

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., January 30, 1891.

## THE LIFE FOR WHICH I LONG.

When on my day of light the night is falling,  
And in the winds from unsummed spaces  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,  
Then who has made my home of life so  
pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O love divine, O help, O ever present,  
Be Thou my help, and stay.  
Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and  
shine,  
And kindly thee to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.  
I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit  
Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.  
Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy bounding  
grace,  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.  
Some humble door among Thy many man-  
sions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striv-  
ing cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green ex-  
pansions  
The river of Thy peace.  
There, from the music round about me steal-  
ing,  
I faint would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.  
—John G. Whittier.

## THEIR GREAT-UNCLE.

"Heugh! it's enough!" groaned old Pierre, trying to raise himself from the rock on which he rested. Then he looked around, and shook his tremulous fist at the mountain peaks frowning on every side. "So," said he, "so I am at my feet. 'So,' said he, 'so I am at my feet. I have danced upon those heaving brows and scaled those precipitous heights like a chamois. Ah! I tell you I was bold and young then. You could not frighten Pierre with your crashing avalanches. Pierre knew your tricks by heart."  
Then muttering maledictions on old age, which brought so many infirmities in its train, he took up a small bundle and pursued his journey to the village beside the lake.

From the path by which Pierre descended, and immediately below the steep zigzag was a superb view of the azure lake. The limpid waters lapped the cliffs, blue, so intensely blue. The banks, wings-away, sped like eagles across the bay. Pierre's old eyes had lost little of their keenness, and they took in this beauty with infinite joy.

"At least I can see," he said proudly, "and perhaps I can see my wife no less than I could forty years ago. Well, now for my affectionate nephews. Let us recapitulate the lesson. What are the names? Ah, I have it! The good ones backward. First, John. He should be steady, this John, and doubtless well to do. Luke was a fool—yes I avoid Luke. Mark—what did he say of Mark? Is it possible my memory begins to fail me? But no! I remember all. He is the rich one, very rich. Mathieu, a generous rattlepate with a wife and six children, and little to feed them with. John and Mark, I send you my very good compliments."

A malicious smile hovered round the aged man's lips as he waved his hand with mock courtesy toward the village, nestling well under shelter of the cliffs down which the zigzag path was leading him. It is possible John and Mark may meet their match in this decrepit figure, for after all it is mind that governs matter.

Perhaps some such thought caused the smile in the keen old eyes, as Pierre at last found himself in the village street, and asked for the house of his nephew, John Desor.

John, portly, heavily visaged John, stood at his shop door. A cautious man this John, who did not accept his feeble relative with any manifestation of hospitality.

"I suppose I may sit down?" quavered Pierre.  
"You may sit down!" said John's deep bass.  
Mrs. John sat behind the counter, ready for customers. She made signs to her husband. In her eyes it was easy to read that there was no welcome.

"He had better go to Mark. Mark is so rich, and besides this he has a room and to spare."  
Pierre was still smiling as he turned to leave the shop. John pointed the way with magnificent courtesy.

"The second house on the right. You do well to go to Mark," he said approvingly.  
Mark was a notary. He was busy writing, and looked up frowning fiercely at the interruption. "Disgraceful! One of our blood begging! You always wasted your substance in the past, or you would not be homeless to-day. You can't expect us to support you; we have all we can do to get our own living. Go back to the false friends that counseled you to take this unwise step. But wait! Let me look up the family record. I don't believe you are our great uncle after all, Desor is no uncommon name."

The old man without a word walked into the street. "Pigs, exasperating pigs of peasants," he said under his breath. "But now what to do?"  
At least the bench by the well was common property. He crawled there with his bundle and sat down to rest. Then, in a dreamy, half-drowsy condition, he watched the women come and go, until at last a loud voice and a boisterous laugh set the echoes calling.

