

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., August 2, 1889.

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, said he, "Don't be afraid of givin'." "If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks, why what's the use of livin'?" And that's what I say to my wife, says I. "There's Brown, the miserly shiner, he'd sooner a beggar would starve than give a cent toward buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister is prime, he is, but I couldn't quite determine, when I heard him sayin' right and left, just who was hit by his sermon. Of course there couldn't be no mistake when he talked of long-winded prayin', for Peters and Johnson they sat and scowled at every word he was sayin'.

And the minister went on to say, "There's various kinds of cheatin', and religion's as good for every day as it is to bring to meetin'." I don't think much of the man that gives the loud amen at prayin', and spends his time the followin' week in cheatin' and overcheatin'.

I guess that dose was bitter enough for a man like Jones to swallow, but I noticed he didn't open his mouth but once after that to holler. "Herrah," said I, "for the minister—of course I said it, and you know it. Give us some more of this open talk, it's very refreshin' diet."

The minister hit 'em every time, and when he spoke of fashion, and riggin' 'em out in boys and things as women's rulin' passion, and comin' to church to see the styles, I couldn't help a wince. And a-muggin' my wife, and says I, "That's you, and I guess it sot her thinkin'."

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat, but man's a great creation, and I'm much afraid that most of the folks won't take the application. Now, if he had said a word about my personal mode of dress, I'd gone to work to right myself, and not set there a gramin'."

Just then the minister, says he, "And now I've come to my fellowers who've lost this shower by usin' their friends as a sort of moral umbrella." "Go home," says he, "and find your faults, instead of huntin' your brother's." "Go home," says he, "and wear the coats you tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged and Brown he winked, and there was lots of smilin', and lots of lookin' at our pew, and I set my blood on Jefferson. Says I to myself, "Our minister is gettin' a little bitter, I'll tell him when the minister's out that I am not that kind of a critter."

MRS. BUTTON'S LOVER.

"Eh!" said Mr. Velvton; "a serenade? What fair dancin' is to be made happy by the serenades?" He had walked unceremoniously into the quarters of his friend, Major Milliken, at the San Pielro hotel, at Long Branch, and surprised that gentleman in the act of preparing various and sundry sheets of music for different instruments. The major was in a becoming dishabille of wine-colored silk smoking jacket, tasseled Persian cap, and maroon velvet slippers.

"Yes," said the major, with his leaden pipe between his teeth; "I take the cornet solo myself; Jefferson does the flute; Wynnham is good enough to undertake the violin, and we have got a fat professional for the bass viol, who would really astonish you. He comes cheap, on account of not being able to speak the English language; but Jefferson spent a winter in Vienna once, and seems to make him understand very well. Would you like a piccolo or a French horn?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Velvton, lighting his cigar. "But you haven't told me yet who the serenade is for." "Miss Walsingham," said Major Milliken, complacently. "Velvton indulged himself in a long whistle." "Oh! I wouldn't," said he. "Eh! ejaculated the major. "It isn't worth while," said Velvton, assuming a mysterious air. "But she's worth seventy-five thousand dollars," gasped Major Milliken.

"Seventy-five thousand fiddle strings," said Mr. Velvton, supremely contemptuous. "Old fellow, you've been completely deluded—she hasn't a cent. It all belongs to old Mrs. Button, her aunt. Don't you understand? She—"

At this juncture, however, a bell-boy from the opposite hotel rushed in with a telegram for Mr. Velvton, which required immediate attention; and Major Milliken was left stranded among the sheets of music, a lover of Robinson Crusoe on a desert island of uncertainty.

Mr. Mark Antony Velvton did not come back. He left Long Branch by the next train, and the broken sentence never was finished.

