Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 13, 1903.

THE CORNER STORE LOAFER.

On a cracker box sat a lank yahoo,
Sing ho! for the hoo, who, was stuck and gone
On his own sweet self; but his loud bazoo,
As a matter of fact, blew spawn.
He scratched his side quite oft indeed,
And he raised his arm, that the place of need
Might come to the scratch with greater speed,
When he plied his nails thereon.

Tobacco in quids in his left jowl lay,
Sing faugh! for his nibbs, with the lump-jaw cheek!
And they bulged the jaw of the loafer jay,
Till it leaked beneath his beak.
He frescoed the floor of the crossroads store
And painted the stove with tobacco gore,
Till its filth was pat with the shirt he wore,
Which spread a scent like a rotten leek.

His loud bazoo dripped slander and slang,
Sing ho! for the mug full of slumy notes,
That the jayhawk rubbed on the notes he sang,
Of children kids and women goats,
He never cheesed it nor slipped a cog,
For his 'stincts, like those of a Poland hog,
Led the snoozers nose to the nearest bog,
Where he wallowed with kindred shoats.

He had a coarse laugh for his own vile jokes,
Sing ho! for the bloke with the horsy laugh,
That he oft cut loose mid congenial mokes,
Who stood for the riff and the raff.
He shut his mouth at his long pedigree:
Said "his sires were kine of way up in gee,"
And he butted it on the family tree,
In the sense of a well-weaned calf.

A beribbon ed girlie came flipping by,
Sing ra! for the ribbon the girlie flip,
For she smashed him there with her goo-goo eye,
And he "nectered" on her lip.
Soon she coppered onto his cultured talk,
And coussned him onto the grand cakewalk,
Till his cake was dough, and he walked the chalk,
At a very lively clip.

Now he goes to church like a little man,
Sing la! for the maid with the heap hoo doo,
Who dug a jewel from the rough hardpan,
That proved to be a diamond true.
Sing loud for the maid who will call a spade,
By the name it had when it first was made,
And is not afraid of the rust on its blade,
Getting into her eyes goo-goo.

A JAPANESE GENTLEMAN.

He came at a time when spring, like a breath of Florida sweetness, had stolen upon Washington unawares, and given over her parks and circles to a tender luxuriance of bloom.

He came with a stack of letters which demanded for him the consideration of those who are high in the land. He came as a person of importance, of consequence, comes—attended by his tutor, who was English, his courier, who was American, and his two servants, who were Japanese.

He was very careful in his English, very polite in his manner, excessively imperturbable, and unmistakably Japanese.

He came to see what he politely termed the superior excellencies of this superior country; and those of the diplomatic circle to whom his letters were addressed saw to it that the paths which he trod were made smooth before his feet. Together with the tutor, the courier and the servants, they protected him on every side from all that could possibly be injurious to a confiding Japanese gentleman.

But, alas! as the heel of Achilles was vulnerable, so they had left one avenue unprotected, one gate unguarded, being powerless to guard it; and along that unsentineled highway, as sweet and penetrating as the breath of the violets that the little Japanese gentleman soon learned with delight to lay at her feet, came a vision—a vision who, like himself, moved in the diplomatic circle, and who sadly disturbed those innermost depths of calm that had heretofore circled the citadel of his innocent little Japanese heart.

With the luring charm of a Washington April making a background against which her own beauty and charm stood out in a delicate brilliance that fairly rivalled the April, Elinor Almy formed a torch at which Mr. Waunatomo took instant fire.

Because of Mr. Almy's Japanese interests, which were extensive, Mr. Waunatomo found the doors of the Almy's house opened wide to him, and a vista of happiness, brilliant, wide and, to his excited imagination, limitless, extended itself before him with the opening of those doors.

At the first sight of Elinor, so directly opposite in beauty, in manner and in character from all that had heretofore been his ideal of beauty, manner and character, his untutored little Japanese heart experienced a sensation that he found as pleasurable as it was startling and strange; it appeared to turn completely over within his breast.

If any guardian angels are told off to watch over the wandering sons of Japan, then the one whose duty it was to attend Mr. Waunatomo had undoubtedly neglected her office and gone off sight-seeing, without even the kindness to hint to him in warning that caution is indeed the mother of safety!

