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NO. 28.

Half-Way!

Have you forgotten where we stood Between the lights, that night of Spring, The river rolling to the flood, So sad the birds, they dared not sing? No love was ever dream'd like this, Beneath the shadows of the park,

Between a whisper and a kiss,

-Between the daylight and the dark! There had been trouble-this was rest; There had been passion-this was peace: The sunset dying in the west Made Nature sigh and whispers cease,

I only felt what I had found, You only knew what I would say; But nothing broke the peace profound Between the darkness and the day!

How will it end? I cannot tell; I asked it many months ago. Before the leaves of Autumn fell, And chang'd to Winter's waste of snow. Yet we stand watching at the gate Of summer time for promise-hark! No love, 'tis nothing! we must wait Between the daylight and the dark! - Clement Scott.

A BITTER CUP.

Mr. Martin had just come in to tea. It was one of those sultry summer evenings when the leaves hang stirlessly on the trees, and the dull electric fires blaze along the east, foreboders of

farm-hands had lagged at their work on the lowland meadow, and all the world's wheels seemed to revolve as if hey were weighted. Mr. Martin was ery tired, and, withal, a little cross.

Perhaps Mrs. Martin was tired, too. She, poor soul, had been up since four o'clock in the morning. She had wash_ ed, taken care of four cows' milk, prepared three meals for the hungry farm hands, been up in the quarry woods to search for a family of adventurous young turkey-chicks, soothed the sorrows of a teething baby, and mended up the suit of clothes which Betsey Blim, the tailoress, had declar- meaning," remarked Thomas Martin, ed "not worth a needleful o' thread!" said that "willful waste was woful a stitch taken here and there.

But her cheek was pink and her eyes sparkling when Thomas came in, for all the heaviness in her heart and the dull pain in her back, for little Esther had come home from boarding-school.

Esther, the youngest sister of all, the darling of the family circle from which Mrs. Martin came—the pet for whom they all had scraped and pinched so that she, at least, might have a "Boston

And Esther sat in the window-seat. grown into a blooming young woman. with bronze-brown hair lying in fluffy masses over her fair forehead, porcelain. blue eyes, and a dress all trimmed with

"Look, Thomas!" cried Mrs. Martinexcitedly: "it's Essie! Essie come home two days before we expected her!'

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Martin, in the cold, measured tones which always dampened his wife's enthusiasm like so many drops of freezing water. "How do you do, Esther? Ruth, what are you putting cold chicken on the table for? Corned-beef is plenty, I am sure. You had a great deal better save the chicken for the men's breakfast. Working folks have hearty helm. appetites.'

"Esther is fond of cold chicken,"

whispered Mrs. Martin. "And-" "No one need want anything better than good corned-beef," judiciously pronounced Mr. Martin, "Put the chicken back into the pantry, and the apple jelly with it. Good stewed gooseberries are relish enough for anybody. We must economize in little things as well as large ones, if we don't want to end our days in the poorhouse."

And Mrs. Martin sorrowfully obeyed, while Esther watched her brotherin-law with large, grave eyes, betoken-

ing inward surprise. At the end of a week, Mr. Martin addressed his sister-in-law with serious

"Well, Esther," said he, "you've heen here a week now.'

"Yes," said Essie, "I've been here a

"A week is a good long visit," re-

marked Mr. Martin. "It's long enough for some things,"

"Mrs. Martin thinks she would like to have you stay," went on Mr. Martin, after a puzzled glance at the blue, shining eyes. "And although, of course, every one adds to the expense in a family like this, I've no objections to giving you a home, provided you are

willing to earn it by hard work.

And-" "I haven't asked you for a home yet. | yes. We've a snug little sum laid up And I don't mean to. And you are in the bank, and we live very comfortonly making me the offer because Doctor Dorlan says Ruth will break ble, but it never got us all these things," down unless she has a strong maidservant to help her with the house- carpet, the graceful folds of the crim- ing a rudder with which it had bee work. But there is no money that son silk curtains, and the easel filled provided

would hire me to make myself such a

DEININGER & BUMILLER, Editors and Proprietors.

drudge as poor Ruth is." "Hoity-toity!" said Mr. Martin. 'Young woman, you don't consider who you are talking to."

"Yes, I do," said Essie, with emphasis. To a Bluebeard, to a stock, a stone, a man who is grinding his wife's life out on the pitiless wheel of money-making. No. I wouldn't live as Ruth does, not if you would put me in a palace!"

