

Acceptable Correspondence Solicited.

Address all letters to
"MILLHEIM JOURNAL."

The Millheim Journal.

DEININGER & BUMILLER, Editors and Proprietors.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$100 Per Year in Advance.

VOL. LVII.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1883.

NO. 39.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.
If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears 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 discontinued.
If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place of residence, they are then responsible.
ADVERTISING RATES:
1 square, 1 week, 10 cents; 2 weeks, 18 cents; 4 weeks, 32 cents; 8 weeks, 55 cents; 1 month, 65 cents; 3 months, 1.75; 6 months, 3.00; 1 year, 5.00.
One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and local notices per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Waiting.

Sweet childhood with thy painted toys,
Oblivious of those fleeting joys,
O, sing and sport, for soon, alas!
These bright and joyous days will pass,
But woe and sorrow know thy latent powers,
That slumber through those sunny hours,
In vain thou shalt inquire of fate,
Full many a year yet thou must wait.

Ambitious youth with eager eyes,
Looks forward to those halcyon days
To laurels bright he hopes to gain,
But long he struggles for in vain;
Like mirror of his own eyes,
Appears the goal and envied prize;
He still pursues the alluring bait,
But ere he grasps it long must wait.

Matured manhood with like zest,
Pursues his phantom with the rest;
But with more obstacles he copes,
Though not less ardent are his hopes.
Advancing years now trials bring,
While older ones around him cling,
With life alone those terminate,
But for deliverance he must wait.

Old age, with snowy locks, appears,
Beneath his weight of cares and years
Subdued are now ambition's fires,
And higher hopes his soul inspires.
Almost within his eager gaze
Are dazzling gleams of heavenly rays;
He ev' now sees the "Golden Gate,"
He hath not now long to wait.

—Julia De Lacy.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"Why don't he come?" said Lillian Bourne, peeping earnestly between the boughs of the monster lilac-bush, whose purple plumes waved to and fro in the evening breeze. "Oh, why don't he come? I can't possibly be mistaken. He said on Tuesday evening at seven and it's twenty minutes past, by grand-father's big clock; and, oh, dear!" with a sigh that stirred the bunch of pansies pinned on her left shoulder, "there isn't a soul in sight!"

By all the signs and symptoms Lillian's little pink ear should have burned that evening, for they were all talking about her at Miss Lorinda Larkins' tea-party in Dover street. "Oh, she's a born coquette!" said Miss "Lorinda. Two lumps of sugar did you say, or one, Betsey Young? She can't help it. It's in her nature. Don't you remember, Mrs. Pepperfield, what a flirt her mother was before her? But she'll never play fast and loose with Gilbert Dawson again—that I'll go bail!"

"Oh do tell us all about it, Miss Larkins," said the widow Peabody, with her mouth full of chicken salad. "Well, if you won't repeat it—"

"Repeat it! We'll never, as long as we live!" was the reply that went round the tea-table in an accent.

"Of course," added Miss Lorinda, "it's all quite private and confidential, between ourselves. But it was at the Medbury's party. What business the Medbury's have to give parties, with bought ice cream and two violins and a harp, I don't know. Every one is perfectly aware that there's a mortgage in the place, and that her dressmaker's bill ain't paid. But that ain't neither here nor there. I was there, in my dyed green gown, trimmed with Aunt Liddy's old English lace, and I was a-lookin' at the big orange-tree in the conservatory—that's another of Mrs. Medbury's sinful extravagances—when I see Lily Bourne, in her white frock on the other side of the bank of flowers, a-giggle and a-whisperin' with Squire Rufus Darling!"

"Mr.!" ejaculated the other ladies, with open mouths.

"And up came Mrs. Medbury, all in a smile—she smiles twice as often as before, since she got them new false teeth—and whispers in her ear. And says Lily, out loud, says she, 'Oh, I can't! I'm engaged to Mr. Darling!'"

"No," cried Mrs. Pepperfield. "I heard it with these very ears," solemnly answered Miss Lorinda.

"Engaged!" shrieked Mrs. Young, whose own dimpled nose was even then laying siege to Mr. Darling's adamant heart.

"Engaged!" repeated Miss Lorinda Larkins.

"And she keeping company with Gilbert Dawson!" exclaimed the widow Peabody breathlessly.

