

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 26, 1906.

#### MAN WITH THE HOE.

Say, how do you hoe your row, old chap? Say, how do you hoe your row? Do you hoe it fair, Do you hoe it square,

Do you hoe it the best you know? Do you cut the weeds, as you ought to do, And leave what's worth while there? The harvest you'll garner depends on you; Are you working it on the square?

Are you killing the noxious weeds, old chap Are you making it straight and clean? Are you going straight, At a hustling gait?

Are you scattering all that's mean? Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill. And dance a step or two, As the row you hoe leads up the hill?

The harvest is up to you You can reap the thing that you ought to

reap ; A pitiful, worthless dole

Or a harvest fair, With a bit to spare For another and wayward soul: The Master who's waiting to garner in Will credit you all you're due; So hoe your row with a song and grin

#### The harvest is up to you. —J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post. THE COMMODORE'S CUP.

Lon Marshall stood in the post-office staring wistfully at the notice, tacked up on the bulletin-board, of the forthe annual regatta of the Squam Yacht Club. The particular thing that caught his eye was the second money prize of fifteen dollars (for sailing-dories, offered by the com-modore. There were other prizes, of course: the much-coveted silver cup, called "The Commodore's Cup," for knock-abouts, pennants for the raceabouts and half-raters, and a first money prize of twenty-five dol-

and a first money prize of twenty-five dol-lars for the fishermen's sloops.

But the one he stared at so longingly was that second prize. For he felt certain that the Wanderer, his sailing-dory, could beat anything in the Cove or up Squam River. The trouble was to get the entrance fee of two dollars. The commodore was a very generous man, as every one in Squam knew; but he believed that it was only fair that the local fishermen should pay to

enter the race. Two dollars, however, stood between Lon and the prize. He shifted his crutch and was about to stump away on it and his one leg, when a familar voice called out cheerily, "Good morning, Lon! What 's the trouble now?"

It was Commodore Black who spoke to him, and at the sound Lon whipped around and said quickly: "Good-morning, sir! I was trying to think of some way to make "Two dollars," echoed his companion.

"What for? Want to see the circus? "No, sir," Lon replied emphatically.

"Isn't lobstering paying this season

"Pretty well, sir; but Alice and Dan have been sick, and it takes all that mother and I can make to pay the doctor's bills and keep them comfortable. That fifteen dollars would come in mighty

handy now."
"Hum!" ejaculated the commodore. n turned away nd walked nn the road. He was cudgeling his brains to think up some plan whereby he might raise the much desired two dollars. He had enough lobsters in the "car" down at the dock to be worth that, if the cottagers would only buy them. But on his rounds that morning very few seemed to want lobsters at

Lon Marshall was fifteen years old, and the loss of his right leg had occurred two years ago before, through his being thrown from a trolley-car. That happened the winter his father died; and as soon as Lon was able to get about on the rough crutch he had made himself, he worked as hard as he could helping his mother in keeping a home for Alice and Dan.

His father had left him a fast sailing-

dory, and, however much Lon was hampered on land by the loss of his leg, he was as good as the next one on board a boat. The villagers took a pride in his ability as a iler; and the cottagers liked him for his chearfulness and the way be worked. But both as a lobsterman and as a sailor he had one very active rival. This was Bob Richards, the post masters's

Lon and his mother discussed the situation while they were eating dinner, and Mrs. Marshall suggested that he should make another tour of the hotels and cottages that afternoon and remind the people that the morrow was "Squam Day," and more lobsters would be needed to feed the crowd of visitors attracted by the boatraces. Lon started out as soon as dinner was over, but before he had reached the first cottage, Mrs. Black, the commodore's wife, called to him from her phaeton.

"Oh, Lon," she cried, as she reined in her horse, "have you any lobsters on

she paid him the amount of his "bill," which was three dollars and a half. Lon ck to the cottage with as near to a run as his one leg would allow.

