

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., July 24, 1891.

MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION.

Oh, beautiful sunbeam, straying
In through the wide church door,
I wish I was with you, playing
Down there on the cool stone floor,
For I am so tired of sitting
Upright and stiff and still,
And you, you go dancing, flitting
Gayly, wherever you will;
And you're nothing to do but glisten,
And no one is ever vexed
Because you forget to listen,
Or can't remember to text.

Dear sunbeam, I'm pondering, pondering,
Were they all fast asleep, the flowers?
When you came on, your bright wings wa-
nding.
To earth in the morning hours,
And where have you since been roaming?
The long, long last day through?
Will you welcome the purple gloaming
That means going home to you?

Have you been to the river, I wonder?
The river, shining and wide,
Where cots are dashedly under
And water weeds rock with the tide.
Did you see the big daisies bobbing?
Were the speedwells like bits of sky?
Did you hear the sad grasses sobbing
Whenever the wind went by?

Dear sunbeam, I'll be so lonely
When you have gone quite away,
And even now you are only
A faint gold splash on the gray.
Ah! at last the sermon is over;
I know the text—God is Light;
Wait a minute, sunbeam, you rover,
And let me bid you good night.

—Frances Wynne, in Spectator.

DISENCHANTED.

"Of all things, a night journey is the most tedious," said Clarence Hatfield as he let himself fall heavily into the still and uncomfortable seat of the railway car, with its faded velvet cushions and its backs at exactly the wrong angle for approaching a nap. "I say, Clifton, do you think me might smoke?"

"Well, I rather imagine not," said I, with a motion of my head toward the other passengers. "There appears to be ladies on board."

Hatfield shrugged his shoulders.

"Such ladies!"

"Well," laughed "Let them seem to be particularly stylish in manner or costume, nevertheless, my dear fellow, the divinity of their sex hedges them around like a wall."

"Divinity of their humbug!" shortly interrupted Hatfield. "If these ill-dressed dowdies, with babies and band-boxes, could possibly belong to the same world with Beatrice Hale!"

To this I made no answer. It did not seem to me exactly appropriate to lug the sacred name of Beatrice Hale into a discussion in a place like this. Yet what could I do, except to feel my cheeks flush and the roots of my hair tingle? For I was unmistakably in love with Bee Hale, and so was Clarence Hatfield.

If I were to waste quarts of ink and reams of paper in trying to describe her manifold charms and excellencies to the reader, it wouldn't do any good. Such things have been tried before, and failed. Let him imagine the fairest brunette the sun ever shone on, and he may come somewhere near the mark. Suffice to say that she was as beautiful as a dream and that Hatfield and I were both slaves to her feet.

Which of us did she like best? Ah, that was the question! It was something like the children's old game of see-saw, "Up I go, down you come."

Sometimes I fancied I had a ghost of a chance—sometimes I was convinced that Hatfield was altogether the preferred, and that I had better emigrate to Australia at once.

"Hello!" cried Hatfield, breaking unceremoniously in upon the thread of my musings, "there goes the whistle. We shall be off directly. Thank goodness for that!"

And he put his feet on the opposite seat and prepared for as comfortable a four hours' ride as possible.

Clarence Hatfield and I, be it understood, were employees in the extensive business of Messrs. Jenkins, Jumpterton & Co., auctioneers, and had been down to the country "putting up" a sale of swampy lots out into streets and squares according to the most approved metropolitan methods of doing such things.

It had been a dismal business. November is not an inspiring month at the best, and a three days' fog had conspired against the success of Mount Morra Park, as Jenkins, Jumpterton & Co., had christened the new speculation. Yet we had done reasonably well, and were now thankful enough to get back to New York.

As the train gave its starting lunge the door flew open, and in came a tall old lady, in a prodigious black bonnet and a fur cloak surrounded by a perfect chevaux-de-frise of squarrel cages, leather bags, brown paper parcels and sandwich boxes. She was followed closely by a younger lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, and paused hesitatingly in front of our seat.

