

# Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., January 9, 1891.

## THE THREE SHOPPERS.

Three women went traveling into the town, into Boston town in the early morn, Each thought of the list of her presents set down, And wished it was not so long, For men must work and women must spend, And it really seems that there is no end To this lovely Christmas shopping.

Three women went traveling into the stores, Into the stores so crowded and gay, Each thought of her money and wished it were more, And kept on wishing the living day, For men must work and women must shop, Whether the purse is full or not, To fill up the Christmas stockings.

Three women went searching everywhere, Everywhere all over the town, Each thought she had got a bargain rare, And cheerfully paid her money down, For men must work and women must trade, And somehow or other the bills are paid For this lovely Christmas shopping!

Three women went traveling home at night, Home at night in the twilight gray, Each thought she had got the presents right, That would make glad hearts on Christmas Day, For men must work and women must plan To do the very best they can For this lovely Christmas shopping.

Three women laid down to their rest at night, To their rest at night all tired and wan, Each thought of the children's faces bright, That will early greet the Christmas dawn, For men must work and women must give Love and strength as long as they live To this lovely Christmas shopping.

Boston Transcript.

## DER ALTE CHAPERON.

They all thought he was a fool; but when they often make mistakes like that. Kangaroos can't jump like women when the women are jumping at conclusions. You see, the trouble was that Collie Beattie—Collie they called him when they wanted to be funny—did not have much to say. He used to lie about the hotel veranda in a big steamer chair and read novels. He wore a yachting suit and cap and a silk shirt. He did not look a bit salt, because the skin of his face was as white and smooth as a baby's. So they laughed at him for wearing a yachting suit. All the other fellows wore them, because it was a yachting port upon the sound, and pretty much every one went in for sailing, which was about all there was to do at the place. Collie went sailing once or twice when some generous fellow took pity on him and invited him. Then the women laughed at him more, and in strange German called him Der Alte Chaperon—the Old Chaperon—because he always went down into the cabin, stretched himself on a locker and fell asleep. They said he was afraid the spray would spoil his complexion. Collie didn't seem to know that he was being laughed at. He did not mind it. He never said anything, but went on reading novels, German novels, too; and he read them in the original. It was most exasperating. What business had a man at a gay, active summer resort to wear nautical toggery, have a skin like a queen's and read German novels? Once some one said to him:

"Come and play a game of billiards."

"Thank you," he replied, "it's a little too much for me to know."

He certainly was a fool—and a lazy one, too. They tried him on several things, but he lay in the steamer chair and read German. And there were at least six beautiful girls in the hotel. And every one of them had been picked out to try to interest him. But he just staid in the steamer chair and read German, or went to sleep in the cabin of the yacht.

He didn't get seasick. They remembered that after he was gone, as one of his good qualities. They had him out one day when it blew fresh and there was a lively sea on, but he went to sleep like a rocked infant. He certainly was the most torpid man that ever lived.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Bisbee one morning, "Miss Silvers is coming here next week. Perhaps she'll wake him up."

"You don't mean Mattie Silvers, do you?" exclaimed Gertie Greer.

"Yes, I do."

"And Gertie's mouth went down at the corners."

"What's the matter with Mattie Silvers?" inquired Ethel Bristek.

"Oh, nothing," answered Gertie, dejectedly; "only I was at a place where she was once."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Sybil Vane, that tall, white girl, you remember.

"Well," sighed Gertie, "every man in the house dropped right down at her feet."

"Oh, my! Is she so very wonderful?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Gertie, just the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and with two little millions in her own right."

There was a painful silence and all the young women looked glum. Gertie was not a girl to be sneezed at and she used her mirror. Her dejection was ominous. The girls gazed anxiously at Mrs. Bisbee.

"I don't want to be disagreeable," she said smoothly, "but I'm afraid it's true."

"What's her style?" asked Sybil.

"Brown," replied Mrs. Bisbee, tentatively.

"Brown?"

"Yes; burnt sienna. Burnt sienna hair and eyes, dusky pink cheeks, dusky crimson lips, silk plush complexion—all cream and cox—and two millions from her uncle," said Harold Beaver, who had just come up.

There was a general biting of lips. "Haven't seen her for three years," he continued, "and"

"Ah! Perhaps she has faded!" exclaimed Ethel.

"The dusky browns don't fade much," said Harold.

"No," said Mrs. Bisbee. "I saw her in a box at the Metropolitan last winter, and she was radiant."

"Why, she doesn't belong in New York," Sybil said.

"No, Baltimore," responded Harold.

