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## Could We But Know.

Could we but know  
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,  
Where lie those happy hills and meadows low—  
Ah! if beyond the spirit's dim atavism  
Aught of that country could we surely know—  
Who would not go?  
Might we but hear  
The hovering angels' high imagined chorals,  
Or catch, amidst the wakening eyes and clear,  
One radiant vista of the realm before us.  
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,  
Ah! who would wait?  
Were we quite sure  
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely  
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,  
To gaze in eyes that here were love-lit only—  
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,  
Who would endure?  
—Edmund C. Stedman.

## AT UNCLE PAUL'S.

"There," said Juliet Garland, impatiently, "I can't wear these kid gloves again by any possibility. They've been once to the cleaner's, and I've done them myself twice with bread-crumbs!"  
She sat in the deep window-seat, her bright hair streaked with morning sun shine, her blue eyes sparkling with vexation, while a pair of very much demoralized kid gloves, of the palest primrose tint, lay in her lap.  
And Dora, her younger sister, looked listlessly up from the pile of music she was turning over—another of the bright blonde blossoms of humanity.  
"Why don't you get yourself a new pair?" said she. "Oh, dear! There isn't a song here that is not a hundred years old. 'Juanita,' 'Her bright smile,' 'Beautiful daisies,' and all that sort of thing. Rosie must get something that isn't coeval with the ark. How is a girl to—?"  
"Why don't I get myself another pair?" sharply cross-questioned Juliet. "Because I haven't any money—that is the reason!"  
"It's so dreadful to be poor!" sighed plump, pretty Dora, contemplating her pink finger-tips; and at the same moment Mrs. Templeton, the married blonde of the family, came in with a worn look upon her face.  
"More bills," said she. "Oh, girls what will Frank say? Stefani has actually had the hardihood to charge seventy-five dollars for that little lunch we gave to Mrs. Atwood and her son. And Madame Cherimont's account is eighty-nine, and I'm positively afraid to open the florist's bill."  
"Then it's no use asking for more kid gloves at present," said Juliet, disconsolately.  
"Nor music," added Dora, with a shrug of her shoulders.  
Mrs. Templeton burst into tears.  
"I declare," said she, "I'm discouraged. And you girls are always teasing for something or other, and Frank is so cross whenever we exceed the regular allowance!"  
"Crying will do no good," said Dora, who was evidently the philosopher of the family. "But what is that letter in your lap, Rosie?"  
"Oh, that!" said Mrs. Templeton, "is from Uncle Paul. I declare, Stefani's bill upset me so that I forgot all about it. He wants one of you girls to come up to the Maine Camp and keep house for him. It's somewhere on the line of the Rangeley Lakes, I believe. Owls and whip-poor-wills thrown in. Come, girls, which of you will volunteer?"  
Juliet gave a little shriek of dismay. Dora elevated her pink, cushiony bands. But a third sister who had been silently mending the frounces of a pink silk skirt, in an obscure corner, looked up.  
"Is Uncle Paul really in earnest?" said she. "Then I'll go."  
"Gladys!" cried all three of the others, in different accents of amazement, reproach and incredulity.  
Gladys Garland rose up, flung aside the soft billows of pink silk that cumbered her lap, and came out into the light. Of all the sisters, she was perhaps the loveliest and the most determined.  
"Why not?" said she. "Do you think I am particularly in love with this sort of life? I declare, there have been times within the last month when I've felt inclined to go for a servant-maid, or look up a situation as factory-hand. Just consider, girls—the dress I wear isn't paid for; the milliner is always sending her girl around with bills. I can't go on this street nor on that, for fear of meeting some one who will ask me for the money that I honestly owe them. Rosie, like a darling that she is, keeps giving parties and lunches and morning musicales, to try and get us well married. Frank, poor fellow, is working beyond his strength, to give his wife's sisters a fair chance; but it isn't a bit of use. See how we all hang fire. Now I don't know about Juliet and Dora, but I, for one, am tired of