"Young man," said she, in a low voice, as if that of a man, is this seat engaged?"

"Yes," said Hatfield, "it is."

"For your feet?"

"No matter what for," superciliously replied the head clerk of Jenkins, Jumpterton & Co. "Please to pass on, old lady. You will find seats enough beyond."

But this was a stretching of the truth. There were no seats beyond, as the old lady could easily perceive, unless she chose to sit directly opposite a red hot coal fire or upon one of those corner arrangements close to the door, which was equivalent to no seat at all. The old lady hesitated and changed her heavy carpet bag from one worned arm to the other. I thought of my own good Aunt Polly at home, and rose at once.

"Pray, take this seat, ma'am," said I. "And let me put your parcel up in the rack for you."

"Clifton, what a fool you are!" cried Hatfield in an impatient sotto voice. "Why couldn't you have sat still and minded your own business?"

"It is my own business," I answered brusquely, "to see that every lady

is made as comfortable as it is in the nature of things to be. Now, the squirrel cage, ma'am—it'll go very comfortably under the seat, I think."

Hatfield uttered a contemptuous grunt, but he never offered to trust his feet off the opposite cushions, although the younger woman stood in the aisle, uncomfortably swaying backward and forward with the motion of the train, until a woman beyond observing the state of affairs, drew a sleeping child into her arms and beckoned the other to take the place thus vacated.

By this time my old lady had established herself to her entire satisfaction, and opened her sandwich box.

"Much obliged to you, young man," said she. "It's easy to see that you've a mother of your own at home, and that you are in the habit of doing reverence to her gray hairs. As for this person," with a nod of her poke bonnet in the direction of Mr. Hatfield, "if he's got a mother, I can't say much for her bringing of him up. Perhaps he may be old himself one day, and stand in need of a little politeness and consideration from the young."

"When I'm anxious for your good opinion, ma'am, I'll let you know," returned Mr. Hatfield rather flippantly. The old lady could only express herself by a vehement sniff. And even I was a little annoyed at his manner.

"Hatfield," said I, in a low tone, "you might behave like a gentleman."

"So I will," he retorted with a shrug, "when I find myself in company that calls for such measures."

I said no more, but leaning up against the side of the door, prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible until the train should stop at Stamford, its first way station, and some descending passenger might make room for me.

Reader, did you ever stand in an express train in full motion? Did you ever feel yourself swaying backward and forward, bumping one of your phenological developments against the side of the car, and bringing the base of your spinal column against the top of a seat at the opposite swerve of the train? Did you ever grasp blindly at nothing for support; did you ever execute an involuntary pas seul, by way of keeping your balance, and then grind your teeth to see the pretty young ladies beyond laughing at your antics?

If so you will know how to pity me during the hour and a half between B— and Stamford.

Hatfield went to sleep and snored; the old lady in the gigantic bonnet ate sandwiches and drank from a wicker flask of excellent smelling sherry; the young lady sat as noiseless as a black veiled statue; fretful babies whimpered; old gentlemen uttered strange sounds in their sleep; the lamps flared like sickly moons overhead, and the shriek of the train as it flew through sleeping villages sounded like the yell of a fiery throated demon.

"Stamford," bawled the conductor. At last I succeeded in dropping my weary and stiffened limbs into a seat, where slumber overtook me in just a minute and a quarter, for I had been asleep on my legs once or twice even in my former disadvantageous attitude, and I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses when we finally thundered into the echoing vastness of the Grand Central depot of New York.

Hatfield, alive to the necessity of catching a cab before all the world of travelers should crowd into it, stumbled over the old lady's ankles with small ceremony.

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"Oh, take care! You have knocked the squirrel cage over!" cried she. "Confound the squirrel cage!" shouted Hatfield as the ancient dame placed herself directly in the aisle to set the furry pet up again, thereby completely blocking up his egress.

"Serves you right, Hatfield," said I, as I stooped to assist.

Just then the young companion of our lady advanced, flinging back her veil.

