

Democratic Watchman.

Belleville, Pa., October 18, 1889.

THE HUSKIN' BEE.

The huskin' bee was over, ez the sun wuz goin' down In a yaller blaze o' glory jist behind the maples brown, The gals wuz gettin' ready 'n the boys wuz standin' by, To hitch on wait they wanted to, or know the reason why.

Of all the gals that set aroun' the pile of corn that day, A-twistin' off the rustlin' husks ez ef 'twas on-ly play, The pearst one of all the lot-'n they wuz poety, too, Wuz Zury Hess, whose laffin' eyes end look ye through and through.

Now it happened little Zury found a red ear in the pile, Afore we finished huskin', 'n yer order seen her smile, Fur o' course, she hed the privilege, ef she wud only dare, To choose the feller she liked best 'n kiss him then 'n there.

My! how we pucker'd up our lips 'n tried to look our best, Each feller wishin' he'd be the one picked out from all the rest, Till Zury, arter hangin' back a leetle spell or so, Got up 'n walked right over to the last one in the row.

She jist reached down 'n teched her lips into the ol' white head, O' Peter Sims, who's eighty years ef he's a day 'n say, She looked so sweet ol' Peter tho't an angel came to say, As how his harp wuz ready in the land o' farnal days.

Mad! Wal I should say I wuz; 'n I tol' her go in' huns, As how the way she slighted me had made me sorter glum, 'N that I didn't think she'd shake me right afore the crowd— I wuzn't pointer stand it—'n I said so poety loud.

Then Zury drapp'd her laffin' eyes 'n whisper'd to me low, 'N didn't kiss ye 'fore the crowd—'cause—'cause—I love you so, 'N I thought ye wudn't mind it ef I kissed ol' Pete instead, Because the grave is closen' jist above his pore of head."

Well—wimmin's ways is queer, sometimes, and we don't allus know, Jist what's a-drobbin' in their hearts when they set thus 'n sed— I love her more'n ever, 'n I'll never love her less. —P. T. Roper.

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

Politeness Pays.

A pleasant, balmy day in May. The windows of the railway car were open. There was a breeze stirring; and though a cloud of dust was blown in it was also blown out, with the exceptions of a tired portion which stopped to rest on the clothes of the passengers or burrowed for its own safety in their eyes and nostrils. There were only two vacant seats in the car, and at Pankeap station two persons came in to fill them. One of these was an old man—on the second look he was probably not over fifty—with iron gray hair, partly covered by a slouched hat, and clad in a new suit of gray stuff that seemed to have been made for some one else. With him was a young and very pretty girl, whose dress was of ordinary stuff, but well fitting, and who was well gloved and well shod.

The observer would have set down the two for a well-to-do farmer and his daughter, who were traveling for business or pleasure. The man looked around. The two vacant seats were on opposite sides of the car. In one of them sat a young, well-dressed and apparently self-satisfied gentleman, and the space by his side was occupied by a handbag of crocodile leather and a spring overcoat. In the other was another young man, not quite so extravagantly dressed, though neatly clad, and not so handsome as the first, though he had an open and intelligent countenance. The farmer looked around, and, motioning his daughter to the vacant seat, said: "There's a place for you, Lucy." Then turning to the young man with the satchel, he asked: "Seat engaged?"

The young man looked up, curled his lip superciliously, and said: "Man to fill it'll be here presently, I dare say."

"Ah!" said the farmer, coolly removing the grip-sack and overcoat and placing them on the young man's lap; "then I'll occupy it until he comes." And he seated himself accordingly, while the young man glared at him.

The one on the other side looked amused, and then, rising, said: "You had better exchange seats with me, sir, and then the young lady and yourself will be together."

"Thank you," was the farmer's reply, and the exchange was quietly effected.

The two young men were evidently acquainted, for the courteous one said to the other in a low voice: "Jim Poulter, you made a mistake there."

"I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling," replied the other. "I dare say you'll make your fortune some of these days by being polite to the granger population; but my fortune is already made."

The first speaker said nothing more, but, drawing a newspaper from his pocket, opened it and ran his eye over its columns.

Poulter yawned a little, and at last said: "This is too dull for your faithfulness, James Poulter. I'll go into the smoking car and take a whiff. Have a snifter?" he inquired, producing a pocket flask.

"No, thank you," replied Bolling, "that stuff is rather too fiery for me." "Here goes alone, then. That's as fine brandy as ever crossed the ocean. Day-day! Keep an eye on my traps, will you? and don't give up my seat to every country yokel who asks it."

