PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
IN
MUSSER'S BUILDING.
Corner of Main and Penn Sts., at
$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE;
Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

Acceptable Correspondence Solicited.

Address all letters to
"MILLHEIM JOURNAL."

The Millheim Journal.

DEININGER & BUMILLER, Editors and Proprietors. A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE. Terms, $1 00 Per Year in Advance.

VOL. LVII. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1883. NO. 33.

At Rest.

Ah, silent wheel, the noisy brook is dry,
And quiet hours glide by
In this deep vale, where once the merry stream
Sang on through gloom and gleam;
Only the dove in some leaf-shaded nest
Murmurs of rest.

Ah, weary voyager, the closing day
Shines on that tranquil bay,
Where thy storm-beaten soul has longed to be;
Wild blast and angry sea
Touch not this favored shore, by summer blest,
A home of rest.

Ah, fevered heart, the grass is green and deep
Where thou art laid asleep;
Kissed by soft winds, and washed by gentle showers,
Thou hast thy crown of flowers;
Poor heart, too long in this mad world opprest
Take now thy rest.

I, too, perplexed with strife of good and ill,
Long to be safe and still;
Evil is present with me while I pray
That good may win the day.
Great Giver, grant me thy last gift and best,
Thy gift of rest!

—*Sarah Doudney*

A CHANGE IN FORTUNE.

Timothy Bloom, salesman in Mr. Crabbe's big retail dry goods store, was stealthily eating his lunch in a dusty corner amongst some empty packing boxes. It was not a very good lunch, and warm as the day was, he had but one glass of ice-water with it.

A very mild, pleasant-looking young fellow was Timothy Bloom, with eyes like a pretty girl's and fair hair parted down the middle: but he was rather doleful at this moment, for Crabbe, senior, had just been abusing him for permitting a lady who was not to be suited by mortal salesman to get off without buying anything, and had likewise informed him that he had been five seconds late that morning and would in consequence "be deducted an eighth" on Saturday evening.

That was not pleasant, and Mr. Crabbe's manner was not pleasant, and the dusty corner and the stale sandwich were not pleasant. And who can wonder that poor Timothy Bloom looking up at a row of decorated corset boxes above his head, and taking his idea from the winged infant pictured upon them, remarked under his breath:

"I wish I was a cherub."

At this moment, even as the wish fluttered up to the corset boxes, a little boy, about three feet high, bearing on his bosom a badge with the enormous number 1189, came around the corner, and fixed his pathetic eyes on Mr. Bloom's glass of water.

"I say, Mr. Bloom," he whispered, pathetically, "won't you give me just a mouthful of that water? Mr. Crabbe says us cashes ain't to have no drinks, and I'm chokin'."

Mr. Bloom smiled pitifully at the child, a forlorn widow's bread-winner, and said mildly as he held out the glass:

"Here, Johnny, take halt. I'd let you have it all if we were not limited to one glass ourselves."

"Guess water's gettin' dear," said Johnny, eagerly swallowing the share allowed of the cooling draught, but scrupulously careful not to exceed the permission.

"Thank'ee. You're a brick. Mr. Bumps hit me a lick when I asked him. Here, have the evening paper. A customer left it on the desk. Save it for me to take to mar when I go home tonight. She likes to read the murders, them things—"

"Cash 1189!" shrieked a female voice. "Cash! Cash!"

"It's Miss Pringle. I must go," whispered Johnny, and sped away in terror.

There were ten cash boys in the store, and they had been numbered high to sound well.

Mr. Bloom peered around the corner at the clock, saw he had ten minutes more to himself, and opened the paper. The first thing his eye lighted upon was the advertisement of a fine country seat for sale, and he read it through—the description of the stables, barns, bath-tubs, conservatory, veranda, lawn and kitchen gardens; the well, the tiled hall and frescoed ceilings, as though he intended to buy it for himself that afternoon.

Then he cast his eyes upon an account of how Mr. Mullen had beaten Mrs. Mullen, and had been arrested for so doing; and then he found himself reading a paragraph to the effect that the heirs of Timothy Bloom, of Lancaster, England, if living, might hear something to their advantage by applying to Jones & Johnson, —— street.

"My name," thought Mr. Bloom at first. Then, with a start, he remembered that he had heard that his grandfather was named Timothy. Certainly, he came from Lancaster, England. His father, David Bloom, had been an only son. He was an only son himself. Well, then, he was Timothy Bloom's heir, if it should prove that the Timothy Bloom mentioned was really his grandfather's name.

