Ceaver & Gyphart

A Strange Character,

One evening, during the progress of

the war of the Revolution in America,

an old woman, living in the suburbs of

Portsmouth, England, was summoned

to her door by a knock, and, on open-

ing it, found herself confronted with

an old man, poorly dressed, with a bun-

dle in his hand, such as travelers of his

class frequently carried on their pedest-

"Madam," he said, respectfully, "can

"It aren't my business to take lodg

ers," replied the mistress of the house,

scanning the applicant closely by the

"I s'pose not, madam-but I'm a

poor man, and want shelter some-

"Well, why don't you go to an inn ?

"Just because I'm poor, and can't

afford to pay as much as they'd ask.

I've got a little money, only a little,

and I want to make it go as far as I

"Who are you ? where do you be

"I'm called John the Painter, and

anywhere where I happen to be. If

you're not satisfied with this answer,

why, good night to you, and I'll trudge

The old woman, who was poor her-

self, and lived alone, in a small, crazy,

old house, thought she might as well

gather in a few pennies, by keeping

the traveler, as to let some of her

neighbor do it ; and so, after a little

'Yes, if you please," said John the

reflection, she rejoined :

you want supper ?"

on to try my chance somewhere else."

long ? and what's your business ?"

there's plenty of them in the town.""

I get to lodge here to-night ?"

light she held in her band.

thing, I'm thinking."

rian tours.

where."

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 $A^{\text{dam hoy,}}$

Millheim Soucnal. The R. A. BUMILLER, Editor. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 24., 1884. **VOL. 58.**

legacy.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

"Not a soul," replied the old man. time to catch on the rear platform as

road ?" "Since daylight. Why ?" "There was a great destruction of the work of some infernal incendiary, and we want to catch the villain."

back ?" said the old man, with a pe-But these bright hopes did not have culiar twinkle of his eyes. a long daration-for scarcely had the stranger finished his meal, than he sud-

"Well, he didn't-he went on foot." "Ha ! how do you know ?" "Because I know the man who did

it. ?? "Who is he ? Where is he ?" demanded the leader, excitedly.

he's here. I'm the man." "Take care how you jest,old fellow!"

might get you into trouble,"

any disturbance ; and at daylight the lish, you're as big a fool as your roval old man rose and went out, leaving his master is a knave !" said the old man. bundle behind. Scarcely was he out of with an angry sneer. "I tell you I'm sight before the curiosity of his hostess the man that did it-and I'm the man

lieve me, ride on and hunt till you get

The horsemen now thought the old man was crazy; but, after what he had said, they concluded to arrest him and take him back to Portsmouth. They did so, and there he was confronted with the old woman and the tinman, both of whom identified him as the mysterious stranger they had dehauled on this gosh slammed car, withscribed. out time to say Jack Robinson, let a-

He was then asked to make a conlone buying tickets." fession and name his accomplices. "I never had any accomplices," said

pulled out my-keys. did, I did alone, and I glory in it. I once lived peaceably and happily in the home. quiet little town of Amboy, State of New Jersey, far away over the great at Brassbuttons, who said : "Come, come-tickets or money." er ! me, and burned down my dwelling, and station." cast me adrift to shift for myself-and then I took a solemn oath I'd be revenged. It was my first intention to kill your vile king ; and I'd have done it, only for Mr. Deane, our secret minister at Paris, who convinced me it was wrong to slay the Lord's Anointed ; and so, as the next best thing, I determined to burn as much of the king's property as I could. I came direct from Paris here, and you know what I've done since I got here, and that's enough. I know you'll hang me for it -but I don't care for that. I'm a poor, friendless, old man, made sick of life by your accursed deeds ; and now, that I've got my revenge. I don't care how soon I die. They sent the old man, under guard, to London, where he underwent a close examination before the Privy Council -but no new facts were elicted. He strictly adhered to his first statement ; and, mainly on his own evidence, or confession, he was tried, convicted, sentenced, and hanged. We have only to add, that the foregoing may be relied on as strictly authentic. -0.0 . A FLYING TRIP.

"HACK, SIR !"

