

The Millheim Journal,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
R. A. BUMILLER.
Office in the New Journal Building,
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.
\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE,
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$100 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 60.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1886.

NO. 14.

NEWSPAPER LAWS
If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent, they are held responsible for the same. If the bills are not ordered their discontinuation. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.
ADVERTISING RATES
1 square 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
1 square \$2.00 \$4.00 \$6.00 \$8.00 \$10.00
1/2 column 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00
1/4 column .50 1.00 1.50 2.00 2.50
1/8 column .25 .50 .75 1.00 1.25
One inch makes a square. Advertisements and local notices 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

L. B. STOVER,
Auctioneer,
Madisonburg, Pa.

W. H. REIFSNYDER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. J. W. STAM,
Physician & Surgeon
Office on Main Street.
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,
Practical Dentist,
Office opposite the Methodist Church.
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM PA.

D. R. GEO. L. LEE,
Physician & Surgeon,
MADISONBURG, PA.
Office opposite the Public School House.

W. F. ARD, M. D.,
WOODWARD, PA.

B. O. DEININGER,
Notary-Public,
Journal office, Penn st., Millheim, Pa.
Deeds and other legal papers written and acknowledged at moderate charges.

W. J. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Having had many years' experience the public can expect the best work and most modern accommodations.
Shop 2 doors west Millheim Banking House
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

G. GEORGE L. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Corner Main & North streets, 2nd floor,
Millheim, Pa.
Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, &c. done in the most satisfactory manner.
Jno. H. Orris. C. M. Bower. Ellis L. Orris

O. R. VIS, BOWER & ORVIS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.,
Office in Woodings Building.

H. HASTINGS & REEDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.,
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Yocum & Hastings.

J. C. MEYER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.,
At the Office of Ex-Judge Hoy.

W. M. C. HEINLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.,
Practices in all the courts of Centre county. Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

B. BEAVER & GEPHART,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.,
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street.

B. BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

C. G. McMILLEN,
PROPRIETOR.
Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buses to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

C. CUMMINS HOUSE,
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,
EMANUEL BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.

I. IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the city.)
CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

S. WOODS CALDWELL,
PROPRIETOR.
Good sample rooms for commercial travelers on first floor.

JOHN RAY.

Be polite; be agreeable. There is nothing that will bring you such quick returns with so little invested. A smile takes nothing away from your face, but it beautifies it. A good action is a good cause, a civil word to the lowly, a helping hand to the needy, kindness to the suffering, and gentle words for all, will bring you love in return, and will become you more than anything else that I know of.

Mr. Bentley was a young man who did not believe that politeness paid. 'I hate to see an everlasting grin on anybody's face,' he said one day, when he and several others were discussing the subject of politeness. 'In the struggle of life it is every one for himself. I have no time, nor inclination, nor hypocrisy, to be spreading my mouth to a forced smile to everyone. I choose my companions and friends, and they are few and select.'

And this was Mr. Bentley's character. He was taciturn, morose, and utterly selfish. He never helped anyone in distress or trouble. He never tried to cheer the sick nor solace the bereaved. Even his 'few and select' friends knew he could not be depended on in a case of emergency. He rejoiced in perfect health, and never thought that his strong frame would some day lie prostrate, languishing, helpless with disease. He was prosperous, not rich, but held a position that was remunerative, never dreaming that he might possibly lose that position. But in less than a year from the time he uttered the above sentiment, he had lost it and was out of employment.

The most prosperous will meet with reverses. Sometimes they teach great lessons. Mr. Bentley should have deduced a lesson from the reverses that followed in the wake of his loss of position. But he did not. He had no friends to rally to his aid, for he had taken no trouble to make friends in his prosperity. He made every effort to procure another position, but all situations in his town seemed full.

He answered an advertisement in an O— paper. The city of O— was 50 miles away. In a short time he received a reply to his letter of application. The letter was from the firm of Thomas Brothers, and it invited the young man to pay them a visit in person as soon as possible. If his papers, personal appearance, etc., suited them, they would employ him on a salary of one thousand dollars a year. This was far better than he expected. His luck was returning. He donned his finest clothes; his head was lost in the clouds. He did not see Mr. Little nod, nor hear Mr. Small speak. Oh, no. What had he to do with the common herd? He could not see the poor and blind organ grinder, or drop a penny in his box. Not he! He was on his way to O— for the one thousand dollar clerkship.

