Democratic Watchman forour doughty tailor.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 3, 1891.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my

childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view-The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled

wild-wood, And every loved spot which my infancy knew. The wide-spreading pond and the mill which stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract

The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket which hung in

the well-The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

The moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure, For often at noon, when returned from the field, I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, The purest and sweetest that nature can yield :

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it

Then soon, with the emblem of truth over flowing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the

well-The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket The moss-covered bucket that arose from the well,

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it, As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my

lips; Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to

Though filled with a nectar that Jupiter sips. And now, far removed from the loved situa tion,

tion, The tear of regret will intrusively swell, As fancy reverts to my father's plantation, And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:-The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket which hangs in, the well. Samuel Woodworth.

OLD HUNDRED, B. C., AND THE BI-CYCLE.

Old Hundred's real name was P. T Simmons. "Just P. T." he always in-sisted. "They don't stand for anything. Father and mother ran out of names when they came to me, and gave me initials." So the village wag dubbed So the village wag dubbed hred asked, admiringly. him Old Hundred, for short, and the name adhered.

For Old Hundred was one of those dried up little men who might be considered twenty if some inconvenient old ladies did not remember holding them in their arms just forty years ago. He wore a dainty juvenile mustache, walked with a smart swing, although one might notice that his heels came down rather stiffly, and played games among the most frivolous at the church socials.

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. He would jump down. snatch up his hat in an absent minded, blushing way, and remark that the mail must be distributed by this time.

That was on Monday, and our narrative calmly skips a month at this point,-calmly and mercifully. 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 hand of the

feather-hearted tailor had quivered suspiciously in the operation of shaving for this important occasion. In the adjustment of his necktie his clumsiness had been phenomenal-for a tailor. His steps up the broad walk which lead to B. C.'s front door had been noticeably unsteady. B. C. had coyly sent the servant to usher him in and often with an affectation of careless indifference, received him without rising from her chair.

All that had long been changed, but this particular night seemed to repeat toilet was accomplished with blundergait 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? And what is the use of using cologne where arnica has been?

"Miss Bennet," said Old Hundred, after a few wandering remarks-(he always Miss ed her)--"didn't 1 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. "Is it possible ! Why, we must have

a ride together !" cried the astonished tailor. "Together, Mr. Simmons! Can you

ride, too ?" inquired B. C., with real amazement.

"Of course I can! That is-um-er -in fact, I'm learning. And I'm get-ting on well, excellently well, Mr. Spoketire says, for a man of myshould say, excellently well. But how did you learn so soon!" Old Hun-

"Well, I can't say that I am through with my apprenticeship yet," confessed B. C., with a charming blush, "but Mr. Spoketire say 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, hon-

estly. "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, vou 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 to-gether next week, and as soon as possi-

and inscribed in a deeper rent. But lady's safety, and an order for a safety 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. Luckily, a small boy came sauntering by, to whom he gave ten cents, with full directions, and was assisted off in much better shape than poor B. C. had been.

"Oh, that I were safe in my shop, sitting cross-legged on the table !" thought Old Hundred. "That bicycles 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 rut upset the train of his thoughts, and all but upset himself. The small boy, left behind, was chuck-

ling with amusement. How close the ditches seemed, and how fearfully deep. the experiences of old. Old Hundred's The machine to the tailor's apprehension, seemed insanely bent on plunging ing slowness. And why does the odor over the brink. His arms were pulled of liniments follow the fiery lover from almost out of their sockets. Perspirahis room? And why does he groan as tion blinded his eyes. More and more he bends to reach the gate latch ? And | wildly with each rut swayed the crazy what has become of his brisk, swinging bicycle, and whirled Old Hundreds dizey 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 and trimmed with a pleated pelerine, his might. Just then he struck a loose stone, lost control of the wheel, and silver and gold. 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 re-lies for dressy evening wear, or are set liet he discovered that he had broken diagonally across the chest and borderhis 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 ave to go home."

With some toil they hoisted their icycles to the road again, and set out for town, trundling them happily. And then it was that the tailor

spoke these memorable words : "Susy," said he, and Miss Bennett's brave old heart knew what was coming.