"I don't see what she wants to come away up here for," grumbled Ethel spitefully. "What's the matter with Chesapeake bay?"

"Well, she's coming next week," said Mrs. Bisbee, moving away with Harold. "I had a letter from her mother to-day."

"I hope she'll like him," said Ethel, looking scornfully at Collie in his steamer chair.

"That will not do any good," answered Gertie; "the other men will all like her."

"Of course," said Sybil; "we're not worth two millions, any of us."

"And we're not dusky browns," snapped Ethel, caressing a stray raven lock; "I'll cream and cox 'em!"

"But she's a lovely girl," sighed Gertie; "or she was two years ago. I haven't met her since then. I was at Cape May. You can't help liking her."

"Oh, yes, I can, and I will," decided Ethel as they rose to go down to the water.

The day before this paragon of heiresses was expected Phil Partridge invited all hands to go sailing on his sloop. And then he got a telegram which compelled him to go to the city. But he insisted on their going sailing just the same. His sailing master would take them, and they could invite Der Alte Chaperon to go along as his substitute. That made them laugh. But they got Collie out of his steamer chair and took him along just the same. Of course, he went right down into the cabin and prepared to go to sleep.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Bisbee, "that's a little too bad. The only man in the party. I wouldn't stand it, girls."

"Man?" exclaimed Ethel. "Call that pudding faced gelatine a man! Lord forgive us."

"Oh, I say, Ethel," remonstrated Gertie, "you ought not to talk like that."

"Don't say 'ought' to me. I'm tired of doing what I ought to do."

Ethel was 26 and her skin was growing yellow under her eyes.

"Go down into the cabin and keep Der Alte Chaperon awake," suggested Sybil.

"Do it yourself."

"Not such a bad idea," said Sybil, slipping down the companionway.

Collie Beattie was not asleep yet. He sat up and stared at the tall, white girl came below.

"Awfully good of you, you know," he murmured.

"Oh, it's not so very good; but what do you mean?"

"I mean your coming down here to keep me awake."

Sybil turned just a trifle pink under the ears. Had he been listening to their conversation on deck? It must have edified him, she thought.

"I came down to keep myself awake," she said hastily, and then added, inconsistently, "Why don't you go on deck and enjoy the breeze?"

"Because I can't enjoy the breeze," he answered.

"It's too strong for you, I suppose," said Sybil, with a touch of scorn.

"Yes, much too strong."

"Makes you chilly."

"Yes, makes me chilly."

"Might spoil your complexion."

"My what?"

"Your complexion."

"Didn't know I had any."

"You're as white and pink as a baby."

"That's true, but I don't think that's much of a complexion for a man, you know."

"Neither do I. I should think you'd get a little sunburn on you just from shame."

Collie laughed. He seemed to be immensely amused. He had a funny way of being amused at things that didn't amuse other people. It was jolly for him, but it made the other people angry.

"If you're going to laugh at my conversation I'm going back to the—the girls," exclaimed Sybil, springing up the steps.

Collie laughed some more. Then he stretched himself on the cabin locker and laughed again. Next he closed his eyes and smiled. A minute later he was sound asleep. All the women came down and looked at him half an hour later. He didn't seem much to look at. He had deep lines under his eyes when he slept, and a worn appearance. Yet they all looked at him and despised him. He just slept on and didn't mind it.

"Valuable person to have on a yachting excursion, isn't he?" whispered Ethel, with a genuine growl in her pretty voice. "If I had a thing like that for a husband I'd—but I'd never have one."

"Let's go on deck. I do believe it's fallen dead calm," said Mrs. Bisbee.

So it had. The Clover's mast was plumb perpendicular. So were her main-sail and her jib. The water looked like molasses. And it was seething hot. The skipper said there was going to be a squall, and sent the one sailor, a boy, aloft to furl the top-sail. The skipper was right. There was going to be a squall. Big blue black clouds were piling up in the northwest. Lightning played around their lower edges. The skipper said it would not be a bad squall. The Clover would stand it under jib and main-sail. It came along in a few minutes. You could see it strike the water over near the Connecticut shore. It made the surface six shades darker. The girls had their rubber goods on, but the skipper said it would not rain. However, they had heard skippers say that before. The squall came bounding over the sound.

Then, they never knew how it happened, but the boom gave a terrific jump right across the yacht. It hit the skipper on the head and knocked him senseless. The next moment he was halfway over the lee rail with seven shrieking women pulling at him.

The yacht was pretty nearly on her beam ends and the sailor boy was paralyzed.

