each other, when suddenly there was a deep, dull thud—a mighty force which at once shook the whole battlefield. Two heavily laden caissons were blown up simultaneously. Then there was another sound which could not be mistaken. There was a lull in the firing on our right, and the whole earth seemed to be laboring and groaning. Thousands stood listening amid the horrid hell!
Oh, it was the charge of the cavalry! "Charge! charge!" shouted the throats of a dozen officers, and the bugle blasts, ringing out faintly in the din, mingled and died away in the fierce shouting of the squadrons.
Boom! boom! boom! went the artillery bosses!
Clang! clang! clang! rang out the glittering sabers as they leaped from the scabbard.

It was, however, but an instant of awful chorus when the wailing cry of Waterloo, snare qui pent—"save himself who can!"—went up before the onrushing squadron of furious horsemen, who broke out in the wild shout of victory that deadened the guns along the whole line—and troops on the right—troops on the left—troops in the center—all caught the notes, and there was one long and terrific thunder note of victory! The cheers of infantry men greeted the shouts of cavalry men—while the little squadrons of artillery—brave fellows, with bands of red upon their uniforms, cried out, as the defeated were seen flying in stricken masses in front:
"Hurrah for our battery!"
And well might the living victors shout!
* * * * *

And well may the dead rest—friend and foe in "one red burial blent."—M. V. Moore in *Atlanta Constitution*.

The New Kansas Senator.

William Alfred Peffer was born in Cumberland county, Pa., September 10, 1831. He is of Dutch parentage. His schooling was obtained between the ages of 10 to 15, when he attended the public school seven months of each year. At the age of 15 years he was made master of a small district school and taught there until he was 19. In 1850 he caught the gold fever and went to California, where he remained two years. He made considerable money and returned to Pennsylvania in 1852. There he married Sarah Jane Barber, and removed to Indiana. He engaged in farming near Crawfordsville, but business reverses impoverished him and he went to southwest Missouri. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the Eighty-third Illinois volunteers. He served until June 26, 1865, having been detailed principally on detached duty as quartermaster, adjutant and judge advocate. During the two latter years of his service he devoted himself to the study of law. At the close of the war he settled at Clarksville, Tenn., practicing law. He remained at Clarksville until 1870, when he moved to Kansas, taking up a claim in Wilson county. He moved to Freedom in 1872, and there established the *Freedom Journal*, a weekly newspaper, at the same time continuing his law practice. He was a delegate to the national Republican convention in 1880. In that year he moved to Topeka, assumed editorial control of the *Kansas Farmer*, and afterwards bought the paper. He has been engaged in the publication of that paper ever since.

A Long Sleep.

Miss Grace Gradley Awakens After a Nine Months' Slumber.

AMBOY, Ill., Jan. 27.—Miss Grace Gradley, who awoke a day or two ago, after being in a trance for nine months, seems to be in good health, having lost but little flesh, but she cannot converse, the power of articulation having left her. She only answers in unmeaning guttural tones.
About nine months ago Amboy experienced a great religious awakening, while perfect health. The next day she was bought the paper. He has been engaged in the publication of that paper ever since.

Girl Queens of Europe.

During the present century three girl queens have, before the advent of Queen Wilhelmina, almost simultaneously ascended the throne of a European nation: Maria de Gloria of Portugal, Isabella of Spain and Victoria of England. The first two had the misfortune of attaining to the regal power while still mere children. There has been a wide difference between the histories of the three daughters of Spain and the head strong Portuguese damsel and that of the grand and conscientious maiden of 18 who was called upon to reign over Great Britain. By her close affiliations, through her sister, the Duchess of Albany, to the English court, Queen Emma will probably profit by the example set by the Duchess of Kent in the education of her daughter.

When the Planets Will Be Brightest.

At what time in 1891 will the principal planets be in their brightest phase of the year?
Venus is now about at that stage. She is the morning star, however. That is to say, she rises and sets before the sun. At about 5 o'clock in the morning she will be in view in the southeast, and will be visible from that time until day dawns. Two months hence Saturn will be at his brightest stage. He will rise at that time in the east, just as the sun sets. Jupiter will be at his best early in September, appearing in the southeast after sundown.

"A God-send is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Your Balm has cured me."—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.

All Around the House.

Some Tempting Novelties That Find Favor with Shoppers for the Home.

