

Democratic Matchman

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
S. S. BARNHART.

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PENN'A., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1858.

TERMS: \$100 ADVANCE.
VOLUME 3—NUMBER 46.

Terms of Publication.
TERMS: \$100 adv. in full within three months—\$25.00 if paid in advance, and \$25.00 if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.
ADVERTISEMENTS and Business Notices inserted at the usual rate, and every description of **JOB PRINTING** executed in the most perfect manner, at the lowest price, and with the greatest dispatch. Having purchased a large collection of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends.

Business Directory.
DR. G. L. FORTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.
Office on High Street (old office). Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully desire his services to his friends and the public. Office next door to his residence on Spring street. Oct 26-58-47

DR. J. B. WITCOMB,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Bellefonte, Centre Co., Pa.
Will attend to professional calls as heretofore, and respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office next door to his residence on Spring street. Oct 26-58-47

L. J. CRANE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.
CLEARFELT, CHESTER CO., PA.
Sep 10-58-11

JAMES H. WALKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Bellefonte, Penn'a.
Office on High Street, opposite the residence of Judge Barnhart.

WILLIAM M. HUBB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office with Hon. James T. Hale.

DR. JAMES P. BURTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Successor to Dr. Wm. J. McMillan, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of POTTER'S MILL'S and vicinity. Office at the new house.

DR. JAMES P. BURTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Successor to Dr. Wm. J. McMillan, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of POTTER'S MILL'S and vicinity. Office at the new house.

DR. JAMES P. BURTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Successor to Dr. Wm. J. McMillan, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of POTTER'S MILL'S and vicinity. Office at the new house.

W. H. WINGATE,
J. D. WINGATE,
Attorneys at Law.
Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond, near the Court House.

WILLIAM H. FRIZZELL,
N. B. Frizzell, Attorney at Law.
Office on High Street, opposite the residence of Judge Barnhart.

ADAM ROY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Bellefonte, Penn'a.
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. Special attention will be given to the Orphans' Court Practice and Settlement. His office is with the Hon. James T. Hale, where he can always be consulted in the English and German languages.

J. H. STOUGH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Will practice his profession in the several Courts of Centre County. All business entrusted to him will be faithfully attended to. Particular attention paid to collecting and all matters promptly settled. Can be consulted in the German as well as in the English language.
Office on High Street, opposite the residence of Judge Barnhart and D. C. Boal, Esq.

MITCHELL & HUBB,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Ira C. Mitchell and D. O. Hubb have entered into partnership in the practice of the Law, under the name of Mitchell & Hubb, and will give prompt and proper attention to all business entrusted to them.
Office in Reynolds' Arcade, near the Court House. Bellefonte, November 26-48-49

GIBSON & BARNHART,
DRUGGISTS.
Bellefonte, Pa.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces, Garden Seeds. Customers will find our stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.
Prescriptions and Physicians from the country are invited to examine our stock.

H. B. PERRY,
SURGEON DENTIST.
(LATE OF LANCASTER, PA.)
HAS located permanently in Bellefonte, Centre County, where he proposes practicing all the various branches of his profession in the most approved manner, and at moderate charges. Office and residence in the house occupied by Mrs. E. Bennett, directly opposite the residence of the late Hon. Thomas Burnside (CARD).

FARE REDUCED.
STATES UNION HOTEL,
608 & 609 Market Street, above sixth. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JAMES HINKLE, Proprietor.

FANCY ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS
For sale by GREEN & HENRY.

Original Poetry.