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

There is nothing in that assertion than is very strange, nor anything which would apparently make a foundation for a novel; but, you see, it is not so much the going or coming that is so much on my mind, but the goshsilvered occurences after I reached there that are disturbing my equinanimity.

I was there-that's sufficient -and the doggoned hackmen seemed to know Thus I went brayely on emulating it before I did, for about a thou-well something less than a hundred of them pointed their long, dirty fingers at me.

"Hi! whoop! Go in, old flyingas soon as I tumbled from the train. machine, I'll bet on yer," shouted an and yelled, "Hack, hack, sir!" until I urchin, who was standing by the side wished some one had hacked their of the track, while a mongrel cur came tongues off.

tearing, yelping out, thinking my soat One grabbed me by the shoulder and tails were a flock of geese, which he another pulled my sleeve, while a third ugged away at my valise, as I shouted: The cars at length gained such head-"Scissors and shears ! What do you

> want, you swiveled-tongued donkeys? If you don't let go of me,I'll thrash the whole boodle of you."

> I slung the back of my hand across one ugly mug and kicked the shins of the fellow who was clawing at my shoulder, while the snoozer who clung to my bag yelled:

"That's right ; give it ter em'-oh, ouch !"

And he doubled up and grabbed himself where his vituals are digested, for that's where my number ten stopped.

I was in for it. The whole crowd now rushed at me. I caught my toe on the curb, tumbled down, upset three hackmen, they upset more of their ilk, legs, arms, hats,

shoes, fists, hair, cuss words, and so forth, were in utter confusion. I shoved my hand in my pocket and The police rushed up, thinking bomb had exploded, and I sprang to

while my ire rose to a boiling heat.

made the process a very sasy one.

I gritted my teeth, and I may as well

remark here that I had no trouble in

doing so, for the dirt in my mouth

In about the flop of a fly's wing, up

ushed a whole squad of blue-coats,

One grabbed me and tried to drag me

away, but I dropped down, pulled him

with me,others came up and caught on,

I kicked one in the mouth, another

bent his head down under the persuas-

ion of my hand in his hair, while the

third gave me the loan of his ear for a

handle, then yelled because it hurt

At length I was at the station-bouse

The Justice came in and took his

"What's the charge against th

"Riot," howled the policeman whose

"Disorderly conduct," yelled the one

whose mouth had collided with my toe.

"A crank," said the one whose hair

"Prisoner," said the Justice, "you

hear the charges. What have you to

o me: "What do you want of a pin ?"

"My pantaloons are torn and I wapt

After I had finished the operation, I

"Your Honor, I deny all the charges.

I don't want a 'awyer. I don't want

to make a speech, and 1'll be gosh darn-

ed if I want to ride in a hack. Because

"I am neither a crank, a riotor, nor

I am neither Conklin, or Cameron,

moke, I'm mad-geewhittaker, I

and we all took a breathing spell.

ear had acted as a handle.

my fingers had mussed.

to pin them up."

seat.

man?"

say?"

said:

puffing and blowing like fire ergines.

In my hurry I had left my purse at my feet and started on a run as though I was a chicken thief, with a bob-tailed bulldog after a taste of my pantaloons. I jumped upon my feet, and stared Some one cried:

"Stop thief !"

"Well darn my looks if I've got eithand came rolling after me.

W-where is he?"

he was killed.

"Then you must get off at the next

Last week I went to the city.

NO. 17.

"That's all, Judge, pass down your sentence." "I'll have to fine you five dollars." I paid the fine, and don't you make any mistakes about what followed.

out.

I dusted out of that burg as fast as the laws of locomotion would permit. and the rent in my pantaloons justify. After I was seated in the car the

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

If subscribers order the discontinuation of ewspapers, the publishers may continue to

If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued. If subscribers move to other places without in forming the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.

ADVERTISING RATES

One inch makes a square. Administrators' and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient adver-tisements and locals 10 cepts per line for first insertion and 5 cepts per line for each addition-

you do I'll-I'll-stay there till I'm let

conductor came around, took a survey of me and wanted to know if I had been in a walking match or a boiler explosion.

When I reached home Mrs. Acker met me in the hall with a broomstick and screeched:

"Get out of here you dirty tramp !" and it was some time before she was fully convinced that I was Nimble Yankee Acker, Esq.

