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The Shadow of the Workingman.

Behold you swiftly flying boat! In conscious might it steams along; Wi h grace ol lines and powerful trame, It proudly bears its living throng. To di-tant lands it plows its way, And to the many wealth doth bring; Its tidings from the absent friends Are welcome as the smiling spring.

You see it cleave the restless wave, And know old ocean's space 'twik span; But, cast o'er all, can you behold The shadow of the workingman!

See, on the locomotive rush With headlong speed o'er iron road Like living, breathing monster, whom Some unseen powers onward goad, Through citics, towns, and shady dells, O'er gurgling streams and woodland glades, It speeds you on with clang and roar; Ay, 'neath mountains' gloomy shades, With ease it quickly bears along Pilgrims of every tribe and clan;

But o'er each fleeting view dost see ', The shadow of the workingman? Come; gaze upon this mighty pile. The spire of which in cloudland dwells: Kissed by the sinking sun's last ray, As gently chime the distant bells: Come view its grandly-massive walls, Its pillars, halls and arches true. Which are so neatly, deftly wrough', Without one flaw to meet the view. O'er all this blended strength and grace

As round it zephyrs gen'ly fan, Can you not see, in on line bold, The shadow of the workingman? Go seek the lofty mountain hight, And there behold the glowing scene-The forest, field and waving grain, The rippling lakes, the meadows green;

Each beauty of the prospect view, All thronged with busy, useful life, Where once the gloomy wilds were seen, Where savage revels once were rile. Go, look upon all earth's broad face, Replete with art and nature's plan; And there, in bold relief you'll see The shadow of the workingman.

- Eugene C. Fisk.

My Ride on a Star-Route.

A TRUE SKETCH.

I wished to go fourteen miles north. ward. By cars I must go three sides of a square. The trip, and waiting at depots, would take from 11 o'clock a. m. to 4.20 o'clock p. m.

"For the accommodation of two small post-offices, a stage, a poor affair, runs dir c." said mine host.

The freshness of a summer morning, the hilly road, the changing views, the trees, wild flowers and singing birds were a delight, even in thought, and I said at once: "The stage."

While breakfasting, the next morning, the clerk came in and said in a low voice:

"The stage is here, and your trunk is on, but finish your breakfast, the driver will wait." I went out soon, but no stage was

to be seen, and I asked if it had gone for other passengers.

"This is it," said my more laughing than smiling host.

Such another nondescript vehicle may I never see. One poor, old, white horse, an express wagon, the back seat of which had been taken out to make room for my trunk, and the packages of all forms and sizes, for the driver proved to be an express messenger and universal errand boy of the farmers along the route. I hesitated. My trunk was on, and the morning air fragrant. So, with help, I climbed on the wheel, and pitched into the wagon. and took possession of the one seat, and planted my feet upon what seemed an empty bag, but which proved to have the honor of being the United States mai, and to contain two packages (one of which, as I got out with the rest while the mail was changed, I saw contained exactly two postal cards and

four newspapers). "Where is the driver?" I asked. "When he found out he was to have a lady passenger he went in to empty and rinse his mouth out," was the an-

He came, out at the elbows, patched at the knees, with vest and linen spotted with tobacco juice. I turned my head away, as sitting down beside me, he took up the reins and said:

"G'lang, g'lang, g'lang!" This oft-repeated word alone broke our silence, until out of the village be stopped at a stone trough, beneath some trees, to water his horse. On a bough a robin was swaying, and warbling his sweetest notes, ending in a long twitter. The driver, who was standing at his horse's head, took some crumbs from his pocket and held them out. The robin flew down and ate them from his hand. With a clear, smooth voice, the driver quoted Words-

"Thou art the bird that man loves best, The pious bird with scarlet breast. The bird, who by some name or other,

All men who know thee call thee brother." He scattered more crumbs on the stone, buckled the check rein, mounted the seat with:

"Good-by, my little friend, be here to-morrow, g'lang, g'lang!"

The delicate act, the cultured voice nade me look at him. His face was ean and clean shaven; his features I said.

regular and refined: his eyes large, clear and very deep blue; his hair a brown gray; his hands small and, had the nails been clean, would have been

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"Who can he be?" I said to myself; men." to him I said:

"That bird seems to know you." "He is always waiting for the male," he said.

always get something, I "And fancy."

