

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., December 12, 1890.

"THEY SAY."

Who are the vague, mysterious "They" who always have so much to say? Of you and me and every one, and every thing that's said or done? Wherever human souls abound there "They" are certain to be found, and be as careful as we may there's no escaping them "They say."

"They say"—they really do not know—"Tarnished Mr. So-and-so is soon to wed Miss What's-her-name. No one knows whence the rumor came, "They" slyly whisper this and that. Of you and my affairs "They" chat and keep us busy day by day. Refuting sily things "They say."

"They say" that nearly every one has something wrought or left undone that's really shocking, yet you know you must not say who told you so. "They" intimate such awful things and give to lies such airy wings that truth itself is led astray. That hearsens to the words "They say."

"They say"—Who says it? Let them dare their personality declare. For let them long and sily seek To hide the words they dare to speak. Why should they mortgage refuse To words which they have put in use? With whispered rumors let's away Nor lend an ear to what "They say."

"FIFTY CENTS A TICKET."

She was spreading towels and tablecloths on the crisp, short grass to bleach, when she saw her first—a slim, Diana like young creature, with large, limpid eyes, a brown skin not entirely innocent of freckles, and a mass of jetty shining hair, which had broken loose from its coarse horn comb and fell in ink-black ripples down her back. There was a little brook twining its transparent sparkles around the garled roots of an ancient tree, and a back-ground of black-green laurel, which with the sun-bathed meadow in front, made a sort of rustic picture that struck Paul Gessner's artistic fancy as he crossed the wooden bridge.

"I should like to sketch her," he thought to himself. "I wonder, now, what she would say to it?"

But before he could get his pencil and mill-board out the young Diana had poised her empty basket lightly on her head and was gone.

"I'm sorry for that," soberly pondered Gessner. "She had a brilliant Charlotte Corday sort of a face that would have stood the test of perpetuation on paper!"

And then Mr. Gessner went into the inn and set himself at work to elaborate the notes of his lecture on "The Literature of Queen Anne's Time," which was to be delivered the next evening at the village hall.

There were plenty of people at the inn. Brookbridge was a wild, sylvan sort of place, which attracted people in the summer season. Every farm-house and cottage in the vicinity was crowded, and a "lecture" was something to stir the stagnation of their every-day life. Moreover, Paul Gessner had a reputation for scholarly polish and graceful wit which had reached even to Brookbridge. In our New England villages the cooks are often aesthetic, and the hired men critics, and everybody was talking of the lecture.

"Can't I go?" said Natty Purple. "Oh, I wish I could go!"

The towels and tablecloths were all bleached whiter than snow, between the dusted grass and the July sunshine, and Natty was sprinkling and folding them now, with quick, deft fingers, in an obscure corner of the kitchen.

"You go, indeed!" said Miss Carry Podham, who condescended to wait at table during the crowded season. "You're too much to do in the kitchen, and besides the tickets are fifty cents each."

Natty Purple sighed dolorously. "Fifty cents!" she repeated. "Oh then of course it's out of the question!"

For Natty's slender wages were all of them expended in the support of a good-for-nothing old grandvise who, when he was not drinking a great deal too much whisky, was suffering unheeded agonies with the rheumatism. She never wore anything but calico, and drudged away in the inn kitchen like a modern Cinderella, without any of the eclat which, in ancient story, appertained to that young person.

But later in the evening the head stable-man looked into the kitchen, where Cinderella was darning a well-worn table-napkin and Mrs. Podham was preparing brook trout for a breakfast for the morrow's early travelers.

"Where's Jim?" said the head stable-man. "Gone out," said Mrs. Podham, curtly. "I want some one to row one of the boarders out on the lake," said the stable-man.

"He's a prier-painter, I guess. He wants moonlight effects, he says" (with a chuckle).

"I'd a deal rather hev feather-pillow effects my self. Then where is Dicky?" "Dicky never's on hand when he's wanted," Mrs. Podham replied. "I haven't seen him since supper."

"Then he'll lose a 50 cent job," said the stable-man. "Well, I s'pose I can hunt up some one here."

"Fifty cents!" cried Natty Purple, springing to her feet. "I'll go, Thomas! I'm handy with the oars, and I'm just perishing for a breath of cool air from the water."

"Them napkins isn't mended," croaked Mrs. Podham, discouragingly. "I'll finish 'em when I come back," said Natty, coaxingly. "Do let me go, just once!"

