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Thanksgiving.

Come one, come all! Come home, come home! From desert sands, and ocean foam, Beneath the honored home roof-tree, Join hands and hearts, and you shall see Sweet thoughts, pure love, and honest living Flow from the keeper of Thanksgiving.

'Tis then the dead become most dear; 'Tis then the living bring most cheer; 'Tis then the best within us seems Aspiring toward our youthful dreams, And life looks really worth the living, In the old homestead at Thanksgiving.

Thanks, grim old Puritans, to you, Who "builded better than ye knew!" True, ye were hard and stern, 'tis said Intolerant and bigoted,

But one sweet gift is of your giving-Thanks, sad old pilgrims, for Thanksgiving! -Chloe Maxwell.

Ursula's Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Eve, and Ursula Hall was coming home from her daily task of toil at the district school.

The little mountain stream was all choked with dead leaves; the gourdshell lay broken in pieces among the yellowing ferns; and as Ursula stopped to gather up a scarlet vine-leaf which still retained its vivid glow, the setting sun burst from a bank of sullen clouds and seemed to encircle the whole world with a belt of amber light, while a sudden gust of frost-scented, autumnal wind swept the leaf from her hand and sent it eddying fantastically down the dark wood-path.

Ursula sighed.

"It is like an omen of evil," said

There had been an old toll-gate there cut the hen-turkey's head off bright once, but it had long been disused, and and early. It may be our last Thanksnothing remained of it but a sort of giving in the old place, and we'll keep picturesque arch over the roadway, all it as it ought to be kept. Come, the twined with wild vines.

And Grandfather Hall was carrying an armful of wood into the kitchen door as Ursula came up. Grandmother Hall was knitting by the fire, in her cushioned rocker.

It was five years since Grandmother Hall had put her feet to the floor, yet she was indomitably cheerful through anything. Grandmother Hall always a knock came to the door. found it out; if not, she set herself to work to imagine one.

"Ah, here you are, Ursuly!" said ideas of the law were rather vague. the old man, mournfully. "And high time you come. The old turkey-hen is lost, and the apple sass is scorched, and Lewis Crawford hain't called for them eggs, and if they ain't sold we shan't have a penny to put in the contributionplate to-morrow, after the Thanksgiving services.

"Laws sakes, father," said Mrs Hall, "what's the use of rainin' evil news on Ursula like that? Don't you see she looks pale and tired? The the old lady. "Ursuly, set a chair for turkey-hen is safe in the branches of Abby, and take her things." the seckel pear-tree; I saw her just late, you know."

ering lip, "I'd better tell you at once Squire Dean's daughter is to have the district school next quarter, They don't need my services any longer, they say. Oh, granny, granny! what is to become of us?'

Old Mr. Hall sat down with a groan. "I knowed there was some ill luck coming," said he. "There was a rabbit ran across the orchard path when I went to pick up apples - right square

across the path!" "Father, don't," said the old lady, swallowing some sort of a lump in her throat. "That's clear superstition Don't fret. Ursuly. We shall get along

somehow, never fear." "Oh, yes," sighed Grandfather Hall, satirically, "we shall get along, even that you are not to be disturbed. You if we have to burn up the side of the suit us exactly, and we intend that you house to keep us warm, and gnaw our shall retain the position, if there were finger-ends for food. Things is coming a dozen Miss Deans to be provided for. into the joys of their Lord, no hand opposition comes meet it manfully. If day until Gov. Clinton's time was to a crisis now, mother. Squire Dean You'll remain, eh?" was over to see me about the place today. It's to be sold at auction - Monday, two weeks - and I'd like to know what is to become of us then. Ah, it was a black day when I lent that money to Stephen Gregson, and burdened the old house with debt. I when the knocker—they never had ar- husband takes. She has to keep on the will sell you for money or popularity; might have known he was a scamp, or rived at the dignity of a door-bell at right side of the only man who can son't trust them. Wear but one face

and leave the spot where he was

Ursula winced at this. She knew perfectly well that if it had not been for her persuasions, Grandfather Hall never would have mortgaged his house

Six per cent seemed a golden invest. ment; and besides - besides, Ursula had liked Stephen Gregson, with his bright, blue eyes, his clear voice, and his contagiously sanguine tempera-

"When I've made my fortune, Ursula," he had said, gaily, "I'll come back and marry you.'

"Don't talk nonsense, Stephen," she had said, with a laugh.