being put up in the world's window. 'For sale!' Yes, I'll go to Uncle Paul."  
"But," gasped Mrs. Templeton, "what will society say?"  
"What it pleases," Gladys answered. "Society don't settle my boot-bill, nor provide me with pocket-money."  
"Gladys," said Juliet, remonstratingly, "I think you are crazy!"  
"Because I am emancipating myself from slavery? But you know, Juliet, I cannot see where all this is to end."  
"What will Mr. Mandeville say?" demurely questioned Dora, with a sly, sidelong glance at her sister.  
"He will say," Gladys stoutly answered, "that there is one fortunate hunter the less in the ranks."  
"Gladys, how can you speak so coarsely?" said Juliet, not without indignation.  
"Is it coarse?" said Gladys. "It is the simple truth. Mr. Mandeville is very handsome and agreeable, but I don't think he will miss me after the first evening or two. Oh, there are too many Peris in this Paradise! And poor, good, patient Frank, he will have one less to provide for. 'Yes, I'll go with Uncle Paul.'"  
"You may as well commit suicide at once," said Juliet.  
"You'll never marry in that wilderness," said Mrs. Templeton.  
"There are nineteen old maids in this block," said Gladys. "We counted them yesterday, Dora and I. Do you suppose there are nineteen old maids on Lake Molechunkamunk?"  
"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Templeton.  
"And besides," added Gladys, the laughter fading from her eyes, "is it really the end and aim of all female humanity to get married? Why shouldn't I be an old maid as well as another? Do you think I shouldn't survive it? Wait and see!"  
Gladys Garland had definitely made up her mind on the subject. Within three days she had purchased a pair of thick boots, a blue flannel suit, and a poke bonnet of rough straw, trimmed with blue ribbons, and gone out to Lake Molechunkamunk.  
Uncle Paul was glad to see her. He didn't live in a wigwag, as she had almost taught herself to believe, but owned a pretty little lodge in this vast wilderness, shaded with forest trees, and embowered with blue-cupped morning-glories.  
He was civilized, and did not assassinate English grammar like the champion hunter in the dime novels. And he had provided a pretty little boudoir for her, whose pink mosquito-netting set the black flies and gnats at defiance, and an exquisite engraving of the Madonna di San Sisto hung over the broad mantle.  
"Oh, I think I shall be quite, quite happy here," said Gladys, as she sat in a little boat where the drooping boughs of the hazel bushes made blots of shadow on the glittering lake, and read while Uncle Paul fished.  
"Don't regret any of the New York cavaliers, eh?" said Uncle Paul.  
And Gladys stoutly answered:  
"No!"  
But afterward she asked herself, had she told the whole truth?  
"If Darrell Mandeville chooses to marry Miss Dorrance, let him," she thought. I shall never pursue any man. Let other girls do as they think fit."  
That very afternoon, however, when she returned from a long ramble in the woods, with her straw hat full of blackberries, she found the little lodge occupied.  
"I am sorry to take you thus unceremoniously by storm," said a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, who looked to be what he was, a Wall street broker come out into the wilderness for his summer vacation. "But my friend has fallen over a cliff and broken his leg, and this was the nearest point of shelter within a range of seven miles. Perhaps your husband will excuse us, if—"  
"But it isn't my husband," said Gladys, composedly depositing the berries on the table. "It is my Uncle Paul. He is fishing, up the lake. But if he were here, he would say, as I do that you are very welcome. Where is the poor man? I am not much of a surgeon, but—"  
She stopped abruptly. There, lying on the little chintz-covered lounge, his pallid face supported by cushions, lay—Mr. Darrell Mandeville.  
"Miss Garland!" he exclaimed. "I am so glad!"  
"Mr. Mandeville," she uttered, in the same breath, "I am so sorry!"  
"Because I have drifted here, of all places in the world?" he pleaded.  
"Because you are so badly hurt?" faltered Gladys, with the tears coming into her eyes.  
"I knew you were somewhere in this region," he said. "In fact, Miss Gladys, I was looking for you. But I didn't expect to find you just now, and thus, I thought—"