Mr. Waunatomo was excessively incautious. No thought of flying from the flame which dazzled him appeared to present itself to him. No idea ever wavered across his brain of shaping a backward course which should lead away from the disturber of his peace.

The intention of his estimable Japanese papa had been to have him make an exhaustive American tour; which wish he had been happily prepared to carry out, but the first shock of that old jerky motion in the region of his heart had also blunted the edge of his filial duty.

"Thad Washin'ton is so gread a city," said Mr. Waunatomo, artlessly. "that I inspect *all* those gread United States country if I am staying righd here!"

So, far from flying from the flame, Mr. Waunatomo dared it, as it were, to do its worst. He dined and lunched, and even breakfasted, at the Almys'; he went automobiling with Elinor in the afternoons, he came back with her to five-o'clock tea afterward. He played ping-pong with her with a delightful agility, a certain decorous impetuosity, and ejaculated "Ping!" or "Pong!" in politely triumphant accents at each lucky stroke.

And all the while his little heart kept up its odd gymnastics, not quite so violently as at first, but unalterably.

Elinor Almy herself was by no means unfamiliar with that sensation of the heart which Mr. Waunatomo was undergoing, but she had long ago learned to associate it with the presence of Lieutenant Richard Powers of the U. S. S. *Alaska*, now stationed at Yokohama, and if she was more than ordinarily kind and polite to Mr. Waunatomo her reasons, perhaps, were less connected with filial compliance to Mr. Almy's wishes than from an illogical and inexplicable feeling that the presence of one so lately arrived from Japan brought Yokohama and Lieutenant Richard Powers nearer.

It was a reason too subtly feminine for Mr. Waunatomo to grasp, and, truth to tell, it never occurred to him. He opened his heart and soul to her smile as one of the beloved cherry blossoms of his own land would expand to the warmth and light of the sun, and he was happy—so happy that even in his own flowery Japanese, still less in his painfully particular English, there was no word which could rightly express the rapturous happiness which he felt.

. . . . . .

The lights in the Benedicts' ball-room were shining down upon an assemblage which, from their elevation, must have seemed a mosaic of brilliantly diversified coloring. They shone down gaily upon Mr. Waunatomo, who perhaps was the least self-conscious guest at Mrs. Benedict's masquerade. Being entirely at ease in his Japanese attire, gay with brocade and stiffened with gold as became his rank, he moved, light-hearted, good-natured, among the rest, ceaselessly pursuing his "inspections" of the social customs of "that gread country," which customs he considered it his mission to search out.

Life was rose color, Washington was fairyland, to Mr. Waunatomo, and curiosity led him hither and thither among the dancers like some gay, inquisitive little butterfly. It led him at last to the shade of the palms that screened the fountain at the end of the conservatory—and there, out of sight of the crowd and within the crashing music of the military band faded out by the distance to an echo of itself, Mr. Waunatomo chanced upon Elinor Almy alone.

There come moments when music and lights and gaiety and all the pleasures that the world and fashion can bring count for nothing beside the fact that the person you care for most is on the other side of the world and you can't see him; and no amount of longing that either of you can do can annihilate even one of the miles that lie between you. It is an established fact that these moments come at the most inopportune times, and even the gayest of occasions cannot ward them off.

Such a moment had arrived for Elinor Almy. One turn round the room with Dick Powers seemed just the one thing in the world for which to exchange all your earthly possessions, and each separate mile of the thousands that lay between Yokohama and Washington seemed to lengthen itself out into three and mock her.

She had sent off her escort on some pretext—a plump and jolly toreador in satin is only an irritation to have about when what one *wants* is a big, quiet man in the navy blue with two gold bars on his collar.

Mr. Waunatomo, emerging from the shadow of a tall palm, was smitten by the far-away look on his beloved's face.

"Oh, you most honorably beautiful angel!" he cried. "Do not be sad!"

Elinor looked; it was as if some one had interposed a bright little Japanese fan between her and her thoughts, yet the smile that was struggling to the front delayed long enough for Mr. Waunatomo to take alarm.

