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RE CAREFUL OF YOUR WORDS. Keep a watch on your words, my darlings, For words are wonderful things: They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey-

And brighten a lonely life: They can cut, in the strife of anger, Like an open two-edged knife.

Like the bees, they have terrible stings:

They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged, If their errand is true and kind-If they come to support the weary, To comfort and help the blind;

Prompt the words, let them be unsaid; They may flash through a brain like lightning, Or fall on a heart like lead. Keep them back, if they are cold and oruel,

If a bitter, revengeful spirit

Under bar and lock and seal-The wounds they make, my darlings, Are always slow to heal. May peace guard your lives, and ever, From the time of your early youth, May the words that you daily utter

Be the words of beautiful truth.

ROMANCE OF A GLOVE,

"Does it please you, Kitty?" "Oh, it is just splendid! I could not have suited myself half so well, had I been left to olioose."

"But you have not seen the wine cel lar yet. It is a treasure of its kind. Let's go down again.

They went down the stairs together, he talking gaily, she with a troubled took upon her face. After admiring the place, she put a timid hand on his arm and said: "But, Arthur, dear, let's have no wine in it."

"Why?" he asked in surprise." "Because I have resolved if I'm ever the mistress of a house, there shall be no liquors kept in it-no social glasses for friends. "Why, Katy, you are unreasonable.

I did not know you carried your temperance opinions so far as that. Of course, I shall keep wine in my house, and entertain my friends with it, too." She raised her face appealingly.

"Arthur!" she said in a tone of voice which he knew how to interpret. Arthur's brow grew cloudy.

"But you cannot fear for me?" he said with half-offended pride. "I must fear for you, Arthur, if you

begin as he did. And I fear for others fathers who may learn at our cheerful board to love the poison that shall slay

They went up the steps again and sat on the sois in the dining-room, for a few moments, while Katy put on her hat and drew on her gloves.

The argument was kept up. It is unnecessary that we should repeat all that was said on both sides. It ended at last, as similar discussions have ended before. Neither was willing to yield-Katy, because she felt that her whole future happiness might be involved in tt. Arthur, because he thought it would be giving way to a woman's whims, and would sacrifice too much of his populari-

He had bought this house, and paid for it, and furnished it handsomely, and in a few weeks was to bring Katy as its mistress. All the afternoon they had been looking it over together, happy as two birds in a newly finished nest. But when Arthur closed the door and put the key in his pocket, in the chill, waning light of the December afternoon, and gave Katy his arm to see her home, it was all "broken up" between them, and "To Let" was put on the door of the pretty house the very next morning.

It was the most foolish thing to do, but then lovers can always find something to quarrel about.

They parted with a cool "Good-evening," at the door of Katy's lodginghouse. She went up to her room to cry; he went home hurt and angry, but seoretly resolving to see her again, and give her a chance to say she was in the wrong. He would wait a few days, however; it wou'd not do to let her see that he was in a hurry to make it up."

He did wait, nearly a week, and when he called at the modest lodging-house where he had been wont to visit so often. he was told that Miss Gardiner had been gone three days.

"Gone where?" he asked, slow to be-She did not tell me, sir. She said she

was not coming back. Her aunt lives He then took the next train to Bristol

and investigated, but neither there nor any other place, though he searched months afterward, did he find sign trace of Katy Gardiner. All this happened more than a year

before I saw Katy, but we three "factory giris," who lodged at Mrs. Howell's with her, of course, knew nothing about it. She came to the factory and applied for work. The superintendent thought her too delicate for such work, but she persisted and in fact she improved in health, spirits and looks after she be came used to the work and simple fare of the factory girl.

She was a stranger to us all, and it seemed likely she would remain so. But one day Mary Bascom's dress caught in a part of the machinery, and before any one else could think what to do, Katy had sprung to her side and pulled her away by main strength from the terrible langer that threatened her. After that,

We all lodged together then in the big "Factory lodging-house."

bound mice and opening the buildenness of the color

lodging to ourselves; and when she took anything into her head she generally carried it through. In less than a week she had found the very place she wanted, arranged matters with the superintendent, and had us sheltered under

Mrs. Howell's vine and fig-tree. We four girls were the proud possessors of a tolerably large, double beded apartment, with a queer little dressing-room attached-"and the liberty of the parlor to re. ceive visitors in"-a proviso at which we all laughed.

