

# The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

## WORDS AND THEIR USES.

BY A MYSTERIOUS QUAKER.

New York, 4th Month, 10th, 71.  
Bellefonte, Pa.: From these few lines my whereabouts thou'lt learn—  
Moreover, I impart to thee my serious concern.  
The language of this people is a riddle unto me.  
And words with them are figments of a rockless mockery!

"Friend," said I to John, whose breath suggested gin.  
"Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable inn?"  
His answer's gross irrelevance, I shall not soon forget.  
Instead of simply yes or nay, he gruffly said "You best!"

"Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that could be a sin—  
Why don't thee answer plainly. Can thee take me to an inn?"  
Thy vehicle is doubtless made to carry folks about in—  
Then why prevaricate!" Said he, perversely, "Now yer shoutin'!"

"Nay, verily, I shouted not," quoth I, "my speech is mild;  
But thine—I grieve to say it—with falsehood is defiled.  
Thou ought to be admonished to lift thy heart to the skies.  
See here! my lively smoke," said he, "you cling on too much style!"

"I've had these plain drab garments twenty years and more," said I.  
"And when thee says I sling on style," then tells a willful lie!  
As that he danced around as if a bee were in his bonnet,  
And with hostile demonstrations inquired if I was "on it!"

"On what? Till thee explains thyself, I cannot tell," I said.  
He swore that something was "too thin,"  
Moreover it was "played out."  
But all his jargon was surpassed in wild absurdity.  
By threats, profanely emphasized, to put a head on me!

"Not son of Bellal," said I, "that miracle can do!"  
Whereas he fell upon me with blows and curses, too,  
But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design—  
Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off mine!

These know I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect,  
But this man's conduct wrought on me a sin gallop effect:  
For when he slapped my broad-brim off, and it roused the Adam in me and I smote him hip and thigh!

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose.  
And said I'd "smashed him laid headed," and likewise "cooked his goose."  
Although, I solemnly affirm, I did not pull his hair,  
Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no poultry there!

They called me "Rully boy!" although I've seen nigh three score year,  
They said that I was lightning when I got upon my ear!  
And when I asked if lightning climbed his ear, or dressed in dial,  
"You know how 'tis yourself!" said one inconsequential blab!

These can conceive that by this time, I was somewhat perplexed.  
Yes, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed.  
I trembled there no longer, for plain-spoken men—like me—  
With such perpetrators of our tongue, can have no unity.  
—Frank Olney, in *Huffalo Courier*.

## THE WORLD ON FIRE.

"A Million of Dollars, or I'll set the Pacific Ocean in Flames!"

### THE MAN WITH A SECRET.

AN ALLEGED VERACIOUS HISTORY.

### A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

### A Mountain Lake Consumed.

### IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

In the *Sacramento Daily Union* of a recent date appears the extraordinary statement of one Leonidas Parker, written before his death, and giving what purports to be the true account of his connection with the murder of Gregory Summerfield. The latter individual had been known for many years as 'The Man with a Secret,' and he met with a horrible death, at the age of seventy years, by being pushed from the platform of a train upon the Union Pacific railroad, near the North fork of the American river, at a place called Cape Horn. The unfortunate wretch was hurled downward a distance over 1,000 feet, upon the brilliant rocks at the foot of the declivity. Parker, who was upon the platform with Summerfield at the time of the catastrophe, was twice arrested and tried for the alleged murder, but was on each occasion mysteriously acquitted, once by a justice and the second time by a grand jury.

Parker was himself a distinguished lawyer of Sacramento, and was widely respected. He always remained silent concerning the circumstances of the imputed crime, but shortly before his death he placed in the hands of a friend a document, the gist of which we give below, the entire story taking up nearly a page of the *Union*.

Referring to Gregory Summerfield, the murdered man, Mr. Parker speaks of him as having been one of the deepest chemical students of the age, and a man of excellent general literary attainments. Parker had known Summerfield for over twenty years, their acquaintance having been formed in Texas during the days of the republic. Continuing his account, Parker says: "One day towards the close of last September, an old man rapped at my office door, and on invitation came in, and advancing, called me by name. Perceiving that I did not at first recognize him, he introduced himself as Gregory Summerfield. After inviting him to a seat I scrutinized his features more closely, and quickly identified him as the same person whom I had met some twenty-two years be-

fore. He was greatly altered in appearance, but there was the old charm of intellectual superiority in his conversation, and I welcomed him to California as an important addition to her mental wealth.

