

# The Millheim Journal

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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF

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A Royal Wedding.

The marriage of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and Princess Stephanie of Belgium was most imposingly solemnized at the church of St. Augustine, in Vienna, on May the 10th. An hour before the beginning of the ceremony the church was densely crowded by a brilliant assembly. The streets were filled with people. At 11 o'clock the procession started from the palace and proceeded to the church, the archdukes and foreign princes in full uniform walking in pairs, followed by Prince Rudolph in the uniform of a major-general. Emperor Francis Joseph came next having on his right the King of the Belgians, both being in general's uniforms. Then came the bride with the Empress of Austria and the Queen of the Belgians on either hand. The trains of the three ladies were borne by the principal ladies in waiting. Princess Stephanie wore a magnificent robe of cloth of silver, with a train elaborate in embroidery, orange blossoms arranged in bunches looping up the dress, and a veil of Brussels lace specially made for the occasion. Her mother, the queen, wore a blue velvet dress, trimmed with lace, and the empress wore a pale gray dress, trimmed with Brussels point lace. The trains of the foreign princesses and archduchesses were borne by pages and ladies of the palace. Another group of officers completed the procession. A fanfare of trumpets signaled the arrival of the cortege at the church door, where it was received by Cardinal von Schwarzenburg at the head of his clergy. Their majesties took seats under a canopy over the throne. I am writing this from the other imperial and the sanctuary rails, where they offered a short prayer. After a brief address from the cardinal the marriage ceremony was proceeded with. At the moment when the rings were exchanged, peals broke forth from the bells of the city, and salvos of artillery were fired. At the conclusion of the ceremony a Te Deum was sung, after which the Hofburg choir executed an old German march. The newly married pair accompanied by the other imperial and royal personages then returned to the city palace of Hofburg. In commemoration of the marriage Emperor Francis Joseph has founded 22 scholarships at various schools and has given 100,000 florins for the free admission of ten pupils to the establishment for the education of daughters of officers. He has also granted complete or partial amnesty to 331 persons imprisoned for various offences.

ASTONISHED at the latter getting away soot-free, an officer of the Fifty-second asked our hero how he could be such a fool as not to shoot that Frenchman.

"Is it shooting, ye mane, sir?" asked he. "Sure, how could I shoot him when I wasn't loaded?"

"You John Wesley, if you don't take that hat out of ere while I am writing this poem on 'A Mother's Love,' I'll cuff the side of his head off," said a fashionable Galveston lady of a literary turn of mind to her husband the other day.

## IN PERILOUS WATERS.

'Bout ship! O brother mar ner!

'Tis needful we should flee;

For pleasure, spreads her turing net

Beneath this hungry sea.

'Twere death to us did we but pass

Yon rye of creamy foam;

There, in a sea-cave, fathoms deep,

Her eyes she makes her home.

O'er incant waves of golden green

Soft brown a bear along

To ears that do not be beguiled

The wan o' dulcet song.

We scorn the glamour of her face,

No flame with hot desire;

No charm lies in her baleful look

O'er eyes that scorch like fire.

Her kisses pall, her love is false—

So quick to seaward sail;

For kinder is the stress of waves,

Less cruel is the gale.

The heaven of our hope doth lie

Hard by a brighter shore;

There may we strike our tattered sails,

And rest us evermore!

## Charity's Reward.

In the first cabin of the steamer bound to Quebec, they dined sumptuously, and lived a happy luxurious life.

In the steerage—Heaven have mercy! how they suffered!

Millicent Day shivered to her very soul when she thought of it, and wondered often why such things should be, why some were so rich, and some were so poor; some so utterly alone, unloved, and neglected. Had she been able to act as she chose, there would have been a grand transformation scene that dirty steerage very soon, and tables covered with choice dainties would have risen through the floor and snow-white linen, and fresh, soft couches would have taken the place of the rags, and hard berths, and general shabbiness.

But one girl, though she were a rich one, had little in her power on that desolate waste of waters. Still, that little Millicent did. She had in her possession biscuits, and conserves, and delicate dainties prepared for her own comfort during the voyage; and thinking that at the cabin table she had all she needed, she played the Lady Bountiful with these small stores; choosing for her principal proteges an Italian woman and her gaunt children, who seemed to her to be the most wretched of them all, and to whom, speaking the language well, she could make herself understood.

