

# The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LV.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1881.

NO. 49.

**A. HARTER,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
REBERSBURG, PA.

**J. C. SPRINGER,**  
Fashionable Barber,  
Next Door to JOURNAL Store,  
MILLHEIM, PA.

**BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,**  
(Opposite Court House.)

**H. BROCKERHOFF, Proprietor.**  
Wm. McKEEVER, Manager.

Good sample rooms on first floor.  
Free bus to and from all trains.  
Special rates to jurors and witnesses.  
Strictly First Class.

**IRVIN HOUSE,**  
(Most Central Hotel in the City.)  
Corner MAIN and JAY Streets,  
Lock Haven, Pa.

**S. WOODS CALWELL, Proprietor.**  
Good Sample Rooms for Commercial  
Travelers on first floor.

**D. R. D. H. MINGLE,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, PA.

**D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,**  
PRACTICAL DENTIST,  
Office in 2d story of Tomlinson's Gro-  
cery Store,  
On MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, PA.

**B. F. KISTNER,**  
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER  
Shop next door to Fode's Store, Main St.,  
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters made to order, and sat-  
isfactory work guaranteed. Repairing done promptly  
and cheaply, and in a neat style.

**S. R. PEALE, H. A. MCKEE,**  
**PEALE & MCKEE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Office opposite Court House, Bellefonte, Pa.

**C. T. ALEXANDER, C. M. BOWER,**  
**ALEXANDER & BOWER,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office in Garman's new building.

**JOHN B. LINN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Allegheny Street.

**CLEMENT DALE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Northwest corner of Diamond.

**D. H. HASTINGS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Allegheny Street, 2 doors west of office  
formerly occupied by the late firm of Youniss &  
Hastings.

**W. M. C. HEINLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Practices in all the courts of Centre County.  
Special attention to Collections. Consultations  
in German or English.

**WILBUR F. REEDER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
All business promptly attended to. Collection  
of claims a specialty.

**J. A. BEAVER, J. W. GEPHART,**  
**BEAVER & GEPHART,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High.

**W. A. MORRISON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office on Woodring's Block, opposite Court  
House.

**D. S. KELLER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Consultations in English or German. Office  
in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street.

**JOHN G. LOVE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the  
late W. F. Wilson.

## AN UNHUNG PICTURE.

Only a landscape, beautiful with the grace of a summer's day, and bright with the glow of the sunshine over the lawn at play.

An old house, sheltered and guarded by many a stately tree, whose leaves with the summer breezes are fluttering merrily.

White daisies cover the greensward, and golden buttercups lie, where clover blossoms are growing under the azure sky.

There are bees in the fields and pastures, and butterflies on the wing. And many a nest in the tree-tops, where birdlings are learning to sing.

There's a mowing slope in the distance, where cows are browsing all day. And a brook through ferns and wild grasses merrily coursing its way.

Think not my picture was painted for silent gallery walls, where only through guarded windows the sunlight charity falls.

Ah, no! for I stand in the doorway and breathe the free fragrant air. And hark to the sweet sounds of nature while viewing my picture so fair.

Its beauty can never be bounded by frame of ebon or gold, and the scenes so glad to look at never grow weary or old.

Thus I cherish the beautiful picture which Nature painted for me. And my life will borrow the sunshine it scatters so joyously.

## OUR OUTING.

Sally Jane and I had calculated on having an outing for quite a considerable time, but one thing or another kept putting it off, and so it got to be June before Sally Jane and I got a chance for our holiday.

But one Monday, as we were helping with the starched things, Sally Jane said to me—  
"Jemmy,"—my name is Jemima, but it is such a solemn name for common use that I'm always called Jemmy—  
"Jemmy, to-day's wash day, and to-morrow is ironing day, and Wednesday finishing up, and Thursday baking, and Friday sweeping day, but don't you think we could get old Mrs. Rubby to come over and scrub a Saturday, and have our outing then?"

So I considered a minute, and said—  
"Well, Sally, I shouldn't wonder."  
So we settled that we would  
And as we had fifteen dollars we'd made out of pot-cheese, why, we felt independent and wouldn't be obliged to ask any one for anything, which is a great comfort to two single young women, living with an uncle as close and careful with his money as Uncle Jeffries is.

