

Acceptable Correspondence Solicited.

Address all letters to  
"MILLHEIM JOURNAL."

# The Millheim Journal.

DEININGER & BUMILLER, Editors and Proprietors.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

VOL. LVII.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1883.

NO. 46.

**NEWSPAPER LAWS.**  
If subscribers order the discontinuance of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.  
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.  
If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place of residence, they are held responsible.  
**ADVERTISING RATES:**  
1 square, 1 week, 1 mo., 3 mos., 6 mos., 1 year  
10 columns, 100 words, 100 words, 100 words, 100 words, 100 words  
100 words, 100 words, 100 words, 100 words, 100 words, 100 words  
One inch makes a square. Advertisements and notices of 25 words or less for first insertion and 10 cents per line for each additional insertion.

**Better than Gold.**  
Better than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,  
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease  
And simple pleasures that always please;  
A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
With sympathies large enough to fold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.  
Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,  
Doubly blessed with content and health,  
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth,  
Lowly living and lofty thought  
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,  
For mind and morals in nature's plan  
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.  
Better than gold is the sweet repose  
Of the sons of toil when the labors close,  
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,  
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep  
Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed,  
Where luxury pillows its aching head,  
The toilet simple opiate dreams  
A shorter route to the land of dreams.  
Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in the realm of books can find  
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,  
And live with the great and good of yore,  
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,  
The glories of empire passed away;  
The world's great dream will thus unfold  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.  
Better than gold is a peaceful home  
Where all the fireside characters come,  
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,  
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,  
However humble the home may be,  
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,  
The blessings that never were bought or sold  
And center there are better than gold.

## A Lesson in Obedience.

She was all alone!  
It was quite a new experience to Dotty, this housekeeping business, she had theorized a good deal over "Handy Housekeepers," "Comprehensive Cook-Books" and "Home-Guides," but she had never had any practical experience before. And now, up in these wild woods, the helm of domestic affairs was unexpectedly placed in her hands, and hers alone.  
She liked the woods and the river; the meadows all starred with daisies; and the long, low farmhouse, with its red brick chimney-stacks; its trellises all bending with the weight of vines; the old stone-walled garden, where ripening currants hung like ruby fingers, and the green gooseberries seemed to absorb the very sweetness of the sunshine into their translucent hearts.  
To her mind it was a deal nicer than the city-flat, with the milkman yelling, the hand-organ droning, the everlasting clouds of dust. And to-day, when Aunt Themis wanted to go to hear her favorite elder hold forth at camp-meeting, Dotty volunteered to stay and get the dinner for Reuben and Rankin, her two tall cousins.  
"La, child!" said Aunt Themis, "you don't know nothin' about cookin'!"  
"But indeed I do," asserted Dotty. "I can make a chicken-fricassee as well as you, Aunt Themy. I watched the way you did it last Saturday; and I know I can turn out a first-class cherry tart."  
"Well," said Aunt Themis, a little doubtfully, "anyhow, there's plenty of good rye-bread and new milk, and nobody need't starve on that. And be sure, Dotty, you keep the doors bolted, and don't let tramps in, and don't forget that brood of young turkeys in the barn chamber, and blow the dinner horn at twelve precisely; and don't on no account leave the milk-room door open, for that new cat is the thievingest creature you ever did see."  
"Oh, I'll take care!" said Dotty, with the reckless audacity of ignorance. "Everything shall be quite—quite right! You'll see, Aunt Themis."  
And after the old lady had departed, with many misgivings, Dotty drew a long breath of rapture, and executed an impromptu dance in the middle of the kitchen floor.  
"Only think!" she said, addressing the cat in the corner—"the whole house all to myself! Won't I get a superb dinner for Reuben and Rankin? I'll make a meringue tart, and ice cream, and vanilla puffs, and chocolate cake, and I'll try my hand at mock-turtle soup, and cream candy, and black coffee! And how I will surprise them! And as for bolting the doors, how utterly ridiculous it would be to shut out the beautiful sunshine, and the butterflies, and the sweet scented air! This house always smells like blue mould when Aunt Themis is here; and of course nobody could get in while I am here!"  
So Dotty skimmed the pans for cream to make the ice cream, and stirred up the vanilla puffs, and grated chocolate for the cake, and put the two fat, little white chickens into the pot for the fricassee; and then, feeling herself every inch a housekeeper, she frisked away up stairs to make the beds.  
But there was no question of beds, when once she was up stairs, where a huge old chest of some dark-stained wood stood open, near the landing.