Then Collie Beattie walked up out of the cabin rubbing his eyes.

"Did some one scream?" he asked.

"Oh, look at that useless thing!" cried Ethel, tugging at the leg of the skipper's trousers.

Whereupon Collie woke up.

He brushed the women aside like so many flies and pulled the skipper into the cockpit. Then he let go the jib sheet, and the yacht righted partly.

"Here, my lad," he called to the boy, "take the wheel." The boy obeyed, and Collie pulled off his coat. There was a red spot in each of his cheeks.

"What's he going to do?" inquired Gertie, awestruck.

"Lord knows I'm glad to see him do anything," said Ethel.

"Hard down upon your helm!" exclaimed Der Alte Chaperon. "Mrs. Bisbee, you and Miss Sybil please hold the wheel there a minute. Now, lad, main sheet; in with it!"

Collie and the boy got the main boom trimmed flat as the yacht came up into the wind. The jib flapped madly.

"Right your helm!" cried Collie.

The boy obeyed the order.

"Keep your head to it," was his next order.

Then Collie sprang forward and slacked the jib halyards, unbuttoned the sheet, slid out on the bowsprit, which was plunging into the young seas like a crazy porpoise, reeled the jib, came back, bent on the sheet and hoisted away again, while the women huddled in the cockpit like petrified mummies.

"Now let her blow," said Collie as he went aft, put on his coat and took the wheel.

"Get the captain below," said he to the boy, "and give him a good horn of brandy. He's coming to."

The boy dragged the skipper downstairs, in silence to see if they could do anything. Sybil Vane asked the boy when they were below whether he hadn't better go up and sail the yacht.

"Guess not," said the boy. "That feller don't need no help. I can see that without a telescup."

The boy's judgment appeared to be right. It was blowing great guns. But the Clover was riding like a canvas-back duck. Collie looked very composed at the wheel. The girls stared up at the comely fellow at him. He seemed to be enjoying it. The captain recovered his senses presently and hurried on deck.

"Go below and lie down, captain," said Collie; "your head will be rattling like a locker of shot in a gale."

The captain looked surprised.

"Who reeled the jib?" he asked.

"I did," said Collie, humoring her neatly with the helm.

The captain watched him do it. Then he went below and stretched himself on Collie's favorite locker.

"That man's the best amateur sailor I ever saw," he said.

The women looked at one another and heaved long sighs of relief.

"That useless thing appears to be of some good after all," said Mrs. Bisbee to Ethel.

"Hum!" said Ethel.

Collie sailed the Clover back to her anchorage off the hotel after the squall. They all went ashore and he immediately retired to his room and was seen no more until the next day. About noon he was discovered in the steamer chair with an unusually formidable German novel. They surrounded him and began to thank him for bringing them in safely. He didn't seem to pay much attention to them. Just kept listening for something down the road. Presently the hotel stage came rattling up from the station.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Bisbee, beckoning the girls. And they all deserted their preserver to see the beautiful heiress. She was beautiful. There was no mistake in that. The girls groaned inwardly. She came airily up the steps, her brown eyes aflame with expectation. She caught sight of Der Alte Chaperon lying in his steamer chair. She ran right to him, threw both arms about his neck and publicly kissed him on the lips.

"Collie dear!" she said passionately. "But, dear old fellow, you look real done up, and I expected to find you so much better."

Better? He must have been sick, then, when he came down.

"Well, sweetheart," he replied, laughing, "I have been mendingslowly but surely till yesterday, when I had to do a little work aboard a boat and—"

"Aboard a boat! Now, dear, you know the doctor said you were not to exert yourself, and when you sail a boat you always—"

"But we got caught in a squall and the captain—well, perhaps these young ladies will explain. Let me introduce you all to my fiancée."

And then the whole crew of them figuratively got right down on their knees and worshipped Der Alte Chaperon.

It isn't much of a story, is it? But then it has a moral, Two, maybe.—W. J. Henderson in New York.

## All Through the State.

The Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company of Scranton will after January 1st reduce wages about 20 cents a day.

Reading's School Board has voted against free text books.

John B. Miller, of Columbia, fell down-stairs with his grandchild in his arms, and was fatally injured, but the child escaped harm.

—In the Common Pleas of Huntingdon county James A. Kohler, a salesman for S. Kohler & Co., of Philadelphia, has just recovered \$500 damages from the Pennsylvania Railroad for injuries received at Juniata Bridge. He may appeal to secure a larger sum. He sought \$10,000 damages.