"Mother," he cried, as he burst into the kitchen, "I 've got it!" And he threw the

"So you have, my boy. But do you really think you ought to go into that race? Isn't it a kind of gambling?" Lon brushed his doubts aside by saying

he guessed 'if it were gambling Commodore Black 'wouldn't put the prize up." Mrs. Marsh all had no argument to advance against that statement, for in Squam everything the commodore did was considered

Lon took the two dollars, went down to the club-house, and entered his dory for "Hope you'll win, Lon," said the stew

ard as he wrote, "Alonzo Marshali, Wanderer, Paid," on the list of entries. "You want to look out for Bob Richards, though. That 'ere dory of his is right smart." "Oh, I think I can beat him, Jim, unless

he outwits me with some surprise. He 's a good sailor, But I 'm not afraid of Bob or

The race was set for the next day, the start being at ten o'clock. But, race, or no race, Lon bad to go out in the bay to night's catch. So he left home before day-

his catch to the "car" in which he kept the piazza. Lon felt a pang of jealousy to- is not on horizontal.

them, and then started to haul the Wanderer up on the beach to give the bottom a scrubbing off. When he had finished this and had overhauled the rigging of his spritsail and jib, it was time to make his way out to the starting-point off the light-

It was a beautiful morning, with just the kind of a breeze Lon liked. It was coming out of the southwest in heavy puffs that were dangerous to a craft not sailed by skilled hands. Lon liked it, not because he was fearless, but because he knew just how hard a blow the Wanderer would stand. And as he knew Bob Richards was nervous on the water, he counted more than ever for this reason on being able to beat him. He knew that when the heavy puffs came tearing across the bay, whip-ping it into foam, Bob would throw the Arrow up in the wind, thus losing headway. Meanwhile the Wanderer would be keeping steadily on her way; even if Lon had to climb out to windward to do it.

That was a part of sailing a race. As Lon ran out to the starting-point where the commodore's schooner lay at anchor, he was startled at catching sight of sailing alone in a cranky little rowboat of her own. It had been converted into a sail-boat by the addition of a centreboard and a spritted the control of t and a spritsail that was much too big for it, Lon thought. But Marion had been brought up around the water, was thoroughme in boats, and could swim; and her uncle allowed her to do pretty much as she pleased with her boat. Her greatest danger, Lon knew, lay in her fearless-ness and ignorance of the faults of her

When the boy first caught sight of her, she was sailing to leeward, running before the wind as Lon was. And, as usually bappens with a cranky craft, Marion's boat was yawing badly, and threatening to roll the boom under. He ran off to leeward of her and then bailed her:

"Ob, Miss Marion, don't you think you are carrying too much sail? It 's blowing pretty fresh to day. It 's coming harder every minute."

"Too much sail?" she shouted back across the water; "not for me. I could n't go to windward without the spirit up. If you don't look out I'll beat you to start.

This was a joke, for Lon was gradually drawing away from her. As he neared the starting-point the thought came into his head to run alongside the schooner and speak to the commodore of the danger Marion was in. But just then the warning-gun for his class sounded, and he went about, hoisted the jib, and began ''jockey-ing' for a good preition with the four other

dories that were entered for the race. The Wanderer stood away from the line for as near two minutes as Lon could count. Then he went about and ran down to the starting-line, with Bob Richards following his every move. The other three dories were having a battle between themselves on the opposite tack, for their owners realized that they were bound to take third place between them if Lon and Bob stayed | time of confession, which precedes the in the race. Much to Lon's disgust, as he neared the line he saw he was ahead of time, and he had to jibe over and make a

ked it down. This was Lon's opportunity, and skill-fully did he take advantage of it. Before they were halfway home on the last leg. the Wanderer was several lengths ahead of

Darcy, who was coming out to meet the racing dories. She was to windward of the Wanderer when Lon saw her, and it made his heart jump to see the way her cranky rowboat was "lying down" under the big sail. Although it was as much as he could do to hold the tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other, he took a turn of the sheet around the tiller for a moment, and with the hand left free waved to her to go

