Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 9, 1890.

THE CHILDREN ARE AWAY.

The house is deserted and silent,
The clock seeming softly to say,
How cheerless it is, and how lonely—
When the children have all gone away.

No foot-falls are heard on the carpet,
No laugh heard of innocent glee;
And their playthings are resting serenely
Where the children wished them to be.

How deep and profound is the stillness
That reigns in each vacated room;
But the mem'ry of those that are absent
Lingers like some sweet perfume.

As I sit here and think it all over,
I feel it so plainly to-day,
How lonely I'll be in the future,
When the children have all gone away.

They're only to make a week's visit,
To grandpa and grandma—that's all;
But it gives me a glimpse of the moment
When the mandates of duty shall call.

And they, as brave men and true women,
Must answer and fall into line,
Marching, unfaltering, onward
In the pathways their callings assign.

I shall sit in my old-fashioned rocker,
And, rocking and thinking all day,
I fear I'll grow weary and ailing,
My dark locks be turning to gray!

I'll wonder what each one is doing—
And where may each wanderer be,
If any are sick or unhappy,
Or if they are thinking of me.

Then I'll lay down the glove I am knitting
And look at their pictures once more,
Till each one is covered with kisses,
As I've kiss their sweet faces before.

Then thro' Mem'ry's hallway resounding,
Their light-falling footsteps I'll hear,
But lifting my glad eyes to greet them,
No children, alas, will appear.

The home is deserted and lonely,
The clock seeming softly to say:
How cheerless it is, and how lonely—
For the children have all gone away!

PRETTY POLLY PIPER.

"Come, Polly," said Mrs. Piper, sharply, "what are you dreaming about? Eleven o'clock and the best parlor not dusted yet, and old Gloriana calling you to help hang out the clothes, and the tomatoes waiting to be made into catsup, and the peach short cake to be baked, and you here dawdling your time away like a fine lady!"

Polly Piper jumped quickly up, hiding her dog's eared paper covered novel, as she did so, under the cushion.

"I wish I were a fine lady," she, "I'd be practicing sonatas on the piano, or sketching the Yellow mountain, or hemming ruffles, instead of working like a slave!"

Mrs. Piper looked keenly at her daughter.

"Polly" said she, "you needn't work unless you've a mind to."

Polly tossed her sunny head with a movement of disdain.

"I don't know how you make that out," said she.

"You can marry this relation of ours, if you please," insinuated her mother. "He wants a wife to keep that grand new house of his, on Haven hill."

Polly laughed.

"How do I know he'll like me?" she questioned.

"Nonsense, Polly! There's no need to tell you that. You're as pretty as a pink," said Mrs. Piper, viewing her daughter with maternal pride.

"And how do I know I shall like him?"

"Why shouldn't you like him? He can't be more than 60, and a man at 60 ought to be in his prime. And he's very handsome—at least Viola Barlett says he used to be. And you know very well, Polly, you can make him love you, fast enough!"

Polly pursed up her cherry dot of a mouth.

"A lover of 60," cried she, "who used to be handsome when Viola Barlett was a girl! Oh, mother!"

"A handsome house and a grand carriage of your own," artfully interposed Mrs. Piper. "And servants to do all this drudgery that comes so hard on you now, and a good home for your poor father that's crippled with rheumatism and——"

"All this is taking a good deal for granted," cried Polly, dancing across the room. "Just hear old Gloriana bawling for help! I think she'll drown herself in the washtub if I don't come pretty soon. He's to be here in the noon train, isn't he? Oh, mother, you'll have to make the peach short cake yourself, and I'll attend to the tomatoes! And, mother—I declare I never thought of it until this minute, but here's a note from the school trustees to let you know that this is your week for boarding the new schoolmaster."

Mrs. Piper gave a start of dismay.

"The new schoolmaster!" she echoed. "But, Polly, he can't come this week. We haven't but the one spare room, and your cousin from New York is to be here to-day; and, besides, we can't be bothered with country schoolmasters when there's so much to be done. Write and tell the trustees at once. I dare say the man would just as soon go to Widow Topham's this week. There he is coming now. Tell him."