In vain her friends remonstrated; in vain the captain declared that he should forbid such dangerous work among the emigrants. Millicent had her own way. Once a day, at least, she penetrated into the Inferno below the comparative Paradise of her own domain, and fed those poor parched lips with her dainties, and comforted the mother, when her youngest lay at death's door, with her innocent sympathy. And the woman grew to love her, and the wan, but classical faces of the boys lit up when she approached. And when, with land in sight, the little heiress emptied her purse into the dark hold of the penniless steerage passenger, and made her, for the moment, rich and full of hope, she turned with severe earnestness to her eldest boy.

"Never forget to pray to the Madonna for this beautiful Signorina!" she cried. "Remember that it is all that you can do, and my dying curse upon you if you forget it!"

And with this fierce adjuration to her children and a prayer that fell like liquid silver from her lips for "the Signorina," she parted from Millicent, who went to her beautiful home and her friends saddened and softened by the scenes that she had witnessed, and remembered them a long, long while.

She had given the woman her address, but the poor woman did not come to her. What fate befel her, Millicent did not know; and, in time, the memory of those well-cut classical faces, gaunt and meagre from starvation but with a strange wild beauty about them nevertheless, ceased to haunt her—perhaps because one face had taken possession of her fancy, as one face will, sooner or later, of that of every woman.

John Blair, a young engineer and architect, had met her, and looked into her eyes, had touched her hand, had uttered those subtle compliments that win a woman's heart so easily; and though he was neither rich nor great, he was the one man of men to her.

Six months from the day of their meeting John Blair and Millicent Day were married, and a happier pair it would have been hard to find. They yielded mutually to each other's wishes, and consequently grew to have the same desires, so that at last no yielding was necessary.

Only in one thing did Millicent prove herself obstinate—nothing could tempt her on an ocean voyage.

A visit to his native England and a tour in Europe was John's anticipated pleasure; but her experience in crossing the ocean had made her averse to its repetition.

"Whether I saw them or not, the faces of the steerage passengers would haunt me," she said; "and I cannot endure the idea of setting foot upon an ocean steamer again."

So John, who had no wish to go alone, left the latter to the cure of time, who brought them few sorrows and much joy, and now and then laid upon Millicent's breast a little token of his flight; so that at last a boy almost as tall as herself called Millicent mother, and the nursery was musical with little voices.

Then, braver and older, and more willing than yet to do anything to make John happy, Millicent agreed to the European trip; and leaving the little ones to the ten-

der care of grandamma, and grandpapa, the married lovers took their places in a great ocean palace, and left land behind them, for awhile at least.

"It might be," Millicent thought, as she remembered her darling babes with tears in her eyes—"might be forever, if the sea were cruel."

But the sea was kind. No storms arose. They crossed the Atlantic in safety, and traversed Europe with none but pleasurable events until at last they found themselves in Naples, one bright morning, to do, what all visitors to Naples must desire to do—namely, ascend Mount Vesuvius.

They mounted their horses, and led by a guide, ascended the mountain to a certain resting-place, where it is customary to dismount, and, leaving their steeds behind, trust to one's feet and the guide for further advancement.

"Is heaven lovelier than this?" asked Millicent, clinging to her husband, and bursting, she hardly knew why, into a flood of tears.

But the guide did not leave them to their feast of beauty undisturbed. He made them do Vesuvius properly; peep into the crater, possess themselves of a piece of lava, witness the process of cooking an egg in the hot sand, and go through with the rest of the formula.

Then it seemed time to return, and John, glancing at his watch, counted the time that lay between them and their inn at Naples, and they began their descent.

Suddenly, at a spot where some large trees culminated the desolation of the rough road, the guide paused and uttered a cry.

Before them, risen as it seemed from the very ground, stood a group of men—rough, savage-looking fellows, armed with guns, and wearing broad hats—who, without further parley, surrounded them and seizing the bridles of their horses, and tying the hands of the trembling guide behind them, led them away over the rough roads in silence.

John Blair was no coward; but to endeavor to resist such a force would have been sheer folly in a single man. Booty, as he reflected, was probably their object, and his wife's safety was his first thought. Holding her hand in his, he comforted her as well as possible; and finally, with a snaking heart, obeyed the orders of one who seemed to be captain, and dismounted at the entrance of an old ruin, into which they were forced, but not over roughly, to enter.

