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ADVERTISE IN THE
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RATES ON A PPLICATION.

BEST OF ALL.
The world hath very little it can give
To make us happy; and its precious things—
To a sad heart are worthless offerings.
For what are gems and what is tawny gold?
And rarest spices from sweet Cyprian blooms?
And silken fabrics shimmering fold on fold,
The costliest products of the Eastern looms?
They cannot save the soul a single pain,
Or to the weary heart bring hope again.

What is the flash of wit, the salon's glow?
The wine may shine, and leap and sparkle up,
From marble tables white as purest snow,
And brim blood-red the gold-encrusted cup;
The air may languish filled with perfume sweet,
Etruscan vases burn with roses red,
And velvet carpets sink beneath the feet
Give back no echo from the stateliest tread:
But human hearts crave something more than this—
Splendor alone can never give us bliss.
Far more, far more we prize a gentle touch—
The mute caress of fingers on the hair—
A kind word spoken—oh, how very much
These little tokens do to lessen care,
It matters little if the home be bare
Of luxury, and what the world calls good,
If we have only one true friend to love,
By whom our better-selves are understood,
Whose deepest heart-throbs are for us alone,
With whom in thoughts and wishes we are one.

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.
It was a rainy dismal autumn day, and
the big country house where Jennie
lived with her parents seemed so un-
usually quiet, that a young lady (who
was Jennie's cousin, and was staying
there on a visit) looked up from her
work—she was at work with Jennie's
mamma in the drawing-room and said:
"What can have become of Jennie?"
"I have not heard her laugh once all this
morning."

The mamma said rather sorrowfully
that it was one of Jennie's "bad days."
She was a dear good child, but a little
impetuous and unreasonable. Her papa
had promised to take her for a drive
that morning, as he was obliged to go
to a neighboring town on business.
"But of course it was impossible to
take the child in the pouring rain," she
added, "only Jennie cannot see the
matter in this light, and feels deeply in-
jured."

"I will go and find her," said the soft
featured lady, who looked contented and
happy, although certain people had
already sometimes called her "an old
maid."

And she hunted the house through,
visiting all Jennie's particular haunts,
but there was no Jennie.
At last she came upon her, crouched
upon a window-seat in one of the corri-
dors looking miserable and dejected, her
lips pouting, her eyes swollen and red.
At first she would not speak.
But at last the coaxing manner and
soothing voice of her good friend melted
her somewhat.
She detailed her injuries.
"They delight in promising me things
and disappointing me at the last moment.
As for papa, he is cruel."
"I cannot bear to hear you say that,
child."

Jennie's cousin seemed transformed.
She looked almost angry.
Jennie felt a little ashamed.
"Why not?" she asked.
"Because I once said the same thing,
and was so bitterly punished for it," was
the reply.
"Tell me," asked Jennie, subdued.
"I did not mean anything wrong."
"That is a poor excuse for your hasty
words, Jennie. However, I won't preach.
My little story will do that."

Then she began:
"When I was a little girl like you,
Jennie, I had a very dear father. He
was a clergyman, and though my love
for him did not keep me from being
troublesome and disobedient to him, I
thought I loved him very dearly indeed.
"My mother had died when I was a
baby, but I had a middle-aged governess,
who was good to me, in her prim, dry
way.
"I had birds, two dogs, a pony, and a
most beautiful cat. Children in the
neighborhood were often invited to
spend the day, and we were often allowed
to roam about the gardens and grounds
as we pleased. Then I went to spend
the day with them.
"I had some cousins, big girls, and
when I was a little older than you, a
grand party was given in honor of the
twenty-first birthday of the eldest one.
The latter wrote to my father, and
begged that I might be allowed to come,
and he consented. These cousins were
rich and had a big house in the city.
"I was of course very anxious to go
and made great preparations but the day
before the one fixed for our departure, I
fell violently sick of a cold.
"Next day I got up a trifle giddy and
very hoarse, but determined to persuade
him all I was quite well. I talked and
laughed and made a great show of being
very hungry at dinner time. But I did
not like the grave look on my father's
face. Surely he could not be thinking
of forbidding my going to the party!
He would not be so cruel!
"But my misgiving proved true. He
said that on account of my illness I
could not go.
"You are cruel!" I said, springing
away from him and rushing away.
"And stubborn and angry, I went to
bed, refusing to speak when I was spoken
to. And next morning I got up late. I
heard my father calling me from below,
and wheels on the drive told me the
carriage was coming to take him to the
station. Then, as I failed to appear, he
came up stairs, and knocked at my door.
"I made no reply. Miss Jones, com-

