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Trip Lightly.
Trip lightly over trouble
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make a grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
Why sing o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?
Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the ways be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow
And gaily sing the lark.
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled,
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.
Trip lightly over sadness,
Stop not to rail at doom,
We've pearls to string of gladness
On this side of the tomb;
Whilst stars are nightly shining,
And the heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining—
But look for joy instead.

DELILAH.

Sir Thomas Winston was a widower, and his present family consisted of two daughters somewhere between eighteen and thirty and a son. There were several guests besides myself at Winton hall—Capt. Seymour, a brother officer of young Winton's, with a suspected desire of forming another fraternal connection with him; "Paddy" O'Brian, a sort of social Crichton, and others. Of the fairer visitors, I need only mention one, Ada Dart, for what man of sound mind could notice any other girl when she was in the room? Well, Capt. Seymour, could do so, but then he was infatuated and not of sound mind—suffering from younger Miss Winton on the brain in fact. It surprised me very much to see the beautiful Ada sail into the drawing-room before dinner on the evening of my arrival. I had met her at a dinner party and three halls; I had attended her with grateful humility throughout the whole of a picnic, and her image rose before me rather more than I liked.

I could not remain long by her side; the room was full of strangers, with many of whom I had now to form acquaintance for the first time, even the ladies of the house being unknown to me. I was eventually paired off with a companion, and dinner was spoiled by a perpetual dread of speaking with levity of things she revered.

The place I coveted at the side of Ada Dart was filled by Paddy O'Brian, who had a wonderful and enviable power of showing politeness and apparent attention to the general company while really attaching himself to one selected individual.

Before the evening was over I felt certain that I had no chance of "walking over" for the prize, and also, that she was worth winning; for Paddy was not the man to court undowered beauty. Indeed, he could not afford so romantic a proceeding.

When the ladies retired, most of the men repaired to the billiard room, where cigars were provided, but the majority were tired and went to bed, early, leaving O'Brian and myself to finish a game.

"Well," said he, as soon as we were alone, "I suppose that you and I have been asked down here for the same thing."

"Oh yes; the shooting, you mean," I replied.

"Shooting! That's the polite way of paying us. They want us to help them with their private theatricals."

"Oh, they're going to get up private theatricals, are they?"

"To be sure, or you would never have been asked to Winton hall, nor I either, faith! I got it out of Miss Dart."

"Who'll tell us what to do about scenery, dresses, and all the little details?" said Miss Winton, when the family took the stage fever badly last summer. "Don't you know some one, papa?"

"I have it," cried Sir Thomas. "One of my acquaintances is great on the drama; at least he talks of nothing else, and though not a Solomon, that seems to be his specialty."

"But is he presentable?" asked Julia Winton—"Seymour's girl, you know."

"Oh, yes," replied Sir Thomas; "he has paid up on his shares, and he aspires his h's, and he has really very fine whiskers!"

"Shut up, O'Brian!" said I. "Do not foist off your own impertinences upon the innocent. And what were you asked here for?"

"To act, of course. If it had not been for my success in Sir Lucius O'Trigger at Lady Sock's I might have gone hang before ever I'd have been a guest in this elegant establishment. Oh, there is no shirking the truth with me, my boy; nobody does anything for nothing in this world."

My theatrical tastes had never as yet led me to take a part in any performance, and, indeed, of the ladies and men forming the present company, Ada Dart and O'Brian were the only two who were not about to make their first appearance upon any stage. Of course, these experienced members took a prominent lead, besides being necessarily drawn together in a confidential way which it was very unpleasant for me to witness. Jealousy and envy so stirred my bile that I was inclined to regret the good old days of duelling, when I might have picked a quarrel with my rival, and so had a chance of removing him from my path. But the way in which the odious Irishman knocked over pheasants and rabbits, and a particular snap-shot, fired from the hip, which was fatal to a woodcock, forced me to own that there was a deep truth in the ingenious assertion so constantly repeated in newspaper articles, that private combat is a "cowardly practice."

