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Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

THE BLUE BOTTLE FLY.

Buzzing and gay, in the early dawn, Fresh from a hap on the parlor wall, Out for a flight, over garden and lawn, Fearing no trouble and dreading no fall, A lively, frolicsome, blue-bottle fly-And his feet And his feet And his style As complete, As his brain Was replete With the mischief that laughed in his eve!

"What glorious fun I'll have to-day, When the baby's asleep and the nurse away When Rever lies by the kitchen door! I'll awake them both and make them roar! Oh, what larks!" Cried the rollicking, restless, blue-bottle fly; "What a ery," said the fly, "There will be After me, When I ve done With my fun!" And he wickedly winked his wee eye!

"Then I'll go and dance on grandpapa's head While he struggles to brush me away ; And Fil tickle his ear till he'll wish I was dead And over the table at dinner I'll play Back and forth, And feast on crumbs from a freshly-baked pie And I'll sip From the lip Of each glass That may pass All sweet things Dinner brings !' Quoth this riotous, blue bottle fly.

But, alas for the plans he had laid! And alas for the plan just begun! For this fly soon ht in the grateful shade, To escape the hot rays of the sun, And to dream Of the sights that should soon greet his eye From the green Of a limb Above him, Down a thread, On his head, Fell a spider, Who coolly devoured that blue-bottle fly.

-----The Flower's Mission.

There was once a little flower, Growing where the weeds were tall, And the bue sky, bending over, It could see, and that was all.

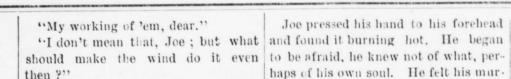
Weeds were so thick about it That they shut the sun away. But the little flower kept growing, And upreaching, day by day.

"I know I'm meant for something, Else I never would be here," It kept saying, o'er and o'er, To a briar bending near.

"I think you are mistaken. Was the briar's cold reply; "Such a feeble thing as you are Will live a day and die."

But the faith of the flower was steadfast, And it turned its face to God, Believing it had a mission Aboye the earth's green sod.

In the long, sweet days of summer, Its little buds burst wide, And the air with springtime fragrance It made sweet on every side Now the weeds that hedged the flower, Grew close by a sick girl's room, And a breeze bore through the window A breath of the flower's perfume



VOL. 58.

DEININGER & BUMILLER, E litors and Proprietors.

his soul.

ed from crime

Deavery Gephant

Much puzzled, and being no scientist, derous purpose weakening. He rose ens and not have them roosting in the he would answer :

thing.

When she was leaving, it was her habit to put her arms around his neck other very, very much.

But time goes by for young and old. great drops of cold sweat. Nearer the It seemed but a little while till Nellie became almost a woman, and it was no forge, but to be sure he could go to her.

And now, not to linger by the way, Joe had learned to love her with the love of manhood, and she returned his love. They would have been very happy but for Nellie's father; the old man would have her look higher than a blacksmith. So when Richard Rossyoung, handsome, and rich-came to the cottage, the old man smiled and encouraged him.

This Richard Ross was not worthy of Nellie. For all his riches, his heart was merest dross beside the pure gold of Joe's. When he passed the shop the sturdy smith brought his hammer down like an angry giant ; for, you see, this Richard Ross was stealing his life away.

gently. Yes, stealing his life away. Joe's ruddy face grew pale ; if the torture continued long, death would be the end. You may judge from this how strained him much he loved her.

Still he went to see her. If he found Richard Ross there, he left hastily, and, rushing back to the forge, worked like mad till midnight.

she added : One evening Nellie's father shut the door in his face, with a "I don't want you coming here any more !" Joe knew how obedient the girl was and the words struck him like a sword.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 27., 1884.

A MIDNIGHT CALL

Last summer 1 lived on the outskirts haps of his own soul. He felt his mur. of the towa, where I could keep chick-

and walked about the wood and bedroom window of my next door "Joe's not wise enough to tell you thought upon his wrongs. This gave neighbor. Therefore I kept themthat, cherub !" and then finding him him new resolve, and the returned to not for profit-but for the pleasure of puzzled by her questions, the blue eyes, his hiding place, and crouched again. having my garden seeds scratched up on occasions like these, were wont to But again his terror was renewed, and every morning before sunrise ; it was widen with astonishment, for she the hand which held the knife trem- good exercise to plant them over every thought Joe knew very nearly every- bled. The village clock struck ten, and day, you know. at every stroke he shuddered.

