R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

BY TELEPHONE.

Deaver & Gephant

VOL. 60.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7., 1886.

Millem Soural,

members of the family.

the sugar ?'

something sour.

his coffee.

way of the table to his sister.

don't look at the sugar you put in it.'

you mean? Why shouldn't I look at

'Because,' said the non-committal

'Because what ?' Helly asked, with

some aspertity. 'Why don't you tell

me? Why shouldn't I look at your

'Because you might change it into

'What a rich joke !' she said, turn-

ing up her nose, with all her other

features pinched. 'You just the same

didn't get up at all this morning. It's

nearly eleven o'clock. And now I have

to sit here and pour your coffee, when

I promised the girls that I'd help deco-

'Why didn't you tell me this soon-

er?' Glenn said deliberately sipping

'What good would forty tellings have

done?' Helly snapped. 'I should have

had to wait and get your coffee-all the

same. You would have gone on with

your morning napping. Mamma just

makes a baby of you! She pets you

till you can't sit up. If I'm not up at

family breakfast, I have to take just

anything I can find about the pantry,

while you can sleep till eleven, and get

up to fresh coffee and hot quail and

waffles, and everything nice, and I have

to stay and watch you eat, you great

baby! Mamma won't let me stir out

of this house till you are breakfasted.

You tyrannize over me through mam-

the hall? You promised to come for

me by nine o'clock. I've waited and

waited and waited. Sister Ann's been

out to the gate forty times to see if you

were coming, and she's been to the

east window twice forty times. It's a

fact. I've just hannted that window,

so that mother couldn't see to sew, be-

cause I was in her light all the time,

and she scolded me about it. And all

'I think it's a shame for you to chat-

ter at this rate !' interrupted the irri-

tated Helly. Betty's talked teased her

like pin-pricking on an already nettled

surface. 'You always were a rattle-box.

anything than any one I ever knew.'

You can talk longer without saying

At this Betty's face flushed in sud-

'Come, Helly, you're carrying things

too far,' said Glen. 'Don't let her

'I don't mean to let them hurt me.

I always consider the source from

which a thing comes,' answered Betty,

pouting at Helly and smiling at Glenn.

'I'll go to the hall, and tell the girls

that Helly is too cross for any use in

the world; that she'd wither the

flowers if she were to try to kelp us

make wreath's. Come on Glenn! You

She hooked her arm in his, and off

they started, chatting and laughing as

if there wasn't any teased Helly to care

for. Their nonchalant way made Hel-

ly madder. Beside, Betty should not

'I am glad you are going,'Helly mut-

Betty paused and turned. Her face

was hot and flushed; her eyes bright.

I shall take care not to come back un-

'Then you'll never come again,' Hel-

'Why, Helly !' Glenn remonstrated.

'No, I do not forget myself,' she

ly said quickly, her temper rising eyery

tered, 'and I hope you'll never come

rude speeches hurt you, Betty.'

but said nothing.

for you '---

den resentment.

are going my way.'

have the last word.

til vou ask me to come.

'You forget yourself.'

rate the hall for the festival.'

NO. 39.

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quickly interposed. 'You owe Betty an apology,' Good sameple rooms for commercial Travel-

er pay,' Helly retorted, with promptness. 'But I do not owe her an apology. She owes me an apology.' The were sharp words that morning.

and not at all creditable to the young 'I'm sure I've nothing to apologize for.' Betty said, tossing her head. Glenn held out his cup and saucer. 'The idea of my apologizing, when she has been saying such rude things! both of which had been duly painted and baked, until they looked duly an-Come along, Glenn !' tique-held them out across the short

Helly heard the front door close on them, but kept her seat at the table for some minutes; sat there breathing 'Another sip of coffee, if you please, Helly,' he said. 'And see here, Helly, hard, her heart swollen, her lips tight, her nostrils widened and trembling.

Just then Helly's aunt dropped in, a 'What are you talking about ?' dedear good soul to whom Helly confided manded his sister, testily. She was everything. To her Helly told her suspicious of some covert unpleasant-

ness in the quiet words. 'What do story. 'Apologize to her indeed ! said Helly 'I won't do it! And if she waits for me to invite her, she'll never enter this house again. It's horrid in Glenn to tease and worry me till he gets me angry, and then tell me to apologize for not being sweet. It's insulting. And now I suppose that he's gone off to the mercantile library to read some novel, leaving me to clear the table where he's been dallying. And he took Betty's part against me! Betty, with her chatter, is simply horrid! Chattered like a magpie, and then went prancing off with Glenn, instead of helping me clear the table, so that I could go along with her to the hall. She's as selfish as she can be! But I'm rid of her, that's one good thing! She is'nt ever coming here again till I invite her. I suppose her father and mother will lay all the blame on me, for they think Betty is perfectly perfect. On their account, I'm sorry about the trouble, for uncle and aunt have always made a pet of me, Lecause 1'm auntie's namesake, I suppose. I shall have to see Betty when I go there, even if she shouldn't come here any more. Very likely, though, they won't want me to come I'm out with Betty. It will be dreadfully lonesome not to have Betty's to run to, and to have uncle and aunt cold and distant to me. And I'm so used to having Betty fly in and out at all hours that I don't know how I

