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Good Night.

A SONG.

Good night, my love, good night,
The twinkling stars are peeping from the
cloudless sky,
And on the dewy earth the silver moonbeams
lie;
The sweet, sad time now comes when I must
say good-by.
Good night, my love, good night.
Good night, my love, good night.
Oh! softly on thy pillow may thy pure cheek
rest,
And angels' grant no shadows cross thy sinless
breast;
Thy sleep be sweet, thy dreams of him who
loves thee best.
Good night, my love, good night.

His Own Medicine.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton had finished
tiffin, and were discussing some private
theatricals, which, followed by a ball,
were to take place that evening at the
mess-house of the - th. The subject
was a delicate one, for on it they held
decided, but unfortunately divided
opinions. The doctor had a prejudice
against such things, and, though in
most respects very indulgent to his
pretty little wife, objected to her at-
tending them. She, however, was
bent on doing so.

"You know, dear, that it is the very
last of the season, and every one will
be there."

"And you know my rooted objection
to these entertainments, Ada, why do
you urge me?"

"Then when shall I ever have an op-
portunity of showing off that lovely
pink and silver cloak you got from
Madras on my birthday?" pouted the
young wife.

"Ah, that is a deeply important mat-
ter!" laughed the doctor. "We must
see if we can't get up a dance in our
bungalow, little woman," continued he
somewhat inconsequently.

"But that won't be a ball and the-
atricals to-night; and by that time
Daddabhy, Rumanagee and the other
Parsees will have their shops filled
with the new-fashioned cloak, while as
yet mine is the only one of the canton-
ment. I really do think, William, you
might let me go. I am sure I sit pa-
tiently enough through those solemn
dinners and scientific reunions of
which you are so fond."

"Well, well, as it is the very last of
the season, I suppose I must be amia-
ble for once; but—"

"Oh, that's a dear, good, disagree-
ble old thing!" said his wife, giving
him a kiss; and without waiting to
hear more, in a flutter of delight she
left the room.

When left to himself the doctor pon-
dered their late conversation, and left
by no means satisfied with his share in
it. Still, having consented, he deter-
mined to do so with a good grace, and,
on Mrs. Morton presently re-entering
to look for something, he said, "By the
way, dear, when shall I order the pa-
lanquin for you?"

Still continuing her search she re-
plied rather absently, "Oh, any time,
I shall only want it returning; the
Hills will call for me going."

Dr. Morton was taken aback.
"So," he exclaimed, "you had ar-
ranged to go with—or without—my
consent!"

With a little start, she answered
somewhat confusedly, "Well, I thought
you would be sure to give me leave,
William, and—"

"As you have chosen to act so whol-
ly independently," interrupted her
husband, angrily, "I withdraw the
consent I so unwittingly gave. The
house shall be closed at the usual hour,
and if you do not happen to be at home
at 11 o'clock, we do not sleep under
the same roof this night." And in
high displeasure Dr. Morton left the
house; nor did he return for more than
a couple of hours, during which his
mood had more than once changed.
The first irritation over, he felt that it
was hard upon his pet to deny her the
pleasure to which but the moment be-
fore he had assented. How would he
bear to spend the long evening oppo-
site that disappointed, wistful little
face? It began, too, to dawn upon
him that "the whole cantonment"—
which in India, where private life is
no a distinctly public property than
in any other corner of the world, stands
for our esteemed old friend, Mrs.
Grundy—might, as has ever been its
 wont, put an unkind construction on
motives it did not understand; might
hint that he was not so much standing
by his principles—which in fact, he
had yielded—as avenging his own of-
fended dignity. The result of all
which cogitation was that if, on his re-
turn home, he should find that she had
accepted both disappointment and re-
buke in a proper spirit, much, indeed
all, dependent on that—she should go
with her friends to the ball; or even
in the probable event of their having
already called, he would show his mag-
nanimity by taking her himself. Just
then a carriage drove swiftly past his;
he recognized it to be the Hills's, and

in it—could he credit his senses?—all
radiant with smiles, wrapped in her
new cloak, sat his wife, who, in merry
defiance, kissed her hands to him as
they passed.