The fine old hall of Winton park was to be our theater, and it was my particular province to take the best advantage of the many natural facilities of the place; to arrange about the scenery; to find out what were the proper dresses for the plays we were to perform, etc., and Ada Dart, being the only person whose counsel was of real service in case of a difficulty, I was perpetually obliged to appeal to her. Dangerously intoxicating were those conferences, which, I confess, I prolonged needlessly; indeed, I used sometimes to get up a vexatious opposition to her wishes in order to give our discussion a matrimonial flavor. Heigh-ho!

The plays selected were "The Belle of Penzance," followed by the farce of "Eyes and Nose," and the distribution of parts was a work for Job and Solomon, most of the company at first declaring their utter inability to take the simplest characters, and coming round gradually to demanding the principal roles. At our first general meeting it really seemed doubtful whether it would be possible to cast the mildest and lightest of pieces, but at the end of a fortnight if "Othello" could have been rewritten with three Moors, four Desdemonas and two Iagos, our little company "had stomach for them all."

I was cast for Fortescue, which was too prominent a part for my taste; for beside that, on principle, I very much prefer that other people should amuse me to reversing that proceeding; I hated having so much to learn by heart.

In a little time matters began to run smoothly and we had our first rehearsal. By recalling to mind the different actors I had seen in my part, and endeavoring to imitate them, I succeeded better than I had anticipated, and gained considerable applause. "But," said O'Brian, "you must shave, you know. The idea of Fortescue with those whiskers is too absurd."

Now, my whiskers were black, pendant, silky, and had cost me an infinity of trouble. It had taken five years of constant care and scientific training to bring them to their present state of perfection. Any one without experience in the matter would scarcely credit the amount of time and labor, not to mention the mere money, that I had expended upon them. Little soft brushes, delicate combs, bottles of a peculiar oil, more delicate than is ever used for the head, were appropriated to their service. When I visited my hair-cutter that artist would deliberate for at least five minutes before he could come to a definite conclusion upon the important point whether he should take the "hands" off. When I took my walks abroad and the breeze fluttered them over my shoulders, scornful indeed was the beauty whose eyes did not light up with admiration as she passed. Even envious men were unable to withhold their tribute of praise.

"Cheevers, my boy," observed Rivers, who has spent his own fortune and is looking out for a wife, "my figure is twenty thousand, but, by gad, if I had your face hair, I'd make it forty!"

You may judge my feelings, then, when it was seriously proposed that I should shave. I repudiated the notion with a shuddering earnestness which seemed to amuse some of the company, and they all set to work to argue me out of my objection to the sacrifice.

"They will grow again," said one Miss Winton.

"I am sure Mr. Cheever's face would look better without them," added the other.

"Yes; there is a particularly fine contour, which is completely hidden at present," said O'Brian.

"How do you know that, Paddy?"

"Contour or not," said I, firmly, "if you cannot put up with a whiskered Fortescue, some one else must take the part." And to that resolution I stuck in spite of flattery, persuasion

and satire for three days. And I got it hot, too, at times.
First one and then another male visitor was tried in my part, and found wanting.

On the fourth morning after breakfast, Ada Dart expressed a wish to learn how to play at billiards. O'Brian was not in the room, and I seized the opportunity of offering my services, which were accepted.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Cheevers," said she, "that you cannot take the part of Fortescue. You must change with Mr. O'Brian; that is the only way in which we can manage it, and even that will spoil the play."

"Is it quite necessary that Fortescue should be whiskered?" I asked faintly.

"Why, judge for yourself; how would a powdered wig look with—them? The worst of it is," she added, "that when I undertook the part of Maria it was with the supposition that you would be Fortescue," and she blushed slightly.

Those who are unacquainted with "The Belle of Penzance" must be told that Fortescue is the lover of Maria, and several half-romping, half-loving scenes are enacted between them.

"Hit your own b-b-ball in the exact center, and rather high," I stammered, "and you—you would not like O'Brian—that is, any other fellow to—to—take that part, in fact."

"I declare I won't answer you!" she cried. "Of course, I know you, and never saw most of the others before, and such things make all the difference, you know. To be kissed, even in make-believe, by a man one has seen for the first time a week before, makes one feel nervous. But there!" (At this point I went down on one knee.) "Get up; there's some one coming!"

