

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view—

OLD HUNDRED, B. C. AND THE BICYCLE.

Old Hundred's real name was P. T. Simmons. "Just P. T.," he always insisted.

For Old Hundred was one of those dried up little men who might be considered twenty if some inconceivable old ladies did not remember holding them in their arms just forty years ago.

He was a tailor, an excellent one, by the way, and his apprentices had by this time ceased to grin and chuckle when their master sprang down from his cross-legged position on the table every morning precisely at ten, as B. C. passed on her way to the postoffice, after the mail.

Indeed, Old Hundred had been courted by B. C. for a long, long time. And that was too bad, because B. C. deserved a better fate, a more vigorous lover.

For when a man has gone through forty years with a sneaking desire for matrimony tillating at his heart all the while, without the grit and manliness to say so when given opportunity by the proper person once, twice, daily, Cupid despairs of him more than of the most rabid misogynist in Bachelordom.

One day the ancient twain were trocking back from the postoffice at 10:30 a. m., with the incipient courtship-air which had been petrified so long ago.

"You must help me on, you know," said B. C., with a rather pale face, but brave withal, "Mr. Spoketire thinks it is still necessary."

"Oh, yes! to be sure!" stammered the little tailor, looking awkwardly around for something to lean his bicycle against, and at last laying it down clumsily in the middle of the road.

"You can get tricycles now a-days for almost nothing," said B. C. slyly, "and of course that is the only wheel you would think of at your time of life, Mr. Simmons!"

"Now don't expect to be treated to a lovers quarrel, our sedate couple had got far beyond that dangerous stage of courtship. Yet as they parted somewhat grimly, "I'll show him!" muttered Old Hundred. And that very afternoon the heart of the village bicycle agent was made glad by an order for a

lady's safety, and an order for a safety fouror doughty tailor.

From time immemorial it had been Old Hundred's habit to call on B. C. on Sunday evenings. At the beginning of their courtship the head of the feather-hearted tailor had quivered suspiciously in the operation of shaving for this important occasion.

All that had long been changed, but this particular night seemed to repeat the experiences of old. Old Hundred's toilet was accomplished with blundering slowness. And why does the odor of liniments follow the fiery lover from his room? And why does he groan as he bends to reach the gate-latch? And what has become of his brisk, swinging gait up the broad walk? And why does not B. C. receive him, smiling, at the door? Why does she remain in that thick padded arm-chair, and stretch her hand out to him so slowly?

"Miss Bennet," said Old Hundred, after a few wandering remarks—(he always Miss-ed her)—"didn't I notice a bicycle standing in the hall-way?"

"Why, Mr. Simmons! Didn't you know that I could ride?" asked B. C., with a radiant smile.

"Well, I can't say that I am through with my apprenticeship yet," confessed B. C., with a charming blush, "but Mr. Spoketire says he hardly has to hold the machine at all, and he thinks I'm doing better than most girls do who are many years young—that is, that I am doing very well. I need to be helped into the saddle."

"So do I," admitted the tailor, honestly.

"But once in, I have absolutely no trouble, provided the road is smooth and level, and Mr. Spoketire just keeps his hands on the machine, to kind of steady me, you know."

"I still find it a rather difficult task to dismount—without letting the wheel fall, that is, Miss Bennet."

"Why, do you? The last time Mr. Spoketire helped me out he said I was as graceful as a young girl. Mr. Spoketire is so nice."

"Miss Bennet, we must go out together next week, and as soon as possible! Or rather—about Saturday, eh? We'll both be in better trim by then, you know."

"Without Mr. Spoketire, Mr. Simmons?"

"Of course. What do you want with that contemptible little dandy?" B. C. smiled happily at the tailor's manifest jealousy, yet smiled rather uneasily and fearfully. However, she agreed, with many a misgiving, and the next Saturday afternoon was fixed for the adventure.

Many a time during the following week Old Hundred and B. C. regretted their precipitancy. But B. C. was clear grit, if she was approaching that awful fortieth birthday, and the little tailor had been roused by the Spoketire hints to somewhat of the ardor a lover should have.

and inscribed in a deeper rent. But what were clothes to a tailor? There was Miss Bennett's unsteady form just disappearing over the edge of the first little hill. He must catch up with her or be her laughing stock forever.