"But it was a lucky circumstance," mused the major, "that he told me about Zuleima Walsingham before he went away; she is a pretty creature, but I'm not situated so I can afford to marry for love. And if it's old Mrs. Button that holds the purse strings, then I mean to go in for old Mrs. Button. If Mr. Ashmead Bartlett married the Baroness Burdett Coutts, why can't I do the sweetly sentimental Mrs. Button, who certainly is over 50, and a well-preserved woman at that?"

So, with a fickleness scarcely to be believed, Major Milliken began to pay particular attention to Mrs. Button. Zuleima Walsingham, a dewy-eyed young beauty, with long lashes, pink cheeks, and jet black hair "banged" over her very eyebrows, drooped a little at this sudden desertion.

"I—I thought he loved me," said Miss Walsingham, dabbing her eyes with her pocket handkerchief.

"Men are fickle, my dear," said Aunt Button, who was sitting herself in a dress of ruby velvet, with diamonds enough to set up the wardrobe of a Grand Mogul. "He has done everything but propose to me," said the fair Zuleima, with a sob.

"You didn't really care for him, did you, my dear?" said Mrs. Button, pausing, with one diamond ear-drop in her ear and the other balanced in her hand.

"Y-y-yes," faltered Zuleima, "I'm afraid I did, Aunt Button."

"Oh, you—goose!" said the old lady, emphatically.

"But he's so handsome!" said Zuleima. "And such fascinating manners I never did see in any man."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Button. "If girls will be such fools, I don't blame the men for imposing on 'em."

And Miss Button, considerate old lady that she was, never told Miss Walsingham that Maj. Milliken had transferred his roving affections—to all appearance, at least—to her substantial self.

"La, Major!" she had said, when the ardent lover laid his first offering—in the shape of a bouquet of tearose buds (twenty of them, at 25 cents each) at the red velvet shrine, "I don't understand this at all. I thought you was sweet on my niece, Zuleima Walsingham?"

"Do you suppose, Mrs. Button," said the major, dramatically, "that a man can worship a pale star, when the silver moon herself is in sight?"

"Well, I don't know about that," said Mrs. Button. "I never was much of an astrologist. But these roses are very nice and I'm sure I thank you kindly. As for the other thing, I suppose there ain't no law against young men changin' their minds, so long as they steer clear of breach of promise cases."

"There are times, Mrs. Button," said the major, pathetically, "when a man's heart is no longer under his control."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Button. The amateur serenading band made night melodious in the vicinity of Mrs. Button's window (the exact geography of which was ascertained by a bribe to the hotel porter), with "Al, mio cor," "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and such soul-seducin' ballads. By daylight, mysterious messengers brought baskets of hot-house fruits, carefully selected bouquets, French bonbons, and all the latest publications, with Major Milliken's care.

"Really," said Mrs. Button, "I don't know what to say."

"Then, dear madam," pleaded the ardent lover, "don't say anything. He took the old lady out to walk on the pier when the moon played; he read Jean Ingelow to her in the evenings until she fell fast asleep and snored; he drove her out on the Beach road, and haunted her movements like a highly-perfumed shadow, while poor Zuleima Walsingham mourned in secret. And at last the moment came in which he judged it wise and expedient to tell the story of his love."

Mrs. Button's proper name, however, was something of a stumbling block. "Loruhamah" was a mouthful for any one to speak. "Lor" was too suggestive of the "poor Indian," and "Lamah" did not seem at all appropriate. But "faint heart," the major told himself, "never won fair lady," and he plunged headlong into the sweet chaos of love-making, with a fortitude worthy of Curtius' self.

They were seated on the hotel piazza, in a sheltered corner, where the music of the band reached them, faint and far away, like a dream, and the tide of promenaders pressed them by without disturbing them. "Dear Mrs. Button," said the major with an effort, "I have something to say to you."

"Eh?" said Mrs. Button, fanning herself.

"May I call you Loruhamah?" he pleaded.

"Oh, yes, if you like the name," said Mrs. Button, "I don't."

"To me," said Major Milliken, "it is the sweetest name in all the world."