A score of dimples broke out around Polly Piper's bewitching little Cupid's bow of a mouth; her blue eyes sparkled fun.

"Tell him yourself, mother," she retorted. "I don't know what on earth to say."

And, thus forced into the breach, Mrs. Piper unwillingly advanced toward a tall, preternaturally slender young man who was coming hesitatingly up the garden path with a bag in one hand and a shabby valise in the other. He paused, and set down the shabby valise, that he might the more conveniently raise a still shabbier hat from his perspiring brow, as he saw the two women.

"He has nice eyes in spite of that colored hair of his," thought Polly. "I'm glad I'm not mother!"

"Is this Mr. Paracelsus Piper's residence?" asked the young man diffidently.

"Yes it is," answered the lady of the house. "But there's been a mistake. We don't want you here!"

("Poor fellow!" thought Polly, "How he colors! I'm sorry now I let mother do it. I might have softened matters a little. How tired he looks, and I'm sure that valise must weigh a quarter of a ton, at least!")

"Better go to Widow Topham's, half a mile down the road, and tell the folks I passed you on, so you could take your week there first. It ain't convenient for us to entertain you here to-day."

And, to nip the whole matter in the bud, Mrs. Piper turned short around and made a dive into the house, resolutely closing the door, behind her.

"There," said she' "it's done! I could not have him here!"

"He hasn't gone yet," said Polly, her pretty nose flattened against the fanlights of the hall door.

"What's he doing?" sharply queried her mother.

"He has sat down on his valise. Now he is wiping his forehead with a very nice white pocket handkerchief. Now he's looking back at the house. Oh, mother, don't you think——"

"Polly," said Mrs. Piper, in accents of condensed exasperation, "I don't think anything at all! But if you don't go and help Gloriana with the washing, I'll go myself, and there's an end of it!"

And Polly, who knew the meaning of her mother's voice as well as a musician comprehends his gamut, obeyed at once.

Was it Polly's fault that old Gloriana had suspended the clothes lines in that velvet green meadow through which the brook gurgled like a laughing, frolicsome child?

Was it through any complicity of hers that the tall young man had selected that especial "short cut," from the Piper farm house to the high road!

Polly stopped and looked at him, her mouth full of clothes pins, her bonnie brown curls blown hither and yon, like a meadow of ripened wheat in a September gale.

"He has stopped to eat blackberries," thought she. "He must be very hungry. Young man, I say—young man!"

The stranger started.

"I beg your pardon?" said he. "Am I trespassing?"

"No," said Polly, "it isn't that. Any one is welcome to the wild blackberries. But you seem hungry?"

"I am almost famished," frankly admitted the young man. "I breakfasted at 6, and I've had nothing since."

"It's too bad?" cried sympathetic Polly. "Look here—you shall come to our house! I don't care what mother says."

"You are Miss Piper?" he asked.

"They call me Polly," said the girl. "I declare it's semi-barbarous, this sort of thing! We've no business to act like the priest and the Levite, even if we happen to be expecting company from the city. There's a very nice little bedroom over the kitchen, sir, if you don't mind the chimney going through it, and the outlook into the poultry yard behind, and I'll get you some dinner myself. Come!"

With the gesture of a modern Queen Boadicea bidding herself "Follow me!" Polly left the basket of clothes to its fate and led the way back to the house, where Mrs. Piper was even then beating eggs for the peach short cake by the kitchen table.

"Mother," said she. "I've brought the schoolmaster back. Don't be vexed; but he was so tired and hungry, poor fellow! I'll fix up the kitchen bedroom for him, and it will take only a few minutes to cook a bit of beefsteak and make a cup of coffee."

"Polly," cried the despairing matron, "I think you must be crazy!"

"Madam," said the bewildered stranger, "I do not desire to intrude, if——"

"It's all right, mother," said Polly, flying around, pouring out a bowl of rich milk, into which she heaped a liberal portion of sliced peaches which had been intended for the short cake, and urging her company to "eat that to begin with!" while she measured out some coffee and put a juicy slab of steak on the gridiron over a bed of white hot coals.

