

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., July 11, 1890.

For the WATCHMAN.

## DAR ALT GAARTE.

(Pennsylvania German Dialect.)  
Is es vielleicht 'n Draam im Schloß?  
Far wöhr ze sie scheint 's wunnerbaar.  
Wi als dar schoe alt Gaarte waar  
Scheit now en Haus un leit en Hof.

Do waar dar Gaarte—do haw' ich,  
'n kleiner Schpringer, mich verweilt;  
Do haw' ich g'schneit, gelant un g'helt.  
Dar Gaarte waar en weis far mich.

De mami waar 's Pieser, net mih,  
Ze schaffe lang un eifrig drin,  
Weil ich als rum geapert bin  
Uf 'n Kamilla weech un gril.

Die Draue un Kannedraueeschteck;  
Die Zietwile, Rittig un Seelad  
Un Kranke, un in Basie grad;  
Dar Gwittenam in Sellem Eck.

Die Blumme 'as ich bei dar Schind  
Gewatet lab—hoche Hollyhocks,  
Die Johnny-jump-ups an de walks,  
Dar Sonnenblumme gross un rund;

Dar Kimmee un Pipissaweh,  
Angelika un Scherrie,  
Dar Gwendol un dar Schmitterlich,  
Dar Kallianer, un noch meh;

Alles vergange wie en Draam!  
Ewig vebel far mich die Freed  
Uf selle grüne weechen Pad  
Luschtig ze schlage Ranzelboom.  
C. C. ZEIGLER.

## HIS REWARD.

Dr. Chester, hurrying along the upper part of New York, still only half finished and seemingly with years of incompleteness before it, saw as he picked his way through the mud of an unpaved crossing a sight that made him furious. Some eight or nine boys, not the children of the poor, but well dressed little fellows from the Queen Anne residences and well appointed apartment houses of the neighborhood—stoning a man who sat among the rubbish of a new excavation abandoned for the time by the workmen, and who seemed to be quite innocent of any offense against them. So far the stones had been physically harmless insults. But even as he looked one flung by the largest boy of the crowd, struck the man upon the head and wounded it. The blood gushed forth and the boys, frightened at last by what they had done, dispersed in all directions and were out of sight before the doctor, even with his long strides, had reached the spot.

"These imps have hurt you," he said, bending over the man, who was trying to stanch the blood with the fragment of an old handkerchief.

"Yes," said the man. "It looks cowardly to sit here and stand it, I suppose, but a fellow in clothes like mine would soon get himself arrested if he punished boys like that as they deserved. It's a bad world for empty pockets."

"That's true," said the doctor. "See here, I always have some sticking-plaster in my pocket. I'll fix the cut for you." And taking off his gloves, he produced the little case with plaster and scissors and skillfully dressed the wound.

"I supposed you are out of employment?" he said when he had finished. "I am out of everything," said the man, "work, money, health, friends, and luck, and food and shelter just now. I wonder I haven't made a hole in the water. Why men live when there is nothing to live for is one of the mysteries of this life."

"We all have something to live for," said the doctor, "though a hungry man don't think so. You are young and strong. Be temperate and you'll feel well again. Let me help you out for to-day, and after you've eaten and slept come to me. I'll give you some work—rough work—but it will be a start—if you want it, and come to me sober to-morrow."

"Thank you," said the man, raising; "and God bless you. If I don't come sober I'll not come at all. But I think I'll come."

He took the dollar that the doctor gave him with his card, and bowed in a way that proved that he had not always been in his present position. The doctor obeyed the impulse of the moment, and with a smile offered the man his hand. He saw that this was no ordinary tramp. For that sort of creature there is no hope and no help. He is so vile that he scarcely deserves mercy, and the doctor knew it well; but to this man a friendly hand grasp was good medicine. It had its effect. A light came into the dull eyes, a smile moved the mouth.

"I cannot express my obligations for your kindness," he said earnestly. So they parted. The doctor felt touched, and was rather pleased with himself, and a little further on meeting a boy he recognized as one of the poor man's assailants, he took him by the ear and gave him a lecture, threatening to take him to his father and expose his conduct. However, he did not do it, nor did the boy fear that he would.

"I didn't throw the stone that cut the fellow," he said. "It was Tibbs."

"How would Tibbs like to be arrested, ask him?" said the doctor. Then he walked on and the incident faded into insignificance. After a while it was unlikely that the man would come to him.