"Eh! friends, neighbors! Have you seen an old man go past this noon? A feeble old man with a bundle? I want to find him. He's my great-uncle, you must know, homeless and friendless, according to my two most noble brothers, John and Mark. What, here? Poor old fellow! Tired out and hungry! Why, uncle, how are you? I'm your grand-nephew Mathieu, at your service."  
"So you are Mathieu?"  
The old man roused himself with a

start and smiled back at the cherry face bent over him.

"Ay! and here we have the wife and young ones. Three here and three more at home. Yes, as you see, we are blessed with plenty of mouths to feed and, thanks be to God, a crust for each one, and one over for you if you'll take it."

As he talked Mathieu lifted the old man in his arms, carried him like a sack of corn to the wagon and tumbled him in.  
Every one laughed, Pierre louder than all.

"This is what I like," said he; "I am cheerful by nature." Then to show that he was not too old to be entertaining he told fine stories and laughed merrily all the way along.

But as the rule wagon jolted up the mountain side to the tiny chalet where Mathieu made his poor living, the old man became silent, casting his keen eyes back and forth with comprehensive glances. Ah! Pierre had his wits about him, wits enough to stock Mathieu, his wife and six children, and leave plenty over for the elder brothers.

"So you are very poor, Mathieu," said he, as he took his survey from the chalet door.  
Mathieu's rosy face clouded as he looked within and nodded. Every thing was clean, for his wife was thrifty, but poverty was written on every hand, even in the faces of his six children, who needed more plentiful and more nourishing food.

"Mathieu," called the wife, "come thou and make the uncle a bed. At least we have sweet hay up here."  
The old man's keen glances from the chalet door lighted into sudden flame as his eyes rested on the bare rock forming part of Mathieu's possessions. Then he chuckled as if some happy idea had occurred to him. Mathieu's wife, Marie, laughed too.

"He will be cheerful company," said she to her husband.  
Next morning they all rose at day-break, for Mathieu worked in a neighborly vineyard in the valley below.

"So, Mathieu! That rock belong to you?"  
"That shelving rocky slope, uncle? Yes, it fell to my lot. Well, one must not speak ill of one's own blood, but the others took care of themselves; this was good enough for rattlepated Mathieu."

He laughed, but rubbed his head ruefully. "Good enough!" cried the old man in an excited tone, "good enough."  
As Mathieu strode away to his work the remembrance of that "good enough" rung in his ears. He thought that perhaps the old man had lost his mind. Meantime the keen sighted old fellow was sitting in the doorway chuckling with amusement that his grand-nephew should be going away to work as a hired man in his neighbor's vineyard.

"Marie," he cried, "Marie, come here. I love thee, child, and thee and thine. Yet I tell thee, this kind Mathieu of ours lacks wits."  
"Wits!" shouted indignant Marie.  
"Ay, wits," shrieked back the excited old man. "Now, child," he went on, more quietly, "Listen; be guided by me. You and I, and our six children here, we will make a fortune for Mathieu, right under his nose."

Here the old man pointed to Mathieu's field, a mere slanting rocky ledge, over which the goat climbed to browse on the sweet grass that sprang here and there from interstices, and which now lay basking in the sun.

"There is our vineyard, my good Marie."  
"Make a vineyard there, uncle! But where is the earth?"  
The old man laughed. He pointed to the gorge, through which the mountain torrent rushed to the lake.

"Ah!" cried Marie, afire with the idea, "I see, I see. I and the six children."  
"And the old uncle," he put in.  
"We shall make Mathieu a vineyard."

The children, brought up to carry the hotte (basket) on their backs and weights on their heads, began to yell with delight at their part of the work. Away they raced to the gorge, followed by the uncle and the vigorous Marie.

When Mathieu returned that evening he stared and rubbed his eyes. Several yards of the rock were covered with earth, and the old man was building a wall at the bottom of the field.

"What does this mean?" cried he, a broad grin widening his rosy cheeks.  
"It means," cried Pierre, "that my wits shall so direct thy strong body that ere I die I shall set thee at work in thine own vineyard."

