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Little Dancing Leaves.

Little dancing leaves
In the garden bow,er,
Which among you grieves
Not to be a flower?
"Never one!" the light leaves say,
Dancing in the sun all day.

Little dancing leaves,
Booses lean to kiss you;
From the cottage eaves
Nesting birds would miss you—
We should tire of blossoms so,
If you all to flowers should grow!

Little dancing leaves—
Grasses, ferns and sedges,
Nodding to the sheaves
Out of tangled hedges—
What a dull world would remain
If you all were useful grain!

Little dancing leaves,
Who could do without you?
Every post weaves
Some sweet dream about you.
Flowers and grain awhile are here;
You stay with us all the year.

Little dancing leaves,
When through pines and birches
The great storm-wind heaves,
You retreat her scroches;
How he makes the tall trees roar!
While you—only dance the more!

Little dancing leaves,
Loving and careasing—
He most joy receives
Who bestows a blessing,
Dance, light leaves, for dancing maid,
While you bless us with your shade!
—Lucy Lathrop, in St. Nicholas.

THE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A lighthouse on a rocky coast. Outside, thunder, lightning, wind and rain, and great black waves dashing up against the rocks at the foot of the tower. Inside a winding flight of stairs leading to an octagon-shaped room containing the plainest furniture. The occupants, a girl of eighteen, tall and lithe, with black hair hanging in massive braids to her waist, and luminous gray eyes under straight black brows. Her dress of gray waterproof cloth was short and scant, and hung in wet folds about her limbs; and strangest of all girdles, a coil of rope encircled her waist and trailed one end on the floor. By her side a boy of fourteen years, with his blue blouse open at the throat, and a faded plush cap on his dark curls. These two were bending over a man who lay in all his magnificent length on the floor. A picturesque-looking man, with fair hair clinging in dripping masses to his forehead; a curling golden beard and a white firm throat, and one might be persuaded that the closed lids with their long fringes covered a pair of steel blue eyes.

"Reckon he's a goner, Liz," said the boy, as he paused in his vigorous rubbing of the man's hands.

The girl was forcing some liquor from a tin cup between the blue lips, and did not answer directly; but when their patient gave the faintest possible sigh, she exclaimed, joyfully: "See, Neddie, he breathes! Now work fast," whereupon they both fell to rubbing him at a great rate.

When Allen McIntyre opened his eyes he looked about him confusedly. The odd little room, the girl with her black braids, and the boy looking so like her that one would at once recognize the relationship; the drenched condition of all three, and the strange languor through all his frame—what did it mean? He closed his eyes wearily, and then the boy spoke up in this bluff fashion:

"You came near going under, cap'n, but Lizzie pulled you out."

Then McIntyre remembered all, and languidly raised himself into a sitting posture.

"It is too wild a night to be adrift in a little craft like that," said the girl, making a gesture seaward, where a tiny boat had broken up an hour before.

"It was fair when I left the shore," replied the man. "I ventured further than I intended. Then the wind went down, and I could only drift until the storm arose. I have a recollection of a fierce rush of wind and wave that upset my boat, and a blow on my head, probably from some part of the boat as I went over."

"Yes," said the boy, "there came a flash of lightning, and Lizzie and I, looking out, saw the boat capsize. So Lizzie caught a rope and ran, and I after her."

"We're used to that sort of thing—eh, Lizzie?" Lizzie nodded, and the boy continued, animatedly: "You see, my father keeps the light, but he is sick now, so Lizzie and I tend the light—we always do when father is sick or gone to the mainland—and we've pulled out more than one fellow more than half dead. Why—"

"Never mind that, Neddie," interrupted his sister, gently, and the unspoken reproach in her voice had the effect of making the lad look somewhat shamefaced as he went back to the first part of his story.

"Well, sir, we ran down the slope at the side of the cliff out there, where the waves were tearing up like 10,000 wild horses. And every time it lightened we could see you bobbing around there like a piece of cork. We were afraid of your striking against the ledges, so Lizzie fastened one end of the rope about her waist and I held the other while she went straight in and struck out for you."

McIntyre uttered a low exclamation and turned his gaze from Neddie to

Neddie's sister. The boy wagged his head proudly.