ing into my room at the moment, said
in a low voice, 'Mary, you ought to be
ashamed of yourself,' then opened the
door and said I was dressing and would
not be long. I heard him take out his
watch, and say in a disappointed tone
that he could not wait; then he said,
'Good-bye, darling, God bless and keep
you, I shall soon be back,' so tenderly
and sadly, that for the moment my
hardness melted—I longed to throw my-
self in his arms."
"But he was gone. I saw the carriage
drive out of the gate and disappear
where the road turns; then a dreadful
sense of desolation came over me, that
I never had, either before or since."

"The morning seemed as if it would
never pass. There were to be no les-
sons. After dawdling about I went to
the window which overlooked the road,
and the drive to the front door."
"Whatever can these men be doing?"
I thought, as four or five men I knew
by sight came in at the gate, slowly,
each one seeming to talk without listen-
ing to the others."
"I felt something was wrong. I
watched the men till they disappeared
behind the bushes; they were going
round the back door; then I listened
and waited."

"Suddenly I heard a scream—my
heart seemed to stop—then some one
rushed in."
"It was the housemaid looking so
white and scared."
"Don't you go down, Miss Mary,"
she said, "it's only somebody got a fit
or something, but she shivered and
wrung her hands."

"I made one spring and darted down-
stairs. But nurse caught and drew me
aside, I don't know why, but I felt I had
lost my father."
"There had been a serious accident
to the train by which he was traveling.
The car he was in had been overturned,
and a fellow passenger who knew him
saw him taken out from among the ruins
lifeless, and had brought the terrible
news back with him. I lay like one half
dead too on Miss Jones's bed, listening
to the cruel tale, and half hoping it was
a cruel dream, a nightmare from which I
should awake."

"Then, the storm of sorrow spent, I
was worn out, and fell asleep.
"When I awoke, the last rays of sun-
set were streaming into the room. Some
one had drawn up the blinds and the
noise had awakened me. Dreamily I
listened to a whispering behind the cur-
tain of my bed. 'Do you think it
would be prudent to tell her to-night?'
Miss Jones was saying, 'Certainly!'
Then followed a long sentence delivered
in a voice I recognized as that of the
village doctor. I caught the words 'joy
does not kill.' Then by their very mock-
ery I remembered all. I pushed aside
the curtain and cried: 'Why do you
come here to torment me? Why did
you not let me sleep?'
"Then I stared in astonishment! Miss
Jones, beaming, smiling, kissed me—
wildly for her—and said, 'Mary, com-
pose yourself, make up your mind for a
great surprise, a great mercy.'
"He is alive!' I cried, and would
have rushed to find him, but they held
me back."

"The good Doctor sat down and
talked to me, quietly and gravely. It
was true that my father was not dead,
as had been supposed; but he had been
brought home in a most critical state,
and his recovery depended entirely upon
quiet."
"For many weeks we did not know
whether he would live or die. But at
last he began to get better, and before
winter set in he was being wheeled
about the garden, and I was walking by
his side, an altered child, because the
daily anxiety had taught me more than
I had learned during the years I lived in
the world; I knew how selfish I had
been what a useless life was mine com-
pared to that precious one I had so lit-
tle valued, and had so nearly lost."
"I have told you this story, dear, as a
little warning. I cannot wish you to
learn the value of your parents at so
great a cost."

