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NO 19.

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THE DYING CHILD.

Mother, I am tired; I long to sleep so!
Let thy bosom be my sleeping place:
Only promise me thou wilt not weep so—
For thy tears fall burning on my face.

Here 'tis cold, and there the clouds are fleeting;
But in dreamland there are sunny skies:
And the angel-children give me greeting,
Soon as I have closed my weary eyes.

Dost thou see that angel coming, mother?
Dost thou hear the music of his wings?
White they are; they shine on one another;
Beautiful from God the light he brings!

Rosy wings are coming, too, from heaven!
Angel-children wave them as they fly—
Mother, shall I live till mine are given?
Or, before I get them, must I die?

Mother, wherefore dost thou look so earnest?
Wherefore dost thou press thy cheek to mine?
Wet it feels, and yet like fire thou burnest;
Surely, mother, I shall still be thine!

Thou hast promised me thou wouldst not weep so:
If thou sobbest, I shall sob with thee!
Oh, I am so tired; I long to sleep so!
Mother look! the angel kisses me!

A BURIED SECRET.

Even in the kindly shadows of the gathering twilight, she looked older than he, this woman of rare grace and matchless charm, whose eyes rested so worshipfully on the face of the man who had thrown himself on the cushion at her feet—older than the years themselves would warrant for she, Sydney Reed, was in reality but six years George Winston's senior. But six years leave their impress when their way lies over burning plow shares.

There were lines upon the lovely face, and a sadness in the beautiful eyes, no time unaided could have wrought. She passed her hand now, half-bewilderingly, across her brow.

"Is sorrow for me really at an end?" she murmured. "I can not grasp it!"

"At an end forever, darling, if my strength avails anything to keep it from you, for to-night you belong for the last time to yourself. To-morrow you belong to me!" answered the young, confident voice.

He was but 22, this boy. She was 28, and a widow. Her married life had been one of unutterable wretchedness. Four years before, her husband had deserted her. Two years later she had learned of his death, which had taken place in a drunken brawl in a far Western city.

She had put on the outward badge of mourning in memory of the days when he, handsome and reckless, had smiled away her girl's heart. She buried in his unseemly grave her weight of woe, and with it all her faults. She thought, too, that she had long buried youth and happiness, but three months since they had resurrected themselves, listening to George Winston's pleading words and loving prayer, she found resistance had failed her, and so granted him the boon he asked for.

And to-morrow was to be her second wedding day. Fondly and hopefully he painted to her the coming years, each moment of which should be to her a recompense for past misery. She said little. It was such joy to hear his voice, to feel his touch, to creep into the shelter of his love and rest there, grateful and content.

It was 10 o'clock when she bade him good-night. She still felt the tender pressure of his lips upon her as she mounted the stairs to her room. She had made him leave her thus early because some of her preparations were yet to be made for to-morrow, and she had promised him to retire before midnight—though her waking dreams, she said, were so much sweeter than any slumber might bestow, she hardly thought the exchange a fair one.

There were some letters she wanted to look over—some to be destroyed, others to be preserved. Among these latter were a few he had written her, during a short absence, a month previous.

She took out the first from its wrap per to re-read, but had not turned the page when there came a low rap at the door.

"Come in!" she replied, half-impetuously without looking up.

She had given orders to her servants not to be disturbed. She had told Maria, her maid, to come to her at midnight. It was not yet half-past ten.

The door opened at her summons, but no one entered or spoke.

"Well, Maria, what is it?" she questioned and slowly raised her eyes, to find—no Maria, no servant, but a man's form, gaunt and haggard, darkening the threshold—a man's eyes, hot and burning, fixed upon her face.

She sat carved into stone. It was pitiful to see the blood recede from her face, leaving it white and drawn. If three hours previously she had looked older than her lover, ten years were now added to her age.

Her lover? No longer had she a right to the sweet title, for he whose gaze held hers was her living husband—the man whom for two years she had mourned as dead.

He came forward at last closing the door behind him and advancing, with feeble, tottering steps toward her.

"Speak to me!" he said. "Give me one word of welcome, one word of forgiveness!"

She opened her lips then, but no sound came.

"I—I know," he went on. "You need not tell me. You were to have been married. It would have been a crime. But for this, I would not have

come. I would still have let you give credence to my death. Oh, Sydney, will you believe me when I swear to you that, both for your sake and my own, I wish to God I were!"