"Thad's nod nise for me to say?" he inquired anxiously. "It nod righd to ask an honorable United States angel nod to be sad?"

At that Elinor's smile broke out like a light after a shadow.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Waunatomo," she said. "It was all right, but you were mistaken. I am not sad; I was only thinking."

Mr. Waunatomo beamed; if his angel was not sad, all was right with the world.

"Those honorably beautiful thoughts," he said. "They must be of the fragrance of the most adorable of cherry blossoms. Could one of the very little smallest of those flower thoughts be of me?"

He trembled at his own boldness, but some power outside of himself seemed to be pushing this little Japanese moth on toward the flame that to him shone out beyond all others in the world.

Elinor smiled down at him kindly.

"They are very often of you, Mr. Waunatomo," she said. "We shall all be sorry when you go back to Japan."

"If thad going brings a sorrow feeling to your honorable tender heart, I will nod never go," said Mr. Waunatomo with decision.

"Oh, but you must go back some day, you know," said Elinor. "This is only a visit," and she continued to smile down at him, that vague, kindly smile that was rapidly upsetting the equilibrium of Mr. Waunatomo. He felt it going to his head; yet how could a polite little Japanese gentleman say "Stop smiling at me!" to the adored of his soul, when the adored of his soul was so supremely unconscious of the tumult that raged under the gold and brocade of his costume.

"I shall *nod* go back," said Mr. Waunatomo, unexpectedly, "without my honorably beautiful angel, which superior angel is *you*, goes back with me to my honorably unworthy home!"

He followed this heroic declaration by all the wooing that he had at his command As rapidly as his own flowery language could be turned into the most inaccurate of English, just so rapidly he informed her that she was his most superior "Star of Daylight," his honorably exquisite "Cherry Blosson," whose delicacy and beauty were so augustly superior that he was honorably unable to put them into words. And his love for her! Since the world began there had flowed no river with a tide like that love! It would enfold her as the gold sunshine enfolded the earth. It would lavish upon her every joy which Japan could afford. It would import for her such joys as United States—Washington ladies required for their happiness.

He painted the beauties of Japanese domestic happiness with all the skilfulness of rhetoric. He touched with becoming modesty upon the honorable advantages attaching to the rank of his father. He wove a wonderful brilliant fabric descriptive of the joys that waited for them in the land of his beloved cherry blossoms; and then—the dim edge of a hitherto unknown fear crossed his heart; a fear that something was gone wrong. The silence of his augustly honorable angel brought him for the first time a chilling terror that his dream after all should prove to be only a bubble and break.

The smile had faded from Elinor Almy's face; she put out her hand quickly and laid it gently upon his.

"Ah, *don't*, Mr. Waunatomo," she said "I thought you knew—that every one knew—that I was going to marry Lieut. Powers."

The light died out of Mr. Waunatomo's eyes—to make way for the anguish that filled them. It is a bitter moment when you touch the flame that dazzled your moth-like fancy only to find a scorching pain where you looked for the radiance of delight.

"Thad same Lieutenant Powers thad I meet on your most excellent United States war-ship in Yokohama?" he asked.

Elinor nodded.

For a minute the whole figure of the little Japanese drooped forlornly, as one of his own cherry blossoms might have drooped, but an instinct of chivalry, which flowers, where it flowers at all, without regard to Orient or Occident, pulled him through.

"You have made an honorable excellent choice," he said firmly. "Thad Lieutenant Powers was a most honorably nise man!"

"Honorably nice!" So he was, but it brought another smile to Elinor's lips, and that smile was like another wave of the scorching flame that was so hurtful to Mr. Waunatomo's heart.

"To you it is only funny," he said sadly, "an' to me it is everything los'."

"Oh, *no*," said Elinor swiftly, "not funny. I am sorry—so sorry."

"I am sorry, too," said Mr. Waunatomo naively, and there was something suspiciously like tears in his bright, dark eyes. Then he straightened himself valiantly.

"No," he said. "I am *nod* sorry: I am glad always that I have showed the honorably superior sense to give you my love."

. . . . . .

