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One really kind office of love to ame). iorate the distresses of a suffering child of humanity has more power to refine and exait the soul than the study of whole tomes of theories on the perfectibility of human virtue.

A Frenchman, eight days after marriage, and while on his wedding trip, received a telegram announcing the death of his mother-in-law, and, with touching sincerity, writes her epitaph: "To the best of mothers-in-law." No place, no company, no age, no

person is temptation free. Let no man boast that he was never tempted; let him not be high-minded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that very instant wherein he boasteth that he was never tempted at all. In Cicero and Plato and other such

writers. I meet with many things acutely said and things that awaken some fervor and desire; but in none of them do I find the words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden. and I will give you rest."

It should be pointed out with continual earnestness that the essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar

significance to a sentence. We need to change our standards. Men must be honest in proportion to their virtue, and considered rich by the measure of integrity. Life is so much wasted that it loses the divine idea, which is not the number of a man's days but the character of his life.

Give us sincere friends, or none. This hollow glitter of smiles and words protestations of affection as solid as the come once more. Two years had been a "Oh, somewhere between \$40 and \$50. I froth from champagne-invitations that century in Anna's life; within the brown haven't counted it yet."

cause such things are all-worthless. ours that men have to suffer for each ever, that Paul Carroll neglected any of the other's sins, so inevitably diffusive is great items that go so far with the world as human suffering, that even justice regarded his wife's happiness. makes its victims and there is no retri-

little you may look over it altogether. ions, for here she comes." So it is with our moral improvement. He rose with a courtly bow to the magniwe ascended into a higher moral atmos- nodded and rustled on.

AT REST.

Once more the ripened year unfolds Her rennons, gold embossed; And where the grand oaks, tempest tossed Lift up bare arms, communion holds With Him who thus a bound has set

For human longing and regret! While blessed Rest, in slumber deep. On drooping eyelids lays a hand, And spreading white wings o'er the land,

ids stars eternal vigit keep 'Till sleeps sweet influence shall restore The earth to fruitfulness once more!

Thus the full year so lightly rounds Her finished meed of work, and stands Exultant; 'though her folded hands Assures us that all peace abounds,

And past all longing and regret Is the fair goal her soul has set How different we! We trembling stand On our grave's brink and cringing cling To all the transient hopes which fling

Their fitful lights along the strand. And 'till our star of life has set Cheat us with longing and r gret! Oh! type of everything Divine-

Dear Nature-draw us closer yet, And us where no vain regret Can our unwilling souls confine, And fold us in thy fond embrace. When we shall meet Death face to face!

The Widow's Wiles.

Paul Carroll was one afternoon sitting listlessly on the porch of the "Farmers' Inn," when who should alight from the old stage but his friend, Harry Coleman. There was a hearty greeting; each had surprised the other by his selection of this rustic re-

"Come!" said Coleman, "tell me who she is. Some rustic beauty I'll venture,

with cheeks like blush roses. "Ha, ha!" laughed Paul. "Did the green-eyed monster inform you that I was

espassing on your rights?" Harry, with a mischievous twinkle in his yes, answered: "I have run down af the solicitation of a little cousin of mine. Come, get off that hunting regalia and I will present you to the sweetest little cousin in the

world. Paul drawled listlessly: "Well, anything for a change! Good-natured Coleman was used to his

friend's manner, and only quickened his pace when once they had started. They approached the farm-house as the twilight descended.

"Good evening, gipsy!" said Harry, raisord." He hastened towards the old swing gate to receive the merry greeting awaiting him, then said, gaily, "I found my dearest friend at the inn, and have brought him with me. Miss Jardine-Mr. Carroll."

Paul opened his keen gray eyes a trifle wider to discern the young girl in the coming shadow; her mellow, rich voice fell upon his ear so harmoniously and musically, that he tried to hear what was said. This much he did hear, as she tripped ahead, leaning on her cousin's arm, and talking in an undertone: "I detest that dearest friend of yours! He has shot all

my pet squirrels. "Ha, ha!" laughed Coleman. Yes, he is a cruel fellow; look out for him."

