

## Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., August 22, 1890.

### THE KING AND THE COBBLER.

A cobbler he sat in a dirty old stall,  
Working with elbows, and hammer, and awl,  
A King with his mantle and crown came by,  
With his foot on the earth, and his nose in the sky.

"Ho! ho!" quoth the cobbler, "Ha! ha! I dare say  
If he had to work like me all the day,  
This mighty, important, and fussy old swell  
Would not like his billet one-half so well!"

"Come try," said the King, "and here fit on  
my crown,  
And if you feel most gladly sit down,  
If I can't mend a boot, a noise I can make,  
Which for work in this life we too often mis-  
take."

The King smashed a finger in hitting a nail,  
And the wax kept him firm on the seat of the  
pail;  
At last he got angry, and terribly swore,  
That mending of boots should be stopped by  
the law.

"This crown," roared the cobbler, "won't keep  
out the cold;  
Like many other folks, I'm deceived by the  
gold,  
And as for this mantle"—and here he fell  
down—  
"There are more checks about it than Mar-  
gery's gown."

They looked at each other, and laughed at the  
game  
(And, had we been there, we had just done  
the same).  
Said the King, "Let us both to our stations re-  
turn;  
Putting things to the proof is the right way to  
learn."

The King died in battle, the cobbler in bed,  
And as he was dying these last words he said,  
"I've been a good cobbler, a very good thing,  
I hope where I'm going I shall be a King."  
—John Parry, II.

### A CLOSE RACE.

Just within the door of their little cot-  
tage stood Thomas Romer and his wife,  
Jennie. Thomas had in his face that  
look of determination which sometimes  
pleased his wife, for when she saw it  
she was proud of his strength and sure  
that he would accomplish whatever he  
might try to do. Sometimes it fright-  
ened her, too, for she was not sure  
that he would stop for any obstacle,  
however great. She liked him to be  
strong; she was a little afraid of the  
use he might make of his strength.

Romer was an engineer on the H. &  
C. R. R. He had begun as a boy in  
the shops of the company, and had ris-  
en very rapidly until now, as an engi-  
neer, he had been given one of the  
most important "runs" in the passen-  
ger service. For some time, however,  
he had seemed to be the victim of ill  
luck; nothing went well with him; he  
shut his lips closely together and was  
determined not to lose his grip.

"What is it, Tom?" Jennie asked  
him. "Does the debt on the house  
worry you?"

"It is nothing," he answered. "We  
shall meet that easily enough; and Mr.  
Steele, anyway, won't trouble us."  
"But, Tom," she said, "there is some-  
thing. I can see it. You ought to tell  
me."

"I am afraid you can see too much,"  
he replied as he leaned over and kiss-  
ed her.

"Perhaps you haven't been long  
enough married to know all the duties  
of a husband, but I know you should  
not try to deceive a woman who loves  
you. Anyway, you cannot do it."  
"So much the worse for you then,  
little woman."

"Come," she said, "own up. Has  
Mr. Steele said anything about that  
accident?"

"Not since the investigation; but,  
you see, I have no leeway now. I can't  
afford to meet with any more trouble."

Mr. Steele was the president of the  
railroad company. He had early tak-  
en an interest in the bright young boy  
who had attracted his attention. He  
had spoken so many good words for  
him to his superiors that the rule of  
the company had once or twice been  
stretched a little to make Romer's ad-  
vance as fast as it had been. Later,  
when Tom Romer married, Mr. Steele  
had advanced him money enough to  
build their little house, and he had in-  
duced Mrs. Steele to take a warm in-  
terest in the welfare of the young cou-  
ple. To her they were indebted for  
many little comforts, conveyed in a  
way not to wound their pride or to cre-  
ate too great a sense of obligation.

"I tell you, my dear, that we shall  
be proud to have helped them along.  
That young man will come to some-  
thing," he would say to her; and she  
would reply: "I am sure of it; and if  
he does it will be as much his wife's  
doing as his."

