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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF BELLEFONTE.

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**How the Ancients Spent Money.**  
Tacitus informs us that Nero, the Roman emperor, gave away in presents to his friends \$97,500,000. The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at \$1,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper \$1,200,000 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizen's supper. She was worth altogether \$200,000,000. The luxury of Poppo, beloved by Nero, was at least equal to that of Lollia Paulina, the lover of Agrippina, left an estate in lands valued at \$15,000,000. M. Scourus had a villa worth \$15,000,000, and this was only a small portion of his immense fortune. The villa was burned by his slaves out of revenge for some injury.

The sums paid by old Greeks and Romans for works of art make the present price appear somewhat shabby. Nicias, an artist, refused to sell one of his pictures to King Attalus for \$75,000, choosing rather to present it to his country as a gift. Nicias was a millionaire. For a single figure by Apollodorus, King Attalus gave \$125,000. Mouson, the tyrant of Elatus, paid \$20,000 for a single picture by Aristides, representing a battle of the Persians. Caesar was a generous patron of art. He bought of Timonachus a painter of Athens, two figures of one represents Ajax and the other Medea, for which he paid \$100,000.

Appelles received \$20,000 for a portrait of Alexander, which he painted on the walls of the temple Diana, at Ephesus. Ptolemy paid Aratus \$20,000 for some old pictures by Melanthus and Pamphilus. M. Agrippa paid to the people of Cyzicus \$30,000 for two small paintings, and it was he who built and bequeathed to his countrymen the magnificent Thermae in the Campus Martius, with their gardens, libraries and porticos—one portion of which, the Pantheon, still remains. Lucius Mummius got a picture in Greece, representing Father Bacchus, which King Attalus valued at \$250,000, but Mummius said that the price was too small, and refused to sell.

The picture of "Venus Anadyomene by Apollodorus" was sold for \$25,000. Isocrates received \$20,000 for one oration. Virgil, for his lines on M. C. C. was rewarded by a gift of \$10,000. For a single dish of pottery the tragic actor Æschylus paid \$4500. The Emperor Vitellius ordered a dish to be made for him for which a furnace was erected in the fields outside the city for \$45,000. The colossal statue of Mercury, made for the city of the Avern, in Gaul, by Zenodorus, cost \$1,675,000.

Nero paid \$161,000 for a carpet. For the famous statue of the Dandemans, which was a bronze figure of life size representing a youth trying a fillet round his head, Polycletus received \$125,000. And again dropping art for literature, it is related that Tiberius presented to Asellus Sabinus \$20,000 for a dialogue written between a mushroom, a cabbage, an oyster and a thrush. Regarding the immense wealth possessed by fortune's favorites in ancient days, the mystery is what has become of all this gold and silver, for the possessions of these rich men and women coasted chiefly of the clean metal and precious stones.

## THE DRIFTING BOAT.

We met a drifting boat far out at sea. Empty, without an oar, without a sail; Tossed on the rolling billows aimlessly, Hither and thither with the shifting gale.

Once, it had been a gallant little craft. Safe anchored in the dark and stormy days; Or, with blue skies and fresh, glad winds about, Bearing its living freight o'er sunny bays.

Now, sadly free, for no calm harbor bound, Without a purpose, or a guiding hand, Aimless, and useless, it would drift, till it found A nameless wreck upon some unknown strand.

Alas! alas! the empty drifting lives Tossed to-and-fro upon Life's stormy sea! The aimless souls, that every chance wind drives, To drowsy ones, that rock where great calms be.

Purchance, in early youth, some tempest cross'd Their flying flags, and gallant sails unfurled; Now, with torn shrouds, and helm, and anchor lost, Poor, helpless crafts, they drift about the world.

Bound for no harbor, bearing no rich freight, From every human eye too sadly free, For whom no fond hearts pray, no watchers wait, The useless drift-wood on Time's mighty sea.

Oh, heart! Oh, heart! this were a fate more bleak Than ceaseless watch and fight where tempests rove; Better amid the waves and thunder rack! Doing thy best, to struggle and go down!

## A Noble Deed.

Two-and-twenty years ago a deed was performed which has scarcely any parallel in the annals of modern wars.

