The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

1887.
DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

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	S W	Edward Brown, Jr,
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Howard Boro		A Weber,
Milesburg Boro		A C Witherite,
Millheim Boro		A A Frank,
Centre Hall Boro		D J Meyers,
Philipsburg	1st W	C G Herlinger.
	2d W	Henry Lehman,
	3d W	A J Graham,
Unionville Boro		A J Greist,
Benner twp		Thomas Frazier,
Boggs twp, N P		
do	W P	Milligan Walker,
do	E P	H L Harvey,
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do	W P	Frank Bowersox,
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Snow Shoe W P		Andrew Lucas,
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The Legislative Record, of this State, is the original tramp and sponges its living off the public.

The Democrats of Harrisburg carried that city on Tuesday, and the *Patriot* let's out its roosters.

Philadelphia elected Fitler, the Republican candidate, for mayor, on Tuesday by about 30,000 majority.

A bill has been reported by the judiciary commiitee to make two thirds of a jury sufficient to acquit a convict.

Gay W. Foster, of New York, who beat a number of mills out of flour, was sentenced to six years in New York state prison.

Get two cash names for the Reporter and we will send you the Reporter one year free, and give the new names each three months premium.

The Williamsport *Sun and Banner* came to us last week looking as new and and bright as a new pin. It had a new dress and was newsier than ever. Success to you.

The Democrats defeated by the election of Republicans on our boro ticket by a kicker combination with the Republicans, were of the best material in the party. Tell it around. Democrats who will do this must be down low to the ground.

Centre county has not one cent of interest bearing debt to-day; but it has over $8,000 cash in the treasury and over $27 000 of a balance in its favor —Wm'sport *Bulletin*.

Well, that's from having the right kind of Commissioners and the REPORTER to advocate economy.

A prolonged war between the Italians and Abyssinia is expected, although no notification of a blockade has been given at Massowah. The force commanded by the son of the king fought a sanguinary battle with the Soudanese, near Metemeh, which resulted in a victory for the Abyssinians.

State Treasurer Quay joins Auditor General Niles in denouncing, because of its incompleteness and inequality, the State tax on furniture, pleasure carriages and watches. He shows that from the official tax returns it would appear that there were no pleasure carriages in the counties of Elk. Sullivan and Tioga during the year 1886. Mr. Quay declares that the revenue derived from these sources is comparatively inconsequential and might be dispensed with.

In the lower house at Harrisburg, the act taxing store orders, etc., representing the wages or earnings of an employe came up on second reading. The bill taxes the orders 10 per cent. of the face value, and in case of refusal to pay by any person, firm, partnership, corporation or association, 25 per cent. more shall be levied as a penalty. There was considerable debate over the bill, but the labor men carried their point and passed it on second reading without amendment.

When the bill extending the minimum school term to six months after the first Monday in June, 1887, came up in the House an attempt was made to amend it by providing that in the event of its passage $1,500,000 shall be appropriated by the State to the public schools. This amendment was voted down and the bill went through. The act requiring school directors to pay for the time given to attending the annual county institutes passed second reading.

THE TRADE DOLLAR O. K.

The house on the 12th, by a vote of 174 to 36, passed the trade dollar bill. As passed the bill provides in its first section that for a period of six months after the passage of this act, the trade dollars, if not defaced, mutilated or stamped, shall be received at their face value in payment of all dues to the United States, and shall not again be paid out or in any other manner issued.

Section two provides that during the above period the holder of trade dollars, not mutilated, defaced or stamped, may receive in exchange on presentation of the same at the treasury or sub-treasury a like amount and value, dollar for dollar in standard silver dollars, or in subsidiary silver coins, at the option of the holder.

Mr. Scott (Pa.) favored the passage of the bill and made the closing speech. Mr. Curtin took the broad ground that trade dollars must, in justice and honor, be redeemed by the government. Mr. Randall thought that the principle involved in the bill was one of common honesty. He had lived long enough to get rid of some of his apprehensions as to silver.

CLOUDS ON CLOUDS.

It is evident that the whole of Europe is preparing for a deadly conflict of arms. There is hardly a possibility of peace beyond the spring. One can almost feel the dreadful events before their time, just as a veteran of the line becomes conscious of impending battle. The heavy tramp of troops on the evening preceeding a conflict, the arrangement of the artillery, the ominous distribution of ammunition, the movement of the wagons and the sick to the rear, the marching and counter marching of cavalry, and the hurrying of couriers to and fro, are signs which one acquainted with war cannot mistake.