"Grandma!" said she, "the carriage is waiting. I'll send Thomas for the parcels. Mr. Clifton, I am much obliged to you for your politeness to my grandmother who is unused to traveling. As to Mr. Hatfield, the less said about his courtesy the better."

And Beatrice Hale's black eyes flashed disdainfully on Clarence's cowed visage.

"Miss Hale," he stammered, "if I'd had the least idea who you were!"

"You would have regulated your conduct accordingly," impatiently interrupted Miss Hale. "Thanks. I prefer to see people in their true light. Mr. Clifton," turning graciously to me, "you'll call and see how grandma stands her journey to-morrow, won't you? Oh, thank you! The carriage is close by."

And to this day I believe that is the way I won my wife, for Clarence Hatfield was a brilliant showy sort of a fellow, who far outshone me in general society, and I think Bee was inclined rather to fancy him than that night. But she was disenchanted now. For good and all. And Grandma Hale comes to see us every Christmas with a hamper of good things from Hale farm.—Boston True Flag.

THE MERRIEST GIRL THAT'S OUT.

"Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of Dun-dee," was no doubt, the kind of a girl to ask, "What are the wild waves saying?" or to put "a little faded flower" in your button hole, she was so full of vivacity, and beaming with robust health. Every girl in the land can be just as full of life, just as well, and just as merry as she, since Dr. Pierce has placed his "Favorite Prescription" within the reach of all. Young girls in their teens, passing the age of puberty, find it a great aid. Delicate, pale and sickly girls will find this a wonderful invigorator, and a sure corrective for all derangements and weaknesses incident to females.

—With Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain and with perfect safety. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied to the nostrils and gives immediate relief. Price 50 cents.

Getting Even With a Bad Young Man.

She was a pretty girl employed in a downtown store, and he was a bad, bad man. They boarded in the same house on one of the south side avenues, and he used to watch her as she tripped up the stairs, or ate her meals, or sat in the parlor and sang an alto to popular songs, and he fairly seethed with the bad desire to break her heart. But she carried herself so delicately and draped herself so completely in a certain mantle, the gift of her fairy god-mother called "maidenly reserve," that he had no chance to intrude the odium of his terrible badness upon her. And finally his profligates for terrible deeds wrought upon him that he was put to his wits end, and when a bad young man about town on a salary of \$10 a week gets to his wits' end he has found the very point of nowhere, and there is no limit to what he will do.

So this bad young man went and bought a ticket for the theatre, and he enclosed it in a nice little patchouli scented note to the young girl. In it he said something to this effect: "I enclose ticket No. 2 for 'G' row at the opera house." He didn't add, "I will occupy No. 1," but the girl had bright eyes, and she read between the lines.

Now, if the writer had been man enough to say that with her permission he would escort her to the theatre and throw himself upon the ground of common brotherhood and sisterhood, under the same roof and all that, the girl, not being a prude, might have accepted his invitation. But such an invitation would not have suited the morbid ambition of the bad young man at all. When the girl with the bright eyes read the note she was pleased with a plan that popped into her head then and there. The landlady of the boarding house was a woman turned fifty, weighing fully 300 pounds, and jolly and good as gold. So the young lady asked the landlady to accept the "ticket No. 2 row G" for one night only. And taking the portly landlady into her confidence the two laughed long and merrily.

The bad young man, when he dressed himself in his cane and button-hole flower and walked down the aisle to pre-empt a claim on "seat No. 1, row G," felt sad and the scene. The landlady enjoyed the play hugely, but seat No. 1 was vacant.—Chicago Herald.

An Eccentric Man's Funeral.

Scranton Republican.

Uncle Jared Wharton, an eccentric character of Forks township, died last week at the age of 91 years. He hated music, and he stayed in church only while the sermon was being preached, he said because the singing irritated him. Several years ago the congregation bought an organ, and after that he never entered the church. The old man had been toothless for forty odd years, and whenever his friends urged him to buy some artificial teeth for himself he declared that the Lord would cause natural teeth to grow in his mouth before he died.

