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MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11., 1886.

NO. 44.

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The Two Charity Boys.

Cleaver & Genhard

'Daniel, I tell you the best thing we can do is to adopt some little boy, and bring him up as our own. Here we are, you and me, in Missoury, hundreds of miles from kith or kin, among persons as was a time ago unknown to

us. We'ye worked and scratched and saved until we've as nice a home as the whole of Clinton holds. Now, then, Daniel, when we get old and stiff, who's there to take care of it? Do you remember the day when we came here from Fulton? I reckon you haven't forgot it no more than I. We drove that pair of mules you bought of Joe Smith. They were the balkiest critters anyone ever drove. Them were the only horses we had then, and everything else was packed in one load. Daniel wasn't it in our lower creek them 'ere mules kept us a whole

night ?' 'No, it was in Ford's creek, about a mile from here,' answered Daniel, 'You remember, Keziah, that you kept fussing and worrying all the way, for fear we wouldd't be home before night. Just before we got to that creek I told you we'd be home in less than an hour. I didn't calculate then on spending the night there, though. When we was about half way across, them 'ere mules stopped, and not a peg did they move

till morning.' 'Yes, Daniel, a madder man than you couldn't be found, just then. You sorter cooled down after a while, and went to sleep. Well, we started as soon as the mules was willing, and when we got to our log cabin, way back in the woods, I broke down and cried. This was the lonesomest, dreariest place anybody ever made a home out of. You talked kind of cheering to me then. Daniel, and I soon took heart again. We started out hand to hand. Now at the end of a score years we can look around on well-fenced fields and a except the mortgage you're to pay tomorrow. Now. Daniel, it ain't more than just to show our good feelings to the Lord in some way, knowing that MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA. he helped us to all this. He has promised to reward us for anything we do to His Lambs, meaning the children that overflows our asylums. Now, Daniel Allen, don't you think you'd

> phans with you to-morrow? 'Yes, Keziah, I think I will. Anyway. I'll go down and see them. There, wife, the clock is striking nine. Time to go to bed. I'll be sure to bring you a pet or two to morrow

better bring home one or two little or-

Five o'clock the next morning found Daniel Allen behind a pair of spleadid bays, on his way to Clintonville. The good old farmer felt at peace with himself and all the world. His last payment was due to-day, and the money montrous wallet. Henceforth the broad fields and comfortable home were to be all his; he could raise his hand

and say, -'I owe no man a dollar.' 'During the time which elapsed ere proposition. His heart longed for the sound of children's voices and laughter resounding through his home, driving

sunshine instead. But he knew that Keziah's warm, motherly heart would be bound up in whatever child she should adopt, and that she would gratify its every thought if possible. He finally concluded that he would take home two little boys, in J. W. Gephart. order that Keziah and he might have

> When his business at the bank was finished, he started for the 'Lowood' orphan home. This was a large charitable institution for boys, under the immediate supervision of a friend named Goodly. This gentleman was very much pleased with the object of Daniel's visit, and immediately summoned the boys to his presence, when the farmer picked out the two he wished to adopt. The necessary papers were made out, and Daniel took his departure with the little boys, henceforth to be known as Bertie and Harry Allen. Both of them were bright. handsome children. Bertie was a shy, blue-eyed child of six, Harr, a bold, dark laddie of ten years.

The boys were so very anxious to hear about their future home that Mr. Allen had to tell many times about the barn full of hay and straw to play on, and the orchard with the creek running through it. They listened with delight to a description of Flora, the black colt that would shake hands with Mr. Allen. They were glad to hear of lowed him. the swing in the woods beyond the dai. gy-strewn meadow. But when Daniel

They nad both spent most of their previous lives behind the high walls of the institution, and under the rigid no other life, expected no different future. It was no wonder then that the bright, pleasant home which loomed up

to be a dream. 'Harry,' said little Bertie, 'I can't believe that we are going to live in such a home. I think we must have died, and that there is an angel taking us to heaven. Don't you think so Har-

before them so suddenly was thought

M1. Allen laughed heartily at this idea. He told Bertie that he was most there then, for the house yonder among the trees was his home.

Very soon they were drawn up before the porch, where they found Keziah impatiently waiting their arrival. She

After supper was over, Mrs. Allen took Bertie on her lap, drew Harry's chair close to her own, and asked her husband to tell her about his visit to the city. Mr. Allen did so, not forgetting to mention that he was taken for an angel for once in his life, anyway.

The children's bedtime soon arrived, and Mrs. Allen took them to a cozy room above. She tucked them carefully under the snowy covers, and gave each a good-night kiss. When she went below again she found Daniel nodding over the fire.

