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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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See that you get the genuine, with the red Z on front of wrapper, prepared only by  
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## A Fortunate Mistake.

The train to Gilead Falls was late upon that particular Monday afternoon, and as a natural consequence thereof, the stage-coach to Gilead Gorge was an hour behind time.

"Once you lose five minutes, and there'll be plenty o' set backs to make it ten," as Reuben Dolly, the stage-driver, ironically remarked, as he piled up the trunks on the baggage-wagon that was to go on first. "This ere's for Fullers Farm," said he, "and all the rest for the View Hotel. Now look out, you!" to the boy in charge, "and don't go to tippin' the bags and bandboxes down the side of the mountain."

"Guess I've driv' on these 'ere roads afore," said Simon Sackett, the long-legged young Jehu.

"Yes, but there's some people as don't never learn wisdom by experience," said Reuben, as he rolled up the leather curtains of the stage-coach, and fastened them with a rusty buckle.

And when the baggage-wagon reached the Gorge, the trunks and boxes were all shaken into such an undistinguishable confusion that Simon did not know one from another.

"There's two Mrs. John Joneses," said he. "One on 'em's to go to the hotel, and 'tother to Fuller's Farm. Now which is which? That's what I'd like to know."

Harry Fuller, who was waiting at the cross roads, with his one-horse wagon, speedily settled the question.

"Why, this big trunk goes to the hotel, of course," said he. "Our Mrs. John Jones is a dressmaker, coming here for two weeks' rest. 'Taint likely she'd travel with a trunk as big as Noah's Ark, is it? Keel in the little one, quick?"

So that when Mrs. John Jones herself reached the cross-roads, she very naturally entered the same equipage that contained her trunk.

She was a little woman, with cheeks which still retained a youthful freshness; yellow, rippling hair and timid blue eyes; and she was dressed in inexpensive black, covered all over with a linen duster.

Harry Fuller glanced at her with a sideways regard as he whipped up his fat and meditative horse.

"I don't quite know how you'll like it," said he, "but our folks have changed your room."

"Changed my room?" said the boarder, glancing inquiringly at him.

"You see, after we settled you were to have the front bed room," he explained, "my mother got a letter from Mr. Letton. Mrs. Letton used to work in the factory here years ago; but she married a city lawyer, and now there isn't anything quite good enough for her. And they wanted my mother to give them three communicating rooms; and so mother thought you wouldn't mind the little room over the kitchen. City boarders mostly spend all their time out doors, you know; and it isn't so very hot after the supper fire has gone out."

Mrs. John Jones was silent.

"I told mother she oughtn't to do it," said the young farmer; "but Mrs. Letton would have the room. And mother thought she could explain it all to you when you came. And the room will be fifty cents a week less."

"Oh!" said Mrs. John Jones.

"Fuller's farm was a long, low, straggling building, shaded by ancient elms, and possessing a peaked roof and chimney-stack which would have delighted the soul of an artist.

Old Mrs. Fuller bustled to receive her guests. The tea hour was already

past, but there was a bowl of milk and a heaping saucer of red raspberries on the table, and the little earthen-ware teapot still simmered on the back of the stove in a hospitable way.

"I hev to be dretful ceremonious with the Lettons," said Mrs. Fuller; "but I can do 'most as I please with you, Mrs. Jones!"

And as Mrs. Jones sipped her cup of tea, and crumbled delicious homemade bread into her bowl of milk, she could hear an animated conversation going on in the kitchen beyond, between the old lady and her son.

"It's all nonsense, Henry!" said Mrs. Fuller, who, being a little deaf, did not always consider how loud she spoke. "What! you to give up your room, and go out to the barn chamber? Holy-toy! Ain't the kitchen bed-room good enough for a dressmaker?"

"Hush, mother! She is a real lady, I tell you," responded Harry.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Fuller.

"And I am sure the kitchen bed-room wouldn't suit her," pursued Harry. "Mother, it is too small and too warm. And if you will fix up mine for her, I would just as soon sleep in the barn these sultry nights."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mrs. Fuller. "Dressmakers hadn't ought to give themselves airs. And Mrs. Letton was dreadful annoyed when she heard I was going to take a working-woman in to board. She wouldn't ha' come if she'd ha' knowed it, she said."