"I shall not said Jennie wiping her
eyes, and nodding her head. "next time,
I will indeed think before I speak: I did
not really mean what I said, you know."

An Old Acquaintance.
Charles Chapman, who was in his day
the foremost criminal lawyer in Con-
necticut, once so ably defended a
man who was charged with the crime of
murder, that he got him off with man-
slaughter, although there was scarcely
a doubt of his guilt of the graver offence.
A very prominent citizen who was con-
vinced of the man's guilt was so annoy-
ed to think that Chapman had saved the
fellow's neck from the halter that he re-
fused to speak to the distinguished ad-
vocate for a long time after. A number
of years later Mr. Chapman's door bell
rang, and a visitor was announced. "Good
morning, Mr. Chapman," was the salu-
tation. "You have the advantage of
me," replied the lawyer; "I do not
recognize you." "My name is—. Don't
you remember that you got me off for
ten years for killing so and so?" "Yes
I do remember it and I got through with
you then and there. I want nothing more
to do with you." "You needn't be so up-
pish about it," muttered the fellow.
"The way you talked to that jury almost
made me believe I didn't do it, and now
you've gone back on me;" and he walk-
ed disconsolately away.

The Iron Virgin.
Please do not imagine from my title
that I am about to relate any thrilling
tale that has to do with the so-called
'Iron Virgin' of the Middle Ages which
crushed a man in its iron embrace as
easily as you would crack a nut. No!
My heroine belonged to what at the
time my story opens was the small town
of Springfield, in Massachusetts.

When it was, comparatively speaking,
in its infancy, there stood on S—street,
little away from M—street, a stove
store, and visited its door by way
of sign, stood the figure of a
girl, made of iron. I do not know what
the connection was between the stoves
within and the interesting female, ex-
cept the material of which they were
both composed; but there she stood,
eight feet in her shoes and weighing
perhaps 600 pounds.

She stood there year in and year out,
one of the notable signposts of the place.
The suns of summer beat down upon
her until heat visibly irradiated in every
direction from her. Many a winter's
cold had sent a freezing chill through her
and had given her a nightcap and epau-
lettes of snow, and formed icicles on her
nose; and yet she had borne all with the
most supreme indifference,—kept her
place and remained faithfully on her
post. If you put yourself in her line
of vision she would stare at you in the
most impertinent manner, though to tell
the truth, she had not a particle of brass
in her composition.

She was in a country town and in
truth she was a rustic object generally.
Every summer, however, her owner,
'Old Steele' as he was called, had her
scrubbed and polished with stove-polish
and she would come forth resplendent.
She was an old friend of the small boys.
Not even their annoying tricks had power
to move her—not even the indignity of a
putty-ball on her nose. In summer
when the sun had made her burning hot,
they would entice some green hand to
touch her and would shriek with delight
to see him jump. In winter when Old
Steele was not by, they would peg snow
balls at her until she broke out into a
rash of big, white spots all over her
body. But she was cast in an iron mould.
She bore all with the most ironical in-
difference.

One exciting incident, a little while
before my story opens, had varied the
monotony of her existence. One night
some "larkie spirits" (called so, I sup-
pose, because they rise so early—about
10 o'clock P. M.) some larkie spirits, I
say, removed her from her position, and
set her at the door of the Union Bindery
where a sign gave notice "Girls Wante-
d." That same night, the "joyful band
of ardent spirits" removed two large
coffins that acted as signs in front of an
undertaker's shop, and placed them by
the door of a "Dye-house" much to the
amusement of passers-by in the morn-
ing.

"Mr. Steele, the owner of the stove
store, was a queer, old fellow, and we
boys delighted in playing jokes on him.
I am going to tell you of one that we
played on him, which was connected
with the 'iron virgin.' Mr. Steele's
and we boys boarded at a small hotel, a
few blocks off from Mr. Steele's
store. One evening, a few days after
the 'virgin' had been placed in front
of the Bindery, we boys felt like some
mischief. So we concerted the plan,
which I shall unfold to you, in my story.
We first sought out the hotel-keeper,
a man named Sharpe, full of fun, and a
prime favorite with us boys. We un-
folded our plan to him and he promised
to help us as much as he could. Mr.
Steele was in the parlor warming him-
self before the fire. We went in and
joined in conversation with him; one by
one, however, we boys feigned sleep-
iness and started off apparently for bed.
But before I go on, I must explain a
peculiarity of Steele's.