Whether she understood him or not, he did not know; but to his horror he saw her put the tiller up and start to run across the stern of his dory, with the sail of her boat broad off. Then just what he had feared happened. The boat rolled into the water, and as Marion jammed the tiller down to swing up into the wind, a vicious puff came tearing across the bay, caught the water-logged sail, and upset the boat,

throwing Marion down into the sail. Without a moment's besitation. Lou jibed over and ran to where the girl was struggling to free herself from the sail and the sheet. He could see Bob Richards was keeping on his course, and he realized he bad thrown away the race. But he never faltered for a moment. He knew Marion could swim, but be was afraid she would become tangled up in the sail. In that lay

her danger. True as the direction of the wind, he headed the Wanderer for the disabled boat and struggling girl. As soon as he came within hearing-distance he yelled, "Grab "Yes, ma'am," replied Lon. And, to his wonder and delight, she ordered ten from him, to be delivered at once. Then paratively easy to drag her into his dory. Then, while she laughed and talked excitedly, he made her sit down in the tom of his boat, threw his oilskin coat around her shoulders, and after dropping his jib, proceeded to clear the mast and sail away from the overturned craft preparatory to towing it into the harbor.

Meanwhile the launch from the commodore's schooner had been tearing out to the scene of the accident. By the time Lon had Marion's boat ready, the launch was up with them, Commodore Black standing at the wheel in the bow. Just then, across the water came the sound of the gun au-nouncing the fluish. In the midst of the commodore's heartfelt expression of thanks, all Lon was thinking of was the fact that he lost the prize. He refused to accept the offered tow, and heat back into the Cove alone. He had to tell his mother of his failure to win the fifteen dollars.

It was the custom of the Yacht Club to It was the custom of the and the day with a fireworks show, a supper, and the presentation of the prizes, and every one in the village attended the joilification. Although he had no share in the distribution of prizes, Lon stumped down to the club-house at eight o'clock. He was too whole souled a boy tolet his defeat interfere with the night's pleasure. The big parlor was crowded, and he bad to overhaul his lobster. pots and take up his perch himself up in one of the windows at the back of the room with the other village

break the next morning, rowed out to the boys.

"Ledge," and after taking up one set of pots baited and dropped the second set overboard.

Before seven o'clock he had transferred boys.

Standing on the platform by the table, the handsome old commodore gave out the prizes, to the accompaniment of applause from the crowd in the partor and out on the platform the crowd in the partor and out on the platform.

ward Bob Richards when he saw him walk up the aisle to receive the little purse that contained three shining five-dollar gold

He lifted from the table a red flannel bag, from which he drew another silver cup. Old yachtsmen and those near the table recognized at once the cup which the commodore's son (who had fallen in the Spanish War) had won in a hotly contested race nine years before:

"I have one more prize to present," he said, "It is an impromptu one, just as was the act it is to honor. This afternoon, most of us assembled here saw a boy do a very brave thing: he deliberately threw away a race he was about to win in order to save a human life. You all know whom and what I mean-I refer to Alonzo Marshall, and his rescue of my niece." commodore had to stop a moment until the clapping of hauds and stamping of feet ceased. "In giving this cup, that was the prize of one brave boy, to another brave boy, I feel that I am honoring both." Then

As Lon took the cup, the kindly giver leaned down and whispered, "There's something inside it for you, Lon." And while the crowd cheered and clapped and stamped their feet until the walls echoed again, Lon stumped away to show his prize to his mother. At the first electric light he stopped long enough to see what the "something inside" was; and his astonished gaze fell on a check for fifty dollars .-William B. M'Cormick, in St. Nicholas.

Lenten Season Will Open Feb. 28th.

Lent, the penitential season which will be observed by Roman Catholic and Epis-copalians, will begin Wednesday, Feb. 28th, the fortieth day before Easter, which

Maundy Thursday and Good Friday on the 12th and 13th of the month. Holy week

will be properly observed by the Catholics and Episcopalians of this place. Septuagesima Sunday, the third Sunday before Lent and the seventh day—reckoning in round numbers--before Easter, occurs on Feb. 11th, Sexagesima Sunday on Feb. 18th and Quinquagesima Sunday on Feb.