The toreador in satin, coming back, found Elinor as he had left her, alone under the shadow of the palms, with the military band still crashing out its distant music; but out in the wide, flower-embanked hall a little Japanese gentleman stood aloof from the gaiety, and watched it with eyes for which that brilliant mosaic of color and light had suddenly lost interest.—By Harold Heartt Foley, in *Everybody's Magazine*.

A Strange Ballroom.

Merry Dancers in a Salt Mine Three Hundred Feet Deep.

The strangest ball room yet discovered is that which in the name of charity was opened, for one day only, a few weeks ago.

It was the floor of a salt mine—one of the finest rock salt mines on earth—situated at Northwich, in the very heart of the Cheshire salt fields. The novelty of dancing in a salt mine appealed to great crowds, and people came from all parts of the country eager to participate in so unique an entertainment.

Down 300 feet into the very bowels of the earth plunges the shaft, and the only means of entrance is per bucket express. This bucket, attached to a wire rope, is guaranteed to take three passengers—sometime four, if they be not overburdened with adipose—on each journey, and the trip occupies one minute.

It is a wonderful sight, this salt mine. Normally it is plunged in deepest gloom, but on this occasion its dark recesses were illumined by thousands of candles formed into mottoes of flaming welcome, diamond pointed stars, circles of light and other devices. It is 15 years since the public had the opportunity of seeing the salt mine under such conditions.

He who has been content to explore a coal mine or a Derbyshire cave can form little idea of the marvelous spaciousness of the Baron's Quay rock salt mine at Northwich. Fifty acres in extent, it has been worked for 56 years, and hundreds of thousands of tons of rock salt have been extracted. There are no narrow passages here. You can walk under a roof 30 feet above your head; one of the streets is 100 yards long and 80 feet wide, with a floor of salt—nothing but salt—in which, if you examine closely, the rock dust sparkles and scintieliates like diamonds.

No fear of the roof falling in and burying you, for it is supported at distance of 75 ft by giant pillars of rock salt, each numbered for reference and each 30 feet square. How cool the air is! It is a revelation, and you are the more astonished when your guide informs you that there is neither gas nor fumes; that, though working in salt, the men never thirst; and that the temperature is never below 50 degrees in the bitterest day in winter, and never above 52 degrees in the most boiling day of summer.

Before joining the dancers, who were waltzing to the strains of a military band, let us see something of the workings, for nowhere else in the world is there exactly the like of this. First you are introduced to the stables and told how, when young these splendid horses are hobbled and lowered into these cavernous depths, never while life remains to return to green fields and pastures. Bob, there, has been working in the mine over 30 years, and is wonderfully healthy.

A remarkable fact is that, probably owing to the equability of the temperature, the coats of horses never grew, and never require to be clipped.

Suddenly the mine resounds with a deafening noise, and you are informed that the men are blasting. Picking your way over the somewhat uneven surface, stopping now and again to note the dull flash of a piece of amber salt rock or a square of crystal salt imbedded in a streak of marl, you soon reach the desired haven. Men bared to the waist, are wielding picks and breaking down the saline walls; others armed with long steel rods probe deeply into the rock, their borings being filled with powder, and four or five tons are blown out in a blast. At times the hydraulic saw grinds its way through a ledge with unerring precision and enables the rock getters to hew out more of nature's wealth.

Millions of years have gone to form this deposit of salt, which at this depth represents a solid seam of salt 40 feet in thickness. The workings of the mine pass underneath the River Weaver, but 200 feet below its bed, and it is certainly curious, as you wander about, for instance, the postmen are sorting your letters, or that if you ascend in a straight line you would enter the inner chamber of the local salt chamber of commerce.

And yet nature has been so generous that rock salt is quarried and blasted, sent up on the buckets to the surface and delivered in Belgium at nine shillings a ton.

By the world at large a salt mine is almost invariably confounded, with the domestic salt of commerce. This is natural, but at the same time a great mistake. The white crystals, which form so important a part of the daily life are made from brine. At a depth much nearer the surface than that we have been exploring, is found a thinner layer of rock salt known as the top bed." Over this springs of water pass and naturally become impregnated with the salt until they are fully saturated. This is brine. It is pumped to the surface, turned into open pans—just as the Romans did, for in this department of life invention has been unable to improve things—and boiled As the water is driven away in steam, the salt falls in flakes to the bottom, is raked out, made into lumps or placed into bags, and sent out to fill the world's salt cellars.