And then he closed his eyes; a dead pallor crept across his face.  
"I think he has fainted," said the Wall street broker.  
And just then Uncle Paul came in—Uncle Paul, who was a born surgeon, and who understood all the healing secrets of the glen and forest—and Gladys heaved a deep sigh of relief. It would all be right now.  
A broken leg is no joke, especially in the back woods, where splints have to be manufactured out of the most incongruous material, and amica cannot be had short of twelve miles.  
Mr. Mandeville made but a slow convalescence, yet he did not appear to regard the detention as unpleasant. The Wall street broker went back to his stocks and bonds.  
"I think we could easily get you to Andover," he had said, wistfully. "And a parlor-car from there—"  
"Oh, hang your parlor-cars!" said Mr. Mandeville, impatiently. "I am doing very well where I am now."  
"Oh," said the Wall street broker, a sudden light of comprehension irradiating his dull brain. "Oh, in that case, I may as well leave you to your fate! It's the old story of Ulysses and the Sirens over again."  
Mrs. Templeton came into the room where Dora and Juliet were remodeling their white dresses for a theatre party to the Casino, one September day, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.  
"Girls," she cried, "what do you think? Gladys is engaged!"  
"To some buffalo hunter?" said Dora, scornfully.  
"No," said Rosie. "To Mr. Mandeville. He has been up there for a month—at Lake Molechunkamunk."  
Juliet dropped her work.  
"Impossible!" she cried. "Gladys engaged up in those wildernesses, while Dora and I are left to wither on the stem down here in New York? And to Darrell Mandeville, too—the best match of the season?"  
"Things do turn out so strangely!" said Mrs. Templeton, reflectively.  
And Gladys, the predestined old maid of the family, was the first to be married, after all.  
"Gladys always was lucky!" said her two sisters.—Saturday Night.

### Coloring Diamonds.

Some very interesting and important experiments with diamonds have recently been made at the Paris academy of sciences. An experienced diamond merchant bought a fine white diamond for four thousand six hundred dollars. One morning he washed it with soap and water, when what was his consternation to find that it had turned yellow, which sent its value down to eight hundred dollars. The matter was brought to the attention of the academy, and experts submitted a report which showed that diamond whitening is a fraud easy to accomplish and as easy to detect. By plunging a yellow diamond into an aniline violet dye it becomes white, while at the same time it loses neither its transparency nor brilliancy. In fact, on making the experiment, the experts had in a few minutes transformed several yellow stones into what appeared magnificent white stones of five-fold value. Take a yellow diamond, dip it even into no stronger dye than violet ink, wash it with water to remove any discoloration, and the effect is immediate. The dried diamond remains white. But, on the other hand, the illusion is of short duration. Rub the stone even lightly, and the yellow tint is seen coming back again, and a little further attrition with the finger restores the pristine hue completely. This discovery may entail upon many persons an awakening to the fact that the stones they have are of far less value than they supposed, and will necessitate even greater care than that exercised in purchasing. Douglas Jerrold once raised the question whether any possession really paid its possessor which entails anxiety of mind, and diamonds, in one way or another, entail so much that there are many to whom the great value set upon them becomes almost incomprehensible.

### Two Hatches.

One day, when our Rufus Hatch was waiting at the depot, on his recent excursion, for a train, he heard his name pronounced, and discovered that it was applied to a man who seemed a bit under the influence of liquor. Walking up to him, Rufus asked:  
"Is your name Hatch?"  
"You bet!"  
"So is mine. Perhaps we are distantly related."  
The man looked him all over, rubbed his eyes and looked again, and finally replied:  
"It's so blamed distant that I'll never own it."—Wall Street News.

