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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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**How She Managed Him.**

It was at a Leap Year ball in the city of Kimball. The large hotel was crowded to the utmost with all the bells and beaux of the place, and it was noticed that there were a great many strangers present; but they seemed to be of a well-bred class, and although the host had endeavored to be very select in his company, they had received tickets some how; and as it was a public house he could have nothing to say, unless there was something out of the way upon which to base his opposition to their presence.

It was one of the most novel entertainments that had ever been given in the place. Many of the usual customs were reversed, even as far as dress was concerned, the ladies wearing position coats over their daintily-trimmed skirts. Beside these coats they wore high standing collars, men's neckties, and as much expanse of white shirt front as possible; while every girlish head had the hair parted on the side.

Nor were the men behind in their toilets, for nearly every one blossomed out in a brightly-colored sash, a fan, and a lovely bouquet of flowers, while their hair was parted in the middle and arranged in innumerable little frizzes, or bangs, upon their foreheads.

The ladies enjoyed themselves famously, escorting the men from their residences, inviting them to dance, and taking them to supper.

Among the lookers on were some of the most aristocratic people in the city, who were laughing at the performances of the young people, and joking with the young ladies, who, with their men's right, were lounging in all parts of the rooms. These married people enjoyed themselves most laughing at the almost invariable mistakes that the girls made in their attempts to do the agreeable to their favorite gentlemen.

George Webb was standing looking on, with her sister Jennie and her husband, Albert Ayers; but every moment her pretty head was turned toward the door, and any one could have told that she was looking for some one.

Her husband, Willis Webb, was a very wealthy man, and his wife was the most beautiful woman in the city. Under her influence he had given up the almost unquenchable desire for drink which once held him, and had not drunk a drop for over two years. But to-night she feared for him, for she had not seen him for over two hours, and they had arranged to return home at twelve, and it was now nearly two o'clock in the morning.

"Jennie," she whispered, "what do you suppose keeps Willis?"  
 Jennie looked at the anxious little face of her sister, and knowing just what her thoughts were, replied,—  
 "I will ask Albert to go down and tell him that we are waiting for him to return home."

The relieved look in Georgie's eyes told how welcome were the words, and Jennie whispered in her husband's ear, and casting a smiling glance at Georgie, he arose and began pushing his way toward the door, encountering many dashing belles in his progress.

"What dreadful manners, Mr. Ayers," said one of the girls, "to be going about with out any escort!"  
 Albert laughed, but continued his course, and soon was lost among the jesting maidens.

Georgie's little golden head was still frequently turned toward the doorway, and at length she saw Albert coming, but, as she had feared, alone, and his face wore a compassionate look as he glanced at her.

"Did you find Willis?" she inquired half fearfully.  
 "Yes," answered Albert, "but—"  
 "I know what you would tell me," she said sadly. "He has been drinking."

"Yes," answered her brother-in-law, "and I thought it best not to bring him up here among our friends. If you like you can go home with Jennie and me, and then I will come back for Willis."

"I think that will be the better way," said poor Georgie, wearily.  
 "Come, Jennie, let's go immediately."

Willis Webb had not taken a glass of strong drink for two years, but to-night he had been over-persuaded by one of his old companions into taking just one or two drinks; but these had as quickly affected him as more had been wont to do in the olden times. He had realized his condition instantly, and endeavored to hide it as well as he was able, and sat down in a dark corner, thinking his brain would clear in a few minutes; but he was mistaken, for when his brother-in-law found him his mind was so cloudy that he only half understood what was going on around him. Still it dimly seemed to haunt him that his wife wanted to go home early, and at length he arose and staggered into the next room, where a lady,



one of the strangers of the party, was standing before the glass, arranging her hair. Her dress was a dark blue, like Georgie's and she walked unevenly up to her, saying—  
 "Come on, old woman, lesh go home."  
 "Very well," quickly answered the lady. "Wait until I get a carriage."  
 "Sought we come foot?"  
 "Oh, well, I will take you home in a little better style than I brought you."  
 "Wait right here until I return."  
 "Wash you mean? Guesh I know nuf to go home without your bossing me."