For a long time Tom Romer had de-  
served Mr. Steele's good will. He per-  
formed the duties of every place to  
which he was advanced zealously and  
skillfully. Recently, however, there  
had been many complaints against him.  
There had been many irritating little  
accidents of small consequence. His  
train was almost always late and it ap-  
peared from the reports of the conduc-  
tor that Tom was always to blame.  
"Tom Romer's luck," had become a  
by-word among the men and many  
were the sympathetic inquiries made of  
him in regard to it. But his superiors  
could not afford to consider luck as an  
element in the running of trains, and  
he had been frequently cautioned. Mr.  
Steele wondered if he had been a little  
too quick and whether it would have  
been better for Tom, as well as for the  
railroad if they had not given him so  
important a run so soon.

Within a few weeks a very serious  
accident had happened to Tom's engine,  
causing not only a long continued  
blocking of the track, but a large loss of  
money as well. The officers had  
thought it their duty to investigate the  
matter thoroughly. There was some  
question whether the weakness which  
had resulted in the accident ought not to  
have been discovered; and it, perhaps,  
would have exonerated Tom on the  
ground that his oversight was excusa-  
ble; but he had himself stated posi-  
tively that the part which had failed so  
soon afterwards was all right and  
strong when he had examined his en-  
gine a few minutes before starting.

However, there was a difference of  
opinion, and Romer had received only  
an official reprimand and caution. Mr.  
Steele had spoken to him in a friendly  
way in regard to his various mischance  
and begged him to be careful. Al-  
though Tom had not lost his nerve, it  
was no wonder that he was a little bit  
worried and nervous.

"Well, Tom," Jennie said to him,  
"you must not worry about it. But  
bad luck cannot follow you always."  
"But I am not sure that bad luck  
has much to do with it."

"Why, what do you mean?" she  
asked as she looked at him in quick  
alarm. He would have given a great  
deal if he had been more careful. He  
did not want to tell any one of his sus-  
picions; he did not want to tell her, of  
all persons in the world.

Long before, when Tom Romer first  
began his service with the company, a  
schoolmate of his, Henry Warner, be-  
gan too, and in the same way. With  
him Romer had always been on good  
terms; or, at least, had tried to be.

Unfortunately, however, as time went  
on and Tom was advanced more rapid-  
ly, Henry began to think himself badly  
used, and slowly he grew more and  
more jealous of Tom's good fortune  
and better prospects. He was now  
himself in charge of an engine, but his  
work was unimportant, and not by any  
means so responsible as Romer's. Then,  
as fate would have it, they had  
both fallen in love with the same girl.  
The race for her preference was short  
but very sharp. When Tom and Jen-  
nie Middleton were married Henry  
Warner carefully absented himself  
from the wedding. He felt his grievance  
all the more. He nursed his wrath till  
it almost consumed him; he had no  
other feeling, it seemed to him.

Tom had tried to retain good feelings  
for Warner and to treat him kindly;  
but it was too plain that Warner dis-  
liked him. Tom had long suspected  
that in some way he could not find out,  
Warner had been connected with his  
various misfortunes. He believed that  
his mishap had been planned. He be-  
lieved that some one had tampered with  
his engine. Warner he knew had been  
near it just before he had started; but  
he could not connect him more closely  
with the accident, and he was deter-  
mined to know more accurately before  
he would mention his suspicions. He  
sides, he knew how it would distress  
his wife if she knew who it was that  
troubled him and why.

"Why, what do you mean?" she  
asked him again as he did not reply.

"Pshaw! Jennie, nothing. Come, let  
this be a real day off. Don't let us  
think of anything unpleasant."  
"Very well, then," she responded  
gayly, after a minute or so of delay.  
And together they wandered through  
the country, beautiful now in the be-  
ginning of summer; and they dreamed  
of the future, and told one another their  
dreams. They looked forward to the  
long winter evenings when they should  
sit together before the fire.

"I know," Jennie said, "I shall  
never forget that night when you  
sat before the fire and heard the wind  
and the rain outside!"

"That will be very different from last  
winter," Tom answered.

