Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 27, 1908.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

As a little child they are leading him, For his hair is white and his eyes are dim; As a little child he is whispering low To the phantom friends of long ago; As a little child he is wondering back In fancy over the golden track: In the years that were and the days that fied He is dreaming the dream of the dreamle dead!

As a little child they must humor him, When the hair is white and the eyes are dim. Ah, do not jeer at his peevish ways That try one's patience through dreary days-He's living over the life that he knew In boyhood's valley of gold and blue; As a little child on a mother's breast, His heart is weary; he wants to rest!

As a little child he must have his way, In thought of youth and his dream of play; He has forgotten his time and place And lives in the joy of an olden grace; As a little child in the childheart spell He hears the chime of the fairy bell, And thinks he is young as a boy again In the rosy weather and country lane !

As a little child with his hand in theirs They lead him forth as his fancy fares; His hair is white and his form is bent. And his voice is soft as a sacrament When he calls the names that are on the tomb As if they were sweet in the living bloom; He has forgotten, he does not know He isn't a child in the long ago!

Second childhood they call it: Yea! Old heart grown young in the dream of play, Feeble footstep and palsied hand Are lost in the vision of childhood land! He hardly sees and he seldom hears, But ever the voices of vanished; years Are singing sweet as they sang of old In the gates of youth and the fields of gold!

As a little child he is romping now With friends who slumber beneath the bough: He calls their names and he hears them laugh And he talks to them in his childhood chaff-So sweet, so good, that he does not know They are dust of bloom where the roses grow, And only the shadows of life are there In the violet vales and the country air

Worn and weary and weak and old, He is wandering back to the days of gold. He thinks he is holding the little hand He held in that morning of Other Land: He thinks he is wading the little stream Of silver ripple and golden gleam-With hair grown white and with eyes grown dim As a little child they are leading him! -Baltimore St



[By Charles Frederick Gow.] HE Jenkinses' donkey was a well known in Charlottesville as the schoolteacher, minister or doctor. For twenty years or more it had hauled the family and the family produce in and out of town. There were many who could remember it when young and dapper, but the passing years had altered its age, appearance and disposition very much inless joy. deed. When left in front of the store he did not need to be tied and afforded an effective illustration of the principle of inertia to the master of the village school.

"When a moving body comes to rest."

but it doesn't follow that we have to Casting her eye over the pasture. be shot, does it?" Mrs. Jenkins asked. looking savagely at the back of the hired man, who was limping up and down the room. inside the bars there was an old well "Fodder's scarce," suggested Tom. which had mysteriously gone dry and the oldest son, a thrifty fellow who been covered up by heavy planks. was working his father's farm on

shares. "And you can bet your sweet life that old Jehu hasn't lost his appetite with his teeth," laughed Dan, the second son, a whimsical, happy go lucky youngster of sixteen, who saw the funny side of everything.

"It's a shame to talk so slightingly field. about our dear and faithful friend!" exclaimed the daughter Susle, whose gentle voice was always lifted in behalf of weakness or of suffering. "But he hasn't done a lick of work for six months, and he's got the heaves so that you can hear him breathe a mile away! He keeps me awake nights! I'm for selling him to a peddler!" Dan replied, seizing this promising opportunity to tease his sister. whom he secretly adored.

"I consider that the height of ingratitude!" Susie answered, looking reproachfully at her brother. "Nevertheless, old Jehu is a problem." Father Jenkins said.

"Not as long as there is grass in the meadow or fodder in the stall!" his wife declared in a tone of voice that invariably terminated family disputes and now led her husband to reply: "All right. Emily! If you say keep

him, keep him it is! I reckon he won't live long anyway!" "No! He'll go off in one of his coughing spells or choke on a cornstalk, poor old honker!" Dan declared

ful event in the world, but started down the path to the bars and patted the nose of the ass. With the cantankerousness of old

age, Jehu snapped at the caressing hand, and with the swift impulsiveness of youth Dan slapped him on the jaw "Take care!" called his father's admonishing voice.

