

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., August 9, 1901.

MAZY.

"It is so hard to decide," said the visitor in despair, "I suppose I shall have to take all three of your girls, Mrs. O'Daly, that is the only way to settle it."

Four children stood drawn up in a row in the middle of the floor surveyed by Mrs. O'Daly and a member of the board of managers for the Children's Summer Home. The young lady glanced up from her list of names toward the children again, and her eye rested upon the fourth one. She was smaller than the others and thinner; her hair hung straight down, and she had a habit of tossing it back with a motion such as a dog makes when he has been scolded with water.

"Mazy," said the visitor suddenly, "do you want to go to the country, too?" The child's dark eyes flashed; then she hung her head, and with her toe made a few unintelligible marks upon the floor.

"Sure an' she wants ter go!" answered Mrs. O'Daly, "fur its nothin' she's ather talkin' on sence she come back this summer's gone a year; an' her workin' hard she nects it, fur she's warked hard is Mazy, an' she's no riled with a guttle han' O'kin tell yez!—here the speaker nodded meaningly across the street; then to Mazy.

"Speak up pert, an' tell Miss Julia phwat ye want ter do."

The child stooped down to scratch her bare leg. "Yes, I want ter go," she mumbled.

"Very well," said the lady kindly, "but this is the last child I can possibly take; and I will come for you a week from to-day; and Mazy," she added, "but the child had darted into the street and was already past hearing. Pausing only long enough to drag a roll of paper from under the doorstep, she rushed down under the door. Some distance on a shaggy little head was thrust out of a lower window, then a hand waved eagerly.

"She's a lookin' fur me," said Mazy under her breath; "somehow she alluz knows wen I got somethin' fur her. Now, I got somethin' ter tell 'er, too—no, I won't neither, cause she'll wanker go, too."

She stopped before the window. The tiny child crouched in a chair by the window—was the only occupant and almost the only object in the room. She greeted the newcomer with a smile. "Got any news?" she asked.

"Just look a here, Annie, at th' purty picture I brought yez!" Mazy unrolled down beside the little one, Mazy unrolled the paper, disclosing a glaring landscape. "Miss Sally down ter th' saloon give it ter me," she explained, "and I'm givin' it to you 'cause it's all about the country I've been tellin' yer of. See, them's cows what gives us milk, an' them's woods an' grass, an' that's a fence," she said, pointing to the different objects in the picture. "I seen a real cow once when I was at th' country."

Little Annie looked at the picture for some time. "Do th' real country look like this?" she asked at last. "Yes, only it's lots bigger and nicer."

"Big as this?"

"Lots bigger, they couldn't get it all on the picture; oh! it's awful big!"—here Mazy stretched out her arms to their limit.

There was a pause. "I'm agoin'!"—"Goin' where?"

"Nowhere!" said Mazy, in a frightened whisper.

until the day before Little Annie was to start did Mary bring her news. "What for you stay away so long, Mazy?" was the child's reproachful question. "I've been busy," answered Mazy quietly. Then, in the same solemn tone she had used before, "Little Annie, do you know that terneror yer agoin' ter th' country stid o' me?" A pause. Little Annie, will yer lend me th' picture ter look at 'till yer come back?"

The little invalid leaned forward and put her arms around Mazy's neck. And then Mazy with the picture clasped tightly in her hand went home. In the farthest corner of the house she crouched down upon the floor and hid her face, but she did not cry.—Annette B. Hopkins.

Detecting Counterfeits.
Simple Mathematical Calculation a Sure Test.

"Talking of counterfeits put me in mind of one, a notorious rascal, who was caught not long ago in this city while at his nefarious trade," said the ex-Treasurer official. "The paper money this man produced was absolutely perfect in every detail but one thing, and it seems strange that a man of counterfeiting should not have known it."

Here the Treasurer official took a \$1 bill from his pocket. It was new and crisp and he pointed out a diminutive letter C on the right under the bill's number and another down in the other corner.

