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A SIX-HUNDRED-POUND man: The gentleman stepped on the coal dealer's platform scales and asked to be weighed. The dealer said: "Why, certainly!" and called to the man inside to take the weight. And the man thought it was coal he was weighing and shouted back the weight six hundred pounds.

## THAT NIGHT.

You and I, and that night, with its perfume and glory!  
The scent of the locusts, the light of the moon,  
And the violin weaving the waiters a story,  
Emmeshing their feet in the web of the tune,  
Till their shadows uncertain  
Reeled round on the curtain,  
While under the trellis we drank in the June.  
Soaked through with the midnight, the cedars were sleeping,  
Their shadowy tresses outlined in the bright  
Crystal moon-splitten mists, where the fountain's  
heart, leaping  
Forever, forever burst, full with delight;  
And its lips on my spirit  
Fell faint as that near it  
Whose love like a lily bloomed out in the night.  
Oh, your glove was an olerous sachet of blisses!  
The breath of your fan was a breeze of Cathay!  
And the rose at your throat was a nest of spilt  
kisses!  
And the music—in fancy I hear it to-day,  
As I sit here confessing  
Our secret, and blessing  
My rival who found us and waited you away.

## FAME VERSUS LOVE.

"It cannot be!"  
As these words fell from Helen Armstrong's lips she arose from her seat, an old overturned boat, and moved slowly toward the water's edge.  
For a moment her companion, a man of perhaps twenty-five, hesitated; then he joined her, repeating:  
"It cannot be, Helen? Surely you are not in earnest. You love me, have you not said it? And yet you refuse to become my wife!"  
"Edwin, I—"  
"You did not mean it," quickly interrupted Edwin Bennett, adding: "Come, darling, why should not we be happy?" And he drew her hand within his arm.  
For an instant she let it rest there, then slowly but firmly she loosened his clasp, as she said:  
"For two years you and I have been friends. In that time did you ever know me to change after I had once decided upon anything?"  
"No, but—" answered her companion quickly while she, unheeding, goes on with:  
"You know the one great desire of my life is to win fame as an artist. Could I do this as your wife?"  
"Why not, Helen? Would I not do anything in the world to help you?" came the proud answer, as Edwin Bennett bent his eyes fondly upon the fair face beside him.  
"No, Edwin; as a wife I could never hope to obtain fame. Marriage brings to women so many cares that there is very little time left over for other work. I should not make you happy. I should be constantly longing for my old, free life."  
"If that is all I am not afraid to risk my happiness, Helen," answered her lover, a more hopeful look lighting up his handsome face.  
"Think how for five years," continued Helen, "I have worked with the one end in view. My home, you are aware, has not been particularly agreeable. Uncle and aunt are kind in their way, and have always let me have my own will about painting, providing it did not cost them anything. As for love or sympathy, you have seen how much they have yielded to me."  
"Seen and felt for you, Helen, God knows. And now that I will make your life, if I can do it, one happy dream, you will not; and yet you do not deny your love for me."  
For a second Helen's eyes rested longingly upon the face of the man who loved her so dearly; then into her dusky depths crept an intense, passionate longing, as they swept the horizon and noted the glorious splendor of the setting sun, while she exclaimed:  
"Oh, Edwin! If I only could reproduce that sunset just as it is! If I only could!"  
With an impatient sigh he turned away.  
"Always her art, never me; perhaps she is right after all. It would always stand between us."  
She, not noticing, went on with—  
"If it could only stay long enough for me to catch those colors, but, no, it is fading now."  
Turning, Helen found that her companion had left her side, and stood a few yards away.  
"Edwin," she called.  
In an instant he was beside her, everything forgotten except that she was the woman he loved.  
"I wanted to tell you how good Mr. Hovey is. It seems that he was acquainted with poor papa years ago, when I was a baby, and therefore feels quite interested in me. You have heard how he praises my work, and last night he proposed—"  
"Proposed!" exclaimed Edwin Bennett hotly. "Why, you don't mean to say that old man actually had the audacity to ask you to marry him?"  
"How ridiculous! How could you think of such a thing?" answered Helen, a ripple of laughter escaping from between her pretty teeth, as she continued:  
"No; he proposed, if I were willing, to send me to Italy for two years, he, of course, defraying the greater part of the expenses. He said when I became famous I could refund him the little amount if I wished. Was it not generous of him! Just think, two years at work among the old masters. What