"Ah," said he, with gleaming eye, "that's nothing for our Liz to do! She caught you, and I pulled you both in. But you're monstrous heavy! I thought we'd never get you upstairs."

McIntyre laughed as he rose rather doubtfully to his feet.

"I feel a trifle shaky," he said; and then, "It is easy to see that you are brother and sister. I am Allen McIntyre, at your service, Miss Lizzie," and he bowed in a fashion that gave the lie to his declarations of shakiness. "Of course I realize that you and your gallant brother here have rendered me a great service—one for which you shall not go unrewarded, although I can never hope to fully recompense you."

Lizzie raised her head haughtily.

"Sir, such work as we have done to-night we do not for wages. If you feel strong enough, I will walk with you to the house. I think the storm is passing over. We live a quarter of a mile from the light. Our accommodations are plain enough, but there is no other house on the island."

"Oh, I am as good as new, now," said McIntyre; "but will you leave this boy here all alone?"

She smiled.

"Ned is not afraid, and he can tend the light as well as I."

"Very well I will go with you."

He waved a smiling adieu to the boy, and followed his guide down the narrow stairway.

Two days later a small sailboat put out from the island, which, when it returned, brought McIntyre's luggage.

Lizzie's father, who was laid up with an attack of rheumatism, had taken a fancy to the young man, who expressed a desire to spend a few weeks there at any price they might charge. Captain Clyde straightway ordered Neddie off in his new boat to the mainland for the gentleman's traps. The youngster obeyed this order with alacrity, for the good-humored ease of the stranger, together with his evident appreciation of "our Liz," had wrought favorably on our Neddie. Even the maiden aunt, who kept the house, smiled frostily at the prospect of this pleasant addition to their family.

McIntyre, who had been wandering about three or four hundred miles from home in search of a quiet place to spend the summer, congratulated himself on having drifted to the very place.

"Although it was an expensive style of drifting," he remarked, with a smile, as he inclosed a bank note in an envelope, to be sent to the owner of the little craft which had slipped him out into the waves abreast of the lighthouse.

A week later, as he sauntered shoreward, there came to his ears a wildly sweet strain of melody. As he listened in amazement, for he had seen no musical instrument about the place, he began to realize that it was a part of Strauss' artist life waltzes that he heard—a strain that he often whistled. He stepped round the jutting of the cliff, and there, leaning against the granite wall, was Lizzie, her chin dropped carelessly on a little red violin, as she drew the bow across the strings. She flushed like a guilty thing when she saw McIntyre.

"You whistled that the other day," she faltered, "and I liked it so much—it haunted me all the time."

He stepped forward.

"Why, Lizzie! Is it possible you play like that without notes?"

"I don't play much now," she said, drawing her dark brows over her eyes.

"A party of ladies and gentlemen came here to visit the lighthouse once and overheard me playing. I heard one of the ladies say: 'The idea of a girl with a fiddle!' So I thought perhaps it didn't look well."

"Not look well, indeed!" and he laughed in merry scorn. "Why, child, did you ever hear of Camilla Urso?"

"No."

"Well, she is a lady, and she makes the most exquisite music on a fiddle and thousands of people go to hear her. Why, Camilla Urso herself would listen with pleasure to your music, Lizzie," said McIntyre, extravagantly. "Who taught you to play?"

"No one. This violin belonged to my father, and he learned me how to tune it. I pick up tunes that I hear, but I never heard anything half so beautiful as the tunes I hear you sing and whistle."

McIntyre smiled; his repertoire of music consisted of snatches of operas, waltzes, red-was and German airs, which had dimly associated in his mind with nights of brilliant gaiety; and he wondered dreamily how this pure-minded, healthy-souled girl would look upon the elegant dissipation carried on by the set of which he was a favorite. A sudden glow warmed his heart as he thought that not one of the fine ladies who had swung languidly through the mazes of that very waltz of the great composer's could have resented him so bravely from the jaws of death as Lizzie had—Lizzie, who stood there so quietly, with her little violin hanging from her breast, and her fingers straying lovingly over the strings.

"Tell me about Camilla Urso," she said, presently. "Did you ever hear her play?"

