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# The Millheim Journal.

DEININGER & BUMLLER, Editors and Proprietors.

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**Wooling.**  
Sunshine over the meadows wild  
Where the bee hummed in the clover  
And sunshine filling the hazy eyes  
Till every eye brimmed over,  
Sunshine over the hazy hills,  
And over the dimpling river,  
And I wished the sun and the summer day  
Might shine and last forever.  
We turned aside in the river path,  
The highway haunts forsaking,  
For the quiet of the willow nooks  
Seemed better for our love-making.  
My love was silent, and I was shy,  
And my thoughts were each a rover,  
Of that sweetest of all summer days  
That ever the sun shone over.  
We heard the birds in the willows green  
As they planned their little dwelling,  
And what the robin sang to his mate  
Was too sweet for my poor words' telling.  
It seemed, as we walked down the river bank,  
My love and I together,  
That at last the world was in perfect tune  
In the glad, bright summer weather.  
I cannot tell what I said to her,  
As we came to the field of clover,  
I only know that the robins merely sang  
His sweetest of sweet songs over.  
And though I know not the words she said,  
For whether she spoke at all,  
That day I count among summer days  
As the sweetest one of all.  
—Eben E. Rexford in Baldwin's Monthly

## THE VIGILANTES.

The early history of California and Nevada was filled with tragic deeds. From the spring of 1850 until long after the Washoe excitement, the entire Pacific coast north of Lower California was filled with wild and adventurous spirits, all searching after gold. Every mining camp of any note had its roughs, all well armed, well drilled in the use of weapons, and as reckless of life as any bandit who ever cut a throat. These dare-devils were frequently employed by mining companies to drive off miners and hold mining property, in order to save the trouble of appealing to the courts to adjust their difficulties.

The writer arrived in the wild mining town of Aurora, Nevada, in the spring of 1862, when the "Wide West" and "Real del Monte" mines were at war over supposed valuable mining ground. Each company, acting upon the claim that might makes right, imported from Washoe a lot of the most villainous and reckless roughs to be found in Nevada. After a number of fights between the two factions employed by the Wide West owners on the one side, and the Real del Monte on the other, the adjustment of the disputed ground was finally left to the courts, and the roughs, being thrown out of employment in their legitimate business of throat-cutting, went to work at a trade which, one of them said, would pay better—highway robbery. After robbing a number of persons, four of the worst villains murdered and robbed, in the public streets of Aurora, a kind hearted old man by the name of Johnson, who had fed them in his hotel without receiving any pay. The names of the murderers were Masterson, Daily, Buckley, and Three-fingered Jack. The four assassins, after doing their bloody work, left town at once, and started for Mono Lake, all well mounted, and each heavily armed. The sheriff, Mr. Francis, with about ten picked men well armed, started in hot pursuit. The cut-throats were overtaken the second day out, about twenty miles south of Mono Lake, Inyo county, in the lava beds of that volcanic country. They were surrounded and captured without a shot being fired. Sheriff Francis, one of the bravest and coolest men in Nevada, was asked the next day, when he brought his prisoners in town, heavily ironed:

"How did you do it?"  
He answered in his quiet way:  
"We had the drop on them. They knew we were there; and, when we covered 'em with ten Sharp's rifles, I said: 'Boys, throw up your hands,' and they did it quick as lightning. When I was putting the handcuffs on Three-fingered Jack, he laughed and said: 'Francis, old man, you did it mighty quick.'"  
The following day a vigilance committee of about seven hundred men was organized, well armed and ready for work. A large, solid scaffold was hastily erected on the sidehill above the jail where the murderers were confined. Promptly at twelve o'clock, on the fourth day after the murder, a little band of about thirty picked men, headed by Captain Palmer, commander of the vigilante forces, with a twelve-pounder loaded with grape and scrap iron, marched down in front of the jail.

Sheriff Francis, cool and deliberate, with about half a dozen picked deputies, each armed with a Sharp's rifle, stood in front of the jail door.  
Captain Palmer, as he drew up his little force in front, said, as he raised his hat:  
"Sheriff Francis, I demand from you four murderers, whom you hold as prisoners."

"By what authority do you claim these men?" asked Sheriff Francis.

Captain Palmer, in a clear voice which rang out loudly, answered:  
"In the name of the vigilantes."