The utter misery of his tone brought her own desolate anguish more fully before her. With a low cry she buried her face in her hands. The letter she held fell from them. Still she heard her husband speaking as though from afar off.

"Courage, Sydney!" he said. "You will only need patience, dear. Look at me! It is not hard to see that I am a doomed man. I have never recovered from the wound I received in the affray in which they reported me to have been killed. Dissipation helped the work along though since that night, Sydney, no drop of liquor has touched my lips. When a man stands so close to death that he recognizes his icy breath, he sees things with a new clearness. During my long and desperate illness, I thought of you with a longing you can never dream of, but I dared not send for you. I felt that all my right was forfeited. Nor will I trouble you now. When I am dead you shall learn of your freedom. Until that time you will hear of or from me never again."

He stooped as he finished. She knew that he lifted up the material of her dress and pressed it a moment to his lips.

Slowly and falteringly he again crossed the room. His hand was on the knob of the door, when she broke the spell that bound her, and rose up to her feet.

"Stay, Harold!" she said. "Your place is here. It was you who deserted me. You shall not say that I deserted you."

He staggered against the wall.

"Oh, my God!" he cried; "is this an angel or a woman who thus speaks to me?"

"It is no angel," she answered "only a woman, striving to do her duty so plainly marked before her."

But the strength which had upheld him in his hopelessness now failed him. With a great cry he cast himself down at her feet, striving in vain to catch the sob which so cruelly rent him.

Very gently she soothed him. She had no time to realize her own misery, until, at last, she left him, quiet, and sleeping, in a room beneath her feet.

How the night had passed she never knew. With locked hands clasped before her she sat watching the dawn break conscious neither of heat nor cold, of day nor darkness, until at 9 o'clock, her maid brought a cup of coffee to her door. The servants had been apprised of the master's return the night before. She took the coffee now and drank it.

"When Mr. Winston comes," she said, "admit him yourself, Maria, and bring him immediately here to me."

An hour later her door opened.

"Not dressed, my darling!" cried a happy voice. "Sidney, in God's name what has happened?"

With marvelous strength and calm she told him all. He listened silently until she had quite finished, and then, with one bound, he had gathered her to his arms.

"What is this man to you, that he should take you from me? You are mine—mine! I never will forego my claim!"

At the old tender masterfulness of his tones, her womanhood reasserted itself. She bowed her head upon his breast and burst into a passion of sobs.

"My love—my own!" he whispered.

"This is but a chimera of the darkness. Our wedding day has dawned—you are mine! Oh, my darling come to me!"

But now she lifted up her face.

"He is my husband, George," she said. "My duty lies with him. Now leave me I can bear no more. You, who have always said you loved best in me my womanhood, my purity—you would not tempt me to sin? No, dear. Leave me and forget me. You are young—you have but to look for happiness and find it."

"No, Sidney. I can not resist your words; you bid me go, and I obey you. But first love, I exact a promise, when you are free, send me word, I will leave an address where a letter will always reach me. I must put the ocean between us—I could not stay here and prove obedient else; but my own, I never will renounce my claim—and be it one year or ten, or twenty, one line will bring me to your side, to leave it never again."

Then, with a thousand mad kisses, he sealed the promise he had exacted, and went out from her, believing earth held no such wretched man as he.

Five years had passed—five years to Sydney Reed of faithful, devoted duty—five years during which her love and care alone fostered the feeble spark of life in Harold Reed's remorseful heart, and then he laid the heavy burden down, and with his last words murmurs of grateful love and blessing, the tired eyes closed, shutting out forever the vision which all these years had been their light and gladness.

She had had no word from George all this time. He had kept his promise faithfully. For a year longer, she, too, would be silent, and then—ah then she would send for him. Once more she would look into his face—once more listen to his voice.

They might be friends only, but

would friendship e'er before have been so sweet? The love she long repressed as sin still held sway. It had burst its fetters and had renewed its strength. When the time came for her to write the letter she knew not how to word it, though every day for months she had fancied the hour when she should pen it. But at last she wrote this simple word:

"Come to me, George. You will not have forgotten me, and I—I have lived but to remember."

"SIDNEY REED."