The Burning of the Austins.
BY DEBBIE MAY WILLIAMS
The bright sun rose o'er the mystic water,
And tinged the hills of moonlight green;
And through the stems of the swift-winged morn,
Thro' the translucent ether's farthest bow,
And the far-famed equestrian rode thro' the sky,
Dressing no end of dear sorrows o'er;
A steamer ploughed thro' the deep blue waves,
O'er the home of the dead, o'er the wave-washed grave.
And lined her masts to the airy heights,
And dotted her decks with the sea birds flight,
All calm, all still, the noon hot ray,
Had passed the zenith far away.
And a golden glow, of the sun's bright glow,
Still dotted the waves of the calm sea now
Bright songs of mirth were gaily sung,
And peals of innocent laughter rung.
And the maiden tossed back her curls of gold,
As she gazed o'er the waves of the waters old,
And she sighed for the bliss of her childhood home,
To kneel as in yore at friendship's throne.
The noble youth cast his beaming eye,
He saw no danger and he thought again,
Of his home, where dwelt the loved family train,
And the pure light of the aged's delight
Was that safe and unbarred they might,
Reach the bright spot of their birth once more,
And be laid to rest on their native shore.
While the childish joy of his infancy
Was clouded not by life's annoy.
But hark! thro' the mirth there comes a sound,
Which pale pale misery all around—
And a shriek across so loud, so deep,
That 'twas as if the Deities weep:
What wave on wave of the flaming fire,
Reached onward, still onward, still higher and high.

Miscellaneous.

A CURE FOR JEALOUSY.
A RACY LITTLE RECIPE.
"Follow! What care I for what the world
Says of my friends!"
"But I care, madame!" screamed her
husband, trembling with anger. "Edward
follows you everywhere; he hands you bou-
quets every night; and you not only receive
them, but you even wear them!"
"Well, why should I not wear flowers?
Am I an old woman of sixty?"
"But you encourage the fool!"
"Further than this—nothing!"
"Is not this enough? To one, it is too
much!" He seizes you; the whole town
knows that he loves you, and you encourage
these seductions!"
"Just because I am passionately fond of
music. You know this before we were mar-
ried, but since that time you appear to have
forgotten it! Edward still remembers it,
that's all."
"Eugenie, do not drive me to extremes."
"Is it my fault if you are jealous as a
Spaniard, or a Turk himself?"
"I should not be jealous if he did not fol-
low you at every step, and you did not prom-
enade where you were sure to meet him!"
"Am I always to go everywhere alone?"
"You admit all of this!"
"Yes, I admit it; I consider Edward a very
pleasant companion."
"Do you not go out for the purpose of
securing letters from him?"
"I admit all whatever you will."
"Eugenie!" cried Henry, in an almost
stifled voice, "you are deeply, deeply
guilty!"
"I am as innocent of your charges as I
was the day you married me. How can I
help it if the world judges only from ap-
pearances?"
"Do you speak the truth?" cried Henry,
falling at her feet.
"This is not the first of the many false
accusations I am forced to bear," she replied
as she played with her fan with the utmost
indifference.
"Oh, Eugenie! I beseech you, speak but
one earnest, sensible word, that I may doubt
your constancy no longer; you know how I
feel—I love you honestly and sincerely."
"I will speak sensible then; I will con-
vince you, but only on one condition."
"What is it? Name it; and I promise
to abide by it, no matter what it may be."
"Eugenie looked and smiled bewitching;
and placing her finger into the palm of her
left hand at every word, said slowly:
"This condition is—that I may—see—
Edward—just—whenever—it—suits me."
"Never! never!" he cried, as he arose to
his feet. "This is the last you shall ever
hear of him. I command you to absent your-
self from him." And with these words he
left the room.
"He's jealous," she said, laughing, after
he had departed. "He wants me to do every-
thing to please him, while he doesn't in the
least try to please me. I won't endure his
whimpering because I am his wife. From
an adoring worshiper he has grown, in the
course of two years, to a grumbling, fault-
finding and jealous husband. Now, we'll
see whether I cannot change him. In the
first place, I will not deprive him of the sus-
picions, but I will give him no satisfaction,
and for the present he shall know the truth

that is, that he has not the least cause for
his jealousy." And after saying this in a
poising tone, she ordered her carriage and
drove to the Park, where she was certain of
meeting Edward.

