

Democratic Watchman.

Belleville, Pa., Sept. 6, 1889.

THE ART OF PROSPERITY.

Tell me not that advertising
Is at best an empty dream,
For its charms are more surprising
(And everybody who has tried it wisely
and well will acknowledge that its effects
are far more astonishing)
Than its dull, old-fashioned practitioners
could ever dream.

And whosoever waits till then
Thou wilt find upon the whole,
Those who advertise in earnest
(Yes, we have only the glance at our
wealthy commercial firms and we shall
admit that those who do the thing properly
and honestly)
Soonest reach the wished-for goal.

Wouldst thou then a lesson borrow?
Wouldst thou know the royal way?
Advertise then so to-morrow
(You'll feel a little expense dread you; you
are merely casting your bread upon the
waters, and you will soon have the satisfac-
tion of knowing that each to-morrow
finds thee richer than to-day.)

Advertise then! No retreating!
Let the senseless croakers rave;
While your heart with hope is beating
(You will always find a lot of people in
every community who are blind to their
interests; but while you are making fame
and fortune)
They will find oblivion's grave.

Printer's ink will lead the battle—
Printer's ink, the balm of life.
Printer's ink—no din, no rattle—
(No, it does its work quietly; and in the
great war of competition, when judicious-
ly and thickly laid on, it always
leads the van amidst the strife.)

Advertisers oft remind us
We can make success sublime,
Struggle with man with weary brain,
Make our pile and leave behind us
(Exactly that's just where it comes in.
We not only feather our own nest, but
we provide for the prosperity and well-
being of generations yet unborn, and so
leave behind us)

What defies the touch of time
Seeing which, perchance another
Struggling man with weary brain,
Some non-advertising brother,
(A good example is always to be com-
mended, especially in the matter of ad-
vertising; and many a struggling busi-
ness man seeing the secret of another's
success)

May with wisdom try again.
Advertise then! Up and doing!
So avert a meaner fate;
And, the wiser course pursuing,
(You will find that you will soon be in a
position to look the world in the face if
you will only)

Learn to advertise and wait!
—New Zealand Times.

AN INDEPENDENT PAIR.

They Were Too Spirited to Marry to
Please Others.

"Philip," said old John Briggs to
his son, "you are twenty-eight years
old to-day."

"So the family record says, father,"
responded the elegant young gentleman
addressed. "I am disposed to place im-
plicit reliance upon it and on you."

"You have done nothing since you
left college but kill time."

"It is only retaliation in advance,
sir. Some day or other the old chap
with the scalp-lock and scythe will kill
me."

"You are so flippant. Since your
Aunt Priscilla left you five thousand a
year you have done nothing but spend
the money. Your income ought to be
enough for a single man, but you draw
on me, too."

"I'll try to draw on you less, sir."

"It is not that, Philip. You are
quite welcome to a check now and
then, for I know that you neither game
nor revel, and I don't mind your horse-
s, your club, your natural history
craze, nor your luxurious tastes. But
still you spend more money and get
less for it than most young men of
your age—have too much in fact."

"I don't find it too much, sir. In
fact, I was thinking what a graceful
thing it would be if you would double
it—a mere trifle to a gentleman of your
means. I have to use the most pitiful
economy, I assure you."

"Oh, that's it, eh? Well, there is a
mode to increase it very much. You
have heard me speak of Philander
Spriggs, of New York?"

"Money-lender and skindivert? I have
heard of him."

"Nonsense, Philip. He is a quite
worthy as well as very wealthy man,
and if he pretends to invest money in
short loans, what of it? I lend my
money, or some of it sometimes."

"But not at cent per cent."

"No matter. I don't propose that
you shall borrow of him. He has an
only child, a daughter, who will inher-
it all his vast property, just as you will
mine."

"Does she shave notes, father?"

"Phil, be kind enough not to indulge
in chaff. I have seen her and talked
with her. She is young, handsome,
well educated, and has good taste—a
society gentleman with domestic
tastes."

"Well, father, you are not so old,
and since you admire her so much, I see no
reason why—"

"Stop your nonsense and listen.
Spriggs and I had a talk over it when
I was in New York, and we have con-
cluded if you two come together, to
chip in equally and settle half million
on you on your wedding day. With
what have you'll do well enough
for awhile."

"But," demurred Philip. "I don't
like Spriggs for a father-in-law."
"Stout! I don't marry Spriggs."

"And the name! Think of it! Spriggs!"