"Now," he continued, "I don't suppose there are ten men in a hundred outside the Treasury Department who knew that these seemingly unnecessary letters are on United States bills. And even if they had noticed them I am willing to bet that not one of them could tell what they signify."

Handing another bill to the reporter the ex-Treasurer man asked him to read the last four figures. They were 5321. The Treasurer man said, almost instantly, "The letter on that bill is B," which was correct.

Half a dozen other bills were reproduced, and when the Treasurer man was told the last four figures of their numbers he was able to tell with lightning rapidity what letter would be formed on each bill. In each case the letter was either A, B, C or D.

"The explanation is simple," said he. "If you take the last four figures of the number on any bill, no matter what its denomination, and divide them by four you will have a remainder of naught, one, two or three. If the remainder is zero the letter on the bill will be A. If it is 1 the letter will be B. If it is 2 the letter will be C. If it is 3 the letter will be D."

"This is one of the many precautions taken by the Government against counterfeits. You can tell instantly whether a bill is bad or good by making that test. I wouldn't give a 5-cent piece for a \$10 bill, no matter how perfect with the remainder obtained by dividing the last four figures of its number by four."—Washington Star.

Just a Word or Two.
You don't believe in politics do you? No. You want to have nothing to do with it. You don't care to soil your hands with the nefarious trade. It is too mean a business to tamper with.

You are right. The happiest man is the one who doesn't care whether the political machine keeps or not. The man who runs the machine has more trouble and less fun than the boy who storms a hornet's nest in August.

You don't believe in politics. But some day you see the meanest, meanest, sanctiest curmudgeon this side of Constantople, slip up to some position and ride rough shod over good, decent people and you wonder how it was done. Later on you see some innocent party, and perhaps defenseless too, harassed, "bled," pursued by villains that you know should have been translated in childhood.

You wonder how that can be. Later on some straggling friend of yours is swapped in when success seems to be within his reach and that makes you angry. Next the shoe pinches you yourself and then you get mad and go to work.

Then you find plenty of good deserving people about town and you inquire about their health. You try, for the first time in your life, to count your friends so many are surprised to know you have so many.

At election time you quietly ask them to vote for the man you are sure will do what is right. He is elected, easily, and just because you looked after matters instead of keeping out of politics. If you doubt this, try the experiment.

You are right. Politics is a bad business if you let the other fellows have their own way. On the other hand the good politician is the best man in the community.—Carlisle Volunteer.

Germany's Seacoast Sinking.

A Change of Levels Along the North Sea.

The much discussed question whether the coast of the North Sea is in a perpetual state of rising or sinking has just been answered in the latter sense, at least so far as Germany is concerned. The latest levels taken in the district near Hamburg have aroused the keenest interest of geologists and topographers, as in a large number of cases they differ from the accurate record of levels made 50 years ago. The difference is sometimes as much as several meters, one of the most remarkable cases being that of Wilseder Hill, a trigonometrical station of the first class. The measurements here were most accurately computed 50 years ago, and the elevation was then found to be 171 meters. At present it is only 169.25 meters above the sea level. The hill has thus sunk about 1.75 meters in 50 years, a considerable amount when one considers that the other parts of the North Sea coast have sunk only a foot in 100 years.

That the Hamburg district has undergone considerable fluctuations of level in, geologically speaking, quite recent times, is proved by the existence of a diluvial oyster bed on the Krabenberg, near Blankensee, 80 meters above the sea level, and of an extensive mussel bed under Hamburg Harbor, as well as by the marked dip of the strata of hard clay originally horizontal in the Wilseder Mountain near Hamburg. The mussel bed under the Hamburg Harbor was laid bare during the first half of the nineteenth century. It was then lost sight of again for a long time till the new customs buildings were erected, and the dredger brought up immense quantities of soil filled with mussel shells.

