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## A LITTLE WHILE.

Oh, soul, a little while  
And thou shalt be released,  
And Fortune shall have ceased  
To frown for thee or smile.  
A little, little space,  
A few brief months or years,  
Too brief, O soul, for tears,  
Then to thy resting-place.  
O, wherefore art thou stirred  
With weak and idle rage  
To beat against thy cage  
Like to a captured bird?  
Be still, poor soul be still  
He sees the sparrow's fall;  
Thy woes he knoweth all;  
Hush, hush, and wait His will.

## LOVE ON THE HIGH SEAS.

"Now," said the captain, "we shan't see any more land for a week, and you young ladies 'll have nothing to do but let some of these young fellows fall in love with you."  
"Fall in love," cried Hetty, the tipsy little nose curling with incredulity and disgust. "Who could fall in love at sea, I'd like to know?"  
"Who could?" asked the captain, in innocent surprise. "Why everybody does. Why not?"  
Hetty smiled in evident unbelief, but glanced furtively across the deck toward the handsome young officer who he leaned on the rail, blowing rings of smoke into the deep blue sky.

Mischiefous Deb and the quick-sighted captain detect both, and laugh unmercifully. Hetty blushes, and the first officer uncomprehendingly turns his back and a deaf ear to the captain's guffaws. It is evening on shipboard, dinner is over, the day's work is done, and all are assembled on deck.  
The sun, which has hung all day like a copper gong upon a brass ceiling, is now mercifully disappearing. The mountains of the Lower California shine in the fast-fading rays "like the golden hills of heaven," while one little hummock of an island, long and high and narrow, rises out of the sea like the grave-mound of some ocean god.

For once the water is smooth; nothing breaks its stillness but the steamer's trail, and the sea gulls now and then brushing its surface. Far, far away—far as the eye can reach—is nothing but the same expanse of deep blue waters, broken only by those yellow hills, now fast vanishing into distance and night.  
Overhead only another and wider expanse, still "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," and beneath a cloud the new moon just beginning to look forth upon the boisterous world below.

Prigly, from London, explains to a gaping audience how the scenery now before them suffers from comparison with that of the Rhine, San Esteban, of San Francisco, earnestly replies to an inquirer that he is going prospecting for gold in Guatemala, acknowledges it to be a "pretty risky business," admits the country to be full of road-agents and oush whackers, but "reckons he'll pull through." Meantime Hetty and Deb, seeing the captain had a story in reserve, settle themselves to hear it.

"Didn't I tell you how my first officer got married? No? Well, nobody could be a sicker'n his wife was when he courted her. I'll just tell you all about it, if you like."  
"Well, you see, I haven't always been captain of a first class steamer—no sinner! I ran away to sea when I was twelve years old, and I've worked my way from the bottom of the ladder. Well, when I was thirty, I was captain of a large sailing vessel that was in the South American trade.

"I sailed from the port of Callao, San Francisco being my destination. My second officer was an Englishman, but my first was an American, only two or three years younger than I—as good-looking a young fellow as ever I saw; tall, straight and handsome, with eyes like blue china. He was a right good fellow, too; brave and honest, but frisky as a kitten, and up to all sorts of larks.  
"Well, we crept up the coast, stopping at every ninth day, as our orders obliged us to do, taking in all sorts of things, all booked for San Francisco. Finally we came to San Jose de Guatemala—that lies ninety miles inland—and there we have to, and waited for a chance to go shore.

"Did you ever hear of the surf on that coast, ladies? No? Well, it often rolls fifteen to twenty feet high, and a good part of the time no boat could live in it. Sorry we're not going to stop this trip or no harbor—nothing but an open roadstead—and except in the Bay of Fundy, this place shows the highest and lowest tide in the world. The people have tried to build a breakwater out beyond the surf, but it breaks over it half the time, and when it doesn't it knocks it to pieces. Sometimes vessels have to ride at anchor for a week before they can put a boat ashore.

"We'd only just hove to when I noticed that a ship at anchor, not far off, was making signals of distress, and that a boat was putting off in our direction. Of course, we were anchored far out beyond the surf, and it was comparatively easy for the boat to reach us; so it was soon alongside, and one of the men came up the ship's side and me what was wanted.

"It appears that the ship was a coffee ship from San Francisco, and had come to St. Jose for a cargo. It was only half loaded when one of their boats capsized in the surf, drowning the captain and first officer. The second officer was very low with a fever, and they had nobody to navigate the vessel; so they'd had to wait in port until some other ship came along and could lend 'em an officer or somebody who understood navigation.