"That night I told Aunt Jeffries that Sally and I were going to take our outing on Saturday and go to New York, and she looked solemn, and said in a loud whisper to nobody in a way she has that makes you think of ghosts—  
"When I was a gal, young women was keepers at home and not gadders about."

But I just pocketed Sally under the table with my foot not to say anything, and we both knew that, old as she was, Aunt Jeffries went out ten times to my outfit.

We had hired Mrs. Rubby ourselves, but we didn't make any remark.  
We were to take our outing Saturday, and to be up, bright and early, to take the stage for the five o'clock train. It is singular how news flies.

Before Tuesday night everybody in the county seemed to have found out we were going to New York, and folks began to call in with commissions for us.

Mrs. Potter wanted a new muslin and Pamela Potter wanted nine yards of sky-blue ribbon, and old Mrs. Jake wanted a new crape veil, and Martha Tack a Japanese umbrella, and Miss Guild the minister's sister, she wanted ten copies of the "Advice to Young Gals" for the ten best Sunday scholars at vacation, and some lawn for her brother's cravats.

And so they kept coming in one after the other, and I think Emma Prinker was the last.

She only wanted us to call at her brother's office and get a hat in a box that was to be left there for her.

We made out a long list of what they wanted us to buy, for fear we'd forget something, and started off in the stage at half-past four Saturday morning. It was a mighty hot day—seemed to get more'n more broiling every hour. The stage was bad enough, but when we got to the cars we were roasted. And naturally New York wasn't cool. The streets were like bake ovens, and the stores were as close as if they were air-tight.

"Sally, we're up at Twenty-fifth St.; it's an hour's journey. I've a mind to keep on forgetting it."  
"That won't do. There'd be ill-feeling," said Sally.

So we carried our bundles into the stage that seemed to us to go nearest to Maiden Lane, and off we went.

Nothing happened to us until we got to Maiden Lane, and found the number and Emma Prinker's brother.

He was a crossish-looking man, and when we mentioned the box he said—  
"Emma wanted I should fetch it up for her—but I struck. I ain't an express; if I was I'd charge for it. It isn't here. I sent the man over with it to Cudlip and Currier's, three doors from the depot; thought she could take it up herself when she came down."

He hadn't asked us to sit down, so we stood, and now he walked off without a word more.

So away we went up to the depot, and there, to be sure, was Cudlip's and Currier's, and in we walked, and said to a young clerk sitting on a box:  
"Will you please let us have the hat-box that was sent here by Miss Prinker's brother?"

"A hat? an ash-box?" asked the young clerk.  
"Hat," said I.  
"Go and see if there's a hat here for anybody," said the clerk to a little boy. And he went away, and came back and said there wasn't.

But pretty soon there came along a real pretty spoken nice young man, and after we'd explained, he went and inquired.

And he came back and said there was a box with Emma Prinker on it.  
So we thanked him, and he went and brought it.

It was a great square thing, made of pinewood, with two iron handles and a big padlock, and marked with great black letters, "Emma Prinker."

I looked at Sally and she looked at me.  
"You didn't expect such a large box, did you, ladies?" said the polite young gentleman.

So I said we didn't, and thanked him. And then we piled our parcels on top of it and each took a handle and walked off with it.

We hadn't had a bit of anything to eat since four that morning, and we ran straight to the restaurant and sat down to a table.

We ordered some sandwiches and some iced tea and some cream—and it was just put on the table before us when whang went the great bell, and "Last train for Dilltown!" screamed the man at the gate.

"Can't stop to eat," said I.  
"Pay for it anyhow, ma'am," said the waiter.  
So we paid—and flew.

We hardly got on the train time as it was, on account of that pesky man of Emma Prinker's, which we had to send as freight, and being so dead tired, and missing the stage, we had to hire a wagon to take us home.

Sally paid for it, for though I wanted to I found I'd had my pocket picked, where or how I never could guess.

About ten o'clock we got home. Everybody had gone to bed, and uncle said it wasn't seemly for girls to stay out so called an hour, when he let us in, and aunt called downstairs that "when she was young women that were always gadding weren't thought much of," and we hunted up a little shortcake and some milk, and took it up to our room.

