The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LV. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1881. NO. 29.

Cowing a Tramp.

Mrs. Deacon Grover, who was the widow of the late Mr. McConnell, of the town of Horseheads, New York, is a lady approaching sixty years of age, a kind-hearted and charitable but spirited woman. One day recently she was visiting her son, Augustus McConnell, in Horseheads, who keeps a bachelor sort of a farm in the town. By bachelor, we mean not a lonesome place, nor an ill-kept one, but one in which the absence of women is a noticeable feature. During her visit Mrs. Grover was sitting at a table sewing, a something that is necessary even in a bachelor establishment. She was alone in the house. A person appeared who answered well the description of a tramp. He said he was hungry, and, the lady's sympathies being aroused, she drew her gold-rimmed spectacles from her eyes and, laying them on the table, went down into the cellar for some bread and meat for him. When she returned she noticed that her spectacles were gone from the table. With the toothsome provender on a plate still in her hand she said; "You've got my gold specs." The tramp denied the charge. She reiterated it and the stranger reiterated his denial. She quietly laid the plate on the table, went to a bureau and taking a revolver therefrom, her son keeping a weapon of this kind in every room in the house, as she knew, she pointed it at the tramp and told him if he didn't lay those specs on the table, she would shoot him where he stood. The tramp took the specs from his pocket, and mildly laid them on the table. "Now," she said, "eat what I have brought for you and get out." He ate and departed. When her son Augustus appeared, the spirited old lady again took the revolver from the bureau and said to him: "Augustus, how do you cock this weapon?"

An Electric Fire Tell-Tale.

There are several devices for enabling the rise of temperature accompanying an outbreak of fire at a particular place in a building to ring an alarm-bell by means of an electric current. There is the mercurial thermometer, in which the mercury column, on expanding by the increased temperature, makes contact between two platinum electrodes fused into the tube, and completes the circuit; and there is an arrangement in which the bimetallic spring, fixed at one end, is free to curve under the unequal expansion of the two metals, and close a circuit in that way. A still simpler plan has been recently contrived by M. G. Dupre, in which the contents of the automatic keys are kept apart by a piece of suet or tallow, which on melting by the heat allows them to come together through the operation of a small weighr attached to the uppermost contact bat. The tallow is not of course placed immediately between the contacts, for in that case the fat would act as an insulator, and prevent the flow of the current. The apparatus is readjusted after an alarm by charging it with fresh tallow.

THE PATH TO SUCCESS.

The path to success, tho' no smooth thoroughfare,
Is forbidden to none, 'tis as free as the air;
Yet many who boldly set forth on the track,
Ere the journey's half o'er shrink ignobly back.

For the phantom of Failure oft looms on the sight,
Whose terrors unreal the timid affright,
And obstacles many a wayfarer daunt,
Which those who persist rarely fail to surmount.

By efforts spasmodic success is ne'er won,
But only by plodding untiringly on,
Those who lag by the way ever seek it in vain;
They alone, who keep moving, the end can attain.

For when to a halt lack of energy leads,
The bourne of success from the traveler recedes;
More remote it becomes at each needless delay;
And on Hope's far horizon at length fades away.

Even Genius, unbacked by a resolute soul,
Must ever fall short of the coveted goal,
Where plain Mediocrity often arrives,
Because for its object it ceaselessly strives.

Then be earnest, undaunted; if you'd win success
Along the rude pathway unceasingly press;
Let no obstacles stay you, no hardship appall,
If defiant of failure, you'll not fail at all.

THE GOVERNESS.

By all means insist upon Mr. Carrol's coming, Ralph—it would hardly be a success in my opinion at least without him. If Mr. Carrol will only come and be pleased with us all, and especially you, Juliette——

Mrs. Cunningham's son Ralph interrupted her just a little indignantly.

"Mother, aren't you ashamed? Forrest would not come near the house even to oblige me if he thought you meant to angle for him because he happens to be rich, handsome, and desirable. Still I wish he would take a notion to you, only I perfectly despise fishing.

Ralph went off in search of his friend Carrol, to find him in his rooms, standing before a marble top table, on which lay a parcel he had just opened and which contained a white silk slipper—most exquisitely shaped and daintily small.

"A woman's slipper on your table, Carrol. Where did you get it?"

