Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 2. 1900.

TAKING THE REINS.

Lyford Merritt was certainly a most exasperating man In this, for a wonder, the whole village concurred, with the exception of his wife. She maintained silence on the subject which was best, perhaps, inasmuch as she was the cause of it all.

"He's—he's the most downtrodden and meek sort of man you ever set eyes on, and it ain't right that it should be so," Mrs. Blake declared, as Lyford Merritt, then under discussion, shuffled along the dusty road. "It's dreadful to see a man so suppressed," she sighed. "It ain't nature one bit.

"Some men are born meek and would rather a woman'd go ahead and boss the house and him, too, and then you don't blame 'em, but Lyford ain't that kind. 'Fore his wife got hold of him he used to be as up and coming as any one."

A slight flush spread over her thin cheeks as she felt a critical glance upon her.

"That was the time he came a-court-in you, I 'spose?" her guest remarked blandly. "I always heard you had some sort of words and then he took up with the new school teacher and married her right away 'fore your face and eyes."

Mrs. Blake beat her cake vigorously.

"He ain't done nothing but be set on ever since," she declared at length, "so that he ain't himself at all. And that's what's so exasperating. No man with any natural stand up to him ought to give in the way he does. That's what's the trouble. He seems to think it's all right."

She poured the cake into a tin and shoved it into the oven and shut the door with a bang.

"We've all had spells of talking to him," she went on, "but there, it ain't no earthly good. He always sits so good natured and kind of nods his head as if agreeing, and when you come to stop he looks up with his blue eyes and says: 'Well, well, you don't understand. It may seem kind of hard sometimes to outsiders, Mis' Blake, but then, you see, she's got the nerves.'

"Nerves," scornfully; "as if any of us couldn't get up that kind of nerves if we wanted to. But Lyford, he just stands it always, and it's terrible exasperating."

She gave another glance out of the window. Lyford Merritt was not in sight. Unconscious of his neighbor's scrutiny and comment, he slowly crossed the stubble field and made his way to the barn. There he deposited the packages from the store and then went to the woodpile. He seemed in a sort of brown study, and his movements were uncertain.

"It ain't right for a man not to be master in his own house," he ruminated as if the sentiment had just been impressed upon his mind. "It really ain't, and I am going to assert myself."

The thought caused a stick to drop from his arms. He hastily picked it up with a backward glance over his shoulder.

"I wouldn't do anything to hurt Caroline for anything in the world. Of course I wouldn't. She's a good wife—a very good wife to me, and I'm thankful I've got such a good wife, and I hope I make her a good husband."

He paused and slowly laid two more sticks on his burden and walked toward the woodhouse.

"And I've been thinking that perhaps it ain't good for her to have me always giving in to her," he continued as he returned for a second load. "I read somewhere the other day that women was like horses—they like to have their own way long's they can, but when you make 'em mind they go all the better. Not that I should ever try and make Caroline mind"—he paused aghast—"but perhaps if I kinder took things for granted that she wouldn't mind my doing more things I could do 'em, and she'd like it. I'm a-going to try anyway."

It was undeniable that Lyford Merritt's heart beat somewhat faster than usual as it neared 3 o'clock on the following afternoon. The town committee had ordained to have an extra meeting. It was usually held at the Perkins', but Mrs. Perkins was sick, and so Lyford had generously asked them to come there.

A few had already gathered and were sitting in the shade of the big elm. Others could be seen coming down the road.

"I suppose we might as well go in, seeing there are so many of us already," Lyford remarked.

It was an unwritten law that the meetings of the committee should always be held in some parlor or the church vestry. It was not compatible with the dignity of the committee to meet in barns or shops, as did other organizations.

The men sprang up and Lyford led the way to the front of the house, where they greeted the others. They stood a moment and chatted, while a few straggled up, then Lyford put his hand on the door.

It refused to open. He made several attempts, but it would not stir. He grew red in the face with exertion.