HUMOROUS.

A bird raiser says that canaries can

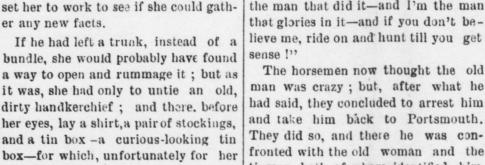
be trained to sing airs as well as a human being. If they can't be trained to sing airs better than some human beings 'twere better to allow them to remain untrained.

A young man who had been going with a Vermont girl for some time. and he made her several presents.asked her one day if she would accept a puppy. He was awful mad when she replied that her mother had told her if he proposed to her to say no.

An old Detroit justice of the peace says that out of some 4,000 decisions

he has never yet rendered one that has satisfied both parties. He has finally got tired of trying .- Detroit Free Press.

A disputatious Hibernian who had been contending that a mule was a The police saw my legs giving fail nobler animal than a horse, said that a mule had once saved him from I whooped her up lively and seemed drowning. 'How was that, Paddy?' in a fair way to get down a side alley, asked one of the bystanders. 'Faith,



the old man, indignantly. "What I

own business. "I s'pose I can keep you, if, as you say, you'll pay me what's reasonablefor, like you, I'm poor, too, and can't afford to do it for nothing. Come in and sit down-you look tired. I s'pose

can. I'm willing to pay you what's er any new facts. reasonable ; and then I'd save some-If he had left a trunk, instead of a bundle, she would probably have found a way to open and rummage it ; but as that explains my business, and I belong

it was, she had only to untie an old, dirty handkerchief ; and there, before her eyes, lay a shirt, a pair of stockings, and a tin box -a curious-looking tin

well in his efforts to please, that the

mistress of the house became quite

charmed with his conversation, and ba-

gan to think he might possibly be an

angel in disguse-or, in other words,

a rich and eccentric old gentleman,

whom good fortune had thrown in her

way for a future husband or possible

denly grew cold, taciturn and abstract-

ed, and presently asked to be shown to

his bed. If he slept soundly, the mis-

dispelling of the bright fancy of future

wealth, she began to fear that the

stranger might take a notion to shorten

her life bofore morning, and so lay a-

wake and listened, and trembled at ev-

The night, however, passed off without

ery unusual sound.

tress of the house did not-for after the

box-for which, unfortunately for her ease of mind, she could not imagine

any use. She held it up, turned it over, shook it, and tried her best to see into it, and conjecture for what purpose it was made ; but not being able to do

this, she at length resigned it with a sigh, rolled it up as she had found it, tied up the bundle, and went about her John the Painter came back to a late breakfast, and then settled with the curious widow for all he had of her, at waters ; and I'd been living peaceable the same time remarking that he might there to-day, if the minions of King possibly remain in town another night, George had let me alone; but they in which case he hoped he would be came there, and insulted and abused permitted to return and pass another night under her hospitable roof. To this she now readily gave consent. again thinking him a man of some consequence. He then inquired where he could find a tinman ; and receiving the proper direction to one, he bade her good-bye and started off, this time taking his Toward eyening, however, he came back, and said he had concluded to stay another night in town, and wanted supper, which the widow again prepar-He ate this meal in silence, and soon after made some excuse to go out. He was absent some two or three hours; and when he returned he reported that there was quite a large fire, which he understood to be in some gov ernment buildings that he feared would "But blessed are the poor !" he added, with a strange kind of a laugh, which his hostess afterwards recalled ; "for they have nothing to lose." He then went to bed, and appeared to rest well through the night ; but rose at the first streak of day, paid his reckoning, and took his departure, saying he should not return.

"How long have you been on this the train was moving out.

Mrs. Acker scrambled up first, and took some seconds at it, and left me grasping the tail, making frantic efforts naval stores in Portsmouth last night, to keep up with the accelerated motion of the car, while about every rod I

would slap one foot down upon the "Well, do you "pose he fled on horseground with the seeming result of driving my heel up through the spinal col-

umn, and taken up lodgings in the "Undoubtedly." nape of my neck.

the antics of the mythical fiying-eater of sauer-krout.