Originally the time extending from Septuagesima Sunday to Ash Wednesday was known and observed as Shrove-tide. Shrove tide means confession time. In the early days of the church the whole period after Septuagesima Sunday seems to have been a time for preparation for the penitential sea-son of Lent, the chief part of which preparation consisted in receiving the sacra-ment of penance—in being "shriven," or confessing. In the modern discipline of the Roman Catholic church a trace of this is still preserved, as in many countries the

track away from it. Bob just caught the days were sometimes called Fasting-tide. gun-fire at the proper time, which gave or Fast mass, although the practice of him the advantage at the start.

"shriving" in which it had its origin, was The course was a triangular one, three miles to a leg. On the first and second legs Bob managed to keep ahead of Lon's boat; but on the third one, as the puffs were growing stronger with every blast, he began to lose his courage and let his sheet the every few minutes as the scalle strength of the mediaeval church, the faithful upon the eve of Lent were indulged with permission to give themselves up to the amusements and festive celebrations. Thus the tun every few minutes as the squalls struck day preceding Ash Wednesday was a, time for relaxation, and was designated as Shrove

Bob's boat, and going like a steamer. Lon was soaked through with the spray.

Suddenly he again caught sight of Marion other oriental churches.

# In a Nutshell.

Women are not photographed in China. A woman can vote on the Isle of Man. The sense of smell is weaker in the female than the male.

The artificial manufacture of ice dates back to 1783.

Lemons are used for soap in many lemon growing countries. The average cost of clothes in India is a dime a year.

In royal families the princesses marry at about twenty two, the princes at about twenty five.

Doesn't Like to Move.

A most curious and sluggish creature is the tautawa, a nine inch lizard whose home is in New Zealand. This little imitation saurian has the reputation of being the aziest creature ever created. He is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes and has been known to remain in one position perfectly motionless for many months. How the creature manages to exist is a mystery.

# His Own Chair

"Beg pardon," said the garrulous pas senger, "but I think I heard you addressed as professor. Might I inquire what chair you hold?"

"The chair right next to the door," answered the professor. "I run a shop of my own."

# The Proper Caper.

Tom-Here! You've started your note to Borroughs "Dr. Sir." Don't you know that sort of abbreviation is very slovenly? Dick-No, sir. "Dr." is all right in this bought. case. He owes me money.

-Miss Passay-And then, mind you, he asked me if I wouldn't marry the first man who came along.

Miss Snappe—The idea! Don't those obviously unnecessary questions make you weary?

-"Does your husband complain be-"Well, no. He's too busy complaining about the food and the way the children are neglected."

-Nurse-See, charlie, the stork has brought you a nice little brother! Charlie-Yes, that's the way! Just as I'm getting on in the world competition

-Mrs. Askitt-What is a prodigy? Mr. Tellitt-A girl who knows she can-not sing and doesn't attempt it. -A man cannot escape in thought any

more than he can in language from the past and the present.

-She-Is my hat on straight? He-I presume it is on the way you want it.

#### OFFICERS WINE TO AT HAZING

Lieut. Snyder Intimated Naval Fourth Classmen Should Be Disciplined.

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 23 .- For the first time since the present hazing trials began evidence was given before the court martial tending to support the assertion that officers on duty at Annapolis have winked at hazing Midshipman Claude B. Mayo, testifying in his own behalf, swore that Lieutenant C. P. Snyder, the officer in charge of Bancroft Hall last September, had used language which was generally interpreted by the upper classmen to mean that they should discipline the fourth classmen by applying some of the usual hazing methods.

Midshipman H. B. Reibe, of the first class, testified as to the fourth classmen laughing in ranks, and said that Lieutenant Snyder had asked Midshipman Brainard what was the matter with the fourth class, and Brainard replied: "They don't get enough of it." The officer then asked him why, and Brainard said: "We don't get at them

enough.' "That's so," the officer replied, according to the witness, and then there was something said, he thought, about the officer going away after dinner

Mayo then told of the conversation. but he did not remember exactly what was said by the officer about leaving the building, though he received an impression that he would do so, which was strengthened, he said, by the fact that the officer actually did leave the building after dinner. He had then, he said, gone to the rooms of some fourth classmen and had put them on their this year falls on Sunday, April 15th. heads or caused them to do
Palm Sunday this year falls on Feb. 8th; for a very short time each. heads or caused them to do the "16th."