"What of that? With marriage the
name is changed. I don't think she'll
gain much by it. Spriggs—Briggs!
Six of one and half dozen of the other."

"I'd like to oblige you, father. I
suppose I must marry some day; but it
will be some one I love; and then,
Philadelphia lies, in spite of a woman of
good family."

"Some one you love! How the deuce
do you know you'll not love her till you
see her? Good family! Of course you're
entitled to that. The peerage of Eng-
land is full of Viscount Briggs. The
Briggses are found in the Almanac of
Gotha among the erlauch families.
Your grandfather made \$300,000 in
hides and tallow, and if he had not in-

vested it in real estate that multiplied
itself more than ten fold before he died,
I should have been in the same busi-
ness to-day, and you in the counting-
room, or warehouse. Family, indeed!

You're a foolish boy, Philip, and your
aunt's legacy has ruined you."

"I wish, sir, there were a half-dozen
more old aunts to continue my ruin in
the same way. It is of no use getting
angry, father. You can't keep it up.
I'll take to anything you say—law,
physic, or divinity; sell my horses, drop
my club, read by the cubic foot, but to
marry—excuse me."

"See here, Phil," exclaimed the fa-
ther, who by this time was at white
heat, "you never knew me to break my
word. I merely ask you to marry for
your own good. I point out a wife in
every way suitable to you. Marry to
please me, and I will not only start you
fairly in life now, but leave you all I
have when I am gone. Marry to suit
some foolish fancy of your own and I'll
—yes, I'll found an asylum for idiots.
Now you understand me." And Briggs
marched off, leaving his son to his
meditations.

"If I stay here," said Philip to him-
self, "father and I will quarrel. Better
give the dear old gentleman a chance
to cool off. I'll realize a little."

That afternoon Philip packed a port-
manteau, and with a fishing-rod and
mineral hammer started off to Mont-
gomery county, where an old college
mate of his had married and settled,
one whom he had long promised to
visit. When he arrived there he learned
that Bondinot and his wife had gone
to Long Branch for the season, and their
servants with them, the house being in
charge of a care-taker. Philip heard
of good fishing in a stream four miles
off, and concluded to try it. He found
lodgings at a farm-house, near the
place, owned by a man named Seth
Cooper.

His quarters were quite comfortable.
The house was an old stone building
of ante-revolutionary erection, and was
roomy. He was assigned a chamber
upstairs, looking out on a trimly kept
garden, in which old-fashioned flowers
and pot herbs were grown side by side,
and which sent a pleasant fragrance
through the open window. The room
itself was adorned with pictures and
knick-knacks showing feminine taste,
and the bedstead was furnished with a
hair mattress, and not the bag of feath-
ers of the vicinage.

"Decidedly," said Philip to himself,
"there is another female on the prem-
ises than the substantial Dame Cooper,
and with some refined taste."

But neither that day nor that week
did he see any woman other than Mrs.
Cooper or the hired girl. However, the
cooking was good, the country air and
his walks round about gave him an
appetite, and he was content. He fish-
ed the stream closely, he rambled here
and there, hammer in hand and bag at
side, leaned on fences and talked with
farmers about "craps" and the weath-
er.

In a week's time the thing grew no-
totonous. The fish were not always
inclined to bite, good specimens in
quarries and *in situ* grew scarcer and
his stock of talk on farming was nearly
exhausted. He began to think of go-
ing to the Branch and hunting up
Bondinot. As he sat upon the veran-
da one afternoon debating the matter,
a wagon was driven up the lane and
stopped at the door. Lightly out step-
ped a young woman in a neat travel-
ing dress, and the driver followed her
with a large trunk, under which she
staggered, burly as he was. Mrs. Coop-
er came from the kitchen and ex-
claimed: "Why, it's Gwendy, I de-
clare!"

"You dear old Aunt Ruth!" said the
newcomer, hugging and kissing the far-
mer's wife. "I came to have a good
time for a month."

"And so you shall, my dear," was
the hearty reply.

Philip took an ocular inventory of
the looks, dress and manner of the
newcomer as he too of his hat. "A
sweet face and graceful figure and pre-
sented anywhere," was his internal
comment. "Here's luck. I shall not
visit the Branch yet."

"You have a boarder, aunt," said
the girl, when up stairs with Mrs.
Cooper.

"Yes. He's a Mr. Bee," said the
other. "It don't look as if he had any
call to work for his living, judging by
his white hands and his fix-ups, and he's
plenty of money."