"Well, I called up my first officer, and put him on board the coffee ship, and in a day or two we both sailed. We were going over the same ground—or sea rather—and as the two vessels were equally fast, we kept each other in sight most of the time. We'd been out ten days, and were in American waters again, when all of a sudden the ship hove to, and signaled us to stop. We ran as close to them as we could, and we hove to, and presently through the glass I saw a boat lowered and there was a woman in it.

"I was surprised, as you can imagine,

for I did not know there were any passengers on the coffee ship, though there were half a dozen on my own. In a few minutes up the side came my first officer, more than half carrying the prettiest little Spanish girl I ever saw. Oh, ladies! she was a beauty! Eyes like the stars in the flag, and the sweetest little face—kisses just sticking out all over it! But wasn't she the sickest little mortal that ever set foot on deck? I tell you she was all green and yellow, and looked half starved. I do not believe she'd kept down a quarter of a dinner for a month past.

"Hullo, Jack?" said I: "what's the matter?" And I gave the lady a seat on the lounge in my cabin. The poor little thing couldn't sit upright, so I just hoisted her feet up and made her comfortable among the pillows.

"Captain," said he, "I want you to marry me to this lady."  
"Marry you?" said I. "What do you mean? She's too sick to be married, man! She can't stand up. If you and she want to get married, why don't you wait till you're ashore?"  
"You see ladies, we talked out free before her, for she couldn't understand a word of English."  
"If we wait till then," said he, "you and I'll be going to her funeral instead of her wedding. We've got to be married, and right away, and you have got to marry us."

"You see again, ladies, we were very great friends outside of the ship, and when we were alone together we dropped all ceremony."  
"What in the thunder are in such a hurry for?" said I. "Why can't you wait till you're ashore?" "Where are the friends?"  
"Her step-father is aboard my ship," he said.

"I thought so," said I; "I won't have anything to do with it."  
"He just turned and winked to me out of the ball of his eye," and then I remembered in a moment of misplaced confidence, I had told some little circumstances in regard to my own marriage.

"Hem!" said he, grinning like a monkey. "I think they're some times justifiable. Now just look here, Cap; listen and I'll tell you all about it. That little girl has no relations, nothing but a step-father, and she's depending on him for support. Well the old codger's a doctor, and crazy at that. He has taken into his added old head to discover a sure cure for sea-sickness, and just because the name of a ship sets poor little Dolores to casting up accounts, he's been taking her on all sorts of long voyages, and trying his various concoctions on her. So I want to marry her to get her out of his way. Of course I'm in love with her and all that, but if that's not the reason, I'll get ashore. Of course I can't make him let her alone unless she's my wife, and if he has control of her much longer she'll never see port again."

"Do you mean to say," said I, staring at him in surprise, "that he tries experiments on her—gives her things that ain't medicine?"  
"I do," said he; "and I mean to say that the last thing he gave her was a bottle of bedbug poison, and it most killed her."  
"By the Flying Dutchman!" said I. "I should think it would! Where's the old codger now?"  
"In irons, I told him I wouldn't have any such doings aboard my ship and he slapped my face. So I put him in irons, and came off to you."

Well, ladies, I just went over to the sofa where the little girl was rolling her big black eyes at us and wondering what in thunder we were saying.  
"How old are you, my dear," I asked in Spanish.  
"You see, I'd been married four or two years, and I thought I'd a sorter right to be paterfamilias."  
"Eighteen, Senior Captain," said she in the softest voice in the senior captain's ears. "Do you love this young man and want to marry him? You needn't if you don't, because I'll see to it your step-father doesn't bother you any more."

"I didn't dare look around at Jack, for I knew he'd be looking blacker'n thunder at me just then. And indeed he took a step towards us; but I made him keep off till she should have answered for herself."  
"Well she blushed very prettily, and hesitated for a second, then answered very sweetly that if the senior captain didn't mind trouble, she would marry the senior first officer. That the senior first officer had been her only friend; and although she had taken many voyages and seen many people, she had never found any one who cared to interfere in her behalf; that she felt very grateful to the senior first officer, and had now become attached to him, and with the senior captain's permission would become his wife."

