

# Democratic Watchman

Terms, \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

Bellefonte, Pa., October 11, 1889.

P. GRAY MEEK, - - - - - EDITOR.

## Democratic State Ticket.

FOR TREASURER,  
EDMUND A. BIGLER,  
OF CLEARFIELD.

## Democratic County Ticket.

For Associate Judge—THOS. F. RILEY.  
For Prothonotary—L. A. SCHAEFFER.  
For District Attorney—J. C. MEYER.  
For County Surveyor—GEO. D. JOHNSON.  
For Coroner—Dr. JAMES W. NEFF.

## Does Not Deny and Cannot Explain.

The Republican ring organ is twisting and turning in every direction to avoid any explanation of the mismanagement of the county finances by the Republican Commissioners. If it is asked to explain what became of the \$2,797.60 of taxes collected for the people of the county last year for State purposes in excess of the amount paid out, and which has never been accounted for, it answers that the editor of the WATCHMAN was "disloyal" during the war! If it is asked why the pledge given the taxpayers, to run the county on a two mill tax if they should elect Republican commissioners, is not carried out, it answers that the editor of the WATCHMAN always was a "copperhead and traitor!" If it is asked why the Republican Commissioners had to increase the taxes of the people of the county the present year \$6,268, as the increased valuation shows they have done, it answers that the editor of the WATCHMAN is a "red-handed rebel" and "political pirate!"

Possibly the organ and the Republican ring that is backing it, imagine that this manner of treating questions that are affecting the pockets of every taxpayer in the county, is entirely satisfactory, and that the farmers and others who are being robbed by the present management care more about having the editor of the WATCHMAN denounced to the full extent of its meager vocabulary, than they do to have an honest and fair understanding of what is becoming of their money, why it is being squandered, or why it is necessary to increase their taxes.

If these things can be explained, why does the Gazette fail to give the facts as asked for? Why does it keep on howling about almost everything on the face of the globe, and remain deathly silent about matters of so such vital importance to the taxpayers of our county?

Does it deny that \$2,797.60 of the money collected last year as State taxes is missing?

Does it deny that it pledged the people of the county that their taxes would be but 2 mills on the dollar if a Republican board of commissioners were elected?

Does it deny that the present year's taxes have been increased \$6,268 by increased valuations?

If it cannot deny these facts, and refuses, as it does, to try to explain any of them, what right has it to ask any voter to cast his ballot to continue the rule of a little ring that has shown its disregard for the interests of the taxpayers, as the Republican ring that is now running this county has done?

## About Those Pictures.

It will be remembered that immediately after the nomination of the Republican county ticket the *Keystone Gazette* published in its columns pictures of two of the most important nominees—FLEMING and GRAY. The time intervening between the nomination and the portraits being so brief—scarcely more than twenty-four hours—the prompt appearance of those campaign embellishments was generally regarded as a suspicious circumstance, indicating that in the case of the Prothonotary the editor of the ring organ understood beforehand whom the ring was going to nominate, and upon such previous knowledge had the cut ready to accompany the announcement of the nomination. This was a most natural conclusion, for there wasn't time enough to get that picture prepared unless there was a foreknowledge as to whom it was to be prepared for. The suspicious look of the thing was the subject of general remark, the impression being that FIEDLER got a tip from the ring master as to the personnel of the ticket, and knew in advance what physiognomies would fit the case.

There being such strong circumstantial evidence, and everything pointing to ring work in this matter, we called attention in our issue of the 13th of September to the tale told by these pictures. It pointed to no other conclusion than that FIEDLER prepared the Fleming picture from his knowledge of the choice the Bellefonte manipulators were going to make for Prothonotary.

This view of the case we expressed on the 13th of September, and after waiting three full weeks the ring organ came out with a denial that it had the Fleming cut prepared on the strength of its knowledge that the ring was going to nominate him, declaring that it also had a picture of Mr. MATTERN prepared. It alleges that Mr. MATTERN told us, after our strictures, that the *Keystone Gazette* had prepared to do the square thing with him in the picture business, it having provided itself in that line for any emergency, and it makes the charge that we were not honest enough to come out in our columns and acknowledge that we were wrong in charging ring work in the nominations as indicated by the pictures, after what Mr. MATTERN had told us.