"Then, by the authority in me vested, as sheriff of the county, I refuse to give them up," quietly but firmly answered Sheriff Francis.

Captain Palmer deliberately drew his watch from his pocket, and looking steadily at the minute hand, said:

"Mr. Sheriff, I will give you just five minutes to retire from the front of that jail with your deputies; if you stand there one second over the five minutes, I will blow you, your deputies, and the front of the jail to destruction."

He held his watch steadily in one hand, and with the other lighted a fuse and held it over the cannon. For about four minutes it was still as death—not a man on either side moved. Palmer and Francis stood facing each other about ten feet apart; their faces were white as marble, but not a muscle moved. Both men were giants in stature, and brave as lions. But the sacrifice of one of those lives for the four cut-throats was too much, and Francis waved his hand, and his deputies stood one side, and he walked up to Captain Palmer and handed him his rifle. After the sheriff and his deputies were put under guard, the four murderers were taken from their cells and led upon the scaffold.

They were blindfolded, and a noose hastily placed about their necks. Masterson stood on the left, a large, powerful man, about forty years old; next to him, on the right, stood Daily, a man of medium size, about thirty years old, a miserable wretch who stated in jail, just before he was hanged, that he had killed two persons besides Johnson, and one of them was a child. Three-fingered Jack stood on Daily's right; he was a man of small stature about thirty-five years old, dark complexion, and black, piercing eyes. He looked truly the bandit that he was. Buckley stood on the extreme right, he was a small, slender youth, of about twenty years. He asked to have the bandage taken from his eyes. It was done, and he wrote a few words to his mother, and handing it to a friend, said, with a smile to the executioner:  
"Now I am ready; you can cut the rope."

Masterson and Buckley died bravely, but Daily and Three-fingered Jack died like cowardly curs. Both attempted suicide on the scaffold. Daily swallowed arsenic, while Three-fingered Jack suddenly drew a derringer pistol from his boot leg, and putting it to his head, drew the trigger. But it snapped. He threw it on the scaffold, and uttered a wild cry, saying:  
"I must die like a dog!"

In less than half an hour after the four men were taken from their cells over six hundred men, armed with repeating rifles, surrounded the gallows in close order, to prevent any attempt of rescue of the prisoners, as it was said a large force of roughs were coming from Washoe to save the culprits. Captain Palmer gave the signal to the four executioners by waving his sword. At that signal a gun was fired on the opposite hill, and the four murderers were launched into eternity.—Argonaut.

**A Long Day.**  
Free from the oppressive dictation of a guide-book, we wandered far into Dialectaria, Sweden, wherever the picturesque of people or landscape led us, regardless of the conventionalities of travel. The long days of mid-summer, with no darkness and little twilight, followed one another like a succession of day-dreams, for no arbitrary nature drove us to bed or summoned us to rise. At midnight we were sometimes working on sunset color studies or sitting at the window reading. We started for our day's walk an hour after supper, sleeping when we were sleepy, and eating when we were hungry. How long a man accustomed to a lower latitude could endure the dissipation of this irregular life we did not discover, for our experiment was not long enough to fix the limit of our endurance. For a while, at least, it was an agreeable change, and we looked forward to dark nights with no unpleasant anticipation. There came continually to mind the complaint of the thrifty New England housewife, who, although rising at dawn, and continuing her work by evening candle-light, never thinks her day half long enough for the hundred duties that are crowded into it. But the Dalecarlian farmer doubtless finds his working hours as many as human nature can endure, for he is obliged in this short season to make up for the long and dark winter, when candles are lighted in the middle of the afternoon, and the cattle do not leave the barns for months. The farm-boy hitches up the horses to harrow at ten o'clock in the evening; toward midnight the carts laden with hay rumble

along the village streets, and there are sounds of life all night long. Even the birds scarcely know when to cease singing, and their twitter may be heard far into the evening.

