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A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1,00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 58.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10., 1884.

NO.2.

Weaver 5

NO MOTHER NOW.

I have no mother now, That faithful heart is stilled; The voice forever bushed; The lips forever chilled.

I have no mother now, She sleeps beneath the sod; Her weary heart's at rest; Her spirit is with God.

I have no mother now: What bitter tears of woe Fall o'er a mother's tomb, No one save orphans know.

But He, that God of love, Knows all our grief and pain; And soon the loved and lost Will give to us again.

'T WILL SOON BE DAY.

However wild the thunder, However dark the way: Though skies seem rent asunder— Keep on, right on, alway.

Though sounds and shapes uncertain, Weird-like, about you play; God yet will lit the curtain— Keep on; 't will soon be day.

FATE AND THE FUTURE.

I can almost see it yet; the long winding turnpike road leading up the hill to the school house, dotted on either side with white cottages, with fringe of silver maples that formed a sort of thenarcade, from the town pump in the valley to the tall red house where, year in, year out, with the exception of Saturday, grim old Mr. Nickelby Glasgow held undisputed sway over an infantile domain which recognized but one power superior to his, and that the birch rod, which he wielded alike regardless of jacket and wearer; yet he was a good well-meaning soul, this Mr. Nickelby Glasgow, take him before nine o'clock or after four, and I trust he rests well in the genial shade of the very trees he plundered to facilitate education.

The old school house stands at the head of the hill yet, and the boughs of | ceed ? the silver maples interlace as tenderly teen and she was a year younger. I remember that I carried her satchel, and that she trudged along very close at my side. I talked very soberly of going away, and she cried very softly behind a brown veil.

ence,-"Going away! When and

"You know there is no home for me here since mother died-no home for me any where except the one I shall make for myself and-and you, Mary."

She stopped and leaned against the trnnk of a maple, and looked at me half quizzically from the shade of the brown veil: she seemed to be laugning, but there were tears in the laugh, and tears were trickling down her face.

"But where are you going ?" pause between every other word.

"I cannot tell you, but to some place where there is a chance fora poorboy; and it seems to me that I ought to go a long distance from here to find She was still leaning against the

tree, looking up at me.

"Are you so very poor then ?" she queried. I remember I laughed at her question, and she accepted the laugh in reply, and continued, "Ah, yes, you are. I know, and it is terrible to be poor, is it not ?"

"I trust you may never know just how terrible it is." I said.

I saw her hand fumbling at the pocket of her dress; by-and-by the hand was withdrawn, and I saw that the fin. gers were pressed tightly over a delicate silken purse, on which her monogram, "M. T.," was quaintly embroidered in a bright shade of floss.

"Here, Bob, take this," she said, pushing the purse into my reluctant palm, "It isu't much, but it will help you. Now don't refuse, unless you

want to make me angry." I did not refuse; perhaps I did wrong in taking it, but it certainly would have been a greater wrong had I denied her wish. Feeling, however, I was wrong in accepting the purse, the only chance I saw to retrive myself lay in making a return of some kind. My store of worldly effects was meagre, but I had a ring which in her youth my mother had worn. It was a quaint device of Etruscan gold, curiously wrought, and of marvelous beauty if not worth. She had given it to me just before she died, as she laid her hand on my head and bade me be true to myself and her.

"Take this, my son," she had said. "and some day when you have found a love even better than you do me, and say that in heaven I will watch over you both and wait for your coming."

Surely I had found the "sweet, good

"It was mother's," I said. "Wear entirely consumed. I know you will have, Mary!

wear it, and I know you will always think of me.'

"Good-by, Mary."

I meant to be very calm, very self. possed: tears were for women, thought, loftily and repression for men; and I looked down on her trembling little figure, vaguely outlined school house wall, then I looked down the road—the road we might never walk again-and thought of all that had been, and might be, and my heart seemed to leap full in my throat and concert -- and, well, I was but sixteen, and she was younger.

The school house bell clanged ominously, and rang an unconscious knell to our friendship; the moment of parting had come.

"Good-by, Bob," she said, softly. Kiss me, Bob."