"As she said this, Jack got out of sight behind the door, put his thumb to his nose and twirled his fingers as in the most disrespectful manner. I had a great mind to put him in irons for mutiny—but no matter."  
"Of course there was nothing to be done except marry them; she was over 18, and at sea the captain's as good as a blooded Indian. The Creoles are noted for their intelligence, their symmetry of form and feature, and their personal courage. Their complexion may be said to resemble that of the far famed Caballeros of Andalusia. The males are tall and shapely, while the ladies are generally very beautiful, are well formed, possess delicately molded hands and feet, and the most beautiful eyes of the human family. The belles of the south of France, of the mountains and plains of Portugal and the famous cities of Italy, must yield to their charming sisters of the Latin republics in the beauty, shape, size and expressions of the eyes. They are so exceedingly expressive that a glance from between their long fringes seems to melt into the very soul.

Year after year passes—the last must come.  
Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier by being shared with those we love.

to his married sister, and there she stayed during voyages till she had a lot of children, and her husband bought her a house of her own.

What about the coffee ship? Oh, that made port a day before us, and the old doctor had us arrested the moment we touched land. So we were all hauled up in court, and Jack had it out with his step-father-in-law.

"I think the court was rather against us first; but the bedbug poison and the slap on the face did the business and turned everything in our favor. He was afterward declared to be a lunatic and turned over to his brother's keeping."  
"What became of Jack?" Why, he sailed with me for several years as first officer; now he's captain to the command ion steamer to this. That good looking young fellow that's been making eyes at you, Miss Hetty, is his son; and I say that he agrees with his father that sea-sickness makes precious little difference when a man's in love."

The moon is quite up now, flooding the sea with silver. Between us and the shining mirror interposes the head of young Jack, showing in fine, clear-cut silhouette. What wonder that Hetty has to put a severe restraint upon her eyes that they shall not wander in that direction?

The captain saunters away to do the agreeable to other passengers, while Deb strays down the deck to listen, at a little closer quarters, to the tinkle of a guitar and to a soft voice humming a Spanish love song.

As she strolls back she finds a masculine form usurping her place, and peeping under Hetty's dowdier lids are a pair of earnest sailor eyes, whose dawning love and hope no sea can fright or quell.

**Fires in Michigan.**  
Stories of several remarkable incidents of the forest fires in Michigan abound in our exchanges. The heat, it is said, withered the leaves of trees two miles away, and seven miles off the beach, at Forrester, sailors found the heat uncomfortable. A man suddenly found himself in company with a large bear, and the pair passed the night together, the bear being as tractable as a dog. Deer sought the companionship of cattle and horses, and paid no attention to persons rushing past them. There were many instances of sudden insanity, induced, in some cases, by the heat and smoke; in others, by despair at the loss of family or property. One man, whose wife had thus departed, when last seen was rushing into the flames, near Richmondville. Twenty-eight people slept a day and night in a cornfield, to the windward of which was a field of peas. When the flames reached the latter, the improvised camp party were pelted for hours with hot peas, which were shelled by the fire. Wet blankets, constant vigilance and the standing corn saved these people from serious injury. One man, whose wife was smothered and burned. A farmer of Forrester gathered fifteen persons in his wagon and started for the beach. The flames were so close that the dresses of some of the women and children caught fire from the sparks. It was seven miles of uphill and down on a rough road, and the horses needed no whip to urge them into a mad run. As the wagon started, the tire of a hind wheel rolled off. They could not stop for it, and yet, even on a good road, the wheel might have crushed down in going twenty rods without it. The horses pushed over that seven miles of rough road at a wild run, and the wheel stood firm. A delay of five minutes at any point of the road would have given fifty or more victims to the flames which followed close behind.

**The Cause of Earthquakes.**  
Dr. K. von Fritsch, of Halle, discusses the subject of earthquakes. He maintains that the cause of earthquakes must be sought for at a rather small depth, the greatest depth ascertained not exceeding ten to fourteen miles, and usually far less, whilst rather feeble forces produce earthquakes which are felt at great distances. It is known that Krupp's hammer, which weighs 1,000 centners, and falls from a height of three metres, produces sensible concussions on a surface of eight kilometres diameter; whilst the recent explosions of the Leibniz dynamite manufactory was felt at Halle and Merseburg, forty-one and forty-five kilometres distant. Whilst showing how easily concussions are produced by causes comparatively feeble, Dr. Fritsch points out how earthquakes might be and must be produced by the increase and decrease of volume of rocks under the influence of physical and chemical forces, and by concussions, by the opening of crevices in rocks, and by the subsidence of masses of rocks due to these agencies. Many tensons, and when crevices arise the schists just enter into oscillations which must produce very varied phenomena, according to the direction and the force of the oscillations, much like to what is seen in the oscillations of tuning plates.