I know that mamma will think I'm to

She paused, but when Glenn made blame; she always does when Betty no reply, continued, 'I wouldn't mind and I have a spat, and I guess it's ait if you worked at night, like railroad bout so, for mamma's judgement is men and telegraph boys and night edgenerally correct; and I'm spunky. itors and doctors. But you don't do a and I don't control my temper, and lick of work, night or day. You just just let my anger get the better of me. sit up with that girl of yours, I know.' I believe Betty means what she says. Glenn looked at her in a solemn way, I know she does. She means not to come till I hvite her. But I'll not in-'I wish you were going to get marvite her. I said I wouldn't, and I ried to her right away,' Helly went on.

won't, if she never comes! I'll show 'But I'd pity your wife !' her that I can be as set as she is.' As Glenn was leisurely folding his Feeling somewhat braced by this napkin, their cousin Betty, entered, in confession, Helly proceeded to clear a. a rushing way, crying out : 'Is this the way you help decorate way Glenn's breakfast table. But

there was a cold, heavy spot in her 'I suppose I can stand it if Betty does stop coming here,' she went on saying. 'I don't know either how I can. I'd give everything I own if she'd come running in this minute. But I'm not going to break my word. I shall not invite her. I think she's cruel to say such a dreadful thing.

our folks got vexed at me, and called Oh, dear ! dear ! dear !' Having by this time got the table me a fidget, and it's all on your accleared, and having liberty to cry, Helcount, Helly, and I think it's a shame ly did cry, dropping into a chair and hugging its back.

'Oh! Oh! Oh! I don't believe can ever stand it !' she said. 'And I know that Betty means it; she'll never come here again unless I invite her without eating my words and swallowing them right down.

'I suppose I ought to eat them and be glad of the chance, even if they choke me, for I didn't really mean them. I spoke them when I was in anger. People oughtn't to speak when they're angry, and if they do they ought to take back eyerything they say, for they hardly ever say anything they can stand by. I wish my lips had a spring-lock that would lock when I get angry. Yes, I ought to take it all back; I ought to, but oh !

She was crying aloud when the telephone rang. It was a very interesting thing-this new arrangement in their house, just put in the day before, and a summons from it was sure to start Helly to her feet. She patted one eye with her wadded up bandkerchief, then the other, and hastened to get the mes-

'Who is it?' she asked.

'A penitent,' was the reply. Helly's heart gave a strong spring.

'Who? What penitent ?' she asked, hardly able to keep the eagerness out of 'One who behaved very badly toward

you this morning,' said the telephone. 'It's Bett! Oh, it's Betty!' Helly

in joy whispered to her heart. Her face was radiant; her lips were parted in smiles, as she asked: 'What do you wish to say ?'

'I wish to ask your pardon for my thought a moment, wrinkling his nose as he did so, and then observed: 'It behavior this morning. I am to blame tastes like your foots was asleep.'

| Wish to say ?'
| Soap. You will find it to be the best and cheapest soap you ever used. It is used by the best families in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Journal office.

'Then I owe something that I'll nev- for your crossness. Telephone back my pardon, dear,'

> Helly could hardly stand still as she put her eager lips to the mouth-piece and said, in a jubilant tone : 'I forgive you, ten thousand times, you blessed old sweet! And won't you forgive me once, you precious? I've been crying ever since you went away mad at me.'

> 'Poor dear !' was the reply, 'I wasn't mad at you at all.

ticle mad at you, I've got all over it, and was so sorry for my unkind words that I could have cried my eyes out, and did, almost.

'Well,' said the telephone, 'bathe your eyes and come down to the hall, and I'll go home with you.

'And stay to dinner,' amended Helly, all in a twitter that she was to have Betty again in the house, and that without first giving the invitation.

'Of course I'll stay to dinner, replied the tele phone.

'You're the sweetest thing in the world !' said Helly, quivering with de-

'You're another !' was the reply. Come along to the hall !

