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## Acceptable Correspondence Solicited.

Address all letters to "MILLHEIM JOURNAL."

With a music quaint and rare,

When they rock their babes to sleep.

With its wierd, enchanting power,

Like the dew to drooping flowers:

Like calm sleep to those who suffer,

Or like tears to those who mourn:

Like remembered words of loved onen

On the silent midnight air;

Like the drowsy wine of poppies

Coming to the weary listener

From our aching bosoms torn.

Strangely sweet, bewitching music,

All enthralled my senses lie,

With the shadowy Past go by,

Steals upon my heart and brain,

Then I fall asleep, still listening

To the murmur of the rain.

So, mayhap, sometime hereafter

I shall lay me down to rest.

For the music I loved best:

When, its gentle cadence falling

Softly soothes my troubled spirit,

While it lulls me into sleep

Into sweetest, glad repose,

No awaking ever knows-

Or the vesper bells in toll.

When, at last, my soul has fallen

That on earth sunshine nor shadow

Like the voice of waiting angels,

May the softly-falling raindrops

Chant a requiem for my soul,

-Abbe Kinne in Baldwin's Monthly.

SPEAKING TOO SOON.

It was a sunshiny May day, with an

immense bee booming among the lilacs

and peonies in the school garden, an

intense glow of golden light on the

grass, and a dreamy languor in the air

that made Alice Hopkins sleepy in

spite of herself, as she sat with the

little children's copy-books in a pile

Through the midnight silence deep,

Overweary, and shall listen

As I watch the mystic Future

While a calm and holy quiet

Or the tears of angels falling

Or the lullaby of mothers

VOL. LVII.

this battle."

woods.

## MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1883.

#### The Music of the Rain. wheedle a consent out of us before- for the shady cedar-woods, where she . Alling, falling, on the house-tops, hand, so that everything shall seem smooth to-morrow when the commitribbon of her hat. Like the sound of human heart-throby tee meets. But he'll find that he has

mistaken his customer this time!" Little Alice began to tremble all When they weep with those who weep, over, and to grow pink and white by should I be afraid of Mr. Barthorne?" turns, after her usual fashion when she was disturbed. saw the pretty young school teacher

"I-I am so frightened!" hesitated there under the cedar. He nodded she. "Please may I go home?" pleasantly. "Yes, you little coward," impatiently

"Fine day, Miss Alice!" said he, responded Miss Negley; "that is, if you wiping his brow with the identical haven't the courage to stand up for yellow six pocket handkerchief which yourself and your rights."

DEININGER & BUMILLER, Editors and Proprietors.

had but now served as a duster for his "But Mr. Barthorne has always been hoots so kind to me," faltered Alice Hopkins, "Yes," said Alice, standing like "and if he should tell me that it was some fair wood nymph beside the best, I almost know that I should conspring. "Please, Mr. Barthorne, what sent to having my salary reduced. did she say?" You know, dear Miss Negley, that if it "What did who say?" said the mid-

hadn't been for him, I never should dle-aged gentleman, turning scarlet. have received the appointment at all." "Miss Negley. Don't think me in. "I don't wonder," said Miss Neg'ev. trusive," she added: "but I know all apostrophizing the ceiling, "that they about it." aren't willing to allow women the "The deuce you do!" said Mr. Barprivilege of suffrage in this benighted thorne. "Why, she wouldn't let me

country. And you, Alice Hopkins, get in a word edgewise-that's what you may go home! You certainly will she said. Perhaps, however, I've had be of no use at all to me in fighting a lucky escape!" "But you must own that it is hard."

And Alice, heartily thankful for said Alice, earnestly. this grudgingly-accorded reprieve, put "Hard?" echoed Mr. Barthorne. "1 the copy books into the desk-drawer, should have supposed it would have piled up the dictionary and definer. suited her exactly! But," a new idea caught her little pink lawn sun-bonnet bursting athwart his brain, "there's as from its nail, and vanished like a flying good fish in the sea as ever were caught shadow into the nearest patch of cedar out of it! Miss Alice, what would

Miss Negley sat very upright, with wife?" folded arms and prominent elbows, her nose slightly tinctured with the amazement rosy hue of coming battle, her lips "I, Mr. Barthorne!" she exclaimed. slightly compressed; while Mr. Barthorne, a pleasant-faced gentleman of five-and-forty or thereabouts, trotted up to the school house door, leisurely dismounted, tied his horse to the hitchand I've a good home to offer any ing post, and, totally unconscious that before her, inscribing the month's he was observed, alike by Miss Negley loneliness."