You have seen a piece of seaweed
hanging by the side of a wharf at low
tide—how dirty it looks and how list-
lessly it hangs there? And you have
noticed, too, what a change comes over
it when the tide comes in—how its color
becomes bright and how it is tossed
about by the waves? Well, so it was
with Mr. Steele. Ordinary subjects
stirred him but little, but when politics
were touched upon—O, he was all ex-
citement! His face shone and his arms
gesticulated wildly, as the discussion
stirred him up. After we boys had
gone out, Sharpe turned the conversa-
tion to politics, and immediately Steele
became very excited, so excited that
when I slipped into the room in my
stocking-foot and took the key out of
his outside pocket, he did not notice it.
This was the easiest able to do since he
wore a style of coat very common at
that time, with very large pockets styled
a la proprietaire. He invariably kept
his key in the right pocket—at least I
mean two of his keys—his store-key and
the key of his room in the hotel. Chuck-
ling with delight at our success, we
hurried down to the store which, as I
have already said, stood about four
blocks off from the hotel. Having
brought our prize, the 'iron maiden,' out
from her retirement from beside the
stove that glowed dimly in the darkness
of the store, we carried her to the hotel,
Oh! but it was a hard pull carrying
her. It was bitter cold, and the frost
bit our fingers that could not help drag-
ging the cold iron from very stiffness. It

was fearfully heavy too, for our five
pairs of arms, and we had to stop and
rest several times before we arrived at
our destination. There a new difficulty
presented itself. How were we to get it
into Steele's room, for that was what
we contemplated. There was no back
stairway, and the only one ran in full
sight of Steele in the parlor. At last
we succeeded in hauling our burden in
at the window by the help of Sharpe's
well rope which we borrowed. Then af-
ter snugly tucking her up in bed, we left
her in quiet, and softly made our way
down stairs.

We had occupied but a short time
and Mr. Steele had not yet emerged, so
to speak, from his fit of excitement. Af-
ter replacing the keys in the same man-
ner by which I had stolen them, we
boys dropped casually in one by one so
as not to excite suspicion. When all
our number were seated around the fire,
Sharpe changed the subject by asking
Mr. Steele if he had not had his sign-
post stolen. Mr. Steele, his late ex-
citement all vanished carelessly answered
"yes."

"Ain't you afraid of having it stolen
again?" said Sharpe.
"No," answered Mr. Steele, "I lock it
up every night in the store."
"Well!" said Sharpe, "I'd be willing
to bet you got to see it in your bed now."
Steele immediately set up a roar, we
boys joining in.

"Ho! ho!" cried he, "that's a good
joke!" "Why he continued, taking the
keys from his pocket, "here are the
keys of the store and of my room. What
have you got to say now? Why I'd be
willing to treat these boys here to all
the cider they wanted out of the tank
they bought recently, if it was so!"
And he laughed at the idea.

"All right!" said Steele, quietly. "I'll
treat 'em at my own expense if it is not
so."
"All right!" said Steele, still laughing,
"the boys are sure of their cider any-
how!"
Upstairs stumped the old man with
the cane which he always carried, un-
locked the door and entered the room.
"There!" he cried, pointing to the bed,
"nothing there!" He went up and
struck it to add force to his words. I
never saw a face change as his did. We
hid the figure up very cleverly but the
clank of the metal when struck betrayed
her hiding place.

He fell back a step or two with his
mouth open. "By Jove!" he cried, a
favorite exclamation of his, "she is
here." "I wish you could have seen him.
It is useless to try and describe it. A
more wonderstruck man was never seen."
They say people enjoy a thing which
they have fairly earned and I can assure
you we boys enjoyed that cider and the
laugh on Mr. Steele.