But it had not seemed like nonsense in the secret depths of her heart. She had pondered many and many a time over his emphatic words, but they

had failed to come true. Probably Stephen Gregson hadn't made the expected fortune. Certain it was that he had not come home to marry her. And Ursula was begin-

ning to coincide with Grandfather Hall's misanthropic theory - that all the world was askew. Grandmother Hall was silent. She was glad now that she had never told her husband and Ursula about the twenty-five dollars that she had lent cousin Abby Miller - the hoarded store of silver in the stocking-leg, which she

old maid to open a little millinery in the city. "I'm afraid it's money thrown away," she. "I was thirsty, and the spring is thought Grandmother Hall. "I did full of leaves and the shell broken: I spose Abby would at least have writwanted the bright leaf, and the wind ten word about it. But there! what is has blown it away. And I don't know the use of crying about spilled milk? how I am ever to tell grandfather and I dare say Abby feels as bad about it grandmother about the district school." as I do, poor, solitary creetur! Anyway, Then, quickening her footsteps, she Ursuly," she said, breaking the oppreshurried down the road, never pausing sive silence, "there's one thing we have until she reached an old, steep-roofed to be thankful for - the pumpkins house, painted a dull red, and half hid- ripened splendidly in the corn-stubbleden by the giant boughs of huge chest- and I guess you'd better slice up one to-night for the pies; and father must

> good, hot cup." "'Tain't no use," said old Mr, Hall, shaking his head. "Nothing ain't no

tea is drawn—we'll all feel better for a

Ursula, too, was discouraged. Grandmother Hall saw it in her face, even though she spoke no word.

They had scarcely seated themselves it all. If there was a bright side to at the little round cherry-table, when

"It's the sheriff to serve the mortgage paper," said old Mr. Hall. whose "It's Lewis Crawford after the eggs,"

said Mrs. Hall, more hopefully. But it was neither one nor the other It was a little old woman in a black silk hat, a respectable cloth cloak and a brown-stuff dress-Miss Abby Miller

"Good evening, Cousin Hall!" said she. "I've come to spend Thanksgiving with you.'

"And you're kindly welcome," chirped

"But first," said Miss Abby, "I now. And as for the apple-sass, I don't | must pay my debts. Here's the twentydislike a little scorch myself; it gives five dollars I borrowed of you, with flovor. And I'm sartin sure Lewis ten dollars for interest; and I know, Crawford'll come along yet. It ain't | Cousin Hall, you'll be pleased to know that I've prospered and made money And, leaning over until you would in the millinery business, that I never have been sure she must lose her bal- could have got into if it hadn't been ance, Grandmother Hall opened the for your good nature and generosity. oven-door to see how the johnny-cakes | And here," producing a willow basket were getting on. For corn-meal was nearly as large as herself, "is the cheap, and the old lady had a fashion finest turkey in Fulton Market, and of reproducing it in every possible three quarts of cranberries, and a dozen of oranges, and a pot of guava jelly; "Granny," said Ursula, with a quiv- my contribution to to-morrow's housekeeping. And if it was forty times as much, it wouldn't be half what I owe you, Cousin Hall!"

And Miss Abby Miller, failing in an attempt to laugh, began to cry, and ended up by hugging old Mrs Hall with

all her might. Tea was hardly over before a new visitor arrived on the scene-Doctor Purdy, the chairman of the local board

"What's this about Squire Dean's daughter ousting you from your place, Miss Hall?" he asked.

"I have been told--" began Uusula. "No matter what you have been told." said the doctor. "I've seen Mr. McAllister, and he and I both agreed

visibly brightening up.

he wouldn't have wanted to go away Grandfather Hall's - sounded again. take off that cloth. - Chicago Tribune. and let that be an honest one.

"Why," cried the old lady, who sat

where she could see the door, "it's-it's Stephen Gregson!"

"Of course its Stephen Gregson," said a deep, masculine voice. "And he's travelled night and day to be in time to spend his Thanksgiving day with the best friends he has in the world. And I should have been here earlier," cordially wringing the hands of all the group as he spoke, "if I hadn't stopped at Squire Dean's to clap a stopper on that confounded mortgage business he's so sharp after."

"Ain't the place to be foreclosed, then?" said Grandfather Hall, in a half-comprehending manner.