This was "home" to us after the labor of the day. Indeed and in truth, Katy made the place so charming that we forgot the factory girls when we got to it. She improvised cunning little things out of trifles that are usually throw away as useless, and the flowers growing in broken pots in our windows were a wonder to behold. She always had a fresh periodical on her table; and better than this, she brought to us the larger cul tivation and the purer taste, which taught us how to use opportunities within our reach.

"What made you take to our style of life, Katy?" asked Lizzie one evening, as we all sat in the east window watching the outcoming of the stars and telling girlish dreams.

"Destiny my child," answered Katy, stooping to replace the little boot she had taken off to rest her foot,

"But you might have been an au theress, or a painter, or a-a bookkeeper, or-" Lizzie's knowledge of this world was rather limited; Katy broke in upon her;

"There, that will do. I was not born genius, and I hate arithmetic." "But you did not always have to work for a living, Katy," said Mary. You

are a lady, I know!" Kate laughed a queer short laugh. "Yes," she said "and that's why I don't know how to get my living in any way but this. So behold me a healthy

and honest factory girl !" She arose, made a little bow, and a flourish with her small hands, and we all laughed, although we had said nothing tunny.

"Milly," said she, "please light the lamp and get the magazine, while I hunt up my needle and thread, Ladies, I find myself under the necessity of mending my gloves this evening. Oh, poverty where is thy sting? In a shabby glove. I do believe, for nothing hurts me like that, unless it is a decaying boot."

Katy's gloves were a marval to us. She never wore any but of good quality, and always of the same color-a brownish, neutral tint, that harmonized with almost any dress-but just now a new pair would seem to be the one thing needful, from the appearance of the ones she brought out.

She sat and patiently mended the little rents, while I read aloud; and when she had finished, the gloves looked almost new. The next day was Saturday, and we had a half holiday. Katy and 1 went to make some trifling purchases, and on our way home stopped at a big boarding-house to see one of the girls

When we came out Katy ran across her. the street to get a magazine from the news shop, and came hurrying up to overtake me before I turned the corner. She had the magazine open, and one of her hands was ungloved; but it was not on the sofa and heard his speeches, she until we reached home that she found she had lost a glove. It was too late then to go and look for it. We went feeling bewildered all over. and searched the next morning, but could not find it.

Katy mourned for it. It was my only pair, girls," said she, tragically, "and it is a loss that cannot be replaced."

What people call a "panie" had ocourred in financial circles in the Spring after Arthur Craig had lost his Katy, and almost without a day's warning he found himself a poor man. He left his affairs in the hands of his creditorshaving satisfied himself that they could gather enough from the wreck to save themselves, set his face toward London. He had been educated for a physician, though fortune made a merchant of him. Learning from a friend that there was an opening for a doctor in Fenwick, he

came thither and began to practice. Dr. Sewell had gone off on a visit, leaving his patients in charge of the new doctor; so it came about that on Saturday evening he was on his way to visit Maggie Llcyd, the sick girl at the lodging house, when, just as he was turning the corner near the news shop, he saw a brown glove lying on the pavement. He was about to pass it by, but a man's instinct to pick up anything of value that seems to have no owner, made him put it in his pocket. He forgot all about it

the next minute. But when he had made his call and returned to his consulting room, in taking a paper from his pocket the glove fell out and he picked it up and looked at it with idle curiosity.

It was old but well preserved. It had him regard mending as one of the fine arts. It had a strangely familiar look to Mary and Lizzie Payne and I who were him. Little and brown and shapely, it her dearest friends were Katie's sworn lay on his knee bearing the very form

But Katy took it into her head that menths past, when he sat by Katy's side nature,

we should have more times in a private on the green sofa in the dining-room of "their home" (slas !) and watched her

put her small hands into a pair of gloves so much like this one.

