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CONTRARY MAN.
Some men do write when they do wrong,
And some do live who dye;
And some are "short" when they are long,
And stand when they do lie.

A man is surly when he's late;
Is round when he is square;
He may die early and dilate,
And may be foul when "fair."
He may be "fast" when he is slow,
And "loose" when he is "tight,"
And "high" when he is very low,
And heavy when he's "light."
He may be wet when he is "dry,"
He may be "great" when small;
May purchase when we won't go by,
Have naught when he has awl.
He may be sick when he is "swell,"
And hot when he is cold;
He's skilled so he on earth may dwell,
And when he's young he's sold.

THAT ONE DOLLAR BILL.
How it did rain that November night!
None of your undecided showers, with
hesitating intervals, as it were, between;
none of your mild, persistent pattering on
the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild
deluge, a rush of arrowy drops and a
thunder of opening floods!

Squire Pratlet heard the rattling up
against the casements, and drew his snug
easy chair closer to the fire—a great,
open mass of glimmering anthracite,
and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective
satisfaction at the crimson morose
curtains, and a gray cat fast asleep on
the hearth and the canary bird rolled
into a drowsy ball of yellow down upon
its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire;
"I'm glad I had the leaky spot in the
barn fixed last week. I don't object to
a stormy night once in a while when a
fellow's under cover, and there is nothing
particularly to be done."

"Yes," Mrs. Pratlet answered. She was
fitting about between the kitchen and
sitting room with a great blue checkered
apron tied about her waist. "I am
nearly ready to come in now. Well, I
wonder," sotto voce, "if that was a
knock at the door or just a little rush of
the wind."

See went to the door, nevertheless,
and a minute or two afterward she went
to her husband's chair.
"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddlelove," she
said, half apprehensively. The Squire
never looked up from his reading.
"Tell him he has made a mistake.
The tavern is on the second corner be-
yond."

"But he wants to know if you will
lend him a dollar," said Mrs. Pratlet.
"Couldn't you tell him no, without
the ceremony of coming to me? Is it
likely that I should lend a dollar, or
even a cent to Luke Ruddlelove? Why,
I'd a great deal rather throw it among
your red coals. No—of course no."

Mrs. Pratlet hesitated.
"He looks so pinched and cold and
wretched, Josiah. He says there is no-
body in the world to let him have a cent."

"All the better for him, if he did but
know it," sharply enunciated the old
Squire. "If he had come to that half
a dozen years ago perhaps he would not
have been the miserable vagabond he
now is."

"We used to go to school together,"
said Mrs. Pratlet, gently. "He was the
smartest boy in the class."
"That's probable enough," said the
Squire, "but it don't alter the fact. He
is a poor drunken wretch now. Send
him about his business, Mary, and if
his time is of any consequence, just let
him know he had better not waste it
coming here after dollars."

And the Squire leaned back in his
chair, after a positive fashion, as if the
whole matter was settled.
Mrs. Pratlet went back to the kitchen
where Luke Ruddlelove was spreading
his poor fingers over the blaze of the
fire, his tattered garments steaming as
if he was a pillar of vapor.

"Then I've got to starve like any
other dog!" said Luke Ruddlelove, turn-
ing away. "But after all, I don't sup-
pose it makes much difference if I
skuffle out of this world to-day or to-
morrow."

"Oh, Luke, no difference to your
wife?"
"She'd be better off without me," he
said down heartily.

"But she ought not to be."
"Ought, and is, are two different
things, Mrs. Pratlet. Good night; I
ain't going to the tavern, although I'll
wager something the Squire thought I
was."

"And isn't it natural enough that he
should think so, Luke?"
"Yes, yes, Mary; I don't say but
what it is," murmured Luke in the same
dejected tone he used during the inter-
view."

"Stop," Mrs. Pratlet called to him as
his hand lay on the door latch, in a low
voice. "Here's a dollar, Luke. Mr.
Pratlet gave it to me for an oilcloth to
go in front of the parlor stove; but I will
try and make the old one last a little
longer. And Luke, for the sake of your
poor wife and little ones at home, and
for the sake of old times, do try and do
better. Won't you?"

Luke Ruddlelove looked vacantly at
the new bank bill in his hand, and then
at the blooming young matron who had
placed it there.

"Thank you, Mary. I will. God
bless you," he said, and crept out into
the storm that reigned without. Mrs.
Pratlet stood looking into the kitchen
fire.