'Now, Daniel Allen, I feel as though I had something to live for. I do think Bertie is a darling. I don't like Harry at all. Them big black eyes look too crafty for a child of his years.'

'That's the reason I brought two, Keziah, so you and me could have one apiece. You can have Bertie. Under my directions Harry'll make a fine boy, mind what I tell you. If you want Bertie the same, I'd advise you not to handsome house and barn, all paid for pet him too much,' returned her husband.

> The boys were up early, and before They found everything quite as nice as Daniel had pictured it to be, and passed the day out of doors.

> Harry soon noticed that Bertie was Mrs. Allen's favorite, and there arose in his passionate heart a strong dislike for his brother. He did not attempt to drive it out. He let it take root and grow until his whole soul was filled with a bitter hatred of innocent Bertie. They had not been at the farm a year

before Harry commenced to abuse the child. He was very careful in his conduct before Mr. and Mrs. Allen, consequently they both regarded him with great pride and affection. Mrs. Allen often told Daniel that Harry would make more of a mark in the world than Bertie, who was of an easy, gento pay it was securely packed in his tle disposition. They did not know that he treated Bertie as he did. The child had such a fear of Harry that he dared not complain of his ill treatment

To add to his troubles, Harry, who was decidedly Mr. Allen's favorite, he reached the city Mr. Allen thought contrived to shake the farmer's confiover every possible result of his wife's dence in him by representing that he was not always truthful and honest. Several times he threw his own misdemeanors upon Bertie's shoulders, and away the gloom there and bringing the child dared not tell the truth for fear of the punishment he knew his cowardly enemy would inflict. As a natural consequence, Mr. Allen's treatment of the poor little victim of circumstances was stern and hard, Keziah | you put it. You have been robbed by being his only friend. She never lost

> faith in her pet. For years this cruel course was coninued, then its desired object was accomplished.

Bertie was just fifteen when he made up his mind that he would run awaythat he could not live in this atmosphere of injustice another day. So one night he tied a few things in a kerchief and took a sorrowful departure from the only home he had eyer known. Not unperceived, as he had supposed, however. Every movement was viewed by Harry with the utmost satisfac-

Mrs. Allen wondered much, when breakfast was over, and Bertie who was an early riser, did not appear. After a time, thinking that he might

She looked around, but found no clew to his whereabouts. She immediately called Daniel and Harry, and a Bertie had disappeared as completely as if the ground had opened and swal-

Mrs. Allen was nearly heart broken

ter Bertie's disappearance, 'have you doors. As soon as I dared, I went out ducts.

been to my wallet lately? Thar's fifteen dollars gone somewhar.'

Milheim Sournal.

'Lor' no, Daniel, I never did such a discipline of a master. They knew of thing. When did you miss the mon-'Only this mornin', but it might and he would restore the money.

have been gone afore. The fust money I ever had took. too.'

have found him before if he had been without money.' gain. That poor dear boy'd lose a

hand, sooner'n touch a cent as didn't lawyer in the State. belong to him,' 'Well,' said Daniel, after a long pause, 'the money's gone, and the more I think on't, the more I think he lt, wife. I don't begrudge the money

principles. I'm glad he's gone.' Mrs. Allen remonstrated with her husband on the injustice of the accusation. In her own mind she felt sure that she knew the thief. She dared not mention it to Daniel, however, for he would hear nothing against Harry.

A year wore away, and still no tidings of Bertie reached the farm. Harry had gained his point in driving him away. He was now sole manager of all Mr. Allen's business. His word was law with Daniel, but not with Keziah. She could hardly tolerate him, feeling perfectly sure that he had then hardened the old man's heart against

Years rolled by. The hand of age commenced to stamp his indelible marks on Mr. and Mrs. Allen. Keziah could no longer attend to the housework, so a trusty girl was engaged to take charge of the kitchen. The old people felt that they could now enjoy a quiet, happy old age together after faithful and devoted son.

Such was not to be the case. Mrs. Allen was taken very ill. Noted physicians were summoned from all parts, night there were not many inches of but their skill was unavailing. One calls to the mind of that gentleman an mon found the treasure and took it just as feudalism or slavery was acceptthe farm that they had not trayeled. bright, sunny day in early autumn | incident of Tweed's escape from Ludthey laid her away forever. She who had been a fond mother to Bertie was gone. He was indeed an orphan now.