So that when Mr. Gessner came out to the edge of the lake with his picturesque Spanish cloak thrown across the shoulder, and his sketching apparatus under his arm, Natty Purple sat in the boat ready to row him whether he would go.

"Hello!" said Paul. "Why you're a girl!"

"Yes, I'm a girl," apologetically confessed Natty. "But I'm a good hand to row, and I know all about the lake. I can take you straight to Echo Cove, where the water-lilies grow

thickest, and pass the Old Indian rock, and—"

"Agreed," said Paul, good-humorously. "But was there no man about the place to undertake this disagreeable job?"

"Oh, it isn't disagreeable," said Natty, earnestly. "I like to row! And, besides, I do so much want to earn 50 cents!"

"Do you?" said Paul, as the little boat, propelled by Natty's skillful strokes, vanished into the deep shadows of the overhanging birches that fringed the lovely sides. "May I venture to ask why?"

"Oh, yes," said Natty. "It's no secret. I want to go to the lecture to-morrow night."

Paul Gessner smiled to himself in the moonlight, as he sat there like a Spanish gondolier.

"Do you suppose it will be very interesting?" said he.

"Interesting!" echoed Natty. "Of course it will be. Haven't you heard? Mr. Gessner is to deliver a lecture on the literature of Queen Anne's time."

"And who is Mr. Gessner?" demanded the young man.

"If you don't read the magazines, of course you can't be expected to know," said Natty Purple, with some natural impatience. "But I have read everything he writes. He is stopping at our place now, they tell me."

"Is he?" said Paul. "You are the landlady's daughter, I presume?"

"No, I am not," acknowledged honest Natty. "I help in the kitchen. I am Natalie Purple."

"Well then, to be honest with you, Miss Purple," said Paul, feeling a sting of conscious. "I am Paul Gessner!"

Natty gave such a start that the boat careened dangerously to one side. "You!" she cried.

"Yes, I! Now, if you will take me safe to the Echo Cove I will give you a complimentary ticket. So there!"

"No," said Natty, with true womanly pride. "I accept no favors, even though I am nothing but a working girl. If I am to have a ticket at all I prefer to earn it."

Paul was silent. In truth, and in fact, he felt a little ashamed in the presence of this flute-voiced, independent young beauty.

"You must have read a great deal," said he at last.

"Oh! I have," said Natty. "We are not so busy in winter, you see, and besides, all the girls lend me their newspapers and magazines. But I never expected to see a gentleman who wrote books."

"I hope he comes up to your expectation," said Paul.

"I must have time to make up my mind about that," said Natty, with all good faith.

And once again our hero found himself at a loss for something to say.

But when he came out into the moon-bathed glories of the Echo Cove, where all the world was steeped in silver softness and the matted masses of water-lilies were swinging to and fro on the tide like emerald carpets, his tongue was loosened once again, and before he was back, he and Natty Purple were on terms of the pleasantest acquaintanceship.

But he had not sketched half so much as he had expected.

"The light was so uncertain," he said, "he could reproduce it better by the next day's memory."

Natty went to the lecture with her 50-cent piece and listened with a grave and critical intenceness, which spurred Paul Gessner on to his highest elocutionary efforts.

"I was very good," she said the next day, "very good, indeed. It has given me something to think about. And, oh, dear! I have so much time for thinking!"

A Reliable Recipe.

How to Make a Good Husband Out of Very Ordinary Material.

A good husband, it has been wisely remarked, like the hare, must be caught before he is cooked. He can not always be told at a glance, and sometimes he must be smoked and wintered before his real character is discovered, but it is safe to say that when caught he should be found to be composed of the following ingredients in suitable proportions:

Mother wit, good nature, gentleness, strength, manliness, purity, courage. But even when the full measure of some of these necessary qualities is lacking a very good husband can be secured by a persistent use of the following recipe:

Wifely tact.....10 parts
Wifely forbearance.....10 parts
Wifely good nature.....10 parts
Good housekeeping.....10 parts
Good cooking.....10 parts
Wifely love.....50 parts

There are some virtues upon whom even such a precious mixture will be wasted, but they are few, and a persistent application of it, morning, noon and night for two years, is warranted in nine cases out of ten to make a man and a gentleman out of very commonplace material.