"But, oh pshaw!" said Mr. Bloom, "This sort of thing couldn't happen to me. It's some other Timothy, not poor old grandfather." And he copied the address of Jones & Johnson into his pocket book and went back to his counter quite calmly, though he wrote to Jones & Johnson that night.

However, wonders will never cease. When Tim Bloom, the meekest of all young men, went home that Saturday evening with a "deducted" salary and a scolding, he found Mr. Johnson himself in the boarding-house parlor, and an examination of the family Bible in his possession, and of a certain bundle of yellow letters that Mr. Bloom had more than once decided to burn, but had fortunately spared, settled the matter. Half a million of money had come to him in the regular course of nature, and he was richer, not only than Mr. Crabbe, but than any of his most fashionable customers.

It was a wonderful surprilse tol ittle Tim Bloom, and he scacely grasped the idea at first. Even after he had told his chief confidant, his landlady's pretty granddaughter, Mehitabel White, a pretty, pink-cheeked, capable damsel, called Hetty for short—he only went so far as to think of a pair of patent leather boots and a diamond cravat-pin.

Hetty waked him to a full realization of his changed condition by saying, rather seriously, and looking away from him:

"Of course, grandma's won't suit you any longer, Mr. Bloom, and you'll have to go back to Crabbe & Co.'s again."

By George! I never thought of it; so I shan't," said Tim Bloom. "No more counter jumping for me; and if Mrs. White will let me hire the back parlor, I'll take that. Go away? Not I.

Not yet; it's too soon," said Hetty to herself; "but he'll go as soon as he quite understands."

"Let me congratulate you, my dear Mr. Bloom, "said Mr. Crabbe, bowing, as he parted from the departing clerk, as he did to carriage customers at the very store door. "I always felt a superiority in you over the other young men. I said to my daughter Belinda the other day: 'If it were not for giving offence to others I should ask Mr. Bloom to our little evenings. Something of the prince in disguise about him, but an employer has his duties. They sometimes make his heart ache, but he must perform them.'"

Mr. Bloom remembered the placard over the water cooler: "Cashes not allowed drinks;" "a cash who drinks deducted one-half," and thought that if Mr. Crabbe really had a heart this must be true.

Tim Bloom was a rich man; but he had no rich friends as yet. The clerks at Crabbe & Co.'s had been always quarreling among themselves, and he had not known one in private.

The boarders were not "sociable." He treated them to ice cream several times, and took Hetty White to a concert or two.

He improved his mind in libraries and museums, and set up a bookcase of his own, into which he put a miscellaneous assortment of volumes. When one day he received a perfumed envelope, inviting him to a lawn tennis parthat Mr. Crabbe's country seat, he felt that the dissipations of the wealthy had just begun for him. He accepted it, of course, and went attired in perfect style, and looking very well indeed.

He returned bewildered. Miss Crabbe was very handsome. She played and sang and danced and was "stylish." She had set her cap for him, and Mr. Crabbe—yes, actually Mr. Crabbe—had plainly allowed him to see that he would give his consent to the match.

"Two months ago he called me a stupid idiot. Two months ago he snubbed me whenever he spoke to me," thought Tim Bloom. "Yes, this is the old story; everybody, everybody, even old Mrs. White flattering and cringing for my money. I wonder whether Hetty is the same?" And in the seclusion of his own apartment poor Tim Bloom actually cried; though Mr. Crabbe called that evening and took him to a charming stag party, where the guests were principally in the dry goods line, and in every direction one's ears caught the remark, "sold a bill of goods to a man."

"You rascal," said the excellent father, on the way home, "I see you are afraid to speak, but I knew you couldn't keep your eyes off my Belinda last Wednesday."

"Could I hope for your consent if she—"

"My dear boy—ha! ha! ha! Why ask her and see!" cried Mr. Crabbe. "It has always been the wish of my heart, even when you were a poor clerk, and she (don't you say I told you) always admired you—always!"

At nine o,clock one night Mrs. White's door-bell rang and a messenger boy handed in a letter—a big letter with a big seal and "immediately" on it. What could it be? Something about the property, of course. Mrs. White carried it herself to Mr. Bloom's room, and as she handed it in, she saw him seated beside a table on which stood a tray of delicacies. Mr. Crabbe was at supper with her boarder.

"Excuse me," said Timothy.