And who was this Edward? A young
man who though not handsome, still could
not be called homely, while his talents were
such as made him a general favorite among
good society. Moreover, being a cousin of
Eugenie, his attentions to her were below-
merely for the purpose of exciting Henry's
jealousy.

But Henry was no dupe. He called her
to the Park, and from a concealed place
heard the conversation between them. It
required but a moment to satisfy him that
his suspicions were unfounded.
On her return she found Henry in his
room, and around his lips there played a
bitter smile at her entrance. She seated her-
self and looked at him mischievously.
"At the termination of such a pleasantly
spent day," began Henry, very calmly, "it
is unnecessary to listen to reproaches from a
husband's lips. Is it not so, Eugenie? But
it cannot always continue so. You are heat-
ed, my dear; here is a glass of water, drink
it, and we will talk further on the subject."
With a forced smile and assumed indiffer-
ence she took the glass and drank.
"The rest is for me," said Henry, as he
emptied the glass and placed it on the man-
tepiece.
"Now, one word," said he in a suppressed
voice. "Eugenie, I desire you full
confession; I want to hear the truth. Now,
speak, for we have not much time; speak
before the fatal poison operates."
"The poison?"
"Yes, Eugenie, we are both poisoned,"
said Henry coldly.
"Help! help!" she cried, and sprang to
the bell.

"Cease your cries, and be comforted; no
human power can save us now. It is the
quickest and most deadly poison we have
taken."
"Oh! Henry, what have you done! Oh!
my dear mother, I am yet so young and
must die so soon! Help! help! You, too,
Henry, you too. Let me go, I will call for
help!"
"Do not wait for aid, no one will hear you.
We need no witness to see his die; look at
me; I die calmly; but you—you who have
proved treacherous to a devoted and loving
husband, you cannot die calmly."
"Oh! Henry, I die innocent!"
"You innocent—you?"
"Henry, I have deluded you. Your man-
ner grew cold towards me, and I fancied
your jealousy should be aroused. I loved
you, Henry, as devotedly as ever. I will
prove it; save yourself and let me die."
He folded his wife in his arms, she was
blue and disfigured with excitement. He
folded her to his breast, but the next mo-
ment he forced her from him.
"You have deceived me, Eugenie, and you
wish to deceive me now, even in your dying
moments."
"No! no! Henry, I swear it upon my
knees—curse me not; curse not the dying.
I have never, never ceased to love you; be-
lieve me, and kiss me before I die."
He kissed her and said, "Eugenie, have
you told me what you have kept from me
so long—the truth, the whole truth?"
"Yes," replied Eugenie, in weakening
tones, "I have been true to you, I love you,
and you only. Now, that you know all,
kiss me before I die. I am dying."
"Is it possible then, is help!"
"Help is not necessary, my dear, for you
have only drunk a glass of water."
Eugenie smiled faintly and fell senseless
in his arms. She never forgot this re-
minder of her days. Often afterwards,
when Henry became the least negligent, she
felt a desire to pay him for his cruel trick;
but she would instantly say, "No, he fright-
ened me enough with the glass of water, who
knows but that the next time he may poison
me in reality."

MOCKERY. "The Arctic disaster"
and the "Austria disaster"—such is the
whirl of modern events—have already been
nearly forgotten by all but the relatives of
the sufferers by the unhappy catastrophe.
As regards this matter, we notice a state-
ment that a monument is to be built at
Washington to the memory of Stewart Hol-
land, the young man who during the sinking
of the Arctic was detailed to do the duty of
firing the signal gun, at which employment
he continued until the ship sunk, and the
cannoner was swallowed up by the wa-
ters.

Very flowery styles of head-dresses are
given in the late "Fashions." One of white
details, with a cluster of moss roses on the
left side; another of blue forget-me-nots,
with a similar cluster; one of a tiger lily,
forming a wreath, with a white feather on
the left; and another wreath of moss roses,
with grasses and a large rose.