"Bee? Then he isn't a busy bee.
But he's good looking; if he be agree-
able he'll do for a walking-stick."

Mrs. Cooper's mistake as to Philip
was natural enough. When she had
asked his name on his coming he had
said, in his airy way, "Philip B., at
your service," and she had taken the
sound of the initial for his surname.

After she had called him Mr. Bee, se-
veral times Philip saw the blunder,
smiled at it, and, as the naval officers
say, "made it so;" and when Gwendy
came to the table she was introduced,
"Miss Gwendy, Mr. Bee." As she was
the niece, he concluded her name to be
as Miss Gwendy, and the farmer's
wife as Gwendy, Philip chose the more
respectful of the two.

As Philip was a gallant young gen-
tleman, and as the young lady was
charming in manner, he naturally paid
her much attention. When a young
man and a young woman are thrown
together under such circumstances it
is not unusual for a flirtation to follow.
It is generally a foregone conclusion.

Philip soon learned that "Gwendy"
was diminutive of Ewellian, and not
of the more stilted Gwendolme, which
interested him. Philip's mother had
been a Powell, with Welsh blood in her
veins, and bore the same name. This
latter Ewellian was a mystery to him.

For the niece of a rather coarse farmer
—for Cooper, though a worthy man,
was the reverse of refined—she display-
ed unquestionably gentle manners. Then
she showed a fair knowledge of any
subject touched upon in conversation.

What was she—a teacher? She had
not the look nor the way of a school
ma'am. A governess? Possibly. If

so, in a good family. But her belong-
ings were not of the second-hand kind.
Philip had a keen eye for female ap-
parel. Her lace was of the rarest; her
gloves were perfect and of the newest,
her dresses were pretty and well-fitting,
though quite in tone; and though she
displayed little in the way of jewelry,
the stone that sparkled on the head of
a lace-pin was unmistakably a diamond.
She had been well cultured and every
word and action showed a purity that
fitted her name.

On the other hand, Philip was as
much a mystery to the young girl.
He was a gentleman beyond doubt.
But what was he doing there, a man of
culture, refinement and aesthetic tastes,
in that farm house? He had said noth-
ing of Bondinot, which would have ex-
plained it. With a little affectation of
the cynicism which did not ill become him,
the man was as clear as water, frank as
air. But why did he loiter there with
no apparent purpose? The girl did not
first deem that she was the attraction,
but it came to her after five weeks,
and she grew shy, and her shyness for
the last week of her stay infected Phil-
ip, who became shy too, and lost all
ease. At length she announced to
Mrs. Cooper that she had to return
home, and that her father, who was in
Philadelphia visiting a friend, had re-
turned, and for her on the following
day, and his friend with him. Philip
heard this with a depression that told
him he had met his fate and that it lay
in the power of this girl to make him
happy or miserable for life.

All the night that followed, Philip
lay and tossed restlessly. He could not
sleep. He felt that his father would
be good as his word, but he would
win a wife then or never. Near morn-
ing he arose, dressed, and set at the
window until the sun showed itself.
Then he slipped out of the house and
strolled toward a glen a few yards off,
intending to remain until he heard
the breakfast bell. It had been a fa-
vorite haunt of the two, and yet for the
last few days both had avoided it. He
made his way to a mossy rock which
formed a sort of rustic seat, and there
he saw—Gwendy.

"Miss Gwendolyn!" he exclaimed.
She rose with a rather embarrassed
air. "I rested badly last night, Mr.
Bee, and I came out at day break. I
have been here ever since. The morn-
ing air seems to refresh me."

"I have the same experience," he
said; "I have rested badly, or rather
have not rested at all. I—"

She looked up inquiringly, and at
something she read in his eyes, drop-
ped her own, while a flush overspread
his face and neck.

"Gwendy!" he said, desperately, and
took her hand. The fingers trembled
in his, but were not withdrawn.
"Enny, darling," he said, "are we to
part to-day? Do you know that I love
you dearly?"

"Do you—Philip?" she murmured;
but she did not look up.

"Gwendy," he said, "I have been
sailing under false colors, but innocent-
ly enough. I have a way among my
gentlemen friends of using my initials,
and so I am called among them P. B.,
or Mr. B. When your aunt asked me
my name I said Mr. B. and I did not
care to undeceive her; but I desire no
concealment from you, unless you do
not care for me. Then we will part as
we met; but I shall be changed."