"Tastes differ," said Mrs. Button. "Loruhamah," said the major, feeling that he had lost ground, and making a fresh start, "I love you. Will you be mine?"

Mrs. Button opened her eyes very wide.

"You ain't in earnest, are you?" said she.

"Can you doubt me?"

"Just say it again," said the old lady, with one hand behind her ear.

"Dearest, will you be my wife?" shouted Maj. Milliken, feeling very uncomfortable, as he could not fail to perceive that the surrounding world was beginning to appear interested in the affair.

"Oh, I couldn't," said the old lady, "on account of Mr. Button, you know."

"Of—"

"Mr. Button—my husband," said the matron. "He's out to Leadville, you know, superintending the mines. But he ain't a Mormon. Neither am I. I'm obliged to you, all the same. And perhaps, now that you know it a n't any use coming phlunderin' around me, you'll go back to Zuleima Walsingham."

The dreadful old lady chuckled as she uttered the words in a key altogether higher than was in the least necessary, and Maj. Milliken, with one or two muttered words of excuse, caught up his hat and slunk out of the presence of the fair Loruhamah.

"Well, my dear, I've had a proposal," said the old lady to her niece that evening, "from Maj. Milliken. And I think you're pretty well quits with him now."

"Oh, I don't care for him any more, aunt," said Zuleima, "since Mr. Carew has become so devoted."

self alone; and Maj. Milliken lost two golden treasures instead of one. And Aunt Button felt that her niece was avenged nobly.

But that fat professional never was paid for his services on the bass viol. N. Y. Ledger.

Human Sacrifices in Africa.

The Horrible Rites That Followed the Death of the King of Eboe.

The steamer Congo brings news from New Calabar of a most revolting sacrifice. It seems that a few months ago the old King of Eboe died, and, as is customary in that part of the country, the traders from New Calabar went up to pay their respects to the new monarch. The traders were aware that for a short time after the old King's death the "Iu Iu" rites are performed, but they thought that these were over. The deceased monarch's name was Imphy, and to the honor of the English traders the "Iu Iu" ceremonies were at their highest when they entered Eboe Town.

The rites had been in operation for about two months, and about forty people had been slain to appease the "Iu Iu" gods. The old King was then King in a grave which had been dug for him. The hole was a large one and deep. Lying in the same grave were nine of the King's youngest wives, and their deaths had been brought about in the most cruel manner. Each of the poor creatures had both her wrists and ankles broken, so that they could neither walk nor crawl. In this state, and suffering the most excruciating pain, the unfortunate creatures were placed at the bottom of the grave, seven of them lying side by side. The body of the King was then laid on them in a transverse direction. The two remaining women were laid down by the side of the King, lying exactly like the monarch's body. No food or water was given to the poor creatures, who were left in that position to die. It is said that death did not, as a rule, take place for four or five days. Four men were stationed round the grave, armed with clubs, ready to knock back with their weapons any of the women who, notwithstanding their maimed condition, were able to crawl to the side of the grave.

In other parts of the town further human sacrifices were taking place. Suspended from various trees were the bodies of several men. These poor fellows were also enduring the most agonizing death. In most instances holes had been bored through their feet just by the ankles. Through the holes ropes were drawn, and the men were then tied to a high tree. Their heads were, of course, hanging downward. The men were then left to die. The traders, as they were proceeding along, were unwilling witnesses of a frightful sacrificial execution. They saw a number of natives in a group, and went to the spot to see what was taking place. To their horror the white men saw a native tied by the feet and neck. The rope attached to the neck was thrown over a tree in one direction, and the rope attached to the feet was tied to a tree in the opposite direction. The ropes were then drawn tight, and the man was stretched to his utmost length another native with a hatchet struck the neck and severed the head from the body. The head was taken to the grave where the King was lying, while the body was eaten by the cannibal natives. The white men could do nothing to stop the barbarous practices, as to interfere with these "religious customs" would not be tolerated by the natives, and the lives of the traders would have been in peril. They therefore made as quick a retreat from the town as they could. The traders learned that for each of the following ten months there was to be a sacrifice of seven men.—London Standard.