**WHAT ALL HALF BELIEVE.**  
The Popular Superstitions that Somehow Keep Alive.  
There is something remarkable and not flattering to human sagacity in the tenacity of old superstitions. It is a usual thing for intelligent persons to declare that they are not superstitious; the declaration being coupled with a self-satisfied air that proclaims their belief that they are a notch above their fellows. Yet these same persons like to see the new moon over their right shoulders, and regard the incident with especial satisfaction if they happen to have silver in their pockets. Maybe they are adverse to starting on a journey on a Friday or to beginning an important piece of work on that unlucky day. They will carefully pick up pins if the right end lies toward them and as carefully avoid them if the wrong end is nearest. Other persons who scorn the lucky moon and unlucky Friday superstitions have a peculiar regard for the magical number seven, or any number which may be divided by seven or added so as to form seven. They prefer to live in a house which is numbered seven, with seven steps. If the house is the seventh in the row, and there are seven members in the family, the charm is complete. The seventh hour of the day, the seventh day of the week, the seventh month of the year, are by them regarded as especially lucky. Others have a special aversion to the number thirteen. The finding of buttons is by some considered a lucky omen. Other persons are superstitious as to dreams, and still others as to the wearing of certain charms or amulets to ward off disease. Thus, a horse chestnut in the pocket is considered a safeguard against rheumatism, and a string of peculiar sea-beans will carry a child safely through the diseases incident to teething. Peacock's feathers are unlucky; the howling dog foretells disaster to his master's household, and to pass between the carriages of a funeral procession is a portentous omen. To meet a colored person, a cross-eyed woman or a white horse betokens good or bad luck as the case may be. In fact, the most trifling things in life may be conjured into prophetic symbols.

Perhaps one of the oldest superstitions, and one that smacks somewhat of sorcery, is the belief in the divining rod. This rod, or twig, is thought to enable certain gifted persons to discover certain hidden springs of water. Reliable persons declare that they have seen the rod successfully used in search of water, the twig often turning so quickly in the hand as to break it in two. What seems remarkable is that the rod never turns except where the water is concealed. There have been many attempts to explain this mystery. Some believers claim that the wand is inspired, others that the rod is only an index, and that the physical sensations of the searcher communicate themselves to the wand. The most sensible solution is that of Paracelsus, who wrote on methods for discovering wells. He concluded that the wand turns in the hands of certain individuals of peculiar temperament, and that it is very much a matter of chance whether there are or are not wells in the places where it turns. The twig was also used in ancient times to point out where stolen goods were concealed, to answer questions a la planchette, and to indicate crimes and criminals. A Bible suspended like a pendulum has been thought in some parts of rural England to serve the same purpose. The credulous say that the wide distribution of these and other popular superstitions is proof that there is something in them. In the meantime houses go on being haunted; ghosts continue to appear; tables tip; chairs to move without the aid of visible hands, and the periodical resurrection of half-forgotten bodies is unceasing, notwithstanding the declaration of the average nineteenth century man and woman that they at least are not superstitious.

**Hardwood Lumber.**  
The Prairie Farmer calls attention to the fact that several kinds of hardwood lumber are gradually coming into use, which a few years ago were unnoticed. Beech is one of them. It is cheap and abundant, while the more popular hardwoods are becoming comparatively scarce and consequently high-priced. Beech has a fine grain, is quite durable, and is used in the manufacture of school and church furniture, chairs, and to a certain extent in furniture. The red variety has a handsome appearance, and can be made to imitate cherry.

## CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.

The Dirtiest Town on the Continent—A Trip on the Panama Railroad—Work on the Canal.

"Three days of the Caribbean sea," writes a correspondent, "and the next sunrise reveals the dark green mountain range of the isthmus, and a few hours later the engines give their last throb beside the dock at Aspinwall. A few years ago the place had 800 population; it now claims ten times that number. The great canal has given it a wonderful impetus. The French are there by the thousand, and other nationalities are drifting in for the benefit of trade and barter. Buildings are springing up at every hand and rent at fabulous prices. Residents admit that it is the dirtiest town on the Western continent. The stranger's first impression is that it would be a good thing to turn the hose on it—and on a very large percentage of the people, too. The better classes live in a suburban section, known as the 'Beach road.' This runs beside the shore, and the houses, whitewashed and of a light frame construction, face upon it. Their inmates see little of the filth and degradation of the town, and certainly need not wish to. An English resident said: 'Oh, this isn't a very bad place, you know. There are not many deaths among the whites.' This statement may be true, yet it is not surprising. No respectable person would care to die in Aspinwall if he could get any other place on the face of this earth to make his start into eternity.