The idea once suggested approved itself to Mathieu as an experienced worker in a vineyard. "But," thought he, as he rubbed his eyes and looked about him, "why did I never think of this for myself?"  
He barely waited to swallow his soup, so eager was he to plant foot on his own vineyard.

"Keep your own counsel," said the old man. "Go forth as usual to thy work and leave us here to carry up the earth. Every hour will add to the pile. By autumn you shall plant the vine."  
Ah, how carefully all worked nor on moonlight nights did Mathieu go to bed at all. The rich earth, carried from the glacier above by the resolute force of the torrent, lay there in the gorge ready for the laborer.

"Only one more load," would Mathieu cry, as Marie called to him. "Surely thou wilt not grumble that I go this once again?"  
Who more gay than Marie, as she toiled up the steep path of the ravine with the hotte on her back?

"I brought my Mathieu no portion, nothing but my own hard working hands," said she, "and how he has slaved to earn us bread, this good Mathieu!"  
"All very well, but he has naught to complain of in his wife," said the cheery old man, "You have brought him luck, you and the children."

By this time the miracle was accomplished—the slanting rock was covered with the greenery of vines and large luscious grapes caught the earliest and the latest rays of the sun.

"So," cried he gravely, "not a trace of the blight that afflicts our friends in the valley. Up here at least we have God's air pure. His blessing, too, will be with thee, my children, who of your small substance took in a homeless wretch in his old age."

"Why, good uncle, we took in our good fortune with thee," shouted Mathieu heartily.  
"Ay, ay; my wits are worth something, I know," nodded Pierre, slyly. "But now, good Mathieu, I make thee confessor. I am no uncle of thine. In truth, I have no kin. In my youth I met your grandfather and perhaps saved him from a cruel death. He made me promise to call upon him in case of need. He is dead. The service I rendered lies buried in his grave. Blood is thicker than water, said I to myself. I'll call on his grandchildren. I'll be their uncle."

"Oho, oho!" laughed Mathieu, "and you think, then, that Marie and I do not know that we have no great-uncle? Has not Mark the record written clear as print. But it's all one to us—and better, too; for none of our blood ever boasted any brains."  
Here the children laughed. Marie kissed the old man affectionately.

"The good uncle has brought us luck, and—"  
"Fame!" said Pierre proudly, "Mathieu, grapes like these were never yet seen in this cañon, and that I can tell you."  
So said the honorable judges appointed to visit the vineyards and report upon the condition of the grapes. They came up from the valley in grand procession, two and two.

"What! a vineyard on that old rock!" cried Mathieu's brothers, who had been invited to be present.  
Pierre stood at the vineyard gate. His wrinkled old face had his rosy hue still, his keen eyes twinkled and with a lordly air he bowed to the judges, and threw back the gate.

"Enter," said he, waving his hand in welcome. Then he swaggered up and down, showing the finest bunches.  
"Here," said hearty Mathieu, seizing the old man and turning him to the judges, "behold the brains of the vineyard."  
"And here," cried Pierre, "are the faithful workers." He darted to the bushes, behind which Marie stood blushing and the children were gathered, curiously peeping between the vine leaves at the strangers.

It was a goodly sight. How Mathieu talked and laughed and the brothers gloomed behind the ranks of the judges!  
"He will be the rich man of the family, the rattlepate, after all," cried Mark, with a vicious look at the old man in his neighbor's vineyard.

They had to hear that Mathieu was adjudged the prize for a well kept vineyard, that his grapes excelled any yet grown in the cañon, and that he must wear the crown at the fete next week.

"Not I," shouted Mathieu. "If any of us be crowned it must be uncle here."  
The judges laughed. But Mathieu had his wife, and the happy old man, with Mathieu's youngest child on his knee, was carried in procession through the village, which a few years before he had entered friendless and homeless.

