

Democratic Matchman

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Business Directory.
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Miscellaneous.
Farmer's High School.
We take the following extracts, in reference to this institution, from an exceedingly lengthy report in the State Sentinel, written by its special correspondent, Rural, under date of February 16th:—
"The Farmer's High School opens to day for instruction, and as the officers of many County Agricultural Societies have omitted to nominate candidates for admission, in accordance with the charter of the School, the Faculty will admit the surplus from those counties which desire a greater number than that to which their ratio entitles them, or those recommended by individuals, if such possess the necessary qualifications. No one can be admitted who has not attained the age of 16, and is not qualified by a knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography, to a degree sufficient to warrant him in commencing a collegiate education of the highest grade. The arrangement of the higher studies, Mr. Waring informs me, has been deferred for the present. Among the studies for the first and second years are Physical Geography, Map Drawing, Orthography, Elocution, Composition, Declamation, English Grammar, History, Rhetoric, Arithmetic (mental and written) and its application to business, Algebra, Geometry and their application to Mensuration and construction. The natural Sciences, including Botany, Animal and Human Physiology, Chemistry, Zoology, Entomology, Natural Philosophy, including Mechanics. The principles of Soil and Plant Culture, Farm Management and the application of Science to all branches of Rural economy."
"A circular recently issued says that 'students are required to perform every description of labor necessary at the institution, whether on the farm, in the shops, or about the College buildings, and three hours of active labor is required each day, but no more, unless upon some special exigency. All kinds of labor are equally honored.'"
It is designed that this shall be a school where agricultural knowledge and science can be obtained at an expense so moderate as to be within the reach of every one; and, in accordance with this design, the charge for tuition, boarding, washing, fuel, light, text books, for each session of ten months, has been placed at the incredibly low figure of one hundred dollars—which, however, is required to be paid in advance. The most casual observer will at once perceive that this sum would not be sufficient to keep the institution in existence, if conducted upon the plan of other colleges, and it is, in part, for this reason that the students are required to perform, each day, three hours of active labor. Thus, while they are being taught the business of their after life, they will be contributing to their own education, by the labor of their own hands. A Principal has not yet been selected, but, for the present, the School is under the charge of Wm. G. Waring, as general Superintendent and Professor of Agriculture and Horticulture; J. S. Whitman, Professor of Natural Sciences; Samuel Baird, Professor of Mathematics; and R. C. Allison, Professor of English Literature—a Faculty skilled in the art of farming, and in all those natural sciences which pertain to it—under whose direction all the management, business, and work of the farm will be performed by the pupils. By this system, while their minds are being imbued with the principles and science of agriculture, their daily occupation will be practically testing the truth of what they learn.
This institution has the best rooms in the State, and they are equal, if not superior to any in America. The provisions for warming and ventilating are in keeping with the progress of the age, and far superior to those of any public buildings heretofore erected. About \$600 worth of illustrating apparatus, in addition to a host of farming machines, has already been received, and more will hereafter be obtained.
The building is a magnificent one, and grandly situated on an elevated and healthy plateau of arable land of the best quality, and very nearly the geographical centre of the State. The reader will, doubtless, remember that the Board of Trustees, in 1855, after a most careful examination of several points in various quarters of the State, fixed the location in Centre County, on the Southern slope of Penn and Nittany valleys, where the land is limestone, fertile and beautiful. The farm does not contain a single half acre of rocky ground, nor does it contain any that is in the least, precipitous, while the water arrangements are all that could be wished for. As a place for practical agriculture, nothing more favorable could be desired; and it is sufficiently removed from those annoyances of a town or public place, so prejudicial to the pursuit of study, or the security of a well-managed farm or garden.
As has been stated by the President of the Board of Trustees, and by others, time and again, three hundred acres of this land was generously donated to the Institution, by Gen. James Irvin, with the privilege of purchasing one hundred acres on each side of it, at any time within five years, at sixty dollars an acre; and, in the meantime, to have possession of the whole, upon payment

of the interest upon the value of the last mentioned two hundred acres. The Board of Trustees took possession of the whole, and have appropriated it, to the apple, and peach orchards, 214 acres; to the smaller fruits, 61 acres; to garden and nursery, 104 acres; and to campus, 12 1/2 acres.