And Sally cried, but what I said was what Mr. Prinker said to me—  
"Ain't an express, if I was I'd charge for it."

And I made up my mind what to do next time.

But Sally and I don't talk much, and nobody knows what sort of an outing we had, and we're spoken of in the family and out of it as very gay young women, who were always going to New-York to enjoy ourselves. If we ever go again we will.

## Carving.

In preparing meat for the table, and in laying out the table, reference ought to be had to the carving department, a very onerous one to all and to some a very disagreeable one. The first requisite is a sharp knife, and if to be used by a lady, light and handy; dexterity and address in the manner of using it being more required than strength, either in the knife or the carver.

First a n-pkin should be spread under the platter so that the edges are hardly discernible, and yet large enough to protect the cloth, so that it may be clean when the platter is removed. The seat should be sufficiently high for the carver to have a complete command over the joints, and the dish should be sufficiently deep and capacious so as not to endanger the splashing of the gravy. It should also be placed as near to the carver as possible; leaving room for his or her plate. A knife with a long blade is required for a large fleshy joint; for lamb or bacon, a middling sized, sharp pointed one is preferable, and for poultry or game a short knife and sharp-pointed is the best. Some like this knife a little curved.

As fish is the first thing to be carved or served, it has first place. In helping fish, take care not to break the flakes, which in cold and fine fresh salmon, and some other sorts are large. A fish trowel is necessary, not to say indispensable, in serving many kinds of fish, particularly the larger sort.

In carving salmon cut pieces along the back-bone, and also along the flank. The flank or thin part is the best and richest, and preferred by all gourmands. The tail of salmon is not so fine as other parts. The head is seldom used. The liver, milk or roe, are generally served, but seldom eaten.

Partridges are carved like fowls, but the breast and wings are not often divided. The bird being small. Pigeons may be cut in two, either from the ear-socket to the side of the neck, or across. A goose or duck should be cut with as many slices from the breast as possible, and served with a portion of the dressing to each plate.

When the meat is all carved, and not till then, cut off the joints; but, observe the joints of water fowls are wide spread and go further back than those of land fowls.

A roast pig is generally sit down the middle in the kitchen, and the cook garnishes the dish with the jaws and ears. Separate a shoulder from the carcass on one side and then do the same thing with the leg. Divide the ribs, which are frequently considered the most choice part, into two or three helpings, presenting an ear or jaw as far as they will go, and plenty of sauce. Some persons prefer the leg because not so rich or luscious as the ribs. The neck end, between the shoulders, is also sometimes preferred. The joints may be divided into two each, or pieces may be cut from them.

In carving beef, mutton, lamb and veal, thin, smooth and neat slices are desirable. Cut across the neck slices, pass the knife through to the bones of the meat.

A ham may be carved in several ways. First, by cutting long delicate slices, through the thick fat in the centre, down to the bone; or by running the point of the knife in the circle of the middle and cutting thin, circular slices, thus keeping the ham moist, and last and most economical, by beginning at the knuckle and slicing upward.

A tongue should be carved as thin as a water, its delicacy depending a great deal on this, and a well cut tongue will tempt the most fastidious. A beef's heart should also be cut in the same way.

## The Postal Card.

The originator of the idea is said to have been a German State official. Dr. Stephan, who wrote an essay upon it in 1865, Austria was the first to adopt it, beginning in October, 1869. The first three months witnessed the passage of 2,400,000 folded suits in the mails. Germany followed suit in 1870, and on the first day after the introduction of the postal card 45,468 were sent off in Berlin alone; and within two months over 2,000,000 were used. Other countries soon initiated the same step. During the Franco-Prussian war the postal-card system was a great boon to both armies. Over 10,000,000 cards passed during the campaign between German soldiers and their friends and homes. The greatest proportional consumption of postal cards occurs unquestionably in the United States. The whole of Europe is estimated to use annually 350,000,000, while the consumption in the United States alone will probably not fall short of 230,000,000. Germany consumed in 1879 122,747,000. The use of the postal card is, moreover, constantly increasing, and to some extent, at the expense of the letter correspondence.