One night about half-past eleven He heard foot steps on the road, o'clock, I was gently aroused from my Nearer, nearer, came the man for whom peaceful slumbers, by the blunt end of and kiss him ; and they loved each he waited. For a moment Joe's mind Mrs. Acker's left elbow seeking for my seemed gone. Before his eyes he saw a short ribs, with mellifluous voice sound. great sea of blood. From him fell ing in my ear :

"Wake np ! Wake up ! Some one is footsteps came. His brain cleared and stealing our chickens !"

longer proper for her to go to Joe's he could dimly see the young man's I slid out upon the floor in the dark, form a few feet from him. He gazed and reached for my clothing. In my through the trees to the sky, and saw haste I hopped and floundered around, a single star looking down upon him like a shark on dry land, upsetting the

like the eye of God. With a shriek of wash-pitcher and bowl-one taking a fear he flung the knife from him and carrom on my best corn, and the other dropping gracefully upon the top of my fled-from murder.

It was over, and blood was not upon boot, making a trout-pond of the interfor. After tumbling over a chair,

All that night he lay like one dead wash-stand, towel-rack, etc., I sat down upon the floor of his little shop. The on the floor-not through any desire of morning sun, forcing its way through my own--but because of the tangled the dusty window, fell upon him there. | condition of my wearing gear and legs Miserable as the man was, it saw to Soon, however, I had myself in condibetter sight than this crushed soul sav. tion to sally forth-minus boots-ac-

companied by my shot-gun. But some one brighter than the sun- The night was darker than the mind light entered at the door. It was Nel- of the most benighted heathen, and I lie. She saw him there upon the floor groped my way along as quietly as posand her blue eyes filled with tears, sible, hoping to surprise the stealer of thusiastic in praise of our roads and She bent over him and touched him fowls.

All of a sudden I streched myself at full length upon the ground, and began He sprung to his feet, gazed on her to murmur, soft and low, a little articoldly, and would have fled, but she re- cle of prose, which arrises irresistibly to my mind at times. While repeat-

"Joe," she said. "I have hoped-I ing the words, I took my left foot in have pleaded-I have prayed-I have both hands, and detached a piece of glass from the heel of my stocking.

Mrs. Acker came rushing out, and Not yet did he understand her, and began to urge some one not to kill me, "Father has learned to pity you and but take the chickens in welcome. So

A reporter recently interviewed Barop de Wagstaffe, of Russia, who was looking into the railroad industries of Detroit. In the course of the conversation the baron was asked:

"What are the facilities for travel to all parts of the empire?" "Besides the railroads, it is by postroads. We have a most perfect system of post-roads all over the empire." "To the farthest points?"

An American in Russia.

"Yes,sir; from the Pacific coast westward, and from the northern shore south. The best way I can illustrate the perfection of our system of postroads and safety of such travel, is to tell of a New York gentleman, now to be alone. This they believed, and dead-a relative of the Stuyvesants-

land through Asiatic Russia to Petersburg. He couldn't speak a word of any language but his own, and relied entirely on his own intelligence and a United States passport to help him on the journey. His passport had the American spread eagle at its top, while the Russian passports have the Russian eagle with the crown above the eagle's head] at their tops. At every station the New York gentleman observed that he was given the preference over all other travelers; that he got the best horses and at once. No matter if other trayelers had reached the station ahead of him and in need of fresh horses, he was provided first. He made the trip safely, speedily and comfortably, and when

he reached my home he was most enthe promptness and courtesy of our post officials, while he could not speak in terms too enthusiastic over the respect they had shown him all through Russia because of the United States passport."

"What was the secret of his good fortune?"

"Chiefly out of respect to'The Eagle" and the ignorance of the postmasters of the nature of the gentleman's business, which they concluded to be of an official character, and so they treated

"Because by the system all dangerous

committed without almost immediate

-0.0-

RELIGIOUS DRUMMER.

One of the travelers for a New York

detection and punishment."

"Yes, I believe so."

"Yes ; and so do I."

"Do you mean it ?"

0.0

"No, I can't say that you did."

after buying of us for several years."

am looked upon as a Christian."

"Yes."