In fifteen minutes Helly was down town. As she entered the hall, Glenn came down to the aisle to meet her. You look happy as a queen,' he said, recalling the mood in which he had left

'I feel as happy as a queen,' she replied, buoyantly; 'Betty and I have

'I am glad to hear that,' said Glenn, for Betty was very much hurt this morning. She said, most decidedly, that she never would make up with you, unless you made the first advan-

'And yet she made the first advances.' Helly said, with triumph. 'It was splendid in her, and just as nice as could be.'

assist in putting up a cross of flowers. tice. The organ groaned and wheezed Helly hastened over to Betty who at and complained with the most astonthat moment happened to be sitting a can ever get along without it. We'ye | little apart, weaving a wreath. She always done everything together. And did not lift her head, even when Helly stood close alongside. 'Dear Betty !' said her cousin, slip-

> was just the sweetest thing that eyer was for you to make up, and to offer to go home with me without waiting for me to invite you. I think it was grand in you-so much nicer than to stick to a silly promise made in anger. 'Why !' Betty pegan. Helly went on, eagerly, without no-

ping into a seat beside the wreath, 'it

ticing the interruption. 'But I invite you now, with all my heart, not only to stay to dinner, but to spend the afternoon, and stay all night and all next week and all next year and forever and

'But,' said Bettsy, 'I don't know'--'You showed what lots of sense you have by not laying up my foolish words,' Helly went on ; 'but honor bright! Betty would you have given up if you couldn't have done it by ten-

'By telephone !' said Betty, her face full of question. 'What are you talking about? I can't understand you. What do you mean ?'

'Why, I mean this: wasn't it easier to make your confession by telephone, and ask my forgiveness by telephone, than it would have been standing face to face with me? Wouldn't you say that it would be easier, Glenn ?' she continued, as he came up.

'I haven't made any confession, or asked your forgiveness by telephone, or ip any other way,' Betty declared.

'What !' cried Helly, 'you haven't confessed by telephone! Who did, then? Somebody did! Glenn was smiling with a compre-

'I was the hension of the situation. penitent,' he explained. 'Was that you, Glenn ?' Helly said, her face sobering at the revelation. 'The voice didn't sound at all like

yours.' 'Well, as to that. I suppose a person uses a higher pitch of voice than nattural in speaking by telephone. Beside, you haven't heard my telephone tones enough to be familiar with them. 'So you hadn't made any advances ?' Helly said to Betty.

'And I've gone and invited you to my house to stay forever !' Helly said. 'I'm so glad I don't know what to do, for I was wishing to make up. And though I didn't ask your forgive ness by telephone. I have asked it by this note, which I meant to send to you by Glenn.' Betty drew a scrap of paper from her pocket, and handed it to Helly, saying: 'My bond to keep the peace with you.'- Youth's Companion.

'Not an advance,' Betty laughed.

It was Freddy's first experience with soda water. Drinking his glass with perhaps undue eagerness he was aware of a tingling sensation in his nostrils. 'How do you like it?' inquired his mother, who had stood treat. Freddy The Good Old Times.

In olden times many pious individuals considered it a good work to set apart part of their worldly wealth for keeping the members of the congregation from sleeping during divine service. On the seventeenth of April,1725, John Rudge bequeathed to the parish of Trysull, in Shropshire, twenty shillings a year, that a poor man might be employed to go about the church during the sermon and keep the people a-'And if,' Helly replied, 'I was a par- wake. A bequest of Richard Doyery, of Farmcote, dated 1659, had in view the payment of eight shillings in the church at Clavery, Shropshire, for a similar purpose. At Acton church, in Chesire, about thirty years ago, one of the church-wardens used to go round in the church, during service, with a instantly awakened by a tap on the head. At Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, a similar custom existed. A person bearing a stout wand, shaped like a hay fork at the end, stepped stealthily he touched him so effectually that the spell was broken-this being sometimes done by fitting the fork to the nape of the neck. A more playful method is said to have been used in another the edifice during service carrying a long staff, at one end of which was a fox's brush, and at the other a knob. With the former he gently tickled the faces of the female sleepers, while on the heads of their male compeers he bestowed with the knob a sensible rap.

Why the Organ was Locked.