"Always. I rarely have a passenger and so talk to the birds and squirrels, g'lang, g'lang! I regret I haven't a better horse-g'lang -as my constant urging must annoy you, g'lang, g'lang!"

"You do not whip him." "Never. But I often think Sancho

Panza's Rosinante, like the Wandering Jew, is still on earth. "And this is he?"

"This is he without a doubt!" Just then he drove through a piece of woodland full of music. He said: "How truly Mary Howitt voices one's feelings in her poem:

'Come ye into the : ummer woods! But no mortal pen can Tell half the sights of beauty you may

I loved to hear him talk, His language was pure, his anecdotes refined, his quotations from standard authors were frequent, but brief and to the point.

"Who can he be!" I asked myself again and again. At farmhouses he stopped to give packages, from a mended scythe snath to a gold bracelet. And whenever a good woman ran out and called, he took her wishes in a note book, with all the courtesy and bearing of a thoroughbred gentle-

I took the liberty to glance at the book. The writing and spelling to the panorama before us, as Byron showed him to be a man of educa-

"Will not so many stops prevent your making time?" I asked.

"Oh, no! I am not obliged to be at -- until 12 M., and I started two hours earlier than the old driver did." "In order to oblige the farmers along the route?" I asked.

"In part; but Pope says, 'Self-love and social are the same.' I love the morning air. I love to speak a word to the good people, to break the dead monotony of their work-day lives by a bit of stirring news. Truly, these hours on the road are the pleasantest of my

"You are never lonely?" "Never! With God and nature can one be lonely?"

A gentleman, with a fine pair of blood horses passed up, and they exchanged cordial greetings. The driver

"A woman, who had worked in the family of that gentleman's father for many years, he took care of the last ten years. She had become helpless and nearly blind, so when she died last month she was past mourning for. After she was made ready for burial and laid in the parlor, a welldressed stranger called to see her. He was told she was dead. He said he had not been east for thirty years, and would like to see her. He stood a few minutes looking upon her, and then bent down and kissed that cold, brown, wrinkled forehead, and left two great tear drops on it, and with a choking

"My mother's dearest friend!" After a moment the driver turned

"Do you suppose those friends knew each other when they met?" "I am sure they did." I said.

"It is a question I often ponder. My wife died when she had just passed into full and beautiful womanhood. She had touched her thirtieth year, and I was but a little older, in the vigor of my manhood. She is now in the freshness of her womanhood with the eternal freshness of heaven. If, as Milton has it. From the lowest deep a lower deep still opens,' so, from the highest hight a higher hight must rise; and she, who was purity itself must be purer now. And we grow like those with whom we mingle, and she, so lovely here, has been for twenty-seven years the companion of angels! How glorious she must be!

Will she-can she know me there?" Almost my first question on reaching my friend was:

"Who is that driver?" "I have not the honor of his acquaintance!" she laughingly answered.

"I have!" I said. started for the post-office.

"Will you please tell me who that driver is?" said he was once an editor of ----naming one of the best papers in one

of our largest cities. · "He is a man of elegant culture,"

"He is that. I don't know of anybody that can touch a match to him. He has been through college and been to Europe, and has been acquainted with a good many distinguished

"What has brought him to this?" "Drink." - Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford.

Scenes in Holland.

When we finally got through the

various locks and impediments into the canal itself, we soon saw that the artistic promise of the land would need much careful looking after if one would have a moderate fulfillment thereof. It is but fair to say that the canal was evidently never intended to charm or amuse to any intense degree, but to be simple and solid and direct. It is no small, mean runnel of a waterway, but a goodly wide and deep thing that a ship can get about in comfortably. If one must come down to figures, I will venture to say that I fancy it is some hundred and odd miles in length. Sufficient for the day, however, was the fact that it would take us to Alkmaar, and that along its rush-fringed banks were pictures passing ever before us of trim sleepy villages and skirts of towns, fat farmsteads, juicy pastures, sleek cows, and rosy-cheeked milkmaids with sleeves rolled above elbow-so tightly that the lusty arm below would be more than rosy, it would be a dappled carnation. There were the teaming polders and the jaunty windmills in rich profusion and variety, and all the familiar objects of a pleasant Dutch landscape. On the forward deck of the boat was a goodly pile of market baskets and boxes, and mounting to the top of the heap, we selected a soft basket-first making sure that it didn't contain eggs-as a point of vantage and a sketching seat, and then we remarked did to the ocean, that it might "roll on." Not that we felt unduly flippant or heedless; the occasion was too serious The further north one goes in Hol-