Mr. Martin grew green and saffron "Humph!" said he. "Fine ideas you

have got at this fashionable boardingschool of yours. Well, if you don't like my offer, you're not obliged to accept it. Be a fine lady, if you please, and see where it will land you."

By way of answer, Essie marched out of the room with all the dignity of a royal princess. She only stopped in the kitchen long enough to kiss Ruth, who was in the midst of a baking.

"Poor darling," said she, "How I wish I could carry you off with me. For stay, I won't!"

"Life is hard work, Essie," said Mrs. Martin, beginning to cry, in spite of herself; "and it's a woman's duty to help her husband."

'And I mean to help mine-when I have one," said Essie, blushing bright-It had been very hot all day, the ly. "But not by wearing myself out." Mr. Martin shook his head.

"If Stephen Smith is foolish enough to marry that saucy gipsy, she'll lead him a pretty life," said he. "I wonder if she expects to sit on a satin sofa all her days, with a rose in her hand, and her hair frizzled, in that preposterous fashion, all over her eves? But I warn 'em, they need never come to me for help! Esther has treated me with too much insolence for me ever to receive her again,"

"I am sure she did not mean anything," said Mrs. Martin, apologetically. "Well, then, her words belied her grimly compressing his lips.

But Stephen Smith was apparently undaunted by the possibilities of want," and that there was a deal of ruin predicted by Farmer Martin, for wear in the suit yet, if only there was he married Esther and went to the city to live, within three months.

"I give 'em just a year to come back here and eat humble pie!" said Martin, vindictively.

"Oh, Thomas; don't talk so!" said his wife. "One would think you befall them!"

"And so I should," said Martin viciously grinding his teeth together. 'That girl needs a lot of humbling, and I hope she'll get it."

Three years afterward there came one of those terrible droughts that undo a farmer's life-work in a season, and sweep away his prospects as an autumn wind sweeps away a sere forest. The cattle died, a pestilence broke out among the flock of sheep, which Thomas Martin had just bought; a high wind blew his best barn over, and disaster stared him in the face on

"It's no use talking," said he. "I cannot meet this year's interest on the mortgage. The place will have to go."

"Oh, Thomas!" groaned Mrs. Martin, who, poor soul, now lay all day on a hard wooden lounge, and groaned to see how wofully she was needed at the

"I can't help it," said Martin. "Everything is against me."

"It's only five hundred dollars," said Mrs. Martin. "You might borrow it." "Who'd lend to me, I'd like to know?" said Martin, remembering with a sigh how he had hardened his own face against every humble suppliant in the

golden days of his prosperity. "There's Esther's husband," suggested Ruth. "I've heard that he's doing well in Boston. And, after all, Esther's

my own sister." Mr. Martin's features contracted into a hideous grimace. Of all the bitter cups which circumstances had held to his lips of late this was the bitterest.

But it had to be swallowed. There was no help for it. "I didn't suppose Smith's folks lived

as genteel as this," said he to himself. octagonal vestibule, floored with black flowers, under the golden fringe of an antique portiere, into a large, tastefully-furnished room, where the singing birds, the open piano, the low satin sofa all betokened no lack of money.

had not yet gone to the store, and presently he came in, waving welcomes to the man who had married Essie's sister "Lend you a thousand dollars?" said

he. "Of course we can lend you a story. thousand dollars. What is money for "Stop!" cried Essie, jumping up, if not to help each other with. Oh, ably. My business? Yes, it's toleraglancing at the soft arabesques of the

with proof engravings. "That is my wife's doing."

"Eh?" said Mr. Martin, staring

"Yes," said Smith, with a certain, quiet satisfaction. "Essie is an artist, you know-a designer. She invents patterns for the paper-hangers and upholsterers. They are glad to pay her fifty dollars a week.'

"Fifty dollars a week!" exclaimed Thomas Martin. "Why that's morefifty dollars is, I mean-than poor Ruth made by all her poultry for a year. Well. I never!"

In all his life he had never respected Essie as he respected her now.

"She has money laid up," said Stephen Smith. "And if she's the girl I think she is, she won't grudge it to help her sister's husband in a pinch." Gall and bitterness-gall and bitter-

ness! But, thought poor Martin, with a sigh, how was Stephen to know all that was come and gone?

Essie's light step, on the passageway, sounded at this instant; and she came in, dressed in a picturesque brown linen blouse; her hair still shading her forehead, like a fringe of floss silk, after the old, graceful fashion.

