Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 25, 1890.

O'GRADY'S GOAT

A True Tale of Roaring Fun in Shanty Row, and the End.

O'Grady lived in Shanty row,
The neighbors often said
They wished that Tim would move away
Or that his goat was dead.
He kept the neighborhood in fear,
And children always vexed;
They couldn't tell jist whin or where
That goat would pop up next..

CHORUS.

Now you can bet your coat
That if there's foon afloat,
The nabors charge the divilment
To Tim O'Grady's goat.
Wid goons an' sticks an' knives,
The hoosbands an' the wives
Have thried mosht all their lives
To find and kill O'Grady's goat.

Ould Missis Casey stood wan day
The dirty clothes to rub
Upon the washboord when she dived
Headforemosht o'er the tub.
She lit upon her back an' yelled
As she was lying flat:
"Go git yer goon an' kill the bashte—
O'Grady's goat doon that."

Pat Doolan's woife hung out the wash
Upon the line to dry;
She wint to take it in at night,
But stopped to have a cry.
The sleeves av two rid flannel shirts,
That once were worn by Pat,
Were chewed off almost to the neck—
O'Grady's goat doon that.

They had a party at McCune's,
An' they wor having foon,
Whin suddinly ther was a crash,
An' ivirybody roon.
The iseter soup fell on the floor
An' nearly drowned the cat;
The stove was knocked to smithereens—
O'Grady's goat doon that.

Moike Dyle was coortin' Biddy Shea,
Both standin' at the gate,
An' they wor jist about to kiss
Aich oother sly and shwate,
They coom togither loike two rams,
An' mashed their noses flat.
They niver shpake whin they goes by—
O'Grady's goat doon that.

O'Hooleran brought home a keg
Av danimite wan day
To blow a cishtern in his yard,
An' hid the stuff away.
But suddenly an airthquake coom,
O'Hooleran, house an' hat,
An' ivirything in sight wint up—
O'Grady's goat doon that.

The folks in Grady's naberhood
All live in fear or fright;
They thinks it's certain death to go
Around there after night.
An' in their shlape they see a ghost
Upon the air afloat,
An' wake thimsilves by shoutin' out:
"Luck out for Grady's goat."

* * * * * * *

Wan winter morning whin the snow
Was deep upon the ground,
Men, women, children—in a crowd—
Were sad an' shtandin' round
The form of wan, cold, stiff an' dead,
An' shtickin' down his throat
Was Mag McGinty's bushtle fasht—
That inded Grady's goat.

—*Will S. Hays, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE MUSIC MAN.

"Aunt Betsey," said Delia Gray, "can I go over to Drew place, to singing school, to-night?"

"No, you can't and there's an end on't," said Aunt Betsey Blatchford, knitting away as if her needles were made of sheet lightning and her elbows worked by electricity.

Delia looked sober enough. She was a tall, fresh complexioned girl of 17 or 18, with large brown eyes, a forehead surmounted by naturally curling rings of chestnut hair, and a sweet-red mouth always ready to break into gracious smiles.

She had worked hard all day making soft soap and finishing off the family ironing, but her labors had been cheered by the anticipation of the evening "singing school" that was to come.

It is more than likely that Aunt Betsey knew all this, but she sat there like a determined Fate in a brown calico gown and fluted cap frills. Aunt Betsey was the autocrat of Redberry farm. She owned the house and surrounding acres and the quarts mill by the river, and Delia, although by courtesy called her niece, was really only a distant relation who, if not taken in and brought up by old Mrs Blatchford, would have been turned over to the tender mercies of the town poor house.

"Delia's a good girl enough," said the old woman, "and a spry worker as ever was. But I don't believe in girls larking around the neighborhood the hull time. They're a deal better off at home, sewin' on their patch work or cutting' rags for a new kitchen carpet."

"But I promised the schoolmaster, Aunt Betsey," said poor Delia, her dimpled face falling like the barometer before a storm. "He's to call for me at half past seven! And he will see me safe home afterward."

"Well, let him go away again," said Aunt Betsey.

Delia could hardly see the glitter of the knitting needles through the tears that blurred her vision at these cruel words.