The Military movements throughout Europe are hardly less significant. In spite of the surveillance over the press and the telegraph and the extreme caution of officials, it is plain to the careful observer that the hour of trial is close at hand. The exact locality of the signal gun whose boom will open the ball is alone in doubt. Our opinion is the sound will first come from eastern Europe. Russia realizes her opportunity, and she rarely lets her opportunity slip.

COLLAPSE OF THE STRIKE.

The New York World, speaking of the great strike, says the great strike which has just ended in a crushing defeat for the laborers has undoubtedly been the most disastrous not only to the workingmen themselves but to the commercial world generally that this city has undergone for years. To the 38,000 men who took part in the strike, either through a desire to secure higher wages or by quitting work to enable their striking brethern to earn more money, the result will undoubtedly curtail great misfortune. For six weeks the majority of them have done no work thus losing the wages which they might have earned in that time, and this in itself must have caused great hardship for them and those who are dependent on them for support, while now they find that their effort has been all for naught, for now it is very probable that the great majority of them will not be able to secure work, as the corporations have now drilled the new men and find that they are able to do the work; and this very fact will make these large employers of labor more dictatorial to the organized workmen, whom they have found they can get along without.

Financially a great loss has been caused to the community. It is estimated by Bradstreet's Agency that the strikers have entailed upon themselves a loss of $1,755,000, which they might have earned. This loss, added to that suffered by the dealers of coal and other supplies, the trade in which has been stopped by the strike, will make a general loss of $5,000,000, while, when the fact that the steamship companies have been compelled to drop most of their business is considered, it is estimated that the total decrease in domestic trade caused by the strike will amount to $25,000,000. And when the end of all this trouble is considered, how vast a price was paid for absolutely nothing.

A TALE OF WOE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

News from the northern parts of the island represents things in a deplorable condition. The Government has already sent thousands of barrels of flour to keep the people from starving, but the supply is altogether inadequate. The most northerly ports are now frozen in, and it is impossible to send supplies there in time to save the people.

It was a most pitiful sight to witness scenes at many places at which the coasting steamer Curlew stopped on the last trip north. Scores of people who had nothing but codfish and hard tack (and very little of that) to subsist upon for months dragged themselves across twenty to fifty miles of barren rocks and wild wastes to where the steamer stopped. They came in hopes of getting supplies of flour, molasses and pork, enough to keep body and soul together during the next three months. But the steamer had no supplies for them, and discouraged, they started to return to their miserable homes to suffer all the pangs of hunger and exhaustion added to rigors of a Newfoundland winter.

Secretary Manning has resigned the treasury port folio to become president of a new bank in New York.

The New York Senate has passed a bill allowing women to vote at the municipal elections.

The trade dollar is at last to be redeemed in payment of dues to the United States or in exchange for standard dollars. There are believed to be about 7,000,000 of them that will be presented. The time of redemption is limited to six months. The trade dollar was originally coined for purpose of foreign trade, and was given a limited legal tender quality in this country, but it was long since deprived of the legal tender quality, and has ceased to serve the purposes for which it was designed. The total number coined was 35,065 924. Of this number 29,004,604 were exported, 1,500,000 were probably taken abroad by Chinese returning to their homes, and 500,000 were remelted at the United States mints. As 2,074,812 are reported by the custom houses to have been brought back into this country, it is estimated by the Director of the Mint that the number at present in this country is about 7,026,732.

It looks as if the strikers were not only struck, but stuck also. In New York the striking longshoremen of the Red Star line and Inman Steamship lines returned on Monday morning in a body to obtain work. They stated their terms which were 50 cents an hour, to Superintendent Brewster who informed them that the companies did not want them at 40 cents an hour nor at 25 cents an hour which they were getting before the strike. The striking freight handlers at the Pennsylvania Company's freight stations also returned to be reinstated this morning. They were informed by the agents that they would not be wanted until orders were received from President Roberts. The striking freight handlers at the Erie yards also made application in a body to be taken back, but they were refused work.

Some of the Boston strikers have got into a bad way. Master Workman Short made an offer on behalf of the strikers of the Cambridge horse railroad to return to work on the old terms, provided the company would take all the old men back. President Cummings refused, saying he would on no condition discharge the new employees. The places of nearly all the strikers, 600 in number, have been filled and cars are running regularly.