Well did Anna Jardine remember those warning words! The family and visitors formed a pleasant group. Paul tried his best to define the

peculiar charm of this girl. She avoided him; that he knew, and there was a novelty in the fact. She was young and cultivated, not beautiful, but with a presence bewitching and piquant. She seems abstracted, not entering into the general conversation; but as she raised the shy brown his law. eyes there was a language in them that entered his heart.

One by one the rest strolled out. Paul walked to the piano and, turning over the music, found the popular songs of the day. "Will you sing, Miss Jardine?" he said,

lmost imploringly. Without a moment's hesitation she complied with his request. The sweet contralto, with its soul stirring pathos, was too grand for common-piace thanks.

Paul Carroll and Anna Jardine had been petrothed one year. He had won her by his deep, idolatrous love, and she had enthroned him king-her first love and her

Paul Carroll was one of the guests at the mansion of Anna's aunt, where she was on the stage of her life, leaving the sequel and a grand dinner was given in his honor. The bewitching woman on the barrister's corner awaiting judgment. right had suddenly, like some great light, burst upon the fashionable world. A widow and a blonde! A woman in her early thirties, with soft blue eyes that knew how to send every glance with power. She had come among them with reports of unbounded wealth.

Paul Carroll seemed completely captivated by her fascinations, careless of the suffe ing he was inflicting upon one constant, true souled woman.

To-night, for an instant, he mentally contrasted the two, and on a sudden impulse drank to the health of his betrothed. The sudden shock to Mrs. L'Estrange's feelings was beyond description. She was foil-

When he led her to the piano, and solicited a farewell, she sang a vocal waltz; the no reponse in his heart to the words she sang at him.

"Ah! fly to the one most dear." He followed his betrothed to her hidingplace in yonder alcove, and she, crimsoning like a rose with joy, looked his forgiveness, and they were one in heart again.

Two years passed. Summer with its are but pretty sentences, uttered be- eyes was written, "Life is earnest," and there were tell-tale lines that lay in broken So deeply inherent is it in this life of bars over the fair, girlish brow. Not, how-

bution that does not spread beyond its side hotel with a friend, who remarked, reporter; mark in pulsations of unmerited pain. "Have you seen her-the new-comer? She Infinite toil would not enable you to gets up stunningly, I assure you. But talk sweep away a mist; but by ascending a of angels and they are unfolding their pin-

which would have no hold upon us if But, to his surprise, Mrs. L'Estrange coolly found out and there will be a reconcilia-

remained inscrutable. He murmured,

"Her coldness is worth a legion of smiles." Clendenning thought it singular that any woman could receive Carroll so coolly, and took renewed interest in thinking what the result of this spur to the mettle of the man

The grand ball of the season had reached its height. It grew tame, particularly to Mrs. Garroll, who had recognized the rival of her girlhood.

Now Paul was bending over this bewitching woman, and she sang to him once again. She threw off the icy exterior, for "vengeance is sweet." She had not forgotten -eved woman came between them. It was all so like a dream to him--the

white hand resting on his arm, and the cobweb handkerchief which she fluttered so They had wandered from the house. He led her to the shady nook in the thing.' vine wreathed corner, where the moon's rays lay like silver bars. In her seeming embarrassment she tore

the rose leaves from their snowy-resting place; he did not note the glance and the scorn that swept her features as the white teeth bit the red lips. He was enchanted Paul took the remnant of the mutilated rose, thanking her for this relic. Her silence

was broken by sobs, and if a mighty power in smiles, what danger in her tears! She said, with averted face, "Too late for relics! You are another's, and this interview must She turned to go. Paul, with pallid face

and luminous eyes, besought her not to leave him without a word of hope that she It bothered me, and wlen I saw one of the could love him still. "I will answer you to-morrow at the park," she replied.