——Miss Vere—Why, Mr. Desmond, did you go to the dining-room before you greeted the hostess?

Mr. Desmond—Well, the hostess will keep, but the refreshments seemed to be getting away.

Climate of Alaska.

Varies as Much as That of the United States. Some Parts are Semi-tropical, and Have Winters Without Ice—Mineral Wealth of Territory.

"What would you think if you were in Europe and some one would ask you what the climate of the United States was?" asked Dr. Callb Whitehead, a banker of Nome, Alaska, addressing a representative of the Washington *Star*. "Alaska exceeds in latitude by 5 degrees all the territory of the United States east of the Mississippi river, and it exceeds in longitude all the territory by many more degrees. In geographical area it is about the same as that portion of the United States. Thus there is as much difference in the climate there as there is here between Maine and Florida. Your European friend in assuming that Portland, Me., and Jacksonville, Fla., were in the same belt, possessing the same climatic conditions, would not be as much in error as you would be in asking me what the climate of Alaska was.

"However, information on other subjects concerning Alaska is just as meagre. There has always been a lack of interest in that country on the part of the United States, and many erroneous ideas were caused by the incorrect statements of those who opposed the purchase. While the treaty with Russia formulated by Secretary Seward was signed on the 30th of March, 1867; ratified by the Senate May 28th, proclaimed by the President June 20th and possession under it taken October 18th, payment of the $7,500,000 purchase money was delayed almost a year owing to the failure of the House to make the necessary appropriation. The bill providing for the purchase money was opposed by C. C. and E. C. Washburn, Blaine, Logan, Cullom, Butler, Delano, Morrill and others, and many who voted for it did so under protest. All sorts of ridicule were heaped upon the helpless possession. It was called Grant's ice box. Seward's folly and other like names. The principal argument used was that it was a usurpation of the prerogatives of the House to make a treaty without first asking the House for an appropriation to render it effective. Three or four small garrisons were established at different points after possession was taken, but two years later the number was reduced to two, one at Wrangell and one at Sitka. In 1877 these were withdrawn, and for almost two years there was no form of government there and no protection. For several months in 1878-79 the United States was not represented there by any official, civil or military. In 1884, seventeen years after the transfer, the first semblance of civil government was accorded, and the law giving it deprived the citizens of the more important and valued rights, privileges and immunities of American citizenship. That was the treatment Alaska received up to 1884, and today the laws looking toward the development of the country are conspicuous for their absence.

"Parts of Alaska affected by the Japanese current are semi-tropical, zero is rarely reached in Sitka and there have been winters without ice. The mean actual temperature of Sitka is the same as that of this city, Washington, and the extremes of heat and cold are much less. While the winters of that part of Alaska beyond the influence of the ocean current are excessively cold, the summers are correspondingly warm, affording climatic conditions favorable to the growth of farm and garden products. In all this interior country is tillable land of fine quality, and there is considerable timber. I have seen spruce trees from eight to ten feet in diameter, and there is much pine, hemlock and red and yellow cedar. All the cereals except corn can be grown to perfection, and the yield will be large. Barley, oats and vegetables can be successfully grown. Wild timothy, blue joint and red top grasses grow to a height of from four to six feet, going to seed in the middle of August, and this is a sufficient guarantee that wheat, oats, rye, barley and vegetables can be raised. A dozen varieties of wild fruits insure the success of domestic fruits. Red and black currants, gooseberries, whortleberries, cranberries and strawberries grow wild, the latter attaining great size. The soil will undoubtedly supply food for any population within reason which might find its way to Alaska. Successes have been made in agriculture in Canada and Russia under exactly similar conditions of soil and climate. There is abundant pasturage for cattle and sheep and innumerable streams furnish water. North from Valdez to Eagle a strip of land along the trail has been more or less investigated for thirty miles east and west. The total distance is 453 miles. This area is south of the Yukon, and is in reality about 600 miles wide. It is safe to assume that the soil is about the same and the climate not materially different from that we are familiar with. A fine agricultural country is thus susceptible to development.