"But she won't never trifle with him no more," added Miss Lorinda, with ill-disguised admiration. "For I met Gilbert, yesterday afternoon, and I asked him about his mother's rheumatism, and what the New York doctor said about it; and he never took no notice of my questions. You know that absent way young men have when they're in love. Excuse me, Miss Larkins, says he, 'but I'm a little in a hurry, a-lookin' right over the top of my head, as if I wasn't there at all. If you're goin' to Miss Bourne's, says he, there ain't no such terrible hurry.' So she he, 'What do you mean?' And he looked at me sharp enough this time. 'Hain't you heard?' She's engaged to Squire Darling," says I. And says he, 'It ain't possible.' Says I, 'I heard it from her own lips; and all peckaset's talkin' about it,' says I. The idea of a young creeter like that

sellin' herself for money and a fine house. For everybody knows," says I, "that that's all that Rufe Darling's got to recommend him; and he's old enough to be her father into the bargain," says I. And he just turned his horse and kerriage around, without ever having the politeness to say 'good-by,' and 'off' like Jehu in the opposite direction."

"Young men ain't accountable when they're in love," sighed Miss Polonia Johnson, who was suspected of being the poetess who wrote the love sonnets in the Pekasset Weekly Oracle.

"I ain't one that meddles with other folks' affairs," said Miss Lorinda, viciously biting off a piece of soda-biscuit and butter; "but I shall never encourage flirtin' with any man, while you're engaged to another. It's clean ag'in my principles!"

And before the next day's sun had set, everybody in Pekasset knew all about Miss Bourne's engagement to Squire Rufus Darling.

"Don't mind it, Gilbert," said old Mrs. Dawson. "Do not let a girl's silly caprices break your heart."

He lay on the sofa in the pretty little "keeping-room," where the door was carpeted with blue, because blue was Lillian Bourne's favorite color, and the walls were papered with bunches of white-and-gold lilies, because the lily was her name-flower.

Fringes of pale mignonette hung on the window-boxes, and a canary chirped gleefully in the sunshine; for Gilbert had made his home beautiful because he wanted Lillian to like it.

"Mother," said the young man, with a tremble in his voice, "I loved her!"

"But you were never actually betrothed," spoke the old lady, pitifully.

"Not in words, mother; but we understood each other, and— No matter; it's over an' past now," said Gilbert, sadly.

Mrs. Dawson pressed his hand with true maternal sympathy.

"My poor boy," she whispered. "Try and forget her."

"I can't do that, mother. But," with a sudden resolve, "I'll go away from here. I'll accept my Uncle Ravenburn's invitation to go with him to those old Mexican cities, where he is to sketch and paint. I'm not much of an artist myself, but I can manage to while the time away somehow. At all events, I can't stay here and see Lillian married to that pompous fellow, Darling!"

He had not been gone ten minutes to the village, after that momentous conversation, when there came the tiniest of knocks to the door, and in response to Mrs. Dawson's "Come in," there entered—Miss Lillian Bourne herself.

Fresh from the spring woods, with a basket of the pale pink, trailing arbutus she herself had gathered, in her hand. But she paused on the threshold as she saw the hardening lines around the mouth of Gilbert's mother.

"Am I in the way?" she asked, timidly. "Have I come at the wrong time?"

"Pray walk in," said Mrs. Dawson, trying to simulate the cordiality which her soul refused to offer to the girl who had broken her son's heart.

"I found these arbutus-stars in the woods," said she. "I knew you were fond of them. May I put them in a saucer of water for you?"

"Mrs. Dawson assented, still without much warmth of manner."

"I am much obliged to you," said she, coldly.

"I hope Gilbert is well," said Lillian, the color flaming up into her cheek.

"Quite well, I thank you," said Mrs. Dawson. "He is going to Mexico with my brother, Mr. Ravenburn, next week, and is consequently very busy, because— Why, what is the matter, Miss Bourne?"

For Lillian had grown deadly pale, and uttered a little cry.

"It's—its my tooth," she faltered. "It has been filled; and sometimes the cold air makes it jump so dreadfully! I think I'll go home and put a little oil of peppermint on it."

And so Lily slipped away, and cried all the way home, behind her veil.

But by the time she reached her own little room, however, sorrow had given place to anger.

"What have I done that he should treat me so?" she asked herself, with indignant heart-beats.

And then she gathered up all his presents—the bunch of withered rose-buds, tied with the faded blue ribbon, the little agate cross, the copy of "Aldrich's Poems," the peach-stone basket that he had carved himself, and the glittering crystals which he had brought her from Diamond Island, and the two or three letters and notes he had written her at one time and another. "I will send them back!" she declared. "He may take them to Mexico if he likes. I don't want them any longer!"

