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**Words and Needs.**  
They do the least  
Who talk the most;  
Whose good designs  
Are all their boasts;  
For words are dew.  
They do the most  
Whose lives possess  
The sterling stamp  
Of righteousness;  
For deeds are true.  
And if the heart  
Be pure and good  
The life will be  
Just what it should—  
Not dew but true.  
—By James H. Hoadley.

## THE YOUNGEST CLERK.

"Is it a beggar, Jane?" said Mrs. Troop. "Oh, don't send the poor creature away! Give him a glass of milk and a bit of cold beef!"  
"Please, ma'am," said Jane, "there ain't so much as a drop of milk left; and you gave the last of the beef to old Gideon Gallup. And besides, ma'am, I don't think it is a tramp at all. It's quite a respectable young man, in a brown linen duster, and a carpet-bag."  
"Oh!" said Mrs. Troop. "A new boarder, eh?"  
"Well, ma'am, I ain't quite sure," said Jane, discreetly. "Folks is so different."  
"Jane," said Mrs. Troop, mysteriously, "I see it all now. It's the youngest clerk."  
"Ma'am?" said Jane, in a bewildered way.  
"Oh, don't be so stupid!" cried Mrs. Troop, who was one of those nervous New England women who are perpetually instinct with electricity, and who saw and comprehended things by flashes. "Call Barbara; and make haste about it!"  
Barbara came into the green gloom of the little pantry, whose window was thickly shaded with morning-glory vines—a tall, slim lassie, with solemn blue-gray eyes, brown hair, and a slow grace of manner which she must have inherited from the birches on the mountain-side and the reeds in the swamp, for other teachers she had none.  
"What is it, mother?" said she. "I was emptying the feathers out of the old pillow-ticks, and—"  
"Barbara," said Mrs. Troop, "don't bother about pillow-ticks! It's the youngest clerk—he's waiting just over there in the porch, with his bag. Can we accommodate him, do you think?"  
"Mother," said Barbara, "what on earth do you mean?"  
"Why," cried Mrs. Troop, with a little impatient gesture, "don't you remember old Mr. Fanshawe, the book-keeper in Browne, Brownson & Browne's, telling us about the youngest clerk there, who had the weak lungs and the small salary? And he said he'd recommend him here, for his summer vacation; and he hoped we'd take him cheap and do what we could for him."  
"Oh!" said Barbara, arching her pretty brow. "Yes, it seems to me now that I do remember something about it. But, mother, where can we put him? Every room is full—even to the two sloping-roofed chambers in the garret."  
"But a poor young man," said Mrs. Troop, in a distressed voice, "with hereditary consumption and almost no salary! Barbara, we never can turn him away!"  
"No, of course not," said Barbara reflecting. "Mother, I can manage it. Don't fret any more. Tell him he may come."  
"And high time, too," said Mrs. Troop, nervously, "with him waiting there on the porch, and wondering, no doubt, what all this delay means."  
She bustled out, with kindly hospitality in her eyes. There, in the purple twilight, apparently listening to the song of the whip-poor-wills on the mountain-side, sat a slender person, dressed in cool, brown linen, with a valise resting on the floor beside him. How was Mrs. Troop to know that he had heard every word of the brief colloquy?  
"Madam," he said, lifting the straw hat from his curly head, "I—"  
"Oh, yes, yes!" said Mrs. Troop; "I know all about it. Your name is Browne—with Browne, Brownson & Browne. Mr. Fanshawe told me all about you. You are the youngest clerk there."  
"Madam, I—"  
"It isn't necessary to explain," kindly interrupted Mrs. Troop. "We'll give you a room and board for two dollars a week. I can't promise you the dainties they have at the Chocoma House, but everything shall be clean and wholesome. Mr. Fanshawe knew you would be interested in you, because I had lost a son of about your age."  
"Indeed, Mrs. Troop, I am very much obliged to you, but—"  
"Here comes my daughter Barbara,"