His eyes were uplifted to the snowy peaks. His thoughts sped back to the days of his youth, such a dream now, so long ago. Was it indeed his own foot that had scaled the precipices?  
"Uncle, uncle!" cried Mathieu at his side, "the people are shouting in thy honor. Bow to them; they expect so much of thee."—*Ida M. Trotter in Philadelphia Times.*

## Smoking in Heaven.

One of the elders of the Second Baptist church, up on Third street, is strongly opposed to the use of tobacco, and never fails to score any of the church members that he finds indulging in what he considers a sinful habit. Meeting an aged brother the other day with a very strong smelling, old clay pipe in his mouth he accosted him:

"Brother Thomas, does you believe dat nothin' unclean can enter de kingdom?"  
"I does brudder."  
"Den you kin never enter, for your breff smells wober nor a slaughter house."

"Dat may be brudder, but when I goes to hebbin I spects to leave my breff behind me."  
And the aged man passed on, peacefully smoking, while the elder gazed after him in a dazed sort of way that was painful to see.

## When Three Aces Beat Four Kings.

A Pacific coast minstrel, Billy Emerson by name, once visited the Sandwich Islands and delighted King Kalakaua with his performances. The sovereign and the funny man became friends quickly, and the King asked Emerson to the palace. A game of poker followed, of course, for if Kalakaua liked anything it was poker. Rumor had it that Emerson won quite a pile from the Hawaiian ruler. That each held some strong hands was soon known in Honolulu, for the next night at the theatre Emerson put this conundrum to the end man: "When will three aces beat four kings?" The end man gave it up, and Emerson explained that he held the three aces, while the hand against him consisted of the king of clubs, the king of diamonds, the king of spades, and the King Kalakaua. The royal poker player was in the theatre, and true to his easy good nature, laughed heartily instead of frowning at the joke.

HABIT—Grougter—I want to get some socks with a hole in them.  
Salesman—What's the idea.  
Grougter—I've been a bachelor for forty years, and they are the only kind I can wear.

## MY NEIGHBOR'S CHICKENS.

Of all the nuisances that make  
As soon as I'm away  
A rural life accursed,  
My neighbor's chickens take the cake  
For being just the worst.

I rise betimes to plant a bed—  
As soon as I'm away  
Those hens, by the big rooster led,  
March in and spend the day.  
And when I hasten home at night  
To see my labor crowned,  
Those chickens, in a cyclone's might,  
Have scratched my pretty ground.

My wife the baby leaves alone  
To snore those hens away,  
But she cannot throw a stone  
They laugh at her and stay.  
Around my house is little seen  
But dusty hoses and dirt,  
They eat my grass before its green  
And all my flowers hurt.

My neighbor has a garden, too,  
And keeps it looking fine,  
For he has trained his pirate crew  
To fly right into mine.  
In case I shoot the feathered plagues  
I go to jail at once,  
If in my yard they drop some eggs  
My neighbor wants them back.

Beneath my window ere the dawn  
His rooster comes to crow,  
And in his frenzy, seek the lawn,  
And chase it with a hoe.  
War Time Wooing Ended.  
A Yankee Fugitive Finally Marries the  
Girl Who Saved His Life.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 22.—Milo Gaston and wife arrived at the Union depot Tuesday night from Elberton, Ga., and the halo of romance which clings around them has been experienced by few and is known to a still smaller number. They were met by Mr. and Mrs. James McLain, of Charities. Mr. McLain is an oil contractor and Mrs. McLain is a sister of Mr. Gaston.

While waiting for the train to arrive Mr. McLain told the following story of his brother-in-law's life: "In 1862 Gaston, who is a native of New Hampshire, joined a regiment from that State. I think it was the Thirty-seventh, and went to the front. He was afterwards captured, and while being taken to Andersonville prison he succeeded in making his escape. He wandered about through woods and swamps for nearly three weeks, when, famished with hunger and crazed by what he believed to be continued pursuit, he decided to give himself up. One evening he shambled out of the thicket in which he had been lying all day on a couch of wet brush and made his way to a large old fashioned southern home. A cold, drizzling rain had set in, and caring little whether he lived or died he walked boldly up the driveway and knocked at the door. The place was deserted. A few minutes later he became conscious that some one was scrutinizing him from a window a few feet away. He was finally admitted by a young woman who carried a revolver in her hand. She got him some supper. When she had listened to his story, she said she was alone in the house, but expected her father, who was home from the Confederate army on a sick leave, to return at any time from calling on a neighbor. She seemed to take an interest in Gaston and laid him in a dark corner of the garret. There she fed him for two weeks, and showed him how to get in and out at night without arousing her parents. He finally escaped. After the war he returned to Elberton and heard that his benefactress had married. Gaston is now a railroad contractor and built a section of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh railroad. Last summer he was building a branch on the Georgia Pacific when he learned that his old love was a widow and had a family of five children. He immediately went to the old home, near Elberton, made himself known and the result was a marriage. They are now on their way to Mr. Gaston's home in New York."