Cunningham picked it up curiously, admiringly, and laughed amusedly.

"I picked it up on the deck of the boat yesterday; that I have fallen in love with the woman who can wear such an aristocratic slipper—and that it is henceforth my business to find its fair owner, and to lay my fortune, my name, my heart, at her feet."

Ralph laughed and replied:

"My mother and sister send their warm regards, inviting you, and hope you have not quite forgotten your old friends on whom you used to call years ago, when Julie was quite a child. There is to be a week of fun rampant to celebrate Juliette's twenty-first birthday. Do consent, and have your valise packed in time for the five fifty-five train."

"You offer a terrible temptation to a fellow, Cunningham. It's just here Ralph. If I stay, I shall lose no time finding my other slipper and its owner and wearer, if I go down in a quiet little country——"

"See here, Carrol! By Jove, what a fool I am! My sister is noted for her pretty foot, and I am dead sure she and Jessie came to the city yesterday, and ten to one she bought slippers for the entertainment, and a hundred to one she lost one of 'em; it's just like her."

"Your lovely little sister Juliette, whom I remember had the prettiest of faces and fairest of forms when I saw her last—let's see—nearly six years ago. Bless you, Cunningham, I'll go."

"And take the lonely unmated slipper, Carrol, by all means."

"By all means, and Cupid bless me in the hunt for my Cinderella."

And at five fifty-five the train carried the two handsome men, toward Clifflawn Villa.

"And that is Juliette Cunningham. Well——"

And looking through the intervening room between where he sat and into which he was conscious, both by hearing and feeling, that a woman was coming. Mr. Carrol saw a slender, graceful exquisite girl coming rapidly towards him all unaware of his presence.

A girl with a face as pure and white as ivory, with magnificent dusky hair, and heavy straight brows.

Just then in dismay a laughing little mischief of six or seven came rushing in, curls and sash flying, white teeth shining and blue eyes flashing.

"O! Mr. Carrol, please, please hide me? Ralph said you were here, and Miss May wants me to practice, and I won't practice, when we've got company. Mamma and Julie are coming, I hear 'em; they'll send me off to that horrid old piano—oh, please let me stay cause I like you."

Carrol laughed and put his arm reassuringly around the child's waist.

"You haven't told me who you are, but I can guess; you are Jessie, aren't you? But who is Miss May?"

He drew the sunny little head to his breast caressingly.

"Oh! she's my gov'ness, and—oh, ain't she sweet? I just love her, Mr. Carrol."

"Then I am jealous."

She looked gravely at him.

"Well, I'll love you too, if you'll promise you won't tease me and pull my curls like Ralph does, nor—"

And Mrs. Cunningham sailed in rustling her black silken skirts, and greeted him effusively, while Juliette, charmingly frank, welcomed him ardently, and thought if only the Fates would be propitious.

And Jessie was sent off, post haste to the horrid piano.

"And tell Miss Dazian not to let you return until I send for you, Jessie."

So he had the name at last—May Dazian, and that was the beginning, when Juliette Cunningham saw his admiring glances whenever Miss Dazian came where he was, and his courteous attention when it was required of him.

"It is outrageous, mamma absolutely appalling, the way Jessie's governess allows the guest of the family to flirt with her. Why, she surely ought to know better than to lower herself so. If you don't tell her, I certainly shall if I see any more of it.

And the very same day because she met Carrol and Miss Dazian and Jessie standing on the balcony enjoying the brilliant mid-winter sunset, Juliette took it upon herself to administer a very sharp caustic rebuke.

"Jessie will catch cold Miss Dazian! You ought to know better than to be standing here. Don't let me have the necessity of reminding you of your duty again."

And Carrol set his teeth together to see the look of wounded pain that swept over May's sweet, patient, proud face, as without a word, she took Jessie's hand and led her into the house.

That evening for the closing of the various birthday festivities they had a tableau—the closing event of the evening—Cinderella, in four scenes. In the first, May Dazian was obliged to take the part of the ragged wretched heroine, at Carrol's grave, positive request.

"It will require two ladies to represent the character," he explained. "One as Cinderella before the fairy transformation, and one after. And in the last scene, where the prince fits the slipper, it would take so long to change the costume that the effect would be destroyed. Miss Dazian and Miss Cunningham are nearest of a size, and the face can be averted in Miss Dazian's part."

