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A LITTLE 3-year old, whose mother was mixing a simple cough medicine for him, watched the process, and asked if it was good. He was permitted to taste it, and having discovered a bitterness in the decoction which was not suitable to the present wants of his palate he exclaimed: "It is awful good, mamma; let's keep it all for papa."

A GOLDEN TRESS.
Ah me! how slight a circumstance
May move our being's deepest strings.
Ah me! how simple-seeming chance
Can clutch forgotten passion strings,
And wake the old remembered tones,
Till memory maddens to the stir,
And all the past's obnoxious wrongs
Leap living from the sepulchre.

I found to-day a golden tress
Of one who has been dead for years,
And such a sudden loneliness
Fell on my heart and on the spheres,
I well might fear the Christ of Faith
Had gathered all his sunshine in,
And left us nothing but the writh
Of dark selfishness and sin.

The seat beneath the hazel-boughs,
The woodlands where our feet did stray,
The quick, warm thrill of whispered vows
That were the precious time away,
The twilight depths of those dear eyes,
The reverent lips of the saintly brow,
The hush-hours of low replies,
Beloved! how they haunt me now.

Almost my heart had brooded across
The solemn waters which did roll
Between my fearful sense of loss
And every other human soul,
But nothing now surmounts the waves,
That wash my barren island shore,
Mourning like dead hopes from their graves:
Ah nevermore! ah nevermore!

LIFE'S SHADOW.
Whatever on earth you can see to admire
Is beyond me," Dr. Ogden said emphatically.
"I did think, Carroll, you were made
of different stuff from the ordinary run
of young men, but it appears you are
as big an idiot as the rest of them."

And, looking with Dr. Ogden's eyes—
indeed, with almost anybody's eyes—it
did seem as if young Carroll Eytling had
done a very foolish thing in determinedly
falling in love with a girl who was
only pretty and fascinating, but—poor
and obscure—and that, too, when, as
the hair and prime favorite of his rich
old bachelor uncle, Carroll might have
married in his own rank and society.

But, Jessie Morrison was so pretty, it
was hardly to be wondered at, when you
looked at the question from the lover's
side.
So pretty, with a fair dewy complexion,
all cream-and-roses, great, melting black
eyes and hair, and a mouth smiling,
and fragrant and saucy, and a figure
like a Hebe's.

"It's too bad, too bad," Dr. Ogden
went on, half-scolding himself with hot
coffee for supper—a breach of good
judgement he would have roundly be-
rated in a patient—"too bad for any-
thing!"

"I did think it would all come to an
end, but here you come and tell me you
are up and down engaged to her—your
prospects ruined, your future marred."
Carroll laughed pleasantly.
"Hardly as bad as that, uncle John,
I hope."

"My engagement to Jessie promises to
be a long one, for I have no idea of
marrying until I am definitely settled
for my life business."
"Ruined and blighted, I tell you,"
Dr. Ogden repeated emphatically.
"She is not the style of girl to make a
good wife—she's selfish, and vain, and
lazy—crimps her hair and fools with
her toilets, at the expense of your shirt
buttons—"

"But, uncle John," Carroll interrup-
ted solemnly, a merry twinkle in his
blue eyes, "you forget shirt buttons are
not worn now."
"Button-holes and studs—"

"The invention of the demon for
shiftless women and careless landladies,"
Dr. Ogden growled.
"But that's neither here nor there."
"It's the principle of the thing that I
am after, although I might argue till I
was dumb before I could convince you
that you were running your head against
a post."

"Yes, I think it would take that long
and longer," Carroll answered.
"I am sorry that you look upon Jessie
as you do, uncle John, but I think,
when you know her better, you will
change your mind."
"Never!"

"I haven't lived sixty-seven years,
and half of them right in people's families,
not to know the genuine article
when I see it!"
"And I tell you, my boy, Jessie Morrison
hasn't the ring of the true metal
about her—never had, never will have;
it ain't in her."
And then Carroll bit his mustache—
a sure sign that his usually placid temper
was rising.

"We will not discuss the subject
further, uncle John," he said, with a
quiet manly dignity that Doctor Ogden
felt bound to respect.
"Uncle John is terribly unreasonable,
and utterly wrong," Carroll said to him-
self.

"The boy is making a consummate
fool of himself," uncle John thought
regretfully.
And for a long month Jessie's name
was never mentioned between them.