LOOKS, LOOK OUT! A hapless lover
has been fined \$10 at Chicago for courting
a lady against her will. He would not take
"No!" for an answer. This practice of
courting girls who don't want to be courted,
is carried to an indefensible extent in this
community.

The Stephens Wife-Poisoning.

An acquaintance of ours was in Con-
necticut one day last winter to visit a friend
who was a manufacturer. The shaft of the
manufacturer's water-wheel had become broken
that afternoon under the great accumulation
of ice, and he was in great trouble, for he
had searched long to find a suitable stock,
and he knew not where to find another. If
he could find one it would be green and light
for use. Very early in the morning, while
the day had scarcely dawned, the manufac-
turer said his guest were at the mill, to see
what could be done.
A farmer who lived two or three miles off
was already looking on. As the manufac-
turer looked painfully at his catastrophe—
"Had break that, Mr.," said the farmer.
"Yes, very bad," said the manufacturer.
"Can't mend that stick, can you?" said
the farmer.
"No," said the manufacturer, "and the
worst of it is I don't know where to get
another."
"Well," said the farmer, "I guess I can
tell you where you can find one."
"You can?" said the manufacturer, where
is it?"
"Well," said the farmer, "I thought that
stick would break, likely as not some time
or other, and I had a tree in my woods that
I thought would make a stick to suit you;
and I cut it down and snaked it home, and
it has been seasoning more than a year. So
when I heard your stick was broken, I thought
I'd come over and let you know."
"You're just the man I wanted to see,"
said the manufacturer, "if only it was light
enough. How much do you ask for the
stick if it will suit me?"
"Oh, I'm sure I'll suit ye or I shouldn't
cut it down; and about the price, I guess
you and I can agree. It's a nice stick
and if you've a mind to, come over and
see it."
It was some time before the farmer would
set a price, but at last he guessed \$100
would be about right.
"I'll come and see it after breakfast,"
said the manufacturer. He did so, and told
his visitor afterwards, that under the circum-
stances the stick cost him \$100.

Yankee Forethought.
An acquaintance of ours was in Con-
necticut one day last winter to visit a friend
who was a manufacturer. The shaft of the
manufacturer's water-wheel had become broken
that afternoon under the great accumulation
of ice, and he was in great trouble, for he
had searched long to find a suitable stock,
and he knew not where to find another. If
he could find one it would be green and light
for use. Very early in the morning, while
the day had scarcely dawned, the manufac-
turer said his guest were at the mill, to see
what could be done.
A farmer who lived two or three miles off
was already looking on. As the manufac-
turer looked painfully at his catastrophe—
"Had break that, Mr.," said the farmer.
"Yes, very bad," said the manufacturer.
"Can't mend that stick, can you?" said
the farmer.
"No," said the manufacturer, "and the
worst of it is I don't know where to get
another."
"Well," said the farmer, "I guess I can
tell you where you can find one."
"You can?" said the manufacturer, where
is it?"
"Well," said the farmer, "I thought that
stick would break, likely as not some time
or other, and I had a tree in my woods that
I thought would make a stick to suit you;
and I cut it down and snaked it home, and
it has been seasoning more than a year. So
when I heard your stick was broken, I thought
I'd come over and let you know."
"You're just the man I wanted to see,"
said the manufacturer, "if only it was light
enough. How much do you ask for the
stick if it will suit me?"
"Oh, I'm sure I'll suit ye or I shouldn't
cut it down; and about the price, I guess
you and I can agree. It's a nice stick
and if you've a mind to, come over and
see it."
It was some time before the farmer would
set a price, but at last he guessed \$100
would be about right.
"I'll come and see it after breakfast,"
said the manufacturer. He did so, and told
his visitor afterwards, that under the circum-
stances the stick cost him \$100.