So to oblige May Dazian allowed herself to be dressed in an old ragged forlorn dress, Juliette was most gorgeously arrayed in the golden tissue and azure that became her so well, while, by common acclamation, Forrest Carrol was chosen the fairy prince.

And so there came little quivers of yearning pain in sweet May Dazian's heart as she tried to put him out of her heart, into which he had gone and throned himself, despite herself.

Then came the final scene, when Juliette extended one dainty, silken stockinged foot on the crimson cushion held by a courier, while the prince, on bended knee, triumphantly fitted the slipper.

Only it didn't fit, and it was almost more than Carrol could do to gravely contain himself while Juliette made desperate little plunges to get her foot in the slipper he produced; and then to see the look of chagrin on her face at her inability.

"You bought a child's shoe, Mr. Carrol. It's not much too large for Jessie."

Juliette whispered her angry little complaint just as the curtain went down.

Carrol laughed and shook his head; he had no time to answer for there was just barely time for Juliette to fly off the stage and May Dazian to take her place.

And then the curtain went up, with May standing surrounded by the courtiers, one perfect foot extended, exactly fitted by the slipper, and her sweet face full of a sad surprise that found words after the curtain went down finally.

"Where did you get my slipper? I lost it over a week ago, and I have looked everywhere in vain. And now to find it on my foot!"

Carrol smiled.

"The hour I found it I thought I lost my heart to the woman who owned it, May, but I lost it more hopelessly the hour I found you my little girlie. I love you. Tell me here, now, may I be the veritable prince who may beautify and possess your life? Sweet, your answer.'

And after due time it was very discreet in Mrs. Cunningham and Juliette to be exceedingly gracious to Mrs. Forrest Carrol, whose life has been like the realization of the fairy story in which her happiness was told her.

The Uses of Mica.

The mica chiefly met with in commerce is of that variety which is proof against acids and intense heat. Its toughness, elasticity, and close approach to transparency naturally led, at first, to its use for windows, and especially to its employment in lanterns. It is found in large quantities in Northern Carolina, where there are unmistaken evidences that some of the beds were worked a great many years ago. The finer sheets of tough mica are now used for such purposes as the dials of compasses, the lettering of fancy signs, covering photographs, constructing lamp shades, reflectors, etc. Of late mica has been used in the soles of boots and shoes, as a protection against dampness. The invention consists of a sheet of mica embedded in the boot or shoe between the outer and inner sole, the upper leather lapping over its edges, and covering the upper space from the toe to the instep. There are many other uses to which mica is put, and it is becoming more and more valuable as the arts and trades progress.

Mercy is sometimes an insult to justice.

Asiatic Opium Smokers.

A correspondent, traveling in Persia, writes as follows of the chief vice of men of that part of the world: "After supper of boiled rice plentifully greased, the men, of whom some eight or nine were present commenced smoking opium, a vice frightfully prevalent in this part of the world, as one can see from the corpse-like complexion, and dull, leaden, vampire-like stare of the eyes of half the people one meets. Even here in Kelat, in the room where I am writing this, three men are diligently plying an opium *kalian*. They lie, at full length on the floor, their heads together on the same pillow, their feet outward, like the spokes of a wheel. Close to the pillow is a small circular table of alabaster a foot wide, and raised five inches from the ground. On this is a small lamp of the same material, fed with butter. This is covered by a glass bell about seven inches high, its edges resting on three small copper coins, so as to allow air to enter. In the top is a small hole, bound with brass. The flame comes within a couple of inches of this aperture. A piece of opium as large as a good-sized pea is stuck on a point of a kind of metal bodkin, and held over the flame. It is repeatedly melted and tempered before being smoked. The opium pipe consists of an earthen or metal pear-shaped bulb, about the size of a boy's peg top. In the broad end is inserted a wooden tube, ten or twelve inches long. In the side of the bulb is a very small hole. A piece of roasted opium is placed on this hole, and pierced with the bodkin, so as to allow the passage of air. The smoker holds the opium thus placed over the aperture in the glass bell, and inhales the smoke, a companion all the while turning and manipulating the opium with the bodkin. After half a dozen whiffs the smoker relinquishes the apparatus, and sinks back in a semilethargic state. My head is dizzy, and I feel quite sick from the heavy, sour-smelling fumes which pervade the apartment. I can not very well ask them to stop or go out, as I am their guest. It is singular that while this vice is so universal among the more easterly Turcomans it is almost entirely unknown among the Turcomans of the Atterek and Caspian littoral."