In the summer time uncle Jared went about his place barefooted. When it rained he visited the neighbors, and as he plodded along the muddy road from house to house, he had his trousers rolled up to his knees, and his cotton umbrella over his head. He seldom wore a hat in hot weather, and his white hair was strong and thick when he died. Many years ago the old man made a coffin for himself out of two inch white oak planks. The handles were made of horse-shoes that had been worn by a mare of which he was very fond. The gentle beast was killed by a stroke of lightning and the old man buried her under a tree where she had fallen. He desired to have her shoes buried with him, and so he nailed them to his heavy coffin.

A few months ago Mr. Wharton lined his coffin with fox skins, the sly animals from which they came having been shot by himself. He often expressed a wish that a bearskin robe belonging to him should be placed under his head in the coffin, but he never had the chance.

Some of the old man's relatives advised the sons to get a decent coffin, but their advice was not taken. Every wish of the aged dead was carried out to the letter, and on a beautiful afternoon last week the eccentric nonconformist was laid to rest in his oaken casket.

A Heavy Corpse.

The recent funeral of Mrs. Ellen Cleary in Philadelphia attracted a great crowd at the residence of the deceased, as well as along the streets over which the procession passed between the house and church. The main cause of such interest was the immense size of the deceased, whose body weighed 670 pounds, while the coffin in which the body was placed weighed 310 pounds additional.

Twelve stalwart men acted as pall-bearers, and a huge plank two feet wide was laid from the entrance of the second-story front room to the front stoop, along which the huge casket was slid to the sidewalk. The coffin had to stand on end twice before it could be got out of the room. The men had as much as they could do to lift it into the hearse, which was a large one procured in New York, and was drawn by four horses. The same hearse had been used on the occasion of the burial of Daniel Cleary, the late husband of the dead woman, who also was of an enormous size, although not quite so large as his wife.

—To make good blackberry wine: Obtain all the juice by mashing your berries through a strong cloth. For one measure of juice take one of water and three-fourths of sugar. Use the water tepid; the temperature should be about sixty degrees. Put the water to the squeezed pulp and stir to get all the remaining possible of juice on flavor. Then strain and stir with the juice, adding the sugar until all is dissolved. Put in a keg with the bung open or into a jar with the cover not quite closed. The jar is better for any ordinary quantity. Skim every day, and when the fermentation is wholly over, which will not be for several weeks, dip off and bottle.

Carrying "Guns."

A Chicagoan's Experience the Only Time He Went Armed.

"Carry a gun? No, sir!" and he spoke vehemently. "Once was enough for me. I carried a pistol once, and that satisfied me for all time to come. I know it's the ambition of the average young man to 'carry a gun.' He feels safer when he is running around nights. He puts his hand on his hip pocket and feels that he is secure. But, my boy, listen to a man who has been there. When the proper time comes he won't be in it at all. If he's in real tough company he won't shoot as quick as the next man, and if he isn't in tough company he is apt to fly off his base and shoot when there is no occasion for it. Then he'll hang or go to the penitentiary for life. He'll have shot some one who was unarmed and who never thought of harming him."

"But that isn't my story, my boy. That's only what my experience has taught me. Now listen to my tale of woe:

"I struck Leadville unarmed. I never had carried a revolver, but somehow I felt that it was a necessity there. So I bought one. Then I was all right. I loaded it carefully, put it in my hip-pocket and felt that I could walk the streets in safety. I was armed."

"Well, about eight p. m. that day—the same day that I had bought that gun, mind you—I was passing an alley I felt something cold against the side of my head. Pull my gun! No, sir! I threw up my hands as I was ordered to. I wasn't thinking of my gun at all: I was thinking of the one that was pressed against my head and wondering if it would go off. It didn't, but one man held it there while another went through me. He took my watch, my money, and my new gun."

"I remember when he found the latter he suggested that it was of no use to me, and I heartily agreed with him. It wasn't of the slightest use to me, and I was willing he should have it, but I did object to losing my watch and my money."