could I not do then? It would be such a help to me. My little income would do, with care, I think."  
"And you would go?" As Edwin Bennett asked this question a look of pain crossed his face.  
"Why not?" came the reply, as Helen raised her eyes questioning to her companion.  
"You say you love me; and yet you would put the sea between us. Helen, wait; I will work hard and earn money enough to take us both abroad. Do you think I could deny you anything. You should paint to your heart's content, from the old masters, or anything else you pleased. So long as you were happy, I should be. Perhaps I might turn painter, too, some day, with you to inspire me," he added, smiling slightly.  
"I do not doubt your love for me, Edwin; but I shall never marry. I intend to devote my life to my art. As a wife it would be impossible for me to do so. I should be hindered and trampled in a thousand ways. Believe me, I have thought very earnestly of all this, and I—"  
"Helen, when I came to spend my vacation here at Little Rock, so as to be near you, I said to myself, Now you ask the woman you love to be your wife, and know that you have a home to offer her. For your sake I wish I were rich; but I am still young; and with the good prospects I have, I do not see why I shall not be able before many years to give my wife all she can wish."  
"It is not that, Edwin. I should not love you one bit the more if you were a millionaire," interrupted Helen, glancing reproachfully at him.  
"Helen, my holiday is over-to-morrow. I must have my answer to-night." The words came somewhat slowly from between Edwin Bennett's teeth.  
Mechanically, with the end of her parasol, Helen Armstrong traced on the glittering yellow sands, "Fame versus love." Then, as she became aware of what she had done, she sought to efface them. Too late, Edwin Bennett's hand stayed hers, as pointing to the letters, he said hoarsely:  
"Choose!"  
For a second she hesitated, then slowly came the answer:  
"I accepted Mr. Hovey's offer this morning. I am to sail in a week."  
Spurning her hand from him, Edwin Bennett, cried out passionately:  
"God forgive you! I cannot!" Then without another word, he turned and left her.  
A faint cry of "Edwin" escaped her lips, as her arms were held out imploringly toward him. They then fell to her side, and she, too, turned and went slowly across the sands in the opposite direction. If he had looked back and seen those outstretched arms, how different their lives would have been; but no, he plodded angrily along the shore, glancing neither to the right nor the left. Little by little the waves crept up and Love was drowned, while Fame stood out bold and clear upon the yellow sand.  
Ten years have come and gone since Helen Armstrong and Edwin Bennett parted on the shore, and during that time they had never met. Helen had won that which she had striven for. She had become an artist of renown. Even royalty had been pleased to compliment her upon her art.  
For the last month one of Helen Armstrong's paintings had been on exhibition at the Academy of Design, and crowds had been drawn thither to see this last work of the celebrated artist. The subject was simple, nothing new, yet visitors returned again and again to gaze at it.  
It was the last day of the exhibition, when a lady and gentleman, the gentleman leading a little girl of perhaps three years by the hand, passed into the room where the painting hung.  
"Oh! isn't it too bad there is such a crowd! I wanted to see it!" exclaimed the lady, to which the gentleman replied:  
"We will look at the other pictures first and come back again; perhaps there will not be such a crowd then."  
An hour or so later the gentleman and lady returned; then the room was almost deserted, except for a few stragglers here and there. It was just about time to close the gallery.  
For a few moments they stood in silence, before the painting; then a little voice said:  
"Baby wants to see, too, papa."  
Stepping down the gentleman raised the pretty, daintily-dressed child in his arms. After gravely regarding the picture for a second, the little one asked:  
"Is that mad, papa?"  
"I am afraid one was, pet," came the low answer, as Edwin Bennett softly kissed the fair cheek of the little girl. Then his gaze returned to the picture.  
A stretch of yellow sands, dotted here and there by huge boulders and piles of showy pebbles, against which the over-hanging cliffs looked almost bleak. Gentle little baby waves rippling in toward the shore, while majestic purple-hued, silver-edged clouds seemed floating en masse toward the golden, crimson-barred sun that flooded the sky and water with its warm light.  
In the centre of the picture, where