Ever since that never-to-be forgotten day the vision of his lost love, sitting there in the fading light, slowly drawing on her glove, her eyes filling as they talked-quarreled we should say, perhaps-had gone with him as an abiding memory of her, until he had come to know each shade of the picture-the color of the dress, the ribbons at the throat, and the snaded plume in her hat.

He looked at the little glove a long time. He had thought it might belong to one of the factory girls, as he found it near the lodging house. But it did not look like a "factory hand's" glove. He would ask Maggy Lloyd at any rate; so he put it carefully in his pocket until he would make his calls the next morn-

He had suffered the glove to become so associated with the memory of the past that was sacred to him, that he felt his cheek burn and his hand tremble, as he drew it forth to show it to Maggie, who was sitting, in the comfort of convalescence, in an armchair by the window, watching the handsome young doctor write the prescription for her

"By the way, Miss Maggie, do you know whose glove this is?" Maggie knew at once. It was Miss

Gardiner's glove. "Miss Gardiner!"

The name made his heart beat again. "Is she one of the factory hands!" "Yes, but she lodges with Mrs. Howell, quite out of town, almost; she was here to see me yesterday."

"Oh, I see!" said he, not the most relevantly. "And can you tell me how to find Mrs. Howell's house? I suppose I could go by, and restore this glove to its owner.

Maggie thought this unnecessary trouble, but she gave the required direction, and he went out saving to himself. 'It can't be Katy, of course, but this glove shall go back to its owner.

sunday morning. Katy declared she so persuaded that worthy woman to attend worship with the girls. And this is how it came about, that after.

while we were having a frolic on the carpet with the children in Mrs. Howells rooms, we heard a ring at the door, and Bridget having taken herself off somewhere there was no help for it but for one of us to answerthe summons. "You go, Katy," whispered I, in dis-

nay, "I cannot appear." Katy glanced serenely at her own pull at her overskirt and a touch to her

collar, and opened the door, Immediately afterward I as shocked to hear her utter a genuine feminine scream, and see her drop on the floor; and that man a perfect stranger to me, gather her up in his arms and began raving over her in a manner that astonished me. He called her "his darling" and "his own Katy," and actually kissed

I was surprised at myself afterward that I hadn't ordered that gentleman out, but it never occured to me at the time, and when Katy "came to" and sat seemed so well pleased that I left them. and took the children up to our room.

known as Dr. Oraig's residence, where we three "factory girls" have a and left them to fate and the scavenger. aregno liquors found on the sideboard

One day I heard Arthur say: "You were a silly child, Kate, to run away from me. I should have given up the point,

"But there would have been the splendid cellar and the ten thousand a year," answered she. "It would have been such a temptation. We are safer as it is, dear.

A Publication of Artistic and Historical

There has recently been issued from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co. a subscription edition of a work that will certainly not lack purchasers. Mrs. C. F. Deihm, a lady whose persistent patriotic efforts in connection with the "Century Safe"-the iron chest in which so many interesting souvenirs have been locked up for a hundred years of security-will be remembered, has arranged and edited the volume, which is to be called President Garfield's Memorial Journal, and is to contain a short sketch of Garfield's career, brief descriptions of the Presidential terms from that of General Washington to the present day, including portraits, and a large amount of other interesting matter. The book is a fine large quarto, printed upon superfine paper, and illustrated by a number of picures, including some forty steel engravings of distinguished men and women. The admirable manner in which the previous undertakings of Mrs. Diehm have been accomplished, warrants the expectation that been mended often, so neatly as to make her present enterprise will be entirely satlsfactory to the public, and if that be the case, the return ought to be liberal to her-

of the hand that had worn it.