These she sealed and addressed to the address he had given her, and sank back in her chair to dream awhile, ere touching her bell and ordering it posted.

A happy smile played upon her lips. The future so long closed to her, again opened its gates of promise and feasted her hungry gaze.

Idly she took up a paper at her hand holding it before her eyes as a screen from the fire, when her attention was arrested by a name—the name which was inscribed upon the envelope whose ink was scarcely yet dry.

It was a printed description of George Winston's marriage to the young and beautiful heiress of one of England's noblemen. The marriage had taken place in London, a fortnight before.

Once, twice, thrice she read it through and then, very quietly reaching forth, she took up the letter she had written, pressed it an instant to her white quivering lips, and, falling upon her knees, dropped it in the flames.

As the fire darted up she laughed aloud in the strange stillness. Others would have seen but the light the paper gave, but she saw more—it was the funeral pyre of a broken heart.

There are some practices among farmers that are good, but when adopted by careful men and under favorable circumstances, would be dangerous in the extreme governed by different conditions. Early shearing of sheep may be reckoned as one of them; for, while it is desirable to shear coarse-wooled sheep before going to pasture, as they often pull off and cut their wool on bushes if the fleece is left on, still if the flock is not in prime condition and a cold snap should follow shearing, there might be danger of suffering, and perhaps loss of life unless very good protection could be given them. We are acquainted with good flocks of fine-wooled sheep that have been sheared about the first of April for several years, with no loss of life; but they are always in good condition and can be confined in a very warm barn, if need be, after being sheared.

We have known more sheep to die from the effects of shearing in June than April, but most of these died after being driven back to their mountain pastures after shearing, and just before a cold rain storm; mostly in one particular season when it was unusually cold for the month of June. We are acquainted with a flock of medium coarse sheep that have been sheared the last week in March or first of April for at least ten years, without any loss of sheep that were strong at the time of shearing; our own flock also has been sheared early for a longer period than that, with the loss of only two sheep. These sheep were both yearling rams, in good condition, and they were both dead the next morning after being sheared. We have no doubt that these rams, although they had been together during the entire winter, did not know each other after being sheared and fought all night, or long enough to get thoroughly heated, and thus met their deaths on lying down to cool off.

In 1871 we sheared, May 9th. In 1872, May 9th. In 1873, May 20th. In 1874, April 8, followed by cold equally weather on the 11th and 12th. In 1875, sheared, April 24th. In 1876, the 17th of April, followed by cool weather. In 1877, April 4th. In 1878, May 1st. In 1879, April 4th. In 1880, April 8th. In 1881, April 13th. Also, April 13th in 1881. We propose to shear the last week in March or the first of April the present year if the weather is suitable, as the sheep are due to commence to drop their lambs the 8th of April. It is thought by good flock-masters that it gives a check to the milk of the ewes if sheared after lambing, which we presume is true, as it is well known by those who practice weaning of milked cows daily, that an unfavorable change of weather sensibly affects the milk.

A Plea for the Nose-Ring.

This ornament, called in India the "nuth," is commended by a learned writer as a most charming ornament, adding much to the attractions of the ladies, who now wear it in a great many parts of India. The ring is described as being made of gold or silver, according to the mode of the wearer, and measuring nearly four inches in circumference. It has one or two pearls strung upon it, and is fixed in this manner on the nose: One end of the metal is passed through a hole bored inside about the middle of the right nostril of the nose, and is then inserted into a small cavity in the other end of the metal destined to receive it. It is the exclusive privilege of married women to wear this decorative, but single ladies console themselves by wearing an inferior substitute for it about one-third of the size. If the ring is lost the hole in the nostril is apt to close up; and the young ladies whose rings are misplaced have a way of putting dried grass into the aperture to keep it open. The boring of the nostril generally takes place when the girl is about five or six years old. A company assemble at a sweetmeats table distributed the patient recording the hon's share, and being encouraged by well-meant comments on the part of the spectators. The "nuth" was originally a purely Hindoo ornament, but is now worn by Mahometans also, especially in the Northwestern provinces. It gives such an elegance and charm to the face, as it hangs from the nose and kisses the lips, as cannot be secured in any other way. And, to do it full justice, it makes the face look more beautiful and attractive than a pound of powder and a full hour's making up of the eyes and the hair of the toilet. Some English ladies could possibly do, leaving the waste of time and money in the latter case out of the question.