"Yes," she said brightly, when her brother-in-law's errand was stated to her: "Of course you shall have it. I sweetest of mellow laughter. "But I becoming a drudge."

"Perhaps she can," slowly and un- worst conductor is paraffine. willingly admitted Thomas Martin-"perhaps she can! But it didn't use to be so, in my mother's days."

And he sighed to think of poor Ruth,

Essie's thousand loan was the straw drowning. He paid the interest, get hold, keep hold." bought a new flock of merino sheep, and weathered the storm.

times. But it's too late now. You the Cross?" were right, Essie, when you said you the housework."

"Yes." said Essie, fondling the thin hand, which lay on the arm of the rocking-chair, "I think I was right."-Helen Forest Graves.

The Viceroy and the Baby.

A characteristic anecdote is related of the late Lord Lawrence, when as the new Viceroy of India, he was returning to the country in which his best years had been passed. He was in bad spirits, partly from sea-sickness; partly from the lack of friends and congenial natures around him, partly from the feeling of the heavy responsibilities which he had assumed in comparatively weak health. A lady was returning to the great rock in a weary land .- Cin-India with her infant child, which she utterly neglected, and the baby took its revenge upon the passengers generally by squalling day and night alike. They complained in no measured language to the authorities, "Steward, throw that baby overboard!" was the cry which came from many a tempesttossed and sleepless birth. But the nuisance continued unabated. At last the new viceroy, perhaps he saw in the child, half-unconsciously, a slight resemblance to his lost Bertie, gave it a large share of his attention, and would take it for hours together on his knee showing it his watch and anything as a neat maid led him across an that would amuse it. The child took to him, as he to it, and to the great and red marble, and fragrant with relief of the passengers was always quiet in his presence. "Why do you take such notice of that child?' Asked one of them. "Why, to tell you the truth," said the viceroy, "that child is the only being in the ship who I can Yes--Mr. Smith was at home. He feel quite sure does not want to get anything out of me, and so I take pleasure in its society." How much of the kindliness and simplicity of a great nature is revealed by this simple

Areial Trips.

Two successful aerial trips have been made by M. Pompeieu with an elongated balloon, and on the second air-ship was obtained by simply mov-

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The Millheim Iournal

Jupiter's spot, on which the earth would only make a small patch, is growing fainter.

In France wonderful results are big blue eyes, the plumpest, reddest, being obtained in the work of vaccinat ing live stock against disease.

M. de Lesseps states that the evapo. rating power of the sun is less on the less, strong little arms, and is an exam. site of the proposed island sea of the Sahara than on the Red Sea, and he does not anticipate that the waters but grandpa's ambition was to take

M. Tacchini has succeeded in observing the solar prominences upon the very disk of the sun. By enlarging the opening of his spectroscope he has been able a few times to recognize on the edge of the spots these grand eruptions of hydrogen and the un. known substance helium.

The camphor tree has recently been introduced into California and promises well. It resembles the laurel somewhat. It grows well all along the coast, and one tree at Sacramento has already attained a height of thirty feet It is easily propagated from seed or cuttings. Besides producing the wellknown drug, the tree is valuable as

A non-conductor of electricity has owe you as much as that, I think, yet to be found, for all substances Thomas, were it only to erase from hitherto discovered are conductors of your memory that last scene of our the force under certain known condiparting. How defiant and insolent it tions, but those which offer a great was, to-be-sure!" and she laughed the resistance to it serve the purpose of non-conductors in practice, although insist upon it still, that my theory was they may all be either classed as good correct; a woman can work, without or bad conductors. The best conductor known as yet is silver. The

A Boy's Sermon that Said By.

It was the first effort he had ever made to speak in public. It was in a broken down in the meridian of her union praise meeting, following a great days, by the cruel necessities that drive revival, in a college town. The boy the wife of an American farmer to her blushing and agitated, yet, wishing to doom. Was it his own fault? Per- add his word of advice and thanksgiving, began abruptly:

"My dear brothers and sisters, I hope a dreadful hurry, didn't laugh, for the which saved him from figurative you will all take hold; and when you lock had been worked for years on a