"Susy, you se how very unsteady these bicycles are separate? "Very," said B. C., tremblingly.

"But suppose, Susy, one were to take two bicycles, like yours and mine, and put a couple of axles across, and a box on top, with two seats and a cover, what would that be, Susy?' "A family carriage," said B. C. look-

ing 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

Fashion Notes.

Pink is the favorite summer color. Finger rings remain as popular as ever.

Diamond half-hoop rings continue in favor Very seasonable are the tennis bat brooches

A novelty in tie fasteners is a silver duck's head. The filbert furnishes a model for scarf-

pins and watch charms. Diamond asps are worn as brooches

and as ornaments in the hair. A new brooch imitates in gold, a lit-

tle shoe, the rosette of which is formed of pearls.

In spite of past predictions, the bordered robe seems to have taken a fresh lease of life. A much admired lace pin consists of a row of three diamonds set between doub-

le rows of sapphires. The latest cut in skirts has six pie which, sloping sharply toward the belt, give the desired flare at the bottom.

Fleurettes, not much larger than a pea, are strewn in tones of amber, old rose, crimson and blue over a black

background A fashionable camail is made of almond shell cloth, draped at the shoulder mounted on an inset embroidered with

Sleeves of black silk mull, jetted galloons, as well as bands of black marabout or ostrich feathers, still continue in high favor for decorating light evening gowns.

Slender garlands of flowers are placed around the upper edge of half open bodices for dressy evening wear, or are set ing the extreme edge of the sheath skirt. What could be prettier in the way 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 con-tinue to be made with the high, close ried out. officer's collar. There are, however, a few that are cut a trifle low and are finished about the neck with a ruche of

Although the fastenings of dresses are mostly invisible, many new buttons have been brought out. Pearl and mother of pearl are to be had in all colors, and simulated jewels of every hue play their part, also all kinds of jet and much turquois.

It is quite the fashion now, if the arms are pretty, to leave them bare from elbow to shoulder with evening dress, the white gloves which have had such a struggle for feminine favor fitting smoothly to the arm and reaching no higher than the elbow.

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.

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

Pneumonia

This is a too scrious matter for an apprentice to handle; its progress is so rapid and so apt to end fatally that you want the most skillful practitioner, and you need him at the earliest possible moment, after the disease manifests itself. I can, however, tell you some-

better than the attention of a whole school of physicians. There are many conditions of the sys-

tem which are especially inviting to an absurb article : attack of pneumonia, such as gout, gouty rheumatism, diabetes and certain forms of fever, but above all, alcoholism. The use of alcohol, or any sort of liquor, seems to put the system in par-

ticularly receptive shape for pneumonia, and fast livers and club men are frequently victims.

their dress and expose themselves most at Washington. "There he laid before the president people are prone to be careless about munitions, betook himself to the capitol

ture comes on immediately, face flushed | dians' due. 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 sto-

mach and sometimes vomiting. By the end of the first day there is capitol. in in the side, although sometimes "This time in the midst of the aspain 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 a morning coiffure than a little cap of the best medical help you can get and then follow his directions to the letter. If there is especial reason for failure in a physician's practice it is because his instructions and directions are not car-

> 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 er 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, thorougly 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 into the house and encircled the body of the father. He was rescued by the neighbors, who were attracted ple. The snake when killed was found to be about fifteen feet long. The head

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 peo-ple of Indian race still chargs to a great many Enropeans, and even some of those who are educated. The most singular misapprehensions concerning the Indians and the part of the country they occupy are continually appearing thing about pneumonia, so that you can perhaps avoid it, and, after all, that is periodical called Science Pour Tous Science for All) which declares its aim to be the enlightenment of the public, recently published the following

"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 engagements.

"The Seated Bull, their chieftain, having resolved to make known the fact that the Indians had not received Our climate is so changeable, too, that their annuities and certain promised

As to symptoms of pneumonia, it usu-ally makes itself known by a severe rigor or chill, a high state of tempera-declared had stolen what was the In-

"He was informed that his declarations would be taken under consideration, and he departed. But the promise having remained without performance, the Seated Bull once more came to the

semblage, the Seated Bull did not utter a word, but drew his tomahawk and dealt with it a terrible blow upon the marble table which was before him. The table was broken in two, and the chief's tomahawk buried itseif in the floor beneath.