Within a few miles are rich and varied fields of botanical and geological exploration, such as can only be found in the tilted strata and great variety of exposures between the crest of the Allegheny, and the limestone valleys of the Allegheny ranges.
The Institution is under the assiduous care of H. N. McAllister, Esq., and whatever can be accomplished by zeal and enthusiasm, backed by indomitable energy, iron will, practical ability, and pecuniary means, will be done to secure the complete success of this truly great enterprise, and to distinguish its establishment as the date of a new era in Education, when the practical arts and physical powers, which are the direct means of ameliorating the condition of humanity, here shall be taught with, and before, the theoretical studies from books.
The opening of the school was celebrated by an oceromous, whatever. The students merely registered their names, paid over their hundred dollars, and drew lots for rooms. I desire here to say that I was much pleased with this system of allotment. All were placed upon equal footing, and no favoritism was shown. The plan of drawing was as follows: Small folded slips of paper, containing each the number of a room, were placed in a small box, and after each student had selected a mate, the box was held up, and he drew the number on the paper designating his quarters for the session. I observed some parents who, at first unwilling to let their sons risk this system of allotment, were beseeching the professors with "I want my son a good room on the second floor," "I want my son to have a room with a double bed," and "My son must have a room with a single bed, as I want to show him to sleep with anybody," &c. &c. But these appeals were all in vain, for the Faculty, with the determination to conduct the school on truly democratic principles, I am glad to say, paid them no attention.
The following is a list of the students from Centre county:
Wm Leslie Gordon, Armstrong Baily, Albert L. Way, Monroe Armer, Glen W. Cooper, Joseph D. Thomas, J. W. Bial and John S. Thompson.
Prof. Baird informs me that there was a formal opening of the school on Thursday. The design and object were explained by H. N. McAllister, Esq., in a speech of great force and eloquence. Judge Hale also made an admirable speech. The remarks of both these gentlemen were received by the students with expressions of cordial approbation.
I desire in this connection to say, from a personal knowledge of the gentlemen who compose the Faculty of the School, that there could not have been better selections made. They are all men of experience in teaching, and fully competent to discharge their onerous duties. In the selection of Wm. G. Waring as Professor of Agriculture and Horticulture and General Superintendent the Trustees have displayed much wisdom, not only on account of his extended knowledge, but for his great energy and peculiar business tact. On the whole I think the Farmer's High School particularly fortunate in having such a Faculty as Wm. G. Waring, J. S. Whitman, Samuel Baird, and R. C. Allison.
The greater part of the week was taken up in the examination and classification of students, adopting system and rules of order, and making general preparations for the progress of the School. The institution is now fairly under way, and there cannot be a doubt that it will succeed.
As might be expected, Mr. Waring, as General Superintendent, has more imposed upon him at the present time than he can well attend to. He has, therefore, secured the services of Samuel Gilliland, Esq., as Assistant Superintendent of the Agricultural Department, until the first of May.
I have been requested by those in authority to announce that hereafter visitors need not expect accommodations at the School, as no provisions will be made for them. Mr. David Stewart has opened a Temperance Hotel at Centre Furnace, about three quarters of a mile below, where he will be happy to receive visitors to the School, and the public generally. I have the authority of Mr. Potter, of the Furnace, for saying that Mr. Stewart is a gentleman, and will keep such a house as visitors would desire.
As was before stated, "Students are required to perform every description of labor necessary at the Institution, whether on the farm, in the shops, or at or about the building," and with the exception of cooking and baking, which is done by contract, by a Philadelphian, and the washing, which is hired, all the work is performed by them. The portion of the building already erected (about one-third of the proposed design) is capacitated for upwards of one hundred and twenty students. It was at first determined to admit but one hundred, but as nearly that number have already applied for and received admission, it is more than prob-

able that the Faculty will admit to the capabilities of the building. Those, therefore, who have a desire to make application, need not be deterred through fear of the number "elect." Students should bring double their ordinary apparel, comfortable clothing, suitable for farm work, to be worn only when at work.