An old lady at the depot stopped him. 'Will you please tell me—' But she was interrupted by the would-be one thousand dollar clerk. 'Madam,' he said, rudely, 'that ticket agent is paid to answer questions—apply to him.'

'Yes—but—sir—' She stopped, for he had walked away and left her. 'Law, what will I do?' she cried. 'The agent hasn't got any better manners than he has. When I was young, men didn't treat old women like that. Well, law! I wish Eli was here. This is the very last time I shall go any place alone. Oh, my—oh, dear—the train is coming—how will I get on, or how am I to tell when I get on the right one?—oh, goodness me! Say, please—Mr.—sir! will you help me?' again stopping Mr. Bentley. 'Is this the train that goes north? Take this satchel and—oh!' Mr. Bentley turned red and hurriedly passed her. 'Oh, shall I be left!'

'Let me help you,' said a kindly voice, and the old lady looked up to find a young man in a thread-bare coat, but with a frank and open countenance reaching out his hand for her bundles. She surrendered them to his care, and thanked him heartily. He took her to the train, saw her safely and comfortably seated, and then found a seat for himself in the same coach, in order to see her safely to the station where she was going.

The old lady left the train at L—, as did Mr. Bentley and the young stranger. They hurried off to take the stage, as O— was not a railroad town. 'Madam,' said the stage driver, as the old lady went to get into the stage, 'my order is to collect the fare before starting.'

The old lady fumbled in her pocket a minute then uttered an exclamation of dismay.

'My goodness gracious! I forgot to bring my money! Eli—that's my husband—told me I'd forget it. What shall I do—oh, what shall I do?' And she dropped a bundle, tried to pick it up, and dropped another. 'I am going

to O—,' continued the distressed old lady. 'I am going there to see my sons. They will pay you, indeed they will, if you will—'

'Won't do,' said the driver. 'My orders are strict. Can't disobey orders. Won't take any risks—for you know I might lose my job. Maybe this gentleman will loan you the money,' pointing to our friend, Mr. Bentley, who was seated in one corner of the coach; 'or, what'll be the same to me, will guarantee the pay.'

'Oh, will you?' cried the old lady, appealing to that gentleman. 'Indeed, my sons will pay you. They are—'

But she was interrupted. 'Never mind what your sons are—I don't care to have their biography just now.' Then, turning to the man, he said, 'Don't be so free with your suggestions, my friend.'

'I presumed—' began the driver. 'You presumed in your ignorance,' interrupted Mr. Bentley, harshly. 'If I should give money to all the beggars I see, I should be unable to pay my wash bill. What are you waiting for? I tell you I'm in a hurry to reach O—'

'I tell you,' said the big driver, in an angry voice, and looking at Mr. Bentley fiercely, 'that I may be presumptuous and ignorant, but I am a man as won't take an insult without resenting it. If you can't be merciful, I'll take the liberty of dumping you out of there in the first mud hole we come to. As for going, I'll go when I get ready and not a minute before.'

But nevertheless, he immediately prepared to start. The old lady grew wild. 'Oh, must I be left?' she cried. 'What will my sons, Peter and William think? I wish Eli was here. I'll never leave home again without Eli—oh, stop! Wait! Will some one—' and she ran against the same young man who had helped her on the train at C—.

'Oh, I am so glad! I know you will help me! And she caught the young man's hand in hers. 'I want to go to O—, sir, and I left my money at home—and I must get there to-day.'

'I am on my way there myself,' said the youth with a troubled air. 'I was going there to see the Thomas Brothers about a position in their store. I ought to be there to-day—to-morrow may be too late—but—but—well, you shall go—I—yes—you shall go!'

He took out a purse and emptied the contents in the hand of the old lady; just barely enough to pay one fare on the stage to O—.

'Oh, but how will you get there,' asked she, 'if you give me all your money?'

'I can walk,' he answered cheerily. 'Never mind me. I am used to walking.'

