The

Millheim

VOL. LV.

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PRACTICAL DENTIST,

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On MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, Pa.

I SEE THEE STILL

I see thee still! Remembrance, faithful to her trust Calls thee in beauty from the dust ; Thou comest in the morning light, Thou 'rt with me in the gloomy night : In dreams I meet thee as of old-Then thy soft arms my neck enfold. And thy sweet voice is in my ear : In every scene to memory dear I see thee still !

I see thee still In every hallowed token round; This little ring thy finger bound, This lock of hair thy forehead shaded. This silken chain by thee was braided; These flowers all withered now, like thee, Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me ; This book was thine-here didst thou read; This picture-ah, yes! here indeed I see thee still !

I see thee still! There was thy summer-noon's retreat, Here was thy favorite fireside seat ; This was thy chamber-here, each day, I sat and watched thy sad decay; Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie-Here, on this pillow, thou didst die ! Dark hour! once more its woes unfold; As then I saw thee, pale and cold, I see thee still

I see thee still! Thon art not in the grave confined-Death cannot claim the immortal mind : Let earth close o'er its sacred trust. But goodness dies not in the dust: Thee, O my sister! 'tis not thee, Beneath the coffin's lid I see: Thou to a fairer land art gone There let me hope, my journey done, To see thee still !

"SAUCY EYES."

She came smiling across the fields, her arms laden with hawthorn bloom. Harold Carleton, as he saw her, thought was so young, so fresh, so full of ex- also. uberant vitality. Yet she was only a cottager's daughter, apparently, for her dress, though neat, was cheap. She

glanced up at him as she passed, with ia, and, if you have any more time, laughter as she met the astonished Harher great, eloquent eyes, half-sly, half- come to me for further orders." mischievously. Harold was fresh from Cambrige, and at eighteen thought himself quite in eyes as he proceeded to tie up the wayanother sphere, even in point of age, ward roses. from the rustic of thirteen. He was "This is g eting interesting," he ob-

"What's the hurry, little Saucy der will be. By George, but Miss Kate Eyes?" he said. "Stop and give a fel- queens it well ! What a perfect little low a kiss." beauty she is ! Whew ! how hot it is !" "My name isn't Saucy Eyes, and you He wiped the perspiration from hi Kent, darling, I've learned to love you so know it. Gentlemen," and she empha- heated brow. dearly-say you will. We'll make anoth-"I begin to understand how the origier paradise where we can be happy to. nal Adam must have felt when command-gether, and I shan't be obliged to work reliance upon your word, and shield them ed to earn his bread by the sweat of his so hard," breaking into laughter as he fron many disappointments. brow. There, the wistaria is tied up. saw Katie's roguish look, and wiped his Faith, mum," he said, as Kate reappeardripping forehead. ed, "I was jist comin' to see whatever "Very well," said Katie, "T'll think of else there was to be done." it. But you must remember that it was "How nice you've made things look ! not a woman who made trouble in the cried Katie, as she glanced at the roses garden this time." And she added arch-

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1881.

a week sooner than he had expected. his whole heart was in her answer : "Did yes wish to see him, miss ? For He was fond of a little amateur gardenit's meself as will be afther sinding the ing at times, and was just now bending likes of him to yes ?" over a moss-rose bush, hoe in hand.

"No," said Katie, decidedly. "Stop His back was toward Kate, and she, talking and go to work. I am afraid you supposing him to be the gardener, callare getting lazy," and Katie walked off

ed out: "O, Adam-that's your name, I hear with her most queenly step. -please ask Mr. Carleton if he can "Whew !" whistled Harold, "She's spare you for a couple of hours this aftoo bright to be caught in that way. Thinks Adam will tell on her. Getting ternoon. It's Dr. Kent's at the reclazy, am I? Well, it isn't because I don't

Harold glanced mischievously at the work hard enough." with a doleful gaze pretty face half hidden by the tall lil- at his blistered hands, as he set vigories, which she had stopped to smell as ously to work, adding : Even as Adam, I she was speaking. Here was a chance must win the good opinion of my Eve. for some sport. Kate had never, prob-The next afternoon Katie went to call ably, seen the new gardener, who had on a friend, and Harold discontentedly only come two days before. Why could watched her departure. It was so pleanot he personate the old fellow? It sant to know that she was in the sumwas fortunate for him that he had an mer-house or about the grounds that he old ccat on, he thought. did not like to have her go away.