"The Panama railroad runs southeast forty-seven miles, from Aspinwall to Panama, winding among hills, with some appalling curves. It wrecks a freight train or two daily, and it has a ticket system which wrecks the mind and reasoning faculties of the stranger. In God's country (otherwise known as the United States) your fare is cheaper if you take a through ticket. Here they charge \$25 for a through ticket for forty-seven miles—that is, if you are a stranger. But if you are a resident, and it makes no difference whether you go to-day or next year, you can secure a ticket for about \$10. Even this figure may be bettered. A gentleman who came down on a steamer, and was conversant with the peculiarities of this most peculiar ticket system purchased a ticket for a part of the distance for \$3. He left the train at the midway station to attend to a business matter, and the following day paid only \$2 for the remaining distance. The scenery along the road is attractive. The operators along the canal are in view at many points from the car windows for the route of the canal traverses very closely the line of the railroad. The dredging machines are deepening the Chagres river, which will be utilized for a considerable distance. The landscape is dotted with the white stakes placed by the surveying parties. Gangs of workmen are eating into a hillside at one point; at another filling up a gulch. A conductor pointed out a spot where there are to be forty-two acres of filling to a height of from thirty to sixty feet. It seems an anomaly to run a canal on the top of an embankment, but it will be not an uncommon thing on many parts of the line. From the train there is a panorama of beautiful tropical scenery. The foliage is luxuriant, and strange trees and flowering shrubs meet the eye everywhere. The cocoanut palm, the orange, lemon, pineapple, banana and similar growths become familiar sights. Beside the road are frequent groups of native huts of a single story, earthen floors, and roofs thatched with palm leaves. The natives, of mixed Indian and negro blood, are of a brown hue, and rather undersized. Their clothing is in the interest of economy. The men are satisfied with white cotton shirts and breeches and broad straw hat. The women find most comfort in a single white cotton garment, always in imminent danger of falling clear to the ground from the shoulders, which are not half covered. With the little children this danger is often a reality. Industry does not burden any of these people. A day's labor furnishes for a week such simple food as they require beyond what nature yields them free of charge."

**Rustic New England in Old England**  
While in England I caught a man in Windsor Forest who spoke to me in the intonations of rustic New England. He was simply of the old stock, and was speaking in the old tongue they brought over with them to Boston. It is going home to the old nest it is finding the old steadfast human heart and life; it is face matching face and eye matching eye and footstep matching footstep across the gulf of 200 years. For we all go home who cross the sea and find out afresh how one day may be to us also as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, so deep a d sure are the roots of this grand old life of the English-speaking race.—Robert Collyer.

## HOW CHINA'S EMPEROR LIVES.

The Boy Who is Honored as a Superior Being, and His Home.

The ruler of the 250,000,000 people of which the Chinese nation probably consists is now within five years of his majority (the age of eighteen years), and is an occupant, while yet a minor, of the same apartments in which lived the emperor who preceded him on the Dragon throne. There, says the North China Herald, he eats with gold-tipped chopsticks of ivory. There he sleeps on a large Ningpo bedstead, richly carved and ornamented with ivory and gold—the same on which the noble-minded emperors Kang Hsi and Chien Lung used to recline after the day's fatigue last century and the century before.

Like one of those living Buddhas who may be seen in a lamasery on the Mongolian plateau, he is knelt to by all his attendants and honored as a god. The seclusion in which he is kept is far more complete than that of the gods. The building in which the emperor resides is called Yang Hsin Tien, and is a little to the west of the Chien Ching Men in the middle of the palace. At the back of the central gate, on the south side, is the great reception hall. When ministers of state and others enter for audience, at four, five or six in the morning, according to custom, they have to go on foot to the centre of the palace over half a mile, if they enter by the east or west gate; and when they get on in years they can appreciate the emperor's favor, which then by a decree allows them to be borne in a chair instead of walking.

The rooms of the emperor consist of seven compartments. They are provided with the divan or kang, the peculiar institution of north China. The Kangs are covered with red felt of native manufacture, and the floor with European carpets. The cushions all have embroidered on them the dragon and the phoenix. Pretty things scattered through the rooms are endless in variety, and are changed in accordance with any wish expressed by the emperor.

The rooms are in all thirty yards, long by from eight to nine yards deep, and are divided into three separate apartments, the throne room being the middle one. Folding doors ten feet in height open into each of these apartments to the north and south in the centre of each. The upper part of these doors is in open work in which various auspicious characters and flowers are carved. These doors remain open even in winter, because during that season a thick embroidered curtain of damask is hung in the doorway which by its weight keeps its place close to the door-posts and prevents cold air from entering.

