

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 17, 1893.

LIZZIE.

I wonder of all wimmin air, Like Lizzie is when we go out To theatres an' concerts where

Now, Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there To see that everything is right; Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care

Seems like she seen two little eyes A-plin' fr their mother's smile; Seems like she hearn the pleadin' cries

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike, By Lizzie you kin judge the rest; There never was a little tyke,

A NEW GALLEGHER. The Newboy Who "Got There."

Joe was no saint. In fact he was as dirty, mischievous, sly and look-out-for-number-one a youngster as you could find anywhere in the streets of Boston.

He had a round, bright little face, when it was clean enough to be seen, an energetic little body, and enough genuine, Yankee spunk and cuteness for a man of 40; and he was only 11.

"I want to pass," she said in a quick, decided voice—but not a boy moved. She just looked at them, slipped her note book into her pocket, and before they imagined what she was about, caught two of them by the collar and with a quick movement landed them very emphatically at one side of the narrow passage, and walked up stairs.

But not before Joe had caught her eye, and shouted out, "Bully for you, old gal," at the same time rubbing his head which had come in contact with the wall.

And since then the two have been pretty good friends. "Joe," said she one afternoon as she had paused to watch him selling an old countryman the "Daily Describer," when he had asked for the "Planet," "what did you do that for?"

"O, cause!" he answered, rolling his eyes—"cause he's a pious old feller!" "And so you sold him the 'Describer,'" you'd almost make a second 'Gallegher' in your efforts for our paper," she answered, laughing.

"A second 'Gallegher'?" Joe jumped up and down—that was the highest praise she could have given him. Gallegher was his ideal. He had heard people talking about Gallegher, and had stolen the reading of several pages at a book stall, and above all earthly creatures he admired Gallegher. "My, wa'n't he smart!" he exclaimed, when relating the story to his room mates. "He just spotted that murderer, and was smarter'n all the detectives—and he got that copy back in time, and beat the town!" and his face shone and his heart swelled with envy.

The first thing to do was to get that book and read the whole story. He must have it for his "library."

But that wasn't selling papers—he guessed he'd better look alive or Tommy Lynch would get ahead of him, and he made a dive for Tremont street. The streets were crowded; everyone was going home, the whole line of electricians in front of Park Street Church was fast filling. Men and women were rushing to and fro, car after car rattled away always leaving some tired woman trying in vain to make it way for her.

He sold most of his papers, for somehow he managed to get ahead of the others in a most unscrupulous manner. There was timid little Ted. A big fat man stopped, asking for a "Tramper," and before Ted had time to even put his hand on the papers beneath his arm, Joe handed out one with a flourish, received the coppers, and dropped them into his pocket with a grin. That was business.

But now he leaned back against the grating in front of the old churchyard and watched the struggle. He had a quick eye, and more than one scene from this spot had been, through him, given to the world in the columns of "Seen and Heard," or "The Town Pump." Joe knew a good story when he saw it.

Here were two girls rushing to take the Longwood car. It was just starting, but they could have caught it had not one of them come in contact with the heavy case of a dude, which sent her bundles flying. Joe sprang to help her.

"This you'n, miss?" he queried, holding up a pocketbook and reaching out for a parcel that was just about to be stepped on by a passer-by. His effort was not at all disinterested, because, for among other things a yellow covered paper book had fallen. It was now safely tucked under Joe's flannel blouse.

Of course, the young lady smiled at him very sweetly, and called him "an honest little fellow," and turned to take a car, which Joe told her was "a coming."

There was one coming—but not hers, and Joe with a chuckle was down School street with his hand on the previous book.

Then he stopped in a doorway, drew out the book—and almost dropped it in his excitement. It was Gallegher. He could hardly believe his eyes; he looked again, spelled the word slow-

Table with columns: Boroughs and Townships, Auditor 1891, State Treas, Supreme Judge, Sheriff, Treasurer, Register, Recorder, Commissioners, Coroner, Surveyor, Auditors. Lists various districts like Bellefonte, Centre Hall, etc.

NOTE.—The People's Ticket, received one vote in each of the following districts; Phillipsburg 3rd ward, Benner, South Phillipsburg, Bellefonte, N. W., Unionville, east Boggs, east Gregg, Half-moon, Huston, south Rush, east Snow Shoe, and Worth.—12 in all.

ly, tracing the letters on the yellow cover with his fingers—"e, r," he finished—"it is Gallegher sure enough!" Then he started for home, without a pang of conscience, poor little heathen, passing the "Describer" office on the way. In the door stood Miss Tracy looking up and down the street.

"That you, Joe?" she exclaimed. "I was hoping you'd come along, I want you to see the 'Daily Describer'."

"You do?" he queried, shutting one eye and bumping his head against the wall—"well, fire ahead."

"I have to go up to Marlboro' street for an interview, and I don't want to come back to the office again, for I want to go right home. Will you meet me at the Providence depot in an hour and get my copy and bring it back?"

Joe shut his eyes and yawned. "I dunno—too much trouble, I want to go right home and read; and he gave Gallegher a squeeze.