## THE RURAL MASSES IN CHINA.

**Hopeless Poverty—Early Marriages—Joint Family System.**  
A family, C. D., consisting of eight persons, owns an acre and a half of land. The land was bought by the grandfather of the present head and has never been subdivided since nor added to. He grows about seventy bushels of rice and seventy-five of wheat and some vegetables and cotton besides, worth altogether in money about \$40. He has two nephews who work outside and bring home some thing to help, and in that way they get along, but are very poor. He pays government land tax to the extent of \$1.50 a year. He and all his neighbors wear native blue cloth, spun and woven in the family by the women from cotton grown by themselves. He never wears foreign cotton. The coat he had on (a well-worn affair) had been made two years previously, and it would last two years more. It served him at night as a coverlet as well as a coat by day.  
Another family owned four acres of land, only part of which was suitable for rice culture. Their income was about eighty bushels of wheat and 150 of rice, about a fourth of which they could usually sell. They paid something over \$3 a year as government land tax. They also grew more cotton than they could use, and sold every year about \$10 worth. They were better off than some of their neighbors, but never saved any money. They had fifteen mouths to feed.  
The foregoing cases are given because they represent fairly the average condition to be found in rural China. The greater number of cultivators probably belong to the class of tenants. Some say the proportion of tenants to peasant proprietors is as seven to three; others put it as three to two; but, whether tenant or proprietor, the condition of the cultivator is much the same—that is, it rarely rises above what is just enough for the bare necessities of life. My own observations have been mostly confined to this and the adjoining provinces, and I excluded the cultivators of tea, silk and opium, who, growing a commodity more and more in demand and easily transportable, are in a far better position than the ordinary peasant; but speaking for the greater part of China, I believe I am not over-stating the case, in saying that for the working agricultural masses it is a daily hand to hand struggle with want. In a succession of good years they are very comfortable, they have enough to eat and to wear, and they have few other wants; but population is ever increasing up to the food limit, and when a bad year or two comes they die off by hundreds or thousands.  
Two or three causes may readily be named as having mainly conducted to this state of things—causes which are generally to be found among Asiatic races. The rule prohibiting the devolution of property by will, and making division compulsory among all male children, tends rapidly to reduce all holdings to a minimum—that is, to the very lowest quantity out of which it is possible to make a living. Here, as everywhere else, energy and good luck raise individuals to a position of wealth, who may, if they choose, become large land owners; but in the course of a few generations this universal equalizer, aided by the apathy of the ordinary Chinese when in comfortable circumstances, will have reduced things to the former dead level. Another equally potent factor is the habit of too early marriages. Parents deem it a religious duty to provide matches for their children as soon as they are of marriageable years, and the young people go to the altar in as much the same way as they go to school in Europe. It never occurs to them to ask first whether there will be enough to fill the mouths that may come afterwards. The evil is further aggravated by the joint family system, which takes the responsibility off one's shoulders and puts it jointly on that of half a dozen others. When the man knows that he will get an equal share of what is going whether he earns it or no, and that the benefit of denying himself any particular indulgence will accrue to others as well as to himself, a great motive for thrift is withdrawn.  
In one respect the Chinese peasant is in a better condition than the Indian ryot; he is not in debt to money-lenders. But I do not know that that is a virtue for which he is entitled to much credit, for there is no class of money-lenders to whom he could get in debt. Indeed, I am not sure that he is not thereby in a less advantageous position, for when hard years come he has no means of pledging his property, which, if he could, might save him from sheer starvation.  
Florida has 680 factories, working 2,749 hands, with a capital invested \$1,697,030.

## An Imperial Hog.

Peter the great must have been a pleasant companion at dinner. When he and his consort dined together they were waited on by a page and the empress' favorite chambermaid. Even at larger dinners he bore uneasily the presence and service of what he called listening lackeys. His taste was not an imperial one. He loved, and most frequently ordered, for his own especial enjoyment, a soup with four cabars in it; gruel; pig, with some cream for sauce; cold roast meat, with pickled cucumbers or salad; lemons and lampreys; salt meat, ham and Limburgh cheese. Previously to addressing himself to the "consummation" of this supply he took a glass of aniseed water. At his repast he quaffed quass, sort of beer, which would have disgusted an Egyptian, and he finished with Hungarian or French wine. He is described as "eating rudely with a sort of swilling noise," a quite appropriate accompaniment of such an imperial hog's feeding.  
But Peter wasn't a crank at his meals alone. Strange stories are told of his brutal and ferocious eccentricities. On one occasion, for instance, Peter and his consort arrived at Stuth, of, in Germany, for the night. The owner of the country house at which they stopped readily agreed to give them a small bedroom, the selection of which had been made by the emperor himself. It was a room without stove or fireplace, had a brick floor, the walls were bare, and the season being one of rigorous winter a difficulty arose as to warming this chamber. The host soon solved the difficulty. Several casks of brandy were emptied on the floor, the furniture being first removed, and the spirit was then set fire to. The czar screamed with delight as he saw the sea of flames and smelled the odor of Cognac. The fire was no sooner extinguished than the bed was replaced, and Peter and Catherine straightway betook themselves to their repose, and not only slept profoundly all night in this gloomy bower, amid the fumes and steams of burnt brandy, but rose in the morning thoroughly refreshed and delighted with their couch and the vapors which had curtailed their repose.  
From that time forth a preparative to repose with Peter was to fumigate his chamber with burnt brandy.

