Ceaves & Gephand

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NO. 16

Patrolling the Beach.

'May I go with you?' asked Win Waters, who chanced to be calling at the Life-Saving Station near Pebbly Beach, one evening.

'Oh, yes,' replied Sam Williams, in his hearty way. 'Plenty of room.'

Sam was about leaving the kitchen, which was also the living room of the Life Saving Station. The clock on the wall had just blithely sung out, 'One -two-three-four-five-six-seveneight t-t!' Some of the crew had sleepily stumbled up the short, narrow flight of stairs leading to their quarters for the night. Simes Towle, who, until the appointment of a keeper, was now acting as the head man at the station, had gone into the boat-room adjoining the kitchen. It was a room about 30 feet long, with a big door mouth in front, and a glass eye on each of two sides. The boat-room contained the big surf-boat, warranted to be twentyfour feet in length and not to sink, as it was buoyed up by air chambers at each end. Then there was a cart, laded with all kinds of apparatus needed for the relief of a wreck, and ready to be rolled out of the boat-room's 'mouth' the very moment it was opened. In this room there were also coils of rope, a light line to te shot to a wreck and a mortar for shooting it,a breeches-buoy, a life car, drawers packed with rockets

out of the boat-room, swinging a lantern in his hand. He was a short, stout man with gray whiskers and blue eyes, and he was dressed in a blue flannel suit.

and coast signals-how many things,

indeed. The acting keeper now came

acting keeper. 'Jest about.' Sam had put on a short, heavy fisherman's jacket and a 'sou'wester,' and

tucked his trousers into a pair of long rubber boots that an elephant (small one) could have walked in. Beneath the drooping eaves of his 'sou'wester' brown eyes. A long sandy beard fringed like a broom the lower portion bowlders and pebbles.

'Here's your time detector,' called out the acting keeper.

small leather case, to which was at- ing but his rubber boots, and yet in retached a long leather shoulder strap.

got my custom signal,' exclaimed Sam, clapping his hand down on his pocket and proying its contents. The 'signal' was a small black package, perhaps three inches long and an inch in diameter. It fitted into a brass socket furnished with a handle. When the handle was pressed down, this drove a sharp rod out of the socket into the signal. striking a percussion cap which ignited a fuse. 'Come. Win !' called out Sam, snatching up a lantern. 'Time I was out on that 'ere beat.'

He opened the door to let his companion out, closed it, and then halted a minute to get, as he affirmed, his

'There's a moon somewhere, and it isn't dark,' he said, looking up to the stars that snapped like small coals on a big, black hearth. Then he looked off on the sea, which was an indefinite mass of darkness, but announced its presence by a steady and rather a savage roar-r-r ! There was a little snow that whitened the rocky rim of the heach along which they slowly trudged.

'What do you say they call you?' asked Win.

'I am a surfman, and that means, I s'pose, good at handlin' a craft in the surf; and then I go on these beats and

am a patrolman,' replied Sam. 'How many watches do you have at

'Wall, the first watch is from sunset till eight, and the second from eight to day,' said Sam,' as the two slowly twelve, and from twelve till four is the third watch, and from four till sunrise, or at eight, is the fourth watch. Then to go in the daytime if the weather is

On they stumbled, over the black, slippery rocks that the tide had lately washed, splashing now through dark master, and Win kept up a persevering ward Myrich, I tell ye.'

put down each vessel that passes.'

'Do you have many in your crew?'

'There were one hundred and eightynine by the last official report, but there are more now. They are addin' all the the first of September and leave by the first of May, and each man has fifty dollars a month from the Government.

you should see a wreck?'

hurry to the station and rouse 'em.' 'What then ?'

'Wall, we should launch the surfboat if it wasn't too rough, and if 'twas, we should get out the mortar wreck, if near enough,' 'What then ?'

'Wall, we should send 'em a life car sensible, they'll come ashore in a 'mazin' quick time.'

were crossing a snowy field. 'So quick !' said Sam. 'Here we are at the house where I take out my de-

'In that leather case you carry ?' 'Yes. This is an ingenious way, I

think, to make us faithful. Do you

As Sam held up the lantern, Win caught the gleam of a brass chain that secured a key to the wall of the house. Sam took the key, inserted it in the time detector, turned it till it clicked, and then, turning it back, withdrew and placed it in its niche.