"But, this you know is a Leap Year party, and the ladies wait on the gentlemen."  
 "Thash so? By George, I forgot! Hurrah for Leap Year! Hurry up!"  
 It was but a few moments before the lady returned, and Willis Webb was hurried into a carriage, and sank in a heap upon the soft cushions. Five minutes later his fair companion was in possession of his pocket-book and costly jewelry. Poor Webb's indulgence was costing him heavily. Then she signalled the driver to stop, and the half unconscious man was assisted to alight, and the carriage drove away.

But it was not a woman who stood beside him now, but a light and slender man, who ran lightly over the pavement, leaving him to the tender mercies of any passer-by.

Georgie waited with her sister until Albert should return with her husband, but when he came he said that Willis was nowhere to be found; no one had seen him, and Mr. Ayers thought he must have gone home alone.

Georgie then started for home, with her brother-in-law by her side, and when they had walked about half of the distance they came upon the sleeping man lying right in their path.  
 "Oh, Albert, I believe that is he!" said Georgie, through her tears.  
 Albert bent over the recumbent man, and then replied,—  
 "You are right, Georgie."  
 He shook Webb roughly until he got him upon his feet.

"Now, Georgie, if you will take one arm I will take the other, and so we will get him home."  
 When morning came Webb was himself again, and it was with a blush of shame that he met his little wife at the breakfast table. He told her the whole story; of his meeting an old friend he had not seen for years; of his slight indulgence; how after that his memory became indistinct.

"But, Georgie, I swear that I will never touch it again."  
 Georgie kissed her repentant husband upon the forehead.  
 After a while he asked her,—  
 "You took care of my pocket-book, of course, Georgie?"  
 "No, Willis, I have not seen your money."

"Then, as I live, it is stolen!"  
 And stolen it was. Search not only proved the fact but revealed another; his magnificent watch and diamond ring were gone also.

Willis Webb was a wealthy man, and was bitterly ashamed of his excess; but this was more than he could bear tamely.

He had some indistinct remembrance of being brought home in a cab, and he went down town and put the whole matter in the hands of a skilled detective. While in his office he learned that this was only one of a dozen bold robberies which had been committed the evening before, and every means was being taken to trace those polite stranger guests.

He touched no more drink, although his indulgence had awakened all his old desire for it. The episode had aroused all his wife's olden fear, and she watched him as a cat watches a mouse.

A month or two glided by, and then there came an invitation for Willis Webb to attend a wine supper, to be given by this same old acquaintance, who had taken rooms at the hotel.  
 "Oh, Willis, I don't want you to go!" cried his wife.

"Why not?" he asked. "You need not fear that I will drink anything."  
 "Oh! but I don't want you to go!

**Cleveland and Hendricks,**

Democratic Candidates  
 FOR  
 PRESIDENT  
 AND  
 VICE PRESIDENT.

Let's go to Jennie's to-night."  
 "But I have sent an acceptance, and Evans would be angry if I went anywhere else."  
 "Well, then, let's stay at home together."  
 "But I really wish to go myself," said Willis, the color rising in his face.

"Oh, Willis," she cried out with tears in her eyes, "I never can let you go in the world. I should not have a minute's peace all the evening."  
 "Georgie, don't be a fool! Don't you suppose I know enough to take care of myself? And I promise you that I will not drink."

"But that is just what they are getting together to do," said she, blushing, "and it's best not to put oneself in the way of temptation."  
 Willis knew this to be good and solid reasoning, but he felt a trifle galled at the careful watch his wife kept over him, and was determined not to be "led around" by any woman; so he resolved to go at any risk. And then he laughed at his wife's fears, and went off to business, thinking that he would go if only for a few minutes, and return before Georgie had begun to look for him.

The first man he met was one of the invited guests, and a worldly fellow of somewhat convivial habits of life.  
 "Going down to Evans' to-night, Webb?"  
 "Yes, I think so; I suppose that you will be there?"

"Of course; the old lady cuts up a little rough about it, but I let her know I am my own master. Just as if there were any harm in a little fun!"  
 This conversation strengthened Webb's resolution to go also, for he felt an awful fear lest the fellows thought his wife had a little too much to say. And yet he knew that he owed his name to her, and the fortune which was now his would have been squandered but for her influence. Then the affair of the Leap Year ball came before his vision, and he felt a twinge; and then he settled the matter by thinking that he would go for a little while only.