It was an ancient and dilapidated hall, with a fire burning at one end; and here their conductors left them for a while alone, fastening the door behind them.

Then, and then only, the poor guide fell to wringing his hands and weeping, and imploring the lady and gentleman to pay whatever ransom was required.

Meanwhile, Millicent, overcome with terror, wept upon her husband's breast, and he found it impossible to comfort her. Indeed, the savage aspect of the men, and the accounts that he had heard of banditti outrages left him but little hope.

Then it was that they heard the sound of returning feet without, and presently the unfastening of a door.

A figure entered, and going to the fire, which had nearly smoldered out, flung on it some dry wood, which instantly kindled into a blaze, and by its flame lit two torches, which were thrust into sconces pendant from the wall.

By this welcome light they saw that it was that of a woman, who seemed to have brought some food for them upon a sort of wooden tray.

She was old, and gaunt, and bent; but her features had a strange beauty about them, nevertheless, and awakened in Millicent's mind a memory too vague and indefinite for words. She had seen the face before; it might be in some of those old pictures at Rome—that brown skin, those classical outlines, that gaunt meagreness that seemed to blight what once had been beautiful. Yes, somewhere she remembered it. In another moment the truth flashed upon her, as the woman knelt down to deposit the tray upon the floor. She uttered a little cry; a shriller one responded to it, and the gaunt creature lay prostrate before her, kissing her garments.

"It is the Signorina!" she cried.

And Millicent knew the Italian woman of the steerage, whom she had succored so many years before.

"Then it is thus that Giacomo returns a benefit!" cried the woman. "My maledictions upon him! But he did not know you—he did not remember as I do. Wait! Have no fear! You are safe!"

Then another memory dawned upon Millicent; and, in the captain of those bandits, she knew the boy whose eyes had been fixed upon her face when his mother bade him pray for her eternally.

In another moment he was there, and Millicent knew that they were safe. Bad as he must have been, a bandit and an outlaw, this Italian had retained his gratitude.

The kindness of the young heiress to the wretched emigrants had not been forgotten, and the man who had returned to his own land to lead a lawless life had cherished her memory fondly in his breast. He fed them with the best; he had to give, and prayed for them to the saints and the Madonna; and his own hand red with many a man's blood led them safely from his forest fastnesses to a spot where the lights from the city of Naples seemed to smile a welcome to them.

—The wheat crop of 1881 will be short.

## "The Moabite Stone."

Capt. Renczynski has written an interesting book on "The last of the Anakim in the Land of Moab," in which he gives some particulars as to his studies of the inscription on the famous Moabite stone. In August, 1868, the Rev. F. Klein, of the Church Missionary society, while in the Land of Moab, near Dibon, was informed by an Arab that near there was a black basalt stone inscribed with ancient characters. Upon going to the locality indicated he found lying upon the ruins a stone about three feet ten inches high, two feet broad and 14 1/2 inches thick, rounded at top and bottom, and containing thirty-four lines of inscription running across the stone. Mr. Klein at this time did not appreciate the importance of the discovery, and he merely copied a few words from the stone.

He, however, took measures to secure the stone for the Berlin museum, but made little progress with his negotiations. A few weeks afterward Capt. Warren, the agent of the Palestine Exploration fund, was informed of the existence of the stone, but he took no action in the matter, knowing that the Prussian consul was endeavoring to secure it. In the beginning of the following year Capt. Warren was astonished to learn, as was also M. Clermont Ganneau, of the French consulate at Jerusalem, that no copy of "squeeze" of the inscription had been taken. Towards the close of the year 1869 the latter not only sent men to obtain squeezes, who quarreled in the presence of the Arabs, but offered \$375 for the stone, whereas £80 had already been promised by the Prussian government, and accepted by those who claimed the ownership of the stone. At this stage the government of Nablus demanded the prize for itself, and the Moabites, exasperated at its rapacity, "sooner than give it up put a fire under it and threw cold water on it, and broke it, and then distributed the bits among the different families; to be placed in the granaries and act as blessings upon the crop; for they said that without the stone a blight would fall upon their crops."