He waited for a reply. There was a
slight tightening of her fingers on his
as she half whispered:

"You must know that I care for you,
Philip."

"Now, darling," said the exultant
Philip; "you must let me speak to your
father to-day."

"I fear you may find him rather ob-
stinate," she said. "He sets an undue
stress on the matter. He has a son in
society and that I am able to maintain
myself. I have means of my own, and
have—well I may say I had, great ex-
pectations; but my father, who is sev-
eral times a millionaire, has taken into
his head to fit me with a wife. I pre-
fer to choose for myself. If you will
be content to share what I have, Philip
Briggs does not care for more."

"Briggs—Philip?" cried Gwendy, re-
leasing himself from his grasp and
looking at him wonderingly. "Is your
father's name John?"

"Yes."

"And he lived in Philadelphia?"

"Yes."

Gwendy burst into a peal of silvery
laughter.

"Do not feel vexed, Philip," she said
at length. "I am only laughing at
the similarity of our positions. My
father chose a husband for me in the
same way, and it was to escape discus-
sion of the matter that I took these few
weeks' rustication. Mrs. Cooper is my
old nurse, and I have called her 'aunt'
from the time I could toddle around.
She was married from my house. Her
husband was very little money, and
father bought them this farm and
stocked it. But, oh! think, Philip, dear,
how your father and mine will chuckle!
You are Philip Briggs, and I—I am
Gwendolyn Spriggs!"—*Boston Advertiser.*

THE WORLD SUFFERED BY COMPAR-
SON.—Committee on (ordering badges
for the graduating class of Columbia
College).—"The design is to include a
graduate in uniform and a representa-
tion of the world in relief." Jeweler.

"How large would you like the figure?"
Committee on—"Oh, make the gradu-
ate about two inches high. And the
world about half an inch in diameter."
—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

—A very peculiar ailment has broken
out among the inhabitants of Peru, Ind.
It is the result of the string of an insect
which resembles the ordinary house fly,
though a trifle larger. The patients do
not feel the bite, but after 24 hours the
parts which have been bitten become
swollen and feverish, and there is the
most intense pain, indicating blood-poison-
ing. Some of the patients have lain
for days in the most critical condition
and fatal results are anticipated in some
cases.

Review of Fashions.

Nowadays Style is Said to Take Prece-
dence of the Material.

In the days when fashions were re-
stricted by more conservative ideas,
the material of the costume was the
principal and all important point to be
decided; the style in which it was to
be made was already fixed, and the
adventurous fair one who ventured to
suggest a change from the prevail-
ing mode was looked upon as little
short of revolutionary in her ideas.

To-day the style takes precedence of
the material in importance; and she
who is the fortunate possessor of "fairy
fingers" to successfully carry out in
simple materials the ideas of an artistic
brain, is usually voted the "best
dressed" woman in any assemblage,
rich fabrics and elaborate garnitures
counting nothing in comparison to ar-
tistic effect.

If one possesses artistic taste in dress
but not the means to indulge in expen-
sive materials, the soft challies and
veilings and other inexpensive goods of
the same class offer ample opportunity
for the exercise of individual fancy,
and a pleasing combination of tints,
the graceful arrangement of the drap-
ery, the fortunate disposal of the gar-
niture, or the use of some simple de-
vice to heighten a natural charm or
render a shortcoming less noticeable,
will often impart the *chic*, the individ-
uality, to what might otherwise rank
as an ordinary dress.

There is always safety in selecting
plain materials, from an artistic as well
as an economical point of view. Plain
goods are becoming alike to sleet.
Sleer and fully developed figures, and un-
less the color is very pronounced,
or distinctly a fancy of a particular
season, it will not be noticeably old-
fashioned the next. A favorite com-
bination of colors this season (and one
that is very generally becoming) is
green and gray in all tints. Usually
the same grade of shades is used, pre-
ferably soft, undecided tints; but a
light shade of gray with a dark shade
of green, or *vice versa*, is not unusual.
Cream-white and the more decided
cream-color are also associated with
light gray and green, and the effect
is often enhanced by the judicious ap-
plication of gold or silver soutache on
the white, which, as a rule, is chosen
for the accessories only—a short
V-shaped piece back and front on the
full waist, like a yoke, V-shaped cuffs
on the full sleeves, and for facing the
foundation skirt, which is disclosed at
one side by the looping of the drapery.

