

# The Millheim Journal.

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## A DREAM IN A DREAM.

A mid-May night,  
The full moon light,  
The stinging of the nightgale  
Came through the casement, with perfume  
Shaken from nodding lilac plumes.

The sweet bird sang,  
The fair light shone  
Gleams on the laurels glistening:  
O sweet, O bright, O tuneful night!  
Among the orchard blossoms white.

Old music streamed,  
Old moonlight gleamed,  
As softly I lay listening:  
The saddest things, grown sweet at last,  
Come blossom-laden from the past.

'Tween prayer and sleep,  
Began to creep  
A dream upon me glimmering;  
It deepened to a visioned noon,  
Which was not of the sun or moon.

'Tween sense and soul  
The vision stole,  
A strange pale splendor shimmering  
And I with one was walking slow,  
As in the moonlight long ago.

It thrilled my brain  
With piercing pain,  
It crushed my heart to perishing:  
Until I dreamed it was a dream,  
And woke and saw the moonlight gleam,  
And heard the bird—the nightgale.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

"I never did see such a sight in all my life," quoth Mrs. Narley, elevating her two rheumatism-twisted old hands in the air. "Dust on their beautiful carpets; glass in the conservatory windows all broken; chickens scratching up all the geraniums on the front lawn, and the lazy servants dawdling away their precious time; while poor dear Mr. Avenel and Harry don't know any more what's going on than if they was boards. Says I, 'Dear heart alive, Mr. Avenel, this is enough to make your poor wife turn in her grave.' Says he—'you know his pleasant way—'Well, I know it isn't just right, Mrs. Narley; but what can I do?' And I answers, says I, 'Get a housekeeper.' Says he, 'Where?' Says I, 'Advertise.' Says he, 'Mrs. Narley, you've hit the nail on the head. I'll advertise to-morrow.' And that's the how that paragraph happened to be in the papers."

Here Mrs. Narley stopped to catch breath, and nodded emphatically at her auditor, a pale woman dressed in deep mourning, with the unbecoming framework of a widow's cap around her face.

"And do you think I should suit the gentleman?" the latter asked timidly.

"You can but try," was Mr. Narley's encouraging response. "Mr. Avenel's as easy as a lamb, and not one o' them as is everlastingly checking off bills and counting nickels and pennies, and Harry's dreadful pleasant tempered. Any way, if I was you, Mrs. Hawkhurst, I'd go up and see."

And Mrs. Hawkhurst, holding her pretty little daughter by the hand, went up accordingly to the handsome stone house on the hill.

There she found Mr. Avenel in a state of temporary siege, for others besides herself had seen the tempting advertisement, and made haste to answer it. There were fat women and lean, tall women and short, Scotch women, and trim, sharp-visaged women; women who had seen better days, and women who evidently hadn't.

Mrs. Hawkhurst looked around, somewhat discouraged by the formidable array of rivals.

"There's no hope for me," she thought despairingly, and was just about to turn away, with timid Juliet clinging to her hand, when Harry Avenel advanced.

"Did you wish to see my uncle ma'am?" he asked, courteously.

"I—I called about the housekeeper's situation," meekly murmured the widow.

And Harry bowed her in at once.

The fat and the tall, the German and the Scotch, the sour and the sweet, went away disappointed that day, for Mr. Avenel decided to engage Mrs. Hawkhurst as his housekeeper, with permission to keep Juliet with her.

"She is all I have, sir," said the housekeeper, apologetically, "and she will try to be useful about the house."

"How old is she?" asked Mr. Avenel.

"Fifteen, sir."

"Well, let her stay," said the widow, good humoredly. "She'll eat no more than a chicken, and I dare say she can do a great many odd things about the place."

Mrs. Hawkhurst proved herself an executive officeress of the greatest ability. Gradually the "chaos and old night," of Avenel Place was reduced to system and order. The wheels of house-keeping revolved so softly that no one knew they moved, yet these were the results. You scarce ever saw the housekeeper gliding about the halls, yet the servant declared she was omnipresent.

Mr. Avenel found himself actually the inhabitant of a home once more, as the years slowly passed away.