"The old oak chest!" cried Dotty, who was full of romance as a white-clover blossom is of sweetness. "And to think that Aunt Themis never let me look into it before!"  
There was nothing very particular, after all, in it. Only stuffy-smelling blankets, a moth-eaten gown or two, the brass buttoned military coat in which Uncle Amiah—dead these ten years—had been wont to "rally" on training days.  
"Pshaw!" said Dotty. "There ought to have been a forgotten will there, or a skeleton, at the very least. It's a humberg, that old chest."  
Just as this reflection passed through her mind, a whining, nasal voice sounded at the bottom of the little wooden stairway, which wound up like a corkscrew from below.  
"Any old clothes to exchange for beautiful china vases, lady? Any old victuals for a poor man?"  
He was a stalwart, black-browed fellow, with villainous, slit-like eyes, and a tattered velvet suit; and Dotty's heart stood still with terror for a second.  
Oh, if she had only obeyed her Aunt Themis and locked up those doors!  
"No!" she said, shortly. "Go away."  
"Don't be hard on a poor fellow, miss!" whined the man.  
And Dotty was quite certain that she saw the spout of Aunt Themis' old silver cream jug protruding from the flaps of his ragged velvet coat. At the same moment, he began ascending the stairs with insolent deliberation.  
In an instant all the doubts, the dreads, the possibilities, the horrors of the situation, glanced across Dotty's mind.  
Reuben and Rankin were in the distant meadow cutting grass; the tin horn, by means of which she usually summoned them, was hanging up down stairs at the back of the kitchen door.  
Not a neighbor lived within sight or call! And here she was at this stealthy faced brute's mercy. Would he gag her? Would he murder her? What was to become of Aunt Themis' gold beads and Reuben's new breast-pin, besides all the nice old silver which had descended to them from Grandmother Bluffet?  
"No," said Dotty to herself; "for myself I do not care. But the silver shall be protected!"  
With a quick glimpse of inspiration, she advanced toward the shambling fellow with the sinister face.  
"There are some old garments in that big chest," said she. "You may look at them; perhaps they will be what you want!"  
The eyes of the sinister man, who had by this time reached the top of the stairs, glistened. He promptly advanced, and bending over the side of the monster chest, peered into its depths.  
"Most anything'll work in my trade," said he. "I ain't no ways packticle, because—"  
Now was Dotty's time. As he bent over, with at least two-thirds of his body in the old chest, she sprang alertly forward, and bundled the other third into the stuffy recesses.  
The tramp dropped like a huge overgrown kitten into the flannel blankets. In a second, Dotty had the lid shut down, and had turned the key.  
"Now I've got you!" said Dotty, all triumphant, though dishevelled. "Oh, yes! kick and pound all that you like, but you'll not get out until Reuben and Rankin are here!"  
And flying down stairs, she seized the old tin horn and blew a blast which echoed like the "Horn of Roncevalles" over hill and dale.  
Reuben, swinging his scythe on the side hill, stopped to listen, Rankin dropped his whetstone, and Miles Ruggles, the hired man, cried out:  
"Je-ru-salem! it ain't twelve o'clock yet!"  
"There's something up, anyhow!" cried Reuben, making a grasp at the linen coat which hung on the nearest tiltery bush.  
"Mother ain't home, and Dotty is all alone!" exclaimed Rankin.  
"Wal, of there's anything extraordinary on the carpet," declared Miles, "I ain't a-goin' to be left out in the cold."  
Up hill and down dale, over log-bridged streams and across hummocky swamp hastened the three brave recruits, without loss of time, and rushed, all abreast, into the kitchen door.  
Dotty stood there, with the broom in one hand, and a saucapan of boiling water in the other, pale but resolute.  
"Dorothy!" cried Reuben, "what on earth is the matter?"  
"He's up stairs!" gasped Dotty.  
"Who is up stairs?" demanded Rankin as he reached down a loaded revolver from the very top shelf in an odd little three-cornered cupboard.  
"And I think he's kicking through the side of the chest," faltered Dotty, clinging to Rankin's arm.