'There, when you heard that click, a little dial inside was struck, and tomorrow mornin' the actin' keeper will 'You all ready, Sam ?' inquired the take the dial out, look at it, and see the record of my faithfuluess,' said nose, while her lord and master unfeel-

The patrollman here turned, and, pointing his sharp nose toward the beach once more, followed it faithfully. With him went the battered old 'sou'wester,' time detector, custon signal, and all, till, once more, Sam and his protruded a sharp red nose, and some- young companion were stumbling over where in the rear flashed two bright the slippery rocks, among the dripping pools, the sand patches, and the ugly

'Hullo!' exclaimed Sam, suddenly and excitedly. The patrollman, who had been slouching along, lazily swing-'All right,' said Sam, picking up a | ing his lantern, apparently seeing nothality watching the dark, treacherous 'And let me see! I b'lieve I have sea closely, as a hound would eye an enemy's track, was a very different being now. His figure straightened; the old sou'wester went back as if struck by a big meteorite. Down he set his lantern, out came his custon signal, the rod in the handle was forced down, and up into the night flashed a red light. The rocks, the pools, the sand, the surf, were stained by this warning ray, while Sam danced along the sands, and then slipped down to the edge of the crimsoned, tumbling surf as if a gazelle and not a heavy patrolman were inside the big rubber boots.

'What is it ?' asked the astonished Win, who thought Sam had gone crazy. 'Don't yer see ?'

'Oh, yes! There it is!'

The 'it' was a dark object that Sam pronounced a 'coaster,' its sails looming up against the starry sky, and moving dangerously near the rocky shore. 'All right !' exclaimed Sam. 'She's doin' better ! Didn't you hear 'em say, 'Hard up! Put your hel-um up!' 'I tell ye, a patrolman is all ears at

such a time." 'All legs, also, I should say.' 'Ha, ha ! she's all right ! Next time, you land lubbers, try and do better.'

'Wonder who those are aboard.' 'Don't know. However, I'd signal if I knew it was my worst enemy.'

'Have you any enemies?' asked Win, surprised to know that this good natured patrolman had an enemy. 'I began to think I had one t'other

walked toward the station. 'Our lifesaving stations are set of in deestricks. and there's a superintendent over each comes the first watch again. We have one. Ours came down on me last week -his iname's Myrich-'cause he said so thick and hazy that we can't see two I'd been drinkin' at the village the miles each way from the station. That night afore, and he could prove it. He 'ere lookout on top of the Station is said I'd left my name, 'Sam Williams,' where we watch on clear days, and we chalked on the saloon counter. It wasn't me, for 'bout that time I was down here, as I ought to have been, but I couldn't prove what they call an alibi -or lallyby, as a man said -for nobody pools, then stepping into a patch of here saw me just that hour, as I was soft gray sand, or hobbling over the outside the house, a strollin' back of it. uneasy pebbles that gave the beach its Myrich was down on me, and didn't name. All the while Sam's lantern drop me, but put me on probation ! Me twinkled faithfully by the side of its on probation! I felt pretty hard to-

Sam fumed all the way to the station and yet when Win asked him if he "We have a keeper and seven surf- would have burned that signal for Mymen, one bein' cook. I tell ye, Win, rich, Sam's prompt answer was: 'I'd on a howlin night, it is tough goin' a- have burnt it for a dog, and of course I

way. There was the little living room. Between the two windows, eyeing the east, was the stove. Above it was a time. Here, at this station, we go on | wooden frame for drying all kinds of wet things. A cupboard was in one corner, and opposite was a yellow dining table. Over the table, on the wall, We have to find, though, our own ticked a clock, and a barometer said 'Fair.' The surfmen were sitting a 'Now, Sam, what would you do if bout the stove. Were they ail surfmen? Out from this group stepped 'Wall, I should burn my signal, and Mr. Myrich, the Superintendent of the life-saving district. Advancing toward Sam, he said, 'Williams, you know I felt obliged to put you on probation the other day, but I learn that I was mistaken in my man-that someboly else and the Lyle gun, and fire a line to the by the name of Sam Williams was the chap in that saloon at the village. I learn that you were the patrol who burnt his signal so promptly last night, or the breeches-buoy, and if they're and I happened to be on that very yessel. I came here to transfer the acting keeper to be the head of another sta-They had now left the beach, and I tion, and I shall write to Washington that they must appoint you keeper here.'

And what could Sam Williams say? Imagine!

THE MAN UNDER THE BED Little Stories Illustrating Bravery in Women.