## A Delightful Series of Tours to Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For several years past the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has run a series of excursions to Washington, D. C., at a season when the National Capital is in a whirl of pleasure and social activity, and these tours have met with marked success. This year the company has just announced a series of three; to leave Pittsburgh January 15th, February 5th, and March 5th.

Excursion tickets, good for ten days from date of sale, admitting of a stop-over in Baltimore in either direction within the proper limit, will be sold from Pittsburgh at \$9.00, and at correspondingly low rates from other stations in Western Pennsylvania. The tickets will be good for use on any regular train within the dates above named, except limited express trains; and in addition to the regular service a special train of parlor cars and day coaches will leave Pittsburgh at 8.00 A. M., and run through to Washington, stopping at principal stations. The return coupons will be valid for passage on any regular train of the Pennsylvania Limited, except the Pennsylvania Limited.

Washington is one of the most interesting cities in the Union. Its esteem by many the most beautiful city in America, and the fact that it is the seat of government and the location of the handsomest public buildings in the land makes it interesting to every citizen.

Both branches of Congress will be in daily session, and in fact, every branch of the public service may be seen in the actual work of conducting the government. The public buildings, embracing the capital, White House, Treasury, State, War, and Navy Departments, the National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, the National Academy of Sciences, the National Academy of Arts, and the National Academy of Music, and offer a field for interest and study that cannot be excelled anywhere. The great Washington Monument, the highest memorial shaft in the world, is in itself worth a trip to see.

The rates are unusually low, and the limitation of the tickets ample for a most pleasurable trip.

## What It Is to Be a Child.

What it is to be a child? Sometimes I think it is to be as intelligent as grown people are, but to be at such a disadvantage as an advanced inhabitant from Mars would be should he visit our planet—ignorant of our language, which he begins rapidly to learn; ignorant of our laws and customs, which he learns more slowly, as they seem to him often quite senseless and disconnected, ignorant of the future and its possibilities; ignorant even of his own powers in this strange surrounding, and shut within the limit of his vision and imagination, for he has no maps of the world beyond the place where he finds himself. This it is to be a child; and besides this, it is to be a creature of infinite sensitiveness and susceptibility, to have affections of overpowering fervor, and faith in those who are his rulers, as saints have faith in the Creator. This it is to be a child; and besides this, to have a capacity for suffering that those hardened with the world's experience have often forgotten that they too possess, and with this power of suffering an incapacity for self-defense, helplessness that makes the thoughtful earnestly remember the words of the great Child-lover—Christ, "Whoso offendeth one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were cast about his neck and that he were cast into the uttermost depths of the sea."

## A Series of Winter Tours to Florida via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Last year many people fled from the intolerable humidity of the Northern climate to that of the South, where uniformity of temperature and bright sunlight together put a new phase on life. This winter the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in pursuance of a policy inaugurated several years ago, and with many additional incidental improvements, has arranged a series of five tours to be run from New York to Jacksonville, as follows: January 20th, February 3d and 17th, March 3d and 17th. Tourists will travel in Pullman Palace Cars in charge of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon. A limit must necessarily be made in order to allow each passenger a double berth, and this limit has been made one hundred and fifty.

The round trip rate, including Pullman accommodations and meals en route in dining car attached to the train, is \$50.00 from New York, \$48.00 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Tickets will be sold from all principal stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad system to connecting points with the special. For detailed information application should be made to ticket offices.

## A Lake of Pitch.

"Near where we live," said William Greig, of Trinidad, West Indies, "is a pitch lake. It is at La Brea, it covers about ninety acres, and is soft enough to take the impression of your shoes as you walk over it, but take up a bit of it and strike it sharp and it breaks off with a conchoidal fracture like a lump of anthracite. I don't know where it comes from, but I do know that it's most awful hot there. The sun melts it down like fat, and the black pitch oozes out of the heat. All down to the coast and under the sea across in Venezuela there is a streak of this same formation. The British government owns the lake, and a monopoly pays a royalty of not less than \$20,000 a year.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Young Woman's Sad Death.

The engine drawing news train Thursday of last week, struck a woman who was crossing a bridge over a small stream at Halifax, Dauphin county. She was thrown into the stream below and instantly killed. Every particle of her clothing excepting her shoes and stockings were torn from her body, and yet she was not mangled in the least. A young man, who was near by, gave assistance to the train men in caring for the body, and it was not until the men were bearing the body away on a board that he discovered that it was his own sister.

## Stoning the Raisins.

He and she are sitting in the window seat in the study. Enter her mamma with a pan full of raisins.