"Oh, Tom, how I did hate to have  
you go out in the cold and dark."  
"Hated, too, to go. And how  
quickly ten o'clock would come!"

Much as Romer loved his wife and  
liked to be with her, he was not sorry  
that he had to work on the next day.  
He was awake early. The dew was  
still fresh and shining on the grass as  
he finished breakfast.

"I must be off," he said. "You know  
when to expect me. I shall be on time,  
or know the reason why."  
"Tom, you must not look that way.  
You look hard and cruel."

"You would not have me weaker,  
would you?" he asked.

"No," she answered a little doubt-  
fully. "What a beautiful day is it!"  
she continued. "Oh, Tom, let me go  
with you!"

"What, on the engine? You know I  
cannot do that."

"Oh, no. On the train. And then  
we can have a little while together be-  
fore your run home."

"All right," he said, "that will be  
first rate."

Jennie was a favorite with all the  
train men who knew her, and they  
fixed for her a chair in the baggage car  
and begged for her company there.

Tom, as he always did nowadays,  
made a thorough examination of his  
engine and kept his eye on it. He  
would be sure that no one approached it  
unawares.

Promptly on time the train was  
made up. Promptly on time the start-  
ing signal was given and off they went,  
out of the dark station into the bright  
sunlight. The train gained momen-  
tum. In a minute it was going as rap-  
idly as a gale and steadily.

As they passed his house Tom made  
his usual signal whistle.

"Has he forgotten you're aboard?"  
one of the men asked Jennie.

"No, indeed," she said, "I have no  
fear of that."

Without any stop the train ran on  
until it had surmounted the heavy grade  
which began at the doors of the ter-  
minal station almost, and it was now at  
the summit of the mountain. Below  
them stretched the valley. Scattered  
here and there were farm houses and  
their belongings; and here and there  
herd of cattle; men working in the  
fields. Groups of bright-clad chil-  
dren were playing near some of the  
houses. Their laughter and their voices  
could almost be heard. The per-  
fume of the blossoming apple trees  
filled the air. Before them lay the  
smooth straight rails hugging closely  
the side of the mountain. Away off in  
the valley, to the right, they could see  
another train creeping along it seemed,  
on the branch which crossed the main  
line at the foot of the hills.

"Travel's pretty heavy this morning,"  
Tom said to his fireman.

"It's gettin' hot. They'll have all  
the people they want now, I suppose."  
"With this heavy train I wouldn't  
like to meet anything on this grade,"

Tom said as he laughed. The fireman  
whistled.

"Phew! It's lucky there's no dan-  
ger," he said.

"Keep your fire up," Romer told  
him. "We're going to need all the  
steam we can get."

"Why?"

"We must make time, or break."  
But now with steam all off and with  
Romer's hand on the brake-lever they  
rushed almost at full speed down the  
grade. As they neared the end of the  
steepest part of the descent Romer re-  
laxed his hold upon the brake some-  
what and then the train attained trem-  
endous speed. The trees and the  
telegraph poles were a blur only; the  
cars rocked from side to side.

"He's showing you what he can do!"  
some one said to Jennie.

"He knows what is best," she an-  
swered smiling.

As they came out of the trees and  
could see about them more, Tom said  
to his fireman:

"That fellow's coming pretty close.  
He knows the way is mine. Can you  
make out who it is?"

"That's Warner's engine," the fire-  
man said. "What's the matter with  
him?"

Tom blew his whistle many times;  
but the engine of the other train,  
now running at full speed as it seemed,  
paid no apparent attention, Romer  
thought quickly.

"What does the scoundrel mean?"  
he asked, and again his whistle sound-  
ed, sharp and distinct in the morning  
air. The other train continued. If  
they both went on as they were going  
a collision was inevitable.

"Stop her! Stop her!" shrieked  
Tom's fireman, and as he tried to push  
Romer away he sprang to put on the  
air-brake.

"You fool!" said Tom as he caught  
him by the collar and flung him away.  
"We can't stop her; we must get past."