Here is a rare opportunity presented to those who desire an education—an opportunity and privilege that is seldom presented, and one which should be appreciated. Who would not long for the days of school-boy time, that he might here go to school, where books are laid aside a portion of the day for practical, valuable, and interesting lessons in the ingenious appliances of which the farm can boast, to enlighten and render effective the necessary and healthful labor by which we live. Fortunate, indeed, are the youths who have obtained admission to the Farmer's High School. They cannot fail to acquire the disposition, tact, and the ability that will lead to "beneficent, happy, and extended lives."
Irish Witticisms.
Rev. Henry Giles, in a recent lecture, spoke of Irish wit and humor as displayed by the educated classes and by the peasantry. Swift's wit was scathing, burning, with an element of fierceness; the social wit of Sheridan was sportive; Canning's was keen and bitter, as when the curate was anxious to have him praise his sermon, and could elicit from him, nothing but the remark that it was short. "Oh, yes," said the curate, "I am careful not to be tedious." "But, sir, you did not succeed," said Canning, "you were brief, but you were tedious also." Curran's wit was the ideal of fancy and oddity, as when he remarked of an Irishman in Hyde Park, who kept his tongue thrust out of his mouth: that he was probably trying to catch the English accent! The amusing bulls of Sir Boyle Roche were alluded to. He was not only witty in his blunders but in his correction of them. Thus, after exclaiming in Parliament, "Why should we do anything for posterity? What has posterity done for us?" he explained himself by remarking that by posterity he did not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come after us! Sir Jonah Barrington said of Lord Norbury that he had a hand for everybody, but a heart for nobody.
That was a fearful jest of Noxbury's on sentencing to death a thief who had stolen a watch, "you made a grasp at time, my lad, but egad, you clutched eternity." The wit of the peasant was illustrated by the remark of a beggar on being told by a gentleman that he never gave alms to strangers: "sure then, your honor will never believe an angel!" "Take those stones out of my way," roared Dr. Abernethy to an Irish pavior in front of his door. "And where shall I take them, sir?" "Take them to h—ll!" said the enraged doctor. "And sure, wouldn't the other place be more out of your honor's way?" A doctor restrained in court as a witness complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients so long they might recover in his absence! But bulls are not confined to Ireland. Sir Isaac Newton made a practical blunder when, having made a hole in his door for his cat to enter, he also made a smaller hole for her kitten! A story was told of a priest, who, it being Friday, had just helped himself to a whole salmon, with the remark "it is a fast day with me, gentlemen," when a great fellow, with every respect to their dark-skinned brethren. The women are also said to have more claims to beauty. They, however, are also deficient of what is generally acknowledged to be the "glory of woman." Mr. Thompson, it appears, was at camp on the Upper Balonne, with others, on ground hitherto untroubled by a white man, when he was surprised by a visit from three half-pated, copper-colored beings. They appeared to have friendly intentions, and as nothing in their conduct or an aggressive nature, a conversation of nods and signs ensued. After a while a sovereign was shown to them, when one of them, picked up a stone, pointed with his finger to the far west, and intimated that stones of a similar description to the sovereign were to be picked up on the ground in masses as large as the stone he held. The place was understood to be some hundred miles further in the interior, but they signified their intention of bringing some of these stones at their next visit. Mr. Thompson intends to return again to the Balonne, and to await their arrival. If this story be true, the age of wonders truly has not ceased.
No SCOLDING.—If you wish to make your neighbors and family happy—if you would see calmness and evenness of temper developed in your children—if you would lighten the care, and smooth the path of the companion of your bosom—do not irritate or scold, or be in a passion when your humor is crossed, but remember that others have hearts as soft as yours and let the sunshine of christian meekness and gentleness always beam from your eyes. How happy will be a circle in such a case! Ah, this christian temper is happy, the only requisite to make friends happy, places which husbands will regret to leave and be glad to return to. Let the husband be indulgent to annoyance of his ever working wife; and let the wife ever meet him with smiles when he comes home perplexed with the cares of business; and let both be forbearing under their mutual imperfections, and home will be more as God intended.