It was Miss Winton and Captain Seymour, who came just in time to prevent a formal offer. I went off to my bedroom, locked the door, opened my dressing-case, took out scissors and razor, and finished the dreadful task.

On my way down stairs, I met Sir Thomas, who stopped, stared, and asked my name. He did not recognize me. Young Winton, who was always late, was breakfasting when I entered the morning-room. He dropped a cup of hot coffee over his knees, and nearly choked. Leaving him in his misery, I encountered a young lady visitor, who crammed her pocket-handkerchief in her mouth and fled. But it would be tedious to recount the effect I produced upon each individual member of the household. All, even the faithless Ada, laughed at my appearance, except O'Brian, who looked upon my transformation from a purely dramatic point of view. Others were divided as to whether I most resembled a plucked fowl or a recently shorn sheep, but the veritable amateur said: "Sure, he will make an elegant Fortescue," and stuck to that view of the question. The company soon got used to the alteration, and the dramatic business now went as smoothly as a hand passed over my cheeks. I had the intoxicating privilege, the tantalizing element in which was tempered by hope, of making second-hand love to Ada in daily rehearsals, till at last the day of positive performance arrived.

We all knew our parts, but whether we acted them well or not it is difficult to judge; our audience was bound in common politeness to be pleased, and the flattering applause and profuse congratulations we received cannot be counted for much. At any rate, everybody seemed delighted, and the whole affair was voted a success.

On the morning following the performance, I awoke early with a firm determination to turn mimic courtship into earnest, and force a plain yes or no from her that very day. To lie in bed with such a prickle in the pillow was quite impossible, so I got up, dressed and went for a walk. On passing through the garden on my way back to breakfast, I became aware that some one else was also in high spirits, for a well-known voice behind the shrubbery was singing "The Pigs in the Morning," and on turning the corner of a path which brought me into a little open dell, I came upon O'Brian, with his hat stuck on the back of his head, executing a *pas seul* to a vocal accompaniment.

"Ah!" he cried, on seeing me, "sure you have caught me making a fool of myself. But it is a good thing my mother's only son has done for me this morning. Congratulate me, my boy!"

"Certainly," said I, feeling a little sickly. "What on?"

"I am going to be married to the prettiest little angel that ever wore boots, and has a nice little sum all at her own disposition into the bargain. Whoo!"

It was too true; he had stolen a march upon me. I left Winton two hours afterward.

At present my whiskers are in the blacking-brush stage.

Curiosities of Statistics.

Let us observe what our farms and farmers are annually producing for every man, woman and child of the country's population. The year 1880 produced for each person thirty bushels of corn, nine bushels of wheat, eight bushels of oats, one bushel of barley, two-fifths of a bushel of rye, one tenth of a bale of cotton, three pounds of wool, two-thirds of a ton of hay, half a pound of hops, two pounds of rice, ten pounds of tobacco, three and a half bushels of Irish potatoes, and half a bushel of sweet potatoes.

Of animals there was one hog for every person, one horse for every five persons, one mule for every twenty-eight persons, one milch cow for every four persons, and two sheep for every three persons. There were fifteen and a half pounds of butter and a half pound of cheese made for each person, and the cows averaged sixty-two and a half pounds of butter each for the year. Although our farm products seem immense in amount it is an astonishing fact that if every acre of Illinois was devoted to wheat for one year, and the average yield should be the moderate amount of fifteen bushels to the acre, the crop would exceed in amount the entire wheat crop of the country for the last year. If the state of Missouri was wholly planted with corn, and should give a moderate yield of forty bushels to the acre, the aggregate would equal the entire corn crop of the country for the year 1880. The state of Kansas alone can raise beef enough to feed the present population of the country. When we have ten times the present population, and when all our lands are as well cultivated as the valley of the Nile, the aggregates of the farm products will be expressed in figures difficult to comprehend. Agriculture is becoming chemistry, and husbandry is becoming mechanics, so that one good man to-day can do as much work upon a farm as four men did fifty years ago.

Facial Characteristics.