There are no cards in use to seventy-three countries in which it is introduced. Austria, which has the honor of first putting the idea into practical execution, is now said to have cards of the poorest material and most inconvenient form.

## A Strange Cloud of Vapor.

About a month ago a remarkable phenomenon was observed near the village of San Jose, Vera Cruz, Mexico. Two days after a violent thunderstorm and incessant raining, what seemed to be an immense cloud raising out of the ground was observed. Little attention was paid to the phenomenon, as many farmers in the vicinity were in the habit of the peasants interpreted it to be the smoke of large quantities of wood that were burned into charcoal. An Indian, going to his maize field, situated on a hill, discovered that the vapor issued out of his field. His attempt to approach the column was thwarted by the extreme heat of the vapor. The extension of the column was some thirty square yards, and the vapor issued at intervals of five minutes. The smoke was so dense that the eye could not see the trees on the other side of the column. The maize field was completely burned, and the vapor came out on the other spots covered with trees, the leaves were burned and the trunks became black. The vapor column proceeded in the direction from east to west, between the volcanoes of Tuxtla and that of Orizaba. The phenomenon lasted nearly seven days, and it is interpreted as an underground fire communicating with the clearances of Orizaba and that of Tuxtla.

—The annual raisin production of California amounts to about 62,000 boxes.

## Snails.

The great vine snail has quite a history, and its lease of life should be a long one, if that may be measured by the powers of endurance. In 1774 the members of the Royal Society in England could not be brought to believe an Irish collector, who averred that certain white snails that have been confined for fifteen years came out of their shells upon his son's putting them in hot water; but the possibility of the thing was proved in 1850, when after four years' somnolence in the British museum, an Egyptian desert snail woke up, none the worse for its long rest and abstinence. It fed heartily on lettuce leaves, and lived for two years longer. Spalanzani asserted that he had often beheld snails without killing them, and in a few months they were as lively as ever, having grown new heads in retirement.

Snail-eating has been in vogue for many centuries, and was considered by the ancient Romans one of their table luxuries. In Pliny's time Barbary snails stood first in repute, those in Sicily ranking next; and it was the custom to fatten them for the table by dieting them on meal and new wine. In modern Rome fresh gathered snails are hawked from door to door by women, who boil them in their shells, stew them, or fry them in oil. Snails are gathered off the vines by the peasantry in the wine district of France, and are sent up in cases and wicker baskets to Paris halls, where they are sold by auction, and are purchased by people who make it their business to prepare them for the restaurants and charcutiers. They are killed by being placed in scalding water, and after being removed from their shells by the aid of a piece of wire, are thrown into an immense copper and boiled for three-quarters of an hour in a mixture composed of water, vinegar, salt and herbs. They are then replaced in their shells, the mouths of which are closed with butter and parsley, and are ready for sale. To prepare them for the table, it suffices to place them in a frying-pan for a few minutes with a small piece of butter, and without removing them from their shells. They are sold at the wine shops and charcutiers at thirty to forty centimes the dozen.

A century ago some 4,000,000 of snails were annually exported from Ulm in "casks" of 10,000, fetching from twenty-five to forty francs a cask. In the Tyrol youngsters of both sexes are employed during the summer months collecting snails as stock for small gardens—small plants of land cleared of trees and covered with heaps of moss and pine twigs, separated from each other by moats, having gratings at their outlets to prevent any trunks that may get into the water from being carried beyond bounds. The prisoners are supplied daily with fresh grass and cabbage leaves until their appetites fail and they retire into the moss heaps for their winter sleep—the last one they will enjoy; for when spring comes they are routed out of their beds, packed in straw lined boxes, and sent on to market. In a favorable season one of these gardens will turn out 40,000 snails. The consumption of them in South Tyrol must be great. Snails are often used, boiled in milk, for diseases of the lungs, and are sent to this country as a delicacy; they are very indiscriminate in their appetite, and even devour the dead of their own kind. Snails delight in warm moist weather; in dry weather their chief time of activity is in the night, and they hide themselves by day; but after rain they come forth at any hour in quest of food. At the approach of winter, or in very dry weather, they close the mouth of the shell with a membrane formed by the drying of the mucus substance which they secrete, and become inactive and torpid.