He did not notice her return, nor that So calling Adam he took the old man she came to the arbor soon after. But into the plot giving him a crown for when he had finished his last order he hush money, and in the afternoon made his appearance at the rectory, and threw himself down on a mossy seat, and knocking at the back door, asked for ortossing his wig off, began to fanning himself vigorously with his scraw hat.

"Miss Kate !"

into a hearty laugh.

"O, Adam, is it you?" cried Kate, "I can't wear that confounded wig any coming forward. "Let me show you longer !" he exclaimed. "Its color even your work. I'll put on my garden hat is enough to set me on fire Now this and be out in a minute." is refreshing. Beppo, you scamp, bring back that wig. What if your mistress

Harold presented rather a curious apshould come? Must I chase after that pearance as he followed Kate down the dog this scorehing day ?" long walk. His usually elegant attire Beppo, Katie's dog, had run off with had been exchanged for a jacket and

the wig, as the reader has conjectured, trousers of coarse jeans, and his dark and on chase being given to him, rushed curling hair was covered by a red wig. similar in color to Adam's fiery locks. her the very incarnation of spring, she He had assumed the same shuffling gait, his mistress's feet.

"Why, Beppo, what have you there !" "Here is your work, Adam," said Kate, "tie up the roses, and then weed old Adan. I wonder ifthis bed of hyacinths; train this wistar-And she broke into a fit of ringing

old face to face. Harold bowed awkwardly, while a "Mr. Carleton !"

mischievous gleam shot from the brown

prada

tory.

ders.

disposed to be patronizing. served. "I wonder what my next orlemurely, at last.

Hints to Mothers.

When your daughter performs a task in an ill-fashioned manner, always say, "There! I might as well have done it my self in the first place." and then take the work out of her hand and do it yourself. This will encourage the girl not to try to do the thing next time she is set

about it. Never permit your son to have any amusement at home. This will induce him to seek it in places where you will not be annoyed by the noise.

There is no place like home. Impress this truth upon your children by making home as disagreeable and unlike any

other place as possible. Never neglect the lock on the pantry. Some boys have probably turned out first class housebreakers all on account of this judicious treatment in early child-

hood. Never permit your children to contradict. Let them know that that is your peculiar prerogative. .

In childing your children's faults. never forget to mention how much better the Jones children behave. This will cause your little ones everlastingly to love the Jones children.

Take frequent occasion to tell your children how much more favored their lot is than yours was when you were a girl. It is always pleasant to children to be constantly reminded of their obligations.

Don't let your son indulge in any kind of outdoor games. Keep him to his to the summer-house and laid the wig at books. It will make a great man of him some day, if he should happen to live. Your girls should never be permitted she cried, "It looks like the scalp of to romp. Let them grow into interesting invalids, by all means.

Be gentle and courteous before company ; but it you have a temper, let your children have a taste of it as often as practice deception upon her brood.

Talk slightingly of your husband to Then, unable to resist it, he also broke your boys and girls. This will make them respect their father. "Oh, so you're not Adam," said Katie,

Tell your child he shall not do a thing "No, but I will be if you'll only be and then let him tease you into giving my Eve !" he cried, with a touch of his your consent. This will teach him what old boyish impudence, "O, Katie ! Miss to do on subsequent occasions.

"What ! no rye flour ?"

Souceal.

Clip had been looking about, and eeing potatoes, a thought struck her. 'I say, girls," she began, in eager woods, and no callers, we might estonions !"

"Onions! onions!" whispered one will !"