"Yes, indeed! I have a paper in my trunk containing a little sketch of her life, which you may read for yourself, and which will tell you better than I can of her talent."

For a moment Lizzie's eyes met his own, a look of shame and distress gathering in them.

"Mr. McIntyre, that will be of no use—I cannot read."

"Lizzie!"

Her violin slipped from her grasp and would have fallen to the ground had not McIntyre caught it, and she covered her face with both hands.

"But Lizzie," persisted her companion, in some perplexity, "I do not understand. There are good public schools in the city, and surely your father must have known that it was his duty to give a girl like you an education, to say nothing of Neddie, who is growing up such a splendid young fellow."

"It is very kind of you to say such things of Neddie and me; we are common people, and ours is a common life. Neddie did spend two years with our uncle who lives in York State. He went to school there. But father doesn't think much of book learning." Aunt Jane never had time to help me, and Neddie is too restless to keep still long enough, I suppose." She continued quaintly, "You who live out in the world look at these things in a different way; but I know of many who are just where I am. Why, there is a whole family on that island," pointing to a tiny speck away to the eastward, "who cannot read or write. Once in three months, perhaps, they go to the mainland. I scarcely ever go. I suppose I shall always live here, and I am content—'I think,' and a look of doubt gathered in her eyes; 'at least I was; but lately I have wished so much that I could read and had books—for it is so lonely here in the winter.'"

"Well, dear child," said the young man, gently, "this gives me the privilege of paying my debts, doesn't it?"

"Your debts?" echoed Lizzie, in surprise.

"Certainly. Did you not fish me out of the water a week ago? Well, now you shall put your six feet of driftwood to some service. I will teach you to read and to write."

After that McIntyre proved the most faithful of teachers, and his pupil made steady progress in her lessons. Neither was the violin any longer in disgrace. Lizzie played to attentive ears while learning a deeper lesson than either at first realized. McIntyre was the first to wake up. He was a man of the world, and understood himself, or thought he did, thoroughly. Accordingly he started one morning for a stroll along the beach to think it over.

"As the case now stands," he soliloquized, as he lit a cigar and threw away the match, "it is either Lizzie or the world; and I confess the world has charms for me."

His gaze wandered absently over the swelling waves, and lingered on a far-off sail that dipped and rose, dipped again, until it sank below the horizon. His lip curled involuntarily as he thought of the delicate ladies in his set, and how wretched they would make the poor girl's life in their own high-bred fashion. No—but would they, though?

A faint amusement lingered in his face as he recalled Lizzie's rather stately carriage and stately dignity that redeemed her from being commonplace. He laughed out.

"It would be fun to see her among all those peacocks. Poor Lizzie! What a shame that she has been neglected! If she had received half the advantages of any one of my acquaintances she would have surpassed them all. Well, well, it is high time I returned home. I have been here six weeks. Yes, I will go away to-morrow and forget her, as she will forget me."

So saying, McIntyre threw away the end of his cigar and started into a brisk walk along the shore, coming directly upon the object of his thoughts, who was pacing to and fro, drawing primitive music from her violin. She wore a scarlet jacket over her gray dress, and a white handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin. His heart throbbed faster at the sight of her.

"Fool!" he muttered, "to think I could leave her. Now, then, my man, 'It's all for love, and the world well lost.'"

Lizzie greeted his approach with a smile, but played to the close of the strain before she spoke. It was a little German air that he had taught her.

"Is that right?" she queried, as she finished.

"I cannot tell you."

Then, meeting her look of astonishment with his own earnest gaze, he said:

"Lizzie, will you care very much when I go away from here?"

Her eyes dropped, the red blood dyed her cheek and brow for a moment, and then faded away, leaving her quite pale.

"I think it will be well for you to go," she said.

"And why, Lizzie, will you tell me? You need not fear to tell me anything," he added, as she hesitated.

She looked away from him, and her voice was almost inaudible as she answered:

"Because—because—Oh, I cannot tell you! You know—"

"I have thought of going, Lizzie; but I realized to-day that I cannot leave you—ever again, dear."

He put one arm about her, but she drew away from him, trembling from head to foot.

"Don't, Mr. McIntyre! I want to remember you kindly, and I cannot if you use such language to me."