Hunted by an Elephant.

"When I first went out to India," said the Major, leaning back in his chair, "our regiment was stationed at some out-of-the-way place up-country, where big game of every sort abounded; and I heard nothing else talked of at mess but tigers and bears, till I felt quite insignificant at being the only one who had never shot anything worth talking about.

"My great ambition in those days was to shoot an elephant—why, I'm sure I can't tell, except that it was the biggest thing to be had. Our fellows soon found out my fancy, and, as you may think, they made fun of it most unmercifully.

"So one night I took my 'elephant gun,' stole out without being seen by anybody, and made straight for a hollow by the river side, where the beasts were fond of coming to drink.

"I watched for a good while without seeing any sign of them, and was beginning to get very tired, and rather sulky to boot, when suddenly I heard a distant crashing among the thickets, and then a sound like the blowing of a cracked trumpet, which I had heard too often to mistake for anything but what it was—the cry of the elephant! Sure enough, in another minute the huge black mass stalked out from the shadow of the forest into the full splendor of the moonlight right past the tree in which I was perched.

"I had heard that the best spot to aim at was the forehead, just above the trunk, and so I did; but being in a hurry to make sure of my game, I fired wildly, and of course made a bad shot. A bad one it was for me in every sense, for instead of the forehead, my bullet grazed the trunk itself, the tenderest and most sensitive spot in an elephant's body.

"The moment he felt the smart of the wound he set up a scream that went through my head like a steam whistle, and came charging right down upon me. Bang! he came against the tree like an express train, with a shock that almost knocked me off my perch, and in trying to save myself I let fall my gun. Then he put his shoulder against the tree to try and push it down, and for a moment I was really afraid he would; but, luckily for me, it was a huge thick one, with great roots that had dug into the earth for yards round, and it proved a little too tough for Mr. Elephant.

"But when the beast saw that he couldn't reach me he did go into a fury, and no mistake! He stamped and screamed until the whole place rang again, and tore off the lower boughs, thick as they were, as easily as I'd break a flower stem, trampling them to pieces under his feet in a way that showed me pretty well what I had to expect if I once fell into his clutches.

"By this time I had quite enough experience of elephant hunting, and would have gladly given up all hope of 'winning ivory' to find myself safe back in my quarters. So long as I was hunting the elephant it was all very well, but when the elephant took to hunting me I didn't find the sport quite so amusing. I had read plenty of such tales when I was at school, and always longed to have an adventure of the sort myself, but now that I had got one it somehow didn't feel so nice as I expected. Any way, here was I and there was the elephant, and now that I had lost my gun the only thing for me to do, as far as I could see, was to stay where I was till one or the other of us got tired of it.

"Well, the elephant seemed to get tired of it first, and just as the first streak of dawn began to show itself in the sky he turned round and walked leisurely away. For a minute or two I heard him crashing among the thickets, and then all was quiet again, as if he'd gone right away.

"Now, thought I, is my time to decamp too, and down the tree I slipped, as nimbly as an acrobat. But I soon found that I'd been reckoning without my host, for I had hardly touched the ground when there came a crash like fifty mad bulls charging through as many glass houses, and out from the thicket, with his great white tusks levelled at me like bayonets, came my friend the elephant, who had been on the watch for me all the time!

"Whether I should have run, or stood my ground, and how I should have fared in either case, can never be known now, for just at that moment my foot slipped, and down I came close to the tree. The next moment there was a smash as if two trains had run into each other, and I made sure that I was knocked into a hundred pieces at least, and that it was all over.

But I soon became aware that I was still alive and sound, while a shrill, frightened cry overhead told me that it was the elephant who had got the worst of the bargain this time. I scrambled to my feet, gingerly enough, for the brute's great fore-legs were stamping and pounding like steam-hammers within arm's length of me, and there I saw a sight which, scared as I was, made me laugh till I could hardly stand.