land, the more one's attention is called to the rapid increase of swirling ornament as a feature of domestic and civic architecture. Even on the better class of farm houses, and more notably on the more pretentious country villas skirting the canal, the gables are fashioned in most fantastic shapes of curve and scroll, and the general impression of riotous lines meandering about the gables is further enhanced by startling effects of painting and gilding. We touched at a few of the little docks and landing places along the waterway, and noted many delightfully quaint bits of color, as well as lots of amusing characters and incidents, back-grounds of cottages rich with downy, velvet-surfaced tiles and mottled brick, splashed with moss and stain and lichen, taking every tint that a fat humid air knows so well how to paint-if it has plenty of time. The window frames would be painted a dazzling white, the curtains of spotless dimity, the shutters and doors of brilliant green, the cow sheds and out. houses of shiny black pitch, and often the trees would have about six feet of the lower trunk painted a "forget-menot" (cheap sort of) blue. Lots of flowers, plenty of flaxen-haired children and blue-eyed girls, lots of ducks and geese, any number of cats.

We noticed the prevalence of female labor in a "longshore" sort of way about the various landings. It would be a strapping rosy dame with sleeves well tucked up who would deftly catch the hawser, and bandy lively compliments with the deck hands of the steamer. They handled the lighter freight to and fro, kicking about the tubs of butter, and "shving" the bounding bullets of elastic Dutch cheese in fine manly style. They gave themselves curious "sea-dog" kind of airs, too, that lent them a certain charm of their own .-- Harper's Magazine.

Henry Clay's Real Estate Sale.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser has some interesting gossip about the ownership of the Rodgers house, near the White House. Henry Clay used to own the a collection of prayers, hymns, invocalot on which it stands. He was especially devoted to his Ashland farm and the livestock upon it. One day old Commodore John Rodgers came home from the Mediterranean with his naval vessel full of live stock which he had picked up abroad. The cargo included one fine Andalusian jackass. Clay wanted it for his farm. All his cipal faith of China, is taught in the offers were rejected, until one day the five and four books of the Kings So soon as the post-wagon drove on, have him for your lot epposite the web of cloth, or the warp that holds reply, and the animal was shipped off five Kings contain history, poetry and to Kentucky. The commodore built the rites of religion. They seem to The postmaster gave his name and the now historic house, which Secretary have been in existence before Confu-Seward occupied during the war- cius, whose last years were devoted to Here Payne endeavored to assassinate its editing. His own teachings are him on the night when President Lin- otherwise embodied in the four Kings, coln was shot. The lot is now valued which were promulgated after his at \$40,000.

SACRED BOOKS.

The Bible as Known to the Ancients. The following brief sketch of the sa-

cred books of the world is from a Bible class lesson by Prof. H. A. Ford, in a New York mission Sunday school:

Certain religious instincts, as the consciousness of a Supreme Being, of a life beyond the grave, of future rewards and punishments, of a sense of sin and the need of sacrifice, are common to humanity. So also, wherever a nation has had, a literature, its religion has usually based upon sacred books-there is the assertion of a written revelation. Every great religion has its Bible.

The best known of these books, save the Jewish and the Christian, is the Koran of Mohammed. The title of this means "The Reading," from the Arabic verb for "to read." Other names are Al Kitab, or the book; Al Moshaf, the volume; Al Dhikr, the admonition or reminder; and Al Forhan, or the salvation. The 114 suras or chapters of the Koran were professedly given to Mohammed during the twentythree years of his residence at Mecca and Medina, by the angel Gabriel in human form, as an inspiration from Aleah, or the Almighty. They were written upon leaves, bits of leather or paper, shoulder-blades of mutton and whatever else was at hand, and thrown loosely into a box, from which they were taken a year after the prophet's death and put together with equal loos eness and disregard to connection of topics, in volumes. The chapters bear such titles as The Cow, The Fig. The Star, The Towers, The Congealed Blood, and the like, giving some hint of contents. Each begins thus: "In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate," and a note is made of the revelation at either Mecca or Medina. Not only is the God of the but not as the Son of God, and Abraham, Jacob and Mary and the Old Testament worthies. The style of the Koran is of singular elegance and beauty, constituting it the classic of Arabic speech. It is the text book of Moslem faith and likewise of civil government in all the Moslem countries. Copies of it are greatly revered and are sometimes written in gold and jewels. It is never held by the believers below the girdle or touched without previous purification. Nothing is more hateful