"Then I should advise her to stay away," observed Harry Fuller, with some emphasis. "But you will make this arrangement, mother, won't you? To please me!"

And he took up the empty milking-pail and went out.

Mrs. John Jones smiled to herself.

"So I have a champion already?" she thought.

Harry Fuller's vacated room, albeit it was in the high peak of the roof, was a great improvement on the hot little hole over the kitchen which had been intended for the boarder. It was large and airy, and commanded a fine view of the Sound, and there was a snug little corner closet for her dresses, and a big, old-fashioned, claw-legged bureau for her lace and collars.

"I'd think I could have been more pleasantly accommodated at the View Hotel," thought she.

Mrs. Letton, a fat, purple-faced woman in a rindown-tinted greenish gown, and diamond rings up to the knuckles of her pudgy hands, turned up her nose immensely at the new boarder.

"It's very unfortunate that woman coming here just now," she said. "Letton is so particular about the folk that I associate with. But perhaps since it can't be helped she can show me how to alter over Marietta's black tissue dress that the French madam spoiled. I'd be willing to pay her half price for helping me."

Mrs. Jones, however, gently declined Mrs. Letton's patronizing offer.

"I am here for rest and recreation, not for work," she said. "I have a Parisian pattern which I will willingly lend you; but for the rest I must beg to be excused."

"Stuck-up thing!" said Mrs. Letton. "She can go walking with the children, Mrs. Fuller, and hunt for maiden-hair ferns with your Harry half the day, but she can't go to work to earn a stray penny. I've no patience with such upstarts that are above their business."

"She seems very ladylike," said old Mrs. Fuller.

"It's because she copies the airs and graces of fine folks that come in to be fitted at her Missus' place," said Mrs. Letton, violently fanning herself.

Even while this vehement colloquy was going on at the house, Olivia Jones was sitting on a fallen log in the blackberry pasture, with Harry Fuller leaning with folded arms against a thorn-apple tree close behind her.

"But I really meant it, Mrs. Jones," said he earnestly.

"That's all nonsense," said the widow, half-smiling. "How can you mean it, when you have only known me for ten days?"

"A week or a month can make no difference to me," persisted he. "I love you, Mrs. Jones. I can't bear to see you go down and insulted by women like that Mrs. Letton. I'm only a farmer, I know, but I've a half-share in this place, with all its surrounding land, and the saw-mill on Gilead River; and if you'll trust yourself to me, you shall never know what want or trouble is. Mrs. Jones—Olivia—won't you give me a word of hope?"

"Would you marry—a mere dressmaker?"

"I would marry you, Olivia, in a second, if you would only say the word."

"But, Harry—"

He took her hand in his.

"It's all right now, Olivia," said he, with sparkling eyes. "If you did not care for me you would not have called me Harry in that tone."

And that was the way in which they became engaged.

Mrs. Fuller was electrified when she heard of it.

"You, Harry," she cried, "that might hev married Amanda Plumb, or even Mrs. Letton's darter, Marietta, to take up with a dressmaking woman, who—"

Just then there came a tap at the door. A little, wrinkled faced person stood there, in a crumpled hat and widow's veil, with a capacious trunk, wheeled on a wheelbarrow by a boy behind her.

"Mrs. Fuller?" said this personage, whose general appearance reminded one of a badly-rolled parcel.

"Yes," said the farmer's wife. "But I don't know who you are!"

"Mrs. John Jones," explained the stranger—"the lady as engaged your second floor front. In the dress-making business. There's been some mistake, and my trunk was sent on to the View Hotel, and some other person was sent here. I was unexpectedly detained by old Mrs. Mopson's funeral orders, and I've just discovered the blunders."

Mrs. Fuller stared until her spectacle glasses assumed the proportions of two moons.

"If you're the dressmaker that drove the bargain with me by letter," said she, "then who is this Mrs. Jones?"

The yellow tressed widow smilingly spoke up.

"Only a usurper, Mrs. Fuller," said she. "I had engaged a suit of rooms at the View Hotel, but circumstances drifted me here instead; and I don't regret it, on the whole."