"For heaven's sake!" he cried, in astonishment, "tell me, have I said anything wrong to you? Is it wrong to love you? If that is a sin, then I am the greatest of sinners."

"I do not forget that you are a gen-

tleman, and I but a poor, ignorant girl, who knows only what you have taught her."

"But, Lizzie, I ask you to be my wife, and you have not answered me. I do not boast when I say my suit would not be rejected in most families of high standing where I am known."

"Ah, that is the idea," she exclaimed, hastily; "if, as you say, you do care for me"—she stammered a little over the words, "you would soon grow weary of my stupid ways. I should shame you every day of your life, and your grand friends would wonder at your choice, and I should die of homesickness."

"With me, Lizzie?"

"Yes, even with you!" smiling and blushing as she met his eyes.

He laughed—he was so sure of winning her—and kissed her mouth.

"Well, sweetheart, I will live here then, and turn keeper of the light after your father. Will that suit you?"

"Don't deceive yourself, Mr. McIntyre. We would not be happy together, and think how terrible it would be—bound together forever."

He laughed exultantly and with a great deal of amusement.

"Faith! I think it would be a mighty pleasant thing. Come, Lizzie, you can deny me no longer. Do you not see that your own happiness depends upon your answer? Now kiss me, dear, and tell me that you will take the life you were so brave to save into your own keeping."

He drew her gently toward him, but she faced him suddenly, with great tears trembling on her long lashes.

"Do you think it costs me nothing to refuse you—you who have made my life so beautiful these few short weeks? I am rude and ignorant—such a wife would burden and disgust you in time. It is for your good that I refuse to accept what seems like a heaven to me." And then, swift as a deer, she flew along the shore, leaving McIntyre to struggle between anger, amusement and wounded self-love.

All that day he tried to speak with Lizzie alone, but she gave him no opportunity. At last, in very desperation, he tapped at the door of her father's room. Captain Clyde was again suffering from rheumatism, and the young man found him in the easy chair, while Lizzie hovered about him.

"Captain Clyde," said McIntyre, as he blocked the doorway with his broad shoulders to prevent Lizzie from escaping, "I wish to say a few words to your daughter in your presence, since she refuses to grant me that privilege elsewhere."

"Say on, my lad, she would be proud to hear whatever you have to say to her."

"Well, Lizzie, I will go away from here to-morrow, and stay as long as you bid me. When the time is up I will return to claim you for my wife. You shall see that this is no idle, passing fancy."

His eyes, grave and sad, rested on the girl's flushed face, and the bluff captain's eyes widened in amazement.

"Speak out, gal," he commanded.

"Have you anything to say to this young man, who woe you like a gentleman? Shall he come—or no?"

And Lizzie answered, with downcast eyes: "If he comes one year from this time, and still cares for me, I will be ready."

"And is that all, Lizzie?" he said, stepping toward her with outstretched arms.

"No, I'll be bound!" said the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. "When I went courting, my little girl used to kiss me." And reaching over he gave Lizzie a little push that sent her into the arms of her lover; whereupon they all laughed, and Lizzie, after kissing McIntyre, shyly slipped from the room.

A whole year passed by, and not unhappily to Lizzie, who had faithfully endeavored to improve herself. She spent the winter "on the mainland," with some friends. She studied, read, watched the people about her, and, never coarse herself, despite her commonplace life at home, she fell easily into the new groove. Although not unhappy, the girl's cheek was paler than of yore, and her eyes held a wistfulness that had grown in them since parting from her lover, for occasionally this thought crossed her dreams for the future: "He may not come at all—he may forget."

But Allen McIntyre was truer than most of his kind; for the early fall brought him again to Lizzie's house. While he waited in the old-fashioned sitting-room, the door was opened hesitatingly, and who was this before him? Allen had left a young gypsy, magnificent in her way, with coal black braids and flashing eyes; 't scarcely the figure for a drawing-room in her short gown and thick coarse shoes; a daughter of the sea, sun-browned and fearless. But this—was this Lizzie? A graceful woman in trailing robes, and the shining hair braided and coiled about her head, resting in a coronet a queen might envy, above the low broad brow. Paler than of old, her eyes downcast but shining softly through her happy tears, her mouth smiling triumphantly.