"Oh, that I were safe in my shop, sitting cross-legged on the table!" thought Old Hundred. "That bicycle had never been invented! That Miss Bennett were not so fond of them! How smart she is! Who would have thought it at her age!"

But just here a rat upset the train of his thoughts, and all but upset himself. The small boy, left behind, was chuckling with amusement. How close the ditches seemed, and how fearfully deep. The machine to the tailor's apprehension, seemed insanely bent on plunging over the brink. His arms were pulled almost out of their sockets. Perspiration blinded his eyes. More and more wildly with each rut swayed the crazy bicycle, and whirled Old Hundred's dizzy brain. He came to the brow of the little hill, which seemed a fearful declivity. Old Hundred clinched his teeth and pushed back hard on the pedals, throwing on the brake with all his might. Just then he struck a loose stone, lost control of the wheel, and with closed eyes ran directly toward the side, and upset. The little tailor rolled over and over down the hillside gully, and lay on top of his wheel at the bottom.

Slowly Old Hundred rose, and found to his intense relief that he had broken no bones. To his equally intense relief he discovered that he had broken his bicycle. One pedal projected from the crank at a most astonishing angle.

"A gay laugh rang out a few yards farther down the ditch, and lo! there on its bowldery sat the stout-hearted B. C. at her feet lay her tricky wheel. A happy light shown in her eyes. "My wheel is broken," said she, pointing to the handle bar bent back some forty degrees.

"And mine, too," said the smiling tailor, showing the disaffected pedal. "Isn't it too bad! I'm afraid we'll have to go home."

With some toil they hoisted their bicycles to the road again, and set out for town, trundling them happily.

"Very," said B. C., tremblingly. "But suppose, Susy, one were to take two bicycles, like yours and mine, and put a couple of axes across, and a box on top, with two seats and a cover, what would that be, Susy?"

"A family carriage," said B. C. looking downward with a smile.

"Yes, Susy, and it wouldn't tip over, but run smoothly and safely, and wouldn't it be nice, Susy?" said Old Hundred tried to trundle with one hand that he might use the right arm for another purpose, but it wouldn't work.

And so B. C. and Old Hundred walked happily back to town along that Middleton road henceforth blessed to them both, trundling the fatal bicycles, which alone had been equal to the ending of that long courtship.

Near town, Spoketire whirled smartly up, and dismounted at sight of them. "Had accidents, I see. Too bad. However, I can soon straight that out."

"We have decided, Susy and I, Mr. Spoketire," said the bold tailor proudly, "to sell our wheels, and we want you to act as agent. We'll leave them at your shop. You see, Mr. Spoketire we have decided, Susy and I, to set up a family carriage."—Yankee Blade.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., June 22.—In West Coal township, early yesterday morning, Patrick Ryan and James Levitt engaged in a ten-round biting match, a contest that has rarely been equalled in brutality by any struggle by human beings.

Fashion Notes.

Pink is the favorite summer color. Finger rings remain as popular as ever. Diamond half-hoop rings continue in favor.

A novelty in tie fasteners is a silver duck's head. The fibert furnishes a model for scarfpins and watch charms.

A fashionable camail is made of almond shell cloth, draped at the shoulder and trimmed with a pleated pelerine, mounted on an inset embroidered with silver and gold.

Slender garlands of flowers are placed around the upper edge of half open bodices for dressy evening wear, or are set diagonally across the chest, and bordering the extreme edge of the sheath skirt.

What could be prettier in the way of a morning coiffure than a little cap of gauze, with a plisse-edge falling over the hair, while the plain side is gathered into a puff crown, a coquettish bow of velvet being perched upon the front.

The larger proportion of corsages continue to be made with the high, close officer's collar. There are, however, a few that are cut a trifle low and are finished about the neck with a ruche of tulle, silk muslin or crepe de chine.

Velvet sleeves are still used, but those of shot silk are newer. Jockey caps finish the upper part of the sleeves of the newest French gowns and bretelles, epaulets and full puffs or gathered frills that stand erect on the shoulder are seen on the handsomest imported costumes.

They Had Screwed Up the Door.

During the war, when patriotism and sentiment were at flood tide, the rolls of the two houses of congress were increased almost weekly to make room for wounded soldiers who had been discharged from the service.