"It's unlocked all right," he declared, "because I saw to that this morning. You see, we don't use it very often, and that's the reason why. I'll go inside and see if I can start it."

He left the men and skirted the house, avoiding the kitchen windows and stealing in the back way, where he removed his shoes and quietly passed through the upper rooms and down the front stairs, when he put on his shoes again.

He managed to open the door. It stuck, but he had forgotten that it opened in. In fact, he never remembered having opened it at all before.

The men filed into the stuffy parlor. Some one suggested that the windows be opened. Lyford stared for a moment. There were no screens in the windows.

"Oh, yes," he replied, with a deal of energy. "Of course. I meant to have them opened and forgot. Mrs. Merritt has been very busy or she would have attended to it for me."

His blue eyes twitched and he drew a deep breath as he pushed up the windows and flung back the blinds. He saw a dozen flies dart in, and he gave a quiet chuckle. His emancipation had begun.

The meeting opened with its usual solemnity, but soon it grew exciting, and there was a busy hum of voices. The men had removed their coats, and they swung like draperies from chair backs; the family Bible on the marble center table made an excellent desk for the presiding officer, and ballots and papers were liberally distributed over the floor. Some of the men were smoking.

Lyford was making a speech—it was a very excellent speech—on the freedom of the individual. His audience was interested. Suddenly there was a hush. He turned, and Mrs. Merritt stood in the doorway. Lyford gave a little gasp. The eyes of the men were upon him, and he straightened visibly.

"The meeting of the committee, you know, my dear," he explained, with the faintest tremor in his voice. "I trust we have not disturbed you." His eyes were a bit beseeching.

Several of the men were on their feet. One was struggling into a coat. Mrs. Merritt did not reply. Her keen brown eyes swept the room, and a peculiar smile settled on her face.

"I was going to suggest"—Lyford made the great effort of his life—"I was going to suggest, seeing it was so very warm, that we prepare some sort of refreshment for the gentlemen, Caroline."

There was a note of inquiry in his voice. His wife turned, and with a hurried excuse he followed. A nervous laugh from one of the men broke the tension of the moment.

"We shall have to give him an office," some one suggested.

He was gone some time, and then his wife returned with him. He carried a big pitcher of iced tea, while she bore a platter of spice cake and jumbles, which she afterward supplemented with loaf cake and pickles.

It was a very social intermission that followed. Mrs. Merritt made herself very charming, and Lyford was in the highest spirits. Then she retired, and the meeting went on. Lyford was nominated for school committee. He accepted, of course. His wife had never allowed him to run before. It would make her nervous to think of the responsibility.

At 6 the meeting broke up. Lyford escorted them to the gate and watched them as they passed from sight. Then he slowly returned to the house, gave a long look at the disordered room, closed the door and shuffled off to the shed. There he sat for several moments and drew hard at his old pipe.

The supper bell rang. At the sound he hastily started for the door. His hand was on the latch; then he hesitated, his hand dropped, and he returned to the bench, sat down and ran his fingers through his hair.

The bell rang a second time. He laid his pipe down carefully, arose, gave his vest a pull, settled his hat firmly on his head and steadfastly walked into the kitchen.

His wife was sitting by the table, pouring the tea.

He hesitated a moment. She looked very pretty as she sat there—prettier than usual, somehow. Perhaps she had on a better dress.

"Was your meeting successful?" she queried, her eyes on the amber liquid.

"Very," he replied as he crossed the room to where his coat hung on the wooden peg. "They nominated me for school committee."

She nodded her head reflectively. "You will make a good one," she said. "They ought to put good men in office."

He stared at her neck. "I'm sorry the parlor"—he began.

"You needn't be," she broke in sharply. "I guess"— She set the teapot down, and, arising carefully, walked around the table and set his cup down at her husband's place. "I guess that a man has a right to do as he wants to in his own house."

