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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

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## BUSINESS CARDS.

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The Regulator never fails to cure. I most  
cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from  
Bilious Attacks of any Disease caused by a dis-  
arranged state of the Liver.  
KANSAS CITY, MO. W. R. BERNARD.

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my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me  
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I ever took for Dyspepsia.  
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derangement of the Liver, for the last three or  
four years, and always with decided benefit."

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I have had experience with Simmons Liver Reg-  
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on front of wrapper, prepared only by  
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## A HOME THRUST.

BY WILLIAM M'ARTHUR.

Abu Ben Hadar and Muli Ibrahim,  
two camel drivers, were crossing from  
contrary directions the Desert of Shali,  
on the way to Shiraz, and met at the  
Oasis of El Ghoun.

The former, who was the older of  
the two, had been a slave in the early  
part of his career, having been captured  
by pirates; and, after having passed  
from one master to another, he had at  
length found himself in Constantinople,  
where he was held for a time in  
close servitude by a merchant of that  
city extensively engaged in commerce;  
but he had at length contrived to effect  
his escape, and had made his way after  
many vicissitudes in a northeasterly  
direction, where he adopted his present  
avocation.

Muli, on the other hand, had never  
since infancy been anything almost but  
a "child of the desert." He was, never-  
theless, brought up strictly in the tents  
of the Koran, of which he was a rigid  
observer, and on the present occasion he  
was glad to meet a man who had seen  
so much of the outside world.

While the two drivers smoked their  
narghiles under the palm trees, their  
camels resting meanwhile in the shade,  
Abu entertained his young companion  
with details of what was to be observed  
beyond the limits of the trackless  
waste of sand. He told him of the  
magnificence of Stamboul, which far  
exceeded in all the Shiraz could produce,  
even as the sun, the monarch of day,  
outshines the brightness of the pale  
Queen of night, or as the great star Al-  
gor exceeds in dazzling splendor the  
radiance of the entire cluster of the  
Pleiades.

"Tell me, O, Father!" said Muli  
'something about the forbidden cup of  
the Giaour."

"Son," said the old man, impressively,  
'if thou would'st prolong thy days and  
secure the favor of Allah (whose name  
be ever blessed), slun that cup. Thou  
hast never, evidently from thy inquiry,  
seen it, or its effects. The wild  
beasts that roam at night through the  
ruins of Persepolis, are not more dan-  
gerous to man than it is. The fascinat-  
ing gaze of the deadly serpent which  
lureth its victim to destruction while  
dazzling his every effort to escape is  
not more certainly perilous. The sirocco,  
whose deadly blast carryeth with it  
destruction to man and beast, is mild  
in its effect when compared with the  
blight that lies concealed in the accu-  
red wine cup. The carcasses that strew  
the desert, food for its vultures, are  
mere units to the number of those slain  
daily by the intoxicating drink. Thou  
art still young. Let nothing tempt  
thee—curiosity sometimes may; let  
nothing induce thee—the invitation of  
the treacherous Frank often may—to  
touch, to taste, to handle. I have seen  
what it can work; therefore, I say be  
warned!"

The sun had descended some degrees  
from his meridian altitude when the  
two camel drivers separated, each to  
pursue his monotonous journey.

When Muli arrived at his destina-  
tion he found awaiting him two offi-  
cials connected with a British Diplo-  
matic mission, the senior of whom  
took from a parcel which formed part  
of the baggage carried by his camel,  
some important dispatches.

"In the nick of time, Brett," observed  
the officer to his friend. "One day late,  
and our mission here was useless."

"How lucky! What a good thing to  
be able to pluck at the whisker of the  
Russian Bear."

"By Jove! I wouldn't have missed  
this parcel for a deal. We have the  
ball at our feet now, and our St. Peters-  
burgh neighbors are completely out-  
witted. We must at once set to work  
and give Sir George our views by wire  
from Toublin. It is not too late to  
checkmate the Russian intrigue."

"I am at your service, Villers."  
Both officials were versed in the Ori-  
ental tongue in which Muli spoke;  
and, after having commended him for  
his promptitude, and placed a gold coin  
in his hand as a gratuity, they directed  
him to remain until he was rested, and  
told him they would require him to  
proceed to Toublin with an important  
message, which he was to conceal about  
his person, and which he was not to  
lose an hour in carrying; and, above  
all, that secrecy was to be observed.

"I think, Brett," said Villers, aside,  
'that the fellow deserves share of a bot-  
tle of Giesler for his alacrity."