"Je-ru-salem!" again remarked Miles Ruggles, under his breath.  
"Who?" persisted Reuben. "What chest?"  
"The burglar!" said Dotty. "He's in the old chest up stairs. I tipped him into it. And, oh, I was so afraid afterward that he would suffocate to death, because he was so still for a minute or two!"  
"Astonished, maybe," suggested Miles Ruggles, under his breath. "I should a-been, I know."  
"But when he began to kick," said Dotty, with a little gasping breath, "and swear, I knew he was all right."  
"I should think so!" said Reuben, with a lowering brow. "How did the villain get in, Dotty?"  
"I—left all the doors open," confessed Dotty, with a conscience-stricken air. "Aunt Themis told me not to; but I thought there was no harm. And I had hardly got up stairs, when he came shuffling up, and I saw the old silver milk jug in his pocket. He wanted old clothes; and I told him we had some in the chest; and when he stooped over to look, I just pushed him in."  
"Brave little her!" said Rankin.  
"And locked it tight," nodded Dotty.  
"The best thing you could have done," declared Reuben, admiringly.  
"Je-ru-salem!" commented Miles Ruggles, smiting the kitchen table with one horny palm.  
So up they proceeded, in solid phalanx, and released the velvet-captive, who was very sullen and completely bathed with perspiration, in consequence of the vain efforts he had made to get free.  
"Come!" roared Reuben, who was a young giant of six feet odd inches, and broad proportionately, as the miserable prisoner scrambled out and stood cowering before them, "what are you doing here?"  
"Old clothes in exchange for china vases!" he faintly stammered.  
"Then what are you doing with our silver milk picher and ten forks in your coat pockets?" demanded Reuben.  
"And what the Je-ru-salem business hev you a-prowlin' round and scarin' the women folks?" said Miles Ruggles, coming valiantly to the front.  
"Here, Rankin, I'll get up the old one-hoss wagon—your ma's got the shay—an' cart the feller off to Justice Gilliland's. He'll settle him in quick time, I tell you what. Jest tie the fellow's hands, and make him all ship-shape. That's all I ask of you!"  
So the sinister scoundrel, in black velvet, was borne unceremoniously off by stout Miles Ruggles, as the first stage toward a two years' captivity in the nearest states prison; and Dotty was relieved at last from the incubus of his presence.  
First she laughed at Rankin's idea that she was a heroine, and then she cried and shuddered at her vivid perception of the terror she had endured.  
"But, Reuben and Rankin," she said, "you must promise—solemnly never—to tell Aunt Themis that I disobeyed her and left the door open."  
And the two young men bound themselves solemnly ever to keep the vow of eternal silence upon the subject.  
"Since there is really no harm done," said Reuben, laughing.  
"Except Dotty's fright," said Rankin, quite seriously.  
So the chicken fricassee was made, and the vanilla puffs; but the ice cream was postponed indefinitely, and the chocolate cake remained forever a disembodied ideal. And it took the two young men all the afternoon to console Dotty.  
And when Aunt Themis came home, full of the preacher, and the brethren, and the camp meeting, they all listened in dutiful silence, and she never once mistrusted that anything had happened.  
"But I'm sure," whispered Dotty to Rankin, when they went out together to get a pail of spring water, "it will always be a lesson in obedience to me."  
—Helen Forrest Graves.