Old Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut, was a man of some humor as well as perseverance in effecting the end he desired. He resided in New London and among the many anecdotes told of him is the following :

MARRIED BY SURPRISE.

NO. 13.

Of the various sects that had flourished for their day and then ceased to exist, was one known as the Rogerites, so called from their founder, a John or Tom, or some other Rogers, who settled not far from the goodly town of New London. The distinguished tenet of their sect was their denial of the pro-

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priety and the scripturality of the form of marriage. "It is not good for man also that one wife only should "cleave

live as man and wife, dispensing with all the forms of marriage covenant. The old Governor used frequently to call upon Rogers and talk the matter over with him, and endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of living with Sarah as he did. But neither John nor Sarah would give up the agreement. It was a matter of conscience with them ; they were very happy together as they were ; of what use then could a

thereby escape scandal, were they not bound "to take up the cross" and live according to the rules of the religion they professed ? The Governor's logic was powerless.;

an invitation to dine with him, Conversation, turned, as usual, on the marriage subject.

my conscience will not permit me to

people." "Very well. But you love her?" WYes "And respect her?" "Yes." "And cherish her as bone of your "All those in authority in Russia, bone and flesh of your flesh?" when travelling are given a preference "Yes, certainly I do." "And Sarah, you love him, and respect and cherish him?" "Then it is not dangerous to travel "Certainly I do."

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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HUMOROUS.

'Where do you suppose that man is driving?' inquired an Austin gentleman pointing to a flashy dressed fellow behind a stylish team. 'Into bankruptcy,' was the quick reply of a bystander.

A pedagogue complimenting one of his little pupils on his deportment observed: 'You are a good boy; your mother must have taken pains to raise you.' 'Yes, it was quite painful,' said the pupil; 'she raised a blister every time.

A bride complained to her husband that she had been too busy to get off her feet once, and that unhappy man, who had already discovered several 'make-ups'in her construction, exclaimed, in amazement: 'Great heavens ! do they come off, too?'

who for his own pleasure started from to her husband." But then this should the Pacific coast to travel alone overbe a matter of agreement merely, and the couple should come together and

mere form be? Suppose they would

He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and, meeting him, accepted

"Now, John," said the Governor, after a long discussion on the point, why

will you not marry Sarah? Have you not taken her to be your lawful wife?" "Yes, certainly," replied John' "but

marry her in the form of the world's

And "Oh!" she cried, in gladness, "I can smell the old home flowers! Bring me a little blossom, To cheer the lonely hours!"

They sought through the garden vainly; "No flowers are there," they said. "There are,' she cried: "I smell them!" And so she would not be misled.

Again they sought in the garden, And, led by a wandering wind, Deep among the weeds and briars, They chanced the flower to find.

They brought it in and laid it In the sick girl's wasted hand; And she kissed it, over and over; But they could not understand

What it was she said to the flower, Of the old home far away— Or the words so sweet withcomfort The flower in return did say.

Each morning they brought a blossom To brighten the sick girl's room; And the heart of the humble flower Was glad, in the tail weeds's gloom.

"I knew I was meant for something," It said to the far-off sky ; "I was sure I'd a nobler mission Than just to live and to die

And so, till the summer ended, It gave a blossom each day. To tell the homesick stranger Of the old home far away.

They whispered to her of Heaven, And the angels and it seemed As if they brought her a message From the land of which she dreamed.

One morn they came to the flower, And told it she was dead ; Then it gave its last. sweet blossom ; Then they told it what she said ;

"It has been sweet-comfort to me, Stck, in a stranger land; That is the message I send it; It will know and understand.

Then the flower looked up and whispered To its steadfast friend, the sky, "Thank God for the mission he gave me! With a happy heart I die."

Be sure you were meant for something! Keep faith in the God above! And your life may make others happy With its flowers of human love

THE BLACKSMITH.

Young Joe the Blacksmith was a good natured face, well worth seeing, if only for the bath of good humor it gave you.

Everbody liked him ; and his forge was a resort for village idlers, who lov- money for to say it." ed to watch him strike the shinning sparks from the glowing iron, and listen to his cheery voice-for something of a singer was Joe.

There was an hour in the day, from three to four in the afternoon, when Joe would have none of them. Why? Because the child Nellie, across the way-a blue eyed, sunny thing, dearly loved by the blacksmith-always spent ground the rusty blade. that hour with him.