Major Brett then proceeded to un-  
cork a champagne bottle, and, each gen-  
tleman having drunk a glass, the Major  
filled out a bumper for Muli.

"Is it good to take? I have never  
tasted wine, Effendi."

"Certainly; take it off while it fizzes.  
It will do you good."

"I will drink it, master, on one  
condition only," said Muli, "and that is,  
that as you say it is not hurtful, you  
let me have a bottle or two for my next  
journey."

"By all means," was the ready re-  
sponse.

Muli took the glass and said he  
would drink it outside before starting on  
the intended journey, leaving the  
apartment as he spoke.

The spirit of inquiry was now exci-  
ted in him for a purpose he has in  
view.

"Say, O friend," said he to the aged  
man who stood at the door of the ba-  
zar, 'what effect will the drinking of  
this wine produce on me?"

"It will make thee merry, and it will  
make thee sad. Thy tongue will be on  
thy sleeve, and the thing thou shouldst  
not say will be spoken before thou art  
aware that the word is uttered."

This was sufficient for Muli; he  
simply smeared his face and drenched  
his clothes with part of the liquor, and  
spilled what remained on the ground.

When the hour came for loading the  
camel, Muli found the two English offi-  
cers ready with their paper. It was  
written in cipher and was to be carried  
in the fold of his turban. Few words  
passed between them. True to their  
promise as 'gentlemen' they handed  
Muli two bottles of champagne, while  
he returned them the empty glass with  
profound thanks, again wiping his lips.

The camel knelt, and the driver  
mounted its back while both officers  
stood by.

"Now Muli make haste, and mind!"  
said Major Brett putting his finger to  
his mouth to enjoin secrecy and wari-  
ness.

Judge of the consternation of the  
two diplomats, when Muli, scarcely had  
the camel started, gave utterance to an  
unearthly yell and waved his turban  
in which the dispatch was concealed, high  
in the air. Both Brett and Villers  
looked at each other for a moment in  
speechless horror, and then shouted af-  
ter Muli to stop. It was too late, 'the  
ship of the desert' was going at a pace  
that defied either of them, even if  
mounted on race horses, to come a-  
breast of him.

"The fellow is as drunk as a fiddle,"  
said Villers, mournfully.

"Unquestionably, you see, he wasn't  
used to liquor. What's to be done?  
Everything is spoiled if he loses the  
dispatch, or blabs out where it's hid-  
den."

Muli stopped when he got about half  
a mile on his journey, and leisurely dis-  
mounted from his camel. The officers,  
perceiving this, hurried along till they  
reached him. They found the camel  
driver seated, legs crossed, on the  
sand, endeavoring to open one of the  
bottles; but the complex mechanism of  
the wire and capsule was too much for  
him.

"You drunken scoundrel," bellowed  
Villers, nearly out of puff, as he ap-  
plied a riding whip, which he carried,  
to the poor fellow's shoulders. "What  
do you mean? Show me the paper I  
gave you."

Muli with a vacant stare, took off his  
turban, but the dispatch was no where  
to be found in it.

"I have it in my heart, exclaimed  
Brett, 'to murder you on the spot.  
Give me back that bottle."

"I thought," stammered Muli, "you  
told me it would do me good."

He then fumbled about his breast  
and pulled out the dispatch, which he  
had transferred from his turban as he  
was squatted on the ground, while  
screened by the camel.

"Can we trust him to proceed on the  
journey?"

now, unfortunately, every hour is of  
importance. What a mess to be in!"

Muli did not understand the conver-  
sation as it was carried on in English;  
but, untutored as he was, he read the  
distrust of him in the countenance of  
both officers. Getting astride the cam-  
el, and looking with his wonted intelli-  
gence at the Englishmen, he said, ad-  
dressing Major Brett.

"Effendi, I am ready and able to do  
your bidding. I tasted not the unhal-  
lowed cup, to partake of which would  
in the case of your humble slave have  
been a greater evil to him than the loss  
of that paper to you. You knew not  
what you were doing when you placed  
the temptation in my way of giving  
me first the glassful and next these two  
bottles. Your message would not have  
been safe, for the Koran says that  
'a drunken mouth is as a babbling  
brook.' Take them, for Bismillah! I  
shall never again, as the wise Abu Ben  
Hadar warned me, touch or handle.  
Taste I never will."

