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AT THE LAST.
The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And the flowers are sweetest at the eve of day,
And birds most musical at the close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is holy, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer,
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she tarows
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calmer beauty and a power
That morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide
Like summer Evening down the golden tide,
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

JUST TOO FAR.
"But I tell you, Lou, I can't afford it?"
"Oh, you stingy thing! You are willing to have your wife go like a dowdy, just for the sake of a few paltry dollars?" And pretty Lou Falconer pouted her rosy lip, and turned pettishly away from her husband.

"We are a young firm, you know, Lou, and—"

"Oh, say nothing more about it, if you please. I shall never ask you for anything again." And with a little toss of her head she left the room.

Falconer sighed, and his brow contracted with pain, as he looked after her.

"Poor child! It is so hard to refuse her anything."

He was a pale young man, with a thoughtful cast of countenance and earnest gray eyes; habitually reserved and prudent, he was accounted a sharp business man, and at the time of his marriage, two years previous, the old man predicted that he would eventually become one of the largest capitalists in B. His wife, a wilful, pretty creature, seemed to be his one weak point. Nor was she slow to avail herself of this advantage; her influence over him was unbounded, and even in cases where it was against his better judgment he invariably yielded to her wishes. The present object of these last named was a garnet silk dress pattern, which she had that morning seen at C—'s fashionable store; and poor Falconer's ears were still ringing with the minute description of its incomparable loveliness.

"It seems so cruel to deny her what she has set her heart on," he said, laying down his pen, and arising, took one or two turns across the room. The result of his reflections was, that he put on his hat, went straight to C—'s, ordered the silk, and had it charged to his account.

Who would hesitate to credit Falconer and Frost? There was not a safer co-partnership anywhere. The salesman blandly inquired, "Anything else, sir?" wrote the address and promised that the parcel should be sent home "in an hour's time." Then the purchaser walked slowly down to his business, not altogether satisfied with what he had done.

"Oh, Edward, you darling!" were the words that greeted him when he went home that evening, and throwing her arms around his neck, his wife literally overwhelmed him with kisses. "Oh, you dear love! how clever it was of you to get in the old Shylock, and then give me such a delightful surprise!"

"It was really a delightful surprise, Mignon," putting both hands upon her shoulders, and gazing fondly into the fair, joyous face, "I am simply rewarded for my trouble."

"Wait until you see me in my new dress, and then you'll be rewarded in earnest."

"Well, suppose you let me have some tea now."

"Certainly, as much as you want."

Throughout the meal Lou was gay and garrulous, and afterwards went to the piano and sang to her husband till bed-time.

"I can't make up this handsome dress myself," soliloquized Mrs. Falconer, as she examined her treasure next day; "I am sure that Edward would rather pay the dressmaker's bill than have me spoil it." So she forthwith took it to a fashionable modiste and was fitted.

When she reached home she found a letter from her mother in New York, saying that she would be with them by the following Tuesday, and immediately set about preparing a room for her reception.

"Dear me," she said, "I must have some new muslin curtains; I should be ashamed for mamma to see these, all darned as they are. Edward must be an angel, and give me some."

"Sweetest, dearest, and best of men!" she said to him at dinner, "I am in a worse fix than was the Princess Graciosa; won't you be so kind and come to my assistance?"

"What is it you want now?" asked Falconer, beginning to get nervous.

"Oh, love, my muslin curtains are so ragged as to disgrace the house, and mamma is coming to visit me next week; she is always so particular about appear-

ances, and I want to get some fresh ones to put up in her room."

"Is it absolutely necessary to have muslin curtains, Lou? Wouldn't dimity do just as well? I'm sure you must have a spare set."

"Oh, but mamma is accustomed to muslin curtains, and I know she won't feel at home with any other kind. There now, be a good darling, and let me get them."

"I hate to refuse you, Lou, but—"

"Oh! you've turned into a monster again, you Charon! I mayn't even welcome my mother, and make her comfortable in our home."