As Joe worked, she was wont to stand, with hands behind her lack, watching him in an old fashioned way. quiet and talkative by turns. Sometimes she asked strange questions that puzzled him.

"Joe ?" she would commence. "Well, cherub ?"

"Doesn't the fire burn beautiful, Joe ?"

"Yes, cear." "What makes it, Joe ?" The next day he received a note, so sad.from little Nellie. It said she loved him still, but he must not come again. Her father said so. He commanded her to listen to Richard Loss she had never disobeyed her father yet; she could not do so now. "But I will plead and pray, dear Joe, and you must hope."

But Joe did not hope. He gave her up. He felt angry with her, too, for her obedience to her father.

Time went on, and the blacksmith grew paler yet. He grew morose, too, and unlike himself; and the village loungers no longer loved to gather at his forge. The name of Richard Ross maddened him. Once he caught one by the throat for saying Richard and Nellie were to be married soon.

One day the idiot of the village, "Crazy Sam," stood watching Joe. The lad had something on his weak mind, and nodded and shook his head in glee; then drew from his pocket two silver pieces and gazed on them with swelling pride. Finally he asked . "Why don't you cry, Joe Mann ? why don't you cry ?"

The black smith glowered on him from under a frowning brow.

"I'd cry if I was you, Joe," said the idiot ; "I'd cry if Richard Ross stole my gal."

With a sound that was half a roar of rage, and half a groan of pain, Joe that capped the climax of horror. A sprung upon him, and in an instant had borne him to the floor and set his aimlessly stumbling around with both knee upon the idiot's breast.

In another moment he might have killed the boy, but that the idiot's sturdy fellow-rather tall, broad shoul- helplessness and terror made him pause dered, arms big with muscle, and a and recall bim to himself. A thought the poor fellow's condition, and hearstruck him. "Who told you to say that ?" he de- and asked if he really meant what he

said. manded. "Richard Ross. He gave me the

"The low bound !" shrieked Joe.

"Heaven have mercy on his soul !" He released Crazy Sam, and went about his work again quite calmly; but the pallor of his face was awful to see. When evening drew on, he picked up convulsive gasp, and one more unfor- to a well dressed gentle man behind the a long, rusty knife blade, and fitted it into a stout handle. Then he stepped majority. to his grind-stone, and sharpened and

Ah ! but Joe was changed ! There toward the writer, "for the poor felwas despair and murder in his noble low could-" heart.

The night fell; and he stood, knife in hand, silently waiting. "Richard Ross leaves her home at ten," he muttered, "and goes on the

lonely road through the woods." When it became nine he could wait no longer, but sped away to his ambush. Be hind two trees, growing

close together, which completly hid him he crouched and listened.

and wife. Richard Ross has gone for- the little story, that I may have been ever."

So Joe took her in his arms, and all -for she closed the door with a bang. his repentance and joy burst forth in a after saying : flood of tears.

-0.00 A Thrilling War Story

"Joe ! dear Joe !" she called.

won. Take me in your arms,"

Henry J. Savage, one of the soldiers'

home yeterans, tells the following thrilling story of a war incident : The oft-mooted question "Was ever

a desperately wounded soldier shot dead, at his own earnest solicitations, by a comrade ?" is answered in the affirmative by your humble servant. It happened as follows : The writer, a member of G company, First Delaware

Third brigrade (Weber's), Third division (French's) Second corps (Sumner's). After wading Antietam creek, plunging through plowed fields, stubblefields and cornfields, his regiment was finally

located with in plain view of the enemy, when the welcome command rang shot. along the line to "load and fire at will." It was then that our daily tar-

get practice at Fortress Monroe came into excellent use, as many a poor devil of the Sixth Alabama learned to his cost. After firing eleven rounds the writer was wounded and ordered to the

rear. While retreating in good order, but making most excellent time, his route led him through a portion of the Irish brigade. Here he saw a sight

member of that devoted brigade was eyes shot out, begging some one, "for

the love of God," to put an erd to his misery. A lieutenant of the Fourth New York was passing by, and, seeing ing his appeal, he halted before him

"O, yes, comrade," was the reply, "I cannot possibly live and my agony

is unendurable." Without an other word the officer drew his pistol, placed it the victim's right ear, turned away his head, and tunate had passed over to the silent | counter, he said :

"It was better thus," said the lieutenant, replacing his pistol and turning

Just then a solid shot took the lieutenant's head off, and the "subsequent proceedings interested him no more." -Milwaukee Sentinel.