A silent figure, which seemed like statuary among the odorous evergreens, the deadly whiteness only relieved by the lace scarf, glided away, and Anna Carroll clasped her

their engagement. He said, in significant tones, "I have come to hear your answer." Her eyes kindled in triumph, and, with

an uplifted glance, she replied, "If you possessed my love two years ago, you have it now intensified a hundred times! But, ah! you are beyond love's reach." A single horsewoman just then approach-

ed with a dangerous light in her usually shy eyes. Paul's wife.
"May I have a word with you, Paul?" she asked

ing his hat. "You see I have kept my plied: "We will talk about this hereafter. held the bottle toward me, and said: 'The

meeting on his way the woman who had come between them. Ah! he was under the tyranny of a deshumiliated him in his own estimation.

was touched; and he started to follow her,

The avenue leading to the hotel was leaned back among the cushions of the low tossed by the lake breezes.

On their return from the hotel Mrs. L'Estrange noted the recklessness of the man, while the champagne he had taken betrayed itself in his unusual hilarity.

He had taken the reins. A carriage tried to pass them. Carroll, with an oath goaded his horse to wildest speed. The rival vehicle was drawn by snow-white horses. The road grew narrower. Carroll maddened by strong drink, heeds not the grasp of the woman whose lightest wish had been

"Oh, in mercy, stop!" she pleaded. There was a whizzing of horses' hoofsa fearful crash—a wild scream of agony the horses wounded, the carriages broken, and all that was left of elegant, stately Paul Carroll was a mutilated mass.

Mrs. L'Estrange lay in the darkened room, while a noiseless step indicated the présence of the careful nurse. Mrs. Carroll had forgiven the dying wo-

man whose sin had cost her so dear. The sad broken-hearted wife followed the remains of her husband to the tomb.

city, many a passer by noted the mute eloquence of the pale, sad face, little dreamlast act, and perhaps lie away in some quiet

She "Set in." A slight girl dressed in black, with a sad face, explained to a news gatherer how it happened that she engaged in draw poker on a railway train. "You see," she began, "after we left Buffalo, I found that in some way I had lost my money, and Two gentlemen in the section just ahead of I often play it with my brothers for corn, and they say I play pretty well. Pretty soon I made some remark about the game, and then they asked me if I wouldn't like and all I had was three aces and two of its history. nines." "Is that a good hand?" "Well I should say so, It was good for \$8 that -compliments that mean nothing- dreamy days and shifting shadows, had time." "How much did you win in all?"

Modernized Othello.

Just previous to the smothering scene in "Othello," at the N- Theatre, recently, stopped once for all. and while the curtain was down, the fol-Carroll was lounging on the steps of a sea lowing conversation was overheard by a

'What an awfully jealous man Othello is, to be sure. You'll never be so when we are married, will you?"

"I should say not. "I can guess how it will end," continued We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit ficently-dressed lady coming toward them. the fair one. "Now the villain will be

tion."

His First Drunk. I am sixty years old, and never got drunk till day before yesterday," remarked old Uncle Jesse White, as he sat on a salt barrel in front of a grocery store. "I have lived in Arkansas for forty years—cum here from East Tennessy-and the thought that I got drunk in the evening of my life, when I can just see my gray hairs shining in twilight, is enough to make me throw myself

into the river." "Tell us how it occurred, Uncle Jesse,"

asked a bystander. "Well, some time ago, up in my neighborhood," and he stopped talking and drew that one dinner-party, when the shy, brown his pipe vigorously to see if the fire was out, "a Good Templar's lodge was organized. All the young people in the community jined, and pretty soon they came after me. My son Ike was the leadin' man, and he says to me, 'Pap, I want you to jine this 'Ike,' says I, 'I don't know the taste of liquor, and I don't see the use of jinen.' 'Pap,' says he, 'we want your influence. We are going to vote on the local publicly identified with the work.' Then