Pretty Hosiery.

A Chat About Things Dear to the Feminine Heart.

In nothing does the truly feminine soul so delight as in pretty hosiery. "Gloves and stockings are my weakness," frankly confesses one of the most exquisite of women. "I will get on with three gloves a year, but I must have well-fitting gloves and pretty stockings."

And she has. Nothing comes in the way of dainty novelty in this line that she does not add to her already generous store. In her enthusiasm she might almost be classed as a collector of this special line of womanly adornment. She is only one of a class, although she may be a little extreme.

"It costs me more, in proportion, for my boots, stockings and gloves than it does for the larger articles of my wardrobe," said a working girl the other day. "I can scribble in some things, but not in these."

How horrified a well-dressed woman would have felt a quarter of a century ago had it been proposed to her that she should wear a colored stocking. She would have considered that not only her good taste but her ideas of cleanliness had been outraged. Nothing was admissible but a pure white stocking, one on which not even a speck of dust should be seen. Fine and immaculate and sunny white, this was what the swinging skirt must show if inadvertently the ankle was exposed to view.

The first innovation came with the cream-tinted halbriggans, finished so finely that the surface had a silken look. These held their own for a long time. Then came introductory stripes of color on the cream-white, these stripes being very narrow, hardly more than a hair line, while the white stripe was very broad. By degrees the stripes widened and the color deepened, until, almost before the women were aware of it, they were wearing stockings of a solid color, and admiring them too, immensely.

Pale blue, pale rose and a soft French gray were the first innovations;

then came scarlet, navy-blue and seal brown, and by-and-by all these colors deepened into black, which took the place as the proper color for every-day wear. Now the black stockings seem to have a firm hold upon the affections of the wearers, as white had a few years ago. It is the exception when a woman is seen in anything but a black stocking in the street or at home in the morning.

Treatment of Trees and Vines After Bearing.

More attention is given the cultivation of fruit trees and vines before the fruit is borne than after the harvest, but it is not wise to allow the trees to be left to the mercy of grass and weeds until the next spring, and especially in this applicable to vines and canes. Old orchards that contain large trees may be seeded down with grass, provided fertilizers are applied, and the sod serves to protect the roots in winter. Young trees that have not made proper growth will be injured. The poorest strain to which a tree is subjected is that of making and ripening new wood. When fruit is borne the seeds are produced at a greater cost to the tree than the fruit itself, especially in the case of peaches, cherries and plums, which produce large pits.

VINES AND CANES.

The strawberry sends out large numbers of runners, and these runners derive their subsistence from the parent plant until they take root, and even then they rob the old plant to a certain extent. When the field is abandoned to grass and weeds the old and young plants are compelled to compete and struggle with the grass and weeds for food and moisture, and the whole bed is retarded to the extent to which the plants may be compelled to sacrifice plant food. The canes of the blackberry and raspberry which produce fruit next season are grown this year, and, in order to derive the largest yield of the next crop, the new canes should be made to grow and flourish before they are cut and fall. True, they must be cut back next season, but that does not alter the fact that they should be pushed forward and not be compelled to grow when surrounded with weeds.

The best crops of berries are obtained only from vigorous canes, and the majority of the preceding year's growth, and any drawback to the canes shows its effect in the crop.

CULTIVATION IN SUMMER.

After the berries are harvested the ground should be cleaned of grass and weeds and an application of wood ashes made. If the canes are too tall they may be pinched or cut back. The old wood need not be cut out until winter, though it would be an advantage to cut out the old wood and burn it as soon as possible, in order to destroy as many insects as can be caught harboring therein. One thorough cleaning of the field will be sufficient, and it will lessen the number of weeds next year. The young runners of strawberries will grow the larger if the bed is clean, and no better time for doing the work can be selected than during the months of July and August.