She glanced at him proudly. One arm was in his coat sleeve.

"It's pretty warm," she remarked, seating herself again, "and, Lyford, perhaps you'd be more comfortable if you didn't put your coat on."

He sent a keen glance in her direction, and his blue eyes twinkled. Mechanically he replaced the coat and took his seat at the table opposite her.

"I think that I should," he replied. —*Globe-Democrat.*

Beefsteak as a Civilizer.

I believe in the civilized power of beefsteak and potatoes, in the inspiration of baked beans and pumpkin pie; in the elevating effect of good wheat bread and biscuit; in the moral influence of the bathtub. They are quicker and more radical than prayer-books and preachers. They reach the blood and degeneracy is a blood disease. As soon as the East becomes a market for the West the pigtail is doomed. When they take our merchandise they must also take our civilization. When they eat as we eat they will begin to feel as we feel, to look as we look, to talk as we talk, to pray as we pray. Little by little, year by year they will change. And from our standpoint the tremendous value of this market it is not possible to overestimate. With the Philippines as a depot at the gate of the East we shall soon be buying and selling with its 400,000,000 people, and the brotherhood of man shall come incomparably nearer, and even those of little faith shall see great things in the coming century.

American beefsteak, wheat and corn are the sword of the future.

The edge of the sword in the hands of the heathen Chinese, who feed on rice, is dull as compared with that of the enemy who stocks up on Yankee products.

The Oriental can become manly and courageous by eating our food, and then can soon learn to handle the implements of both peace and war with the vim that we do.—*Henry Clews.*

——David Glickman, of Chicago, was up in a police court the other day on a charge of cruelty made by his wife. He denied the charge, and said his wife threw coal at him.

"But it was soft coal," interrupted Mrs. Glickman, at the suggestion of a lawyer.

"Your Honor, I was always good to my wife," said Glickman. "I bought her wine and"——

"Who drank it?" interrupted the prisoner's stepson.

"I did," confessed Glickson.

"I also bought her roast chicken."

Who ate it?" asked the stepson.

"I did," came the answer.

"I also bought her candy, and fruit, and pie, and pie, and cheese and sauerkraut."

"Yes, and who ate that?" inquired the wife.

"I did," responded the truthful husband.

——A grand banquet was recently given to the officers of Col. Funston's famous regiment, the Twentieth Kansas. Besides each plate there were five wine glasses for the five varieties of liquor to be served. But the guests—those brave men whose heroism on the battlefield has won for the Twentieth Kansas a world-wide reputation—had no use for the wine glasses. Theirs were untouched. This is the kind of heroes our country needs, heroes who will not flinch before an enemy more dangerous to home and country than any foreign foe. They are of the stuff that true patriots are made of and such men our country needs to live for her, not to die for her. They are worthy nobler service than that of shooting and killing their fellowmen in the Philippine Islands. They are wanted for higher, holier more glorious warfare. May the "fighting twentieth" never surrender to the rum power! May they continue to "hold that point" for God and humanity "until mustered out."

Mormon Women in the Past.

Life in Salt Lake City as Seen by a Gentile.

According to a Philadelphia woman who was in Salt Lake City under the old order of things, Mormonism is more of a political cult than a religion, an oligarchy with certain socialistic features. In 1880 the guns of Fort Douglass overawed the Danites, those bloody executioners of the Church decree. The Mountain Meadow massacre and slaughter of a company of United States soldiers by the "Saints" was no longer possible, but the municipal government was entirely in the hands of the Mormons, and the plural wives were literally in a state of bondage. Even the Bishops hired their wives out as farm hands, and in due season visited them to collect their wages. The Mormon law required a man to provide a house, wood and flour for each wife; more than this she must work for.