The doctor was a very popular man in the upper part of the city, and his day was well filled. He was, besides, bent on two missions, both important ones. He was about to make an offer of his hand and heart to a lady of whose feelings he had very little doubt, and he intended to deposit in a certain bank a sum of money which he carried about his person. It was a large one—the half yearly salary he had received from the managers of an orphan asylum to which he was physician.

Need one ask whether his steps first took him? Naturally to the feet of his lady love. She was young enough to look all the sweeter in the bright light of day, and her pretty morning dress became her. She had expected the offer and accepted it without affectation, and the young doctor made all sorts of charming speeches, and was permitted more than one kiss.

At last, however, he was obliged to say adieu, and as he ran down the steps he said to himself that he was the happiest fellow alive. Already out of fear of poverty, engaged to the only girl he ever loved, healthy, and with a clear conscience, what young professional man was ever in better case? As he passed the spot where he had that morning seen the boys stoning the unfortunate man, the picture arose once more before him. What a contrast in their positions, he thought to himself! Well, he had worked for his, and no doubt that poor fellow had worked as hard in another way to bring upon himself the fate that had befallen him. Still it was pitiful.

Parents who did their best by me, a happy home, more kindness than I deserve have been said," he said. "How do I know what the man's childhood was? I hope he will come to me to-morrow. I am glad I helped him a little."

He was yet to be still gladder. How little we know what threads of good or ill we braid into our lives by what seem our most unimportant actions.

From house to house the doctor went. Anxious mothers kept him on in talk. There were those who felt that their well being depended on telling the doctor all about that "nervous" sensation, and that "worried feeling and banking hours were long over when he emerged from the residence of the last patient upon his list, and, indeed, it was growing quite dark, and, like all healthy men, the doctor was growing hungry, and his dinner awaited him.

He stepped forward briskly, but had only gone a few steps when an old woman approached him, wringing her hands and sobbing:

"You're Dr. Chester, aren't you, sir?" she cried. "Och, doctor, darlin', you're watter immedial, it's me, old man is taken down in our shanty by the railroad. He fell upon the floor he did, and it's sinless he's lyin'. I've the money. Come, doctor, come along; a minute may make life. It's near—street."

"Then why didn't you go to Dr. O'Shane? His office is close by you," said the doctor.

"I did, but he was away," said the old woman. "An' sure, but that I knowed your face, and you the kindest doctor anywhere, I'd have stopped you. I've the money like to pay."

But it was not the fee the doctor was thinking about. He felt a curious reluctance to do what the old woman asked. Naturally enough, he commented inwardly, nature demands rest and refreshment. Still the case was one that called for immediate action, and in a moment more he said:

"Go on, I'll come with you," and followed her westward. It was a lone walk across unlighted streets and down some wooden steps to the rails of the Hudson River road. Not a soul was in sight, but a light gleamed from the windows of a dilapidated shanty by the road side, and the woman hobbled in that direction. She entered the door; he followed her.

A man was lying upon the floor. The doctor knelt beside him. He did so some one from behind pined his arms. The supposed patient sprang up and seized him about the waist, and in an instant, strong though he was, he lay bound and helpless upon the floor. Four stout ruffians stood before him. One rifled his pockets while another crammed a handkerchief into his mouth. Before his eyes they examined his watch, and counted the money in his pocket-book.

"It's a good haul," one of the men said. "Come, we must lose no time. No one will find that fellow before to-morrow, still we might as well get away."

"But shoot him before we go—dead men tell no tales," said the man who played the part of invalid.

"Throw him on the track," said the third of the group. The railroad folks will help us keep our secret."

The fourth said nothing, but stooping, lifted the doctor by the shoulders, and the others followed his example.

In vain Dr. Chester strove to break his bonds or to utter a prayer for mercy. They dragged him toward the track and flung him across. Not content with this, they bound him by other cords to the rails, and left him thus fettered to his fate; and thus the happiest day of his life had ended.

Full of young hope, with every reason for living, he must die, and such a horrible death! He strove to meet his fate like a man, but the thought of his betrothed wife was too much for him. He managed by degrees to thrust the handkerchief from his mouth with his tongue, but as he did so he felt the rails tremble beneath him—the engine was approaching! It was far away yet; but what hope was there that he would be heard before it was upon him? Again he shouted ed—again, still again—as he saw the red glare from the head light of the approaching engine shine out through the darkness!