Every night hundreds of people, in fear and trembling with sticks in their hands, look below the bed for that 'Man." Poor Pussie gets many a knock when her glaring eyes shine bright through the darkness, and the stick is brought thundering down on her sensitive back. If Pussie gives a fright to her good mistress, she pays her back when she springs out and leaves her mark on the good woman's ing wretch that he is, growls-"Serves you right. What in all the world do General, I cannot see.' you expect to find !"

have nerves-oftenest look for the hid- monkey item. It was the hottest time den foe they are not the only searchers, of my campaign about Baltimore. The for there is a story told of a worthy rebels were very close mouthed, and I and who brought all his household to his room, with his shouts and laughter. There they saw the laird pulling out a man by the heels, and heard him cry:

"Come oat. I've found ye noo. My certy, I've looked every nicht for twenty years, and this is the first sicht I hae got o' ve." Then the laird gave the "Man" the reward he had laid up for

There is a story told of a lady who omehow saw that a man had got below her bed. She was up in years. Her maids slept quiet at another end of the house. She knew that to scream out was to bring death to herself. So she sat down and calmly read aloud, then prayed, and then went to bed. And then the man, conscience-stricken, left. the house, and years after said that her coolness had reformed him; and her brave and noble conduct had made him ashamed to rob or hurt any one in that

But there are very few people living who could copy that old lady's coo'ness. Most women would have screamed, or looked below every bed in the house at a reasonable hour, with her maids armed with pokers in their company. Among the many stories of men found in hiding below the bed there never seems to have been one who was not armed to the teeth. And he always was found out and punished as he deserved. Nor is it to be wondered at. For creeping under a bed is no easy task. It takes learning. And one wonder how any man armed to the teeth ever managed it. He must have felt his position dreadfully.

In the West there is a story of two servants left in charge of a large mansion near Glasgow. The cook had gone first up to bed, and when the housemaid followed she saw the heel of a man's boot where 'nae buit should be.' and remembering the warning she had got, she determined to "do" the owner. It would never have done to have told the cook, but she was exceedingly anxous to tell Aleck, the gardener.

"What a time ye're comin' to your bey," grumbled her "neebour." "Deed ye may say it," answered the louse maid. "Sie dirty wark as I hae had. I hae fair spoiled a' my goon."

"Ye'll be shaking it here an' makin'

stour," said the cook. "I hae mair sense," answered the girl as she opened the window and shook her dress outside. "Plague tak' it," she cried, "there's my goon ower the

"Mercy an us-the woman's daft," ried the cook. "Ye'll get it free the mistress. My word, you're in for 't." "Ay, but I'll fetch it up," said her neebour, as she flew down the stairs, and then on to the gardener's, leaving the poor cook quite easy in her mind. little dreaming of "armed to the teeth"

The gardener was in the room before the "goon" was, and that man was

ANEUDOTES OF BUTLER.

His Four-Hundred Dollar Banquet,

The Irishman and the monkey. A Washington letter says: I heard the first true version of the monkey and hand organ story which has been privately told in army circles here now and then, but not always correctly. It comes to me from a high treasury official, who had something to do with the settlements of Gen. Butler's army acounts. These accounts were very large and some of the items seemed out of all nature to the expenses probably incurred. After Butler, however, explained them, it was seen that they were perfectly right and proper. There were so many of these strange items that Butver the accounts with the officials. One New Orleans item objected to was Banquet, Post Office St. Charles Hotel-\$400."

'Now,' said the treasurer, 'it's all right, Gen. Butler, for you to give as many banquets as you please, but I don't see how, in justice you could ask Uncle Sam to pay \$400 for a supper which you choose to give to the postmaster at New Orleans at the St. Charles Hotel there.'

'Oh,' said Gen. Butler, with a laugh That item is easily explained. 'Banquet,' is the New Orleans name for street, and that \$400 was spent for fixing Charles Hotel.'

After the laughter over this item had subsided, the treasury official said : Well, Gen. Butler, I have no doubt these accounts are right, and if you will explain satisfactorily one other item I will pass them. Here is a charge of \$50 for a hand organ and a monkey. Now what possible use a hand organ and a monkey would be to the United States Government, or to you as its

Gen. Butler then told the following But if women-especially women who I can also explain that hand organ and could get no inside news of the doings of the rebels. One day I saw a great crowd gathering round a man with a hand organ who had a very large monkey. As I drew nearer I noticed that | the love of the old folks, returned to the the man playing the organ looked very much like a smart Irishman whom I had among my soldiers. I said nothing the first time, then, hearing that the but went back to my headquarters, and calling up the Irishman, in whom I had found her pretty, good, and a first-class perfect confidence, gave him some money and told him to go and buy out the musician. He did so. He bought the hand organ, the monkey, and the musician's clothes, and paid \$50 for them. Dressed in these, I sent him out as a fact. - Americus (Ga.) Recorder. spy. He traveled all the surrounding country and gave me some very valuable information. This information was worth thousands of dollars to the United States Government, and,' concluded Butler, 'you can thus see why it paid the United States to pay \$50 for a hand organ and a monkey.'