Was this Lizzie? Why, not a woman in all his brilliant throng he remembered could compare with her.

Every summer a handsome gentleman and his dark-haired wife visit the light-keeper's home; and every fall they return to their stately home in a far-away city, where the lady does the honors of her grand house with a grace that charms all.

And yet Allen McIntyre laughingly accuses his wife of "fishing for him."

CONFIDENCE MEN.

How They Operate Between New York and Philadelphia.

A Philadelphia letter to a New York paper says: The bunco men who operate between this city and New York have been reaping a harvest of late. The leader of the gang has in four instances represented himself as a nephew of Anthony J. Drexel or a member of the well-known banking house of which Mr. Drexel is the head. One of the victims was Mr. Evan Randolph, an experienced business man, whom he swindled out of \$110. The second was Mr. Hazlehurst, a leading member of the Philadelphia bar, whom he caught for \$2,400. The third was Mr. J. A. J. Sheets, a prosperous lumber merchant, who lost \$2,900 by his confidence in the scoundrel. The fourth victim is no less a personage than the Hon. George Sharswood, chief justice of the supreme court of Pennsylvania. In the latter case, however, the amount involved was only \$10. The story of this operation was given to your correspondent as follows:

As I was strolling up Broadway, in New York, a well-dressed young man addressed me by some name not my own, which I do not recall, and seemed both confused and incredulous when I told him that he was mistaken. He, however, apologetically said that I bore a striking resemblance to the gentleman who he supposed me to be, and that he would be grateful if I would tell him who I was. I gave him my name, and he left me with every mark of courtesy. I had not gone much further when another gentleman, youthful, well-dressed and of remarkably pleasing manners, crossed the sidewalk toward me, and, extending his hand, addressed me by name and professed to be delighted to have met me. His face did not seem unfamiliar to me, but I could not recall his name, and I supposed my puzzled look led him to relieve my mind, as he said: "Ah, I see you don't remember me. I am F. A. Drexel, Jr. I have been studying art in Paris, and returned only last week." He then asked many questions about the welfare of prominent Philadelphians, with whose names, occupations and social standing he seemed thoroughly familiar. He also conversed very interestingly on art matters abroad, mentioning incidentally that he had been an extensive purchaser for the account of his uncle's as well as himself. We walked uptown, chatting thus pleasantly, and not a suspicion that my companion was not what he represented himself to be entered my mind. At length he mentioned that he had just received a very expensive painting from Paris—one for which Belmont's and Vanderbilt's agent had bid against him, but which he had bought for 50,000 francs. It was a very steep price, and I don't know how father and Uncle Tony will like it," he said. He then invited me to look at his treasure, which, he said, was only a block or two away. Nothing was occupying me particularly at that time, and I consented. Turning down one of the cross streets we came to a handsome brown-stone house, into which we entered after ringing the bell. While we stood on the steps my companion told me that he had drawn the grand prize, 11,000 francs, in a lottery designed for the benefit of some Parisian art association, and was only waiting in the city for the money to come to hand. He then would go to Philadelphia and visit his relatives. The door was opened by a liveried porter, and we were admitted to a saloon parlor that seemed to have been turned into an office. Mr. Drexel introduced himself to the gentlemanly individual who occupied the desk, and said that he had brought me, mentioning my name, to see his famous picture. The gentlemanly individual was sorry that the picture had just been sent to Philadelphia, and he showed the express receipt in confirmation. Apologizing for the disappointment, my companion made a move as though to go away, when the gentlemanly individual, after a brief consultation of what seemed to be a book of entry, said: "Mr. Drexel, I received the remittance of your grand prize, 11,000 francs, this morning. Here is the money," and he counted out what seemed to be that amount. The gentlemanly individual then suggested that it would be well to take some tickets in another lottery drawing for the benefit of some other art association. Drexel was willing. He said he patronized such schemes for the benefit of art, and always turned his prizes over to deserving artists. I had scruples against such methods, but he insisted, and I handed him \$10. Then they brought out a numbered chart, and gambling implements. I saw at once that the whole thing was a trick and device, and I repossessed myself of the \$10 which I had given my companion, and which was lying on the table, and made my way out of the room without opposition. The pseudo Drexel came along, and agreed entirely with me in my estimate of the character of the place. I still had confidence in him, losing it only after suits had been brought to recover money falsely so obtained."