When he returned home he found Georgie gotten up in a most ravishing style, and with a half dozen pretxts to keep him at home. She said nothing upon the subject, but she had some old songs and duets upon the piano, which she wanted him to practice with her."  
 "You know we used to sing so much together before we were married, dear," she said, "and we are getting fearfully out of practice."  
 Willis smiled furtively, and they practiced together for an hour or more, and then he made a move for the dressing-room.

"Oh, don't go off, Willis! I've got some yarn to wind, and I want you to hold the skeins; and then, if you are going down the street, I want to go with you."  
 "Now, Georgie," said he, laughing, "why not be honest and say you don't want me to go to Evans' and done with it?"

"Well, I don't," she cried, laughing in turn. "And you won't go, either, will you, darling?"  
 "Of course I shall go! I have promised, and you would not have me break my promise, would you?" he replied.

"Yes, I would, if it were such a promise as that," she said, kissing him.  
 "Well, I shall not," returned he, taking up his shaving utensils.

Then Mrs. Georgie snatched away his brush and tossed it out of the open window, and laughed so mischievously that he could not be offended.  
 "Never mind," said he. "I can get shaved at the barber's."  
 And then the little wife threw her arms about his neck and kissed and coaxed him furiously for ten minutes.

His resolution was beginning to waver when his eye fell upon a powder that lay upon the dressing-table; it was a sleeping potion his wife took when she had neuralgia, and into his mind there instantly came an ignoble plot.

"Well," said he, as if yielding, "if you will go down and get each of us a glass of that lemonade I saw in the



pitcher to-night, I will think of it before I go."  
 A way ran the happy Georgie, thinking now she was sure of victory, and soon returned with the pitcher and two glasses.

"I made this on purpose for you, Willis."  
 "Thank you, dearie. Now run away and fetch my dressing gown and slippers."  
 And while she was gone the unprincipled fellow dropped the opiate into his wife's glass.

"Now for a merry evening!" lifting his glass; and the two together drained the daintily spiced lemonade.  
 "But it shall be at Evans'," said the graceless scamp, darting into the dressing closet, as if to avoid his wife.

"It shall, eh?" said his wife, thinking him in jest; and she closed the door behind him and bolted it firmly.  
 "Oh, Georgie," said he remembering the narcotic was quick in its effect, "let me out quick, and I solemnly promise that I will remain at home with you."

But he was too late; the little golden head sank down slowly until it rested upon the soft plush carpet, and never stirred from its dreamless sleep until the morning sun shone into the open window.

Willis shouted and called, but the servants were too far off to hear him, and he had no resource but to stay in the close little dressing-room until his wife should awaken. Sleep was impossible, and he did some of the soundest thinking of his life during those long, chill night hours. The thought of his little wife lying outside the door was agony to him. But at last he heard her stir, and then she quickly unbolted the door, saying,—

"Why, Willis, have you been in there all night, and have I been sleeping on the floor?"  
 "Yes, dear," he confessed humbly.  
 "I gave you that sleeping powder, thinking I would go for a little while to Evan's party; but you shut me in here, and then went to sleep."  
 "What a shame!" said Georgie.  
 "What a blessing!" said her husband. "And I will here give you a solemn promise never to take another drink, or ever attend another wine supper again."

"What's the matter with you, people?" said Jennie, putting her head in at the chamber door. "Bridget told me you hadn't come down yet."  
 "Nothing—only we are a little lazy," said Willis, quickly.  
 "Then you haven't heard the news? They've found out the thieves at last, and that Evans at the hotel is the leader of the gang."

Georgie looked at her husband, and Jennie went on,—  
 "They have found your watch and ring, too. They were in Evans' trunk."  
 "Of all things! His party must have been a failure."  
 "Yes, the officers came in when they were at the table. Albert was there, and he said he never was so ashamed in his life."

And Willis Webb, after that had great respect for his little wife's wishes, and kept his promise religiously.

**The First Saw-Mills.**

The old practice of making boards was to split up the logs with wedges, and inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that the thing could be done in any better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century, but so late as 1655, an English ambassador, having seen a saw-mill in France thought it a novelty which deserved particular description. It is amusing to note how the aversion to labor saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw-mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663; but the public outcry against the new fangled machine was so violent that the proprietor was forced to decamp with greater expedition than ever did a Dutchman before. The evil was thus kept out of England for many years, or rather generations.