"I had fallen just in time to escape the blow of the elephant's tusks, which had stuck themselves so deep into the tree that he couldn't pull them out again; and there he was, hard and fast, like a ship run aground! The animal's look of disgust and bewilderment at finding himself in such a fix was as good as a play to behold; but just then I was in no humor to stop and admire it, for I knew that he might possibly break loose yet, and that if he did it would be all up with *me*!

"My first impulse was to take to my heels at once; but the next moment I thought better of it, and decided to settle Mr. Elephant instead. I picked up and re-loaded my gun (which had luckily escaped his notice, or he'd have trampled it to bits), and scrambling up into the tree again, sent a bullet into his forehead which did its business, and left him standing upright in a very statuesque attitude indeed.

"And now came the question: Should I keep the secret of my adventure or not? On the one hand, I had undoubtedly attained my ambition of shooting an elephant, but, on the other, the way in which it had been done would be certain to set the tongues of our mess wagging more unmercifully than ever.

But the decision was not left to me. I was still standing beside my game, debating what to do, when I suddenly heard a roar of laughter behind me that made the whole forest echo again, and there stood our old major, apparently enjoying the scene.

"Indeed, my boy," said he, 'you've fairly beaten us all this time! Instead of troubling to catch the beast you've made him catch himself; and very neatly he's done it."

"Of course there was no hope of keeping my secret after *that;* so the major and I tramped back to the station, where I had to tell the whole story from beginning to end.

"The first thing to be done, however, was to send off a lot of our negroes to cut the elephant's tusk out of the tree, and bring them back as a trophy. The colonel had them stuck up in the mess room, where they served as an illustration to the story of my adventure, which was told with unbounded applause every time a stranger happened to dine with us. For more than a year after that our fellows never called me anything but 'The Grand Duke of *Tuscany*,' which always struck me as the poorest joke I ever heard in my life. And that was the end of my elephant hunt.

Coloring Walls

Ceilings and walls are often finished in distemper, but very often turn out unsatisfactory, from the want of knowledge in the mixing and laying on. Absorption in the wall should be checked or stopped, or one part will absorb more color than another, and an uneven or or spotty appearance result. Various preparations are used for preparing walls and to stop absorption. One of these is to mix about a dozen pounds of the best whiting with water, adding thereto enough parchment or other size to bind the color, about two ounces of alum, and the same weight of soft soap dissolved in water; mix well and strain through a screen or coarse cloth. In mixing the distemper, one writer says, "Two things are essentially necessary: clean and well washed whiting, and pure jellied size." The whiting should be put to soak with sufficient soft water to cover it well and penetrate its bulk. When soaked sufficiently, the water should be poured off, which will remove dust from the whiting. It then may then be beaten up to a stiff paste by the hand or spatula. Size is next added and mixed together. Care should be taken not to break the jelly of the size any more than can be avoided.

Another caution is that distemper should be mixed with jellied size to lay on well—the color then works cool and floats nicely; but when the size is used hot, it drags and gathers and works dry, producing a rough wall. A little alum added to the distemper hardens it and helps to dry it out solid and even. The best size is made from parchment clippings, which are put into an iron kettle filled with water and allowed to stand twenty-four hours till the pieces are thoroughly soaked, then they are boiled for five hours, and the scum removed. The liquid is then strained through a cloth. For mixing colors the whiting and the color required, finely ground, are dissolved separately and then mixed to the required tint. For example, lampblack mixed with whiting, makes gray, and the most delicate to the darkest shades may be obtained. For French gray the whiting required is taken and soaked in water, and Prussian blue and lake finely ground in water are added to produce the necessary shade or tint. Buff may be made by dissolving in like manner, separately, whiting and yellow ochre. A little Venetian red gives a warm tone. A good salmon tint is produced by adding to the dissolved whiting a little of the same red, just sufficient to tinge. Drabs of various tints can be easily made by grinding up finely a little burnt umber and mixing it with the dissolved whiting. The sooner the distemper color dries after being laid on, the better, and the best plan is to close windows and doors during laying, and throw them open afterward.

Trips of the Sort.

It was Catharine Lawler who took the head of the procession in the Mayor's Court, Chicago, and began:

"Ah! I'm glad to see your Honor looking so well! Looks now as if the backbone of winter was broken, doesn't it?"