"You can welcome your mother and make her very comfortable, without the aid of muslin curtains," said Falconer, decidedly.

"Savage!" cried Lou, beginning to pout.

"This is unreasonable and childish!" exclaimed her husband, impatiently pushing back his chair. He had some perplexing business on his mind and was not in a mood for trifling. But Lou burst into tears.

"Hang it all!" cried Edward, and taking his hat he left the house. He had not gone ten steps, however, before his resolution failed him, and hurrying up to the nearest bank, he hastily drew a check and returned home with the money. He found his wife in her own room, with her little Eddie on her lap, the traces of tears were fresh on her face, and she was singing to the baby in a low voice.

"Forgive me, my precious for having been so crabbed just now," pleaded Falconer, in a penitent tone, as he bent over and kissed her, at the same time placing the money in her hand. "Will this be sufficient for what you want?"

"More than sufficient!" she exclaimed delightedly, separating the roll of bank notes. "I'll take what's left over and get you a perfect duck of a dressing gown, and materials to work the loveliest pair of slippers you ever saw."

Falconer began to protest that he stood in need of neither dressing gown nor slippers, but a reproachful glance from Lou's blue eyes arrested his words. "Not when I'm going to make them with my own little fingers?" she said, and Edward was subdued instant.

The following week Lou's mother, Mrs. Townsend, arrived, and was affectionately welcomed by her daughter and son-in-law. She was a thoroughly sensible, reasonable woman, with a deal of penetration, that seemed to divine things at a glance, and was an acquisition to any household.

"Don't you think, Lou," she said to her daughter, one day, when the latter had, in her usual coaxing, half-pouting style, been urging Edward to some fresh extravagance, "that you may push your importunities just too far? Mr. Falconer looks very much perplexed and worried to-day, I think."

"Oh, Edward is the dearest, most amiable of men."

"Yes, Lou, but the very reason that your husband is amiable and indulgent to a fault, you should be merciful, and not press him too far. Now I consider that baby's cloak which you coaxed him into getting for Eddie quite an unnecessary piece of extravagance. Now, take my advice, and be a little reasonable in your demands."

Mrs. Falconer knew better than to put to her mother, she resolved not to ask her husband for anything in her presence again; but no sooner was Mrs. Townsend gone than the old practice was renewed. Too much occupied with her own selfish little aims, she did not notice that her husband's manner was often strangely hurried; there was a recklessness in his very tenderness; refused her nothing that she asked for, and the little lady availed herself to the very utmost of his propitious disposition.

"Oh, Edward," she said to him one day, as they sat together over their dessert, "the Charity ball comes off next Wednesday, and I have been made one of the lady patronesses. I must have a pretty dress for the occasion."

"Order what you will," he said, laconically, as he rose and left the table."

The evening of the ball Lou was disappointed that her husband did not come home in time to see her dressed, but she could not keep her party waiting, and she was obliged to go off with out seeing him.

Half an hour later Falconer came home. He inquired from the housemaid, who had been roused from a nap by the violent jerking of the parlor bell, if her mistress had gone out; and sleepily as the girl was, she was startled (as she afterwards averred) "by the look of his face," as he dismissed her.

He went to his own room where little Eddie lay asleep, but turned abruptly from the picture. The heavy ice of despair lay on his heart. Falconer and Frost had failed, and he was a defaulter to the amount of more thousands than he could hope to repay; his good fortune was gone; nothing but beggary and ruin lay before him, and the disgrace would be reflected on his wife and child. He passed to his dressing room, turned the key on the inside, and ten minutes later the neighbors were startled by the report of a pistol. They forced the door, and found that to the name of "bankrupt" and "swindler," which had been

applied to him as soon as the failure had been made public, he had added that of suicide.

They were fearful tidings that reached his wife's ear in the midst of the festivities, and hurried her home and vainly might she, in frantic accents call on that lifeless form "only to speak to her once more" and she would be content to "live on dry crusts in a hovel for the rest of her days."