In summer this is replaced by a curtain admitting the breeze on account of being made of very thin strips of bamboo. The silk threads used in sewing the strips of bamboo together are of various colors, and passing through the whole texture of the curtain from top to bottom are very agreeable to the eye. These summer and winter curtains are rolled up to give air to the rooms when required. The Hoppe who lately returned from Canton gave the emperor a present valued at \$8000. It consisted of chandeliers holding 500 wax candles each. His majesty had also some electrical machines and numberless foreign curiosities.

The emperor was vaccinated when an infant, before his high destiny was thought of, otherwise it would have been difficult to vaccinate him, for his person being sacred when emperor, no lancet can touch him. His mother, the Princess of Ch'un, goes in to see him once a month and kneels when she first speaks to him, but rises afterwards. His father does so too. The emperor studies Chinese daily for an hour and a half, and Manchu also for an hour and a half. He spends two hours in archery and riding and in winter amuses himself with sledding. He has a little brother of five, whom it may be hoped the mother takes with her when she goes to the palace. The teachers who instruct him kneel to him on entering, but afterwards sit. The emperor has eight eunuchs, who constantly attend him, besides an indefinite number for special occasions. He has his meals alone and the eight eunuchs wait round him, restraining him if he takes too much of any one thing. His school-room is at the back of the Yang Hsin Tien, already described, and the hall for conference each morning with ministers is a little to the east.

**Food of Animals.**  
Linnaeus states the cow to eat 27' plants and to refuse 218; the goat eats 449 and declines 126; the sheep takes 387 and rejects 141; the horse takes 262 and avoids 212; but the hog, more nice in its provision than any of the former eats but 72 plants, and rejects 171.

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Enjoy what you have, hope for what you lack.

Man has destiny beyond the attainment of mere wealth.

The cause of our grandeur may become that of our ruin.

It is not the money earned, but what he saves, that makes a man wealthy.

Flattery is false money, which would not be current were it not for our vanity.

Honesty is inseparable from the character of a thoroughbred gentleman.

Good is never more effectually performed than when it is produced by slow degrees.

Beauty in women is like the flowers in the spring, but virtue is like the stars of heaven.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself. The middle way is, justice to ourselves and others.

Give to a wounded heart seclusion. Neither consolation or reason ever effect anything in such a case.

The time for debate is when we have become masters, not while we are students, and the wisest of masters are those who debate least.

What man is there whom contact with a great soul will not exalt? A drop of water upon the petal of a lotus glistens with the splendor of the pearl.

Wrong-doing is a road that may open fair, but it leads to trouble and danger. Well-doing, however rough and thorny at first, surely leads to pleasant places.

## In His Element.

They met on the crowded avenue in front of the city hall. One was a young man of about twenty-two, the other a man about sixty years old. One lives in the northern part of the state, the other in the southern. Fate had brought them together. There was nothing cordial in their meeting. They didn't cry out "Put it there!" and pump-handle each other like a couple of old friends. On the contrary, the young man grew red in the face and breathed hard and stammered out:  
"Ten years ago I went to school to you!"  
"Yes, you did!" was the calm reply.  
"And one day you liked me almost to death for an offence committed by another boy!"  
"Well, you were always in need of a licking."  
"And I swore," continued the young man, "I registered a vow, that if ever I met you after I had grown up I would have my revenge! Prepare to be pounded to a lifeless mass!"  
"I'm prepared," replied the old schoolmaster, as he spit on his hands, and in a minute the fun was raging. The young man rushed upon him with a war-whoop, but his nose struck something and he fell down. He got up and rushed again, and this time he was flung down, rolled over, stepped on and left with a number of loose teeth and a splitting headache. The police took him in, but when they came to hunt for the old man he was across the street trying to pin up a rent in his coat and saying to some of his friends:  
"Ah! it brings back all the memories of the old red school-house to get my hands on an unruly pupil in the first reader class again!"

## Good Manners at Home.

The following twelve rules for the preservation of good manners at home are worth memorizing:

Bang every door in the house, and raise a hinge every time you can; it's so pleasant to those about you.

Stamp, jump and run all over the house and split everybody's ears with a cat like yawp every time you can gather sufficient wind.