His case seemed hopeless, but he spent all his strength in one wild cry of: "Help! On the rails here! Tied to the rails! Help! help!" "Courage! Here we are!" shouted a voice near by. "Courage! courage!" Some one knelt beside him, some one gasped: "Don't despair, I've got a knife with me."

One of the cords was cut—another—he was freed from the rails and clasped in the arms of his preserver, rolled over into the little gully besides the track, safe out of harm's way, just as the express train flew by at full speed. And now there were others to help. Stout policemen with clubs and pistols who helped the first arrival to free the doc-

tor from all bonds, and by the light of their lanterns he looked into the face of his preserver, and saw the man to whom he had acted the good Samaritan that morning.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"How does it come that I owe my life to you?"

"You owe it to your own kindness, doctor, said the man. "An hour ago I found a lodging in a low tavern near this spot. I had crept into a bunk without removing my clothes, when four men came into the room. They fancied it empty, for early hours are not the fashion in that place, and talked freely though in whispers. One of them had some pang of conscience about having left you tied on the track, and spoke your name aloud, saying you were kind to the poor. Happily I am quick of hearing and jump at an idea. I crept out of my bunk behind their backs, jumped from a window which was close by, and only stopping to put on my shoes, I dashed down the track. I had no idea which way I should go, but felt that the spot near the tunnel would be the most likely one. On the way I met a boy and bade him find a policeman and tell him that murder had been done. Happily I was in time. That is all I know about it. Thank God, who led me here."

"Amen!" said the doctor. "My gratitude must be expressed in deeds, not in words, and there is one who must thank you also—my promised wife."

Meanwhile the police had returned to the tavern, whether the doctor and his friend followed them. They found the desperadoes drinking in an upper room without suspicion that they had been discovered, while the old woman who had decoyed the doctor to the shanty sat at a table gloating over her share of the plunder. They were arrested before they had an opportunity to make resistance, and the doctor was so unusually lucky as to get his own again after thieves had stolen it. As yet fortune favored him. He is married to the woman he loves, and by his aid and through his friendship the man who saved his life has become happy, respected and prosperous, and in their household he is as a brother.—*Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.*

## He Found the Schoolmaster.

We were sitting on the veranda of a hotel at Niagara Falls, when I noticed the man on my right looking sharply at the man on my left, and presently he got up in an excited way and walked about. After a bit he halted before the other man and asked Graham?

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Didn't you used to teach school at Elmira?"

"Yes, sir."

"In 1863?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember a boy named Godkin?"

"Very distinctly, sir."

"Do you remember that he put a package of firecrackers under his desk and touched them off?"

"As if it happened only yesterday?"

"And you basted him for it?"

"I did. I licked him until he could hardly stand, and I've always been glad of it."

"You have, eh?" said the other, breathing fast and hard. "Do you know that boy swore a terrible oath?"

I presume he did, as he was a thorough young villain."

He swore an oath that he would grow up and hunt for you and pound you within an inch of your life."

"But I haven't heard from him yet."

"You hear from him now! He stands before you! I am that boy!"

"Well?"

"Prepare to be licked! My time has come at last!"

He made a dive for the old pedagogue but the latter evaded him, made a half turn and hit him on the jaw, and Godkin went over a chair in a heap. Then the whilom schoolmaster pined upon him and licked him until he cried "enough," and it didn't take him three minutes to do it. Then he retired to get another collar and replace some buttons, and helped Godkin up and observed:

"You didn't wait quite long enough, I guess."

"Say! That's where I made a mistake!" he replied. "I see now that I ought to have held off until he had got to be about 150 years old. The old devil is all of seventy now, but he licked me right off the reel, and I'll never have the sand to stand up to him again. Here's thirty years of waiting for vengeance knocked into a cocked hat in three minutes!"

## The Chinese Way.

"I was passing by a Chinese laundry in a basement, and, chancing to look in, I saw a pigtailed Mongolian sitting in the corner with a pile of those jim-jam looking figured slips of yellow paper in front of him and the list book open on the table where you go to pay for your washee, washee."

"Nothing funny in that."

"No, it was rather tragic, though I said funny at first."

"Was he skinning a rat?"

"No; he had a log chain fastened around his neck secured by a big padlock, and there was a look of remorse and resignation on his saddle colored face that awoke my sympathies. Walking in I was met by another Chinaman, who came hustling out of an adjoining room, his face wreathed in smiles and soups. Said I, 'What's the matter with this man, Gin Sling?'"

