The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LVI. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1882. NO 33.

Many an honest man stands in need of help that has not the courage to ask it.

Private credit is wealth; public honor is security. The father that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage and you pin him to the earth.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Friend, if to me when Spring-time died,
Was given no glorious Summer-tide,
If never happy May
Succeeded April's shower and sun,
And, if, when bluebell time was done,
No roses lit my way;

If evermore my heart doth miss
A joy for one, love's crowning bliss,
I know the lesson meant;
If wanting stars of earthly love,
I know one brighter shines above,
My friend, I am content;

A CAMP SURPRISE.

During the summer of 187-- a merry party, ten of us in all, camped out in the Adirondack wilderness. There were three guides—I mention the guides first because they are the most important members of a camping party—two gentlemen, two children, two ladies, the children's old maiden aunt, myself and an English nurse to help take care of the little ones.

We had pitched our tents in the grand old Adirondack forest on the shore of a beautiful lake in the heart of the "North Woods," and for ten days had had the jolliest time imaginable.

At last we were getting out of venison and the gentlemen proposed a night hunt for deer.

On former occasions they had always left a guide to guard the camp, but knowing that deer were scarce, we thought the more men in the party, the more likely they would bring home a fine, fat buck. So we protested against being left in charge of a guide, and after talking it over a while the gentlemen finally agreed to take all the guides with them, and just before dusk started for a pond some miles distant from our camp.

We watched the boats until they passed out of sight, and then strolled about the shore until it was dark.

Then drawing near the tents we sat down on some logs around the campfire. Touching a match to a huge pile of brush hard by we sat gazing upon the flames as they leaped upward, roaring and cracking, and filling the forest with a cheerful glow.

Every one, we suppose, knows that being courageous in broad daylight is one thing, and being courageous in the dark is another. We had been as brave as lions before sunset, but I think the feeling that we were alone in this immense forest miles and miles from a hunter's tent made us feel a little nervous, for I noticed that we started at every rustling of the bushes, looking up anxiously if the wind gently stirred the branches overhead, and the English nurse jumped at least a foot as a loon sent forth his wild, mocking cry.

Was that a panther, eh?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"O, no indeed," replied the children's aunt, and yet the feeble attempt at a laugh ended in a little shiver, and I saw her glance quickly over her shoulder in in a scared sort of way.

Piling several logs of wood on the fire to make it last as long as possible, we withdrew to our large sleeping tent. The English nurse headed the procession with an old rusty hunting-knife she had found among the cooking utensils. Rob, the youngest boy, lugged a broken oar into the tent, while aunt brought up the rear with a tin pan and pudding stick.

"I have often read that any loud noise will serve to frighten away wild beasts, she whispered to me, "and I though these might be handy to have with us."

After securely fastening the canvas flaps at the entrance of the tent, we lay down on our beds of hemlock boughs, but we didn't seem to be very sleepy; in fact we were to nervous too sleep at once. I was just dropping into a doze when I heard a sound in the distance—a kind of prolonged howl.

I raised my head to listen--so did aunt.

"What was that?" she whispered.

"O, nothing but another loon," I answered, as calmly as I could, but I knew very well it was not a loon.

For a few moments all was still' Again the same unearthly sound broke the stillness of the night. This time it seemed nearer—a long dismal howl.

The children's aunt rose to a sitting posture. The English nurse asked in a frightened whisper, "Indians, eh?" Panther, eh?"

"Nonsense," returned I. "There are no panthers here, and as for Indians, there isn't a red man within a thousand miles." Here I stopped. My hair was braided down my back in a Chinese pig-tail, and it seemed to rise straight in the air as a gust of wind brought to our ears a third howl, followed by a chorus of unearthly yelps.

We sprang to our feet. I felt some one pulling at my dress and heard Rob's voice—the oldest boy was fast asleep: "What is it, auntie? is it—is it a wolf?" Then I knew that his eyes were as big as butter-plates.

