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NO. 16.

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46-19

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Men cannot draw water from an empty well, Or trace the stories that gossips tell, Or gather the sounds of a pealing bell. Man never can stop the billows' roar. Nor chain the winds till they blow no more, Nor drive true love from a maiden's door.

Men cannot o'ertake a fleeting lie, Change his wheat to a field of rye, Or call back years that have long gone by, Man never can bribe old Father Time, Gain the height of a peak that be cannot climb, Or trust the hand that hath done a crime.

Man cannot a cruel word recall, Fetter a thought be it great or small, Or honey extract from a drop of gall. Man can never backward turn the tide. Or count the stars that are scattered wide, Or find in a fool a trusty guide.

Man cannot reap fruit from worthless seed Rely for strength on the broken reed, Or gain a heart he hath caused to bleed. Man never can hope true peace to win, Pleasure without and joy within, Living a thoughtless life of sin.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Just a picture of someboly's child, Sweet face set in its golden hair, Violet eyes and cheeks of rose, Rounded chin, with a dimple there.

Tender eyes where the shadows sleep, Lit from within by a secret ray, Tender eyes that will shine like stars, When love and womanhood come this way

Scarlet lips with a story to tell: Blessed be he who shall findit out!
Who shall learn theeyes deep secret well,
And read the heart with never a doust! Then you will tremble, scarlet lips!

Then you will crimson lovliest cheeks!

Eyes will brighten and blushes will burn

When the one true lover bends and speaks. But she's only a child now, as you see: Only a child in her careless grace; When love and womanh od come this way Will anything sadden the flower-like face?

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

"Cheerily boys !" shouted the master. "We must be nearing the coast. Hold hard the helm, Jean! Make fast the rope, Pierre !"

Over the raging sea the fishing

smack shot like a flash. The previous day they had set out amid superb weather. There was a stiff breeze, covering with light team the waves, upon the surface of which the sun was mirrored with bright silvery reflectious. Nevertheless, on passing the lookout house Pere Landure, the master had paused with an uneasy air. In less er know !" replied Jean. than an hour the barometer the column of mercury which glittered at the door, had fallen a centimetre. The old man had remained there a second, seeming to reflect. Then he had glanced at the sky, sniffed the wind, and had ended by shrugging his shoulders. A tempest in such weather, was that possible? idea." He would have felt it, he who scented the gales a day in advance, and he did not scent anything at all, save a good catch of fish. The barometer was certainly wide of the mark.

That was why Pere Landure had set out with his two young men, Pierre

Where they his sons? No. Pere Landure had only a daughter Marie, the pearl of the coast, a superb lass of profit by it. 20, robust and delightful, with eyes of velvet and skin like a ripe peach. Pierre and Jean were mariners of the dure." district, very resolute fellows, persist ent workers, understand ing their business, whom he had employed for a With them everything went splendidly. It was a question which of the twain had most heart in his toil. They were genuine rivals, forsooth! The master had his suspicious as to what caused this laudable zeal. The young fellows trifle. The waves came less swiftly. were after his daughter. That was At last one of them swept the deck. clear. There was a struggle between them as to which of the pair should deserve to be accepted as Marie's husband. Well, let that go ahead! Pere Landure was not disturbed His daughter was sage, and sound in mind

thing would be arranged. She would perhaps do well not delay ly he stood erect and walked toward too long, all the same. For to wait the batchway. thus in impatience is not the best thing for two lads equally smitten. For a- Pierre. bout a month past Pere Landure had detected black looks between them, or tone of brutal rage. "You will give Jean's side particularly; who was me five minutes' grace, I hope." more ardent than Pierre, more choleric also, perhaps, and more underhand. down. Pierre remained above in the But all that would be settled on the darkness, his visage scourged by the wedding day and the rejected lover foam. would console himself with a double share of cider. It would not be the vexation drowned in a stout bumper- 'waiting for something. and pretty girls were not scarce in the

Meanwhile they had worked hard all cast yourself into the sea ?" the afternoon, very calmly. But suddenly toward 4 o'clock, the breeze had I not lost ?" freshened.

Pere Landure had raised his head, put "What is going on below?" resumed his hand above his eyes and scanned he. "Is the smack on fire?" the horizon. Down there, away down "You had too much luck, my boy," there, a black cloud was scurrying a- said Jean, with a sullen sneer. "I have long at the utmost speed.