It was at the end of that period of
silence, one cold, dull January day,
when there was snow in the air, and Dr.
Ogden was driving rapidly through a
shabby back street, when a woman ran
out from a wretched little house and
hauled him, holding her little blanket
shawl tightly over her unkempt hair
as she stood in the penetrating air.

"I have been watching for you the
last hour, doctor."
"There's a bad case in the house—an
old woman, and a stranger."
"You must come in and see her, doc-
tor."

"It was a 'bad case,'" Dr. Ogden dis-

covered that before he had been five
minutes in the dull, comfortless little
bedroom where the patient lay.
"It's a bad case," he said to her, in
his bluff, honest way, "but there's no
reason why we won't pull you through."
"Small-pox, I suppose some people
would call it, varioloid I say."
"But you aren't going to die, mind
you, madam."
"You're a stranger here, Mrs. Jones
tells me."
"What's your name?"
"I'm a stranger, sir, and I would have
stayed where I was if I'd dreamed I was
going to be such a dreadful trouble."
"Small-pox, yes, my daughter told
me she knew it was small-pox."
"My name's Morrison, doctor, and I'm
from Brighton on a visit to my
daughter, whom I haven't seen for five
years, but she was afraid—"

"Morrison!" Dr. Ogden repeated, a
curious little snap in his voice.
"I've heard the name before."
"So your daughter wouldn't have you
at her home, eh?"
"You couldn't hardly blame her—
Jessie's young, pretty and gay, and
girls is thoughtless, you know."

"Maybe you know her—Jessie Morrison,
dry goods store, in Hewling & Donaldson's
dry goods store?"
Dr. Ogden's eyes twinkled oddly as
he buttoned up his overcoat.
"I've heard of her," he said.
"And you haven't seen her for five
years?"

"Not until a couple of days ago, sir."
"You see, I can't get away—being in
service—very often, but I'd heard Jessie
was going to be married to as fine a
young gentleman as there was in the
world, and I craved so to see her and
talk it over with her."

"She always was high-minded, ambi-
tious, Jessie was, and I wasn't surprised
when I heard it; and, of course, I
couldn't blame her for not letting me
stay with her a few days, when she
found I was ill with such symptoms."
"Well, I don't agree with you," he
answered.

"Your daughter was bound to take
care of you; you wouldn't have turned
her out of your home if she had brought
a pestilence with her."
"I don't admire your daughter over
and above, madam—a girl who would
allow her old mother to live out at
service, while she is earning fair wages
and dresses as fine as your daughter
does."

"Then you've seen her doctor?"
"You know how pretty and stylish
she is."
"I don't mind it a bit, and Mrs. Jones
isn't afraid of the disease, for she's had
it, and her husband, too."
"I've got a few dollars saved up, and
I'll give it to her."
"I was going to buy Jessie a coral pin
she wants so bad, but she'll have to go
without it now."

"What a terrible pity," Dr. Ogden
said sarcastically.
"Now, Mrs. Morrison, I want you to
take your medicine regularly, and fol-
low every direction I give you, and in a
little while you'll be all right."

And then Dr. Ogden bustled away to
change his clothes and frumigate his hair
and whiskers before he went home.
At luncheon that day, Carroll Eytling
looked gloomy and depressed, and be-
fore the meal was over he broke the
"mouth's silence."
"I dare say you will object, uncle
John, but I would be thankful if you'd
go and see Jessie."
"She's half ill, and dreadfully nervous,
having been exposed to small-pox—a
miserable begging creature from the
city forced herself upon her a day or so,
ago who at the time was sickened from
the scourge herself."

"It is shameful, positively shameful
that there is such laxity in our health
laws as to—"
Dr. Ogden interrupted the indignant
speech coolly.
"There are things more shameful,
my boy."
"See here, Carroll—if I was to get
the small-pox would you kick me out,
send me to the hospital?"
"What would you do?"
Carroll looked questioningly.
"Kick you out!"
"Send you to the hospital!"
"Why, uncle John, you don't think
me capable of—"
"That's enough."
"Of course you wouldn't."
"So you're afraid Miss Morrison's
coming down with the small-pox, are
you?"
"I don't suppose you'd marry her if
she turns out pock-marked and scanty-
haired, and—"
"I'd marry her no matter how her
beauty was spoiled!"
"I loved Jessie, not her face," Carroll
said hotly.
"Then, if her beauty of character
was spoiled, her womanhood tarnished
by a mean, despicable deed, you'd give
her up?"
Carroll flushed.
"I would—but it is an impossibility."
"Will you go and see her, uncle
John—as my betrothed wife?"
And then Dr. Ogden laid down his
napkin, and stood up, and looked solemnly
at Carroll.

"My boy, when I tell you that this
morning I was called to see the 'miserable
beggar from the city who forced
herself upon Miss Jessie Morrison, and
learned from her own lips that she was

the girl's own mother, inhumanly driven
away—perhaps to her death—by reason
of fear and mortification, I do not think
you will ask me to visit Jessie Morrison
as your 'betrothed wife.'"
Carroll had sprung to his feet during
Dr. Ogden's words, a paleness on his
face, an excitement in his manner, born
of the very conviction in Dr. Ogden's
words and action.

"Uncle John!
"It is impossible—impossible!" he
cried hoarsely.
But before twenty-four hours had passed
he knew it was not only possible
but true.

"You were right, uncle John," he
said sadly, "the girl I loved was sper-
mious metal."
"She was not worthy to be your
wife."

And when Dr. Ogden shook him
sympathizingly by the hand, he did
as much as say—
"I told you so!"
Jessie Morrison did not have the
small-pox, but she lost her lover, just
as she richly deserved to lose him, and
will repent bitterly her inhumanity as
long as she lives.

Old Mrs. Morrison recovered in
Heaven's providence, and under Dr.
Ogden's skilled care—but it was not to
return to the hard work of years, for
touched with deep pity, Dr. Ogden and
Carroll secured her a position as
matron in a children's asylum where
her life is declining peacefully amid con-
genial, well-performed duties.

And Carroll Eytling will never marry,
for Dr. Ogden's secret delight—yet a de-
light strangely mingled with regret at
the young fellow's quiet sadness, and
indignation that such a girl could have
shadowed so noble a life.

Notes of Ancient Days.
Undoubtedly there is much idle talk
about the wonderful extravagance of
ladies of the present day, their pursuit
of constantly changing styles, and the
luxuries demanded by those who can,
or think they can afford the expense.
One would be led to suppose, in the
absence of knowledge to the contrary,
that these were things of modern growth.
But just look at the "style" they used
to put on in early ages, and their enorm-
ous extravagance.

We are told that the ladies of Lesbos
slept on roses whose perfume had been
artificially heightened. And in times
of court maidens powdered their hair in
gold. Marc Antony's daughter did not
change her dress half a dozen times a
day, as do the Saratoga gosses, but she
made the lampreys in her fish pond
wear earrings. The dresses of Lollia
Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were
valued at \$2,664,480. This did not in-
clude her jewels. She wore at one sup-
per \$1,582,500 worth of jewels, and it
was a plain citizen's supper. The luxury
of Poppaea, beloved by Nero, was equal
to that of Lollia. The women of the
Roman empire indulged in all sorts of
luxuries and excesses, and these were
revived under Napoleon the first in
France. Mme. Tallien bathed herself
in a wash of strawberries and raspber-
ries, and had herself rubbed down with
sponges dipped in milk and perfumes.

Ovid says that in his day girls were
taught to smile gracefully. The beauties
of ancient times were just as vain as
modern belles, and spent the greater
part of their day at their toilet. The
use of cosmetics was universal amongst
them. Aspasia and Cleopatra (models
of female beauty, it is said), both used
an abundance of paint, and each wrote
a treatise on cosmetics. Cleopatra used
bees' grease to keep her hair from fall-
ing out. Roman ladies were so careful
of their complexions that to protect
them they wore masks. The Athenian
women of antiquity were very studious
of the attitudes and actions, and thought
a hurried and sudden step a sign of rus-
ticity. We have certain styles of beauty
now-a-days; so had the Greeks. They
wore wild over the "ideal chin," neither
sharp nor blunt, but gently undulating
in its outline, and losing itself grad-
ually and almost insensibly in the fullness
of the neck. The union of the two eye-
brows was esteemed by the Romans as a
beauty. It is said they admired the air
of dignity it gives to the face. An Al-
banian belle of to-day presents a rather
striking appearance. She is, as a rule,
coiffed with seed pearls and combs, and
enveloped in black gossie pelisse. She
has a perfect fright. The women of
Sindh, India, wear tunics and trousers
of woaden stuff, with large boots, partly
of leather, partly of blanket, which
come up to the knee, and which they
are fond of taking off at any time. In
order to get greater warmth they often
put a quantity of flour into these boots
besides their legs. Their taste in regard
to ornaments runs much to all sorts of
rings, including nose rings. A typical
woman in the interior of Africa is thus
described: "Her naked negro skin was
leathery, coarse and wrinkled; her fig-
ure was tottering and knook-kneed; her
thin hair hung in greasy locks, on her
wrists and ankles she had almost an ar-
senal of metal links of iron, brass and
copper, strong enough to bind a prison-
er in his cell. About her neck were
hanging chains of iron, strips of leather,
strings of wooden balls and heaven
knows what lumber more."

Less grain and more grazing tend to
the better development of frame and muscle
than when corn is fed to hogs exclusively.
Build the frame first, and lay on the fat
afterward.

The Postal Card.
No one denies that the postal card is
a great thing, and yet it makes most
people mad to get one. This is be-
cause we naturally feel sensitive about
having our correspondence open to the
eye of the postmaster and postal clerk.
Yet they do not read them. Postal em-
ployees take a postal card as cordially
as any one else, if they were banished,
and had nothing to read but a package
of postalcards or a foreign book of
statistics, they would read the statis-
tics. This will hunger for postal
cards on the part of postmasters is all a
myth. When the writer doesn't care
who sees his message that knocks
the curiosity out of those who handle
those messages. A man who would
read a postal card without being com-
pelled to by some stringent statute
must be a little deranged. When you
receive one you say: "Here is a message
of so little importance that the writer
didn't care who saw it. I don't care
much for it myself. Then you look it
over and lay it away and forget it. Do
you think that the postmaster is going
to wear out his young life in devouring
literature that the sender does not feel
proud of when he receives it? Nay, nay."
During our official experience we
have been placed where we could have
read postal cards time and again, and
no one but the All-Seeing Eye would
have detected it, but we have con-
trolled ourself and closed our eyes to
the written message, refusing to take
advantage of the confidence reposed in
us by our Government and those who
thus trusted us with their secrets. All
over our great land every moment of
the day or night these little cards are
being silently scattered, breathing lov-
ing words inscribed with hard lead pen-
cils, and shedding information upon sun-
dred hearts, they are as safe as though
they had never been breathed.

"They are safer in most instances be-
cause they cannot be read by anybody
in the whole world."
That is why it irritates us to have
some one open up a conversation by
saying: "You remember what that fel-
low wrote me from Cheyenne on that
postal card of the twenty fifth, and how
he rounded me up for not sending him
those things?" Now, we can't keep all
those things in our head. It requires
too much of a strain to do it on the
salary we receive. A man with a very
large salary and a tenacious memory
might keep run of the postal correspon-
dence in a small office, but we cannot
do it. We are not accustomed to it, and
it rattles and excites us.

Bank Burglary as an Act.
A writer from San Francisco says when
the combination lock was invented it was
thought that burglars could no more go
a burglarizing. In 1872 or 1873, however,
this fond hope was found fallacious, when
a Louisville bank was nearly "cleaned out
of cash." This adroit operation was fol-
lowed for a period of four years by a
number of robberies and attempted rob-
beries which have never been equalled. The
"gentlemen of the jimmy" had the best
of the combination lock. Some idea may
be had of the serious character of this fact,
when the reader reflects that during those
years nearly three millions of money and
bonds were stolen from various banking
institutions. These most skillful robberies
were the work of one gang of men, nor
was the post necessary to convict obtained
until the famous Northampton robbery, in
the winter of 1876, when four masked
men took from the vault money and bonds
of the face value of nearly one and a
quarter million.

I propose to tell the story of two of the
exploits of this gang, which, although not
altogether successful, will show, in part,
the amount of work required to break a
bank. It may deter letargic persons from
adopting the profession, because it will
be found that even burglars have to work
for a living. Robert Scott and Jimmy Dunlap
were the brains of the combination, the
former born in Warsaw, Ill., and the other
in Scotland. They were both "heery,"
muscular, and nobly. They lived in con-
siderable style and fared sumptuously every
day. Scott owned the celebrated trotting
mare Knox. He, in company with the
blonde-mustached Dunlap, created no end
of a sensation one season at Long Branch
being voted stunning good fellows by the
men, while they attracted considerable at-
tention among the ladies. Billy Connors,
a New York "crook," was also a member
of the syndicate. The Second National
Bank of Elmira was selected for attack.
It was decided to "work the bank" through
the floor of the Young Men's Christian
Association room directly above the vault.
But they were met at the outset by an
unexpected difficulty—the door of the
room was an iron one, and locked with a
Hall lock. They did not understand its
mechanism. One of the party entered
the house of the secretary of the Young
Men's Christian Association while he was
asleep and searched his pockets to steal
the keys long enough to get an impression
in wax. The young man, however, had
placed the keys under the carpet in his
room, and the robbers were thus foiled.
They were now "in a quandary," and were
almost ready to give up, when Connors
heard of a lock expert who was employed
by one of the great New York safe-makers.
Considerable diplomacy was employed and
some half a dozen interviews held before
the expert consented to reveal the secrets
of the Hall lock for \$50,000.

Connors came back to Elmira, and Dun-
lap, by some means, managed to have a
letter sent to the New York safe men mak-
ing inquiry in regard to their goods. As
was expected, the expert was despatched to
Elmira to "buzz" the customer." He was
careful to make known his business. It
was mentioned in an evening paper. Scott
inserted a ball of paper in the Hall lock, in
consequence of which it was quite natural
that the expert consented to repair the
lock. The expert took an impression of
the key, and that difficulty was surmounted.
About this time a certain Mrs. Davis came
to Elmira from Baltimore and rented a
small house in the suburbs. She represented
her husband as a commercial man, who was
almost always on the road. It was a queer
kind of housekeeping she kept. There was
a full set of window curtains to the house,
a few blankets and a few culinary utensils.
But she was very careful to sweep the
parquet every day, and hung out an
occasional washing.

Here the "gang" spent their time, never

going out in day time, and using every
precaution against discovery. The reader
will see at once the value of this cover.
These men, it must be remembered, were
suspected; some of them were known
bank breakers. Had their presence been
known in Elmira a dozen of detectives
would have been at their heels and all the
banks would have been warned. By this
plan, however, they were enabled to defy
pursuit, for had a robbery been committed
during their stay there, no one knew they
were in the city. They were strangers to
everybody; nobody was familiar with their
faces. In this house they lived nearly
two months. Every night they went to
the Y. M. C. A. room, unlocked the door
and took up the flooring, which they were
also careful to replace before the morning
began to blush over the hills. There were
not more than six men engaged in this
work: one of the party was obliged to
"pipe" outside. Ten after ten of stone
was carried up stairs in baskets and de-
posited on the roof; they burrowed through
five feet of solid masonry, and thence
passed a layer of heavy iron. A plate of
steel, nearly two inches in thickness, was
the last barrier between them and the
coveted wealth. They were at work upon
this. The president of the bank, Mr. H. C.
Pratt, had occasion to enter the vault
one night, and observed a quantity of
plaster dust upon the floor. The president
suspected and hunted up an officer; but
the midnight masons took the hint and es-
caped.

Stanley and Brazza.
Brazza, the African explorer, the
other night heaped coals of fire upon
Stanley's head. But he did not operate
in a meek, Christian spirit. He is an
Italian and has a very remarkable head.
To the front view of his face Enkid's
definition of a line (length without
breadth) is applicable. There are, how-
ever, a pair of gleaming, intensely keen
black eyes, the ironical expression of
which must have been galling to Stan-
ley. As to the profile, it is made up of
violent curves. The forehead is bumpy
and strongly modeled. A very high-
bridged nose (higher than the Duke of
Wellington's, but not so abruptly out-
lined) dips at the end in a rounded
point, so far down as to be almost hori-
zontal with the mouth. The chin ad-
vances in another strong curve. Brazza's
head is Florentine. In Leonardo's
picture of "The Last Supper" there is
such a head, and it is upon the
shoulders of one who betrayed with a
kiss. Judas has not, however, gleaming
eyes and an expression of scorching
irony. Brazza managed not to look
sorrowful when singing "Sixty" if she
did. It is said that he was eavesdropping
while his hated rival was expressing
contempt for him and the French flag,
which he appraised, in the diction of a
New York drygoods store, at so much
per square yard. Brazza's appearance
at the close of the evening was a most
effective and smoothly performed coup
de theatre. His little speech was de-
livered trippingly, in a good voice and
with telling emphasis. That "Let me
shake hands with you before I hear
what you have said of me"—it was as
the lady saying to the gentlemen who
asked her in a railway train if she ob-
jected to a cigar being lighted, "I really
cannot answer one way or the other, as
nobody ever yet smoked before me." Judged
according to his tenacity, and enter-
prise, Stanley is a great man; but he
is a poor writer. His speech, which he
read with a closed mouth, was inter-
minable and without movement. Why
he called Brazza a Florentine in mean-
ing to abuse him it is hard to under-
stand. It is not disgraceful to be a
countryman of Dante.