The youth was so confused, that he repeated the same words over and And the next year when Essie came over, apparently unable to stop, or to to the farm to assist her sister, for the catch a new sentence. Some of the first time she found Ruth sitting on young people, who had religion, but the piazza, and watching the little were not old enough to have pity or Then following the promptings of his nambs play in the sunshine with listless, consideration, began to laugh, when a busy little mind he pulled a piece of big hearted man (none other than "Yes," said Ruth, "I can't work any Brother Ben. Bristow, of Covington), more. But Thomas is very kind. He struck out with the always appropriate don't grudge the hired girl's wages, ejaculation, "Thank God!" and then, the other end, and when the baby and he is always saying he wished he with that great melodious voice of his, had taken more care of me in the old began the hymn-"Am I a soldier of

Pending this inquiry the youthful wouldn't stay on here, and help with disciple sank, red and perspiring, into

I am uncertain whether any honest effort is fruitless. That poor lad thought, no doubt, that that was a failure. I have often wondered whether he ever tried it again-whether he did "keep hold." The talk of the college professors and the ministers of the evangelical churches assembled in that union meeting have faded from my remembrance entirely, but the poor boy's wretched exhortation remains at

least in one heart. The flowers of rhetoric may decorate the Gospel fabric, but add nothing to its strength, nor glint of man's æsthetic upholstery make more grateful the shadows of cinnati Commercial Gazette.

Selecting a Horse.

The Turf, Field and Farm, than which there is no better authority on the subject says: In buying a horse, first look at his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. If bad qualities predominate in a horse, education only serves to enlarge and intensify them. The head is the indicator of disposition. A square muzzle, with large nostrils, evidences an ample breathing apparatus and lung power. Next, see that he is well under the jowl, with jaw-bones broad and wide apart under the throttle. Breadth and fullness between ears and eyes are always desirable. The eyes should be full and hazel in color, ears small and horse that turns his ears back every now and then is not to be trusted. He hood days to earn money enough to is either a biter or a kicker, and is sure buy the farm adjoining his father's. to be vicious in other respects, and, be When the gold fever broke out he was ing naturally vicious, can never be still a mere stripling; but, full of horse with a rounding nose, tapering California, driving a wagon across the rump, withers high and shoulders sloping, well set back, and with a good ascent a change in the course of the depth of chest, fore legs short, hind streets of the village looked narrow, When the pens had been emptied the legs straight, with low down hock, short pastern joints, and a round mulish-shaped foot.

then betook himself to Cincinnati BABY. Later he drifted to M.Iwaukee, and at He Went Down Town With Grandpa, the close of the war he sold a great lot but Won't Go Any More. of pork at \$40 a barrel, and bought it Grandpa loved the baby. The baby again at \$18 to \$19, realizing a profit is three years old, with the prettiest of about a million. To-day he ranks as the wealthiest man in Chicago, being cheeks, the dearest, dimpled mouth, rated by those who know something and the cunningest ways in the world. of his business at \$25,000,000 or \$30,-Baby has sturdy little legs, and rest-000,000. His transactions are colossal, His firm employs between 5,000 and ple of perpetual motion. Baby's grand-6,000 men, and on his pay rolls are pa accompanied him on various walks, about fifty men who recieve salaries of \$5,000 and over. He is not yet fiftybaby down to the store, where the five years of age. boys could see what a phenomenal child he is, and what cunning ways he MASSACRE OF THE CANINES. has. One morning grandpa dressed baby up, and when he started away Remorseless Waves Engulf the Dogs with grandpa he looked, with his wavy golden hair, bright eyes, and little

brown cloak, like one of Kate Green-

as he thought of the enjoyment of hav-

companions. Baby was shy at first

string to see what was on the other

end of it. There was a mantel orna-

ment belonging to one of the boys on

pulled the ornament tipped over and

was shattered. Baby was frightened

at the muss he had made, and hid him-

self in a box that stood on end near

the door, and that had been used to

hold soft coal during the winter.

Grandpa found him there, but in what

a plight! His little face and hands

and his beautiful white dress were be-

grimed with the nasty coal-dust-

Grandpa brushed him off and washed

his face and hands, and made him

somewhat presentable, after which he

set him down in a big chair, and told

him to set still. Baby sat still about a

minute and then slid down out of the

chair, and wandered away into the back

room, where he suddenly spied a little

dog curled up asleep on the top of a

box. Baby stood on his toes, got a

good grip on doggy's tail, and pulled-

The dog woke up. And the next min-

ute baby's little legs were working for

dear life as he fled towards grandpa's

quarters. Grandpa met him, kicked

the dog, and quieted baby, tried to

patch up the places in baby's dress

where the dog's teeth had made ragged

rents, and began to club himself for

bringing baby down town. Finally

baby capped the climax by upsetting

on himself a can of lard oil, and grand,

pa quit work for the rest of the day-

wrapped the baby in thick brown pa-

per, tied a string around him and took

him home. It will be some time be-

fore grandpa will take his pet down

town with him again. Baby had a

The Great Pork Speculator.