'You are an honor to your mother,' said the woman with emotion. 'A good mother, I'll be bound.' And then, seeing the tears spring to his eyes, she surmised that he had recently lost that mother, and continued: 'Yes, I understand; and you couldn't bear to see an old lady in trouble without helping her for your own dear mother's sake. What is your name? My sons will pay you as soon as you reach O—.'

'My name is John Ray,' he said. 'Well, good-bye, John Ray,' said the old lady, as he helped her into the coach. 'I wish you success. I think you will get the place.' She nodded vigorously. 'Yes, yes, I hope you will, John Ray.' And, with beaming eyes, she shook John Ray's hands as vigorously as she nodded. 'Oh, won't Eli—what won't he do when I tell him?'

'Are you all ready?' cried out the driver. 'Because if you ain't, I want you to understand I ain't in any hurry; take your time. All ready, hey? Then off we go!'

And off they went, leaving John Ray to walk twenty miles. And the simple soul filling his place in the coach would shed tears whenever she thought of him walking wearily alone over the road. But her eyes shone through the tears. Could you see those tears, John, the road would seem shorter. Could you know the gratitude in that good heart, your limbs would be less weary. They at length arrived at O—. Mr. Bentley registered his name, in a large hotel, in the most aristocratic hotel in that city.

'Much depends,' he soliloquized, 'on appearances. Should I put up at a less pretentious house than this, it might be the means of my failing to get the position I am after.' Then he thought of John Ray, and the fragment of conversation he had overheard between him and the old lady. 'Ha! ha! he laughed at the thought. 'What kind of a chance can so shabby a fellow have against me? I am not quite sure but that the "me" should begin with a capital letter. It sounded so very important. He is trading along now between here and L—. Why what a fool the fellow is! I am sitting comfortably here—shall soon eat a warm supper—while he is dragging himself along

hungry and tired, and without money to buy anything to eat, or a place in which to sleep.'

He seemed to take delight in these reflections. The contemplation of the deprivation and suffering of others seems to be a prodigious comfort to many. It had quite a soothing effect on Mr. Bentley, for he was not rich. It must be admitted that his success depended on his securing this position with the Thomas Brothers.

It was late in the evening when the stage reached O— and the business house of Thomas Bros. was closed. But early the next morning Mr. Bentley waited on the brothers, and presented his recommendations. There were other applicants, among whom was John Ray. Mr. Bentley would not recognize him. Truly, if it depended on appearances John Ray stood no possible chance for the situation.

'Good papers!' cried William Thomas, when he had finished reading Mr. Bentley's references.

'Splendid recommendations!' echoed the brother. 'Best ones we have received yet. Is it not so, William?'

Mr. Bentley flushed with pleasure and swelled with vanity. 'Where are your papers, young man?' asked William, turning to John Ray, who sat quietly with his face averted. No wonder, for his hopes were fleeing away, and he knew his face would show his disappointment.

'I have none,' he said. 'I never filled a like position, sir, and consequently can give no references.'

'You must have references,' said the brothers, 'or we cannot consider your application.'

'I have none,' again said John Ray; and now all hopes had flown, and his pale face showed it.

'I think, young man, you come well recommended,' said William. 'Does he not Peter?'

Peter laughed and nodded, and the brothers got closer to John Ray.

'The best reference in the world,' cried Peter, with such an affectionate look at John that William feared he meant to embrace him, and put out his hand to prevent it, for fear of spoiling the amusement.

John looked puzzled. They both laughed and repeated: 'Good recommendation! Mother! they called, and in came the old lady of the day before. 'Mother, which of these young men do you recommend to us for a clerk?'

The old lady walked straight up to John and said: 'I recommend by all means, my dear sons, the young man who was kind enough to aid a helpless "old beggar" to reach home; who loved the memory of his mother so well that he walked 20 long miles to let your mother ride. Not for a reward, boys, no, though he was poor and helpless; and now, if a deed like that won't recommend John Ray more than all the recommendations that were ever written, indeed, then I don't know my dear boys.'

And each of the brothers got John by the hand, while Mr. Bentley retired with a crestfallen air. Let us hope that this little episode taught Mr. Bentley the lesson that kindness brings its own reward. That to be loved by our fellow-man is the highest earthly pleasure to be enjoyed. That to be kind and sociable to all is to win love. To be accommodating, sympathizing, helpful, is to retain that love when won. That no good action or kind word is lost, but is written with an indelible pen in the Recording Angel's Book, and preserved through eternity.