## The Violin.

Perhaps of all musical instruments the violin has the greatest latent possibilities; it may almost be said to possess "a soul." One does not wonder at the passionate love felt for it by all the great violinists; the most barbaric people possessed it in its rudimentary form, and were surprised to witness it in the hands of a resonant board. It is easy to understand its charm, for the harmony it produces is only by direct communication between the performer and the strings. It is the human touch upon the chord which makes the tone so human, and which carries, as it were, the very spirit of the performer into the outer atmosphere. There is no emotion that cannot be expressed by it from the agitation of the passionate heart. It is the divine quiet of restful and contented love. It is curious that this, the most musical of all instruments, should have been perfected by the least musical of people, for there appears to be no doubt that it was the oldest English instrument, and that the modern name of violin is but an adaptation of the old English word *viele*, which in its turn, was a Norman corruption of the original Saxon *fythel*, or feethel which becoming feedel, was popularized as fiddle, and by Norman incapacity to pronounce the difficult "le," degenerated into the smooth *viele*. This is the etymology given in Chappell's Popular Music, and is probably correct; or be it as it may, representations of the fiddle exist in the oldest carving and bas-reliefs of the British Isles. In the time of Charles the First it became popular at Court, but it owed its later superiority to merry Charles II., for he introduced a special band of violinists and made them play to him at table. Pepys refers to it in his pedantic diary, and about the same time we read of its introduction into churches, and of the many objections raised to its "too great liveliness." It is amusing in the face of a description of the sacred singing of his time given by old Cornelius Agrippa, who says: "They sing not with human voice, but with the brutal noise of wild beasts, while the boys whining the descent, others low out the tenor, others yelp the counterpoint, others gnash their teeth on the bass, and although they make many sounds, no words or speech are understood." Even the despised fiddle could hardly have done worse.

## Botanical.

"I would like to purchase a small collection of plants," she remarked, as she paused beside a florist's stall.

"What variety, madam?" was the polite response.  
"Oh! I hardly know."  
"How would you like buttercups?"  
"Oh! as for that, I think I can procure a few of those cheaper from Mrs. Jones. She says her new hired girl has made way with all the crockery about the place but her cups and she has enough of those for two families."  
The dealer blushed.  
"Daisies?" he suggested.  
"No, I don't think I need any more of those. My husband has indulged in days' ease, while his business has run behind, until we are in bad shape financially. No, nothing more in the way of daisies for me, thank you."

## Smith's a Liar.

"Father," began a young Detroit the other evening, "were you in the war?"  
"Yes, my son."  
"Was it awful?"  
"Yes."  
"Lots of dead and wounded men?"  
"Yes."  
"D did you kill many?"  
"Well, I shouldn't like to answer that question."  
"Are you very modest, pa?"  
"I hope I am too modest to brag."  
"That was what Mr. Smith meant, then, when he was telling the men down at the drug store that you hadn't any war record to brag of."  
"He did, eh? Smith is a liar!"  
"That's what I thought. He told the men that you run so fast that he couldn't catch you on horseback, and any boy knows that a horse can catch a man with a stiff knee."