Both ball and theatricals were de-
lightful, and none enjoyed them more
than the volatile and fascinating Mrs.
Morton. In the gaiety of her spirits
she confided to one after another of
her dearest friends her husband's
threat; and to one or two who ex-
pressed some fear that he might carry
it out she laughingly replied that she
did not think that that would be at all
likely; but in the event of anything so
improbable, she had still her palanquin,
in which she could rest till gun-fire,
when, of course, the house would be
opened.

I am told that nowadays palanquins
are in as little request in India as se-
dan chairs in England; but in Dr. and
Mrs. Morton's time—for know, O reader,
that my story is founded on fact—they
were, except in the evening drive, the
most general mode of carriage. In the
veranda of every house one or
more might always be seen, with their
bearers at hand, ready for instant ser-
vice by day or by night.

It was past 2 o'clock when Dr. Mor-
ton heard, coming down the compound,
the moaning monotonous cry of the
bearers who carried their mistress to
her home. Placing the palanquin in
the veranda, they called loudly for
admission, striking the door with their
hands, in no small wonder that it had
not, as usual, been thrown wide at
their approach. Expectation of the
coming triumph had driven sleep from
his pillow; and he now turned his head
with a grim smile, for his revenge was
at hand—the little rebel should learn a
lesson never to be forgotten.

To the bearers' voices was soon ad-
ded that of their mistress's; indignantly,
entreatingly, coaxingly she called
in turn. She reminded her husband
that their veranda was overlooked
from the road "Let me in, I beg, I en-
treat of you, William. It will be gun
fire in a couple of hours, and if seen
here I shall be the laughing-stock of
the whole station. O William, dear,
do let me in!"

To which her husband answered
sternly, "We shall not rest under the
same roof this night;" and he chuckled
to himself, for he only intended to keep
her waiting a few minutes.

For a moment Mrs. Morton seemed
irresolute; then having said a few
words to the head bearer, she cried
aloud in a passionate burst of sobs, "I
will sooner die than submit to such hu-
miliation;" and, followed by her ser-
vants, she rushed away.

There was a long waiting cry—a
shriek—a heavy splash. Good heavens!
could it be—could it be possible that
his impetuous wife had thrown her-
self into the well? Hark to those
wild cries as the bearers run hither
and thither with loud exclamations
and calls for help. Paralyzed with
fear, the husband could with difficulty
open the door; then rushing out he
would have flung himself into the
still rippling water, in a mad attempt
at rescue, had not a bearer lunged upon
his arm, as, in broken English, he tried
to explain that his mistress was safe.

"Then where is she? What is all
this row about? Who has fallen in?
What are you all yelling for?"

"For Mem Sahib tell, 'throw big
stone down well'; then too much bob-
bery make; run this way, that way—
plenty great tamasha. Mem Sahib
make big cry, then Mem run away."

Dr. Morton knew himself outwitted,
for doubtless his wife had taken ad-
vantage of the door she had thus suc-
ceeded in opening. Ah, well, though
vexed at the trick, he was by no means
sorry that the conflict was at an end,
and that they should both pass what
remained of the night in peaceful rest.
He dismissed the bearers, and returned
to the house, but to find it shut! The
door was closed, and obstinately re-
sisted all efforts to open it; while a
voice from the window from which he
had himself so lately spoken, said—
"We shall not sleep under the same
roof this night." The doctor, with an
uncanny laugh, first treated the situation
as a silly joke, then expostulated, then
stormed; but all without avail or even
notice. He called to the ayah to open
the door; but her answer was that she
was locked in Mem's room, and Mem
had the key under her pillow. He
stamped at first with anger, but soon
with cold, for his night pyjamas offered
slight protection against the chill
morning air. At length seeing the
palanquin, he got into it. The lovely
cloak was lying on the cushions; he
drew the hood over his head, its deli-
cate hues in striking contrast to his
sunburned face and disheveled hair
and dragging it round his broad
shoulders with an angry tug, settled
himself to sleep.

The gun had fired, the "assembly"
sounded, but still the doctor slept on.
Nor was he roused by the sound of
horses' hoofs, as a bevy of ladies, un-

escorted except by servants, rode up
to the door. They would be joined in
their ride by their husbands after par-
ade; and then, after a final round of
the course, assembled at the house of
one other of their party to chota-haz-
zarie and a lively discussion of absent
friends.