He was sitting on the piazza one day smoking his cigar and watching the graceful movement of Juliet Hawkhurst as she was planting trailing vines in a marble vase that occupied the centre of the lawn when Mrs. Narley came out.

"A nice evening, sir," said Mrs. Narley. "Oh, there she is!"

"Who?" Mr. Avenel asked.

"Why, that foolish child Juliet!" answered the old lady sharply. "I

ha'n't no patience with her, that I ha'n't!"

"What has she been doing now?" asked the widower with an amused face.

"Why, she's refused Ben Nicholas' eldest son, as likely and forehand a young feller as there is in the country."

"Ben Nicholas! Why, Mrs. Narley, she is only a child."

"She's seventeen next week," nodded Mrs. Narley, "and high time she thought o' settlin'."

Mr. Avenel looked across to where Juliet stood in her pink gingham dress, the soft summer wind stirring her curls and her cheek as softly tinted as the standard moss rose on the lawn. Seventeen! Was it possible that little Juliet Hawkhurst had grown to be seventeen years old? Oh, relentless Time that would not stand still, oh, cruel years, that went by and stole the fair brightness of childhood away! So Ben Nicholas had actually asked Juliet Hawkhurst to be his wife!

"I wish you an' Harry'd talk serious to her about it," went on Mrs. Narley. "Tan't likely she'll have many more such chances as that."

"No; to be sure not," said Mr. Avenel abstractedly.

"And o'course she'd oughter think it over well," added Mrs. Narley. "Oh, certainly—to be sure!"

When Harry Avenel came home from the city that evening, he found his uncle in a brown study.

"Harry," quoth the widower. "Yes, uncle."

"I've been thinking—"

"So I should conclude, sir, from the H shaped wrinkle between your brow," laughed the young merchant. "Well, and what has been the topic of your meditations, uncle Joe?"

Why, I was thinking what would become of us if Mrs. Hawkhurst were to take it into her head to leave us."

Harry opened wide his merry hazel eyes at the idea.

"What made you think of such a thing sir?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She has a good place here; but one couldn't expect her to be contented with a housekeeper's situation always, Harry."

"No; to be sure not," said Mr. Avenel.

"Yes—I grant you that, Uncle Joe."

"And I really don't know how we could manage to exist without her."

"Raise her salary, uncle," suggested Harry.

"No, I hardly think that would answer my purpose; but, Harry—"

"Well, uncle?"

Mr. Avenel looked slightly sheepish.

"Can't you imagine any other way of keeping her here?"

Harry stared at his uncle. Mr. Avenel felt disposed to give him a hearty shake for his stupidity.

"Oh!" cried the young man with a sudden drawing of lucidity over the darkness of his brain, "You don't mean matrimony, uncle?"

"Yes, I do?" quoth Mr. Avenel stonily.

"Would you object Harry?"

"I, uncle?"

"Because you are the only person interested besides myself—and her."

"My greatest interest, uncle, is to see you happy," the young man answered, wringing the elder's hand. "And—if I too should conclude to marry at no distant day—"

"Why, then," cried Mr. Avenel gayly "we can all live together just as we do now, and be the happiest family in the world!"

And he went into the house, whistling as he went. "John Anderson my Jo, John," as blithely as a boy of sixteen.

Juliet Hawkhurst was standing by the little side garden gate that evening, thoughtfully watching, over her right shoulder of course, the slender silver crescent of the new moon. Juliet had certainly blossomed into a perfect little rose of a maiden, during the years she had been an inmate of Avenel Place. She was fairhaired and rosy, with long eyelashes, deep blue eyes full of shadowy purple gleams, and a complexion like rose-colored satin; and, moreover, there was in her every movement a self-possessed grace and dignity of mien that was inexpressibly charming. Juliet Hawkhurst had been born for a lady, but untoward fate had made a housekeeper's daughter of her.

As she stood there, leaning over the iron rail of the gate, a footstep sounded behind her:

Juliet looked up this time in real and genuine astonishment.

"A step-father, Harry?"

"My uncle has confided to me, this evening, that he thinks of marrying, Juliet, and from all that I can gather, the bride is none other than your mother, when we are married there will be a nice little family circle of us, eh?"