Man with a Petrified Wife.
A few days since, a gentleman residing in
Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a sec-
ond time, wished to remove the body of his
wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were
made to that effect, and laborers opened the
grave in the usual manner, but when they
reached the coffin they could not lift it, so
great was the weight. After obtaining con-
siderable assistance, however, the men suc-
ceeded in raising the coffin from the tomb.
They then could not resist the temptation of
peeping into the coffin and learning the
reason for its unusual weight, and found, in-
stead of the remains of a corpse, a stone fig-
ure, the exact counterpart of the woman
who had died. This strange story spread,
and hundreds and thousands of persons were
present to see the strange spectacle.
The husband took the body of his depart-
ed spouse home, and has it there now,
where it is visited by hundreds of the cur-
ious and scientific. The body seems to
have been petrified, and to have become a
perfect stone woman. The probability is
that the body had become adipose, and
will, before long, melt or crumble.—Cincin-
nati Inquirer, 30th.

The Accedon is Coming.
People must not be too much surprised if,
some day, an aerial visitor should fly up the
Delaware and alight in front of the Exchange.
One Lord Cardingford, an Irish nobleman,
has made arrangements to execute a feat,
which, when performed, may conclude pre-
cisely in that way. His Lordship has been
for many years ballooning, but now eschew-
ing the common bag of silk filled with gas,
he has invented something which will bring
him across the Atlantic in the shortest pos-
sible time. His Lordship is determined to
prove the truth of the old song, which as-
serts that "the boys of Kilkenny are hate
rovin' blades," and he will do it, if any de-
pendence is to be placed in gas. The won-
derful machine which is to bring the poten-
tial Cardingford, is by himself denominated
the Accedon. It has been already tried,
and "elevated itself in the air, and after go-
ing a short distance, alighted in the most
gentle manner." This proceeding was
caused, his Lordship says, by "the tail not
being properly fastened down." As soon
as the wings are properly fixed and the tail
properly fastened, his Lordship will proceed
"to drop in upon us. Look out for the Ac-
cedon!"

Man with a Petrified Wife.
A few days since, a gentleman residing in
Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a sec-
ond time, wished to remove the body of his
wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were
made to that effect, and laborers opened the
grave in the usual manner, but when they
reached the coffin they could not lift it, so
great was the weight. After obtaining con-
siderable assistance, however, the men suc-
ceeded in raising the coffin from the tomb.
They then could not resist the temptation of
peeping into the coffin and learning the
reason for its unusual weight, and found, in-
stead of the remains of a corpse, a stone fig-
ure, the exact counterpart of the woman
who had died. This strange story spread,
and hundreds and thousands of persons were
present to see the strange spectacle.
The husband took the body of his depart-
ed spouse home, and has it there now,
where it is visited by hundreds of the cur-
ious and scientific. The body seems to
have been petrified, and to have become a
perfect stone woman. The probability is
that the body had become adipose, and
will, before long, melt or crumble.—Cincin-
nati Inquirer, 30th.

Man with a Petrified Wife.
A few days since, a gentleman residing in
Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a sec-
ond time, wished to remove the body of his
wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were
made to that effect, and laborers opened the
grave in the usual manner, but when they
reached the coffin they could not lift it, so
great was the weight. After obtaining con-
siderable assistance, however, the men suc-
ceeded in raising the coffin from the tomb.
They then could not resist the temptation of
peeping into the coffin and learning the
reason for its unusual weight, and found, in-
stead of the remains of a corpse, a stone fig-
ure, the exact counterpart of the woman
who had died. This strange story spread,
and hundreds and thousands of persons were
present to see the strange spectacle.
The husband took the body of his depart-
ed spouse home, and has it there now,
where it is visited by hundreds of the cur-
ious and scientific. The body seems to
have been petrified, and to have become a
perfect stone woman. The probability is
that the body had become adipose, and
will, before long, melt or crumble.—Cincin-
nati Inquirer, 30th.