In much surprise they waited a min-
ute or so before the closed and silent
house; then, with significant glances,
one after another slid from their saddle,
determined to solve the mystery. Ah,
there it is! A little corner of the cloak
worn the night before by Mrs. Morton
peeped out of the closed door of the
palanquin; 'twas evident that the poor
little thing had been obliged to seek
that shelter. "What a shame!" They
would speak to her, they would com-
fort her, and oh, what a laugh they
would have against her! They grouped
themselves round the palanquin, bend-
ing low to peer in; and one on either
side drew back the sliding doors as
graciously!—Dr. Morton, still half asleep,
slowly opened his eyes. Most effectual-
ly was he awakened by the startling ex-
clamation with which the visitors
hastily retreated to their horses, which
they were just in the act of mounting
as the door was thrown open, and Mrs.
Morton appeared in her riding-habit.
They immediately rode away, to the
infinite satisfaction of the recumbent
but impatient doctor, who was in mortal
fear that fresh complications might
arise through his unexplained absence
from duty bringing message of inquiry.

At the meeting of husband and wife
we would rather not play fly in the
corner, but take for granted that there
was the usual amount of tears, re-
conciliation and hysterics, in which—
for this occasion only—a torn and
crumpled fabric of pink and silver
took an active part; the sight of it
from time to time stimulating Mrs.
Morton's grief and eloquence, while
her husband, who, smarting the expose
of the morning, had entered on the
fray with unusual spirit, soon found
himself vanquished, limp and utterly
dismayed, as his own inconsistent,
tyrannical and selfish conduct was
contrasted—not for the first time—with
the patient endurance of his long-
suffering wife.

Neither of this nor of the reconcilia-
tion that followed in natural sequence,
shall we make record; but we must
of the pleasing fact that, at the very next
concert, Mrs. Morton, leaning on her
husband's arm, appeared in most ex-
cellent spirits, her cloak, this time of
amber and gold, being admired by all
beholders.—*London Society.*

Sago and Tapioca.

Sago and tapioca differ in value ma-
terially, as was shown recently in a
lawsuit between merchants of the Pa-
cific coast. The difference is explained
in the plants and in the cost of pro-
duction. The sago tree is a palm,
twenty-five feet high. It grows in the
marshes of Singapore and elsewhere in
China, where plantations of one thou-
sand and acres are often seen. A sago palm
is not ripe for its first and only harvest
till fifteen years from the planting. Its
diameter is then some twenty inches.
The harvester works on a shifting
plank in the swamp, and fells the tree
close to the ground. The bark being
removed the body of the tree consists
of soft pith, which is broken and
ground in water while the pulp is be-
ing stirred. Transferred to a vat, the
starch is precipitated and the water
drawn off, after which the starch is
dried and ground into the sago
flour of commerce. Chinese tapioca
differs essentially. The plant grows
fifteen feet high, and fruits in two
years; otherwise it is not unlike the
potato. Every motion is the same as
in the potato field. Grasping the plant
its huge bunch of massive roots is
shaken and taken to mill, where, being
washed and stripped by machinery, the
tapioca of commerce is made as sago is
precisely.

Space in the Universe.

The nearest of the fixed stars is
twenty trillions (20,000,000,000,000)
of miles distant from us. The next in
distance is four times farther removed.
If we attempt to fix an average dis-
tance for the surrounding group of
fixed stars nearest our system, we could
not safely give it a radius of less than
four hundred trillions of miles. Yet
what does this involve? Light, which
reaches us from the sun in eight and a
half minutes, would take seventy years
in its journey across this vast
domain of space. If the volume of
space included within our solar system
were occupied with one huge sphere of
5,600,000,000 miles diameter, even such
a mighty mass would be but as a float-
ing feather in the marvelous spread
of empty space surrounding. This
space would contain twenty-seven hun-
dred trillions of such spheres, and
would contain the material contents of
our solar system a number of times in-
dicated by the figure 5 with twenty-
two ciphers annexed.

RELIGIOUS.

Those who would let anything take
the place of Christianity, must first
abolish all sorrow from the earth.

Be as a little child. Children have
no cares; all is managed for them, and
they rest safe and happy in their father's
care.