the beach formed a curve resembling a horseshoe, was an old boat, turned bottom upward; some few feet off, the figure of a young man, apparently walking hurriedly away. Although the face was not visible, the gazer felt that the man suffered; that the glorious sunset was this day as naught to him. Perhaps it was in the tightly-clasped hand, the veins of which stood out like great cords, or, maybe the man's apparent disregard of his surroundings.  
To the right of the picture the figure of a young girl, trailing a parasol in the sand, as she appeared to move slowly in the opposite direction from her companion. Only a little bit of a delicately shaped ear and a mass of glossy braids showed from beneath the shade hat, but one could readily believe that the pretty girlish figure belonged to an equally attractive face.  
About half way between them, traced upon the sands, were the words, "Fame versus Love."  
"Is it not lovely, Edwin?" and Mrs. Bennett laid her hand upon her husband's arm as she added:  
"Yet how sad it somehow seems. I can't help feeling sorry for them. I wish I could see their faces. I feel as if I wanted to turn them round."  
Clasping the little hand that rested so confidently upon his arm, Edwin Bennett inwardly thanked God for the gift of his fair young wife, as he said:  
"Come, dear, they are commencing to close up. Baby's tired, too."  
"Es, me's tired. Baby wants to kiss mamma," lisped the child, holding out her tiny arms.  
Husband and wife failed to notice a lady who stood near, gazing at a painting. As the pretty young mother stooped down to receive her baby's kisses, which the little one lavished on her cheeks, lips and brow, a deep, yearning look gathered in the strange lady's eyes and she turned hastily away.  
"Oh, Edwin!" exclaimed his wife, as they passed the silent figure in black. "Wouldn't it be nice if baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong?"  
"God forbid, Annie," came the earnest reply, followed by, "let her grow to be a true, loving woman, that is all I ask." The lady's hand tightened its hold upon the back of a settee as the words reached her ears, but she did not move until they were out. Then lifting her veil she went and stood before the painting that had won such fame. Tears gathered in her eyes as she gazed, and with the words, "I will never look at it again," she, too, passed out of the building, and in her own handsome carriage was driven home.  
Scorn shone in her dark eyes as they fell upon the costly works of art scattered in lavish profusion about her luxuriously furnished apartments. Hastily throwing aside her wraps, she crossed over to a mirror. A very handsome face it reflected. Not looking the thirty years it had known.  
Helen Armstrong—for it was she—had heard of Edwin Bennett's marriage; heard that he had succeeded in business beyond his most sanguine expectations; heard that his wife was one of the loveliest and gentlest of women, and that Edwin Bennett idolized both wife and child. This day she had seen them.  
Then came the thought that she might have stood in that wife's place; she, too, might have had those baby lips pressed so lovingly to hers; but she had put it from her. She had chosen Fame versus Love. If she could only go back to that day on the sands, how differently she would now act.  
Turning away from the mirror, she exclaimed, bitterly:  
"Too late, Helen Armstrong. As you have sworn so must you reap."

## YAYER AGA.

Yayer Aga, the eminent Albanian brigand chief, is just now a much-to-be-pitied man. He commenced business early in the year 1855, ever since which time he has been actively engaged in the pursuit of his avocations, extending his connections steadily until all the banditti of the province came to be in his employ and under his supreme command. Having amassed a handsome fortune, his sole remaining ambition was to complete his twenty-fifth year of his public career in harness, so to speak, and then, after celebrating his jubilee festivity, to retire into private life, carrying with him the respect and esteem of his surviving clients. Now but for the inconsiderately precipitate action of the Turkish authorities of Janina, the worthy Aga's wholesome ambition would doubtless have been realized a very few months hence. Unhappily for his hopes, a military expedition was sent out against him the other day, which succeeded after a severe engagement with Yayer's principal band, in capturing him as well as the managers and cashiers of his several branch establishments, who were in attendance upon him with their annual reports of profits and losses at the time when his retreat was surrounded and stormed by the Ottoman soldiery. As Yayer Aga has been forwarded to Stambul in chains, there to be dealt with according to the rigor of the law, it may be considered improbable that he will celebrate his jubilee as a free and independent bandit next spring. Let those who will drop a tear over the frustrated aspirations of one whose predatory perseverance has been so ill rewarded by destiny.