I bent and kissed her. I presume if Mr. Nickelby Glasgow was looking, his sense of prudence and propriety was outraged; however, I kissed her not once but twice and thrice and

"Good-by, Bob." "Good-by, Mary." We had parted.

That was ten years ago, ten years of trial, privation, and final reward. At the outset I knew the world was against me, and that I was against the world. But I was resolute, presevering and, above all, hopeful. There was many a struggle, a long, long series of disappointments-moments when hope was all but vanquished and despair supreme. But I struggled on, determined to conquer, not be conquered; and what is impossible to youth, blessed with health, hope and ambition to suc-

I cannot bring myself to believe that as they did on the day that Mary a recital of struggles, temptation and fi-Throne and I walked up the turnpike | nal achievement, however glowing, road for the last time. Let me see; it told by one's self is interesting to othmust be ten years ago, for I was six- ers; therefore I shall not lengthen mine. Simply suffice it to say that from the position of an office boy to a legal firm I advanced to clerk, then to student, and finally to junior partnership. All this was, of course, not accomplished as easily as written. There was many "Going away !" she repeated after a lapse from the gaol of ambition, manme, with a pitiful attempt at indiffer- y a quiet heart-ache, many a moment of complete discouragement. But nothing, however paltry, was beneath "To-day, Mary," I made answer. my notice, nothing, however great, beyond my energy. From "Bob" I rose to the dignity of "Robert," from thatto form of a woman leaning against the the high estate of "young Halleck," and finally to the pre-eminence of "Robert Halleck, Esq. ;" and ten years had gone by since the May afternoon when in the shadow of the school

> back again too the outset of my career, I was then to miserably poor to include in the luxury of regular meals, to say nothing of a correspondence. But finally I did write a long letter, telling of my battles and begging a reply. A month passed, but none came; then I wrote again, again and again, but each letter met with the similar fate. Finally, in sheer despair, I wrote to Mr. Nickelby Glasgow, assuring him in an apologetic sort of way that I knew he was anxious to hear of my welfare, and finally concluding with a postscript much longer than the letter itself, in which I inquired the whereabouts and

fate of little Mary Throne. Then I waited patiently enough for his reply, which came at last, encased in a yellow envelope, addressed in large scholary hiroglyphics, and was altogether just such an epistle as Mr. Nickelby Glasgow and Mr. Nickelby Glasgow alone could indite. He was glad to hear of my health and prosperity; hoped I read my Bible regularly on rising and retiring; the former ceremony he trusted occurred not later than six o'clock A. M., and the latter not later than eight o'clock P. M. He feared I was wrong in leaving my native comaunity, and he assured me I was greatly missed. Then he went on to say the school had rather deteriorated of late, the scholars were few, and the pay irregular and small. He hinted modestly that the scholars, young and old-a deep line under the last clausewere to make him a substantial present at the close of the term, and then referr. ed vaguely to the years he had labored part with this—his ring." in behalf of childhood, and the arduous labor that it was. The letter ran to a considerable length; told me the village but her was dead, the apothecary bankrupt, the little widow who kept the millinery shop at the corner remarried, girl sweet and good whom you may and then-just as my patience had reached the limit of endurance-my

"I am very grieved," he wrote, "to inform you that the Thrones have gone girl," and I slipped the ring from my I know not wither, the cause thereof finger and kissed it, then laid it in Mar. being the recent reverses sustained by | zy man. Mr. Throne, where by his fortune was "My love-my life-everything I

eve caught the name of Mary Throne.

it, Mary, as the seal of our betrothal ; share the regret I experienced at their removal; they were excellent people, and Mr. Throne's name was foremost in all charities, of which the school fund was the principal one."

I tossed the letter away, and my heart and thoughts went out to the lit tle girl struggling, perhaps, just as I was struggling, fighting the same hard against the red background of the battle, bearing the same heavy burden, Mary and I. only with less strength than I. I tried to find her, why, I do not know, unless I fancied it would make both loads lighter to feel the other near. But all was in vain, and year glided into year, almost choked me; and then I broke and the yearning of my heart grew less, down entirely, and we were crying in though my love never did. I laid the silken purse with its floss monogram "M. T.," away, and laid with it the sweet hopes and memories of the one I telt was lost to me. Then I went back to the battle of life again, fortified and defiant.