option law pretty soon, and we want you my daughter Susan, she come around and begged me to jine. 'Susan,' says I, 'you never seed your old father take a drink.' 'No, pap,' said she, 'but we want you to help us to frown down the curse of intemperance.' Next our parson come around and sot my wife on me, and when they all got to drummin' I had to jine. I jined on a Friday night, and on the following Saturday I got on the boat to come down here. Something ailed me. Something kept saying, Jesse White, you ain't a free man. deck-hands turn up a jug I wondered if he had ever taken the pledge, and when he set the jug down I walked around and looked at it, took hold of the corn cob stopper, walked away and smelt my fingers. I went up on deck and set down in front. Pretty soon two men came out and sat down. After a while one of them remarked: 'The The weak man and wicked woman kept Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina,' and without finishing the sentence both men laughed and drank out of a big black bottle. Thar was something in that governor business that took me. I had heard my father talk about it and laugh. I had often heard it,

but no one had ever been positive what it was the governor said, only that the time between drinks had been rather long. Pretty soon one of the men reached down, took up the bottle, took out the cork, and said: 'The Governor of North Carolina said to Then both men laughed and He walked slowly by her horse's side. drank. I never felt so curious in my life. Quietly she drew from her finger the golden I looked around at the trees on the bank, circlet, saying; "Take it back for ever and and at women who waved their handkerchiefs at us as we passed. Those governors He thought of the anger of the previous had a ring about them that tingled my old evening and, in order to avoid a scene, re- blood. Just then one of the men turned, Without uttering a word Anna dashed Governor of North-' Before I knew it I had hold of the bottle. I turned it up and Paul returned to a deserted room, and as drank. All I thought about was the govhe read his wife's farewell missive his heart ernors, and when the shadows of Ike, Susan, the parson and my wife flitted through Mission street, just between Woodward's the understanding being that, whether in my brain, the two governors, tall and grand, gardens and the city front, in Detroit. It the house or not, she is "not at home" for the stag and roe discovered by the exstalked right up and ran over them. 'The may be recognized by the front yard and Governor of North Carolina' and I had an- the very peculiar canvas apparatus which bot who made him a fettered slave, and other pull, and a long one. I began to see is attached to the fence. This piece of canthe governors in their true light I thought vas stretches from the top of the fence to a they were the best fellows in the world. pair of poles, firmly fastened to the side-

sixty odd years old.

Wonderful Dogs. Irish water spaniel. She always awakens In fact, the bell rang, tinkled, buzzed and When she returned to the great throbbing the house, he is liable to be nibbled. "The effective. A skilful machinist was immespending the winter in the gay metropolis, to unfold when we, too, have played the was present, his conduct was regarded as present by the light foot of Mrs. Smith, inexplicable, until a crock of Chinese preserved ginger was observed on the table. That was what the dog smelt and what he

was after." -so at least says the veracious velocity that its unfortunate occupant would narrator of the stery. Wooden Books on Wood. A most interesting, as well as novel, collection of books is to be found in a library in the province of Cassel. These volumes what to do I didn't know. I had my ticket appear like so many wooden blocks; but in another pocket, and that helped matters. each block is a complete history of the tree paratus was completed, and the mechanic which it represents. For instance, an oak me were playing cards. It was poker. I book is formed thus: The bark is stripped make the young peddler shoot, thus unconbecame interested in the game, for you see from the back, and the title is inserted. sciously inverting an old expression. He One side-these books are all bound in "boards"-is formed from the split wood, showing the grain. The opposite side shows the varnished wood. Inside, as one to 'set in.' Just for the fun of the thing, might naturally expect, are the leaves; brilliant air fell flatly on his ear; there was I said yes, and I never had such luck. I but the seed, the fruit, the moss that grows guess they let me win the first two or three upon the trunk, the insects that feed upon times because I was a lady, but after that it, &c., are all represented as well. To they played for all they were worth, and these specimens is added a simple account so did I. And you never saw the equal of of the tree, its usual location, the manner the cards I held. They called me once, of its growth, and no doubt other branches for years before. She did not forget, how-

That. That a man who cam ot lead the cotillion is utterly worthless in fashionable so-

That skating on artificial ice is an excellent ground work for genuine flirtations. That the dinner card mania has been

kind is deposited. presents himself to be what he is not.

better for all demoiselles concerned.

themselves for anything else.