"Let go behind !" the master had

shouted, "and make for land !" And they hastened toward the coast. "The proof of it is that I am going to driving the vessel before it toward the warks at a bound he vanished. open sea. What a tempest, great Ju- Pierre rushed to the hatchway and kettle is youn."

old as he was, seen anything like it. It The wretched Jean had made good use was surely one of those diabolical hur- of his five minutes' grace. He had made a mistake as to the ocean and not have sufficed for that ! had fallen upon the wrong waters. Evtimes? Its ribs must be solidly bolt- ened. ed! Stoutly decked as it was, it rolled from wave to wave, plunging, then rising as if by a miracle, shaken, tossed,

Where was it going now? That, forsooth, the three sailors would have found it very difficult to say. The night had come on -an inky nightand they couldn't see sixty feet in front of them. For an instant they had perceived the Belle-Isle lighthouse. Now the darkness, heard nothing but the tossed from wave to wave, plunging sinister howls of the wind as it tore its and coming up again, sending forth, as way through the cordage.

"Master," said Pierre, suddenly "the watch light is out !"

"Try to relight it below, and be careful of the fire," answered Pere Landure. "But, no," added he, taking a second thought; "I will do it myself." And quitting the mast, to which he had been clinging, the aged sailor took two steps toward the hatchway. Just at that moment the sea swept the deck. A cry burst forth. The deck was emp-

"Malheur !" cried Pierre, "the master is overboard !"

"He is done for !" said Jean clinging to the tiller.

The two men leaned over the rail searching the darkness with their dilated eyes. They saw nothing.

will Marie say ?" "The chances are that we shall nev-

"Why ?" "Because we also will be drown-

"Do you think so ?" "It looks like it !" "But we do not know."

"I know. At all events I have an "What is it ?"

"That if the smack should escape it should take only one of us back to As he opened his eyes the face spike.

"Because of Marie."

"You are mad, Jean !" "I am not. We are one to many and you know it. The occasion is good. If you are not a coward we will

"How ?" "Let one of us follow Pere Lan-

"Let's leave that to Fate, to the first

sea shipped. If its starboard, it's you. year past to go fishing in his vessel. If it is to larboard, it's me." Will " It will."

The two men were silent. A minute elapsed -as long as a century. The tempest seemed to have abated a

me !" He stood nailed to his place, silent. Then he resumed: "You are in luck. Besides the sea is growing calm. You are likely to see Marie again!" He as well as in body. When she wished paused once more for an instant. she would make her choice, and every- "You have too much luck !" cried he at last in a choking voice. Sudden-

"Where are you going ?" demanded

"Where I please," replied Jean in a

He opened the hatchway and went

When five minutes had elapsed Jean returned to the deck. He placed his first time such a thing had been seen - back to the mast and seemed to be

Pierre said to him: "Jean, you are mad. You are surely not going to "Why not," answered Jean. "Have

"I release you. Remain on board !" Hola! sailors, what does this mean? At that moment Pierre listened,

> fired the vessel !" "Coward !" cried Pierre,

"I am no coward !" replied Jean.

ricanes mentioned by those who have emptied the keg of brandy upon a heap voyaged in southern seas; one of those of tarred rope and already the entire frightful cyclones that surround one hold was in flames. How was Pierre with a circle of furious winds had to quench the fire? Five man would Then Pierre set down on the bench at

ery half hour the wind shifted and the the stern and mechanically seized the mad bark, turning about, shot off in an | tiller, clinging instinctively to the life unknown direction through whirlpools he was about to quit. Almost at once of waves as high as houses. How was the wind had fallen. The sea was yet it that it had not foundered twenty disturbed, but its fury had visibly weak. Pierre remained upon the bench as if

stupefied, hearing the plank partitions crack beneath him as the fire gnawed dashed, speeding along constantly at a them. Suddenly a jet of red firmes escaped through the open batchway. The deck was burning.

From minute to minute the fire increased. Shortly before the sea sweeping over the smack would have extinguished it, or at least, fought it. Now, having doubtless escaped from the furious hurricane, the vessel no longer they saw nothing save the horror of shipped water. It went along inert, each succeeding billow lifted it, a blinding plume of fire.