Mr. Gaston is a matter-of-fact sort of a man and did not seem to regard his adventure as out of the ordinary. He corroborated the story told by Mr. McLain, and said: "It is better late than never, you know, as I told Mrs. Chambers, who is now my wife, and if I can in any way return some of the favors which she did for me I am going to do it. If it had not been for her I would have died in a southern swamp or prison, and I told her she ought not to let me roam around alone unprotected in my old age."

How the Pyramids Were Built.  
The building of the pyramids of Egypt is still a wonder—still a matter of mere speculation. These pyramids—once one of the seven wonders of the world—are seventy in number, and stand about six miles in a straight line from Cairo. The largest, entitled the Pyramid of Cheops, covers eleven acres of ground. It is 480 feet high. Herodotus states that 100,000 men were employed forty years in constructing this pyramid, which covers a square whose side is 708 feet. It is built of vast blocks of stone, brought from quarries many miles distant.

One is that they were erected for astronomical purposes, but the generally accepted belief is that they were sepulchres. Whenever an Egyptian king began his reign he began to construct a pyramidal tomb—not very large at first, in order to secure its being finished before his death. Once built new layers of stone were put upon it on all sides, and thus the longer the reign the larger the pyramid. The difference in the size of these structures is thus accounted for.

Always in the centre of the structure a small room was reserved, to which access could be obtained from a secret gallery from without, and in this sepulchral nook there is a coffin of red granite in which human remains were once deposited. The outer casing of each pyramid was of polished black marble, and in a cement which is as hard as the stone itself. This casing has fallen from the sides of the pyramid of Cheops and it is a favorite but fatiguing feat for tourists to climb up to the top, which is a flat table of stone thirty-two feet square.—*Thomas J. Bowditch, in Troop Times.*

—Mr. Slinpurs—What! I want to get a new maid for Fashion Beach? Why don't you take the one you have? Mrs. Slinpurs—She knows how to live when at home.

## Heroic Davy Crockett.

Incidents in the Career of a Most Remarkable Man.

Colonel David Crockett was a most remarkable character, a man far in advance of his times in which he lived. Reared in the humble walks of life, but endowed with a strong will power, an unremittent perseverance, and a brave heart, he arose to distinction and renown.

He was born at Limestone, on the Nolichucky river, in eastern Tennessee, on August 17, 1786. His father, soldier in the Revolutionary war, was the owner of a tavern on the road from Abingdon to Knoxville, where David passed his boyhood. Colonel Crockett's education consisted of exactly two months and four days' schooling, he being otherwise self-educated.

In the Creek war of 1813-14 he was found fighting in the ranks as a private soldier under general Jackson. When peace was declared he settled on Shoal Creek, a desolate region of the State. A community of reckless characters having flocked together at this place, it was necessary to establish a temporary government, and Colonel Crockett was elected a magistrate. He was soon afterwards a candidate for the legislature, and made a successful race by shooting at matches and reciting amusing stories.

He was twice re-elected, but devoted himself principally to bear hunting, until, in the year 1827, when he was elected to Congress by the party of Andrew Jackson. At Washington he obtained a notoriety for the eccentricity of his manners and language. Of his life while at the capital many amusing stories are told.