"Foreclosed!" shouted Stephen Gregson. "Not if I know it. And the thing never would have been thought of if the lawyers I wrote to in New York hadn't been scamps and cleared out with the money I sent 'em six months ago to pay up the mortgage. However, here I am in time at last, with the amount of the debt I owe you, safely lodged in the Wickham Bank, and enough besides to settle up all costs and charges. Why, how well you all look! And Miss Abby Miller has actually grown young, and Ursula's cheeks are as pink as crape-myrtle. Yes, yes, Ursula, our old dreams have come true. I've made my fortune, and I've come back to marry you."

Ah, inconsiderate lover that he was thus to blurt out his courtship before had parted with to help the friendless the old people and Miss Miller.

But it never was Stephen Gregson's way to be secretive; and they all seemed to be as much interested about it as Ursula herself. But they had the discretion not to look toward that particular part of the kitchen where the big fish-geranium grew in a painted tub, when Stephen and Ursula had gone there to look at the new scarlet buds, just opening out.

"It seems like a dream!" said Ursula. ecstatically, as she and Stephen togeth. moon wade through the masses of struggling cloud. "Grandfather and grandmother provided for; the dear old home all our own; you back here, faithful and unchanged, and our wedding to be in February. Oh, how can ever be thankful enough?"

While Grandfather Hall was saying the same thing by the fireside.

"We shall keep Thanksgiving tomorrow, with good reason, eh, mother?" he uttered.

And old Mrs. Hall answered, fer-

"I shall keep Thanksgiving all my

Nautical Eloquence.

A speaker who attempts to use nautical metaphors should be thoroughly familiar with the sea and the working of a ship, or he will strand his speech. pulpit by the seaside. Thinking to impress the truth more distinctly upon the congregation, many of whom were seamen, he drew the figure of a ship trying to enter a harbor against a high

Unfortunately for the success of his metaphor, he knew little of seamanship. After putting the ship into several singular positions, he cried out in a tone intended to be emphatic:

"What shall we do next?" a disgusted old tar, "unless you let her

drift stern foremost.' The prince of sailor-preachers, Father Taylor, was once silenced by a compliment to his eloquence. He had depicted the impenitent sinner under coward the rock-bound coast of Cape

"O, how," he exclaimed, in tones of Journal. despair, "shall this sin-tossed sinner be

Instantly an old salt in the gallery, who had listened with open mouth and straining eyes to the preacher, jumped to his feet, and in a voice that would have sounded above a hurricane, shout-

and bear away for Squam."—Central Christian Advocate.

Superstitious Mormon Women.

A ghastly burial ceremony that is practised by the Mormons rivets the hold polygamy has on the superstition of these creatures. Every wife that is buried has a black cloth laid on her face, and the Mormon women are taught to believe that on the resurrecbut that of a husband can remove the "Gladly, if you wish it," said Ursula | cloth, and that unless the cloth is lift. | ly. Do your own thinking and keep ed by his hand she must remain in your own secrets, worship no man for "And if Dean don't like it, he can outer darkness forever. A woman his wealth nor his lineage. Fine lump it," added Doctor Purdy, inde- who believes that-and the Mormon feathers don't always cover fine birds. women believe it- can't help behaving Be sober, be honest, be just in all your He had not been gone half an hour herself, no matter how many wives her dealings with the world; be true. They

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The Millheim Journal.

By careful measurements, Prof D. P. Penhallow has determined the root and the leaf areas of the indian corn plant to be approximately equal.

The last observations indicate that we are distant from the sun about 92,700,000 miles. These are figures obtained as near as may be from the observations of the last Venus tran-

with sulphuric acid as one of its sodium compounds for manuring clayer soil. Both were without action upon moist soils, and caused a reduction of the yield of a dry soil.

Were a man weighing 150 pounds endowed with the strength of a beetle, some time ago exhibited by Dr. Thebold at a scientific meeting, he should be able to move 198,000 pounds or nearly 100 tons. The insect weighed two grains, and moved 2,640 grains.

Tince the construction of railways in Italy malarial disease has become more prevalent and more severe than before. It is supposed that this effect is due to the influence exerted by the numerous earth cuttings necessary for the laying of tracks, and to the greater use of stagnant water.

The introduction of electricity as a substitute for lamps and candles on board ship is making rapid progress There is one source of safety in this to the ship and the passengers. All lights are put out at 11 o'clock. After this time people may talk in the dark, but there is no possibility of reckless

use of lights and lamps. The hen has in her ovaries, in round numbers, more than 600 germs, which develop gradually and are successively laid. Of these 600 the hen will lay twenty in her first year, 135 in her second and 114 in her third. In each one of the following four years the number of eggs will be diminished by twenty, and in her ninth year she will lay at most ten eggs. In order to ob tain from them sufficient product te cover the expense of alimentation they should not be allowed to live over four years.