Don't Do It.

The following from the House-keeper, are as full of good points as a pin cushion:

"To spoil a wife's number in company, Domineer over her at home. Find fault with her in public. Try hard to keep the house tidy. Be extra cross when she is tired. Always have the last word yourself. Boss her about her own affairs. Never allow her to think her soul is her own. Never give in, even if you are wrong. Quarrel with her one day and humor her the next. Never lend a helping hand in her work when you know she is sick. Never offer to stay with the children so she can walk with a friend. Run bills for cigars whether she has a decent dress on her back or not. Vow vengeance on all her female friends, then scold because the butcher's and grocer's bills are so large. Give as much for billiards in a month as it would take to furnish the parlor; then tell her you can't afford it. Tell her as plainly as possible you married her to help make a living."

Now then, the panorama shifts a little, and "how to spoil a husband" comes into view:

"Henpeck him, snarl at him, and find fault with him. Keep an untidy house. Humor him; half to death. Boss him out of his boots. Always have the last word. Be extra cross on washdays. Quarrel with him over trifles. Never have meals ready in time. Run bills without his knowledge. Vow vengeance on his relations. Let him see the buttons on his shirts. Pay no attention to household expenses. Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet. Tell him as plainly as possible that you married him for a living. Raise a row if he dares to bow pleasantly to an old lady friend. Provide any sort of pick-up meal for him when you do not expect strangers. Get everything the woman next door gets whether you can afford it or not. Tell him the children inherit all their mean traits of character from his side of the family. Let it out sometimes when you are vexed that you wish you had married some other fellow that you used to go with. Give him to understand as soon as possible after the honeymoon that kissing is well enough for spoony lovers, but that for married folks it is silly."

A wad of chewing-gum and three trouser-buttons in the collection basket at the Saturday meeting of the Sunday School Assembly at Ocean Grove, N. J., aroused the ire of President E. H. Stokes, of the Grove Association. He made an analysis of the collection for that day, and found that of the 3,500 persons present \$15 gave 1 cent, 170 gave three cents, 380 gave 5 cents, 170 gave 10 cents, and only 12 gave as much as 25 cents each. The other 1,103 contributed the chewing-gum and buttons.

Bill Nye's Study of the Bee.

I love to study the bees, and at one time kept bees myself. I often think of what a late writer has said "that within so small a body should be contained apparatus for converting the various sweets which it collects into one kind of nourishment for itself, another for the common brood, glue for its cells, poison for its enemies, honey for its master, with a proboscis as long as the body itself, microscope in several parts, telescopic in its mode of action, with a sting so exceedingly sharp that were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle-point seem a quarter of an inch across, it would yet itself be invisible, and this, too, a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be included within half an inch of length and two grains of matter is surely enough to crush all thoughts of atheism and materialism."

The queen, during the propagating season, lays as high as 5,000 eggs in a day, and I have given much thought to the grafting of the queen bee upon the Plymouth Rock hen, with a view to better eggs facilities, but so far meet with little success. My experiments have been somewhat delayed by the loss of time in taking the swelling out of the bee character in his or her home life. A writer says the best way to ascertain the location of the queen is to divide the swarm, after which it will be noticed that the one having the queen will quickly settle down again, while the other portion will become very restless indeed. I tried this myself and noticed that they were restless to me. All of us got restless.

The drones are the male bees of the hive. They do no work except to act in a parental capacity and vote. They have no stinger, but in its place they have a good appetite and a baritone voice. They are destroyed by the workers soon after the honey season, and the widows have to fall their own way.

About nine-tenths of the live are workers or females, say twelve to fifteen thousand. These are the busy bees referred to in the books. They get up early in the morning, eat a hasty meal and go out looking for honey. They fly with great force and straight as a bullet. Sometimes they try to go through a man's hair way to a hive, but only get part way. A bee likes to have a tender young man with linen trousers to sit down on it.