"I love onions," cried Clip; and, turning to the amused shop-keeper. added, "Please send us up a bushel." The man laughed, but again he shook his head.

"What ! no onions? Oh !" and, thoroughly disgusted with the country store, the party went out in search of another. After that, whenever in their rambles, which extended many miles, around, they came near to a store, they invariably went in and asked for those articles, expressing their surprise in chorus as at first, and always ending with the demand for onions, which, by-the-way, they were never able to get in that land of farms and

The Sweet By-and-By.

to send to Portland for them.

Dr. Bennett says "the story of the origin of the hymn, 'The Sweet By-and-By,' is a short one and soon told. From 1861 to 1871 I resided in Elkhart, Wis., where I kept an apothecary store, and during that per od was associated with Joseph P. Webster, a music teacher, in the production of musical works, I composing the words and he the music. Our first production was 'The Signet Ring,' our second 'The Beatitudes,' our third 'The Sunday School Cantata, and our fourth and last "The Great Rebellion.' It was in the fall of 1873, when we were at work on 'The Signet Ring,'that we composel 'The Sweet By-and-By.' It was composed for that work, and published first in it. And this was the way we happened to compose it. Webster was an exconvenient. A mother should never trenely sensitive and melancholy man, and very prone to think that others had slighted him. He was always imagining that some old friend had spoken to him coolly, and then dropping into bottomless despondency about it until some casual meeting after. ward dispelled the illusion. After awhile I understood this weakness so well that I it is proper to lay before the public. She

trouble at all. On the contrary, I used to

'There's a land that is fairer than day,

And by faith we may see it afar, And the Father stands over the way

" 'We shall sing on that beautiful shore

" "To our bountiful Father above

until I was nineteen years old.

the day he composed that tune."

"What has become of Webster ?"

The melodious songs of the blest, And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.

We will offer the tribute of praise, For the glorious gift of His love,

And the blessings that hallow our days.'

To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

The Mosquito and the Gnat.

Entomologically, the mosquito is classified as a gnat. But it is only the theorist in natural history that entertains whispers, "now we're out here in the this opinion. In far southern climes the more able bodied members of the order are called gallinippers, and if any scien-

tist should insult one of them by calling and another. "Delightful! so we him a gnat would be promptly impaled

by aproboscis, and dried and hung up in a museum of natural history, labelled "Home ; species, scientist ; dried and innutritious, but insolent." The French call her "cousin." Prononuce the word

in French, slowly, lengthening the last syllable, and the vesper hymn of the insect will be recognized. The more strictly scientific name of "diptera," or twowinged, has, however, given general satisfaction to the society. No case has yet been noted where a well-bred mosquito has objected to the classification. The thirst of a given mosquito may be estimated accurately by her vertical angle of inclination. The thirstier she is, the more the head is depressed and the tail exalted. The Jones' Falls mosquito gardens, though Mrs. Duncan offered stands comparatively horizontal on her

legs; the Eastern Shore species has a steeper slope, while the New Jersey variety stands vertical, head downward among her legs, like an umbrella handle amidst its ribs. She does not sing, but wafts softly earthward and settles down to business. Her proboscis is a very wonderful, though highly objectionable instrument. It contains six lancets and a suction tube in a sheath-one of them has an exceedingly fine point ; two jagged lacerators like tiny saws, something like a corkscrew, of unknown use, and a tube full of acrid juice for inflaming the wound and increasing the flow of blood. She makes her own diagnosis and does her own probing. She never uses the induction balance to locate the scene of her operations-she knows just where the cavity is. She never holds a consultation, never calls in another surgeon to use the knife, but does all her own cutting, and inserts the drainage pipe herself, and issues all the bulletins which