ARTHUR AS A POET.

The President as a Schoolmaster - An Early Poetical Effusion-How He Encouraged a Diffident Youth.

dent Arthur's college days is told by Dr. Asa G. Stillman, of Albia, a sub urb of Troy. In the little village of Mr. Barthone checked his rein as he North Pownal, Vt., thirty-one years ago, Chester A. Arthur, then a student of Williams college, taught school during vacation at the college to earn money to help defray the expenses of

> lads who were placed under the instruction of the struggling student was Stillman, then a boy of eight summers. It appears that the future president of the United States was unusually strict in the rules governing his rural school, and rigorously insisted that each of the young ideas in his charge should speak a piece every examination day. Young Stillman lacked the courage to declaim in the presence of the visitors who called to note the progress of the pupils. This want of bravery served as a sufficient excuse for exemption until Mr. Arthur resolved that it was no longer available,

with the rest of the boys. Stillman had been led to believe that the pieces the other lads had recited were all original, and complained that he was unable to compose anything that would prove acceptable. The day before the examination arrived, and all prepared for a burst of eloquence on

to remain after the school had been dismissed, and visions of a boy receiving the benefit of a birch rod, wielded by our chief magistrate, flitted through his mind. The scholars had all departed, when Mr. Arthur, addressing the quaking Stillman, said smilingly: "Don't you think you can speak a piece to-morrow?"

if it's my friend Stokes, I am agreeable to anything." All locomotive engines are low spirited in damp and foggy weather. They have a great satisfaction in their work when the air is crisp and frosty. At such a time they are very cheerful and brisk, but they are not known. strongly object to haze and mists. These are points of character on which fore it publishes us as a judge. they are united. It is their peculiarities and varieties of character that are most remarkable.-Elevated Railway Journal.

## THE CUSTER MASSACRE.

### An Account of the Slaughter Given by an Indian Woman. Since Genoral Custer and his com.

mand of 300 were massacred by the braves of Sitting Bull, two or three accounts have been given, each of which purported to be a correct history of the fight. But of the particulars of the scene there have been only meager accounts. The St. Paul Piineer Press publishes an interview between a correspondent at Standing Rock Agency and the wife of Tatatukahegleska, or Spotted Horn Bull. This woman is first cousin to Sitting Bull, and the story is vouched for as being a true account of the battle. After describing the advance and the retreat of Major Reno-whom she declared to be either drunk or crazy and his men thoroughly panic stricken-the woman stated that the retreat and its consequent slaughter was scarcely ended when the blare of Custer's trumpets told the Sioux of his approach; but they were prepared for him. The men quietly crossed the river, and hundreds galloped to his rear out of range at first but soon hemming him in constant. ly narrowing circles. The woman mounted her pony and rode behind her camp, where she could get a good view of the hills beyond. She saw the troops come up and dismount. Each

fourth man seized the bridles of three

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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The Train. Hark ! It comes! It hums! With ear to ground I catch the sound, The warning, courier-roar That runs along before. The pulsing, struggling now is clearer! The hillsides echo "Nearer, nearer," Till, like a drove of rushing, trightened cattle, With dust and wind and clang and shrick and rattle. Passes the Cyclops of the traint J see a fair face at a pane,-Like a piano-string The rails, unburdened, sing: The white smoke flies Up to the skies; The sound Is drowned-Hark! - Charles H. Crandall in the Century.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"A dream of fair women" - rich

What a mother lacks in skill she makes up in enthusiasm when she cuts her boy's hair.

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf," as the caterpillar remarked when he We seldom find people ungrateful had successfully ruined the one he was

> Strong as is the power of imagination you cannot make a woman believe that she does not need a new bonnet.

> "Whisky," said the doctor, "hardens the brains." "Maybe it does," replied the horrible example, "but it softens the knees most won'erfully."

A Venetian glass manufacturer is fabricating ladies' bonnets by the thousands, and selling them, too. That style of bonnet ought to make good looking-'lasses.