**THE OSTRICH.**  
**Queer Habits of a Peculiar Bird—How the Ostrich is Hunted.**  
A letter to the New York Times describes the ostrich farm at Anaheim, Cal. Dr. Sketchley, owner of the farm, on which there are twenty-one birds, said to the writer:  
"They lay eggs every other day. Age does not affect them. I have seen a pair of birds which were 82 years old and they were just as valuable for breeding and feather raising as ever. Were they decrepit? You could not tell the difference in any way between them and very much younger birds. I have known birds 30 years old, a pair, valued at £1000. You can see the chances here. If the birds are in proper condition I expect that we shall have 600 chickens in a year. The difficulty in ostrich farming is in raising the chickens. They catch cold. But when they are over a month old they are all right. Ostriches have no disease that I know of, and I have had eight years' experience with them. When a chicken is 6 months old the value of its feathers is about \$10; when it is 14 months old the value is between \$20 and \$30, and when the bird is between 3½ and 4 years old the value is about \$250 annually. Sixteen years ago the business of ostrich farming was begun; now \$40,000,000 are invested in it."  
An ostrich is apparently about the most ill-tempered bird in existence. They never acquire a fondness for any one. They have no particular preference ordinarily as to mating. They are always on the lookout to kick some one, and if the kick has the intended effect it is pretty sure to be fatal. The blow is aimed forward, and is accurate. For this reason the person who pulls the stocking over the ostrich's head at the time when the feathers are to be cut must be wary and experienced. As Dr. Sketchley walked along by the corrals, of which there are about a baker's dozen, the ostriches, with a few exceptions, followed along with an evident desire to get a kick at him. A Chinaman carrying a scythe along by one of the corrals was at once an object of provocation to the ostriches in that corral and of fear to Dr. Sketchley. The latter tried to make the Chinaman understand that there was danger to the precious birds from the scythe should they kick through. The birds, when they found that the Chinaman was out of their reach, lay down in the dust of the corral and, rocking violently from side to side, beat their bodies with their heads with all their available force, which from the sound seemed to be considerable. It was such a sound as might come from a muffled drum. Having indulged in this outburst for awhile, they stalked about with that peculiar gait, which seemed to be their property in common only with the camel or dromedary; then they again lay in the dust and repeated the drumming operation. Dr. Sketchley succeeded in catching one by the neck, but did not hold it. He also put his hand into the mouth of one to show that it had no strength in its jaws. Their diet is mainly alfalfa and barley, with cabbage, turnips, and potatoes thrown in as a sort of ostrich dessert. The diet would alone indicate the lack of strength in the jaws. Before they reach that culmination of anger which results in the prostration and drumming, they emit a loud hiss like a goose, opening the mouth to such an extent as to look like a letter V lying on one side and stretched very wide apart. The danger is all from the one-toed feet, with the obviously prodigious muscle of leg and thigh to propel them.  
A striking difference exists between the corralled and farmed ostriches and those running over the African deserts, inasmuch as the latter never fight. Dr. Sketchley hunted for nine months in the desert. The birds have to be hunted scientifically. Certain facts are known, one being that the birds will always run in a semicircle. First they will run with the wind, that they may use their wings to help them. After they get what the sailors call "a head wind," they go around the other way. They must be run down. One horse cannot "wind" them. The great trouble is to keep them in sight. They will run 40 miles on a stretch. If they ever get a breathing spell they will get away. The hunter starts out with a fresh horse. A Bushman boy rides another and leads one. As soon as it is seen which way the bird will run, the boy takes his cue and drives to where he thinks the hunter will need the fresh horse. In the meantime the ostrich singled out for the chase and the hunter are speeding along like the wind, the latter straining every nerve to keep in sight of the bird and the bird making its most prodigious strides for freedom. A great deal now depends on the Bushman boy's judgment, in having the fresh horse at the right place, that no time may be wasted. It

is seldom that the boy makes a mistake. The hunter leaps on the fresh horse and gains on the bird, which, growing tired, goes more and more awkwardly. The hunter has only, when he catches it, to rap it on the head with his hunting whip and the chase is over. There are really only two kinds of ostriches, the North African and South African birds. The males are black and the females drab. All are of one color, drab, until after they are two years old.  
One of the most singular features is the location of the ostrich's stomach. He carries it on his back between his shoulders, and the food can be seen winding around inside of his neck to get at this out-of-the-way receptacle. Although there is a great deal of chaffing against the corrals in case of fright, the plumage, for which alone the birds are of value, does not seem to suffer much. All of the flock appear to be in fine feather. The plumage is soft, silky, clean, and glossy as it grows, and is all ready for market. Speaking of the relative value of the birds, Dr. Sketchley said that, while one might yield more feathers or prove a better breeder, he averaged them. The value is determined mainly by breeding qualities. The ostrich is considered a chicken until it is 12 months old, a feather bird only until about 3½ years old, and at 4 years it should breed. The most valuable breeding birds are called "guarantee birds," from the discovery that their eggs will hatch. The average life is supposed to be about 100 years among long-lived birds. These birds are now between 8 and 9 years old. Should they live and the experiment prove successful, Southern California may yet contain thousands of ostriches.  
**How One Novel was Written.**  
Wilkie Collins writes most of his novels with his own hand, but now and then rheumatic gout gives him such a pain that he cannot hold a pen, and then he employs an amanuensis. The greater part of "The Moonstone" was dictated, and Mr. Collins says it is the only one of his works which he has never read. The recollection of the agony he suffered while dictating it deters him. "For a long time, while that book was writing," he says, "I had the utmost difficulty in getting an amanuensis who would go on with his work without interrupting himself to sympathize with me. I am much like a beast in many ways—if I am in pain, I must howl; and, as I lay in the bed in the corner yonder, I would often break forth in a yell of anguish. Then my amanuensis would urge me to compose myself and not to write any more. Between the paragraphs I would go along nicely enough, having in my mind just what I wanted to say, and these interruptions would drive mad. Finally a young girl, not more than seventeen, offered to help me, and I consented that she should, in case she was sure she could let me howl and cry out in my pain while she kept her place at the table. She did it, too, and "The Moonstone" finally came to an end. But I never read it—never."  
**A Man Superior to his Fate.**  
A man who had by dint of sheer courage and energy overcome almost insuperable difficulties, and showed that life, even when it seems almost a curse, may be well worth living, died last week at Arare, in the canton of Geneva. Jean Trotter, the man in question, was born in 1831, without hands and without feet. His short arms were pointed, and his legs such as they were, not being available for progression, he was able to move only by twisting his body from side to side. His case greatly interested the surgeons of the neighborhood, and local Barnums made the parents, well-to-do peasants, many tempting offers to turn their child's misfortune to account by exhibiting him about the country. But these offers were invariably declined, and when Jean was old enough he was sent to school.  
In writing he held his pen at the bend in the elbow, and as he grew older he took great interest in husbandry, became an active haymaker, used the reins with dexterity, and was so good a shot that he often carried off first prize at the village *tirs*. He enjoyed, too, some reputation for sagacity, was consulted by his neighbors on matters of importance, and has left behind him a widow and four children amply provided for.  
**She Never Did.**  
"I can't carry this bundle," said a wife to her husband.  
"I can't," the husband replied, "for I have to carry the two children."  
"But you ought to have some consideration for me," the wife continued.  
"You must think I'm a wagon."  
"Oh, no, my dear, I don't think you are a wagon. A wagon holds its tongue, but you never do."  
—Arkansas Traveler.

**SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.**  
**A New vegetable parasite, haplocooccus reticulatus, has been discovered in pork by Dr. Zopf. It was found in from thirty to forty per cent. of the entire number of animals examined.**  
Parasites of oscillating form have been discovered in the red corpuscles of the blood of persons suffering from malaria. They exist in numbers sufficiently large to obstruct the capillary tubes. Their growth in a gelatine basis stops when quinine is added.  
Cattle, a writer says, are maliciously destroyed in India by wounding them with a spike molded from the seeds of the *Arbus preantoniis*. Death ensues on the second day, but the seeds have little or no bad effect when taken internally.  
It is reported that Dr. T. W. N. Greene states that he practised for four years in a province of Montevideo, where the population, practically speaking, subsisted entirely upon meat, and yet scurvy was not known among them notwithstanding.  
Dr. H. Muller observes that blues, reds and certain violets are more attractive to bees than other shades of color. Scarlets, oranges and some other loud colors, which the flowers of not a few plants having also an unattractive odor appear to possess, repel the honey-gathering insects.  
The Journal of Science is the authority for the assertion that some persons who are particularly sensitive to the bites of gnats and midges experience a return of the original irritation at regular intervals of twelve and twenty-four hours. This fact, if fact, it be, would seem to lend strength to the opinion that gnats and mosquitoes are the bearers of the germs of malarial fever.  
Dynamite must go to the rear as the great explosive and make way for piculastite, a free translation of which term is "smash all." It is a liquid and is said to be composed of bisulphide of carbon and hyponitric acid. It requires a greater shock than dynamite to explode it, and each of its components is non-explosive by itself. When combined the result is terrific.  
In 1878 a remarkable discovery of bones of the fossil monsters known as iguanodonts was made in a coal-mine of Belgium. Three years were occupied in removing the remains, which are supposed to belong to twenty-three skeletons. One of the skeletons is now mounted in the animal's semierect position, and stands four feet high and extends over a horizontal floor space over twenty-three feet in length.  
**A Bat Can See With Its Wings.**  
There is a singular property with which the bat is endowed, too remarkable and curious to be passed altogether unnoticed. The wings of these creatures consist of a delicate and nearly naked membrane of great size considering the size of the body; but besides this, the nose is, in some varieties, furnished with a membranous foliation, and in others the external membranous ears are greatly developed. These membranous tissues have their sensibility so high that something like a new sense is thereby developed, as if in aid of the sense of sight. The modified impressions which the air in quiescence or in motion, however slight, communicates the tremulous jar of its currents, its temperature, the indescribable conditions of such portions of air as are in contact with different bodies, are all apparently appreciated by the bat. If the eyes of the bat be covered up, or if he be cruelly deprived of sight, it will pursue its course about a room with a thousand obstacles in its way, avoiding them all, neither dashing against a wall nor touching the smallest thing, but threading its way with the utmost precision and quickness, and passing adroitly through apertures or interspaces of threads placed purposely across the apartment. This endowment, which almost exceeds belief, has been abundantly demonstrated.—*Forest and Stream.*  
**Lamp Chimneys.**  
The most noted oculists recommend blue, bluish-gray or smoke-colored glasses as a protection for weak eyes against the unpleasant effects of red, orange and yellow light. On the same principle, remarks a scientific paper, the trying reddish yellow light of candles and gas may be pleasantly modified by the use of chimneys or globes. Shades colored in light marine blue may also be used for the same purpose. A remarkably near approach to a light agreeable as daylight is said to be produced by a petroleum lamp with round wick and a light blue chimney of twice the usual length, the latter causing so great a drouth that the petroleum burns with nearly a white flame.