"There's to be a dance out in the old barn afterward" she ventured to add, "and I ironed my pink calico dress so neatly, and my laces are all done up! Oh, Aunt Betsey, I'd work so hard at the carpet rags all the rest of the week if you would let me go this once to singing school."

Aunt Betsey wheeled herself round in her chair and eyed Delia sharply through the moon like glasses of her big silver bowed spectacles.

"Well, well, go if you want to," said she tartly. "Though all this music is nothin' but clear waste o' time. In my young days if we could join in the psalm tunes in church it was all folks expected of us!"

"Everybody plays and sings nowadays," ventured Delia, whose loftiest and brightest aspiration was for a melodeon or a cheap parlor organ of her own.

"Humph!" commented Aunt Betsey. "They'd a deal better play on the washboard and sing calling home the cows! That's the sort of music that pays!"

Delia sighed and abandoned the question. Consent to go to "singing school" was sufficient of a victory for the present time. And when Marcus Wayte, the village pedagogue, called for her at the specified hour she was all ready, in the stiff, rustling pink dress, the freshly ironed laces and a little pair of brown cotton gloves over frilled ribbon wristlets that were entirely new.

"But it's the last time," she sighed. "Aunt Betsey thinks that music is useless and nonsensical, and she won't have me fooling away my time at singing school, she says."

"Oh, Delia—and those lessons on the melodeon that I have been giving you at Dr. Barlett's."

"They will all be of no use," said Delia, with a little tremor in her voice.

"Does she know that people sometimes earn their living by the aid of music?" persisted Wayte.

"She don't believe it!"

"And you have such a taste for it, Delia! Nay, more than a taste—a decided talent. Oh, we must not let the thing drop. You must have a melodeon—it won't cost much to hire one by the quarter—and you go on with your lessons!"

Delia shook her head.

"It will be impossible," said she mournfully.

"I'll see about that," said Marcus Wayte. "My cousin is in the business. I'll send him to see your aunt."

Delia shrugged her pink calico shoulders. "Ah," said she, "you don' know Aunt Betsey!"

"Well," smiled Marcus, "we'll see."

Mr. Ives Wayte listened with the most earnest interest to the tale of his cousin, the schoolmaster.

"Got a real talent for music, eh?" said he.

"A most decided one."

"And poor?"

"She is," answered Marcus. "But the old lady has plenty of money, if only she chose to spend it in this way; and she ought to do so."

"Plenty of money! And plenty of prejudices, eh?"

"That is it, exactly," said Marcus, smiling.

"Very well. I'll promise to do the best I can—to oblige you, Mark. For, added Mr. Ives Wayte, with a genial twinkle of the eye, "I see your heart is in the business."

"It is," frankly confessed Marcus.—"For if Delia Grey could be qualified to give music lessons we might be married and take the Weirsells academy at once—a day and boarding school, don't you see? And she is the dearest little thing."

Mr. Ives Wayte laughed. "It's as good as done," said he.

It was a dreary, rainy night toward the close of that dreariest month of all the year—the sad November—when there came a knock at Mrs. Blatchford's door. She was alone. Thomas Bates, the hired man, had gone to see his brother off on the steamer for Florida, where he was intending to start an orange orchard— Delia Grey had been summoned to the beside of a sick neighbor, where she was to remain until late. But Mrs. Blatchford had yet to see the tramp, the wild animal or the tame one of whom she entertained the least fear. She got up and went to the door. There stood a dripping traveler on the threshold.

"Is Mrs. Nugent's place near here?" said he, taking off his cap in spite of the rain.

"Bless your heart, no!" said Mrs. Blatchford. "It's nine good miles away on the other road. How ever came you to take this way?"

"I've a parlor organ here," said the music man, glancing backward at the dim outline of a wagon in the road, "that I was to deliver to Miss Nugent."

"Guess you'll hardly deliver it to-night," said Aunt Betsey. "A parlor organ, eh? For Matildy Nugent? Well, I wonder what folly she'll be guilty of next."

"Would you kindly allow me to bring it in here?" asked Mr. Ives Wayte, with his most ingratiatory air.

"What, in all the rain?"

"Oh, it is safely packed in rubber wrappings. It won't injure this nice new carpet," said the bland traveler, "that reminds me of one my mother has just finished up in Nantucket."