Man with a Petrified Wife.
A few days since, a gentleman residing in
Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a sec-
ond time, wished to remove the body of his
wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were
made to that effect, and laborers opened the
grave in the usual manner, but when they
reached the coffin they could not lift it, so
great was the weight. After obtaining con-
siderable assistance, however, the men suc-
ceeded in raising the coffin from the tomb.
They then could not resist the temptation of
peeping into the coffin and learning the
reason for its unusual weight, and found, in-
stead of the remains of a corpse, a stone fig-
ure, the exact counterpart of the woman
who had died. This strange story spread,
and hundreds and thousands of persons were
present to see the strange spectacle.
The husband took the body of his depart-
ed spouse home, and has it there now,
where it is visited by hundreds of the cur-
ious and scientific. The body seems to
have been petrified, and to have become a
perfect stone woman. The probability is
that the body had become adipose, and
will, before long, melt or crumble.—Cincin-
nati Inquirer, 30th.

Man with a Petrified Wife.
A few days since, a gentleman residing in
Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a sec-
ond time, wished to remove the body of his
wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were
made to that effect, and laborers opened the
grave in the usual manner, but when they
reached the coffin they could not lift it, so
great was the weight. After obtaining con-
siderable assistance, however, the men suc-
ceeded in raising the coffin from the tomb.
They then could not resist the temptation of
peeping into the coffin and learning the
reason for its unusual weight, and found, in-
stead of the remains of a corpse, a stone fig-
ure, the exact counterpart of the woman
who had died. This strange story spread,
and hundreds and thousands of persons were
present to see the strange spectacle.
The husband took the body of his depart-
ed spouse home, and has it there now,
where it is visited by hundreds of the cur-
ious and scientific. The body seems to
have been petrified, and to have become a
perfect stone woman. The probability is
that the body had become adipose, and
will, before long, melt or crumble.—Cincin-
nati Inquirer, 30th.

Man with a Petrified Wife.
A few days since, a gentleman residing in
Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a sec-
ond time, wished to remove the body of his
wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were
made to that effect, and laborers opened the
grave in the usual manner, but when they
reached the coffin they could not lift it, so
great was the weight. After obtaining con-
siderable assistance, however, the men suc-
ceeded in raising the coffin from the tomb.
They then could not resist the temptation of
peeping into the coffin and learning the
reason for its unusual weight, and found, in-
stead of the remains of a corpse, a stone fig-
ure, the exact counterpart of the woman
who had died. This strange story spread,
and hundreds and thousands of persons were
present to see the strange spectacle.
The husband took the body of his depart-
ed spouse home, and has it there now,
where it is visited by hundreds of the cur-
ious and scientific. The body seems to
have been petrified, and to have become a
perfect stone woman. The probability is
that the body had become adipose, and
will, before long, melt or crumble.—Cincin-
nati Inquirer, 30th.

Man with a Petrified Wife.
A few days since, a gentleman residing in
Rising Sun, Indiana, who had married a sec-
ond time, wished to remove the body of his
wife to a new cemetery. Preparations were
made to that effect, and laborers opened the
grave in the usual manner, but when they
reached the coffin they could not lift it, so
great was the weight. After obtaining con-
siderable assistance, however, the men suc-
ceeded in raising the coffin from the tomb.
They then could not resist the temptation of
peeping into the coffin and learning the
reason for its unusual weight, and found, in-
stead of the remains of a corpse, a stone fig-
ure, the exact counterpart of the woman
who had died. This strange story spread,
and hundreds and thousands of persons were
present to see the strange spectacle.
The husband took the body of his depart-
ed spouse home, and has it there now,
where it is visited by hundreds of the cur-
ious and scientific. The body seems to
have been petrified, and to have become a
perfect stone woman. The probability is
that the body had become adipose, and
will, before long, melt or crumble.—Cincin-
nati Inquirer, 30th.

Yankee Forethought.