The hero of it was a gentleman belonging to the Civil Service of India, named Thomas Henry Kavanagh.

India trembled in the balance, and the empire was thrilling with horror over the terrible massacre of English women and children at Cawnpore, when the news came that a gallant little band of devoted men were defending themselves in the Residency at Lucknow against the hordes of a savage and relentless enemy.

From the beginning to the end of this remarkable siege, Kavanagh—civilian though he was—appears to have figured conspicuously in the defence, for no sooner was the Residency invested by the mutineer forces, than he set to work to arm and drill all the civilians in the place; and in spite of much ridicule from the military men, ultimately succeeded in organizing a corps of volunteers that did splendid service for the state.

During five long months the little garrison was put to its wits' end to meet the constant and ever recurring attacks of the enemy. Repelling sorties, mining and countermining, repairing breaches, etc., was the work that was always going on; and none was more willing and brave than the gallant Kavanagh who though wounded several times was ever to be found at the post of danger.

We should also mention here, as an interesting fact, that Kavanagh's wife was also wounded during the siege and laid up for several weeks.

At length in November came the welcome news that Sir Colin Campbell—afterwards Lord Clyde—was advancing with a strong British force to the relief of the garrison; and on the ninth of that month Kavanagh learned that a spy had come in from Cawnpore, and that he was going back again to the Alum Bagh, with despatches for Sir Colin.

Indeed, it had become necessary that Sir Colin's march should be hastened, and that he should be guided to the city by the least hazardous route.

But who was to be the guide? The almost impossibility of any European being able to escape through the city undetected, and the certainty of his murder if detected, deterred the commandant from ordering any officer, or even seeking volunteers for such a duty.

A volunteer for this extraordinarily dangerous adventure did, however, present himself in the person of Kavanagh.

He had sought out the spy, whose name was Kunoujee Lal, and finding him intelligent, he expressed his desire to proceed with him in disguise to Alum Bagh.

The spy at first hesitated; and urging that there was more chance of detection by two going together, proposed that they should take different roads, and meet outside the city.

This Kavanagh objected to, and then proceeded to finish some business he had in hand, his mind, however, still dwelling upon the accomplishment of his object.

At last he made up his mind, and proposed the enterprise to his officers. They reluctantly consented, and he proceeded to disguise himself for the journey as a native.

This he had secretly arranged, as he did not wish his wife to know anything of the undertaking until his safe arrival at the Alum Bagh should be signalled to the garrison.

To show the thoroughness with which Kavanagh did this part of his work, it is only necessary to mention that the materials of which his costume was composed was borrowed piece by piece from separate natives.

When the disguise was thus complete, he proceeded at half past seven, P. M. to the General's quarters, where he at once tested the genuineness of his metamorphosis.

Nobody recognized him until, he made himself known, and then Sir James Outram himself put the finishing touches to his toilet.

Placing a double barreled pistol in his waistband, and additionally armed with a tulwar or sword, Kavanagh then took leave of the General and his staff, and proceeded with Kunoujee Lal to the right bank of the river Goomtee.

Kavanagh and his guide then undressed themselves, and began to ford the river, which at that point was about a hundred yards wide.

Reaching it, they took their bundles of clothes from their heads and dressed themselves again, at the same time narrowly escaping observation by a sepoy who had come to a pond in the neighborhood to wash.

On finding, however, that they were not observed, confidence returned to them, and they proceeded right on.

From the city they passed into the green fields, which Kavanagh had not seen for five months, and he says that a carrot which he took from the roadside was the most delicious he had ever tasted.

A further walk of a few miles was accomplished in high spirits; but they soon found out that they had taken the wrong road, and were in the Dikoooshah Park, which was in possession of the enemy.

Kunoujee Lal was in great trouble, and he feared that Kavanagh would think that he was acting the traitor; and he begged him not to distrust him, as the mistake was made by his anxiety to avoid the pickets of the enemy.

Kavanagh reassured him, and they continued their journey, constantly meeting sepoy but still escaping detection.