**An Ideal Pastoral Sketch.**

The Maid Who Would a Milking Go all in a Silken Gown.  
 [From Peck's Sun.]

It has remained for a wealthy gentleman in Connecticut to assert positively that 'There is nothing like a Jersey cow and a pea-fowl for the ornamentation of a lawn.' It is now more than likely that in a short time the passer by may see in nearly every front yard one of these aristocratic kind quietly ruminating anent the flower bed, beneath the umbrageous foliage of a syringa bush, while the pea-fowl, with its many hued tail spread out like a Chinese fan, promenades slowly to and fro, ever and anon lifting its voice in song, which said song, as is well known, rivals the notes of the nightingale or the mellifluous calloppe.

And the daughter of the house—the pretty child of fashion—will trip down the front steps just before the gloaming, clad in picturesque attire, with a fourteen quart medieval milk-pail on her arm, and the latest 'agony' on her lower limbs, which the abbreviated gown does not conceal, but on the contrary seems to have a sort of law-law-for-black-ducks appearance. She will approach the gentle Jersey and call her pet names; 'Iolanthe, you dear, you perfectly charming creature, you too utterly lovely bossie, you will kindly oblige me by elevating?' And if the cow don't respond she will continue, 'Hoist, please, dear!' and gently push against the north-east quarter of the west half of the south-west section and seat herself on the hand-painted and embroidered milk-stool, on the wrong side of the cow. And right here it might be well to ask why custom has decreed that cows should be milked from the off side. There seems to be no good reason, and the milk-maids of Milwaukee should manipulate from one side as well as de adder, and settle the senseless custom at defiance.

Having got fairly seated, she will take off her six-button kids, spit on her hands, and commence extracting the lactical fluid, and may go through the operation successfully—if Iolanthe has a sweet temper and the flies don't bite—the admiration of the family, visiting friends, and such gentlemen as have stopped outside the fence to gaze on the charming idyllic scene; but the chances are that about the time the first tiny stream of milk [warranted eight per cent. pure cream] strikes the bottom of the pail a horse-fly will sting Iolanthe amidst the pretty tail ornamented with a knot of gay ribbons will switch suddenly to the left, and knock the pompadour mat of the m. m. off. Undismayed, but a little agitated, she will pick it up, put it on wrong side before, and proceed with the operation, saying: 'So, you naughty bossie; so, Iolanthe, pet, so, so! Do the horrid flies bite your delicate cuticle?'

In the excitement of the moment, she will squeeze too hard, and her eighteen corat diamond ring will hurt the sensitive animal, who will suddenly elevate the left posterior limb and knock her silly, and she will be carried into the house, and the doctor will be telephoned for and there will be His Satanic Majesty to pay generally. The hired man will finish the job that evening, and unless the petted child of fortune is a girl of more than ordinary nerve, she will not repeat the experiment, but confine her studies in natural history to pug dogs, bugs, dudes and similar curiosities.

**Dead Men Don't Advertise.**  
 It can be safely laid down as a rule that in these days of universal advertising the man who don't advertise either has nothing for sale which will bear talking about or he is so old foggy in his methods of business that he has got so far behind the times that he will never catch up. There is no surer evidence of snap and energy in a business man or firm than liberal advertising. In the store or warehouses of a large advertiser the purchaser finds the latest styles, the best material, the most approved patterns, the most reliable goods and the most advanced business methods. Advertising pays, not only in the matter of attracting customers, which is his legitimate aim of all advertisements, but it enables the reader to see who are the really live and energetic men in any line of business, and by keeping them constantly in mind the reader of the paper can avoid the old fogy tradesman whose greatest mistake in life has been in not getting buried twenty-five years ago. Dead men don't advertise.

Black lace dresses retain their popularity.—Paris letter in Peterson's Magazine.  
 The regular tight-fitting corset is gradually parting with its basque, and is returning to the pointed corset of our grandmothers.—Paris letter in Peterson's Magazine.