"Oh! certainly," said Mr. Crabbe.

Timothy opened the letter, read it, uttered a deep sigh and passed it to Mr. Crabbe. Mr. Crabbe read it and turned pale.

"Do I understand it?" said Timothy, hiding his face.

"Your lawyer says the property is no longer yours; that your grandfather was not the right Timothy Bloom, and that the real heir will demand a restoration of what you have spent already."

"Yes, I was right," said Mr. Bloom. "But, Mr. Crabbe, after all, I shall do very well. I can go back to your store, and Miss Belinda has quite a little fortune of her own. We can still be happy.

Mr. Crabbe leaped to his feet.

"Sir! sir!" he said, "this is a great piece of impertinence, sir. You havn't spoken to Belinda."

"But you assured me—" began Timothy.

"I didn't!" shrieked Mr. Crabbe. "At least, I was mistaken. I came here with the intention of telling you upon my word and honor that she can't endure you; and as for the store, you are a most incompetent salesman. There is no situation open. Sorry for you, but—good-night. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Timothy.

Then, as the door closed, he took up the letter and carried it to old Mrs. White, who with Hetty as assistant was seeding raisins for next day's pudding, sitting one on either side of the drop-light in the dining-room.

"I shall have to give up the back parlor," said poor Timothy. "And as for my half-hall bedroom, I don't know how to pay for that, for Crabbe won't take me back."

"Time-serving old wretch!" said Mrs. White. "No matter, Mr. Bloom. I'll trust you. Intentions being right, I never will be hard on my boarders, and you can keep the parlor until it is hired, because it's more comfortable."

"And try to keep up your spirits," said Hetty, "for, after all, money isn't everything."

"It seemed too sudden to last," said Mrs. White. "I never trusted these lawyers."

So the good souls comforted him, and after a while, when he asked Hetty to take a little walk with him, she consented.

There was a little park on the opposite side of the street, and though the gates were locked, they walked around its railings. Their talk was long and earnest, and at last Tinothy said:

"Well, Hetty, poor as I am, will you promise to marry me some day?"

And she had answered, "Yes, Tim," very simply—and so it was settled; and for a young man, recently reduced from affluence to poverty, Mr. Bloom certainly looked very happy as they went home together. But it was only after Mrs. White had given her loving consent to his marrying Hetty when they had enough for bread and butter, that he made confession:

"I can't keep it to myself any longer, grandma. I wrote that letter myself. I'm as rich as ever I was, and I've tested my friends. Old Crabbe has proven false and you have proven true. I felt sure about Hetty all the while; and when we are married, you must come and live with us, and there will be no more hard work and boarders for you in this world, you dear old soul."

No Show For Him.

All hands had been telling long stories of what they had done and would do in the event of a smash-up on the road, with the exception of one little man, who had listened attentively to the narratives, and taken them all in without a word.

"Ever been in an accident?" asked the patriarch of the party, noticing the little man's silence.

"No," replied the little man, quietly.

"Then you have no idea what you would do in the fracas?" continued the patriarch.

"No; I don't," replied the little man, sadly. "With all you big heroes blocking up the doors and windows in your hurry to get out, I don't exactly know what show a man of my size would have!"

And then there was a deep silence, so deep you might have heard a cough drop, and the little man was troubled no more about the possibility of accidents.—*Wall Street News.*

A sheep pasture in Dimmit and Webb counties, Texas, comprise 300,000 acres and feeds 300,000 sheep. It is believed to be largest in the world.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Sunshine and Sleep.

Sleepless people—and they are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest, yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their weak backs, and courage in their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong; and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation.

Domestic Surgery.

Cuts must be treated according to their position and severity. If a finger or toe is cut, bathe or immerse it in cold water until the blood ceases to flow, washing out all dirt and foreign substances that have entered the cut. If it is deep, notice how the blood flows; if it is dark and oozes from the cut slowly, only a vein is severed and it is not serious but will soon heal if kept from the air. But if it is of a bright scarlet hue and spurts out in jets, an artery is severed and a doctor must be called at once. Meanwhile a ligature must be tied above the cut, and the thumb pressed down and held upon the artery to prevent loss of blood. If the skin gaps from a cut, draw the edges together, apply a piece of sticking plaster over the whole surface, and put the finger or the thumb of a kid glove over the finger if it is the injured part. If in a little while the wound throbs painfully, cover it thickly with the vaseline with a few drops of laudanum stirred into it, and, if needful from severe inflammation, put on a poultice of flaxseed boiled in a little water with a few drops of laudanum. But vaseline alone possesses great healing powers for all kinds of wounds, boils, inflammations and abrasions of the skin. As long as the first dressing of a cut remains firm and it does not throb or burn, it should not be touched. An outer clean cloth can be added, but let the inner one alone until the wound is healed. Cuts on the head are apt to be dangerous and require much care. The hair should be cut off all around, and arnica plaster put directly over the wound.