Fistic Duel to the Death.

Old Enemies Fought Until One Was Fatally Hurt—Victor Is Pursued and Thirty Spectators are to be Arrested as Accessories.

As the result of a fistic duel, which resulted in the death of one of the participants, the other fighter is being pursued on a charge of homicide, and 30 spectators are to be arrested as accessories.

There has been a feud of long-standing between Wark Ward, of Uniontown, who is connected with coal operations, and Omar Stewart, a nephew of ex-Congressman Stewart. On Saturday the men met and agreed that they should settle their differences in a fist fight. Going to a secluded spot, they began their battle, but before either side was ready to give up, a squad of police appeared, and the combatants were taken before the Burgess, who fined them.

DETERMINED TO FIGHT IT OUT.

Neither of the men were satisfied with the result of their fight, and both were anxious to renew it. They agreed to go outside the town limits and fight without interference. They boarded an electric car, and went about two miles, toward Fairchance, about 30 men from this place accompanying them to witness the combat. They battled long and furiously, in a rude ring, surrounded by the spectators, and clinched and fell a number of times. It was bloody work, and after a half-hour or more Ward was unable to rise. The crowd dispersed and left Ward lying on the ground, and some trainmen helped him to his home at Fairchance.

DEFEATED COMBATANT DIES.

It is claimed by some of the spectators that Stewart kicked Ward in the stomach in the last round. Another claims that Ward fell on a log under his antagonist and this caused his injury. Ward suffered great agony until he died the next morning. The Coroner has ordered an autopsy. Ward was 28 years old, married, and had one child. Stewart fled when he learned that Ward's injuries were dangerous, but sent word from the mountains that he would give himself up.

Jewels at Durbar.

East Indian Chiefs Wore Capes of Diamonds and Ropes of Pearls.

For 2000 years, and who can tell how much longer. India has been absorbing jewels. Rubies, diamonds, pearls, and emeralds have found their way to Hindustan by caravan and sea, while the mines of Burmah and of India itself have contributed their quota. What has become of them? Only an insignificant quantity has found its way out of that country, for once they are acquired by native nobles and rulers they go to the treasure house and seldom see light.

The best opportunity of displaying the priceless accumulation for a generation has been the Delhi durbar. It is safe to say that the ruling chiefs that did homage to the English "Raj" on New Year's Day wore on their clothing the resources of their kingdom. Not only were the turbans, robes, swordknots and scabbards crusted with gems, but the trappings of their very elephants shone with jewels.

Perhaps the Maharajah of Gwalior wore the most splendid collection amid the gorgeous display. His collar of immense emeralds was worn over in England during the coronation festivities, and attracted great admiration. The three bands of magnificent stones composing it are native cut. They made a splendid and glittering show; but if recut in European fashion their brilliancy would be increased tenfold. Indian rulers, however, are a conservative race. The rest of his robes were covered with gold embroidery, set with many smaller emeralds. Many of these jewels have lost much of their value (according to our ideas), from the fact that they have been pierced for convenience in attaching them to the Prince's clothing.

In the case of the Rajah of Baroda, a number of his priceless diamonds have not only been pierced but engraved with texts. "Baroda" wears a collar of strings of large diamonds that might almost be termed a cape. Here and there it is picked out by the glow of a red ruby or the gleam of an emerald or sapphire. In his turban he wears a large tassel of carefully graded pearls, and the top of this wonderful headdress is a mass of variegated gems matching the collar, while great diamonds are set as pendants all around.

Though Sir Pertab Singh, Maharajah of Idar, is a comparatively wealthy man, he is poor compared to some of his compeers. Yet he wears in his turban a jewel that he would not exchange for the collar of Gwalior or the headdress of Boroda. It is a little minature of Queen Victoria set in the midst of a circle of brilliants and was presented to the gallant Sikh chief by her Majesty herself, and he is never seen without it. No Rajah sets greater value to the heirlooms that have come down to him for forty generations of forebears than Sir Pertab attaches to this simple gift.

Pearls are the favorite ornaments of the Nizam of Hyderabad, and he has five great ropes of them, which he wears on great occasions, all graded and of inestimable value.