By a strange coincidence, however, as she was setting forth to the village post office with the neatly-tied packet, she met Mr. Dawson himself. He stopped. She stayed her footsteps, also. They both colored, celestial ray-red.

"I am very glad I met you before you went to Mexico!" said Miss Bourne, haughtily.

"Are you?" said Gilbert Dawson, trying his best to appear like a statue of ice.

"I wish to return you these things," said Lillian. "Of course, they are of no consequence, but I thought perhaps you would like them back again."

"Thanks!" said Gilbert, stiffly. "You were right. It was exactly what I was going to ask you for."

"It's a pity you ever gave them to me, since they meant so little," said Lily, with a quivering lip.

"It's hardly worth while to discuss that question now," observed Gilbert, "I can only hope that you will be very happy with Squire Darling. And—"

"I?" cried Lily— "with Squire Darling? Why, what on earth have I got to do with Squire Darling?"

"Aren't you engaged to him?" asked Gilbert.

"I?" echoed Lily, once again. "Lily, don't trifle with me," sternly uttered Dawson. "I am in earnest. Have you promised to be Rufus Darling's wife, or have you not?"

"Of course I haven't," said Lily, between tears and laughter. "How could I, when he never asked me? And if he had—"

"Yes!" cried Gilbert, with kindling eyes. "And if he had—"

"I should have said 'No,'" whispered Lily.

"Why?" demanded Gilbert, impatiently.

Lily hung down her pretty head.

"Because," she faltered—"because I don't like him. Because I love somebody else!"

Something there was in her look and tone that set Gilbert Dawson's pulses to leaping madly through his veins.

"Lily!" he cried—"my Lily—tell me whom it is that you love!"

And she answered, in a paroxysm of blushes:

"You, Gilbert!"

Miss Lorinda Larkins and her friends were utterly amazed when they heard that Gilbert and Lily were to be married as soon as Miss Peckham could get the wedding dress ready.

"Well," Miss Lorinda cried, "this does beat all. We all supposed, as much as could be, that you was to be Mrs. Squire Darling."

"Oh, yes," said Lillian, calmly. "I heard some of that silly rumor. Some gossip heard me say at Mrs. Medbury's party that I was engaged to Squire Darling. So I was, but it was for a quadrille only. It's surprising how little it takes to set the silly tongues of Pekasset wagging."

Miss Lorinda turned very red. She would have liked to box Lillian Bourne's ears, but she dared not do it. All she could say was:

"Oh, indeed! Well, folks will talk!" —Helen Forest Graves.

"Quid Times?"

The boy reached the Rubicon of the watermelon patch, cucumis (trulus), and long and earnestly he looked up and down the dusty road, stretching away in a long perspective of dusky yellow down the long avenues of maple and walnut (juglans nigra). He peered between the weather-beaten rails of the old worm fence, and bent his eager gaze upon the field of corn, and saw between its emerald rows the yellow pumpkins shine. "The pom-pom," he muttered, "cucurbita pepo, a culinary vegetable of the order cucurbitaceae; nutritious, but not ravishingly edible in a state of nature." He listened for the sound of a human voice, the baying of a dog, the echo of a footfall. No sound fell on his listening ears. He was alone in the world, far from human gaze or human aid. The awful sense of utter loneliness, of voiceless, lifeless solitude that brooded over him, rather pleased him. It was what he had waited for. One more swift glance up and down the road, and he said:

"The die is cast. Heaven helps those who help themselves."

And lightly springing over the fence he started to help himself without waiting for heaven to ask him which he preferred, heart or mind. But his confidence was not suffered to go unrewarded, for while heaven would not come itself, it sent its last, best gift, a noble woman, with an arm as big as a churn, and a voice as big as both her arms to help him. And she helped the lad over the fence so swiftly that long after he had stopped running, he was still wondering how, in the brief space of interval that had elapsed between her coming and his going, she found time to raise eleven distinct and well-defined welts on his back and legs with a cross-cut black-snake whip.

VOLCANIC SURPRISES.

The Theory of Eruptions—How they arise—Influence caused by Snow.

For a volcano once supposed to be inactive, Vesuvius has prepared some lively surprises for the dwellers in its neighborhood. Its latest surprise has been to shake up a railroad and destroy several houses. The people of Herulanum and Pompeii thought Vesuvius extinct until one day it proved in a very thorough manner that it could still be roused to activity. Since then no one has been deceived by its quietude.