#### FRANCE GIVEN FREE HAND Will Not Violate Monroe Doctrine In

Venezuelan Affair.

Washington, Jan. 22.-Convinced of the sincerity of the assurances received from France regarding her loyalty to the Monroe doctrine and all that it involves, the Washington government has given the Paris government a free hand in the execution of its program for the solution of the Venezuelan problem. The conferences on this phase of the question occurred some time ago, and M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, has final assurance that the efforts of France to obtain diplomatic treatment for her charge d'affaires at Caracas will not be interpreted at Washington as in any way violative of the Monroe doctrine.

The whereabouts of the French ships remains a mystery so for as the officials of the state department and French embassy are concerned, it is stated. It is assumed, however, that they are daily in touch with the ministry of marine at Paris and are awaiting an opportunity to take such action as their instructions may provide for.

# LEAR GIVEN FIVE YEARS

Convicted Bank Wrecker Takes Appeal and Is Released On Bail. Philadelphia, Jan. 20.-Henry Lear was sentenced to five years in the eastern penitentiary by Judge Mc-Pherson in the United States district court. An appeal was at once taken to the United States circuit court of appeals by Silas W. Petit, and the defendant was admitted to bail in the sum of \$10,000 pending the disposition

of the case in the higher court. Lear was convicted last September. after being tried three times, of misapplying funds of the Dovlestown National Bank, of which he was president. He was charged with using \$60. 000 of the bank's money, but his defense was that his transactions were legal, as his actions were well known to the board of directors of the institution.

# WILL BUY CASTO A SHIP

Scheme to Reward Cherokee Hero

Takes Definite Shape. Atlantic City, N. J., Jan. 20 .- At a meeting of business men, members of the board of trade and other interests it was decided to buy if possible the schooner Alberta and present it to Captain Casto, the Cherokee hero, on the night of January 27, when the board of trade will hold its annual banquet. The scheme as adopted is to combine lical funds with those of the Clover Club of Philadelphia and other contributions and make the banquet the occasion to present it. General Miles is to be invited to deliver the presentation speech. The owner, Fred Currie, asks \$6000 for the Alberta, and is not anxious to sell. If he declines what is offered a new boat will be

Hard On ice Harvest. Scranton, Pa., Jan. 23.-The warm weather has caused a cesastion of ice harvesting in the Wayne and Pocono regions. Ice that was nine inches in thickness last Saturday is now less than four inches thick. It is not only too thin to cut, but unsafe to work. If the present south wind continues much longer, the harvesters say, all the ice will disappear from the ponds. The ice houses are only about onethird filled and a famine is a strong possibility.

600 Canaries Suffocated. Philadelphia, Jan. 22.—Six hundred canary birds, the property of E. C. Vahle, a pet stock dealer at 319 Market street, perished from suffocation by smoke during a fire. The feathered warblers had just been imported by

Vahle, and were stored in cages on the second floor of his own building. After the fire Vahle found all of his importation dead except about half a It

#### A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Wednesday, January 17. Benjamin F. Meyers, a wealthy retired business man, dropped dead on

the street at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The Chicago Board of Trade, at their last annual meeting, resolved to construct an imposing new office building. Rev. W. N. Cleveland, brother of former President Grover Cleveland, died of paralysis at Columbus, O., aged 73 years.

Three Japanese counterfeiters have been arrested at Seattle Wash., and hundreds of dollars worth of spurious \$5 and \$10 gold pieces captured.

The body of Daniel Carney, 67 years old, who wandered from St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, at Beverly, N. J., was found in the Delaware river. Thursday, January 18. Dr. Gustavus R. Knabe, known as

the "father of music," died at Knoxville, Tenn., aged 89 years. The National Hardwood Manufacturers' Association have increased the price of hardwoods \$1 to \$2 a thousand

Mrs. Ida Uhl, who was charged with murdering her husband, died at the Athens, O., insane asylum, having

been adjudged insane. Sells & Downs' circus, in winter quarters at Birmingham, Ala., was sold at public auction to C. W. Thompson. of Boston, for \$35,000.