"I dare say I've done a foolish thing,

but indeed, I could not help it. If he
will take it home and not spend it at
the tavern, I shall not miss my oil-
cloth."

And there was a conscious flush on her
cheeks as if she had done something
wrong when she joined her husband in
the sitting room.
"Well," said Squire Pratlet, "has
that unfortunate gone at last."
"Yes."
"To the Stoke's tavern, I suppose?"
"I hope not, Josiah."
"I'm afraid it's past hoping for," said
the Squire, shrugging his shoulders.
But Mrs. Pratlet kept her secret in her
own heart.

It was six months afterward that the
Squire came into the dining room where
his wife was preserving great red apples
into jelly.

"Well, well, quoth he, wonders will
never cease. The Ruddleloves have gone
away."
"Where?"
"I don't know—out West somewhere
with a colony. And they say Luke's
not drunk a drop of whisky for six
months."

"I am glad of that," replied Mrs. P.
"It won't last long," he suggested des-
pairingly.

"Why not?"
"Oh I don't know; I haven't any faith
in these sudden reforms."

Mrs. Pratlet was silent; she thought
thankfully that, after all, Luke had not
spent the dollar for liquor.

Six months—six years; the time sped
along in days and weeks, almost before
young little Mrs. Pratlet knew that it was
gone. The Ruddleloves had returned to
Sequoisset. Luke had made his fortune.
as the story went, far off in Eldorado.

"They do say," said Mrs. Bucking-
ham, "that he has bought that 'ere lot
down opposite the court house, and he
is going to build such a house as never
was."

"He must have prospered greatly,"
observed Mrs. Pratlet.

"And his wife, she wears a silk gown
that will stand alone with its own rich-
ness! I can remember when Ruddlelove
was nothing but a poor drunken crea-
ture."

"All the more credit to him now," said
Mrs. Pratlet, emphatically.

"It's to be all of stone, with white
mantels and inlaid floors; and he has
put a lot of papers and things under the
corner one, like they do in public build-
ings."

"Well, that is natural enough."
"I know, yet it seems kind o' queer
that he should put a dollar bill in with
the other things. He must have lots of
money, to throw it away in that man-
ner."

Mrs. Pratlet felt her cheeks flush.
Involuntarily she glanced toward the
Squire. But he never looked around.
She met Mr. Ruddlelove that afternoon
for the first time since his return to Se-
quoisset—Luke himself, save that the
demon of intemperance had been com-
pletely crushed, and his better nature
triumphing at last. He looked her
brightly in the face, and held out his
hand, saying but one word:

"Mary."
Tremulously she replied: "I am glad
to see you here again."
When Luke overcame his emotion he
continued:

"Do you remember that stormy night
when you gave me that dollar bill and
begged me not to go to the tavern?"
"Yes."
"That night was the pivot on which
my whole destiny turned. You were
kind to me when all others gave me
naught but the cold shoulder. You
trusted me when all other faces were
averted. That night I took a vow to
myself to prove worthy of your confi-
dence, and I kept it. I treasured it up,
and Heaven has added mightily to my
little store. I have put the bill in the
corner stone of my new house, for it
arose alone from that dollar bill."

"I won't offer to pay you back, for I
am afraid," he said smilingly, "the luck
would go from me with it. But I'll tell
you what I do; I'll give money and
words of trust and encouragement to
some other poor wretches as you gave
to me."

The next day Mrs. Pratlet received
from the delivery man at her door a
bundle which, when she had opened it,
revealed to her astonished gaze the
most beautiful piece of oilcloth her eyes
had ever beheld. This naturally attract-
ed the Squire's attention, and when Mrs.
Pratlet told him all, he only replied, with
some emotion: "You were right, and I
was wrong."

The Main Question.
What shall we have for dessert? is the
question which is agitating the country
housewife just now, before strawberries
come. An orange shortcake will answer
the question once or twice at least. Make
a crust as for strawberry shortcake, only
roll it cut a little thinner. While it is
baking, cut up a liberal allowance of
orange and scatter sugar over them.
When the shortcake is done, cut in layers
and put the oranges between. Canned
pineapple, chopped fine, may be used for
the filling, and even dried apples thor-
oughly soaked and cooked. Mash the
apples, and to one quart of apples allow
one full cup of black raspberries. They
color and flavor the apple, and if you have
never eaten it you will be pleased to note
how good this simple dish tastes.