After wading through a swamp of nearly two hours up to their waists in water, and being nearly exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, Kavanagh insisted upon having some rest, in spite of the remonstrance of his guide.

After a halt of about a quarter of an hour, they again went forward, and passed, through two pickets of the enemy, who had no sentries thrown out.

This was about 4 o'clock in the morning and Kavanagh lay down to sleep for an hour, although Kunoujee Lal again protested against it.

Suddenly, they heard the pleasant sound of the British challenge, "Who comes there?" delivered with a native accent; and to their joyful surprise they found themselves within the lines of Sir Colin Campbell's camp, which they believed to be still many miles distant.

An officer of the 9th Lancers conducted Kavanagh to his tent and gave him a glass of brandy, and he then asked him the way to the Commander-in-chief's tent.

Meeting an elderly gentleman coming out of the tent in question, Kavanagh asked him where he could find Sir Colin Campbell.

"I am Sir Colin Campbell," was the quick reply. "Who are you?"

"This will explain, sir," replied Kavanagh, taking from the folds of his turban a note of introduction from Sir James Outram.

Sir Colin read it hastily, and glancing at Kavanagh with his keen eyes, he asked if it was true.

"Do you doubt me, sir?" asked Kavanagh.

"No, no," replied Sir Colin, "but it seems very strange."

Sir Colin was anxious to hear his story; but Kavanagh, worn out with the strain upon his mental and physical system, begged to be allowed some sleep.

When he awoke, Kavanagh was very cordially received at Sir Colin's own table, where, over a substantial repast—to which he did ample justice—he recounted to the Commander-in-chief and his staff the adventures through which he had passed.

In the meantime, the devoted garrison in the Residency he signalled, "Is Kavanagh safe?" But the signal could not be read.

Shortly afterwards, however, the preconcerted signal—namely, the raising of a flag at the Alum Bagh, told Sir James Outram that the hero was beyond the risk of further danger.

Then Mrs. Kavanagh was made acquainted with her husband's heroic act, and received the congratulations of all.

We have no space to give all the details of Sir Colin Campbell's march to the Residency; but Kavanagh, by his bravery and intelligence during that march, was certainly the man who next to the Commander-in-chief, contributed most to the success of the attack.

Indeed, never was a nobler act than that of Kavanagh's and when he appeared again within the walls of the garrison which had risked his life to rescue, and was thus the first man to relieve it, the cheers and greeting with which he was received by his half-famished defenders must have been dear to his soul.

The Pennsylvania canal is now open for navigation.

The long Arctic night is of 145 days' duration.

The White House cook has a salary of \$1,800 per year.

Boston is to be lighted with the electric light.

One cord of birch wood weighs 3368 pounds.

## Jimmie Cuth on Wheels.

"I'm looking for the responsible man of this print shop," snorted a broad shouldered tramp, edging his way into the managing editor's office. "Show me the high daddy that pumps out the literature for the magazine. Whoop! Give me room! Where's the fellow that picks the postage stamps for this periodical? Wah! I'm a scortin'alligator of the briny deep! Where's the man that chews soap for the job office?" "I represent those various functions," repeated the managing editor drawing a sabre out of his ear. "What kind of an advertisement do you want?" and poured a handful of gunpowder into a hollow tooth and cocked it.

"What do you mean by publishing my name in this year second-hand almanac?" "What's yer justification for dragging me through this two sheet poster? Who said I was dead? Who killed me? Who put my name on this prescription label? I'm Jim Currie, of Texas! Hear me! Who is the man that wrote me up as murdered in this dime museum programme? Give me his spine! Hand me one of his eyes!" and the stranger danced across the local-room and back.

"I'm the man," said the managing editor, slipping a repeating rifle out of his sleeve. "I wrote that article, 'drawing a handful of dynamite out of a pickle on his nose.' 'If it isn't satisfactory' (taking a keg of gunpowder out of his sock) 'it can be fixed.'"

"I want an apology of four dollars in cash, and I'll get it, if I bust this type writer!" yelled Mr. Currie. "Gimme justice or three dollars and half, or I'll bang the side lights out of this bill board quicker'n a streak o' lightning'll scorch an old maid! I'm the shiverin' walrus of the growing Southwest! Gimme satisfaction or two dollars and seventy-five cents, or I'll bear this first lesson in easy spelling 'whoopin' through all space! Wah—h—h—!"