"Can't get through there," said the guardian of the portal unconcernedly. "I am a member of congress, said the judge, quietly.

"I don't know that that makes any difference," said the doorkeeper, "unless you came from a district where the people can walk through wood. That door is screwed up."

"Then what are you doing here?" inquired Judge Holman, whose curiosity was naturally excited.

"I'm here for \$3.20 a day. There's a fellow from the Sixth Pennsylvania cavalry watching the other side of it, and maybe he can tell you more than I can."

Judge Holman thought that if the government was paying two men \$3.20 a day each for watching a door that could not be opened it was time that somebody proposed retrenchment. He threw himself into the breach, secured a reduction in the house roll and ever since has been the determined enemy of sinecures and extra salaries.

HONORS EASY.—Mrs. Wedson (puttingly)—Mrs. Oldwife next door has had new dresses to my one. Mr. Wedson (spouse No. 2)—Yes, my dear, but you've had two new husbands to her one.—New York Weekly.

Pneumonia.

In talking about this fearful disease, says a physician in the New York World, I want to say at the outset that I shall not advise you to doctor yourself. This is a too serious matter for an apprentice to handle; its progress is so rapid and so apt to end fatally that you want the most-skilful practitioner, and you need him at the earliest possible moment, after the disease manifests itself.

There are many conditions of the system which are especially inviting to an attack of pneumonia, such as gout, gouty rheumatism, and coughing forms of fever, but above all, alcoholism. The use of alcohol, or any sort of liquor, seems to put the system in particularly receptive shape for pneumonia, and fast liver and club men are frequently victims.

Our climate is so changeable, too, that people are prone to be careless about their dress and expose themselves most recklessly.

As to symptoms of pneumonia, it usually makes itself known by a severe rigor or chill, a high state of temperature comes on immediately, face flushed and severe headache, pains in the back, and all the members seem sore and aching. The pulse is full and strong, appetite all gone, there is nausea at the stomach and sometimes vomiting.

By the end of the first day there is pain in the side, although sometimes this is absent or not severe enough to attract much attention, and coughing commences; there is also now difficulty in breathing, and the drawing of a long breath will give acute pain. On account of this pain the breathing becomes faster and faster, the respiration being short, shallow and unsatisfactory. But before this stage you must have sent for the best medical help you can get and then follow his directions to the letter.

There is special reason for failure in a physician's practice if it is because his instructions and directions are not carried out.

A Boy Almost Swallowed by a Python.

At Judan, a village six miles from Muka, a man and his son, aged from 10 to 12 years, were sleeping in their house inside a mosquito curtain. They were on the floor near the wall. In the middle of the night the father was awakened by his son falling out. The lamp was out, and the father passed his hand over and went to sleep again, thinking the boy was dreaming.

Shortly afterward the child again called out, saying that a crocodile was taking him. This time the father, thoroughly aroused felt again, and found that a snake had closed his jaws on the boy's head. He then pried open the reptile's mouth and released the head of his son, but the beast drew the whole of his body to the house and encircled the body of the father. He was rescued by the neighbors, who were attracted by the cries for help of the terrified couple. The snake when killed was found to be about fifteen feet long. The head and forehead of the boy are encircled with punctured wounds produced by the python's teeth.

Coffee Kills Disease Germs.

Coffee has disinfectant properties. Only recently a certain Dr. Luderitz has studied in detail the germ-killing action of coffee infusion. Using by no means strong infusions, he showed that a certain harmless micrococci germ dies in ten per cent. coffee solution in from three to five days. The bacillus of typhoid fever perished in from one to three hours under coffee influence, and the cholera bacillus in from three to four hours. The germ of anthrax or spenic fever died in from two to three hours; but the spores of young forms of the latter germ perished in from two to four weeks only.

These latter results speak well for the power of coffee as a germicide, for anthrax germs and spores are by no means easy to scotch or kill. Possibly after these revelations coffee administered internally may be utilized as a remedy for germ-produced diseases. As it is, its virtues as a reviver and "pick-me-up" have long been appreciated outside the medical world.