Filthiness of Imported Rags.

Great quantities of rags are shipped to the United States from all parts of the world. They are used for making paper, and are sent from the seaboard to the various paper mills throughout the country. The annual importation amounts to about five hundred thousand bales. Each bale contains from four hundred to one thousand pounds of rags. They are tightly pressed together, and come into this country securely bound for shipping. You can have no idea of the sources from which these rags are obtained. A large quantity of them come from Japan, and thousands of bales from Calcutta.

The Calcutta rags are the worst, They are made up in a large part from the wrappings of dead bodies. The bodies of the dead are thrown into the river, and when these rags float ashore or can other wise be gotten, they are shipped here for the paper trade. Sometimes impurities of different kinds creep into the bales. In one bale, not long ago, a dead baby was found, and in other bales other foul matter has been discovered. The Egyptian rags are largely taint-

ed with camel's manure, and those gathered from the gutters and streets of Shanghai are foul beyond description. A great amount of rags comes to this country come from districts in which infectious diseases are raging, and it is a fact worth noticing that all of the vessels arriving here, in which small-pox has broken out, have been vessels carrying rags.

on a howlin night, it is tough goin' along shore. Once I was an hour and a
half goin' a mile. You see, my lantern
was blown out, and then I couldn't see.'

'How many stations are there in the
United States?'

The city of New York embraces an
area of 24,394 acres. Within the city
shore the station and got his deserts.

The city of New York embraces an
area of 24,394 acres. Within the city
shore the station and got his deserts.

CARDS.—A large assortment of Sunthe darkness of the night, having bound
the darkness of the night to calculate the stomach and
area of 24,394 acres. Within the city
limits are 500 miles of public roads, exclusive of parks, and to clean the darkness of the night, having bound
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area of 24,394 acres. The city of New York embra

A Georgia Romance.

About two years before the war, near a pretty and substantial residence near a prospercus little town, a beautiful young lady, about fourteen, was sleeping in a hammock swung from two stately oaks in a groye. She was a pretty picture of innocence and grace, and won the admiration of the passers, In a medow to the rear a fat, meek-eyed cow reclined in the shade, ruminating the food she had gathered in the cool of the morning. Across the road from the house, the girl, and the cow is a meadow, a branch running through it, and coming up the branch is a boy with a gun. When within one hundred yards of the girl, and about one hunler was called to the treasury to look o- dred and fifty yards from the cow, a bird flew up and sailed in the air toward the cow; the boy fired at the bird. which flew on unhurt, but the cow re ceived a pretty strong dose of shot. She immediately arose in fright, dashed through the groye, caught the girl and hammock on her horns, and rushed with her shricking victim about the lot. The terrified girl became silent, and the crowd of relatives and friends in pursuit thought that she was dead. The wild fury of the cow as she rushed around soon tore the netting loose, and the girl dropped unconsciously to the ground. She was picked up and taken the street between the post office and St. | into the house, and on examination only a few minor bruises were found. The boy, thinking he was the innocent cause of the killing of the young girl, disappeared. It was thought that he had perished by his own hand, but about six years after the war a travelstained stranger was in the town inquiring for persons, most of whom had been swept away by the war. After a long search the stranger found an old man on a load of wood, and in conversation with him learned where one of the parties he was in search of hved, a few miles out of town. He went there, made himself known, and turned out

George Washington as a Jumper.

When Washington was a young man in traveling along the upper Potomac he stoped at an inn one day and inquired the news. The landlord told him the sensation of the day was a jumping match for a wife on the estate of one of the richest planters near by. On being told that it was open to all comers, Washington started for the place and arived there just as the jumping was about completed. He noticed that the young lady in question was highly pleased with the successful jumping of one of the competitors who had out-distanced all of the others. At the close Washington asked if he might try his chances. He was told to go ahead, and he made by far the best jump of the day. As he returned to the crowd he noticed that the young lady's face had fallen, and he went up to her and remarked: 'You would have preferred I had not been the one to excel the other?' The lady candidly said this was so. 'Then,' said Washington, 'I give my chance to him,' and he returned as unknown as he came. Towards the close of the Revolution this young lady, now the wife of a colonel of militia, met Washington and on telling her husband that she had met him before he doubted the fact, and the two went to Washington to decide it. 'Yes,' replied Gen. Washington, 'I saw your wife at the jumping match before she was married, and I believe I won

A Dread of Matrimony.