Yet never a speech did I make in a crowded court room that it did not seem to me the influence of Mary Throne insensibly and invisibly affected it. Never a book did I read but that the purest, sweetest character in it I felt was suggested by and suggestive of her's. Never a fair face did I see but her's was before me, in the full bloom of her beauty whose opening tints remained in memory still.

And ten years had come and gone. and the snows of an early winter lay upon the streets and house tops, and shook from the leafless branches of the trees as they swayed to and fro with a doleful sort of cadence, and sharpened the already cutting air. Yet, spite of this, the lights of the city shone with brilliance undiminished, and occasionally above the sighing of the wind rose the echo of a merry laugh, a broken song, or a strain of music; then the wind was uppermost again.

The clock in the old Trinity was striking twelve, I had passed into Broadway, had buttoned my coat tightly about me, and was waiting for a cab to carry me home. You see I The last chime had died away, and only the hum of clanging bells remained. my cab, and straightway looked back again, at the sound of a low voice at

"I-I beg pardon, sir ; but can you direct me to the Bowery, please ?"

Looking down I saw the shrinking lamp-post at my side. The voice was low and inexpressively sweet, and almost lost beneath the shawl which covered the head and shoulders so completely that only the white outline of house wall I had said farewell to Mary | the face was visible; yet there was something about either the face or the What of her, you ask? Well, to go voice which attracted me irresistibly.

"The Bowery ?" I repeated. "I can scarcely direct you, it is so very

far from here." "How far please ?"

There was a mute appeal in the voice and it seemed for an instant to magnetize me. I caught a glimpse of bright, dark eyes shining behind the shadow of the shawl as mechanically I replied-"At least an hours walk. Is there

anything I can do for you?" "No-yes-no; I must find the

"At this hour of the night ?" It is very cold, and their are many dan-

What is cold when brain is aflame? What are the dangers to a starving wretch like me?" She staggered back against the lamppost for support.

"Pardon me, sir, for speaking so, for speaking at all ; but I must find-"

The voice died away entirely now. and was lost in a great convulsive sob that shook the little figure as the beating of the storm does a reed, and me back in my life to the old turnpike road, with its arcade of maples, and the litte girl who was bidding me good-by. A spirit of the lost one seemed to pervade me, and placing my hand on the shrinking figure I said-"If you are in need I will assist

"In need!" she repeated. "Oh sir, the words are feeble: I am stary ing, sir! We are starving-mother, the children and I at home. I am no beggar, but we must have relief, and if I could find the Bowerv I would

She slipped something from her finger, and at the same time the shawl dropped from her face. It was I who staggered backward now, and clung white and trembling to her arm, forgetful of everything but the one hope that possessed me. I did not speak-I could not-and she continued, holding out in the moonlight a thread-like band of gold whose quaint design I knew full well-

buy it? What will you give?" I caught her in my arms like a cra-

The ring fell from her grasp, and she sprang back with a scream of joy.

The Millheim Sournal.

"Bob_Bob_O Bob !" And she was crying on my breast, just as she had cried a dozen years before, and just as she will never cry again, Godwilling; for she is mine now, all mine, for there was a solemn and beautiful wedding next day, and we are happy as the days are long,

Toys and National Traits.

"Show me a nation's toys," said Mr. 'randall, the 'children's friend,' "and will tell you what kind of people they are. Now the Germans, you know, are a great toy nation; they go go in for quantity rather than quality. They manufacture toys and every child in the country has them. Every German child, sir, has plenty of toys. What is the result? Why, we find them the most sociable, kindly honest people in the world, possessed of all the household virtues; kind to their wives and children. Then the French; they go in for quality rather than quantity; everything they make is a work of art; their children have few toys, and those they have are very expensive, and must be played with in a quiet, genteel way. How do you find the French? why, very polite, refined, suave.

"Take the Chinese. They are a great toy nation; they ascend to the sky and decend into the sea for ideas in regard to toys, and spare no pains n making them. Dragons, and giants, and dwarfs, and strange fish, and sea serpents, and curious nondescript bengs and animals all serve, and then give the chi ldren plenty of them; result is that the Chinese are like the Germans, among themselves sociable, great for great days and celebrations, and very industrious. Japanese are much the same. The English now run more on out-door toys and games which exercise-projectiles, tennis, foot ball, cricket, shinny, hoop, marbles. The boys play tag and pull-away and all such running games and the girls play glish? Jovial, atheletic, rough and into a good channel of circulation. boisterous. Again, look at the Spanlards; very few toys they use. What's the result? Why, they are treacherous, I looked down the street in search of harsh, implacable. Then the Indians -our own Indian s-the only toy they have is the bow. Well, now this cultivated and killing instincts only. What was the result? Why, we had to kill them all off; they were entirely untamable. The Esquimax, he has no toys at all, and he is the meanest specimen of mankind on God's footstool.

For the Boys.

The Wide A wake gives the following story which is all the better for being true. Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an honr for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each preserved for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house, into a brown-stone mansion. The other man-what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.

Keep the Children Warm.

Half the illness and fretfulness of little children might be prevented by keeping them warm enough. They are often so unequally dressed-some parts covered to excess, and others more vital still, left almost unclothed -that they are in constant discomfort. They cannot tell the difficulty; and thoughtless mothers dismiss the whole subject with the general complaint of crossness. Warm underflannels and good home-made woolen stockings are a comfort beyond computation in the winter season. When worn in the winter it is common to delay in putting them ou until the seeds of a sad cold are sown, which "Here is the ring, sir; will you may last for the season or even for life. If the mother is only before

A Dakota Hail-Storm.

Experience of an Eastern Engineer in the Bracing Air of the Northwest.

JAMESTOWN, DAKOTA, December 13. About the most striking thing it has been the lot of the writer to witness in this land of the Dakotas was a hailstorm. Cyclones we rarely have - East ern papers to the conrary notwithstanding-but a genuine Dakota hail-storm is something to talk adout. Last summer some Jamestown capitalists concluded o run a railroad from that city southward in search of new town sites to boom. This search for pastures new usually is the moving impetus to the construction of branch roads here is the Northwest. To survey this road a bran new corps of engineers was brought out from the East and set to work. We had battled successfully with the mosquitoes and the other concomitant pleasures of plain life for a week or more and were beginning to congratulate ourselves upon the stoicism with which we roughed it when this particular hail-storm, talking us-as the thunder took the toad-off guard, knocked all the conceit out of us.

We were just finishing supper one evening, when, to some one's observation that it was getting dark mighty fast, our chief looking up, dropping knife and fork and yelled: "Thunder! boys, it's going to rain. Hurry up! get the things inside the tent." Get the mischief! for pitter patter-whiz-bang! and one of the worst hail-storms that ever swept the plains was upon us, driving us all-a round dozen in numberinto a little eight by ten tent. Three minutes after the first drop fell it would have cost a man his life to have gone any distance from shelter, for the ice was coming down in blocks of six inches in circumference and in perfect sheets. Our covered wagon started off on a trip across the country -proving itself literally a prairie schooner-and brought up in the river beyond, and, despit the efforts of a dozen stalwart men, our tent came nearly following after. on their knees holding down the canvas or hanging on to the ridge-pole with might and main, while the hail pelted the roof, sides and ends of our tent with such force that no one could stand against the canvass, and through the hollows which the stones knocked in our supposed tightly-stretched tent the water poured in volumes. The mules of our outfit tore loose from their pickets and rushing wildly about sought shelter along the high banks of the river. One wise old ass called Balaam backed up against the lee side of our teut and assisted not a little in keeping it from blowing over. One particular mule -the meanest brute that ever wore long ears -too stubborn to run, stood kicking throughout the storm, which lasted about twenty minutes. We were about a mile away from the nearest point of shelter-a village of rough clapboard houses, which had been run up in a day or so with the first talk of

building a road. So, after the storm,

for this village we started. Wet to the

skin we waded across the intervening

plain, many places over shoes in ice and

water, and to add to our misery it kept

getting colder and colder as we splash-

ed through the water and ice. Arriv-

ing at the only hotel in the town we

found the usual Western hospitality.

To our demand for a fire by which to

dry our clothing the landlord replied

that we should have one just as soon

as he could hunt up the neccessary

fuel. In the course of an hour the fire

was started anb around it we clustered.

urning a dozen pairs of shoeless feet up to thewarmth, and by alternating "fore and aft," drying the outside and wet. ting inside, we finally succeeded in restoring circulation. A heavy rain now set in, and how it can rain out here on the prairies! Our landlord and his son stood in the hall sweeping back the water as it flooded in under the door-a practical illustration of King Canute and the flood and about as successful. Bed time arrived that one, which at this time was the and a dozen stiff boys, shoeless, coatless largest I had ever seen. I afterward as well as less several other articles of attire which need not be mentioned, all of which were left behind to dry by the only fire the hotel offered, marched out through the wet hall climbed a ladder to the loft. Here we wrestled manfully with the bugs till near morning. when it began blowing such a terrific gale that a dozen fellows came to a sitting posture to debate the question of hunting the cellar. One of the regular boarders awakened by the din settled this question by calling out :" You infernal fools; there's not a cellar in town : lav down and sleep; it's better

In the morning our landlord brought see met his eye. The day before large me of home, friends and life.

fields of grain, ripe for the sickle, could be seen, stretching away in all directions, of which not a stalk remained standing; garden growth of all kinds utterly destroyed; hardly a pane of glass was left in the village; the foliage of the trees was so cut and mangled that the limbs looked bare as in winter time. A belt eight miles in

TRIPLET MAXIMS.

width and twice as many in length

was entirely cleared of vegetation.

Three things to do-think, live, act. Three things to govern-temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to cherish-virtue, goodness and wisdom. Three things to love-courage, gentle-

ness and affection. Three things to contend for-honor,

country and friends. Three things to hate-cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to teach-truth, industry and contentment. Three things to admire-intellect, dig-

nity and gracefulness. Three things to like-cordiality, good ness and cheerfulness.

Three things to delight in-beauty. frankness and freedom.

Three things to avoid-idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to wish for-health, friends and a contented spirit. Three things to cultivate-good books, good friends and good humor.

SIXTY FEET UNDER THE SEA.

"I was once a diver-not a wrecker, but a pearl diver-and hard business it was," recently observed the captain of a Spanish brig to a reporter of the California Times. 'We worked off the Mexican and Panama coasts, principally on the pacific side. Sometimes we worked alone, but generally on shares, and sometimes for pay. We went to the grounds in small sailing vessels, the n we took the small boats and covered as much ground as possible. Each man had a basket, a weight and a knife. For sharks? ves. but it is ible to swing the arm with any force under water. The best weapon is a short spear. When you reach the ground you strip, put your feet on a big sinker, take the basket that has a rope for hoisting, drop over, and soon find

vourself at the bottom. "Then your business is to knock off as many oysters as you can and pile them into the basket before you loose your wind. It is a terrible strain, but I could stand it in those days for six minutes, and I have known some men who could stay down ten; but it is sure death in the long run. If the ground is well stocked you can get twenty or more shells, but it is all. When the basket is full it is hauled up, and after you come up for your wind down you go again, being hauled up with a small cord for that purpose. It was on one of these trips that I ran afoul of the animal that gave me a lasting fight. You will smile when I say it was only a star fish, but that it really was. I went down sixty feet with a rush, and landing on the edge of a big bunch of coral, swung off into a kind of basin. The basket was ahead of me, and as I swung off to reach the bottom something seemed to spring up all around me, and I was in the arms of some kind of a monster that coiled about my body. arms and legs. I tried to scream, for- tion, and she, like all true wives in lost my wind.

"It was just as if the plant had sprouted under me and threw its vines and tendrils about me. There were thousands of them, coiling and writhing, and I thought I had landed in nest of sea snakes. I gave the signal as soon as I could, and made a break upward, part of the creature cling ing to me, while the rest, I could see, was dropping to pieces. They hauled me into the boat when I reached the surface, and pulled the main part of the animal from me. It was oval, about three feet across, and the five arms seemed to divide into thousands of others. I probably landed on top of saw the body of one that was washed ashore on the isthmus that must have had a spread of thirty-five feet. Their power of grasping is considerable, but touch them in a certain way and they throw off their arms in a regular show er, and are soon reduced to an oval