Professor Guthrie has succeeded in producing a blue-black protective coating on polished steel by dipping it in melted nitrate of potassium. The bloom greatly improves the appearance of the steel, and it appears to wear well.

## Scorpions.

It is wonderful that one doesn't hear of more scorpion stings, considering how abundant these pernicious insects are in nearly every tropical country. They are fairly hardy, too, and will survive a much greater degree of cold than centipedes. One morning, when I had just returned from a voyage and was repacking and arranging some things in my bedroom at the hotel in Southampton, a lively, vigorous scorpion fell out of a shell upon my bare foot, luckily, it rolled off, and the carpet received the emphatic tap of its tail which was intended as a delicate attention to myself. A bath sponge seems to be their favorite haunt, and it always behooves one to carefully examine that article before getting into one's tub in regions where these little pests abound. I think that over a dozen were killed in my cabin during one fortnight—brought there, no doubt, in a box of Espirito Santo orchids from Panama. Gargoes of oil, bales of medicinal woods, bunches of bananas, and other fruits and vegetables in bulk often introduce them on board vessels, and in old wooden ships especially they will remain and colonize the bulkheads and interspaces. I got a nip once, and only once. Walking the main deck of a steamer lying in Bide Janeiro, loading up with coffee, being barefooted and in the dark, I trod as if I wanted to turn them round. Clasping the little hand that rested so confidently upon his arm, Edwin Bennett inwardly thanked God for the gift of his fair young wife, as he said: "Come, dear, they are commencing to close up. Baby's tired, too." "Es, me's tired. Baby wants to kiss mamma," lisped the child, holding out her tiny arms. Husband and wife failed to notice a lady who stood near, gazing at a painting. As the pretty young mother stooped down to receive her baby's kisses, which the little one lavished on her cheeks, lips and brow, a deep, yearning look gathered in the strange lady's eyes and she turned hastily away. "Oh, Edwin!" exclaimed his wife, as they passed the silent figure in black. "Wouldn't it be nice if baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong?" "God forbid, Annie," came the earnest reply, followed by, "let her grow to be a true, loving woman, that is all I ask." The lady's hand tightened its hold upon the back of a settee as the words reached her ears, but she did not move until they were out. Then lifting her veil she went and stood before the painting that had won such fame. Tears gathered in her eyes as she gazed, and with the words, "I will never look at it again," she, too, passed out of the building, and in her own handsome carriage was driven home. Scorn shone in her dark eyes as they fell upon the costly works of art scattered in lavish profusion about her luxuriously furnished apartments. Hastily throwing aside her wraps, she crossed over to a mirror. A very handsome face it reflected. Not looking the thirty years it had known. Helen Armstrong—for it was she—had heard of Edwin Bennett's marriage; heard that he had succeeded in business beyond his most sanguine expectations; heard that his wife was one of the loveliest and gentlest of women, and that Edwin Bennett idolized both wife and child. This day she had seen them. Then came the thought that she might have stood in that wife's place; she, too, might have had those baby lips pressed so lovingly to hers; but she had put it from her. She had chosen Fame versus Love. If she could only go back to that day on the sands, how differently she would now act. Turning away from the mirror, she exclaimed, bitterly: "Too late, Helen Armstrong. As you have sworn so must you reap."