A short time after this sad eyent, Mr. Allen had a desirable offer made him for part of his farm. He had long been thinking of selling, in order to dispense with hired help. He also felt that the sands of life were running out and the money thus realized would make him comfortable while he lived. He trially conclued the bargain, and received most of the money for his land

It was impossible for him to deposit the money in the bank the day he received it. Although he felt that it was yery unsafe to keep so much cash in the house over night, he could not go to the city until the next day.

The hired girl spoke of spending the night with friends, so Daniel supposed he and Harry would be sole inmates of the house. When bedtime came, the old man placed the package of money under his pillow and retired to rest.

Some time during the night he was dimly conscious of a cloth being pressed tightly against his nostrils. He knew no more until he felt somebody shaking him violently, and calling on him to awaken. He found standing at his bedside his housekeeper and three men, a neighbor and his two sons.

'Poor man !' said Lizzie. 'Look quickly and see if your money is where your beloved son, Harry.'

'Don't say Harry took it girl! You will kill me if you do. Call him quickly, and we will find the robbers. Maybe you're mistaken. I'll look myself

He raised his pillow and foundnothing. Harry entered the room at this crisis, and asked hurriedly if the money were gone.

'Harry,' said Daniel, 'you have stung the heart that loved you. Lizzie saw and heard all. Tell us about it,

Mr. Leeds, the neighbor, was a justice of the peace. He now proceeded to arrest Harry, who stoutly protested

'I did not go over to Mr. Leeds', as I spoke of doing,' said Lizzie. 'Being be ill, she went up to his room, and very tired, I went right to bed, but not found that the bed had not been slept to sleep. I kept thinking of the danger the place was in on account of that money. Twelve o'clock found me wide awake. Soon after this I thought I heard voices in the garden. I rose thorough search was commenced, and went to my window. Fortunately Their efforts were, however, in vain. it was open, and just then the moon came from under a cloud. I looked out, and not three feet from under my window stood Harry Allen and a have said it," exclaimed Grant, "I strange man. I heard Harry say, 'The would exchange him for his old master, ness and carry it forward, instead of at the loss of her boy. Daniel, too, coast is clear, old fellow; you wait here spoke of the little woman at home who | missed that sad, patient face from the | and I'll bring out the bag.' I stepped was going to be a kind, fond mother to fireside, and did all that he could to out into the hall and heard him enter was going to be a kind, fond mother to them, they burst into tears of joy.

The description exceeded anything they

The description exceeded anything the description exceeded

the back way and ran over to Mr. Leeds' and woke them up.'

By this time Harry was aware that it was useless to deny his guilt. He begged Daniel to have mercy on him,

'Harry,' said Mr. Allen, who was sternly just, 'you must stand your tri-'Father,' said Harry, 'maybe Bertie al. If the judge and jury have mercy took it. It seems as though we would on you, all right. I have none of it.' Harry was lodged in jail, there to await his trial. A lawyer from St. 'No, no, Harry," said Mrs. Allen, Louis was engaged for him, by name, quickly; 'do not hint such a thing a. Robert Dobson. Although a young

The day of the trial came at last The court room was crowded. Mr. Leeds and the girl, Lizzie, were the main witnesses. Their evidence was took it. No one else could have took strong enough to convict the prisoner. Everything was proven against Harry. came out to meet them, kissed both to the boy. I would ha gin him more, Presently, his lawyer arose to make his httle boys, and half carried them into if he wanted it; but if them's his plea. Something in that resolute face and in those firm, quiet tones made Daniel look more closely at Robert Dobson. After a long, piercing look he threw up his hands, and, with the cry of 'Bertie !' fell fainting.

As soon as he had been removed, the lawyer continued his eloquent appeal. So effectual were his words that Harry received only two years in the peniten-

Daniel was right. It was Bertie who pleaded Harry's cause so warmly. He had remembered well the christian precept: "forgive, it you would be forgiv-

It is impossible to say how proud and happy Daniel felt when Keziah's lost boy was restored to him in the rich and noted Robert Dobson. The errors of the past were forgiven and forgotten by the young man, who only remembered that Daniel had once been kind to him. And from that time to the day of the old man's death, he was to him a

How Tweed Escaped.

The account of the extravagant price low street jail. Mr. Dibblee had had a wig of superior quality and beauty made to cover the temporary baldness of his son, whose head had just been shaved. The son failed to go for the father kept his place of business open later than usual, waiting for the bald delinquent. Suddenly an excited man rushed into the store, exclaiming:

"Mr. Dibblee, have you a wig that will about fit me?" "Certainly; what color do you want?" "Oh, any kind. Show me one, quick!"