"We are a nice pair of diplomats truly,"  
said Villers, reddening at the re-  
buke, and handing back the document  
to the camel driver, 'to bring drink in-  
to business."

"Aye, whether in or out of it," said  
the Major, laying about him on the  
two bottles with the butt end of his  
whip, 'and when we get back we ought  
to smash every bottle we have. I'm a  
total abstainer, as Chinese Gordon was,  
for life."

Villers placed his hand inside the  
Major's to signify that he was one with  
him in the resolution.

"Allah be praised!" exclaimed Muli  
Ibrahim, as he watched the breaking  
of the bottles, and sped on his jour-  
ney.

Proud of His Sister.

The Chicago TRIBUNE relates the  
case of a young man who was regard-  
ed as a phenomenon, because he took  
his sister to all the best entertain-  
ments, and actually devoted himself  
to her during the lecture and concert  
season. Being praised for his unusual  
attention to his sister, the young man  
promptly and proudly replied:

"No, there's nothing wonderful nor  
extraordinary about it. She is the  
only woman I know in whom I have  
the most thorough confidence. She is  
always the same; always pleased and  
affectionate. To tell you the candid  
truth, I'm afraid she'll go and marry  
some of these imitation men around  
here and be unhappy all her life."

"She has nobody else to look to,  
and I'll take care she does not have to  
look to anybody else. I suppose some  
day a genuine man will come along.  
If he's a genuine man, I won't object.  
Until he does come, she's good enough  
for me; and if ever I find as good a  
girl, I'll marry her."

The example is most commendable.  
A young man would do well to seek  
his sister's society until he finds an-  
other lady as good as his sister.

The Knife and Fork.

No question ever had better reasons  
on both sides than that, whether one  
sending a plate to be helped a second  
time should leave the knife and fork on  
the plate or hold them in the hand. If  
one sends them with the plate some one  
is liable to have dropped on the soft  
spot of his or her head in passing back  
and forth. They are liable to settle  
themselves on the exact spot the helper  
wishes to deposit the article of food  
sent for; then the helper must remove  
them or deposit the food on them. If  
one holds them in the hand while wait-  
ing he is in no graceful position.  
Think of one chatting with a lady be-  
side him about orchids or chrysanthem-  
ums, or the Wagner school of music,  
with a greasy knife and fork in his  
hand. Then, in which hand shall he  
hold them? Shall he rest his wrist on  
the table and violate a rule of long  
standing? or hold them up as an officer  
would carry a sword on parade? There  
are many knotty questions of etiquette,  
but few more knotty than this.

Required no Soul.

Omaha Theatre Manager—"Want a  
free pass, eh? I can't see why I should  
give you a pass."

Seedy Applicant—"I am a tragedian,  
sir."

"Oh! Come now."

"I played in King Henry, sir, in New  
York city."

"Humph! You might possibly walk  
through a part, but a man of your tem-  
perament could never put any soul into  
it, and—"

"I didn't walk through it, sir, and I  
did put all the soul into the part that it  
required. Not a paper said otherwise."

"Well! Well! I thought I was a  
pretty good judge of actors, but—by the  
way—what part did you play?"

"I played the corpse, sir!"

## Water for Stock in Winter.

A large proportion of the food of  
our animals is used to keep up the  
temperature of the body to about one  
hundred degrees. Cold weather, damp  
barn-yards, cracks in the barns or  
sheds, want of bedding and exposure  
to storms, greatly increase the con-  
sumption of food to no good purpose.  
Much more regard is now paid to the  
comfort of our stock in these respects  
than formerly. We think, however,  
many fail to realize the loss of food  
sustained by compelling animals to  
drink ice-cold water. Water as it  
comes fresh from the well has a tem-  
perature of about fifty-five degrees  
When allowed to stand until frozen  
over and the ice then broken, and the  
pieces of ice suffered to remain in the  
water, the temperature speedily falls  
to thirty-five degrees. Experiments  
are reported which seem to show that  
it pays to artificially warm the drink-  
ing water for milk cows. Be this as  
it may, no one can doubt that water  
at fifty-five degrees is cold enough for  
health. The water that an animal  
drinks has to be raised to the temper-  
ature of its body, say one hundred  
degrees. And, of course, it requires  
much more fuel in food to raise a  
pailful of water from thirty-five degrees  
to one hundred degrees than a pailful  
of fresh water from fifty-five degrees  
to one hundred degrees. If the heat  
required to warm the pailful of water  
twenty degrees was derived from hay  
or straw, or grain, the loss would not  
in many cases be severely felt. But,  
as a matter of fact, this heat is ob-  
tained from the consumption of fat  
and flesh, or butter and cheese. This  
is expensive fuel. We are well aware  
that it is not always easy to furnish  
animals water free from ice. We fill  
the trough with water, and the cows,  
and sheep, and horses do not drink as  
much as we expected, and the next  
morning there is a thick layer of ice  
upon the water. In such a case,  
break the ice in as large pieces as pos-  
sible and pull them out with a potato  
hook or rake. Do not leave them to  
melt in the water. Pump plenty of  
fresh water for the animals.—*American  
Agriculturist for December.*