"Where are the springs of long ago?" writes Edith M. Thomas, in sweetly flowing verse. Give it up, Edith. Some of them may be hanging in that old hoop-skirt in the attic.

cannot tell where they will light. Those who set up a standard must expect to be judged by that standard. Lose not thy own for want of asking for it; it will get thee no thanks-Thought is slow-paced-imagination often reaches the goal ahead of A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child You may depend upon it he is a men. good man whose intimate friends are all good.

The light of friendship is the light of phosphorus-seen plainest when all around is dark.

so long as we are in a condition to on. render them service.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.



## A Diver's Experience With Sharks and Other Creatures of the Vasty Deep. Harry H. Ballard, of New Orleans. one of the eighteen marine or salt water divers of the United States, was found confined to his room in the pay ward of the Cincinnati hospital by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

waters. A safe containing \$3,000,000

a dark shadow, long and motionless

suddenly attracted his attention

caused by exposure as a diver. "Did you not fear the sharks in your diving expeditions ?" asked an Enquirer reporter.

his education. Among the country

and insisted that Stillman should spout

you say if I were to ask you to be my the scholars excepting Stillman were

the morrow. Stillman was requested Alice Hopkins looked at him in "You are young enough to be my daughter, sure enough," said the worthy man, not without some bitterness. "But I'm not so very old, either. woman who will take pity upon my

NO. 25. PEARLS OF THOUGHT. Idleness is the door to all vices.

Success is a fruit slow to ripen,

Egotism is the tongue of vanity

Many are esteemed only because they

Conscience warns us as a friend be-

Hints are like thistle-down. You

## A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE. Terms, \$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

# and The Millheim Iournal.

still sat arranging ferns around the "There's no use trying to run A pleasant reminiscence of Presiaway," thought she. "I may as well stay where I am. And after all, why

marks upon their covers, according to their respective merits.

Alice was scarcely more than a child herself. Barely nineteen, with a slight, young figure, a color that came and went at the slightest variation of her pulse, and pleading hazel eyes, it was the hardest work in the world to assume the dignity that was necessary for her position as assistant teacher.

"I never saw such babyishness in my life!" said Miss Negley, the principal; "and I shall not put up with it, Miss Hopkins-don't you think it! Dignity, in the educational line, is everything. And I do not call it fitting to the position of assistant principal to be racing around with the children in their noonday games, and dressing a corn-cob doll on the sly for little Priscilla Jones, to say nothing about bursting out crying like a great baby, when Billy Smith killed the robin-redbreast with a stone. Dignity. Miss Hopkins-dignity should ever be the watchword of our profession."

Miss Negley was tall and grim, with heavy black hair, a sallow complexion several missing front teeth, and something very like a moustache.

Alice Hopkins cowered before her severe glance. "I'm very sorry!" faltered she. "I'll

try to be good!"

"More like a child than ever!" said Miss Negley, despairingly.

"I-I mean," Alice hastened to correct herself-"I will endeavor to set a guard upon my rash impulses."

"That sounds more like it!" said Miss Negley. "And now, Alice, see here! I expect some of the school trustees here to-morrow."

"Oh, dear!" said Alice, remembering the signal failure of her class upon a similar occasion, not so very long ago, "It isn't another examination, I hope?"

"Worse than that," said Miss Negley -"far worse!" Alice lifted her hazel eyes in amaze-

ment. What could possibly be worse than Fanny Dow spelling cat with a k. and Lucy Malley asserting that Baltimore was situated on the left bank of the river Nile.

"There is a proposition on foot to reduce our salaries." said Miss Negley. "Actually, to reduce our salaries!"

small already. Only one hundred dolduce it much."

they?" said Miss Negley, shortly.