Some high authorities on husbandry have insisted that all that was necessary to make a good husband was an understood parts of wifely love freely applied, and that tact, forbearance, good nature and even good cooking were only manifestations of wifely love. However, it will be evident to our readers that this is all, only a difference of terms.

It is necessary to add that this recipe has been tried for many generations. In certain families it has been handed down from mother to daughter for many years, and up to date no reliable substitute has been discovered for making a good husband.—Golden Rule.

A Big Crop of Icebergs.

I was talking to an old sea captain, one of those men who, although they have abandoned active work, yet listen to every story they hear which relates to the business of their lives. "Do you know," said he, "that in ten years there has been no such number of icebergs seen in the late routes to Europe as during the past Summer. Nearly every ship that came in from the first of June to the end of September reported ice. Of course we suppose we get most of our Atlantic ice from Greenland and the opposite Hudson Bay country, if there be glaciers to the far north on this side. Exactly why the formation of glacier ice has increased so much is not known, but it must have been something unusual to account for the crop of bergs we had last Summer. A berg, you know, is the broken off end of a glacier. The glacier moves slowly down the sides of the mountains, forced to travel on its own weight. It pushes its end into the sea and goes ahead until the lifting power given to the water by the difference in specific gravity between water and ice is sufficient to overcome the cohesion of the mass. Then the end simply cracks off and floats, and a berg is born. From the number of bergs seen we can argue back to the amount of glacier ice formed. I see that Captain Roquet, of the British steamer Maine, reports having seen a berg 2,600 feet long and 450 feet high. That would make a fair-sized berg, but not a great one. Bergs have been seen five miles long and 600 feet high. Captain Roquet's report is interesting from the fact that the bergs seen have turned up again, and being disappeared for some six weeks."

—New York Star.

How a FIRE STARTED.—Says the London Daily News: "How a terrible fire which has destroyed the village of Moot, in Hungary, originated, is thus told by our Vienna correspondent: 'A farmer's wife was ironing in her kitchen, using a flat iron filled with charcoal, when a spark flew out and set fire to her muslin dress. In her fright she ran into the courtyard where her husband and his people were threshing barley. The barley caught fire from her and was no sooner ablaze than the wind blew the sparks in all directions, setting fire to the thatched roofs of the houses which stood in two long rows, forming the main street. All was so sudden and the people were so dumfounded that for a little time they could not even call for help. Most of the heads of families were in the vineyards and their help was not available until they had been recalled by the alarm bell. The old people and children in the houses had not presence of mind enough to save themselves. It had not rained for a long time, and the wells contained no water, so that nothing could be done to save even a single house. In all 109 houses were without a roof and 134 families are without a roof above their heads. The harvest was over and the corn in the barns was consumed in the general conflagration, which was a terrible spectacle as night came on. Ten bodies have been found and some children are missing. Nearly everybody in the neighborhood is suffering from burns received in rescue work."

Cleveland and Hill in Harmony.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 29.—Congressman Tracy, of New York, ex-President Cleveland's friend, is quoted as saying that there is no such antagonism to Mr. Cleveland in the State of New York as many people outside of the State suspect. There are many friends of Governor Hill who would like to see him in the Presidency, but they would not bolt the ticket if Mr. Cleveland were to be nominated. There is no feeling to amount to anything. Mr. Cleveland would lose no more Democratic votes than Mr. Hill would if he were running. If a demand from the country for Cleveland comes all New York will be for him.

—There is no other country on the globe in which the construction of canals and the canalization of rivers would be attended by greater advantages than in the United States; but we have been so absorbed in railroad building that we have only thought of and talked about such enterprises; and time will come when their great importance will be recognized.

OLD MAN THURMAN.

A song for old man Thurman, And sing it clear and strong; His life has been a sermon, Now let it be a song, And this shall be its burden To give us greatest good: He calls his old wife "Sweetheart," And loves her like a boy.

There is no fairer story In all our nation's life; No better, purer glory In all its peace and strife. True is that man and steadfast, True is his old wife "Sweetheart," Who calls his old wife "Sweetheart," And loves her like a boy!

Who cares for his position, On questions of the day? He has a higher mission, A nobler part to play! Smiling and patient ever, True is that man and steadfast, True is his old wife "Sweetheart," Who calls his old wife "Sweetheart," And loves her like a boy!

A fig for flowery diction Of specious eloquence! Of wealth and vain pretense! Here is a man whose glory Truly can destroy. He calls his old wife "Sweetheart," And loves her like a boy!