Friday, January 19. Fire at Port Royal, Pa., destroyed four dwelling houses and a store, causing a loss of \$25,000.

The tugboat Andrew Axton was de stroved by fire at Duquesne, Pa., entailing a loss of \$30,000 Two trainmen were killed in a col-

lision of freight rains on the B. & O. railroad near Warren, O. Three men were blown to pieces by an explosion of giant powder in the

Opp mine, near Jacksonville, Ore. Mrs. Elizabeth Aiken, 89 years old a famous purse in the Civil War, and familiarly known as "Aunt Lizzie."

died in Chicago. Saturday, January 20. Former President Bartolome Mitre of the Argentine Republic, died at Buenos Ayres, aged 83 years.

David Cannon, of Seaford, Del., who two weeks ago accidentally shot himself in the foot, died of lockjaw. Fire swept over 40 miles of prairie in Duell county, Neb., destroying two

ranches and damaging 12 others. Loss, Members of the Iowa senate signed a petition for a full pardon for Mrs. Tolla, the New Jersey murderess, now

under sentence to die. A library building nearly a block long, costing \$1,500,000, will be erected in Chicago as a memorial to the late Dr. William R. Harper.

Monday, January 22. Seven men were killed by a snow slide at the mining camp at Alta,

There have been eight deaths so far

al training station at Newport, R. I., from spinal meningitis. For sending objectionable literature through the mails Edward F. Hansen

was sent to jail for a year and fined \$5000 at Chicago. Breaking of the ice while they were crossing Pettipaug pond, in Ivorytown, the date given first above, which forbid Conn., caused the drowning of Harold Norris and Ernest Davidson, each 12

years of age. Because the Maccabees refused to pay Mrs. Charlotte Felix, of Shamokin, Pa., a death benefit, claiming her husband was a suicide, she sued and re-covered a verdict for \$3600.

Tuesday, January 23. The Baltimore chrome works, at Baltimore, Md., was damaged by fire to

the extent of \$50,000. Frederick S. Stedman, the wellknown dog fancier, dropped dead in

Pittsburg of heart trouble. General Robert S. Brown, a prominent retired agriculturist, died at his home at Bethlehem, Pa., aged 88 years. A bill was introduced in the Virginia

legislature to erect a monument to General Fitzhugh Lee in the capitol square at Richmond. Ernest Baker, a negro, was taken from jail at Hopkinsville, Ky., by a mob and hanged for attempted crimi-

# PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS

nal assault on a white woman.

Names of New Ambasadors and Postmasters Sent to Senate. Washington, Jan. 23.—The president

sent the following nominations to the senate: Ambassadors extraordinary and plenipotentiary-Lake E. Wright, Tennesee, to Japan; David E. Thompson.

Nebraska, to Mexico; Lloyd C. Griscom, Pennsylvania, to Brazil. Governor general of the Philippine Islands-Henry Clay Ide, Vermont.

Vice governor of the Philippine Islands-James F. Smith, California. Collector of customs - C. Wesley Thomas, District of Philadelphia, Pa. Postmasters - Maryland-Walter R. Rudy, Mount Airy; William M. Schoolfield, Pocomoke City.

New Jersey-William H. Hamilton, Ocean Grove. Pennsylvania - Joseph H. McClel-

land, New Florence; William H. Morris, Rimersburg; Wallace W. Oberly, Womelsdorf; John C. Chamberlain, Everett; William J. Leahy, Falls Creek; Warren F. Simrell, Hallstead: Robert D. Peck, Lock Haven; George C. Burns, Montrose; Ezra H. Ripple, Scranton.

Virginia -- W. S. Ross, Big Stone Gap; Thomas W. Carter, Orange; Bentley Kern. Winchester.

So They Do.

"Some men are born great." Yes, but gracious, how some of them do shrink! -London Tit-Bits.