She put her hand inside Harry's arm as she spoke.

"My stars!" cried the astounded Mrs. Letton, "then you are the rich Mrs. John Jones, who was coming to the hotel—the lady that owns half the West India Islands?"

"Not quite so bad as that," said Mrs. Jones, smiling. "But I cannot call myself poor, especially since I have been fortunate enough to win an honest man's love."

And when old Mrs. Fuller related this story, as she often did, she always capped the climax by saying, complacently:

"So our Harry was a fortune hunter after all, only he didn't know it."—*Saturday Night.*

**Etiquette for Mrs. Cleveland.**

Doubtless it has occurred to a few of those who have looked with envy upon Mrs. Cleveland's high position, and the encomiums so constantly passed upon her, to realize how much she had to sacrifice in the innocent pleasures natural to so young and handsome a woman in exchange for the fleeting honors and really laborious duties of a President's wife. Her associates must necessarily be ladies much older than herself and her partner, if she ever dances at all, which would only be in a State quadrille in opening some specially grand ball, must be an elderly man of high official station.

Mrs. Cleveland's partners at the State dinners to be given during the winter at the Executive Mansion are picked out far in advance. Custom has ordained that at the dinner given to the Cabinet, for instance, she must be escorted to the table by the Secretary of State.

When the Justices of the United States Supreme Court are dining with the President his wife must take the arm of the Chief Justice in going to the dining-room and give him the seat on her right.

When the Diplomatic Corps are the special guests at dinner Mrs. Cleveland will lead the way to the dining-room with Mr. Preston, the Minister from Hayti, because he is the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, having been here in his present capacity since 1872, which is five years longer than any Minister of similar rank—i. e., a Minister Plenipotentiary—now in the Diplomatic body in Washington. Mr. Preston's wife, however, is in Europe, and so is the wife of the Portuguese Minister, whose service here is next in duration to that of Mr. Preston; and, as a daughter neyer on State occasions takes the place her father's wife would have were he married, Miss West, the British Minister's daughter, cannot be taken by the President to the table.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Many marvellous promises are made during the time of elections. It is told of Gambetta that once he went to some agricultural department to oust a reactionary candidate in favor of one of his friends, and inquired about the agriculturalists' wants. "We are sadly in need of rain," came the answer. "I'll see about it when I get to Paris," promised Gambetta. And his listeners believed in his promise. The record runs that the rain came down in torrents a day or two after, and that when the reactionary candidate presented himself he was hooted at. "Let your party do as much for you as Gambetta, and we'll elect you."

## Life's Milestones.

Some Thoughts Suggested by the Frequent Recurrence of Birthday.

I have just succeeded in passing another birthday. It was not a counterfeited birthday, therefore I had no trouble in passing it. It was the first birthday I had seen for a year, but it looked so natural that I knew it the minute I saw it. I have seen so many of them, you know, and they have been coming so infernally regular of late, that I would know one if I didn't see it. In the calm, still night, when nothing can be heard save the mercury sliding down into the bulb of the thermometer, my birthday comes up the back stairs, crawls through the keyhole, and in less than a minute I have another year added to my age. This has been kept up until it has grown monotonous, but what am I to do about it?

When a man is a boy, or rather before the boy becomes a man, his birthdays come around so slowly that he fears he will die of old age before he will see the next one, and in some cases it is a pity he doesn't. He wants to be a man and spit tobacco juice over the surrounding scenery, or put his eighteen karat name on a promissory note. He wants to be his own boss. But too soon the day comes when he would rather be a boy than Jim Cummings. You see, I've had experience. When a man hasn't time to recover from a rough and tumble with one birthday before another one grabs him and whirls him around a few times, he may well remark: "Here's a pretty state of things!"

A birthday is something that we have all had more or less experience with, I think. Some of us, especially the old maid portion of us, have learned how to handle it carefully and conceal its blemishes, or sequester it entirely. They think old Father Time is rather fast for one of his age, and I don't blame 'em. What right has he to jumble one's birthdays together like dice in a box until you don't know which will come out first?