"Whatever it is it shall not hurt you, dear," said I, putting one hand on his shoulder, and feeling with the other for the rifle which one of the gentlemen had placed in a corner of the tent that very afternoon.

"Aunt, where is the rifle?"

And aunt, who had a horror of fire-arms, confessed that "only a few moments before she had carried it out of the tent and laid it down in the bushes with the butt end toward the camp.

"But it wasn't loaded," I replied angrily.

"Well, dear, rifles go off sometimes when they ain't loaded," she answered.

I knew by this that aunt was very-very nervous or she never would have made such a foolish speech. "Our last hope is gone then," I said with a groan. "Now keep still; not a word for your lives! Perhaps the wolves may go in another direction, they may be chasing a deer."

The moment I said "wolves" the English nurse fainted. "Let her alone" said aunt. "If you bring her to her senses she will faint again. I am sure if I have got to be eaten by wolves I had rather faint too, then I shouldn't know anything about it."

"Hush! Listen!"

We held our breath. This is what we heard; A howl or two, a crackling and rustling of twigs, the noise of long leaps hrough the underbush, and then, oh, horror! the sound of animals rushing madly around the tents. The children's aunt had been peeping through a small hole in one side of the tent.

"Look! for mercy's sake, look!" she gasped.

I put my eyes close to the rent and there, rushing wildly about, were four great, lean, shaggy brutes! By the light of the camp fire I could see their glit t ring eyes, red tongues and sharp white teeth.

I drew back in horror. "Try the tin pan," said I.

Rob beat a lively tattoo with the pudding stick. For a moment the patter of paws ceased, only to begin again more madly than before.

"O, dear!" moaned annt in despair. "Any decent wolf would have been afraid of a camp fire, to say nothing of such a racket as this. '

She seized the oar and put herself in a war-like attitude.

Just then one of the creatures outside brushed against the tent, while another ran sniffing about and even ventured his nose under the canvas flaps.

"Something must be done," exclaimed aunt with the air of one resolved "to do or die." "I have often read that a wild beast will quail before the steady gaze of the human eye. "Then she drew herself up looking the picture of a veritable Lady Macbeth. "The trouble is, I can't look in four pairs of eyes at once."

"And while you were staring at one wolf the others would eat you up," I answered.

"Young woman, this is no time for jesting," said aunt, solemnly. "Heaven knows what will become of us."

At this instant it flashed before my mind that there was something familiar in the sound of the howling outside. I took another look through the little loophole, then whistled softly. Dropping the hunting knife I had been brandishing and running to the entrance I began untying the canvas flaps. "Aunt," said I, "listen! Do you hear? Those are not wolves, they are dogs; I am sure of it."

In another moment four great, tawny hounds were leaping about me, putting their paws on my shoulders, nearly knocking me down in their attempt to express their joy.

I led the way to the tent where our supplies were stored, and throwing them some food knew from the greedy way in which they seized it that they had been off on a long trail. It often happens that hunting dogs get lost while on the scent of an animal. In such cases they always make their way to the nearest camp. After the hounds had satisfied their hunger they followed me to the sleeping tent.

I found the children's aunt and the English nurse pale but calm, with the happy Rob between them. We left the tent flaps open and the cheery firelight shone inside the camp; the largest dog stretched himself before the entrance as if to say: "I'm going to keep watch here to-night," while the others took their places by the children's beds. Then we fell asleep, safe, indeed, under the watchful care of our new-found friends.

A Close Relation.

There was a disagreeable scene last night over at the Palmer mansion, between Colonel Floyd Palmer and his son William. Bill Palmer is an Austin boy of the most modern type, who always tells his parents just what he thinks about them, regardless of their feelings. Not long since, he wanted to celebrate his birthday with some of his youthful companions, so he applied to his father for an adequate appropriation. Colonel Palmer, who is a close relation of William, being his penurious father, responded with a quarter of a dollar, which bore about the same proportion to the need and expectations of Bill as did Galveston's Congressional appropriation to the one she applied for.