A High License bill has been introduced in the Indiana Legislature, providing for a license of $300 a year for a country saloon and $600 for a town or city saloon. One-half of the country license goes into the school fund; the other half is retained for county purposes. In the city and town license permission is granted for a further raise of $200.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on last Thursday: Postmasters—Cyrus A. Eaton, Mifflinburg; George W. Dickey, Houtzdale; Wm. Hummelwright, Lewisburg.

A fine stallion, belonging to Joseph M'Clellan, near Tussyville, died of colic, on last Saturday afternoon. He was offered $300 for the animal a short time ago. We are sorry for our friend M'Clellan in this loss.

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with Phthisic, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from the first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured, and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by all druggists.

WHILE employes of the railroad company were blasting rock to be used as filling along the line of the Columbia & Puget Sound road, they found, thirty feet from the facing and in solid rock, a mass of petrified terredos imbedded in the sandstone. It is stated by old residents on salt water that this is the first instance they ever heard of where the worm has been found petrified.—*Seattle (W. T.) Press.*

Did Not Cut Her Friends.

An Irish gentleman, having received an invitation from a wealthy but not overrefined lady, on arriving was ushered into her presence. She was sitting in the library, surrounded by gorgeously bound books. "You see, Mr. X——," she said, "I never need be lonely; for here I sit surrounded by my best friends." Mr. X—— approached a shelf, and, without replying, took down a volume which he perceived to be uncut, and immediately observed, with a most genial smile: "I am happy to find Mrs. W——, that, unlike the majority of people, you do not cut your friends."

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Queer Experience of a Traveler Who Took Refuge in a Lonely Church.

Some years ago I was traveling on horseback from Richmond toward Williamsburg, along the old stage road, when I was overtaken by a storm, writes Inness Randolph in the Baltimore *American*. It was late in September, and the weather had been delightful; but on this evening it had gathered up with threatenings of an equinoctial tempest, and had turned quite chilly. I pushed on, hoping to make my next stopping-place before the rain began to fall, but by nightfall it became suddenly very dark, and the lightning and thunder were terrific. The first big drops were beginning to fall, and I thought no escape from a long ride in the drenching rain was possible, when a flash of lightning showed me an old ruined church not far from the road. I put my horse into a gallop and reached it just as the rain became violent. There was no door, and I not only entered myself, but led my horse in, hoping to keep him and the saddle dry until the storm had blown over.

The roof was ruinous, and the glare of the lightning shone through. There was no glass in the windows, and it was not easy to find a dry place. Yet, in one corner near the door there was a heap of dry leaves, driven in by the summer winds, and on these I half-reclined, looking out at the storm.

It was a desolate-looking place. In the church-yard the old mossy grave-stones leaned this way and that, and little pools of water began to form in the low places. A plank from the weather-boarding hung down by one nail from the front of the church and clapped with a hollow sound against the wall. A leafless old tree bent over against the house, and with a long skeleton finger tapped mysteriously on the gable and seemed to whisper that it could tell dark things, if it would—hideous, horrible things. I had recently been seriously sick, and my nerves had not recovered their full tone, and somehow the uncanny dreariness of the place was depressing to me. If I had not dreaded the effect of a long ride in wet clothes I would have braved the tempest rather than submitted to the gloom that had already begun to press upon me. The chill blasts of the storm seemed to go to the marrow of my bones. I roused myself and tried to shake off the weird influence of the place; I recited to myself passages from "Tam O'Shanter," and the ride of that devil-may-care hero by the witch-haunted Church of Alloway, and I hummed an old college song to keep my spirits up. Good God, what was that!

A low, shuddering cry, more like terror than pain, thrilled through the darkness of the church. My pulses stood still. I strained my ears listening for the repetition, but no sound came, except the tapping of the bony finger of the old sycamore and the patter of the rain. "Nonsense!" I said to myself; "it was nothing but the wind moaning through some crevice of the old ruin." I knew that my nerves were unstrung, but my courage was not gone.