to the Musselman than to see a copy in the hands of a giaour or infidel. A much more ancient collection of writings is the Vedas, the oldest books in the Hindoo literature, and dating far back of the time of Christ. The oldest hymn of the oldest book, the Rig-Veda, is thought to date from B. C. 2400. The Upanishads, or treatises of theology, are later, and are almost the only part of the Vedas now read. The four visions of the Vedas contain in all 1010 hymns, which every Brahml must learn by heart. They are red ized by the Laws of Maunwhich form the text-book of Brahminsm. They were written in twelve books ten to nine centuries before Christ. The mythology of the Hindoos is comprised mainly in two great èpic poems, the Ramavana and the Mahabharata, containing respectively 50,000 and 120,000 lines, and together filling eighteen 'ge volumes. These are now almost exclusively read as the sacred books of India, with the Puranas. of similar character but much later date. The Shasters or Shastras ("books") is a general term for all the authoritative religious and legal works of the Hindoos.

The Buddhist sacred books are also very numerous, but I find no name for them except the "Pitchas," or Buddhist scripture, in the Pale language, found

The Zend-Avesta (i. e., the text or scripture with a zend, orcommentary) is the bible of the ancient Parsees or fire-worshipers. It is supposed to have been written in Bectria or eastern Persia, 1250 to 1300 years before Christ, by Zoroaster or Zarathustia. Unlike most other sacred books, it is not a body of divinity or dogmatic religion, but it is a liturgy, tions and thanksgivings to many deities. It is a manual of worship, to be recited by the priests in public, and read privately by the laity. The Budde-Nesch is a later book of the same religion, and details the Parsee doctrine from texts now lost.

The religion of Confucius, the prin-White House." "Done;" was Clay's threads of cloth in their place. The death. The last of these includes the lay in the hospital for four weeks.

works of Mencius, another Chinese reformer. Taoism, or the religion At Neah Bay, around Cape Flattery founded by Lao-tze, in the same age and down the coast from Tatoosh to with Confucius, rests upon the books Gray's Harbor live various tribes of called Tse-lao, or "Old Teacher," and Indians, who, as hunters and fishers, the Tav-te-king, which specially repre- are as hardy and fearless as any race sents the notions of the illustrious of aboriginal men in the known world. Lao-tze. It is an interesting fact that While the writer was at Quillute, the the Tae Ping rebels of 1863-4, al- Indian village forty miles below Cape though not professing to be Jews or Flattery, last fall, a whale was sighted Christians, took our Bible for their off the beach, and four canoes at once book, and claimed that if their insur- started toward him. Soon we were

instructions in morals, religious rites, the education of priests and related

had no sacred books, unless certain po. etical works may be taken for such.

The two Eddas set forth the mythology of the Norsemen, or ancient Scandinavians. They originated in Iceland, the poetic or elder Edda comreligious and heroic history, and the younger or prose Edda giving a full synopsis of the Norse mythology. The term "Edda" means "great grandmother." Both these collections date long after Christ.

This is a pretty full list of the books of sacred or semi-sacred character known to the world, except the Bible of the Jews and that of the Christ-

Centennial Fun. During the Centennial exhibition the United States building was the scene of an amusing blunder which, however taught one lady the necessity of caution. The government had dressed a number of wooden statues, so carved and painted as to resemble soldiers and sailors in the various uniforms of the army and navy. So life-like were these "dummies" that hundreds paused to admire them, and among others the ladies. "Just see that one there!" said one of the ladies. "Why, I should almost think it alive!" and she poked the nose of the supposed "dummy." Imagine her consternation when it deliberately turned around and walked stifly away. She had mistaken an army officer for a "dummy."

In machinery hall was exhibited a machine for ventilating mines. It sent a powerful current of air through a pipe six inches in diameter. A movable nozzle, funnel-shaped, enabled the boy-operator to turn the current in any direction. A flag was hung up at a distance of fifteen feet from the machine. So strong was the current of air when directed against the flag, that it would hang out at right angles from the pole as if blown by a gale. The mischievous boy, not content to blow the flag, sometimes sent a breeze among the spectators. A man with a broad-brimmed hat and long brown hair was leaning over the railing and peering at the machine. The boy sent a current against the flag and then turned the blast, which accidentally fell full upon the unfortunate stranger. The result was an unlooked-for catastrophe; the hat and brown locks went sailing away and left bare a head as smooth and round as a pumpkin. The man ran after his truant hat and wig; the boy dropped the nozzle and fled, thinking, doubtless, that a severe penalty awaited him for having scalped a man with a gust of wind.