The remainder of the wind that was blowing coming from behind, it was to the fore of the smack that the flames made headway. For the half hour his agony had lasted Pierre had re mained motionless, staring around him at the bloody light with which the blazing smack empurpled the waves. Now, suddenly, feeling the approaching fire, he threw himself upon his knees, made deck, his face against the burning meanest blush is just such a one as you planks.

How long did he lie there in the tor-"Tonnerre !" resumed Pierre, "what manned by four sailers was coming on alone he would not have blushed, beas rapidly as oars could bring it, fan- cause he knows I am familiar with the tastically illuminated by the wild glare of the fire.

"Ho, there !" cried a voice. Pierre opened his lips to reply. But just at that moment, he felt the smack sink under him and a flood of salt water roughly filled his mouth and ears. Pere Landare's yessel plunged downward, bow first.

When he came to himself, lying upon his back in the lifeboat, Pierre saw a huge bearded face bending over him. "It was lucky for you, my boy, that your smack caught fire! Had it not been for that we should never have

* * + * * When Pierre, a year later, married Marie, he told her the story of that terrible night.

seen you amid the thick darkness.

"He was a bad fellow, that Jean," Still it is because he tried to kill me that I am alive to-day !"

"If you thick proper, my Pierre," said Marie, "we will burn a wax candle for his poor soul !"

Quiet was Restored

Mrs. Daintywell, one of the neatest and most "particular" of women, would always say to her husband when he was run everby a stage on Broad-"Larboard !" cried Jean. "It's way, or something of that kind, and people should find that you had on a shirt you had yorn for a week! I should just die of mortification."

One day Mr. Daintywell really met with the predicted accident, and was brought home won a convenient shut ter. His wife rished to the door when she saw him coning, her face so pale that her husbanl, who was fully conscious, feared that she was going to

"Cheer up, my dear," he cried. "I -"I had on a dean shirt !"

restored her conposure.

Not a Laughing Matter. A woman shod at the front gate down the stree with a kettle tied to his tail. It amised her vastly.

Presently theowner of the dog seur-

ried in hot pursuit, whereupon the woman at the rate laughed a gleeful, unneighborly laigh. Then a little boy rounded the corne with a bright, innocent look upon his face, as who should say: "I-am-on-

an-errand-for-my-dear-ma.-sodon't-detah-me." He stoppd and said to the woman at the gate:

"What an you laughin' at?" She repled with hilarity: "I'm kettle tied tohis tail." "It's awfulfunny, ain't it?" the lit-

Owner & Proprietor. lows, never had Pere Landure himself, choked. Biting smoke filled the throat. stopped lauging .- Phila. Eve. Call.

BLUSHING AND LYING.

The Popular Error That the One is an Index of the Other.

"But didn't you see him blush ?" "Well, what of that ?"

"Don't you think he was lying ?" "No, I don't. I know he was telling me the square truth."

"Do you know the circumstances ?" "Yes, and I know he told them just as they were."

"It sounded like a lie, anyway." Denison, a well-known Chicago lawyer, for this talk was taking place in his office just after the departure of a young

ing advice from his attorney. "I venture to say no man has had more trouble than I with blushes, and I think I know some of the causes behind them. You may have noticed that I blush on every conceivable occasion. If a question is put to me quickly, I tlush. If I meet a friend slap on the street-unless I see him some time before I reach him-I blush. If anybody speaks my name from behind or from some unexpected quarter, I blush. As much as I have been before juries, I blush every time an opposing advocate refers to me as 'the learned counsel for the defense.' Hang! I blush on all sorts of occasions, and yet I don't believe that anybody would say I am an especially modest or bashful man."

ney, "I have blushed and blushed all the sign of the cross and fell flat on the the more I blush. Above all, the the grave, and I attended his funeral." saw on that young man's face just me that fact is to-day a drunken host- a free-trader.' now. I know just how he felt. He por of his mute resignation? A few knew he was telling a pretty hard story, minutes perhaps. Suddenly shouts and he could see in your face that you burst upon his ear. He raised his didu't believe him. That's why he head : there, very near him, a boat blushed. If he had been talking to me circumstances he related; but you looked doubtingly at him, and he felt the mistrust so keenly that it brought the blood to his face."