The other day a household was made proud and happy by the introduction of a cabinet organ. The mother could play a little, and as there was a "popular collection of music" included in the purchase, she lost no time in At this point, a lady called Glenn to getting every note and stop into pracishing of music, night and day, day and night for a week. Then one morning there was a knock at the door, and a little girl from the next house shrilly said:

> 'Please, marm, mother wants to know if you won't lend her your music book ?' This was a surprising request, in-

asmuch as the woman next door was known to be organless. After gasping once or twice the amateur organ-'What does she want of it?'

this question, so she straightfor wardly replied: 'I don't know, I'm sure, only I heard mother tell father that if she had hold of the book for a day or two

The child hadn't been loaded for

mebbe somebody could get a rest.' The woman softly shut the door in the little girl's face, and went and Carofully locked the cabinet organ with a brass bev.

Music's Sooting Power.

A minister named M. C-ad a circuit in Southern Indiana. The herse he rode was a spirited animal, and would not let a blacksmith shoe him. The preacher was a great revivalist and singer of revival songs. A smith in the county seat, the centre of the circuit, learning that the preacher's horse would not be shod, meeting the divine

'If you'll bring that horse to my shop to-morrow, and follow my instructions, I'll shoe him all around, and it won't cost vou a cent.' Accordingly the preacher was on

time at the smith's shop with his refractory steed, and after the animal had been divested of saddle, blankets, and all but the bridle, the smith said: 'Now, hold your horse by the rein,

close to the bridle bit, and sing one of your liveliest camp-meeting songs, and when that is ended strike up another, and keep on singing until I finish shoeing the horse.' The preacher obeyed, and, to the as-

tonishment of all, the animal was passive until the work was completed. As the blacksmith clinched the last nail he dropped the animals feet, ex-

'I knew you could sing religion into that horse.'

In Piedmont, Ga., there is a fortycent man. If he hires any one he only pays forty cents per day : if he hires himself to anyone he only asks forty cents per day; if he makes a bill or an offer for anything, it is only forty cents: if he swaps horses, cows, or anything he either asks or pays forty cents difference.

-With your next order to your grocer, send for a sample pound of **Dreydoppel's Borax** Soap. You will find it to be the best and cheap-

WHAT IS WEALTH? An Important Question Viewed from a Philosophic Standpoint.

Wealth cannot be any mere sum of money. Money has no settled value. In one place, among certain conditions you can get for a mere trifle what you cannot buy with a thousand pounds somewhere else. What will purchase pure air and clear sky in November ? Millionaires cry out for them in vain. Yet some poor woman, say in Shetland, who never sees money, but exchanges her knitting work for her trifle of tea and cloth, can get the bracing wind and the bright sky for huge wand in his hand, and if any of nothing. We all know how seriously the congregation were asleep, they were this consideration should enter into our estimate of the real improvement to be looked for in any change of our place or prospects. What better off are we in going somewhere to earn up and down the nave and aisles, and double wages if all the commodities whenever he saw an individual asleep, of life there cost three times as much as where we are now? People rush off to the capital cities to "better" themselves by earning a few shillings more per week or a few hundred more church, where the beadle went round per year, as the case may be. They generally find that the things they must have absorb all the apparent surplus, while many things which they had before, and ought to have, they have to resign altogether.

Wealth does not consist of posses sion of any kind. Take an illustration : A man is wrecked on a deserted island; the ship runs aground, and he finds himself the owner of bags of bullion and precious stones, of rare books and rich fabrics. But he can get no fresh water. Presently he dies of thirst-a poorer man than the beggar who wins a humble meal by sweeping a doorstep or weeding a garden. Indeed there is no poverty so terrible as the possession of every thing except what we want. The point. He says :

'I saw an Arab sitting in a circle of jewelers of Basrah, and relating as follows: Once on a time, having missed my way in the desert and having no provisions left, I gave myself up for lost, when I happened to find a bag full of pearls. I shall never forget the relish and delight that I felt on supposing it to be fried wheat, nor the bitterness and despair which I suffered on discovering that the bag contained pearls.'

Still less does wealth consist in mere accumulation: we really do not have what we do not use. A miser had a store of buried gold, over which he used secretly to gloat. A thief stole it away and a wise man strove to comfort the miser by persuading him to bury some oyster shells in its place and to visit them and chuckle over them, as he had done over the gold.

Now let us turn to what wealth is in the highest sense. Wealth is the satisfaction of those needs of human life which, if unsatisfied, check its harmonious development. No man can be wealthy till he finds out the limits of his needs, for "want is a growing giant whom the coat of Have was never large enough to cover." So we cannot find out what wealth is till we find out what these needs are.

Our bodily needs are pure air, good water, wholesome food, sufficient clothing and shelter, labor and rest. Our mental needs are the education of our senses, some leisure and some intellectual nourishment, either from books or society. Our spiritual needs are love and duty .- I. F. Mayo, in Sunday at Home.