A SLICE OF LUCK.
A traveler in the south of France was recently going through a forest, when he suddenly met with a dozen, as he thought, suspicious characters. His first thought was of escape; but, to his great astonishment, one of them came forward, and, after some conversation about trees, summarily offered one hundred napoleons if he would retire. The traveler said he had no objection, and to his surprise the sum was given him, and he went on his way rejoicing. He applied to the authorities when he discovered that a large sale of forest trees took place that day, to which the local buyers had been invited, and these men composed a 'knock-out,' that is, had conspired to prevent any one else bidding, in order that they might obtain the timber at a cheap rate. The traveler was supposed by them to be a well-known timber merchant, and to have entered the forest for the purpose of bidding, so he was bought off.

Tramp—'Will you please give me ten cents, sir? I'm on my way home to die.'

Gentleman—(handing him the money)—'I don't mind giving you ten cents for so worthy a purpose as that, but your breath smells terribly of whiskey.'

Tramp—'I know it does, sir. Whiskey's what's killin' me.'

Kicking a Governor.

In the summer of 1878 there was a gathering of executive officers of different States at Cape May, and Governor Thomas L. Young, of Ohio, was among the number. He and B. K. Jamison were friends, so the latter tendered him the use of his beautiful cottage for himself and staff during their stay at the seashore. One afternoon a number of gentlemen called to be introduced to the governor, who was busy up-stairs playing euchre. He was 'going it alone' at the time, and, turning to Jamison, said: 'Wait until I make my march and then I'll go to the reception with you.' He didn't make his march, however, but on the contrary, greatly to his disgust, he was 'euchred.' Rising from his chair he turned his back to his host and said: 'Jamison, I wish you would give me a good kick; I feel that I deserve it.' His host replied, 'You don't mean it governor?'

'Indeed I do,' was Tom's response. 'Try me and see.'

The words had hardly left his lips when the toe of Jamison's boot struck the governor with such suddenness that the concussion nearly sent him over on his face. The guests were horrified for a moment, but the governor, with the greatest honor, said: 'Boys, I got off with very light punishment. Out in Ohio when a man gets euchred on a lone hand they usually take him out and hang him to the nearest lamp post.' Then he went down and received his visitors. That night, before retiring, the governor said: 'Jamison, do you know that you would make a capital soldier?'

'No,' was the reply. 'What makes you think so?'

'Because you are so obedient to orders. Obedience, you know, is the first duty of a soldier, and you have the A B C's down fine—Will you accept a commission on my staff? It means a colonelcy.'

Mr. Jamison didn't see any harm in accepting, and when Gov. Young returned to Ohio he forwarded the commission duly signed and sealed. Then a difficulty arose. Mr. Jamison was a citizen of Pennsylvania, and the commission required that he should swear allegiance to the State of Ohio. This provision was stricken out, and then 'K. B. Jamison' became 'aid-de-camp on the staff of his Excellency, Thomas L. Young, governor of Ohio, with the rank and title of colonel.' The commission, handsomely framed, now hangs in the handsome residence of Col. Jamison in West Philadelphia, and he prizes it very highly.—Philadelphia Times.

How the New Mexicans Capture Ants.

An automatic combination self-adjusting ant trap and intoxicating machine has been in use for years in New Mexico and Arizona, which is worthy of careful civilized attention. The chief blessing of that arid section is held to be mescal, a fiery liquor distilled from a species of cactus, and the principle cause is an immense black ant that considers himself proprietor of any premises to which his nest may belong. It is said that the natives could not live without either the mescal or the ants, for while it is only mescal that can make a Mexican's life endurable with the ants, it is only the ants that make a Mexican from the profound coma into which the mescal plunges him.

The ancient Mexican method of trying to get rid of an ant's nest was to fill up the main hatch with fine gunpowder and touch it off, keep a fire burning over it night and day for a week, or drown it out with boiling lye. The only result was that the ants would stay down cellar until the trouble was over, and then cheerfully repair the damage done to their dwelling, and 'lay for' the Mexican in the 'silent watches of the night with a vigor and alacrity that were truly awful.'