A Wound From a Stag's Horn.

Throughout the West Highlands, & wound from a stag's horn is believed to be very dangerous. It is difficult to cure, and often causes extreme debility and bad health. Gamekeepers, forest ers, and their assistants dread it extremely, and say that a dog which receives such a wound usually dies from gangrene or mortification of the sore. however slight it may seem at first. If he recovers, the result is almost equally unsatisfactory; the dog becomes paralytic in the wounded limb or epileptic; or if he has been a wise and A clergyman was once supplying a intelligent creature, he now becomes sion, having no reference to harvests. perfectly stupid. The author of "Nether Lochaber" was personally acquainted with a fine-looking young man, an assistant forester, who, in helping to take a dead stag off a hillpony's back, was accidentally wounded in the leg by one of the tines. He did not think much of the wound at the nor do we detect any fell design time. It was an ugly, ragged gash, but not deep, and he had more than once had much more serious wounds which had healed at once easily "by tober another for the harvest. In 1637 "The Lord only knows," exclaimed | the first intention," as the doctors say This wound from the dead stag's horn would not, however, heal; none of the salves or ointments or healing medicaments of the glen had the least effect to 1684, numbered about twenty-one, upon it. It always became the longer the worse, and when Mr. Stewart saw the figure of a storm-tossed ship, with the young man he was on his way to her sails split, and driven by the gale Glasgow to see if the skill of the doctors there could counteract the dire effect of the stag's horn .-- Chambers'

Listen, Boys!

of the Man;" and the Cleveland, (Ohio) Farmer offers this good advice to trade. The highest attainment for you, my

boy! is to be a man. This world is "Let him put his helm hard down, full of counterfeits. But it is a grand tions come, some hide their faces until the storm passes by; others can be bought for a mess of pottage. From such an one, turn away. But stand by a friend; be a man; do not run away when danger threatens to overwhelm Read good books and read men's faces. tion day, when the righteous are called your eyes and hold your tongue. If ordered. Yet the observance of the

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Its Origin, History, and Some of it

The Magazine of American History gives us the history of Thanksgiving day and its origin. From the papers we learn that the earliest thanksgiving service was held by the Church of England men. The Popham colonists, who, August 9, 1607 (O.S.) landed upon Monhegan, near the Kennebec, and under the shadow of a high cross, Prof. F. Farsky has experimented listened to a sermon by Chaplain Seymour, "giving good thanks for our happy meetings and safe arrival in the country."

Next we pass to Plymouth, where in 1621, the autumn after the arrival, a notable thanksgiving was held. The brief accounts present a joyous picture. As we learn from Winslow, the harvest being gathered, the governor "sent four men out fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together," and the traditional turkey was added to the abundant venison. The people gave themselves up to recreation, and the great chief Massasoit was feasted for three days with his ninety swarthy retainers.

Possibly on this first Plymouth hanksgiving, there was more carousing than we suppose, while there is not the slightest indication of any reigious observance. Massasoit and his braves, no doubt, enjoyed it all greatly, as the thanksgiving idea was entertained by the Indians before their conact with the whites, and in their celebrations there was much excess. How much "comfortable warm water" the grave and reverend elders themselves consumed during those three days of jollity, Bradford does not say.

In 1622 there is no mention thanksgiving, but in 1623 a day was kept, not, however, in the autumn as a harvest festival, but in July, upon the arrival of some provisions. After this nothing more is heard of thanksring at Plymouth for nearly half century. So far as the colonial records go, they indicate that the day did not find a revival until 1668, when there was some kind of a thanksgiving. Again, June 27, 1689, there was a thanksgiving for the accession of William and Mary. In 1690 an autumal thanksgiving was held, and the next year Plymouth colony was merged in Massachusetts, and so passes out of the story. If any festival can be said to have been established, it was established in imitation of the customs across the sea. Distinct religious societies, however, may have kept occasional thanksgivings, as the people at Barnstable observed thanksgiving on December 22, 1636, and Decem-