Twenty-five or thirty years ago those things did not weigh on my mind as they do now. Then I sat on the fence and whistled a gladsome refrain as I swung a sore toe athwart the glorious sunlight, or tried to penetrate two acres of unsympathetic ice with my fertile brain. I have long since turned my back upon the past, but the past don't care for that. The present, with its corals and toothaches, engrosses a large portion of my time, and I am willing to let the past go. If I had it to do over again, I believe I'd be an old maid from the start; and then I could get along without birthdays.

**Not so Bully After All.**

One day the troopers of Roddy's Cavalry were about to go into battle, dismounted, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses. The men were drawn up to count from right to left. Of course, every fourth man felt jolly, and this is the way the count went on:

"One."  
"Two."  
"Three."  
"Bully!"  
"One."  
"Two."  
"Three."  
"Bully!"

General Roddy heard each fourth man call out "Bully." His face flushed. When all had been called off, he said:

"Numbers one, two and bully will go into the light as dismounted cavalry. Number three will hold the horses."

A young lady belonging to one of the first families of New York, returned from a walk. Her mother who was very strict with her asked:

"Where have you been?"

"I have just been taking a little fresh air in Central Park."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Of course I am. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing at all, only when you went out you took a parasol, and you came home with a gentleman's cane in your hand."

The young lady has taken the matter under advisement, and will bring in a verdict at an early date.—*Texas Siftings.*

Remember that this office turns out neat and attractive sale bills at low prices. If you intend making sale call on us.

## IT COST NOTHING.

Why a Dying Man Concluded to Postpone the Final Act of Life's Drama.

A curious-looking old fellow, dressed in gray "homespun," was found lying in an alley. When questioned by some one, he turned over with a groan, and said:

"Go away from me now and let me die."

"Why do you want to die?"

"Because I am a blamed fool."

"Come, get up, that's no excuse."

"Yes, it is. Go away I tell you, and let me die."

"Haven't you been drinking?"

"No, I hain't tetched a drop. Go on away and let me die, I tell you. A man that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't fit to live. It's dangerous for him to walk about."

"Come, tell me what you did?"

With an effort and another groan he raised up, leaned back against the wall, and said:

"If I tell you will you go on away?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I'll go you whuther or no. Early this mornin' I come inter town an' met a feller that I knowed. He asked me to go round an' take breakfast with him. I had 'dun' eat breakfast, but as it wasn't any expense to me, I concluded that it wouldn't do to let the yiduls go to waste, so I went with him. I eat about a long-handled shovelful uv batter cakes and drunk four cups uv coffee, argyin' all the time that it wasn't costin' me nothin'. Arter I got through I went knockin' 'round, an' putty soon I met a feller that eat dinner with me while he was a candidate last summer. He said that it was gittin' putty well along in the day, but that if I'd go 'round home with him he'd skoor up some breakfast. I started to say no, but ricollectin' how he ate at my table, I went with him. On the way he got a lot uv these here great long sausages. Wall, I stored away about two pounds uv them sausages, eat about my hat full of biscuits, an' drunk three cups of coffee. By this time I was putty well filled up, but shortly afterwards one uv the boys that lives out my way told me that he had found a saloon whar they put out a whole lot uv yiduls an' let people eat all they wanted to, so, as it didn't cost nothin' I went 'round. I let in on a big dish full uv sour potatoes an' raw cabbage, an' made myself at home. Arter I got through with that I went to dinner with a feller because it didn't cost me anything, an' eat putty hearty. Then I struck out an' eat a few apples that I slipped out uv a wagon, an' then I eat a piece uv cheese that I found in a saloon, just because it didn't cost anything. About this time the old boy commenced to overtake me, an' I dodged in here an' drapped down, an' I hope I'll die before I git outen here, fur as I said jist now, a man that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't fitten to live. When I think that I have ate myself to death jist because it didn't cost me anything it makes me so mad I don't know what to do. Oh, how I do suffer all over!"

"Come along with me."

"No, I'm goin' 'to die right here."

"You must come."

"I won't. I'll never leave here till I'm taken away dead, fur, as I said, a man that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't fitten to live."

"Then you won't go?"

"Won't move a peg."