A BRUTAL TEASER, in Portland, Me., recently cut out the eye of his horse because the animal backed a loaded drag overboard, being urged to do so by the teamster himself. The teamster would be properly punished in having both his eyes gouged out by some "half horse, half alligator" back-woodman of the West.

Blifkins vs. Blifkins.
Blifkins returned home one night this week, at a very early hour in the morning, and anticipating "a result," he thought by a little bit of work he might avoid any trouble. He entered the room, turned up the gas, and thus aroused himself: "Blifkins, this is too bad, half past two o'clock. Don't you feel ashamed when you look at your wife to think of the way you are going on? Don't you heart upbraiding you when you look at injured innocence sleeping there neglected? It ain't no use for you to say that Committee Meetings keep you out, for if you had a mind to come home you could. Perhaps you must go through with it, but how came you to get on to all these Committee Meetings? Can't they have a hall, or a party, or a fair, or a new bank, or a new line of omnibuses but you must have a finger in them? What if your friends do ask you, can't you say 'No'? What if they do use your name, without leave, can't you withdraw? Now, Blifkins, the truth is, you rather fancy this excitement, and you don't particularly care about getting out of the way; but, Blif, you have done your share; retire to quiet life, and let balls and parties take care of themselves hereafter." (Injured innocence here raised her head and said "Pool!") That's a fact, Blifkins, you are a fool, but still a certain amount of public spirit is laudable, and if everybody should conclude to keep within his own shell, what would become of the city? Stagnation, of course. Nothing like keeping lively."
"Mr. Blifkins," interposed Mrs. Blifkins, "don't make a fool of yourself by trying to anticipate the lecture you deserve. It is a guilty conscience, a very guilty conscience that troubles you. Why don't you amend? It's fully to tell me that you are on a committee which requires your attention so late. Why don't you get out of such a committee which quarrels every time it meets, and then is obliged to have a supper to heal up the differences. I suppose you'll have the Committee at our house some day, but let me tell you they'll get a bit of advice. Don't let me see, sir, about wanting to get up your back sleep; who disturbs me every night? Yes, sir, I know they don't have balls in summer, but it's always something. Blif had seated himself, as he began to speak, and fell into a sleep, dreaming that he was engaged in armor, like the steel clad knights of Colonel L., and was suffocating for want of breath. When he awoke, Mrs. Blifkins was still talking.

A New Race of Human Beings.
Some time since a paragraph appeared in a new South Wales journal relative to the discovery, in the far interior, of a new race of blacks, who had no hair on the top of their heads, in the place where the wool ought to grow. The account of this most extraordinary discovery has been corroborated by an eye witness, a Mr. Thompson, who has arrived from there among the aboriginals. They are, he says, of a copper color, and are very tall and athletic, much superior in every respect to their dark-skinned brethren. The women are also said to have more claims to beauty. They, however, are also deficient of what is generally acknowledged to be the "glory of woman." Mr. Thompson, it appears, was at camp on the Upper Balonne, with others, on ground hitherto untroubled by a white man, when he was surprised by a visit from three half-pated, copper-colored beings. They appeared to have friendly intentions, and as nothing in their conduct or an aggressive nature, a conversation of nods and signs ensued. After a while a sovereign was shown to them, when one of them, picked up a stone, pointed with his finger to the far west, and intimated that stones of a similar description to the sovereign were to be picked up on the ground in masses as large as the stone he held. The place was understood to be some hundred miles further in the interior, but they signified their intention of bringing some of these stones at their next visit. Mr. Thompson intends to return again to the Balonne, and to await their arrival. If this story be true, the age of wonders truly has not ceased.
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Horrible Outrage by a Negro.
More "cause and effect."—The negro equality doctrines of the fanatical Abolitionists, are producing their legitimate effects all over the country. It will be difficult for any of our readers to pursue the following account of another horrible atrocity, perpetrated upon a white girl, without their blood boiling with indignation.