We will could spare the splendor, And tinsel of these days; Give us true hearts and tender, And plain old fashion ways! Of men like Allen Thurman This world will never tire. He calls his old wife "Sweetheart," And loves her like a boy!

—George Harton in Chicago Herald.

He Thinks Thee's Millions in It.

It isn't often that a newspaper reporter is approached by those who have a dead sea thing on a fortune and given an opportunity to literally "wall in wealth," but such a case came to a member of The Press city staff a few days ago. It was a young man from Corunna who had the scheme, and regarding the world as his oyster, he was intent upon opening it without unnecessary delay.

"Do you want to make more money in one day than you are now making in a month?" he asked the reporter. The reporter said, strictly in confidence and not for publication, that he did.

"Well, you can do it. Now here is my scheme, and I'll let you in, because you're just the sort of a man I want in this thing. He is a stick of Dr. Windy's medicated cod liver oil sticks to the value of \$100,000, and he will sell it for thirty, or five cents a stick, with the chance of drawing old oversilver money, every seventh or eighth package containing a \$5 gold piece or ten silver dollars. Now our plan is to hire a vacant store in some town wherever we go, engage a brass band and get a crowd. You've no idea how they crowd around a brass band in a country town."

"But how can we afford to give away a \$5 gold piece every seven or eight sales and pay rent and pay the band?" asked the reporter.

"I'm coming to that. When the band has finished its first piece you get up and tell the crowd that you will sell it for thirteen cents a pound and we will let for thirty, or five cents a stick, with the chance of drawing old oversilver money, every seventh or eighth package containing a \$5 gold piece or ten silver dollars. Now our plan is to hire a vacant store in some town wherever we go, engage a brass band and get a crowd. You've no idea how they crowd around a brass band in a country town."

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The American Nomad.

A curious outgrowth of the rivalries of American cities is the practice that obtains so generally of offering bonuses and pecuniary inducements to manufacturers to move their plants. After a factory has moved down a part of a sewing machine factory the other day the owners received so many proposals from aspiring cities that wanted to take them in that they were obliged to publish a notice to the effect that only a small part of their works had been burned, and that they were not open to proposals for adoption. Any factory or establishment employing labor can have its choice nowadays from a long list of cities, new and old, any of which will give it a site for a factory, pay the expenses of moving, and perhaps contribute substantially toward the construction of a new building. People who land or are engaged in business in cities realize that if they can have their cities grow, and they are willing to hire desirable inhabitants to come to them. They rely upon getting their money back in the increased value of land or the general increase in business. The result is that the migratory disposition already so pronounced in these days is intensified, and it has become a matter of mere necessity for individuals to move but for great aggregations of workmen to shift the scene of their activities from one city to another, sometimes thousands of miles away.

Time was when where an average man found himself living there he continued to live, unless circumstances of exceptional urgency impelled him to change his residence. It is different now. Transportation has become so cheap, and travel so easy, that the ties of locality sit very lightly on the average American, and the fact that you find him settled this year in New York or Pennsylvania affords you a very uncertain basis for expecting to find him next year in the same place. When you hear of him again, if he hasn't moved to Texas, or Tacoma, or Southern California, or Maine, or North Dakota, you feel that he must have had some exceptionally good reasons for staying at home. Men used to wag their heads and croak about the inability of rolling stones to gather moss. We have changed all that. Moss is at a discount and there is a premium upon rolling.—From "The Point of View," in Scribner.

—The Russian czar's wardrobe vies in extent and variety with that of Henry Irving. His imperial majesty has forty-five different uniforms, all of which he has worn save one, that of a Russian field marshal. Although the titular head of his army, the czar has vowed never to wear the dress of a field marshal until this rank shall have been conferred upon him by the other field marshals after a victorious war.

Aunt Shaffer's Whim.

An Old Lady Who is Paid to Sleep by the Beating of a Drum.

Among the queer people in this part of the world, says a letter from Findlay, Ohio, is Mrs. Ann Shaffer, familiarly known as "Aunt Ann." She lives on a farm with her husband about ten miles from this city, is over 79 years old, and in full possession of all her faculties. Her chief peculiarity—for she has a number—is that she cannot sleep unless her husband beats the drum in front of the house for at least an hour; and summer or winter, night after night, the roll of old Jacob Shaffer's drum can be heard by the neighbors for miles around as he leads the charge which his wife is making into dreamland. He has a snore drum which he made for himself during the early years of the war, and as he was incapacitated from going into the army by reason of physical disabilities, he did what he could for the country by acting as the drummer for a company of "Ohio guards" which drilled in his neighborhood.