And as he gazed at it there came to him the memory of an hour, many menths past, when he sat by Katy's side

In happiness of your the depends upon the depends the return of my aunt the quality of your thoughts; and take care that you entertain no thoughs unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to menths past, when he sat by Katy's side

In her own quick impetuous way she much disconcerted me, and the confused explanation I gave I cannot to this day recollect. It must have been, however, that I pretended to have a headache, for I scon not. I remained mute and crestfallen and the confused explanation I gave I cannot to this day recollect. It must have been, however, that I pretended to have a headache, for I scon not. I remained mute and crestfallen and the confused explanation I gave I cannot to this day recollect. It must have been, however, that I pretended to have a headache, for I scon not. I remained mute and crestfallen and the confused explanation I gave I cannot to this day recollect. It must have been, however, that I pretended to have a headache, for I scon not. I remained mute and crestfallen and the confused explanation I gave I cannot to this day recollect. It must have been, however, that I pretended to have a headache, for I scon not. I remained mute and crestfallen and the confused in the conf

A DYKING CONFESSION.

BY AHA.

I am not a man who harbors ill-feeling long or can carry the remembrance of an aversion, not to say batred, against salt of an occasion on which I made a thorough fool of myself.

You must know, dear reader, that I am fflicted with a red head of hair, and that red of a shade to which only years of companionship have to a certain extent reconciled me; but I have never at any time had the happy feeling of being proud of it. Many have been the baitles it caused me sible, I was now fully decided on making to fight in my schooldays, and often has it. the eye or nose suffered for the offence of the hair on those occasions. At last I had grown callous to "young carrots," " firebrand," or "lobster," shouted after me by smaller boys round street corners, and ex- swing glass. The dye was placed into a perience had taught me to suffer the insults of the stronger. But it was on entering manhood only that I was made fully aware of the injury mother Nature had done me, for at eighteen 1 loved Susan the French saying," I said to myself as I Golding and worshipped the ground she immersed the toothkrush in the dye. I

A Frenchman, a vile frog-eater I used to the die was cast. call him, although he may have been a wroth I used to feel against him and had he promised me Golconda. I used to try and persuade Susan that Frenchmen that block curly hair was the worst a man could have. Sue had her own ideas on the subject and couldn't be talked out of though she might never condescend to marry a Frenchman for his black locks.

Love, as I thought, inspired me how to change things agreeably, and it came about in this way.

I was reading aloud to my aunt, with whom I was living, out of a book entitled "Five Thousand Useful Receipts," a recipe for dyeing hats; and as my eyes were roaming to the opposite page they encountered these words "To turn Red Hair Black." For a moment or two the letters fairly danced before me. Here was the Mary and Lizzie went to church that very thing I wanted. My bair was red couldn't go, having but one glove. I turn it to the color Susan admired. I a powerfully scented pomatum would and here was the secret revealed how to stayed home with her, and offered to could dye it, I reasoned, and get it curled overcome it. The next inconvenience was keep Mrs. Howell's children for her, and afterwards, every other day if necessary; for I know that Charlie Dovey had his hair curled when he went to parties, and the curl used to keep for two or three days

carefully copied out the following recipe:- "To tuin Red Hair Black .- Take pint of the liquor of pickled herrings. half a round of lampblack, and two ounces of the rust of iron. Mix and boil them for twenty minutes; then strain and rub the liquid well into the roots of the

In this recipe I placed implict faith with the arder and credulity of youth, and rizzy head in the looking glass, gave a with its assistance I determined to change the color of my hair and win Susau's affection. "Where there's a will, there's a way," I thought, and set about obtaining the ingredients. My way, at first, was too primitive, I found. No lampblack in any quantity to speak of could I gather from domestic sources where the article accumulates, and I was at last obliged to trust to the article sold under that name in oil-shops. With the ison rust I fared no better when I tried to scrape rusty articles with my pen-knife, which latter lirretrievably ruined. So I had to trust to the chemist for oxide of iron; not without some misgivings. In order to obtain the liquor of pickled herrings I bought a jar full of them at a fish-dealer's in Thames Street where I changed to see them. But when I got home I found the quantity of liquor so insufficient that on a calculation I found that I should have to buy at least four more pars. To make sure I bought five, and after a tough jour-What shall I say further? Only that pey got them bome all safe. The liquor Katy lives in a pretty house in the town abstracted, I disposed of the herrings, which I did not at all care about, by drop ping them on going down a dark street home whenever we want it. And there | In this I had to observe great caution lest the ever watchful policeman should pounce on me in the act.