If you desire the presence of those in the next room, yell at them. Don't go to them quietly, it might surprise them.

Never speak kindly to anybody. They might not recognize your voice.

When told not to do a thing, see to it that you disobey. It will make people think you are smart and impress them with your importance.

Tell of your inimitable cuteness and deeds of goodness and valor, recite the faults of others.

Never enter a house with boots or shoes free from mud or snow.

Never get to the dinner table until the eleventh hour. It makes the servants love you when you are gone.

Always go to the table with your hair disheveled and your hands dirty.

Always chip in conversation where you have no business. It looks big in the eyes of fools.

Reserve your good manners for strangers, and give your friends chin music.

Make a confident of every idle ear, and give your mother the shake.

## A Baby's Death.

The little hand that never sought Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands, What gift has death, God's servant brought The little hands?

We ask; but love self-silent stands, Love, that lend eyes and wings to thought To search where death's dim heaven expands. Ere this perchance, though love know naught, Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands, Where hands of golden angels caught The little hands.

—Swinburne.

## HUMOROUS.

When the head of the family accidentally backs into a tub of hot water he can be said to be po-boiled.

It must not be supposed that the members of a brass band are all truth-tellers because they have no lyres.

Mary had a little bang,  
Its color was immense;  
Now Mary's hair is truly sad,  
For bangs are on the fence.

The young men who are on the lookout for a "soft place," through dislike for honest, hard work, can find one—under their hats.

One of the saddest sights in these hard times is to see a woman with a five-foot husband trying to alter his pants to fit her six-foot son.

"Pa, what is a fool?" "A fool, my son, is a man who tickles the hind leg of a mule." "Does he ever find it out, pa?" "No, my son; he never has time."

A bright girl, born and raised in Virginia, saw a church covered with vines, and remarked: "That's what I used to be." "What's that?" inquired her obtuse escort. "A Virginia creeper, of course."

"I tell you," said the bad boy, confidently, to a group of youthful friends, "my mother may seem small—don't believe she'd weigh more than I do, in her stocking feet—but her slipper is heavy, though, you bet!"

"Tis ever the way of the foolish fair to die for the one who does not care," sings Ella Wheeler. Yes, Ella and it is often the same way with the big brothers of the foolish fair. Week after week they go down to the barber shop and "dye for the one that does not care." Such is life.

A bright little girl was sent to get some eggs, and on her way back stumbled and fell, making sad havoc with the contents of her basket. "Won't you catch it when you get home, though?" exclaimed her companion. "No, indeed, I won't," she answered. "I have got a grandmother."

Young lady (just from boarding school, at dinner table)—"Please, papa, I'd like a leg of the roast chicken." Papa—"You have had one, my dear, and your brother had the other." Young lady (in a sprightly manner)—"Oh, sure enough! a chicken has only two legs. It's a duck that has four."

## Infamous Hoaxes.

Hoaxes as a rule are hateful things which exhibit maliciousness rather than the intellect of their perpetrators. A writer in a recent magazine mentions two conspicuous for their malignity:

A young couple about to be married at the synagogue in Birmingham were startled by the delivery of a telegram from London running:  
"Stop marriage at once. His wife and children have arrived in London, and will come on to Birmingham."

The bride fainted; the bridegroom protested against being summarily provided with a wife and family, but had to make the best of his way, a single man still, through an exasperated crowd, full of sympathy for the wronged girl. Her friends found upon inquiry that they had been duped—probably by a revengeful rival of the man whose happiness had been so unexpectedly deferred.

A more curious and more malignant hoax—for the perpetration of which the author, if discovered, would have been branded with infamy—was practiced, apparently for the fun of the thing, upon a Parisian lady whose husband had gone to China on business. One day she received a letter dated from Old China street, Canton.

"Madame," said the writer, "I have to announce a mournful event. Your husband, taken prisoner by Malay pirates, has been burned alive and his bones calcined to powder. I have been able to procure but a few pinches of this powder, which I enclose."

As she opened the box, a strange idea came into the head of the distracted widow; and sending for some snuff, she mixed the powder with it, pluffly determined to inhale all that remained of her lost spouse. The first pinch, however, brought on such violent bleeding, that a doctor had to be called in; but the lady died in a few hours, shortly before the arrival of a letter from her husband, proving that the story of his capture and calcination was the cruel invention of some unknown enemy.

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