And the audacious young man belted her slender waist with his arm, and ventured to draw her a little closer to him.

"Oh, but, Harry, you are all wrong," cried Juliet, crimsoning and smiling like a June flower. "I—I meant to tell you of it, but somehow the words would not come to my lips. Your uncle told me also, that he had concluded to marry again, and—he asked me to be his wife."

"The—mischief he did!" cried Harry Avenel, starting back as if some one had struck him a blow. "You! Why, Juliet, you are young enough to be his daughter."

"Perhaps I am," said Juliet meekly. "And what did you tell him? You accepted him of course? He is rich and I am poor, and all girls like gold."

"Harry!"

"Tell me quick, Juliet?" he cried, almost passionately. "Don't keep me longer in suspense."

"I told him," Juliet answered innocently, "that I had already promised to marry you."

"My little dove!" and Harry Avenel's dark face brightened into sunshine once again. "And you were right, for May and November never yet were happily mated. My uncle is an old fool; and yet I can't blame him, Juliet; when I look at your sweet face."

The countenance of Mr. Avenel was slightly confused when he met his nephew at the breakfast table next morning, but further that there was no signs of the discomfiture he had undergone. He gave Juliet an exquisite set of wedding pearls when she was married, and congratulated Harry after a very cordial fashion. But he never proposed to Mrs. Hawkhurst, and as she had never expected anything of the sort, no harm was done.

And everything goes on at Avenel Place just precisely as it ought to do. Mr. Avenel keeps his housekeeper, and Harry has gained a wife.

## Cornish Fishermen.

Cornish fishermen are peculiarly patient under grinding poverty. Their calling is a precarious one. The fish upon which they depend for the greater part of their winter food, often do not come. What shall they do? They might frequently and with good reason, cry aloud for help, demanding some part of the national subscriptions which the Lord Mayor of London disburses to distressed Bulgarians and other worthy claimants of international charity; but no cry comes. They might on the other hand, destroy the boats and nets of the seine-owner to set matters right; but this idea never suggests itself to their minds. They simply face the hard winter without a murmur, keep their poverty to themselves, eat their dry crust with cheerfulness, and ask alms of none. As a class they are certainly frugal. Intemperance, of course, exercises its usual influence in preventing the laying by of a portion of the earnings for a rainy day, but in truth in the majority of cases it is a hard struggle to live, let alone save. During the long hard winter credit is often obtained at the grocer's and the baker's, who can not harden their hearts to deny their hungry customers the necessities of life; and spring finds them with a burden of debt upon their shoulders, which all the summer's fishing is unable to remove. Hence many of the fishermen are in a chronic state of debt, a condition of things which can not be remedied until some occupation which may be resorted to when stormy unfavorable winds prevent fishing is adopted. The patch of garden ground filled by most fishermen is not sufficient to supply the need. Theft is almost unknown. I speak more especially of fishermen living in small hamlets and villages; those who live in larger towns are probably no better than their neighbors. But in bona fide fishing places property is absolutely safe. Fishing gear, oars, articles of wearing apparel, and the like, may be left unguarded and unwatched without the slightest fear of their being stolen.

## Cause of the Decay of Teeth.

In a recent work by A. Weil, the author states the cause of the decay of teeth, whether external or internal, to be the thymozymocous fungus, the mode of entry and propagation and the life history of which he follows out in detail. The acids which occur in the mouth, especially lactic acid, while they may greatly promote the decay, cannot give rise to it. The fungus can readily be detected by its acid reaction. The author considers further, that in many cases, diseases of various parts of the body can be distinctly traced to excretions from the mouth and teeth. Other observers had already traced a connection between decayed teeth and septic abscesses, in which was found a fungus similar to that which occurs in decayed teeth.

—The average expense of one session congress exceeds \$2,000,000.