said Mrs. Troop, evidently desirous to abbreviate the newcomer's thanks. "Barbara, this is the youngest clerk. His name, I believe, is Browne."  
Barbara let her soft, blue-gray eyes rest upon his tired face for a second, with the most angelic sympathy.  
"Is your cough very bad this summer?" she asked. "Oh, I hope the mountains will do you good! How long a vacation have you—two weeks?"  
He smiled.  
"You are very kind," he said. "The firm will allow me to be gone as long as I like."  
"And your salary will go on just the same?"  
"And my salary will continue just the same."  
"That is what I call real generosity," said Barbara. "Oh, I should like to thank Messrs. Browne, Brownson & Browne. Well, come in. Our little cottage is full of boarders, but my mother and I will contrive to make room for you somewhere."  
And the pale boarder slept that night in a little rose-scented room, with a strip of bright rag carpet on the floor, hand-painted china vases on the wooden mantle, and cheap muslin curtains at the window, after a supper of black caps and milk, delicious home-made bread, fresh honey and Johnny-cake.  
"Two dollars a week for such fare as this, to say nothing of my cunning little corner room!" said Mr. Browne to himself. "I never boarded so cheaply before in all my life."  
At the end of a week he was more than delighted with his summer home. Mrs. Troop was the kindest and most motherly of hostesses; Barbara was the impersonation of sweet and gracious refinement. The mountain was full of purple glens, merry-voiced cascades, winding footpaths and breezy heights. Mr. Browne enjoyed himself intensely. He believed that he had come to the right place.  
"Don't you think," said Barbara to her mother, "that he's very strong for a consumptive?"  
"It's that herb-tea, and the diet of honey and new milk that is building him up," said Mrs. Troop, triumphantly. "I never knew it fail yet in lung diseases. But he's very pleasant. Barby, isn't he?"  
"Very!" said Barbara, earnestly.  
Mr. Browne had not been a month at the little cottage on the mountain, when, overtaken by a sudden shower, he took refuge in an old, unused barn, not far away from the house, where a thicket of blossoming elderberries concealed the rude stone basement, and a veteran yellow pine tree flung its banner of black-green shade over the mossy shingles of the roof. Unused, except to stow sweet hay in—and in one corner a little chamber had been finished off, long ago, with a brick chimney and a tiny-paned lattice. For the door was half open, and Mr. Browne could discern a little cot-bed, draped with white; a dainty-covered toilet-stand, whose coarse, cheap bowl and pitcher were enriched with purple and crimson autumn leaves in hand-painting; and a little needlework rug which lay at the foot of the bed.  
"Ah," said Mr. Browne, to that best of confidants, himself, "I comprehend it all now! I have displaced Mademoiselle Barbara from the little corner room in the cottage. Upon my word, I feel like a usurper! But how good they are, this mother and daughter, whose only income is derived from this precarious occupation of taking summer boarders! How unselfish, how utterly self-sacrificing! There are good Samaritans yet left in the world, thank heaven!"  
When September came, with its yellow leaves and its clusters of vivid blue asters on the edges of the woods, Mr. Browne prepared to return to the city.  
"You are sure you are strong enough to resume work?" said Mrs. Troop, anxiously.  
"Mother," said Barbara, "he isn't at all like an invalid. Either old Mr. Fanshawe was mistaken, or else Mr. Browne has made an almost miraculous recovery."  
Just at this instant Jane came to tell Mrs. Troop that neighbor Jackson was at the door waiting to borrow a drawing of tea.  
The gentle widow bustled out; Mr. Browne turned to Barbara.  
"Yes," said he, "I am going to return to New York. But I shall leave something behind me."  
"We shall be very happy to take charge of anything for you," said Barbara, who was sorting over red-checked pears for preserving.  
"Shall you? But you don't know what it is, Barbara," suddenly lapsing into extreme gravity, "it is my heart. I am driven to confess that I have lost it—and to you."  
"You are joking!" cried Barbara, coloring and half-disposed to be indignant.  
"I never was more serious in my life," asseverated Mr. Browne. "I do love you, dear little Barbara, truly and tenderly. Do you think you could dare to trust your future to me? Poor as I seem, I could yet give you a good home."  
"Oh, I am not afraid of that," said Barbara, with rising color and drooping eyelashes. "I have been brought up to be independent, you know, and I believe I could earn a little money by art work, if ever I had the chance. If—if you really care for me—"  
"My own darling!"  
"Then—yes, I do love you."  
So Barbara was wooed and won.  
"Of course, the dear little mother must live with us," said Mr. Browne. "I couldn't do without her!"  
Mrs. Troop, who had once more joined the group, looked puzzled.  
"Is it a flat," said she, wistfully.  
"No. I occupy a whole house."  
"But dear me!" cried the mother-in-law, "isn't that rather extravagant?"  
"I think not," said Mr. Browne, seriously.  
"But must you really be married at once?"  
"I should like to carry both Barbara and you back to the city with me," said the lover.  
"And poor Jane? Though, of course, it would be out of the question for Barbara to keep a hired girl?" hesitated Mrs. Troop.  
"Oh, Jane must come, too," said Mr. Browne. "Bring her with you, by all means. We can manage it somehow. To tell you the truth—"  
"Well," said Mrs. Troop, eagerly.  
"I am a fraud and a delusion," confessed Mr. Browne, while Barbara raised her soft eyes in amazement. "I am not the youngest clerk in the firm at all. The youngest clerk went out to Bermuda at the expense of the firm last spring. I hope he is doing well in that climate. This man was Ferdinand Brown. I am Augustus Browne, the youngest partner."  
"But however came you here?" eagerly questioned Mrs. Troop. "Didn't Mr. Fanshawe recommend you?"  
"Not at all. I came to the hotel; but it was full; and they thought that perhaps I could be provided for at Mrs. Troop's cottage until there was a vacancy in the Chocoma House. But when the vacancy came I didn't care to claim it."  
"So you are not poor at all!" said Barbara, in a low voice.  
"Not in your sense of the word, perhaps; but I shall be poor indeed, sweet Barbara, if I have forfeited your favor," he uttered fervently.  
"Nor consumption?"  
"No, nor consumption," he admitted. "You have been deceiving us all along!"  
"Yes, I have been deceiving you all along," said Mr. Browne. "But, under the circumstances, do you see how I could help it?"  
"It is very strange," said Barbara. "I ought to be thoroughly indignant with you; but somehow—somehow I love you more dearly than ever."  
Mrs. Troop could hardly believe her own ears. A palace in Fifth avenue; a double carriage driven by two fine gentlemen who wore choicer suits and glossier hats than the parson himself; double diamond napkins, with monograms embroidered on them, at every meal; egg-shell china; all the luxuries which she had dreamed of, but had never known! And all these gifts bestowed by the hand of the poor young clerk whom she had undertaken to board at two dollars a week because he was alone and friendless, and for whom she had saved the choicest slices of honeycomb and brewed the most invigorating herb tea!  
"One often reads of these things in novels," said she; "but how seldom they come true in real life!"  
Kind, simple-hearted Mrs. Troop! If she had been a student of the great "novel" of Human Nature, she would have known that we are all of us living romances at one time or another. And why not? Is not the world always full of love and youth?