"You lie down the inside of the building!" howled the managing editor, drawing a fourteen inch Bowie knife from his knee joint, "or I'll crawl inside of you;" and he rammed a twelve pound cartridge into his elbow. "Jump through the roof, or I'll bite you in half, and throw the rest away;" and he clawed at twelve or fifteen feet of planking, and jammed out the side of the building with it.

And the stranger got up and told his abettors that the thing wouldn't work; they was all out of money, and couldn't put up for a glass of beer, while the managing editor started for an editorial demonstrating the lack of corporate sympathy for the pauper criminals.

There's nothing like being firm with ramps.

A Funeral Procession in Athens.

The first funeral procession which we met in Athens showed the peculiarities of the Greek custom at their best. On an open bier, resting on the shoulders of six young men, lay the body of a beautiful girl of sixteen, dressed in light blue and white, her face and arms exposed, her hair d'garlanded with flowers, and flowers being her hands and lying in knots and clusters on her breast. So she was borne through the clear, sweet morning sunshine that flooded the streets of her native city, to her grave beyond its limits, under the shadow of Mount Hymettus.

Deleogeos, ex-Prime Minister, in the quickly subdued change of Greek party government several times at the head of the cabinet, and as often the leader of the opposition, died during our stay at Athens. He was a man whose staunch integrity and democratic love of simplicity had endeared him to the people. He was buried on the day after his death, the rule in Athens.

Dense crowds of men and boys thronged the streets near the house, from which the procession was to start. There were no services at his home, but acquaintances passed in to view the remains, and to offer sympathy to the family, who, as a rule, do not accompany the procession to the church or the grave. Every man who entered the house put on a white lace scarf over the right shoulder and under the left arm—the badge of mourning. Many bearded priests of the Greek church mingled with the crowd. Their luxuriant hair is never cut, but is twisted into a roll, and knotted on the back of the head like a woman's. They wear a tall, cylindrical hat, brimless below, but with a round flat crown which projects laterally an inch or two. The dignitaries of the church were resplendent in gold embroidered robes of white, purple and scarlet.

The coffin was of blue satin. The body, dressed in plain black as in life—the low shoes tied with white ribbon—was brought out and placed on the open bier. As is the custom at Athens, the upper half of the coffin for its entire length, had been covered with the lid, and was carried in advance of the bier. On it was worked in white a cross and a crown. A glass cover was placed over the body. Flowers in profusion lay about the form of the dead statesman.

Two red banners—one with a formal sacred painting, in the Byzantine style of the Annunciation, and of Mary and the Child; the other representing, in archaic figures, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection—were borne before the coffin. The coffin was carried by prominent citizens, while the brass band played a slow-mourning dirge. Leaving the crowded streets, I went by a shorter way to the cathedral, where the mention of my nationality passed me through the closed doors, and secured me an excellent place—seats there were none, save for bishops and king.

First enter the sacred banners, and the man with the lid of the coffin; then priests with lanterns, censers, tapers and banners; then the coffin is carried in and placed on a black catafalque in the choir. The king, with a few attendants, has taken his place just to the left of the Patriarch's throne, which is on the south of the choir. King George is rather tall, erect, well formed, fair-haired, with a blonde mustache, and pleasantly regular features. He wears the dark blue uniform of a major, and a light blue short cloak with crimson lining, which a wide, light blue scarf crosses his breast from the right shoulder.

Young men press forward to the coffin with garlands of flowers. They are delegates from the university and the schools. The Patriarch takes his seat, two bishops on either hand, venerable, white bearded men. The loud, shrill chant of the priests, men's voices singing in unison, begins the service. Two singers who are not priests

in tone most of the service, the priests, and bishops over against them answering antiphonally. The music has that weird shaking of the voice within a range of four or five notes which recalls Arabian music. Indeed, the Greeks of to-day in their church chants and in their street ballads, have no music which does not seem to have been borrowed from Asia. Nothing you see or hear at Athens is more unlike Europe and America than the singing.