He threw the throttle wide open.  
The whole train jumped. Then on it  
ran at frightful speed toward the crossing.

Jennie had risen from her seat and  
was standing at the wide door with the  
men. While it seemed certain that  
his train would reach the crossing first  
Warner sat smiling grimly. His in-  
tention was plain. If he could get his  
own engine first over the crossing then  
Romer's engine would surely crash into  
the heavy freight cars. Whatever  
might be the fate of the others, for Ro-  
mer himself there could be no escape.

But now as Romer's train gained even  
greater speed its chances were the best.  
Still it was not possible that all the cars  
of his long train could get past in safety.  
Suddenly as Warner watched the  
other train he turned pale, started to  
his feet and checked his train. There  
was barely time. On came the heavy  
train, but more and more slowly, com-  
ing at last to a stop within a foot or  
two of the crossing while Romer's train  
sped on safely and swiftly.

When an investigation was after-  
wards made it was stated that War-  
ner tried to stop his engine when he  
saw Jennie Romer's pale, appealing  
face at the door of the baggage car,  
but others believed that he only tried  
to stop when he saw that his own en-  
gine would strike the other train mid-  
way and that his own life was in great  
danger as any one's. In his behalf it  
was claimed that at the worst he had  
only made a mistake in judgment, and  
that, after all, as events proved, he had  
been able to stop in time. As for him-  
self he said nothing, and soon after  
he left the part of the country  
forever.—The Epoch.

### Superstitions About Babies.

In Ireland a belt made of woman's  
hair is placed around a child to keep  
him away from evil spirits.

Garlic, salt, bread and steak are put  
into the cradle of a new born babe  
in Holland.

Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons  
around the ankles of their children to  
preserve them from harm, while Es-  
thonian mothers attach bits of as-  
safetida to the necks of their off-  
spring.

Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a  
knife in the cradle to insure the safety  
of their children; and in the same  
purpose in some parts of England.

Among the Vorges peasant children  
born at a new moon are supposed to  
have their tongues better hung than  
others, while those born at the last  
quarter are supposed to have less tongue  
but better reasoning powers. A daugh-  
ter born during the waxing moon is al-  
ways precocious.

At the birth of a child in Brittany  
the neighboring women take it in  
charge, wash it, crack its joints and  
rub its head with oil to solder its cran-  
ium bones. It is then wrapped in a  
tight bundle and its limbs are anoint-  
ed with brandy to make it a full Breton.

The Grecian mother, before putting  
her child in its cradle, turns three times  
around before the fire while singing  
her favorite song to ward off evil spirits.

In Scotland it is said to rock the em-  
pty cradle will insure the coming of other  
occupants for it.

The London mother places a book  
under the head of a new born infant  
that it may be quick at reading, and  
puts money into its first bath to guaran-  
tee its wealth in the future.

The Turkish mother loads her child  
with amulets as soon as it is born, and a  
small bit of mud, steeped in hot water,  
prepared by previous charms, is stuck  
on its forehead.

In Spain the infant's face is swept  
with a pine tree bough to bring good  
luck.—Springfield Republican.

### A Spotted Tribe.

There is a whole tribe of spotted men  
and women and children, too, to be met  
with in a district on the banks of the  
River Purus, in South America. They  
live only on the river banks or in float-  
ing settlements in the lagoons. Almost  
their whole life is spent in their canoes,  
and they are conspicuous by their pecu-  
lar skin, which is covered with black  
and white spots, and causes many in-  
dividuals to look just as if they had been  
dappled, so that the spotted man need  
not always be a thing of paint and  
patches.

### Grizzly and Bisons Fight.

It Was a Battle to the Death, and There  
Was no Survivor.

The following story was told us by a  
stalwart Indian, who having been among  
the French half-breeds a good deal, had  
received from them the French name of  
Baptiste. He told us the story as we  
were huddled round a campfire in the  
dense forest on the eastern side of Lake  
Winnepeg, from which and our dogs  
had been driven by a bitter, blinding  
blizzard storm. He said:

"One summer long ago, I was with a  
large party of Indians. We were making  
a long journey over the rolling prairies,  
from one place to another. That we might have plenty of meat to  
eat, two of us were appointed to keep  
about two days' journey ahead of the  
company to hunt and to kill all the game  
we could."