Then she called herself "his murderer," and wringing her hands incessantly, cried: "Just too far, too far!"
Vain, vain lament!

Life Yakutsk.
Lieutenant Dassenhower, of the Jeanette Expedition writes on the 30th of December, 1881, from Yakutsk, Siberia, as follows: "We are passing the time quietly but importantly. It is daylight here at about 8 a. m. We get up and have breakfast at a little hotel that is handy. The forenoon I spend reading a little, writing a little and in attending to any business I may happen to have on hand. About 2 p. m. General Tchernief's s'eigh arrives, and I go to dine with him; generally return about 4 p. m., and if I do not have visitors I take a nap and kill time as well as I can until 9 p. m., when we have supper at the little hotel, and then go to bed. As I have told you before, I have found nice people in every part of the world that I have visited, and this place is by no means an exception. Last evening, for instance, we spent very pleasantly at the house of a Mr. Corrickoff, an Irkutsk merchant, who entertained us very well. His wife is a charming lady, and it was very pleasant to see the three beautiful children. They have a fine piano, the first one we have seen since leaving San Francisco."

Yakutsk is a city of 5,000 inhabitants. The houses are built of wood, and are not painted. The streets are very wide, and each house has a large yard or court. The principle trade is in furs. In summer a great deal of fresh meat is sent up the river. During nine months of the year snow and ice abound. In the winter the thermometer falls to seventy degrees below zero. Since our arrival it has been sixty-eight degrees below, and to-day it is only thirty-five degrees, or thereabouts. In the summer the temperature rises as high as ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit, but the nights are cold. There are many horses and cows in this vicinity. The natives, the Yakuts, eat horse meat, but the Russians eat beef and venison. Potatoes, cabbage and a few other vegetables, a few berries, wheat and rye are grown in this vicinity. There are a few sheep and poultry also.

The Middle Park Basin.
This spot in Colorado has been called the hunter's paradise, from the abundance of its game, and has been and will be the resort of sportsmen for years to come. But the Middle and North Parks are very fertile districts, and are largely made up of separate valleys bordering the streams, and separated from one another by long ridges, ranges of hills or mountain spurs that are covered with timber. The valleys are open meadow land, with generally a good soil, which produces an abundant growth of grass and other vegetation. It has proven an excellent stock growing region, and is sparsely occupied by bands of horses, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep. The hills, ridges, and abundant timber afford good shelter, so that animals suffer much less from cold than in level, open districts, where the wind has unobstructed sweep.

The altitude of the larger valleys ranges from 7,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level. Smaller valleys reach up 1,500 feet higher. Recent experiments prove that many crops of grain and vegetables can be successfully grown level to 9,000 feet, at least, above sea level. While damaging frosts may occur immediately along the large streams, the little nooks and valleys among the high hills and mountains 1,000 feet above them are entirely exempt. Dairy products are especially excellent. Timothy and other cultivated grasses flourish wonderfully, and the consequence will be that it will in a few years become a district of little dairy farms, producing their own hay, potatoes, turnips, &c., and supplying the towns and mines of the State with the best butter, cheese, beef, and mutton in the world.

Christian Colleges.
There are in the United States according to the latest report of the Commissioner of Education, 364 colleges; of these 41 are Baptist, 53 Methodist, 35 Presbyterian, 17 Congregational and 10 Episcopalian. The total value of the property of these institutions is, in round numbers, \$80,000,000. The average value of college property in the principal evangelical denominations is as follows: Methodists, \$1.75 a member; Baptists, \$3.82 a member; Presbyterians, \$3.90 a member; Congregationalists, \$3.93; Episcopalian, \$13.57. The proportion of college students to members is thus stated: Baptists, one to every 830 members; Methodists, one to every 1,000 members; Presbyterians, one to every 600; Congregationalists, one to every 418 Episcopalian, one to every 900.