### Principal Battles of the War.

Following are the dates of the principal battles of the civil war, who commanded in each, and the number killed on both sides:  
Bull Run (first), July 21, 1861; North, Gen. McDowell; killed, 481; South, Gen. Beauregard; killed, unknown.  
Shiloh, April 7, 1862; North, Gen. Grant; killed, 1785; South, Gen. A. S. Johnston; killed, 1728. Seven Penns. and Fair Oaks, May 31 and June 1, 1862; North, Gen. McClellan; killed, 890; South, Gen. J. E. Johnston; killed, 2800. Antietam, Sept. 16 and 17, 1862; North, Gen. McClellan; killed, 2010. South, Gen. Lee; killed, 3500. Chancellorsville, May 2 and 3, 1864; North, Gen. Hooker; killed, 1512; South, Gen. Jackson; killed, 1581. Gettysburg, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863; North, Gen. Meade; killed, 2834; South, Gen. Lee; killed, 3500. Vicksburg, July 3 and 4, 1863; North, Gen. Grant; killed, 545; South, Gen. Pemberton; killed, unknown. Chickamauga, Sept. 19-23, 1863; North, Gen. Thomas; killed, 1644; South, Gen. Bragg; killed, 2389. Wilderness, May 5, 6 and 7, 1864; North, Gen. Grant; killed, 5597; South, Gen. Lee; killed, 2000. Spotsylvania, May 8-21, 1864; North, Gen. Grant; killed, 4177; South, Gen. Lee, killed, 1000. The above figures are based on medical official returns, and do not agree with returns of the Adjutant General. No two return agree. The Adjutant General makes the killed at Wilderness 2261, and at Spotsylvania 2270; while Gen. Meade's report, based on reports immediately after the battle, states killed at Wilderness at 3288; at Spotsylvania, 2146.

### Something of Hotel Life.

Gossiping about the hotels of New York and the costly habits which they stimulate, the "Lounge" of the Tribune touches upon a hidden feature of hotel life thus: "Many a guest is in debt and cannot get away from his hotel. Many a woman, apparently independent and fortunate, is wondering while she smiles with visitors, how she can get her trunks away from the establishment, and what person in the house she shall strike for a loan and at what sacrifice. People often look into the tenement houses and think that the people must live very miserable there, but I wonder if they are not happier homes than some of these large hotels, where every week comes the reprimand that \$200 or more is due and the rules of the house imperative."

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Some men give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.  
Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm.  
The weak sines become strong by their conflict with difficulties.  
No man should part with his own individuality and become that of another.  
Men must be decided on what they will not do, and they are able to act with vigor in what they ought to do.  
A shrewd observer once said that in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the door.  
There are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and who will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it.  
If you cannot be happy in one way be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is in his hand or on his head.  
Personality of Locomotives.  
"No two engines are alike—I mean as regards their character," said an engineer to a reporter.  
"Locomotives have a character, then, have they?"  
"They have, indeed. They have their peculiarities, and their ways and their moods also. On every railroad this fact is understood, and each engine has its engineer, who finds the longer he drives his iron horse the more he has to learn about her. Sometimes she is erratic as a woman, and for no apparent cause. Sometimes a higher pressure is necessary to make her go, sometimes under low head she will fly. And then again, under the same conditions, she kicks and spurs like a balky horse. I have taken out my machine on the Fort Wayne, and put her through the run one day at forty miles like a lady. The next day it often happens she'll kick and bump, and has to be forced into going. It's all according to the way she feels. However, an engineer learns his engine's peculiarities, and knows how to control them, and if she has any speed he can get it out of her."

### Wonders in Store.

Remarkable as have been the advances in the uses to which electricity can be put, according to Professor Melville Bell, the future has even greater surprises in store for us. He thinks the time will come when electrical and telephone messages will be sent without wires. The message bearer will be the rays of the sunlight. The so-called electrical action is simply vibrations in the air, which produce certain results at different points; and Professor Bell is of the opinion that inventive genius will yet enable us to make use of the imponderable agents to transmit messages between distant localities. Indeed, there are enthusiasts who now think that we will ultimately be able to communicate with sentient beings in other planets. It has been demonstrated that the materials which compose the heavenly bodies are identical, and it is a fair inference that creatures corresponding to our own race, with the same kind of faculties, people them. If so, we may perhaps yet have a friendly chat with the inhabitants of Venus and Mars, and probably other worlds in solar systems beyond our own.—Christian at Work.