The elegant young gentleman shook himself and made his way forward to the car especially provided for fumigation.

When he had gone the old man leaned over the arm of his seat and addressed Bolling.

"Excuse me, sir, but didn't your friend who has left say that his name was James Poulter?"

"That's his name, sir," replied the young man; "but he's not exactly a friend of mine, though we live in the same place, and I know him very well."

"May I inquire where he is from?" "Yes, sir; Careyburg."

"Son of Peter B. Poulter, the great pork packer there, isn't he?" "Yes, sir."

"His father should deal with him. It would be quite in his line."

"Oh, papa!" said a sweet, reproachful voice, as those near who heard the colloquy tittered.

"It is a fact, Lucy," rejoined the father.

The old man, who was evidently intelligent, entered into a general conversation with the younger and soon showed that he was quite well informed. Bolling was glad for a conference so entertaining, especially when, as his eyes were bent in that direction, he saw the young lady was an interested and, he hoped, a pleased listener.

There was something very sweet in the expression of her countenance—an inexpressible impress of modest innocence on her features. They chatted away, and the elder, so dexterously that the younger never perceived it, drew out of the other his position, prospects and intentions.

Bolling was frank by nature, and the questions of his interlocutor, who was as ingenious as the other was ingenuous, were craftily put. The sharp granger soon learned that Frank Bolling had been engaged for some time in the study of law; but that his father having met with reverses, and having two younger daughters to educate, the young man had set out to support himself, abandoning his law studies and taking a situation as salesman at a country store in Griffon, a thriving town about five miles from the main line.

"I get but beggarly pay, of course," said Frank, gayly. "I am only a raw hand; but I have a promise that when I am better qualified my wages will be increased."

"You are rather a singular person," said the farmer, blunty. "Most young men would have talked of their salary. I rather prefer the old style of English," said Bolling. "I am to be a hireling; and the compensation of a hireling is called wages. But wages or salary—the term is indifferent to me."

"My place is within a mile of Griffon," said the old man. "I have a notion that I knew your father once. Wasn't he at Harvard in his time?"

"Yes, sir; and so was I. We are alumni of the same school."

"I wonder if he remembers his old chum there—one George Carter—George St. Leger Carter, as they have it on the rolls?"

"Yes, sir; I have heard him speak of him often, though the two have drifted apart since then. Judge Carter, you mean. He lives at Griffon. Do you know him?"

"Um! yees! After a fashion."

"Papa!" whispered the young girl, but Bolling's quick ear caught her word. "I know the Judge better than you do."

"Be quiet, puss, will you?" replied her father in the same tone.

"I am told," resumed the young man, "that he left the bench, and though quite wealthy, has gone back to the bar. I have a letter for him which my father, recalling their youthful friendship, insisted on giving me; but I shall not present it."

"Why not? He might be of service to you."

"Scarcely, sir. You see, if I am to be a salesman in a country store, I had better accommodate myself to my position. The judge, even if he remembered old college friendships, wouldn't be likely to consider me a welcome addition to his family circle as visitor. He is rich, and then he is said to have a very handsome and accomplished daughter, who would, no doubt, look down on me. I have my bread and butter to earn, and had better confine myself to it."

"Possibly you are right. But how came your father to lose his money? I thought he inherited a fine fortune."

"Yes, sir; but he was drawn into incurring responsibility for a relative. He is not ruined, by any means, but is merely hampered, and thinks he will pull through in time with a little economy and prudence; and I have no doubt he will. But I am only in his way, or I would have remained."

"Have you ever thought of trying farming?"

"No, sir. I have no capital, and know nothing of it."

"Do you know more of selling groceries and dry goods?"

"Not a bit more; but, you see, I am paid something there while I learn."

"Your friend, or your acquaintance, as you call him, goes to Griffon, too, does he?"

"Yes, sir; but he goes there in a different capacity. I believe he represents his father in some transactions about property with the judge, and is to remain there some days as a guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly, as his father wants him to marry, he may be on a tour of observation and take in the Judge's daughter. Though that is very impertinent of me, for he has said nothing on the subject."

"Do you think he is so irresistible as to be able to pick and choose at his pleasure?" inquired the girl, looking quizzically over her father's shoulder.

"He can be very fascinating when he chooses, I am told," replied Bolling; "and as he is handsome, an only son, and his father worth millions, he is at least what elderly ladies call a 'good catch.'"