Smith's Gridstones.

Some years ago an Austin merchant whom we will call Smith, because that was, and is, the name painted on his sign-board, sent an order for goods to a New York firm. Smith belonged to the old school. He kept a very extensive general store, had plenty of money, kept all his accounts in a pocket memorandum book, and didn't know the difference between double entry bookkeeping and the science of correlative hydrostatics. Among other things he ordered were twelve gross assorted clothes pins, twelve ditto gridstones. When he ordered the gridstones he meant to order an assortment of twelve gridstones. The shipping clerk of the New York firm was astonished when he read the order. He went to the manager and said: "For heaven's sake! What do they want with twelve gross—1,728—gridstones in Texas?" The manager said it must be a mistake, and telegraphed Smith. "Wasn't it a mistake ordering so many gridstones?" Old man Smith prided himself on never making a mistake. He had no copy of his order to refer to, and if he had he would not have referred to it: because he knew he had only ordered twelve gridstones. So he wrote back: "Probably you think you know my business better than I do. I always order what I want, and I want what I order. Send on the gridstones." The New York firm knew Smith was a little eccentric, but that he always paid cash on receipt of invoice, and was able to buy a dozen quarries full of gridstones if he cared to indulge in such luxuries, so they filled his order as written, and chartered a schooner, filled her full of gridstones, and cleared her for Galveston. They wrote to Smith and said that they hoped the consignment of gridstones by schooner would keep him going until they could charter another vessel. Smith sold gridstones at wholesale, and at low figures on long time, for some three years afterwards.

Perhaps three centuries ago the wilderness bordering on Massachusetts was the scene of a weird and uncanny form of idolatry as was recently revived by a band of aborigines. Six chiefs of the Zuni nation have made a pilgrimage from their home, New Mexico, to the Ocean of the Sunrise, to pay homage to the god of the waters, one of their principal deities. For 198 years their supply of holy water from the great sea had not been replenished, and the chiefs and medicine men were sent on the long journey to propitiate the Great Spirit and implore his continued favor. They are accompanied by Prof. Frank H. Cushing of the Smithsonian Institution, who some years ago went among them to study their habits and traditions. So fascinated did he become that to assist his investigations he made himself one of them and was adopted by a chief. He participated in the ceremony, and acted as interpreter for the Zuni. The savages are remarkably fine looking men for Indians, and they have been the objects of much interest and attention during their stay.

The Mayor tendered the city steamer for the ceremony, and at 2 o'clock a crowd of 200 or more persons sailed for Deer Island. When the boat fully got into the stream and the harbor broadened out in their view the Indians, awe-struck by the sight of so much water, began to mumble prayers to the God of the Ocean and chant sacred songs, scattering at the same time to the winds and waves pinches of a consecrated meal made of ground shells and sand mingled with powdered white corn. Thus fascinated, as the Indians reached the sea's edge, the sea itself, and also the grain, which is to them the symbol of terrestrial life.

The director of their wanderings in the strange land of the East vainly attempted to convince them that the water upon which they then were was not the unalloyable deep of which they had heard from the traditions preserved in their tribe. They continued their prayers and scattering of meal for a considerable time, after which they looked upon the water and vessels about them with quiet wonder that seemed too deep for expression.

As the steamer approached Deer Island, Mr. Cushing put on his Indian dress and made preparations to take his charge on shore. The wind blew a half gale and was nipping and chill, but the sky was clear, the air invigorating, and the scene unusually beautiful. The waves were smoothed by the wind that blew off the shore, and the tide was rising as the Indians reached the two tents which had been pitched for them on the shore of the Ocean of Sunrise. Into the larger of these tents the Zuni and Mr. Cushing retired to prepare themselves for the ceremonies. When they emerged upon the sand they took them selves with solemn step to the shore, followed by the crowd.

A stranger processer never appeared here—some several policemen, who attempted to keep the crowd in order, and shouted loudly to it all the time to "keep back," which, as usual, the crowd did not do.

Then came Mr. Cushing clad in a blue shirt of native cloth, buckskin leggings and moccasins decorated with silver buttons, crescents, and buckles, strings of beads, and shell bracelets. He wore upon his head a headdress cap, somewhat like Robinson Crusoe's traditional head gear, with a number of feathers stuck into the side of it, and was agreeably decorated with a streak of black paint, which ran under both eyes and across his nose, while a large spot of the same appeared on each cheek.