Brigham Young himself violated the separate house obligation, as he had twenty-five wives lodged in the Beehive, and seventy-five in the Lion house, low buildings with enclosing walls and the gate ways surmounted by figures of a lion and a beehive. How peaceful and harmonious the Lion house was may be inferred from the fact that one of Brigham Young's sons on one occasion seized a knife and tried to carve up the cook, and the whole seventy-five wives held this their son blameless. The story ran that in adjudicating the case Brigham emulated the wisdom of Solomon and desired the parties to the conflict to assume the original position they held during the fray, but the cook declined to take the extra risk.

The entire population turned out for the festivities of the semi-centennial of the city. Five thousand roses adorned the vaulted roof of the Tabernacle, and five hundred young girls, dressed in white, rode on horseback, accompanied by five hundred young Mormon men.

At this time Salt Lake was an educational and industrial centre and a city so beautiful that the eye of the tourist was enchanted. Completely surrounded by the Wasatch range of mountains, perpetually snowcapped, the atmosphere is so clear one cannot realize that these peaks and chains are from ten to fifteen miles distant from the valley. All the suburbs are laid out in fields as carefully tilled as a market garden, generally with one of the old adobe houses in the midst.

Each Mormon man was expected to have four wives, so he built a row of four little houses on an acre lot. Each wife had a front and back door and two windows, and a quarter-acre of ground to cultivate. The husband was supposed to spend a week with each wife, but usually he gave the most of his time to the one that was the best cook. Some of the wives craved their husband's society, but others, who found it very expensive to board him, preferred that he should lavish the greater part of his society on the other members of his family.

In the centre of Salt Lake City, where the Tabernacle, Temple, Endowment house and Brigham Young's palaces stand, are the handsome houses of the wealthy citizens. These were entirely modern, with piazzas and long French windows. Down the broad streets a clear stream of water flows on either side, and these streams are bordered with grass, studded all over with the short-stemmed daudelion. Watermasters turn this water into every man's grounds, whether he be rich or poor.

The chief dogma of the Mormon religion is that a man is exalted in Heaven in proportion to the number of his wives and children. The wife can only enter Heaven by holding on to her husband's coat-tails. The childless wife has no chance at all, unless she is instrumental in securing a number of plural wives for her husband.

There were Gentiles living in Salt Lake City in 1880, for under the agency of the Star Spangled Banner the mineral wealth of the Territory was rapidly developing. Among others the niece of a Philadelphia clergyman was obliged to tarry, because she was the widow of a wealthy man who had left five children to be taken East. The widow kept house and employed a Mormon woman to do her washing, also the washerwoman's husband to carry out ashes and do similar odd jobs. One day the washerwoman came to her employer and told her that it was her duty to marry this ashman, as unless she married a Mormon she could not get into Heaven. "Besides," added the washerwoman, "you are rich and we are poor, so you can provide for us in our old age."

To appreciate the character of this insult the endowment robe, which every Mormon man or woman receives when he goes through the Endowment House must be explained. This endowment robe is a cotton garment made like a child's night drawers, and the recipient makes a vow never to remove it. It is worn until it falls to pieces. Naturally, it becomes very offensive, and at the time mentioned it was literally true that one could smell a Mormon at a considerable distance.

There are two dogmas of the Mormon Church which have doubtless attracted some devoted souls. The first is being baptized for the dead. The teaching is that no matter how great a criminal has died, a relative by being baptized for him restores him to holiness.

Blood atonement has also been a powerful agent in preserving power. The Mormon is raised in the belief that any one who offends the Church can only be saved by being killed.

There are four letters which are seen everywhere in Salt Lake City. These are Z. C. M. I., popularly explained as Zion's Children Must Irrigate; but there is a secret doctrine included in the characters which it is more prudent to leave to those under the sway of the Tabernacle and Endowment House.

A NIGHT OF TERROR. — "Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from pneumonia before morning" writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50 cents and $1.00. Trial bottles free at F. P. Green's drug store.

If He'd Only Go.

Mrs. Gabbie—I'm surprised to hear you're having trouble to get your money out of Mr. Starboard. He always boasted that he paid as he went.