Coffee Drinking in America.
Americans are becoming a nation of
coffee drinkers. The consumption of
per head of population has only increased
from \$0.1 to 1.44 pounds since 1867,
while that of coffee in the same period
has gone up from 6.11 to 8.89 pounds.
Great Britain, on the other hand, drinks
less coffee in proportion to population
than a generation ago, while the consump-
tion of tea has almost quadrupled in forty
years.

Sealing.
The seals of the North Atlantic are
not hunted for their fur, as are their
Alaskan cousins, but chiefly for their
oil, and secondarily for their skins. It
is an industry which profitably employs
hundreds of ships and thousands of men-
men, and it receives the name of
"sealing."

You may know that near the end of
winter enormous herds, chiefly of the
harp-seals, come down and congregate
upon the floating fields of ice eastward
of Newfoundland, where the young are
born in March. These are the place and
season of the largest fishery, but the
locality is never fixed nor certain; the
fields, approached simultaneously by
sailing fleets and steamers from New-
foundland, Nova Scotia, Scotland,
England, France, Germany, and Nor-
way, must be sought for every year as
though for the first time. This in the
icy, tempestuous North Atlantic, at the
most stormy period of the year. Dreadful
gales may drive the ships
anywhere but where they seek to go,
bergs may be hurled against them, the
ice may jam them between its ponder-
ous edges and crush the dourly braced
hulls into splinters, or cleanly cut away
parts of the bottom, and leave the
vessels to sink and the men to save
themselves as best they may upon
broken and drifting ice. Often a field
of thin "bay-ice" will be right in the
path. Then the ship dashes into it as
far as its power can force it. When it
sticks, the crew leap overboard, chop
and break the field into cakes which are
shoved under the floe or lauled out on
top; or, if it is too thick to be broken,
saws are brought out, and a canal is
slowly made for the ship's progress.
This is a time of great desire for haste,
and you may well believe that every
man works with all his might.

Well, when all this hot and danger
are passed,—sometimes greatly prolong-
ed, and in the midst of a frozen sea
and the most violent storms,—and the
ship has the good luck to sight a herd,
then begins for the crew of hardy
sailors a season of about the most
arduous labor that one can imagine.

If the weather permit, the vessel is
run into the ice, and moored there; if
not, it sails back and forth in open
spaces, managed by the captain and one
or two others, while the remainder of
the crew, sometimes sixty or seventy,
or even more in number, get into boats
and row swiftly to the floe. The young
seals lie scattered about here and there,
basking in the sun or sheltered under
the lee of a hummock, and they he so
thickly that half a dozen will often be
seen in a space twenty yards square.
They can not get away, or at most can
only flounder about, and their plaintive
bleatings and white coats might almost
be those of lambs. The old seals are
frightened away by the approach of the
sailors, and never show fight, and the
youngsters are easily killed; so the men
do not take guns, but only clubs, with
which they strike the poor little fellows
a single blow on the head, usually kill-
ing them at once.

Having struck down all they can see
within a short distance, the small
squad of men who work together then
quickly skin, or (as they call it) "sculp"
them, with a broad clasp-knife, cutting
clear through the thick layer of fat
which lies underneath the hide, and so
leaving a surprisingly small carcass be-
hind. Bundles are then made of from
three to seven "pelts," and each man
drags a bundle toward the boat. This is
sometimes miles distant, the ice is
rough and broken, he must leap cracks,
trust himself to isolated cakes, and often
he falls into the freezing water, or
loses his way in a sudden squall of snow.
It is limb-cracking and life-risking
work, and to accomplish it successfully,
a man must school his muscles to en-
durance, his nerves to peril, and his
heart to bitter cruelty;—but every pelt
is worth a dollar.

By night, after a "seal-meadow" has
been attacked, the decks of the vessel
are hidden under a deep layer of fat,
slippery pelts. After these have lain
long enough to get cool, they are stow-
ed away in the hold in pairs, each pair
having the hair outward. The hold is
divided by stout partitions into com-
partments, or "pounds," in order to
prevent the cargo from moving about
and so rubbing the fat into oil, which
would speedily fill every part of the
hold and the cabins, spoiling all the
provisions. A vessel once had to be
abandoned from this accident, because
it had not been "pounded." The
European ships, however, generally
separate the fat at once and stow it in
casks.