An acquaintance of ours was in Con-
necticut one day last winter to visit a friend
who was a manufacturer. The shaft of the
manufacturer's water-wheel had become broken
that afternoon under the great accumulation
of ice, and he was in great trouble, for he
had searched long to find a suitable stock,
and he knew not where to find another. If
he could find one it would be green and light
for use. Very early in the morning, while
the day had scarcely dawned, the manufac-
turer said his guest were at the mill, to see
what could be done.
A farmer who lived two or three miles off
was already looking on. As the manufac-
turer looked painfully at his catastrophe—
"Had break that, Mr.," said the farmer.
"Yes, very bad," said the manufacturer.
"Can't mend that stick, can you?" said
the farmer.
"No," said the manufacturer, "and the
worst of it is I don't know where to get
another."
"Well," said the farmer, "I guess I can
tell you where you can find one."
"You can?" said the manufacturer, where
is it?"
"Well," said the farmer, "I thought that
stick would break, likely as not some time
or other, and I had a tree in my woods that
I thought would make a stick to suit you;
and I cut it down and snaked it home, and
it has been seasoning more than a year. So
when I heard your stick was broken, I thought
I'd come over and let you know."
"You're just the man I wanted to see,"
said the manufacturer, "if only it was light
enough. How much do you ask for the
stick if it will suit me?"
"Oh, I'm sure I'll suit ye or I shouldn't
cut it down; and about the price, I guess
you and I can agree. It's a nice stick
and if you've a mind to, come over and
see it."
It was some time before the farmer would
set a price, but at last he guessed \$100
would be about right.
"I'll come and see it after breakfast,"
said the manufacturer. He did so, and told
his visitor afterwards, that under the circum-
stances the stick cost him \$100.

Yankee Forethought.
An acquaintance of ours was in Con-
necticut one day last winter to visit a friend
who was a manufacturer. The shaft of the
manufacturer's water-wheel had become broken
that afternoon under the great accumulation
of ice, and he was in great trouble, for he
had searched long to find a suitable stock,
and he knew not where to find another. If
he could find one it would be green and light
for use. Very early in the morning, while
the day had scarcely dawned, the manufac-
turer said his guest were at the mill, to see
what could be done.
A farmer who lived two or three miles off
was already looking on. As the manufac-
turer looked painfully at his catastrophe—
"Had break that, Mr.," said the farmer.
"Yes, very bad," said the manufacturer.
"Can't mend that stick, can you?" said
the farmer.
"No," said the manufacturer, "and the
worst of it is I don't know where to get
another."
"Well," said the farmer, "I guess I can
tell you where you can find one."
"You can?" said the manufacturer, where
is it?"
"Well," said the farmer, "I thought that
stick would break, likely as not some time
or other, and I had a tree in my woods that
I thought would make a stick to suit you;
and I cut it down and snaked it home, and
it has been seasoning more than a year. So
when I heard your stick was broken, I thought
I'd come over and let you know."
"You're just the man I wanted to see,"
said the manufacturer, "if only it was light
enough. How much do you ask for the
stick if it will suit me?"
"Oh, I'm sure I'll suit ye or I shouldn't
cut it down; and about the price, I guess
you and I can agree. It's a nice stick
and if you've a mind to, come over and
see it."
It was some time before the farmer would
set a price, but at last he guessed \$100
would be about right.
"I'll come and see it after breakfast,"
said the manufacturer. He did so, and told
his visitor afterwards, that under the circum-
stances the stick cost him \$100.