> Being now in possession of all the in gredients, I waited till one day my aunt went to pay a visit to a friend in a distant part of the town to spend the evening.

Behold me now at work, livening up the best quart saucepan, and adding gradlampblack and the iron-rust. When the liquid fairly began to simmer I noted the the actual stirring process. To stir for twenty minutes with a short iron spoon But for the image of Susan which at face and half sleepy expression. was constantly renewed from the tap.

turn of my aunt. It was while doing so work. doubt, of the overboiling of the saucepan- the breakfast parlor. The happiness of your life depends windows were thrown open. Just in the with the boy?"

retired to my room and to bed, supperless,

It was necessary to sound my aunt on the tremendous change I contemplated. For this purpose I artfully introduced the Frenchmen into our conversation one injury to the grave; but I have a fixed evening, and in derogatory terms referred to his black curly hair. My aunt seemed herrings; and the fragrance emitted by a to think black wasn't at all a bad color for fried bloater ever reminds me with loathing a man's hair. There were many worse, she said, looking in the direction of my own burning headpiece. "I suppose you wouldn't mind if the fairies could change my own color?" I artfully insinuated. "Ah! well," said my aunt, "it's no use wishing for the impossible." I fancied I detected a certain regretful tone in my aunt's reply, and knowing the change pos-

Having retired early to my room, I at once set about to carry out my design. Two composites, provided for the occasion, were placed one on each side of the saucer, abstracted from the kitchen dresser; and it certainly looked black enough to satisfy the most ardent dyer. "It is only the first step which costs, is trod on; and Susan abor nated red hair. applied it to the front part of my hair, and

But I was but a tyro in dyeing. For, very decent fellow, who lived next door to having taken too large a quantity of the Sue's, reveiled in a black curly head of liquid, it came running over my forehead hair and was an object of secret envy to into my eyes and nearly blinded me. Not me, though I public y made believe to de- finding anything bandy in my hurry to spise him. For Susan admired black curly wipe the smarting stuff out of my eyes, 1 hair, as she openly confessed, and seemed used my shirt sleeve, and produced a black to look favorably on the foreigner. Very stain on t. In my hurry again to wash the stain out in the wash-hand basin, l couldn't have spoken a civil word to him wetted the whole sleeve, and had to take off my shirt. Thus-prepared-then I recommenced operations more carefully, and had probably descended from niggers, and with repeated dips and applications succeeded in putting sufficient liquid on to leave not a spo! dry or undyed. The tiny streams of black running down front and them. I could plainly see she would never neck were wiped off with a towel, and, tancy me with my present color of hair, for the first time, I contemplated the effect of a black head of hair on my shoulders. I scarcely recognized myself. Just then I caught sight of my still reddish eyebrows. I had forgotten them. This I soon, however, carefully remedied, and I was now completely dyed black.

As no enthusiasm gradually settled and cooled down, the latent inconvenience of be process became apparent to me. Leaving the sundiy black stains on shirt, handkerchief, towel and toilet-cover aside as minor evils, I now more particularly noticed the penetrating and by no means agreeable odor of the herring liquor, and a clammy feeling all over the head. It had to be borne, however, and happy I if a cold in the head were the only consequence.