"It's the only language he hasn't forgotten!" Dan rejoined. At this moment the bell on the top of a tall pole by the kitchen door began to ring. The "hands" came hurrying from the barn, and the family assembled round the table, loaded with good

things. The serious business of satisfying the clamorous demands of nature put the thought of Jehu out of every mind, but at the conclusion of the meal Dan led the limping donkey down the long lane to the pasture between fences over the rails of which the woodbine was clambering and in whose corner the sumac with its red blossoms and the elderberries with their purple fruit were standing thick.

Letting down the bars, he stuck his thumb into the lean ribs of the donkey and when that resentful creature reared and kicked chuckled with a bound-

"You're spizzerinktum hasn't all Jehu did not reply, but stood with his

hin upon the topmost rail and watchvould say to pupils of

could now wear the abandoned shoes Susle saw that he was gone. Inexand some that they could spend the plicable as this seemed at first, she quickly found the reason why. Just feelings which we try to cover up

from our own eyes as well as those of others, and Mrs. Jenkins, who could With a start of terror, she observed quite as much relieved as all the rest that this covering had been broken through and that in the splinters of tools and the rough interment was be-

the boards were long tufts of Jehu's gun. almost snow white hair. How thoughtful the good old donkey "Help, help!" she screamed, putting seemed to every one! If he had deher pretty hands to her lips and shoutliberately planned to save them trouing to her brothers in a neighboring

"What's the matter?" they inquired. throwing down their hoes and starting on a run.

"Jehu's fallen in the well! Quick! Quick!" she cried. In a few moments the news had traveled all around the farm, and the different members of the family came running from the fields. the barn, the house, to find Susie wringing her hands in helpless grief and little Bobbie howling through his tears, "My Zehoo's-fallen-in-zewell; ze-naughty-ole-well!"

It is one thing to discuss the problem of what to do with an old and faithful servant like the donkey when

he is alive, and it is quite another to stand by a deep well into which he has fallen and where he may be suffering agonies from broken bones.

"'Ere's a pretty 'ow-de-do!" piteously exclaimed the kind hearted Yorkshireman, who that very morning had pro-

posed to shoot him in cold blood. "Who knows how much you are to blame-yourself!" exclaimed the implacable Mrs. Jenkins, wiping her blue eyes with a checked apron whose color

gayly, as if announcing the most cheermatched them to a shade. "Do you think he's dead?" asked Dan in a ghastly whisper, remembering with remorse that his last act had

been one of disrespect, if not unkindness "As a doornail!" Tom sententiously replied. "How deep's the well?" the mother

asked. Some thought it ten and others twen-

ty feet, but all agreed that at Jehu's advanced age even a donkey could not possibly survive so hard a fall. Unquestionably the faithful ass was dead "Strange solution of the problem what to do with Jehu, isn't it?" Mr.

Jenkins asked in a voice whose tone of too affected grief led Mrs. Jenkins to remark: "I do believe you're glad he's dead!" "Oh, no. my dear!" he said, resenting her reproach with a quite sincere an-

ger. "I'm not exactly glad he's dead; but, then, you know, he had to die some time and in some way, and I reckon he found this one 'bout as satisfactory as any. He's been a good mule, and I'm as sorry as anybody. only I'm honest enough to say that he's been saved a lot of suffering, and we've been saved a lot of trouble!"

"Better not preach his funeral sermon till you really know he's dead! reply. Remember 'bout that editorial on burned up yet, eh, old man?" he said. Judge Hancock, don't you?" observed the irrepressible Daniel, referring to a Brooklyn Life. back turned until Dan replaced the newspaper eulogy on the character of bars and went away, when he laid his a distinguished citizen who had in-

"BETTER GET SOME SHOVELS AND BEGIN."