No weeds wilt so quick as those of wid-Some people are like an egg-too full of

The dog is the only thing that loves some body else better than himself. There are men so pious that when they go fishing on Sunday they pray for good

Men were created a little lower than the angels-and they have been getting a little ower ever since. Young man, never take the bull by the

horns. Always take him by the tail-and then you can let go. Young man, don't cry-over spilt milk. Pick up your pail and your milking stool and go for the next cow.

Coquettes make better wives than prudes and there are better ones in the market than either of them. A man who is always confessing his sins and never correcting them, is the most un-

Life ain't much more than a farce anyway-but it is highly important that the farce should be well played. A live man is like the little pig-he weans young, and begins to root early. He is the

reliable of all sinners.

pepper-sass of creation.

The hump on a man's back is not so much the subject of ridicule as is the wreath of flowers with which he seeks to hide it. A man who makes up his mind to become a rascal had better first examine himself and see if he was not better intended

for a fool. A man who will sit for half a day fishing over the side of a boat with no bait on his hook, isn't afflicted with patience. Laziness is what ails him.

A life insurance agent is too cold and calculating for comfort-too much like an undertaker that comes around about once a week to see how your cough is getting

If I had seventy-five children, I would each sixty of them to shut the door after them when they go out, and I wouldn't care whether the other fifteen learned anything or not. Happiness is wonderfully like a flea.

When you put your finger on him he don't seem to be there, but when you follow him to where he actually is—he don't seem to be there also. The man who can draw half a pint of New Orleans molasses from a half inch

auger hole, and while he is waiting for his can to fill can sing, "Home, Sweet Home" ain't sudden enough for 1880. The live man is as busy as a girl with two beaux. He is often like the hornetvery busy-but what he is about the Lord only knows. He is not always a deep thinker. He is the American pet-a mys-

tery to foreigners. Mrs. Smith's Peddler's Trap.

The domicile of the Smiths is located on

the reception of callers. thronged with equipages. Paul Carroll The boat seemed to be running a mile a walk below, and forms an inclined plane, minute, and I didn't care what she did so reaching nearly to the ground, which bears phaeton. The conspicuous yellow curls long as the governors were with us. Well, a close resemblance to the netting used in and white plume of the fair widow were boys, the governors kept a remarkin' and I gymnasiums and circuses, as a safe receptakept pullin', and by the time I got to Little | cle for falling acrobats. For several years Rock, I was as drunk as an owl. Oh, I past Mrs. Smith, in common with her sister servants who answers the bell, also send was as drunk as a mule-a mink. I got housewives throughout the city, has been off the boat and yelled, 'Hoorah for the harrassed by the visits of peddlers, sewing Governor of North Carolina!' and the first machine agents, medical canvassers, vegething I knowed I found myself in a sort of table venders, traveling tinsmiths, insurance a prison. First time I was ever locked up, boys. Fust time I ever was drunk, and I am who annoy and render miserable the female population of the city. Mrs. Smith, less | cards to intimate friends, adding to the fortunate than many housewives, is without name "P. P. C."-Presents Parting a servant, and has hitherto been compelled Compliments. to make all the way from three hundred to There is a wonderful dog in Detroit, an four hundred trips a day to the front door. her master at exactly 6 o'clock in the rattled almost continually, and so great was morning. On Sundays, when he takes his the strain upon the tintinnabulating apparacane, she is frantic to accompany him on tus that a new wire had to be put in two his walk. She has a useful talent for bring- or three times a month, and even the knob ng in firewood. She has also a passion for wore out quarterly. This state of affairs sardines; sits at the table; but never offers was not only expensive and troublesome, to eat what is on her plate until the family but was gradually reducing Mrs. Smith to have finished and risen. She is exceedingly a skeleton, and she waxed weaker and more expert in catching ball. She has arrived attenuated. She calculated, and calculated at the dignity of a long notice in a Detroit very correctly, that she traveled from six to newspaper. Speaking of dogs, there is one eight miles a day in her tramps to the door. in Sacramento, Cal., famous for its hostil- At last Mrs. Smith, inspired by desperation, ity to Chinamen; and if one of them enters hit upon a plan which has since proved so other day the dog went to the dining-room diately employed and directed to construct and at once became furious. He growled, beneath the front doorstep a compact and ing of the great tragedy that had occurred barked and bristled and ran all about in powerful apparatus connected with a spring quest of his enemy, but as no Chinaman on the inside of the threshold, which, when would suddenly bring into play the great forces of the hidden machinery and press the doorstep upward with such terrible be hurled into space. The flying peddler was supposed, after being precipitated from the doorstep, to describe a graceful parabola, which would have its termination in the depths of the canvas. The receptacle, being an inclined plane, was expected to gently drop the involuntary acrobat to the sidewalk below. At last the ingenious apassured the inventress that her idea would also expressed his confidence that the aforesaid canvas would invariably be the place of descent. Mrs. Smith placed a chair near the door, and serenely awaited the jingle which would indicate the approach of her first victim. She had not long to wait. Before ten minutes had expired, the bell gave a premonitory tinkle. Opening the door, Mrs. Smith smiled on the outsider with more complaisance than she had manifested