### Fuel.

In a paper recently read before the Paris Academy of Sciences, some very interesting facts were given in regard to the various materials used as fuel, with some of which our readers are probably not familiar. Fossil resin, which has the appearance of yellow amber, is obtained from the auriferous alluvium of New Grenada. Egyptian asphalt leaves after burning a red ash, which is oxide of iron. Judea pitch is found floating in lumps on the surface of the Dead Sea. Samples of pitch from China are obtained from bore holes which the Chinese put down for the purpose of procuring salt. These holes, which are usually about 300 fathoms deep and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, are bored with an iron rod, and the salt water is raised by a bamboo rod with a valve at the bottom. When the bore hole is put down to a still greater depth, considerable quantities of inflammable gas issues from it, and the gas is utilized in lighting up the work and also for firing the steam boilers, the Chinese being practical and wide awake in this as in many other things.

## The Mother.

Though lost in the whirlpool of passion,  
Though high on the pathway to fame,  
When hopes of our innocent childhood  
Have melted away to a name,  
One thought, like a gem amid ruins,  
Will dazzle our eyes with its joy,  
And bring back the sweet words she uttered:  
"You'll think of your mother, my boy."  
You'll think of the love that she showered,  
Unfading by day and by night;  
You'll sigh for the sweet, good-night kisses,  
The eyes with their meek, loving light;  
And whether life's pathway be pleasant,  
Or robbed of each rosebud of joy,  
Your heart back to her still will journey—  
You'll think of your mother, my boy!  
Wherever the smiles of a mother  
Have lightened a heart and its care,  
God's blessing has hallowed that roof-tree!  
A glimpse of sweet heaven is there!  
Though further the years lure us onward,  
They cannot her memory destroy;  
In silence and tears all unbidden  
You'll think of your mother, my boy.

### HUMOROUS.

"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," said the sheriff, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."  
A sherry cobbler will never mend your old shoes.  
A regular kidnapper—Soothing syrup.  
Why the rabbits escaped.—His lordship (after missing his tenth rabbit): "I'll tell you what is, Bagster, your rabbits are all two inches too short hereabouts."  
"No, sir," said Fogg, "I never knew Brown to mislead or deceive anybody in his life. No, sir; fact is, he couldn't. Nobody would believe anything he ever said."  
Little Aggie's sister had invited her best young man to tea. There was a lull in the conversation, which was broken by the inquisitive Aggie: "Papa, is dose feeders ober Mr. Wobbinson's mouf?"  
"Yes," said the drummer, watching a rival at a hotel; "it's his first trip this way. Don't you see, he isn't on fitting terms with the table girl?"  
A young man who went to the late war began his first letter to his sweetheart after this fashion: "My dear Julia—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong I think of you, and I say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"  
Sick man—"What! a female physician? I want a doctor, to make me well—not a woman, to make love to me." Female physician (bashfully)—"I promise to do neither."  
"Gentlemen," said the Texas man in the restaurant when the waiter dumped a plate of hot soup down his back—"gentlemen, don't laugh." As he had risen to his feet and drawn two revolvers his wishes were respected.

### A Cuban Execution.

Arriving at the foot of the platform the death sentence was again read, and the "alguacil de corte" corresponding to our sheriff—asked the prisoner if he had anything to say to the people. He merely shook his head, by way of reply, and was at once seated, his legs tied, and his arms pinioned, with the hands crossed on his breast, and the collar of the garrote fixed about his neck. At this point of the proceedings the "verdugo" pulled from his person a long, bright knife, and handed it to the police who were present. A black cap was then drawn over the prisoner's face, and the priests began to recite the "Credo." When they came to the words, "His only Son," the "verdugo," by a swift and dexterous turn of the lever, launched the soul of the poor wretch into eternity. There was but a momentary quiver of the limbs and a straightening of the form, then all was still, for the man was stone dead. The mode of punishment is far more merciful than the hideous and bungling performances frequently gone through with at our gibbets.  
As soon as the ground was cleared one of the police went forward and, seizing the "verdugo," arrested him for murder, hurrying him to the prison where the "Juzgado" were still assembled. Placing him in their midst he accused him of having killed a man, and denounced him as a murderer. The judge asked him what he had to say in answer to this charge.  
"It is true," replied the "verdugo," "that I killed the prisoner, but I deny being a murderer, for, although I committed the act charged, displaying his arms with the badge, 'I did it in the cause of justice and in pursuance of the law, all of which I was compelled to do by virtue of my office.'"  
"The accused is innocent, and is discharged," answered the court, and thus the formula of Spanish law was satisfied.—Philadelphia Press.