**THE WINTER PALACE.**  
*Magnificence of the Home of the Czar of All the Russias.*  
A letter to the San Francisco Chronicle from St. Petersburg says: Scarce as money is and poor as are the mass of people, there is enough to keep up a certain style, especially in the royal palaces and public buildings. Thanks to the courtesy of G. M. Hutton, the United States vice consul general, who was in charge of the consulate, we obtained permission to go over the winter palace, a favor not always granted to strangers. It is a huge building of brown stone and covers a large area, each of the sides (it is nearly square) measuring some 450 feet; but it is not more than ninety feet high, and the heavy cornice that forms an almost unbroken line round the top still further detracts from the height. Placed on this cornice are a large number of statues, which it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive to be persons endeavoring to escape from destruction by the way of the roof, so jumbled up are they with the chimneys. The general effect of the building, which only dates from 1839, would be poor were it not for its size, which, to some extent, makes up for want of architectural grandeur. The interior is also devoid of any special architectural features, and there is no grand staircase. It is simply a huge square box, divided up into rooms, but some of these are truly magnificent, and when filled with the flower of Russian society, as they are at state receptions during the winter season, must look grand indeed. Peter's throne-room, with silver chandeliers, red tinted walls, and highly decorated dome; union hall, with gilded columns; the throne-room with its massive marble pillars and gold chandeliers and the plate-room, with crystal chandeliers and trophies of gold and silver plate against the walls and stands sloping up to the very ceiling, are all imperial apartments in every sense. The succession of reception rooms and corridors is also most imposing, although the paintings of battle-scenes, where carnage and rapine are depicted in all their horrors with a monotony that becomes almost nauseating, seems to be hardly adapted to exclusive enjoyment of domestic life. The visitor is escorted through hall after hall decorated with almost barbaric magnificence, and as each one is taken under the charge of a fresh attendant, attired in gorgeous imperial livery. The place, which at present is quite unoccupied—as the emperor resides at another palace some distance up the Newski prospect—fairly swarms with servants, who are all well dressed and courteous and extremely idle, having apparently nothing else on earth to do except to stand or walk about in the empty apartments, which are seldom trodden by any other feet. Here and there is to be seen a superior officer, in full uniform, evidently in charge of some part of the building, and at one point we suddenly came upon two Cossack sentinels, armed to the teeth and standing motionless on each side of a doorway. This was the entrance to the room containing the crown jewels. Our attendant inserted a key, two heavy iron doors swung open, and we were ushered in. The room was almost bare, with the exception of some glass-topped cases, such as are used at museums for manuscripts and objects of interest, which stood near the walls, and two central stands, but when the cloths which covered them were removed, the sight was dazzling. In the side cases was a collection of tiaras and aligrettes and pendants, in brilliants and rubies and pearls. The central stands bore the crown regalia; the emperor's crown, a huge mass of diamonds of the purest water, surrounded by an extraordinary uncut ruby; the empress' crown, somewhat smaller, if possible more brilliant, and the sceptre, bearing on its top the celebrated Lazaroff diamond, of which the story is told that it was stolen from an Indian temple and carried off concealed in a cut in the leg of its purloiner. Compared with these Muscovite gems all others that I have ever looked on are dull and small. One thing in the picture-gallery of the palace was remarkable, and that is the absence of peculiarly Russian worthies whose portraits covered the walls. There were faces of strictly English type, Swedish faces in small numbers, and German faces of any quantity, but Russian faces none, and no one could guess that he was surrounded by the likenesses of men by whom the great northern power had been built up. It is very much the same to-day. The leading men here are quite different in appearance than the mass of the people, so different that they might well belong to another race. They have, many of them, fine features and noble forms.

