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Democrat Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 19, 1900.

The Juror Turned.

He Showed the Lawyer He Knew Some Big Ones Too.

The lawyer was just starting home after a hard day's work in the courtroom. A sedate looking man approached him and said: "I don't know whether you remember me or not. I am one of the talmen whom you interrogated yesterday."

"Ah?" "There are one or two small matters that I wanted to ask you about. You seem to be a person of very superior intelligence, and I hope you will give me a few minutes. I'll walk along with you to your car so as not to waste any time. What I wanted to ask you is this: If I were to say to you that the three faces which include a triangular angle of a prism are equal in all their parts, and the three faces which include a triangular angle of a second prism, each to each, and are like placed, the two prisms are equal in all their parts, what would you understand by it?"

"Why, sir—really?" "You don't mean to tell me you are stumped by a little one like that?" "You see, the question is a little sudden, and in order to grasp its full significance."

"Never mind. Here's an easier one, nearer the beginning of the book. If I were to suggest to you that a certain object is a polyhedron, in which two of the faces are polygons, equal in all their parts and having their homologous sides parallel, what would be the impression conveyed to your mind?"

"To be candid, I never looked into the subject very deeply."

"You don't mean to own up that you wouldn't know it was a plain, everyday prism?" "I hadn't thought of it in that light."

"That's all. My boy, who isn't through high school, could have answered those questions without stopping to think. I feel better. You were putting on a lot of airs yesterday, but you ain't any encyclopedia. I don't believe you are even a handy compendium of useful knowledge. After this display of lamentable ignorance on your part I want to make just one suggestion. If you ever get me into court again, don't you swing at me with any more big words and try to act haughty. I've got your measure, and I'm liable to be just as supercilious as you are."—Washington Star.

A Civil War Incident.

The Dramatic Part Centrifugal Attraction Played in a Chase.

"As every schoolboy knows, the tendency of a body moving in a circle is to fly away from the center, by the operation of centrifugal attraction," remarks a well known officer. "The consequence is that a train of cars, going around a curve at a good gait, will be certain to hug the outside rail, and if it happens to jump the track it would naturally infer that it would be on the side where the pressure is greatest. An incident, based on this principle, played a star role in what was possibly the most dramatic passage of the entire civil war. I refer to the pursuit of Andrews' raiders when they made their desperate dash through north Georgia to destroy railroad communication with Chattanooga. The raiders stole a freight train at Marietta, Ga., and started north at top speed. They were pursued almost immediately by a detachment of Confederates on a locomotive, and then ensued the most thrilling running fight on record.

"Time and again Andrews and his men attempted to obstruct the track behind them, but they were so hard pressed that they were obliged to take to their train before they could do the work. At last they made a spur that gave them a few moments' breathing space and tore a short section of rail out of a curve. Their pursuers were coming on full tilt, and it seemed absolutely certain that they would be dethed when they reached that point; but, incredible as it may appear, they passed straight over the gap and held their way as if nothing had happened. The explanation of the seeming miracle was simply that the raiders, in the excitement of the moment, had taken the rail from the inside of the outside of the curve, and when the locomotive swung around it was going so fast that all its weight was practically on the sound iron. In other words, centrifugal attraction saved the day, and, instead of burning the Chattanooga bridge, Andrews was caught and hanged as a spy.

"If it hadn't been for that fatal blunder in removing the rail, the raiders would doubtless have accomplished their purpose, and what such a disaster would have meant to the Confederacy gives the imagination unlimited leeway for speculation."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Worn Away by Kissing.

Cicero speaks of a bronze statue of Hercules which had the features worn away by the frequent oscillations of the devout. Several instances of the same kind have occurred in modern times. The face of a figure of the Saviour, among the bronze bas-reliefs which adorn the Casa Santa at Loreto, has in this way been quite kissed away.

The foot of the famous statue of St. Peter, in the Vatican, has also lost much of its metal by the continual application of the lips and foreheads of votaries, and it has been found necessary to protect the foot of the statue of the Saviour by Michael Angelo from similar injury by a brass buskin.

A Mother Seal's Long Swim.

Ernest Whitehead captured a young seal near Annapolis island, California, and took him on board his ship. As the vessel started the mother seal was noticed swimming about, howling piteously. The little captive barked responsively. After reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara the capture was tied up in a jute sack and left loose on the deck. Soon after coming to anchor the seal responded to its mother's call by casting itself overboard, all tied up as it was in the sack. The mother seized the sack and with her sharp teeth tore it open. She had followed the sloop 80 miles.—Our Dumb Animals.

Just What He Wanted.