Exploding an Alligator.
A hunter says that after having trapped many hours through the swamps of Southern Louisiana without finding the game he sought, he seated himself upon a log to take a rest before turning his steps homeward. A few minutes after he was seated he looked down upon the ground around him and was startled by the appearance of a large alligator, which was lying upon its belly only a few feet distant, with its mouth wide open and its eyes closed. At first impulse he sprang to his feet and started to change his resting place to a safer distance. But he observed that the animal remained motionless as though he had not observed his sudden movement. He at once surmised that the alligator must be asleep, and he resolved to have some fun with him. After being around the bushes in order to reassure himself that the animal was really unconscious, he stealthily crept up by the side of the immense jaws and poured a horn full of powder into his mouth. Then taking up a number of percussion caps from his box, he placed them in opposite positions on the ends of his teeth. And the alligator continued to doze with his mouth wide open. "Then," says the hunter, "I walked to his other end, and after preparing myself for emergency I just stuck a pin in his tail. Instantly the great jaws went down with a crash, which was followed by an explosion and a flash of fire, and from the volume of smoke which enveloped the head I saw pieces of flesh and jawbone flying about among the trees. The great body first recoiled from the terrible force and then bounded forward against a tree. Then it floundered about in the most terrific convulsions, beating down small saplings and tearing up the ground. Thus it continued for a quarter of an hour, and then at last it became still. Then there was one last flash of the tail, a quiver through the frame, and my alligator was dead."

Have a Cigar?
When the Atlantic express train over the Central road reached Niles the other day a Detroit commercial traveler boarded the train to find every seat taken. In the centre of one coach one seat was occupied by two satohels and another by a crocoast, while the owner of the articles was in the smoking car. The Detroiters gathered up all the baggage and placed it on the wood-box and occupied the seats with his own, and he had just got comfortably seated when the late occupant returned from his smoke. He saw what had transpired, and he was white with anger, when he began: "Who moved my baggage?" "I did," was the reply. "Sir, I represent the wholesale grocery house of Blank and Blank, of New York, and I—"

"I knew it—saw your name on your baggage," interrupted the other, "Have you seen the papers to-day?" "No sir."

"I thought not. Well, your house has failed for \$288,000—can't pay 20 cents on the dollar—had bust—no time for you to swell over two seats—crowd in somewhere or stand by the stove, and when we get to Detroit I'll help you to get a pass home. Sorry for you and all that, but our house is rated A 1, has a reserve of \$75,000 in mortgages, and the survival of the fittest is a principal older than the hills. Have a cigar?"

Painted Glass.
Oudinot, the famous French painter on glass, has been summoned to New York to mount the seventeen windows which he designed and painted for William K. Vanderbilt's house. Sixteen of the windows are of uniform size but the seventeenth fills the end of the dining room and is twenty one feet high. It represents the meeting of Henry the Eighth and Francis the First in the Field of the Cloth of God. The magnificent picture is divided by five horizontal and four vertical sashes, but its unity is well preserved. Henry is represented full face mounted on a great white horse and Francis is seen in profile. Each king has a following of knights, squires, pursuivants, lance, spear and battleaxe men-at-arms, falconers, bowmen, whippers-in, jesters and amusing dwarfs. There are dogs for the field sports of their majesties, and splendid creatures they are. The ladies represented are Queen Claude and Anne Boleyn and in all there are one hundred and thirty-three figures on the big window. The other sixteen windows are decorated with armorial bearings of eight English and eight French lords who were present at the meeting of their kings. The subject was chosen for the painter by Mrs. Vanderbilt.

A Dead Copper.
"I'm a dead copper to a country, and no mistake," said a seedy sidewalk longer recently. "I went to Maine, and the ice crop failed; I went to Florida, and the frosts killed all the gardens and orchards; I went to Mississippi, and they had a flood; I went to California, and the people began to die with small-pox. Since I struck this State the Constock mines have never paid a dividend, and if I go to Oregon I am willing to bet they will have a drought."