"Dis man, eh? He-he Dis man clerkee. Kpeece cashee. One day say Canada. Now he sleepse here allee time. Eh? See? He! he!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

An original swindling device had been invented in connection with the Edinburgh (Scotland) International Exhibition. Four members of a family take two season tickets; two of who enter in the morning post their tickets in the building, and the other two wait their arrival; and that their admission costs is the price of the penny stamp.

## Webster's Oratory.

During the first part of his public career Webster used to spend much time in the preparation of his speeches. He would sit up all night working over them, walking about the room and repeating them aloud. He was always a hard worker. In one of the letters he wrote me, and which has since been published, he said: "I have never eaten the bread of idleness, but for the last forty years I have worked twelve hours a day." Still, in the last part of his life he acquired a faculty in the arrangement of his thoughts which was simply marvelous. I was in Boston at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Page, on the Friday before he made his last speech in public. We happened to be talking over the statement that had appeared in one of the papers that there were no questions of national importance then impending, and it would be impossible for Webster to acquire himself well on the morrow. He said, "We will not discuss that, but I was awake this morning from 3 until 4 on account of pain in my wrists, and so I arranged my speech in mind, and if you care to sit down, I will repeat it to you as I shall deliver it to-morrow night." He talked to us over an hour, and so far as I could remember he made only two changes in his address the next day—one an allusion to the friend who introduced him and the other a reference to the Methodist Conference then being held in the city. In the Reverse House he once talked to some of us about his speeches, and asked us which we thought would stand the test of time the longest. We decided that it would probably be the second in reply to Hayne. He assured us that had not required nearly so much time in its preparation as two others, one of which was in the Dartmouth College case. In fact he has recently appeared, he had prepared his celebrated reply to Hayne a year before for another purpose.—*Chicago Herald.*

## The Old Man Disappointed.

"Can't fool these 'ere railroads much!" observed the young man in the seat ahead, after we got fairly out of Mauch Chunk, writes a traveler.

"How do you mean?" I asked, suspecting he had a story.

"It's a good one on the old man, and I'm dying to tell it," he grinned. "I live about twenty miles below here, and within half an mile of the railroad. One afternoon, about six months ago, my brother Pete got hurt in our saw-mill, and was brought home unconscious. We had just got him home when a neighbor came along and said a passenger train had been derailed at the crossing, and a good many people hurt. This was just at dark, and Pete hadn't come to yet. Soon as the old man heard of the accident to the cars he scratched his head, looked Pete over, and then said to me:

"Jim, it's wuth trying for. We'll take Pete down on a mattress and mix him in and try and get damage from the railroad."

"I was against it, but he said it was a go, and so we got out a mattress and lugged Pete down to the crossing. Four cars were off and lots of people hurt, and we slid Pete in among three or four lying on the grass and groaning to kill. It just happened that one of the railroad attorneys was on the train, and he was about asking names and writing 'em down. By and by he came to Pete. An edging had caught in the saw and given him an awful whack over the head, and the lawyer felt him over and asked:

"Do any of you know this poor fellow?"

"I happen to know him," answers the old man. "His name is Pete Staynor, and he orter git a thousand dollars for this!"

"At that minute Pete come out of his snooze, and setting up on the grass he looked around in a dazed sort of a way, and yelled out:

"Why in Halifax don't you clear that saw?"

"And at that the old man got away and I after him; and Pete went on to tell how he got hurt, and to wonder how he got there, and we had to sneak back and lug him all the way home."

"And what did the old man say?" I asked.

"Say! Why, there's half a mile of road with the trees blasted on one side of it, and he's had everybody kicking him, until the whole neighborhood is hip lamed and can't climb a door-step."

## Pickles.

When making pickles use none but the best of vinegar. A passably good vinegar is made from sorghum, and there is another kind made from sweetened water in which corn has been boiled—either kind being better than the acid vinegar for sale at the grocery stores. Be particularly careful not to buy the sharp, colorless liquid usually sold for vinegar; for it is really weak sulphuric acid, and highly injurious. I have become quite skeptical about all vinegar offered by grocers, and would advise housekeepers, whenever it is possible to make their own, or purchase of friend who can make more than she needs for her own use.