The Proposed Franco-African Sea.
The formation of a great internal sea
in the south of Algeria and Tunis, which
has been considered by some as a purely
Entopian project, has now been offici-
ally adopted by the French Govern-
ment. Monsieur Lesseps, we observe,
is one of the advocates of the scheme.
The identification of that always active
gentleman with all such undertakings
would seem now to be accepted as pretty
much a matter of course. There is
very little doubt that the position taken
by France in Tunis has not a little to do
with the new favor with which this en-
terprise has been received by the govern-
ment. The taking possession of Tunis
and rapid building of railways in Sen-
egal, with the creation of the sea in ques-
tion, it is believed, would bring about
the whole of northern Africa under
French influence. The recent report of
M. de Freycinet to the President em-
bodies a resume of some of the physical
difficulties in the way, and the political
and other reasons in its favor. As to the
former, we are told the proposed sea
would be seven times the size of the
Lake of Geneva, or about 350 kilometers
long (210 miles) by from 35 to 40 kil-
ometres in width (the widest work of a
canal of 240 kilometers would lead to the Gabes).
In the south of Algeria and Tunis are
immense and waste depressions of the
surface known as *chotts*. The only work
to be done would be to construct the
canal and let the water from the Medi-
terranean in. The objections that are
made against the plan, as well as the
arguments in its favor, are necessarily
vague, and their truth more or less a
matter of conjecture. M. de Freycinet
emphasizes its use as a barrier, as it were,
against the savage tribes to the east and
south of the French possessions. The
committee appointed to finally consider
the question, and which will begin work
on the 30th of next month, will comprise
forty-eight members belonging to the
various departments of the government,
sixteen members of Parliament, and the
most distinguished military and civil
engineers. The commercial and trans-
port advantages of the contemplated un-
dertaking are too uncertain as yet to be
taken into serious consideration; but
then it must be remembered some of the
greatest and most beneficial works of the
Romans were originally projected, as the
African Sea is projected, for military
purposes. French capital and French
enterprise no doubt accomplished a
great deal for the world at large in
building the Suez canal, and possibly
these may now accomplish something
for France and a great deal more for
Timbuctoo by introducing the waters of
the ocean into its arid wastes.

The Alps.
A complete description of the Alps, on
a new plan, has just been concluded by
M. Civiale, a Frenchman, whose investi-
gations were undertaken under a com-
mission of the French Academy, which
has now received his report with terms
of high appreciation. M. Civiale's plan
involved a large use of photography. A
preliminary study satisfied him that the
central mass of the Alps and the chain
diverging into Germany, Austria, and
France might be divided into forty-one
districts, such that, taking a central
station in each, at sufficient height, one
might obtain photographic panoramas
of the whole. The plane of comparison
for ideal surface on which the author
distributed his station is over 8,000 feet
in altitude; and in some cases he had to
climb more than 10,000 feet, taking, of
course, apparatus with him—a sufficient
indication of the enterprise which, in
ten years, M. Civiale has successfully
carried out. It was often difficult to fix
the instruments on account of the wind.
The line of sight once rendered horizon-
tal in all directions, M. Civiale proceed-
ed in each case to take photographs in
fourteen different directions. These
were afterwards carefully joined. Such
panoramas furnish at once the plane-
mensuration, the relief, and the pictur-
esque aspect of the country. M. Civiale
also traversed the valleys and photo-
graphed natural geological sections,
snow limits, landslips, glaciers with
their crevasses and moraines, and so on
—all that is interesting to the geologist,
the engineer, and the tourist. Six hun-
dred plates are devoted to these details,
and the views given are pronounced re-
markably good. It is suggested by the
commission that, in future time, it may
be possible by superposing panoramic
views taken from the same station on
those of M. Civiale, the amount and
character of secular demolition may be
estimated.

Look at It.
Meat is dear and a butcher says: I
often laugh at the foolish way in which
people will rush for the most expensive
cuts. Everybody wants to buy prime
rib roasts and porterhouse and sirloin
steaks with plenty of tenderloin. You
can't persuade them that chuck roast of
good beef, which is from five to eight
cents a pound cheaper than the prime
cut, is just as good eating. And you
couldn't make them believe if you took
your affidavit to it that while the ten-
derloin may be tender, it is neither as
nutritious or as juicy as the round. You
have no idea how nearly unanimous is
the demand for these particular pieces.
We often have difficulty in selling the
other portions of the beef, which is just
as good at half price. Even when we put
it down to less than it costs us on the
hoof, when we have a large stock to
carry, we can scarcely sell it. Beef is
going to be still higher, and if you'd
take a hint from me you can save money
by buying chuck roasts of good beef
which has been kept ten days in the ice-
house, and steaks from the tender side
of the round or from the end of the loin.
It's just the same with mutton. Every-
body wants the rack for broiling. Now,
there's only about ten or twelve pounds
of rack in the whole sheep, and of course
it's dear. We can't give away the neck
and end pieces of the ribs sometimes.