Billy looked at the quarter, sneered at it, and finally said to the author of his existence:

"That's a mighty slim appropriation to celebrate the thirteenth birthday of an Austin boy on, but still I don't reproach you. You are not to blame for my birthday.'

"What do you mean, sir?" whooped the now thoroughly aroused father."

"I mean just what I say. If mother hadn't married such a close relation as you are, I wouldn't never have had any birthday to celebrate, and I would be all the better off. She is the one who is to blame. She should have married a man of more liberal views, and then my father would have afforded me the means of celebrating my birthday in accordance with my social status,"

Facts.

The number of failures reported the United States during the past six months was 3469, against 3256 for the same time in 1881, 2400 in 1880 and 3810 in the first half of 1879. The total assets for the past six months amounted to $27,-329,765, and the liabilities to $42,383,289. In the same period in 1881 the assets were $19,500,000, and the liabilities $39,500,-000. There were 153 failures in the United States during the past week.

The total amount of national bank notes handled for the purpose of redemption by the Treasurer of the United States for the month of June, 1882, was 10,318,650, as against $9,081, 200. in the same period in 1881, being an increase in 1882 of $1,233,-450. The total for the fiscal year ended June 30 was $74,379,580, as against $59,064,050 for the year ended June 30, 1881, being an an increase for 1882 of $15,315,530.

The sales of stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards for the quarter ended March 31, 1882, amounted to $10,487,-329,44. This amount represents an increase of sales of $359,876,08 over those of the quarter ended December 31, 1882, and of $1,435,368 83 (or 15 8 10 per cent.) over the sales for the quarter ended March 31, 1881.

The following is a statement of the United States currency outstanding on June 30, 1882: Old demand notes, $59,-695; legal tender notes, all issues, $346,-681,016; one year notes on 1863, $42,975; two year notes of 1863, $12,000; two year coupon notes of 1863, $22,150; compound interest notes, $223,560; fractional currency, all issues, $15,423,186.10; total, $362,464,582 10.

Confidence.

When the Duke of Cambridge was about to become the guest of Lord Stratford for a few days at the embassy, he went in his dressing-gown and slippers, at an early hour in the morning, to see that the rooms prepared for his Royal Highness were in order. Finding the Duke's valet arranging the trunks and portmanteaus which had arrived, the Ambassador began to give him directions how they should be placed. The man left off and stared at Lord Stratford.

"I will tell you what it is," he said, "I know how his Royal Highness likes to have his things arranged. So you just shut up and be off, old fellow."

Lord Stratford went off in a towering passion, and, calling one of the attaches, ordered him to go and tell the man who it was that he had ventured to address such language to. The attache returned.

"Well, what did you say to him?" asked the Ambassador.

"I said to him, my Lord, that the person to whom he had ventured to address such language was her Majesty's representative in Turkey."

"Ah, quite right. And what was his answer?"

"He answered, my Lord, that he never said you wasn't.

Lord Stratford's anger would be appeased by anything which seemed ludicrous, and he enjoyed a hearty laugh with the attache.

About Horseshoes.

Any one who will take the trouble to examine, even casually, the anatomy of the horse's foot will see that the frog is a wedge of elastic tissue fitted for concussion. Each time it pounds the earth it spreads the hoof laterally by reason of its shape, for it is not only a wedge anteroposteriorly, but also vertically. It is fitted for concussions as perfectly as is the sole of the dog or the cat.

We know it is a moot point among even good horsemen as to whether in shoeing frog-pressure should be courted or avoided. Experience, we believe, will be in favor of frog pressure, and both anatomy and common sense are on its side. The frog is precisely fitted, as we have said, for such pressure and even our stony street pavements do but harden and develop the frog just as the bare footed boy has his foot-sole toughened. Xenophon tells us in his school for horsemen that colts brought up on dry, stony soils never need protection.

The ordinary shoe, with heel and toe cork, lifts the foot-sole from the ground and prevents such frog-pressure. But, as a rule, such horses have more or less contracted heels, and have not a long, free stride. Their gait is "groggy." Take off such shoes and put on the Goodenough or a similar shoe, and it is remarkable to see how their gait improves and the heel expands. In the winter time, owing to the ice, it is necessary to shoe them with corks, say two or three times; all the rest of the year the Goodenough, applied cold, is by far the best shoe. We speak after considerable experience.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway.