The service finished, the king goes out first, after him the priests and the coffin. The procession resumes its slow march through the principal streets. Two hours later, as I stood on the Acropolis, I could see the crowd standing about the open grave among the cypresses beyond the Ilissus, listening to panegyrics delivered in succession by four ex-prime ministers, the rivals and friends of the dead statesman. For several days the newspapers of Athens were filled with eulogies of Deleogeos. Many of them were very eloquent. I had the curiosity to count in one of these articles the words which I could not readily trace to a root used in classic Greek. There were but eleven such words in an article of two columns, so truly is the Greek of to-day Greek, and not Slavonic.

What a Tenant May Remove.

Tenants of an improving disposition are often deterred from making their homes as comfortable as they could desire and are able to make them for fear of benefiting their landlords or successors more than themselves. Painting, papering and repairing of the house and improvements of the grounds are obviously of a permanent nature and cannot benefit any one but the occupant of the premises. Should a tenant see to incur expense for these things he can claim no recompense, if, at the expiration of the lease, he is unwilling or unable to renew it. There are, however, many improvements that formerly would have been held to insure to the benefit of the landlord, but which more modern decisions permit the tenant to take up and carry away with his other household goods.

The old law and judicial construction favored land and land owners, and everything that was directly or constructively attached to the soil was held to belong to the owner of the fee and not removable by the tenant, though placed there by him solely for his own convenience. Although the law has been little changed in this respect the views of judges have been practically reversed. The tendency of all recent decisions is to allow a tenant to remove everything removable which he adds to the tenancy, unless he himself intended it to be permanent. Houses are usually considered as realty, and everything attached, as porches, window blinds and sashes, water spouts and lightning-rods, go with them. The gas pipes which convey the gas from the street and distribute it throughout the house are in the same category, but the gas fixtures, though screwed and cemented to the gas fittings, are held to be of the same nature as the old-fashioned candlesticks, and, therefore, personal property. This has long been held to be the law as regards tenants. They may put what gas fixtures they please in a house and take them away again with their kerosene lamps and other illuminating apparatus. Recently Judge Thayer decided that this was good law for the landlord as well as for the tenant, and that therefore the gas fixtures do not necessarily pass with the sale of the house, nor are they covered by a mortgage on the realty.

As a general rule, whatever a tenant puts into a dwelling or erects on the premises for his own comfort, without the intention to permanently annex it, he may remove at any time before the expiration of his lease. This would include such things as cupboards, shelves, coalbins, and even a stairway has been held to be within the rule. All trade fixtures and temporary structures, whether frame or brick, and without regard to their size, may be taken down and carried off by the tenant who erected them. Even a dwelling-house is not a part of the realty if the right to remove it is reserved. All the landlord can legitimate demand is to have his property restored to his possession in as good order as he received it, the tenant ordinary wear and tear excepted. Whatever the tenant put in of a movable nature he may take away, but his carpenter work must not injure or permanently alter the property. All the decisions concur that these removals of improvements and fixtures must be made within the term of the lease. If the tenant waits till his lease expires the land and all that is on it except the purely personal property of the tenant reverts to the landlord.

The Valley of the Jordan.

The Valley of the Jordan would act as an enormous hot house for the new colony. Here might be cultivated palms, cotton, indigo, sugar, rice, sorghum, besides bananas, pine-apples, yams, sweet potatoes and other field and garden produce. Raising a little higher, the country is adapted to tobacco, maize, castor oil, millet, flax, melons, grapes, cummin, anise, ochra, crinjals, pomegranates, oranges, figs—and so up to the plains, where wheat, barley, beans and lentils of various sorts, with olives and vines would form the staple products. Gilead especially is essentially a country of wine and oil; it is also admirably adapted to silk-culture; while among its forests, carob or locust bean, pistachio, jujube, almond, balsam, and other profitable trees grow wild in great profusion. All the fruits of Southern Europe, here grow to perfection; apples, pears, quinces thrive well on the more elevated elevation, upon which the fruits and vegetables of England might be cultivated, while the quick growing eucalyptus could be planted with advantage on the fertile but treeless plains. Not only does the extraordinary variety of soil and climate thus compressed into a small area offer exceptional advantages from an agricultural point of view, but the inclusion of the Dead Sea within its limits would furnish a vast source of wealth, by the exploitation of its chemical and mineral resources. The supply of Chlorate of Potassium, 200,000 tons of which are annually consumed in England, is practically inexhaustible; while petroleum, bitumen, and other liguites can be procured in great quantities upon its shores. There can be little doubt, in fact, that the Dead Sea is a mine of unexplored wealth which only needs the application of capital and enterprise to make it a most lucrative property.