Theatrical Tricks. Curious as it may seem, it is not

generally known by the theater audience that the "perilous leaps," "terrific scaling of precipices," and other similar feats which fall to the lot of the hero and heroine of the play, are in almost every case performed by a "dummy." Thus, it is not the prima donna who, as "Amina" in "La Sonnambula," walks in her sleep across a trembling bridge at the back of the stage, nor in 'The Romance of a Poor Young Man' is it the leading man who takes a flying leap from a tower, but in each case a carefully dressed "dummy," whose bones are not particularly precious. They tell this story of a "Mazeppa" performance in the old days, which shows how this theatrical trick sometimes results: A celebrated star was playing the piece and had a circusrider made up to look like him to do the riding. Of course the audience supposed the rider to be the star. In those days the runs up the mountain incident. One night the horse fell with the rider, crashing from the flies to the stage. The curtain was rung down, and presently the star was led before it, staggering as though badly injured, and said that, in spite of the fall, he would endeavor to finish the play. And he did so, amid frantic applause. The poor wretch of a rider

Hardy and Fearless.

rection succeeded it would be substi- upon the monster, who, lolling lazily tuted for the writings of Confucius along, paid no heed to the demonstrations of his puny assailants, but he was The ancient Egyptians had forty- rudely awakened. The foremost canoe two sacred books, in five classes, con- darted forward, and "thud!" went the taining hymns in praise of the gods, harpoon into his broad back, buried nearly to the shaft. The canoe was stopped and suddenly backed, and none too soon, for, with a sudden and ter-The Greek and Roman mythology rific smash of his flukes on the water, barely missing the nearest canoe, he sounded. A number of sealskin bladders, fast to the harpoon-line, were thrown over, and each canoe, in turn as it came up, made fast with a line to the foremost canoe. Up came the monprising thirty-seven religious poems of ster, and with a fearful lurch all four canoes were dragged through the water at a fearful rate as he started for the Four or five miles was run at this

> rate, when his pace slackened, and the hindmost canoe was hauled cautiously past the others and another harpoon was dexterously planted, and this canoe assumed the front place in the procession; with the others bringing up the rear. Another wild rush, but shorter than the first, and a repetition of the performance, until there were half a dozen harpoons affixed and double as many sealskin bladders drifting around the exhausted monster, preventing his sinking or sounding. Finally, after hours of a prolonged fight for his life against his relentless foes, the coup de grace was given with the lance, a final lunge and he was ours. Three hours of paddling and a nasty little swell on and the whale sunk beneath the water was the hard task before the whalers before the prize could be beached and fairly called their own; but gallantly they buckled to it, keeping time to their work with a high-keyed, monotonous chant, and an occasional ear-pierc. ing, blood-curdling yell injected into it that was calculated to raise a casual spectator's hair on end.

On the beach the entire remaining population of the village were await. ing around huge bonfires the return of the hunters, but by no means in silence. for the yelling, whooping, singing, crouching, dancing, dusky, half-naked figures, as they plunged in and out the ruddy blaze of the huge drift-wood fires, reminded one of descriptions of infernal regions. The canoes are safely beached, the whale hauled up as far as strong bands can drag him, and left till the outgoing tide exposes his full picket fence round a hen-yard and proportions on the beach, when knife and axe and saw do their work till of the huge animal naught is left but a few well-stripped bones, on and over which the village dogs feed and fight and snarl till the incoming tide covers them with a layer of sand.

The carcass is divided among all concerned in the capture then and there of him whose lucky harpoon was the first to strike the whale. For many days, feasts, songs and small potlaches celebrate their lucky capture, and the village finally assumes its normal condi-

Simple Cure for Dyspepsia.