## Hindu Humor.

The Hindus have their epics, their dramas, their popular tales, and their poetry. Their Vedas contain passages as sublime as any to be found in the sacred books of other nations. Their law-books are full of wise and humane counsels. Their epics celebrate the actions of men and women not unlike the heroes and heroines of Homer; and their dramas bear strong affinity to ours—a fact which led Schlegel to declare that the English version of the Sakuntala of Kalidasa presents so striking a resemblance to our romantic drama that we would conclude it to have been unduly influenced by his love for Shakespeare, if his accuracy were not well established by all Sanskrit scholars. But still, we cannot look to Indian literature for an Oedipus, a Hamlet, or a Faust, nor conversely, for an Eulenspiegel, a Panurge, or a Sancho Panza. The dogma of quiescence prevented the creation of great types of tears or of laughter which will live for ever. According to our conception of the tragic, the Hindus have no tragedies, and the humor which many of these writers possess is a humor distinctly their own. While the true humorist laughs at the follies of mankind, and, even as he laughs loves them because they are so human, the Eastern humorist inspired by Brahmanism or Buddhism, laughs at men for rejoicing or despairing in a world which has no reality. He never could thoroughly understand the "brotherly sympathy with the downward slide" which was the inspiration of Shakespeare's Rabelais and Cervantes.

It is at first difficult for the Western reader to define what is earnest and what is humorous in Sanskrit works. That which strikes us as grotesque and ludicrous is to the Hindu sublime and serious. The difference in the standards of taste adopted by Eastern and Western Aryans is admirably exemplified in their types of godhead. The Greek gods and goddesses are beautiful and perfect in form; Hephaestus, whose trade is little suited to divinity, is mis-shapen; and the horns, tails, and goats' feet of Pan and the satyr harmonize with their semi-beastly natures. The Norse gods are strong, brave, and energetic, and are models of complete manhood. The Hindu gods, however are tremendous monsters, with eight arms and three heads, like Siva; with an elephant's head, like Ganes; or black, bloody and terrible, like the much feared, Durga. In the Mahabharata Arjuna begs for one glimpse of the infinite, universal deity, and Krishna appears, with many arms, stomachs, eyes, and mouths with projecting teeth, in which the sons of Dhrishathra are sticking, even as the pilgrims, concealed in the salad, were held fast in the teeth of Gargantua. There is, moreover, the same wild luxuriance in everything Indian. The Ramayana and Mahabharata are the longest epics. The Pansha-tantra and other popular tales consist of stories connected by a single thread; and there are stories, within stories, until an uninitiated reader, before he is half way through this labyrinth of incident, has lost the thread that was to guide him. It is in keeping with the rich fertility of the Hindu imagination that the early metaphysicians evolved the most tremendous humorous conception that has ever entered into the mind of man. When the philosopher paused, in his speculation on the infinite, to look out upon the world about him, he saw a land teeming with life and beauty; and men and women who lived and struggled, loved and hated, laughed and cried. The contrast between the truth which is in his wisdom had divined and life as it seemed aroused within him a grim sense of the humorous. After all he asked himself what was the world, what was creation, but Maya, a delusion?—a joke, colossal in design, which Brahmi, the only reality had imagined for his own amusement. It was even as Heine fancied it might be, the dream of a jolly, tipsy deity.

## A Daring Venture.

Mr. Herberg is a young German who lately came to Milton, North Carolina, from New York. He is a frail, delicate young man, but active and bold, and is a great hunter. He hunts altogether at night, has a bull-eye lantern he pins to his breast and goes out with his dog. Brings down the game, too. The other night during the freshet he was in Danville, where he had gone horseback for medicine for his wife, and returning about midnight he was caught this side of the river at Milton, the night being as dark as pitch and the swollen river raging and rolling in front. The Dan river there is about two hundred yards wide. He called to the ferryman, but the river was too bold and the night too dark to go to him. So he deliberately dismounted, took off his overcoat and fixed it to the saddle, put his spectacles in his pocket, and mounting his horse leaped recklessly into the river. Fortunately he knew how to swim the horse by keeping his head turned up stream and, remarkable to say, made the trip, striking the bank on the other side all right. He seems to think nothing of it; says he has swam seven miles at one time in his life. But it was a most daring and dangerous venture.