Among the pretty things that tempt shoppers at this season may be noted the "electro deposit" silverware, Wood, shell, porcelain and glass have been made the subjects of the process of depositing silver by means of electricity in such a way as to produce most artistic effects. Porridge bowls and plates of china are overlaid in this manner with perforated silver ornamentation and are very handsome, the color of the under ware being of course a matter of taste. Especially beautiful is the silver deposited on cut glass, the differing brilliancy of the glass and silver giving extremely effective results. The delicate white porcelain of tall coffee ewers and creamer and sugar bowl, shining through a mass of silver foliage, are among the successes of this novel and artistic work.

Small French vases in solid color have an "electro deposit" of silver applied so as to form a framework around a landscape design in enamel.
A thing that will please housewives who lean not either to the huge lamps or the dripping wax candles that are fashionable is a small lamp, with cut glass globe, set in a cut glass stand, and given the requisite touch of color with pale yellow or rose crepe shade.
Some very dainty table mats are worked on fine white linen, the whole design being button holed and the linen cut out.

A new shoulder rest is the "knapsack," a square cushion with a roll of soft, pale tinted satin. Floral cushions are still in great favor, the pansy, the rose, etc., being favorite shapes.

Long, narrow mirrors, showing an upper panel, painted over in oil colors, after the fashion of those of our grandmothers' days, are seen; the frames are usually dainty ones of white enamel and gold.
A beautiful "reversible tenfold" is half linen and half silk, woven in handsome damask pattern. On one side the design shows in cream tinted linen, on the other in amber silk. A wide fringe of silk and linen finishes the cloth.

His Wife is Suspicious.

He was standing in a doorway on Jefferson avenue, and presently he halted a pedestrian with a wave of his hand and beckoned him to approach, and said:
"How do I look?"
"Why, you present a pretty shabby appearance, if you want an honest answer," replied the surprised citizen.

"That's good. Shabby refers to my dress. How's my facial appearance?"
"Pinched and hungry."
"That's excellent. Do I look like a man who had money?"

"Would you class me as hard up and friendless?"
"I certainly would."
"Thank you. To sum up, you would set me down as a victim of unfortunate circumstance, who couldn't get out of this town too fast?"

"That's about it."
"Thank you. Here is a letter I have written to my wife asking for money to get home. She is a suspicious woman, and she won't take my word for it. Please write at the bottom:
"Attest. It's a damned sight worse than he says it is." And sign your name."
The citizen complied, and the letter was at once taken to the postoffice.

Provisions for a Lona Trip.

Have you any mince pie? he said, bustling up to the proprietor of a Nassau street restaurant and letting his autumn tinted nose harmonize with the cranberry tart.
Certainly, sir.
Little early, isn't it, for mince?
Oh, no.
Aren't remnants or markdowns from last year, are they?
Of course not, answered the proprietor indignantly.
Well, you do me up a whole pie. I'm going to start for Omaha at 5 o'clock and I want a stayer for the trip. You see," he added, leaning confidentially on the cake rack, when I went west last year I eat half a mince pie before I started. Well, sir, I never seen anything stand by yer like it. Couldn't eat a mouthful of anything till I got to St. Louis. This year I'm buyin' a whole pie, and I reckon she'll see me clean into the state of Nebraska.

The Cost of Living.

While many skilled mechanics can command from \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year, working from seven to nine hours daily, clerks and accountants seldom reach that income, and many young professional men, ministers and doctors, pass some of their best years in attaining it. The assertion is all very well that a person cannot live on such a sum as \$2 a week, for instance; the cold fact remains that people do just that, and live well, too. Of course a number associated can fare better than two or three persons, for every housewife knows the advantage of relying upon the appetite or dietetic peculiarities of many individuals to strike a balance in table accounts.

Our Trade on the Lakes.

The American flag may be an infrequent and unimportant one on the ocean-going vessels of the world, aside from those which are engaged in the coasting trade of the United States, but it is fast running the "meteor flag" of Great Britain out of sight on the great lakes. The record of the St. Mary's Canal show that while the value of American vessels passing through the lock rose from \$17,084,550 1887 to \$25,328,600 in 1889, the Canadian shipping actually decreased from \$2,089,400 to \$1,597,900. The proportion of the freight carried through the canal in American vessels was 93 per cent in 1887, 94 per cent in 1888, and 96 per cent in 1889.

The tenor Narconi, who sang in the Campanini troupe, upon hearing that he had lost his entire fortune through the failure of a bank, lost his voice also, and is now under treatment.

Groner's Hawk Trap.