Murderer Loomis' Dving Cestimony

Rum lies at the foundation of all my sorrows. It found me a motherless boy, with no one to influence me to discard its use. I followed on, and before I was aware of it it held me like a slave. The more I used, the tighter to be on top than under any day." We were the chains revited about me unti now I find myself about to be hanged on account of what it has done for me. up our shoes, clothes, etc., in a bushel I hereby warn everybody, both those basket and emptied them out on the who sell it or in anywise uphold its use. floor to be scrambled for. On going Let my fate be a warning to the young handed with her calculations for the out the worst scene of devastation it and old, that the safest way is to touch it is the boy on top of the molasses changing seasons, this might all be has ever been the lot of the writer to not, nor taste the cup that has robbed hogshead who sings: "Oh for a thous-

HUMOROUS.

One inch makes a square, Administrators' and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line 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 discontinued.

If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.

ADVERTISING BATES

HE HAD SOME FUN .- About 8 0'clock yesterday morning a man, smoking plug tobacco in an old clay pipe. walked out of a Michigan avenue hotel with a rat in a trap. He looked neither to the right nor to the left until he had reached the middle of the street. Then he placed the trap on the ground and whistled for his dog. If he had a dog the animal did not respond, but the public did. In less than two minutes 30 men were rushing to the spot.

"Hi! there! Don't let him out till I get my dog," shouted one.

"Hold on! Wait for the dogs." velled half a dozen voices at once. "Keep cool and form a circle!" commanded a policeman, as he took a

firmer grip of his baton. The man with the trap spread a large handkerchief over it and waited. He was not a bit excited. On the contrary, he was as placid as a chip

sailing in the wash dish. "Whar' did ye ketch him?" inquired a newsboy.

The placid man did not deign to re-

"What'll ye take fur him?" asked

another, but his inquiry was treated with the same silent contempt. Then four or five men came run-

ning up with dogs under their arms. and ten or fifteen dogs on foot followed behind. There was a fight between a bull dog and a Newfoundland, and there would have been a row between their owners had not a second policeman appeared. Order was finally restored. The dogs were arranged in a circle and held by their collars, and the placid man slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, looked carefully around, and then raised the trap and shook the rat out. All the dogs made a rush, but in ten seconds each and every canine walked off on his ear and seemed to be hurt in his feelings. A boy stepped forward and held the rat up to view.

"It's a crockery rat!" he velled as he whirled it around.

"Yes, it vhas a groghery radt, and he cost me den cents!" calmly replied the placid man as he walked off with his trap. - Detroit Free Press.

HEROIC MR. SPILKINS WISHING TO EARN A PENNY BY SAVING IT HE SHOV-ELS THE SNOW FROM HIS PAVE .- "No." said Spilkins to the small boy who rang his door bell asking if he wanted his sidewalk shoveled off, and who offered to do the job for a quarter. Spil kins had just been reading a book in which a lot of pernicious aphorisms about the desirability of economy were set down, such as "A penny saved is a penny earned." "A groat a day is a pound a vear," etc.; therefore he said to himself. "I will save the quarter that the job of cleaning my sidewalk would cost, and do the work myself. Besides the exercise will be good for me." He told Mrs. S. of his resolugetting that I was in the water, and these cases, told him that he was a fool to think of such a thing, and that to do the work himself would be ten times what it is worth. But Spilkins has a mind of his own, and he put on his rubber boots and mummified himself by means of a long ulster, a comforter and a fur cap, and went out to his self-selected labors. As he emerged from his door he struck a piece of ice on the top step and went into the street flying and got a lot of snow up his sleaves and trousers legs and down the back of his neck; however, a little profanity relieved his mind in this respect and he fell to work.

The job was harder than he anticipated, but he stuck to it, and at last went into the house again, bathed in perspiration and triumph. But on siting down to smoke, as was his custom after anything particular, he found that in his fall down the steps he had ground to snuff three twenty-five-cent cigars which he had in his pocket and the next morning woke up with an influenza which has given him the aspect of the weeping philosopher and the temper of a bear ever since. He therefore says that economy is a fraud and has thrown his book of maxims into

A boy with a patch on his knee can't be hired to go on an errand to the next house, but he will follow a band wagon all over town and never realize that he isn't dressed in broadcloth.

According to the New York Express. and tongues."