Well, to make this story short, we will say that when a newspaper waits for nearly a month before denying a charge against it, there is considerable reason to believe that the charge wasn't entirely without foundation. And, as to what Mr. MATTERN said to us about this matter, we are fully justified in saying that he gave it to us as his belief that the ticket was gotten up by the Bellefonte ring, of which the *Keystone Gazette* is the organ, and no other inference can be drawn than that FIEDLER understood the plan of the ringsters.

## Something Interesting.

There can be no question that if the ring organ should publish the full text of the last grand jury's report it would furnish to its readers something that would interest them a good deal more than the portraits of ring-made candidates. There is nothing interesting in the pictures of nominees who owe their places on the ticket to the wire-pulling of political tricksters. Their appearance in a ring sheet merely indicates the subserviency of a party to bosses who set up and pull down candidates at their pleasure and to serve their own selfish ends.

Independent voters can't take any interest in such pictorial productions, although the organ boasts that it keeps an assortment of them on hand to meet any emergency. But its readers would like to see in its columns a full account of what the grand jury had to say about the condition of the county buildings. This is a practical question that concerns every taxpayer, particularly after it was promised that if the county affairs were placed in the hands of a Republican board of commissioners there would be a general inauguration of reform.

Master Workman POWDERLY some months ago impressed very forcibly upon the Knights of Labor the benefit that a protected ballot would be to them. If he should be a little more explicit in telling his followers that BOYER and his Republican house of representatives recorded themselves against ballot reform and thereby antagonized a measure that is of so much importance to working people, his deliverance on this subject would amount to something more than a glittering generality.

The Democrats on Tuesday made a clean sweep in electing the city officers of Indianapolis. The first Democratic mayor since 1874 was elected, and the 776 Republican majority at the last city election was changed to a Democratic majority of 800. This is the sort of greeting that his native city sends to the incumbent in the White House after five months of administration run on the spoils principle.

## A Drunken Tailor Nearly Disembowels His Brother-in-Law.

MILTON, Pa., Oct. 4.—A highly exciting affair occurred here this evening. John Oberlin, a merchant tailor of this place, attempted to kill his wife and her brother and sister, Charles and Hannah Cox, the latter two narrowly escaping with their lives. Hannah received a bad gash in the hand and Charles was seriously cut in the abdomen, a wound about two inches long being inflicted, through which his stomach protruded. Oberlin has the reputation of being a peaceable man when sober, and it is said that his wife is very quarrelsome and abusive with him when he is in liquor. His attempt to kill his family is attributed to this cause. Oberlin is a member of the Police Force of Milton, and W. H. Johnson, of Williamsport. The probabilities are that there will be no prosecution, unless the wound of Charles Cox proves fatal. The injured man is a brother-in-law to Attorney Dan Cox, of Lewisburg.

George D. Green, a Duncannon youth of eight years, jumped on to a wagon a few days ago, and after riding some distance was told by the driver to get off. In attempting to do so he caught on the iron rod that is used to fasten the endgate, which protruded at the side of the bed about four inches, running the entire length into his thigh and making an ugly gash about four inches long and into the bladder. He hung helplessly on the end of this iron rod until lifted off, when the boy walked to his home, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, only to sink at his mother's feet through exhaustion. His death followed forty-eight hours thereafter.