Boil pickles in earthenware whenever it is possible. Granite ware is next best for the purpose, and next to that new tin. As soon as the pickles are done they should be removed from the dish, in which they were cooked, unless earthenware was used. They should be kept in glass or hard stoneware, and examined every month or six weeks. If they do not seem to be keeping well, drain off the water, scald it, add a cupful of sugar for each gallon, and pour it boiling hot over the pickles. Repeat this operation three succeeding mornings, and then tie them up closely again. If pickles are well made, however, it should be better at the end of a year than at the end of three months.—*Yankee Blade.*

Ambergris, from which many perfumes are made, and which is sometimes used to flavor wine, is merely the morbid secretion of the liver of a sperm whale. It is a fatty, waxy substance, disagreeable to sight or touch, but even in its crude state exhaling a pleasant odor.

## A Singular Source of Wealth.

John James Mago, a millionaire who lives nine months of the year in Paris, is the hero of a curious story. It is related of him that fifteen years ago he was a British Vice-Consul at San Jose, Guatemala, and a poor man. One day a drunken native commandant, who was running the port something after style of Mayor Cottrel, of Cedar keys, ordered that he be given 100 lashes for some fancied insult. The Vice-Consul was lashed accordingly. Later the British Government stepped in and ordered that Mago be paid \$500 for every lash. Guatemala was glad enough to pay the money, which made the Vice Consul a comparatively a rich man. Having more ready money than any one else in the country, President Barrios entered into partnership with him. Mago became a large coffee planter and dealer and was also given exclusive franchises for building docks in the ports out of which he made a great deal of money. His fortune is now estimated at \$5,000,000.

## Wise Words.

To bear is to conquer our fate. All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

A man never forgives a woman for making him feel silly. The more honestly a man has the less he effects the air of a saint.

No man but a blind man ever passes a mirror without looking in it. A model wife is one that thinks her husband knows more than her kin.

Every man is a hero to some woman; every woman is a heroine to some man. The birthdays of his children are a man's landmarks on the road to old age.

When a man finally succeeds in making himself famous his wife gets the credit of it. Nothing pleases a man so much as to be told that an old flame, since married, is still admiring him.

A woman can be paid no higher compliment than to have her husband spend all his time with her.

No woman was ever so lonely that a man does not defend her looks after he has heard that she admires him.

When a man gets famous it would seem that every man in the country used to play marbles with him at school.

It is with flowers as with moral qualities—the brighter are sometimes poisonous; but, I believe never the sweet.

He who gives pleasure meets with it; kindness is the bond of friendship, and the hook of love; but he who sows not, reaps not.

The trouble with men is that it is easier for them to die for a girl before they are married than it is to get up and light the fire for their wives after they are married.

## A Baby's Memory.

A curious instance of dormant memory in infancy took place in our family. My mother went on a visit to my grandfather, who lived in London. She took with her a little brother of mine who was eleven months old, and his nurse, who waited on her as a maid. One day the nurse brought the baby into my mother's room and put him on the floor, which was carpeted all over. Then he crept about amusing himself according to his lights. When my mother was dressed in a certain ring that she wore was not to be found. Great search was made, but it was never produced, and the visit over, they all went away, and it was almost forgotten.

Exactly a year after they again went to visit the grandfather. This baby was now a year and eleven months old. The same nurse took him into the same room, and my mother saw him, after looking about him deliberately, walk up to a certain corner, turn a bit of the carpet back and produce the ring. He never gave any account of the matter, nor did he, so far as I know, remember it afterward. It seems most likely that he found the ring on the floor and hid it as in a safe place, under the corner of the Brussels carpet where it was not nailed. Be probably forgot all about it till he saw the place again, and he was far too infantile at the time it was missed to understand what the talk that went on was about, or to know what the search, which perhaps he did not notice, was for.

## A Strange Adventure.

"The strangest adventure of my life," says a traveler, "happened to me in Mexico, near Vera Cruz. I had been riding all day on a mule, and was very tired when I put up at a small hotel for the night, kept by Don Tiurcio. After supper, I retired early, but could not sleep. The night was sultry, the apartment poorly ventilated, and there seemed to be a thousand creeping things on my body. I bore this as long as possible, and then seizing my blanket, rushed out in the open air. After walking about for a while, I spread my blanket under a stunted palm some distance from the house, and lay down, determined to sleep as much of the night as possible. I was dozing off nicely when there came a breezy, whistling sound, and something passed close to my face. I looked around, and seeing nothing, lay down again. Scarcely were my eyes closed before the noise was heard again, and this time I saw what I took for a large bird pass by. Back and forth went the bird, its wings fanning me with delightful coolness. First I was amazed, then rather pleased and finally I dropped off into slumber. Fortunately, I am a very light sleeper, and it did not seem to me a minute before I was aroused by pain in my neck. With a tremendous effort, I threw off the strange lethargy which had seized me and rose to a sitting posture. To my horror, I realized that I was being attacked by the dreaded vampire bats! One of the creatures had already fastened on me, and two more were hovering around, and they became quite savage when they saw their prey escaping. But I beat them off, and with some difficulty, returned to the house with all possible speed. Next morning when I related my adventure, Don Tiurcio assured me I would never have a narrower escape from death, and I believe him."