"Did it never occur to you, young man, that it was your duty to obey your father's orders and deliver your letter of introduction?"

"I trust, sir, I'm usually obedient. It was not a positive order. I shall write him and explain."

"I tell you that you should deliver

that letter to its proper owner. You are only a trustee in the case. I am Judge Carter, and this is my daughter Lucy. Hand over the paper to the court."

"I beg pardon, sir; but I"—

"You want identification. Here, conductor! Tell this young gentleman who I am."

"Judge Carter," responded the functionary, a little curious to know what it was all about.

"Thank you, Phillips. That will do. Now, sir."

Bolling, not a little astonished, took the letter from his pocketbook.

"If you'll please permit me," said the judge as he opened the letter and glanced over the contents. "He gives you a good character, and wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how time flies! Lucy, this young fellow's father and I had such good times in the old days. How long did you read law, Bolling?"

"A little over two years, sir."

"Like it?"

"Very much indeed, sir."

"Whom did you read law with?"

"Spence & Sullivan."

"Good men. Sullivan put you through the office business, I fancy. That's his way. Now, I have been putting you through an exhaustive examination, which is my way, and I think you will do. Let old Bragg find another salesman. He's not dying for you, and can get a substitute. I have two students in my office. What they are there for is their own business, but they'll never make a great success at the bar unless they change their ways. I want a clerk to manage my office and to boss around while I am off on circuit. I'll give you a living salary, not too much, and you can read law meanwhile. You ought to be able to pass in a year. If you turn out as I hope you will, why, when you get your sheepskin, we'll see what can be done. What do you say to this?"

"Say to it, sir! What can I say but yes, and thank you for your offer?"

"Very well, that's settled. Here we are, and there is our carriage. Jump in. I'll drive."

The next day James Poulter, esq., made his appearance at the Carters in a state of elegance all that passed. You can't tell a famous watch—never elegant and rarely excelled. He was ushered into the drawing room and received by a young lady whose style suited even his fastidious taste, and whose features had a dim familiarity. When the judge came in the young man's recognition of the farmer in the car was complete. He stammered out an apology, but the old man relieved him.

"It could hardly have been expected that you should have known us," said the farmer, blunty. "You are quite welcome. As we have two hours before dinner, we'll go to the office and look over the papers together. Miss Carter will excuse you mean while."

In the office Poulter found Bolling, who was busy at work on a declaration.

"Why, Frank, I thought you were going into the grocery business."

"I've changed my mind," said Frank, resuming his work.

James Poulter stayed his week out and then took the train to Careyburg. Frank Bolling did not make the same trip until two years after. Then he went to visit his father, who had got over his pecuniary troubles, and to see his sisters. He had been admitted to the bar meanwhile, and Judge Carter, whose favorable impressions time had confirmed, had taken him into partnership just before he left. He was in high spirits on that trip. He was not alone. Miss Lucy Carter that had been Mrs. Francis Bolling then, was his traveling companion. —Thomas Davis English in Independent.

The World's Tallest Chimney.

The tallest chimney in the country is the new stack of the Clark Thread company, at Kearney, near Newark, N. J. It is a circular shaft 335 feet high and 28 1/2 feet in diameter at the base. This chimney cost \$30,000 and contains 1,997,000 bricks. It was finished in September last, but its supremacy among American chimneys will be brief, for one is being erected for the Fall River iron works company, in Fall River, Mass., that will be 340 feet high and 30 feet in diameter at the base. Chicago's highest chimney is 330 feet tall.

American chimneys, however, are mere pigmies beside some of the tall Scotch and English stacks. The great Townsend stack at Glasgow, the tallest in the world, is 454 feet high and 32 feet in diameter at the base. Tennant & Co., of Glasgow, have a chimney 435 1/2 feet by 40, and the mills of Dobson & Barlow, Bolton, England, have an octagonal stack 367 1/2 feet high and 38 feet 10 inches in diameter at the bottom. —Philadelphia Record.

OYSTER OMELETTE.—Cut in small pieces six or eight large oysters, add a pinch of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper, and let them stand in their own liquor for half an hour. Beat four eggs thoroughly, whites and yolks separately; season the yolks with pepper and salt; add a large tablespoonful of cream or rich veal or chicken broth; mix in the whites, and pour into the frying pan, in which you have a sufficient quantity of fresh butter melted and smoking hot. Add the oysters instantly, watch them closely, and fold over as soon as the eggs are set. Well cooked and promptly served, this makes an unsurpassed omelette.