"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 canoe, 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 known, just the way hens do always, by his son falling out. The lamp was out, and the father passed his hand ov-minuet step and then the elder's garden minuet step and then 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.s

Well, that parson saw the whole thing for days; same hen, same gestures, and she came in miraculously, astonishingly, by the cries for help of the terrified cou- through a new hole every day. Then came at length wrath and a girding of the loins; a gun, bang !--dead hen floatand forehead of the boy are encircled ing upon the placid breast of a river with punctured wounds produced by the eddy. The current washed the corpse

upon the neighbor's strand and then the

The

tulle, silk muslin or crepe de chine.

If the apprentices had ceased to smiled at this sort of thing, you may be sure that it had become an old story.

Indeed, Old Hundred had been courting B. C. for a long, long time. And that was too bad, because B. C. deserved a better fate, a more vigorous lover. No one could tell when Susy Bennett was first called B. C. If one could have told that, you see, it would have give some clue to her age. Susy was a dear old girl, however, with kind laughing eyes, and a shrewd little brain of the next Saturday afternoon was fixed her own. It wasn't her fault if she was getting up startlingly near a very rheumatic forty without getting Old

Hundred.

For when a man has gone through forty years with a sneaking desire for matrimony tilillating 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 know, as a heart which is too soft for those dainty little darts, which merely nurses them as a feather pillow would.

One day the ancient twain were strolling back from the postoffice at 10:30 a.m., with the incipient courtship-air which had been petrified so long ago. She was smiling at him, bravely and hopefully, and talking the village chatting gayly, avoiding all bright nothings, while his feather pil- mention of the wheel. At length it below of a heart fluttered drowsily.

Suddenly there flashed around the corner and bore straight down upon them Will Davis and Lucy his young

wife, on their bicycles, off for a day's holidy together if one might judge from their bundles. Upright they were, noiseless, swift, graceful and full of life in every movement and in every fluttering garment, glittering eyed, with

handsome, healthful faces. Old Hundred and B. C. turned to gaze admiringly after them.

"How finely Mrs. Davis rides !" murmured Old Hundred.

"And how exceedingly graceful Mr. Davis is!" responded B. C. rather sharply.

"I've often thought that I should like a wheel," said Old Hundred, with of course, no preception of her annoyance.

"And I should enjoy one very much," added B. C.

"You !" Old Hundred blurted out. before he thought. He took mental credit to himself for not finishing the sentence!

"You can get tricy cles now a day 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!"

"Hum !" said Old Hundred, and "Hum !" said B. C.

Now don't expect to be treated to a lovers quarrel. Our sedate couple had got far beyoud that dangerous stage of courtship. Yet as they parted some-what grimly, "I'll show him !" mutter-ed B. C., and I'll show her!" muttered Old Hundred. And that very after-noon the heart of the village bicycle

ble! Or rather-about Saturday, eh? We'll both be in better trim by then, you know.

"Without Mr. Spoketire, Mr. Simmons?"

"Ot 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 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 Spoke-tire hints to somewhat of the ardor a lover should have.

Saturday dawned perversely fair. with roads outrageously perfect, and the most rabid mysogynist in Bachelor- the afternoon saw our hero and heroine dom. There is such a thing, you trundling their wheels through the village out to the Middleton road. "We will not ride through town," each eagerly agreed, "because people might

laugh," which was very true. The Middleton road was an excellent stretch for the purpose, in prime condition, and little frequented. Old Hundred and B. C. walked out of sight of came impossible to deny that the right

spot had been reached, and with set faces they placed their bicycles in position.

"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 !" stuttered the little tailor, looking awkwardly around for something to lean his bicycle against, and at last laying it down

clumsily in the middle of tho road. B. C. sprang into the saddle with a feint of girlish sprightliness, and the poor tailor's weak muscles were unable to prevent a most portentous swaying

of the wheel. 'Mercy on us?" shrieked B. C., Don't let me take a header before I start! and oh, Mr. Simmons, I shall be so grateful if you only hold on to

the machine for a few steps, just until I get started !" "Certainly," grunted Old Hundred.

whose every muscle was taxed to hold the wheel upright.

