

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 4, 1890.

PROGRESS VS. LOVE.

Ah me! the march of Progress
Is driving Love from hence,
For how can parting lovers talk
Across a barb-wire fence?
No swinging gate to lean on,
No high fence with its bars,
Which seemed to shut out Eden,
Where two eyes gleamed bright as stars.

Ah me! the march of Progress
Exiles the great log fire,
The stove severe and blackly grim
Can no fair thoughts inspire.
The fallow dip is fastened bright;
Gas in its place burns bright;
The candle had an end some time,
But the gas will burn all night.

Ah me! the march of Progress
Made sails give way to steam,
And now an ocean passage
Is short-lived as a dream.
No time is left for country rags—
Upon the steamers fast—
You meet a maid—scarce know her,
When behind 'tis the journey's past.

Ah me! the march of Progress
Has brought the railroad car,
More enchanting was the stage-coach
With its rumble and its jar.
As the train speeds swiftly onward
It suggests interest and strife—
You have no time left for loving,
You have scarcely time for life.

And now the march of Progress
An idol has overtaken,
Which this age iconoclastic
Had left to me alone.

Through the streets of every village
Blaze the great electric lights—
And the porch has lost its romance,
Through the bars of every window
—Flared Scott Mines, in Pa.

THE QUIET MAN.

"I've seen a good many strange things in my time, as you know, but I've never yet told you about the strangest of them all; and I can promise you that it's a story worth hearing."

So spoke General E., as we sat side by side in the veranda of his snug little house in one of the northwestern provinces of India, watching the sun sink behind the endless line of stately palm trees that stood ranged like plumed soldiers along the opposite bank of the river.

"Suppose you tell me now, general," suggested I, guessing from the grave look on the old hero's weather-beaten face that the forthcoming story must have deeper interest than any of his ordinary campaigning anecdotes.

"I don't mind if I do," answered the veteran; "for although it is an affair that I have no great pleasure in looking back upon, yet it taught me a good lesson, if only I had the sense to profit by it."

"When I was quite a young fellow, and hadn't long joined the army," he resumed, after a pause, "I used to belong to a fashionable club in London, the members of which were just the sort of men you read about in Lever's novels, as wild as wild could be; always in some scrape or other; and spending their whole time in riding, shooting, gambling, or fighting, all except one."

"That one was a small, quiet, pale-faced, gray-haired man, with a very sad, weary look, as if he had once been crushed by some great sorrow, and had never been able to shake it off. He hardly ever spoke to any one, and when he did it was in a voice as meek as his face. So of course we made great fun of him among ourselves, finding these quiet ways of his a very queer contrast to our own rascally, harum-scarum style, and we nicknamed him the 'Quiet Man' in the Club, though, indeed, we might just as well have called him the only quiet man in it."

"Well, one evening when the room was pretty full, and our friend, the Quiet Man, was sitting as usual in the far corner away from everybody else, we began to talk about dueling; a subject with which we were all tolerably familiar, for there was hardly a man among us who hadn't been 'out' once."

"They did some tidy dueling in the old times," said Lord H., who was killed afterward in action. "You remember how those six chums of Henry III. of France, fought three to three till there was only one left alive out of the six."

"That was pretty fair, certainly," cried Charlie Thornton, of the Guards; "but, after all, it doesn't beat the great duel, thirty years ago, between Sir Harry Martingale and Colonel Fortescue."

"He had hardly spoken when up jumped the Quiet Man as if somebody had stuck a pin into him."

"What on earth's the matter with him?" whispered Thornton; "I never saw him like that before."

"But what was the story, then, Charlie?" asked another man; "I've heard of Fortescue, of course, for he was the most famous duelist of his time in all England; and I've heard of his fight with Martingale, too; but I don't think I've ever had any particulars, or at least none worth speaking of."