At that moment there came a fusilade of knocks at the hall portals beyond.

"It's your cousin, Polly!" cried Mrs. Piper, hastening to open the door.

It was a stout, thick set man, in blue spectacles and a pepper and salt suit.

"Cousin Albert?" smiled Mrs. Piper, holding out both hands in ostentatious welcome.

"Ma'am?" said the stranger, vacantly.

"He must be a little deaf," thought Mrs. Piper, as she raised her voice accordingly.

"That ain't my name, ma'am," said the stout man with blue glasses, "and I ain't hard o' hearin' neither. I'm Joseph Parks, billed to commence teachin' the district school to-morrow morning, and the trustees——"

"My goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Piper, "if you're the school teacher, who's this young man? I knew how it would be, Polly. He's a tramp—an impostor! Blow the horn for the farm hands; loose the dog!"

The young man—who had just disposed of the last luscious spoonful of peaches and cream—here rose to his full height.

"Up to this time," said he, "no one asked me for my name or credentials. Everything appears to have been taken for granted; but if any one is doubtful of my identity, I shall be pleased to settle the matter. I am Albert Haven, from New York, and I presume I have the pleasure of speaking to my cousins, Miss and Mrs. Paracelcus Piper?"

"Albert Haven!" cried Mrs. Piper.

"Why, Albert Haven is 60! Miss Viola Barlett——"

"You are probably thinking of my uncle, who died last month," said the stranger. "Miss Viola Barlett, I know, was an old sweetheart of his. And I, as his heir and representative, have decided to carry out the plans he had made for visiting his relations in this neighborhood."

"Well," cried Polly, with eyes that showed like hazel diamonds, as she poured out two cups of fragrant coffee, "if you have cheated the schoolmaster out of his welcome, Cousin Albert, you must be content to share your dinner with him; for I won't have any one else turned out of doors to-day, no matter what happens."

"My dear little Cousin Polly!" cried Mr. Haven, "you are the very soul of hospitality. Depend upon it, I never shall forget this bowl of peaches and cream."

The schoolmaster unpacked his clean collars and text books in the kitchen bedroom. Mr. Albert Haven helped Polly start a box of geranium slips in the garden. Out by the chattering little brooklet old Gloriana muttered to herself as she hung snowy pocket handkerchiefs and napkins galore to dry; and Mrs. Piper, as she took the hot peach short cake and pans of tea biscuit out of the oven, thought with a thrill of triumph:

"Polly was wiser than I was, after all. And I do believe things are going to happen just as I wanted them to."

One Victim a Year.

The Grim Story of the Bridgeport Suicide Club.

One evening, six years ago last spring, there sat around a large table in the barroom of John Kinzle's saloon at Bridgeport, Conn., a half dozen men, five of whom were Germans and one American born. Glasses of beer from which the froth was slowly vanishing stood before them untasted. The companions were not talking, save in a jerky, desultory sort of fashion, but they smoked in a grim, persistent way that told of meditation. The night was warm and the door stood ajar. Outside the rain poured down incessantly, ever and anon the thunder growled like a wild beast hungry for its prey, and the lightning flashed its darts of flame across the inky sky. An occasional gust of wind rolled in, whereat the gas would flare and the curling tobacco smoke assume fantastic shapes. A blast of extra force roused one of the number from his introspective gaze.

"Dreadful weather," he muttered, seizing his glass and draining its contents. "It gives me the horrors almost."

The others followed his example and emptied their mugs.

Kinzle arose with the remark: "Well now you must take a round with me."

"No, sir, it's on me; what'll you have, boys?"

The voice was that of a new comer, who had that instant entered the door. His face wore the bright, audacious, aggressive look of the man of the world, and it also bore the stamp of youth and health and hope. Each one's countenance brightened at his greeting, and hands were outstretched in welcome. He took a seat at the table and quaffed his beer with the eagerness of thirst. Then he glanced about and queried:

"What's the matter with you fellows? When I came in you all looked as if you were ready to kill yourselves."

"I feel like it for one," remarked William Meckel, a sign painter; "what's the use of living, anyhow?"