"Yes," said she, "you may fetch it in. I never seen a parlor organ. There was a man came by with one in plum time with a monkey at the end of a long string"——

"Oh, this is quite a different affair," winced the music man. "If I could sleep to-night in your barn"——

"You needn't do that," said Aunt Betsey, quite propitiated by the humble air and manner of this chance visitor.—"There's a spare bedroom openin' out of the kitchen that you're welcome to."

"Many thanks, madam," bowed the agent. "As I was about to remark, if you will kindly give me house room I should like to play a few airs for you on this instrument, just to show you its tune and compass."

"Well," said Aunt Betsey, who never objected to a treat which she could get for nothing, "it would be rather a joke for me to hear Matildy Nugent's organ afore she heard it herself, wouldn't it, now? I guess, young man, you may put it up if it ain't too much trouble."

The music man dried himself before the fire. He refreshed himself with a plate of Aunt Betsey's excellent doughnuts and a drink of her cider, and then, cheered both in mind and body, he applied himself to business and soon set the melodeon up in the little sitting room.

"It ain't bad looking'," said Mrs. Blatchford, viewing it meditatively.

Mr. Ives Wayte sat down before the instrument, and touched it with a master hand.

He played "Rock of Ages," "Shining Shore,', "Bruce's Address," "Killarney" and a few such age worn veterans of melody.

"Kin you play "Old Rosin the Bow'?" suddenly demanded Aunt Betsey with something like tears in her eyes.

"I think I can," said Mr. Ives Wayte, and he evoked the sadly sweet chords of the old time lay with "crescendo" and "diminuendo" like the wail of a human voice.

"Seems 'most like 'twass speakin'," said Mrs. Blatchford. "I never knowed there was so much in the parlor organs. Be they very costly, mister?"

Mr. Ives Wayte named the price.—Aunt Betsey hesitated—shook her head—pondered.

"It seems a good deal o' money," said she. "But, arter all, what's money?—And Delia, she's dreadful fond of music. I'm most certain she could learn to play that there instrument, and it sort o' sounds nice to hear them old fashioned tunes that folks used to sing when I was a gal! My money's my own, I guess, to do as I'm a mind to!" half defiantly.—"And I will! I say, Mr. Musicman, if you leave that melodeon just where it stands, and cart up another for Matildy Nugent, I'll take it and pay you cash down for it," said Mrs. Blatchford.—"There now."

"Well," said he, "since you desire it, I think it might be managed. The instrument is here. That counts for something."

"It's proper sightly," said Mrs. Blatchford. "Delia has been a good, hard workin' girl. Play that last tune over again, Mr. Musicman—she's comin' up the path now. I heerd the gate latch creak."

"Am I dreaming?" she cried. "What is this? How came it here? Oh, Aunt Betsey"——

'It's a present I'm goin' to make you Delia," said the old lady, with beaming eyes. 'Come here and kiss me! And I'll hire Miss Barton to give you music lessons—and we'll take solid comfort out o' this 'ere! See if we don't."

The music man pocketed a roll of bills and went his way rejoicing. Marcus Wayte heard the tidings with great joy.

Little Miss Barton welcomed the news of a new scholar with heartfelt thankfulness—and Aunt Betsey went around the house humming "Those Evening Bells" and wiping the dust off a new joy every few minutes.

"It's something to get ahead of Matildy Nugent," said she. 'And Delia's been a good, dutiful gal all her life!"

"Didn't I tell you it was as good as done?" said Ives Wayte to his cousin when next they met.

"I think," said Marcus, laughing, 'you ought to have a diplomatic appointment.'

"It pays better to be an agent," observed the music man, composedly.

He Came At Last

And His Honor Made Him Stay in the City Full Ninety Days.

"Your Honor," said a tall, gaunt, stoop-shouldered man that had been arrested on a charge of excessive conviviality, "it would forever ruin me to be convicted by this court, and I therefore beg of you to let me go home and attend to my numerous duties."

"What are your numerous duties?" the judge asked.

"I keep a grocery and dry-goods store at Billings Station, and besides, I am postmaster at that place."