The third, and for the time the most awkward thing was, my being prevented after all this trouble and hard work, to retire to my bed for fear of staining the pilows. Here indeed was a pickle of no ordicary size, but it had to be swallowed. So putting on an old winter overcoat, settled myself down in an easy horsehair armchair, and resting my legs on two chairs I covered myself over with the blankets from the bed, and tried to rest,

perchance to sleep. But what man having undergone change so tremendous could settle down to sleep. My mind, my brains were workng at high pressure. Thoughts and image passed through them with the rapidity of ightning and fairly made my head ache. How I wished and tryed to cease to think, But what with the now awful smell of red herrings and the incipient cold in the head, accompanied by frequent speezing. I spent the worst night I ever remember. Just about daybreak, when perhaps for the hundreth time I had got up and settled myself afresh, nature demanded her right.

and I fell into a deep sleep. I was awoke to se.ni-consciousness by what appeared the tumbling down of the house in my dreams. But in trying to tuin over I tumbled off the chairs, and being almost awake I comprehended that tne noise proceeded from my aunt's hammering, no doubt for some time, at my door, to let me know that breakfast was getting ready. Shaking myself together at last, I satisfied my aunt of being awake, and then truly awoke to the change I had effected in my outer man. Evening and night are enthusiasts; they

charm us into many things which the com-

mon sense morring stares at aghast, and wonders how those transactions came to use his knife very freely; thirdly, to about. It is on account of the enthusias nature of mortal man that artful charity invites him to her dinners of an evening and extracts a golden harvest from his pockets. Designing people and other idle vagabonds, most of them unfit and unwilling to do a day's hard work, lay their the kitchen fire, pouring the liquid into traps of an evening; gambling helis and the like even at night. For evening and ually and under continual stirring the night are enthusiasts. It is ever thus in love, in companionship, in all things. But morning is a sober, sensible fellow, time by the clock and then commenced and has such a straight way of looking at things, and of blowing a fellow up when the large cities have hospitals conducted he has done anything enthusiastically. was no joke, I tound. Now left, now Here he was, staring from out the looking right, my fingers and arms fairly ached. glass at my smudgy head of hair, my diriy every stir vividly presented itself before had better wash off that muck," he said, for the adherents of the Chinese school my mind, I might have relaxed; in my "before you go down. You know what abstraction the liquor boiled over once or your aunt is!" Susin's image tried to twice and had to be taken off share, interfere. But he sternly ordered it back garments and apartments of the invalid However, at last the time was over, and to the innermost recesses of the heart, and may be of the richest material and kept having poured the liquor into the jug. I telling me I had better wash myself, head artificially assisted the cooling by putting and all, quietly took me to the basin. I the jug into a basin of cold water, which had a good wash. The water was as black as ink, and the towel I used ap-When sufficiently cooled I strained the peared as if it had been dragged through liquor by means of a cullender and a piece the mud. My face looked dirty in spite of muslin bought expressly for the pur- of the wash; the color of my hair was pose. It was rather tedious, and perhaps is nondescript, and I felt truly miserable. not quite so satisfactory as to be recom. A fourth and peremptory knocking of my mended. But I obtained part of a jugful aunt's made me almost jump. I dressed of dye, and having poured it into a bottle a certain feeling of satisfaction pervaded tated. No thought now of surprising my my inner man on contemplating the sable aunt with a black head of hair; that was all gone. The color was neither rad nor I carefully removed every trace of my black, but a beastly reeking soit of witches' cookery and then awaited the re- smudge like a red-haired sweep's in full

that I noticed that a strong, oilv, saline I made, however, a final effort and smell pervaded the house—the result, no ecute que coute I presented myself in advantage of the most approved furnaces

self.—North American, Philadelphia. and resembling the disagreeable odor self.—North American, Philadelphia. and resembling the disagreeable odor burst out "Save us, what's the matter out offense.—Dr. Foote's Health Month.

ashamed. Gradually as she cooled down and became less demonstrative-for she had actually boxed my ears-ny aunt extracted from me 12 broken sentences a confession of the preceding facts.

"You're a young fool, John! you're a fool!" said my aunt, "to make such an object of yourself. If Sue really cares for you what matters if your hair be red or black. Didn't your blessed mother dote on your poor dear father? and wasn't his hair as red as yours? A sensible young fellow as 1 always thought you, to make such a guy of yourself!" Another, the last, box on the ear. Well, the end of it was my aunt sent me that very morning for a month to a brother of hers, living on the boarder of Wales, to wear off the marks of my folly. When I returned later on, I was perhaps a sadder, but certainly a wiser man, and ever since I have put no faith in spurious recipes.