It was not many minutes before he requested a private interview. He followed me into my back office, carefully closed the door after him and locked it. We had scarcely seated ourselves before he inquired of me 'if I had noticed any recent articles in the newspapers respecting the discovery of the art of decomposing water so as to fit it for use as a fuel for ordinary purposes?'

I replied that I had seen nothing new upon that subject since the experiment of Agassiz and Prof. Henry, and added that in my opinion the expensive mode of reduction would always prevent its use.

In a few words he then informed me that he had made the discovery that the art was extremely simple, and the expense attending decomposition so slight as to be insignificant.

Presuming that the object of his visit to me was to procure the necessary forms to get out a patent for the right, I congratulated him upon his good fortune, and was about to branch forth with a description of some of the great benefits that must ensue to the community, when he suddenly and somewhat uncivilly requested me to 'be silent and listen to what he had to say.'

He began with some general remarks about the inequality of fortune amongst mankind, and instanced himself as a striking example of the fate of those men who, according to all the rules of right, ought to be near the top, instead of at the foot of the ladder of fortune. 'But,' said he, springing to his feet with impulsive energy, 'I have now the means at my command of rising superior to fate, or of inflicting incalculable ills upon the whole human race.'

Looking at him more closely, I thought I could detect in his eye the gleam of madness; but I remained silent and awaited further developments. But my scrutiny, stolen as it was, had been detected, and he replied at once to the expression of my face: 'No, sir, I am neither drunk nor a maniac; I am in deep earnest in all that I say; and I am fully prepared, by actual experiment, to demonstrate beyond all doubt the truth of all I claim.'

For the first time I noticed that he carried a small portmanteau in his hand; this he placed on the table, unlocked it, and took out two or three small volumes, a pamphlet or two, a small, square, wide-mouthed phial, hermetically sealed.

I watched him with profound curiosity and took note of his slightest movements. Having arranged his books to suit him, and placed the phial in a conspicuous position, he drew up his chair closely to my own, and uttered, in a half-hissing tone:

"I demand one million dollars for the contents of that bottle; and you must raise it for me in the city of San Francisco within one month, or scenes too terrible for even the imagination to conceive, will surely be witnessed by every living human being on the face of the globe."

The tone, the manner, and the absurd extravagance of the demand, excited a faint smile upon my lips, which he observed, but disdained to notice.

My mind was fully made up that I had a maniac to deal with, and I prepared to act accordingly. But I ascertained at once that my utmost thoughts were read by the remarkable man before me, and seemed to be anticipated by him in advance of their expression.

"Perhaps," said I, "Mr. Summerfield, you would oblige me by informing me fully of the grounds of your claim, and the nature of your discovery."

"That is the object of my visit," he replied. "I claim to have discovered the key which unlocks the constituent gases of water, and frees each from the embrace of the other, at a single touch."

"You mean to assert," I rejoined, "that you can make water burn itself up?"

"Nothing more nor less," he responded, "except this—to insist upon the consequences of the secret, if my demand be not at once complied with."

"Now, suppose I fling the contents of this small phial into the Pacific Ocean, what would be the result? Dare you contemplate this for an instant? I do not assert that the entire surface of the sea would instantaneously bubble up into insufferable flames; no, but from the nucleus of a circle, of which this phial would be the centre, lurid radii of flames would gradually shoot outward, until the blazing circumference would roll in vast billows of fire, upon the uttermost shores. Not all the dripping clouds of the deluge could extinguish it. Not all the tears of saints and angels could for an instant check its progress. Onward and onward it would sweep, with the steady gait of destiny, until the continents would melt with fervent heat, the atmosphere glare with the ominous conflagration, and all living creatures in land, and sea, and air, perish in one universal catastrophe."

Then suddenly starting to his feet he drew himself to his full height, and murmured solemnly, 'I feel like a God! and recognize my fellow men but as pigmies that I spurn beneath my feet.'