"I'm sorry, for I've got a roast pig down at my house, and would like for somebody to help me eat it."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the dying man. "Dog my cats if I don't jine yer, an' die arterwards."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

**Oil on Troubled Waters.**

The Hydrographic Office of the navy continues to receive daily many letters from captains of vessels as to the result of their experience in the use of oil to reduce waves. Commander Bartlett says that it is desirable to supply all vessels with oil for use during stormy weather at sea. He will not, however, begin work on his promised treatise on the subject until the efficacy of the oil treatment has been tried and reported upon by officers of the navy. With this end in view an effort is being made to induce Rear-Admiral Luce to issue the necessary orders for such a trial to be made by vessels of the North Atlantic squadron. The hydrographic officers believe the Rear-Admiral will comply with their request. Several letters received recently at the Hydrographic Office give encouraging accounts concerning the use of oil. Two vessels were enabled to lay in comparatively calm water for twenty-four hours, while a tempest was raging about them by the use of only twenty gallons of oil each.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. E. Henshaw.

## Havoc By Earthquake.

Nearly Two Thousand Lives Lost by the Disaster.

Three Hundred Persons Take Shelter in a Church and are Killed by the Crumbling Walls—Entire Villages Wrecked.

ROME, Feb. 24.—Details have been received this morning of the results of the earthquake yesterday, showing that the effects were far more serious than thought. The loss of life and destruction of property is learned to have been terrible. The most startling news comes from the Genoaese Riviera. Over fifteen hundred people were killed in that district. At the village of Bajarod, situated at the top of a hill, a number of the inhabitants took refuge in a church when the shocks were first felt. A subsequent and greater shock demolished the church, and 300 of the people who were in it were killed. The destruction of property in the sections visited by the earthquakes was immense and widespread. Another shock was felt at Mentone to-day. It was so severe that houses were shaken. No one was injured. Additional details concerning the damage done by yesterday's shocks show that in some cases villages built on the mountain sides were toppled into the valleys. Three railway trains have been dispatched with food for the sufferers. A number of soldiers have also been sent to assist them.

ROME, Feb. 23.—The reports of the disaster continue to arrive. The total number of deaths reported up to the present time is about 2,000.

**A Renewal of the Shocks in France**

PARIS, Feb. 24, 4 P. M.—A renewal of earthquake shocks has occurred in the southern section of France. A terrible disaster is momentarily expected. Nice, Cannes and Mentone are half deserted. Fears are expressed for the safety of the Prince of Wales and the Orleans Princes, all of whom are in the section of country where the earthquakes prevail.

**Spring Farm Cleaning.**

While the wife cleans the house, let the husband clean the farm. If vegetable matter is left about the yard, its rapid decay during the damp, warm weather of spring and summer, will poison the air and affect the health of the family. If left about the barn, lots and fields, it will have a like influence on the farm animals. Hogs are doubly liable to be injured, for they not only breathe the fouled air, but nest in such litter. Farm cleaning will save loss from disease. The litter has great value as a fertilizer when properly applied. The intelligent use of this manure insures better crops, and the farm is capable of a more thorough cultivation. And then how much appearances are improved. Make a bonfire of pieces of wood, brush, stumps, etc., not fit for fuel, and give the charcoal to the swine and the ashes to the fruit trees. Remember this work is not complete until those stumps and stones are removed which can be taken out with a reasonable amount of labor; until the trees about the house and in the orchard are pruned; until the old growth is taken from raspberries, gooseberries, currants, etc.; until the "underbrush" is cleared out of the wood-lot; until all the ditches are opened and pools are drained; in short, until the farm is clean and neat. Conveniently enough, nearly all, or all of this work, can be done before the spring plowing is begun.—*American Agriculturist* for March.

**The Human Figure.**

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks make all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the highest point of the forehead, is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eye-brows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height, from the feet to the top of the head, is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

An old lady in New Hampshire recently gave a party on her eightieth birthday. When asked how she kept herself so vigorous and healthy she replied: "By never allowing myself to fret over things I cannot help, by never taking my washing, ironing and baking to bed with me, and by oiling all the various wheels of a busy life with an implicit faith that there is a brain and a heart to this great universe, and that I could trust both."