"That's the only time I ever carried a gun, and the only time I was ever held up of no use to the average man. If he gets time to use it it's ten to one that he's in company where it isn't necessary. If he's in company where it is, it's ten to one he won't have time to use it, and an attempt to do so may give murder the color of self-defense. The other man will feel justified in using his. I got mine simply for self-protection, and it didn't protect worth a cent. It started on a career of crime inside of five hours."

Idolatry in India.

Captain Cruikshank of the English army told a story about idolatry in India lately, says an exchange. It seems, he says, as if there were more idols than people in India. They are made of stone, metal, or wood, and you can see them under every shade tree.

It is like reading a chapter from the Bible to walk about some of the groves. A few of the temples are built of solid marble and gold.

The custom of worship is amusing. The devout Indian on reaching the temple, first rings a bell. That is to notify the god that he is on hand to do business. After that ceremony the worshipper repeats his prayers, and then deposits his offerings. These consist of rice, grain and cloth. They are afterward put into the holy cart and sold.

The priests have no trouble in selling them, for the holy food is always quoted high. Twenty loads of holy food can be sold in the time it takes to dispose of a load that has not been to the temple.

The ceremony of putting the gods to sleep would make a saint laugh. The worshippers assemble in the temple and blow on horns, yelling and shouting at the top of their voices. This resembles an American Indian war-dance, and it is kept up all night long.

Other ceremonies are as strange, and the work of civilization does not progress rapidly. Buddhism did more than anything else to reform idolatry, but the people have drifted back into the same old habits.

An advance set with morals has been founded, but it will do but little if any good.

His Bald Head Won Him a Samoan Wife.

In the book of Mr. Laulli Willis, the Samoan, whose husband, a contractor, left Alameda several years ago and has since been missing, occurs the following quaint story of how she fell in love with her husband:

"The first thing I saw when we went alongside the ship was a white man with a bald head. That looked very funny to me, as I had never seen a bald headed man before. He was real fat and nice looking, but he did not have any hair on the top of his head; and I got my brother, who could talk English, to ask him just as soon as we got aboard, where was all the hair that belonged on his head. And the white man told him that he lived in California, and they did not have any cold weather there, but had what they called a 'glorious climate,' and the climate had taken all the hair off his head."

We got very well acquainted, and I liked him, because when another white man kept talking to me this one with the bald head quarreled with him and knocked him down so he could not bother me.

Corset Bodies.

The corset body is seen on the trim tailor made gown as well as on those for the house. These bodies are usually fastened on the left side under the arm and are worn with gimps either full or laid flat, as is most becoming to the wearer. They fit the figure quite like a corset and are sharply pointed or bluntly rounded, as may be fancied. The number of bones is usually four, and the front is drawn smoothly over the lining and shaped by a single seam down the middle. They are made of all sorts of summer fabrics.

—Every tissue of the body, every nerve, bone and muscle is made stronger and more healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Drug Diseases.

Abstract of a Lecture by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

It is a fact that should be understood by every body, especially invalids, that remedies used for curing diseases are quite capable of producing others. Dr. Willard Parker made a statement over forty years ago "that polypharmacy has produced far more diseases than it has cured," and Dr. Liebig said that in curing diseases by drugs we cured one disease by producing another. Physicians are coming to realize that former practices were all wrong. For instance in fevers the patient was supposed to be acting too strongly; and so the thing to do was to reduce the patient. He must be bled until he fainted, then purged and then vomited, and by this plan the disease was jugulated, and sometimes the patient, too. Suppose there was no such thing as disease, then if I should run a sliver into my hand there would be no effort on the part of nature to get rid of it. If nature paid attention to a grain of sand in the eye, by and by our sight would be destroyed. If she paid no attention to the indigestible things taken into the stomach, that organ might become full of rubbish. What we call disease is simply a remonstrance on the part of nature against our own wrong doing. Here is a man who has a bilious attack; he has a violent fit of vomiting, by which stomach is cleared out. Nature makes him giddy so that he must go to bed and rest. She takes away his appetite so that he must stop eating, and the next day he feels better. If he is a wise man he will profit by the lesson nature is endeavoring to teach him. Suppose the man is suffering with fever. What is the matter? He has been taking in harmful substances, and nature is turning her whole attention toward getting rid of them. There is looseness of the bowels, by which the poisons of the alimentary canal are being carried off. Even the rise of the temperature is beneficent endeavor to kill the germs which have produced the disease.