After a little pause Mr. Denison con-

The blush is not, as is too often believ- try, too." ed, the evidence of a lie. Nor is it en true signal of embarrassment. I know blushes; some of them purely physical get over the fuel difficulty: my blashes,"

He Went Into Politics.

"Good gracious," said the greceryman to the bad boy, "I am sorry for your pa, if he has got his head set on and now every ward politician owes me for groceries. You see, they come to me and wanted me to run for supervisor. They said I was just the man they wanted, a man with a large head, one who was a business man, and who stepped into aninsuspected hatchway, few dollars when he could make a barand had quite afall; but don't worry rel of money. They said if I was on the board of supervisors I could be It is needless to add that this quite placed on a committee that handled the funds, and I could make the purchase of groceries and provisions for all the county institutions, the poor house, house of correction, insane asylum, hospitals, and everything, and I could watching her leighbor's dog coming buy them at my own store at my own price, and in two years I could be rich as any man in town. Well, I never had a proposition strike me so favorably, and I went in head over appetite. For a month I went around our ward night and day, spending money, and the politicians came to the store and traded while I was out, and had it charged, and when the caucus was held I only got one yote for supervisor, and I voted iff., that myself. Well, the politicians tried to explain to me, but I bought a revolver, and they kept away. Do you know the next day after the caucus I didn't have twenty dollars worth of groceries laughin' at old Bullrag's dog with a in the store, and the clerk was dying of lonesomeness?"-Peck's Sun.

multiplication table.

A Very Sad Story.

Showing What Rum will do to Degrade and Destroy Men.

John B. Gough telis the following:

"A minister of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the door step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, "That is why he blushed," said Mr. staggered and fell in the hall. That minister said to me, "I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon man who had been sued and was seek- it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was the child, dead ! there was his wife in strong convultions, and ne asleep." A man of about thirty years asleep, with a dead chi'd in the house, having a mark upon his temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with his head as he swung him around, and a wife upon the brink of the grave ! "Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must remain until he awoke, and I did." When he a woke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, "What is the matter? where am I? where is my boy ! "You cannot see him." "Stand out of the way, I will see my boy." To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a "No. sir," continued the old attor- wild shrick, "Ah, my child!" That minister said further to me, "One year my life, and the more I blush the more after that he was brought from the I try not to, and the more I try not to lunatic asylum to lie besides his wife in

The minister of the gospel who told ler in a stable in Boston. Now,tell me what rum will not do. It will debase. degrade, imbrute and damn eyerything that is noble, bright, glorious and Godlike in human being. There is noth. ing that drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking or hellish. Why are we not to fight till the day of our death?"

STRAW FOR FUEL.

"Yes, I've lived out West ten years," said a traveler, who was beard-"I never pay the least attention to ed like a forty-niner, "I mean on the blushes when examining a witness, prairies of Newbraska. Great coun-

"What did the folks do for fuel ?" "Well, nowadays we're following afthat, for I have been told that I was ter the Rooshuns, the Rooshun Menblushing purple when I was as ca'm nonites, you know, in the fuel busines; and unembarrassed as I am at this mo- They are right smart and ingenious in ment. There are many causes for my some things, and this is the way they

I think; but often when I am telling "They build their houses of four something-some little personal recol- rooms, all cornering together in the lection, perhaps, that amounts to noth- center. Right there they put up a ing-I get it in my head that some- great brick oven, with thick walls, body doubts some part of it. Then I From the furnace door back to the blush. Then I feel that I am blushing backyard is a passageway. Every said he : "dont you think so, my love ? and I say to myself. 'Now he will see morning, noon and night they lug a me blush and will be sure to think I jag of straw in from the stack and am lying,' and that makes me blush all burn it in the furnace. The thick the more, until finally I can feel my brick walls get red hot, and stay so for face burn and glow like a coal, and I hours, warming every room in the say to myself, 'Now he is sure I am bouse. Even in the coldest weather lying, and he thinks I know he is sure three fires a day in the furnace will of it,' and so I stand and blosh because keep the house warm. For the cook-I think he doubts me until, parhaps, I ling stoves we burn cornstalks to get really make him doubt me because of meals with, and thus our farms raise our fuel as we go along. Pretty good scheme, ain't it ?"