"You've no proper pride," said Miss removed forty years after death; and Negley. "A shop girl indeed! But I a scornful laugh. "Did you mistake which makes the water look like ink, instrument and voice. On such occathe United States by a California is disposed to start off when required of Robert Burns, twenty-one years don't intend that they shall carry out | me for the dust under your feet?" The first thing I knew it was so black sions the creature loses all self-com-"sport" named Clendnyn, but Dr. Allan at the top of his speed; another must after burial. But it seems almost inall around me I could not see my hand mand, its eyes shoot forth fiery flashes, "I assure you, ma'am, that nothing McLane Hamilton says that he saw have a little time to warm at the work their nefarious plans. If- My good credible that the body of John Hampbefore my face. I couldn't imagine and long and frightful howls respond of the sort was in my mind," humbly white smokers in San Francisco joints and to get well into it. These pecugracious me! there comes Mr. Barden, who was disinterred 200 years to the inharmonious concert of the uttered Mr. Barthorne, "I wish you what had broken loose and I signaled thorne now jogging along on his old long before that time. The habit liarities are so accurately mastered by after death, should have been in a mischievous bipeds. But the latter traveled rapidly Eastward, and reached skillful drivers that only particular to pull me up. The natives all laugh. good afternoon!" gray horse just as composed as if he similar state of preservation. But must be careful not to go too far, beed and told me it was only a cuttle-He hurried out, remounted his gray wasn't bent on an errand of evil. New York in 1876. In Park, Mott men can persuade engines to do their Lord Nugent records the fact. His cause when the dog's patience is much steed, which, poor beast, was just com. fish. Not long after the cuttlefish was and Pell streets among the Chinese the best. It would seem as if some of They do say that old Barthorne is the word is not to be questioned. Possibly posing itself for a comfortable doze in worked ashore and there was my crowtried it becomes savage, and endeavors first joints were opened. Now more these "excellent monsters" declared, head and front of the whole business. the most remarkable fact of all these cases is that the bodies crumbled to a bar gone clear through him."-Cinto bite both its persecutors and their the sunshine, and rode off, making, to I'll show him! A reduction of salaries, than 6000 Americans are said to be on being brought from the stable, "If instruments .- London Society. slaves to the habit of opium smoking. It's Smith who is to drive, I won't go; heap of dust soon after exposure. Alice Hopkins' intense dismay, straight cinnati d'aquirer. indeed! I dare say he means to

from her post of authority on the school room dais, and little Alice Hop-

kins by the spring in the woods, paused to dust his boots with his vellow silk pocket handkerchief, and to adjust his unick, darn 10010 worder an rapped on the door. "I'm glad I'm not there," said Alice Hopkins, with a long sigh of relief. And then, having cooled her face and hands in the transparent spring,

she sat down to think. To her, a reduction of her scanty salary meant nothing less than starvation. As things were she could scarcely pay her board and other expenses. And sitting there in the shifting shadows of the wind-blown branches,

she cried a little, to think how solitary and friendless she was in the world. Miss Negley, however, was in a very different mood. "Come in!" she had answered,

brusquely, to the knock at the door, without taking the trouble to move from her seat. listen to me." And when Mr Barthorne entered, he

espied her sitting stiff, silent, straight. "Good afternoon, Miss Negley!" said the trustee, depositing his hat on the nearest desk and venturing on an apolo-

getic bow. "Good afternoon, Mr. Barthorne!" Miss Negley answered, with just about as much warmth as an icicle in her address "I hope I do not intrude," said the

trustee. civilly.

"Oh, not at all!" said Miss Negley. "A-hem!" said the trustee, evident ly ill at ease. "It ain't easy to broach the business I've come on, Miss Negley.' "I should think not," said the lady.

"But I called just at this hour, when I expected to find you alone-" "Oh, yes, I haven't any doubt that you did!" Miss Negley interrupted him in accents of fine sarcasm. "Even you, Squire Barthorne, would be ashamed to hint at such a thing before

the poor, dear children." "Eh?" said Mr. Barthorne, instinct ively retreating a pace or two, for there was something pythoness-like in Miss Negley's attitude, as she rose and darted her head forward at him to emphasize her words.

"I know what you're going to say,"

"Well, well, no harm done," said Mr.

"Loneliness?"

Alice looked at Mr. Barthorne in surprise. It had never occurred to her little innocent heart that Mr. Bar. thorne, in the big white house, with un pair carriage, could ever be lonely. And perhaps there was something in the dewy brightness of her eyes, as she raised them to Mr. Barthorne's face, that emboldened him to plead his cause with more energy.

"I should love you very dearly, Alice," he said, with a tremble in his voice. "I would be very good to you. Won't you answer me, Alice?" Her head drooped; there was an in.

stant of silence, and then she said in a low tone:

"Yes, Mr.Barthorne, I'll marry you." He bent and kissed her forehead. "You'll not regret it, my lass," said

he. "And you're the very girl I would have picked out of a thousand. I'm glad, now, that Miss Negley wouldn't

Alice started. "Oh, Mr. Barthorne," said she, "was

that your errand?" "Of course it was," said Barthorne "Dr. Smiley said she was the very woman I needed to regulate my house hold. But the moment I hinted at the subject, she as good as ordered me off the premises. Not that I'm sorry for it. She has a face like a man, and a figure like a Prussian grenadier!"