"Well," gayly resounded the latest arrival, "news is pretty dull now, and I want something to write paragraphs from. Let's form a suicide club and start the town a bit."

Here, indeed, was an idea to drive away ennui and gloom. All acquiesced and the proposer of the scheme, George Leavenworth, city editor of The Bridgeport Farmer, drew paper and pencil from his pocket and drafted a constitution and oath of initiation. By the provisions of the former document any one weary of life was declared eligible. The club was to meet monthly, "or oftener," in Kinzle's saloon, and on each anniversary of its birth the members were to shake "poker dice." The one making the smallest cast was bound by the vow to which he subscribed to kill himself within the ensuing twelvemonth. Those who affixed their names to the gruesome document were Max Heisterhagen, William Meckel, John Kinzle, Wendell Baum, Carl Roberts, Max Pfalzenheim and George Leavenworth.

"Now, gentlemen," cried the last named, merrily, "schooners around in which to drink a short life and a happy exit to the members of the Bridgeport Suicide Club, and while John draws the beer I'll give you a verse or two suitable to the event. Silence all."

And he began that famous song written by an English officer in India when the cholera mowed down men more swiftly than the battle's bullets:

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they echo our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.

Then stand by your glasses steady,
This is a world of lies:
Here's a health to the dead a'ready,
Hurrah for the next that dies.

The group seemed imbued with a certain hysterical mirth; a strange recklessness took possession of all present.

"Bring the dice," shouted some one. "We'll shake now; we won't wait a year. Hurrah for the next that dies."

The ivory cubes were produced. Each man had three throws in which to secure as high a hand as possible. Remarkable to state—I have the story from an eyewitness—all secured four of a kind; but Heisterhagen and Kinzle, the lowest two, tied on trays and had to shake a second time. The latter threw three fours and a pair of deuces. The former got two sixes, two fives and a four. His cast was lower than any of the others; he had drawn death in the lottery of the dice, and by the terms of the compact he was bound to kill himself within the year.

But it was all a joke, a ghastly sort of amusement intended to while away the hours, and in consonance with the thunder, the lightning and the storm. As the companions prepared to seek their homes they chuckled over the jolly evening they had spent together, and congratulated Leavenworth on his novel scheme for dispelling the "blue devils" that had enveloped them prior to his appearance.

"Don't forget to kill yourself," they cried after Heisterhagen as he said good night, and plowed his way down a side thoroughfare through the darkness.

That was the last ever seen of Max Heisterhagen alive. He went to his saloon on Gold street, unlocked the door, lit the gas, wrote a note, took a pistol from a drawer back of the bar and blew out his brains. The note was addressed to "my respected friends and fellow members of the suicide club," and the message was simply this: "I have kept my oath. I warn you to keep yours."

They did.

Heisterhagen was buried with all the honors, The brass band of which he had been a member played at his funeral, and the men who sat with him that tempestuous evening in Kinzle's saloon contributed a magnificent floral offering which was to be the first of many of its kind. The twelvemonth passed, and the suicide was almost forgotten. The members of the "club" had not sought with much enthusiasm to cultivate each other's acquaintance, but on the anniversary they all chanced to meet at Kinzle's saloon There had been no prearrangement. What did it mean?

"It is fate," said Roberts. "Let us throw the dice."

They did so, and William Meckel lost. Then they drank deeply. The spell of that former meeting seemed to be upon them. A hideous mirth unchained each one's tongue and impelled him chant the charms of the grave and the weariness of life. A chair was set at the table for Heisterhagen. They shouted for his ghost to join them, and placed a glass of liquor in front of the empty seat. They asked friends who dropped in to become members of the club, and secured several additions to their number.

Four months afterward William Meckel cut his throat and Carl Roberts went mad. The dead man was given an expensive funeral, and the one dead in life was taken to the Middletown Asylum for the Insane.

The pen almost wearies of setting down the details. Let me summarize in brief the chronicle of horrors from the inception of this league until the present time, giving in order the names of the victims of self slaughter.