## Hunting the Hippo.

A traveler in Africa says:  
Here, on my first day, I lost my way in the jungle, about four miles inland, and for a long time was in a great fright, climbing trees to try and get a view. I fortunately met some natives, who climbed a cocoanut tree and got me some milk, and on my trying to describe the sea, and on my trying to get more milk, and on my trying to describe the sea, at once made signs of intelligence. Thinking I wanted to get to a lake to hippopotami, they took me two more miles inland, and, on reaching some swampy ground, made signs of caution. At last, parting the foliage they showed me a small lagoon, and for the first time I beheld the mighty hippopotamus in his native lair, never disturbed by a white man before. My disgust may be imagined as I had only my smooth-bore, and on the opposite side of the lake lay some eighteen hippos basking in the sun, and now and then giving a bellow that made me laugh much. I took accurate bearings of the place by the wind and sun, and at last succeeded (after much fatigue, walking through swamp and jungle), in reaching the boat. The next morning at day-break I was under way, with our black interpreter, and armed with my star-fun rifle. We arrived at a village, and some natives immediately volunteered to guide me, and come and see the fun. They hate hippos, which do great mischief to their little crops, sugar canes, etc., besides frightening them out of their wits at night, and often knocking down their houses. When we reached the lake, there lay the unconscious hippos, as before, in about six feet of water, their heads just above the surface. The blacks guided me round to the other side of the lake, where by wading out through the thick, high sedge, I got within about seventy yards of my quarry, one of the blacks acting as a rest for my rifle—and very steady he was. I selected the biggest head as my target, and sent my little messenger on his fatal journey. It passed through the ramus of the animal's lower jaw, smashing the atlas and axis, and the death struggle that ensued gave me an idea of what a mighty brute the hippo is. Its entire body was hurled out of water (feet first), a most fatal sign, and volumes of blood, mud and water were sent high in the air, obscuring everything. About twenty seconds afterwards a large one rose to breathe some eighty yards distant, and I sent No. 2 straight into his brain between eye and ear. Death was in this case so immediate that the animal did not make quite so much disturbance as the first one. The natives were astonished and looked on the rifle and me as objects of the greatest interest. I then shot two more, and by this time the bodies of the two first were being dragged ashore. Next morning I was up early to cut off their heads, as I knew they would be all floating by that time, and about ten blacks accompanied me, one of them making fast a rope to the leg. On the first being landed the blacks gave a hearty cheer, something like an Irish "Ullagone," and I, jumping on the huge carcass, proceeded to make a speech duly rendered into Swahili by my interpreter. That day I spent five hours up to my middle in water getting the heads off, the skin being about two and a half inches thick and like india rubber. The blacks cut off all the flesh, and bore away all the skulls to the boat. I have got now two heads on board, and the lower jaw of another; my big head and tusks are the largest ever seen by any one on board, the tusks of the lower jaw being about 9 inches long. The night before we left Delgado I watched for the panthers by moonlight, and on seeing three come out of the jungle, jumped, gun in hand, out of the stern with bare feet, alighting on some coral which opened an old wound, and cut my foot badly, so that I have now a nasty suppurating hole in my foot.

## Around the Corner.

"You picked the pecans on Onion Creek you say," said an Austin reporter to a young man, on a wagon filled with pecans. "Yes, sir," he replied, "that's where they came from."

"Many up there?"

"Plenty of them."

"Believe I'll try a few," quizzed the reporter, taking a big handful of the pecans.

"I'll sell you a whole peck for fifty cents," said the man, with swelling eyes.

"Only want a few. Say, do you know any news?"

"Not a bit, sir; everything is very dull up our way."

"Don't you know anything?"

"Well, I believe I did hear some news recently."

"What was it?" asked the reporter, cracking a pecan.

"There was a man got eighteen buckshot in him where I live."

"Who shot him?"

"I did."

"What did you shoot him for?" asked the reporter, slyly.

"For stealing some of my pecans out of my wagon," said the countryman, reaching under the seat for his shotgun.

The reporter hastily replaced the pecans in the wagon, and after calling the countryman Colonel, disappeared around the corner.

Every human being has a work of carry on within, duties to perform abroad and influences to exert, which are peculiarly his and which no one science but his own can teach.