After immense trouble M. Clermont-Ganneau recovered some twenty of these fragments, containing 613 letters, while several small pieces were acquired by the Palestine Exploration fund. These fragments, when united, were found to contain 669 words, out of a total of 1,100 which the complete stone must have contained. The greater part of the missing letters were recovered from the squeezes taken before the stone was broken by the ruthless Moabites, "so that only thirty-five words, fifteen half-words and eighteen letters—less than one-seventh of the whole—remain to be supplied from conjecture." With reference to the characters engraved on the stone, the general opinion is that they are Phœnician, also called Samaritan, such as were used by the Jews before the captivity. Dr. Gidsburg, who has executed a translation of the inscriptions, says that these characters were common B. C. 700 to all the races of western Asia, and were used in Nineveh, Phœnicia, Jerusalem, Samaria, Moab, Cilicia and Cyprus. With reference to the inscription on the stone itself, it may be stated that it records some remarkable events in the reign of Mesha, King of Moab, who is mentioned in the second book of Kings (iii., 4, 5), and who had rebelled against Israel after the death of Ahab. The first part of the inscription narrates the circumstances which led to the king being created; while the second part relates to the public works undertaken by Mesha after he had overcome his Jewish foes, and the third part celebrates his victory over the Edomites. The rendering of Capt. Renczynski represents the result of "nine years' toil and labor."

## Coca.

"Coca," the "beloved narcotic of the Peruvian Indian," was first named botanically through the labors of Joseph de Jussieu. The history of the most noted botanical is a melancholy one. He left France in 1735, in the memorable expedition of M. La Condamine, and after M. La Condamine left South America, M. Jussieu continued his botanical researches, making numerous journeys on foot, notably those to the cinchona regions, which led to the discovery of cinchona bark in certain cases of dried plants, etc., and a native servant at Buenos Ayres, thinking these cases contained money, stole them, and this loss had such an effect on poor Jussieu that he returned to France in 1771 deprived of reason.

The Coca is the great source of comfort and enjoyment to the Peruvian Indian. It is to him what the kava-kava is to the South Sea Islander, the betel to the Hindoo and Malay, and tobacco to the rest of mankind, but with this difference it produces invigorating effects. The Peruvian Indian creates a new generation. The palmy days of the Uncas or Yucaas, coca was sacrificed to the sun, the high priest or Huillac Unu chewed it during the ceremony, and before the arrival of the Spaniards, coca was used in lieu of money. After the Spanish conquest, much was done to prescribe its use, because as a council of bishops held in 1569, said it was a "useless and pernicious leaf, and on account of the belief stated to be entertained by the Indians, that the habit of chewing coca gave them strength, which is an illusion of the devil." Coca, indeed, from its popularity, being used by about eight millions of people, has always had a great commercial importance, and one vicerey, Don Francisco Toledo, issued no less than seventy ordinances concerning coca in the space of four years (1570-1574).

The coca plant is a scrub of four to six feet high, with straight and alternate branches and leaves like those of the tobacco plant, and is cultivated at elevations of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea in the warm valleys of the eastern slopes of the Andes. Here the only alternations of climate is from wet to dry, frost is unknown, and it rains more or less every month of the year. The seeds are sown on the surface of the soil as soon as the rainy season commences, and begin to sprout in a fortnight, being carefully watered, and protected from the sun by a thatched roof.

The following year the seedlings are transplanted in a soil carefully broken up and freed from weeds. The ancient custom was to raise the plants in terraces on the hillsides, but now plantations on the level ground are resorted to, although Indians aver that plants raised under the former conditions yield a much superior quality of leaf. At the end of eighteen months the first harvest is ready, and the picking of the leaves, performed by women and children, is very carefully proceeded with, so as not to injure the young and still tender shoots. As soon as one crop of leaves is removed, if well watered, and the

ground carefully weeded, another crop is ready in about forty days. A plant continues to yield for about forty years, and Dr. Poeppig gives the profit of a coca plantation as about 45 percent. Each picker carries a piece of cloth, in which the leaves, plucked one by one, are placed. These leaves are then taken to the drying yard, formed of slat flags. Here the leaves are spread out in thin layers, and carefully dried in the sun. Too much exposure to the sun spoils the flavor of the leaf, and if heaped too much together, the leaves ferment and become fetid. As soon as dried, the leaves are packed in bags made of banana leaves, with an outside covering of cloth, or packed tightly in large parcels of about 50 lb each.