"Yes, rather. How do you feel after being drunk and disorderly last night?"

"Say, won't your Honor look over it."

"I have let you off about six times, haven't I?"

"Just six, your honor, and this will make seven. What are seven little grains of mercy to a woman who has to work like a naygur for a living?"

"Let's see? you have always had an excuse for being drunk?"

"Yes, sir, always."

"The last time your excuse was that you took whisky for chills?"

"Yes, sir, and I haven't had a sign of one since."

"And what did you take it for this time?"

"To break up a fever, your Honor, and besides that I have five small children."

"Where are they?"

"Well, your Honor, they are dead, of course, but I'm thinking of them every hour in the day, you know. If you should send me up I don't know how me husband would get along."

"Where is he?"

"Well, sir, I think he's sailing out of the port of Buffalo this summer."

"Well, I'll have to send you up this time. I have given you all the show you could hope for, but you get drunk every two weeks as regularly as clock-work."

"Oh, no, sir—only once in twenty years. Indeed, sir, but this will be only seven times."

"Can't do it. I shall send you up for —.'

"For two hours, sir."

"For thirty days."

"Oh, sir, make it twenty."

"No."

"Twenty-five."

"No."

"Then for twenty-nine and a-half."

"Thirty days, Catharine, and Bijah will give you a seat on the Moorish divan to wait for the buggy."

"Very well, your Honor, and I'll take the divan up there wid me to lie on when influstrated with the heat. Your Honor is a gentlemen, and I hope you'll live to give me at least a dozen more trips of the sort.

Thaws and Frosts on Plants.

Herr Hoffman throws light on the way in which plants are injured in time of hard frost. It is well known that plants and trees situated in the bottom of a valley suffer much more from cold and frost than those in a higher situation. This is due to the fact that the valley, if surrounded by hills and high grounds, not only retain its own cold of radiation, but also serves as a reservoir for the cold heavy [illegible] down into it from the neighboring heights. The higher grounds in Switzerland are warmer than the valleys or gorges, as in these the cold collects as in so many basins. It is also found in this country that plants and shrubs, which survive the severity of winter on ground raised above the level of the valley, perish when grown in the valley itself. The great advantage of a hilly position is thus apparent, and has been amply proved by Herr Hoffman's observations at Geissen. Here he found that the plants so situated took little or no harm from the intense cold; while quite near, in the valley, there was extensive injury. The injury, too decreased in proportion to elevation above the valley. As to the immediate effect of temperature upon plants, the author is of the opinion that it is not a particular degree of cold that kills a plant, but the amount of quick thawing. This was illustrated in one case by the curious fact that one and the same bush—species of box—was killed in its foliage on the south side, while on the north the foliage remained green. The sudden change of temperature produced by quick thawing was considered to be some degrees less for plants in a high situation and for the shady sides of the half-killed shrubs. The higher situations are in this respect also favorable to plant life; because, while the frost is not so severe as in the valley, the effect of thawing winds is found to be the same for both. The plants on the higher ground are therefore subjected to less strain by variations from a low to a high temperature, and the reverse, than their congeners in the valleys. These facts are of importance in determining questions as to the sites of country houses and gardens, and the more or less hardy character of the plants and shrubs most likely, in the particular situation, to survive the frosts of winter.

The Kayak.

The kayak of the Greenlander is the frailest specimen of marine architecture that ever carried human freight. It is eighteen feet long and as many inches wide at its middle, and tapers, with an upward curving line, to a point at either end. The boat is graceful as a duck and light as a feather. It has no ballast and no keel, and it rides almost on the surface of the water. It is, therefore, necessarily top-heavy. Long practice is required to manage it, and no tight-rope dancer ever needed more steady nerve and skill of balance than this same savage kayaker. Yet, in this frail craft he does not hesitate to ride seas which would swamp an ordinary boat, or to break through surf which may sweep completely over him. But he is used to hand battles, and, in spite of every fortune, he keeps himself upright. We have been assured, however, by persons familiar with Arctic cruising, that the Kayaker does sometimes come to grief by the capsizing of his canoe. The skirt of his sealskin waterproof shirt being firmly lashed to the coaming of the well of the kayak, he becomes so chilled by the cold water, and exhausted by his struggles to free himself from his canoe, that death by drowning overtakes the poor fellow in spite of all his presence of mind and nautical skill. As long as he retains his double-bladed paddle under water there is a fair chance of the kayaker righting himself, but when that is lost his chances of getting safely to land are poor indeed.