How a Woman Does It.

Some crusty old curmudgeon thus
tells how a woman goes to work to mail
a letter. It is a libel on the sex. Some
of the girls will make it red hot for him
if he is discovered. Any day when you
have time you can see how she does it
by dropping into the postoffice. She
arrives there with a letter in her hand.
It is a sheet of note in a white envelope.
She halts in front of the stamp window,
opens her mouth to ask for a stamp, but
suddenly darts away to see if she has
made any errors in the names or dates.
It takes her five minutes to make sure
of this, and then she balances the letter
on her finger, and the awful query arises
in her mind: "Perhaps it is an over-
weight." She steps to the window and
asks the clerk if he has a three-cent
stamp, fearing he hasn't. She looks
over every compartment in her portmo-
naie before she finds the change to pay
for it. The fun commences as she gets the
stamp. She fiddles around to one side,
removes her gloves, closely inspects the
stamp and hesitates whether to "lick it"
or wet her finger. She finally concludes
it would not be nice to show her tongue
and wets her finger and passes it over
envelope. She is so long picking up the
stamp that the moisture is absorbed and
the stamp slides off the envelope. She
tries it twice more with like success, and
getting desperate she gives the stamp a
"lick" and it sticks. Then comes the
sealing of the letter. She wets her fin-
ger again, but the envelope flies open,
and, after three minutes' delay she has
passed her tongue along the streak of dried
mucilage. She holds the letter a long
time to make sure that the envelope is
all right, and finally appears at the win-
dow and asks: "Three cents is enough,
is it?" "Yes, ma'am." "This will go
out to day?" "Certainly." "Will it
go to Chicago without the name of the
county on?" "Just the same." "What
time will it reach there?" "Tomorrow
morning." She sighs, turns the letter
over and over, and finally asks: "Shall
I drop it into one of those places there?"
"Yes, ma'am." She walks up in front
of the six orifices, closely scans each
one of them, finally makes a choice and
drops—no she doesn't. She stops to
see where it will fall, pressing her face
against the window until she flattens her
nose out of shape, and she doesn't drop
it where she intended to. She, how-
ever, releases it at last, looks down to
make sure that it did not go on the floor,
and turns away with a sigh of regret
that she didn't take one more look at
the superscription,

Birdie.
Everybody about the depot knew
Chub, the basket-boy, for he was
always limping through the rooms cry-
ing "Apples! Apples—two for a penny!"
Right this way, Mister, for your fresh-
baked peanuts and ripe red apples!"

Where Chub came from, or to whom
he belonged, seemed a mystery. He
was always at his post, from early morn-
ing till nine at night. Then he would
disappear, but only to return punctually
the next day.
He wasn't at all communicative, and
said little to any one in the way of gen-
eral conversation. Yet everybody liked
him; his pale face and withered limbs
were sure to appeal to their sympathies.
I used to like him myself, and it always
pleased me to see him get a good day's
custom.

But it's over a year, now, since Chub
sold apples and peanuts at our depot,
and I miss him yet. There is a real
lonesome place over in the corner; here
he used to sit and eat his lunch at noon
time; it was his favorite seat, and it
never seemed filled now.

I often hear our agent and workmen
remark, "It seems kind 'o lonesome not
to see Chub around."
I remember, as if it were but yester-
day, the lady coming in leading that
little wretch with a blue silk bonnet
crowning her curls. It was the sweetest
baby I ever saw. As she ran about the
depot laughing and singing, she hap-
pened to spy Chub limping his rounds,
She ran right up to him, and putting
out her tiny hand, touched his crutch.

"Oh, oo poor 'ame boy," she cooed,
"Tse dot a tiss for oo."
Chub's face fairly glowed with delight
as he bent his head to receive the kiss
from the rosy lips. He reached her
a handful of peanuts, which she took
and placed in her little sack-pocket.