But my horse was not so easily rebuked. He stood trembling and staring with glassy eyes into the darkness. Horses see in the dark better than men, and my horse saw something that terrified him. I patted his neck and spoke soothingly to him, and he soon became quiet. This companionship with the horse diverted my thoughts from the dreary surroundings and strengthened me. I looked at the gale, now at its fiercest. The lightning was awful. Every one must have noticed how much more intense is the power of vision during a flash of lightning than during an equal time of daylight. It is wonderful how much detail the eye will take in during one of these small fractions of a second. I was reading one of the gravestones. "In Memory of," when from behind another stone, not in the line of vision, I saw or thought I saw, out of the corner of the eye a tall, white figure rise, gibber at me, suddenly stoop down and disappear. In another flash I looked directly at the stone, but there was nothing there. A dumb chill ran through me, I could not resist it. But I scorned myself. It is nothing, I said, but a phantasm created by my excited nerves. The idea of my shuddering at a ghost, I said, is absurd. I shall laugh at it all to-morrow. I have not the slightest belief in disembodied spirits, nor in witches, nor foul fiends, and my fancy shall not play me any pranks.

While I was talking thus to myself, I heard with startling distinctness in the church a passage from an old hymn—

'Tis there we meet the Jesus' feet,
We meet to part no more,

ending with a screech of hideous laughter. No delusion now, certainly. It was a ghastly, diabolical fact—the laugh of an imp, satirizing a Christian hymn, a witch's Sabbath on this equinoctial night. A cold sweat broke out upon me, and I felt a mortal sickness of fear. While I stood transfixed, striving to see into the gloom of the interior, a vivid gleam of lightning shone through the roof and windows, and I saw standing in the pulpit a tall, grizzly woman, with black dishevelled hair and face of livid pale, gesticulating and imitating, with a horrible mockery, the actions of a preacher, and again the hideous laugh rang out, heard above the bellowings of the storm. At this moment my horse, with a snort of terror, broke his bridle and dashed out into the night. I saw his hoofs strike fire from a stone in the path, and the next instant he was lost in the darkness. I was standing a moment irresolute, intending to follow him, when I felt my coat pulled from behind, and, turning, I saw a woman, deadly pale, purple lips, a cut on her forehead, from which dark blood was slowly oozing, who, with long, bony arms, was reaching for my throat and sending forth shrieks that seemed to split the sky. I avoided her clutch and sprang forth into the storm, and her screams followed me as I ran.

"A maniac, of course," I said, when I had placed a distance between myself and the church. "It is the escaped inmate of the Williamsburg Asylum, for whom they have been searching for days." I found my horse sheltered under a roadside tree, and mounted him, wet, but with recovered courage. But it was many long days before my nerves recovered from the shock and strain of that night in the old church.

"How much for two grains of sulphate of zinc?" queried the boy of the druggist. "Twenty-five cents." "But my father is a doctor." "Oh! Well, I must make a hundred per cent. on such things any way. Give me two cents."

AN EQUINE MESSENGER.

How a California Lady Notified a Husband of Their Child's Illness.

A short time ago the child of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Paden, who resides on the Pratt grant, near Chico, was very ill. The parents were much alarmed about it and never left its side if they could help it. One day, however, when the child was sleeping quietly and there appeared to be no immediate danger, relates the Chico (Cal.) *Enterprise*, Mr. Paden concluded to go out in the field, about a mile away from the house, and do some plowing, as the work had been neglected during the illness of the child and had to be done. So he hitched up one of his horses, leaving the other in the stable, and went off to his work.

He had been gone but a short time when the child awoke. The mother, who was watching beside its cradle, fancied that its symptoms were worse and was much alarmed. She decided to summon her husband from the field, fearing that the child might die before his return. But how should she send him word of the danger? She was alone with her sick baby in the house, and could not leave it. Her husband was too far away to hear if she called him, and out of sight so that she could not signal to him. At last she thought of the other horse in the barn. It was usually worked with its mate, which was now in the field with Mr. Paden, and the thought occurred to her that the animal would go to them if she turned it loose.

The plan was worth trying, at any rate, and she could think of no other recourse. So she took a handkerchief and tied it to the horse's halter, and to the handkerchief pinned a note telling her husband to come home at once, as the child was worse. Then she took the animal out of the barn and turned it loose. It stood still a moment, as if uncertain which way to go, and then started off at a canter in the direction of its mate, which had been taken in the field to plow. Within twenty minutes from that time Mr. Padden appeared at the house. The horse had come to him in the field. When he saw it loose he knew that something was wrong and caught it. He then noticed the handkerchief and note, read the latter, and then hurried home at once. Fortunately he found that Mrs. Paden's fears about the child were groundless, and it finally recovered.

WHOLESALE NUPTIALS.

Marriage of a Ship-Load of Slave-Girls to Egyptian Soldiers.