## Republican Outlawry in the South.

For years, in fact ever since the disgraceful failure of Republican carpet-bag rule in the South, the Republican papers and Republican speakers have made it a business to charge directly to Democratic influence or to the Democratic people of that section all the outrages, crimes or lawlessness that have been committed in any of those states. When sifted out and hunted up, the facts in these Southern outrages and Southern lawlessness put the shoe on the other foot entirely. From the following which we get from an exchange, the political statements of which any one can verify by referring to the election returns of the counties named, the reader will see that the chief obstacle in the way of the maintenance of order in most of the lawless sections of the South is the character of the Republican population within them. The counties in which most of these Southern outrages reside are Republican; the criminals themselves are Republicans, and the failure to enforce the laws, punish crimes or prevent the lawless acts, of which we have for years heard so much from the Republican press and stump, is due entirely to the refusal or failure of Republican sheriffs, Republican juries and Republican judges to do their duty.

Every county in Kentucky into which it has been necessary for the Governor to send troops to restore order and protect the courts is a Republican county. If there be any exception to this it has escaped our attention and we will promptly make this correction if we are informed of our mistake. The statement is important enough to be repeated, that every county in Kentucky where disorder and assassination have gone to such lengths that only the military forces of the State could restore quiet and protect life and property is a Republican county.

Byrd County was the scene seven years ago of the riots and lynchings at Ashland and Catlettsburg, which put to a severe test the power of the State authorities to maintain order and administer justice. This county has been Republican for years. Blaine and Harrison each got a majority of 229 in the county. The Democrats carried it in the August election and we hope this was a victory for law and order as well as for the Democratic party.

Bell County has been repeatedly disgraced by acts of individual and family violence. Two or three members of the Colem family, from which the Republican last summer took their candidate for Secretary of State, have been the leading actors in these tragedies. Bell County gave a large majority for Blaine and last year it gave Harrison 928 votes, for Cleveland only 279.

The Hatfield-McCoy vendetta was fought out in this county and the neighboring part of West Virginia. The trial of several members of the Hatfield gang was concluded at Pineville, the county seat of Bell County, on the 3d of last month and resulted in one sentence to the gallows and four to the penitentiary for life. It is hoped that this will end the feud that has been raging for two or three years.

Rowan County has been the scene of many family feuds and personal quarrels. More than almost any other county in the State it has earned for Kentucky the reputation it has in the North. Three or four years ago the State troops were obliged to fire on the mob. Rowan County cast its vote for Blaine and Harrison.

Harlan County is a Republican stronghold. In 1884 it gave Blaine 650 and Cleveland 217. In 1888 it gave Harrison 897 and Cleveland 211, a large Republican gain. Last August there was a fresh outbreak of the Howard-Turner feud in the county, and Judge Lewis, the county judge, led the posse that went out to arrest the participants. The posse encountered Wilson Howard and about 50 outlaws and there was a battle resulting in four deaths. The county judge had to lead the posse because the sheriff, James A. Howard, refused to undertake the arrest of his relative unless the judge would promise to admit him to bail, and the county jailer, Barry Howard, also refused to make the arrest. In the battle the outlaws lost one man and the posse, who were greatly outnumbered, lost three men and were put to flight. The Howard gang then sent word to the county seat that they would come in and burn the town and the farmers began to move out of the county. The county officers were relatives of the Howard gang and no law-abiding citizen could secure protection. Twelve illicit stills were running all the time in the Howard camp. Judge Robert Boyd, of the judicial district, which includes Harlan County, at once applied to Governor Backner for troops.

The Governor thought a posse might be organized that would do more good, but several arrests having been effected, the Governor, Sept. 12, ordered one company of troops from Lexington and one from Harrodsburg to go to Harlan County and protect the court and the witnesses during the trial. Four days later the Governor issued a proclamation appealing to the people of Harlan County to sustain the law and put down disorder with their own resources, but explaining that he had sent troops to help them to do this, for the reason that:

"Official information has reached me that the laws of the State are set at defiance in your midst; that some of the civil officers, elected by yourself and sworn to discharge their duty to society not only refuse to execute the laws, but give covert assistance to the criminal classes; that murders and assassinations are perpetrated with impunity; that civil officers are resisted by force of arms in the discharge of their duty, and that the people of the county have permitted themselves to be so terrorized by the lawless acts of a few individuals as to have refused obedience to the civil authorities in their efforts to arrest persons charged with the commission of crimes."