## A Terrible Scene.

John Wallace recently had a terrible experience in Marion, Indiana. He had gone into Warner's barber shop to be shaved. Mr. Warner, being ill, had a day or two before, hired a gawky looking man representing himself to be a first class barber from Wayne county, to work for him a few days. The fellow conducted himself all right until Saturday, when he began to drink quite freely, he secured some alcohol used in the shop and drank it raw. Mr. Jesse Jams, who occupied the chair just before Mr. Wallace, noticed something very peculiar in the man's actions, especially when he refused to give the change back from a bill handed him by Jams. Wallace got into the chair, and the fellow, after lathering his face and getting everything ready for operation, opened his razor, grasped Mr. Wallace by the throat, and exclaimed: "I am going to cut your throat." Looking up, Mr. Wallace saw that the barber was foaming at the mouth and an insane glare was in his eyes. So startled was Mr. Wallace for a few moments that he could not reply. The maniac gave vent to a blood-curdling laugh and exclaimed: "You think I won't do it, do you? Well I shall. You needn't look so scared. It won't hurt much. I can do it in a minute. I shall first cut your throat and then slit you open down the stomach and let your bowels out. Oh, I know what they'll do with me for killing you; but I don't care. They will hang me. I am not afraid of death; you are."

All the while the madman was flourishing his razor in close proximity to his victim's throat, and occasionally drawing back as if to strike. As soon as he partially recovered from the first paralysis of his fright, Wallace kept his eye steadily upon his persecutor, and finally, taking advantage of an instant when his grip was loosened on his throat, managed to twist quickly around and slide out of the chair and run for the door, but the barber was too quick for him and got there first. Then, with one hand on the door-knob and a razor in the other, he stood and heaped the most horrible imprecations upon Wallace's head because he had attempted to escape. Wallace offered the barber a cigar which he had in his pocket.

"What do you want me to do with the cigar?" said the barber.

"Why, smoke it!" said Mr. Wallace.

As the madman reached for the cigar Wallace sprang upon him and threw him down, then turned and ran, the negro after him with the razor in his hand. Wallace got away safely, finally, and the barber ran after a little boy, swearing he would kill him. A butcher saw the negro and pursued him, overtaking him just before he reached the boy. The butcher overpowered the maniac and the marshal dragged him to jail. The negro was suffering from delirium tremens.

A Barber on Baldness.

Very often the hair falls out after sickness. In such cases it generally grows again without the aid of any hair tonic whatever; but when it falls out from natural causes it never grows again. The celebrated Dr. Bazan, who was formerly physician in chief of the St. Louis Hospital at Paris, and who is known throughout the world as the most learned specialist for affections of the skin, told me one day that there was nothing that could make the hair grow after the baldness had come on gradually. This I believe firmly, for, if there was anything of the kind, we would not see so many New York doctors with heads as completely destitute of hair as the backs of turtles. I am even persuaded that these gentlemen would follow the example of those Greek heroes who, through the leadership of Jason, made a voyage to Colchis to bring back the Golden Fleece. Modern Argonauts, the doctors, would consider themselves happy if they could bring back from such a voyage the secret of restoring the human fleece. I don't think I am far from the truth when I say that during the past twenty-five years that I have practiced the profession of hair-dresser, I have made the trial upon different bald heads of more than five hundred different hair tonics, and I am bound to admit that I never saw a single head the hair of which was restored after baldness. At the end of so many failures, I am completely undeceived as to the value of all the preparations, and I would not now recommend any one of them, because I would be afraid to commit the crime that is designated by the words, "obtaining money under false pretences," obtaining pathological studies upon the hair. I have found that people who perspire a great deal from the head are apt to get bald. The bad habit of wearing hats indoors is also very hurtful to the hair. In 1806, after the famous battle of Jena, in which the Prussians were completely defeated by Napoleon I., Baron Larrey, the celebrated military surgeon, perceived that many of the German prisoners were completely bald. Surprised, he made inquiries as to the cause, and he found that they owed their baldness to the shape—as he would say unhealthily—of their caps. The foul air of their head gear, having no issue, destroyed the vitality of the hair.