"Oh, you are a cross-roads postmaster, are you?" the judge exclaimed. "Ah, you have afforded me an opportunity that I have long been seeking. I have been in your store and have asked if there was a letter for me. I am delighted to have you appear before me, sir. I had hoped and prayed to have you arraigned here, and as day after day I met with disappointment, I had begun to fear that this time would never come."

"You must be mistaken, your Honor, for I am positive that you were never in my house."

"Oh, probably not in your particular house, sir, but you are all alike. Let me give you a little picture: Four o'clock in the afternoon. The mail comes. A boy brings in the bag and throws it on the counter. The people stand about, waiting for their mail, circulars from patent medicine men, and packages of seeds from Congressmen, and so on. Just as you are about to open the mail, and after you have shoved a lot of old rails in the fire and have baited your mouse-trap, a fellow comes along with a spring wagon load of eggs. You haggle with him a while and then agree to take the eggs. Then you begin to count them, pausing every now and then to shake one to determine whether or not it is good. You count eight hundred and seventy eggs and turn round to attend to the mail when a lank, hump-shouldered boy comes in and says he wants to buy a pair of boots. Then you begin to haul out your brogan boots and throw them about in an effort to get a pair to fit him; and just as he is about to try one on, he hears a noise outside and makes a break for the door, thrilled with the fear that his horse has broken loose. He comes back after awhile and you sell him a pair of two-dollar boots for three dollars and a half. By this time somebody say, 'Jim, whar is your goin' to stribute that mail?' 'Putty soon, now,' you reply, and then you go out and break up some more old rails to put into the stove.

"By this time it is ten minutes after five o'clock. You go behind the counter, take up the mail-bag and then discover that you have mislaid the key. Somebody that saw you have the key just before you began to count the eggs, declares that you dropped it in the box. You say that you wouldn't be surprised and then begin to take out the eggs. You take out the eight hundred and seventy eggs, and, not finding the key, you wonder where you could have put it, and then proceed to put the eggs back again.

"At seven minutes to six you find the key lying on the counter under a piece of manilla paper on which you have wiped your greasy hands. Then you begin to fuss with the lock on the mail-bag, and you wonder what can be the matter with it—never acted so before. Must be rusty. Some fellow tells you to hammer it and then you hold it against the stove. Just then a girl, wearing a red shawl over her head, comes in and wants a pound of candles. Well, it goes on this way until nearly seven o'clock, and then you open the mail, and the first letter you take up is addressed to John W. Woodbridge. You read the name and say. 'I don't know who he is. Any body know him? No one knows him, but a fellow that has been standing with his elbows on the counter, lifts his head, spits through his teeth and says that it must be intended for that fellow that came into the neighborhood sometime ago to see one of the Bennet girls. You putthe letter aside after looking at it with grave suspicion and then say: "Here is a letter for old Bill Hickley. Any body goin' out his way?" A bow-leg fellow says that he will be going out that way day after tomorrow, and you let him take the letter. You keep up this thing until nearly eight o'clock, and then sit down to read a newspaper that has been sent to some other man. Yes, sir," the judge continued, "I am glad to have you here, for I shall punish you for some of your numerous crimes. I will make your visit to this city last ninety days."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Grover Cleveland's Generosity.

Here is a true story about ex-President Grover Cleveland that has never been published and to our certain knowledge is not known outside of a small circle, says the Helena (Mont.) *Independent.* It is good evidence of the large-hearted generosity of a man who has suffered more lying misrepresentation than any public man of the present time: In the class of 1888 in Hamilton college there was a young man who had begun his education at the age of 21, when he could neither read nor write. In place of money he had plenty of ambition, and after a hard struggle with fortune he prepared himself for college and entered with money enough to carry him through the first year. He wanted to graduate with his class, but as he had neither funds nor friends he found himself in an embarrassing situation at the opening of the sophomore year. He had never seen President Cleveland, but one day in a moment of despair he sent a letter to the White House stating his circumstances, his hopes, etc., and closing with an appeal to the President for financial help. It was of course a "nervy" request, and the President would have been entirely justified in dropping it in the waste basket. Instead of doing this he wrote a personal letter to his old friend, Prof. Oren Root, of Hamilton, asking if the student was a worthy fellow. The professor, whose kindly generosity runs beyond his favorite square of infinity, returned a satisfactory reply to Mr. Cleveland's inquiry. Within two weeks it was evident to the students on Hamilton's beautiful campus that our ambitious friend had made a raise. He bloomed out in a new suit of clothes and showed other signs of prosperity, and announced to his class men that he had decided to stay with them. He graduated with a prize oration and is now working his way to the pastorate of a Presbyterian church. The ex-President's charity may have come from the remembrance of his own struggle to reach the freshman year of "Old Hamilton." When the college walls were almost within his reach he was forced to turn to the world to find support for his widowed mother and sisters, and thus suffer, as he once remarked, "a deprivation that seemed to grow with advancing years." At any rate he will find no more ardent supporter for the next presidency than the student who found in him the best friend of his life.