"I can give them to you, then," answered Thornton; "for my uncle was Martingale's second. I've heard him tell the story many a time, and he always said that although he had been in plenty of duels, he had never seen one like that, and never wanted to see it again. What they quarreled about I don't know, and I daresay they didn't know themselves; but my uncle used to say he knew the look in their eyes when they took their places to fight that it could not end without blood, and it didn't. They fired twice, and every shot told; and then their seconds seeing that both men were hard hit and bleeding fast, wanted to put an end to it. But Fortescue—who was one of those grim fellows who are always most dangerous toward the end of a fight—insisted upon a third shot. The third time, by some accident, Martingale fired a moment too soon, and gave him a bad wound in the side; but Fortescue pressed his hand to the wound to stop the bleeding, and then, almost bent double with pain though he was, he fired and brought down his man."

"Killed him?"

"Rather—shot him slap through

the heart. But it was his last duel, for from that day he was never heard of again; and people said he had either committed suicide or died of a broken heart."

"Well, I don't see why he need have done that, for, after all, it was a fair fight," struck Lord H., who had been looking over the newspapers on the table; "but if you talk of dueling, what do you say to this?" reading from one of the papers.

"Another Dueling Tragedy in Paris. The notorious Parisian bully and duelist, Armand de Villeneuve, has just added another wreath to his bloodstained laurels, the new victim being the Chevalier Henri de Polignac, a young fellow of twenty-three, the only son of a widowed mother. Some strong expressions of disgust used by the chevalier with reference to one of De Villeneuve's former duels, having come to the latter's ears, he sought out De Polignac and insulted him so grossly as to render a meeting inevitable. The chevalier having first missed, De Villeneuve called out to him: "Look to the second button-hole of your coat! and sent a bullet through the spot indicated into the breast of his opponent, who expired half an hour later in great agony. His mother is said to be broken-hearted at his death. How much longer, we wonder, will this savage be allowed to offer these human sacrifices to his own inordinate vanity?"

"Just then I happened to look up, and saw the Quiet Man rise slowly from his chair, with a face so changed that it startled me almost as much as if I had seen him disappear bodily and another man rise up in his stead. I had once seen an oil painting abroad, in which an avenging angel was hurling lightning upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and that was just how this man looked at that moment. He glanced at his watch, and then came across the room and went quickly out."

"The next night, and the next, and the next after that, the Quiet Man didn't appear at the club; and we all began to wonder what could have become of him. But when I came in on the fourth evening, there he was, though he looked—as it seemed to me—rather paler and feebler than usual."

"Here's news for you, Fred," called out Charlie Thornton. "That rascally French duelist, De Villeneuve, has met his match at last! and Dr. Lansett of the 9th Bengal Native Infantry, who saw the whole affair, is just going to tell us all about it."

"Well, this was how it happened," began the doctor. "In passing through Paris, I stopped to visit my old friend, Colonel de Malet, and he and I were strolling through the Tuilleries Gardens, when suddenly a murmur ran through the crowd. 'Here comes De Villeneuve.' Then the throng parted, and I had just had time to catch a glimpse of the bully's tall figure and long black mustache, when a man stepped forth from the crowd and said something to him, and then suddenly dealt him a blow."

"Then there was a rush and clamor of voices, and everybody came crowding around so that I couldn't see anything; but presently De Malet came up to me and said, 'Lansett, we shall want you in this affair, although I'm afraid that you won't have a chance of showing your surgery, for De Villeneuve never wounds without killing.'"

"Just then the crowd opened, and I saw, to my amazement, that this man who had insulted and defied the most terrible fighter in all France was a slim little fellow with a pale, meagre face."

"As the challenged party, I have the choice of weapons," we heard him say, quite coolly; "and I chose swords."

"Are you mad?" cried De Malet, seizing his arm; "don't you know De Villeneuve's the deadliest swordsman in Europe? Choose pistols—give yourself a chance!"

"Pistols may miss—swords can't," answered the stranger, in a tone of such savage determination that every one who heard him—even De Villeneuve himself—furious though he was—gave a kind of shudder. "I had vowed never to fight again, save with a man who deserved to die; but you have deserved it well by your cold-blooded murders, and die you shall!"

"Where both sides were so eager to fight, there was no need of much preparation. They met that evening, Colonel de Malet being the stranger's second, and another French officer acting for De Villeneuve."