It Moves Them Down While Apparently Offering a Friendly Perch.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 17.—Although the age of the Pennsylvania two years ago officially recorded its belief in the theory that the owl and the hawk are friends and not enemies of the farmer by repealing the law that placed a bounty on the scalps of these birds, there is at least one rock-ribbed old farmer in the state who still holds to the belief of the fathers that hawks and owls are pestiferous and destructive enemies of the agriculturist, and he has adopted a novel and by no means humane way of making them less, or at least of destroying their power for harm, bounty or no bounty.

This farmer is Benjamin Groner of the Pine creek region. His study of the habits of both hawks and owls led him years ago to the discovery that they always perch on the branch of some tree or on a high fence post or other good point for observation near a poultry yard before swooping down upon the contents of the yard. This set Farmer Groner to thinking, and he thought out a contrivance which he believed would be the ruination of every hawk and owl that prowled around his premises.

He took a scythe blade made of the finest stuff he could buy. He ground and whetted the edge of the blade until it was as keen as a razor. Then he fastened the butt end of the blade with bolts fast to a long post, near the top. The blade was fastened to the pole edge up, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. The pole he then set in the ground a few rods from his poultry yard, on the edge of a wood lot. For several days an immense hen hawk had been sailing around near the premises, and from a perch on the dead limb of a tree near the spot where the farmer set his pole in the ground had swooped down on a number of Groner's fattest chickens. The farmer chopped the dead limb of the tree away after setting his pole and scythe blade, and awaited the result of the experiment he was trying.

In the afternoon of the same day the hawk came sailing along over the tops of the trees. Farmer Groner saw the hawk from his barn, and cautiously watched it. The big bird sailed down to the tree where it had always made its perch, but not finding the dead limb, circled around a few times, and then dropped down on the outstretched scythe blade, which appeared as a convenient place of observation. The instant the hawk lit it began to slide down the steep and smooth slant of the blade, and sliced its claws off as quickly and neatly as a meat cutter slices smoked beef. The bird fluttered to the ground, but as its wings were still at its command it flew away and never came back to the Groner farm again. The farmer went out and found the bleeding talons of the crippled bird, and knew that his experiment was a success. The next morning he found a couple of sets of owl toes on the ground under the scythe blade.

Ever since then one of these traps has been on duty near his poultry yard, and the frequent finding of an owl and hawk claws beneath it and a steady increase in his poultry flocks are incontrovertible proof that it is doing well the work it was planned to do. An owl or hawk that lights on that terrible perch is forever after unfitted for stealing chickens, for he has captured their prey with their talons.

Waves 350 Feet High.

The waves that hurl themselves against "Lot's Wife," one of the Mariana islands, drench it to its topmost pinnacle, about 350 feet above sea level. A tremendous surf sometimes runs at Baker island, even without any strong wind, or perhaps the wind blowing from a contrary direction. An unbroken wall of water twenty-five feet high and one-quarter of a mile long rolls in, threatening to delude the island, and affording one of the grandest sights druggable. These waves are said to be due to the southwest monsoon blowing strongly in the China seas, many miles away.

The inquisitive woman is the most objectionable and pestiferous affliction of summer resort life. She opens her eyes in the morning with a determination to let them look at her neighbors, and when she closes them at night she is certain that they have stared so that they will in the future recognize any gown, are acquainted with the size of every shoe and glove worn by every woman, know exactly who have wine for dinner, and have impudently gazed at every human being, as if looking for the missing link. She is oftenest an elderly girl or a young married woman who has cultivated ill temper at the expense of her husband, and who begrudges to the other women any of the pleasures of life.

It is said of David Jacks, the Monterey county, Cal., millionaire, that he can ride twenty miles in a straight line on his own land. He is a Scotch-fare better than two or three persons, for every housewife knows the advantage of relying upon the appetite or dietetic peculiarities of many individuals to strike a balance in table accounts.

The widow of a Revolutionary soldier who prays increase of pension should have it. If the deceased entered the service when twenty-one and lived out his three score and ten the widow must have gone on the rolls in 1825, and as the original pension has kept her alive to date the good old soul should have a further preservative.

A Montreal police sergeant says there are many hundreds of men, women and children in that city in such abject poverty that they are almost destitute of both fire and food.

Illinois has a new law under which criminals who have been found guilty of robbery for the third time are considered incorrigible and sentenced to life imprisonment.
A petrified moccasin was unearthed at Pendleton, Oregon, by some laborers who were digging for the foundation of a bank building. It will be sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

Some Cold Weather Rules.