**Case in Mexican Society.**  
You find in Mexico people of all classes and colors, each having their own characteristics. There are Castilians and Creoles, or children of Indian mothers and Spanish fathers and full-blooded Indians. The Creoles are noted for their intelligence, their symmetry of form and feature, and their personal courage. Their complexion may be said to resemble that of the far famed Caballeros of Andalusia. The males are tall and shapely, while the ladies are generally very beautiful, are well formed, possess delicately molded hands and feet, and the most beautiful eyes of the human family. The belles of the south of France, of the mountains and plains of Portugal and the famous cities of Italy, must yield to their charming sisters of the Latin republics in the beauty, shape, size and expressions of the eyes. They are so exceedingly expressive that a glance from between their long fringes seems to melt into the very soul.

**No Hope for the Bald Heads.**  
"I observe you suffer from scirrhus and consequent alopecia," said a physician to the writer.  
"No, sir; I am only growing bald."  
"Well," he said, "it's the same thing. I will gladly tell you the result of my studies upon the subject, for I fancy that I am even with science on this topic. By the time I was 30 I was threatened with a shiny pate. For some years I had taken arsenic internally, had used stimulating washes and oily applications, containing in one case corrosive sublimate and in the other quinine or tannin, but I discovered no appreciable effect either upon the formation of scales or the falling out of hair. Then I became excited over the discovery made by a French physician, which was to the effect that a five per cent. solution of chloral hydrate was a sovereign remedy. I used the chloral wash assiduously for about three months, but the difficulty increased more than ever, and then I became disgusted with the various therapeutic measures which had been so highly lauded.

"Next, in Hebra's classical treatise on diseases of the skin, I came across an article by Kaposi on alopecia. He recommended the use of an agent which, mildly stimulating, removed the scales and thoroughly cleansed the scalp. This agent is the German *Schmierseife*, or soft soap, or the French *savon vert*, in an alcoholic solution. The soap is best known as the German green soap, and it is now imported in large quantities. It is made of sixteen parts of olive oil, six parts of caustic potash and water, and it is made green by adding indigo. The soap, which contains an excess of alkali, saponifies the fatty matter of the sebaceous excretion, so that it is easily removed. The alcohol greatly assists this action and seems also to have an alterative action—if such an indefinite term is excusable—upon the glands. Although the formula is worth a fortune to a patent medicine man, I will give it to gratuitously and bald-headed readers may get comfort out of it. Any druggist can compound it, and he ought not to charge over twenty-five cents for it. This is the formula:

"R. Saponia viridis (germ.) alcoholis, of each two ounces; soave, filtra, et adde of lavandulae gutt. xx-xxv."  
"The soap has a disagreeable fishy odor, and the oil of lavender is added to cover it up. The preparation thus compounded has a rich orange or wine color, and a pleasant odor to which the most fastidious will hardly object. Now, I don't mean to say that this is going to grow hair on a billiard ball. Where alopecia has lasted so long that the hair bulbs have become atrophied nothing will restore the hair on these spots, but we can save what remains. The preparation should be used as a shampoo every morning or evening, one or two tablespoonfuls at a time. Upon the addition of water, and smart friction with the fingers, a copious lather is produced. After the shampooing process, which should last about five minutes, the soap must be washed out of the hair by the free use of warm or cold water, and the hair thoroughly dried by means of a gentle friction with a soft towel. The immediate effect experienced is a disagreeable tension of the scalp, as though it were stretched too tightly over the skull. To obviate this effect and keep the skin from getting too dry, vaseline should be used to anoint the scalp.

"After a daily use of the preparation for two or three weeks the production of scales and the falling off of the hair will appear to have been very markedly decreased. At first the hair comes out in greater quantities than ever before, and this may alarm the patient; but this is due to the fact that a large number of hairs are dead and are only retained in their follicles by the plugging of the sheath with the accumulated sebaceous matter. It is not necessary, although it is more convenient, to cut the hair short during the treatment."

"Will anything restore the hair?"  
"I never found anything that will, and I have devoted years to the study of bald heads."