"As a rule, De Villeneuve was as cool on the ground as if he had been at a picnic; but at this time he was as wild and fierce as a tiger—partly, no doubt, from having been insulted before so many of his admirers, but also because he had found out that the stranger was an Englishman, and he hated everything English like poison. But more terrible than all his fury was the cold, stern, pitiless calmness of the Englishman's face, as if he felt certain of his man."

"They fought for some time without a scratch on either side, and then suddenly the Englishman stumbled forward, exposing his left side. Quick as lightning the Frenchman's point darted in, and instantly the other's shirt was all crimson with blood; but the moment he felt the steel pierce him, he made a thrust with all his strength, and buried his sword up to the hilt in De Villeneuve's body. Then I understood that he had deliberately laid himself open to his opponent's weapon in order to make sure of killing him; so he had, for De Villeneuve never spoke again."

"Just as the doctor said this, down fell a chair with a great crash, and, looking up, we saw the Quiet Man trying to slip past the door. Dr. Lansett sprang up and caught him by both hands."

"You here? he cried; 'let me congratulate you upon having punished, as he deserved, the most cold-hearted cut-throat in existence. I trust your wound does not pain you much?'"

"Killed him?"

"Rather—shot him slap through

"Indeed it was," answered the doctor, "and it was the pluckiest thing I ever saw."

"We all jump up from our chairs and came crowding round the hero, setting up a cheer that made the air ring; but he looked at us so sadly and so darkly that it made the shout die upon our lips."

"Ah, lads! lads!" said he in a tone of deep dejection, "for Heaven's sake, never practice a man just for having shed blood and destroyed life. I killed that ruffian as I would have killed a wild beast, to save those whom he would have slaughtered; but God help the man who shall take a human life merely to gratify his own pride and anger! If you wish to know what happens a successful duelist enjoys, look at me. Do you remember that story which Captain Thornton told here the other night about the duel in which Colonel Fortescue—the 'famous duelist,' as you called him—killed Sir Henry Martingale?"

"To be sure," answered Charlie Thornton, looking rather scared; "but what of it?"

"I was once Colonel Fortescue's was the answer."

A Broken Hearted Par.
True Story of the Demise of Jasper Grindley's Pet.

According to the story current among the laymen of this pleasant region, a year-old bear belonging to Jasper Grindley, a bear killer, had a fight with another year-old bear, also the property of Jasper, the result of which fight was the death of the last mentioned bear.

"The victor made a break for the woods, and in taking a short cut, attempted to cross Grindley's mill pond on the ice. The ice was too thin to support the weight of the fleeing bear and broke beneath him. He disappeared beneath the ice, and was not seen again until his dead body was carried down by the water to the tail race, and so on to the water wheel of the saw-mill. There it became jammed in the paddles and stopped the mill. When the body of the unfortunate bear was removed from the water wheel it was in bad shape."

Such was the story that was current about the death of Jasper Grindley's pet bear; and it was tragic enough until Jasper came in with his account of the affair.

DUCKED HIS MATE.

"Then two young lads," said Jasper, "beat all creation for smartness and it was their 'smartness' of their'n that done 'em both up. They was always playin' tricks on one another, an' one day one of 'em was takin' a lecture tramp around the house. He come to a barl that stood at one corner o' the house, half full o' rain water. He didn't know what was in the barl, o' course, but thinkin' that maybe there was something in it that would do a heap o' fun for him, he riz up on his hind feet an' puttin' his forepaws on top o' the barl, looked over into it. Not bein' anything but water in the barl, the chances is that the little cuss'd ha' got down ag'in an' gone on lookin' for sompin' else to git fun out of; but, jist ez he riz up on the barl, 't'other barl happened round that way. He seen his mate nosin' into the barl, an' all on a sudden it struck him that he see some fun in the situation. So what does he do but sneak up ahind 't'other barl an' grab him by the hind legs, an' quicker than I kin tell ye he lifted him up an' ez he riz up on the barl, 't'other barl on the onfort'nit barl in the barl was splutterin' an' kickin' and twistin' an' chokin' in the water, the tricky little sarpint that dumped him in jist danced an' pranced around, an' hollered till you'd ha' thought he'd 'busted, the thing hit ez he was so conserned funny. The barl in the barl would ha' drowned in short order if I hadn't ben clus by, an' turned the barl up an' let him out."