Other volcanoes besides Vesuvius have from time to time indulged in what seems to be the general volcanic propensity of creating surprises. Thus no one would expect to have a mass of rock of some 3,000 cubic feet suddenly descend upon them from the sky. But people living nine miles from Cotopaxi were on one occasion treated to such a surprise. The Carthaginians, when they set out against Syracuse, were not prepared to cross the fiery river which, to their surprise, intercepted their march at Mount Etna. They had no boats with which to cross it.

The great eruption of Tombo surprised people for some 970 miles around, the distance at which the force of the explosion was heard. They wondered what was the matter until they learned of the eruption from one of the twenty-six persons who were saved out of a population of 12,000.

Surprises of another kind, fearful deluges, are the first indications in many South American districts that volcanoes whose peaks are in the region of perpetual snow have suddenly become active, the deluges being caused by the melting of great masses of snow.

It must also be a surprise of a beautiful, though fearful kind, to see a fiery fountain play to a height of 700 feet from the side of a mountain. Such a fountain on Mauna Loa in 1852 was a magnificent illustration of volcanic fissure, the pressure of lava at the crater being relieved by this new outlet. The cracks often seen on volcanoes, which form dikes radiating from the center, are created in this manner. Small extra craters, volcanoes on volcanoes, which gradually become cone shaped, are found along these fissures.

Another surprise. There is no flame represented most graphically in chromos. The supposititious flames are a reflection of the lava on the cloud of ashes and cinders.

The islands which have occasionally surprised the inhabitants along the coast of the Mediterranean by appearing suddenly under their very eyes are the result of volcanic action. But probably the greatest surprise connected with this subject is the formation of volcanoes. A volcano is originally nothing but a hole in the ground, formed often at no elevation by the swelling and breaking of an earth bubble. The mountain which springs up around this opening is formed by accumulations of successive eruptions.

The great age of volcanoes which, like Mauna Loa and Mount Etna, are 14,000 and 11,000 feet high, can be readily appreciated from this fact, and from the further fact that Etna had attained almost its present height when it was observed by Greek writers 2,500 years ago.

A volcano is a furnace on a magnificent scale, the lava which it ejects being molten rock. This rock is so thoroughly fused by some volcanoes that the lava is as thin as honey, and flows with a velocity of fifteen miles an hour. Sometimes it is spun out in long, glassy threads by the action of bursting gas bubbles.

While there are two kinds of eruptions, the quiet and the explosive, there are many theories regarding the heat which fuses the rocks into lava. Many think that the interior of the earth is in a liquid condition, but the better opinion seems to be that the lava occurs in subterranean lakes. But the theorists agree that proximate cause of volcanic eruption is the contact of water with molten rock.

Peanut Flour.

The despised peanut promises to become a very important product of the country. It yields a return already of over \$3,000,000 per annum, and its growth is rapidly increasing. It is not only eaten in the shell roasted, and fed to hogs, but it recently has been ground into a flour which makes a peculiarly palatable biscuit. It is also being used in pastry, where it takes the place of cocoanut, and is not only oily and richer, but healthier and better every way. The peanut is easily grown, produces an immense crop, and is destined to be widely consumed, not only for cattle, but in the form of flour and pastry for human beings.

THE DIVINING ROD.

Something for the Scientist—The Singular Power of the Sixth Sense.

"The time is coming," said Mr. Charles Latimer, "when scientific gentlemen and others will be compelled to recognize the sixth sense. I read your article on dreams, and desire to add another instance which I can vouch for. I have an aunt living in Georgetown, D. C. A short time since, while engaged in knitting, she fell asleep in her chair. She awoke suddenly, and, turning to a relative, said: 'Mrs. Abbott has been thrown from her carriage at Bladensburg, and has had both her arms broken.' Mrs. Abbott is a very intimate friend of my aunt but is not a relative. Two hours later a messenger announced to my aunt's household that Mrs. Abbott had been thrown from her carriage at Bladensburg and that both of her arms had been broken. No, sir, I believe—yes, I know—that I can go to Brooklyn village, examine the blood of the burglar who attempted to rob Mayor Jones and whom the mayor wounded, and, by the aid of the sixth sense, discover the thief. I have a book, published in France over two hundred years ago, in which is related the discovery of a murderer, who, during his crime, was wounded, and whose blood stained the ground where the struggle occurred. A detective, who had discovered what I term the sixth sense, examined the blood and by means of the electrical current traced the murderer to a prison. He entered the jail, looked over those confined therein, and, placing his hand upon the shoulder of a burly fellow, said: 'This is the man.' The detective took the prisoner back to the scene of the crime and the felon confessed.