A gentleman who is in business in this city has cured himself of a chronic and ugly form of dyspepsia in a to die, but he finally abandoned alike the doctors and the drugs and resorted to a method of treatment which most doctors and most persons would laugh at as "an old woman's remedy." It was simply the swallowing of a teacupful of hot water before breakfast and form appearing as natural as when from the cook's teakettle, and so hot that he could only take it by the spoonful. For about three weeks this morning dose was repeated the dyspepsia all after years of interment, have been the while decreasing. At the end of found to be as well preserved as if they that time he could eat, he says, any had been only a few days dead. Genbreakfast or dinner that any well per- eral Washington's features were quite son could eat—had gained in weight perfect when his body was taken up to and has ever since been hearty and be put in the sarcophagus, where they well. His weight now is thirty or forty pounds greater than during the General Wayne, when his body was rewere elaborately arranged, and the dyspepsia suffering, and for several moved forty years after death; and of commodore said, in joke: "You can "King," in Chinese, means simply a flight of the wild horse was a startling years he has had no trouble with his Robert Burns, twenty-one years after stomach—unless it was some tempora- | burial. But it seems almost incredible ry inconvenience due to a late supper | that the body of John Hampden, who or dining out, and in such a case a sin. was disinterred 200 years after death, was sure to set all things right. He preservation. But Lord Nugent retor, and in turn recommended it to questioned. Possibly the most remarkothers, and in every case according to able fact of all these cases is that the effected.—Hartford Courant.

The Story of Life.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born; A helpless babe to greet the light With a sharp wail, as if the morn Foretold a cloudy moon and night; To weep, to sleep, and weep again, With sunny smiles between-and then?

And then apace the infant grows To be a laughing, sprightly boy, Happy despite his little woes. Were he but conscious of his joy! To be, in short, from two to ten, A merry, moody child-and then?

And then in coat and trousers clad, To learn to say the Decalogue, And break it, an unthinking lad, With mirth and mischief all agog; A truant oft by field and fen, And capture butter flies-and then?

And then, increased in strength and size, To be, anon, a youth full grown A hero in his mother's eyes, A young Apollo in his own: To imitate the ways of men In fashionable sig-and then?

And then, at last, to be a ma To fall in love, to woo and wed! With seething bram to scheme and plan To gather gold or toil for bread; To sue for fame, with tongue and pen, And gain or lose the prize-and then?

And then in gray and wrinkled eld To mourn the speed of life's decline; To praise the scenes of youth beheld, And dwell in memory of lang syne; To dream awhile with darkened ken, Then drop into his grave-and then? -John G. Saxe.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Lo tied-An Indian wedding. Pawnbrokers prefer customers without any redeeming qualities.

Some persons are so artificial that they even talk of their minds being

The demand for napkin rings made

of wood grown at Walter Scott's home, Abbotsford, is proving a great drain upon the forests of Maine. Talk about your hop producing regions! Your old-fashioned arm-chair

with the bent-pin attachment holds over everything of that quality. A Pettis county (Missouri) woman is the mother of fifteen girls, all living. And the news that a military college is

to be established near her home sets the old lady about crazy. "Why do you carry your pocketbook in your hand?" asked a Philadelphia husband of his young wife. "Oh,"

was the quiet reply, "it is so light I am

afraid it might jump out of my pock-The latest news from Ecuador is that the last government lasted just five minutes. The inhabitants are now clamoring for a fresh one every hour; but many liberals think this too long

freedom, and a step toward despotism, It is figured that there is twice the profit on hens that there is on cows, and it's just as easy to keep patching a fight your neighbors who own gardens, as it is to fix up-pasture walls and hunt over the country for stray animals and settle for the damage they have done.

a term to be consistent with perfect

Von Kalkbrenner, the noted pianist used to pride himself on the particle which preceded his name, and paraded it on every occasion. "Do you know." he once said to an acquaintance, "that alike, except that the honor piece, ex. the nobility of my family dates from tending entirely around the animal and the crusade? One of my ancestors acincluding the dorsal fin, is the property | companied the Emperor Barbarosso-" "On the piano?" asked the other.

> Preserving Power of Soil. It is well known that in soil where

lime abounds, dead bodies are fossilized in a few years, or even a few months, after burial. In soil where there is no lime, there are sometimes other elements which often preserve the features of a buried body unchanged for many years. The philosophic Hamlet, musing by an old grave over the fact very simply way. He was given up that man turns into dust, and dust into 'Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!

But what would have been his musings if he had stood beside the disinterred body of his father and seen brow every morning. He took the water he gave "the world assurance of a man?" Yet this might have been, for there are numerous cases on record where bodies disinterred for removal now repose. The same was true of gle trial of his anti-breakfast remedy should have been in a similar state of obtained this idea from a German doc- cords the fact. His word is not to be this gentleman's account, a cure was | bodies crumbled to a heap of dust soon after exposure.