Length Of Days.

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly states that some time ago he sent out 5,000 circulars to men and women over eighty years of age, asking for information concerning their habits. He received more than 3,500 replies, and some of the facts thus obtained are of considerable interest.

Five out of every six of the persons heard from have a light complexion, with blue or gray eyes. The men are bony muscular, while the women are the opposite. All state that they retire and rise early, and eat their three meals a day.

A few other points are worthy of notice. A large majority write that they habitually eat meat; two thirds use tea and coffee; some of the men use intoxicants, but not to excess, and the majority of the men use tobacco. More than half of these old people are farmers, or the wives of farmers.

Now what are we to infer from these interesting but not entirely satisfactory statistics? The returns appear to show that a bony, muscular man, with a light complexion, and blue or gray eyes, with regular habits, stands a good chance of passing the age of eighty. The moderate use of tea, coffee, tobacco and intoxicants will not stand in his way, but no rule of conduct can be laid down in regard to food and drink. Some of the old people whose cases are reported, lived to a good old age without eating meat or using tobacco or liquors.

If the reports prove anything it is that long life depends on the temperament and constitution of a person. Some habits are safe in the case of one person and yet are certain death to his neighbor. A man must find out the conditions which agree with him and be governed by them. But it should not be forgotten that the very course adopted to prolong life may sometimes destroy it. There are chances and probabilities, and sometimes most astounding exceptions. The man who takes the best care of himself may lose his grip on life when he is apparently at his best.

The Mail Service Of 1775.

When Benjamin Franklin was appointed postmaster-general of the Colonies in 1775 he went down to the office in Philadelphia, hung his coat on a peg which constituted the department, and went to work. He procured a small book of fifty three pages, in which he opened an account with each postmaster for the forty odd post-offices in the thirteen colonies and kept it himself. Unlike the present postmaster-general, the old Pennsylvanian was not bothered to appoint assistants, and as for clerks he did not have any. At odd times, and when he was feeling lonesome because some of the neighbors did not come in to bore him to Juniperville Franklin would go down to the city post office and assist to make up the mail, which went by stage coach every week. In a glass case in the post-office department the curiosity seeker can see the old leather bound book in which Franklin kept the accounts of the government. The transactions for three years—from 1776 to 1778, inclusive—are included in its fifty three pages and the mail transactions seem to have left but an insignificant figure. You can also see the record of the uncalled-for or misdirected letters that were returned for the eleven years from 1777 to 1788. The book covered forty-four pages, and during that time 365 letters were received. The number of letters returned to the dead letter office daily now averages 1,800.—Washington Post.

A GREAT TRIP.—First Chicagoan—"Did you enjoy your trip abroad, Miss. Globetrotter?" Second Chicagoan—"Oh, yes; it was full of events. I saw the Queen in April, danced with the Prince of Wales in May, chatted with Boulanger in June, and—I suppose you heard that my husband died in July?"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—A store in Atlanta, Ga., has been built entirely of paper.

—A 5-year-old child in Monson, Me., is said to speak three languages.

—Dr. Nansen, the explorer, says that the ice in Greenland is 6,000 feet thick.

—A Chicago baby that was born July 4 has been christened Gloria Columbia Ottery.

—Buffalo has completed the count and announces that 255,000 persons reside within her limits.

—There are 342,000 miles of railroad in operation in the world, of which 181,000 are in America.

—Bloomington, Ill., bakers have been cutting prices until they have got bread down to 2 cents a loaf.

—A Dakota farmer holds that the failure of the wheat crop is largely due to the work of the gophers.

—Sylvanus Jones, of Richmond, Va., is reported to have written 36,764 words in short-hand on a postal card.

—Rhode Weimar, of Shelbyville, Ind., caught a three-pound black bass the other day, and found in it a silver quarter.

—Hon. James A. Gilbert, of Syracuse, recently caught 150 bass in the St. Lawrence in less than two hours, using only a rod and reel.