On one occasion he was in conversation with a fellow member from Massachusetts, when a drove of mules was seen to pass.  
"There go some of your constituents," remarked his companion.  
"Yes," replied Crockett, "they are going to Massachusetts to teach school."

This incident is typical of the man. Gifted with an exhaustless fund of humor, he was always ready to turn a joke to his own account.  
"In 1829 he was again elected to Congress, but soon afterwards changed from a partisan to an opponent of Jackson's administration.

For this course he encountered the most bitter opposition from the administration in his next race, but in spite of all honorable means and the dishonorable method of gerrymandering he was triumphantly re-elected in 1831.

The dime novelist and such penny writers have so exaggerated the doings and sayings of Colonel Crockett that great numbers have come to regard him more as a mythical than a real character. But their statements have been entirely misleading, and it is only necessary to read his public utterances in order to be convinced that he was a man of marked ability.

During Colonel Crockett's term in the House a bill was brought forward appropriating several thousand dollars for the benefit of widow of a certain naval officer. There seemed to be a unanimous opinion in favor of the measure, and the Speaker was about to put the question when Crockett arose. Every one expected to hear one of his characteristic speeches in support of the bill. He commenced:

"Mr. Speaker—I have as much respect for the memory of the deceased, and as much sympathy for the sufferings of the living, as any man in this House; but we must not permit our respect for the dead, nor our sympathy for a part of the living, to lead us to an act of injustice to the balance of the living. Mr. Speaker, the deceased lived long after the close of the war; he was in office to the day of his death, and I have never heard that this government was in arrears to him. This government can owe no debts but for services rendered, and at a stipulated price. If it is a debt, how much is it? If it is a debt, we owe more than we can ever hope to pay for. We owe the widow of every soldier who fought in the war of 1812 precisely the same amount. There is a woman in my neighborhood, the widow of a gallant soldier as ever shouldered a musket. He fell in battle. She is as good in every respect as this lady, and just as poor. She is earning her daily bread by her daily labor, and if I were to introduce a bill to appropriate \$5,000 or \$10,000 for her benefit I should be laughed at, and my bill would not get five votes in this House. There are thousands of widows in this country just such as the one I have spoken of, but we never hear of these large debts we owe them."

"We can not, without the grossest corruption, appropriate this money as the payment of a debt. We have not the semblance of authority to appropriate it as a charity. Mr. Speaker, I have said that we have the right to give as much money of our own as we please. I am the poorest man on the floor. I cannot vote for this bill, but I will give one week's pay to the object, and if every member will do the same it will amount to more than the bill asks."

The bill was lost by a large majority. After finishing his third term in Congress Crockett sought a new life and career in Texas, then in revolt against Mexico, and it was at the sublime defense of the Alamo that he met his death.

The story of that dreadful siege is too familiar to need any repetition. Not a defender lived to tell the tale of that terrible battle.

Neither ancient nor modern history affords a grander exhibition than was shown on that crimson day, when the blood of the Spartan hero became the seed from which sprung Texan independence.

THE BIGGEST TEXAS WHEAT FIELD.—A company of capitalists has purchased 10,000 acres of land on the railroad at Vista, and will convert the entire body into an immense wheat field. Much of the land can be broken this winter. Twelve gang plows have been ordered, and the breaking of the land will commence as soon as these arrive. A wheat field 10,000 acres in extent is so far unknown in Texas.

—A young negro named Snyder was shot and captured at Reading on Tuesday evening while attempting a burglary.

## A Time Saver.

Just Gave Them What They Wanted and Made Them Happy.

I was in the office of a Chicago real estate agent last night, and had scarcely got seated when a woman was admitted and asked him for a subscription to some charity.

"With the greatest of pleasure, ma'am," he replied, and producing a check book he filled out a check for \$10. She thanked him very sweetly as she withdrew, and it was only five minutes later when a man entered and asked for a contribution to some poor children's fund.