Her Mamma—If you young people aren't doing anything, I'm going to make you some stoned raisins. I'm making mince-meat, and I'm just as busy as I can be.

She—Why, of course, mamma. It'll be just fun.

He—Delighted, Mrs. Muzzled! We'll turn the whole job out in just about seventeen minutes and a half.

Her Mamma—I guess not—there's two pounds there. (Exit in the direction of the kitchen.)

He—Great scheme, isn't it? How do you stone the things, anyhow?

She—Why, you just squinch 'em up like this—so!

He—I don't seem to get the hang of it.

She—Why, how clumsy! You don't hold them right.

He—How so?

She—No, so!

He—This way?

She—No—why, how stupid you are! (Sets his fingers right with her own dainty hands.) There!

He—This is great fun. (She withdraws her fingers abruptly.)

She—Now, see how many you can stone while I am doing one.

He—Why does your mother make her own mince-meat? What's the matter with the cook?

She—Nothing. But there are two things that mamma says should never be left to servants—mince-meat and sweet pickles.

He—Oh!

She—It's a religious duty with her.

He—I see.

She—Mamma's from New England, you know.

He—Oh! (After a pause.) If you had a house would you make mince-meat?

She—Oh! I don't know.

He—But would you? Just suppose.

She—Oh, yes, I guess so.

He—Chop up the stuff and stone the raisins and all?

She—Why, I suppose so. What an absurd question!

He—No, it isn't.

She—Yes, it is.

He—No it isn't.

She—Ridiculous!

He—Because, you know, if you want to, you can have the house, don't you know, and I'll help you stone the raisins.

(One hour and a half later.)

Her Mamma—(from the kitchen)—Come, you young folks, are those raisins stoned yet? I'm waiting for them.

She—Oh, my heavens! Jack, how many have we got stoned? One, two, three—gracious bless me, only four!

He—Who cares? Is it June?

She—Let go of my hands—oh, do, do, do!

He—Well, tell me.

Her Mamma—Ag-ne-ee-ee-ee!

She—Let go—oh—yes—June—May—April—anything! In one minute, mamma—we're not quite through! Oh, Jack, do hurry up and help me stone these raisins.—Calendar in Puck.

## Saving Souls in Africa.

They tell of a powerful Irishman, out in Africa, who seized the wretched Arab who was paddling him across a stream, threw him overboard, and grabbing him by the back of the neck as he rose to the surface of the water hissed in his ear:

"Will you renounce the Prophet and become a Christian?"

"Allah forbid," spluttered the Arab.

"Down you go, then," said the Irishman, and he ducked the Arab under again. In about a minute he pulled him up and shouted:

"Will you believe in Christian's God?"

"No," gasped the Arab feebly.

"Down, then," yelled the Irishman, as he ducked the unfortunate Mussulman again.

For the third time he pulled the man up and asked, "Will you believe?"

The Arab almost dead, was just able to whisper "Yes."

"Down, then," yelled the man, "before you lose your soul by recanting!" and he put the wretch under once more and held him there till life was extinct.—New York Tribune.

## A Disgusted Coyote.

Portland Oregonian.

The Eureka flat country abounds in wild geese, and the hunters in that section are having fine sport hunting them.

The geese swarm in the stubble fields to eat the scattered heads of wheat, and the hunters dig pits in these fields, and lie in them, having first set out a number of tin or pasta card decoys to attract the geese.

A hunter named Adkins, a day or two since, while sitting in a pit near Fairfield waiting for geese, saw a coyote sneaking down on his decoys. The cunning brute crept along on his belly for about fifty feet and then made a spring of about twenty feet, landing on top of one of the tin decoys.

He was one of the most disgusted looking coyotes ever seen in that section, and Adkins felt so sorry for him that he shot him, breaking two of his legs, and then knocked him on the top of the head with the butt of his gun.

## Mr. Kerr on the Wallace Assignment.

Chairman Kerr said to parties in Philadelphia that the assignment was profitable to Senator Wallace. The bank was unable, owing to the stringency of the money market, to float the paper it had, and, therefore, was compelled to assign and go into liquidation. Senator Wallace has much real estate and valuable coal property, which, when developed, will pay all debts. If this property is handled properly it will leave the senator a nice surplus.

The liabilities amount to \$350,000 and the assets \$600,000 in Pennsylvania alone. The senator is also the owner of considerable mining property in the west, which is considered very valuable.