Vigorous Men in Old Age.

History gives us some remarkable instances of great achievement in the afternoon of age, but they are rare exceptions. Chaucer didn't begin to write the "Canterbury Tales" until he was sixty, and at the same age Milton was hard at work on "Paradise Lost." Homer, too, was on the edge of the sere and yellow leaf when he put the finishing touches to the Iliad.

Goldoni wrote some of his best plays after his eightieth birthday. Wordsworth worked with apparently undiminished power at four-score and Goethe continued to astonish the world at four-score and three. George Bancroft will be ninety in October, and until lately wielded his pen with the grace of Saladin and the force of the lion hearted Richard. Whittier at eighty-three writes as sweetly as ever. Gladstone still fells trees at eighty-one.

Herodotus tells us that King Arganthonius reached the wonderful age of one hundred and fifty years. Cicero, however, discounts the story, but is willing to admit that he was one hundred and twenty when he died. Agathocles, the tyrant of Sicily, held his sovereignty until he was ninety-five, and Bardyllis, King of Persia, reached the ripe age of one hundred, and then, tired of life, committed suicide. Asander was a vigorous soldier at ninety, but after his ninety-third birthday, when his life was "as full of sorrows as the sea of sands," he starved himself to death.

Days of Sorrow.

How terrible they are—some days that eat into the brain and stamp themselves on the memory for all mortal time! We can forget weeks of placid living, but never the pain that comes with one day of grief.

A poor faded woman had been brought into court, as witness in a disagreeable case, involving very serious issues. The entire case depended on the fact that a paper had been signed on a certain day, and this the forlorn little woman was prepared to prove.

"You saw the paper signed?" asked the opposing counsel, in cross-examination.

"Yes, sir."

"You take your oath that it was the 30th day of August?"

"I *know* it was, sir."

The lawyer, who thought another date could be proved, assumed an exasperating smile, and repeated her words.

"You know it was! And now, be so good as to tell us just how you know it."

The poor creature looked from one countenance to another with wide, sorrowful eyes, as if she sought understanding and sympathy. Then her gaze rested on the face of the kindly judge.

"I know," she said, as if speaking to him alone, "because that was the day the baby died.—*Youth's Companion*

——Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it. 50 cents, by druggists.

Crow Clutching.

The Novel Way the Hoosier Farmer Has of Trapping the Cunning Bird.

RICHMOND, July 10:—Indiana farmers in the back districts have a novel and effective way of trapping crows. To trap in this way the trapper must first catch a crow alive, which is generally done by crippling one with fine shot. The live crow is the trap. He is placed on his back in the field and fastened in that position by driving a forked stick deep in the ground over each wing, near the body. The crow's feet have free play, and there is no embargo put on his lungs. Any one who knows anything about crows knows that the moment one is hurt or in trouble it makes the fact known by loud and peculiar cries. There may not have been another crow seen or heard in the locality for hours, but in less than half a minute after the injured crow gives its cry of distress crows will come scurrying in from all points of the compass, answering the signal of distress with emphatic and assuring caws. The moment the distressed crow is discovered by the others they swoop down upon it, and unless it is held in duress by some trap or contrivance of the enemy so it can't be removed, bear it away to a place of safety, where it is nursed back to soundness and health. Crows are not often deluded into falling into ordinary traps, but once in a while one will get his foot unawares into a steel trap set for something else. In answer to his cries his rescuing comrades have been known to get enough of the flock's beaks and claws to bear on the trap to carry it off with its prisoner. How they have succeeded in releasing him from this trap afterward no one knows.