B. C. started, the perspiring tailor tottering after, both hands clutching the saddle spring, contributing so materially by his awkwardness to the difficulty of the steering that the agonized maid in front soon cried back to him, "That will do. Thanks. Now mount and catch up !" and away sailed B. C.

staggering all over the road. Old Hundred trotted back to his wheel, picked it up, and glanced dispairingly after the retreating safety. How could he ever catch up? But that query merged in a greater one. Could he ever mount?

He made three attempts, each failure agent was made glad by an order for a being hidden by a thicker cloud of dust, bodily strength.

that he might use the right arm for another purpose, but it wouldn't work. "Wouldnt it be much nicer, Susy ?"

Yes, Susy thought it would. And so B. C. and Old Hundred walk- rolls of the two houses of congress ed happily back to town along that were increased almost weekly to make Middleton road henceforth blessed to them both, trundling the fateful bicy-

cles, 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

"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 less you came from a district where the a family carriage."- Yankee Blade.

Brutes in a Biting Match.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., June 22.-In West Coal township, early vesterday 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. For some time there has been bad blood between the men over the latter's wife, and when the principals met on Saturday night they concluded to have a "prize" fight with bare knuckles.

It was midnight when they met, with a couple hundred friends, on a dancing pavilion. After fighting a few rounds the principals agreed to turn the struggle into a biting match. Their hands were strapped behind their backs and time was called. Ryan dodged Levitt's rush, and before the latter could recover Ryan's teeth had torn a piece of flesh from his opponent's cheek. Levitt immediately retaliated by sinking his molars into Ryan's neck. Ryan sprang on his half fainting opponent and deliberately tore almost half of the lower jaw

out. The spectators, not being able to stand further brutality, interfered, stopped the fight and both men were car-ried home.

A Remarkable Phenomenon.

On Thursday, March 19, 1719, there appeared at London, about 8 o'clock at night, a "sudden great light moving after the manner but more slowly than a falling star. It started from a point below Orion's belt, then lying on the southwest, and went upward instead of downward like a falling star. Its size acording to the testimony of numerous, observers in Spain, France, Ireland, Hol-land and in some parts of Germany, as well as those who saw it in London and all over England, was about that, of a full moon. It was of whitish color, with an eye in the centre as blue as the azure portion of a June sky after a thunder storm. It went straight upward in its course until out of sight, leaving a track of fiery red sparks in its course.

That tired feeling now so often heard of is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives mental and They Had Screwed Up the Door.

During the war, when patriotism and sentiment were at flood tide, the room for wounded soldiers who had been discharged from the service. Doorkeepers, messingers, and watchmen were so thick around the capitol that they were in each other's way. Judge Holman happened to be in the basement one day, says the Washington Post and endeavored to go through a doorway, guarded by a one-legged veteran.

"Can't get through there," said the guardian of the portal unconcernedly. "I am a member of congress, said the udge, quietly. "I don't know that that makes any

less 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 cur-riosity was naturally excited. "I'm here for \$3.20 a day. There's fellow from the Sixth Pennsylvania

cavalry watching the other side of it, and mebbe he can tell you more than medical world. I can." By a circuitous route the judge, through committee rooms, reached the other side of the door. Sure enough there sat another veteran leisurely reading a newspaper. He was equally frank in announcing that the door was screwed.

"You see," he said by way of explanation, "both me and my partner are subject to rheumatiz since we've been in the army and we screwed up this door so we wouldn't be in the draught." 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. Fifteen Thousand Dollars !

The New York Daily News prints

this: "A gentleman whom we know to be perfectly responsible offers through the News to make the following wa-"Oh, yes, yes ! I was walking along and I fell down, and when I got up my Five thousand dollars that no one

knee was all skun up ! Just see how it can name the nominee of the next democratic national convention for presiis skinded !" dent Five thousand dollars that the nomi-

nee of that convention will be the next president of the United States Five thousand dollars that the nominee of that convention will carry the state of New York, whoever he may be. Either of these bets may be taken separately or in sums of one thousand dollars if desired. This offer will remain

open until July 15, 1891.