character and accomplishments of the

dead donkey, and never were there

more kind and complimentary tributes

sisted upon defeating the prognostica-

not perfectly succeed in doing so, was other necessary elements is probably when the men came back with the bail for the necessary temperature, the gamut of life being coextensive with the existence of water as such. It is

ble, he could not have arranged the circumstances of his death more conveniently. When the well was dug the to the mass of the body, another of the earth had not been carried off and now lay a collar round its mouth. The sex-

tons simply had to push it back. It was not a very deep well either and would require so little time for filling that everybody lingered to see the last of the obsequies of the poor old ass. The men were strong and spelled each other at the work. Shov- •be about 110 degrees F. Secondly, eiful after shovelful of earth tumbled from the general initial oneness of their into the gaping hole with a dull thud. From the sound of the falling clods it was evident that the grave was nearly filled. Mrs. Jenkins and Susie were turning sadly away when suddenly an exclamation of astonishment burst from the lips of the workmen. They turned and with unbelieving eyes beheld old Jehu rising plainly into view. stamping the falling earth with his

hoofs and making a solid platform upon which he steadily rose in something of the way the poet says that good men do-upon stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things!

For an instant quite a solemn silence brooded over the scene, and then young Daniel voiced a universal thought. "By Jinks," he said, "it's hard to keep a good man down!"

In the single eye of the old jackass who gazed about that circle of mourners whose sorrow had been turned less into joy than amazement. there was a triumphant and some thought a malevolent look which seemed to say plainer than words, "On top again!"

No Come Back.

Switzerland.

the interpreter.

Some of the West Indian islanders in the case of an offender brought be- tle more. fore him.

To his first question as to the nationthe rule."-New York Globe. ality of the accused the interpreter had

answered that the prisoner was from "Switzerland!" said the judge. "And Switzerland has no seacoast, has it?" "No seacoast, your honor," replied

"And no navy, your honor," was the "Very well, then," said the judge, "give him one year at hard labor."-

The Other Reason.

Water and Life. Of all the conditions preparatory to substance of the dead? But these are life the presence of water, composed of oxygen and hydrogen, is at once the most essential and the most worldwide. for if water be present the presence of assured. If water exist, that fact goes

> so consequentially, life being impossible without water. Whatever the planet, this is of necessity true. But the absolute degrees of temperature within which life can exist vary according

ways in which mere size tells. On the earth 212 degrees F. limits the range at the top and 32 degrees F. at the bottom in the case of fresh water, 27 degrees F. in the case of salt. On a smaller planet both limits would be lowered, the top one the most. On Mars the boiling point would probably

constituents a planet that still possesses water will probably retain the other substances that are essential to life-gases, for the reason that water vapor is next to hydrogen and helium the lightest of them all, and solids because their weight would still more conduce to keep them there. Water, indeed, acts as a solution to the whole problem.-Professor Lowell's "The Evolution of Life" in Century Magazine.

Only an Office Boy.

"If you want a ready-to-hand study in the downright cussedness of human nature unwarped," said an insurance agent, "just watch the office boys in your own or any other place of business. In four cases out of five the thing will come out this way: "A new boy is engaged. He is meek and mild, apologetic of bearing and courteous of speech. He is apparently seeking an excuse for daring to make a living. He looks reproachfully at the head office boy, who orders him around in a rough, catch-as-catch-can style. Such rudeness pains him. "Note this boy a little later. His

rude superior has resigned or been dishave learned that when a foreigner missed, and he is now head office boy. misbehaves on their shores it is better Is he meek and mild, apologetic and to suffer in silence than to mete out reproachful? Say, he's a worse young punishment at the risk of a descending ruffian than his predecessor-bullyrags gunboat from the miscreant's native the newcomer, ignores the cuspidor, land. A judge in Haiti, however, re- uses language not fit to print and cently took occasion to pay off old comes dangerously near 'sassing' his scores and to redeem his self respect employer. He knows it all, and a lit-

"There are exceptions. but they prove

A Big Grasshopper.

A geographical expedition which set out for Australia on an exploring and mapmaking tour had engaged a negro cook, who took great interest in everything he saw. While the party was en "And no navy," continued the judge. route a kangaroo broke out of the grass and made for the horizon with prodigious leaps, an event that interested the colored gentleman exceedingly.

"You all have pretty wide meadows hereabouts, I reckon," he said to the

An Artist's Ruse.

Newton's Telescope.

native who was guiding the party. "Not any larger than those of other A Lesson in Grammar

In a certain mountainous region the teachers are appointed with little question concerning their grammatical orthodoxy. Occasionally, however, a wave of school reform sweeps through the valleys, and undesired examinations are thrust upon embarrassed pedagogues.

It was during one of these periods of intellectual discomfort that the following sentence was given: "The bird flew over the house." Accompanying it was the query, "Is 'flew' a regular or an irregular verb?"

One teacher after another shook his head hopelessly despite the slow, thought inspiring fashion in which the examiner repeated the perplexing fact that "The - bird - flew - over - the house.'

Finally a man rose in the rear, and, with the assurance of one who puts his trust in logic and a practical knowledge of natural history, he volunteered a solution. Said he:

"If that bird which fiew over the house was a wild goose, it went in a straight, regular line, so the verb is regular. But if it was a peckwood that flew over the house, then it went in a crooked, zigzag line, and so the verb is irregular."

All but the grammar bound examiner were satisfied with this sensible and rational explanation. - Youth's Companion.

Artistic Slips.

It is a frequent matter of lamentation on the part of artists that one of their number may spend genius and time on a piece of work, only to fail conspicuously in small detail.

There is a story that one Royal academician gave a hand five fingers and a thumb and that another painted a live lobster bright red.

The clever Goodall had been engaged in painting a number of laborers dragging a huge stone across the desert when a man of science entering the studio said to him: "I say, Goodall, if you want those fellows to pull that stone you must double their number. It would require just twice as many for the task."

But it is not modern painters alone who slip up on points of accuracy. Even Albrecht Durer in a scene representing Peter denying Christ painted one of the Roman soldiers in the act of smoking. Turner put a rainbow beside the sun, and in another picture he got fearfully tangled in the ship's rigging .-- Chicago Record-Herald.

Fixing a Photografter.

Senator Stone of Missouri once made himself unpopular with a certain photographer. The latter individual appeared at the senator's room at the capitol and announced that he was there to take a picture. Stone expostulated, but in vain. A few days later the photographer again appeared and presented the pictures and also a bill for \$10. Remembering how hopeless was his argument against having the picture taken, Senator Stone decided it would be still more useless for him to decline to pay for them. So he wrote a check. After the man's name was on



DAN REPLACED THE BARS AND WENT AWAY.

physics, "it remains as inert as the Jenkinses' donkey until some extraneous impulse starts it up again."

The Jenkinses had prospered, owing. all agreed, quite as much to the capabilities of Jehu as to any other member of the family, and they now possessed a team of horses that could travel faster and farther than the patient ass and carry twenty times as much. What to do with this superannuated supernumerary had become the greatest problem of the household, and the hired man, who had just come in from the barn with a couple of Jehu's heel marks upon his person, angrily

proposed that the "doggone beast be "Shot!" cried the sharp voice of Mrs.

Jenkins as if a pistol had suddenly gone off. "I'd like to see it tried!" "Oo soot my Zehoo, and I soot oo!"

exclaimed little Bobby, who loved the donkey as he loved his life. "Poor old Jehu! He's seen his best

days! We'll have to get rid of him somehow." Mr. Jenkins said, taking Bobby in his arms and gazing at the once active and useful donkey, who had now laid his chin across a pair of bars and was gazing retrospectively into the distance.

"And so have some of the rest of us,

tions of the whole medical fraternity ed his youthful master with a meditaand surviving to read his own obittive eye. What his reflections were a uary. man may only guess; but, judging from

"Oh, he's dead all right," Tom asthe expression of his countenance, they serted, "or you'd hear him honk or were a gloomy mixture of skepticism. kick or heave. Listen! There isn't cynicism and despair of life. After he any sound, you see. Old Jehu's done had ruminated for a long time upon for. Better bury him right where he the mysteries of existence Jehu turned away to break his fast. The weather is, hadn't we, father? It's not often that any one so accommodatingly dies had been moist, and the grass in the in his own grave." meadow was succulent. Into its cool "Yes, if you're sure. I wouldn't like

sweetness he dug his aged nozzle and chewed the few shreds which his worn to bury him alive," the farmer answered and kicked a little loose earth and widely scattered teeth could tear away, with mild regrets for vanished into the well, adding after listening a youth. After he had satisfied his apminute: "That settles it! Better get some shovels and begin." petite he looked about. A flock of

sheep were pastured in the field. Some The time consumed by the hired men in going to the barn for tools was profof them were lying down, blinking at the sun and reflectively chewing the itably employed in eulogies upon the

cud. Sidling up to these, one after another, he poked his nose into their ribs and roused them up. Was it a spirit of innocent mischief like Dan's that made him do it or envy of their happiness or restlessness of heart? And why was it that he crept quietly behind a young colt and kicked him in the thigh, lifting up his raucous voice in a loud. triumphant honk as the frightened filly squealed and started down the pasture on a run? Of all the inarticulate and untranslatable sounds of nature that honk was the most startling and mysterious! What was its true significance? An outpouring of joy, sorrow, anger or despair?

Amid the traditions floating around the school vard there was one about old Jehu's honk. The teacher had been accustomed to dismiss the school at the sound of a steam whistle which always blew at noon. One day it blew too soon, she thought, but closed the recitation, opened the door and let out

the eager throng of little people, only to learn that it was the voice of Jehu she had heard!

More than once during the morning Jehu lifted up his deep, incomprehensible and farreaching voice, but had the Jenkins family not been completely absorbed in their tasks they would have noticed that in the afternoon it suddenly assumed a different tone. Not only did it become more frequent, more insistent and more remote but had a plaintive and a pleading quality that had never been heard in it

before. And, worse than this, it finally had ceased to sound at all! But in the multitude of sounds that fell upon the family ears from roosters,

paid to the worth of any creature down cattle, sheep and farm machines Jehu's below the scale of human life. And voice was mingled and lost. When it yet it must be sadly said that there ceased, it was not missed. No one had was still in every breast but Bobbie's bestowed a thought upon the old gray

that pitiless joy that wells up from donkey until Susie and little Bob went living bosoms over open graves. Who hand in hand down the long lane to ever died, man or beast, but the gapdrive the cattle home. ing crowd consoled its sorrows, some "Where's my Zehoo?" asked the with the reflection that they would child, whose sharp eyes detected his

absence from the crowd of living things about the bars. standing room on earth, some that they

A teamster retires at the age of countries," returned the guide most poninety with an accumulation of \$50.- litely. 000. He says he wants and is entitled "Well, there must be mighty power-

to a rest. Some inquirers want to ful high grass roundabouts, heh?" he know how he could have saved so insisted. much on \$12 a week, the highest wages "Not that I know of," replied the

he ever received. The answer is easy. guide. "Why do you ask such odd He got \$2 a day. He lived on 22 cents questions?" a day. He saved the difference. I lived "Why, I'll tell you, boss. I was think-

in New York on 5 cents a day for in' of the mighty uncommon magnitude nearly six months and was in magnifi- of them grasshoppers."-Kansas City cent health. Some people eat to live: Independent. others live to eat. As the old chap on

the ferryboat said to the small boy: "Sonny, why does a pig eat?" "'Cause he's hungry."

"No. There's another reason." "Whut's dat?" "He wants to make a hog of himself."-New York Press.

Sam Weller.

It was Sam Weller who made Dickens famous. "Pickwick Papers" were dlent of first painting bars across the complete failure financially until this unique character was introduced. The press was ail but unanimous in praising Samival as an entirely original studio, to which Roman nobles frecharacter whom none but a great genlus could have created. Dickens received over \$16,000 for "Pickwick Pa- his kinsman. pers." and at the age of twenty-six he

was incomparably the most popular author of his day.-London Standard.

Book Evolution. "Books" have progressed from the days when they were only wooden rods or bits of bark. For the derivation which connects "book" directly with "beech," both having been "boc" in Anglo-Saxon, is the favorite one. "Buchstaben." the German word for letters of the alphabet, means literally "beech staves." Many book words go back to such vegetable origin. The Latin "liber." a book, whence comes our "library." was properly the inner bark or rind of a tree. especially of

papyrus. The Greek "biblon," whence "Bible" and "bibliophile." meant much the same thing. A "codex" was a block of wood, and "leaf" is obvious.

having finished one shoe)-It's 6 sous A Compromise. to clean the other, sir .- Nos Loisirs. A private soldier was taken to the guardroom for being intoxicated. He became excited. "Sergeant, am 1 drunk?" he asked of the "noncom" in charge.

"Yes-take off your boots," was the reply. "But excuse me, sergeant," the de linquent continued, "I am only half

drunk." "Very well, then-take one boot off!" said his superior .- London Scraps.

Peculiarity of Madness.

Who can tell why it is that in madhouses the idea of subordination is very seldom to be found? Bedlam is

now be relieved from a heavy burden inhabited only by kings, poets and of care, some that there would be more philosophers.-Medora Messenger.

the check he wrote the word "Photo grafter."

When tue man presented the check at the senate disbursing office for payment, he was required to indorse the check and write after his name, just as it was written on the face of the check, the word "Photo-grafter."-St. Louis Republic.

A Limit to His Power.

A curious historical anecdote is handed down from the time of James I. James, being in want of £20,000, applied to the corporation for a loan. The A Roman cavalier commissioned a corporation refused. The king insistgreat artist to paint his portrait, no ed. "But, sire, you cannot compel us," definite price being agreed upon. When said the lord mayor. "No," exclaimthe portrait was finished, the painter ed James, "but I'll ruin you and the asked 100 crowns in payment. The city forever. I'll remove my courts of highborn sitter, amazed at the demand, law, my court itself and my parliareturned no more nor dared to send for ment to Winchester or to Oxford and his counterfeit presentment, whereupmake a desert of Westminster, and on the artist hit upon the happy expethen think what will become of you!" portrait, then affixing the doleful leg-"May it please your majesty," replied the lord mayor, "you are at liberty to end. "Imprisoned for debt," and finally placing it in a prominent part of his remove yourself and your courts to wherever you please; but, sire, there will always be one consolation to the quently resorted. Ere long a rich relamerchants of London-your majesty tive came to the rescue and released cannot take the Thames along with you!"

Garrick's Wit.

Newton's telescope is a clumsy look-David Garrick on one occasion passed ing instrument, nine inches in length. Tylurn as a huge crowd was assemtwo inches in aperture and capable of bling to witness the execution of a magnifying thirty-eight times. It was criminal. "Who is he?" asked the entirely made by Newton himself, who great actor of a friend who accompafirst exhibited it before the Royal soclety in 1671, and more than 100 years nied him.

"I believe his name is Vowel." was later his successor in the presidency of the reply. the society laid before George III. Sir

"Ah." said Garrick. "I wonder which William Herschel's scheme for makof the vowels he is, for there are seving a telescope on Newton's plan, to be eral. At all events it is certain that it forty feet in length and four feet in is neither U nor I!"-London Saturday Review.

Quite Natural.

"Of course." said the tourist, "you know all about the antidotes for snake bite?"

"Certainly," replied the explorer. "Well, when a snake bites you what's the thing you do?" "Yell."-Philadelphia Press.

Two Roads.

One of the contemporary poets asks. First Mother (reading letter from son "Where are the bright girls of the at college) - Henry's letters always send me to the dictionary. Second Mother (resignedly) - That's nothing. Jack's always send me to the bank .--Puck.

Source of Supply.

Minister-My dear little boy, why don't you get an umbrella? Jakey-Since pa has quit going to church he never brings home any more umbrellas.-Jewish Ledger.

Where envying is, there is confusion Every misfortune can be subdued and every evil work .- New Testament. with patience.-Socrates.

past?" Our own observation is that some of them are administering cautious doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future. Tender Hearted.

aperture.-Pall Mall Gazette.

Financial Expedient.

Passerby-No, thank you. Shoeblack-

Two sous? Passerby-No. Shoeblack-

For nothing, then? Passerby - All

right, if you like. Shoeblack (after

Kept Busy.

Shoeblack-Shine, sir? Four sous?