The live crow fastened by its wings with his back on the ground becomes at once the only sure and never failing crow trap ever tried. He sends forth the most distressing of cries, and along comes a flock of yelling crows in response to them. They pounce down upon the prostrate bird to rescue him. The bound crow's claws and legs are free to play at the bird's will. In his desperation he clutches the first crow that sweeps within his reach. He not only clutches, but he holds on like grim death. Some one is always in hiding near by, and the moment the decoy crow fastens on and makes a victim of the crow that would befriend him, the watcher hurries to the scene and captures the captive's captive. This crow is in turn made a decoy in another part of the field, and he isn't long in fastening on to a victim from among the would-be rescuers. In ten minutes after the first crow is set a farmer has no difficulty in getting half a dozen other traps in operation, all doing steady and infallible work on their excited and philanthropic brethren. The farmer may set as many crows as he likes, for after getting his first one the supply will last as long as there is a free crow in the neighborhood, but half a dozen of these yelling and clutching traps, well set, will depopulate any average crow settlement in the course of a day or so. Cunning as the crow is, he throws his cunning all to the winds at sight of a comrade in distress and even so far loses his head under such circumstances as to fly to the wing-bound crow in a field after having been made a trap of himself, as a crow will sometimes manage to work his fastenings loose in the ground by his struggles and escape. One farmer of this county says he has, with only five of the traps, caught ninety-six crows in half a day.

Some of the Hoosier small boys of the rural districts acquire such dexterity as crow clutchers that they are able to earn big wages in their efforts to make the big black bird extinct. Their method is to lie close along the side of some old log at the edge of a wood, covering all but their eyes and one hand with leaves. Then, by a remarkably exact imitation of a wounded crow, they soon bring a score or more of the excited birds swooping about the log. A smart boy can easily clutch a half dozen or more of the crows before they discover him, and they are worth ten cents apiece to him.

What the Preachers Said.

An Alleged True Story of Beecher, Talmage and an Equally Great Unknown.

New York Sun.

There is a story of a trio of New York clergymen, of which Beecher and Talmage were two. The third, because he was the relater, shall be unnamed. These three were called upon to preside at a certain public meeting. Talmage was to offer the prayer, Beecher to introduce the speaker, and the third man was the speaker. The three sat in all the dignity of the cloth waiting for the audience to come together. The hour was just at hand. The speaker was seen suddenly to lean forward and address Mr. Beecher. Mr. Beecher responded and they both addressed Talmage, who smiled. Then the other two conferred again. The audience wondered what it was all mean. Were these reverend gentlemen gravely entering upon a discussion of some theological problem, or was there some jar in the order of things for the evening which they did not understand? The audience did not know, but they sat deeply respectful. If only they had had ears! For this was what was passing:

Said the speaker of the evening, leaning over to Mr. Beecher: "Beecher, I was just thinking what a hard thing it will be for the Almighty to make three passably good-looking angels out of us three men."

"Well," responded Mr. Beecher, "I acknowledge that it will try Omnipotence to do anything with you and Talmage, but He has only to clap a pair of wings on me."

Then Talmage stepped into the discussion. Said he: "The Lord's power, like the Lord's word, is wonderful in our eyes, but I'll tell you one thing I've often thought of that even the Lord couldn't do. He couldn't make my mouth any bigger without setting my ears back, now, could he?"

——"Oh, children! You are so noisy to-day. Can't you be a little stiller and better?" "Now, grandma, you must be a little considerate and not scold us. You see, if it wasn't for us, you wouldn't be a grandma at all."

A Useful Article.

After a housekeeper fully realizes the worth of turpentine in the household she is never willing to be without a supply of it, says the *Home Queen.* It gives quick relief to burns; it is an excellent application for corns; it is good for rheumatism and sore thoats. Then it is a sure preventive against moths; by just dropping a trifle in the drawers, chests and cupboards, it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer. It will keep ants and bugs from the closets and storerooms by putting a few drops in the corners and upon the shelves. It is sure destruction to bedbugs, and will effectually drive them away from their haunts if thoroughly applied to all the joints of the bedstead, and injures neither furniture nor clothing. A spoonful of it added to a pail of warm water is excellent for cleaning paint.

Was Columbus a Jew?