A Law-Breaking Governor.
Governor Mattocks found himself late
one Saturday night in Guldahl, Va.,
forty miles from home. It was against
the law to travel on Sunday, except to and
from church, and as the Governor had
many enemies, he knew that, should he
violate the law, he should be called before
the court. However, he wanted to go
home, and drove to Concord, where he
stopped over night, and, after an early
breakfast Sunday morning, he resumed
his journey towards Peacham, studying up
his defense for the suit as he journeyed
along. On arriving at Barnet a happy
thought struck him, and on his way out
to Peacham, he drove up to Rev. Dr.
Goodwillie's church, at Barnet Centre,
hitched his horse, and, in sight of some-
body's house, raised the latch of the
church door. But it was locked, there
being no meeting that day. From there
he drove on home, and accomplished his
object.

The next day he was taken into the
presence of a Barnet Justice to answer for
violating the Sunday law. His defense
was that having spent a week with the un-
righteous men of the Essex county bar he
felt the need of church influence, and as
his friend Goodwillie was the most right-
eous man he knew he desired to place
himself within the sound of his voice on
the Sabbath. Having traveled with that
end in view and found the good man's
house closed he thought, being within a
few miles of his own house, that it would
be more scriptural to go home than to
spend the rest of the day traveling back
to Concord to take a week day start for
home the next morning. The plea pre-
vailed, for the Governor had his wit-
nesses from the house near the church to
prove that he tried to get into the church,
a point much needed, as he was at that
time not in the habit of going to church
very often.

It is easy to look down on others; to
look down on themselves is the difficul-
ty.

A man's character is like a fence—
it cannot be strengthened by white-
wash.

He who puts a bad construction on a
good act reveals his own wickedness of
heart.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and
it may be equally outraged by silen-
ce.

When cooking onions, put a tin cup
of vinegar on the stove to boil, and there
will be no disagreeable odor.

—Mr. Emerson amassed a fortune of
something like \$200,000.

The Highest Building in Europe.
Hitherto the Hospice of the Great St.
Bernard, which stands 8,200 feet above
the level of the sea, has enjoyed the
distinction of being the most elevated
inhabited building in Europe. This
honor it can now no longer claim. Dur-
ing the past year the city authorities of
Catania, in Sicily, have caused to be
erected near the summit of the great
volcano, Mt. Etna, an astronomical ob-
servatory which stands 2,943 metres
above the sea level, or fully 1,000 feet
higher than the Hospice of St. Bernard.
The structure is nine metres in height,
and covers an area of 200 square metres.
It consists of an upper and lower story,
and is built in a circular form. In the
lower story there rises a massive pillar,
upon which is placed the great refrac-
tary telescope. The lower story is di-
vided into a dining-room, kitchen, and
store-rooms. In the upper story there
are three bedrooms, intended for the
accommodation of astronomers and
tourists visiting the establishment. The
roof consists of a movable cupola or dome.
From the balconies of the upper story a
prospect of vast extent and grandeur is
presented. The spectator is able to see
over half the island of Sicily, the island
of Malta, the Lipari Isles, and the
province of Calabria, on the mainland
of Italy. This observatory is erected
upon a small cone, which will, in the
case of eruption, protect it completely
from the lava-stream which always flows
down on the opposite side of the volcano.