**Holland.**  
Holland, writes W. A. Croffut, was originally a sort of archipelago—a vast sea made shallow by the alluvium washed down from Central Europe through the changing channels of great streams. Its area was equal to that of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Here and there the sand and mud washed level with the surface of the water, and on this trembling mass the people clustered, and grew precarious food, and fought ever for firmer footing. Now they drove back the ocean; now the ocean drove them back and drowned them out. For many years they have slept on the battle-field with weapon in hand and armor on, never relaxing effort and never feeling for a moment secure. The incessant combat has made them a robust, patient, vigorous and overcoming people. But the victories have not been all on one side. Every ten years or so the savage sea would storm the fortifications and drown 10,000 or 20,000 of the farmers. Then, where the sand dunes were too low for defense, they built a great system of dykes, reaching far beneath the tides and far below the wonder of the world. Still the brigand Meuse would steal through its walls, or the Zuider Zee would burst its prison, or the barbarian sea would leap its barriers, and there was a destructive inundation about once in seven years for centuries. Once 75,000 people were drowned, at another time 100,000—a slaughter three times as great as that at Waterloo. More than once since that great battle was fought 26,000 Hollanders have been swept away in a single overflow. But the survivors were obstinate. They drove back the sea and rebuilt their villages. They strengthened the defenses along the coast and erected windmills upon them, which incessantly pumped out the water and poured it into the sea. They put the rampant rivers in strait-jackets of solid masonry, divided them so they would be harmless and taught them docility. Then they constructed walls around the great lakes, and started windmills on them. In this way they have reclaimed more fertile land than there is in the state of Rhode Island. It was like draining Lake George. An enterprise is now on foot to build a dyke across that great inland gulf, the Zuider Zee, pump the lower half dry and expose to the sun a vast area of arable land. It would be below the level of the sea, of course, but the Dutch farmers are accustomed to plow below the level of the keels of the ocean steamers off the coast. Significant, indeed, are the arms of Holland—a lion swimming in the sea.