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, let there be truth between us forevermore.-Emerson.

#### TAMMANY SOCIETY.

The Origin of the Organization In the Time of Jefferson.

Tammany was the heir of the spirit of the Sons of Liberty of the Revolutionary war. It was kin in some of its purposes at least to those who were then beginning the revolution in France. It was enthusiastic in its support and approval of that revolution. Inded a misty legend has been handed down from generation to generation in the hall that the suggestion came from Jefferson himself, who, called from France to Washington's cabinet, was pained to see that aristocracy, English in its impulse and fostered by the Society of the Cincinnati, was rooting itself so early in our national life. To crush that impulse, at least-to fetter it, Jefferson gave the hint, and Tammany, its tomahawk, stood facing the

and its swad. . Illiam Mooney, an upholsterer, but, like many of the mechanics of that day, keenly interested in politics, suggested that there be brought together in an association those who dreaded the aristocracy and who suspected that the purpose of Hamilton was to force the government into something like a limited monarchy. Mooney found a good many mechanics and merchants who thought as he did, and so a common purpose, the grouping impulse rather than any cunning planning of one man for personal advancement, brought some of the ablest political and personal foes of Hamilton and Jay together, and with some mystery of oaths and ritual, the pipe of peace, the feathered headdress, even the painted face and leathern costume, with wampum for its ornament, these men were bound in one association as the Tammany society, or Columbian order.

#### BURIED LIVING PERSONS.

Horrible Custom of Japanese Prior to Year 646 A. D.

Prior to the year 646 A. D. the Japanese had one of the most horrible burial customs that can be imaginedthat of burying all the immediate friends and retainers of a prince or other person of note in a standing position around the potentate's grave and leaving them in the earth up to their necks to perish of thirst and hunger.

The custom cannot be said to have been general as late as the date given, for the Japanese records prove that in the time of the Emperor Suinin (97-30 B. C.) the burial rites of royal personages were so modified as to partially abolish former cruelties. Speaking of a young brother of Suinin, who died and had his retinue buried standing around his grave, the old record says: "For many days they died not, but wept and cried aloud. At last they died. Dogs and crows assembled and ate off their heads. The emperor's compassion was aroused, and he desired to change the manner of burial. When the empress died, soon after, the mikado inquired of his officers if some thing in the way of a change could not be suggested, and one proposed to make clay figures of men and bury

them as substitutes." That this did not entirely do away with the former custom is proved by an edict issued in the year 646 A. D., the burial of living persons and provided a penalty for further adherence to the awful rite.-St. Louis Republic.

Carlyle's Bluntness.

Thomas Carlyle once took Lord Houghton (Richard Milnes) to task in regard to the proposed pension for Lord Tennyson. "Richard Milnes," said Carlyle, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "when are ye gaun to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" Milnes tried to explain that there were difficulties in the way and that possibly his constituents, who knew nothing about Tennyson, would accuse him of being concerned in a job were he to succeed in getting the desired pension for the poet. "Richard Milnes," replied the sage, "on the day of judgment, when the Lord asks ye why ye didna get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it'll no do to lay the blame on your constituents. It's you that'll be

# A Careful Patient.

damned."

A woman whose throat had troubled her for a long time, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, grew impatient at the slow progress she was making and made complaint to her doctor, who said:

"Madam, I can never cure you of this throat trouble unless you stop talking and give your throat a complete rest.'

"But, doctor," objected his patient, "I'm very careful what I say. I never use harsh language or anything of that kind."

# What Noah Did.

The story is told of a congressman that he once declared in an address to the house, "As Daniel Webster says in his dictionary."

"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague who sat at the next desk. "Noah nothing," replied the speaker. "Noah built the ark."

# Double.

"Apparently you don't admire Miss Skreech."

"No. I don't like her airs." "What airs?"

"Those she sings and those she wears."-Exchange.

#### Cutting. Gaggs-I don't see why everybody calls Miss Keen clever. I think she

is very dull. Waggs-That is very

strange, for I heard she cut you yes-

terday in the street.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry.-Goldsmith,