One day a desperate Mexican poured a quart of mescal down his throat and buried the bottle in the corner of the principal ant's nest in his yard, with the intention of filling it with gunpowder and blowing both himself and his enemies out of the territory. Having buried the bottle to the neck, he went to the trader's to get the powder. When he returned, he found that the bottle was filled with ants, whom curiosity had prompted to drop in, and who, unable to climb out, were indulging in a rough and tumble free fight that did the Mexican's heart no end of good. Another bottle was quickly procured and filled, and by sunset the Mexican found himself proprietor of seven quarts of ants in various stages of mutilation and wrath. To shake these into a bonfire was easy, and thus in a day the colony was broken up forever.

The writer has seen two pounds of rifle powder rammed into an ant's nest and prove ineffective in its destruction, while by the bottle system the work was thoroughly accomplished in less than a week by the capture of the last ant in the community.—Scientific American.

The Man who Never Forgot a Face

The passenger who was never known to forget a face sat down beside a freckled young man with a sandy mustache.

'Seems to me I've seen you before,' said the never-forget-you passenger.

'Possibly,' replied the freckled young man, 'my name is Smith, of Jonesville, Mich.'

'What! Smith, of Jonesville.'

'Yes, John Smith, of Jonesville. Did you ever live in Jonesville?'

'Should say I did. Lived there ten years. Knew I had seen you somewhere before. I never forget a face. I knew you as soon as I set eyes on you. Never forgot a face in my life.'

'How long since you left that old town?'

'Let me see; it was twenty-seven years last June. That's a long time ain't it? Hain't been back there since, but your face is as fresh in my mind as if it were only yesterday.'

'Now this is odd,' said the freckled young man; 'you haven't been in Jonesville for twenty-seven years. I haven't been out of it for twenty-seven years, and I am just twenty-seven years old. I must have been born the year you left our town. Do you still think you remember me?'

'Remember you, lad? Why, I know you the second I saw you. I was your godfather at your christening, and you think I would forget a face that was impressed on my mind in so solemn a ceremony as that? No, siree. I never forget a face, young man, never.'

A Young One.

A man in pursuit of a goose for his dinner was attracted by the sight of a plump, extra-sized one.

'Is that a young one?' said he to the rosy-cheeked lass in attendance.

'Yes, sir, indeed it is,' was the reply.

'How much do you want for it?'

'A dollar, sir.'

'That is too much, I think; say five eighth's and here's your money.'

'Well, sir, as I would like to get you as a steady customer, take it.'

The goose was carried home and roasted, but was found to be so tough as to be uneatable. The following day the man accosted the fair poulterer:—

'Did you not tell me that goose was young which I bought of you?'

'Yes, sir, I did, and it was.'

'No, it was not.'

'Don't you call me a young woman? I'm only nineteen?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I've heard mother say, many a time, that he was nearly six weeks younger than me.'

His Private Mark.

A mild-mannered German cook, who does business in a small way in Grand street, chanced to fall overboard from an East river ferryboat. He was rescued after much trouble by three young men—a hand and two longshoremen. While the German's recovery seemed a matter of extreme uncertainty the three young men quarreled over the credit of having rescued him. Each man wished the glory of shining on the station-house blotter as a rescuer, with perhaps the chance of subsequent material reward. Before they had succeeded in settling the matter to their mutual satisfaction they were forcibly drawn apart by the police.

'See here,' said the officer, 'you can't settle this thing by fighting.'

'That's so,' assented the smallest of the three. 'I can prove without fighting that I saved that man.'

'Let's see you do it, then, and be lively.'

'I've got my private mark on him.' 'Show your mark and give us less of your jaw.'

The young man stepped blithely to the side of the half-conscious man, pulled aside the blanket that covered him, and pointed triumphantly to a two-inch gash in the fleshy part of his back. 'There!' said he; 'there's my private mark! There's where I struck the boat-hook into him!'

His name went down on the police blotter without further question.—New York Times.

A sunshade has been devised for soldiers in hot countries. It is made of bamboo and paper, and has no appreciable weight. It is fastened to the shoulders and leaves the hands and arms free. Something of the same kind has, we believe, been patented in this country.