Always regulate the clothing to suit the temperature. A too heavy wrap induces copious perspiration, thus causing d. bility, and consequently the danger of taking cold is increased. Always open or throw of a wrap on going into a warmer atmosphere.

Keep the back especially between the shoulder-blades, well protected, as well as the chest.
Never lean the back against anything cold.

After exercising, never ride in an open carriage or near an open car window. Avoid draughts, in or out of doors.

Never stand still in the street, especially after walking, and most especially when exposed to a cold wind. Also avoid standing on ice or snow.

Keep the mouth closed as much as possible when in the open air, particularly upon going from a warm atmosphere. By breathing through the nose the air becomes warmed before reaching the lungs. A silk handkerchief, a piece of loosely woven woolen cloth or knitted woolen material, placed over the mouth or the nose or the mouth only when in the open air, is very beneficial for persons who have weak lungs, and should never be neglected when the temperature is at or below freezing point.

Never take warm drinks immediately before going out into the cold, and never start on a journey in the morning before eating breakfast.

Keep the temperature of the house even and secure good ventilation from the outside air, without a draught. Every room in the house should be thoroughly aired every day.
A fire in a sleeping department is not desirable, excepting for an invalid; and even for a sick person the temperature should be lower at night, and the rest will be better if the room be thoroughly aired before setting for the night.

If necessary to occupy a room that cannot be heated, do not go to it when over heated, always disrobe quickly and wear flannel night clothes.
A person in good health should never wear the same clothing at night, even the flannels that are worn in the daytime. After airing during the night they afford more warmth the next day.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. If subject to cold feet, rub them thoroughly with something rough before going to bed. Strictly avoid anything heated—a soapstone, flat-iron, etc.—for keeping the feet warm in bed. It makes them tender. Use, instead, knitted bed shoes or stockings, or use very large woolen socks or stockings. Hosiery of the usual size worn will impede circulation, and the feet will remain cold.

A quick rubbing all over the body with a rough towel, a flesh-brush or horse hair gloves, is an excellent thing to do just before going to bed, as it quickens the circulation, and often induces quiet sleep; but this should not be done in a room where the temperature is so low as to suddenly chill the body when the clothing is removed.

Never omit regular bathing in cold weather, and systematic exercise and rubbing. When the circulation of the blood is good and the skin is in good condition, one can resist the cold much more successfully, and with less clothing. When the skin is inactive and the circulation is poor, the condition is favorable to congestion, and one is liable to "take cold" easily.

After "taking cold" attend to it at once—don't let it "run its course," and develop into pneumonia or some other equally dangerous phase. If hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness passes off.

You can tell pretty well how a girl feels toward you by the way she teels your arm. If she doesn't care a cent you know it by the indifference of her muscles. If she has a great confidence in you the pressure tells it; and friendship is a distinct from love in that mode of expression as in words or looks. A woman can take the arm of a fellow she likes very much with perfect comfort, even if she is six feet high and he is four. But even if the two are just matched, she can make him feel disdain contempt, discomfort, dislike, anything she likes, by the way she does not hold on to him.

There are very few women who keep their top bureau drawer in order. It is the final test of neatness, and a girl who keeps her ribbons, hairpins, collars, cuffs, and the infinitesimal articles in separate boxes will always be neat about everything. Most women, however, are dainty about their scented sachets, and lavender bags. There is a fancy now for having all linen scented with lavender, as our grandmothers did. The sweet stuff is put into little bags of sweet cambric or silk, and placed between the sheets and tablecloths, as well as in the drawers where the underwear is kept.

Each of the Justices of the Federal Supreme Court is allotted a body servant, who is paid out of the contingent fund of the court. These servants report promptly every morning at 9 at the residences of the Justices, whom they attend constantly during the day. They have the Justices, do their errands and occasionally act as coachman for them. Each Justice is also furnished with a private secretary.

Sitting Bull's war-club is now in the possession of an Ohio editor. It is a vicious-looking weapon, about two and a half feet long, and bears the signs of hard service. In the heavy or "business" end of the club a short buffalo horn is grimly embedded. The old Chief gave the relic originally to Elroy Post, the artist, who had made two large paintings of the Indian's favorite ponies.

One of the most excellent of recent innovations is the introduction of metal ceilings in place of wood and plaster. These ceilings do not shrink or burn like wood. They will not crack, crack or fall off like plaster; but being permanent, durable, fire proof and ornamental, will eventually supersede both wood and plaster, beside being in the end far more economical than either.