Presbyterian stock. He was born in

one of the central counties of New

P. D. Armour is of sturdy Scotch

good time, though.

Who Have no Homes .- scenes at the New York Pound. A New York reporter describes the method by which the unmuzzled dogs way's creations imbued with life. aught in the streets are killed at the When the passengers in the car smiled pound, on the East river. Ninety-two at baby and remarked how sweet he dogs were disposed of on the day of was, grandpa was happy, and chuckled the reporter's visit. During the forenoon a number of people called at the ing baby with him at the store. Once pound to claim their animals lost the at the store, baby was the centre of an night before while dissipating on the admiring crowd of grandpa's business streets. While the weather was yet in that uncertain state between a heavy and one fat fist was pushed into the downpour of driving rain and a sepalittle mouth, while baby's eyes were ration of the clouds for the admission cast upon the floor. Pretty soon, of sunshine, an old gentleman in a linthough, baby regained his usual spirits en duster and a tall hat, with a blue and started on a tour of investigation. gingham umbrella in his hand, was de_ His first venture was to pull over a scried by the keeper peering anxiously lot of ledgers and account-books that over the outer wall. When questioned had been undergoing an investigation, he admitted that he was in search of and on top of this pile he poured the "Frank," who had mysteriously disapcontents of a big bottle of violet ink. peared from home. It required a good Pursuing his investigations further, deal of persuasion to induce the old baby found himself in the office where gentleman to enter the door over whose the brightly varnished safe, with its portals might be appropriately inscribimpossible landscapes, at once attracted, "Who enters here leaves hope beed his attention. The heavy iron door hind." Once inside, he kept very close was closed, and baby, by standing on a to the side of the keeper and was very chair, could just reach the combination reluctant to survey the pens in which knob, the brightness of which had a number of restless and protesting caught his eye. He played with the pretty knob, turning it round and dogs were confined. Finally, when half-way through the yard, he recoground ever so many times, and laughnized his pet spitz shut up with half a looking at him most benignly over her ing to himself. But the man who dozen ragged and dissipated-looking came to open the safe, and who was in canines, among whom he was lolling in utter ignorance of the fate he was barely escaping. He sprang about the part of the combination and baby had pen in great delight when he saw his destroyed it completely, and three master, and when the latter had paid hours were required to find it again the \$3 necessary for his redemption, he Out in a back room baby found a hamaccompanied him up the street with mer and some tacks, and filled some his tail elevated in triumph at the suc. new desks full of pretty tin tacks.

While a dozen or more were saved from an unhappy fate by thoughtful masters, the others did not fare so well. About two o'clock in the afternoon a large iron cage four feet square was wheeled into the inclosure, and the door unlocked. A number of dogs who had watched the proceedings with tongues protruding through the bars of the pens evidently began to suspect the approach of a violent death, for they set up a lugubrious newling, and communicated their terror to their companions. In an instant the yard resounded with weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. A black and white spitz was first seized by the legs and thrust into the cage, lamenting the error of his ways at the top of his voice. A poodle followed him with piteous yelling protests, and then half a hundred curs of mongrel breed were sent to join their company. The spitz seemed to resent his forced companionship, and engaged at once in a pitched battle with a big yellow dog, whom he jasis. drove into a corner, where he licked his wounds and howled dismally for When the cage was filled it was

wheeled along a short railroad track to the water's edge, where it was attach. ed to a large crane. An executioner stood at the crank, and when the signal was given, he let go his hold and stepped back upon the platform. The cage swung out over the water and descended amid yells of rage, cries of fear and barks of derision. As it began to sink the dogs fought desperately for the upper places, and it disappeared with the disreputable spitz at free. the top of the cage, battling fiercely with a black-and-tan who disputed his supremacy. A choked wail floated over the white-capped waves, and the checkered career of the unfortunate canines came to a sudden and unexpected termination at the bottom of