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

"That barl never let on that he was put out by the little trick his mate had played on him, an' didn't git mad a bit. But I could see that he was keepin' his eye skinned for a chance to git even. An' there's where I orter kep' my eye skinned to prevent anything serious, but I never thought about things ever turnin' out the way they did. The barl in the back o' the yard jist ez it did ez my 'ol' pop built it fifty years ago. The door is allus open except when we're usin' the oven, which haint more'n a week. One day a couple of weeks ago I noticed that the door was shut, but I didn't think anything wrong till I see that there was only one o' the bar's around, an' he was terrible uneasy. An' kep' hangin' round the oven, whin' an' cryin' ez if his heart'd break. Then I went and opened the oven door. Inside o' the oven lay 't'other barl. He was dead as a mackerel. I pulled him out. He had been suffocated till he died. There was only one way to explain it. The barl had ben in the habit o' crawlin' in the oven an' layin' there, one at a time, thinkin' it was bang up fun. Now the barl that had ben dumped in the barl o' water watched his chance, an' when 't'other barl clumb in the oven he just sneaked up an' clapped the door shut on him. I wasn't there to let him out, an' the consequences was that he pegged out slick an' clean."

SELF DESTRUCTION.

From the way the live barl acted I know'd that he know'd jist what his trick had ended in, an' he took on orful to see. He howled an' whined an' bellered, an' somehow couldn't git over it. He took to wanderin' over to the neighbors ez if he was lookin' for his dead mate, an' he'd told me that if I didn't keep him home he'd get a ball in him some day. So I put a rope around his neck an' tied 't'other end of it to an old plow-sheer that was knockin' round the yard. He could drag the plow-sheer about, but couldn't drag it fur. But he kep' up till I see that there was only one o' the barl in the mill pond, carryin' his plow-sheer under his arm ez handy ez I'd carry three pound o' pork."

"That skeered me. I dug over to 'ard the mill pond ez fast ez I could go. I got there quick enough, but I couldn't see nothin' o' the barl. I walked up around the pond, an' what should I come on to but the barl, standin' on the ice an' breakin' a hole through it with the heavy plow-sheer. I see what he was up to at wunst, but afore I could get him he had the hole big enough, an' down through he plunked like a muskrat. I waited, but I never see him ag'in. The poor little cuss was jist wore out with remorse for what he had done to his mate an' had committed suicide complete an' deliberate ez it had ever been committed sence the world started!"—*New York Sun.*

The Way to Matrimony.
Stories Which Show How Proposals are Often Made.

"Every girl makes up her mind at some time in her life that she will never accept any man who does not propose gracefully," said a man who was chatting with several others the other day. "He has got to be fully togged out in a dress suit, and has got to kneel according to the Delors system. That is their idea at first, but I'll bet there isn't one girl in a hundred who ever gets her proposal that way—at least from the one she accepts—and I'll leave it to the present company to decide, if each one will give the circumstances of his proposal."

"We're in," said a gray-haired benedict. "Begin with your own."

"All right. I look my wife that was to be, and is now, sleigh riding. We were talking about sentimental things and neglected to notice that we ran onto a stretch of road which the wind had cleared of snow. We never noticed it until the horse stopped, utterly exhausted. There was nothing to do but to get out and lead the horse back, because he couldn't drag us. I proposed on the way back, while I was trudging along a country road, with my left hand on the horse's bridle and the other—well, never mind that. She accepted me, but she always said it was a mistake. I refused to let her off, though, or to propose again in a dress suit."

"My proposal," said the gray-haired old man, "was made also during a sleigh ride. My wife and myself were in the back seat in a four-seat sleigh, and in going over a bump of some kind the seat, with us in it, was thrown off. We landed in a nice, comfortable snow drift, and the sleigh went on for a mile before we were missed. When it came back for us, however, we were engaged. We weren't in a dignified position, but we were fairly comfortable and we had the seat still with us. Since then my wife has frequently stated that she had intended never to accept a man unless he proposed in true novel form, but she did."