## Bill Arp's Baby Talk.

The poet hath said that "a baby in the house is a well spring of pleasure." There is a braun new one here now, the first in eight years, and it has raised a powerful commotion. It's not our baby, exactly, but it is in the line of descent, and Mrs. Arp takes on over it all the same as she used to when she was regularly in the business. I thought maybe she had forgot how to nurse 'em and talk to 'em, but she is singing the same old familiar songs that have sweetened the dreams of half a score, and she blesses the little eyes and sweet little mouth and uses the same infantile language that nobody but babies understand. For she says "with care to its damander," and "bess its 'little heart,'" and talks about its sweet little footytootes and holds it up to the windows to see the wagon go by and the wheels going roundyround and now my liberty is curtailed for as I go stamping around with my heavy farm shoes she shakes her ominous finger at me just like she used to and says don't you see the baby is asleep, and so I have to tip-toe around, and ever and anon she wants a fire, or some hot water, or some catnip, for the baby is a-crying and surely has got the colic. The doors have to be kept shut now for fear of a draft of air on the baby, and a little hole in the window pane above as big as a dime had to be patched, and I have to hunt up a puss of kin'ings every night and put 'em where they will be handy, and they have sent me off to another room where the baby can't hear me snore, and all things considered, the baby is running the machine, and the well spring of pleasure is the center of space. A grandmother is a wonderful help and a great comfort at such a time as this, for what does a young mother with her first child know about colic and thrash, and hives, and hicups, and it takes a good deal of faith to dose 'em with sut tea and catnip, and lime water, and paregoric, and soothing syrup, and ammonia, with all of these, the child gets worse, and if it gets better I've always had a curiosity to know which remedy it was that did the work. Children born of healthy parents can stand a power of medicine and get over it, for after the cry comes the sleep, and sleep is a wonderful restorer. Rock 'em awhile in the cradle and then take 'em up and jolt 'em a little on the knee, and then turn 'em over and jolt 'em on the other side, and then give 'em some sugar in a rag, and after awhile they will go to sleep and let the poor mother rest. There is no patent on this business, no way of raising 'em all the same way, but it is trouble, trouble from the start, and nobody but a mother knows how much trouble it is. A man ought to be a mighty good man just for his mother's sake, if nothing else, for there is no toil or trouble like nursing and caring for a little child, and there is no grief so great as a mother's if all her care and anxiety are wasted on an ungrateful child.

In China, table salt is served in a fluid state like vinegar, and is said to be very convenient when used in this way. BOLLIED starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