In the practice of the art of palmistry some knowledge of physiognomy is of great advantage; indeed, the two sciences go hand in hand, one supplementing the other. This is why the shrewd gypsy fortune teller scans the face almost more closely than the hand of her patron.
And first of all, the soul dwells in the eye; and the ability to understand its language is inborn with most people without having to study it; but a few words in regard to it may not be amiss. Very quiet eyes that impress and embarrass one with their great repose signify self command, but also great complacency and conceit. Eyes that rove hither and thither while their possessor speaks denote a deceitful, designing mind. Eyes in which the white has a yellowish tinge, and is streaked with reddish veins denote strong passions. Very blue eyes indicate a mind inclined to coquetry; gray eyes signify intelligence; greenish, falsehood and a liking for scandal; black eyes, a passionate, lively temperament; and brown, a kind, happy disposition.

Of the nose—A Roman nose denotes an enterprising, business-like character; a long nose is a sign of good sense; a perfectly straight nose indicates a noble soul; the eyes contradict it; a nez retousse signifies a spirit of mischief, wit and dash; a large nose generally indicates good mind and heart; a very small nose, good nature but lack of energy.

Thick lips indicate either great genius or great stupidity; very thin lips cruelty and falsehood, particularly if they are habitually compressed. Dimples in the cheek signify roguery; in the chin, love and coquetry. A lean face is a indication of intelligence; a fat face shows a person inclined to falsehood.

Irascibility is accompanied by an erect posture, open nostrils, moist temples, displaying superficial veins, which stand out and throb under the least excitement, large unequal, ill-ranged eyes, and equal use of both hands.

A good genius may be expected from middle stature, blue or gray eyes, large prominent forehead, with temples a little hollow, a fixed, attractive look and habitual inclination of the head.

—Belle C. Green.

The Young Man Was Cold.

"Good morning, John," said one of the leading pastors in Scranton, Penn., at a young friend whom he met on the street the first warm day of the season, "How does your father stand the heat?" The young man made no reply, but went his way with a clouded brow. And when the good pastor learned that the young man's father had died only a week before he understood why his cordial greeting was met so coldly.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

M. Schlumberger recommends that a bottle of ammonia should be placed in each barrel of petroleum. On ignition, by accident or otherwise, the bottle would break and the ammoniacal vapors would at once extinguish the fire. Dr. Pietra Santa proposes to apply this method to collieries liable to fire-damp. Tanks filled with ammonia, would, it is said, stop the combustion, as it could not continue in an ammoniacal atmosphere.

How do earth-worms increase the fertility of the soil? is a question which may well be asked, since it is plain that these creatures can add no new material to the soil. Herr Hensen has answered by proving that the worms greatly aid plant-growth by making burrows through which the delicate roots reach the moist subsoil. They also draw into their burrows vegetable matter from the surface (where its fertilizing ingredients would be wasted) hasten its decomposition and distribute it through the various layers of the soil.

Besides the conspicuous displays of aurora borealis so frequent in Arctic regions, several observers have reported the presence of a peculiar diffused light after the total disappearance of daylight. The phenomenon was witnessed last winter by Prof. Lemstrom from his observatory in Lapland. He describes it as a phosphorescent shine or diffused luminosity, of a yellowish white color, rendering the night as light as when the moon shines through a thick haze. He is disposed to believe that the appearance has an auroral nature, and that it is present in Northern Lapland during most winter nights.

Dr. Goetan Delaunay has just communicated an interesting paper to the French Anthropological society, in which he seeks to establish that right-handedness is not an acquired habit, but is a natural attribute, characteristic of the superior races. Savage tribes, he states, and communities in an inferior state of civilization, show a much larger proportion of left-handedness than highly-civilized people do. Idiots and epileptics offer a very large percentage of left-handed individuals, and there are more left-handed women than men. His general conclusion is that in the evolution of the species there has been a steady tendency to the development of the right side of the body at the expense of the other, and that the examples of left-handedness still to be met with in the superior race are mere "survivals."

Prince and Princess of Wales.