Overskirts are made now with very deep points in front, reaching to the hem of the underskirt, while they are caught up very high at the back in loops or draperies, leaving the back of the underskirt almost wholly uncovered.—Paris letter in Peterson's Magazine.

Fashionable ladies now wear the watch in a small pocket set upon the left breast. A slender chain is attached to the watch, one end being fastened to one of the lower buttonholes of the corset. These chains are the latest novelty in jewelry.—Paris letter in Peterson's Magazine.

Stopped off at Niagara Falls.  
 A man, seemingly about sixty years of age, was telling the people in the waiting rooms at the Third street depot yesterday that he had 'been East to old Massachusetts to see his sisters, and that on the way back he stopped off at Niagara Falls.'

'That's a place I never saw,' remarked a woman with a poke bonnet on.  
 'You didn't! Well, you've missed the awfulest sight on earth! I was just stunned.'  
 'What is it like?' she asked.  
 'Well, there's a river, and the falls, and lots of hotels, and several Infjuns, and the bridge veil, and land only knows what else. If my old woman had been along she'd have wilted right down.'  
 'There's water there, I suppose?'

'Oh, heaps of it. It pours and thunders and roars and foams and humps around in the terriblest manner. You have bit on a shirt button in a piece of ple, haven't you?'

'No, sir.'  
 'Well, the feeling was about the same—kinder shivery. Why, the biggest man that ever lived ain't half as big as Niagara Falls! Let him stand there and see that 'ere water tumbling over them 'ere rocks and he can't help but feel what a miserable hoss fly he is. You've fallen out o' bed, haven't you?'

'No, sir.'  
 'Well, it's about the same thing, you wake up and find yourself on the floor, and you feel as if you had been stealin' sheep o' robbin' blind men.'

'What part of the falls did you most admire?' she asked.  
 'The water, mam,' he promptly replied. 'If you'd put 10,000 kegs of beer on the roof of this building and set them all running, they couldn't begin with Niagara. It's the terriblest, appallinest thing ever patented.'

'Cost you much?' inquired a gentleman.  
 'Bout sixty-five cents. It's pooty tight times, and sixty-five cents don't grow on every bush, but I ain't sorry. It's sunthin' to talk about for twenty years to come. There's a chap in our town who used to travel with a circus, but he'll have to take a back seat when I git home. Flip-floppin' around in a circus don't begin with Niagara Falls.'

'So, on the whole, you were pleased, eh?'

'Pleased! Why, I was tickled half to death? I tell you, if I had one on my farm I wouldn't sell it for no \$50 in cash! I've looked into a field whar 750 fat hogs was waitin' to be sold for solid money, but it was no sich sight as the falls. I've seen barns afire, and eight horses runnin' away, and the Wash-bash river on a tear, but for downright appallin grandeur of the terriblest kind gim me one look at the falls. You all orter go thar'. You can't half appreciate it 'till you've grazed on the rumpus.'—Detroit Free Press.

**Facial Freaks.**

We have it on the authority of Dr. Karl Muller that in his boyhood he knew a man who, Jauns-like had two totally different faces, one side laughing and the other crying. 'Naturally,' he said, 'I dreaded this strange double face, with its one side smooth, plump, comely, like a girl's cheek; while the other was all scarred by the smallpox. This side of the face denoted churlishness, and while the other bore a smile, this boded mischief.'

The same authority is also responsible for the following story: 'I was once sitting in a cool underground saloon at Leipzig, while without people were ready to die from the heat, when a new guest entered and took a seat opposite to me. The sweat rolled in great drops down his face, and he was kept busy with his handkerchief, until at last he found relief in the exclamation, 'Fearfully hot!' I watched him attentively as he called for a cool drink, for I expected every moment he would fall from his chair in a fit of apoplexy. The man must have noticed that I was observing him, for he turned toward me suddenly, saying: 'I am a curious sort of a person, am I not?' 'Why?' I asked. 'Because I perspire only on my right side,' he r-sponded. And so it was. His right cheek and his right half of his forehead were as hot as fire, while the left side of his face bore not a trace of perspiration. I had never seen the like, and in my astonishment was about to enter into conversation with him regarding this physiological phenomenon, when his neighbor on the left broke in with the remark: 'Then we are opposites and counterparts of each other, for I perspire only on my left side.' This, too, was the fact.