Mr. Dibblee took the wig waiting for his son, and handed it to his impatient customer. He hastily tried it on, inquired the price, paid a reckless amount,

That night the wilyTweed disappeared. The next day New York was all agog with amazement at his bold flight. When it was discovered that he had fled in disguise, Mr. Dibblee thoughtfull put two and two together. He soon after met one of the persons who had been accused of assisting in the flight, and, to yerify his suspicion, said to him:

"So you succeeded in getting the old

man off?" ' Yes; but we should not have done it if it had not been for your wig."-New York World.

General Grant's Horses.

General Grant was particularly proud

and fond of his stud of horses. His

war charger was an especial favorite.

He took great delight in exhibiting his

norses to his friends with whom he was intimate. Once at his stables with a friend he said: "Perhaps you would like to see the horse I rode during all the campaigns I commanded?" The animal was ordered to be brought out, The gentleman was surprised to find the horse no larger than a lady's palfrey -small, slender, agile-limbed, black as a coal, intelligent, mild, an eye like a hawk, and a lick on the mane for all the world like a boy's cowlick. It was such an animal as women and children would make into a family pet. The gentleman pronounced the animal a beanty but expressed a doubt as to its endurance. "Endurance!" said the general, 'this animal exceeds in endurance any horse-flesh I ever saw. I have taken him out at daylight and kept in the saddle till dark, and he came in as fresh when I dismounted as when we started in the morning. There isn't gold in America to buy him. He is an import-

but for nothing else in the world."

ed horse of fine breed and was once on

Jeff Dayis's plantation." This was

just before Davis was caught, and the

yisitor said, "I presume you would ex-

change the horse for Jeff Davis." "You

Wine with a History.

welve Precious Bottles That Once Came Across the Atlantic.

J. A. Murray, of Butte, Montana, is the possessor of twelve bottles of wine with a history. The earliest known of this wine is that it was found in a subterranean vault inside a sealed stone receptacle, in a Jesuistical monastery, that was demolished during a local feud among religious fanatics. It so happened that the eye of man he was said to be the smartest an epicurean fell upon it and he secured it as the most valuable of the treasures, and carried it into Poland; presented it to the crown, for which he was rewarded by the highest honors and titles that could be conferred upon an ordinary citizen. At the marriage of the Princess Decherniz of Poland to the heir apparent of the crown of France, the only remaining basket of this priceless vintage was presented to the prince for the nuptial occasion. An unprincipled adventurer by the name of Bouforte, who had secured the position of second steward to the crown, stole twelve bottles of the precious nectar and replaced these with twelve of an inferior article. These twelve bottles he brought with him to America in the year 1790. He communicated the nature of his special treasure to his most trusted friend, Henry Coatway. The cupidity and avarice of the latter overpowered his reason, and he killed Bouforte to secure the wine. The deed was no sooner done than he feared the vengeance of the law, and resolved to fly to distant parts, for a time at least, until the excitement of the murder would die out. Before leaving he buried the twelve bottles with their history far down among the roots of an ancient oak. Fifty years after, on uprooting this same tree, a newly converted Mor-

acquainted with the nature of the val uable article contained in the twelve bottles, he informed the owner that wig at the hour agreed upon, and the God had made him the instrument to find this treasure that he might give it to the head of the church, and forthwith took the vintage.

The wine was in turn stolen from Brigham by an apostate Mormon, who brought it to Montana, and on his death -bed, at the mining camp of Pioneer, he bequeathed to J. A. Murray this wine of such an eventful history, as a testimonial of his gratitude to seized the wig, and went away in great that gentleman for his having loaned him \$500 at one time for the purpose of calling a hand for Julius Levy, by which he took down a pot containing

When She Spoke.

She was a sweet-faced, blue-eyed young girl, with great waves of golden hair brushed carelessly back from a noble-looking, snow-white brow. Her ruby lips-were full and sweet. Innocence itself was in her great blue eyes Fair and sweet was she in all the purity and guilelessness of her fresh young womanhood.

Two young men had long been watching her with eager interest. Her glorious beauty had enthralled them. "What a superb girl !" said one.

Never was lily fairer !" "How I would love to hear her speak !" said the other. "No 'sweet bells jangled' could be like the words

and a face like that !" She spoke. A friend came down the aisle, and said carelessly-"A cold day, Miss D-."

The full red lips parted slowly, the

she must utter with lips like those,

beautiful head turned with superb grace, a smile of seraphic sweetness illuminated the noble features: soft and sweet was her artless answer: "Well, I should smirk to twitter.

Cold ain't no name for it !"

aster.