"Now, see here," said a Constock veteran; "if I thought you were the Jonah of this camp I'd take you down and drown you in the Jacket swamp."

Before he could be captured the ragged tourist had started—presumably for Oregon.

A German Stove.
On going to bed that night we got our first insight into the mysteries of German stoves and beds. German rooms, are as all well-regulated foreign rooms are, cold in winter. In the corner of our room stood a china or delft-ware concern which the waiter was pleased to inform us was a stove. It was at least seven feet high, and two feet and a half square. The monotony of its white, glistening, glazed exterior was relieved by an attempt to deceive one into the belief that it was built of separate bricks, while for ornament it bore around its top a border of impossible raised flowers, and half way down one side an impossible raised angel, with outspread wings, surrounded by a wreath of impossible raised flowers, in much the same style in the familiar illustration of "Rebecca at the Well." Well, the waiter opened a polished door of sheet brass on one side of this monolith, about a foot from the floor, and exposed an iron door, bearing a peg, from which peg depended a key. With the key he unlocked this second door and brought to view a third door of barred iron. He opened the third door and we gazed into a little chamber about a foot square. Into this chamber he put a piece of paper, a small handful of wood and a still smaller handful of coal. He touched off the paper, closed the inner door, and proceeded to open the windows, for that stove smoked most infernally. We went down stairs until the stove had gotten through with its smoke. When we went up again the waiter had shut all three doors not forgetting the middle one, and had left that little smothered handful of coals to warm up that great stove and our great room. The Germans claim, that they get a maximum amount of heat out of these stoves with the expenditure of a minimum amount of fuel, and that there is no danger of fire from them—economy and safety, two German characteristics. I can vouch for the minimum amount of fuel, but on the question of heat I am inexorably silent. They must be safe, for it is a physical impossibility for a little, smothered fire to get out of a stove with solid walls half a foot thick and defended by three doors, one of them locked and the key on the outside.

Food for Infants and Invalids.
It may be questioned whether there is any subject which comes more closely home to the people of all classes than the character of the food supplies specially provided for infants and invalids. The increasing demand for this class of preparations has led to a great number and variety of such competitors for public favor. Put up in ornamental boxes, they appear on the counters of every grocer and in the show cases of every apothecary shop; and not unfrequently their actual value is in inverse ratio to the pretentiousness of the package and the price.

As a rule, purchasers are obliged to take the virtue of such articles upon trust, few having the means or the knowledge requisite for an analysis, microscopic or chemical, of the preparations which they are advised to try, perhaps by the family physician, and yet a mistake in this connection may be fatal.

For all young infants, and for adults in many cases of sickness, starch food is injurious; sometimes in being a source of intestinal irritation, sometimes, as in the case of very young children, in furnishing a semblance of ailment without the reality, such children being as unable to digest and assimilate starch as sand. Hence the usual claim with respect to prepared foods of the cereal class is that they are free from or contain very little starch, while they are rich in gluten and other food elements capable of nourishing the sick and the young.

The following method of quantitative testing for glycerine in beer may be found useful: The beer is mixed with powdered slaked lime and an equal bulk of fine quartz sand, and evaporated to a paste on the water bath. When cold, the residue form a hard mass, which is pulverized and extracted with 80 to 100 c. c. of a mixture of equal volumes of absolute alcohol and ether in a small stoppered flask. On allowing the extract to evaporate, the glycerine is obtained free from sugar. If two drops of it are put in a dry test tube with two drops of phenol (previously liquefied), and the same quantity of sulphuric acid, and heated very cautiously over the flame, but so as to reach 120 deg. the formation of a solid brownish-yellow mass is perceived. When cold a little water is added and a few drops of ammonia, when the brownish-yellow solid dissolves with a splendid carmine red color.

The detection and estimation of glycerine and the other bye products of fermentation in beer, etc., would tend to throw further light on what is at present very obscure.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things and is not hurt by them.