**Heavy Theft.**  
The St. Petersburg Vedomosti reports that the summer palace of the czar at Peterhof was a few nights ago entered by burglars, who successfully eluded the vigilance of the spies, detectives, soldiers, servants and dogs employed to guard the building, and, having broken down doors, safes, cupboards and boxes, made off with a vast quantity of very valuable booty. Among the valuables stolen are a number of gold and silver medals, an immense amount of jewelry belonging to the empress, and the curious dishes in which the peasants brought bread and salt to the late czar at the time of the emancipation of the serfs. The police have since arrested about a score of suspicious persons, but it appears to be tolerably certain that the thieves are still at large.

**Brave Officer.**  
"Old Benbow," whom the 'beau Ben' of faithless Sally Brown "fought," as recorded by Hood, was an admiral. His last and most celebrated battle was fought off Cartagena with Admiral Du Casse in 1702. He was left by his captains, who were afterward shot, to carry on the engagement alone, and he continued the fight, remaining on the quarter deck, although his leg had been shattered by a chain shot, until the enemy's fleet wrote him a letter three days after the battle, saying: "Sir—I had little hopes on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin; yet it pleased God to order it otherwise. I am thankful for it." Benbow died of his wounds in two months.

**A Cool Wave.**  
The old gentleman met him at the door, almost before Hernandez' hand had left the bell-knob, and with one courtly gesture of his paternal hand waved the young man in the general direction of the front gate. Hernandez obeyed, with infinite tact and courtesy, remarking, as he moseyed down the deserted street, that he knew the signal service had predicted a cool wave from the northwest, but he had no idea it would get along so soon.

**PEARLS OF THOUGHT.**  
Words are the key of the heart.  
Affection is the broadest basis of a good life.  
Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.  
We are never as happy nor as unhappy as we fancy.  
It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer begins to talk.  
A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure mind.  
We have sufficient strength to support the misfortunes of others.  
The utility of virtue is so plain, that the unprincipled feign it from policy.  
The great event of to-day is usually but a trifle in the memory of to-morrow.  
Borrowed thoughts, like borrowed money, only show the poverty of the borrower.  
There is very little that we do in the way of helping our neighbors that does not come back in blessings on ourselves.  
It is with narrow-minded people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.  
If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.  
Love is the most terrible, also the most generous of the passions; it is the only one that includes in its dreams the happiness of some one else.  
Every duty well done, doubtless adds to the moral and spiritual stature. Each opportunity eagerly grasped and used is the key to larger privileges.  
Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.  
If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.  
**Royal Routine.**  
There must be a good deal of sameness in the daily routine of existence, after all. I was struck with this in the park yesterday while observing the Princess of Wales as she was driving along the sweep which extends from the Marble Arch to the Oxford-street entrance to the park to the gorgeous statue of the Prince Consort on the Kensington side. In response to the bows and salutations of the assemblage she bows her head, first to the right and then to the left continuously. There is almost no cessation in the exercise. It is a part of her duty in life. And the bow is a study—a wonderful medium between listlessness and cordiality. The features remain quite smileless; there is no suspicion of the smirk of the popular favorite of the footlights for instance. But the eyes are full of interest as they light on every passing face, and it is impossible to entertain a doubt that one has been bowed to, distinctly and directly, by the princess. That is what so enchants people—not only people in a certain position in life, but the poor people, the hard toilers of the busy town, who stop on their way to have a look at the dear princess. There seems almost as keen a look of interest in them upon her face as she sees in theirs concerning her. No one can see her without feeling an admiration for her. But one who looks beneath the surface of things must know, although so well dissembled, that this is only acting out the royal part. It cannot be that Alexandra really feels the interest her features indicate in every passing stranger who bows to her in the park. And it must be a considerable deprivation to her in the way of talking to those who accompany her—this constant bowing. Yesterday her eldest daughter was with her, and also one of those cousinly grand German duchesses—semi-royal—over on a visit. The ladies were reduced to helpless silence, for so continuous was Alexandra's bowing she could not find time to talk to them, and no doubt it is contrary to etiquette for lesser lights to converse with each other when the great one can take no part. How simple and elegant Alexandra's toilets always are! Always so neat, compact and trim! During the hot weather she has been wearing simple washing prints to the park. Yesterday the sky was slightly overcast and she was appropriately dressed in black silk with small brocaded flowers in natural colors. She wore a tiny white lace bonnet, with black spotted net veil. Her appearance of girlishness is one of the most marvellous charms of this stainless princess.