To obtain complete information about the changes that have taken place off the coast of the North Sea it would be necessary to ascertain the heights above sea level of a number of prominent points, at shorter intervals of time than half a century.

Teachers Are Scarce.
County Superintendent T. L. Gibson, of Ebersburg, on Friday closed the examination of applicants for certificates to teach in Cambria county. The figures show that since 1897 there has been a remarkable decrease in the number of applicants, the total this year being 927, as against 600 in 1897. There are 360 schools in Cambria county to be supplied with teachers, and if each person holding a provisional certificate were to be elected to a school, there would still be eighty-three vacancies to be filled by teachers holding higher grade certificates than the provisional.

Examinations were held this year at twenty-seven different points in the county. Out of 327 applications, 122 were males and 205 females. Fifty applicants failed, certificates being issued to 277.

Reduced Rates to Emporium Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Meeting Northwest Pennsylvania Volunteer Firemen's Association.

On account of meeting of the Northwest Pennsylvania Volunteer Firemen's Association, to be held at Emporium, Pa., August 14th to 16th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Emporium from all stations on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division and branches, Sunbury to Erie, inclusive, at rate of a single fare for the round trip (minimum rate, 25 cents). These tickets will be sold and good going August 13th and returning until August 17th inclusive.

What He Never Saw
A thoughtful editor having been asked if he had ever seen a baldheaded woman, replied: "No we never did. Nor did we ever see a woman walking around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar between her teeth. We have never seen a woman go fishing with a bottle in her hip pocket, sit on the jump ground all day and go home drunk at night. Nor have we seen a woman yank off her coat and swear she could lick any man in town. God bless her, she ain't built that way."

Business Notice.
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THE WONDERFUL NEW TREATMENT. Kills the Catarrh Microbes as soon as it reaches them. Asthma, Bronchitis and many stomach troubles are caused by the venomous Catarrh germs, and as soon as they are destroyed all other troubles gradually disappear.

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EAR, NOSE, THROAT AND LUNG SCIENTIST.

Anyone suffering from Catarrh of the Head and Throat, or from Bronchial, Lung or Stomach Trouble, or from any other Chronic Disease, may, by applying during the next week, STITES' NEW METHOD, including all necessary medicines, without any charge whatever. Let it be clearly understood that this is given solely to those applying up to and including Aug. 15th, and only for the purpose of demonstrating the superiority of this NEW TREATMENT.

A Well Known Resident of Spring Mills Says he is Being Cured After Thinking His Case Incurable. Dear Dr. the last time I wrote you for medicine I did not feel like saying much about my case. I now write you, to say I received medicine on time. Thank you for promptly sending it. I now believe what you told me the second time I called at your office when you said that you would cure me of that Loathsome Disease, Catarrh. Considering the complications of other ailments I had almost come to the conclusion that mine was one of the incurable ones, but an idea that I took your advice and continued the treatment. The dropping of the mucus in the throat at night has ceased, the buzzing noise in my head is becoming so faint that it is hardly noticeable. I can now breathe freely, and honestly recommend you and your treatment to every one suffering with that dreadful disease (Catarrh). If you so desire, you have my permission to publish this letter. Yours respectfully, GEO. W. DUNKLE, Spring Mills, Pa.

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Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. Schedule in effect May 26th, 1901.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Belleville, 8:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrona 11:10 a. m., at Altoona, 1:00 p. m., at Pittsburg 5:50 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Belleville, 8:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrona, 11:10 a. m., at Altoona, 3:10 p. m., at Pittsburg 6:55 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD. Leave Belleville, 8:53 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 12:30 p. m., at Williamsport, 2:17 p. m., at Harrisburg, 3:55 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6:52 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Belleville, 8:53 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 11:30 a. m., at Montandon, 9:15 p. m., at Harrisburg, 3:17 p. m., at Philadelphia at 10:30 p. m.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R. NORTHWARD. SOUTHWARD. EXPRESS. MAIL. EXPRESS. MAIL.

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