> ty to the little spring before mentioned. "Madam," ingenuously asked the unconscious intruder, "may I sell you a sewing He was, however, called away so suddenly that he had no time to complete his question, for Mrs. Smith had pressed the spring, the step had flashed upward, and lo! done for all it is worth and ought to be the poor sewing machine man had disappeared. Alas! for human ingenuity, how-That the florist refuses to send baskets ever, he reappeared at the wrong place, on credit any more unless security of some and, instead of falling into the canvas so kindly prepared for his convenience, struck That people should be careful how they against the fence with great violence, just take in and do for every foreigner who re- after completing his third somersault. The neighbors thought that an unfortunate That Derby hats for ladies have ceased aeronaut had been pitched from his balloon, to be genteel, and the sooner discarded the and flocked to the spot in scores. The poor fellow had a leg fractured, and the doctor That nurse girls sent out with the baby across the street added another to his list carriages should not have any more confi- of patients. The machine was immediately

ever, to place her left foot in close proximi-

morning Mr. Smith advocated the removal of the canvas, on the ground that intruders deserved to suffer. In the wee small hours of the next morning, however, he reached his house in a state of semi-inebrity which made his footsteps uncertain, and while enbefore he removed his left foot from the doorstep. The result was a rapid aerial flight, a fall into the canvas, a slide on the

with beautiful accuracy. During the

This little incident removed the objections peddlers and canvassers practice muscular to the canvas without feeling the slightest

A Code of Etiquette.

right of her wonderful invention.

ery plainly. White cards, without any embellishment, extremes in size.

caller; in general, omit the address. The titles of "Hon.," "Mr.," "Esq., etc., are not allowed on calling cards.

"Mrs.," or "Miss" are admissible ·Dr.," "Rev." and M. D.," etc., are admissible on gentlemen's cards. A military title, such as "Lieut.," "Capt.," "Gen.," "U. S. A.," "U. S. N.,"

etc., is also admissible. The handsomest style is that which is engraved; next is that which is beautifully marked difference in the comforable feeling written; next comes the printed card, in and healthfulness of the atmosphere.

At a hotel, when calling on any one, send our card and await a reply in the recepion room. If two or more ladies are in the house-

hold, the turning down of a corner signifies that the card is for all the ladies. Cards may be left immediately where a death is known, but a call of sympathy and the bereavement.

sire to make calls will send mourning-cards to her friends instead during the season of retirement from society. It is quite well to send in your card by a

The lady in mourning who may not de-

ervant, as the mispronunciation of the name

s thus avoided. If a lady is not at home, it will also serve show that you have called. The hostess should, if not desiring to see

desire to see a caller, to instruct the servant to reply that "the mistress is not at home,"

A business card is inadmissible as a call-

not after the card has been sent up.

ing card, unless the call be purely one for In making New Year's calls it is custo mary to present a card to each of the ladies presence, among other bones, of several who receive with her, as well as to the hos-

In taking a letter of introduction to a

lady in the city, if you send it to her by the your card with the same. The card being left in your absence, is the equivalent of a call. A call is now due from you to the person leaving the card, In leaving the city for a permanent residence abroad, it is customary to send out

The Indian and the Telephone. An amusing application of the wonders crimes comes from Julian, California. same was being exhibited, when it occurred to the owner of the stolen horses to get was solemnly commanded by the Great Spirit to "give up those stolen horses!" Dropping the cup as if he had been shot,

'caballos" at once, and he did so.