—Joe Smith and John Thomas, of Brunswick, Ga., killed an alligator 10 feet long, which they estimated would weigh 350 or 400 pounds.

—A Jefferson City, Mo., man manages to make a living by following up picnic parties and gathering up the empty bottles which they leave.

—After two years work has been resumed on the Hudson river tunnel at New York City. The tunnel was begun in 1874 and may be completed in a year.

—A grizzly tried to capture a cow on the Flores ranch, near Santa Maria, Cal., last week. The cow and bear both went over a high bank and were found dead.

—A Cleveland man has just married again the woman from whom he was divorced ten years ago. Meantime he had married a second wife and became a widower.

—Captain A. C. Bell, of Americus, Ga., received a large turtle from Brunswick recently. It weighed 275 pounds. It was brought up from the depot on a dray and attracted a large crowd.

—The largest ship in the British navy, the Trafalgar, launched two years ago, has at last tried her engines, with success. She is 345 feet long, 73 feet beam, and 12,818 horse power drove her 17.28 knots.

—Judge Kentley, of Iowa, who has made a personal inspection of the schools of Alaska, reports that there are about 14 schools in the Territory, three of which are for white children, the rest being for natives.

—A Bombay newspaper announces two marriages, in one case the bride being aged 2 years, and in the other 15 months, while the bridegroom was 30. This is the system which Pundita Ramabai is struggling against.

—Prof. Flower exhibited at Lambeth recently the shell of a tortoise, which had lived 180 years, outstaying eight Archbishops. At Petersborough there are the remains of another tortoise which, when it died, was 180 years old.

—The irrepressible sea serpent has bobbed up again. This time at Cape May. The great monster had a square black head and was of immense proportions, with flappers, fins and feelers like a crab, and a most ugly sight to behold.

—The tallest chimney in this country is the new stack of the Clark Truck Company, at Kearney, near Newark, N. J. It is a circular shaft 335 feet high and 284 feet in diameter at the base. This chimney cost \$30,000, and contains 1,697,000 bricks.

—There is a gentleman living near Quitman, Brooks county, Ga., who never ate a morsel of bread or meat in his life. He subsists principally on fruits and potatoes. He weighs nearly 200 and was never sick longer than an hour in his life. He drinks a gallon of milk a day.

—Bluff old Captain Josiah Hendryx, of Decatur, Mich., who died a few days ago, had six children, all of whom died young, except one son. Then he did his full duty to society by adopting and rearing ten orphan children, giving them good educations and a fair start in the affairs of life.

—Martha Cobble, of Owensboro, Ky., a colored woman formerly a slave, has searched 40 years for her two sons who were sold to a New Orleans trader when they were 8 and 10 years of age. Recently she learned the whereabouts of both and was made happy by a visit from one of them.

—O. Erickson, of Muskegon, Mich., was the victim of a queer accident. He was milking one of his cows, when the animal made a swing with her head and drove one of her horns up through the roof of Erickson's mouth. The doctor says he had a narrow escape from instant death, but will recover.

—An Oklahoma back driver purchased two lots on the day after opening from men who decided that there would never be a city, and who were going away in disgust. For one he paid \$10, and for the other he traded a well-worn six-shooter. One of the lots he has since sold for \$1,100, and he is holding the six-shooter lot for \$1,500.

—The people of San Francisco expect to find themselves, ere long, at the end of an ocean cable, the other end of which will be fastened at Hawaii. To lay the wire, which must be 2,080 miles long, will cost, as estimated, \$1,500,000, and of this sum the Hawaiian Government and people will furnish a third.

—A curious strike is in progress at Rochester. The osteologists and taxidermists in Ward's natural science establishment, where Jumbo's skeleton was prepared, have stopped work, and as a result many rare birds and mammals being prepared for collections in different parts of the country are left partly mounted, and the loss will be severe.