Pigeon Houses on the Nile.

A correspondent visited some of the many pigeon houses erected near the river, which from their towering, conical form, never fail to attract the attention of travellers on the Nile on coming to Cairo by rail. These breeding places consist of nothing else than an enormous number of red earthenware vessels, closely resembling medium sized flower pots placed in a circle, with the mouth inward, and tier upon tier is raised with the assistance of the tenacious Nile mud, until the cone is completed and the dome covered in, a few light branches of trees being introduced on the outside of the fabric before completion to enable the pigeons to perch and rest themselves at times. Hawks and other birds of prey, not to say cats also, annoy and often destroy the pigeons here, and consequently a trap-door is fitted to the place about half way up the building, and worked by a couple of ropes which reach down to the ground. These, on being pulled by the natives at dawn, allow the pigeons to sally forth and feed gratis during the day in the adjoining fields or a little farther off if food is scarce at hand, and soon after sunset, when the pigeons are all back again, the trap-door is let down for the night to the exclusion of all intruders. There is a long upright pole in the center of the building, with cross-pieces of wood on it to serve as a ladder, upon which the owner mounts when he wishes to catch the birds or clean out the place; and owing to the facility for keeping pigeons in Egypt, it is not to be wondered at their being found always in the market, and at very moderate prices. It is not altogether, however for the sake of the birds that the people breed them on a large scale, but it is the manure, which is prized for agricultural purposes, especially for raising melons in spring; and often a fellah who has no pigeons to depend upon will send a donkey and boy with a couple of large baskets across the animal's back through the country to buy up all the manure he requires by going from house to house, even where only a few pigeons are kept, paying two shillings for a quantity that would barely fill a bushel measure.

SANTA FE.

Aspects of this Old New Mexican Town—Its Adobe Houses.

Six in the evening is a good hour at which to reach Santa Fe. The cool, pure air, descending straight from a cloudless sky, the peaceful streets, running off like alleys stretched apart a little, and the sheltering rim of mountains, whose sides the sun is warming with purple and red, inspire a feeling of relief and comfort. One need not hurry to mount a 'bus to avoid contact with the groups of black-hooded native women and low-browed men who gather at the incoming train, for they huddle like timid sheep, but it is pleasanter to look at them from a slight elevation, where you wonder if their faces might not be set in an adobe wall without any one detecting the counterfeit. A roomy American frame hotel is one of the welcome innovations in the old town. Just now it does a thriving business, as it needs to do to offset two years of steady drainage of the purse of its proprietor, who put a small fortune in it with the idea that people would flock to enjoy Santa Fe's unsurpassed climate if they could be sure of enjoying it comfortably. The scheme went agley, and the white-haired landlord waited vainly for months for enough guests to keep up expenses.

From the spacious balconies one may overlook the town and region as far as the mountains. Long lines of mud walls define the streets, and a window or doorway cut here and there shows where the wall is partitioned off inside into a dwelling. Near the hotel are isolated houses, usually of one and one-half stories in height and quite broad, occupied mainly by the white tradesmen whose shops surround the plaza, or public park, in the center of the town. The common height of houses is a single story. Nearly every structure in town is of adobe, although some of the shops and some of the residences of the well-to-do are coated to resemble stone or brick. The prevailing tint, however, is brown, like cake1 mud. Builders mold the mud, which is of clayey nature, into brick-like shapes, which harden under the sun. Then the mouldings are piled up nine or ten feet high, perhaps, and of a thickness varying from three to four feet. The cracks between the layers are stuffed with a mixture of adobe and straw, which acts as mortar and cement. When the walls are finished, young trees, like bean poles, but thicker, are stripped and laid across as the basis for roofs. Courtyards are not uncommon. Wherever they occur the street door opens on a hallway, which leads, after a few feet, into the yard. The dwelling in such cases faces the yard, and there are apt to be no windows or other openings from it on the street. Adobe seems to be as impervious to the weather as stone. Army officers say it makes the warmest houses in winter and the coolest in summer of any material within their knowledge.