To be Carried in Your Pocket.

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live (if-fortune extended) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid all temptation. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you can see your way to get out of it. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, that you may spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

## A Visit to the Garden of Eden.

A couple of hours' ride over a most wretched bridge path, up and down rugged mountain passes, brought us to this charming oasis called "Eden." The Arabs asured us this spot was the real Garden of Eden and judging from the intense curiosity they evinced concerning ourselves and our traps, we had no difficulty in believing this to be the garden where our first mother Eve dwelt ere she grew too fond of apples. This Eden is situated in a pretty little valley in the heart of the mountains, at an elevation of some 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Water is abundant here and consequently everything is green and fruit is plenty. The valley is full of vineyards, with pomegranates and fig trees, and olive and mulberry plantations, and over-topping the whole can be seen some immense walnut trees that look as old as the world.

As I am wearing these lines sitting on a camp-stool in front of my tent, I can see the whole population of Eden collected round our camp staring at us. Young and old, men women and children are pressing forward to have a good look at us; and some of these wild children of Eve have climbed up the trees to have the luxury of a bird's eye view of our camp. Long before we reached our camp ground the news had been brought that a caravan of people from beyond the mountains and perhaps, on wonder from beyond the sea, was coming to camp in their oasis. The news spread like wild fire among the tribe and there was a general rush for the best places to see us come in and get off our horses. The women left off their work in the fields, the men left off playing on the reed-pipes and the children left off crying to see us coming. A circus arriving in a village "out West" never created such a sensation as we did on approaching this earthly paradisa. As we filed past through this asle of human beings, we were greeted with shouts and mock salutations. The women gazed, the men smiled, the children roared at the queer figure we cut in our European costumes. Two ladies with us were made the objects of a very popular ovation.

The green goggles which some of my companions wore seemed to raise the enthusiasm of the crowd to its highest pitch, and many a swarthy thug was raised from among those Arabs, pointing to these green goggles, while the women called to each other and raised their children in their arms to make them enjoy the treat. Meantime my friends, quite unconscious of their great popularity, did not know what to make of all this crowd. But as we drew near the tents and I helped Mrs. E. off her horse, the crowd pressed so much on us that Hall and his men were obliged to drive them off and to have ropes stretched around our camp to keep the intruders out.

Here with plenty of elbow room I enjoy the scene, which indeed, is very picturesque. When the excitement had somewhat subsided I strolled out to enjoy the gorgeous sunset. The western sky was aglow with luminous tints of orange, pink and purple. This glory lasted but a minute, and all was hushed in the gray tints of evening.

Later in the evening some young men and young women were admitted in our dining-room tent. These Arab women were dying with curiosity to see and handle the clothes and trinkets of our lady friends. Velvet, seemed to attract their attention and admiration more than anything else, save perhaps our watches and gloves. The gloves especially seemed to puzzle them. The Countess took out her repeater and made it strike for them. They were delighted, just as little children would be with the sound of the tiny bell. Some of these pretty Arab girls asked me, through our dragoman, if all the ladies in our country were like the two that were with us? I told Hall to ask these girls what made them ask that question. They answered with a giggle and a shy look from their roguish eyes, "If they are any large it must be very hard work for the poor horses to carry them."

"Good day, Miss."

While a well known actress, was in Louisville a short time ago a Southern gentleman, a planter of considerable means and fortune, allowed her charms to overcome his long sustained aversion to matrimony, and approached the fair lady, with proposals of marriage. The following conversation is reported by a veraci Louisville scribe to have ensued: "If I consented to become your wife, sir,