We must choose between the ro-
mance of man and the mysteries of
God. God only reveals himself through
many a veil, but those veils are not
falshoods.

The apostle John did not believe in
divorces for religion's sake. When he
baptized Chryssippa, the wife of the
governor of Patmos (says Prochorus),
she would have forsaken her unbeliev-
ing husband at once; but the aged
apostle told her it must not be. He
had a commission, he said, to join her
to Christ, but none to separate her
from her husband, and he commanded
her to return to her house again.

Life is of worth only as we men and
women witness for something. Proto-
plasm is a high type of life compared
to the man who lives only for self.
Smaller than an atom is the man who
finds center and circumference in self.
Less than a cipher in value is the soul
that stands alone, and finds no great
principle or truth as a unit alongside
which to place itself. The coil of wire
stretched across a state becomes the
highway of thought when it yields to
electricity; a man becomes the medium
of God's thought when insulated from
the world, and witnessing for Christ.

Be Calm.

Life is to a great extent what we
make it, and no life is set to sweet mus-
ic all along its path. How much bet-
ter, then, to take it just as we find it—
the bitter with the sweet, the disa-
greeable with the agreeable, the sun-
shine with the shadow, accepting what-
soever comes, cheerfully or uncom-
plainingly, doing what we have to do
faithfully. It is hard to be calm and
gentle when surrounded by bitterness
and ill-temper, to be sweet and serene
when others are rude and fretful, to be
bright and sunny in an atmosphere of
gloom, to be composed when people re-
buid and annoy us; but if our lives are
hid in Christ, and his love controls us,
it is not so difficult after all; and
though the Red seas may be numerous,
and the waters of Marah very bitter
sometimes, surely God's greatness
shall flow around our incompleteness,
and we be raised above the petty cares
and trials of earthly existence, till
Elim having been gained, we can
abide there safely with the promised
land in view.

Modern Changes.

It was a startling expression, but
quite consistent with what is becom-
ing a very common sentiment of the
imagined superiority of modern en-
lightenment over what we have so long
reverenced as divine revelation, which
we noticed in the conclusion of a trib-
ute paid by a correspondent of one of
our most influential daily papers to a
gentleman recently deceased. After
depicting a character of remarkable
beauty, in certain mentioned respects,
the writer added that such a man
"scarcely needed to be born again."
Whether the writer meant to imply
that this superior young person was
probably never born again, but that it
was no loss to him; or that he prob-
ably had been, but that it was unneces-
sary to such a man, we need not in-
quire. But when we remember who it
was that said, "Except a man be born
again he cannot see the kingdom of
God," we cannot but wonder at the
moral daring which the utterance of
such a thought implies.—*Watchman.*

How to Pray.

Our insufficiency to pray aright is
two-fold, embracing both what to pray
for, and how to pray. An inspired
writer says, "We know not what we
should pray for as we ought." In other
words, as the passage in its connection
teaches, we do not know how to pray
except we are assisted by the Holy
Spirit. Another inspired penman
says, "Ye ask and receive not, because
ye ask amiss." It is not all manner of
prayer that is availing, and we cannot
be too deeply impressed with the con-
sideration that there is a right and a
wrong way of praying. To pray ef-
fectually we must pray "as we ought."
To pray "as we ought" includes fixed-
ness and engagedness of heart. Rov-
ing thoughts and listless feelings are
among the greatest hindrances to be
overcome. There are very few who
have not attempted, seemingly in vain,
to have the thoughts confined to the
words of prayer, when in spite of all
endeavors to the contrary they have
wandered hither and thither, as if
mocking all control. It is well if in
these painful experiences, the need of
divine assistance in prayer is suitably
realized.

HIS LAST COURT.

A Story of the Sternest Judge that Arkan-
sas Ever Had.