The London correspondent of the New York Commercial, having seen the Prince and Princess of Wales at the opera, draws this picture of the royal pair: "The Prince of Wales, who was looking uncommonly well, studied his libretto with his usual diligence. I have remarked this fact, that the royalty scarcely take their eyes from their books. The prince has probably seen 'Lohengrin' fifty times. I will venture to say that during as many evenings he has held a libretto in his hands from the commencement almost to the close of the performance. The Princess of Wales, by the way, usually—in fact, always—does the same. How much she is loved by everybody. Her eldest son sat beside her, and she looked young enough to be his sister. She was dressed in a dinner gown of pale blue silk, high in the back, and trimmed with magnificent Valenciennes lace. Her hair was dressed high, and several diamond ornaments glittered among her tresses. She is to my mind the most distinguished and lovely woman in England. Her face is sweet beyond words, but very sad. I have never seen her smile more than good breeding would suggest. Is it etiquette or melancholy which imposes such quietness upon the features of so charming a woman? I have often wondered."

Catching a Prairie Dog.

I was assured that I might as well try to dip the creek dry, as each dog had a passage from his residence to the level of the creek, that all the water that could be emptied in would not raise an inch above the river bed. I didn't take much stock in this water passage idea, however, so, after securing a box for the game and half a dozen water buckets, I took three or four men and ran the engine up to the water tank, filled up the engine tank, and then ran down to call on the denizens of prairie dog park. The old pioneer was at his post as usual, but disappeared like a flash when the engine stopped opposite his door. I disconnected the hose on the engine tank, and the bucket brigade went at it lively. Dozens of buckets of water were used, and the tank was getting low, when at last the hole was filled to the mouth, and shortly the old fellow put

his nose out for a little fresh air. He was put in the box, and in less than an hour he had a dozen more to keep him company.—*American Field.*

Why Cochineal and Carmine are so Costly.

The *Ironmonger*, of London, explains why the beautiful cochineal and carmine colors are so expensive. It says: One of the best and most powerful animal dyes used in the arts and manufactures is the body of the female cochineal insect, dried. This insect exists on a species of cactus, and when alive is about the size of a ladybird, or perhaps a trifle smaller. It is wingless, rather long, equally broad all over, and is marked behind with deep incisions and wrinkles. It has six feet, which, curiously enough, are only of use directly after birth, and secures itself to the plant by means of a trunk which is found between the fore feet and derives its nourishment from the sap. The male cochineal is like the female only during the larva period. It changes into chrysalis, and eventually appears as red flies. The female deposits some thousands of eggs, which she protects under her body until they are hatched, and on the appearance of the young ones the parent dies. While the young are in their larva state their sex cannot be determined. They lose their skins several times, and while the female fixes herself on the plant, the male, after getting over the pupa state, is winged. Two or three months is the extent of the life of these little insects. They are gathered before they lay eggs, and are then rich in coloring matter.

Carmine is prepared from the cochineal insect, the *Coccus acti*, which is collected by brushing the branches of the cactus with the tail of a squirrel or other animal; this is very tedious work. They are killed by immersing them in boiling water, and this has to be done at once or they would lay their eggs, and thereby lose much of their value. There are many processes for preparing the carmine. The French process may be taken as an example: one pound of the powdered cochineal insects is boiled for fifteen minutes in three gallons of water; one ounce of cream of tartar is then added, and the boiling continued ten minutes longer; then one ounce and a half of powdered alum is thrown in, and the boiling continued for two minutes longer. The liquid is then poured off, and set aside for the carmine to settle down. In other processes, carbonate of soda or potash is used.

Color-Hearing.

Popular expressions are often very significant. "I saw three dozen lights of all colors," or some similar expression, may frequently be heard from persons who have received violent blows on the head or face. Under the influence of shocks of this kind, the eye really seems to see infinite numbers of sparks. Shocks of a certain class impressed upon the nervous system seem to have the faculty of producing phenomena of light. This remark has been suggested by the facts which we are about to relate, which lead us to suppose that sonorous vibrations are susceptible in certain cases of provoking luminous sensations. There are, in fact, persons who are endowed with such sensibility that they cannot hear a sound without at the same time perceiving colors. Each sound to them has its peculiar color; this word corresponds with red, and that one with green, one note is blue, and another is yellow. This phenomenon, "Color-hearing," as the English call it, has been hitherto little observed.