THE PROBLEM STILL UNSOLVED.—Rich Mad.—"My dear fellow, you shouldn't envy me; you know contentment is better than wealth."

Poor Man.—"That's so! Then suppose you let me have your wealth and you have the contentment, which you say is preferable. In that way we will both be content."

"Oh, come off; your ideas would upset the whole scheme of society." —New York Tribune.

Uncle Sam's Crops.

Notwithstanding his commercial and manufacturing interests, farming is still the chief business of Uncle Sam, and as the autumnal season is now putting its brown coloring upon the green foliage of Summer and Spring, it is time for him to make a counting of the crops, and see what the farm has yielded for Winter.

This has not been a bad year for the American farmer, so far as the beneficence of the season exerts an influence upon his prospects. The yield has been abundant, and the earth smiles with the harvest. There is plenty to feed all and some left over for the millions of Europe who do not raise enough of their own.

Wheat is the chief food crop, and the United States raised more than an average amount this year, though not so much as during one or two preceding seasons of exceptionally favorable weather. The yield in the Southwest was reduced somewhat by rain and the quality of the grain was injured slightly. In the Northwest there were dry winds which looked very unfavorable for a while, but these were soon succeeded by better climatic conditions, and that section has furnished a great wheat crop. On the Pacific Slope the yield is the largest ever known. The total crop of the Union will be about 500,000,000 bushels.

There will be a great corn crop. The consumption of this cereal increases yearly in the United States. Wherever it ceases to be used as a food for man, its growing demand for animals more than supplies the deficiency. In the South and the Southwest it is cultivated to a great extent every year, and in the West and the Northwest it has long ago supplanted the old rival, wheat, in the farmer's care. The rains and the sunshine have come in just alternation for the corn crop this year, and the yield will be two billion bushels. As in the case of the wheat crop, this, too, has been beaten, but it is above the average. Cotton is a little late, but satisfactory progress otherwise and an increased ever-crop insure the greatest production known in the United States. Last season's yield was about 7,000,000 bales, and this year it will be between seven and a half and eight million bales unless the plagues are visited by every unusual misfortune. The yearly yield of cotton since the civil war has had a very steady growth in the South. With rare exceptions each year exceeds the one preceding by a few hundred thousand bales. This season the South marketed \$300,000,000 worth of the fleecy fiber, and soon she will be selling five hundred millions worth annually.

The tobacco yield has been much reduced in Kentucky and neighboring States by unfavorable weather, but it is to be considered good fortune rather than a misfortune, since increased price will more than compensate for the decreased product. It was attempted to limit the yield by an agreement, but that would undoubtedly have failed had not the weather come to the relief of the farmers. In the Northern seed leaf tobacco regions there will be an average crop.

Oats, rye, barley and potatoes promise yields above the average, and the Louisiana sugar planters talk encouragingly. The fruit harvest has been injured in New York and Pennsylvania, but the States further west will supply the deficiency. Nearly all the less important agricultural products have yielded well enough to rejoice the heart of the farmer.

The farmers have not toiled in vain in Uncle Sam's vineyard this year. The farmers of America never before raised so much, and as the crops in Europe are bad, there is a good market for their surplus. Russia and India will have little wheat to export, and a call will be made upon the United States for the deficit those two countries used to supply. An increased demand for our pork and beef may also be expected.

The American farmer might be a rich man, if he ascertained his rights and asserted them. With the privileges accorded other classes our agricultural population would be the richest on earth. The occupation of farming, with increased opportunities for wealth, would get back the honorable esteem in which it was once held and it would no longer be considered unfashionable to till the soil. And with the improvement of those who constitute the mass of the people the condition of all others would grow better.

Ex-Empress Eugenie's Poor Health.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, once the gay and dazzling sovereign lady toward whom the eyes of all Europe were turned, is said to be more than usually infirm this season, and spends a great portion of her time in silence and meditation, whether she is lodged in her own home or is visiting at the mansion of some friend. When her fits of gloom come on she is capable of remaining sleepless, speechless, without eating, drinking or noticing any one around her for forty-four hours at a time. Persuasion and persistent attempts to bring her to a sense of her surroundings only make her case worse.