Mrs. Bordem—Maybe he does, but I can't get him to go.

——He (rather backward)—Miss Edith, y-you look sweet enough to kiss.

She—Well! I'm glad to know it isn't my fault."

State Agriculturists Meet.

The Governor Names a Successor to Leonard Rhone.

The annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture opened last Wednesday in the Supreme Court chamber, at Harrisburg, and remained in session until Friday evening. Governor Stone presided at the morning session, and made a brief speech congratulating the Board on its splendid work in the past and predicting for it a bright future.

The Governor appointed Colonel Robert H. Thomas, of Mechanicsburg, a member of the Board, in place of Leonard Rhone, of Centre Hall, Mr. Rhone is a granger, with a national reputation and the administration has caused it to be published that he was not in sympathy with the State administration.

The following topics were treated at the afternoon session: "Whether the Broad or the Narrow Way in the Business of Farming," Samuel R. Downing, West Chester; "Our Farm Garden," R. J. Weld, Sugar Grove; "Farm Economies," Major Levi Wells, Harrisburg; "Geological Relations of Soils," Dr. M. C. Ihlseng, State College.

The program at the evening session was as follows: "Proof Positive That an Investment in Sociability Will Yield a Profit to Every Farmer," H. V. White, Bloomsburg; "Quick Growing Trees for Pennsylvania Forestry," Dr. J. T. Rothrock, Commissioner of Forestry; "Progressive Poultry Raising," Norris G. Temple, Pocopson.

The following officers were elected: President, Governor Stone; vice presidents, N. C. Schaeffer, Harrisburg; F. E. Fields, Tioga; Colonel H. A. Gripp, Tyrone; secretary, John Hamilton, Harrisburg; Executive Committee. W. N. Clark, Westmoreland; G. G. Hutchinson, Warriors-mark; Joel A. Herr, Cedar Springs; Matthew Rodgers, Mexico; H. V. White, Bloomsburg; Dr. M. E. Conrad, West Grove; Jason Sexton, North Wales.

The Crops of 1899.

Final Estimates of Acreage, Production and Value.

The statistician of the department of agriculture has made public his final estimates of the acreage, production and value of the crops of 1899. The values are based on the average farm prices on December 1st, in accordance with the practice of the department.

The wheat acreage was 44,592,516, the production 547,303,846 bushels and the value $329,545,259, the average yield per acre being 12 3 bushels and the average farm price per bushel on December 1st, 58.4 cents.

The corn acreage was 82,108,387, the production 2,078,143,933 bushels and the value $629,210,110, the average yield per acre being 25.3 bushels and the average farm price per bushel on December 1st, 30.3 cents.

The acreage in oats was 26,341,380, the production 796,177,713 bushels and the value $198,167,975, the average yield per acre being 30.2 bushels and the average farm price per bushel on December 1st, 24.9 cents.

The barley crop is estimated at 73,381,560 bushels, the rye crop at 23,961,741 bushels, the buckwheat crop at 11,094,473 bushels, the potato crop at 228,783,232 bushels and the hay crop at 56,653,756.

A Woman Who saw Seventeen, Eighteen and Nineteen Hundred.

Mrs. Deborah King, of Muskingum county, W. Va., was born in Pennsylvania in 1796, and will, therefore, on Monday, have lived during the centuries commencing with the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth. When a young woman she went to Ohio with the family of her father, David Dean, many of whose relatives live in Eastern Pennsylvania. At the age of 26 she became engaged to Samuel King, of McConnellsville, O.

Her father dying shortly afterward, she refused to have the marriage ceremony performed during the life of her mother, who was blind and an invalid. Her mother died in 1861, and she was married to King the following year, 40 years after the beginning of their betrothal. She voted at the last school election, and is in good health. Her husband died 20 years ago.

Body of "Baby" Delaney Found.