Dr. Nussbaumer, of Vienna, appears to have been the first person who took serious notice of it. While still a child, when playing one day with his brother, striking a fork against a glass to hear the ringing, he discovered that he saw colors at the same time that he perceived the sound; and so well did he discern the color that, when he stopped his ears, he could divine by it how loud a sound the fork had produced. His brother also had similar experiences. Dr. Nussbaumer was afterward able to add to his own observations nearly identical ones made by a medical student in Zurich. To this young man, musical notes were translated by certain fixed colors. The high notes induced clear colors, and the low notes dull ones. More recently, M. Pedroni, an ophthalmologist of Nantes, has observed the same peculiarities in one of his friends.—*Popular Science Monthly*

A man asked for admission to a show for half-price, as he had but one eye. But the manager told him it would take him twice as long to see the show as it would anybody else, and charged him double.

There are only five states in which no beer is brewed—Arkansas, Florida, Maine, Mississippi and Vermont. Last year Alabama produced only eight barrels and North Carolina thirty-one.

The Stranger.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent. The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare. He asked for bread; his strength was well spent; his haggard look implored the tender care. The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes, But spoke no grace, nor bowed he toward the east. Safe-sheltered here from dark and angry skies, The bounteous table seemed a royal feast. But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare, The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod, "Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer? Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship, God?"

He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said: "Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night. The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky; But all the tent was filled with wondrous light, And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.

"Where is that aged man?" the Presence said, "That asked for shelter from the driving blast? Who made thee master of thy Master's bread? What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?"

"Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made, With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee. "Ah, me! the stranger might with me have staid, But, Oh my God, he would not worship Thee."

"I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait; Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

—Wallace Bruce, in Harper's Magazine.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Beats all—the tramp.
A tailor's goose—the dude.
The gunner's style of hair—Bangs.
The lawyer's usual garment—Long suit.

When a man loses his temper he always gets another that is much worse.

Teacher: "Can you tell me which is the olfactory organ?" Pupil frankly answers, "No, sir." Teacher: "Correct." Pupil goes off in a brown study.

Miss Edith Thomas inquires at the top of a poem, "Where Are the Springs of Long Ago?" No one can be quite certain, but it is possible that they were put in the garret with the head-board and mattress.

An observing pedestrian has made the startling discovery that the reason why women cannot succeed as well as man in walks of life, is because when she is on the walks one hand is usually employed in holding up her dress.

Even the "old watch-dog of the treasury," with the nation's millions behind him, could not assume the malignant expression of jealous vigilance which is worn by an old hen studiously sitting on a broken tumbler and two door-knobs.

A boaster in a hotel was telling of the many sections of the country that he had visited. A fellow at his elbow asked, "Have you ever been in Algebra?" "Oh, yes," said the boaster, "I passed through there on the top of a stage coach about a year ago."

A proud father has been questioning his son, who has just returned from an expensive school, and says the boy answers four questions out of five correctly in every branch of his studies. To four questions out of the five the boy says, "I don't know," and this answer is always the true one. When he hazards any other it is apt to be wrong.

Power of Habit.

The power of habit, so-called second nature, is well illustrated in our every day's doings. It grows so strong and clings to us so like the ivy in its tenacity that it oft becomes a ruling passion strong in death. It is well illustrated by a little incident that occurred last Sunday in one of our leading churches. Our telephone exchange is very efficiently presided over by young ladies, one of whom was the innocent cause of the mirth at the church referred to in our remarks above. In her daily toil she shouts "Hello!" "Hello!" from the moment her duties begin until the close. On last Sabbath she nodded as even Homer did when the preaching was long. She was suddenly awakened by the silvery tinkling of bells, and raising up in her seat, and placing her prayer book to her ear as she would an ear-phone, she shouted "Hello! hello! Central office." The scene can better be imagined than described.—*Bloomington Eye.*

Two medical schools for women are to be established in the province of Ontario, one in Toronto and one in Kingston, and the Toronto *Globe* says that in this respect the women of the province will be better off than they are in the matter of higher education in general.