"I loves oo, poor 'ame boy," she said,
softly, "tanse oo was dood to me."
"Come here, Birdie," called the lady.
"No, mamma, no! I's doing with
poor 'ame boy," she said, resolutely
sticking close to Chub.
But the lady came and took her away,
and Chub hobbled into the other room.
The lady was busy with her book and
didn't notice her child slip out; but I
did, and every now and then caught a
stray glimpse of the little figure as she
ran up and down the platform.

By-and-by I heard a whistle. 'Twas
the fast mail going up, but it didn't
stop. I thought of the baby and so did
her mother.

"Birdie," she called, but no 'Birdie'
answered. Just then I glanced out,
and there stood the little one in the silk
bonnet right upon the track.

I fairly stopped breathing from terror.
The mother ran shrieking forward,
"Will no one save her? will no one save
her?"
"Yes," shouted a voice. I saw Chub
limp wildly out and snatch the little
form from its perilous position, and
throw it on one side just as the train
thundered by.

The baby was saved; but upon the
track was a crushed and mangled form.
They lifted him sadly, and laying him
down on one of the seats, went for help.
It was too late, for he only opened
his eyes once and whispered, "Is she
safe?"
They brought her to him but he did
not heed. She stroked the still, white
face with her tiny hand and cooed in
sweet baby fashion as she looked around
upon the crowd:
"Poor 'ame boy done fast seep! done
fast seep."

About Death's Doings.

What month most people die in and
what they die of is interesting question,
and to which the last bulletin of the National
Board of Health makes an answer for 1880
based on mean population of 8,100,000
representing the majority of the cities in
the United States. The answer is given
in tabulated form, with death rate per
thousand. Nine diseases are given as the
chief causes of death. They are consump-
tion, acute lung diseases, diphtheria,
enteric fever, malarial fever, scarlet fever,
measles, whooping-cough and small-pox.
This list follows the order in which the
greatest number of deaths occur, and it
must please nervous people to learn that
small-pox is the least cause of death.
For consumption the highest death rate
is 3.32 per thousand in December, and
acute lung diseases, beginning with Jan-
uary to the lowest rate is 2.59 in June. The
yearly at 2.32 per thousand; rise regularly
April, then decline regularly to August,
with 1.04 deaths per thousand; then again
it rises to December, in which the rate
is 3.20 per thousand. The highest death
rate for diphtheria is 1.49 per thousand
in November; the lowest 0.56 in June.
Malarial fever is highest in September
and October, with 0.65 and 0.58 as the
death rate, while naturally it is very low
from December to April. Scarlet fever
runs unevenly throughout the year; the
highest death rate being 0.65 in Decem-
ber and the lowest 0.33 in July. Whoop-
ing-cough runs very evenly throughout
the year, the highest rate being 0.27 in
March and July, and the lowest 0.11 in
December. Small-pox did not rise over
0.10 per thousand except in November
and December, when the rates were 0.17
and 0.36 per thousand. The highest
death rate from measles was 0.46 in May
and the lowest 0.03 in October. From
this it appears that above all other lung
diseases carried off by far the largest
number of persons last year, and that
such diseases far beyond any others are
the bane of American city life—a fact
which has often been maintained before,
but not so thoroughly shown as by this
black table and chart of the National
Board of Health.

"I Forgot Mina."