Yankee Forethought.
An acquaintance of ours was in Con-
necticut one day last winter to visit a friend
who was a manufacturer. The shaft of the
manufacturer's water-wheel had become broken
that afternoon under the great accumulation
of ice, and he was in great trouble, for he
had searched long to find a suitable stock,
and he knew not where to find another. If
he could find one it would be green and light
for use. Very early in the morning, while
the day had scarcely dawned, the manufac-
turer said his guest were at the mill, to see
what could be done.
A farmer who lived two or three miles off
was already looking on. As the manufac-
turer looked painfully at his catastrophe—
"Had break that, Mr.," said the farmer.
"Yes, very bad," said the manufacturer.
"Can't mend that stick, can you?" said
the farmer.
"No," said the manufacturer, "and the
worst of it is I don't know where to get
another."
"Well," said the farmer, "I guess I can
tell you where you can find one."
"You can?" said the manufacturer, where
is it?"
"Well," said the farmer, "I thought that
stick would break, likely as not some time
or other, and I had a tree in my woods that
I thought would make a stick to suit you;
and I cut it down and snaked it home, and
it has been seasoning more than a year. So
when I heard your stick was broken, I thought
I'd come over and let you know."
"You're just the man I wanted to see,"
said the manufacturer, "if only it was light
enough. How much do you ask for the
stick if it will suit me?"
"Oh, I'm sure I'll suit ye or I shouldn't
cut it down; and about the price, I guess
you and I can agree. It's a nice stick
and if you've a mind to, come over and
see it."
It was some time before the farmer would
set a price, but at last he guessed \$100
would be about right.
"I'll come and see it after breakfast,"
said the manufacturer. He did so, and told
his visitor afterwards, that under the circum-
stances the stick cost him \$100.

Yankee Forethought.
An acquaintance of ours was in Con-
necticut one day last winter to visit a friend
who was a manufacturer. The shaft of the
manufacturer's water-wheel had become broken
that afternoon under the great accumulation
of ice, and he was in great trouble, for he
had searched long to find a suitable stock,
and he knew not where to find another. If
he could find one it would be green and light
for use. Very early in the morning, while
the day had scarcely dawned, the manufac-
turer said his guest were at the mill, to see
what could be done.
A farmer who lived two or three miles off
was already looking on. As the manufac-
turer looked painfully at his catastrophe—
"Had break that, Mr.," said the farmer.
"Yes, very bad," said the manufacturer.
"Can't mend that stick, can you?" said
the farmer.
"No," said the manufacturer, "and the
worst of it is I don't know where to get
another."
"Well," said the farmer, "I guess I can
tell you where you can find one."
"You can?" said the manufacturer, where
is it?"
"Well," said the farmer, "I thought that
stick would break, likely as not some time
or other, and I had a tree in my woods that
I thought would make a stick to suit you;
and I cut it down and snaked it home, and
it has been seasoning more than a year. So
when I heard your stick was broken, I thought
I'd come over and let you know."
"You're just the man I wanted to see,"
said the manufacturer, "if only it was light
enough. How much do you ask for the
stick if it will suit me?"
"Oh, I'm sure I'll suit ye or I shouldn't
cut it down; and about the price, I guess
you and I can agree. It's a nice stick
and if you've a mind to, come over and
see it."
It was some time before the farmer would
set a price, but at last he guessed \$100
would be about right.
"I'll come and see it after breakfast,"
said the manufacturer. He did so, and told
his visitor afterwards, that under the circum-
stances the stick cost him \$100.

Yankee Forethought.
An acquaintance of ours was in Con-
necticut one day last winter to visit a friend
who was a manufacturer. The shaft of the
manufacturer's water-wheel had become broken
that afternoon under the great accumulation
of ice, and he was in great trouble, for he
had searched long to find a suitable stock,
and he knew not where to find another. If
he could find one it would be green and light
for use. Very early in the morning, while
the day had scarcely dawned, the manufac-
turer said his guest were at the mill, to see
what could be done.
A farmer who lived two or three miles off
was already looking on. As the manufac-
turer looked painfully at his catastrophe—
"Had break that, Mr.," said the farmer.
"Yes, very bad," said the manufacturer.
"Can't mend that stick, can you?" said
the farmer.
"No," said the manufacturer, "and the
worst of it is I don't know where to get
another."
"Well," said the farmer, "I guess I can
tell you where you can find one."
"You can?" said the manufacturer, where
is it?"
"Well," said the farmer, "I thought that
stick would break, likely as not some time
or other, and I had a tree in my woods that
I thought would make a stick to suit you;
and I cut it down and snaked it home, and
it has been seasoning more than a year. So
when I heard your stick was broken,