The three counties of Christian, Greene and Taney in Missouri, are not only Republican counties, but they are strongly enough Republican to overcome the Democratic majorities in the other counties of the district and make the thirteenth Congressional District Republican. These are the counties in which midnight whippings and the secret assassinations committed by the Bald Knobbers have for several years past given Missouri a bad name through the Union. The Bald Knobbers began their operations at Forsyth, Taney County, and took possession of Christian County, at Chadwick, some time in 1885 or 1886. These two counties and Greene gave Harrison 7,302 and Cleveland 5,251; Republican majority 7,2051. It is probably 2,048 now, as three Bald Knobbers were hanged for their crimes at Clark, May 10 last. We do not know that these three men were Republicans, but their biographies, published the day after the execution, state that two of the three served in the Union Army during the Civil War, and we presume the Republican party will claim them. At the celebration of the Fourth of July last, the two Miles brothers, Bill and Jim, shot and killed the sheriff of Taney County, G. H. Branson, and his deputy, Ed Funk. The latter was the deputy who assisted Sheriff Branson in the encounter with the burglars at Cummings' store, in Bear Creek, last week, in which the alleged detective, Dennis, was killed by young Combs. The Miles boys are under indictment for the murder of the Bald Knob leader, Captain N. N. Kinney, at Forsyth, last August."

## Farmer Chase's Inquisitive Pig.

It Put Its Nose Into Everything and Suffered in Consequence.

SCRANTON, Oct. 7.—A curious old sow on Horace E. Chase's farm in Lehigh township has got herself into several scrapes this summer on account of her inquisitiveness. One day in July she sauntered into a huckleberry patch on Red Ridge and rooted into a nest of young rattlesnakes. The mother snake happened to be at home, and the old sow hadn't rooted long before the angry reptile struck her on the chops and made her squeal. Bill Holdridge, Mr. Chase's hired man, was cutting brush on the ridge, and ran down to see what the sow was up to. He found her fighting the watchful old mother snake, and he let her go. The sow was mad, and she kept at the snake till she killed her, devouring the reptile as soon as she could. Holdridge then drove the hog away and poked in the brush with a stick. He found seven dead young snakes, and the old sow was looking for more of the old sow's victims, the furious hog returned, jumped into a mass of huckleberry bushes close by and quickly killed a full-grown male rattler. In the scuffle she was struck by the snake, but she didn't mind the bite at all, Holdridge said, and pretty soon she cantered toward home.

Early this month, Jonathan Wilsey, whose farm joins that of Mr. Chase, captured a young raccoon in a hollow tree on his farm. He got it alive without injuring it and kept it in his possession for several days. Mr. Wilsey told Mr. Chase that he might have the coon if he wanted it, and one day Mr. Chase placed the coon box on his stoneboat and drew it home. He left the coon's cage on the stoneboat while he was taking care of the horses, and when he came out of the barn he saw the old sow nosing around the cage. She was curious to know what the cage contained, and she found out right away, for the old coon set its sharp teeth into her nose and sent her away squealing as though a knife had been thrust into her throat. The old sow's nose was sore and tender until last Saturday, when her inquisitiveness got her into more trouble and made her nose bleed again.