"The divining rod is only another exemplification of the existence of a power not yet recognized. With a piece of witch hazel I discovered the coal mines which bear that name. I told the number of feet a shaft would have to be sunk in order to reach the coal and even gave the thickness of the vein. Yet people say there is nothing in it and that the divining rod is a superstition. If I have an idea that brings me in money, then the public pronounce it a good one. Money is the foundation upon which people base their declarations. I got \$5000 for locating the Witch Hazel mines, and an paid besides twelve and a half cents for every ton of coal taken out of them. Superintendent White-law, of the water works, did not credit my ability to locate water pipe. He came to my residence one evening, and I went with him through several streets, and with the aid of the divining rod told him exactly where the pipes were located. I offered to make a map of all the pipes in the city, giving their connections and branches. Finally he asked me to go with him to the Public square. I traced several pipes for him there, when he asked me to find the big one. I not only found it, but told him how far it was below the surface of the earth. I have a letter in my possession from Mr. Whitelaw verifying my experiments. I once went to the residence of a noted scientist in Philadelphia where I made another test of the power of the divining rod. I walked across his library floor and traced a pipe. He said I was mistaken, as there were no pipes of any description beneath the floor. I insisted that there was one at least, and told him I should be compelled to leave his house with the firm conviction that he was wrong and I right. Finally he made an examination in the cellar beneath and discovered a tin pipe fifteen inches beneath the floor, the existence of which he had forgotten. The divining rod shows the superiority of mind over matter. I stand over a vein of iron ore, and the rod turns. My sixth sense realizes the presence of a mineral, and the realization moves the switch. Here is a feeling that must sooner or later be recognized. Men cry fraud and superstition, but I know what I know. I know that the switch turns when I walk above a metal, that it is indisputable, and to me satisfactory. The same sense comes into play when people dream of certain things which are happening to friends, or are about to I prove the correctness of my theories to men. They say yes, and look mystified. If I catch them in public they throw their heads back and decline to believe, simply because they are fearful of their friends' ridicule. But the time is coming when all must believe." —Cleveland Leader.

M. Paul Trasenter, of Liege, gives the production of coal in the world in 1882 as follows, in metric tons: Great Britain, 158,800,000; United States, 88,100,000; Germany, 65,400,000; France, 20,800,000; Belgium, 17,500,000; Austro-Hungary, 18,000,000.

THIS AND THAT.

New York in summer uses from 8,000 to 10,000 tons of ice a day.

Great attention has been bestowed in Germany within the last two years upon the cultivation of the common nettle. From it an immense number of articles are made, and there is scarcely a branch of textile industry in which it cannot be used. The growing of nettles has become part of the business of every small farmer. The crop never fails, no weather affects it, and as it requires planting only once in every ten or fifteen years, the labor of cultivation is small; and as it needs but three or four inches of earth, many a piece of unprofitable land, even old quarries and gravel-pits, are thus turned to account. A manufacturer in Dresden has succeeded in obtaining from it the finest thread known in the trade, so fine that 100,000 metres of it (or rather more than sixty miles of length) weigh only two and a half pounds.

A curious kind of weed which grows in the Arkansas valley has often proved misleading to sportsmen. It is shaped like a ball and varies in size from one foot or less in diameter to five or six feet, some specimens being as tall as a man. It grows upon a small stem, which is, however, stout enough to bear the mass till it has ripened and dried, when a puff of wind will blow it over and snap the slender support. Then it is that every gust of wind sends it rolling over the prairie, bounding over bushes and rocks with the greatest elasticity and lightness. When the wind is strong and high these tumbling weeds present a most peculiar appearance as they bound from rock to rock, and in more than one instance hunters have mistaken them for bison and felt considerable irritation at the impossibility of bringing them within range of their guns.

Doctors are known to differ, and as a result it sometimes seems just as well for individuals to consult their own convenience instead of their physicians. For example, in the matter of sleeping, some doctors say lie with the head to the north, others hold a contrary opinion, and now that long journeys are made by rail it is amusing to find two eminent authorities differing as to the safest way to pass the night. A German doctor asserts that to lie with the feet to the engine draws the blood from the brain to the feet and produces cerebral anemia, followed by sleep; whereas if the traveller lies with his head in that position, cerebral hyperaemia is the result and sleep is impossible. An American authority, on the other hand, holds a directly contrary opinion, and urges his patients to take their positions for the night with the head towards the locomotive and so slumber in peace. As sleeping in a railway car is difficult under any circumstances, one might as well try both methods.