The body of "Baby" Delaney, the youngest victim of the Hummel quadruple murder near Montgomery, Nov. 16th, was discovered last week buried in a stable, a short distance from the house in which the murder was committed. It was directly underneath the spot where Hummel's horse stood and was covered with stones, dirt and cornstalks. The child's skull had been crushed in by a terrific blow from some blunt instrument.

The Hummel murder was committed on the night of Nov. 16th and one week later the bodies of Mrs. Hummel and her two children were found under a straw stack a mile from the Hummel house. No trace of the other child, a girl about 2 years of age, could be found until Thursday. Hummel is under arrest in Williamsport charged with the crime.

A Good Guess.

A young woman of this city who is somewhat noted for her coquetry was talking a few days ago to one of her numerous beaux.

"Oh," she said, in a most pitiful tone of voice, "nobody loves me."

As she paused for reply the young man said with that tenderness which always appeals to the feminine heart:

"I am quite sure that somebody does love you."

Her face brightened very preceptibly as she said with a great deal of interest:

"I wonder who on earth it can be. Do you know?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "God and your mother."

Mentioned as Usual.

Clara—Did the newspapers notice your papa at the banquet?

Freddie—Yes.

Clara—Well, mamma said she could not see his name in the list.

Freddie—No; but the list ends up with "and others." That means papa. They always mention him that way.

——Abraham Lincoln was a moderately successful lawyer, but his son, Robert T., has received in one case more than his father ever had for legal and official services during his whole life. In the matter of the Pullman estate he pocketed over $425,000. His father had in salary as President slightly over $100,000, and as retainers and from other sources possibly $150,000 more.

——The clergyman's little boy was spending the afternoon with the Bishop's children. "At the rectory" he said, "we've got a hen that lays an egg every day." "Pooh!" said Master Bishop, "my father lays a foundation stone once a week."

Asked to Teach Victoria.

"This is a brand new stitch," said the young woman, holding up a dainty piece of embroidery, "and if you will come some day when we can be all alone I'll teach you how to do it."

"That reminds me of a good story," said her companion. "You know that Queen Victoria is a crank on the subject of needlework and spends much time learning new things in embroidery and crochet work. Well, a few years ago she was spending some time at Wiesbaden, and she used to drive to the bazaar and look at the needlework, while people looked at her and wondered why she would persist in wearing the old, rusty bonnet. One day the young woman who usually waited on her showed her what you just showed to me—a brand new stitch—and was asked to call the next day and teach her majesty how to make it. She was to make a second call to finish the job several days later, but in the meantime was taken ill, and the proprietor of the establishment was beside herself and worried as to how and where she would get a substitute.

"On the day before the appointed time a young girl from a western city in the United States came to the bazaar and saw and admired the piece of needlework and told the saleswoman that it was the first she had seen since she had finished a similar piece.

"'Then you know how to do the stitch?'

"'Certainly,' said the young woman. 'Why?'

"Well, there was a whispered consultation, and then the girl was asked if she would act as substitute the next day and teach the queen. You can imagine that she did not hesitate. She went to the hotel, and, radiant with joy and excitement, told her mother of her good fortune, and, after she had received the congratulations of her friends, her mother shattered all her plans by reminding her that the next day was Saturday and that, as a good Jewess, she could do no sewing on that day. And now the young woman tells the story of how near she came to teaching Queen Victoria a new stitch."—New York Tribune.

Magicians and Cards.

A group of old time sports were telling poker stories a few nights ago, and somebody remarked that the elder Herrmann, the magician, might easily have made a fortune had he turned his attention to gambling.