"He's callled John the Painter, and

returned the other, warningly; "it

was in duty tound to frighten off. way that my feet only touched the "If you can't understand plain Eng-

ground once in every three and ninetenths rods, my hair was letting go of the scalp, and I breathed by jerks,

when the brakeman came out and hauled me upon the platform. Just after I had succeeded in regaining my breath, out rushed the conduct-

or followed by Mrs. Acker. The conductor shouted : "Are you this woman's hushand ?" "I'll be dod slivered if I am not : that is, what there is left of me." "Well, then, gim'e your tickets." "Haven't got any. I have just been

Painter, as he walked in and took a seat near the fire, upon which he fixed Attorney-at-Law, his eyes somewhat abstractly, while he BELLEFONTE, PA. carelessly threw his hat and bundle Orphans' Court Business a Speciality. down beside him. WM. C. HEINLE, For the half hour that the mistress of the house was busied in preparing his supper, the traveler seemed deeply Attorney-at-Law absorbed in matters of his own, and BELLEFONTE, PA. scarcely once took his eyes from the Practices in all the courts of Centre county. Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English. fire, or changed his position. At first the old woman glanced at him furtively, with an air of ordinary curiosity, J. W. Gephart. BEAVER & GEPHART, and occasionally yentured some common-place remark ; but finding he made no reply, took no notice of her Attorneys-at-Law, presence, and even seemed not to hear BELLEFONTE, PA. her, she became bolder in her manner, Office on Alleghany Street, North of High Street and two or three times stopped near him, staring directly into his face. BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, He oppeared to be between sixty and seventy years of age, had gray hair, a ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA. stere, pinched face, a large nose, thin, compressed lips, and cold, staring eyes, C. G. MCMILLEN, the expression of which was far from PROPRIETOR. pleasing, and which was not redeemed Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. by anything else in his countenance. In fact he seemed like a man not at peace with himself or the world, and **UMMINS HOUSE**, who was either then brooding over some committed crime or some contem-BISHOP STREET, BELL EFONT, PA., plated revenge. "There, sir, your supper's ready, if EMANUEL BROWN, you want it," at length spoke the mis-PROPRIETOR. tress, in a half querulous tone, as if offended that none of her previous remarks had been noticed. House newly refitted and refurnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Rates moderate. Patronage respectfully solicit The strange traveler took no heed, but still sat staring at the fire. "I say your suppeer's ready man TRVIN HOUSE, and, if you want it hot, you'd better eat it before it gets cold ; for I'll not (Most Central Hotel in the city.) warm it again, this blessed night, for CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS, LOCK HAVEN, PA. you nor nobody else !" cried the hostess, in an angry tone. S.WOODS CALDWELL Stil no movement-no response-no PROPRIETOR. indication that her unmusical voice Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Travel-ers on first floor. was not even heard. "I say !" she half screamed in his ear, at the same time taking hold of his $S^{\text{t.elmo hotel,}}$ arm rather rudely. Like a ball he sprung from his seat Nos. 317 & 319 ARCH ST., and confronted her, his eyes looking PHILADELPHIA. wild and wicked. "Good Lord, man, don't scare a RATES REDUCED TO \$2.00 PER DAY body so !" exclaimed the woman, tak-The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their com and turning pale with fright. "I'm fort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and the different Rail-Road depots, as well as all parts of your supper's ready." the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for busi-ness or pleasure. Your patronage respectfully solicited. Jos. M. Feger, Proprietor. The stranger glared at her for a moment, then at the table, and then see med to comprehend the true facts. "Oh ! ah ! yes !" he replied, with a grim smile. "I beg your pardon !--DEABODY HOTEL, it's likely you've spoke to me before !" "It's like I have, a half a-dozen 9thSt. South of Chestnut, times, just as I might have talked to a PHILADELPHIA. post !" "Yes, madam, I see-I thank you-I One Square South of the New Post beg your pardon ! I was busy think-Office, one half Square from Walnut ing, and forgot where I was."

bundle with him. ed for him. be consumed. ing two or three quick, backward steps, ! conversation, and, withal, his curious only trying to make you understand The latter was immediately sent for. know. might find.