"Last week, a young girl, barely fourteen years of age, the daughter of a respectable carpenter, named Collins, residing at Xenia, Ohio, became the mother of an African child, greatly to the amazement and horror of her relatives and friends, who had never doubted her purity for a moment. The poor girl, forced to make some explanation, then told, with the deepest sense of shame, and in a perfect agony of mind, that ten months before she went about dusk one evening, to a cooper's shop to obtain some shavings, when she was approached by a stalwart negro named Booker, who seized her, and choked her so that she could not scream, then brutally outraged her person! No one was near, and in his hands the poor child was compelled to yield to the will of the monster, and to endure what she would have died to avoid.
"So greatly was she horrified when she obtained her freedom that she dreaded to expose the negro, who had threatened to kill her if she revealed what had happened, knowing that by so doing she would publish her own infamy. Believing no one would ever know the dreadful secret, except through her, she resolved to hide it in her own bosom, and even after she knew that would be impossible, she presented the most complete silence concerning the great wrong she had suffered. Not indeed until the child was born did she reveal the horrid fact that had crushed out her hope and peace and clouded her life forever.
"The negro, it appears, had left Xenia a few days before his crime became known or the people of that vicinity, with all their morbid sympathy with the colored race, would have lynched him on the spot. A number of persons are now in pursuit of Booker, and will, if they capture him, hang the black villain, as he richly deserves. The infant, very fortunately, lived but a single hour."
Male Teachers for Girls.
Fanny Fern doesn't think much of school-masters as governors of girls—thinks the daisies are "too many" for 'em.
"I pity a male teacher who is set to the impossible task of making girls behave." I should pity them more, did I not know that they keep them in about four or five hours longer than they ought. Did I not know what they know, but will persist practically in ignoring, that the fun has got to come out somehow, or turn to poison in the blood, and that if teachers won't give it whizzing time out of school, they must needs have it fly in their faces in school.
There must be discipline, that's certain, but, in my opinion, a man's head must be gray, not brown or black, if he would enforce it. This blood must be cold and sluggish and his ear deaf to the charmer, charm she never can so cunningly, or, certes, his magisterial chair will be set at naught. Don't I know! Answer me, thou now-Rev. school gentleman, who once kept me after school for a reprimand, and spent the precious moments rolling my cuffs over your fingers, while my she-comrade was bursting off her hooks and eyes as she peeped through the key-hole. Not that I uphold it, but every animal naturally fights with the weapon of good Providence has given it—that's the amount of it—and some how or other I had found that out, though whether Fanny was bounded south by Rhode Island or not, was still a mystery that I was not in a perspiration to solve.
Some truth in that, according to the best of our knowledge and belief. It takes a woman to snub woman.
How the Methodists do open their pocket-books when the preacher makes a sortie for the missionaries! Last Sunday evening, at the close of the annual missionary services in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, the congregation contributed TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS to the missionary cause, in addition to a recent contribution of \$2,500. The followers of Wesley, in New York, are amongst the most wealthy and influential portion of the community and they are behind none in liberality.
A SADLY DISAPPOINTED BRIDEGROOM.
The Dayton (Ohio) Journal tells a story of a young man from Darke county, engaged to marry a girl of that city, had given her \$50 to buy her wedding clothes, and was to have been married on Sunday evening. But when the time came, and everything was ready, the girl did not appear—she had run off with some fellow she liked better.
A few days ago, a lawyer gave an insult to the judge of the Court of the Common Pleas, at Logansport, Ohio, while on the bench, whereupon the judge got at once from his seat, and, going into the bar, gave the chap a sound drubbing.