The Home of Presidents.

A Tour Through the Rooms of the White House.

Beauties of the Executive Mansion—The Parlor—A Handsome Hall—Ways—President's Dining Room.

Up the steps of the portico and through the large entrance vestibule we see an inner corridor separated from it by a handsome screen of glass mosaic. It is in itself a spacious apartment, eighteen feet wide and 100 long, reaching from the middle of the east room at one end to the conservatory at the other. South of this corridor are three parlors, named respectively the Green room, Blue room and Red room, from the prevailing color of decorations and furniture. West of the Red parlor, at the extreme southwestern end of the mansion, is the state dining-room, and on the north side of the corridor, directly opposite, we find the President's private dining-room, which occupies—with butler's pantry and the servants' waiting room immediately adjoining—the northwest front of the building. Under this room, in the basement, is the kitchen. On the north side of the corridor is also situated the private staircase leading to the chambers. This portion of the corridor, which is the length of the state dining-room, can be separated at will from the more public and longer portion on the east, by double doors of inlaid mahogany.

This long hall-way is an important part of the White House, and is treated accordingly. It is only lighted in the day time by the doors opening into the parlors and from the open arches over the jeweled screen, so that no photographer has been able to secure a good picture. The walls, painted a warm creamy-gray, are finished with a stenciled frieze, two feet deep, light green, gold and crimson, in conventional designs. The ceiling, a lighter tint of gray, is covered with figures in mixed colors, interspersed with brown and silver decorations in relief. A large semi-circular niche in the wall immediately opposite the front entrance and screen door, is gilded and contains a circular table of ebony and marble.

This crimson Axminster carpet, well covered with small figures of a deeper shade, imparts a richness of tone which is very desirable in the half-light of the day, and which responds, at night, to the light of three immense crystal chandeliers. The furniture frames are ebony; the fabric, cream-colored brocade figured with shaded crimson. On the walls hang the portraits of most of the Presidents, save that of Washington, which is in the East room, and those of Van Buren, J. Q. Adams and Arthur in the Red parlor and Jefferson in the Library room above. In the western angle the busts of Washington and Hamilton, on pedestals of ebony, gaze with sightless eyes upon the ever-changing panorama.

The private's corridor on the west is fitted up still more like a reception room. Each corner angle is cut off by a tall cabinet of ebony, containing foliage and plants in majolica holders; doorways are hung with portieres of Turkoman, in brown, yellow and crimson, with horizontal stripes, and there are Eastlake chairs of ebony with seats and backs of embossed leather. A hexagon table with rosewood frame and marble top, according to tradition, was frequently used by Jackson, when he lived in the White House, about the only article, in this part of the building, left from that comparatively late period. The wall tints of the private corridor are darker than those of the larger one—a kind of greenish gray—with a parti-colored Japanese frieze, thirty inches wide, the broad staircase with one long landing, leading to the second story, is finished with a hand rail and balusters of mahogany, and from the large carved newel-post a female figure in bronze, nearly life-size, holds, metaphorically a torch, in a very prosaic manner. The remaining figure consists of a mahogany table, before a mirror framed in the same wood.

At the foot of the stairs a door on the left or north side, leads into the President's private dining room. The walls of this room are hung with heavy patterned leather, a gilt ground with vines of shaded olive and crimson, and a frieze, thirty inches deep, of dark terra-cotta stamped velvet, with gilt molding. The ceiling is greenish gray. The white marble chimney piece and mantel are draped with crimson plush, and the same fabric covers the frame of the larger plate glass mantel mirror above. Axminster carpet of dark green is well covered with figures in shaded olive and crimson. The mahogany chairs have dark green leather on the seats, with backs of wood. The woodwork of the room is painted a light tint of the walls. The finest feature of the room are two large carved mahogany sideboards, one on the west side of the room, the other on the south. The one on the right is a fine specimen of Cincinnati carving and dates from the administration of Mr. Hayes; the other was procured when the entire room was furnished under the direction of Mr. Arthur. Both are laden with plate and fine specimens of the ceramic art. All the movable furniture and plate of these rooms are under the care of the steward, who is responsible to the rate of the value of \$20,000, before entering upon his duties.