At this Parker states that he attempted to reason with Summerfield upon the absurdity of believing that he held in his hands power so mighty, at which the latter retorted with quotations from the scriptures, Humboldt's 'Cosmos,' and the works of famous astronomical writers, proving that it was not only possible for entire planets to be destroyed by fire, but that such terrible events had actually, often occurred. This answer concluded, he handed Parker a small phial, requesting him to open, and smell of its contents, the result being that a strong odor of potassium was observed. At this Summerfield continued, 'Of course,' said he, 'you are familiar with the chief

characteristic of that substance. It ignites instantly when brought into contact with water.' Within that little globe of potassium I have imbedded a pill of my own composition and discovery. The moment it is liberated from the potassium, it commences the work of decomposing the fluid on which it floats. The potassium at once ignites the liberated oxygen, and the conflagration of this mighty globe is begun.'

'Yes,' said I, 'begun, if you please, but your little pill soon evaporates or sinks, or melts in the surrounding seas, and your conflagration ends just where it began.'

'But,' sneered he, 'the elementary substances in that small phial, recreate themselves; they are self-generating, and when once fairly under way, must necessarily sweep onward, until the waters in all the seas are exhausted.'

'Rising from my seat I went to the wash stand in the corner of the apartment, and drawing a bowl full of Spring valley water, I turned to Summerfield and remarked, 'Words are empty, theories are ideal—but facts are things.'

'I take you at your word.' So saying, he approached the bowl, emptied it of nine tenths of its contents, and silently dropped the potassium coated pill into the liquid. The potassium danced around the edge of the vessel, tumbling, hissing and blazing, as it all goes does, and seemed on the point of expiring, when to my astonishment and alarm a sharp explosion took place, and in a second of time the water was blazing in a red, lurid column half way to the ceiling.

'For God's sake,' I cried, 'extinguish the flames or we shall set the building on fire!'

'Had I dropped the potassium into the bowl as you prepared it,' he quietly remarked, 'the building would indeed have been consumed.' Lower and lower fell the flickering flames, paler and paler grew the blaze, until finally the fire went out, and I rushed up to see the effect of the combustion.

Not a drop of water remained in the vessel! Astonished beyond measure at what I had witnessed, and terrified almost to the verge of insanity, I approached Summerfield and tremblingly inquired: 'To whom, sir, is this tremendous secret known?'

'To myself alone,' he responded, 'and now answer me a question, is it worth the money?'

It is entirely unnecessary to relate in detail the subsequent events connected with the transaction. I will only add a general statement, showing the results of my negotiation. Having fully satisfied myself that Summerfield actually held in his hand the fate of the whole world, with its millions of human beings, and by experiment having tested the combustion of sea water, with equal facility as fresh, I next deemed it my duty to call the attention of a few of the principal men in San Francisco to the extreme importance of Summerfield's discovery.

A leading banker, a bishop, a chemist, two State university professors, a physician, a judge, and two Protestant divines were selected by me to witness the experiment on a large scale. This was done at a small sandhill lake, near the sea shore, and separated from it by a ridge of lofty mountains, distant not more than ten miles from San Francisco. Every single drop of water in the pool was burnt up in less than fifteen minutes. We next did all we could to pacify Summerfield, and endeavored to induce him to lower his price and bring it within the bounds of a reasonable possibility. But without avail. He began to grow urgent in his demands.

The sub-committee soon commenced work amongst the wealthiest citizens of San Francisco, and by appealing to the terrors of a few and the sympathies of all succeeded in raising one-half the amount within the prescribed period. I shall never forget the woe begone faces of California street during the month of October. The outside world and the newspapers spoke most learnedly of a money panic—a pressure in business, and the disturbances in the New York gold room. But to the initiated there was an easier solution of the enigma. The pale specter of death looked down upon them all, and pointed with his bony finger to the fiery tomb of the whole race, already looming up in the distance before them.

Day after day I could see the dreadful ravages of this secret horror, doubly terrible, since they dare not divulge it. Still, do all that we could, the money could not be obtained. The day preceding the last one given, Summerfield was summoned before the committee, and full information given him of the state of affairs. Obdurate, hard and cruel he still continued. Finally, a proposition was started that an attempt should be made to raise the other half of this money in the city of New York. To this proposition Summerfield ultimately yielded, but with extreme reluctance. It was agreed in committee that I should accompany him hither, and take with me, in my own possession, evidences of the sums subscribed here; that a proper appeal should be made to the leading capitalists, scholars and clergymen of that metropolis, and that, when the whole amount was raised, it should be paid over to Summerfield and a bond taken from him never to divulge his awful secret to any human being.

With this he seemed to be satisfied, and left us to prepare for his going the next day.