According to a letter from Alexandria to the Chicago *Tribune*, a Turkish slave-ship was captured the other day by an English vessel, and the slaves it contained, consisting of seventy women and ten men, were liberated. The men volunteered into the Egyptian army, but it was more difficult to dispose of the women, as they have no notion of liberty, and if left to themselves would probably have been drafted, without making any resistance, into some Musselman's harem.

Under the treaty concluded between the English Government and the Khedive the importation and exportation of slaves are forbidden; but the detention of slaves in the country is permitted for about six years longer in Egypt, and eleven years in the Soudan. Several officers, accordingly, came to the Pasha of the district with offers to buy some of the female slaves, but the Pasha declared he would not part with them unless they got married.

He then announced that any soldier or civilian wishing to marry one of the slaves would have to pay six thalers for her dowry, but that the women would be allowed to choose their husbands from among those who should present themselves for the purpose. A great number of men, chiefly soldiers, assembled on the day appointed for the selection. The women were so shy that they "huddled together like a flock of sheep," and could not be induced to move.

At last one of them, taking courage, advanced slowly to a black Egyptian sergeant, who was anything but young and handsome, and put her hand on his shoulder as a sign that he was the man she wished to marry. Her example was instantly followed by the other women, who pushed forward to choose their husbands as if they feared to be too late.

It was now the men's turn to say whether they accepted the selection. All were satisfied but five, and even the five women who were consequently obliged to choose again were ultimately provided with husbands.

DIAMOND STEALING.

Feeding Precious Gems to a Greedy Dog and Then Killing the Dog.

Although there is a considerable and clever detective staff on the diamond fields, there are those at Kimberly who can outwit the police, at any rate for a time, and so it happens that such a number of stones is annually stolen as to prove a factor in disturbing the market price, says *Chambers' Journal*. The chances of detection are no doubt great; but the hope of securing a few hundred pounds by a little peculation is so tempting that there are always hundreds of men at "the game." Some of the thieves—that is, the men who steal the stones they are paid for unearthing—display great ingenuity in carrying away the gems. The business of diamond digging is naturally of a rough-and-ready kind, and presents opportunities for fraud which are not available in other industries. When diamond stealing first became a business those interested, suspecting no evil, were easily cheated. Stones were then carried away concealed about the person of the laborers, but as the thefts increased greater precautions were taken to insure the detection of the thieves. Some of the "dodges" which have been resorted to in order to carry diamonds from the diggings have been not a little remarkable. We have only room, however, for a sample or two. Upon one occasion it is related that an ingenious laborer wrapped the stones in a small piece of soft bread, the morsel being greedily snapped by a dog. The dog was carefully looked after till the mine was left behind, when it was ruthlessly killed to obtain the hidden diamonds which were contained in its stomach. Domestic fowls have been trained to swallow the smaller stones, which have afterward been cut out of their crops. A parcel of stolen gems has been known to have been got out of a well-watched digging by having been ingeniously fastened to the hair of a horse's tail.

WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN.

IT am twice as easy to spend fifty cents to go to de circus as it am to pay back two shillins of borrowed money.—*Brother Gardner's Observations.*

"AH, I see there is a new star in Orion," observed Mr. Snaggs. "Orion!" repeated Mrs. Snaggs, "I have never seen that play, I think."—*Tid-Bits.*

WHO says you can not reason with a woman? You can reason with a woman. And generally that is all the good it will do.—*Somerville Journal.*

WE notice in a newspaper some verses headed "The Seven Ages of Woman." After a woman is thirty she abolishes the other six.—*Somerville Journal.*

TWO BOYS were in the post-office together. One of them, pointing to a small sign, said: "That's what I do when my mother boxes my ears—letter box."

GRUNTLING — "Landlord, your servants are very much like time and tide." Landlord (flattered)—"Ah, indeed, sir! How is that?" Gruntling—"They wait on no man."

A NEW YORK paper speaks of a lady pickpocket. No lady picks any pocket but her husband's, and in cases of this sort usage has rendered such action proper.—*Omaha Herald.*

FOGG—"So you have twins down at your house, have you Pat?" O'Kelly—"Who told ye we had twins? Indade we have not. There is just wan boy an' wan gurl."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"How are collections, doctor?" he asked of a young physician. "Slow." "What's the trouble? Money tight?" "No; the trouble is nobody owes me any thing."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"THOUGHT Clubs" are popular among Eastern ladies. They meet and think and don't say a word for hours, until every one is wild to know what the others are think about.—*San Francisco Alta.*

A MAGAZINE asks: "What is true joy?" True joy is what a woman feels when a committee at a country fair declares that her crazy-quilt is prettier than all the assembled crazy-quilts of her neighbors.