"Now, Joe, please, she said—"I'm very particular about being at home this evening, and I cannot depend on anyone but you," and she looked at him very seriously.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll be there," but he wouldn't say any more. At the entrance of the Common he stood under the lamp posts and read awhile. Then he sauntered across to the Public Garden, where he stopped on the bridge for a second reading. Finally he wandered on to Marlboro' street. It was quite dark and the street was deserted.

Joe leaned against a railing and wondered where Miss Tracy was, and how 'twould come to live in one of those big houses. He could see into several, and it looked nice there.

He wondered what time it was. Just then two men brushed by him, and Joe looked after them as they passed. "Guess I'll follow 'em," he muttered; "they don't look like Back Bayers."

Joe had quite a lively imagination. He fancied he was a detective, and these men were going to murder somebody and he would give the alarm, catch one of them as they turned to fly, wound him with his knife—he put his hand in his pocket and took it out—it wasn't very sharp, but he guessed he could do something with it.

And then he would write up the whole thing and get it into the paper before anyone else knew of it. Maybe then they would give him a job in the office. He'd like to be in the same one with Miss Tracy; she knew how to treat a feller.

So his thoughts wandered on—but his eyes kept on the men. They stopped—he stopped. Coming along was somebody—a second seen in the blinding light—the next figure was in the shadow. But it was a woman. As she passed the two men they spoke to her; but she made no answer, only walked faster.

The men turned and followed her. This was interesting; Joe on the other hand turned, too, silently. Now a shadow was reached again. The two men caught up with the girl, one put his hand upon her arm, and they all stopped.

Joe stopped, too. "No," he heard the woman's voice say, "you can't have it."

"Now look here," said one of the men, "we don't want to hurt you, but we must have it—we are going to, too, and you might as well give it up peacefully."

Joe crouched like a cat for a spring. A passing light was cast on the girl's face. It was Miss Tracy. She was trying to free herself from the man's grasp—while one hand was buried in her pocket. There was a struggle, the girl was pushed roughly to the pavement, her hand wrenched from her pocket and the roll of paper partially torn from it, when with a quick movement she would his leg about one of the men, sending him to the ground, at the same time he grabbed the papers and dug his jacket knife deep into the hand of the man who held them. It was all so sudden, so instantaneous,

that the hand relaxed, and Joe was left in possession of the papers. Then he shouted, "Fire! fire! fire!" at the top of his voice, and made a dash up the nearest steps and pulled at the door-bell.

"Kill the brat," he heard some one mutter, as a heavy blow came from behind.

"That instant the door opened, and the brat" fell across the threshold. By and by, when he seemed to wake up, he was lying in a large room on the softest of beds. He tried to move, but a sharp pain went shooting up his back, and he gave a little groan.

Some one came to the bedside then, leaned over him, put a cool hand on his forehead and stroked back his hair. He opened his eyes wide—it was Miss Tracy.

She smiled down at him. "My brave little knight," she said. He tried to speak, but his mouth was stiff, his lips bruised and sore.

"The papers?" he managed to whisper, then added with a sigh; "Gallegher?"

She leaned over so as to catch the words, then she placed the yellow book on the pillow, so that his cheek rested against it.

"They are safe, Joe, and so is your book."

"And the men?" "They thought I was some one else, Joe. They did not care for my papers but your action saved some one, for the men are now caught. Listen, Joe," and she took up the "Daily Describer" from the table and read the closing words of a large account.

"The heroic action of little Joe reminds one very much of the popular story of Gallegher, which story, it is said, is his favorite one."

"It is needless to add that the 'Describer' will always be a friend to the little hero and Miss Tracy's faithful knight."

Joe closed his eyes and smiled, though it hurt him. Miss Tracy's voice sounded very far away, as she added:

"And Joe, the article is headed: 'A New Gallegher.'" Phila. Inquirer.

The Columbian Album. Magnificent Souvenir of the World's Fair Placed Within the Reach of All.

The Pittsburg Times, which has a reputation for enterprise and liberality which is equaled only by its excellence as a newspaper, caps the climax with an announcement which is certain to be universally commended. It proposes to distribute among its readers, and all who will become readers of the Pittsburg Times, the "Columbian Album," a splendid collection of photographic views of the buildings and points of interest about the grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition. There will be ten parts, each containing 16 large photographs, reproduced on fine paper and accompanied by clear descriptions. The whole will form a magnificent and enduring souvenir of the Great Fair, which is at once the pride and wonder of the century. Beginning next Monday, November 13th, The Times will print in each issue a coupon. Upon receipt of six of these coupons, from different issues of the paper, and five two-cent postage stamps, or their equivalent in cash, The Times will send to any address one part of the "Columbian Album." All the parts can be obtained in the same way, so that at the end of ten weeks everybody who reads The Times can have the complete Album. The work will give its possessors who were unable to go to Chicago as much pleasure as a trip to the Fair, and to those who did not walk up and down the streets of the White City, it will be an invaluable souvenir. Look out for The Pittsburg Times next Monday and every succeeding day. It will give all the news for one cent a day, and will also give you an opportunity to obtain the "Columbian Album." If there is no agent for The Times in your locality, you can build up a profitable business by writing to The Times and securing the agency at once.