**A Noted Gambler.**  
A correspondent from Leadville says: all that was mortal of J. B. McClellan arrived in town at ten o'clock on a recent evening. The moon shone full and bright. The Gem saloon, the one he had owned, was as light as day. The musicians sat in their elevated seats and played the old tunes, and fallen women, and rough good-hearted miners, whirled in the giddy dance. The whoop, the yell, the oath, the clang, the clink of the empty glasses, and the monotonous music of the players went on. All seemed to forget the one who had been among them only a few moments before; one who had laughed and chatted and gambled and swore, was lying cold, still and stiff. Some were quarreling over petty trifles; some risking hard earned wages at faro. The determined thump of the poker player as he threw down a card arose above the hum and din and noise of the dancers. The city marshal was there. Miners, merchants, citizens and strangers were there; and among the crowd of rough-bearded, hard-fisted men "soiled doves" or the fallen ones of the weaker sex—an object of pity and commiseration. A horseman, with

steed covered with dust and heat of travel, with dilating nostrils and flashing eyes, appeared on the scene. He is a gambler, a herald sent to prepare for the reception of the dead man's remains. As if by magic the music ceases, the dance stops, the musicians depart, the crowd make for the door, the lights are put out, the door locked and the tell-tale crape hangs from the knob. Scarcely a word is spoken, but, as if by instinct, the crowd walked slowly to meet the remains of their ill-fated friend.

Near the edge of town they meet the wagon containing the body of the generous-hearted gambler. It is a light spring wagon, and drawn by a mule and a horse. Preceding and following is a mounted guard of sorrowing friends. The two crowds meet. The driver addresses in a low tone a few words to a citizen. There in this beautiful valley, with high mountains all around, with the misty beams of the moon shining dimly upon the horses and horsemen, the wagon, the crowd and the coffin, was a scene impressive on the most hardened mind. Slowly they proceed, followed by a motley crowd of mourners. The strong arms of many tenderly lift the coffin out of the wagon, carrying it into the dance hall and placing it to rest on two chairs. Yes, 'tis true, they placed it in the dance hall until the morning, when over the body of the ill-fated gambler, the stones and clods and dirt would fall. There he lay, peacefully in death, in the large spacious room, that only a few moments before was crowded with gamblers and miners, but now transformed into a place of mourning, weeping and sighing, a room the former scene of many fights, bravos, quarrels and much wickedness. One by one the crowd dispersed, the lights were turned low and two gamblers kept wake over the dead body of their friend. On the morrow the funeral cortege wound the steep, rough mountain road, followed by the friends of the unfortunate man to his last resting place. As tears were shed for the deceased, so were prayers said for his soul, and among the large concourse of people there was not one but had a word of kindness, sympathy or praise for the deceased and each knew of some kind act or some worthy deed that "Tex" had done in his life-time. In some respects the dead man was a remarkable person. Few were so kind to a friend, so ready and generous in assisting a fellow mortal out of a difficulty.

In one week's time at Robinson's camp, he made \$3,300 at poker playing. In a short time all was gone, not lost at gambling, for he seldom lost, but distributed out to friends and those in need. When he had money he gave to all who asked of him. He took no mortgages on the goods of his debtors; he carried no promissory notes around in his pockets; he owed few debts; he made hosts of friends and a few enemies, and in spite of being known as a gambler, the noble-hearted, generous acts of charity, the brave and manly bearing, the possession of a noble physique, impelled the unstinted admiration of man. When tears trace down the cheeks of a man used to the hard knocks of life and a gambler by profession, it shows feelings as tender as a child.

**A Quiet Life.**  
Queen Victoria's life at Balmoral is very simple and uniform. The piper plays under her window every morning at 8; she has breakfast and is out of doors by 10, from which hour she spends till noon in walking and occasionally visiting at the cottages in the vicinity of the castle; from noon until 5, with half an hour's interval for luncheon, she devotes herself to work which may be termed official—reading dispatches, state papers, etc., and writing memoranda and letters in connection therewith; at 5 she sets out for her daily drive, which lasts till 7 and occasionally later.

**Apples as Food.**  
A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a-half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on a table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast with coarse bread and butter, without meat and flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect upon the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute them for pies, cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the total sum of doctors' bills in a single year carried through it. Water was then carried through this weak hose, which could not have resisted the pressure if lowered into the valley, and the ingenious sailors realized handsome fortunes out of the lead that had hitherto been worthless.

**His First Tooth.**  
His first tooth was an event. We raised the curtains in order to see better, and his grandparents brought their spectacles to bear upon this little white spot, while I, my neck stretched, demonstrated, explained and proved—after which I ran, with all haste, into the cellar to see, in a corner known to myself, a bottle of the choicest wined.