knew how to take it, and it gave me no may, while roosting on the mosaid him in getting over these spells, quito bar, mention casually to another Make promises to your children, and generally by putting him to work, which I practitioner that the patient slept well learned by experience was sure to relieve during the operation, with slight in-So one day in the fall of 1874-1 crease of temperature, but no greater could give you the day if I had the copyacceleration of pulse than was properly right here-I was standing at my desk in due to the infiltration of the acrid ejecmy drug store, writing up my books, when tions of the proboscis ; the establishment in came Webster looking uncommonly of a small pus cavity on the instep and blue. I knew at a glance what ailed him. another on the wrist she rather flatters but said to him pleasantly, 'Webster, what herself has been effected. The chances 'Ah,' he said, that the patient will wake up, slap wildnothing much. It will be all right by-andly, apply friction to the wound, and by.' 'That is so,' I said, 'and what is the use profound language on the next operreason that wouldn't be a good subject for ation, she considers very great-but that a song-By-and-by ?' With that I snatched she adds calmly, is a very small matter. up a piece of paper and went to writing, Professional etiquette forbids her to say and within fifteen inlautes I handed him a more.

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sized the word, "when they speak to C. T. Alexander C. M. Bower. A LEXANDER & BOWER, me call me Miss Kent." She had stopped to say this, and she now walked on with head erect, and the ATTORNEYS AT LAW, air of a born princess. BELLEFONTE, PA. "Whew!" whistled Harold, "but I've made a mess of it. No cottager's Office in Garman's new building. daughter has an accent like that. Who TOHN B. LINN. the deuce can she be? A regular little spit-fire, though.' ATTORNEY AT LAW, He ventured to ask the landlord about her, at the small inn where he lodged. BELLEFONTE, PA. He had come to this picturesque, hilly ance, Adam. region on a trout-fishing excursion, and Office on Allegheny Street. knew no one there. "O, that's the minister's daughter, CLEMENT DALE, was the reply. "Had her hands full of hawthorn, you say? Yes, there's plenty ATTORNEY AT LAW. of it about here; one of the few places there is. We've miles of hedges. Miss BELLEFONTE. PA. Kate was taking the bloom home to dec-Northwest corner of Diamond, orate the parlor. She's a rare one for flowers. You should see her decorate VOCUM & HASTINGS, the church at Christmas. All the young ladies give way to her in that, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, though she is but a child as yet." "If she grows up as pretty as she is BELLEFONTE, PA. now she'll make many a fellow's heart High Street, opposite First National Bank. ache" said Harold, philosophically, as he helped himself to another brook-WM. C. HEINLE, that went on. trout; and in five minutes more, so excellent was the dinner, he had forgotten ATTORNEY AT LAW, all about the child. BELLEFONTE, PA. Years passed. Harold had taken his degree and was now studying law, the Practices in all the courts of Centre County. Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English. hearted as the day, and had out grown profession of his father, Hugh Carleton the conceit and coxcombery of his youth. and his grandfather before him. Just WILBUR F. REEDER, before the summer vacation began he the garden unexpectedly, she found had received a letter from home. ATTORNEY AT LAW, Adam fanning himself with his straw "We shall certainly expect you, hat, which was usually drawn so closely dear," his mother wrote, "this year, and BELLEFONTE, PA. over his eyes, and she caught a quick will take no excuses. It has been two Ali business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a speciality. vears since you were home, remember. it was only for a moment. BEAVER & GEPHART, We have had such an accession, too, to our society. Our new rector is a most excellent man, and has such a charming ATTORNEYS AT LAW, daughter, a very pretty girl, and so bright, intelligent and high bred." BELLEFONTE, PA. Now Harold, who had gone the sum-Office on Alleghany Street, North of High. mer before to France and Germany, had thought this year of going to Norway-W A. MORRISON, had almost given his promise, in fact; but at this appeal he wrote back that he ATTORNEY AT LAW, would come home and spend the whole BELLEFONTE, PA. vacation at "Inglewood," for that was the name of Hugh Carleton's place. Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court House. "Dear mamma, it was so hard on her last year," he said to himself. D. S. KELLER, The yery day that Harold came home ATTORNEY AT LAW, the rector went away on a four weeks' visit with his wife, and the last words BELLEFONTE, PA, and this surely was his voice again. But he said to his daughter, as he got into no one was in sight except Adam, who the carriage, were: Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street. "Good-bye, Katie, and don't forget to go up to Squire Carleton's and ask to JOHN G. LOVE, have the gardener come to see the gar- presence, had forgotten himself, but he den. The Squire told me to send for was now furious at his indiscretion, for ATTORNEY AT LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA. can manage to keep the garden very ed her out. "Adam, has Mr. Carleton been here," nice." Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the "I suppose I might as well go at she asked. "I thought I heard him just once," said Kate, when the carriage had now." disappeared. "Dear old papa, I am "No, mum, it's not yet that I didn't ADVERTISE IN THE sorry you and ma have gone; but I'm see him," said the apparent stolid Irishgoing to have lots of fun, with no one man.