**Parting.**  
You know when friends are parting  
And hearts must say good-by,  
How oft they kiss, long linger,  
And how they weep and sigh.  
You know when we two parted,  
With just and idle laughter,  
The sadness and the tears  
Come to us long years after.  
When sickness and when sorrow  
Stole half our lives away,  
Ah, then we still remembered  
Our laughing, loving day.  
Then came a thrill of gladness,  
Like gleaming from above;  
If half our life bore sadness,  
Or wail, at least, was love.  
—H. Sewall.  
**HUMOROUS.**  
"No more reflections, please," said the looking-glass, after it had tumbled downstairs.  
It is very unlucky to have thirteen at a table, particularly when there is only enough to satisfy the appetite of ten.  
An Ohio dentist has devoted himself to active politics, probably on the ground that his calling has fitted him for "taking the stump."  
A young bride, on being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning and turned in very late at night.  
A fortune awaits the man who invents a penholder that you can't stick into the mucilage bottle, and a mucilage brush that won't go into the inkstand.  
"Nerve!" said the young man to his friend, "why, Jack's got a heap of nerve. He wasn't embarrassed a bit the first time he went to a barber's shop to get shaved."  
"Mamie says you can't come to see her any more," said a boy to his sister's admirer. "Why not?" "Because you come to see her seven nights a week now, and how could you come any more?" Silence was the only answer.  
"Is Dr. Calomel very successful in his practice?" "Very; he has cleared over \$20,000 the last two years." "Indeed! But has he lost any patients?" "Only those who have died. Of course, they could be of no help to him any longer." "Of course not."  
A young lady reading in a newspaper the other day of a girl having been made crazy by a sudden kiss called the attention of her uncle, who was in the room, to that singular occurrence, whereupon the old gentleman gruffly demanded what the fool had gone crazy for. "What did she go crazy for?" archly asked the ingenious maiden; "why, for more, I suppose."  
**Ireland's National Color.**  
Ireland may be said to be an emerald isle and green enough in a great many ways, but the flag of that country is not green, but blue, if any respect is to be paid to traditions or heraldry or the actual facts in the case, whatever sort of emblem may be commonly used. The green banner is the result of popular belief of several centuries' duration, but the old books tell a different story. There was a Duke of Ireland, says the Pall Mall Gazette, in Richard II's time, Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland and Marquis of Dublin, to whom the king granted a coat of augmentation, "azure, three crowns or, with a border argent." In Edward IV's time the arms of Ireland were such a problem for the heralds that commissioners were sent to investigate and to report. The commissioners pronounced that the arms of that kingdom were three crowns in pale. A drawing in the British Museum settles the question. The drawing was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or, at least, registered the colors as they existed in her reign. The national flag appears then to have been a harp or with strings argent on an azure ground. Thus in early times the national flag was certainly blue.

**An Insult to the Profession.**  
A prominent physician was heard using very uncomplimentary language about a certain butcher.  
"Why is it," asked a friend of the doctor, "that you abuse that butcher so much? You are everlastingly saying mean things about him."  
"I've got good reason to talk about him. Last winter I owned a fat pig. I sent for that butcher to kill and dress it. He did so, but what do you think he told me when I wanted to know what his bill was?"  
"I have no idea."  
"Well, sir, that butcher patted me on the back and said: 'Never mind about the bill, doctor, we are in the same business, you know. We professional men must help each other out.' I was so mad at the fellow I could have—"  
"Prescribed for him," added the doctor's friend.