1. Max Heisterhagen, saloon keeper, shot himself.
2. William Meckel, sign painter, cut his throat.
3. John Kinzle, saloon keeper, shot himself.
4. George Leavenworth, newspaper man, took laudanum.
5. Wendell Baum, proprietor New Haven hotel, cut his throat in New York city.
6. William Maybie, letter carrier, cut his throat.

The last named can hardly be classed as an actual associate of the club, as at the time of his suicide he had not been elected to membership and had signed neither the constitution nor the oath. But he was given a funeral as complete in all its appointments as were those of his predecessors. His wife is now a lunatic.

Two members still live besides the man in the madhouse. With one of them, the president, I talked at length the other evening. He would neither affirm nor deny the report that he was intending to join his friends in the mysterious land beyond the grave. "All I will say," he remarked, "is that a man has a right to his own existence. If he tires of life, it is his prerogative to cast it aside as he would an old coat. If I choose to commit suicide it is nobody's —— business but my own."

A peculiar incident occurred here serving to pervade Bridgeport for many days thereafter. I repeated the last sentence of the president's remarks to Mr. [illegible], a well known photographer of that city, and he commented:

"M—— is correct. If he chooses to take his own life its nobody's ——business, as he says."

It is proper to add that Mr. Weber, the present proprietor of the saloon formerly kept by Kinzie, never had anything to do with the suicide club.

Preparing for Bed.

The Elaborate Preparations of the Modern Girl Before Retiring.

To the untutored mind bed is not a thing to be dreaded. It suggests a haven of repose, rest for the weary, a warm and genial Winter resort, a place of relaxation and freedom from conventional forms. But the conscientious modern girl makes as elaborate preparation for it as though she was to be presented in the court of Queen Victoria. I slept with a specimen of the tribe lately. We were to be room-mates at boarding school, but the modern improvement mania had claimed her for its own, and no room-mate could stand that.

Just as in old times I got out of my clothing and into my night gown in less time than you could say Jack be nimble, Jack be quick. She looked at me as the descendant of a long line of blue blooded Bostonians might look at a North American squaw. I burrowed with my head among the pillows, and politely remarked: "Hurry up!" She turned and looked in the mirror a long, long, a long look of youth and self concious beauty. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"Is a mouse?" I inquired.

"No," she replied in tones of deep distress, "it's a bit of dandruff just above my left ear. That is what comes of neglecting one'self. I generally brush my hair for half an hour every night and morning, and last night I only brushed it twenty minutes."

She took off her basque and donning a white dressing jacket, she applied a stiff hair brush to every square inch of her head until the hair rose up like quills upon a fretful porcupine. Then she twisted it up into a loose fluffy knot and went to take a hot bath. After I had given her up for drowned she returned in a flannel wrapper, sat down and searched her feet diligently for corns, but finding none, put on her slippers again. Then her attention was concentrated upon her rose finger tips, and the contents of a manicure case were brought into requisition. Next she sat down before a mirror and squeezed out a couple of black specks in her chin, polishing it afterward with the corner of a soft towel dipped into a mixture of brandy and cologne. She then brushed her eyebrows and practiced various becoming expressions and attitudes before the glass.

The roosters in a neighboring lot began to crow, and I, thoough I am unused to night watching, determined to keep it up a while longer. Now standing perfectly straight she let her head fall slowly backward on her spinal column, then on each shoulder in turn, then in front, and repeated the interesting process a dozen of times. Then opening the window she breathed deeply fifteen times, pounding upon her chest the while, and afterward worked her arms forward and back, up and round, till she looked like three or four windmills engaged in a fight. Warming up to her work she hopped twenty times on the toes of one foot and the same on the other. As this did not seem to give her relief she began to kick, first slowly, then like a steer. She kicked outward and upward, back and sideways, and tried to kick a spot on the wall as high as her head. Then she sat down to get her breath, and to commit to memory a chapter or two in a new work on calisthenics.