"I'll give you a summer story," said a young man but recently married. "I did my courting in a place full of romance, but the proposal never came at a romantic time; in fact, I don't think a man is responsible for the time he proposes. It just comes, and that is all there is of it. I had had the most favorable occasion for a romantic proposal. Finally I had a two-mile row in the harbor. I apologized and took off my coat, then I apologized again and took off my vest. It wasn't romantic, but it came on me and I said it. The boat drifted half a mile, and I wouldn't have cared if it had drifted ten miles. We were engaged. And I looked like a tramp at the time."

"And I'll tell you that sentimentality doesn't go," said a lawyer. "I know, because I've tried it. I proposed to my wife first at a summer resort, when the moon was full and I was sober. There was everything to inspire sentiment. But she refused me. I left her. I later met her again in the parlour of the hotel and suggested marriage again. She accepted me then. There was nothing to inspire sentiment in the last meeting, and therefore I say sentiment doesn't go."

It was the sentiment of the meeting that no girl is proposed to in the way she expects.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Some Reasons Why.

The institution of marriage is not what it once was, is a fact patent to the dullest observer, but the fault lies not with the ordinance, but with certain customs and individuals themselves.

To the multiplicity of outside diversions are we indebted in a measure for the decline of domesticity. The clubs are responsible for much. Many well meaning husbands are accustomed to regard their own homes only as lodging houses and live their lives entirely outside. This is all wrong of course, but the trend of family training is such that there is small comfort to be gotten out of the situation; especially where a household of ill regulated children so completely "rule the roost" that there is little chance for anything without the pale of their unreasonable exactions.

I have seen a beautiful and kind but mistaken mother fold her hands helplessly when her soft, pretty little flaxen haired tress of a daughter was storming the castle, so to speak, for something it was ruinous to let her have, and finally weakly yield to the tyrannous tirade she had not the moral strength to resist. Such scenes are very likely to engender disgust in the mind and heart of a masterful man whose home is made a perpetual bedlam by the children who should make it a joy. Ofttimes seeing the weakness and vexations of the mother he takes the reins in his own fingers and goes to the other extreme.

"For shame, Susie, I shall tell Papa when he comes." The little one fearing his harshness is becalmed as it were, through hypocrisy. This state of affairs develops traits it makes one shiver to think of, and in the sweetest soil of that bright young mind are sown seeds which will swiftly uproot the good seed and leave the little one a prey to impulses, likely to wreck her after life. A mother should commence her training with the infant in her arms. Nothing should be suffered to interfere with her habits of ministrations. The hours for baby's bath, baby's meals and baby's nap should be regular as her own. A contented child is usually a happy child.

A small tap upon the fingers of the

little toddler will teach her the forbidden fruits of the nursery—and render less difficult the disciplines to come later on. Nurses are the bane of American motherhood. They undo in a day what a mother has toiled hard to achieve, and that is why it is easier for a lady in moderate circumstances, who never leaves her duty post, to have her children grow to be well regulated men and women.

A man who expects to live his life with his wife is better satisfied with the girl selected from the humbler walks of the world who feels to her heart's core the sacredness of home and the obligations of life, who understands that marriage means mutual love and mutual helpfulness, and is likely to make no mistakes concerning the tenure by which her duties are held, who renders her home so comfortable and so cheerful that her husband leaves the saloon and club entirely out of his reckoning; who will teach her young daughters in time that it is one thing to win love and another thing to keep it; and that in this sacred compact each must do their part, bearing each other's crosses and sharing each other's joys.

But that bitter failure occurs when wives and mothers do their best, is a well-known fact. There are men seemingly without human hearts, and feminine martyrs are not few by any means, women who work against discouragements, hoping against hope, standing by their duties as long as there is a plank to stand on. Such noble women may meet no recognition from the world, but from their children they will receive the hard-earned blessing, "Well done, good and faithful, martyr wife, or happy mother."

A Curious Plant.