It was during this period that his wife first developed her strange mania. Being of a highly nervous temperament and much wrought up over the war, she could not sleep at night unless her husband was awake. As he was not permitted to sleep until his wife had first journeyed into the realms of slumber, he put in time practicing upon his drum. In this way "Aunt Ann" grew into the habit of falling asleep to the systematic music of the drum, and soon it became a necessity. She could not sleep without soothing sound, and thus the years have gone on, every night the same. About 8 o'clock Uncle Jacob gets out his drum and goes to work as usual, leading a charge on a battery, and then gradually drops into slumber and more soothing music, until, at the end of an hour's steady beating, he feels convinced that his wife is sound asleep. Then he puts aside his sleep-producer and joins the partner of his joys and sorrows on her excursion to slumberland.

"Do I Look Like a Lady?"

About thirty years ago a young girl in a western city was given charge of a Sunday school class of rough boys, usually known as "river rats," who had never been in any school house before. When she entered the room she found them lounging on the desks and benches wearing their hats, pulling vile cigars, and defiantly on every face. They greeted her with a loud laugh, and one of them exclaimed:

"Well, sis, you got to teach us?" She stood silent until the laugh was over, and then said, quietly:

"Do I look like a lady?" An astonished stare was the only reply which they gave.

"Because," she continued gently, "gentlemen, when a lady enters the room, she takes off her hats and throws away their cigars."

The lowest American secretly believes himself to be a gentleman, and in a moment every hat was off and the ladies were arranged in orderly attention.

So remarkable was the success of this girl in managing and influencing men of the roughest sort that she made it the work of her life, says the Youth's Companion. She established clean and respectable boarding-houses for sailors and boatmen, and reading and coffee-rooms for laborers, and founded an Order of Honor, the members of which vowed to live sober, christian lives themselves and to help their fellows to do the same.

Clever Defense.

Baron Dal Borgo, the Danish envoy at Madrid about fifty years ago, was the soul of honor and good nature, though he had neither the cleverness nor the brilliancy belonging to certain diplomats. One incident, however, shows that he could act, when occasion arose, and that with boldness and even dramatic power.

During the childhood of Queen Isabella there were frequent political contentions, and one night Epartero, the regent, having incurred the displeasure of the adverse party, was pursued through the streets by an infuriated mob. He ran into the house where Baron Dal Borgo had an apartment, and as soon as the door was opened slipped inside and barred it.

Presently the ringleaders of the mob arrived and threatened to break open the door if the fugitive were not delivered to them at once. Baron Dal Borgo himself unfurled the bolts and appeared on the threshold. He pointed to the Danish flag, which he had laid across the entrance, and said calmly:

"The man you seek is here. Come and take him if you like, but if one of you steps on the colors of my country I will make Spain responsible to Denmark for the insult!"

The attacking party paused, awed into sobriety, and then turned about and marched quietly away.—Youth's Companion.

No DANGER.—"Beg pardon, sah," observed the tough looking water suggestively. "Gents at this table usually—remember me, sah."

"I don't wonder," said the customer cordially. "That mug of yours would be hard to forget."

And he picked up his check and strolled leisurely in the direction of the cashier.

—Last year's floods sent about 400,000,000 feet of lumber down the Susquehanna, and a lumberman's exchange was organized at Columbia to reap some benefit from logs caught. To-day they have 10,000,000 feet of lumber in stock in the yards of their saw mill, and to date the exchange has divided \$800,000 among its members. It is estimated the profits will reach \$500,000.

—Did you ever think of how much space the people who die every year require for decent burial? If one could be content with a grave 2 by 6 feet, 3,630 bodies could be interred in one acre of ground, allowing nothing for walks, monuments, roads, etc. On this crowded plan London's annual dead, numbering about 81,000, would fill a cemetery of about twenty-three acres.

A Financial Genius.

He Offered to Save 240,000 Francs and Failed, but Got a Free Dinner.