Money often leads men astray. Some of them will run after a dollar; but a hound dog is more avaricious. He will follow a cent.

By contracting a severe cough and cold, I was compelled to give up my daily work and keep to the house. A neighbor recommended me to try a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It was procured and used; to my astonishment relief was instantaneous.

EDW. W. OLAYTON, Waverly, Md.

Dr. Holland's Last Verses.

The following verses appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, over Dr. Holland's signature, and they have a peculiar interest, in view of his death:

If life awake and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there for evermore—
Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea;
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
(Oh, what will be matter to me?)

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

President Arthur weighs 215 pounds, David Davis, 315. Total, 590. The government is now on a solid foundation.

"I'll jump at the proposal!" said the lively Miss Lulu. "Lulu, my dear," remonstrated her mother, "remember this is not leap year."

The Fisk University negro singers were refused accommodation at four Toronto hotels. As soon as this became known, a number of wealthy white families tendered their hospitality.

The washerwomen at St. Petersburg cannot wash the buttons off the Czar's cast iron shirt. This is about the only consolation the Czar derives from the situation of affairs in his unhappy domain.

"Should a man shave up or down?" asked Augustus. "That depends," replied the barber. "When I shave you, for instance, I always shave down." The emphasis on the last word nearly broke Augustus' heart.

It was a Boston girl who asked: "Why is it that two souls, united in the impenetrable mystery of their nativity, float by each other on the ocean currents of existence without being instinctively drawn together, blended and beautified in the assimilated alembic of eternal love?" That is an easy one. It is because butter is dearer and a good sealskin sack as high as \$500. The necessities of life must experience a fall in price before two souls will readily blend in the assimilated alembic and so forth.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The precision of modern engineering is forcibly illustrated by the recently accomplished feat of picking up a long unused ocean cable from a depth of 2,000 fathoms. The scientific engineering which locates a fault with so much exactness and so readily finds a mere thread two miles under the sea must add much to the security and value of ocean telegraphic property.

In his address at the York meeting of the British association Professor Huxley predicted that fifty years hence, or in the centennial year of the association, whoever undertakes to record the progress of paleontology will note the present time as the epoch in which the law of succession of the forms of the higher animals was determined by the observation of paleontological facts.

Experiments by German scientists in ascertaining the peculiarities of the electric light, establish the fact that it is not only healthier than other methods of illumination in leaving the air purer, but that it increases the power of the vision in some respects, especially in distinguishing colors. Red, green, blue and yellow are made much more distinct and marked under this light than by daylight.

When the earth in which a plant grows is much warmer than the air the plant grows very thick, ceases almost altogether to increase in height, and finally shows deep transverse rifts which make further growth an impossibility. These effects were produced by M. Prilleux, who used a large dish of earth, in which he planted the seeds, and kept the earth ten degrees warmer than the moist air of the chamber.

The *Moniteur Industriel*, in an article on the influence of temperature on the resistance of steel, states that it is the presence of phosphorus which is the main cause of the variation in strength. Iron, which contains none of it, maintains the same breaking strain in various temperatures, and gave only a slight variation of the limit of elasticity. It follows from this that one of the best means of avoiding the breakage of wheels, tyres and axles of cars and locomotives is the employment of pure steel free from phosphorus.

Throwing Up the Bricks.

A correspondent in Germany writes: German bricklayers do not carry the bricks up in a hod. They are generally thrown up. One man stands at the pile in the street, and one man is placed on each staging to throw to the man above through a hole in the scaffolding. By this succession of relays bricks are thrown up five stories. I have never seen a "muff" made, but I usually watched the game from the other side of the street. Another custom connected with house building is for the owner to give an entertainment to the workmen when the walls are up. The fact is advertised to the community by the great crown of flowers placed upon the top of the building, with numerous flags and decorations. Work is suspended for the day, and the workmen meet the owner and the invited guests around the festive board, and afterward dance with their wives and daughters. It is well known that the Germans have as many holidays as possible.