The roosters were riotous now, and the eastern sky began to pale. She returned to the pier glass and began to smooth her face with both hands from brow to chin in order to ward off wrinkles. "My gracious!" I thought, "has she gone to that glass again? Then I may as well give up." I fell asleep, and dreamed that I had been lying in my tomb several hundred centuries, and that at last an angel, taking pity on me, came and raised the stone of my sepulchre. I opened my eyes and beheld the white-robed being busily engaged in rubbing some preparation on her tired muscles to make them supple and elastic It was a disenchanting vision. Finally she washed her hands, turned out the light and crept into bed. "I hope you havn't forgotten anything," I said grimly. "Dear me," she murmured sleepily, "I did forget to say my prayers."—*N. Y. Press.*

The Dog Betrayed Him.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., April 29.—Seven years ago Omri Thompson and Ovid White followed Jacob Johnson home from the Salem (Ind.) fair, killed and robbed him. Both fled to Mexico, but later returned to Kansas. Thompson was arrested at Wyandotte, returned to Salem, was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. White, who was apprehended in Doniphan county and escaped by killing the sheriff, was believed to be dead. Sunday his arrest at Mineola was announced. Omri Thompson attempted to escape. Tools and money were smuggled to him in hollowed apples, and by sawing through two floors he made his escape, but missed his friends who had a change of clothing for him. Hiding under a barn, a dog betrayed his whereabouts. A most exciting chase over precipitous knobs followed. Volleys were fired after him, but he was unhurt, and only captured when falling, after a six hours' run, nearly lifeless from exhaustion. Thompson claims to be innocent, and says White compelled him to accompany him.

The Insolence of Tramps.

Beating a Farmer and His Son for Refusing to Cook Breakfast for Eight.

CHAMBERSBURG, April 25.—A gang of eight tramps went to the house of Samuel Lehman, a farmer living one mile north of here and ordered a breakfast for the party. The men had slept in the barn all night. Upon the refusal of the women to cook a meal for them they beat Lehman and his son severely and terrorized the whole neighborhood. They then passed through town and broke open two farm-houses south of town.

The farmers in the vicinity sent to town for assistance, and a party composed of several officers and a half dozen farmers started in pursuit. They came up with the gang near Marion. The tramps showed fight and a Constable shot one of them through the leg. Three of them were finally captured, and placed in jail here last night. The action of the tramps caused great excitement among the farmers, and threats of lynching were freely made.

The Tramp Nuisance.

Judge Stewart, of Franklin county, on Monday delivered a long address to the grand jury upon the tramp question, which has grown to be such an expensive nuisance, the tramp bill of the county in the last eighteen years having been over $125,000. The judge said that the vagrancy law of 1876 intended that the penalty for vagrancy should be labor, not confinement, and that the custom followed there of keeping the tramps in jail in comfort and idleness during the winter and then allowing them to prey upon the farmers in the summer, was a violation of the law and must be stopped. It was the duty of the officers of the county to provide work for the tramps, and neglect to do so was a misdemeanor. He recommended that they be put to work quarrying stone on the alms-house farm. The grand jury was instructed to make a full investigation of the matter and report some plan to rid the county of the tramps. The judge said he felt sure the tramps would disappear as soon as they were put to work.

Something Rotten in the System.

Clearfield Public Spirit.

There is certainly something rotten in the pension business of this country. Some soldiers, who never saw a battle, can get from fifteen to thirty dollars a month pension, and have no trouble whatever, while others who were out for three and four years, and were in many hot and bloody fights, never succeed in getting their names on the roll. We have a man in Clearfield who served over a year in the Mexican war, and when the late war broke out was one of the first to enlist in the 90 day service. When the time for which he enlisted was up he re-enlisted for three years and at the end of that time again enlisted and was in the service when the war closed. This man is now over seventy years of age and is dependent upon the bounty of the public. He was not a hospital bummer or a camp follower, but he was a brave soldier, and served his country well. His only fault was that he did not have a hospital record and always voted the Democratic ticket.

——At a fireman's dinner in New York the following toast was given: "Ladies—their eyes kindle the flame against which there is no insurance."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Prince Bismarck is worth $10,000,000.

—The yearly doctors' bill of Queen Victoria is $4,000.

—General Butler is believed to be worth $6,000,000.

—Metal ties for railroads are proving very satisfactory.

—There are more than 50,000 women clerks in London.