For many years a club existed and flourished in a small English town in Lancashire, known as the Oyster and Pareded Pea Club. Among the staff of officers was one known as Oystericus, whose duty it was to order and look after the oysters, which then came by fleet from London. The club rejoiced in a poet laureate or rhyme-smith, and a Cellarius, who looked after the wine. Among the rules and articles of the club was one enjoining that "a barrel of oysters be provided every Monday night during the winter, at the equal expense of the members, to be opened exactly at 7.30 o'clock." Every member on having a son born was to pay a gallon, for a daughter half a gallon, of port to his brethren of the club within a month of the birth of such child, at any public house he should choose.

The value of trees in a city can scarcely be exaggerated. In Italy it is an offence against the law to cut them down, as it is found that an outbreak of fever usually follows any clearing away of the trees. And apart from this, how much they add to the beauty of any city. There seems to be an inseparable connection between the trees and drinking fountains in the municipal mind, a fact upon which the public are also to be congratulated. In Brooklyn, where very little is done for the city by the authorities, a private association exists for the improvement of the city, and great attention is paid by the members to the question of the planting of trees. It is little short of a crime to allow handsome trees to be mutilated and destroyed, and yet it is done every day. Quite recently a telegraph company, finding the trees in a certain portion of Brooklyn an obstacle to the stretching of their wire, had no compunction whatever in decapitating several of them, cutting their heads off in the most reckless manner. Instances of this kind are constantly occurring, and ought to be forbidden by law.

Life.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we meet
I own to me's a secret yet.

But this know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.

O, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell me where I must seek this com-
pound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base, encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spellbound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed
hour

To break thy trance and resume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
O, say, what art thou when no more thou'st
that?

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning. —Mrs. Barbauld.

HUMOROUS.

A baby-carriage is sometimes called a crycyle.

"I know many distinguished persons," says a facetious business man; "nearly all my debtors are men of note."

It is a mean wretch who will slyly drop a hair-switch in a car loaded with women, and then smile as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.

A reporter who had just done his first boat-race was rebuked by the city editor for not mentioning anywhere that the oarsmen "took water," and replied that none of them took water. They all took gin.

"See here!" exclaimed the irate agent to the dancing-master who hired the ball, "are you going to pay me any rent any time this year?" "Well," replied the "Professor," "I haven't any money just now, but I'm taking steps to raise some."

Nothing more disgusts a party of Newport fox-hunters than to have an old cow get ahead of them and go racing and snorting along, with her tail in the air and terror in her soul. It looks as though they were chasing the cow, and that's not an English custom.

The British Medical Journal, in discussing blushing and its scientific cause, has become sadly mixed on red cheeks and red noses. They are two very different reds. One is a charming indication of confusion or innocence, and the other means something else. The British medical editor should study young girls more and his assortment of tonics less.

A Salt Lake merchant sold an Indian an opera glass, and as he tied up the purchase congratulated his dusky customer on the rapid progress he was making toward civilization. A few minutes later the gentle savage threw the glass back upon the merchant's hands. He had discovered that they were not a double-barreled flask, out of which he could take two drinks at the same time.

A. T. Stewart's Cathedral.

The great Cathedral of the Incarnation and St. Paul's school at Garden City, L. I., have been completed. The cathedral has been five years in course of erection and the school nearly three years. The cost, defrayed by the Stewart estate, has been nearly \$3,000,000. The interior of the cathedral presents a beautiful appearance. The altar was made in Antwerp, Belgium. It is composed of statuary, marble and eight panels. The windows of stained glass were made in London. They represent the incarnation or the childhood of Christ. The glass in the windows of the mausoleum was also made in London. These windows represent the passion, death, resurrection and appearance of Christ in his last days.

The dean's seat is of carved mahogany, and was made in Philadelphia. The pulpit and lectern are of bronze. The organ cost \$100,000. It is in five parts, and each part is played from the single key-board, by which the chimes in the tower are also played from the organ by electrical attachments. The organ cases are of mahogany, carved in harmony. The cases and stalls together cost \$50,000. The crypt is of marble, and every country is represented in its construction. It does not contain the remains of the late A. T. Stewart. The basement is fitted up with a Sunday chapel. The staircases are all of iron. The walls and steeple of the cathedral are of Bellevue (N. J.) stone; the interior columns are ornamented with bronze foliage. St. Paul's school is believed to be the finest educational structure in the world. It has accommodations for 500 pupils.