15 . . . Brearis - margar

and wistaria. "But it's warm work, isn't ly. "But I'll forgive you for deceiving it? Adam's your name, I believe. I am me, if you will forgive me for-for-" glad," affably, "to make your acquaint-"For what?" asked Harold, as she hesitated.

"Faith, mum, but it is that same as "For not letting you know before that you say," replied Adam, drawing his I guessed your secret. I knewfrom the straw hat further down over his eyes, still beginning that you were not Adam. That more to hide his face. first day when I pretended to be smell-

"Well, Adam, train up this hedge, and ing the lilies I had seen you were, at then you may go," she answered, and least not a gardener." then swept away. "And you let me work all this time?

Several days went by. The pretended Adam never failed to be on hand in the afternoon. But in the morning Harold But I an glad you can work and obey or-Carleton, in his own proper person had ders. You may have to do so some fishing, boating and pienic excursions, time, you know."

most of which Katie attended; for by "Every man has, they say, when he

this time the squire's wife had called, falls in love," he retorted, bringing her son, and of course, after "Yes," she said, saucily, "and you that, Katie was included in everything there, there, isn't that quite enough ?" Katie, too, learned to like Harold Car-

leton very much, for no one more genial declare you're as impudent as you were ing a charming spot that she longed or whole-souled ever existed. He was five years ago."

generous to a fault, frank and open-"Five years ago !"

ways do. It is only woman who remem- of hands to work with. Dinner One morning, when Katie went into ber.'

> "What do you mean ?" enjoying his perplexity to the full. "Well, I'll tell you a fairy tale. Once

plance that reminded her of Harold. But on a time-there, stop now, or I'll never for the next day's work. get on-there was a little girl coming

He had not seen her, nor did he see across a field with her arms full of hawher when she quietly seated herself in a thorn bloom." vine covered summer-house, and took He gave a quick start, Katie went on

out some pretty; graceful work with demurely. :

which she soon became quite absorbed. "And she met an impudent young fel-The long, drowsy afternoon was wear- low, a collegian, who thought himself a ing away. Nothing but the tinkle of the prince, but wasn't. And he called her little brook back of the rectory, the 'Saucy Eyes,' the conceited____ sound of the scythe which Adam was "What! You're 'Saucy Eyes,' are wielding, and the murmur of the bees, you? O, I remember it all. Who'd broke the silence of the place. Sudden-

have thought it? Why it's the jolliest ly Katie's ear was arrested by a clear, fairy tale I ever heard. Only, then she manly voice, singing a bar from a favorwouldn't let me kiss her, and now-" ite opera, in a rich, ringing tenor. "Now somebody will get his ears box-

ed if he dosn't behave himself. One She startled to her feet and looked out. Only last evening she had sung, must draw the line somewhere, and half with Harold Carleton, that very song, a hundred, surely-"

> "Well since you are so cruel. But breath again. when did you first recognize me?"

was industriously hoeing peas. The "The first day I saw you at leisure; truth was, Harold, ignorant of Katie's the day you called with your mother." "And," said Harold, reflectively, "there was always something in your him only yesterday. With his aid we he had heard Katie, and knew what call- face I thought familiar. Yes, after all, you are 'Saucy Eyes.'"