Perhaps the most serious drug disease is what might be called medicine mania. There are thousands of people who are taking medicine all the while, and never think of going a single day without some kind of a dose. I am reading a little incident about a boy who called at a drug store in Detroit. He purchased various kinds of porous plasters, pills, patent medicines, bitters, etc., a different kind for each member of the family. A bystander remarked that they must all be sick up at his house. He replied: "Oh no, we plaster up and swallow down and are pretty comfortable altogether."

A Girl's Dressing Table.

A girl's dressing table is the pride of her room. She may have pretty pictures; a collection of photographs of her best fellow far exceeding in number that of her envious girl friends; she may have a gum board of real rosewood five dozen sachet bags and a nightgown case of real Japanese silk; yet with all these glories to outshine it, the dressing table is the pride and the piece de resistance, so to speak, of the room. The sweetest dressing table is all of glass and is provided with two shelves, and upper shelf and a lower shelf. These are of beveled glass and are held in place by beautiful gold legs. Another kind of a dressing table, less expensive, has simply a beveled glass cover on top, and is just a plain table elsewhere.

On the top of the table go the silver manicuring implements, the celluloid brush and comb, and the ivory backed glasses and brushes. Besides this there must be the dozens of little fancy boxes, powder and puffs and bottles of cologne and perfume. To make these bottles more ornamental, manufacturers have supplied out glass pitchers and odd shaped things filled with perfume of all colors. One fanciful girl she be a dainty miss, and pay as to the appointments of her room, has her perfume to match the general color of the boudoir.

The old "white petticoat" is quite abolished for either day or evening wear and, indeed, this is a matter for rejoicing to those who have laundresses' bills to pay, for the destructive powers of the modern laundress are unequalled, and her operations as might snow under an August sunshine.

The flounces of the petticoats either have the edges pinked out or else finished with a fine piping cord stitched in on both sides. The pinking is very light and pretty, but not so endurable as the cording. The bottom frill, quite a narrow one, is fastened to the very edge of the petticoat, the others laid on the margin, or sometimes there will be one laid on it, but always the frill at the bottom of the petticoat, which is long enough just to clear the heel of the shoe.

How BARNUM WAS BARNUMED.—A good story is told again of P. T. Barnum. Some years ago when he was here with his circus, a young woman called at his office and asked to see him. She was granted an interview, and told him she had a cherry colored cat which she would sell him. Barnum told her to bring it and he would give \$100 for it. The next day she appeared at the office with a covered basket. Barnum lifted the lid and found a black cat inside. "Where's the cherry cat?" said he. "Why, that's the one," said the young woman, "a black cherry cat." Barnum handed her \$100, told her to leave and gave orders never to admit her again. It was probably the first and last time he was sold at his own game.

—A swarm of bees caused a temporary suspension of traffic on the Pennsylvania Railroad. While a freight train was passing the farm of M. K. Myron, above Huntingdon, Pa., a swarm settled in the cab of the engine, driving the engineer and fireman from their posts. After the train had been stopped, a long line of freight trains was kept waiting until the owner got the bees out. There were more than a bushel in the swarm.

Bad Luck Comes Fast.

The McGrattins Household Nearly Wiped Out.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 16.—Death has seldom pursued a single household more relentlessly or in such suddenly shifting forms than was the case with Charles McGrattins' family yesterday and to-day.

McGrattins has been the keeper of a boarding house at Rankin station, near Braddock. He missed one of his boarders last evening. David Bell, a Carrie Furnace iron worker, did not return to supper. A short search revealed Bell's naked body afloat in the Monongahela River. Whether he had died accidentally while bathing or committed suicide was not known, though he had been drinking hard of late. This was death number one in McGrattins' household.