Two weeks ago Farmer Chase's boys caught a fifteen-pound snapping turtle near the Lehigh River, and last Saturday Farmer Chase invited eight of his neighbors to meet at his house and partake of turtle soup. The hardy farmers and hunters were on hand and Mr. Chase brought the turtle out to the wood yard to kill it. The turtle was placed on a log, and after a good deal of coaxing it stuck its head out of its shell long enough for one of the men to chop it off with an axe. The head rolled off the log and lay in some chips, and while the stalwart woodsmen were sitting and standing around and getting hungry the old sow came grunting along with her head down. She investigated the surface of the chip yard pretty thoroughly, and presently she came to the turtle's head and turned it over with her nose. One turn didn't seem to satisfy her curiosity, and so she rolled it over and over, grunting pleasantly all the while. But suddenly the old sow went cantering out of the yard and up the road, squealing at every jump. The jaws of the turtle's head were fastened to the gristle of her nose, and every few steps she jammed her nose against the ground and tried to get rid of the painful annoyance. Four of the men took after the sow, chasing the squealing brute away past Mr. Wilsey's place where she ran into a brush fence. The turtle's head was still with her, and while the men were trying to catch her, out from the brush she ran, took a back track, and dashed toward home. Mr. Chase and all of the other men made an effort to head her off, but she ran between them and on down to Gilbert Silkman's farmhouse, where she plunged into a mud puddle. The old sow was exhausted when the men reached her, but she was still able to squeal a little, and with their jackknives they soon cut the turtle's head away from the sow's sore nose. Then they pulled her out of the mud, and on Monday Mr. Chase drove her home and penned her there until she is fat enough to be killed.

## A Colored Preacher Who Wears a Thirty-Five and One-Half Shoe.

America's champion, "Big Foot John," has been unearthed in the wilds of North Carolina, and he has his shoes made in Philadelphia. He is a divine and a gentleman of color, being properly known as the Rev. John W. Farnham, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Charlotte. The size of his boot is thirty-five and one-half, which necessitates a sole of twenty inches in length and seven inches broad. Rev. Farnham stands six feet ten inches in sizeable stockings, and weighs 410 pounds when stripped of his sacerdotal ornaments. When he strides up the sanctuary aisle the foundation rumbles as if under the influence of an earthquake shock, and the stranger within the gates jerks round, expecting to see Gabriel and the Last Day hand in hand. The enforced itinerancy of Methodist clergy-men has caused Brother Farnham no little annoyance, for no sooner does he find in one town a cobbler who can fit his feet than he is hustled off to another far distant. Recently, however, the dominie has had a quantity of mammoth lasts and uppers, sufficient to last till doozy, manufactured and sent to a shoe house in Philadelphia. Thus provided he can rise superior to his cobbler's fate by having the finishing touches added whenever there is need. The privilege of half-soling the reverend's boots is counted a rare one.

## Bad Management.

Four months ago the generous people of this county, distributed over \$2,000,000 to be applied to the relief of the sufferers from the overwhelming flood at Johnston on May the 31st last. The greater portion of this fund still remains in possession of a so-called State Flood Relief Commission appointed by Governor Beaver. But the persons composing this commission, instead of hastening to fulfill the sacred duty of charity committed to them, have dawdled away the time in the useless discussion of a method by which the distribution of the money should be made. Meanwhile the people of Johnston are shivering from cold and suffering for lack of proper shelter and clothing. This state of affairs is simply a disgrace to the Commonwealth and an outrage upon benevolence.—*Philadelphia Record.*

## Polly and the Hen.

The following good parrot story is told in *Youth's Companion*: Our next neighbor, writes a correspondent, owned an amusing parrot that was always getting into mischief, but usually got out again without much trouble to herself.

When she had done anything for which she knew she ought to be punished, she would hold her head to one side, and eyeing her mistress, protest in a sing-song tone, "Polly is a good girl," until she saw her mistress smile; then she would flap her wings and cry out in exultation, "Hurrah! Polly is a good girl!"

She was allowed to go free, and usually took her exercises in the garden, where she promenade back and forth on the walks, sunning herself and warning off all intruders.

One morning a hen strayed out of the chicken yard and was quietly picking up her breakfast when Polly marched up to her and called out "Shoo!" in her shrill voice, emphasizing the remark with a smart pick of her sharp beak on the chicken's head. The poor hen retreated to her own quarters, running as fast as she could, followed by Polly, who screamed "Shoo!" at every step.

The hen had her revenge a few days later, when Polly ventured her morning walk into the chicken yard. Here, with her usual curiosity, she went peering into every corner, till she came to the old hen upon her nest. The hen made a dive for Polly's yellow head, but missed it. Polly thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned to run, the hen, with her wings wide-spread, following close after.