Royal Fantastic Feasts.

Bear Heads on Silver Dishes Set in Hunting Scenes at Bavarian Court.

The recent doings at the court of Prince Leopold, the aged regent of Bavaria, are causing widespread comment, as they show a decided tendency toward the luxury and display of the exotic and electric which has landed recent Bavarian monarchs in lunatic asylums, says a special cable dispatch from Munich, Bavaria, to the New York *World*.

The prince regent's idiosyncrasy is in the direction of the most elaborate and fantastic table decorations and of dishes in extraordinary forms. At the latest court ball supper there was so dazzling an array of artistic conceits that the guests were with difficulty induced to demolish them. Huge lobsters were set in mayonnaise fashioned in models of Moorish buildings, every detail being perfect. The meats were coated with a pearly paste, with the arms and devices of the royal house, with all their numerous quarterings, done in jelly of absolutely correct heraldic colors.

The fish were disguised in intricate Sevres work, designs copied from the most famous masters. Fillets of beef were served on dishes fashioned to resemble the Bavarian public edifices. Numerous wild boar heads, lavishly ornamented, and quarters of deer were on vast silver dishes surrounded by oak leaves and a complete representation of a hunting scene in delicious paste. The ices were were laid flat on silver dishes and arranged to make a portrait of the prince regent.

Distress in Brittany.

Sardine and Potato Failures Have Left 100,000 in Dire Need.

The accounts of the sardine famine and the terrible distress in Bittany, France are heartrending. When it is remembered that not only the fishermen but the working members of their families are deprived of all chance of a livelihood, the magnitude and promptitude of the relief required may be estimated.

The reports of the municipal councils in the western districts declare that their people are literally dying of hunger. It is to be hoped that the urgent appeal of M., de Kerjegu, deputy for the Finistere department, will excite practical sympathy. The appeal states that the number of sufferers is over 100,000. Subscriptions have been opened by several papers, and it is probable that a special representation will be given at the opera to aid the fund.

No similar dearth of sardines has occurred since 1831, and then not to such an extent. The famine is aggravated by the failure of the neighboring potato crops, the potato along the Brittany coast being, as in the west of Ireland, the chief item of nutrition.

M. Delesclues, the Mayor of Douarnez, gives a touching account of the shame-faced way in which the Breton fishermen and their wives linger on until, for their children's sake, they are driven to seek relief. The families are larger than in any other part of France, the fear of numerous offspring being lessened by the fact that they all help to keep the home going.

Farmer's Novel Contract.

Joseph Market, eighty years of age, a prosperous farmer, said to be worth $100,000, has been married to Miss May Davis, aged twenty-five years, says a Marion (Ind.) special to the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. Market was a widower with four children. He did not wish to marry a woman who wanted him only for his estate, and to insure himself good treatment he made a contract with the young woman setting forth that she is not to get any of his estate at death, but is to receive $5,000 a year as long as she takes good care of him and keeps him alive.

——Subcribe for the WATCHMAN.

Our Late Presidents.

Many Interesting Incidents in the Lives of Rulers of United States.

Ulysses S. Grant was the only graduate of West Point elected President. In fact, Grant, McClellan and Hancock were the only West Pointers ever nominated for the office, writes J. C. Meigham, in the New York *Times*.

The only cabinet office which has been a stepping-stone to the presidency, is that of secretary of state. Six Presidents have come from that nest. They were Jefferson, who was secretary under Washington; Madison under Jefferson; Monroe, under Madison; John Quincy Adams, under Monroe; Van Buren, under Jackson, and Buchanan, under Polk. It may be said, however, that a once Secretary of war (Monroe) became President, but as he had been also secretary of state, as has been mentioned, that war office incident can hardly count for anything.

James Buchanan, that "Old Public French man" as he called himself in one of his messages, was the only confirmed bachelor we have had in the White House. He was so "confirmed" that he was not married before he became President, he did not get married while he was President, as Cleveland did, nor did he abandon his bachelorhood at any time afterward.

Washington, Madison and Polk were the only Presidents who had no children, but Taylor, who was a twice married man—his second marriage taking place when he was President—had thirteen children.