Mechanism of a Watch.

A Wonderful Little Machine That Took Hundreds of Years to Perfect.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each a indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro incessantly day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations.

Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-1,000 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1,585. The hairspring is a strip of the finest steel, about 9/2 inches long and 1/100 inch wide and 27-1,000 inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered.

The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-1,000 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 1-20,000 part of an inch difference in thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth more than 12 1/2 times the value of the same weight in gold. Hairspring wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about 1 1/4 times, which makes 187,100,000 every year. In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny works, let us make a comparison.

Take, for instance, a locomotive with 6 foot driving wheels. Let its wheel be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to 28 complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every 24 hours.—Locomotive Engineer.

Bismarck on America. He thinks it a Good Thing That Many People Mingle Here.

Bismarck, in talking about America said: "The security and strength of your country lie in the fact that the American race is a mixed one—a 'sam-melvolk.'" History has never made a great people in any other way. Look at France. It was the invasions from Italy and the North that gave her bone and sinew. Spain was strongest because she sucked in Iberian blood. And England, what made her so great? Not the invasion of the Anglo Saxons only, but the fact that they joined hands with the Normans. A people may be comfortable and prosperous without an influx of foreign blood, but it will cease to be capable of great things whenever that ceases." Continuing, he said: "The Americans, to my mind, have overdone the Columbian worship. The Norwegians were the first discoverers and settlers of America. Columbus was a map and chartmaker, and before setting out on his own voyage had positive proof of the existence of other continents. And it would have been far better for America and her early history had the settlement continued to be by Norwegians and other hardy tribes from the North. The Spaniards made a bad beginning in America."—Eleanor Kinnicott in the Century.

Bill Nye on Education. "Tutor," Tucson, Ariz., asks "what do you regard as the best method of teaching the alphabet to children?" Very likely my method would hardly receive your endorsement, but with my own children I succeed by using an alphabet with the name attached, which I give below. I find that by connecting the alphabet with certain easy and interesting subjects the child rapidly acquires a knowledge of the letter, and it becomes firmly fixed in the mind. I use the following list of alphabetical names in the order given below:

A is for Antediluvian, Anarchistic and Agamemnon. B is for Bucephalus, Burgundy and Bulhead. C is for Cantharides, Confucius and Casablanca. D is for Deuteronomy, Delphi and Dishable. E is for Euripides, European and Efers-vescent. F is for Fumigate, Farinaceous and Fundamental. G is for Garulous, Gastric and Gangrene. H is for Hamestrap, Honeysuckle and Hoyle. I is for Idiosyncrasy, Idomatic and Iodine. J is for jaundice, Jamaica and jeu d'esprit. K is for Kandiphia, Kindergarten and Ku Klux. L is for Lop-sided, Lazarus and Lilano Estacado. M is for Meningitis, Mardi Gras and Mesopotamia. N is for Narragansett, Neapolitan and Nixcomarous. O is for Olexander, Oleaginous and Oleomargarine. P is for Phlebotomy, Phthisis and Parabola. Q is for Query, Quasi and Quits. R is for Rejuvenate, Regina and Requisite. S is for Simultaneous, Sigauche and Saleratus. T is for Tubercular, Themistocles and Thereabout. U is for Ultramarine, and Utopian. V is for Volunious, Voltaire and Vivisection. W is for Witherspoon, Woodcraft and Washerwoman. X is for Xenophon, Xerxes and Xmas. Y is for Yadie, Yahoo and Yellow-jacket. Z is for Zoological, Zanzibar and Zazatecas.

In this way the eye of the child is first appealed to. He becomes familiar with the words which begin with a certain letter and before he knows it the letter itself has impressed itself upon his memory.

Sometimes, however where my children were slow to remember a word, and hence its corresponding letter, I have drawn the object on a blackboard or on the side of a barn. For instance, you will suppose that D is hard to fix in the mind of the pupil and the words to which it belongs as an initial do not readily cling to the memory.

I have only to draw upon the board a Deuteronomy, a Delphi, or a Dishable, and he will never forget it. No matter how he may struggle to do so, it will still continue to haunt his brain forever. The same with Z, which is a very difficult letter to remember. I assist the memory by stimulating the eye, drawing rapidly, and crudely perhaps, a Zoological, a Zanzibar, or a Zazatecar.

The great difficulty in teaching children the letters is that there is really nothing in the naked alphabet itself to win a child's love. We must dress it in attractive colors and gaudy plumage so that he will be involuntarily drawn to it. Those who have used my method say that after mastering the alphabet; the binomial theorem and the rule in Shelly's case seemed like child's play. This goes to show what method and discipline will accomplish in the mind of the young.—San Francisco Paper.

—There was a man in our town, And he was none too wise; He jumped on every man who said, "You ought to advertise." But when he saw his trade was gone, With all his might and main, He jumped into a column ad, And got it back again. —Exchange.

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