Grocer—"So you've given up drinking, have you, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah; I ain't tetched a drop in fo' weeks." Grocer—"Well, you deserve a great deal of credit for that." Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah; dat's jes' what I thinks, Mistah Brown. I jes' gwine ter ax yo' ef yo' eud turs me fo' some groceries."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

A Complicated Question.

The Mean Trick a Desperado Played on His Widow.

For a western town, which was rather wild and wooley than otherwise, she was a very respectable woman in manner and attire, and when she came into the lawyer's office and said she had some important business for him to handle for her he felt that he had struck a rich lead. "Well, madam," he said, when he had seated her comfortably and fixed himself to listen, "if you will tell me the nature of your business, I shall be glad to give you the best advice and service at my command."

"It's about some money that my husband left," she said for a beginning. "Is he dead?" "Yes, sir; I'm Bill Nelton's widow."

"The notorious—excuse me, madam—the celebrated desperado who killed so many men?" "The same one."

"Did he leave much of a fortune?" "A good deal for me; about \$10,000."

"A very snug little sum, am sure," smiled the lawyer with a yearning smile. "But it isn't mine altogether," she explained.

"Why not?" "That's what I come to see you about. Perhaps it's mine."

"Tell me the particulars."

"Well, it's this way: You see, when I married Bill I was poor and had no home, and I married him because he had money, and I thought there was a good chance of my getting it, for, you know, Bill went around with his life in his hands all the time. He knew I never married him for love, but he didn't care about the so long as I would marry him. He had his boots on and was willing for me to marry again, but he wanted me to marry a better man than he was, and he made a will leaving me everything on condition that I should marry the man that killed him. That suited me well enough, because I knew there wasn't any less desirable man for a husband than Bill was, so I agreed to it in writing.

Then Bill went it too strong and got the sheriff after him for shooting a man without provocation, and Bill didn't like the looks of things and what did he do when he was close pushed but shoot himself in the head with a bullet.

"Oh!" exclaimed the lawyer, startled by the suddenness of the tale. "And he done it just to spite me," whimpered the widow, "for with that signed agreement between us, the sheriff will have to go after me, and that's what I've come to see you about. I can't very well marry the man that killed Bill, and if I marry anybody else I'm going to lose \$10,000. At least, that's the way it looks on paper, but I'm not \$10,000 worth tied, and I want you to tell me the law on the situation."

A Dangerous Nap.

That traveler in the desert would be wise not to take a nap when ahead of their caravans is proved, though it hardly needed proving, by the experience of Robert L. Jefferson, F. R. G. S., who relates his adventure in The Wide World Magazine:

I had got ahead not only of the caravan, but until I think I must have carried with my exertions, say down on the sand. I think I must have fallen asleep. I certainly remember picking from my face what looked like an enormous spider.

I thought nothing of it until I began to feel a pain underneath my left eye similar to that left by a mosquito sting. In ten minutes my cheek had swollen enormously, and it was clear that I had been stung by some venomous reptile or insect. By the time Bekei came along the swelling had increased so much that I could not see out of the left eye.

As soon as Bekei saw my face he seemed stricken with terror. He leaped from his horse, knocked me down, and pushed me down and with the fingers of both hands commenced pressing the protuberance under my eye.

The pain was terrible, and I yelled in my agony until I think I must have fainted, although I well remember the words of the Kirghiz coming with a long knife, when at once the idea entered my brain that they meant to "do for" me. The knife, however, was used only to extract the sting of the insect from my eye.

When I reached Petro-Alexandrovsk and related the incident to the doctor of the lazaret there, I learned that I owed my life to the promptitude of Bekei and the Kirghiz. Another hour, and help would have been too late.

F. Hopkinson Smith's Method.

F. Hopkinson Smith, that most versatile of men, engineer, artist and writer, says that he stumbled into literature. It was when he was past 45 years of age that he wrote some stories to accompany a number of his water colors, which were being published, and the success of this initial venture led to the writing of "Colored Carter," which established his literary reputation.

He is as conscientious about his writing as he is in the filling of an engineering contract or the painting of a picture. He writes his notes on the pages of a copy book, leaving the opposite page blank. He fills in corrections and amplifications, writes and rewrites, until he feels perfectly satisfied that he has done the very best he can with the matter in hand. There must not be a superfluous word or an unclear expression anywhere in the story, and only then is the artist soul satisfied. It is because he works so hard at his writings that it is such easy reading. Perhaps he could teach a few of our obscure impressionists a few of his secrets.—New York Journal.

Crackerjack.