A needy Frenchman once heard that a marriage was on the tapis between the daughter of a certain wealthy merchant and the son of a rich banker. The dowry that was to be given with the bride was 500,000 francs. The merchant was well known to be on the lookout for a good bargain or to save a dollar, so on this the Parisian founded his hopes of a good dinner at least.

He accordingly called at the merchant's residence and asked the privilege of seeing him on a very important business. After a little while he was admitted to his presence.

"The matter, sir, on which I called," he began, "involves for you the practical saving of two hundred and fifty thousand francs."

"Oh, my dear sir," interrupted the merchant, "this is too serious a matter to be discussed before dinner, and as it is now my hour for dining pray take dinner with me, and we will afterward consider your proposition at our leisure."

Having partaken of a meal that left a pleasant flavor in the unfortunate's memory the rest of his life, they retired to the merchant's study.

"And now I am ready to hear your proposition," he remarked.

The Parisian, after a moment's thought, began:

"I understand, sir, your daughter is to be shortly married to the son of the banker D'Argent?"

"Yes, that is true."

"And that her dowry is half a million?"

This was also assented to.

"Well, then, here is my idea: I am ready to take her with half that sum and thus you will save or gain exactly 250,000 francs."

The merchant could not but smile at the proffer, though he did not profit by it.—Philadelphia Times.

A Stroke of Lightning.

So long as women will be foolish men will be deceptive. One day I sat before a couple on an Ohio and Mississippi train, and it wasn't 10 minutes before I discovered that the girl was a village belle who knew nothing of the world, and that her companion was a traveler who saw in her a victim. Several others noticed them as well, but it was hard to see how anything could be done. He professed great admiration for the girl, and she blushing queried:

"But how am I to know you are not a married man?"

"Oh, but I assure you on my honor that I am not married."

"Where do you live?"

"In Louisville."

"And you have neither wife nor children?"

"No."

At that instant the conductor came in with a telegram and called out the address. "That's for me," said the man in the seat ahead.

It was handed to him, and he was smiling when he tore it open. Next moment he fell forward in a heap and rolled into the aisle in a dead faint. Half a dozen of us, including the girl, read the dispatch. It was dated Indianapolis and read:

"Your wife and baby burned up with the house last night. Come at once."

It took us a quarter of an hour to bring him to, and it was half an hour later when he left the train. He had forgotten the girl who shared his seat, and she was crouched down and crying like a baby.

Generosity in a Dog.

Mr. J. A. Bartlett, who discourses of "The Fighting Instinct" in the pages of Longman's Magazine, knows a Newfoundland dog who can drink delight of battle with his peers, and yet can show himself on occasions a generous foe.

One day this noble creature had what the vulgar call a row, though Mr. Bartlett prefers to refer to it as "a smart altercation," with a mastiff. It was about that proverbial source of contention, a bone, of which the predatory mastiff had sought to possess himself at the expense of his neighbor, and it happened that in the course of the struggle the combatants fell over a bridge into the deep stream below.

Of course the Newfoundland swam at once to the shore; but not so the mastiff. The Newfoundland after a good shake, was preparing to depart, when he caught sight of his antagonist wildly beating the water and growling as fast as he could.

"One look," says Mr. Bartlett, "was enough. In went he of the shaggy coat, and seizing the other by the collar, brought his late enemy safe to land."

The little story ends with the statement that the two dogs then eyed each other with a perfectly indescribable expression for some seconds, then silently and solemnly wagged their caudal appendages, and with dignity departed.

Such romantic generosity between dogs of this sort is not likely to have been thrown away. Can we be wrong in assuming that the little ceremony which Mr. Bartlett has noted embodied a silent and solemn compact of mutual respect for each other's bones?

Warned in Time.

Yablesy—So young Bjinx is to marry Miss Grimme, I hear. I might have proposed to her myself if a rat had not run into the room one evening when I was calling on her.

Wickwire—And when she jumped up and screamed you got disgusted, I suppose? You shouldn't be so critical, Yablesy. A woman can't help acting that way. You mustn't expect a woman to act otherwise.

Yablesy—But she didn't do anything of the kind. She coolly picked up a book and smashed the life out of Mr. Rat the first time. She has entirely too much nerve to suit me.—Terre Haute Express.

—Not many years ago the abandoned timber lands in Aroostook county, Maine, away up near the British province, were almost worthless for agricultural purposes. Later on Swedes and other industrious foreigners moved in, and now Aroostook county is the greatest potato-growing county in New England.