FIFTEEN minutes a day devoted to self-improvement will be felt at the end of the year. Good thoughts and carefully gathered experience take up no room, and may be carried about as our companions everywhere, without cost or incumbrance. An economical use of time is the true mode of securing leisure; it unables us to get thro' busibeing driven by it. On the other hand, the miscalculation of time involves us men are the most affectionate wives The value of the pig iron produced in perpetual hurry, confusion, and diffi-

Irish Landlords.

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each addition-

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forming the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.

 1 wk.
 1 mo.
 3 mos.
 6 mos.

 \$ 2 00
 \$ 4 00
 \$ 5 00
 \$ 6 00

 4 00
 6 00
 10 00
 15 00

 7 00
 10 00
 15 00
 30 00

 10 00
 15 00
 25 00
 45 00

Everything They Own Squeezed From the Poor Peasant.

Dublin would be the most beautiful city in Europe but for two things-its buildings and its people. The aristocracy, so-called, live in tumble-down villas, which, though their white walls sparkle in the sunshine, proye, when approached, to be painted shells surounded by gardens in ruins. The inhabitants of all these villas are a set of broken-down landlords, who have been compelled to close their country houses and come to town for economy sake; widows living on the dowry paid them by their elder brothers, and mortgaged creditors, who live on the mortgages that they or their ancestors have placed on the land; for in Ireland, with the exception of a few distillers and brewers, who live on the drunkenness of the people, there is no possible mode of obtaining money save from the peasant farmer. The Socialistic axiom that capital is only a useless value, the toil of the worker being unpaid, is in other countries mitigated and almost lost sight of in the multiplicity of avenues through which money must flow before it falls into the pockets of the rich. But in Ireland the direct and rude transfer of money from the horny hands of the peasant to the delicate fingers of the landlord has a horrible smell of slavery.

In Ireland the landlord does absolutely nothing save to grab all the money that the peasant can scrape together. An Irish landlord said: "I have always done, now do and will continue to do just as the other landlords, for it is as impossible for me as the rest of my class to do otherwise; but that does not prevent me from acknowledging the fact that it is a worn out system, at war with the nineteenth century, and something that should be at once abolished. In Ireland every chicken that goes into the pot, every glass of champagne drank, eyery silk robe that rustles on the street, every rose worn at the ball, is so much squeezed out of the misery of the peasant's hovel. A few years ago this tribute-for that is what it is—was accepted without a murmur, with him when he migrated to Utah. ed long ago in other lands. But now When Brigham Young was made the scales have fallen from the eyes of the nation and the sore is laid bare in all its ugliness, just as if the inner garment had been removed from the natural body, revealing the flesh covered with scars and postules. This wound, which hitherto was only visible to a few, you now see eyerywhere in the most squalid districts of the city as well as in the most elegant and fashionable quarters.

Whistling and Whistlers.

If a boy is allowed to whistle it will turn his attention in a great degree from the desire to become the possessor of a drum, and if paternal firmness be added, he can be kept satisfied without one until he gets to be sixteen years old

when he will strike the cornet period, Shakespeare was well acquainted with the art. He makes Othello say concerning Desdemona: "If I do not prove her false, I'll whistle her off and let her down the wind a prey to fortune, e'en though her very cries were my dead

heart-strings." Negroes are the best whistlers in the world. Frequently one hears a colored improvisatore whistling the quaintest and sweetest melodies, and with the colored males in general whistling comes as natural as grunting does to a

Men whistle when they are happy. and they whistle when they are sad. When you see a carpenter or a housepainter pushing a plane or slapping on the paint and whistling a lively air at the same time, set him down as a man who pays his debts, is cheerful at home and never whips his children.

When a man is sad he whistles in a doleful tone. Nine times out of ten he won't choose a dismal air, but he will whistle a lively tune, a hornpipe or a negro minstrel end song. And he will draw the melody in and out between his lips in a way to draw tears from all listeners. Sometimes a man accomplishes the same result when he is cheerful and trying to whistle real good. Gir s in general whistle in a sort of jerky, disconnected, jim-jam sort of way, and groan mildly between the notes. They'd better let whistling a-

Vienna Girls.

The system carried out in Vienna for educating girls is entirely worthy of note, says the Buffalo Courier. They are kept at their studies until they are fifteen years of age. Then they go through a course of teaching in the pantry and kitchen, under some member of the family, sometimes under trained cooks, for a year or two years. Thus they learn to do everything themselves, and to know the value of things long before they commence housekeeping on their own account; and though they may never be required to cook a dinner, they become independent of cooks and servants. The Austrian woed as any English governess, are as

four congressmen.