Old Judge Grepson, a justice of
peace, was never known to smile. He
came to Arkansas years ago, and year
after year, by the will of the voters,
he held his place as magistrate. The
lawyers who practiced in his court
never joked with him, because every
one soon learned that the old man
never engaged in levity. Every morn-
ing, no matter how bad the weather
might be, the old man took his place
behind the bar, which, with his own
hands, he had made, and every even-
ing just at a certain time he closed his
books and went home. No man ever
engaged him in private conversation,
because he would talk to no one. No
one ever went to his home, a little cottage
among the trees in the city's outskirts,
because he had never shown a disposi-
tion to make welcome the visits of
those who lived even in the immediate
vicinity. His office was not given him
through the influence of "electioneer-
ing," because he never asked any man
for his vote. He was first elected be-
cause, having once been summoned in
a case of arbitration, he exhibited the
executive side of such a legal mind
that the people nominated and elected
him. He soon gained the name of the
"Hard Justice," and every lawyer in
Arkansas referred to his decisions.
His rulings were never reversed by
the higher courts. He showed no sen-
timent in decision. He stood upon the
platform of a law which he had made
a study, and no man disputed him.

Recently a woman charged with
misconduct was arraigned before him.
"The old man seems more than
ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer, as
the magistrate took his seat. "I don't
see how a man so old can stand the
vexations of a court much longer."

"I am not well to-day," said the
judge, turning to the lawyers, "and
any cases that you may have you will
pleased despatch them to the best, and
let me add, quickest of your ability."

Everyone saw that the old man was
unusually feeble, and no one thought
of a scheme to prolong a discussion,
for all the lawyers had learned to re-
verence him.

"Is this the woman?" asked the
judge. "Who is defending her?"

"I have no defense, your honor," the
woman replied. "In fact, I do not
think that I need any, for I am here to
confess my guilt. No man can defend
me," as she looked at the magistrate
with a curious gaze. "I have been ar-
rested on a charge of disturbing the
peace, and I'm willing to submit my
case. I am dying of consumption,
judge, and I know that any ruling
made by law can have but little effect
on me," and she coughed a hollow,
hacking cough, and drew around her
an old black shawl that she wore.

The expression on the face of the magis-
trate remained unchanged, but his eyes
dropped and he did not raise them
when the woman continued: "As I
say, no man can defend me. I am too
near that awful approach, to pass
which we know is everlasting death to
soul and body. Years ago I was a
child of brightest promise. I lived
with my parents in Kentucky. Way-
ward and light-hearted, I was admir-
ed by all the gay society known in
the neighborhood. A man came and
professed his love for me. I don't say
this, judge, to excite your sympathy.
I have many and many a time been
drawn before courts, but I never be-
fore spoke of my past life."

She coughed again, and caught a
flow of blood on a handkerchief which
she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it
now because I know this is the last
court on earth before which I will be
arraigned. I was fifteen years old
when I fell in love with the man. My
father said he was bad, but I loved
him. He came again and again, and
when my father said he should
come no more I ran away and married
him. My father said I should never
come home again. I had always been
his pride, and I loved him so dearly,
but he said that I must never again
come to his home—my home, the home
of my youth and happiness. How I
longed to see him. How I yearned to
put my head on his breast. My hus-
band became addicted to drink. He
abused me. I wrote to my father, ask-
ing him to let me come home, but the
answer that came was, 'I do not know
you.' My husband died—yes, cursed
God and died. Homeless and wretch-
ed, and with my little boy I went out
into the world. My child died, and I
bowed down and wept over a pauper's
grave. I wrote to my father again,
but he answered, 'I know not those
who disobey my commandments.' I
turned away from that letter hardened.
I spurned my teachings. Now I am
here."

Several lawyers rushed forward. A
crimson tide flowed from her lips.
They leaned her lifeless head back
against the chair. The old magistrate
did not raise his eyes. "Great God!"
said a lawyer, "he is dead!"
The woman was his daughter.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.
Economy is itself a great income.

Folly ends where genuine hope be-
gins.

Men mark the hits, and not the
misses.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than
to bear them.

Whatever makes men happier makes
them better.

It is a good rule to be deaf when a
slanderer begins to talk.

Feebleness of means is, in fact, the
feebleness of him that employs them.

Circumstances are the rulers of the
weak; they are but the instruments of
the wise.

Out in the world men show us two
sides in their character; by the fireside
only one.

A woman may get to love by de-
grees; the best fire does not flare up
the soonest.

Where there is much pretension
much has been borrowed; nature
never pretends.

It is not what you see that makes
you popular among your friends; it is
what you don't tell.

Never despise humble services;
when large ships run aground, little
boats may pull them off.

Attrition is to the stone what good
influences are to the man; both polish,
while they reveal hidden beauties.