A Discouraged Debter. One could see that he had a grievance as he walked up and down the post office corridor, and pretty soon he met with a friend and began:

tramp as he sprang up and rubbed the dust "I'll be 'anged if I know what to make off his head-"I said so all the time, and I of this blarsted country!" 'What's the matter with our great and lorious America?" asked the other. "Hin Hingland, God bless her, my grocer sends me 'alf a barrel of wine or a box

of tea, or ten pounds of coffee at the hend of the year as a present.' "While hover 'ere in this frozen-up ountry my grocer drinks the wine himself, plarst 'is heyes! and sends me a statement, showing that I'm howing 'im a balance of this to hincourage me to run up a bill there

hin 1880! Meaning of the Hands.

Profound study has led a M. d'Arpenigny to the conclusion that the hands represent three types. Those who have fingers with pointed tips are possessed of a soned wood that will not shrink or warp rapid insight into things; are extrasensitive, pious and impulsive. This class belongs to the poets and artists. To the "square tops" belong scientific people; sensible, selfcontained characters, professional men. The spade-shaped tops-thick tips, with little pads of flesh on each side of the nails the dirt as the bare floors do. But oh, -are materialists, commercial, practical, with a high appreciation of all that tends they are. With warmly made floors and to bodily ease and comfort. Each finger, no matter what the kind of hand, has also one joint—that which is nearest the palm representing the body; another—the middle these divisions corresponds with one of the boards of different colors, as the case may types above given.

Dampen the Air.

We can hardly too often suggest the importance of providing ample moisture in all rooms heated by stoves, furnaces, steam pipes, or hot water pipes. There are sound scientific reasons for this, as well as in the results of a practical experience. As stated tering the door he was incautious enough in "Short Notes of Air," every degree of to place his right foot on the little spring heat added to the atmosphere in a room gives it a power of absorbing and secreting moisture. The air in a room 20 by 20 feet and ten feet high, at 30 deg. holds, secretes, sidewalk, and a walk back to the door. about 11-2 pints of water. The same air heated at 70 deg. secretes upwards of two quarts which Mr. Smith had formerly to the can- of water; and unless this is supplied it is vas, and one day he watched fifty or sixty hungry for more water, absorbs it from every accessible source, from the furniture. contortions during their flight from the step from our bodies, and essentially from the breathing organs—the mouth, throat and regret that they were uninjured. It will lungs, leaving them dry and husky. Therebe proper in conclusion to inform the pubfore, every time the air in the room is lic that Mrs. Smith has reserved the patent changed by the admission of fresh, cold air, and heated to 70 deg. two quarts of water should be evaporated into the room. The strong objections some have to warm-air heaters have arisen mainly from this cause. The card should be printed or written In using furnace heaters we always put into the hot-air chamber extra water pans besides any that are supplied by the manufacare regarded as in the best taste; avoiding turers, and take good care to always have them filled with water. In stove-heated The gentleman's card should contain rooms there should usually be an evaporatnothing except the name and address of the ing surface of water equal to one square foot for every twelve feet square of flooring, and more if the water is not on a place hot enough to keep it rapidly evaporating. Plants in a room are mainly destroyed, or ladies cards. Professional titles, such as have a sickly growth, because the warm air becomes too dry and sucks out the very juice of the plants. The house plants-"olive" or otherwise-suffer similarly. In a warm room a large towel frequently wet and wrung so as not to drip, and hung over a chair back near the stove, will make a

The Antiquity of Forks.