No person, who was at any time speaker of the house of representatives, with one exception, has ever succeeded in reaching the presidential chair, although many speakers have in their day tried hard to get there. Notably among the aspirants were Henry Clay, Samuel J. Randall, James G. Blaine and Thomas B. Reed. The successful exception to the rule was a very ordinary man compared to speakers who failed to win the much coveted prize. It was James K. Polk.

There has been three occupants of the White House who were elected without obtaining even a plurality of the popular vote not to say anything of the majority. They were John Quincy Adams in 1824, Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876, and Benjamin Harrison in 1888. The smallest plurality any candidate elected ever got was 7,018. And that, too, was out of a total vote of 9,209,406. It was Garfield who got that unprecedentedly small plurality in 1880. The Democratic candidate who gave Garfield such a close shave was General Winfield S. Hancock.

Not to go further back than 1824, because the records before that period are fragmentary only, it may be a surprise to many readers to learn that but seven of the twenty Presidents elected since then received a majority of the popular vote; that is to say more votes than the combined votes of all their opponents. Those seven were Jackson in 1828 and 1832, Van Buren, in 1836, William H. Harrison in 1840, Pierce in 1852 Lincoln in 1864, Grant in 1868 and 1872, and McKinley in 1896 and 1900.

Strange to say, Cleveland, who ran three times for President and was elected twice, did not have a majority of either of the two elections when he was victorious. When he defeated Blaine in 1884 he had 62,683 plurality, but he lacked 222,951 votes of a majority. Yet when he was defeated in 1888 he received 98,017 more votes than Harrison; that is to say, 25,334 more votes than when he was elected four years before and yet when he defeated Harrison in 1892 although he had 380,810 plurality, he lacked 945,515 of a majority.

Washington, when he began his second term, made the shortest inaugural address on record. It was about seventeen lines of the average space of a newspaper. There were only 588 words in Lincoln's second inaugural and only 431 in Arthur's. Astonishing as it may seem, it is a fact nevertheless that the personal pronoun I was made use of but once in each of these two last mentioned addresses. While this fact is doubtless an eye opener to a good many, but few people probably are aware that there was one president who at his inauguration made no address at all. That inaugural wonder was Fillmore.

But Cleveland did an unprecedented thing also also at his inauguration. It was not like Fillmore's, however. It almost paralyzed with amazement the oldtimes statemen who were present and who had been present at many other inaugurations. All presidents had hitherto read their addresses from printed copy or written copy, carefully prepared beforehand. Cleveland without a scrap of paper in hand or in sight anywhere, delivered his address from memory. He did the same thing at his second inauguration. None of his successors has ventured to follow his example. It is said that when a friend spoke to Cleveland after his first inauguration about his wonderful memory, the president remarked laughingly: "I never remembered anything which I want to forget.

When McKinley ended his first term of office the Democratic party and the party or parties opposed to it since and including the days of Washington had had possession of the government for precisely the same number of years. The term "Republican" of course covers the two terms of Washington and the one term of John Adams, they both being "Federalist," and the terms of William H. Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, and Fillmore, who were "Whigs."

——The most powerful gun ever built in the United States was successfully tested at Sandy Hook January 16th. This gun cost $110,000. At the test three shots were fired and the New York correspondent of the Chicago *Record Herald* says that these shots "served to fulfill the wonderful accuracy and mathematical calculation of the army experts who had charge of the construction of the gun." This correspondent explains: "The first charge was 550 pounds of smokeless powder, and the velocity of the 2,400, pound projectile when it left the muzzle was 2,003 feet a second. The pressure of the powder in exploding was 25,000 pounds to the square inch. The full charge of 640 pounds of powder was used for the second shot, and the velocity was 2,300 feet a second, or six feet more than calculated. The pressure was 38,000 pounds to the square inch. The elevation of the gun's muzzle for the first and second shots was 1½ degrees and the ranges were 3,000 and 3,500 yards. For the final shot the muzzle was elevated to 4½ degrees, increasing the range to 7,000 yards. The charge was 640 pounds of smokeless powder, and the pressure was 38,500 pounds to the square inch. All the shots ricochetted two or three times on the water, sending up great fountains of sprays."