"I've heard that before," said one of the party, chuckling, "and it always amused me. Why, my dear sir, Alexander Herrmann was one of the poorest poker players that ever drew to a bobtail. He liked a social game and plugged away at it all his life, but he was never anything but a raw amateur. Good poker players are born, and it simply wasn't in him. As far as being able to manipulate the cards was concerned, he couldn't do it, even had he been so disposed, which of course he wasn't. He could perform wonderful tricks, but that class of work is something entirely different from what is called advantage playing. I have known four or five fine sleight of hand performers, and not one of them could do a thing with the deck in an ordinary game. To do successful crooked work in short cards requires not only great dexterity of a kind entirely distinct from stage tricks, but also a peculiar temperament. All the men who became famous for that sort of thing in the old days were of the same general type, and, when I come to think about it, those I knew looked more or less alike. They could perform extraordinary feats, but it required years of practice and setting everything else aside. No professional juggler could spare the time to learn.

"The best proof that Herrmann was unfamiliar with the tricks of the card table is that he was continually being made the victim. He made no secret of the fact that he had been fleeced time and again, and I happen to know personally that he was once swindled out of a considerable amount by one of the oldest and stalest devices known to the fraternity. When the thing was explained to him afterward, he was deeply disgusted, but he had never suspected it at the time."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Headsman of the Tower.

A picturesque official in England is the headsman and executioner of the Tower of London. He makes a unique figure in his costume of the sixteenth century, consisting of long scarlet tunic slashed with black velvet, loose red knickerbockers and red stockings, with rosettes of red, white and blue ribbon at the knees and upon the low shoes.

In days gone by the public were always made aware, by the manner in which the "headsman of the Tower" carried the ax, whether the prisoner, who marched immediately following him in the procession to and from the place of trial, had been sentenced to death or not, for as long as the prisoner had not been convicted or condemned to lose his life the ax pointed forward as it was borne before him by the headsman. But from the very moment that capital punishment had been decreed against him the edge of the ax pointed ominously his way.

Black, but White.

At a recent church dedication the preacher, who was a stranger, followed up his sermon by an earnest appeal for the balance of the money needed to pay for the building.

The collectors went around, and the promises came in. As the subscriptions were, one after another, read a collector announced. "The five Black children, $1." The courteous preacher quickly amended the statement by announcing, "Five little colored children, $1."

Amid an outburst of merriment the pastor hastily explained that the donors were white children of the name of Black.—Short Stories.

Readjustment.

Employer—I'm afraid I cannot accede to your request for an increase of salary, but I'll tell you what I will do—I'll reduce the other clerk's pay to what you get.

Clerk—Oh, thank you, sir! You are very good. It will be just as satisfactory—just as satisfactory.—Boston Transcript.

No Resemblance.

"Woman and cats," said the youthful boarder, "are alike."

"Wrong, young man," said the cheerful idiot. "A woman can't run up a telegraph pole, and a cat can't run up a millinery bill."—Indianapolis Press.

A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet.

Four Mountain Lions.

"Twice in my life, up to five years ago, I had felt my hair crawl," said the prospector, "but, as to its standing on end, I didn't believe such a thing possible. I was knocking about in the mountains of Idaho with a partner when I went out alone one day to pop over some game for the dinner pot. I had gone a mile or more from camp and had descended to the bottom of a ravine to get a drink of water when I turned the top of a fallen tree and ran plump against as pretty a sight as you ever saw. On a grassy spot, in the full blaze of the sun, lay four mountain lions fast asleep. For half a minute I thought them dead, but as I stood staring with my mouth open every one of the four sprang up with a growl. I had a Winchester in my hands, but I could no more have lifted it to my face than I could have uprooted the mountain. The first sensation I had caught me in the ankles. It was a numbness, as if my feet were asleep, and it traveled upward until I stood there like a block of ice. Only my brain was left clear. On top of the numbness came a feeling that I was breaking out with a rash. Then the hair at the back of my neck began to curl and twist and crackle, and a minute later every hair on my head was on end. I had on a soft felt hat, and I am sure that hat was lifted up an inch or two.