An Object Lesson.

An object lesson in the transmutation of virtues is conveyed in this going into politics. I was in poli- paragraph from an exchange: Tennytics one year myself, and it has taken son can take a worthless sheet of pame five to get out and pay my debts, per, and by writing a poem on it makes it worth \$5,000. That's genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet and make it worth \$5,000,000. That's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold, would not kick at the expenditure of a and stamp upon it an 'eagle bird' and make it \$20. That's money. The me chanic can take the material worth \$5 and make in into a watch worth \$100. That's skill. The merchant can take it. an article worth 25 cents, and sell it for \$1. That's business The ditchdigger works ten hours a day, and shovels out three or four tons of earth for \$2. That's labor.

In a Boudoir.

and all they had was sold by the sher- helpless.

'What has become of Miss Lulu, who was always such a favorite in

'Her father failed some weeks ago,

'Poor thing!' 'And now they have to live in a

small rented house down town.' 'What a change! How she must

even her best friends would not recothing!

HUMOROUS.

One inch makes a square. Administrand Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient a disements and locals 10 cents per line for insertion and 5 cents per line for each add al insertion.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the pupilshers may continue to send them until all arreatages 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 as dordered them discontinued.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Professor-"What can you say in regard to the articulation of the bones?' Student (doubtfully)-"I don't think they articulate very much.'

There are some marriages which remind us of the poor fellow who said, "She couldn't get any husband, and I couldn't get any wife, so we got mar-

'A poet sends a contribution entitled 'Why do I live?' That is easy to answer. It is because he sends his contributions to this office instead of bringing them in person.

An Illinois girl's heart is located on the right side, and she says she cannot imagine how it came so, unless it was squeezed over there from her young man's habit of always hugging with the right arm.

'Hello!' said the policeman. 'What are you sitting out here in the cold for? Why don't you go in the house; have you lost your night key?' 'No,' responded the disconsolate citizen, 'I -hic-havn't lost ther key. I'vehic-lost ther key-hole.'

"Can you give me a little money

on that account of yours this morning?' "No,I don't believe I can this morning.' "Well, will you appoint a time when you can? You have traded with me a good deal, and have never paid me a cent.' "I know it. I am 'I don't see how you can endure

that Piffy girl, Jack," said his sister.

"I'm sure there's nothing in her."

"Nothing in her, indeed! I just wish you'd been with us to supper after the theatre to-night,' and he dropped a tear over his buried salary. She-'Only give up smoking for one year, and I have no doubt you will never touch tobacco again.' He-'Well, I don't know; I did not smoke

once for fifteen years, and then I be-

gan and enjoyed it hugely.' She-

'For fifteen years! You must have

been very young when you began.'

He-'I was fifteen.' Dr. Perry, late bishop of Melbourne, u sed to relate that on one of his official rounds he was dining at a settler's cabin 'in the bush,' his plate became empty on the solitary vege able comprised in the primative bill of fare; and then one of his host's juvenile sonssupposing 'Lord' and 'God' to be interchangeable terms, and having heard the guest addressed as 'my Lord'piped out 'Pa, won't God have some

more potatoes?' Podgers rushed into the sanctum of the Hammertown Bugle for satisfaction; and as he came out, and monopolized the stairway at one jump, he exclaimed: Jewhilikens! but the very

A Jerseyman was once thrown one hundred and fifty feet by an express train; when he picked himself up, looked around for his hat, and remarked, 'Well, if I don't find that er hat I'll make the company pay for it.'

chair that editor sits on is a revolver!'

Teach Your Boys.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without Teach them that one good, honest

trade is worth a dozen professions.

best policy'-that it is better to be poor, than rich on profits of crooked

Teach them that 'honesty is the

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves. Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they can not too soon learn to protect the weak and

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is. Teach them that God is no respec-

ter of sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment he meant it for 'Yes. She is so much changed that | them as well as for their sisters. Teach them that by indulging their

Because a woman "figures in socie- gnize her. I met her on the street to- depraved appetites in the worst forms piter! Never had the two young fel- went down three steps. He came up Then the wman at the gate suddenly ty" it is no sign that she knows the day and did not know her at all, poor of dissipation, they are not to become the husbands of pure girls.