Jews figure prominently in the history of the discovery of America. The plans and calculations of Columbus' expedition were largely the work of two Hebrew astronomers and mathematicians. Two Jews, also, were employed as interpreters by Columbus, and one of them, Luis de Torres, was the first European to set foot in the New World. When Columbus sighted the Island of San Salvador he imagined he was approaching a portion of the East Asiatic coast and he sent Torres—who was engaged for his knowledge of Arabic—ashore to make inquiries of the natives.

It was, probably, this Torres who was the Madrid Jew to whom Columbus bequeathed half a mark of silver in his will. Another curious fact is, that it has been seriously suggested, by Dr. Delitzch we believe, that Columbus himself was a Jew, or of Jewish birth. The name Christopher was frequently adopted by converts, while the surname Colon was borne by a distinguished family of Jewish scholars. Christopher's brother, Diego, bore originally the Jewish name Jacob, which sounds surprisingly like a Shem Kadosh. Perhaps during the coming celebrations some Jewish scholars in Italy will make inquiry into the validity of this daring suggestion.

Waiting for Sam.

A man with eleven weeks of wiry hair and a long growth of beard stepped into a barber shop in one of our two cities the other day and sat down. Probably he was not in his best mood. At any rate he looked cross, even though it was his next turn.

"Next," said the barber.

"I'll wait for Sam," said the man with the hair and beard, and as he said it he kicked at the dog and looked about as pleasant as a circular saw in motion.

"All right," said the barber with emphasis. "Next."

The "next" got into the chair and left the man who was cross sitting by the window, watching for Sam. Half an hour passed. The shop was full and there seemed to be a good deal of amusement among all except the man who was waiting for Sam. One by one the customers kept coming in. The clock hands passed from 6.30 p. m., to 7.30 p. m., and then to 8.30 p. m. At about this time the door opened and a head popped in.

"Heard from Sam yet?" said the head.

"Yes," replied the barber.

"How is he; having a good time?"

"Guess he is. At any rate he says he is."

"When do you expect him home?"

"In about three weeks."

The door slammed after the questioner, just as the man with the beard, who was waiting for Sam, jumped to his feet. "Wh—what did you say?" shouted he. "Did you say Sam wasn't coming for three weeks?"

The barber repressed his smile, and in a voice that was low and even toned, he said: "Yes, sir. Sam is up country, and we expect him back in about two weeks and a half. But if you want to wait for him we'll make up a bed for you right here on"—but the rest was lost by the door slamming on the retiring form of the man who was waiting for Sam.—*Lewistown Journal.*

Explaining a Situation.

It was at a railroad depot in Tennessee. It was a warm, fair day, and the four or five of us who were going to take the train sat on a bench on the shady side of the building. Out on the platform was piled a lot of cotton and to the left of us sat three men, in the center sat two, and three others were on our right. Just why those eight men should sit out there in the sun, each group talking by itself and apparently oblivious to the presence of the others, excited my curiosity, and by and by as a negro drayman up after a couple of barrels of salt, I asked him to explain.

"I kin tell yo', for shore," he promptly replied. "Dat crowd on de left is de Bakers—ole man an' two boys. Dat crowd on de right is de Stevenses—ole man an' two boys. Dem air chaps in de center is named Cook an' Parsons."

"But why do they sit there?"

"Dey dun has to, sah"

"But what for?"

"Why, yo' see de Bakers and de Stevenses is inimies, an' dey shoot on sight. Bet yo' life each one of 'em has a gun on his hip!"

"And the others?"

"Dey is sort o' neutral. If a fuss begun dey might bang by de Bakers or they might go over to de Stevenses. Nobody can't tell. If dey was away dered be some righ smart fussin' mighty quick, but dey is de balance of power, an' as long as dey stay de older folks won't fuss."

"How long have they been here?"

"Since dis mawnin', sah, but I reckon dere's gwine to be a break up purty soon. Dere goes the Baker crowd now. I reckoned dey'd be the furst to cave in. Wall, dat ends up de fussin' till next time, and it won't be any use fur yo' to hang around heah any longer."—*New York Sun.*

——"When you kick a cow just pause and think that you are kicking dollars out of your pocket." This is the mercenary view, leaving out humaneness.