"That's a fine strain," said one gentleman to another, alluding to the tones of a singer, at a concert the other evening. "Yes," said a countryman, who sat near, "but if he strains much more he'll bust." she

"Brutus" letter in the New York Tribune, gives an anecdote of John Hancock's hospitality apropos of the purchase of the Hancock estate: "There were not less than fifty or sixty at the table, but the host did not sit at meat with them. He ate at a little side table, and sat on a wheel-chair, in which he wheeled himself about the general table to speak with his guests. This was because of his gout, of which he made a political as well as a social excuse for doing as he pleased. On the occasion in question, when the guests were in the height of animated conversation, and just as the cloth was drawn, they were interrupted by a tremendous crash. A servant, in removing a cut-glass tumbler, which formed the central ornament of the table, let it fall, and it was dashed in a thousand pieces. An awkward fellow fell upon the company, who hardly knew how to treat the accident, when Hancock relieved their embarrassment by cheerfully exclaiming, 'James, break as much as you like, but don't make such a confounded noise about it!' And under cover of the laugh this excited, the fragments were removed, and the talk went on as if nothing had happened. This it strikes me, was the politest of all his good sayings."
Portrait of Fanny Fern.—A New York Correspondent says:
"I met Fanny Fern upon Broadway, yesterday, leaning upon the arm of her beloved 'James.' He is a tall, dapper individual, with melancholy expression, and eyes as blue as a good expression, with Fanny has passed her heyday; 'no longer young' is stamped upon that care-worn face. A sanguine temperament, large perceptible intellect, sandy, wavy hair, falling low down upon her forehead—prominent features. People meeting her even in a crowd, say, 'What a strange looking woman!' It is marked, but not a bad face. It says, 'I have known some bitter things—anguish, anger, solitude.' It is not wholly good, and it could not be entirely had. It hints at ugliness, it suggests its nobility. It is self-assured, but not vain; proud, but not haughty. It says, 'I have lived more years than are recorded for me.' Her daughter, woman grown, in appearance a fine second edition of herself!
"TAKE A PAPER.—Every family should have a paper. It is worth more than it costs, simply for educational purposes. Parents have a hardy right to deprive their family of its advantages on these times. 'Children will learn more as they go to and from school, or drive the cows to pasture, or pick berries by the way, if their observation is quickened by what they hear the parents read or talk of from the papers, and when they form habits of reading for themselves, such reading is both safe and useful. Reading, if your neighbor has no paper persuade him to take one. Even if he is poor, he can better afford to take one than do without, for if he takes one, his children will be likely to be better off—to make a good home for themselves and it may be for him in old age.
"A MAN SHOT DEAD IN ATTEMPTING TO ROB HIS OWN HOUSE.—The Treasurer of the town of New, Wisconsin, was recently shot dead while attempting to rob his own house. Having collected some twelve or fifteen hundred dollars of the town taxes, he left home telling his wife that he would be absent all night. Found crawling a traveling pedlar applied at the house for a night's lodging. The wife at first refused to admit him, but finally yielded, with reluctance, to his request. 'Sometime in the night the pedlar was awakened by the noise of men breaking into his room. Taking them for robbers, he drew a pistol and fired at them. One fell and two fled. Lights being procured the dead body of a man with blackened face and otherwise disguised, was found upon the floor. Upon further examination it proved to be the proprietor of the house himself, who had resorted to this stratagem to steal the money collector, and had met with this terrific retribution.
"GETTING MARRIED IN DENMARK.—We find in an article by Dr. Jenner, published in the 365th number of the Leisure Hours, this anecdote which the Doctor gives on his own knowledge:
"In Denmark they won't marry people who come to the minister without each producing a certificate of vaccination. Certain English people were in the habit of running away to Denmark for the purpose of marrying deceased wives' sisters. As they did not take their certificates of vaccination with them. Who would have dreamed of it? Well, the only solution of the difficulty was, to be vaccinated again—regularly seeing one's heart's blood for love, you see—a thing more often talked about than done.
"Dan," said a little boy four years old, "give me ten cents to buy a monkey." "We've got one monkey in the house now," said the elder brother. "Who is it, Dan?" said the little fellow. "You," was the reply. "Then give me ten cents to buy the monkey, some candy." His brother "abandoned" it immediately.
"Ma, is aunty got less in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a question?" Cause that little man with a heap of hair of his face coted' hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she