My boy's tooth! We spoke of his career during dinner, and at dessert grandma sang a song.  
After this tooth came other teeth, and with them pains and tears, but then, when his little mouth was armed with a full set, how proudly he bit his bread, how vigorously he attacked his culet, in order to do like papa.

Like papa! You well know how these two words warm the heart, and how many misdeeds they cause you to pardon!  
My greatest happiness was it also yours—was to wake my little one in the morning. I knew his hour, I softly pushed aside the curtains of his cradle, and bending over him, awaited the opening of his pretty blue eyes. Most frequently I found him lying diagonally across the bed, lost in the chaos of pillows and covers, his legs in the air and his arms crossed above his head; very often his dimpled fingers still clasped the toy with which he had played himself to sleep the evening before and from between his half open lips escaped the soft and regular murmur of his respiration. The warmth of his downy nest had given to his cheeks the hues of a ripe peach. His skin was warm, and the perspiration or the night stood upon his forehead in scarcely perceptible little pearls.

Very soon, however, he made a movement with his head, his foot pushed back the covers and his little body writhed; he rubbed his eyes, stretched out his arms and, then, his half open eyes fixed themselves upon me.  
He smiled on me as he murmured very low, so low that I held my breath to catch the tones of his baby-music:  
"Dood mo'n' papa!"  
"Good morning, my little man, you slept well last night, did you?"  
Then we held out our arms to each other, and embraced like two old comrades. And then the prattling commenced. He rattled on as the lark sings at sunrise, and the chattering was interminable.

He told me his dreams pausing after every phrase to ask for his papa's "with lots of butter on it!" And when this good, steaming, panna arrived, what a laughter, what joy! how he sprang towards it as he gasped the curtains for support; his eye was all the brighter for the tear that stood in the corner, and the chattering recommenced.  
Sometimes, he would come to surprise me in bed, and when I pretended to be asleep, would pull my beard and shout in my ear. Then I feigned to be terribly frightened, and swore to be revenged. This was the signal for pillow-fights, barricades of bolsters, etc. In token of victory, I would then tickle him, and he, the darling would give vent to frank and involuntary peals of laughter known only to innocent, happy childhood. He would draw in his head between his shoulders, in imitation of his toy tortoise, and menace me with his chubby, rosy foot. The skin of his heel was so fine that it might have put to the blush the cheeks of a young girl. How I covered those dear little feet with kisses, as I warmed his long night-gown before the fire in the evening!

They had forbidden me to undress him, under the pretext that I indignantly entangled the strings of his gown, instead of undressing them.  
All this was charming; but when I was forced to arrest the reckless course of his boyish freedom, his little head sunk upon his breast, his lips trembled and he strove manfully to suppress the checks of a young girl. How I covered those dear little feet with kisses, as I warmed his long night-gown before the fire in the evening!

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How much courage it requires to resist the temptation to calm this storm with a kiss to console this swelling little heart and to dry the tear that heralds the torrent.  
And now touching is the expression of a child's face this moment. There is so much pain in the warm tear that slowly trickles down the cheek, so much suffering in the contraction of the little muscles and in the rising and falling of the beloved breast!

But all this was long ago. Still the years have not been able to efface these sweet souvenirs, and now, though my baby is thirty and wears a great moustache, when he holds out his hand, saying, in his bass voice: "Good morning, father!" it seems to me that an echo repeats in the far distance, these cherished words of yore: "Dood mo'n' papa!"

**Hooping a Barrel.**  
Putting a hoop on a family flour barrel is an operation that will hardly bear an encore. The woman generally attempts it before the man comes home to dinner. She sets the hoop up on the end of the staves, takes deliberate aim with the rolling pin, and shutting both eyes brings the pin down with all the force of one arm, while with the other one she instinctively shields her face. Then she makes a dive for the camphor and unbleached muslin, and when the man comes home she is sitting back of the stove, thinking of St. Stephen and the other martyrs, while a burnt dinner and the camphor are struggling for the mastery. He says that if she had kept her temper she wouldn't have got hurt. And he visits the barrel himself and puts the hoop on very carefully, and then adjusts it so nicely to the top of the stove that only a few smart raps apparently are needed to bring it down all right. And then he laughs to himself to think what a fuss his wife kicked up for a simple matter that only needed a little patience to adjust itself; then he gets the hammer and gives the hoop a smart rap on one side, and the hoop flies up and catches him on the nose, filling his soul with wrath and his eyes with tears, and the next minute the barrel is flying across the room, accompanied by the hammer, and another candidate for camphor and rag is enrolled in the great army that is unceasingly marching toward the grave.