## Catching a Rat Under Difficulties.

A cat, a rat, a pretty and stylish young lady and an intrepid clerk form the *drum-matis persona* of this narrative. It all happened last week, in one of the most fashionable shoe stores, in Boston, located on Washington Street. For some time past the store has been troubled by an insidious rodent, causing great detriment to the stock and annoyance to the proprietor. A cat was procured, which at once began to catch them to the great joy of all concerned. One day she brought up a vigorous rodent from the cellar, and began to toy with it before killing, after the manner of her kind. Suddenly it was discovered that the rat had made its escape, and, almost simultaneously, the persons in the store were startled by a feminine shriek emanating from a pretty young lady who had been in the act of trying on a pair of boots. The look of horror and disgust on her face bore ample testimony to the truth of her assertion. "Oh, heavens! something has bitten me!" One of the clerks, a young man justly noted for his courtesy and gallantry to the fair sex, and whose identity will be effectually concealed under the name of Smith, sprang forward and grasped the lady's dress-skirt at a point she indicated, just below the waist. It was the missing rat who had there sought an asylum from his feline foe. Mr. Smith held him tightly and invited the lady to the rear of the store, where, with as much delicacy as the circumstances would permit, he removed his rat-skin from beneath the dress by the tail and dashed it on the floor. At this point the lady fainted from fright and nervous strain. By the kind attention of those present she was soon restored and able to depart, which she did, but not without first learning the name of her preserver. For a day or two after this Mr. Smith was subjected to a great variety of teasing remarks from his fellow clerks, some even asserting that he "would now have rats caught and brought there" and other remarks equally ill-natured and unjustifiable. On the third day a large package was left at the store for Mr. Smith, who refused for a long time to open it, being apprehensive that the aforesaid jokers had sent him a half dozen rats of assorted sizes. His curiosity eventually triumphed over his fears, and amid great, though suppressed, excitement on the part of all present, the package was opened and found to contain an elegant and costly cigar stand, fashioned in ebony and gilt. Thus were the foolish jesters silenced and thus courtesy and daring rewarded.

While Mr. Ralph Gore, the contractor, was superintending the work in the new sewer in Cleveland, Ohio, and while he was at the bottom of the excavation, the earth began to give away. He stepped aside and let all in his employ escape ahead of him, and then the earth fell on him. His head could be seen just above the earth. "I think my legs are broken, gentlemen," he said, "but set to work and dig me out of my grave." He spoke encouragingly and made light of the accident. While the workmen were digging the other bank was seen to be giving way. It was seen the spot where Mr. Gore stood wedged in as in a vise. Five or six hundred tons of earth and rock must come down unless a miracle intervened. The laborer had cleared away the earth as far as Mr. Gore's shoulders, but now they had to fly for their own lives. Next moment the man was alone. Above him was the tottering avalanche, and on the south bank stood a crowd of people with pallid faces. The look of despair that he gave when he took in the situation will never be forgotten. He made one more desperate struggle to extricate himself, and then resigned himself to his fate. He fixed his eyes on the slowly moving mass and watched it creep nearer and nearer to the point where he knew it would receive sufficient impetus to be hurled down upon him. "God help me," he exclaimed, and the awe-stricken crowd echoed the wish. Then his lips were seen to move in prayer, and the landslide moved faster. It received a temporary check, but again glided on toward the briar. The suspense at this moment was terrible. A large school opposite had just let out, and the teachers and children had gathered on the bank. Men, women and children sobbed aloud, and some knelt in prayer. The avalanche was now within two feet of the point where the bank became steeper. Slowly it crept; inch by inch the point was reached; its pace quickened; there was a rush, and the next moment five hundred tons of earth plunged over the brink, and fell with a crash on the top of the man's head. Later in the day the body was recovered, a shapeless mass.

## Knick Knacks for Fall Toilets.

All sorts of knick knacks add to the dressy effect of fall toilets. Quaint jewelry, cocks' heads, or the entire bird in real, imitation, or semi-precious jewels, tortoiseshells, parrots and owls, tiny silver mice, parquets of green enamel perched on a gold stick, with a pearl or diamond at each end, together with bits of gold lace, silk brocade, figured velvets, gold lace and antique embroidery are introduced into costumes with marvelous effect nowadays. Everything in our mothers' or grandmothers' scrap-bags and wonder chests is unearthed to combine with cashmere, or satin, or moire—thing a hundred years old with ribbons of yesterday, and ancient jewels with fresh novelties. Nothing need be scorned or thrown away.

## Postal Statistics.

The annual report of the Superintendent of the Free Delivery Division of the Post Office Department for the year ended June 30, shows that during the year there were delivered 262,425,668 mail letters, 59,968,559 mail postal cards, 76,733,208 local letters, 43,989,158 local postal cards, 2,126,809 registered letters, and 146,417,114 newspapers. There was collected at the 109 free delivery offices during the year 284,759,945 letters, 85,793,125 postal cards and 84,075,476 newspapers. The cost of service for the year amounted to \$2,499,973.14, or 3 mills per piece.