## Life in Ceylon.

Professor Earnest Haeckle, after describing his arrival in Ceylon and its capital, Colombo, goes on to give an account of his stay with Mr. Supperger, in his beautiful villa of Whist Bungalow. He says: "The charming villa of Colombo, where I stayed the first two weeks in Ceylon, lies at the northern end of the city, or rather of the suburb, Mutwal, in an angle formed by the sea and the mouth of the river Kelany-Ganga. From Colombo through the Pettah (native quarter) and neighborhood it takes fully an hour to reach Whist Bungalow. The solitary situation of the villa, in the midst of lovely scenery, far from the busy city and its public gardens, is one of the sources of the peculiar charm which the quiet country house at once exercised upon me. Whist Bungalow formerly was merely a small, simple house, hidden in a thick shrubbery. It was enlarged and transformed into a stately country house by a later proprietor, Mr. Morgan, an advocate. Mr. Morgan was a man of pleasure and spent the greater part of his fortune in beautifying the villa—the little 'Miramare' of Ceylon—in a manner worthy of its charming situation. The large garden was planted with the most splendid trees and ornamental shrubs. A noble colonnade and airy veranda rose around the enlarged house, and the lofty saloons within were luxuriously furnished. For many years dinners and evening parties succeeded each other, much more brilliant—if not so noisy and merry—than the drinking bouts of the whist-playing officers. It seems, however, that Mr. Morgan's colossal expenditure, and his Lucullan mode of life, at last exceeded even his large income, for on his death his creditors seized on the villa, and were glad that its sale by auction restored to them at least a portion of their money. But now came a turning-point in the history of the beautiful villa, and its new proprietor had not much pleasure in his possession. For the legend ran that the ghost of Mr. Morgan, who had died suddenly, haunted the house every night. At 12 o'clock, whether moonlight or not, there was heard a terrible noise; white forms glided through the spacious chambers, armed spirits flitted through the columned halls, and forms with glowing eyes wandered on the roof. Mr. Morgan, as chief spirit, was said to lead the ghastly troop. So Whist Bungalow had remained long uninhabited when my friend Supperger heard of it, and on seeing it determined to hire it. But at first not a servant could be persuaded to live in the ill-famed house. That was only possible when the supposed ghosts had been proved to be of zoological origin. On the first night of taking possession Mr. Supperger waited for the spirits, armed with guns and pistols, and as was to be expected, they turned out, on being shot, to be flesh and blood animals not the least akin to Mr. Morgan, but wildcats, bandidas, and flying foxes. The scruples of the most timid domestics were thus overcome, and Mr. Supperger confidently took up his abode in the solitary villa. "Long before dawn the fisher families assemble to take their morning bath in the river. Then comes the turn of the horses and oxen. Industrious washerwomen are often employed all day long in beating linon flat stones and spreading it to the shore to dry. Numerous fishing boats pass to and fro, and when the fishermen draw them upon the land in the evening and spread the large, square sails to dry, the tongue of land, with its long row of reposing boats, forms an uncommon and picturesque scene, especially when the evening breeze swells the sails and the setting sun dips into the sea, pouring over the whole a flood of glittering gold, orange, and purple. My friends informed me that the various streams, their way hither and thither through the flat delta. It is in fact, a moving bar, such as are found at the mouths of all the larger rivers in Ceylon. The Kelany-Ganga, rushing wild from the mountains, brings with it a mass of sand and stones, and as the abundant rains daily carry into it a quantity of earth and mud during its slower course through the plain, considerable banks are formed at its mouth in a very short time. These banks alter in shape and size according as the various streams seek their way hither and thither through the flat delta. It is said that formerly the chief mouth of the Kelany was four miles further south, in Cinnamon Gardens. The lagoons there, still and still in connection with the river by means of small channels, are the remnants of the former mouth, so that the greater part of the city of Colombo lies on the old delta. The picturesque bar now directly opposite Whist Bungalow has alternately been connected with the firm land at its northern and southern points and the wooded island opposite has sometimes been a peninsula and then again an island. "The coast of this island, like the shore of the garden next to that of Whist Bungalow, is thickly grown with mangroves, and I had the pleasure of observing with my own eyes the remarkable land creating activity of this most important and characteristic of tropical growths. The trees comprehend under the name of mangrove belong to very different species and families, but they all agree in their peculiar form of growth and consequent typical physiognomy; thick and bushy crowns of leaves resting on a thick trunk, and this trunk again resting on a mass of naked many branched roots, rising from six to eight feet above the surface of the water. Between the torched branches of this thick dome of roots is collected the mud and sand brought down by the river, and deposited on its banks, and especially at its mouth, and thus a forest of mangroves grows greatly the increase of firm land. But at the same time many organic substances, such as dead animals or plants, are caught and decay among the entangled roots, and are the cause of dangerous fevers. This is not the case, however, with most of the mangrove woods of Ceylon, and the Kelany is free from fever, as well as the lagoons of Colombo. The reason of the exemption is that the frequent and copious falls of rain often renew the water and wash away the decaying substances before they have any bad effect. "The garden itself, under the tasteful care of Mr. Supperger, has become a small Ceylon paradise, and contains representatives of almost all the important species of the flora of the island, forming not only a pleasure ground rich in flower and scent, but also an instructive botanical garden. The very first morning, when, drunk with delight, I wandered under the grove of palms and figs, bananas and ac-