"The reason why we kept so far apart  
was because we had dogs and babies and  
women in our party, and you know they  
will make much noise, so they would  
scare the animals far away."

"Well, we two hunters kept well  
ahead. Some days we had good luck  
and killed a great deal, and then other  
days we did not kill much. What we  
got we cached, so that the party could  
easily find it by the sign we gave them  
when they came along. We always  
put it near the trail for them. Then  
we would push on, looking for more."

"In the rolling prairies the hills are  
like the great waves of the sea, only  
some of the hills are about a mile apart,  
with the valleys between. When we  
were coming to the top of one of these  
swells, or hills, we could creep up very  
carefully in the long grass and look over  
down in the valley on the other side.  
Sometimes we could see game to shoot,  
and often we saw nothing at all."

When there was no sign of anything  
worth stopping to shoot, we were after  
big game, having many mouths to feed,  
we would hurry across to the next hill  
and carefully look over into the  
next valley.

"One day as we had passed several  
valleys and had seen nothing that was  
worth stopping to shoot, we came to the  
top of a pretty large hill, and cau-  
tiously looked over. There was a sight  
that we shall never forget."

"Right down before us, within gun  
shot, was a very large grizzly bear and  
two big buffalo bulls. Well for us the  
wind was blowing from them to us.  
They were very angry-looking and were  
preparing for a big fight. The buffalo  
seemed to know that the bear was an  
ugly customer, and he looked as if he  
did not know how to manage the two of  
them at once."

"For quite a while they kept up  
what you might call a pretense of bat-  
tle. The bulls would paw the ground,  
and keep up a constant roaring. This  
only made the bear the more angry, and  
if there had only been one he soon  
would have gotten his big claws upon  
him, but there being two made him  
cautious."

"After a while both of the bulls sud-  
denly lowered their head and together  
they charged the bear. As they rushed  
at him he quickly arose, using on his  
haunches, and as they closed in upon  
him, he seized one of them by the head  
and neck, and with a sudden jerk, so  
quickly broke his neck that he fell  
down as dead as a stone."

"The older buffalo, which had charged  
at the same time, gave the bear a  
fearful thrust with his sharp horns, one  
of which pierced him between the ribs,  
causing an ugly wound from which the  
blood soon began to flow. The bear  
having killed the other buffalo, tried to  
seize hold of this one also, but he, hav-  
ing given the bear the ugly wound,  
quickly sprang back out of his reach."

He ran off a little distance, but  
the bear did not follow him, he came  
back again. There they stood looking  
at each other, both very angry, but both  
very cautious. As they kept moving  
round it seemed to us as though the  
buffalo had so come round on the win-  
dward side of the bear that he caught the  
scent of the blood from the wound.

The smell of blood always excites to fury  
these animals, and so, lowering his  
head, he furiously charged at his wound-  
ed, yet still savage, enemy. The bear  
rose up on his hind quarters to receive  
him, and seizing him as he did the  
other, killed him on the spot."

"We saw him go from one buffalo to  
the other and smell them both, but he  
did not offer to tear or eat either. We  
could see that he was very badly  
wounded from the way he kept twitch-  
ing his side, from which the blood kept  
running. It was an ugly wound, and he  
was a very sick bear, and so, as he  
looked so cross, we were not in a hurry  
to let him know any thing about us."

"I imagine if you can," said Baptiste,  
while his eyes flashed at the recollection  
of this royal battle, "how excited we  
were as we lay there in the long grass  
and watched this great fight."

"Then we thought: Now, if we can  
only kill that wounded bear we will  
have plenty of meat for the whole camp  
for a good while. But, although we  
had our guns, we were none too anxious  
to begin the battle with such a bear as  
that one; so we crouched low and  
watched him. It was very fortunate  
that the wind, which was quite a breeze  
and blew as it did. He never seemed to  
suspect that other foes were near."