As she ran Polly screamed in her shrill tones, "O Lord! O Lord!"

A member of the family who had witnessed the whole performance, thought it time to interfere in Polly's behalf, as the angry hen was gaining on her. He ran out, and stooping down, held out his hand. Polly lost no time in traveling up to his shoulder. Then, from her high vantage ground, she turned her head to one side, and looking down on her foe, screamed, "Hello there, shoo!"

The frightened hen acknowledged defeat by returning to her nest as rapidly as she had come.

## A Terrible Scourge of Diphtheria.

CARBONDALE, Pa., Oct. 7.—The epidemic of malignant diphtheria which has broken out in this city, threatens to work fearful results, and the people have been thrown into a state of terror. In the last two weeks about seventy-five new cases of the most virulent type have been reported and a large number of deaths have taken place. In many places entire families are stricken down and no one is left to care for them, their friends and neighbors fearing to lend assistance lest the disease be conveyed to their own families. New cases and deaths are reported every day, and while at first the malady was confined to children, now there are many adults down.

The malady broke out in the part of the city that is noted for its unsanitary condition. Impure drinking water, stagnant cess-pools and foul vaults are ascribed as the cause by the physicians.

In the locality known as "Wells" which has been over fifty cases, some blocks having scarcely a house without an attack of the disease. The condition of the premises of many of these people is filthy, and the authorities have been very lax in enforcing sanitary regulations.

The people are incensed at the authorities for their neglect which has brought on the contagion, and the matter has been reported to the state board of health, at Philadelphia, and its secretary, D. Benjamin Lee, who is now at Johnstown, is expected here in a few days. Disinfectants are being used liberally in the unclean districts, and the schools are being watched so that none who come in contact with the contagion shall be allowed to enter the buildings. Eight years ago a similar epidemic broke out in the city.

## A Dog's Daily Race.

Near Mount Eagle station on the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad is a "catch" mail station and the man who "catches" the mailbag there daily, when the mail train passes, comes from some place back in the ridges. A small yellow dog that is with the mail carrier every day furnishes a little excitement for the train hawks and the passengers by running a race with the engine drawing the train. The train is usually going at about 30 miles an hour, and the dog keeps up the race for almost two miles. He starts in on his run as the engine passes him and the race ends when the rear passenger coach passes him, which is not until about two miles of track have been covered. Engineer, fireman, baggage-man, route agent, conductor and brakeman, all enter into the excitement of the daily race, and the passengers, too, become animated with a desire to see the "yaller" dog keep up his record. Quite recently one of the train men stood on the steps of a passenger car and patted the dog on the back as he ran by the side of the train. The shouts and cheers of train men and passengers apparently has a great effect on the dog. After the two miles is reached and he begins to fall behind the train, he makes the trip back to his master at as rapid a speed as when following the engine.—*Lock-Haven Express.*

Col. Fred Grant, Minister to Austria, writes to the editor of the *New York World* that his father in his last illness, had discussed the subject of his burial place and had indicated a kindly feeling for St. Louis, Galena, Ill., and New York, but insisted that wherever his own tomb might be located a place should be reserved for his wife at his side. In view of the authoritative offer of a site for a tomb for the dead General at the Soldier's Home at Washington, with the promise that Mrs. Grant might also be buried there, Colonel Grant says that the family have been and are now ready to accede to his plan for his tomb, which the nation may decide is best, provided, of course, that his expressed wish be carried out. The Grand Army now has an opportunity to take charge of the monument project which New York has treated with such disgraceful indifference, and the veterans should not hesitate.

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She was allowed to go free, and usually took her exercises in the garden, where she promenade back and forth on the walks, sunning herself and warning off all intruders.

One morning a hen strayed out of the chicken yard and was quietly picking up her breakfast when Polly marched up to her and called out "Shoo!" in her shrill voice, emphasizing the remark with a smart pick of her sharp beak on the chicken's head. The poor hen retreated to her own quarters, running as fast as she could, followed by Polly, who screamed "Shoo!" at every step.