It is as if she were communing with the dead phantoms of her past, and as if they held her attention to the exclusion of all other things in the universe. When the fit is over it may be succeeded by one of devotion such as only Spanish women can go through, devotion which seems to leave the very soul prostrate. The remnants of her wardrobe, which she was allowed to remove from Paris in 1870 and 1871, piled much of the fortune which she has today and the money which she has expended on the splendid imperial museum. Of furs alone, at the time of the empire's downfall, she had \$120,000 worth deposited with the crown fur keeper, and others worth as much more with intimate friends. It has been estimated that the Empress Eugenie possessed at the time of the empire's greatest grandeur \$800,000 worth of furs. —Paris Letter in Philadelphia Press.

HARRISON in the White House. And what 65 to 75 cents per bushel. What's become of the Republican promises of better times, if Harrison should be elected.

An Anecdote of Stephen Girard.

Seeing a story about old Stephen Girard the other day reminds me of an incident that shows one of his peculiarities, says a writer in the *Globe-Democrat*. Girard had a drayman who was decidedly a poor man. One day the drayman, who was an industrious, bright fellow, with algeod many months to fill at home, was heard to remark that he wished he was rich. "What's that?" sharply said Girard, who heard the grumble. "Oh," said the man, "I was only wishing I was rich." "Well, why don't you get rich?" said the millionaire harshly. "I don't know how without money," returned the drayman.

"You don't need money," said Girard. "Well, if you will tell me how to get rich without money I won't let the grass grow before trying it," returned the other. "There is going to be a ship-load of confiscated tea sold at auction to-morrow at the wharf; go down there and buy it in and then come to me." The man laughed. "I have no money to buy a ship-load of tea with," he said. "You don't need any money, I tell you," snapped the old man. "Go down and bid in the whole cargo and then come to me." The next day the drayman went down to the sale. A large crowd of retailers were present and the auctioneer said that these bidding would have the privilege of taking one case or the whole shipload, and that the bidding would be on the pound. He then began the sale. A retail grocer started the bidding and the drayman raised him. On seeing this the crowd gazed with no small amount of surprise. When the case was knocked down to the drayman the auctioneer said he supposed the buyer only desired one case.

"I'll take the whole shipload," coolly returned the successful bidder. The auctioneer was astonished but on some one whispering to him that it was Girard's man who was the buyer his manner changed, and he said he supposed it was all right. The news soon spread that Girard was buying tea in large quantities, and the next day the price rose several cents. "Go and sell your tea," said Girard to the drayman the next day. The drayman was shrewd, and he went out and made contracts with several brokers to take the stock at a shade below the market price, thereby making a quick sale. In a few hours he was worth \$50,000.

Wherein He Failed.

"Elijah, dear, will you dress Willie this morning? I'm in a such a hurry, and it won't take you but a minute or two."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bixby, cheerfully; "I'd just as soon dress the little chap as not. Here, my little man, come and let papa dress you. I'll have you as neat as a pin in a jiffy."

Willie, aged 4 comes reluctantly from his playthings, and Bixby begins: "Now, let's off your nightgown and keep still, dear, or I can't button it. There now, we'll sit still, child. What makes you squirm about like an all? Where's your little shirt? Ah here it is, and sit still! Put up your arm—no, the other one and—can't you keep still half a second? Put up your other arm and stop hauling and pulling so! Now, let's come—here, boy! What under heaven do you mean by racing off like that with nothing on but your shirt? Now you come here and let me put the rest of your duds on. Stand still, I say! Put your leg in here! Not that leg! There you go squirming around like an angworm. Now, if you don't keep still, young man, I'll stop pulling at that chain, and—here, Mary Ellen, you'll have to dress this wriggling animal yourself. I couldn't do it in ten years. Go to your mother, sir!" —Time.

The American Cultivator suggests that managers of County Agricultural Fairs should offer premiums to the road districts that keep the best roads or make the greatest improvement at the least expense. And the Philadelphia Record adds: The suggestion is an excellent one. Good roads are a common blessing, and more than any other single agency increase the general comfort and wealth. If self-interest fails to teach this lesson, it might be brought home to our agricultural brethren by such an effort to incite friendly rivalry.

More Bodies Found at Johnstown.

JOHNSTOWN, Oct. 8.—Five dead bodies were taken out of Stony Creek today by workmen removing the filth and rubbish. There seems to be no doubt that there were a great many washed in here and as the surface deposits are removed many more will likely be brought to light.

WHY HE COULDN'T ACCEPT.—Farmer's Son.—"Did you hire the man father?"

Farmer.—"I wanted to, but he wouldn't accept the place."

"What did you offer him?"

"I offered him \$60 a month and to find himself."

"And he thought \$60 too little?"