On going out, an hour or two later, the widow was surprised to see the usually quiet town of Portsmouth in

great commotion-groups collected here and there, as if discussing some remarkable event-and mounted men, both military and civil, dashing hither and yon, all seeming hurried and anxious. On every blank wall, too, there was a flaming placard, announcing the

startling fact that a hundred thousand pounds worth of naval stores had been

report to the nearest magistrate the names of all strangers who had lodged in town during the last three days, and of the Washington monument, but the

stood this matter, she hastened to give in the name of John the Painter, with a description of his person, manner, tin box and visit to the tinman.

and deposed that he had made a top for the tox, which seemed to be a curious the abrasion on my elbow, and-and-

the eccentric old man; and as it was ed was my hat, and it being what is supposed he had been dispatched from commonly designated as a stove-pipe, town to some distant point by relays of of course it was ruined beyond a possi. is always the safest, for everyone, in any

Before serenity reigned again the arrest every mounted person they hackman had nearly worn out the clap-

"What !" shrieked I, in amazement. "You presume to pretend that you are going to put me off this train-me, Nimble Yankee Acker, Esq.?" "Yes !"

"Then I must have the money."

"Great Scott ! Why, sir, I'm a writer-an author, sir !" "Don't know you. Come down with

he money or off you go." "Whew but____"

"Come-the money. I haven't time to be fooling with a hatless lunatic," cried Brassbuttons, as he slammed the door, through which issued the titters

of the passengers. "Hatless !" I clapped my hand on my forehead. "Good heavens, I am disgraced !"

```
I subsided.
```

We got off at the next station, and I looked around for a conveyance to take us home, but no one would let me have one without the money.

Finally I came across a man who compromised by driving us home, making me promise to pay him immediately after arriving, and let him wear my nickel-plated watch until he had the

lucre in has paw.

I didn't feel like pushing the experi- him. ment further, and therefore did not try to buy a hat, but made a turban of Mrs. Acker's shawl.

We met several parties on the raod, and were often met with the exclamamation:

"Gypsies, by hookey." Mrs. Acker declares she will not be good enough to go to church again until after next communion Sunday.

1 am now convalescing. Pearls of Thought.

Lost time is never found again.

"Give me a pin," said I, and the The future destiny of the child is al Judge leaned over and whispered to a ways the work of the mother. reporter: "A crank, by hookey!" then turning

He is rich who is satisfied with what he hath-whether it be little or much.

Sudden expectations, which kindle the mind to a fever, sometimes chill the heart to a frost.

scrutable can be one man's fate against another's finding out !

wrong, leave it undone.

Good resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping.

laboreth fruitfully.

Truth-the open, bold, honest truthand all circumstances.

A man in Terre Haute, who recent per of the door-bell, trying to make the ly secured a divorce from his wife, now should say I was.

when a young street arab bobbed from he gave me such a lick with his hind around the corner and I tumbled over leg that he landed me on the other him, rolled into the gutter, he yelled, side o' the canawl instead o' in it.' "Murder! oh, bang dash it !" some one rushed out of a side door, wiping beer The story comes from Paris that a from his vest, and screeching: "Is there another Texas steer loose ?

lady who attended four churches in one day missed her umbrella on returning home. She immediately re-The boy said he guessed so, and that visited all four churches and found her I got up out of the gutter, rubbed the umbrella in the last one. When the mud out of my eyes with one hand, umbrella was handed to her she thankheld the rent iu my pantaloons togethfully said to the sexton: 'The people er with the other, backed up against a at this church are much more honest brick wall, waited for the policemen than those at the others.

Sorakichi Against Six,

The Tale That is Told of his Skillful Defence of his Queue.

Matsada Sorakichi, the noted Japanese wrestler, is a faithful attendant at Sunday school, and goes every night to the mission school in New York. He is not a declared Christian, but he wishes to learn the language, and likes to be where English is spoken. He is short of stature, and in his street dress gives no indication of unusual strength, except that he has an extraordinary width of chest. Several times, in going to the mission from his lodgings in Walter St., he has been hailed in disrespectful terms by persons standing on the corners. At first he took these satalutions as complimentary, and smiled and bowed politely in acknowledgement, but after being a little in attendance at the mission he learned that Pigtail and Flatnose John are considered odious terms. One Saturday night, as he was returning to his lodging, six young men disposed themselves across the sidewalk so as to prevent his passing, called him Flat-nose John, and told him that he must either sing or fight. For a moment the wrestler stood confused, and he would have stepped around the gang. but one of them just tilted his hat over his eves and attempted to catch hold of his short queue.