RASPBERRY AND CURRANT TART.—Half pint of raspberries, one and one-half pints currants, three tablespoons of sugar, one-half pound butter, one-half pound flour, cold water, the yolk of one egg. Make some puff paste as follows: Rub two ounces of butter into the flour, then mix with cold water and egg; after it has stood a short time roll out the remainder of the butter in a sheet and lay it on the paste, give the paste three turns to work in the butter; strip the currants from the stalks, put in a dish with the raspberries, placing an inverted cup in the centre, and the sugar, cover with paste and bake in a good oven, and when done sit sugar over.

THREE WAYS OF PUTTING IT.—Harry came in from his play roaring like a little bull of Bashan. He cries so often and so easily, that the anxiety is felt when he is heard screeching his hardest. On this occasion his mother said: "Well, well, Harry, what now?" "Oh, I have skint my knee!" "Skint it, Harry?" "Oh, yes, yes! I was walking along and I fell down, and when I got up my knee was all skun up! Just see how it is skinted!"

HE SAT TOO FAR AWAY.—Mr. Prosey (treating his best girl to a ride)—You know Smith? He's too liberal. The trouble with him is that he's not close enough for his own good. Miss Spooner—That's just your fault, dear. You're not close enough yourself. And Prosey suddenly became silent, wondering what she meant.—Rider and Driver.

—In France successful experiments have been made with sulphate of iron and with sulphate of copper, lime, and water as a spray in preventing potato disease.

French Notions of America.

Exploits of Seated Bull Faithfully Described by a Paris Periodical.

The notion that the United States is a country principally inhabited by people of Indian race still clings to a great many Europeans, and even some of those who are educated. The most singular misapprehensions concerning the Indians are continually appearing in the newspapers in Europe. A French periodical called Science Pour Tous (Science for All) which declares its aim to be the enlightenment of the public, recently published the following absurd article:

"We have received some interesting information concerning the incidents which preceded the recent rising in arms of the Indians in the west, and one of the first to appear in the newspapers in Europe. A French periodical called Science Pour Tous (Science for All) which declares its aim to be the enlightenment of the public, recently published the following absurd article:

"The Seated Bull, their chieftain, having resolved to make known the fact that the Indians had not received their annuities and certain promised munitions, betook himself to the capitol at Washington.

"There he laid before the president of the legislative body his complaints of the governmental agents, who he declared, had stolen what was the Indians' due.

"It was the token of the chief's declaration of war.

"The Seated Bull then left the capitol without any one daring to lay a hand upon him. Returning to his camp, which he had tied to one of the piers of the great bridge across the Potomac river, he paddled rapidly back to his own territory."

All on Account of a Hen.

"Twas only a little hen, with a lopped comb and a flushed face, that broke up the pastorate of an able Maine parson. She used to sneak under the fence, you know, just the way hens do always, tip-toe across the grass border with the minutest step and the elder's garden had to take it. Of course it was aggravating. Did you ever watch a hen at this job?"

She trips carelessly into the middle of the garden bed; she cocks her head; a careless look comes into her eye; she balances partners with a flip and a scrape to the right, a flirt and a kick to the left, a double shuffle and a grand skirt dance flourish. Then she looks for grub.

"Well, that parson saw the whole thing for days; saw the same gestures, and she came in miraculously, astonishingly, through a new hole every day. Then came at length wrath and a girding of the loins; a gun, bang!—dead hen floating upon the placid breast of a river eddy. The current washed the corpse upon the neighbor's strand and then the neighborhood heard the tale. The atrocity was fanned vigorously and the poor parson found that he was not to be an assassin and the leader of the parish at the same time. Therefore his farewell sermon.

No Brimstone Now.

"A story is told of a veteran member of the bar, which is one of the sort of stories that one does not hear every week or every month. The hero of the story is a very old gentleman; he has passed the fiftieth, and though he has the reputation of having had a somewhat animated career, and to have scorned very few of the pleasures of life, he has as yet made no motion toward carrying his case up to a higher court. Not long ago a younger lawyer, in conversing with the old gentleman, suggested that a great many changes must have taken place since he began the practice of the law.

"Yes, yes," said the old gentleman; "a great many wonderful changes have taken place in my lifetime. Why, the infernal regions have cooled down a great deal since I was born."

"The young lawyer not long afterward, repeated this remark to another veteran member of the same bar, who knew the first old gentleman's peculiarities and weakness very well.