Don't Eat too Fast.

Cooking, masticating, digesting, assim-

ilating and absorbing, are distinct parts of

that great process, that converts animal and vegetable materials into living and growing animals. All food must be reduced to a fluid mass before this conversion can occur. Masses of food are useless, until they have been comminuted into particles too small to be seen. They must be reduced to particles before they can be dissolved. The first two stages of this wonderful conversion of vegetables to living beings is cooking and chewing-mechanical processes, that reduce the size of food so much as to bring each particle in close contact with saliva, and then reduce them still more by what is well called digestion. These processes of insalivation or solution are chemical. We cook our meats, that we may lessen their toughness, or may diminish the adhesion of their fibres, or compel the minute particles, of which their floers are composed to separate from each other. The hard digestion of any flesh, then, depends upon the adhesion of these fibers and their particles and the way of preparing them for the successive stages of solution. Mastication and insalivation accomplish two important purposes namely to reduce masses of food into smaller paris, and then to mingle them with saliva. The process of cutting them into smaller masses that we can easily, or safely masticate of all others, not only the first, but the most important. The next process, that of cooking may precede it. But all these processes are important. The tenderness of our food depends upon the way of cooking we may adopt. Boiling more than any other way of preparing for the several wondered how long it would last, and if changes that may succeed it in the regular course of converting meats and vegetables into living flesh, softens it and separates the fibres into particles from each other. Frying hardens them more or less and so renders them indigestible. The one way lessens the labor of mastication and diges-tion, whilst the other increases it. Bad

> Any imperfections in any one stage of the preparation to convert food into a living organic mass may be considered causes of indigestion. These few words on indigestion may plainly show why we should eat slowly, why we should well masticate our food, and why some persons do not easily digest it, and change it to a milky fluid, that can be easily absorbed and contribute to the quantity and richness of their blood. Often we dine with friends who do not seem to know that they in eating have anything else to do but to place between their jaws as large masses of food as they can place there, and move their jaws a little or just enough to shape the nass of their food so that they can push them down their gullet into the gastric sack below. They do not seem to know that food is useless and may be injurious unless they prepare it for complete digestion, and aid the normal functions of the stomach duodenum to convert it into a milkly fluid. that may pass easily through the mucous membrane of the food canal. Not long ago we were called to visit a man who was in great distress. He had crowded his breakfast down some thirty minutes before. He in greater distress than he could possibly endure. The cause is clearly was an overloaded stomach. So we gave nim half a bowl of mustard water, and he soos vomited four halves of breakfast biscuit. The biscuits were large and hard. He was astonished at the result of our prescription and was inclined to deny that he ever swallowed them. He paid our fee and we gave him good advice. First to properly cook his food, secondly, to place within his mouth only small pieces of any foodmasticate every kind of food until it was

teeth have a similar effect.

reduced to a soft pulp. Japanese Medical Practice.

A physician writing from Yokohama concerning the medical practice in Japan, states, that the physicians there are of two classes, the oid and the new. 'The old school there comprises the Uninese physicians, and those physicians who have adopted the practice of Europe and America are said to be of the new school. Most of on the plan of ours. Though the physicians of the emperor are all of the new system some of his Majesty's household have little or no faith in them, and send when ill. One of the most curious facts noted by this writer is that although the sorupulously clean, the inval.d himself is permitted to become very dirty in a long iliness by the careful avoidance of the use of water even for cleaning the teeth, and the failure to cut the beard or the nails, Evon the doctors of the new school do not dare to insist on personal cleanliness lest they be dismissed from attendance on the case. bome attention is given to diet in sickness, but not with good judgment, and many of the sick die from insultion or starvation when they might have been saved by the use of sufficient nourishment, tonics and stimulants. If the Japanese are not wholly wise in the treatment of the sick they are certainly in advance of us in disposing of the dead by cremation; and, though they have not the they nevertheless manage to effectually