The hen had her revenge a few days later, when Polly ventured her morning walk into the chicken yard. Here, with her usual curiosity, she went peering into every corner, till she came to the old hen upon her nest. The hen made a dive for Polly's yellow head, but missed it. Polly thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned to run, the hen, with her wings wide-spread, following close after.

As she ran Polly screamed in her shrill tones, "O Lord! O Lord!"

A member of the family who had witnessed the whole performance, thought it time to interfere in Polly's behalf, as the angry hen was gaining on her. He ran out, and stooping down, held out his hand. Polly lost no time in traveling up to his shoulder. Then, from her high vantage ground, she turned her head to one side, and looking down on her foe, screamed, "Hello there, shoo!"

The frightened hen acknowledged defeat by returning to her nest as rapidly as she had come.

## A Terrible Scourge of Diphtheria.

CARBONDALE, Pa., Oct. 7.—The epidemic of malignant diphtheria which has broken out in this city, threatens to work fearful results, and the people have been thrown into a state of terror. In the last two weeks about seventy-five new cases of the most virulent type have been reported and a large number of deaths have taken place. In many places entire families are stricken down and no one is left to care for them, their friends and neighbors fearing to lend assistance lest the disease be conveyed to their own families. New cases and deaths are reported every day, and while at first the malady was confined to children, now there are many adults down.

The malady broke out in the part of the city that is noted for its unsanitary condition. Impure drinking water, stagnant cess-pools and foul vaults are ascribed as the cause by the physicians.

In the locality known as "Wells" which has been over fifty cases, some blocks having scarcely a house without an attack of the disease. The condition of the premises of many of these people is filthy, and the authorities have been very lax in enforcing sanitary regulations.

The people are incensed at the authorities for their neglect which has brought on the contagion, and the matter has been reported to the state board of health, at Philadelphia, and its secretary, D. Benjamin Lee, who is now at Johnstown, is expected here in a few days. Disinfectants are being used liberally in the unclean districts, and the schools are being watched so that none who come in contact with the contagion shall be allowed to enter the buildings. Eight years ago a similar epidemic broke out in the city.

## A Dog's Daily Race.

Near Mount Eagle station on the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad is a "catch" mail station and the man who "catches" the mailbag there daily, when the mail train passes, comes from some place back in the ridges. A small yellow dog that is with the mail carrier every day furnishes a little excitement for the train hawks and the passengers by running a race with the engine drawing the train. The train is usually going at about 30 miles an hour, and the dog keeps up the race for almost two miles. He starts in on his run as the engine passes him and the race ends when the rear passenger coach passes him, which is not until about two miles of track have been covered. Engineer, fireman, baggage-man, route agent, conductor and brakeman, all enter into the excitement of the daily race, and the passengers, too, become animated with a desire to see the "yaller" dog keep up his record. Quite recently one of the train men stood on the steps of a passenger car and patted the dog on the back as he ran by the side of the train. The shouts and cheers of train men and passengers apparently has a great effect on the dog. After the two miles is reached and he begins to fall behind the train, he makes the trip back to his master at as rapid a speed as when following the engine.—*Lock-Haven Express.*

Col. Fred Grant, Minister to Austria, writes to the editor of the *New York World* that his father in his last illness, had discussed the subject of his burial place and had indicated a kindly feeling for St. Louis, Galena, Ill., and New York, but insisted that wherever his own tomb might be located a place should be reserved for his wife at his side. In view of the authoritative offer of a site for a tomb for the dead General at the Soldier's Home at Washington, with the promise that Mrs. Grant might also be buried there, Colonel Grant says that the family have been and are now ready to accede to his plan for his tomb, which the nation may decide is best, provided, of course, that his expressed wish be carried out. The Grand Army now has an opportunity to take charge of the monument project which New York has treated with such disgraceful indifference, and the veterans should not hesitate.