The hardest rock is made of the softest mud. Don't allow the sentiment of habit to harden into vice.

The Magnificence of Nero.
It was to Nero that Tacitus applied the expression, *incredibile cupitor*. What he not only desired but achieved in the incredible Roman history had he not already shown what revolting atrocities may be conceived by a diseased imagination and executed by irresponsible power. After the burning of the city he gratified his taste, in entire disregard of the proprietors in rebuilding it. He at once appropriated a number of the sites and a large portion of the public grounds for his new palace. The porticoes, with their ranks and columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain that colossal statue of him, in silver and gold, one hundred and twenty feet high, from which the Colosseum got its name. The interior, was gilded throughout, and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were formed of movable tablets of ivory, which shed flowers and perfumes on the company; the principal saloon had a dome which, moving day and night, imitated the movements of the celestial bodies. When this palace was finished he exclaimed—"At last I am lodged like a man." His diadem was valued at half a million. His dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff with embroidery and gold. He fished with purple lines and hooks of gold. He never traveled with less than a thousand carriages. The mules were shod with silver, the muleteers clothed with the finest wool, and the attendants wore bracelets and necklaces of gold. Five hundred slaves followed his wife Poppaea in her progress, to supply milk for her bath. He was fond of figuring in the circus as a charioteer, and in the theatre as a singer and actor. He prided himself on being an artist, and when his possible deposition was hinted to him, he said that artists could never be in want. There was not a vice to which he was not given, nor a crime which he did not commit. Yet the world, exclaims Suetonius, endured this monster for fourteen years, and he was popular with the multitude, who were puzzled by his magnificence and mistook his senseless profusion for liberality. On the anniversary of his death, during many years, they crowded to cover his tomb with flowers.

The Tower of Bologna.
Four suicides during the present century have been committed at Bologna by jumping from the top of the famous leaning tower, Asinelli, the climbing of which involves a toilsome journey up more than 400 worn and dusty stairs. The first case occurred in 1833, when a shoemaker, while sitting astride one of the battlements, drank a flask of wine as he was singing, and then allowed himself to fall backward into space. The second was in 1874, a young man, aged 23, allowed himself to fall, with a handkerchief tied round his eyes, leaving his coat, hat, sleeve cuffs, and two letters behind him. The third happened two years later; an old man went with his boy nephew, and while the boy was obeying his directions to write the word "infamy on the wall, throw himself over the battlement. The fourth suicide has just taken place. A young man, who had failed in a certain examination, ascended the tower with the keeper, lighted a cigarette, and while the keeper was showing him the bell, jumped off. Two ladies and gentlemen came up just after he had jumped and found that the keeper had fainte'd from fright.

Liberia.
Africa has as many square miles of territory as the United States and South America. Liberia has a sea-coast of 600 miles, extent 200 miles inland, and had from 18,000 to 20,000 American Liberians, who governed about 1,500,000 natives. Because of the climate Liberia was no place for a white man, yet its mortality had never equaled that of Jamestown or Plymouth. Mr. Morris in a recent lecture, exhibited a large and interesting collection of Liberian products, of which, he said, none were more valuable than coffee. In a pecuniary sense coffee was Liberia's backbone. Coffee grew all over the country. All the Liberians had to do was to tickle the soil with a hoe and it fairly laughed with a harvest. The lecturer showed specimens of Liberian chocolate, cayenne pepper, spices of all kinds, lime juice, cotton, &c. Indigo plants, he said, grew as thick in Liberia as the huckleberry bushes in New Jersey. Africa's great product, however, was palm-oil. Liberia possessed one remarkable thing, a mountain of natural steel ore, believed to be the only instance of natural steel ore in the world.

To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years; but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life time.

The proper way to check slauder is to despise it; attempt to overtake and refute it, and it will outrun you.

It is woud rful to note the number of men who see the value of a thing after it is beyond their reach.

Brauns cannot be measured by the size of the head, nor eloquence by the extent of the mouth.

Each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.