The Boston Herald thus explains the origin of the word "crackerjack": "In the hot southwest cactus whisky, or mesquite, is a favorite prescription for a jag. The Mexican loaded with mesquite is much given to Castilian profanity and invective, his favorite verbal jewel being 'carajo,' pronounced carahoo. In time a gorgeous red hued, vociferous drunk came to be called a carajo jag—carahoo jag—and by corruption a crackerjag or crackerjack; hence all things supreme, clever, first class, were by analogy termed crackerjags."

Somewhat Unequal.

The Mohammedan law of divorce is a marvel of simplicity. The husband repeats to his wife three times, "You are divorced," and the thing is done, but the wife is not allowed to use the easy formula against her husband.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BY THE WAY.

The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye Or a word exchanged with a passerby; A glimpse of a face in a crowded street, And afterward life is incomplete; A picture painted with honest zeal, And we lose the old for the new ideal; Or a chair remark or a song's refrain, And life is never the same again.

A friendly smile and lowly embracing spark Leaps into flame and illumines the dark; A whispered, "Be brave!" to our fellow men, And they pick up the thread of hope again; Thus never an act or a word or thought, But that with unguessed importance is fraught; For small things build up eternity And blaze the ways for destiny.

Telltale Little Bells.

They Protect Themselves From Theft by Opportunely Ringing.

The tines in the restaurant of a well known hotel in the central part of the city were recently equipped with silver bells for the use of patrons in calling the attention of the waiters. The bells are of the kind that wind up and are rung by merely pressing little knobs on their tops. They cost something like \$5 or \$6 each, and the proprietor of the hotel is naturally desirous that covetous guests shall not carry them off. In order to prevent such surreptitious removal both he and his employees keep a watchful eye on the bells, and not a little aid is rendered by the bells themselves. As evening or so ago, while the saunterer in the restaurant, two handsomely gowned young women and a stylishly dressed man got up from one of the tables. One of the young women allowed the waiter to help her on with her jacket, but the other seemed particularly anxious that he should not assist with hers.

The reason became apparent half a minute later. With one arm in the sleeve to which it belonged, the young woman essayed to find the opening to the other sleeve with her remaining arm. The job was evidently one to which she was not accustomed, for she struggled and squirmed and grew red in the face. Then from the innermost recesses of an inside pocket of the jacket there came a sound that caused everybody to look in the young woman's direction.

It was the "whir-r-r-r" of one of the silver bells. The young woman had accidentally struck the knob with her hand, and the bell had promptly responded to the touch. Of course the young woman blushed when the head waiter came rushing up, and of course her cheeks were somewhat ghastly humorous remarks about it being "all a joke," but it took a bill of substantial denomination to induce the head waiter to say nothing about the little incident and allow the trio to depart. Equally, of course, the trio lost no time in departing.

Another evening, not so very long ago, one of the bells was heard by the waiters to ring as if it had been muffled. Searching for it were called in everybody's direction, but no one looked guilty, and, as none of the guests was on the point of leaving, nothing was done. But shortly after the departure of a couple a waiter saw something about the neck of a young woman's chain. It proved to be the bell, and he had a narrow escape that time.

"I had a narrow escape that time," said the proprietor, in telling of the incident. "If that young woman hadn't accidentally pressed the knob and set the thing going, she would have slipped the bell into her pocket, there would have been a bell missing, and I'd probably had some difficulty in figuring out just how it had been smuggled away."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Mighty Elephant.

M. Fox has a great admiration for the elephant, of which he says: "The elephant has only one enemy—man. It fears none of the animals. In addition to the intelligence relatively superior to theirs it possesses strength, size, courage it need be said, moreover, a sense of touch delicate than that of any of them, even the monkey. It travels everywhere, swims like an amphibian and crosses ravines and rivers, forests and thickets without distinction.

"Everything gives way before it. It climbs and descends hills which one would think inaccessible to it; it crosses whole countries in a night, like an undisputed master in his vast domains; it is here, there and everywhere, hiding like a mouse, despite its great size, and noiselessly disappearing like an unsizable Proteus, much to the discomfort of the hunter. Finally, if its life is spared, it is ready to become once more, as in former times when he fought by his side, ally, the friend, the servant and the protector of man."

"The elephant is the true king of animals. Compare this noble animal with the useless lion, the nocturnal prowler at the mercy of a pack of wolves."

He Saved a Shilling.

At a certain cloth factory in Scotland it was the custom to fine the workpeople who were passing through a particular opened gate, against which a pile of stones were placed for the dog's use. As each sheep passed through, the dog placed one of the stones aside. One day, much to the farmer's surprise, he found the dog trying to break a stone in half, and on himself counting the flock he found there had been an addition in the night of a lamb.

Frankness In the Home.

John—You're an ignorant woman, Maria! Maria—I don't know everything, John. John—Up to some people don't know enough to know how little they do know. Maria—I'm surprised to hear you say that, John. I didn't think you were frank enough to make such an honest confession.—Boston Courier.