-0.0 During a conference of clergymen, the following dialogue was overheard between two newsboys: 'I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being to-gether?' 'Why,' answered Jim, scornfully, 'they always meet once

me, Joe, and says we may be husband much interested was I, in repeating him as they would a high Russian official. somewhat abrupt in my remarks to her "And how is that?"

"I don't care if you do get murder- by a special passport, such as was be-

ed ! and the chickens stolen, too ! So | stowed on the American trayeler." there !" This reply arousing my ire, I sprung | in any part of Russia?"

up and rushed in the direction of the hen-house, urged on by the loud clam- wife and daughters to my home at the or of the hen community.

In my hurried progress I encounter- post-roads after leaving the railroads. ed the dog-kennel, upset it, and sought | While I generally have a revolver with the bosom of mother earth ; sprung up me, it is usually on the floor in the tied by the highest authority in the again, with the dog fastened to my don't know where, for 1 never used it. trousers ; tried to coax him into the That is another result of our passport belief that I was his master, by persystem." suasively using the butt end of my infantry, was then attached to the gun ; succeeded in tearing loose, after characters are at once apprehended and he had gone the length of his chain, placed under guard, when on the other and finally reached the door of the henhand ro murder or other crime can be

house. I cocked my gun, opened the door, and, in my most commanding tone, ordered the thief to come out and be

I received no reply, save a monotonous "squawk ! squawk ! squawk !" dry goods house rocently arrived in an I became bold, stepped inside the interior State, to find that one of his door, closed it, and determined to have best customers was about to transfer revenge for my mishaps. his custom to a Boston firm.

I struck a match, and saw-the old rooster dangling, head downward, from the perch-having slipped his foot for an explanation. through a small knot-hole, lost his balance in his struggles, and now being unable to extricate himself. ly ?" I returned to the house, repeating my little prose lesson, put a court plas-

ter on my heel, and retired. In the morning I serenely watched Mrs. Acker obliterate Towser's trade mark from my pantaloons.

UNTIE THE STRINGS.

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, O., to a lad who was opening a parcel : "Young man,

book." untie the strings ; do not cut them." "Is that so ? Well, our church is in It was the first remark that he had need of repairs. We were talking it omade to a new employe. It was the first lesson the lad had to learn, and it involved the principles of successor fail- | arummer was here, and he at once subpulled the trigger. A half-wheel, a ure in his business career. Pointing scribed ten dollars."

> "There is a man who always whips dollars cash, a new silk hat, and a suit out his scissors and cuts off the strings of clothes for the minister." of the packages in three or four places. He is a good salesmar, but he will never be anything more. I presume he lives

from hand to mouth, and is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is that he was never taught to save.

"I told the boy just now to untie the strings, not so much for the value of the string as to teach him that everything is to be saved and nothing wasted. If the idea can be firmly impressed scoop the pot every time." upon the mind of a beginner in life that nothing was made to be wasted, you deal with the New York firm. have laid the foundation of success."

"Then," eried the Governor, rising, "Not at all. I often travel with my 'by the laws of God and the Common wealthof Connecticut, I pronounce you foot of the Ural mountains,400 miles by to be man and wife!" The raving and tage of John and Sarah ware of no avail-the knot was straw-under the seat or somewhere-I State.

> She Saved his Life.

There was a lot of drummers seate d around the stove.

"I tell you what it is," said the St. Louis commercial traveler, "the boys can just make all the fun they please of the Lake City, but as for me, I shali ever feel deeply indebted to Chicago."

"Why so?" asked Bangs, a Chicago man.

"Because a girl from that place saved my life." "When?"

"Last summer when I was up on "Didn't we always do well by you ?" the lakes. Got shipwrecked, you isked the New Yorker, as he sat down know."

"How was it?"

"There was a Chicago belle on "Didn't we ship goods to you promptboard our boat and she was our salvation. Saved the whole ship's company. ""Did we ever press you in a pinch ?" "Didn't swim ashore with all of

you?" "We can't understand why you "No." should leave our house all of a sudden,

"How then?"