This railway is the favorite, most popular and comfortable line to Peoria, Rock Island, Davenport, Des Moines, Kansas City, Atchison, Leavenworth, Council Bluffs, Omaha and points intermediate and westward to Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia.

In fact "The Great Rock Island Route" is the only one that runs through cars to all the principal Missouri river points and to Minneapolis and St. Paul via the Albert Lea Route. Examination of the map of the United States shows that this line occupies the central position among the great Western railroads, and is therefore able to reach more of the commercial cities of the West, with less miles of track than any competitor.

At the same time it connects directly in union depots, with every line of road that crosses the continent or pierces the agricultural and mineral regions west of the Missouri river.

This being the case, it is naturally the line intelligent people choose who wish to go quickly to their destination; and always having most comfortable cars upon its trains, charging as low rates of fare as any other line and checking baggage through, it obtains an unparalleled support, and year by year grows in popular esteem.

We think we give good advice and that which is worth heeding when we say to all who are journeying west of Chicago, purchase your tickets over this route for you will get your money's worth in the pleasant journey which such action insures.

Crags and Cragsmen.

To the north of Flamborough Head, stretching away toward Filey, the Bempton, Buckton, and Speeton cliffs uplift their awful forms, impending over the boisterous waves as they break in thunder over that iron-bound coast. For ages these cliffs have been the haunts of innumerable sea-birds. To them they wing their clamorous way as night falls; on their ledges and crags generation after generation of web-footed fowl have built their nests. "During the season of incubation," says Mr. W. White, "boys are let down the edge of the precipice by ropes, to gather the eggs, which they do in bushels, for the use of the sugar houses at Hull, and for other domestic purposes." It would seem that this "dreadful trade" is not confined to boys alone. Our contemporary records that for the last three-and-forty years a now aged resident of Bempton has been in the habit of descending the adjoining cliffs with the aid of a rope. Accompanied by his son and by another stalwart mate, the veteran "climber," as, in Yorkshire phrase, he is designated, prepares himself annually for the nesting season, which lasts from about the 10th of May to the 15th of June. The old man, strong in the vast experience which he has gained, goes down the cliffs while his mates stand upon the summit and manage the pulley and ropes. "I was a bauld cragsman ance," said Edie Ochiltree, "and mony a kittywake's and lungie's nest hae I harried up amang thae very black rocks; but its lang, lang syne, and nae mortal could scale them without a rope—and if I had ane, my ee-sight, and foot-step, and hand-grip hae a' failed mony a day sinsyne." The old Bempton cragsman has seen as many years as Sir Walter's celebrated 'Gaberlunzie," and yet in him neither hand, nor foot, nor eye, nor—what is least enduring of all—nerve have as yet failed. "He proceeds," says the correspondent in question, "to adjust his gear; which consists, first, of what he calls breeches. They are made of a strong hempen material, something like the headpiece of a halter. There are two places to insert the legs, with a loop at each end, which draws across in front and meets another loop at the end of a strap round the waist, and through these loops the main rope is fastened." This main rope, on which the weight of the egg-collector hangs, is made of the strongest and best material, and is nearly three hundred feet in length.

Thus far the description is not of a nature to tempt amateurs to follow the old cragsman's example, but it should be added that, besides the suspending rope, there is another much thinner in substance which is passed round a crowbar at the top of the cliff, and which the climber takes in his hand, to steer by and to steady himself, as well as by its aid to swing on to the ledges. Having thrown two canvas bags over his shoulders, the veteran descends, and with feet thrust out at right angles to the seat upon which he is placed, keeps himself off the precipice's jagged and projecting edges. It is reassuring to be told that, though the descent looks perilous, an accident seldom happens, the only danger being from the fall of stones and pieces of rock that the smaller rope detaches, to guard against which a thickly-wadded hat is required. The only casualty which in forty-three years has befallen the old Bempton "climmer" was occasioned by a tumbling rock which broke his left shoulder. We can readily understand that use, "which is second nature," may rob the hazardous employment of its terrrors, but that it should be attempted by a volunteer bespeaks his possession of no ordinary amount of pluck. We should recommend no one to make the experiment unless he be steady of head, firm of heart, and with muscles hardened by exercise and training. To an intrepid climber of this kind it cannot but be an intoxicating sentation to find himself suspened among thousands of birds winging about his head and making the air vocal with their startled cries.