In the Massachusetts colony the first thanksgiving was held at Boston, July 8, 1630, it being a special occa-Again, in February, 1631, there was a thanksgiving, as already noticed. In the October following a thanksgiving was held for the safe arrival of "Mrs. Winthrop and her children." In these appointments we do not find the thanksgiving that we know to-day, against Christmas. In 1632, on June 5, there was a thanksgiving for the victories in the Palatinate, and in Octhere was a thanksgiving for victory over the Pequots, and in 1638 for the arrival of ships and for the harvest. The thanksgiving days from 1634 or less than one in every two years. The celebration of 1676 had special reference to the victory over King Philip. From this period until the revolution, a thanksgiving of some kind occurred nearly every other year, and even twice in the same year, as in 1742. Some of these days were appointed by the royal governors, while Wordsworth says, "The Boy is Father again they were ordered by the King or Queen or by the home board of

After the close of the revolution tendency to make Thanksgiving day a regular institution in New York, was at once apparent, and Gov. John Jay. thing to stand upright in defence of in 1795, issued a proclamation for the truth and principle. When persecu- 11th of November. The act, however, was seized upon by politicians, who maintained that he was seeking to flatter religious prejudices.

At an early period, also, the Mayors of New York were accustomed to appoint a day of thanksgiving, in accordhim or yourself. Think for yourself. ance with the recommendations of the council, and that of December 16. The eye is the window to the soul: use | 1799, appears to have been the first so success crowns your efforts bear it quiet- more or less broken. The festival was kept, however, by Episcopalians, town." according to the provisions of the prayer-book, other religious bodies at the same time following their own preferences. Clinton's course, like Jay's, excited criticism. At the east end of Long Island there was no little murmuring because the day did not

pears that the people of East and Southampton observed thanksgiving on the Thursday after the cattle were driven home from the common pastures at Montauk Point, the day of the return of the cattle being fixed annually, with due solemnity, at the town meeting. Hence there was a collision, and the herdsmen were divided, striving as the herdsmen of Abram's cattle strove with those of Lot. But this was no case of an immovable body opposed to an irresistible force, and therefore the opponents of Clinton gave away, though not without many expostulations. Here was the beginning of the movement which led to the first Presidential proclamation nationalizing Thanksgiving day.

Children's Games and Frolics.

A quiet blind man's buff game which may be played in the house is known by the euphonious name of "Still pond no moving." One child is blindfolded and stands in the middle of the room, counting a hundred by fives, then calls out "Still pond no moving." The others hide in some part of the room, and the one who is "it" gropes about until he catches some one, whom he must name. If any one moves, then he is blindfolded and has to be "it."

A lady in Brooklyn, who has four little girls and three small boys, has a game for them called "Housekeeping." Every morning they clean up their nursery. Two of them have little prooms and they do the sweeping, while a little tot of three years in a pink cap and apron takes up the dust in a tiny dust-pan. The boys move the furniture about and then they all dust. They also dust the two parlors summer. every morning, and seldom break anything. This is good exercise for them and they enjoy it greatly. No grown Oh, they are; they are. No matter up person bothers them while they how careless your servants are, you work, but their mother inspects it and can always depend on the rats to points out improvements after it is clean out the pantry.

"Oh, how I wish it was warm weather, so the children could play ut doors!" is an exclamation often heard during the months of cold weather. But the many hours a child spends indoors during winter ought to be filled with play of an amusing and instructing character. In the first place do not forbid the children the kitchen, for in that most busy room of the house they may learn many useful things; and what child does not like to see cakes and pies made, and have the dish the cake was mixed in after the cake is in the oven, or make a little pie or cake of his own out of a piece of dough?

Another mother in the city who has a large family of children has a game for them which they play every night. It is called "Circus" by the children and affords an excellent opportunity for exercise. They all form in a straight line with their arms folded behind them, and march backward and then forward to gay music played by their mother, singing some simple

"Six little children all in a row, Backward, forward, here we all go."

Then they place the hands clasped over the head and march again singing; then they place their hands on each other's shoulders and march. One child recites a little poem every night, and is crowned with a wreath of flowers, the children forming a circle about her and singing. Then the father holds a spelling match, over which they have great fun, after which they sing a hymn and go off to bed, their eves sparkling with fun and exercise, and their memories, voices and lungs gaining strength by the game.

A useful and instructive game for children a little older is called "Finding." Each one has a map, say of Asia, or they all cluster around a big man. Some one of them says "Find Pekin." Then they hunt for it and whoever finds it first and locates it properly has the next turn.-New York Journal.

The Laws of Trade.

"Twenty-three dollars for that 'ere stove?" she exclaimed, before a Wall Street News man, as she held up her hands in horror.