HE wrote it :- " Be not weary in welldoing." It came up smiling in cold type: · Be not weary in well-digging."

A RISING artiste in Paris is named Mlle. Dram. The public are fairly in- and hesitated whether he had better toxicated when they can drink in her slip out of a back door, and let his in-

then neglect to keep them. This will him. lead your children not to place too much

When your boy gets comfortably seated in the easy-chair, take it from him. This will induce him to appreciate a good is the matter with you?' thing when he grows older, and stick to it-a seat in a crowded horse car, for ex-

Tell your children they are the worst you ever saw, and they will no doubt endeavor to merit your appreciation. paper with these words written on it :

Lady Artists on a Lark in Maine.

Life had quickly settled into regularity. Every morning sketch-books and easels, paint-boxes and palettes, came out; the girls broke up into groups of two or three, and started out in various ways to work. Not a picturesque And it so hot," with a crestfallen look, spot but had sketchers encamped about it ; a dilapidated set of bars, the "Yes. You deserved it for your trick. scorn of cows but the delight of an artist; a pile of rocks in an orchard, the thorn in the flesh to a farmer, who stared open-eyed to find it attractive to somebody; a path through the

woods; or a luxuriant group of tall musn't hope to be an exception. But ferns. The neighborhood was an unworked mine of wealth. One could for he was devouring her with kisses. "I not turn in any direction without seeto carry away with her, and the only regret of the enthusiastic students "Yes. Oh, you've forgotten. Men al- was that each one had not two pairs brought them all home, and then came criticism, comparison, and much pleasimmortal.' And he was right." Her eyes danced with mischief. She ant talk over canvas and paper, ending many publications ?"

-in the Larks' Nest-in nailing the studies to the wall, and making ready

Before long some of the daily needs of girlish humanity become pressing, and a party was made up to visit the "store" of the neighborhood-a barnlike place, with drugs and dress goods, hardware and groceries, all in one room

"Have you straw hats?" asked the but I don't like them. first girl. The clerk was sorry but they were

out of hats. "What ! no hats ?" in a chorus from the party who had been seized with an ambition for broad-rim hats.

"I should like some shoe-buttons," began the second. These, alas ! they never kept.

"What! no shoe-buttons?" in one

"Please show me some ribbons," spoke up the third. The clerk regretted to say that rib-

bons were not in stock. "What! no ribbons?" cried the chorus, in dismay.

"Writing paper, if you please," cried wrote 'Sweet By-and-By,' but after that the fourth, sure that she at least could he never said any more about Lorena." supply her wants.

The clerk was embarrassed. He A GREAT many people who want to be began to have a horror of the chorus, night dislike very much to be rapped up in the morning.

A LOVE (K) NOT --- She-- "1 do wish

Rules for Right Living.

Keep the body clean. The countless pores of the skin are so many little draintiles for the refuse of the system. If they become clogged and so deadened in their action, we must expect to become the prey of ill-health in some one of its countless forms. Let us not be afraid of a wet sponge and five minutes brisk exercise with a crash towel every night or morning.

Devote eight hours out of the twenty-" There, I said, 'write a tune for that. four to sleep. If a mother is robbed of Webster looked it over, and then turned to man named Bright in the store, and said, sleep by a wakeful baby, she must take a nap sometime during the day. Even ten 'Hand me my fiddle over the counter. minutes of repose strengthens and replease.' The fiddle was passed to him, and freshes, and does good "like a medicine." he went to work at once to make a tune. Children should be allowed to sleep until And I hardly think it was more than thirty they wake of their own free will. minutes from the time that he came into