In the Sandia district of Carabaya, two varieties of coca are recognized, the Ypara and Hatun Yuca, the latter having a larger leaf than the former.

In Bolivia, coca is treated as a government monopoly, and the right is generally farmed out. In 1850, coca brought into that country's exchequer a sum of \$200,000. The whole yield of coca in South America is estimated at thirty millions of pounds. Coca soon deteriorates in keeping. Indians treat it as valueless if kept longer than seven months.

Such is the faith in coca, that it is believed if a dying man can but taste a coca leaf when placed on his tongue, his future bliss is assured. No Indian is without his *chupaa* or coca bag made of llama cloth, and three times a day, sitting down, he takes leaf by leaf and rolls them up in his mouth till he forms a ball. Then applying a small quantity of powder consisting of carbonate of potash, made by burning the stalks of the quinoa plant, mixed with lime and water he goes on his way rejoicing. The use of coca is widely spread. The shepherd on the cold slopes of the Andes has his coca and a little maize as his sole nourishment, and the runner messenger looks to it as his solace and support. As to the properties of coca, it seems very evident that it allows of a greater amount of fatigue, with a lesser amount of nourishment, and prevents difficulty of respiration in ascending steep mountain slopes. It has an agreeable and aromatic taste, accompanied by a slight irritation, which excites the flow of saliva. When made into a tea, in taste it is like that of green tea, and effectually prevents drowsiness. Applied externally as a poultice, it moderates rheumatic pains, brought on by exposure to cold and wet, and also cures headache.

Mr. Markham chewed coca leaf very frequently, and states that he found it to produce an agreeable soothing feeling, that he could endure longer abstinence from food with less inconvenience, and that when using it, he could ascend precipitous mountain sides with a feeling of lightness and elasticity, and without losing breath. He also considers it the least injurious of all other like substances, even when taken in excess, and at the same time, the most soothing and invigorating.

## Traveler in Olden Times.

A careful inspection of the vehicles of former times leads us to the conclusion that our forefathers were lined with zinc and copper-fastened—for nothing short of it could have withstood the joltings and jarrings, the bouncings and bumpings entailed upon those who used any other method of locomotion except that which nature provides. The chariot in which General and Mrs. Washington went to Philadelphia upon his election to the Presidency was no doubt an instrument of torture. To the discomforts of this rambling old carriage may be added, for the General, the incessant wagging of Mrs. Washington's tongue, for it is a well-known fact, that Martha was of a shrewish nature, and made no bones of giving the General her views in a very forcible manner. The method of traveling which they pursued gave publicity to the fact that the General had a certain lecture every night for a night cap. In the course of their journey they arranged to spend the nights at the houses of the gentry scattered along between Mount Vernon and Philadelphia, and Martha was often heard to nag her lord and master until a loud snore announced that the General was safe in the land of dreams from all worldly annoyances.

The chariot was the acknowledged mark of aristocracy. A journey in these days entailed a retinue, somewhat after the following order:

1. Marster and Missis in a carriage.
2. Marster's "boy" on horseback, with a led horse for Marster to ride when he wished to stretch his legs.
3. A wagon containing two hair trunks and Missie's maid.

The rate of progression was about four miles an hour.

The habit of carrying servants even on neighboring visits, obtained in Virginia and Maryland until the abolition of slavery. A form of entertaining, called "spending the day," was in fashion. This consisted in going to a friend's house early in the morning, and staying until late in the evening, consuming the interval in a succession of meals. Besides the visitors, the coachman and horses, there was usually a "maid," who sat on the rack behind the carriage, swinging her legs in ecstatic delight at the prospect of "going abroad."

Chaises were the only two-seated vehicles in use, and were something like a modern top buggy, except that it had but two wheels. Consequently, going up hill, the occupants were being spilled out behind, and going down hill they were spilled out before.