## "How would you like a few cowslips?"

desperately.  
"No, nothing of the kind either. I guess. The blossoms are most too creamy, while the last I had were hooked by an envious neighbor. I have found it necessary to hide my plants from the general gaze. Cowslips do not emit as fragrant an odor as some other varieties which I can mention.

Then the flower man said he odor an apology for the mistake and suggested artichokes.  
"You artichoked the idea of fitting me out with anything of that sort," the customer replied indignantly.  
"Fuschias?"  
"Few shees? I guess not, sir. I am all the shes that will ever be introduced into our household, I'm thinking."

"Try fine collection of clambering vines," the dealer observed, after an awkward pause.  
"Vine the world don't you climb around and trot them out, then?" was the pert reply.  
They didn't suit, however, and then the harassed man suddenly changed the subject.  
"Would tulips fill the bill?" he inquired.  
"I suppose they would, if the other fellow's bill wasn't too large in proportion," was the blushing reply. "You will do well not to press so delicate a subject too far however."

"How about thyme?" he exclaimed at last, in sheer desperation.  
"That's just what I was about to suggest," was the reply. "If I buy of you at all, it must be on long time."

And then the florist lost all interest in the subject, and she went out in a sad sort of way because she hadn't botany.

## Buried Alive.

While Mr. Ralph Gore, the contractor, was superintending the work in the new sewer in Cleveland, Ohio, and while he was at the bottom of the excavation, the earth began to give away. He stepped aside and let all in his employ escape ahead of him, and then the earth fell on him. His head could be seen just above the earth. "I think my legs are broken, gentlemen," he said, "but set to work and dig me out of my grave." He spoke encouragingly and made light of the accident. While the workmen were digging the other bank was seen to be giving way. It was seen the spot where Mr. Gore stood wedged in as in a vise. Five or six hundred tons of earth and rock must come down unless a miracle intervened. The laborer had cleared away the earth as far as Mr. Gore's shoulders, but now they had to fly for their own lives. Next moment the man was alone. Above him was the tottering avalanche, and on the south bank stood a crowd of people with pallid faces. The look of despair that he gave when he took in the situation will never be forgotten. He made one more desperate struggle to extricate himself, and then resigned himself to his fate. He fixed his eyes on the slowly moving mass and watched it creep nearer and nearer to the point where he knew it would receive sufficient impetus to be hurled down upon him. "God help me," he exclaimed, and the awe-stricken crowd echoed the wish. Then his lips were seen to move in prayer, and the landslide moved faster. It received a temporary check, but again glided on toward the briar. The suspense at this moment was terrible. A large school opposite had just let out, and the teachers and children had gathered on the bank. Men, women and children sobbed aloud, and some knelt in prayer. The avalanche was now within two feet of the point where the bank became steeper. Slowly it crept; inch by inch the point was reached; its pace quickened; there was a rush, and the next moment five hundred tons of earth plunged over the brink, and fell with a crash on the top of the man's head. Later in the day the body was recovered, a shapeless mass.

## Knick Knacks for Fall Toilets.

All sorts of knick knacks add to the dressy effect of fall toilets. Quaint jewelry, cocks' heads, or the entire bird in real, imitation, or semi-precious jewels, tortoiseshells, parrots and owls, tiny silver mice, parquets of green enamel perched on a gold stick, with a pearl or diamond at each end, together with bits of gold lace, silk brocade, figured velvets, gold lace and antique embroidery are introduced into costumes with marvelous effect nowadays. Everything in our mothers' or grandmothers' scrap-bags and wonder chests is unearthed to combine with cashmere, or satin, or moire—thing a hundred years old with ribbons of yesterday, and ancient jewels with fresh novelties. Nothing need be scorned or thrown away.

## Postal Statistics.

The annual report of the Superintendent of the Free Delivery Division of the Post Office Department for the year ended June 30, shows that during the year there were delivered 262,425,668 mail letters, 59,968,559 mail postal cards, 76,733,208 local letters, 43,989,158 local postal cards, 2,126,809 registered letters, and 146,417,114 newspapers. There was collected at the 109 free delivery offices during the year 284,759,945 letters, 85,793,125 postal cards and 84,075,476 newspapers. The cost of service for the year amounted to \$2,499,973.14, or 3 mills per piece.