Scenery and Bumps.

In Nevada recently two rival coaches started out on parallel roads, each four-team on the gallop. The New Yorker being the only passenger in one coach took a seat with the driver. He endured the first five miles very well, as the road was pretty smooth, but he finally carelessly observed:

"This pace is rather hard on the horses isn't it?"

"Oh, no; they are used to it. I haven't begun to swing 'em yet!" was the reply.

"If we were going a little slower I could enjoy the scenery much better."

"Yes, I s'pose so, but this line isn't run on the scenery principle."

That ended the conversation until the horses turned a corner and the stage rode around it on two wheels. Then the Yorker remarked:

"I suppose you sometimes meet with accidents?"

"Almost every day!" was the brief reply.

"Isn't there danger of something giving way?"

"Of course, but we've got to take our chances. G'lang there."

At the end of another mile the passenger controlled his voice sufficiently to inquire:

"What if we shouldn't reach Red Hill at exactly two o'clock? I am in no hurry."

"No, I s'pose not, but I've got to do it or lose ten dollars."

"How?"

"I've got an even ten bet that I can beat the other stage into Red Hill by fifteen minutes, and I'm going to win that money if it kills a horse!"

"Say, hold on!" exclaimed the other as he felt for his wallet, "I like to ride fast, and I'm not a bit nervous, but I do hate to see horses get worried. Here's $20 for you and let's sort o' jog along the rest of the way and get a chance to smoke and talk about the Indians!"

"Whoa, there! Come down with you—gentle now—take it easy and don't fret!" called the driver as he pulled in and reached for the greenbacks with one hand and his pipe with the other, and thereafter the New Yorker had more scenery and less bumps.

Pins.

To the young lady whose intricate overskirt is held in innumerable folds by many pins, it may seem a hardship that her yearly allowance of pins is only about 140. Such, however, is the case with each individual in the United States on an equitable division of the pins yearly sold in this country. But the Indians in the West are not supposed to use their full allowance, and collar buttons have so far done away with the use of pins by gentlemen generally that the young lady may perhaps provide herself with some one else's allowance. The pins made in the United States are made by fourteen factories. Their annual production for several years past has been about 7,000,000,000 pins. This number has not [illegible] for some years, the demand remaining about the same. A few of these 7,000,000,000 are swallowed by children, a number are bent up in schools and placed in vacant and inviting chairs, and some millions get into cracks of floors, and the rest for the most part are scattered along the byways and highways, where they have dropped from dresses and been left to work their way into the earth.

The importation of English pins is small, and the exportation of pins from the United States is confined to Cuba, South America and parts of Canada, where, however, but few pins are sent. England supplies almost the whole world outside the United States.

The raw material—the brass and iron wire from which all American pins are made—is from the wire mills of this country, and much of the machinery for their manufacture is of American invention and patent.

How Coffee came to be Used.

It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, now make breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia, and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the Superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the reports of the shepherds that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant, brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and the West Indies.

Had a Shock.

"Yes," Mr. Messenger replied, in answer to the young lady's remark, "he was rather fond of bathing; very fond of it, in fact, but he received a terrible shock a few summers ago while in the water, and he has never recovered from it."

"My," she exclaimed, "did a snake bite him?" "Oh, dreadful!"

"No;" Mr. Messenger said; "it wasn't that."

Did he come near drowning, then?" she wanted to know.

"No," he said, "it wasn't that exactly but just as he was about ready to come out of the river he saw a tramp going up over the hill, about a quarter of a mile away, with his hat, his pocketbook, his vest, his watch, his handkerchief, his stockings, his cigar case, his shoes, his collar, his necktie, his shirt stud, and collar button, his s-s-suspenders, his cane, and, well, in fact, his trousers. And there was a Sunday school picnic only half a mile down the river, gradually coming nearer, and he lounged around among the willows all that day and walked home alone in the starlight. And the fact was he has never been able to enjoy a swim much since that time."