In some cases, Chinese girls have such a dread of the matrimonial chain that they prefer death to marriage. 'Of all people,' said Confucius, 'women are most difficult to manage. If you are familiar with them, they become forward, and, if you keep them at a distance, they become discontented.' So from Japan to us. I think there are many are the disabilities of married more than forty thousand bales now | women that many girls prefer going to on the way. Some of the rags sent Buddhist or Tauist nun eries, or even committing suicide, to trusting their future to men of whom they can know nothing but from the interested reports of the go-betweens. Archdeacon Gray, in his work on China, states that in 1878 eight young girls residing near Canton 'who had been affianced, drownarea of 24,394 acres. Within the city ed themselves in order to avoid marCREDITAND BLAME

My son, it is a comforting doctrine,

and one that men often preach to

each other, that a man deserves all

credit for every thing good that he

does, and for all the good that he is

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 field responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered 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.

A Paragrapher's Sermon on a Most Important Subject.

but that somebody else is to blame for all the evil in him. Mr. Gough has been criticised for saying-'Young man, make your record clean.' The prophets who speak comfortably say that the young man cannot make his record clean when his father makes a bad record before him; that society and the evil tendencies of it, and something the scientists call bis fenvironment, write the young man's record bad in spite of him. Oh! my dear boy this is a doctrine too cowardly for a young man to accept. Ever since Adam, the tounder of society and the inventor of the first record ever made in this world, a man without an environment' to his back, made a bad record and then said : 'The woman thou gavest to be with me, she did it all,'men have always pleaded the irresistible force of surroundings and circumstances. The woman was younger than Adam; she was weaker; many wise men say she is intellectually the inferior of man; she was a new-comer in the garden, and yet how glad your old grandfather was to say that it was all your grandmother's fault; and that, being thus led astray by influences and examples which no man could control or resist, he should not be responsible for his disobedience! And in her turn your grandmother laid it on to the snake, just as to day in Christian homes all over to be the boy of the gun. The people this land, the evil deeds of men and he found were his father and mother who had mourned him dead for eight servants are laid to the cat. But, for years. The boy had been in South all this excuse, Adam was fired out of America, got rich, and, yearning for the garden, and it served him right. Now, my boy, the other man may eat desolate home of his childhood and forbidden fruit until he founders, and made his loved ones comfortable. For not a bite that he swallows is going to hurt you. A dose strychnine big girl was uninjured, he called on her, enough to kill a cow won't hurt you if you don't swallow any of it. When home woman. He put in with a will. you swear, you do your own sweargot her heart as his own, and the old folks' consent, and has been for the ing : you can't borrow another man's last twelve or fourteen years one of the tongue to damn a beggar with. leading men of this section. This is a When you get drunk, you get drunk. The law doesn't fine the man who sells the whiskey; it fines the man who drinks it. When you steal anything, from a pin to the Broadway road, you do your own stealing, and-in the case of the pin at least-the law holds you responsible for it, not the man who coaxed you to steal, nor yet the citizen who, by owning valuable property which you could not buy thereby tempted you to steal it. You are the fellow who does all the wickedness that is wrought by your hands and your lips. It tires me to hear a man always excusing himself, and citing some dreadful, wicked Jeroboam which made him to sin. Not, indeed, that we hold the Jeroboams guiltless. 'It must needs be that offenses come but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!' But because the mill-stone and a soft place in the sea is the proper combination for the man who helps you to stumble, you do not go free. I have no right to turn a cross dog into the street; but if I do, he will bite you if you go fooling around him. Wherefore 'cave canem.' which by interpretation is: 'Don't monkey with the dog.' As the dog will not beware of you, do you beware of the dog. You may have noticed on the sacredotal garments of your instructor, my son, some queer, unsightly splashes here and there. Well, I put them on myself. Without the assistance or by the fault of any man I did it. And if there are any more to go on before I have it renovated, I am the only fellow who can put them there. Now you may go and play and have fun, and do not let me ever again hear you say that you would be the best boy in the world if only all the other boys were

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Are you disturbed at night and broken by your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Scottling SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETBING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery