Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 5, 1907.

THE DRUGGIST AND THE FOOTPAD.

"Hist," cried the stealthy footpad, as he knocked the druggist down;
"Deliver up your wad at once before I crack your crown!
You need not say you have no mun—
I've watched an hour or more, and fifty people passed within,
And then came out your door!"
"Alas, sir," wailed the druggist, as he rose with features pale.
"I pray you, Mr. Footpad, kindly listen to my tale:
Full well I know that people do go in and out my place,
But some come in for postage stamps, and some come in to face
The mirror and adjust their hats, or borrow pen and ink,
And some come in to ask the time and some come in to think.
And some come in to meet their friends, and some their friends do bring
To ask me for an almanac, or else a piece of string.
And some come in to question where a certain car to catch,
While more come in to telephone or ask me for a match;
And some to look up something in the street directo-ree,
And some have nerve enough to try to borrow dough of me.
And some come in to sit and hand out sage advice
On how to run a drug store and treat the people nice.
And some come in to rip me up and some to rip me down
Because I closed at twelve one night when they stayed late in town.
And some come in to tell a joke that I have heard before,
And then because I don't 'haw-haw' they go away dead sore.
And some come in to change a bill and then go out again,
While some come in to warm themselves, or get out of the rain. And some—"
"Enough! Enough!" the robber said, "Yours is an awful calling,
My life of crime has never met a story so appalling.
Forgive that lump upon your head made by my club descending,
And take my purse—I feel condemned to think I came near ending
The life of one whose only work is every one befriending!"

—Rawling's Drug News.

A CHILD'S VOICE.

The baby got in at Madison Square. Not alone, of course, but carried by an impassive German nurse, whose cap was rampant with starch. The baby was dressed daintily and fine, as a little lady should be, and the people in the car looked up and smiled unconsciously.

That started it! For there is not a doubt in my mind that the baby saw the smile, and realized with what little effort she could capture all hearts.

With the true spirit of conquest, she set to work with her blandishments. She covered her tiny face with two little white-mittened hands, then slowly allowed her blue eyes to peek from over them. The eyes were sparkling with the joy of life, and knotted in the corners with a child's laughter-wrinkles.

This was all for the benefit of the old gentleman on her right, who quickly capitulated and turned sideways to obtain a better view of her. He noded his head, Chinese fashion, and smiled crookedly, as if he hoped the other passengers would not see him.

At this, the baby clapped her hands and laughed openly. Sure of her triumph she wriggled about on the nurse's lap until she got a good look at her neighbor on the left. He also was an elderly man. At first he would have none of her! He drew out a newspaper and began to read, but the baby made a lunge at it and brought away a fist full of Wall Street news.

There was some smothered laughter at this, and the second old gentleman folded the paper viciously and put it in his pocket. The baby thought that rather a nice game and tried to imitate him, but if she had a pocket she failed to find it, and with a bewitching little gesture she offered her neighbor his tattered Wall Street items,—possibly because she did not know what to do with them. But that is an ulterior thought! We will try to believe that it was in reparation for having torn his paper.

Then, for the first time, old gentleman No. 2 took real notice of her. One glance and he, too surrendered. He held out a finger, which was quickly grasped and pumped up and down to the tune of many gurgles.

Meanwhile, the first old gentleman kept up his nodding, and the second old gentleman joined in, and then, before they knew it, they were nodding to each other. The baby extended a hand to each, at which impartiality the other passengers made no further attempt to hide their interest and enjoyment.

Littlefield, who sat opposite the child, found her more fascinating than the top of his cane which, up to this time, he had been contemplating in an absorbed way. Now he caught himself almost wishing she would flirt with *him*. The conductor next claimed the little one's attention. Littlefield laughed outright at the wonder which grew in her eyes as the burly fellow distributed his transfers. She looked up into her nurse's face, evidently wondering why the woman did not take one, but the nurse kept her gaze fixed upon the windows before her, no shade of expression of humanity lighting her features. If, inwardly, she loathed the notoriety which her young charge courted she gave no sign.

Suddenly the baby, bending forward, beamed upon the entire car full of people, gathered up the Wall Street scraps which lay scattered on the nurse's knees and, with a charming twinkle, bestowed several pieces on those nearest her.

The old gentlemen each gravely took one, then, catching a mute invitation in Littlefield's eyes, the child held out to him also of her own private transfers, which he leaned forward and took with many expressions of thanks.

"That's a great kid!"

Littlefield turned. The man beside him was no less interested than he.

"Yes," he said.

"Don't know as I ever see one to beat her!"

The man was evidently not a New Yorker. He might have come from anywhere else, west, south, east. His weather-beaten face had a droll expression, but a gentleness seemed to breathe from his big, uncouth frame.

"She appears to have put everyone in a good humor," said Littlefield, in a friendly way.

"What's your name, baby?" asked the big man, leaning forward.

"Yah—Yah!"

The baby said this with a wink, as if she wanted him to know that what she told him was not quite the truth.

"It sounds Persian," laughed Littlefield.

"Or Navajo," put in the stranger.

Littlefield looked up quickly. Like all good newspaper men, he was ever on the trail of an odd character or the germ of a story.

"You come from the Southwest?" he asked.

"Round there," answered the other carefully.

"Is this your first trip East?" Littlefield put it boldly, as though there were no chance of the older man taking offence at his question.

"Well—yes!" He looked Littlefield over rapidly, and seemed satisfied. "Will you tell me," he added, "what you New Yorkers do with all the flowers you have? Seems to me, I never see so many in all my life before!"

"It is the great Easter display," said the young man smiling; "the city isn't always so gay as this, but you have happened upon us during one of our holidays. Pretty sight, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered the Westerner, "but what do you do with all the flowers?"

Littlefield thought for an instant.

"Mostly"—he said—"mostly—we—send them to our sweethearts!"

"Will you send some to yours?"

The Westerner put the question with a quaint smile which included the baby, and seemed to say, "We'll enjoy the joke together, kid!"

Littlefield laughed. "I'm married." he said.

The other persisted. "Will you send some to your sweetheart?"

The baby stopped swinging the first old gentleman's watch and listened.

"I told you—," Littlefield began.

"Isn't your wife your sweetheart?"

Littlefield looked over at the child, and something seemed to blur before him. Then the car came suddenly to a stop and the German woman stood up with the baby.

The newspaper man glanced from the windows. They were at Forty-Second Street. He could hardly believe that the youngster had been in the car for a mile. The time had flown.

The two old gentlemen, as if ashamed of their frivolity, shrank in their seats and disdained to take further notice of each other.

"By-by!" sang the baby over the nurse's shoulder.

There was not a person in the car who did not answer the sweet little child voice. Some of them, only in their hearts, but most of them in conscious, stiff tones.

Littlefield merely lifted his hat, then once more held communion with the head of his cane. When, finally pulling himself together, he glanced around the car, he found it singularly empty now that the child had left.

"May I ask," he said to the Westerner, "how much further you are going?"

"Don't know! I'm just riding 'round!"

"Then let us leave together!" Littlefield suggested, and started toward the door. He could hear the stranger following him.

Once out in the street, they swung down Broadway.

"Ain't we just passed here?" asked the older man.

"Yes, but you couldn't see much from the windows."

The street was filled with people, the air rich with Spring warmth, and the wares of the florists, overflowing the shops, straggled gaily out to the very curbs.

"What's the matter, young feller?" asked the big man, suddenly,—"did the kid 'loco' you?"

"Not exactly," said Littlefield.

"Perhaps it was my question about your sweetheart. I ask your pardon if it was, —it was none of my blamed business!"

"What is your business?" asked Littlefield, ignoring the first part of the speech.

"Well, I haven't any business here," said the man. "I came on, God knows why, and I'm going back as quick as scat! The plains ain't in it for loneliness compared with this place!"

"See here!" said Littlefield, with a rapid change of manner, "I'm going to tell you something not a soul in the world knows. You'll think it odd, perhaps, my telling this to a stranger whom I met ten minutes ago in a public car. But the man couldn't have a face like yours if his heart wasn't in the right place, and somehow, that kid has set me thinking!"

"Fire away!" said the Westerner.

"You say you're lonely! Man, you couldn't be as lonely as I if you lived to be a hundred. I have a home,—you might call it that. My wife lives there too, but—we're almost strangers. We haven't spoken in six months, except when we have visitors. We live our lives apart; but under the same roof, and I wonder if you can understand how ghastly that is!"

"It must be the devil!" said the other man simply. "What happened?"

"Well, her sister died. There was a little baby left,—a nice enough one, I suppose, though I have never seen it. It's father was a pretty bad egg, an! disappeared soon after the sister died, and has never come back. I felt sorry for the mother, but I had never liked her. When she died and the father made off, my wife wanted to take the child, but I put my foot down. She has made all her arrangements without consulting me, and I didn't like it. I lost my head this afternoon, when we talked it over, and said some wild things I suppose. I spoke of her sister in a way she grew pretty angry over, and said she should not bring the baby into the house. I said I didn't want her sister's child there, nor—nor anyone else's child!"

The men walked along for a little way in silence.

"It was rough, wasn't it?" asked the stranger.

"Brutal," admitted Littlefield, "but the kid in the car seemed to change something within me. I couldn't help thinking that if the sister's child was like that one, it would make things sort of jolly, or if there was a little one of our own, the world wouldn't be such a beastly lonely place after all."

"You're all right," said the other, kindly, "you're all right." Then he asked, "where is the child?"

"With some aunt or other. I could find out in the directory!"

"Come along then, and find out."

"I know,—but—" began Littlefield.

"Quit your buttin," said the Westerner, "you're on the right trail—stick to it."

"I thought," Littlefield spoke almost bashfully, "I thought I would send my wife some flowers now, and go after the baby tomorrow. It will be Easter, you know, and we can make some attempts at the holiday again."

Without more words, he turned into a large flower shop, and the stranger found himself in the midst of glories such as he had never dreamed of.

"I don't know much about these things, but I suppose you wouldn't object if I were to send her one?"

Littlefield put his hand on the huge shoulder.

"She would like it," he said. "You must know her. Will you come and spend tomorrow with us?"

"I'll see, I'll see!"

Littlefield stood by the table while the salesman put a dozen American Beauty roses into a long box. Then he gave his wife's address.

"Why don't you carry them, and give them to her yourself?" cried the Westerner. "Don't you think that's a pretty fashion? That's the way I used to do."

The big man had such a deep voice, and put all his questions in such a tentative manner!

"Well, yes," assented Littlefield, "only it isn't the custom here."

"Oh, take them! What do you care about custom! It isn't the custom for a man and his wife to live as you have been living."

It seemed absurd to Littlefield that he should be taking this man's advice, and yet there was no reason why he should not,—except on principle.

"You need not send the roses," he said, turning to the salesman, "I'll just take them along with me."

The Westerner having bought a little basket of violets, the two once more went into the street.

It was a silent walk, for the most part that brought them to Littlefield's dwelling. Perhaps in their hearts they were thinking of the simple, childish incident that had brought them together from such distant parts of the land,—one to tell his story of wounded authority, the other to give in a simple way courage to undo the mischief caused by a stormy heart. And the innocent cause of this chance acquaintance, —a mere scrap of a baby, whose tiny voice has prepared a way for peace, had gone serenely on her way without a thought.

Littlefield's home was, from the outside, a pretty little house, with a quiet, elegant air which the stranger seemed dimly to realize as he stood gazing at it.

"Can you find your way tomorrow?" asked Littlefield, one hand on the stone railing of the stoop.

"We'll be glad to see you," he continued, "Rose and I,—and the baby."

The Westerner shook the other's hand with a warmth that surprised Littlefield. "Thank you, thank you, he said, "but you'd better not have any strangers about tomorrow! I'll drop in on my next trip East."

"No," cried Littlefield earnestly, "you must come tomorrow. I want you. Why, it's a holiday, what would you do all by yourself, like a stray cat?"

The stranger shook his head decisively. "I'll be thinking of you and wishing you luck."

"But how will you spend the day?" asked Littlefield, anxious for the big man's welfare.

The stranger grasped his hand again before he finally turned away, and, laughing in his deep, gentle way, he said:

"I know it will be a wild goose chase, but I'm going to try to find the baby we met in the car today. No, I know there's not much chance of my succeeding,—but I'm going to try! Sort of thought I'd like to send her some flowers—seeing it's Easter."—By Claire Wallace Flynn, in the *Delineator*.

A Dry Shampoo.

People who are susceptible to colds, and who fear to wet their hair during the winter months, will find a dry shampoo with orris, in connection with brushing and massage, very effective.

Ten cents' worth of powdered orris is amply sufficient for two shampoos. When ready to retire, and after carefully brushing the hair, apply the orris, rubbing it in well with the finger tips, then put on a cap or tie the head up in a towel and allow it to remain over night. The orris will absorb the oil and dirt from the hair and scalp during the night, and can be brushed out in the morning.

Orris is not only an effective shampoo, but a very agreeable one; imparting a distinct yet dainty evanescent odor to the hair. By its use the head and hair can be kept in a perfectly healthy condition. Frequent airing, brushings, and massagings will add to the beneficial results.

Without Kindling Wood.

According to a recent dispatch New York city is suffering from a kindling wood famine. Grocers all over the city say that they have not seen the woodman for more than three weeks.

The kindling wood is cut from Pennsylvania hemlock and Virginia pine. Dealers in the product say that the severe winter in Pennsylvania and the scarcity of freight cars are among the causes for the shortage. Another reason is that Virginia woodmen are getting better prices for pine in the form of lumber for building purposes and are ignoring the fuel-wood trade.

——Beside their costliness, poultry and poetry have many points of resemblance.

The hen is like the poet, who
Will sit and think for half a day,
Then work a minute, maybe two,
And there, behold, a lovely lay!

The teacher approached one little fellow who was present for the first time, and inquired his name for the purpose of placing it on the roll.

"Well," said the youngster, "they call me Jimmie for short; but my maiden name is James.

——"My wife was rather worried when I left her this morning."

"What was the matter?"

"Well, she had been worrying about something or other yesterday evening, and this morning she couldn't remember what it was."

"Then you have no sympathy for the deserving poor?" asked the person working for charity.

"Me?" replied the rich and great man. "Why, sir, I have nothing but sympathy for them."

——When the boarder passed up his coffee cup for a third helping the landlady icily remarked, "You must be very fond of coffee." To which he replied, "I should think so, from the amount of water I have to drink to get any."

——She: Father consents to our marriage, but he wishes us to wait four years! O, Carlo, don't look like that, you will be still young at that time!

He: My treasure, I was not thinking of myself.

——As long as Father retains any rights at all, he is pretty sure to remove his shoes by the sitting room fire.

Absent-Minded Man.

"I guess I had the most absent-minded man in the world in my chair this morning," said a Seventeenth street barber yesterday. "He came in and sat down near the door to wait his turn. I yelled 'next' at him two or three times when my chair was vacant, but he was dreaming and didn't hear me. Finally I touched him on the shoulder and said I was ready for him.

"'What do you want me to do?' he asked.

"'Why, get in the chair if you want anything,' I replied. 'This is a barber shop.'

"'Oh, yes,' he said, and then he got into the chair. He leaned back so I let the chair down and shaved him. He didn't have a word to say. When I finished him up he got out of the chair and took the check over to the cashier. He paid and started out. When half way through the door he stopped.

"'Say,' he said to me, 'what did you do to me?'

"'I shaved you,' I said.

"'Darn the luck,' he replied. 'I wanted a haircut.' Then he went out scolding."

Scarcely one woman in a thousand really appreciates the influence of her sexual organism over her whole life. It is only the skilled physician who has time and again traced disease back along the delicate nerves to the sensitive womanly organs, who understands how closely related are these organs to every healthy function and attribute of the body. Women who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for diseases of the delicate organs understand the remarkable relief given to overstrung nerves. It cures irritability, hysteria, depression, spasms and various other forms of nervous disease because these originate in a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organs. "Favorite Prescription" is a special remedy for woman's special ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Don't Develop the Mind at the Expense of the Body.

The man or woman who would train the mental faculties without any reference to the physical shows a faulty qualification for the work in which he or she may be engaged. The mind may be ever so well trained and stored with knowledge of the books, but unless there is behind it a reasonably strong body life runs the risk of being a failure; if not that, an existence of pain that serves as a limitation upon its possibilities. It is a species of cruelty to educate the mind at the expense of the body. Better let a child grow up into manhood or womanhood with an inferior education than with a better education of the mind and a body weakened in the effort.

The fact that so many men in this country who have succeeded in business and in professional and public life have been the sons of farmers, whose early life has been spent out of doors, has been a subject of remark. May it not be accounted for on the ground that in their boyhood their physique was developed so that in after life, besides their mental acquirements, they had strong bodies with which to do the work they have so successfully performed? This is not only possible, but very probable.—Knoxville Journal.

A Stolen Trade Secret.

The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply thin sheet iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron. Dip the iron in a bath of boiling tin and remove it enveloped in the silvery metal to a place of cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult of arts. It was discovered in Holland and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried to discover the secret in vain until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin plate manufactory, made himself master of the secret and brought it home.

Women and Jewelry.

"Women know a great deal more about buying jewelry now than they knew twenty-five years ago," said a jeweler. "When I first started in the business a clerk with a persuasive tongue could talk a woman into buying most anything. It wasn't safe for her to step inside a shop unless she had a man along. Now the average woman knows more about jewels than the average man. Of course they can be fooled—anybody can but an expert—but as a rule she buys with a surprising knowledge of value, and her taste in the cutting and setting is excellent."—New York Post.

Brains.

"A man stood on his head twenty minutes in order to win a wager. He died the next day."

"What killed him? Congestion of the brain?"

"No; if he had had any brains he wouldn't have done it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Specified.

"When in trouble," said the eminent lecturer, "refrain from worrying."

"But, doctor," asked a woman in the audience, "how can we?"

"Anyway," replied the lecturer, "refrain from worrying other people."

Worse Still.

She—You'll be glad to learn, dear, that I've got out of visiting our relatives. He—Grand! Splendid! It hung over me like a cloud. How did you manage it? She—Oh, I asked them here!—Life.

Meeting the Situation.

"I wonder if there's anything serious between that tall girl and the little captain?"

"I think there is. She has had the heels of all her shoes lowered."—Fliegende Blatter.

PACIFIC LUMBER RAFTS.

Huge Log Piles That Are as Large as Ocean Steamers.

Nearly as large as the largest transatlantic liners are some of the huge sea rafts by means of which timber is transferred from the Columbia river and Puget sound to San Francisco or southern California. Occasionally these bundles of logs measure 650 feet from end to end and contain as many as 5,000 pieces of timber. To fasten such a raft so that it will withstand the force of the seas to which it is exposed in the trip down the coast no little engineering skill is required. As the cigar shape offers less resistance to the force of the waves than any other, this has been adopted. In order to pile the timber in this form a huge skeleton or shipway is constructed. This is practically a cradle, which is moored in the water adjacent to the boom where the raft timber is confined. By means of a boom derrick the poles and piling are lifted from the boom singly and placed in the proper position in the cradle. They are so adjusted as to overlap each other, the plan followed being somewhat similar to that in laying a brick wall, the end of each stick being placed opposite the center of the one adjacent to it. While to a novice the raft looks as if it were made up of timber thrown in without any order, every pole is carefully placed in position. Sometimes the work of filling the cradle occupies several months.

After completion the raft is wrapped with iron chains lashed around it at intervals ranging from twelve to twenty feet apart. These chains are composed of one and a half inch links, and the ends are toggled together after the chains have been stretched taut by a hand or steam windlass. To prevent the chains from slipping iron staples are driven through the links into the outside poles. In addition to the chains, however, "side lines," as they are called, consisting of wire rope, are stretched around the raft between the chain sections, so that when the wrapping is completed the mass of logs is bound together very securely. When the wrapping is finished, the raft is ready for launching.

In building the raft two two-inch chains are stretched lengthwise from end to end through the center. One of these is bolted to a sort of bulkhead at one end, consisting of a band of iron, which is fitted around the projecting ends of the outer pieces. The other chain is connected at the forward end with the towing hawser and secured inside the raft by lateral chains. To move this unwieldy bulk two powerful steamers are usually employed at sea, one for pulling directly ahead and the other to keep the raft in the right course.—Chicago News.

Pure Salt.

The purity of salt depends upon the source from which it is obtained and the sanitary conditions under which it is prepared for the market. The supply of common salt, the most indispensable of all the seasoning substances both as a relishing condiment and a well nigh universal food preservative, is exhaustless, yet even so there is salt and salt. Formerly salt was obtained by evaporating ocean water, a process that left many impurities in the residuum, to say nothing of its exposure to all kinds of dirt in its shipment from seaports. The Turk's island or rock salt, which is still largely used in pork packing and in the manufacture of ice creams, comes to the United States in holds of vessels continually subjected to dirt and foul odors. Upon its arrival it is again handled, then packed in coarse burlap bags, permitting dust to sift into the salt. In this condition it reaches the consumer. Latterly, however, the product of salt springs has largely taken the lead in this country, not only for table salt, but for meat packing.—London Pictorial Review.

A Magazine of Famous Editors.

One of the most interesting of periodical adventures in the first quarter of the last century was the establishment of the Liberal, a literary journal planned by Lord Byron in Italy conjointly with Shelley and Leigh Hunt, who were then with him there, but to be published in London, with Hunt as editor. The consultation took place at Leghorn a week before Shelley was drowned in the gulf of Spezia. The Liberal was started in the summer of 1822, but only four numbers were issued, the first of these containing Byron's great satire, "The Vision of Judgment," two years before the poet's death. Leigh Hunt had ten years earlier set out on his journalistic career in the Examiner, established by his brother, in which appeared some of his most noteworthy sonnets. His most important writing was in the Indicator, in the Companion and in the Talker, "a daily journal of literature and the stage," lasting during two years and written almost entirely by himself.—H. M. Alden in Harper's.

Chopin's Superstition.

Chopin, unlike most musical geniuses, was a late riser. He practiced so long at the piano, with his back unsupported, that his spine was permanently injured. He never composed except when seated at the piano, and he always had the lights turned out when he was improvising. A public audience unnerved him to such an extent that he could not properly interpret the music before him. Seated in the midst of a small select circle, he easily extemporized and improvised. He "talked" to his piano whenever he was melancholy. He thought more of his manservant and his cat than he did of his intimate friends. Chopin had a superstitious dread of the figure seven and would not live in a house bearing that number or start upon a journey on that date.

MUSIC AND SHORTHAND.

Two Lines of Work That Are Particularly Bad For the Eyes.

A St. Louis oculist, chatting with friends about the ins and outs of his profession, said that there were two lines of work which for professional reasons both the oculist and the optician would be glad to see widely encouraged. One is music, particularly piano playing.

"Have you ever noticed," said he, "that the pianist's head as he sits upright at the piano is generally almost three feet from the music? He reads at long range. This of itself is bad, involving as it does a continual strain upon the eyes. If the pianist only sat still, however, the case would not be so bad, but very few do. In executing difficult passages or extended scales they sway first to one side, then to the other, sometimes a foot in each direction, lean back six inches, then toward the music, all the time keeping their eyes fixed upon the notes, and during all the changes of distance and direction the delicate mechanism of the eye is constantly seeking to adjust itself to the distance so as to obtain the clearest possible image of the notes. The result is, of course, an overstrain, and it is a common thing when the practice hour is over to see the musician rub his eyes and to hear him remark that music is bad for the eyes, anyhow. It is not good, indeed, for, although in ordinary piano sheet music the notes are large enough, the signs of expression are often so small as to cause an effort to see them properly, and, besides, much piano playing, particularly of the standard classics, is done from small size editions, which are to be had at much cheaper rates than sheet music.

"Shorthand work and typewriting are as bad for the eyes in their way as music. Most stenographers write with a medium pencil and in small characters. The dots and dashes are thus hard to decipher and themselves strain the eyes. Then comes the transcription, which is worse. If stenographers would only learn to use a typewriter as a pianist does the keyboard—that, is, to write without looking at the keys—the eye strain would not be so severe, but very few of them acquire this degree of confidence and proficiency, so the focus of the eye is always changing, first reading the notes, then dancing back and forth over the keys, then looking at the typewritten page and repeating these processes all day long until the wonder is not that their eyes are bad, but that they don't go stone blind. If pianists would learn to sit still while they are playing and stenographers would acquire the art of using a typewriter without looking at the keys, the demands on the time of the oculist and the services of the optician would be lessened very materially, but as it is these two classes are a great help both to the specialists and to the man that makes spectacles, furnishing more business than any one would suppose who is not in the profession."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Tombstone Lunch.

The waiter in the indigestion dispensary, towel in hand, gazed with reflective eye at a corpulent victim consuming a midnight repast of lemonade and an egg sandwich and unburdened his speculative mind thus: "If I was a kid again, I'd go to college and learn to be a doctor, even if I did have to work my way through. 'Cause why? Well, there's more money and respectability, to say nothing of peace of mind, in curing dyspepsia than in making it. See what the gent's eating? Well, that ain't a fair sample. Some of 'em comes in here and orders lobster salad and chocolate, and for dessert they pull out a little box and eat a dyspepsia tablet. I used to have a young feller come in every night and eat what he called a tombstone lunch. It was a Welsh rabbit made on mince pie instead of toast. He don't come any more, though. He's dead."—Philadelphia Record.

The Baron's Order.

A worthy Welsh baronet, a member of one of the parliaments of William IV., was asked by one of his constituents who chanced to be in town at the time for an order of admission into the house. With his characteristic disposition to oblige, Sir —— immediately complied with the request and wrote an order in the usual terms and addressed it thus: "To the Door Ceeper of the House of Kommons." The person for whom it was intended discovered the errors in the spelling after he had gone ten or twelve yards from the worthy baronet and, turning back and running up to him, said: "Oh, Sir ——, there is a slight mistake in your order. Two letters have been transposed. You have spelled 'keeper' with a C instead of a K and 'commons' with a K instead of a C." "That's all right," was the answer. "The doorkeeper will see to it. He is sure to know which is which."

Washington's Advice.

Here is a bit of advice given by George Washington on Jan. 15, 1873, to his young nephew, of whom he was very fond:

"Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one and let your hand give in proportion to your purse, remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite. Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than that fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."