The chiefs were dressed like Mr. Cushing, except that one wore gorgeous green breeches and had a skin skull cap on his head, while another had breeches of a stuff resembling black plush. All were dressed in the pleasing pattern above described in the case of Mr. Cushing, except that the color favored by one was red and by another yellow. The effect, however, was about the same, and in no case entirely

pleasing. The Indians bore upon their backs their shields and weapons of war, and in their hands carried hollow gourds and glass vases with which to take up the sacred water.

After a protracted and irregular scramble over the rocks the celebrants of the rite, followed by the irregular mob of sightseers, reached a point where they could look eastward over the sea. Squatting on their haunches on the weedy rocks they began to chant a prayer in a low monotone, and as they chanted scattered meal from their pouches upon the sea, in four different directions, to propitiate the Gods of the North and of the South, of the South of the upper and of the lower regions, the Mother of the Ocean, and the Father of the World. The symbol of this strewn meal is of a road or path which the priests mark out with it, signifying a request that the paths in life of the supplicants and their children may be "finished" to use the Zuni expression, or drawn out to a distant end, as we might say.

As the sea rose, a number of the more venturesome members of the assembly found themselves out from the shore and were obliged to wade back to the beach, while an enterprising photographer, who had boldly planted himself on two small rocks in the very front of the kneeling Zuni and trained his camera upon them, was soaked up to his knees before his negative was taken.

The Indians, however, were much pleased with the result, considering it a mark of especial favor on the part of the gods of the sea, and, despite Mr. Cushing's attempts to dissuade them from remaining, they persisted in completing their chant and petition. They even looked upon their counselor with some disfavor and urged him not to be faint hearted, but to remain and see the favorable purpose of the gods. Although seeing the sea on this occasion for the first time they manifested not the slightest alarm, but were evidently awe-struck and impressed with the majesty and power of the waters.

When they came ashore out of the water they formed a circle, sitting close together, and smoked sacred cigarettes made of cane filled with consecrated tobacco. As they smoked they prayed and blew the smoke among the feathers of the prayer sticks they carried. Then they cast the prayer sticks into the waves. Then the two head chiefs waded back into the water and filled their gourds and vases and went to the tents. On the way they whirled in the air sticks at the end of thongs, making a whizzing noise. The gods were thus informed that the ceremony was finished. Another song was chanted, reciting the god expected to result from the act of worship. The sacred meal was four times scattered westward, the direction they must take in returning to their own land.

In addition to the gourds and vases, the Indians took back several large demijohns of sea water, which, which will be consecrated after their return.

The concluding ceremony was the initiation of Mr. Cushing into the highest order of the bow. He was taken to the shore, stripped of his headgear, was baptized, and his hands were washed. Incantations were chanted meanwhile, and then the chiefs embraced him. On his return, however, he must subject himself to several trying ordeals, one test being a fast of four days and nights.

He will then be permitted to read the secret history of the tribe, which is expected to throw much light upon Indian history in America.

He Knew Bill.

It was when the Seventh regiment of New York were about to take their departure from Boston after a visit during which the members expressed themselves as having been royally entertained, that a certain high private in fatigue urban hat worn extremely jauntily, cheeks rosy with enjoyment, and himself redolent with the aroma of Piper Heidsieck, halted in School street and asked a bystander:

"Wha' bilidin' that, sir?"

"City Hall," was the reply.

"Ce-ay all Hang 'f don gwine see mayor—mus' be good feller 'mayor Boston."

The steps and staircase were accordingly mounted, and the party in question found himself before a dignified personage who came forward on hearing he had 'massage for mayor."

"Masser Mayor, I wan say you done us proud—square thing—your head's level sir—Seventh regiment, sir!"

"Yes," said the mayor, interrupting with dignity; His honor, Mayor Wickham of New York has called on me and said that—"

"O, yes! Bill Wickham—G company—reg'lar brick; know him all to pieces—well, hope he's satisfied, too."

"His satisfaction, sir?"