**The Music of His Chin.**  
I'm quite a music-loving man,  
And would go far to hear  
Some German, or an African,  
Whose tones are sweet and clear.  
But save me from the person who  
Will evermore begin,  
Determined he will put one through  
The music of his chin.  
I cannot sing the old songs,  
Though I can get them cheap;  
Their memory to the past belongs,  
So let them idly sleep.  
But worse than old songs is the friend  
Who seeks your time to win.  
And wlo, when started, will not end  
The music of his chin.  
I've heard steam whistles, brazen gongs,  
And bells of every tone;  
I've heard the shouts of maddened throngs,  
And heard a jacksaw groan.  
I've heard a female lecturer sneer  
On wicked men and sin;  
These are as naught, for now I hear  
The music of his chin.  
—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

**HUMOROUS.**  
**The dentists take the stump during a political campaign.**  
Our babies—With all their faults we love them still; not noisy.  
Has it ever occurred that a milk picher is generally a good fly catcher?  
A little book just published is entitled "How to Talk." A copy should be placed in the hands of every barber in the land.  
The rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust; but it is the unjust who steal the umbrellas and let the just feel the rain.  
Speaking of visiting, does it ever occur to you that the telephone girl answers more "calls" in one day than other ladies do in a month?  
It is the sagacious remark of a keen observer of tourists, and he offers it to the travelling public, that you can generally tell a newly-married couple at the dinner-table by the indignation of the husband when a fly alights on he wife's butter.  
If you are particularly anxious to abuse a man; don't call him a fool, he might be annoyed; don't call him a rascal, he might knock you down; quietly remark, with a heavenly smile, "Sir, you present a fine large margin for improvement."  
"It is passing strange," mused the philosopher, "that so many people have died during the last decade, and yet so few of them have come back." Then his wife hit him over the ear with a hassock, and told him to go down to the grocery and get some red herrings for breakfast.  
M. Wigglesworth's madame: "It is something I can't understand," said Mrs. Wigglesworth, laying down the paper, "why every Frenchman's first name begins with M. Here's M. Ferry and M. Wilson and M. Grevy and a dozen more. Must bother the Postmaster terribly."—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*  
**Clothing and Bodily Heat.**  
The thinnest veil is a vestment in the sense that it moderates the loss of heat which radiation causes the naked body to experience. In the same way a clouded sky protects the earth against too great cooling in spring nights. In covering ourselves with multiple envelopes of which we augment the protecting thickness according to the rigor of the seasons, we retard the radiation from the body by causing it to pass through a series of stages, or by providing relays. The linen, the ordinary dress and the cloak constitute for us so many artificial epidermises. The heat that leaves the skin goes to warm these superposed envelopes; it passes through them the more slowly in proportion as they are poorer conductors; reaching the surface, it escapes, but without making us feel the chills which direct contact with the atmosphere occasions, for our clothes catch the cold for us. The hairs and the feathers of animals perform the same function as toward their skin, serving to remove the seat of calorific exchange away from the body. The protection we owe to our clothes is made more effectual by their always being wadded with a stratum of warm air. Each one of us thus has his own atmosphere, which goes with him everywhere, and is renewed without being cooled. The animal also finds under its fur an additional protection in the bed of air that fills the spaces between the hairs; and it is on account of the air they enclose that porous substances, furs and feathers keep warm. Experiments to determine the degree of facility with which different substances used for clothing allow heat to escape were made by Count Rumford, Senebier, Boeckmann, James Starck and M. Coulier. The results were not in all cases consistent with each other, but they indicated that the property is dependent on the texture of the substance rather than on the kind of material, or—as concerns non-luminous heat—its color.—*Popular Science Monthly.*