Drinking in The Hay-Field.

Men in health perspire freely when vigorously at work on warm days. Very heavy sweating may sometimes arise from weakness; a dry skin may indicate disorder. Evaporation from the surface carries off heat and keeps the body cool. A large supply of drinking water is required for the warm haying and harvest days, but much less than is commonly supposed. Half a pint of water, sipped slowly, will assuage thirst much more effectively than a quart gulped down. A pint of cold fluid of any kind, thrown into the stomach, may result in more or less congestion; serious illness, and not unfrequently deaths, arise from this cause. If ice-water is taken at any time, it should always be swallowed so slowly that the stomach can warm each gill before taking another. As to the kinds of drink, the positive teachings of medical science, and experience, indicate that pure water is by far the best fluid for assuaging thirst, and supplying the wants of the system. Beers, ales, sweetened drinks, or any fluid that contains material that must be digested, are a tax upon the stomach, and tend to disorder the system. If taken at all, it should only be with other food. Pure water is absorbed at once into the blood, and is carried directly to those parts of the system where it is needed. If the water is bad, it may usually be corrected by the addition of a little ginger, or ginger extract; too much of this produces constipation; but on this account it may be used more freely in looseness of the bowels. All alcoholic drinks are unhealthful for one in active exercise. They stimulate increased effort effort beyond one's natural strength—and unnatural exhaustion inevitably follows. Just so far as any one raises himself above a normal condition by alcoholic stimulants, just so far below this condition will he surely sink a few hours after, and the elevating and depressing operation wears upon and disorganizes the machinery of the body.

THAT wild mint will keep rats and mice out of your house?

THAT lime, sprinkled in fireplaces during summer months, is healthful?

A Shocking Eel,

"Captain John," said I, "didn't you tell me that you sometimes brought wild animals in your ship from South America?"

"Oh, yes," said he," "I brought one of the first electric eels that was ever carried to New York. I got it in Para, Brazil, and I bought it of some Indians for twelve milreis—about six dollars of our money. We had lots of trouble with this fellow, for these eels live in fresh water, and, if we had not had plenty of rain on the voyage, we couldn't have kept him alive, for the water he was in had to be changed every day. We kept him on deck in a water-barrel, which lay on its side in its chocks, with a square hole cut through the staves on the upper side to give the creature light and air. When we changed the water, a couple of sailors took hold of the barrel and turned it partly over, while another held a straw broom against the hole to keep the eel from coming out. We would always know when the water had nearly run out, for then the eel lay against the lower staves, and even the wood of the barrel would be so charged with electricity that the sailors could hardly hold on to the ends of the barrel. They 'd let go with one hand and take hold with the other, and then they 'd let go with that and change again. At first, I did n't believe that the fellows felt the eel's shocks in this way; but, when I took hold myself one day, I found they were n't shamming at all. Then we turned the barrel back and filled it up with fresh water, and started the eel off for another day."