The drapery looped at one side of
the front in the simple fashion made
familiar to us by the pictures of Mar-
guerite is a general favorite for sum-
mer costumes, and young ladies fre-
quently copy the entire design (the
plain waist with its full guimpe, high
frill about the throat, and puffed sleeves)
which is easily and effectively repro-
duced in the plant silk, wool, and silk-
and-wool fabrics that possess the addi-
tional merit of being inexpensive.

Changeable tafteta silks, either plain
or with fine stripes, are made into
quaint-looking gowns with a rather
seam skirt made of straight breadths,
and a round full waist with shirred
or gathered neck and full sleeves; and a
long sash of solid-colored silk, undecor-
ated the most prominent shade in the
dress goods, with fringed ends, is tied
around the waist and has a long-looped
bow at the back. The foot of the
skirt is bordered with a full pinked
ruching of the same color as the sash,
or the two or three colors in the change-
able silk are combined in it, the lighter
color in the center.

Quaint fichus made of a square of
plain brocaded lawn, mull, or net
edged with lace and folded diagonally,
furnish graceful drapery for untrim-
med waists, and, as they are very gen-
erally becoming, are very popular.
The back corners are rounded, and the
front corners are usually tucked
inside the wide belt or sash. Marie
Antoinette fichus are also revived.

Demorest's Monthly.

Bank Of England.

Something About the Rich Old Lady of
Threadneedle Street.

A recent trial in London, Eng., in
which the conversion of a New York
draft into Bank of England notes formed
a perfecting link in the chain of evi-
dence by which the prisoners were convicted,
suggested to the New York Graphic a
series of articles on the bank method
with regard to its issue.

The paper on which the notes are
printed is made by a private factory in
Yorkshire under strictly guarded condi-
tions as to the water-mark, which is so
conspicuous a feature. It is of silver
white and so strong that it will sustain
fifty pounds in weight when suspended
at the corners. The printing is perform-
ed at the bank in Threadneedle-street, in-
cluding the signature of the nominal
maker of the draft. The drafts or notes
used formerly to be signed by assistant
cashiers, but the issue eventually became
too large to admit of a sign manual be-
ing used, so printing was substituted.

Each individual note as soon as issued
has its number, letter, date and denomi-
nation placed to its debit in a ledger ac-
count, the per contra being filled on the
return of the note, perhaps the next day.
Some years ago some £1 notes issued in
the middle of last century were handed
in for payment. A reference to the
ledger of that date showed the credit side
of the note with corresponding num-
bers to be open, so the drafts were duly
honored.

The lowest denomination now issued
is of £5, the highest of £10,000. A no-
table feature of the Bank of England
note, when compared with that of other
issues and countries, is its crispness and
clearness. The simplicity of design and
clearness of lettering and figuring are
very conspicuous. The reason why we
never find tattered and foul Bank of
England bills or bank notes, as the Eng-
lishman prefers to call them, arises from
the custom of the bank never to issue one of
its notes a second time. This rule is so
scrupulously observed that should a thou-
sand notes of £5 each issued in the
morning in exchange for gold at the is-

sue department come into the hands of
the banking department as a customer's
deposit in the afternoon, possibly with-
out having been untied they would be
immediately canceled. This cancella-
tion is performed by tearing off the sig-
nature corner of each note, the number
and date being first recorded by the re-
ceiving clerks on his counter cash book.

The mutilated bills at the banking de-
partment are collected at short intervals
by a clerk from the accountant's depart-
ment, where they are assorted into their
respective denominations and placed to
their individual ledgers. They are then
stored, and after ten years' interval
consigned to the flames.

The detection of the forged bank note
is almost inevitable under this system.
Simply to imitate the paper is difficult,
the best imitation being readily percep-
tible to a practical touch. To counter-
feit the printing is almost impossible,
owing to the absence of complexity to
confuse the eye, and a third reliance for
the paying teller as he rapidly scans the
notes before shoveling out the gold in
exchange is a peculiarity known only to
the initiated.

Should a forgery slip through these
guards the number and dates and den-
omination must all correspond with the
ledger entry, and should all these agree
the chances are that the legitimate note
will have already filled up the bank.

It is the rule in all London banking
houses and in most private establish-
ments to record the date and number of
every bank note passing through their
hands, together with the name of the
person presenting it. The Bank of
England, moreover, requires the endorse-
ment of the holder of every note or par-
cel of note presented for exchange for
gold or for notes of other denominations.
This system greatly facilitates the detec-
tion of fraud, and in the case which gave
occasion to these remarks was the direct
means of establishing the prosecuting
attorney's theory.