Alice broke out laughing. She could fancy exactly how Miss Negley had looked. There was comfort in the reflection that Miss Negley would

never lecture her more. Miss Negley battled with the committee next day, but in vain. The ruthless trustees reduced her salary one half, and when it transpired, in some unaccountable way, that she had actually refused Mr. Barthorne (without being asked) she felt that life was indeed a failure. And the arrival of

Alice Hopkins' wedding-cards did not better matters. "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she said, "] spoke too soon. Why didn't I wait to

before I answered in such a hurry? My tongue always was my besetting

"I haven't got one," was the answer. "Will you learn one if I write it down for you?"

"I'd try, but I can't read writing well enough," was the reply of the "Then I'll print it for you," said the persistent tutor. "Will you learn it if I do?"

"I'll do my best." sighed the juve. nile, corpered at last.

Mr. Arthur thereupon printed in letters large and distinct the following "poetic gem." The original manuscript has been preserved by Dr. Stillman since the day President Arthur printed the verses in that little Vermont school house:

> Pray, how shall I, a little lad, In speaking make a figure You are but jesting, I'm atraid, Do wait till I get bigger. But since you wish to hear my part, And urge me to begin it, I'll strive for praise with all my art, Though small my chance to win it.

I'll tell a tale, how Farmer John A little roan colt bred, sir, And every night and every morn, He watered and he ted, sir. Said Neighbor Joe to Farmer John, "You surely are a dolt, sir. To spend such daily care upon A little useless colt, sir.

The farmer answered wondering Joe, "I bring my little colt up Not for the good he now can do, But may do when he's grown up." The moral you may plainly see, To keep the tale from spoiling, The little colt you think is me, I know it by your smiling.

I now entreat you to excuse, views, My lisping and my stammers, And since you've learned my parent's I'll humbly make my manners.

When Asa Stillman made "his manners" after relieving himself of the above, he was met with the congratulations of his teacher, his parents and the visitors. President Arthur frequently refers to this maiden effort in letters to the physician, whose first son he named Chester Arthur Stillman. This boy, at a Sunday-school gathering, a few evenings ago, recited the simple lines, he having then arrived at precisely the same age as his father was when the latter deliver-

ed them.-Chicago Tribune.

## Locomotive Caprices.

It is perfectly well known to experienced engineers that if a dozen dif. ferent locomotive engines were made at the same time, of the same power. for the same purpose, of like material.

they had been only a few days dead. inches below my feet. Just beneath or a false relation of parts produced America was consumed in California Its own peculiar whims and ways, only General Washington's features were me lay a huge cuttle-fish fast asleep the same result. "Sometimes to tease Barthorne, clutching at his hat. "If but there is a division of opinion as to ascertainable by experience. One en-"In that case." ventured Alice. "I quite perfect when his body was taken Of course I did not see him, and the the dog," says our German authority I'd have known that you'd taken when the vice was introduced. Dr. gine will take a great meal of coal and could go and be a shop girl in my up to be put in the sarcophagus where uncle's store in the city. One must things as hard as this \_\_ " crowbar went clear through him. The "Mr. S. and his friends take a pleasure H. H. Kane of New York, who has water once; another will not listen to they now repose. The same was true cuttle-fish has a peculiar mode of at- in annoying the canine critic by emitgiven the subject careful study, says such a thing, but insists on being coax. "How did you suppose I was going live!" of General Wayne, when his body was tack. He discharges a black humor ting all sorts of discordant sounds from to take 'em ?" said Miss Negley, with that in 1868 the practice was begun in ed by spadefuls and bucketfuls. One

horses besides his own. The rest deployed and advanced on the run toward

the river. She saw the terrible effect of the withering fire which greeted the arproach from the willows on the Inas she said: "Our people, boys and all, had plenty of guns and ammunition to kill the new soldiers. Those who had and had them swim all around me, run away left them behind." Slowly with their horrid, glassy, deathlike trotting north along the outskirts of eyes glaring at me and their huge the encampments, she noted the Indians mouths under their belly snapping as who had crossed getting closer to the though ready to swallow me. The troops. She watched the latter-those noise that the air makes roaring into who were left of them-retreat to the shells frightens them and then their horses and mount. She heard they see that the man is moving about. the yells of her kindred and the shouts At Callao harbor, which is a regular of the whites: but soon, as the former sharks' nest, I went down forty feet or grew plentier and the latter fewer, she more and met lots of these ocean dev-