"He got along first-rate, and kept well and hearty through the whole of the voyage. When we reached New York we anchored at Quarantine, and the health-officer came aboard. I knew him very well, and I said to him: 'Doctor, I've got something on board that perhaps you never saw before. "What's that?' said he. 'An electric eel,' said I. 'Good!' said he; 'that is something I've always wanted to see. I want to know just what kind of a shock they can give.' 'All right,' said I; 'you can easily find out for yourself. He is in this water-barrel here, and the water has just been put in fresh, so you can see him. All you have got to do is just to wait till he swims up near the surface, and then you can scoop him out with your hand. You needn't be afraid of his biting you.' The doctor said he wasn't afraid of that. He rolled up his sleeve, and, as soon as he got a chance, he took the eel by the middle and lifted it out of the water. It wasn't a very large one, only about eighteen inches long, but pretty stout. The moment he lifted it he dropped it, grabbed his right shoulder with his left hand, and looked aloft. 'What is the matter?' said I. 'Why, I thought something fell on me from the rigging,' said he. 'I was sure my arm was broken. I never had such a blow in my life.' 'It was only the eel,' said I. 'Now you know what kind of a shock he can give.'"

A Case of Double Sight.

In Vermont, Ill., week before last, occurred the death of Mrs. Enochs, wife of Thomas B. Enochs. The circumstances connected with the death are strange indeed. On the 26th ultimo she gave birth to a child, but some months before the birth of the child she had a presentiment that she would not survive it and so firmly was this fixed upon her mind that she made arrangements for her funeral making her choice of the minister to perform the burial service and asked that some of her early companions should sing. When the child was born she gave evidence of recovery, and when the physician came he found her laughing and joyous and hopeful. He left her, expecting that she had passed the most critical period. In about three hours after the physician left her she cried out and her brother ran to her. She clasped him around the neck, told him that she was dying and in a few moments expired.

On the same morning of the day of her death her mother, who resides in Lewiston, Ill., some distance from Vermont, arose early and said that she felt that some calamity was impending. The family laughed at her and thought nothing of it, but before the day was over she received a telegram announcing her daughter's death. What is still more strange, on the morning afterward several gentlemen relatives of the deceased were talking together, all ignorant of the death. Their number was joined by another gentleman, who inquired after her health and that of her parents, and remarked upon the fact that he was present at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Enochs, but while they were talking the telegram was received announcing her death.

Rosewood and Mahogany.

Rosewood has been the leading wood to veneer piano fortes for the past thirty or forty years. The best comes from Rio Janeiro, some of which is very rich, but varies considerably in different places where it is cut. Bahia rosewood is generally longer, heavier and harder to work, but some of it is handsomely cross figured. As people generally demand dark-colored rosewood, it has led to staining the light wood very often, which may be known when legs and arms, etc., of furniture and piano fortes look unnaturally dark. At one time manufactures used to cut rosewood veneers in ribbons to veneer picture frames, but soon rosewood was imitated to such perfection by staining that the demand for rosewood veneers for picture frames ceased altogether.

It is impossible to imitate mahogany by staining so as to deceive, or to mend bad places in the wood, as is done in other kinds of wood. The wood is rich in color, close grained, heavy and durable, and unlike, rosewood and many other woods, does not fade, but gains color by time and grows darker. The best mahogany known grows in the Island of St. Domingo, and the finest of all on the south side of that Island.

THAT oil paintings, hung over the mantelpiece, are liable to wrinkle with the heat?

THAT flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a bed chamber?

The Engineer's Story.

You see, sir, there's very little romance about an engine. It's only to keep the tank full, steady, and have her well oiled, and she runs right along. A fellow has to keep a lookout, of course; but so he does, plowing. You can't drive a cow with your eyes shut.

Didn't I have a romance on the footboard once? Well, yes, sir—part on the board and part under the wheel. The boys at the round house give you that, I reckon. I never say much about it, because it starts me in the briny business. Like to hear it? Of course, if a man wants anything of me, I ain't the fellow to say no. There ain't anything in it except a man's feelings, and they count pretty light these trips.

It's four years ago now. I was running the night express which brought me past my own door just after daylight. She was always at the gate—never missed—and the signal she'd give me lasted till I passed again. Men like me don't go much on words. A look, a wave, anything that shows talk behind it, is just as good as the talk, and that signal was as powerful as if she'd wrote a book and read it to me. I could understand her, and she understood the whistle I gave just as well as if the pistons were pouring out barrels full of letters for her.