That tired feeling now so often heard of, is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives mental and bodily strength.

## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Carl Schurz is now a steamship agent.

—The University of North Carolina is now 101 years old.

—Mexican crops are reported ruined by delay of the seasonal rains.

—Henry M. Stanley is announced to come to America in October.

—At the nearest point Asia and Alaska are about forty-five miles apart.

—Hop vines in Puvallup, Wash., recently grew thirteen inches in fourteen hours.

—Wilson's are so numerous in the lower House of Congress as to cause confusion.

—Miss Tennant, who is presently to become Mrs. Stanly, is a descendant of Cromwell.

—A Kansas man recently sold his last cow to pay the costs of a law suit over some chickens.

—The ex-Emperor of Brazil has made up his mind to settle in the neighborhood of Vienna.

—It is now announced that Prince Murat is engaged to a wealthy woman with a fortune of \$5,000,000.

—Large strawberries and thinly-sliced bananas, served together with cream and sugar, is a recent tea-table delicacy.

—Emperor William has had an electric railway built for bringing dishes from the kitchen into the state dining room.

—A man, his wife and ten children are living in Atlanta, Ga., on \$25 a month. Out of this they have to pay their house rent.

—A citizen of Grand Rapids named D. J. Doornink wears on his watch-chain a seal which has a record of over 300 years.

—The grave of a little son of Jefferson Davis, in Richmond, is decked with flowers every day by an old gentleman of that city.

—Stumm is the Iron king of Germany. He owns enormous foundries at Neunkirchen, where over nine thousand men are employed.

—The Original Package is the name chosen for a paper to be published at Old Orchard, Me., during the coming summer season.

—The city council of the City of Mexico has passed an ordinance making it compulsory upon the male population to wear pantaloons.

—The King of the Belgians recently traveled 1,200 miles to present personally to Queen Victoria a bouquet measuring three feet across.

—Brazil is the first to ratify the recommendation of the Pan-American Congress that all international disputes be settled by arbitration.

—Information gathered in London is said to show that cats catch diphtheria from human patients and carry the disease to healthy persons.

—Florence Nightingale, who immortalized her name by her heroic work in the hospitals during the Crimean War, is nearing her 78th year.

—There are about a thousand elk killed in Oregon and Washington every year the antlers from most of which are sent to England for ornaments.

—The Merry Thought brooch is an English novelty, the design consisting of a bird's wish-bone in gold, with a tiny dove worked in diamonds perched on one arm.

—Two boys were arrested in Allegheny City, Pa., for standing on the street corner on Sunday whistling "Annie Rooney." The charge was disorderly conduct.

—There has just been unveiled at Chatham, England, a statue to General Gordon, the hero of the Sudan. The subject is represented on the back of a camel.

—A Pittsburger, being asked by the census enumerator for the "profession," trade or occupation of his wife, as provided in Question 16, replied "Homemaker."

—Something like poetic justice overtook the two smart Texans who socked the skiff they were in to scare a comrade. They were drowned and he escaped.

—A Crawford County, Pa., Jersey cow took a fancy to the fresh paint on the fence in which the bovine was pastured and licked off a sufficient quantity to kill her.

—A \$300 monument is to be erected at once over the graves of thirteen unknown Union soldiers who were buried together in the cemetery at Sedalia, Mo.

—Dr. Lancaster, the eminent London surgeon, has carefully analyzed the body of a man weighing 154 pounds, and finds 121 pounds of the total weight was composed of water.

—The two steamers which towed the crippled City of Paris into Queenstown Harbor have been awarded \$40,000 by the English Admiralty Court. The basis of computation is property saved; no account is taken of the lives.

—An ear of corn on exhibition at San Luis Obispo, Cal., is described as being in the exact