Very Sagacious.

A farmer had a very sagacious dog which he had trained to count his sheep as they passed through a particular opened gate, against which a pile of stones were placed for the dog's use. As each sheep passed through, the dog placed one of the stones aside. One day, much to the farmer's surprise, he found the dog trying to break a stone in half, and on himself counting the flock he found there had been an addition in the night of a lamb.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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To Prevent Colds.

A Few "Don'ts" Which If Observed Will Keep One Well.

We have just entered upon the season when the changeable weather makes colds especially rife. According to its natural meaning, it would seem that a cold was an affection produced by exposures to low temperatures, in cold weather. Nothing could be further from the truth than this. Colds are not nearly so common in very cold countries as in the temperate zone. They secure immunity against it.

Colds are not nearly so frequent high up amid the Alps as in the cities at the foot of mountains. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, spent two years amid the Arctic snows, with the temperature so low most of the time the mercury was frozen in his thermometers, yet he and his men had not suffered from a cold. They had been back in the civilization scarcely a week before some of his companions were laid up with gripply colds.

If we look at colds as infectious we are able to frame certain rational laws that will help us to escape them. They are about as follows: Don't live or work in damp, dark, places where the sunlight never succeeds in penetrating, or in such small amounts that its beneficial work as nature's great scavenger and germicide to do their work of purification cannot be successfully accomplished. Above all, don't sleep in a room where, during the day, there is no sunlight. Even in summer time such places are prone to be breeders of disease germs. In the winter when the microbe life is more luxuriant, such places fairly swarm with minute organisms. Many of these, of course, are not producers of disease, but then many are.

Don't change very light clothing for heavy clothing all at once. Don't for instance, change summer outer and inner garments on the same day. One of the greatest mechanical feats nature performs is the keeping of the human temperature under the varying conditions of external heat and cold exactly at the same figure. A frozen arctic or torrid equatorial regions but his temperature will not vary one-fifth of a degree from what it has always been, the sending of more blood than usual to the little vessels in the skin leads to its being cooled, and so it returns to cool the system. During the winter so much blood is not sent to the surface, and its heat is retained. Sudden changes in the condition of the skin must be avoided, or the circulation disturbed, and with it the general health and the ability to resist disease.

Don't wear extremely heavy clothing in winter time. Its weight makes it a source of irritation to the skin, which is not merely the external covering of the body. It is not the thickness of clothing nor its weight that protects from cold, but the amount of air it contains in its meshes. Air is a good non-conductor of heat, and so helps us to retain the heat we possess. If an individual is very sensitive to heat and cold it would be better to wear a couple of suits of lighter, thinner woolen underclothing than one very heavy suit. The layer of air between them makes them eminently protective.

Don't wear chest protectors. Their use founded on a mistaken notion. They disturb the normal regular circulation in the skin, and so invite danger. We sit for hours breathing in germs at every breath. When we suddenly go into the cold air, however, these mucous membranes lose a good deal of blood, that was flowing in them just a moment before, for the cold causes contraction of all the exposed blood-vessels.

In Highways and Lanes.

Pittsburg and Allegheny had a house to house Sunday school canvass, under the lead of the County Sunday School Association, and organized by Mr. Hugh Cork, a specialist in that work. He selected 2,250 workers from all the churches, even the Catholics co-operating, and gave each worker a block of homes small enough to be reached in one day. Then, after several conferences, fully defining the work, they visited 83,000 homes in one day, and ascertained the church relations or inclinations of 400,000 people. Nearly every house was gladly opened to them, only a few hundred of the 83,000 refusing the desired information. Later, the entire county of Allegheny was visited. One pastor secured forty-three members to his church from the information the visitors gave. Many Sunday schools have added 25 per cent. to their membership.

OLD PEOPLE MADE YOUNG.—J. C. Sherman, the veteran editor of the Vermontville (Mich.) Echo, has discovered the remarkable secret of keeping old people young. For years he has avoided Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Heart trouble, Constipation and Rheumatism, by using Electric Bitters, and he writes: "It can't be praised too highly. It gently stimulates the kidneys, tones the stomach, aids digestion, and gives a splendid appetite. It has worked wonders for my wife and me. It's a marvelous remedy for old people's complaints." Only 50 cents at F. P. Green's drug store.

Customer—

Customer—"What! Twenty-five cents a pound for sausage? Why, I can get them down at Schmidt's for twenty cents." Butcher—"Vell, den, vy didn't yer?" Customer—"Because he was out of them." Butcher—"Vell und if I vas out of 'em I sell 'em fer 30 cents, too, andit's!"

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