cias, I gained an excellent insight into the composition of the flora of the plains. First in rank comes the noble family of palms, with their stately, valuable trunks, cocones and talipot, areca and borusas, caryota and palmyra, then the splendid light green bananas, with their delicate but gigantic fronds split by the wind, and valuable golden fruit. Besides different specimens of the common banana, our garden contains a tall and magnificent specimen of the strange, fan-shaped 'tree of the traveller' from Madagascar. It stands where the principal pathway branches off on the left to a splendid example of the sacred fig tree. This latter, with its pendant air roots, is very curious; many beautiful Gothic arches open between these roots, which support the trunk-like columns. Other trees belonging to different groups, (laurels, myrtles, ironwood trees, bread fruit trees, etc.) are enveloped by splendid creeping plants and overgrown with the lianas that play such a chief part in the flora of Ceylon; for the fulness of life and constant damp, heat has such an effect that in the densest forests crowds of the most various plants struggle upward towards the light and air. Among the other ornaments of the garden I will specially mention the large leaved callas or Aroid, and the beautiful feathery ferns, two very important groups both for the quantity of examples and the beauty and size of their fronds. There are still many of the most magnificent tropical leaf, and blossom plants, which, partly indigenous to the island, partly from other tropical regions—for example, south America—thrive here excellently. Above them towers the stately hibiscus, with the large yellow and red flowers; acacias with masses of beautiful fire-colored blossoms and mighty tamarinds with their aromatic flowers; while from their branches hang climbing thubergias with gigantic violet-colored bells, and aristocles with large yellow and brown funnel-shaped flowers. Many rutas, a. lilies, and orchids show particularly large and beautiful blossoms.

Don't You Forget It!

A woman who wanted the Common Council of Detroit to pass an ordinance to forbid dogs from running at large in her neighborhood, called at a store on Michigan avenue to ask the proprietor what sort of a petition she must send in.

"Why, you want to state the case just as you have stated it to me," he replied.

"But how shall I begin?"

"Well, let's see. I believe they usually start off with: 'To the Hon. the Common Council.'"

"I don't believe it," she exclaimed, and turning to a customer she appealed to him to decide.

"I am not certain how a petition begins," he said, "but I know that it must end up with: 'And we will ever pray.'"

"Not much we won't," growled the woman, "after a drove of goats has walked all over the roof of my house for the past year, and eaten up the calico dresses, tea sheets and a bed quilt for me. Maybe the butcher next door knows how to fix it."

She went in and stated the case to the butcher; and he thought it over and replied:

"It seems to me that it should begin with something like: 'To your very respectable body,' and close with: 'I am your very obedient servant; but I'm not sure.'"

"Servant! Do you suppose that I'm doing anybody's kitchen work."

"No, madam; but it's the form, you see."

"Well, form or no form, I'm not going to call myself anybody's obedient servant. I'll write the petition myself."

The wife to the desk, drew a long breath, and in five minutes had finished. It read:

"I'm being bothered to death by goats; and if you don't pass a law to stop it there will be a row in the old Eighth Ward, and don't you forget it!"

Lighter and Keener Tools and Implements.—As implements made of steel are lighter, stronger, and keener than those of iron, so are they better adapted to use by manual labor, by horse power, or by the power of water and steam. A man walks easier with light shoes, light clothes and spends less time more directly upon the work before him in proportion as there is less labor between himself and that work. Give a man an iron axe, and he, besides being discouraged, finds his blows to tell less efficiently and with less precision than when there is an edge of sharp steel between his hands and the tree. The same applies with all kinds of blunt, unsatisfactorily shaped implements. A hoe of right inclination will go under and lift the soil, while another will drag over it. A hipped drill will go under the grain of a fence post steel rail, while such a drill as is ordinarily used in boring cast iron will only operate to render the fibers more compact, and will have about the same difference of effect in boring as a blunt and a sharp edged ax do in cutting. Every carpenter knows the difference in a properly and improperly filed saw, and in two different tipped augers. A sloping plowshare will scour and run lightly under the soil, while a blunt one will clog and drag through it with difficulty. The same is true of the cutting edge of a turning tool for iron, wood, or steel, or the plane for either of these. With the discovery of a process for cheaper steel, it is practical to give a very much diminished weight of metal in carriages and carts as well as in railroad cars and any other machinery requiring strength and lightness. The chief success of American manufactures in competition with the older nations, where labor is cheaper and manufacturing longer and more economically established, is their lightness, strength and peculiar adaptability to the labor they are to perform. A ditch digger handling a shovel weighing but five pounds and lifting five pounds of dirt will work with much more animation and to much more purpose than if raising five pounds of dirt on a shovel weighing ten pounds. The same is true in all mechanical appliances and powers, whether of a pump, a steam engine, a water wheel, or any other. The cost of raising dead weight is often the difference between failures and success.

Good roads are evidences of civilization, and a true index of the thrift and public spirit of those sections which they traverse.