As soon as he left the apartment, the bishop arose, and 'deprecat'ed the action that had been taken, and characterized it as childish and absurd.' He declared that no man was safe one moment whilst 'that diabolical wretch' still lived; that the only security for us all was in his immediate extermination from the face of the earth, and that no amount of money could seal his lips or close his hands. It would be no crime, he said, to deprive him of the means of assassinating the whole human family, and as for himself he

was for dooming him to immediate death.

With a unanimity that was extraordinary the entire committee coincided. A great many plans were proposed, discussed and rejected, having in view the extermination of Summerfield. In them all there was the want of that proper caution which would lull the apprehension of an enemy; for should he be an instant suspect treachery we knew his nature well enough to be satisfied that he would waive all ceremonies and carry his threats into immediate execution.

It was finally resolved that the trip to New York should not be abandoned, apparently. But that we were to start out in accordance with the original programme; that, during the journey, some proper means should be resorted to by me to carry out the final intentions of the committee, and that whatever I did would be sanctioned by them all and full protection, both in law and conscience, afforded me in any stage of the proceeding.

Nothing was wanting but my own consent. I asked the privilege of meditation for one hour at the hands of the committee before I would render a decision either way. During that recess the above argumentation occupied my thoughts. The time expired and I again presented myself before them. I did not deem it requisite to state the grounds of my decision; I briefly signified my assent and made instant preparations to carry the plan into execution.

Having passed on the line of the Pacific railway more than once, I was perfectly acquainted with all its windings, gorges and precipices.

I selected Cape Horn as the best adapted to the purpose, and \* \* \* the public knows the rest.

Having been fully acquitted by two tribunals of the law, I make this final appeal to my fellow men throughout the State, and ask them confidently not to reverse the judgment already pronounced.

## History vs. Romance.

WESLEY'S FIRST SERMON IN AMERICA.

The statement is published to the effect that a number of Methodist divines, together with some friends, proceeded recently to St. Simon's Island, Georgia, to visit and have photographed the venerable live oak under the umbrageous branches of which John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, preached his first sermon in America.

The live oak referred to, says the *Savannah Republican*, is a magnificent one, and has cast its shadow upon many a lively group in the flush times of St. Simon's, the Farmer's club house, to which all the islanders were accustomed to resort on one day of every week, having stood in immediate proximity. For its own sake as well as its social history, the tree should be photographed, for therein nothing approaching it on the Atlantic coast. But we never heard before that this monarch of the forest had a religious history.

The church of Frederica established by Charles Wesley, not John, was originally located, and still stands—a portion of its original timbers being yet incorporated with the oftentimes renewed buildings—in a beautiful grove of live oaks, some half a mile in the rear of the town on the site once occupied by the town, nothing of which remains but a few brick and tably ruins. John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, was occasionally at the Frederica settlement, aiding in the work of his brother—which, unfortunately, was not a very successful one—but his "first sermon in America" was not preached on St. Simon's. His first religious ministrations in this country were delivered on Tybee, on the arrival of the immigrant ship that bore him hither, and consisted of thanksgiving to God for the safe deliverance of himself and fellow passengers, having landed for the special purpose. This was in February, 1736. The party then came up the river, and John Wesley's "first sermon in America," according to his own private journal, was preached in the court house in Savannah, on Sunday, March 7, 1736, the text being the epistle for the day, the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians. We dislike to spoil a handsome little photographic speculation, but this is history.

FAT MEN.—It is a striking fact that most persons want to weigh more than they do, and measure their health by their weight, as if man were a pig, valuable in proportion to his heaviness. The racer is not fat, a good plough horse has but a moderate amount of flesh. Heavy men are not those which experienced contractors employ to build railroads and dig ditches. Thin men, the world over, are the men for endurance; are the wiry and hardy; thin people live the longest. The truth is, fat is a disease, and as a proof, fat people are never well a day at a time—are not suited for hard work. Still there is a medium between as fat as a butterball and as thin and juiceless as a fence rail. For mere looks, moderate rotundity is most desirable, to have enough flesh to cover all angularities. To accomplish this in the shortest time, a man should work but little, sleep a great part of the time, allow nothing to worry him, keep always in a joyous laughing mood, and live chiefly on albuminates, such as boiled cracked wheat and rice, and oats, and corn, and barley, with sweet milk and buttermilk, and fat meats. Sugar is the best fatterer known.