thin and thrown well forward. The York, on a farm among the hills. It the East river, amid the sea-weed, pebwas the highest ambition of his boy-After the lapse of a few minutes the cage was raised and the wet, limp bodies thrown into a waiting cart. The unhappy dogs who had witnessed the trained to do anything well, and so a vouthful enthusiasm, he started for departure of their comrades from their freed from it only by the gastric juices pens in the yard were then taken out of some other being: Similar migraforehead, and a broad, full face below plains and mountains. He remained and treated to a similar exit. One of tions may follow, wave after wave the eyes is always treacherous and not there three or four years, and in that these that wore a huge Spinola collar More or less, however, are swept out to be depended on. Avoid the long- time saved a few thousand dollars. snapped viciously at every dog as he of the intestines, possibly to find their legged, stilted animal—always choos- He had cash enough to buy that farm | was put into the cage. Another went | way back to their ancestral home in ing one with a short, straight back and and settle down. He had no sooner at his antagonist savagely, and they the swine. reached home than he experienced a sank beneath the restless waters locked sudden revulsion of feeling. The in a fierce and passionate embrace. cramped and dull; the house appeared | carcasses were taken to Barren island on the farm two or three days, and | converted into soap and phosphate.

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Ex-scutors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Wee, little rimless wheel of fate, With silver spokes and hub of yellow What gentle girl, in accents mellow, Has sought your aid to find a mate?

Who snapt your slender spokes apart, Each one some dear acquaintance naming? And who was he-the loved one, claiming The choicest chamber in her heart?

O tiny hub of golden hue,

Kist by her fingers' tender pressing, Still yet, methinks, she's vainly guessing It what you prophesied were true.

You died between her finger tips.

Sweet gypsy maid of wisdom magic; Pray, is it worth a death so tragic To hear the music of her lips? -F. D. Sherman in the Century.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

It never perspires but it pores. The provincial press-a cider mill. The czar will last a long time. He is

bound in Russia. A summer resort .- Borrowing our neighbor's lawn mower.

A man whose best works are always trampled under foot-A carpet manu-

"No, sir, said the passenger to the ship's doctor, "I'm not seasick, but I'm deucedly disgusted with the motion of

When a man does not get up with the lark in the morning, the presumption is that he was out on a swallow the night previous.

Harper's Bazar says "a widow should be married in a bonnet." Harper is "poking" fun at the widows; of course they prefer to be married in a church.

With the man of to-day life is a pathetic, heroic and unavailing struggle against baldheadedness. It is a waste of time, money and ointment to strive

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a traveling quack doctor of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, specs; "leave them with the heel toward the house, if you please."

An Englishman shooting small game in Germany remarked to his host that there was a spice of danger in shooting in America. "Ah," said the host, "you like danger mit your sport? Den you go out shooting mit me. De last time I shoot mine brudder-in-law in de

"Well," remarked a young M. D. just returned from college, "I suppose that the next thing will be to hunt a good situation, and then wait for something to do, like Patience on a monument." "Yes," said a bystander; "and it won't be long after you begin before the monuments will be on the patients."

Trichinæ.

This word-the plural of trichina, has its accent on the second syllable. It is from a Greek word meaning "hair" and is the name of the hair-like worms sometimes found in the human muscles. The word "spiralis" is generally attached to it, and refers to the manner in which the parasite lies curled up in his tiny capsule.

When fully grown, it would take

eighteen of the males, placed end to end, to make an inch. The disease to which they give rise-at first often mistaken for muscular rheumatismi called trichiniasis, sometimes trichin-It was not until 1835 that the para-

site was found in man. During the next twenty-five years it was prived that there was a connection between the disease in man and that of a hog: and in 1867 the parasite was found in the muscles of the latter. Whence the hog has derived it is an unsettled

As long as the hog lives the parasite remains dormant in the animal, like the chrysalis of the butterfly. But when the hog's flesh is eaten, the tiny capsules then are dissolved by the digestive juices, and trichinae are set

A single meal may introduce many thousands of them-over a million, says one writer-into the stomach-Thus introduced they live from five to six weeks in the intestines, each one producing meanwhile a brood of at least one thousand five hundred. The latter soon migrate towards the muscles, following the course of the bloodvessels and nerves, and reaching their goal about the tenth day.

Here, in five or six months, they pass into a sort of chrysalis condition, to be

The trichinæ have been found in every land. They have also been detected in the cat, dog, rabbit, rat, mouse, marmot, the wild hog of Europe, and mean and dingy. He only remained where they will be boiled down and even in the hippopotamus.-Youth's Companion.

send them until all arrearages are paid. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them dis-

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continued.

If subscribers move to other places with-

out informing the publisher, and the news-papers are sent to the former place of resi-

ADVERTISING RATES:

dence, they are then responsi