The Falkland Islands have a very damp and chilly climate, and are swept by the south polar winds that they seem always cheerless and uncomfortable. Snow may fall at any time of the year, and yet it is never really cold. The cattle and sheep thrive well the year round without hand feeding or shelter, and the inhabitants, mostly of English or Scotch origin, have thus far found stock raising a profitable and safe investment. In such a windy climate no tree can grow, but nature has provided immense supplies of excellent peat, which serves well as a substitute for wood or coal as fuel. But, though the Falklands produce no trees, they do produce wood—wood in a very remarkable shape. You will see scattered here and there, singular blocks of what look like weather beaten, mossy, gray stones of various size. But if you attempted to roll over one of these rounded boulders you will find yourself unable to accomplish it. In fact, the stones are tied down to the ground—tied down by roots; or in other words, it is not a stone, but a block of living wood. If you examine it at the right time you may be able to find upon it, half hidden among the lichens and mosses, a few of its obscure leaves and flowers. If you try to cut it with an axe you will find it extremely hard to do so. It is entirely unworkable—being made up of countless branches which grow so closely together that they become consolidated into one mass. On a sunny day (if you are lucky enough to see a sunny day in Falkland) you may perhaps find on the warm side of the "balsam-bog" (for so the living stone is called), a few drops of a fragrant gum, highly prized by the shepherds for its medicinal qualities. This wonderful plant is the *Bolax glebrifera* of botanists, and belongs to the same family as do the parsnip and the carrot.

Remarkable Sheriff's Sale.

A Farmer Secretes His Goods in Various Queer Places.

The Pottstown Ledger of Saturday tells the following: A curious and exciting Sheriff's sale came off at the farm of Orlando Noll, in Muhlenburg township, Berks county, on March 13th. When Sheriff Becker arrived he was told that many valuable articles he had advertised could not be found. He saw Mr. Noll and requested him to produce his missing goods, which the farmer did not do. The Sheriff asked the people present to assist him in a search for them, and then a remarkable scene began. In a granary, buried in chaff, were found forks, crowbars, hammers, hammers, etc., under the hay in the mow were discovered the hay-rake, sleigh, saw, plow, feed cutter, forks, and flax. The Sheriff, not yet satisfied, ordered the searchers to look under the barn floor, the planks were torn up, and to the astonishment of all, the scythes, harness, meat and sausage cutters, cider press, hoes, picks, crobars, chains and other things were pulled out. And still the hunt went on. It was suggested that a woods near the barn be searched, which was done, and the party brought out a grindstone, cart harness, single tree and traces, and a sled. The sale now began and bidding was lively, but the articles sold on the premises only aggregated a hundred or two.

Notwithstanding all the discoveries made thus far, it was known that the most valuable things were still missing. Sheriff Becker received information that Noll had taken a lot of property to the premises of James W. Schmeck, a mile off, and consequently announced that the sale was not over yet; the Sheriff rolled up his trousers and started off through mud 6 inches deep, the whole parade following. On reaching Schmeck's the latter was called aside, when he said the goods had been brought there without his knowledge. A search commenced and the Sheriff found two horses, a cow, heifer, clock, 3 copper kettles, lounge, carpet, carpenter tools and other articles, which were put up and sold. Noll had disposed of his best cow and a buggy, after the levy.

The sale being over, Sheriff Becker thanked the people for their assistance. A warrant was then sworn out for Orlando Noll, for secreting the goods, and he was arrested, taken to Reading and bound over to answer at the court. The accused claims that the goods are owned by his wife.

—The biggest school boy in Rhode Island is believed to be William Davis, of Westerly, who is 13 years old and weighs 287 pounds.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—The Bank of France employs 160 female clerks.

—Children are punished for coughing in school in Brooklyn.

—A winter Chautauqua is to be established at Crescent City, Fla.

—The Archbishop of Paris has issued a decree forbidding cremation.

—The income of Rockefeller, the Standard oil man, is \$1,000,000 per hour.

—A Hungarian lawsuit has just been settled after having been in the courts for 470 years.

—There are five New Yorks, nine Philadelphias and twelve Bostons in the United States.

—The town of Addison, in Maine, has twelve couples who have been married fifty years or over.