There came a grand disillusion, Sorakichi says, as nearly as his speech can be rendered: "Of course when dey is try to take my tail, I is hit em all." The"; apanese, who is quick as a cat, and who can handle an ordinary man as a mother does her baby, made short work of it. For a moment the air thereabouts was full of corner loafers, and then the insulted champion, finding there was no one left who cared to hear him sing. passed on to his boarding house at 383 Walter street.

In about twenty minutes the defeated six, with a dozen of their friends, appeared in the hall below, and dared "the Chinee" to come down. Sorakichi would have accepted the invitation, and he started down the stairs "to hit them all again," but his landlord, more yersed in the ways of New York, deterred him, and taking a revolver in one hand and a kettle of hot water in the other, went out on the landing to parley. The

1.571

Somewhere about mid-day John the Acker family understand that it was employs her as his servant girl, and St. Theatre and in the very business "It I had half a show I'd wallop the enemy clustered around the foot of the centre of the city. On the American He then took his seat at the table, Painter was overtaken, on the regular time to adjourn the debating society. she has more money and better clothes whole policeforce and then sail into the stairs, and the landlord poured the hot and European plans. Good rooms from 50cts to \$3.00 per day. Remodeland, while eating his supper, tried to London road, by one of these mounted We shook things up lively, and ac- than when she was his wife. If some hackmen and stand them all on their water over them, at the same time dismake amends for his former impolite parties, who stopped and inquired if any companied by a hat out of the rag-bag. men would treat their wives as they heads, but I havn't half a chance, so if charging several barrels of his revolver ed and newly furnished. abstraction, by making himself as one had passed him on horseback that tumbled into the hack and rattled away do their servant girls there would be you want to fine me, all right I'll pay it. against the wall. The enemy then agreeable as possible. He succeeded so morning. W. PAINE, M. D., 46-1y Owner & Proprietor. | agreeable as possible. He succeeded so morning.

destroyed by incendiarism, that secret emissaries of the enemy were supposed to be in their midst, offering large rewards for the arrest and conviction of the guilty, and ordering all citizens to

more especially the last night.

All this fully fixed suspicion upon

affair, the use of which he did not but I'll not enumerate. I received a

direction in hot pursuit, with orders to

As soon as the widow fairly under-

horses, horsemen were sent off in every | bility of resurection.

Mrs Acker, and yours, until my funeral, expected to have gone to the city last week, but we didn't get there for the following pesky reasons :

We were somewhat late for the train. owing, so says Mrs. N. Y. A., to my inborn carelessness ; but I claim I contracted the habit about the time my wife became the possessor of a marriage

certificate.

Mrs. Acker was hustling around, putting on her duds, when she happened to think that she wanted a pair of

gloves which had been left up-stairs,

desired hand-squeezers.

and I must scoot up-stairs and get the The going up was not as long in be-

ing accomplished as the construction

downward motion! Scissors and shears ! Wasn't that expedited ? But I hardly think I came down easy. And now that I come to reflect over the matter, I know I did not. No, siree, I didn't. I came down hard, very, very

hard on the floor at the foot of the stairs, and there I sat investigating

the lump on the rear of my cranium,

souvenir from each step of the stairs. The final object upon which I bump-

How long, how slow, and how in-

Do nothing by halves. If a thing is right, do it boldly and well; If it be

I refused to ride, the hackmen, and yours until the hearse carries me off, had a little muss. I got away from

them and run, the police followed and caught me, and then there was another

ruption. I was captured, and here I In judging of others, a man often eram." reth : but in examining himself, always

a disorderly person. I am not drunk, canibal or a Texas steer. I am not the Governor, Mayor nor a wild Indian. nor Barnum's pet monkey. Rut, holy