"After a while he went off a little  
distance and lay down in the long grass,  
which rose up so high around him that  
we could not see him. We waited long  
for him to get up, but as he did not,  
and we could not stay there all day, we  
prepared for a big fight with him. We  
put our knives where we could instantly  
draw them, and carefully examined our  
guns to see that they were all right. Then  
we began to crawl down carefully  
through the grass toward him."

"My, how our hearts did beat! and  
how every second we expected he would  
be up, and the fight would begin for  
life or death."

"We got very close to him, although  
not near enough to see him. Then, as  
we heard no sound, we made a little  
noise to attract his attention. And then  
we waited him to get up, so we could  
have a better chance to shoot him. But  
he did not stir. So with our fingers  
on the triggers of our guns, we called  
out: 'Mr. Bear, here are enemies ready  
for another battle!' Still there was no  
stir, and so we got up and went to him  
and found him as dead as the buffalo."

Without firing a shot we had a great  
quantity of meat."

The recital of this story had brought  
the whole so vividly before Baptiste  
that he had become very much excited,  
and he finished with: "What would  
you not have given to have seen that  
battle? And what would I not give to  
see another like it?"—Ledger.

### Jilted by the Emperor of Austria.

The princess of Thurn-and-Taxis was  
the eldest of the five beautiful daughters  
of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and  
was reckoned, until her last illness,  
probably the most handsome and intel-  
lectual woman in Europe. While a  
mere child she was betrothed to the  
present Emperor of Austria. Francis  
Joseph, however, fell violently in love  
with her younger sister, Elizabeth, and  
insisted on jilting the Duchess Helen  
in order to marry the sorely sixteen-  
year-old Duchess Elizabeth. Proud,  
ambitious, and deeply in love with her  
faithless fiancé, it was a terrible blow to  
her to see the Cinderella of the family  
carry off the man she loved and the  
crown which she would have delighted  
to wear. Not only during the marriage  
festivities, but also throughout her sub-  
sequent life, she acted to perfection the  
part of a loving and sympathizing sister,  
and appeared, to the public at any rate,  
to rejoice openly at Elizabeth's good  
fortune. After seeing her three other  
sisters married—to the King of Naples,  
to the Orleanist Duke of Alençon—she  
finally comforted her hard upon the  
Prince of Thurn-and-Taxis, the chief  
of one of the most wealthy and powerful  
noble of German Confederacy. He owned  
large and valuable estates in Bavaria,  
Upper Austria, Silesia, and Wurtem-  
burg, the principal residence of the fam-  
ily being the palace at Ratisbon. But,  
under the prince's absolutely worship-  
ed his beautiful wife, she never profes-  
ed for him anything more than mild tol-  
eration, and retained throughout her  
marriage, and to the day of her death,  
an air of intense sadness. She was a  
consummate musician, a painter of no  
mean skill, and a woman of the most  
liberal and profound culture.—Argonaut.

### It Takes Dexterity to Mend Gloves.

Every one who has attempted the  
task knows that it requires a particu-  
larly deft touch to mend a rent in a  
glove successfully. In the picture of  
Hilda, the heroine of the Marble Faun,  
engaged in mending her gloves, Haw-  
thorne draws attention to the grace of  
this peculiarly feminine task. The best  
glove menders in the world, unfortunately  
for this sentiment, are men, "profes-  
sors of glove sewers," who handle the  
kid and needle with methodical dex-  
terity. A rip is a simple matter with  
them; it is in mending a tear in the kid  
that they show their skill. The color of  
the glove is carefully matched in silk  
tulle or any silk goods of firm light  
quality, and in sewing silk. A piece  
of the silk is run on the inside carefully  
under the rent so as to bring the edges  
together, but not so as to show on the  
outside of the glove, and the edges of  
the kid are then drawn together by al-  
most invisible stitches, as a clothmender  
mends cloth.