"Certainly—only too glad," replied the agent, and he wrote another check for \$10.  
After we had been interrupted four times, and he had cheerfully written four checks, I said to him:

"You certainly deserve the title of a philanthropist."  
"Well perhaps,"  
"But I notice that you ask no questions and take everything for granted. Have you no fear of being swindled?"  
"None whatever."  
"Well, the people of Chicago must be an honest crowd."  
"Oh, it isn't that, my dear sir. Let me—"

Here a lady entered and asked for a contribution to assist in giving a free excursion to a Sunday school, and he wrote her a check for \$15 and waved her out, and continued:

"Let me explain. All those checks are worthless, as they are drawn on a bank where I have no funds. I do it to save time. All the callers come prepared to argue and explain and contend, and each one of them would sit for half an hour. By giving these checks I secure a great reputation around the block as a philanthropist and a well behaved man, and it costs me nothing. When—"

Here he paused to fill out a check for \$20 for the establishment of a sailors' bethel and then finished.  
"When the checks are presented they are found to be worthless, and those holding them either get mad or see the joke. In either case they never return, nor do they give me away. Try it, my boy. Saves time, money and gab, and it won't be a month before you'll be satisfied that you are doing charity a better service than if handing out the cold cash."—*New York Sun.*

Still He Adhered To His Principle.  
A clean, shrewd-looking gentleman stepped into a street car on Pennsylvania avenue yesterday afternoon and took a seat inside. The conductor, who was in a conversational mood, turned to a gentleman who stood on the platform, and said:

"You saw that man who just got on?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I saw him do the foolishest thing one day last winter that any man ever did."  
"What was it?"  
"He got on my car and gave me a dime out on the platform. I handed him a nickel and in trying to put it into his pocket he dropped it and it rolled off into the slush. He made a dive for it, and in jumping off the car fell down and dashed himself all over. I stopped the car, but he said to me go on, that he was going to find his nickel. So he pawed around in the soft snow till he found it, hopped aboard the next car, paid the nickel to that conductor, and reached home one car later and a good deal madder and mossier than he would if he had stayed on my car and let the nickel go."—*Washington Post.*

A Pampered Seaside Dog.  
One of the amusing sights on the porch of a prominent hotel is to see an ultra-fashionable woman with her pet dog, and the manner in which she dresses it up and fondles it. Madame's dog constitutes her only escort, except a maid, whose principal duties seem to be to keep a vigilant eye on the animal. The dog is an intensely ugly specimen, and its general appearance is made still homelier by the ridiculous manner in which its mistress persists in having it decorated. Whenever madame appears with a light, fluffy wrap, with dress to match, her canine companion is particularly enveloped in a cover of similar material. If madame should don a darker hued garment the dog is likewise arrayed. Each change made by madame in the course of the day is followed by similar changes in the raiment. The little beast is never permitted to roam at large, being either in its mistress's arms or in charge of its attendant. Madame and her pet are the star-boarders at the hotel.

Gen. Butler's Hat.  
In the United States district court in the Federal building no lawyer is better known than Gen. Butler. The court officers hear of his appearance with much the same feeling that they receive the announcement of the arrival of the judge.

As soon as his ponderous figure, swaying from side to side, appears bearing down toward the court room they scurry about arranging the chair at the counsel's table and assist him in removing his outer garments in a manner that shows their regard for him. Gen. Butler's hat is a curious relic. It is just like one that a Buffalo Bill would be accused of wearing out on the plains. It is probably the most abused of the general's belongings. The manner in which he jerks it off his head, slaps it down on the counsel's table and drops his heavy stick upon it detrimentally, makes one wonder why it does not disappear suddenly some day out of sight. It has stuck by him though for years, just like his faculties of mind, and perhaps will be buried with him.—*Boston Advertiser.*

HE WAITED.—Allen O. Myers was lecturing in an up country town. He had been speaking ten minutes, when a man in the front row arose and started to walk out. The lecturer was not taken aback by this expression of disapproval, but said, "Hold on, my friend, I'll join you outside in a couple of minutes." The audience laughed, and the man returned to his seat without a clove.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*