## A CHINESE DOCTOR.

A Prescription From a Picturesque  
Celestial Physician.

Here I was, face to face with the  
Chinese doctor, whose advertisement  
was printed in English, but who sadly  
complicated things by talking the  
Chinese. I told him that I hadn't  
learned Chinese yet. His mouth widen-  
ed into a grin, and he motioned me to a  
wooden-bottomed chair.

"Chin Foo come light f wale," he  
said.

Chin Foo was the interpreter. He  
came back in ten minutes as happy and  
dapper a looking Chinaman as ever  
trotted through Mott street, New York  
City. Until he came I amused myself  
critically ogling this physician from the  
Flowers Kingdom. He was decidedly  
picturesque. His tall figure was en-  
veloped in a long, loose robe of yellow  
figured Chinese silk, like the magician's  
garb in juvenile fairy tales. All but  
the extreme top of his head was shaven  
as smooth as a billiard ball. From the  
crown depended a queue of raven hair,  
almost as long as the man was tall and  
braided like a German maiden's locks.  
From his upper lip dropped a black  
moustache. The ends were of extraordi-  
nary length. But surprising as the  
moustache looked it wasn't half as  
strange as his left hand. He had let  
the nails grow until they were fully an  
inch in length. They were polished  
until they glistened. The nails of his  
other hand were pared close to the  
finger tips. He leisurely pulled a cigarette  
of very strong black tobacco as he sat  
opposite me against the background of  
brilliant curtains.

"See here, Foo," I said, "I've got  
malaria. I've had it a long time—a  
good deal longer than I want it. I'm  
told your doctor makes a specialty of  
knocking out malaria in a single  
round."

"That's right," rejoined Foo, with a  
grin, "let the doctor feel your pulse."

Foo jabbered to his fantastic prin-  
ciple in Chinese, and held out my hand  
to him. The long-nailed Celestial took  
one of my wrists in either hand, pressed  
his fingers against the pulse, and studied  
the floor with bowed head in silence  
so long that I looked quizzingly up at  
Chin Foo and requested an explana-  
tion.

"What's the matter with your doc-  
tor, Foo?" I said. "Dose the case  
stagger him? And what in thunder  
does he want to feel both my pulses  
for?"

"Oh, that's the regular professional  
method in China," the dapper little in-  
terpreter returned, smiling at my mys-  
tification. "He's orthodox as ortho-  
doxy in China can make him. It's a  
peculiarity of physicians in the Flow-  
ery Kingdom to study the beat of both  
pulses."

The pig-tailed Celestial medicine man  
looked up from the floor and let both  
my wrists as lively as Chin Foo got to  
the end of his remarks. Then he re-  
ached for a pencil and one of the great  
sheets of yellow paper that were piled  
high on a red table in front of him.

"He is going to build you a prescrip-  
tion now," Chin Foo said admiringly.  
"Watch him; it'll interest you."

The prescription was a corker in size.  
The medicine man began at the upper  
right hand corner of the big yellow  
sheet with a jerky sort of scribble that  
tuit up curiously Chinese characters  
in columns of three so fast that I could  
hardly follow him with my eye. He  
built other columns under the first one  
until, after he had been at work some-  
thing less than five minutes, the Chinese  
characters were piled up on top of each  
other in huge rows like the Navarro  
flats.

"That's all," cried Foo, as with a  
sigh of relief, I saw the medicine man  
from Canton drop his pencil and shove  
over the yellow prescription. "You  
can get this put up down in Mott street  
and nowhere else. The doctor's fee is  
\$2, please."

"When you get this medicine you  
must fix it up into tea, and take half a  
cupful at a dose three times a day. Half  
a teacup is rather a small dose, too, for  
you must remember that the Chinese  
take their medicine by the wholesale  
when they take any at all. Their medi-  
cines are all allopathic to a heroic ex-  
tent so far as the consumption of reme-  
dies is concerned."