Among the valuable finds in the exploration of the relics of the ancient lakedwellers of Swizerland is a pair of forks, apparently invented for table use. They were fashioned from the metatarsal bone of a stag. This gives a higher antiquity to condolence is not to be until a week after table forks (if they were really intended as such) than has hitherto been suspected. Other bone implements and ornaments are frequently found. Animal remains are also common. Among them are the bones of the dog, the badger and the common otter. The latter were doubtless met with in the immediate neighborhood of the lake, but the presence of the bones of the wild ox and of the bear indicate that the lakedwellers were bold and skilful hunters, a: well as ingenious tool-makers. They were any one, send word that she is engaged also keepers of cattle, for the mest numerwhen the servant first goes to the door, and ous animal remains brought to light were those of the common cow and the moor-It is admissible, when a lady does not cow. These exist in every stage of growth, showing that their owners had a taste for both veal and beef, while their fondness for venison is proved by the many bones of plorers. Evidence of a like character shows that they were hunters of the wild boar and eaters of the domesticated pig, and the existence of the beaver in Switzerland in prehistoric times is attested by the which comparative anatomists declare to have belonged to that rodent. One omission on the list is striking. No mention is made of the bones of horses having been found, from which it may be inferred with tolerable certainty that the horse was either altogether unknown to the ancient lake. dwellers, or that they had not succeeded in capturing and taming him.

"I Knew It."

"I'm hungry and ragged and half-sick and dead-broke," muttered a tramp, as he sat down for a sun-bath on the wharf at the foot of Griswold street; "but its just my luck." Last fall I got into Detroit just two hours too late to sell my vote. Nobody to blame. Found a big wallet on the street in of the telephone as an assistant detective of December, and four police came up before I could hide it. Luck again. Got knocked Several horses were recently stolen in that down by a street car, but there was no neighborhood, and suspicion fell upon a opening for a suit and damages, because I certain Indian as the thief. Some one was drunk. Just the way. Last fall nails having introduced a telephone up there, the were way down. I knew there'd be a rise, but I didn't buy and hold for the advance. Lost ten thousand dollars out and out. Al- . the Indian to come in and hear the "Great lus that way with me. Glass went up Spirit" talk. The Indian took one of the twenty-five per cent., but I havin't a pane cups and was thrilled with astonishment at on hand, excepting the pain in my back. being apparently so near the Great Keeper Never knew it to fail. Now lumber's gone of the happy hunting grounds. After some up, and I don't even own a fence-picket to little time spent in wonderment, the Indian realize on. Just me again. Fell into the river 'tother day, but instead of pulling me out and giving me a hot whisky they pulled me out and told me to leave town or I'd the Indian immediately confessed to having get the bounce. That's me again. Now stolen the horses, and tremblingly promised, I've got settled down here for a bit of a if his life was spared, he would restore the rest and a snooze, but I'll be routed out in less than fifteen minutes and know it. It'll

be just my behanged luck!" He settled down, slid his hat over his face, and was just begining to feel sleepy when a hundred pounds of coal rattled down on him.

"I knew it-I knew it!" shouted the

just wish the durned old hogshead had come down along with the coal and jammed me through the wharf."

Our Floors.

As long as we are obliged to tolerate poorly made floors, which shrink and warp and are unsightly to the eye, we must therefore, use carpets. But carpets in daily use can not be kept clean except by frequent beating, and they do much toward \$13 hon account. What sert of a way his corrupting the air by retaining impure gases, hiding the finest, most penetrating dust in their meshes and underneath them, and by giving off particles of fine wool into the atmosphere, with other dust, as they are swept or walked upon. There is a demand for better floors; not necessarily inlaid or mosaics, of different kinds of precious wood, but made double, of strong sea-(spruce, however well seasoned, is almost sure to warp,) and then carefully finished so as to be durable and clean. Carpeted floors seem a relief to the housekeeper when once the carpets are procured, fitted to the room and tacked down, because they do not show when they do get full of dust, how dirty large, warm rugs, which can be taken out and shaken as often as necessary, how much cleaner houses might be. But in that case we must pay more attention to our floorsthe mind, and the top, the soul. Each of have them painted, oiled, or laid with