On Dupont street, not very far from
Market, San Francisco, is the shop of a
young German theatrical shoemaker,
who is doing a thriving business, and
who has every reason to be contented
with his lot. Among the treasures he
had brought from the Fatherland on his
arrival here, some three years ago, was a
pert little bullfinch; whose merry piping
—for bullfinches can be taught to
whistle almost any tune—kept time to
the cordwainer's hammer. A more in-
telligent and companionable bullfinch
never lived, and this one's aptness was
the wonder of all Heinrich's customers
and neighbors. It was his companion,
his encourager, his "bard of luck," and
his only friend. But there is no rose
without its thorn, and it was Heinrich's
one grief that among all its accomplish-
ments the bird positively refused to
learn the one air dearest to all German
hearts. "The Watch on the Rhine." Day
after day, and hour after hour, the
shoemaker would patiently whistle and
hammer out the tune, but without suc-
cess. Either from inability to master
this strain or from some peculiar ornitho-
logical perverseness of its own, the
finch remained provokingly mute. Even
a day's deprivation of its food did not
bend the stubborn little will of the saucy
pet, and Heinrich was about giving up
in despair when something occurred that
engrossed his whole attention. The
hearts of shoemakers are not quite so
tough as the leather they hammer, and
one fell in love. His sweetheart was a
pretty and shapely young girl, who was
playing minor parts at the Baldwin,
whose gorgeous stage shoes he had
made, and whose symmetrical legs he
had professionally fallen in love with
from the first.

A month or two rolled by, and as poor
people have no time for a long court-
ship, Heinrich's wedding day came
around, and the handsome and hearty
young couple were married amid the
good wishes of everybody, the bride-
groom's wedding present being a pair of
white satin shoes, whose perfection of
workmanship rendered his rivals in the
trade ready to wax their own latter ends
with envy and despair.

The bridal trip lasted just a week, and
was quite a journey through fairyland
to the simple-minded and obviously
happy couple. As the train that brought
them back again to the city entered the
depot, however, a sudden change came
over the groom's happy face.
"What is the matter, man?" said his
wife, terrified at his emotion.
"The curses of heaven will follow me
for a heartless wretch. I forgot all about
Mina!"

It was indeed true. Absorbed by his
happiness, and in the hurry of depart-
ure, he had left the bullfinch locked up
in the dark shop with only one day's
food in his cage. Leaving his wife to
look after the baggage, Heinrich sprang
from the scarcely stopped train and tore
through the streets like a madman. He
dashed into the corner store where the
key had been left, snatched it from its
place and hurried to his door. As he
placed the key in the lock his trembling
hand refused to turn it; and, sick with
dread of what he was about to see, he
leaned for a moment against the door-
frame.

Hark! Faintly from within came a
weak, quavering chirrup, painfully striv-
ing to form a familiar tune.
"It was 'The Watch on the Rhine.'"
After exhausting all its repertoire to
fetch its cruel master back to his gloomy
prison, the little starved thing bethought
itself of one last means to bring what it
considered its punishment to an end, and
strove to whistle the disputed air.

But the success, so pitifully pleaded
for, came too late. It gave one little,
feathery flutter of joy as the door opened,
and the next moment the master, as he
kneelt beside the cage, saw, through the
bars that wet his cheek, the little head
droop slowly over as the song and singer
died together.

Colic in Horses.

Attacks of colic most frequently are
the result of carelessness, and generally
may be traced to a horse having drunk
cold water when heated, or immedi-
ately after being fed, by being gorged
with food after long fasting, or being
chilled by currents of cold air. Some
horses are constitutionally more
liable to it than others. The first symp-
toms are a general fidgetiness accom-
panied by lifting of the feet very quickly,
followed by violent rolling. These symp-
toms also indicate other disorders, re-
quiring very different treatment from
colic. There are two that distinguish
colic from inflammation of the bowels.
In the former, the horse will strike his
belly violently with feet between the
paroxysms of pain; in the latter,
though he may lift his feet, he will not
strike, and the pain is continuous.
When colic symptoms are accompanied
by constipation, the first care must be to
empty the bowels by "back raking"
and injections of warm water. Here,
clearly, the stimulating medicines prop-
er to flatulent colic would be inappropri-
ate and most likely produce inflammation
of the bowels. Flatulent colic is the
more frequent and sudden form, requir-
ing prompt treatment, and perhaps with
what may be at hand in a country place.
A horse got quickly well after the ad-
ministration of one-quarter pint of gin,
and two ounces of ground ginger mixed
with water to fill a soda water bottle,
from which it was poured down his
throat. Equal parts of whiskey and
milk, and from half a pint to a pint at