A walk through the town at evening furnishes a commentary on the loose moral condition of society. It is certainly within bounds to say that in one-third of the houses surrounding the plaza, and on San Francisco street for a block from the lower corner of the plaza, open gambling goes on nightly. Concert-saloon attractions are in some instances introduced to bait visitors, who enter to find one side of the room a bar and along the opposite wall gambling tables a few feet apart. When the games are not going on right under the nose, a printed card directs the way to the back room. This is the case in the saloon through which until lately was the only entrance to the hall in which theatrical performances are given, whenever a company ventures so far. There happens now to be also a side door to reach the theater without going through the saloon. At a table in one of the resorts a gaudily-dressed young Mexican woman presides. There are private gambling rooms in the same neighborhood frequented by tradesmen and military people. The officers formerly had a club, where salaries were transferred oftener than pay-day warranted, but it was luckily broken up, and there is no likelihood of its revival. On almost any of the streets leading off from the plaza are dives quite as pernicious as the gambling houses. Many of them are dance houses, and there nightly are held what are known as *bailes* (bisle), or balls. There is no admission charge, and visitors have the privilege of selecting their partners without formality. After each dance all hands march to the bar. Beer is the common drink on such occasions, and twenty-five cents a pony is the price of it.

The French have taken a railroad idea from America. One company has a system of dinner cars on its line.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Kiss Instead of a Blow.

Rev. Edgar Buckingham relates in the Springfield *Republican* this anecdote of Theodore Parker's days of school-teaching: "He had among his scholars a little witch of a boy, whom no reproof and no persuasion could induce to keep himself in order. One day, after his more than usually troublesome conduct, Mr. Parker required the little fellow to stay after school to be whipped. So the time had come for this last resource of the exhausted patience and skill of the teacher. According to directions the boy held out his hand for punishment, and as he took it, Mr. Parker said, he looked down into the little face, and boy looked so much like his little sister whose conduct was all right, and who had won Mr. Parker's love—he stayed the rod, and stooped down and kissed the innocent lips that were ready to break forth into crying, and sent the pupil home. It is probable that he was a worse boy after that? Somebody knows who this boy was; man, if living now. I wish we could learn from him the effects upon his life of that kiss of Mr. Parker's."

"Rocky-a-by Baby in the Tree Top."

After a great wind-storm in Texas, a storm that carried off the roofs of houses, tore trees out of the ground, and did a great deal of damage, some men started out to see if anybody was hurt. This is what one of them tells:

It was night, and quite dark in the woods, when they heard a cry. They stopped to look about and listen. They heard the cry again and then they saw same dark thing up in a tree.

"It's a panther," said one. "Stand off! I will shoot it."

"No, stop," said another; "it is not a panther. I will climb up and see what it is."

Up he went; and what do you think he found lodged in the tree? A cradle with a dear little baby in it.

The wind had blown down the baby's home. It had carried off baby, cradle and all. The cradle was caught by the branch of a high tree. Then the wind blew against it so hard that the cradle was wedged in a crotch of the tree. It was so fast that the men had to saw away the boughs to get it down. There was the dear baby all safe and sound in its cradle-nest.

One Little Seed.

Many days have passed since this little incident, but its lesson is one which I trust I have never forgotten.

I was crossing the ocean aboard the good old ship Antoinette. Boy-like, I made friends with the several officers of the vessel, and when they were off duty my pleasure was to listen to their tales of the sea. What wonderful stories they had to tell!—of queer cities and strange people, of storms and calms, of dangers through which they had passed, and then, too, of their happy homes far away, and their longing to be once more surrounded by their families. What an eager listner I was! And many and many a time have I, with one or the other of them, laid stretched out on the deck, gazing upwards, shaping into familiar pictures the fantastic clouds that floated overhead, while the splashing of the waters on either side sounded soft and pleasing to my dreaming brain.

One day the first officer had just come off watch, and as he stepped into his cabin he found me already there. I chatted awhile, and finally in rummaging through his chest, I fell upon some old-time daguerreotypes. This was his son, that his daughter, and here was a picture of a woman of already maturer years. Eager to display, I presume, my familiarity with the world—and how much our younger generation is addicted thereto!—I at once exclaimed: "And that's the old woman I suppose."