An hour later I found the Chinese  
pharmacy of Hong Wah, Ho King &  
Co., the solitary Chinese drug store of  
Gotham. It was on the ground floor of  
a three-story building on the south side  
of Mott street, that looked very much  
like a little German grocery decked  
with no placards. The clerk laid his  
mammoth pipe carefully aside, with the  
punk still sticking in the hole in the  
side, glanced at the prescription and  
then started to make it up. He drew  
a handful of what resembled cinnamon  
sticks from one drawer, and laid them  
in a big metal scoop. This scoop was  
fastened on one end of a wooden rod  
that the clerk held poised in the air by  
a string. He hung a number of dang-  
ling weights on the other end of this  
astounding pharmaceutical scale, until,  
after a tedious delay, he finally struck  
a balance. Then he dropped the whole  
thing on the counter and grabbed some-

## New Way to Sell Goods.

A new method of selling goods on  
commission has been discovered. Re-  
cently a saw was announced in a  
private residence in an ultra-fashionable  
part of the city. The announcement  
was of small interest, for it was well-  
known that the house, though preten-  
sions in appearance, was furnished mod-  
estly. What was the surprise of the  
first strollers-in to find the parlors most  
exquisitely furnished and fairly a-glit-  
ter with costly bric-a-brac and bronzes.  
The same splendor was repeated in the  
drawing and dining rooms and bed  
chambers. Costly rugs lay on the  
floors; expensive curtains hung at the  
windows; one and all brought exorbi-  
tant prices and reaped a whirlwind of  
questions. The secret has leaked out.  
The house was "arranged" for the sale;  
the goods were loaned by enterprising  
merchants, and the far seeing head of  
the house pocketed a neat little sum on  
the commission principle.—*Philadelphia  
Times.*

## What Makes a Home.

I never saw a garment too fine for  
a man or maid; there was never a  
chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper  
to sit in; never a house too fine to  
shelter the human head. These ele-  
ments about us, the gorgeous sky, the  
imperial sun, are not too good for the  
human race. Elegance fits man. But  
do we not value these tools of house-  
keeping a little more than they are  
worth, and sometimes mortgage home  
for the mahogany we would bring in-  
to it? I would rather eat my dinner  
off the head of a barrel, or dress after  
the fashion of John the Baptist in the  
wilderness, or sit on a block all my  
life, than consume all myself before I  
get home, and take so much pains  
with the outside that the inside was  
as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty  
is a great thing, but beauty of gar-  
ments, house and furniture is a very  
tawdry ornament compared with do-  
mestic love. All the elegance in the  
world will not make a home, and I  
would give more for a spoonful of  
hearty love than for whole stiplods  
of furniture, and all the upholsterers  
of the world could gather together.

## Profane Language.

A gentleman should never speak pro-  
fanely. Beyond any moral objection  
there may be in profanity, one must re-  
member that it is liable to grate on the  
feelings of another. Sir Isaac Newton,  
one of the greatest minds the world  
has produced and most far seeing into  
the works of the Creator, is said to  
have never mentioned the deity with-  
out raising his hand to his head in  
token of reverence. If Newton did not  
think himself competent to speak pro-  
fanely of the creator of the universe, it  
is not likely that there are others who  
may, with safety, consider themselves  
at liberty to do so.

## Dick Agrees to Do His Best.

Young Winks—"Dick, my boy, will  
your sister Nellie be at home this even-  
ing?"  
Little Dick—"Guesso."

"It's only a night or two since I cal-  
led, but I'd like to call again this even-  
ing if I thought she'd be at home.  
Here's some candy for you, Dick."

"Thank awfully."

"Now, Dick, I want you to be a good  
little friend of mine."

"Well, I'll be careful not to let her  
know you're coming."

## No Place Like Home.

"Why," asked the teacher, "did  
Payne write 'There's No Place Like  
Home'?"  
"Because," replied the  
smart bad boy, "it was the truth. He  
had no home, and of course there was  
no place like a place that wasn't any-  
where." And the teacher started to  
mark him zero, but stopped and got to  
thinking and thinking, and finally told  
him that wasn't correct, and marked  
him perfect.—*Burdette.*

## The Conductor Exclaimed Angri-ly.

"Here don't do that. You're ringing  
the bell at both ends of the car."  
"That's all right. Bedad, an' I want  
both ends of the car to stop!"