"Noble girl! she wore cork-soled "You know that I attend church ?" shoes which she lashed together with "Do you ? I didn't know that. I the strings and made a raft. We all got aboard and floated safely ashore." "And so am I. I have got the date And then it was so quiet you might of my baptism right here in my note

have heard a clap of thunder while the bartender set out the bottle and glass-

ver the other day, when the Boston Scene in a car. Seats all occupied. Enters a person dressed as a lady Bright little boy rises and offers his "Ten dollars ! Why, that's only two seat. Lady drops into it with an air to go out and work for its living. kegs of nails ! Put me down for thirty of disdain. Boy : 'Oh I beg your pardon: did you speak?' Lady: 'No I didn't say anything ' Boy: 'Oh, excuse "Of course I do ; and if that twome, I thought you said 'thank you,' cent Christian from Boston dares to Lady (in high dudgeon): 'You may give another five dollars, I'll send you down a \$600 church organ and a \$500 a have your seat.' Boy(resuming it): year man to play on it. We are a 'Well, I'll thank you.' Passengers

convulsed. Lady disappears at next house that never makes any great dis play of gospel hymns and religious street crossing. tracts : but when a Boston drummer

A Detroit man brought home a keg bluffs, we show our religious hand, and of whiskey and hid it in a closet. His wife, going there, ran against it in the And the merchant still continues to dark and slapped it so hard that she cut her hand on a hoop. She was under the

are kicking like a steer. What would yon suggest?' 'I am sure I don't know, my pet,' he replied, helplessly. 'What do you think?'

'What is the first thing to be done in the case of fire?' asked Prof. Steans. 'Sue the insurance company,' promptly answered the boy at the foot of the class, whose father had his home burned once or twice.

'It isn't that I care about a little work now.' said an incorrigibly lazy fellow, 'but 1'm afraid if I jonce begin to earn my own living I shall always be expected to do it.

A Philadelphia man in a sleeping car went through a terrible accident in which the sleeping car rolled down an embankment, without waking. It was noticed however, that as the car struck the bottom, he murmured, 'Don't Jane, don't; I'll get up and start the fire.'

Modern Elijah, who inclines to be facetious-'I'm getting to be pretty bald ain't I? Guess you'l have to cut my hair for about half price hereafter, eh?' Tonsorial artist, who is equal to the emergengy; Oh, no, sir. we always charge double when we have to hunt for the hair!'

A book agent, who was wearing a small piece of court-plaster on his face. removed it while shaving, a few mornings since, and replaced it, when his toilet was complete. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day,he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader, and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face. Led by this to look in the glass, he was somewhat taken aback to discover that instead of the court-plaster he had affixed to his face a little, round, printed label, which had fallen from the back of a new mautle-clock, purchased the day before, and which bore the inscription, 'Waranted solid brass.'

HE HAD NEVER THOUGHT OF IT. They had been engaged for fifteen years, and she was now, as it were, in the sere and yellow leaf. 'Darling,' he said, in gentlest accents, 'our betrothal has been very sweet, has it not?' 'It has, it has indeed, my own.'

'But it has been very long, don't you think?' she asked.

'Yes, it has been pretty middlin' long,' he replied. 'I was thinking, dearest,' she contin-

ued, 'that it is nearly old enough now

Couldn't we have it learn a trade, or

put it out at interest or do something

with it so that we might realize upon

it. It has been about home so long.

burning gas and coal, and is now near-

ly full-grown. It seems like a shame

to have it loafing around any longer."

'And just think,' she interrupted.

In six years it will have a vote. I

don't care so much about it myself,but

pa and ma and the rest of the family

'But, my love-'

impression that her husband was trying He had an hour to wait. The sil- a year to exchange sermons with each 'We might get married.' 'How do you know when a cyclone is "The wind from the bellows, cherto kiss her. ence was awful. No bird sung among other.' 'There's many a slip 'twix the cup coming?' asked a stranger of a Western 'That's so, I never thought of that.' ub. "" "What makes the wind from the bel- the trees, and the leaves hung lifeless, De buggy whip can't make up for and the lip' but there are many more man. 'Oh, we get wind of them,' was The drunkard is the liquor dealer's Teey are going to be married next rye tanned man. Thanksgiving. slips after the cup has been emptied. the reply. light feed in de trough. lows do it, Joe ?" stirred by no breath of wind.