I saw at once my mistake. A cloud spread over the sun-browned face; but soon it passed away, and a rough, rugged hand was softly laid upon my shoulder, while a voice almost distressing to me it was so gentle, said, "My little friend, that is my wife, the mother of my children; of course you meant nothing, but let an old sailor tell you, never speak but in the gentlest words of those whom men should honor. A woman in my eye is a holy thing; remember my advice."

All the rest of that day I felt like one who had done a wrong, but afterwards the sky seemed brighter and the air fresher, than ever. Perhaps the little seed that rougb, old "steuermann" had sown fast flowered into beauty.

There are in Boston 69 women taxed over $1,00,000, five over $500,000, and two over $1,000,000.

The Music of the Rain.

Falling, falling, on the house-tops,
With a music quaint and rare,
Like the sound of human heart-throbs
On the silent midnight air,
Or the tears of angels falling
When they weep with those who weep,
Or the lullaby of mothers
When they rock their babes to sleep.

Like the drowsy wine of poppies
With its weird, enchanting power,
Coming to the weary listener
Like the dew to drooping flower;
Like calm sleep to those who suffer,
Or like tears to those who mourn;
Like remembered words of loved ones
From our aching bosoms torn.

Strangely sweet, bewitching music,
All enthralled my senses lie,
As I watch the mystic Future
With the shadowy Past go by,
While a calm and holy quiet
Steals upon my heart and brain,
Then I fall asleep, still listening
To the murmur of the rain.

So, mayhap, some time hereafter
I shall lay me down to rest,
Overweary, and shall listen
For the music I loved best;
When its gentle cadence falling
Through the midnight silence deep,
Softly soothes my troubled spirit,
While it lulls me into sleep.

When, at last, my soul has fallen
Into sweetest, glad repose,
That on earth sunshine nor shadow
No awakening ever knows—
Like the voice of waiting angels,
Or the vesper bells in toll,
May the softly falling raindrops
Chant a requiem for my soul.

—*Abbe Kinne.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A man who marries a frivolous flirt "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Shakespeare would never have asked, "What's in an aim?" if he had been hit on the head with a brick.

Talk about despair. You ought to see the face of the boy when the circus tent blows down just as he has paid for his ticket.

If a great big man calls you a liar treat him with silent contempt. Do not, however, make your contempt too conspicuous.

Scotch minister: "John, John, I'm afraid you are on the broad road." Inebriated parishioner: "Weel, minister, as far as I'm concerned, the breadth is a' required."

Mrs. Summerbreeze's new girl was told to watch the turnover a few minutes; when the lady returned the turnover was burned to a crisp, and the girl remarked, "Sure, I've watched it, mum; but it hasn't turned over yet."

A little boy and girl were discussing the stars. The little boy said they were worlds like ours and have people on them. The little girl, with all the disdain she could muster, said: "They are angel's eyes, 'cause I saw them wink!"

A French lion tamer quarreled with his wife, a powerful virago, and was chased by her all round his tent. On being sorely pressed he took refuge in the cage among the lions. "Oh, you contemptible coward!" she shouted, "come out if you dare!"

A little girl stopped in the midst of her play, one day, clasping her hands to her neck as she felt a sharp pain there, exclaimed, "Oh! oh!" "What is it, dear," said grandma, "a stitch in your neck?" "Why, gran'ma," she asked, with a terrified look, "are our heads sewed on?"

New York Fire Engines.

The New York *Herald* thus describes the movements of men and horses connected with the fire-engines of New York when an alarm of fire has been struck: The engine stands in the engine house ready for the road. So does the tender. The horses are in their stalls. The men are lounging about or sleeping. The alarm strikes. In a twinkling all are at their posts. By a curious contrivance the hammer that strikes the warning gong sets in operation a system of cords and levers that unfasten the horses. The men come down from their sleeping or sitting-rooms, not by stairways, but by a pole, to the lower floor. They are all ready in a twinkling. And what of the horses? They generally outstrip the bipeds in responding to the call. The hammer which releases them and strikes the gong, sends them an alarm they at once interpret. Standing or lying, they are out at once and beside the engine-pole. There is no harnessing, no adjusting of belly-bands and squeezing of collars and fastening of reins. The new 'swing' harness used in the department is a complete caparison, which is suspended by an ingenious apparatus above the spot where the horses take their places. Close the open collar with a snap, pull a rope which lifts the suspending apparatus, and they are equipped and ready for the road. The door swings open, every man is in his place and away goes the engine.