"Yes'm-twenty-three." "But iron is down."

"Yes." "I've seen in the papers during the

ast month where as many as six big very simple outfit. Comfort cannot ron companies have failed." "Well?"

cheaper, and I know it."

"Yes, poor things." er than three months ago?"

"N-o," she slowly admitted. "Of course not, madam. The laws of trade are immutable. The best I can do is to throw in a horseradish coincide with the local custom. It ap- grater, if you take the stove at \$23."

One inch makes a square. Administrators and scutors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements a locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents ine for each additional insertion.

NEWSPAPER LAWS. If subscribers order the discontinuation of

newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages 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 dis-

If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place of resi-

ADVERTISING RATES

The Thrush. Glad prophet hidden in the leaves, Thy sudden flute strikes through the rain; The air a thrill of hope receives,

The day begins to breathe again-

dence, they are then responsil

The dull day weeping ceaseless rain. The world may weep, yet sound of tears But faintly stirs this cloistered space, Where noiseless feet of passing years Fall on soft lawns and leave no trace,

Ah, not for us such green repose, Gray wall-girt stillness, brooding air Where floats the soul of each dead rose The endless years have seen unclose. And pass, sweet ghost, to haunt the air.

But cast fresh spells about the place.

Sing loud, and bid us dream no more In this fair prison of the soul. But rise and gird us, and before The sun sets hasten toward the goal, Break loose these sweet bonds of the soul

OI hope, though Autumn's breath is here; The day is short, the way is long. Up! let us labor and be strong. Nor falter till the end appear.

Sing 'mid the falling leaves thy song

-E. C. Bradley, in Harper's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

An exchange has an elaborate arti cle for amateur vocalists, "How to be gin to sing." How to get them to quit is still an unsolved problem.

When your parlor-furniture gets all worn threadbare, have it covered with muslin; then everyone will think it is new, and that you have covered it to preserve the delicate-hued satin. Ice cream, being of a high tempera-

ture, impairs the teeth, and predis-

poses them to decay. Young mancut this out and show it to your girl, if you want to save money next "Rats," says a writer in Chambers' Journal, "are very cleanly animals."

There is an old proverb which says, "You cannot get more out of a bottle than was put in it This is a mistake. A man can get all that was put in the bottle, and in addition to

this can get \$10, or thirty days. "I tell you," said the bad boy, confidentially, 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 slippers is heavy, though, you bet!"

A farmer, in "setting" a hen, made a mistake, and got hold of a number of porcelain nest-eggs instead of the genuine article. She is doing all she can, but there is a tired look of wonder in her eyes that is pitiful to

"Love lightens labor." "Yes, it does," is Burdette's comment, "and when you've taken a fat girl out for a sail, and the wind goes down to a dead calm, and you have six miles to row against the tide with a steering oar and a canoe paddle, 'labor lightens love,' now you bet your blisters."

Japanese Customs.

The umbrella is an institution in Japan. Whether it owes its invention to this people or not, they avail themselves largely of its uses. The Japanese umbrella is a sensible article in its amplitude and lightness, being made of paper and bamboo. When under one of them a man is nearly as safe as if he was under a shed, so far as the falling rain is in question, and the shade it affords from the sun is "like unto that of a great rock in a weary land." When folded, however, it possesses a volume that is rather unwieldy and inartistic in appearance. The average Japanese is seldom seen without his umbrella. It is an indispensable article of comfort, and rain or shine he places himself under its protection. If the same array of umbrellas was to be seen on our streets that is constantly in sight on the street here it would be a novel spectacle, especially on a bright, sunny

The garment most commonly worn is suited for all the needs of warmth or coolness. It is made with wide. flowing, square sleeves, and it is wrapper-shaped, open in front from top to bottom and confined at the waist by a long band wound around the body a number of times. It is a exact anything more simple. In the cold season these garments are dupli-"Well, that ought to make stoves cated by the addition of wadded articles of the same character. The great "Madam, in the last two months multitude wear for headgear simply a death has laid his hand upon as many piece of blue cloth tied about the as twenty-five young 'uns in this temples, though the straw hat is fast coming into use with many. Of course, there are many who have "But are nursing-bottles any cheap- adopted the European styles of costume throughout from head to foot. The native dress of the Japanese is not a costly one. One of the garments in use in summer will cost about one dollar and a half if made of cotton; more, of course, if silk.