It was wrong for them fellows at the round house to let one in for this. It breaks me bad.

I didn't miss her a single morning in over a year. She got there every trip; and though I could only see her for a minute as I went past, it did for me. But one rainy morning I was looking hard at the gate, and she wasn't there. For a moment my heart just stood still. I just gave one great sob. Suppose you was looking for some one which didn't come, and you was so situated that you couldn't get off to find out what was the matter—see?

Well, the next instant my heart gave one big blump! There she was right along side the track. The cab step almost touched her, and I was sure she'd be sucked under the train. There was no time to do anything. Couldn't stop, or even slow; and when I looked back and saw that the train had passed her and left her all right; I just fell forward faint like, and it was some time before I got over it.

Now I'll push along a little faster. I had been shifted over, and was congratulating myself that after one more run I would be able to be with her for a time. I knew she would look for me as anxiously as I for her, and as I pulled out I thought with pleasure that this was the last trip that separated us. All night long I had it on my mind, and as I neared my house, I was on the lookout for her.

I can't describe the scene. I saw her making for the track as if to speak to me. I waved my hand and blew the whistle, and still she came on toward me. The next instant she disappeared under the wheels, and I fell against my fireman.

I'll get square with them round house boys for setting this thing up on me. I hate to tell the thing, and they know it; but you've got it all now, sir. All? Yes, pretty much. We picked her up, and that was the end of it; but I tell you, sir, she was the prettiest brindle bull terrier———

Here, sir, going toward the round house? Just speak to 'em about it, will you. Looks to me as if he'd been disappointed somehow.

Rose Culture.

The rose is the queen of flowers. It is the true representative of Flora in all her beauty and sweetness; and, moreover, it is like beauty itself imperishable because ever renewed. For the rose is ever blooming, and with good management may be in bloom every day in the year. We have a rose of that delicate and delicious variety, Safrano now in bloom, that has not been without a bud or an open flower since May, 1881, when it was first potted, as it came by the mail from the greenhouse. And just here it might be useful and interesting to know that the mail will bring a flower garden to every person's door every day in the year, if need be. For a dozen ever blooming roses grown in pots, and ready for immediate blooming, and often bearing buds may be procured through the mail from many rose growers for the small sum of a single dollar. And just now is the season for procuring these lovely roses and potting them for Fall and Winter blooming. Let us follow up a rose so procured. A small package wrapped in damp moss and oil paper arrives by the mail. We find it to contain small but perfectly well rooted rose plants that have been grown in two or three inch pots. Some of the old soil still adheres to the roots. We put the plants in water at once, and proceed to get the pots and soil ready for them. We take three inch pots, or old fruit or meat cans, which are excellent, but which must have a hole made in the bottom for drainage. If we have no soil ready prepared, we go to the woods or the garden, and bring in a box of the best soil we can find, and sift it to get any worms out of it. A piece of broken crockery or a flat stone is put over the hole, and a few pieces of broken brick or coal cinders, a little soil is then put on that. Then a plant is held in the pot with the left hand and the roots, first trimmed a little, if necessary, are nicely arranged; then the soil is sifted in among the roots and pressed down with a finger as it is put in, little by little so that the roots are evenly spread in the soil. In this way the pots are filled near to the brim. The plant is then cut back about one third, the pot is dipped wholly in a pail of water to settle the soil and is put into a cool, dark cellar for ten days or so; when it is brought out gradually to the light of day, and by and by into the sunlight in a window or on a bench in the garden. Or the plants may be set out in a garden bed, and shaded for a few days until the roots start. In two or three weeks new shoots are formed and tiny flower buds will appear, and by and by as the plants grow rapidly they will burst into bloom, repeated week after week until Winter arrives, when they will need rest in a cellar until Spring arrives again. But if flowers are desired in the Fall and Winter the buds are nipped off in the Summer, and a vigorous growth of wood will be made, which about November will produce buds, and these will be appearing, and bloom all through the Winter,

NEVER wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy.

The touchstone by which men try us is often their own vanity.