could distinguish little save here and ils, but none of them offered to molest there an animated cluster of men and Divers have various expedients for Slowly her pony jogged down the avoiding these animals, and one was stream. When she reached the Minnetold me on the Peruvian coast. A di-

conjo camp, on the extreme left, not an hour's ride, she said not one white soldier was visible on the field. Of horses there were plenty; these the Indians spared. The Custer men were soon stripped and the Indians knew they had killed the long-haired chief, by his buckskin coat trimmed with beaver which they found upon him. The Sioux lost thirty killed, and more than twice as many wounded, the Indians numbering five thousand in

horses.

all.

## Preserving Power of Salt.

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 that man turns into dust, and dust into earth, exclaims:

"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 disin. terred body of his father and seen brow and form appearing as natural as when 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

"Let us pursue the subject a little "That is a subject about which there farther." said the medical students at is a great deal of humbug. Old sailors the bedside of a dying patient. So the with lots of idle time on their next night they went and stole the hands love to spin yarns about the febody from the cemetery. arcity of sharks ... The shark is a cowthrough the body of a mule by the less you provoke the quarrel. I have met thousands of them

Mississippi cyclone, so the story goes Even a cyclone has to approach a mule sideways to get the better of him.

The scene is laid in a railway carriage, where seven passengers are smoking furiously. The eighth passenger, courteously: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I do hope that my not smoking doesn't inconvenience vou."

He had turned and twisted in his seat for nearly an hour, vainly trying to make an impression on the young lady who sat behind him. At last he asked: "Does this train stop at Cicero?" "I don't know, sir," she quickly replied, adding: "I hope so, if you ver was at work on the wreck of a think of getting off there." Spanish man-of-war in West India

## A Canine Critic.

was the object of his search, and after In the year 1839 a phenomenon ap. hours of patient labor the treasure peared in the musical world which attracted considerable attention in was found. While he was shackling Germany. A gentleman well known heavy iron chains to the treasure box as an enthusiastic musical amateur of Darmstadt, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, had a female spaniel, called Looking upward he saw a huge spot-Poodle. By striking the animal whented shark, twenty feet long, poised ever music was played, and a false note above and watching every movement as a cat does a mouse. The diver for struck, she was made to howl. At last the threat of the upraised stick was got about the \$3,000,000, and walking equally effective, presently a mere a short distance, was on the point of glance of the master's eye produced signaling to the tender to pull him up, the same howl, and at last the false when a glance convinced him that it note itself. A German paper of the would be sure death. The shark period says: "At the present time watched his every movement, and there is not a concert or an opera at with a scarcely perceptible movement Darmstadt to which Mr. Frederick S. of his tail, overshadowed his victim with its huge proportions. Never be\_ and his wonderful dog are not invited, or, at least, the dog. The voice of the fore had the diver more need of coolprima donna, the instruments of the ness and nerve, together with his wits band, whether violin, clarionet, about him. He spied a long layer of hautbois or bugle-all of them must mud close at hand, and he moved towexecute their parts in perfect harmony, ard it. The shark followed, gliding otherwise Poodle looks at its master, stealthily toward him, while a thrill of horror ran through his veins. With erects its ears, shows its grinders and an iron bar he stirred the mud, which howls outright. Old or new pieces, rose thick and fast above him; the known or unknown to the dog, proclear, golden light of the water disapduce the same effect." It must not be supposed that the discrimination of

peared, and the diver escaped. fault!" the creature was confined to the mere said Miss Negley: "and I won't listen "The only scare I ever had with a "Oh." said Alice. "But mine is very to a word of it-not one word! No one fish was when I first went down off execution of musical compositions. **Opium Smokers.** but a set of narrow-minded misers the South American coast. I had a Whatever may have been the case at lars a year. I don't think they can reafter years of interment, have been Most authorities agree that the first in the same factory, each of these locogreat big crowbar in my hand, which the outset of its musical career, could have thought of it. I'll leave found to be as well preserved as if opium smoked by a white man in motive engine would come out with perhaps fell about a foot or eighteen towards its close a vicious modulation Wyndale school first!" "They can reduce it to fifty, can't

hear what Mr. Barthorne had to say