—France has half as many people as the United States, but her national debt is twice as great as ours.

—The New York Legislature will pass upon a bill prohibiting the placing of pictures in cigarette boxes.

—C. B. Everts, the Senator's oldest son, devotes his attention to managing the big farm at Windsor, Vt.

—Maine folks are frugal. They increased their deposits in the savings banks last year by over \$2,000,000.

—Some of the orange trees at Riverside, Cal., are so heavily laden with fruit that the branches have to be propped up.

—A New York firm sued a sewing-girl to prevent her from working with another firm. She is an expert sewer.

—Representative Charles H. Gibson, of Maryland, is considered the handsomest member of the Lower House of Congress.

—Phemiller Broussard, of Louisiana, aged ninety-one years, has just married a lady somewhat over fifty. It is his second marriage.

—Prince George of Wales will soon be promoted to the rank of commander, there by leaping over the heads of 600 senior lieutenants.

—King Menelik, of Abyssinia, has received from the King of Italy a magnificent crown of gold, set with emeralds and pearls of great value.

—There are reported to be over 100,000 Sunday-schools in this country, with 1,100,000 teachers, and eight and one-third million of scholars.

—Maryland producers expect to grow 12,000,000 quarts of strawberries this year, but all the same they are ordering 20,000,000 "quart" boxes.

—South Georgia barbers have a rule that is universal. A stranger is required to pay fifteen cents for a shave, while a resident pays ten.

—Though the Chinese are for peace, they are having built in England a powerful ironclad, two swift cruisers and two torpedo gunboats.

—Eli Circles, of Carroll county, Mo., won a \$55 sewing machine by producing twelve ears of corn that weighed eighteen pounds eleven cents.

—The coat shirt is said to be the latest. It is open in front all the way down, is made to fit the figure, and does not have to be pulled over the head.

—The other day a barrel containing a live baby in good shape was caught floating down a Tennessee river. It had "navigated" thus for sixty miles.

—A large assignment of cotton seed has been received in Oklahoma, which will be distributed among the settlers immediately, and planting will begin at once.

—An old man lives in a tower in the Austrian Alps, the highest meteorological station in Europe. He gets \$200 a year, and hardly ever sees a human being.

—Dr. Brown-Séquard is still engaged on his youthful elixir at Paris, and persists in believing that his experiments will at last be successfully established.

—John Mills, of Sparta, Ga., is fattening jay birds for the market. He feeds them well and they grow large. He thinks of going into the business very extensively.

—Brigham Young had fifty-six children, of whom thirty-one were girls and twenty-five boys. Some of them died in infancy or childhood, but the most of them reached mature age.

—There is a colored woman living in Dallas, Tex., who claims to be 145 years old, and people say she looks it. She is honest enough to admit that she never saw General Washington.

—The Czar, according to a recent statisticians' calculation, is the largest "private" owner of land in the world. The total is about fifty million acres, about the size of the whole of France.

—An English traveling harpist has been discovered cheating the railroad by carrying his little girl done up in the green bag with his harp. He had traveled so all about England and paid no fare for the child.

A Model Negro Postmaster.

There is great excitement at Americus, Georgia, over the nomination by President Harrison, of David Dudley, a negro blacksmith, for postmaster. Dudley has been seen on the streets frequently under the influence of liquor and has a local reputation as a bar room debater. But a short time ago he was arraigned before the mayor for drunkenness and assault and battery. For this he was fined \$50. It is alleged that three years ago he was convicted of wife-beating, and a search of the records is now being made. Affidavits of the above facts have been sent to Congressman Crisp. The mayor of Americus has telegraphed that the appointee is "incompetent, ignorant, vicious and unacceptable to both parties, white and black. He is utterly unread character, and can neither read nor write." A general petition is being prepared in Americus, signed by people irrespective of color and party, protesting against Dudley's confirmation.

—There is no decided change in gloves. Those gloves in four and six button lengths are still preferred for ordinary shopping and general wear, while the mousquetaire is by strict etiquette reserved for afternoon receptions and dress wear. Many ladies refuse to be bound down by any such rule and wear whichever style of gloves is most suited to them.