"As to the lions, they stood there, head on to me and sniffing and growling and switching their tails, and had I but moved a finger they would have been on me. I didn't move because I couldn't. I don't believe I moved an eyelash for three minutes. By and by one of the beasts dropped his tail and whined. My unexpected presence and queer appearance mystified him. His actions were followed by another, and ten seconds later the four made a sneak down the ravine, growling and whining as they went. They had been gone a minute before I felt my blood circulating again, and perhaps it was another minuate before I could move about. Then I found my hat on the ground at my feet. There wasn't a breath of wind down there, and if my hair didn't lift that hat off my head how did it leave it? I know the hat was pushed off. I know it, because when I got back to camp my hair hadn't yet flattened down, and when my chum rubbed his hand over my head there was a crackling as of a rabbit running through the dry brush. This state of things continued for two days, and the way I finally got the scare out of the hair was to rub on about a pint of coon's fat and heat it at the camp fire."—New York Sun.

Boarded His Craft.

Through negotiations conducted between an eastern attorney and a local real estate man, one of the old school captains, who had sailed the waters salt and fresh, purchased a pretty residence in the northern part of the city. He happened to come on while the agent was superintending some improvements to the property.

"Ahoy!" hailed the captain as he hove in sight. "That's her, hey? And a tidy lookin craft she is. Good holdin ground, too, for the man as would cast anchor to stay till final orders. Pardon, sir, for not firin a salute and dippin the ensign, sir. We'll crack a bottle over the capstan, me hearty, and then the rules has got to be observed, sir, for even an old hulk like meself is liable to take a consort."

Naturally enough, the agent thought the captain was drunk and was indiscreet enough to say so.

"What!" shouted the authorized invader. "Won't let me pass? Order me to veil me topsails! Run athwart my hawser, will you? Blither me optics if I hain't tempted to run you down, you Fourth of July cockboat and tootin a landlubber's horn."

"Move on, now."

"Move on? Me! With the admiral's permit in me pocket? Me! Move on for a soft shell picaroon and without firin a broadside? I'll board me craft if I have to shoot all yer standin riggin away. I'd like to have the teachin of you on a year's cruise, you chicken gaited swab, with a thinker as foggy as the banks of Newfoundland. Clew up, now, for I have the orders," and he dramatically produced the deeds.

"I throwed the grapplin hooks without a blow struck," tells the captain, "and the agent made his proper excuses for not understandin English."—Detroit Free Press.

A Close Call.

They were a pair of colored whitewashers, standing on the street corner and talking about hard times, when a white man stepped up, bent over and felt around their heels and presently rose up with three $10 goldpieces in his hand.

"I dropped 'em here an hour or so ago," he explained as he jingled them under their chins and walked off. The two men looked at each other for a long time, and then one observed:

"Rastus, deir hain't no luck in dis world fur us fur shure. We was walkin right on dat gold and didn't know it!"

"Reckon it's de doin's of de Lawd," humbly replied the other. "If we'd 'a' found dat money we'd bin so stuck up ober it dat de Lawd would hev had to send de cholera around to take de vanity out of us. It was a cluss call, Brudder Smith—a cluss call!"—New York Sun.

Education.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in a quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs throughout the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.—Selected.

Hindoos and the Ruby.

With the Hindoos of today the ruby is esteemed as a talisman which is never shown willingly to friends and is considered ominous of the worst possible fortune if it should happen to contain black spots. The ancients accredited it with the power of restraining passion and regard it as a safeguard against lightning.

Ruskin's injunction to his servants: "Call me from my study whenever there is a beautiful sunset or any unusual appearance in the sky or landscape."

—— General Fitzhugh Lee says that shortly after he had gone to Cuba he had occasion to use the telephone, and the operator at the central station asked who was talking. "Lee-Fitz hugh (the sponse. "Spell it, please." "F-i-t-z-h-u-g-h L-e-e." "Thank you," said the operator. Then sotto voice, he added: "Plague take these Chinamen!"