Properly rubbed with the finger, the  
rent hardly shows if it is not in a  
place where the stitches are stretched  
when the glove is worn. Even this the  
silk beneath tends to prevent. After a  
little perseverance any one can catch up  
this art of glove mending and learn to  
do the work with something of the skill  
of an expert. A rip in the stitching  
even may be "stayed" with a bit of silk,  
where it is caused by a special strain,  
and may be kept in this way from break-  
ing out again.—New York Tribune.

### He Understood Coons.

Bob H. is a stable-keeper up in New  
Hampshire. Bob is also quite a con-  
siderable hunter and keeps a pair of coon  
dogs. One night some parties caught a fine  
coon alive and brought it to Bob's  
stable and put it in a barrel. Bob  
brought out the dogs to show what  
they would do with Mr. Coon. The bar-  
rel was turned down on the outside and  
one of the dogs told to take him out.  
The coon was not in the mood to come  
out just then, and Zip got the worst of  
it and could not take him out. Old  
Zack was brought up and told to take  
him out and in went his head. The  
coon was there, and after a desperate  
tussle the dog gave up the job as a bad  
one. The crowd here became jubilant  
over the defeat of Bob's dogs. Just then  
Farmer H. came along and asked,  
"What's the matter?" On being told,  
he said, "That 'er dog of mine can  
take him out," pointing to a cross be-  
hind a shepherd and just dog for the  
other part. "Bet you \$50 he can't,"  
says Bob. "I guess I can liver that,"  
put up the pictures," the old man says,  
and to Bob's astonishment out came  
the greenbacks. The money was put  
in a third party's hands. On time be-  
ing called, Farmer H. takes his dog by  
the collar and head and backs him into  
the barrel. When he comes in contact  
with the coon the coon just fastens  
on the dog's rear. With a howl of astonish-  
ment the dog gives a jump, and out  
comes Mr. Coon before he knows what's  
up. The dog turned on him, and before  
he gets over his astonishment he is a  
gone coon." "Well, I never squeal,"  
said Bob. "The money is  
yours. But I'll be hanged if there ain't  
more than one way to get a coon out of  
a barrel."—Forest and Stream.

### The Diamond Gave Him a Standing.

A St. Louis drummer gave me a  
reason for wearing a diamond pin, the  
other day, that struck me as containing  
an immense amount of worldly wisdom.  
He said that he had found by experi-  
ence that a small diamond worn in the  
necktie—not in the shirt front—served  
as a badge of respectability wherever he  
went. If he went into a restaurant and  
found that he had forgotten his pocket-  
book, he was never asked to leave his  
watch until he could pay his bill, and he  
was never made to pay in advance by  
any hotel clerk if he went to the hotel  
without baggage. In short, wherever  
he went that little \$60 diamond pro-  
claimed that there was a man who was  
not pressed for money and who could be  
trusted.

### A Good Suggestion by the "Times."

Why don't the Democrats of Mont-  
gomery and Bucks tender William M.  
Singerly the nomination for Congress?  
asks the Philadelphia Time. He doesn't  
want it, of course, as he is one of the  
busiest men; but he is a thorough-  
bred in a race, and if called upon to  
run, he couldn't decline.

Mr. Singerly is the largest farmer  
and stock-grower in Montgomery coun-  
ty, and he is one of the largest of our  
woolen manufacturers. He knows just  
how the farmers are taxed until their  
labor is made profitless, and he knows  
just how his woolen mill is crushed by  
taxes on raw materials.

As a farmer, Mr. Singerly can be  
safely trusted to battle fearlessly and  
intelligently against needless taxes on  
that important industry, and a man who  
has nearly half a million in woolen  
property and machinery, can be relied  
upon to favor the very best tariff for  
enlarging home industry and the mar-  
kets of our home labor of both field  
and shop.

Then Mr. Singerly wouldn't be beat-  
en if there's a winning anywhere in  
sight. He isn't built that way, and if  
the Democrats of Montgomery and  
Bucks want a first-class practical Con-<