"No, he was satisfied with the wages, but he said he couldn't find himself."

"Why not?"

"Because he is an ex-detective from Chicago. He said he never could find anything." —Boston Post.

RENEWAL OF COLLEGE LABOR.—Professor of Geology.—"Gentlemen at the close of the spring term, I asked you to report to me individually, any object of extraordinary interest you might meet in your respective outings. Mr. Corbett, you may begin."

Corbett, "91.—Please, sir, mine had yellow hair, blue eyes and a tailor-made suit." —Puck.

LIFE'S RECOMPENSES.—Little Sister.—"Ma wants you, Sammy. Where've you been?" Sammy.—"Fishing."

Little Sister.—"Did you catch anything?" Sammy (sadly).—"Nothing."

Little Sister (reassuringly).—"Oh, but you will when you get home." —Cleveland Leader.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Our vaseline is used in Japan to soothe the stinging of tattooing.

—Americans can get trust for almost any amount in the stores of Europe.

—Over 2,000 tons of raisins have already been shipped East from Fresno, Cal.

—The year 1889 is the centennial of the introduction of the chrysanthemum into Europe.

—A crazy negro in the Milwaukee jail labors under the impression that he is a telephone.

—An English lady has left \$50,000 to be devoted to the photographing of the stars, planets and nebulae.

—Theodore Baker has harvested 2,500 bushels of onions, worth \$1,000, off ten acres of land near Bridgeton, N. J.

—Up to end of August 24,486,000 tickets were taken at the Paris Exposition. In 1878 the number was 7,125,000.

—J. B. Greene, of Mosherville, Mich., captured an eel in his mill flume which weighed 6 1/2 pounds and was 40 inches long.

—A Chicago husband and wife both filed petitions for divorce on the same day, each without the knowledge of the other.

—The grade of the cogged-track railway which is being built at Pike's Peak, Col., will be 25 feet to the 100, or 1,320 feet to the mile.

—Johnson Munday, a Tarrytown sculptor who is nearly blind, is modeling a statue of a Union soldier by the sense of touch.

—On a recent holiday 500 men in the Birmingham, England, workhouse were allowed to go out for the day. Only 60 returned sober.

—A Chinese journal contains the astonishing intelligence that "in America if a man does not smoke or drink, he is universally respected."

—A man who is in the Birmingham (Ala.) jail charged with murder weighed only 80 pounds two months ago. His weight is now 160.

—An obituary in a Georgia contemporary closes with this sentence: "Mr. F—, though dissipated, was an honest man and well thought of in his neighborhood."

—During the last month 1,441 cremations took place in Tokio, 22 of the bodies thus disposed of having been those of person who died from infectious diseases.

—The prisoners in the Texas Penitentiary raise sugar cane and refine its juice. After paying all the cost of food, fuel, shelter and clothing, \$65,000 has been turned into the State from the work.

—Mr. F. G. Murphy, of Louisville, dreamed of being at a race and seeing a certain horse coming in ahead of the rest. According to this as a "tip" he bet 100 on that horse and came out \$350 ahead.

—The railroad car on which Lincoln rode to Washington at the time of his first inauguration is now used as a smoking car on the New York Central Railroad and run between Wellsboro and Antrim, Pa.

—It has been estimated by men of science, who have investigated the subject, that the rock of Niagara is being worn away by the water at such a rate that in a few thousand years the cataract will wear up to Lake Erie.

—People who object to shutting up shop 52 days in the year would not make good citizens of Serbia, as it is stated that law, rigidly enforced, compels all business to stop on Sundays and all holy days, which count up 180 in the year.

—Farmers in the vicinity of Anderson, Ind., are excited over the appearance of a gang of young wolves in their wood lots. A number of sheep and chickens have been killed. A big hunting party has been organized to kill off the prowlers.

—As soon as the horse cars from Cairo to the Pyramids are completed, and the work is nearly done, an elevator will be made to the top of the venerable piles, so that ascent may be made quickly and comfortably by the modern traveler.

—In view of the statement from Cape May that a sweet potato 3 feet 6 inches long was grown there, it wouldn't be altogether surprising if some day vegetables are sold by the foot. In Boston, during certain months, cabbages are sold by weight.

—Jim White, of Memphis, recently thought it would be very funny to write his name and address on the back of a dollar bill. But one of Pinkerton's men saw it, and remembered that Jim was "wanted." Jim is therefore in jail with plenty of leisure to kick himself for being so funny.

—Charles P. Houpt, of