—A city miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plow for a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was at home—I do not know though, where he keeps his plow; but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "there is the cart in the yard; couldn't you plow with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

## The Latest Swindle.

For about a week past a few rough-looking sharpers from New York have been operating in the country, an exchange informs us, swindling the farmers, which is known as the cloth dodge. They went around by twos, and played their game in the following manner: One of the two would go to a house and offer for sale a piece of cloth at a very low price. If he sold the cloth there, his pal would reach the house soon after he left it, and ask the inmates whether a man had sold them any cloth. When the cloth was shown to the second comer he would instantly claim it, saying that it had been stolen from him; and the purchasers, to avoid being implicated in any trouble, would of course surrender the cloth, and lose what they had paid for it. It is said that these sharpers made Newburg, N. Y., their headquarters, but carefully refrained from practicing their little game there. Police officer Andrews has been watching them, not liking their looks, but not being able to bring anything directly against them until now. But they left town for New York the other night, leaving, it is said, some unpaid bills behind them. If exchanges will refer to the 'dark ways' of this gang of New York gentlemen, who live by their wits at other people's expense, farmers in other sections may be put on their guard against the swindlers.

Dr. KORUM IN THE LOUISIANA HOUSE.—A Senegambian "Legislator" in the Louisiana House of Representatives was called to order for what the speaker was pleased to term "a breach of decorum." The Senegambian, gentlemen, who had been listening to a speech by a Congo member, on the close of said speech, classically observed, "dat nigger is a dam liar, an' I'll row my boot down his front if he opens his cella' door on me again."

To this Chesterfieldian outburst, the speaker responded with his mallet, called order, and ventured to declare "the gentleman guilty of a breach of decorum."

"Br—br—breach ob de—who, sah? breach ob de who?"

"Breach of decorum, sir."

"Dar's no korum heah at all, sah, I see a qualified memba, sah, a setter heah for to do de business ob my constituency; an' if dat dam nigger foche his lies to dis assembly, I'll row a number seventeen boot into dat trap daah ob his, sah!"

After the indignant gentleman had thus given expression to his sentiments, the other gentlemen subdued, and the august assembly of lawmakers for the State of Louisiana went on with their important business.

How It was Discovered.—An alleged discovery of a cure for cancer from a specific derived from a plant which grows in Ecuador is exciting much interest in medical circles. A curious story is told of the manner in which the anti-cancer virtues of this plant were first discovered. For a long time previous to the discovery the plant has been regarded as a poison. Acting upon this belief, an Ecuadorian wife who desired to rid herself of her husband gave him a decoction of this plant in his drink. The fellow was already dying slowly of a cancer in his stomach, but her eagerness could not wait for the ordinary sequel in such cases. She applied the noxious distillation to his drink, and waited to see him fall at her feet. But instead of that the happy husband survived. The subtle essence benefited his cancer, and the fellow finally recovered from his disease to make known the blessing to the world.

—A commander in the Royal mail service found his steamer some thirty miles out of her course. He was sorely troubled, and could not account for the local attraction that had him so far out of the way. Instruments and calculations appeared equally fruitless. Sorely troubled, from having passed a sleepless night the captain went on deck after breakfast. Seeing a lady sitting (as was her custom) and working near the binnacle, it occurred to him that probably her seissors were resting on the ledge of it. Detecting nothing of the sort, and bent on closer investigation, he discovered her chair had an iron frame. It also reasonably flashed across him that the lady's ample crinoline was extended by steel hoops. So, mustering all his faculties, he exclaimed, with as much forgiveness and as little reproach as his tone as possible, 'Madam, you have, by your local attraction, drawn my ship some forty miles from her course!'

SIMPLE MUSIC.—How much greater is the power of an old song, with simple air and words, than of those more difficult and artistic ones which sometimes throw the professional musicians into ecstasies of delight. It may not be because there is more music or more feeling to them; but they are endeared to the hearts of the common people through familiarity, and associated with home scenes of love and affection, and appeal to sentiments and feelings that could not be awakened, no matter how artistic, or sparkling with gems of beauty.—When these have become familiar, and associated with the loves and joys of a lifetime, then they will also become 'household words,' and awaken the same feelings; but, until such is the case, the simple songs of yesterday will be the most popular.

—An Indiana husband, who was fond of trying experiments upon his wife, told her one day he was going down cellar to commit suicide. Down he went, and fired into a pork barrel. His wife kept right on with her knitting, and after waiting for some demonstration until he was tired, the man came up stairs, wearing the woman hadn't any feeling.

## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The tinker's divinity—Pan.  
A mere blind—A sun-shade.  
The infant's divinity—Wean-us.  
A pretender to the crown—a Chignon.  
Cheap out-of-door breakfast—a roll in the grass.  
A bad sign—To sign another man's name to a note.  
A woman's pride and a sailor's guide—The needle.  
Early training—Leaving town by the morning express.  
Men's idea of pretty woman—A thing of beauty is a toy forever.  
When is a soldier not a half soldier? When he's in quarters.  
Is it bigamy for a married man to become wedded to his opinions?  
A thief is now-a-days called an irregularity, and thief an irregular.  
The heart is the only thing that increases in value by being broken.  
Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.  
Adversity is a poultice which reduces our vanity and strengthens our virtue.  
Why are ships called sho—Because they always keep a man on the look-out.  
Opals are said to be the only kind of precious stones that cannot be imitated.  
A Nashville editor a few days ago published a seven-line puff for eight onions.  
Some people argue—very logically, too—it is impossible to keep your word if you give it.  
The reason we don't hear of girls giving the mitten now-a-days—they don't learn to knit.  
Mr. Quill observes that telegraphic operators should be wary men. An electric suggestion.  
Where a man's business is rapidly running down, it is time for him to think of winding it up.  
A country cattle tender insists that Shakespeare wrote: "Conscience makes cowards of us all."  
Running off with another man's wife is styled larceny in St. Louis. Patty (coat) larceny, probably.  
The marrying man of the period, in calculating his bride's dowry, adopts the rule of "dot" and carry two.  
A man in Kansas, to whose shoulder a lady laid a lash, didn't sue for damages because it was an eye-lash.  
In theatrical spectacles the liveliest young ladies are called to act as fairies, because of their spritely movements.  
Senator Chandler says that Senator Wilson leaks. As Chandler is always tight it is his privilege to rebuke Wilson.  
A lady said that before she was married her husband was riddle to her—but now he was an acrostic (cross stick).  
Horse sandwiches—two bunches of grass with an ear of corn between—are now sold in the grocery stores of New York.  
Jefferson Davis and General Grant in no way resemble each other. Jeff, "accepts nothing," Grant accepts everything.  
Why is the representative of a pen, ink and paper manufactory a great anomaly? Because he's a stationary traveler.  
The young ladies in New Haven are learning to play the violin. The idea of having four strings to their bow is fascinating.  
The report of a criminal trial makes one of the witnesses say: "I saw him round the corner." That must have been a circular saw.  
It is unjust to blame a man who doesn't advertise because his prices are high. He has to make them high because his sales are so small.  
A young lady hearing that cashmere sacks were very much worn, said she was glad she was in the fashion, for hers had two or three holes in it.  
The Chicago Journal has half a column on "How to Destroy Ants." But it doesn't even publish three lines as to how one can get rid of his mother-in-law.  
Franklin, on hearing the remark, that what was lost on earth went to the moon, asserted that there must be a deal of good advice accumulated there.  
"Development of species," said an old bird discounter, "don't talk to me about development of species. The only thing worth studying is the development of specie?"  
The colored preacher in North Carolina, who was notified that he must stop preaching, or stop stealing hogs, has concluded to stop preaching, as that would save talk.  
When an editor of a woman's rights paper speaks of "the most delicious, delightful, delectable, entrancing and distracting of innocent indulgences," he means a kiss.  
An Indian preacher asserted that no tobacco chewer could enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and his congregation has dwindled down to three women and a baby.  
When you begin to compose, you should be quite composed; and when you have completed a piece, try it on a piano, if it should prove too small, make a larger piece.  
A lady being asked whether she could keep a secret, replied, "Of course not, what is the good of knowing a secret unless you may immediately tell it to somebody else?"  
A Savannah paper tells a heart-rending tale about a man who recently became insane in consequence of having read all the speeches made in Congress since last December.  
Fifty six students of the University of Michigan who "boiled" a recitation to visit a traveling menagerie have been suspended. This is paying dear for seeing the elephant.  
People who drop into newspaper offices ought not to take a seat on an editor's table and play with the scissors more than half an hour at a time. It is discouraging to the employe.  
The Springfield Republican has discovered that the latest swindle in that town "is to wrap up an old iron screw in paper and pass it for a roll of pennies. It works well until the paper breaks."