The failure will in no manner affect the local banks of Clearfield. They are strong and amply provided with resources to meet any emergency that may arise. There is absolutely no danger, as the banks have the entire confidence of the community.

## Frills of Fashion.

Figured materials are in high fashion. The black marten is the darkest natural fur.

The newest stockings are all in bright colors.

Pockets in reefer jackets are cut on the outside.

Astrakhan is being used lavishly on cloth costumes.

Bows are not knotted, but tied with a narrow ribbon.

Tailor made gowns are the rage for out of door costumes.

A widow does not have bride-maiden nor does she wear a veil.

All the newest dresses have one flourish around the hem.

Any amount of trouble and expense is still lavished on shoes.

Feathers play an important part in the garnitures of the season.

All the underwear of fleshy persons should be made with yokes.

Tartan shoes are among the most striking novelties yet evolved.

Velvet sleeves will undoubtedly remain in vogue during the winter.

Pretty fans are of, crepe de chine, decorated with little crayon drawings.

The coiffure worn with a large hat is either loosely knotted or twisted at the back.

Collarettes made of velvet are considerably worn as a finish to street costumes of cloth.

Large hats intended for afternoon receptions are in white or very light colored felt.

Pure white is used for all babies—blue for boys and pink for girls when color is desired.

Round waist and narrow skirts are in vogue for those who are slender enough to wear them.

If you have a light hat, wear a black bird on it; if you have a black hat, wear a white bird on it.

Three feathers which form the crest of the Prince of Wales are used to trim both large and small hats.

Lounging robes in plaided wools are out in redingote style, with seam across the hips and large pockets.

The pelisse is an old name revived for the new long cloaks which can scarcely be distinguished from gowns.

Dainty sets for the toilet table are long, slender trays, little toilet boxes and candlesticks in Milton and Dresden china.

Some of the winter gowns still have a small cushion in the back of the skirt, but this is only when there is a deficiency in graceful outline.

## Two Stories of Von Moltke.

Two pretty stories are told about Von Moltke. One is that on taking out his purse to pay a cabman after a rather long ride the cabman started his horse, and cried out, "No, no; it has been a great honor for me, Her Feldmarschall," and drove off, to receive next day the count's photograph, with the words, "To the cab driver." And the other is that an American lady, with a young daughter, staying at the hotel where the great soldier was attending a regimental banquet, sent him a photograph of herself, which she asked him to sign, and to give more pleasure to the girl on her seventeenth birthday than all her presents had done. In reply mother and daughter were invited to the supper-room, were treated by Von Moltke with the kindest hospitality and received the photograph, on which was written, "I have been young, and now I am old, but I have not seen the righteous forsaken."—Harper's Bazar.

## A Difficulty About Witnesses.

"Mr. Smith," said the electric manager to his foreman, "we want some men to testify to the absolute harmlessness of the electric light current as used by us. You might send Roberts?"

Foreman—"He was killed while fixing a wire last night, sir!"

"Well, Jackson will do then."

"He accidentally grounded a wrong wire last week, and is scarcely expected to live, sir."

"Such awkwardness! Send Williams."

"Sorry, sir, but he was paralyzed while fixing an electric lamp on Thursday."

"Really. It's most annoying. Employ some new men at once and send them to testify to the committee before they have time to get themselves killed."

## Sitting Bull's Slayer Dead.

St. Paul, Dec. 19.—A Fort Yates special says: Bull Head, the lieutenant of the Indian police, who led in the capture of Sitting Bull and fired off the two shots which killed him, died last night at 5:30 p. m. Though he received three severe wounds—one in the arm, one in the leg, and one in the stomach—the surgeons had hoped to save him.

His brother policemen, who had been given to hope that he would recover, are overwhelmed with grief. Reports at the agency indicate that the fugitives from Sitting Bull's camp are preparing to return to their abandoned homes. It is expected many will return to-day.

## It Wasn't a Case of Jinxings.

"Is it true," breathlessly inquired the caller, who had climbed the four flights of stairs, "that Boston has gone Democratic?"

"Yes," replied the telegraph editor. "It has elected a Democratic mayor by about 12,000."

"No mistake about it?"

"No. Here are the figures."

"That's all I want to know," rejoined the stranger, starting down the stairway.

"I'm all right, I guess. When I saw the same thing on the bulletin board down-stairs I thought I had 'em again. Good day."

—Dr. Grimshaw—"Don't you know young man, that it is very injurious to blow cigarette smoke down your nose in that way?" Mr. De Appl—Is it? I know it's very agreeable and so do I, but all the other fellows do it, I reckon now?