Not Surprising.

Madame Bonaparte in her younger days once attended a state dinner, and was taken to the table by Lord Dudas. He had already received some sorts of her sarcastic speeches, and in a not very pleasant mood asked her whether she had read Mrs. Trollope's book on America. She had, 'Well, Madam,' said the Englishman, what do you think of her pronouncing all Americans vulgarians ?' 'I am not surprised at that,' answered sprightly 'Betsey Bonapart,' 'Were the Americans the descendants of the Indians or the Esquimaux. I should be astonished; but being the direct descendants of the English, it would be very strange if they were not vulgarians.' There was no more heard from Lord Dundas that

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Looking for a Seat.

The London Christian World has the following furnished it by a correspondent. Possibly the incident may serve to set some who live on this side of the Atlantic thinking :

A workingman came to live in London, having obtained work of a permanent kind. From his youth he had been accustomed to attend a place of worship. Not yet a Christian, he still loved a house of prayer and resolved not to neglect it. Accordingly, on the first Sunday morning he went off in search of a place of worship, and, having seen one with open doors, he went in, and, as no one was about, he took a seat in one of the pews. Just as the service began a pew-opener told him he could not sit where he was, and did so in such a manner that he left the building in disgust. After a Sunday or two he ventured into another sanctuary, and the same thing happened. An interval of abstention followed, and then for a third time he went within the sacred precincts, and, alas! a third time he was .turned out of his sitting. For twenty years he ceased to attend any place of worship, and then a curicus

thing came to pass. It was on this wise: His child attended the Sunday-school of a popular preacher, and what she said made him resolve to try for a seat once more. In time we see the craggy drops,

The craggy stones made soft; The slowest snail in time we see Doth creep and climb aloft.

And he, after twenty years, would try again. This was what happened. He entered the beautiful chapel, and to my knowledge the chapel stewards there are alert, polite, resourceful men, one of them remarkably so. Well, for a moment he was absent from his post, and the poor man sat down in the end seats-no pew doors on them-and in the seat of a very cantankerous person! The chapel steward, glancing along the aisle, saw the poor man had poached on a very strictly preserved seat, but he resolved not to disturb him. No,he watched for the owner of that sitting, arrested his steps in his gentle way, begged him not to disturb the poor wayfarer, and managed to pilot him in. to another seat. It was a great feat of Persian poet, Sadi, has a story on this | Christian diplomacy, and had its reward. That poor wayfaring man is now a member of the church, and I heard the happy chapel steward tell the

Keeping Ice in the South.

The ordinary Virginia ice-house consists of a conical excavation in the ground, say from sixteen to twenty feet deep, the same width at the top. narrowing down to six feet at the bottom. Here a barrel-shaped hole is dug for drainage; above this a floor of rails is laid, and the cone above is lined with pine poles.

When I moved from the North to my farm here, and remembered the icehouses there, filled with thick ice nicely sawed, closely packed, and surrounded with a compact lining of sawdust, I looked at this hole in the ground with some disfavor : but as it was the only ice house to be had, I was compelled to use it. Winter came, with ice from two to three inches thick, and no use for a saw; so, under the direction of "Uncle Sam," an intelligent negro, we broke the ice on the pond, drew it ashore, filled an ox-cart (for there was no sleighing) dumped it into the icehouse, and continued to dump until the house was full, and then covered the ice with straw. The ice kept better than I had expected, but not so well as in northern ice-houses. The conical shape of the pit kept the ice in a compact body, as when it settled it was necessarily pressed into a solid mass. I found, however, that the ice melted at the sides faster than was desirable, and I concluded that the heat rising from the earth was more to be dreaded than that from the air above. Next year, instead of cleaning out my ice-house, I left the straw that was put on top of the ice at the bottom, putting the ice on top, and of course covering the ice with fresh straw. This practice proved so satisfactory that it was continued ever since, and it is now ten years or more since I saw the bottom of the house, and the ice keeps much better than formerly .- GEO. CLEDON, in the American Agriculturist for October.

An Ill Wind.

It is estimated that the ten thousand saloons of New York city take in \$220,000 per day, or \$75,000,000 per year. This seems a great waste of money, but it should be remembered that these saloons are a great help to many trades and professions which would fall to a very low ebb of prosperity without the extraneous aid thus rendered them. The doctors and undertakers have great reason to be grateful to the saloon keeper, and without him, pray how could our criminal courts be carried on at a profit, or what would become of the legal profession? One should look on both sides of a -First-class job-work done at the thing before condemning it .- Cottage Hearth. stituted will be of vast unportant