Man and Animals.
There can be no doubt that dogs associate
with barking in certain tones special
emotional states in their companions. In
fact, it is probable that dogs can, in this
way, communicate with each other a wide
range of states of feeling. But these states
are present states, not states past or future.
They are their own states; not the states of
others. A dog can call his companions'
attention to a worrable cat, or he may
have his attention roused by exclaiming
"cat." But no dog could tell his compan-
ion of the successful "worry" he had just
enjoyed, or suggest that they should go
out for a "worry" to-morrow morning.
And here we come upon what seems to be
the fact which raises man so immeasurably
above the level of the brute. The brute
has to be contented with the experience
he inherits or individually acquires. Man,
through a language, spoken or written,
profits by the experience of his fellows.
Even the most savage tribe has traditions
extending back to his father's father
(grandfather). And the civilized man—has he
not in his libraries the recorded results
of many centuries of ever-widening experi-
ence and ever-deepening thought? Thus it
is that language has made us men. By
means of language, and language alone,
has human thought become possible. It
is that which has placed so enormous a
gap between the mind of man and the mind of
the dog. Through language each human
being becomes the inheritor of the accumu-
lated thought and experience of the whole
human race. Through language has the
higher abstract thought become possible.

Malmalson France.
The sale of Malmalson to a land com-
pany for \$90,000, or less than one-third
of what the late Emperor Napoleon gave
Queen Christina of Spain for it will re-
move another landmark in the history
of the Bonapartes. Originally a hos-
pital, Malmalson was the dowry home
of Josephine to Beauharnais, and it
was there that she died, thus being ful-
filled, according to Lord Holland, the
prophecy made to her by a gipsy before
she had made the acquaintance of Napo-
leon, that "she would be more than a
queen and die in a hospital." After
the death of Josephine, Malmalson be-
came in turn the property of a Swedish
banker and of the ex-Queen Christina
of Spain, while of late years it has be-
longed to a financier, whose attempts
to divide the property into eligible
building sites was a failure. This finan-
cier has gone the way of so many coun-
terfeits, and Malmalson is to be demolish-
ed to make room for a manufactory.

—Wolfe was conquerer of Quebec at
city-two

Paper-Mache for Building.
A trade journal has the following re-
garding paper-mache: It may claim to
rival iron in the multiplicity of its in-
dustrial applications. In Europe it is
employed to a considerable extent in
architecture, from a complete church
building in Bavaria (capable of seating
1,000 persons,) having columns, walls,
altars, roof and spire of paper-
mache, to the finest traceries of a Gothic
sereep. Some of the most tasteful halls
in Britain and on the continent are
finished in it, in preference to wood. The
manteils and the mirror frames they
support, are of its composition; and,
strange as it may seem, the very chandeliers,
in their gilded elegance, are of
this humble material. Its use in archi-
tecture can literally have no limit; for
no one-to-day can say what may not
be made of it. In toys, tables, bijouterie
of all kinds, we have examples of its
extensive uses, and suggestions of its
future applications. Paper-mache
never cracks, as wood, plaster, terra-
cotta, etc., will do. In the same ar-
ticles it can be made, if required, far
lighter than plaster, terra-cotta, metal
or even wood. Neither heat nor cold
affects it; it can be sawed, fitted, nailed
or screwed, quickly adjusted or re-
moved, gilded, painted, marbled or
bronzed. It can be made light as cork,
or heavy as stone; never discolored by
rust, and with iron is not affected by
temperature or oxygen, as is even zinc.
It can be made for a given thickness
stronger than any white or rare marble,
and is even tougher than slate, quite as
hard, and will not chip corners nor
crack off in strata. One of the great
advantages of paper-mache is that it
can be produced very cheaply. In
architecture it can be supplied very
cheaply at plaster price, and taking
into consideration the price of putting up,
costs no more, and sometimes even less.
This depends on the size of the orna-
ment, the larger being the cheaper in
proportion. It can be made to imitate
the rarest marbles, as it takes a polish
even superior to slate, and costs not
half so much as the preparation of plas-
ter of Paris, known as scagliola, while
it is infinitely stronger. Pedestals, col-
umns, newel-posts, vases, clocks, and
multifarious other articles are made of
it in elegant and durable forms. Possi-
bly, as a recent writer remarks, when
the forests of the globe are regarded as
quarries, and the remaining groves are
preserved with the same care that
has guarded historic trees, the cast off
rags of mankind, and the other waste
useless woods, reeds and grasses of the
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