HONORS EASY .--- Mrs. Wedsoon (poutingly)--Mrs. Oldwife next door has had

wo new dresses to my one. Mr. Wedsoon (spouse No. 2)—Yes, my dear, but you've had two new hus-water as a spray in preventing potato bands to her one .- New York Weekly. disease.

python's teeth.

Coffee Kills Disease Germs.

strong infusions, he showed that a cer-

germ-produced diseases. As it is, its

virtues as a reviver and "pick-me-up"

RASPBERRY AND CURRANT TART .-

Halt pint of raspberries, one and one-

half pints currants, three tablespoonfuls

of sugar, one-half pound butter, one-

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 ;

oven, and when done sift sugar over.

THREE WAYS OF PUTTING IT .- Har-

ry came in from his play roaring like a

little bull of Bashan. He cries so often

and so easily that little anxiety is felt

when he is heard screeching his hard-

HE SAT TOO FAR AWAY. .- Mr. Pros-

And Prosey suddenly became silent,

wondering what she meant .- Rider and

"Well, well, Harry, what now ?"

"Oh, I have skint my knee."

"Skint it, Harry ?"

enough for his own good.

On this occasion his mother

weeks orly.

ows

est.

said :

Driver.

neighborhood heard the tale: atrocity was fanned vigorously and the poor parson found that he was not to be Coffee has disinfectant properties. an assassin and the leader of the parish Only recently a certain Dr. Luderitz has at the same time. Therefore his farestudied in detail the germ-killing action of coffee infusion. Using by no means well sermon.

No Brimstone Now.

tain harmless micrococus germ dies in -A story is told of a veteran member of ten per cent. cofiee solution in from the bar, which is one of the sort of stories that one does not hear every three to five days. The bacillus of typhoid fever perished in from one to three days under coffee influence, and the week or every month. The hero of the cholera bacillus in from three to four story is a very old gentleman ; he has hours. The germ of anthrax or splenix passed the fourscore, and though he has the reputation of having had a somefever died in from two to three hours; but the spores of young forms of the latwhat animated career, and to have ter germ perished in from two to four scorned very few of the pleasures of life. he has as yet made no motion toward These latter results speak well for the carrying his case up to a higher court. Not long ago a younger lawyer, in conversing with the old gentleman, sugpower 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 in-ternally may be utilized as a remedy for practice of the law.

"Yes, yes," said the old gentleman ; "a great many wonderful changes have taken place in my lifetime. Why, the have long been appreciated outside 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. "Did he say that ?" asked the second

half pound flour, cold water, the yelk of one egg. Make some puff paste rs folveteran. Rub two ounces of butter into

"He did," said the young man.

"Well, now I understand; that's what he's been waiting for all these vears !"

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE .--- A man strip the currants from the stalks, put in with a stick and bundle and foreign cut a dish with the raspberries, placing an clothes was viewing the sights in the inverted cup in the centre, and the su-Battery yesterday forenoon when he atgar, cover with paste and bake in a good tracted the attention of two other strangers, one of whom said :

"There's a chap just landed from Nor-

way." "I think he's a Finn," replied the

"Well, I'll soon find out. Hello! Johnny, give us a pointer." "That I will, soir !" came the prompt

reply. "If either of yez is aching for a sore head just shpake the worud and I'm the bye as kin give it to yez wid nateness and dispatch !"

THAT SILLY CHILD .-- "Your dear little boy paid me such a pretty compli-ment; he said I looked real handsome," aid Mrs. Hostetter to Mrs. Lydia Pinkham

"Did he say that?"

y (treating his best girl to a ride)-You "Indeed he did, the little angel." know Smith? He's too liberal. The "Oh, he is such a silly child. Sometrouble with him is that he's not close times I think he has not got good sense,' responded the mother, and now they have quit swapping bangs when they go Miss Spooney -- That's just your fault, dear. You're not close enough yourout shopping .- Texas Siftings.

> -The citizens of Athens, Ga., beeech their council to pass an ordinance for the muzzling of cats. The animals are too noisy o' nights.

-Every dollar of the Billion came water as a spray in preventing potato out of the earnings of the men who work.

-In France successful experiments