## Coffee.

Coffee so far as is often supposed, from accelerating the digestive process of the stomach, rather tends to impede this. When thirty grammes of coffee, diluted in one hundred and fifty of water, is given to a dog, which is killed five hours and a half afterward, the stomach is found pale, its mucous surface being anemic, and the vessels of its external membrane contracted. The whole organ exhibits a marked appearance of anemia. Coffee thus determining anemia of the mucous membrane, thus preventing rather than favoring vascular congestion, and opposing rather than facilitating the secretion of gastric juice, how comes it that the sense of comfort is procured for so many people who are accustomed to take coffee after a meal? A repast, in fact, produces in those whose digestion is torpid, a heaviness of the intellectual faculties and embarrassment of the power of thinking; and these effects, and the disturbance of the head are promptly dissipated by the stimulant effect which the coffee produces on the nervous centers, as shown by experiments with caffeine. Coffee and tea, when taken in excess, are a frequent cause of dyspepsia, for the anemic condition of the mucous membrane being periodically renewed, a permanent state of congestion is produced, which constitutes dyspepsia. Sugar, which with many doctors has bad reputation, is an ailment which assists digestion, and should be prescribed in dyspepsia. By experiment, digestion of meat is found to take place much more completely when sugar is added. Coffee exerts both a local and general action, operating locally by means of its tannin, by diminishing the caliber of the vessels, but acting on the general economy by exciting the nervous centers and the muscular system. It renders digestion slower, and is only of good effect by relieving the feeling of torpor after meals. Its injurious action on digestion may be corrected by adding sugar so as to counterbalance its effects on the mucous membrane. This adding sugar to coffee is not only a pleasant practice, but one contributing to digestion.

## Hints For Distances.

In these days of decorative art societies every young lady, it may be supposed, knows something, more or less, of the art of painting. Some talented ones succeed in making their knowledge beneficial in many pecuniary ways, while others, not so ambitious, are content with designing pretty home decorations. In many cases the cost of the materials may deter many from carrying out effect artistic ideas; or they may be unable to procure the requisite articles without vexatious delays, on account of living great distances from towns. To such I will suggest how, with a trifling outlay, pretty panel pictures may be made that amply repay one for the time spent upon them. Take two school slates, old ones will answer the purpose, provided they are not marred or broken. First paint in the background either of a neutral tint or one shaded in color; those from dark brown to the lightest tint of that color are pretty and effective, using burnt umber and white; be careful to shade it as gradually and evenly as possible; the lighter parts will doubtless require painting several times. Flowers, on the whole, I think, make the simplest and prettiest panel pictures. Some poppies, wheat and one or two blue corn-flowers on one, golden rod and some purple chrysanthemums on the other, would make a bright and effective pair; or a spray of apple blossoms on one, and a group of pansies on the other. Paint the wooden frames of the slates in some contrasting color, or else simply gild them with liquid gold paint, and you have at a trifling expense a pretty pair of panel pictures.

## On a Florida River.

Once out in the river, the boat wound in and out of an immense prairie dotted with lagoons and floating islands, though the current ran a devious way. Frequently it was so narrow that the steamer could scarcely squeeze through, and then so shallow that the deck hands would have to pole it along. Twice on the route the lily-pods and bouquets grew so thick before the prow of the boat that she had to stop while a way was cut through them. From the deck of the steamer there were constant opportunities for shooting duck and alligators. At every turn alligators would be seen, often so close to the boats that they could be hit over the head with pie-knives from the hurricane deck. Besides the alligators and ducks there were herons, blue and white cranes, and wild geese. The result was that a constant fusillade was kept up from the decks. The only annoyance in shooting is the prevalence of cook. The cook is a water bird that devotes its life to making you think it is something else. In Florida whatever you see—alligator, duck or heron—usually turns out to be cook. As the cook is to the water about what the buzzard is to the land, it is considered disgraceful to shoot it, consequently the ubiquity of cook—the tendency of cook to turn up at the wrong time and place—and the disposition of everything else to be cook is a very considerable annoyance. From the stern of the vessel the fishing was splendid. There is little better sport than to sit under the shelter of the upper deck of the Marion with a bright "bob" hung to a forty foot line, trolling for trout as the steamer slips away at a speed of six miles an hour. It will be a cold day when you cannot catch a score of fine trout in a ride of an hour or so. We caught all that we needed for the table on the boat, and could have caught as many more if the scenery had not drawn us away from the trolls.