Two hours later a lamp exploded in McGrattins' house, and two of his children, Robert and Charles, aged 7 and 10 years respectively, who were sleeping at the time, were burned up with the house.

This morning, about daylight, Harry Rowe and Peter Kneen, who boarded with McGrattins, went to the ruins to look for some of their effects. While searching in the debris a brick chimney fell on them, almost instantly killing Rowe and fatally injuring Kneen.

Dr. Cope, who was called to dress the wounds of Peter Kneen, was driving home this morning when his horse ran away and wrecked the vehicle. The doctor was thrown out injured so badly that he may die. If so, it will make the sixth fatality in this remarkable series, as Peter Kneen died about 1 o'clock this morning. The accidents have created intense excitement in the vicinity, and a large crowd surrounds the ruins.

Hints to Sheep Growers.

At a recent farmers' institute in Wisconsin the following good points of sheep growers were brought out by practical farmers: A farmer who has been a sheep grower for any length of time has invariably been a success financially. Mutton should be the first consideration, wool the second; the market is asked for a better class of mutton, and is willing to pay a good price for it. Upon the ordinary farm four cents per pound will pay the cost of growing, and all more than this is profit. The Merino and down breeds are both good, but the highest profit goes to the credit of the Southdown. Good mutton is mutton is made by good food; ensilage is one of the best of foods, better than dry feed, but a mixed ration is best for sheep, as for all other stock. Sheep do not need a warm stable, but a dry one, and must be protected from storms.

—In the side show of the Forrepaugh circus, which exhibited at Detroit recently, is a snake charmer, and the principal act is a boa constrictor eighteen feet long, called "Old Nick," on account of its wicked disposition. When the side show was over one night, Harry Prince, who has charge of the snakes, was left to replace them in their cage in the menagerie tent. Later a teamster heard a groan in the tent and found Prince black in the face and nearly strangled with five coils of Old Nick around his neck. Cowboys were summoned from the big tent, who lassoed the boa constrictor. They released Prince after slashing the snake several times, and the "charmer" was restored to consciousness.

OLD HANVESTERS.—Note has just been taken of a number of aged people who worked in the field in Lebanon county during haying and harvesting. John N. Hampton, aged ninety-three, of Granville, mowed half an acre of grass in a day, and next day walked a mile and picked a bucket of cherries. Mrs. Jonathan Hoffman, of Shartlesville, is eighty-five years old, and worked in the harvest field. George Gilbert, in his eighty-ninth year, a farmer living near Douglassville, spent several days in the harvest field. Jacob Behler, and Benjamin Schlar, who are both seventy-seven years old, cut grain with cradles and gathered and bound the wheat into sheaves during the entire day, near Windsor Castle.

PIGGISH MONSTROSITIES.—Isaac Parker, a farmer living on the Mount Holly road, in Burlington county, N. J., has a sow that has just given birth to a litter of seven pigs, and every one of them is a monstrosity. One has but two legs, a second has three, a third has its pedal extremities intact, but is blind, a fourth is minus its caudal appendage, and thus in some manner all are horrible deformed. They are all doing well and are exceedingly lively, notwithstanding their affliction. The mother is a large, healthy and well-developed sow. The cause of deformity is attributed to too close breeding.

—How is this for a matrimonial advertisement? "A swamp collector, the possessor of a collection of 12,544 stamps, wishes to marry a lady who is an ardent collector and the possessor of the blue penny stamp of Mauritius, issued in 1847." It appears in the Monitor of the island of Mauritius, and the stamp which the young lady must possess is valued at about \$1,000 on account of its rarity.

—A floating rock is one of the wonders of Corea. It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from support on all sides, but strange to say, two men on opposite ends of a rope may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacles whatever.

—Waiter—I expect you to pay in advance, sir.
Guest—What do you mean?
Waiter—No offense, sir, whatever; but the last gentleman who ate here got a bone in his throat and died without paying, and the boss took it out of my wages.