## A Matter of History.

In the year 1785, the State of Franklin was formed out of a portion of North Carolina, embracing the present territory of the State of Tennessee, and the Legislature of the aforesaid State of Franklin passed the following fee and salary bill: His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins; His Honor the Chief Justice, 500 deer skins; the Secretary to His Excellency the Governor, 500 raccoon skins; the Treasurer of the State, 400 raccoon skins; each county clerk, 300 beaver skins; Clerk of the House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins; member of the Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins; Justice's fee for signing a warrant, one muskrat skin; to the constable for serving a warrant, one mink skin. Enacted into a law the 28th day of October, 1789, under the great seal of the State. This seems to be a matter of historical truth, just as tobacco was once made to answer the purpose of currency in Virginia.

## The Diffusion of Seeds.

In a very large number of cases the diffusion of seeds is effected by animals. To this class belong the fruits and berries. In them an outer fleshy portion becomes pulpy, and generally sweet, inclosing the seeds. It is remarkable that such fruits, in order, doubtless to attract animals, are, like flowers, brightly colored—as, for instance, the cherry, currant, apple, peach, plum, strawberry, raspberry and many others. This color, moreover, is not present in the unripe fruit, but is rapidly developed at maturity. In such cases the actual seed is generally protected by a dense, sometimes almost stony, covering, so that it escapes digestion, while its germination is perhaps hastened by the heat of the animal's body. It may be said that the skin of apple and pear pits is comparatively soft; but then they are imbedded in a stringy core, which is seldom eaten. These colored fruits form a considerable part of the food of monkeys in the tropical regions of the earth, and we can I think, hardly doubt that these animals are guided by the colors, just as we are, in selecting the ripe fruit. This has a curious bearing on an interesting question as to the power of distinguishing color possessed by our ancestors in bygone times.

Magnus and Geiger, relying on the well-known fact that the ancient languages are poor in words for color, and that in the oldest books—as, for instance, in the Vedas, the Rindavesta, the Old Testament, and the writings of Homer or Hesiod—though of course, the heavens are referred to over and over again, its blue color is never dwelt on, have argued that the ancients were very deficient in the power of distinguishing colors, and especially blue. In our own country Mr. Gladstone has lent the weight of his great authority to the same conclusion. For my part I can not accept this view. There are, it seems to me, very strong reasons against it, into which I can not, of course, now enter; and though I should rely mainly on other considerations, the colors of fruits are not, I think, without significance. If monkeys and apes could distinguish them, surely we may infer that even the most savage of men could do so too. Zeuxis would never have deceived the birds if he had not had a fair perception of color. In these instances of colored fruits the fleshy edible part more or less surrounds the true seeds; in others the actual seeds themselves become edible. In the former the edible part serves as a temptation to animals; in the latter it is stored up for the use of the plants itself. When, therefore, the seeds themselves are edible, they are generally protected by more or less hard or bitter envelopes, for instance the horse-chestnut, beech, Spanish chestnut, walnut, &c. That these seeds are used for food by squirrels and other animals is a well-known fact, and necessarily an evil to the plant, for the result is that they are often carried some distance and then dropped, or stored up and forgotten, so that in this way they get carried away from the parent tree.

## Bunions or Boils.

"Is it against the laws of this city to have corns on your feet?" inquired Theodore Rembo as he found himself before the bar of justice, in Detroit.

"No, sir, nor on the top of your head if you want 'em there. The city ordinances of Detroit and the laws of Michigan are very liberal on the subject of corns."

"Well, sir, last night I was walking along one of our streets, hobbling because my corns hurt me so, when a fellow grabbed me by the collar, called me a drunkard, and dragged me to a dungeon."

"How awful mean in him!" sighed the court.

"When I have corns can't I hobble if its more convenient than walking?"

"Certainly."

"Well, corns was what ailed me, and I demand that the officer apologize to me and that I be set at liberty."

"Let us listen to the officer's story first. Go ahead Mr. Bluecoat."

"This man," began the officer, "bumped against at least a dozen pedestrians, fell against a window and broke it, and was lying down on the car track when I gathered him in. He smelled so bad of whiskey when I brought him in that we had to burn coffee in the room."

"Well!" queried the court as he turned to the prisoner.

"I say it was corns."

"How many have you got?"

"Ten."

"Show 'em up. I haven't seen a real old-fashioned corn in about eighteen years."

"Do you think I'm going to pull my boots off before the crowd? I guess I've got a little modesty left."

"Then I'll take care of it for you