Never go out to work in early morning the store that he came into the store that he in any locality subject to damps, fogs, and and I were singing together the words and miasma, with an empty stomach. If there music just as you see them here, on the is not time to wait for a cup of coffee, pour nineteenth page of 'The Signet Ring.' two-thirds of a cup of boiling water on We liked them very much, and were singtwo teaspoonfuls of cream, or a beaten ing our song, off and on, the rest of the egg. season it with salt and pepper and day. Toward evening, Uncle John Crosby, drink it while hot before going out. This as we used to call him, my wife's uncle, will stimulate and comfort the stomach. came into the store, and we sung it to and aid the system in resisting a poisonous him. He was deeply affected by it, and or debilitating atmosphere. when it was ended the spirit of prophecy

came over him and he said, 'That piece is Avoid over-eating. To rise from the table able to eat a little more is a proverbially good rule for every one. There is "Has the song been corrupted any by so nothing more idiotic than forcing down a few mouthfuls, because they happen to re-"A little. The tune is frequently writmain on one's plate, after hunger is satisten now in the key of G, instead of the key fied, and because they may be "wasted" of A, which is no improvement. As to the if left! It is the most serious waste to words, I wrote a different repeat for each stanza. The first was 'We shall meet on over-tax the stomach with even half an ounce more than it can take care of. that beautifut shore,' the second was 'We

Avoid foods and drinks that plainly shall sing on that beautiful shore,' and the disagree" with the system. Vigorous third was 'We shall praise on that beautiout-door workers should beware of heavy ful shore.' As it is printed now, the first indigestible suppers. Suppers should alrepeat is used for all three stanzas. Then, ways consist of light easily-digested foods too, the Methodists have added two whole -being, in the country, so soon followed stanzas to the hymn. I can't repeat them, by sleep, and the stomach being as much "Were not you and Webster Methodists!" entitled as the head to profound rest. The "No. sir. We were both liberals, but moral pluck and firmness to take such food and no other for this last meal of the day not members of any church. Webster has

can be easily acquired, and the reward of never been connected with any church, but I had been a Methodist in my youth, and such virtue is sound sleep, a clear head, a strong hand and a capital appetite for breakfast. "There is a story going around that you and Webster were drunk when you com-

The Postal Business of the World.

posed that hymn. Is there any truth in A German paper has been compiling the statistics of the world's correspond-"There is not. Webster was in the habit, of drinking, but I know he wasn't drunk ence by post and by telegraph. The latest returns which approached completeness were for the year 1877, in "He died at Elkhart of heart disease, which more than 4,000,000,000 letters five or six years ago. His life went out were sent, which gives an average of 11,like a flash. He was a married man, ten years older than I, and left four children. 000,000 a day, or 127 a second. Europe His daughter is traveling now, and singing contributed 3,036,000,000 letters to this 'The Beatitudes.' Webster used to advergreat mass of correspondence ; America, tise himself as 'author of Lorena' until he about 760,000,000 ; Asia. 150,000,000 ; Africa, 25,000,000; and Australia, 50,000, -000. Assuming that the population of the globe was between 1,300,000,000 and wrapped up well when they retire at 1,400,000,000. this would give an average of 3 letters per head for the intire human race. There were in the same

Millheim Journal. Boile to have loss of him, with no one but old Nannie to look after me." And her eyes fairly danced with the mischief Katie, looking just a triffe disappoint- be are far more liable to contract disease of the letter int in time to be an the letter int int interval. year 38,000 telegraph stations, and the number of messages may be set down He-" Because you love him near I do ple are far more liable to contract disease ed. He decided on the latter just in time, for the year at between 110,000,000 and of eighteen. wish him farther." or contagious fevers on an empty than Harold Carleton himself was in the He would cross-examine Katie a little with a full stomach. for Peggy began : 111,000,000, being an average of more A MEDICAL writer says children need garden when Katie came in. He had and thus discover her real feeling toward PHARAOH is believed to be one of the "I want some rye flour for sunburn." more wraps than adults. They gene- than 305,000 messages per day, 12,671. RATES ON APPLICATION. arrived unexpectedly the night before imself. So he asked, carelessly, though Ancient Nile-ists, The man shook his head, per hour, and nearly 212 per minute. rally get more,