The actual cost of each bank of Eng-
land note issued is about five cents. An
ordinary day's issue of notes with a cor-
responding number of canceled, is from
20,000 to 30,000, but when a forgery is
known to be afloat all of that particular
denomination are poured in by their
holders for exchange or redemption, and
as many as 80,000 notes under such cir-
cumstances have been presented and
canceled in one day.

An offset to this expense the yearly
gain to the bank in notes destroyed by
fire and water amounts to a large sum,
which, however, is taken into account by
the Government when adjusting its Na-
tional debt and exchequer arrangements
with the bank.

The "Old Lady of Threadneedle
Street," as the Londoner lovingly calls
the institution, which next to his Queen
he most deeply reveres, is very liberal
when dealing with cases of notes destroy-
ed or mutilated. The secretary's office at-
tends to these matters, and there may
be seen daily remnants of notes which
have undergone every conceivable ordeal
short of absolute destruction.

Little pulp masses that have passed
through the digestive apparatus of dog-
s and children, half burned pieces
that have unwittingly done duty at el-
ectric lighters, remnants of every kind
of which enough is left to indicate in the
faintest degree the original worth—all
receive full consideration and the owners
lose nothing. Even the total destruc-
tion when good security against possible
mistake is given.

Some Millionaires' Incomes.

A Cleveland, Ohio, correspondent
writes that Mr. H. M. Flagler said a
short time ago that Mr. John D. Rocke-
feller's income had reached \$9,000,000
a year. This startling statement from
a man so well informed as Mr. Flagler
regarding the affairs of the Standard
Oil Company was the basis of a care-
ful inquiry among brokers and well-
informed financiers as to the wealth of
Clevelanders generally, and it can be
safely said that there are no less than
sixty-three millionaires within the
limits of the Forest City, to say noth-
ing of immense estates owned jointly by
heirs.

Mr. Flagler's statement regarding
Mr. Rockefeller's income would make
the head of the great Standard Oil
trust worth \$150,000,000 on a 6 per
cent basis. He said his own income
was \$3,000,000 a year, and estimated
Col. Oliver Payne's wealth at about
\$22,000,000.

But the Standard Oil people are
not the only wealthy residents of Cleve-
land whose holdings are represented in
seven and eight figures. Selah Chan-
berlain is worth \$16,000,000, most of
which is invested in the best of railway
securities, and the S. V. Harkness es-
tate is valued at a short time ago be-
tween Mrs. Anna M. Harkness and
three sons, is said to have footed up
\$28,000,000. The combined wealth of
Jephiah H. Wade and his grandson
Homer Wade, who has already inher-
ited an immense fortune, is certainly
not less than \$7,000,000.

He Knew the Owner.

The late Judge Walker, of Aurora,
Ind., was, it is said, the personification
of pomposity. He was proud of himself,
of his family, and of all his possessions.
Illustrative of this trait of character a
story is told of the old Judge. Shortly
before his death he built a splendid man-
sion on the high hill back of Aurora.
Judge Walker was inordinately proud
of this house, which could be seen for
miles up and down the river. One day
he was returning home by steamer from
Cincinnati. Judge Walker no sooner
caught sight of his residence than his
whole attention was fixed upon it. He
wondered if every eye else appreciated
the beauty and striking location of the
house. Finally he walked up to a stranger
and said: "I beg pardon, but—ah—
can you tell me who is the owner of that
—ah—palatial and beautiful mansion on
the hill?"

"Yes, sir," replied the stranger,
promptly.

"That old barn belongs to Judge
Walker, the biggest fool in Indiana, al-
though he thinks himself a sage." The
Judge's curiosity was entirely satisfied.

THE REASON.—"What is the matter
with Hellowly, Brownly? He used to
be one of the quietest men going; now I
hear he is in constant hot water with
his neighbors." "Well, he bought a dog
a few weeks ago."—*Boston Courier.*

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—There are 170,000 Mormons in
Utah Territory.

—Maine has a baseball club called the
Pennecessewasee.

—A Maine man has raised a blue pig,
which he will exhibit at the State Fair.

—A watermelon was raised by D. M.
Reaves, of Chico, Cal., that measured
53½ inches by 33 inches.

—Nearly every vessel clearing from
San Diego, Cal., nowadays, carries from
10 to 11 tons of honey.

—The town of Milford, Conn., is cele-
brating the two hundred and fiftieth an-
niversary of its settlement.