—A petrified deer horn has been found near Sylvania, Ga.

—Emin Pasha now speaks twenty-seven different languages and dialects.

—A factory for condensing milk and coffee has been built at Buena Park, Cal.

—A Wisconsin woman left her hair in Germany, sent for it and had to pay duty on it.

—Female lobbyists are recognized factors of legislation in England and command high pay.

—"A title of most ancient and honorable description" is advertised for sale in English papers.

—Ludington, Mich., hastened the adjournment of a mob the other night by turning a hose on it.

—The Presbytery for Oregon has decided that all candidates for license must quit the use of tobacco.

—A Georgia lawyer who charged $500 for drawing a will has had his bill cut down to $150 by the court.

—A wedding had to be postponed at Albany the other night because some one had carried off the gas meter.

—The Italian Government has undertaken to stop the manufacture of bologna sausage of horse meat.

—A man named Schmittschmitt was chosen town clerk in the South Town district of Chicago the other day.

—So the Fair is not to come off until 1893! Perhaps it is just as well. We may have fair weather by that time.

—A woman was restored to her mother in Northumberland, Pa., after having been stolen from her parent forty years reunion.

—Eighteen persons out of every thousand die each year in this country. In England the average is 20.5 in Germany 26.1.

—A farmer whose property was swept by a recent tornado says that everything was blown off the farm except the mortgage.

—Philadelphia ladies will endeavor to solve the servant-girl question by establishing a training-school for domestic servants.

—An English baroness has established a home for cats, where disabled and decrepit felines are cared for by her kind purrmission.

—M. Tisza, the Hungarian ex-premier, is said to have smoked more cigars than any other man in Europe. He smokes incessantly.

—There is a family in France named B, one in Belgium named O, a river in Holland called the Y, and a village in Sweden named A.

—Emin didn't lose much by being rescued against his will after all. He is to receive a salary of $[illegible] a year for his service in Africa.

—It is estimated that Great Britain's 30,000,000 population daily consume 5,643,961 pills, or what would weigh in a year's time 178 tons.

—It is not generally known that Dr. Mary Walker has become a cripple for life. On Decoration day, last, she fell and broke her right hip.

—A clergyman named Fiddle refused to accept the title of D. D. because, as he said, he "didn't want to be called the Rev. Ichabod Fiddle, D. D."

—The fund for the proposed Grady Memorial Hospital in Atlanta, Ga., now amounts to about $50,000. It is said that $30,000 more is needed to carry out the project.

—Andrew Carnegie has in contemplation the founding at Pittsburg, in addition to his library, of a great school or institute for instruction in the arts and sciences.

—A young man advertises for a place as salesman, and he has had a good deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different wholesale houses within a year.

—Cupid never cares anything about State lines. Miss Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," is said to be engaged to Mr. Alfred Wilkinson, of Syracuse, N. Y.

—The other day the wife of a special officer at Chester, Pa., slapped him in the face. Taking advantage of his official prerogative, he at once arrested her and conveyed her to the lock-up.

—Baron Hirsch, the wealthy German Hebrew, is said to have promised to contribute $10,000 a month for the betterment of the condition of the Russian Jews who have immigrated to this country.

—A pair of bantam chickens were sold at the London Crystal Palace for $500, which was almost exactly twice their weight in gold. This is believed to be the highest price ever paid for a single pair of fowls.

"In order to obtain small, delicate hands, when in repose let them dangle at your side," says Miss Jenness. "Holding one's hands up makes the veins swell and induces a large, course development.

—A man named Catoni, a giant above seven feet high and proportionately stout, with an enormous head, has just died in Italy. Before his death he sold his skeleton to the Anatomical Museum at Rome for $2,000.

—The largest saw mill in the world is located at Clinton, Ia. It cost $2,600,000 and is capable of sawing 450,000 feet of lumber in eight hours. It has seven band and three gang saws and two batteries of ten boilers each.

—A new and sure cure for stammering is said to be this: Let the stammerer not speak a word for ten days. Then let him resume speech, but only in a whisper, for ten days more, at the end of which time he will be cured—if the remedy works.