"Yes, sir; Mayor Wickham expressed his gratification that—"

"Yes, well, glad he's satisfied, I'll tell Bill 'all right; good bye, Masser Mayor—by the bye, got little fine cut terbaccher about you!"

"No, sir; I do not use the article."

"Sorry; you loose good deal—very sorry such lack o' taste. Good mornin'!"—and he easily sauntered out leaving the mayor amused if not surprised at the frightened rap made by his visitor between "His Honor Mayor Wickham," and "Bill Wickham, G company."

Proof Reading.

A first-class proof-reader, in addition to a general and practical acquaintance with typography, should understand clearly the grammar and idiomatic structure of the mother-tongue, and have, as it were, an encyclopaedia knowledge of the names, times and productions of its writers, as well as a thorough familiarity with the Bible, Shakespeare, etc. He should be, in fact, a living orthographical, biographical, geographical, historical and scientific dictionary, with some smattering of Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian and German. Yet all these accomplishments are valueless unless he possesses a keen and quick eye, that, like a hound, can detect an error almost by scent. There are eyes of this sort, that with a cursory glance will catch a solitary error in a page. The world is little aware how greatly many authors are indebted to a competent proof-reader, for not only reforming their spelling and punctuation, but for valuable suggestions in regard to style, language and grammar—thus rectifying faults which would have rendered their works fair game for the critic.

With patience sour grapes become sweetmeats and mulberry leaves turn to satin.

Will She Walk?

Will most of the fashionable New York girls, now that spring has come, take a three mile walk every fine morning from end to end of Central park?

No. They will not.

Why not?

Because most fashionable New York girls are not made to go on foot.

Why so?

Because their artificial heels are too high, and their real heels, toes and ankles too weak to carry them so far.

How will they get through the park? They will be hauled through the park by prancing steeds in covered carriages, which shall keep the sun's impertinent rays from damaging their complexions.

What else would the sun do if they allowed it to shine on them a little? It would get into them and go through their skins into their blood and from thence into their delicate and lovely bones. It would enrich their blood, tone up their nerves, strengthen their muscles, stiffen their bones and make more elastic their beautiful joints.

How will these poor helpless girls try to get this needed tonic into them which this orb of day is ready to give without money and without price?

By taking pills and powders at \$5 per doctor's visit.

How many of the thousands of young ladies of leisure in New York could have been found walking in Central Park yesterday?

Perhaps fifty.

How many on horseback?

Perhaps one hundred.

Where were the rest?

They were at home, breathing may be sewer gas or carpet and bric-a-brac dust, or they were on Broadway, or on Fourteenth street, breathing St. Patrick's day in the morning dust, or they were packed in air tainted street cars, breathing all sorts of dust.

What may be seen on any fine day in the public gardens of Vienna and Berlin?

These may be seen many elegantly dressed ladies sitting four hours under the trees or in the sunshine, sewing, knitting or reading.

And then?

And then at 4 or 5 o'clock, they dine at another garden in the open air, while a large orchestra pours through trumpet and bugles and fiddles and flutes music into their ears, and all about visions of flowers, shrubbery, trees, statues and fountains are poured into their eyes, while they leisurely place the foaming Cumberbatch or Pilsner, with the nourishing kalbschisch or wiener schmitzel, within reach of their digestive apparatus.

And how do they look?

They seem robust and healthy, and the bloom on their cheeks looks as if it had struck in and had come to stay.

And why are they thus robust and healthy?

Because they live so much out of doors and breathe pure air, and pure air is pure life and pure food.

Well, what is the matter with us that makes 800 people die in one week in New York?

Maybe it is because science does not keep pace with civilization, and because maybe our closely built, crammed together civilization knocks down more pins than it sets up, and sends so many of us to Greenwood cemetery, which, during the past year, according to the annual report, has shown such cheering and gratifying evidence of prosperity through the sale of the narrow houses prepared for all the living.

Save Your Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the heart that prompted them under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she so foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and she holds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one who has journeyed before her to the far-off land, from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than the image of the features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters.

Considerable changes in the water-level of several lakes in California and Oregon are reported. It is stated that Goose lake, thirty miles long, was nearly dry in 1883 and 1884, but contained ten feet of water in 1870 and its depth has since been increasing. Clear lake is also ten feet deeper than in 1884; while Tulio lake, in the same region, is now ten to fifteen feet higher than then.