"PA," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what does it mean to pile Ossa on Pelion?" "There, don't bother me now," replied pa; "ask your ma; she understands all about millinery."—*Boston Transcript.*

A SEASONABLE hint column says that warm soapsuds is one of the best insect washes. It is well to know this. Insects lose half their unpleasantness when they are kept nice and clean. Save your suds.—*Life.*

"PA, have you got the hydrophobia?" "No, Bertie; what makes you ask that question?" "Well, I heard ma say to-day that you got awfully bitten when you thought she had a fortune in her own name."—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHAT is called a "seat" in the New York Stock Exchange was sold recently for $29,000, but the man who bought it will have to stand up all day and shout at the top of his voice in order to make a profit on his investment.—*Baltimore American.*

"SO OLD Bullion has absconded, I hear," observed Mrs. Snaggs. "Yes," replied Mr. Snaggs, "and he left a large deficit behind." "Did he? Why, I heard he'd taken along every thing he could lay his hands on. Perhaps the deficit was too heavy to carry off."—*Tid-Bits.*

AN aggrieved individual thrust his head into the editorial sanctum and began his tirade of abuse: "Base minion!" "No," said the editor, without looking up, and thinking that he recognized the voice of the foreman of the composing room, "leaded nonpareil, please."—*Boston Post.*

EXACT TESTIMONY.—Lawyer—"Now, Uncle Zeke, you heard those two explosions. Was one right after the other?" Uncle Zeke—"Yes, sah." Lawyer—"Now, you will swear that one didn't occur before the other?" Uncle Zeke—"Yes, sah, 'deed I will. I was dar an' heard 'em."—*Tid-Bits.*

"IF you continue this vagabond life," sternly remarked an old farmer to a tramp, "you will find yourself in the toils." "Don't use that dreadful word," said the tramp, with a shudder of disgust. "What word?" "Toils. I am a man that never toils and never means to."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE study of handwriting as an indication of character is very interesting. The "Penciler" has written twice to Jay Gould to say that he would take pleasure in examing scientifically Mr. Gould's signature at the end of a one-thousand-dollar check, but he has received no reply. Can Mr. Gould be away?—*Somerville Journal.*

THE editor of the Washington *Critic*, who has evidently visited a fair before, said: "We expect to pay twenty-five cents apiece for each consecutive five-cent cigar this very evening. Five cents for the cigar, five for the beautiful hand we take it from, five for the lovely eyes that look at it go, five for the cherry lips that tell the price and five for charity; isn't that cheap enough?"

LITTLE JOHNNY, to guest at dinner—"Mr. Hoskins, I'm glad you've staid with us today." Mr. Hoskins—"Thank you, Johnny. Why are you glad?" Johnny—"I heard mamma tell the cook two hours ago that there wasn't any signs of your going, and she might as well open a jar of preserves. If you hadn't staid we wouldn't have had any preserves, I expect—why, mamma, what are you punching me that way for with your knee?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

ONE of the most admired performers in a sensational drama recently produced in Cincinnati was a big bulldog, that at a critical point in the play came bounding out, and, seizing the villain by the throat, or thereabouts, hung on like grim death, amid uproarious applause. The other night he grabbed his man as usual, but something gave way, and the dog fell near the footlights, and then he stood there and calmly ate a big piece of liver, which had been fastened under the villain's throat and had heretofore been the incentive for the dog's exertion.—*Cincinnati Times.*

She Meant No Offense.

Mrs. Rive-King, the pianist, gave a concert in St. Paul the other day. After it was over a very well-known lady of that city, who had lingered in the hall, met on the stairway a lady whose muffled face she thought she had seen before, but whose name she couldn't recall. "Isn't Madame King a lovely player?" said she. "Yes, I think she is," was the reply. "But isn't she homely?" continued the St. Paul lady. "I don't think I ever saw a homelier person." "Yes, I quite agree with you," was the quiet answer. "Haven't I met you before?" inquired madame. "Your face seems very familiar. May I ask your name?" "Julia Rive-King," said the pianist. "I know that I am homely, and I also know that you meant no offense. If you admire my playing you may say what you please about my face."