When a man is at the foot of the
hill in his fortunes, he may stay a long
while there in spite of professional ac-
complishments.

Murdered by a Private.

Lieutenant General Coode, of Ply-
mouth, England, formerly of the In-
dian army, has received particulars of
the murder of his son, Lieutenant W.
H. Coode, adjutant of the wing of the
Lincolnshire regiment stationed at
Benares. The deceased was drilling
the men on parade when two rifle shots
were fired from the corner of the bar-
racks. The bullets passed close over
the heads of the men, and almost im-
mediately a third shot was fired, seve-
rally wounding a private named Lilley,
in the knee. The men were much ex-
cited and wanted to "scatter," but Lieut-
enant Coode ordered them to remain
steady and rode in the direction of the
firing. As he was advancing in a can-
ter a fourth shot was fired by a private
named Cocklin, who was standing out-
side the barrack door. The bullet did
no damage and the man again dis-
charged his rifle. This time the bullet en-
tered the breast of Lieutenant Coode's
horse, but notwithstanding this, the
officer still courageously advanced
toward Cocklin, shouting, "What are
you about, sir?" The man replied,
"Stand back, sir, or I will shoot you,
too." Lieutenant Coode, when about
twelve paces from the soldier, was dis-
mounting, apparently with the inten-
tion of seizing his assailant, when
Cocklin again fired, and this time
struck the officer in the groin. Medical
aid was quickly secured, but the main
artery of the lieutenant's leg was found
to be nearly severed and he died in
about an hour. Cocklin, when taken
to the cell, remarked that he wished he
had been able to "do" for
Sergeant Brent. Sergeant Brent had
been instrumental in obtaining a con-
viction against Cocklin's "chum" for
insubordination, and the deceased, as
adjutant of the regiment, had prose-
cuted him. This is the only reason
that can be assigned for the occur-
rence. Lieutenant Coode was buried
with full military honors, and a regu-
lary order was issued directing the
officers to go into mourning for
three months.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Men of mite—Dwarfs.

A fast gait—One that is bolted.

Funny, isn't it that you always see
the night-fall before any stars begin to
shoot.

Musicians are in the habit of slur-
ring some notes, but they all speak
well of greenbacks.

Man may want but little here below,
but he makes a great disturbance if he
doesn't get everything.

"What is woman's sphere?" To be
mathematically correct, we suppose
woman's sphere is being always 'round
when you want her, and sometimes
when you don't want her.

A New York tailor says that when
he desires to get rid of a poor paying
customer he misdits him so badly that
he is laughed at. Then he gets mad
and patronizes some other tailor.

"Enfant terrible." Grandmamma
(maternal).—"What a fidget you are
George! What are you looking about
for now?" Grandson—"Gran'ma,
where's that—I was looking for that
'miserable table' pa says you keep."

We are all equal in a way that this
little story illustrates: "A day or two
since a well-known physician called to
see a lady patient, the mother of a
bright three-years-old girl. As the
doctor entered the room the little girl,
as though somewhat frightened, ran
away upon being told that the visitor
was Dr. —. The mother explained
that the little one, through experience
with a dislocated ankle and the vaccina-
tion season, was evidently afraid of
the visitor. The following day the
doctor made another call, and suc-
ceeded in winning the little girl to his kn-
- Why did you run away from me yester-
day?" he asked. "Oh, I don't run
away from you. I run away from the
doctor of you," she responded victo-
riously."

Ancient Dishes.

The British museum has just ac-
quired an interesting collection of thir-
ty-nine silver objects which gives an
insight into the daily life of the Baby-
lonians, and reminds us of the discov-
ery of the bird dealer's shop at Pom-
peii. These objects, which were all
found together on the site of Babylon,
consists of fragments of silver dishes,
the broken handle of a vase and coins,
most of the latter being defaced and
clipped. It is easy to see that all have
been broken purposely by a practiced
hand, with the view of using the metal
again, and we may fairly conclude
that the collection is the remains of a
silversmith's or coiner's shop. Among
the coins is a Lycaean one in good pre-
servation. So far as can be judged
from the vase handle and dishes, the
art is distinctly Babylonian under Per-
sian influence, and the workshop may
date from the conquest of Alexander.