Fly Fishing.
The family of salmonidae, especially the
salmo salar, the common salmon and the
salmo fontinalis, familiarly known as
brook trout or speckled trout, are the es-
pecial objects of the training and skill in
casting the fly; but the percidæ or perch
family also furnish excellent sport, par-
ticularly the black and striped bass. Sal-
mon fishing, while a noble sport, has of
late years become nearly impossible to
many, owing to the fact that salmon are
only to be found in sufficient quantities to
repay the quest in distant and remote rivers.
They have nearly disappeared from the
waters of the Eastern States, a few being
still annually taken from the more north-
ern streams; in Canada wherever they are
still plentiful the fishing is farmed out to
the few at stiff prices. Still the chance
of sport is good, especially as there are
nearly always plenty of brook trout in the
neighborhood to make up for any failure
with salmon, that a trip which is both in-
expensive and delightful is recommended
to almost any of the waters that empty
into the St. Lawrence below Quebec. Of
course, in speaking of this sport there is
no reference to the streams that debouch
on the Pacific coast, as they are accessi-
ble only to the few whose command of money
enables them to indulge in expensive luxu-
ries. In fact, in almost every locality now
salmon fishing is not to be had without
considerable outlay of money. It is a
noble sport, however, per se, and both
for the magnificent sport it affords, as
well as from its commercial value, let us
hope that the re-stocking the many rivers
that empty into the sea along our northern
coast, once visited annually by thousands
of this splendid fish, may prove a success.
A few fine salmon have recently been
taken in the Delaware in nets, but it is
doubtful if any have been killed by fair
angling with the fly.

Of the brook trout, however, very
different things can be said. Before the
ingenuity and necessities of man had vexed
and impaired the purity of many spring-
born streams that wash the hills and
mountains of the more northern and eastern
States one could hardly fail to be sure
of a day's excellent sport in any locality,
and even now they may be taken, in more
or less numbers, where they once abounded.
Few whole boyhood days were passed
among the rugged mountains and green
hills of the Eastern States but can recall
this beautiful fish—linked with the purest
memories of youthful hops and amuse-
ments. Beautiful in shape, wonderfully
rich in delicate colorings, covered with a
velvety embossed skin, it appeals by its
beauty not less than by its gameness, to
the love of the angler and the student of
nature. Its pursuit leads the angler in o
nature's pleasant retreats, by hill or
mountain or on wild, picturesque lakelets,
bosomed among primeval forests where all
the surroundings are unartificial, wild and
free. Look for them here, fly followers
of sedentary pursuits, bilious and dyspep-
tic, pursue them through the rocky gien,
tickle and entuse the flexors and exten-
sors by climbing the mountain side or
bending to the oar over some placid lake,
and "me judice," your reward shall be a
thousand fold. But pursue them, as they
by many noble qualities deserve pursuit,
with skill, with patient science, and with
cultivated enthusiasm, remembering that
they are "better bred" and a higher en-
dowed, so to speak, than their congenere
—the cat fish, perch, or dace. Be not
participate criminis to the death of one of
these beauties save only in legitimate ang-
ling with the fly, and number not in your
list of friends the man who needlessly im-
pales a worm on his hook or seeks to compass
their fate in any of the ways of snare or
net or other murder.

Brook trout vary in size and weight
greatly, in accordance with the nature of
the waters they frequent. In Northern
New York, among the Adirondacks, where
the streams generally empty into some of
the little lakes, and in Maine and Canada
they have been taken to weigh as high as
eight to ten pounds. There are, how-
ever exceptional sizes, as the usual run
of fish will average from one-quarter to one
and a half or two pounds. Careful
examination has convinced me that, de-
spite the belief of many excellent anglers,
the large specimens taken in the northern
streams and lakes are the genuine salmo
fontinalis, and not, as they affirm, a dif-
ferent variety of the species. Dwellers in
the pure and large waters of the north,
they attain a size impossible in the small
brooks and ponds, and there is doubtless
much due also to superior possibilities of
food in the larger waters.

In the family of percidæ, the bass, both
striped and black, afford excellent sport
with the fly, and not being so dainty as
the trout frequents almost any of the
rivers and lakes of the States. Both in
the Delaware and the Schuylkill, above
the city of Philadelphia, this sport can be
enjoyed with little expense of time or
money, and is excellent pastime for a
beginner to acquire the peculiar tact of
casting a fly skilfully, and managing a good
sized fish with the right tackle of the fly
fisher's outfit. The first rush of a two-
pound bass is something to startle unac-
customed nerves, and the rapidity with
which he makes off with thirty or forty
feet of line is something to be remem-
bered.

Our Bodies After Death.
Within a very near approach to truth,
the human family inhabiting the earth
has been estimated at 1,000,000,000; the
annual loss by death is 18,000,000.
Now, the weight of the animal matter
of this immense body cast into the grave
is no less than 634,000 tons, and its de-
composition produces 9,000,000,000,000
cubic feet of matter. The vegetable
productions of the earth clear away from
the earth the gases thus generated, de-
composing and assimilating them for
their own increase. This circle of
changes