

# The Centre Democrat.

BELLEVILLE, PA.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Paper PUBLISHED IN CENTRE COUNTY.

## Making Soldiers.

There are no pockets in the trousers of the Cadets, nor in their coats either. The Cadets wear no vests, and in short, they are trained to do without pockets. They are left free to choose between putting their handkerchiefs in their caps or their breasts. The authorities say they must not use tobacco; they are not allowed to carry money, and the ones who govern them cannot see what need they have for pockets. When the "plebes" first arrive they swagger around with their hands in their pockets, and in fact, do not seem to know where else to put them. One of the secrets of making soldiers at the Military Academy is by depriving the students of pockets and compelling them to allow their hands and arms to seek the centre of gravity. The way in which soldiers are made here is quite an interesting operation. The "plebes" or newcomers are turned over to Cadet officer immediately after passing the medical examination. The Cadets, imbued with the sole desire to attain fame and to help others to gain laurels on the field, take hold of the work with enthusiasm and put the candidates for future glory through with all the vigor, not to say interest, they can command. They at once seek to cultivate a military bearing and the consequent respect for superiors in the plebes.

The Cadet officer assigning a place to the barracks, compels him to knock before entering the office and to take off his hat, likewise not to be at all glibly in using the words "Mister" and "Sir." The Cadets are required to keep their coats buttoned up to the chin, and at the outset the plebe, although yet in civilian's garb, is asked to do the same thing. He dare not refuse, as he is subordinate to the Cadet, and if his coat chances to be a cutaway he may nearly break his ribs in obeying the command. Possible the plebe may be endowed with a moustache, and this must come off. The plebe very likely will say that he has no razor, and the Cadet will tell him that he will be obliged to use his jack-knife, but the moustache must be removed if it is necessary to pull it out. Tattoo for the Cadets to prepare for bed is not beaten until 9:30, and the plebe ever so sleepy he will rue it if he goes to sleep before that time. A graduate was telling to-day of a plebe who entered when he did. The poor fellow could not keep his eyes open and fell asleep on his trunk. The Cadet in charge came in and discovered him in that condition. The plebe a moment later was rudely aroused, and the first impression was that a train of cars had struck him. Training a plebe to assume the position of a soldier is a task that affords only the instructing Cadet pleasure. The plebe is compelled to put his heels together, draw back his shoulders until the blades meet, throw out his chest, hold his arms down by his side with the palms of his hands outward and the little fingers on the seams of his trousers, and keep his head erect with his eyes fixed, like one fascinated, on the ground about 50 or 40 paces ahead. The natural tendency of the plebe to put his hands in his pockets often causes the Cadet in charge to sew up his pockets in order to break him of the habit, and to put the plan into practice. The muscles and flesh of the plebe are usually soft when he arrives, and the Cadet drilling him in the manual of arms will, with the object of hardening him to his duties, require him to slam his piece against his shoulder until it is black and blue. While plebes are being drilled the poor ones are picked out and the awkward squad is formed. These fellows are marched and counter-marched until they wish the earth would open and swallow them. The Cadets and plebes go into camp immediately after the June examinations, but the latter do not receive their uniforms until three or four weeks afterward, and they take their first lesson in tactics in common clothing.

To make a soldier, a Cadet is kept at books and drills in the summer or winter, as the case may be, and after making up his bed and sweeping out his room, goes to breakfast. From 8 until 1 he recites, then he takes dinner and afterward resumes his recitations, which he continues until 4. A drill for an hour is followed by supper, after which a Cadet goes to his room and sleeps until tattoo tells him to go to bed. He has half a day Saturday, but is expected to put in the better part of Sunday in study. He is at all times kept on certain limits, and in military parlance is compelled to toe the mark in everything. This is the program which the candidates for admission, who are now arriving, will have to follow for four years, if they pass.

## A Luckless Leader.

"It is not generally known," said Thurlow Weed to me Monday evening after a rubber at whist—for, though he can no longer make out the faces of friends, he can still see cards when placed in a good light—"It is not generally known how near Webster came to being President."

"It is generally known," I said "that he was a candidate for the Wigh nomination five times and missed it every time."

"Yes," he acquiesced, "but he came a good deal nearer than that—a good deal nearer. I had always been among his most profound admirers, and wanted to see him President in 1840. But it became obvious to me during the winter, that he couldn't get the nomination, that Harrison was leading. I went down to Washington early in the spring and called him into the cloak room. 'I think I shall be the Wigh candidate,' he said. I expressed my doubt of it. 'Who will be then?' he asked. 'It looks to me like Harrison,' I answered. He almost sneered at the idea. He naturally had but little respect for mere military men, and he exclaimed, 'It is impossible that a man so ignorant as he and so lacking in every

quality of a chief magistrate, can be nominated for such a place.' I told him it was simply a question who could poll the most votes; then I got him to sit down and look over my figures. They didn't convince him, of course.

"Why, you don't act as if you believed yourself," he said, "for you have chosen a Scott delegation from your own State." "That was to prevent the appointment of a Clay delegation," I said, "and Clay cannot be elected if nominated. But Mr. Webster, I went on, I haven't come to Washington to get you to withdraw your name, but to ask you to accept the nomination for Vice President in case Harrison shall be selected for the first place." "No," he wouldn't listen to such a proposal, and he refused with quite as much spirit as the occasion called for. So I am home and Harrison was nominated and John Tyler was made his Vice, and by the death of Harrison, Tyler became President a month after the election. Webster saw the fatal mistake he had made, and the next time I saw him—he was then Tyler's Secretary of State—he confessed it to me.

"Well, curiously enough, that wasn't the last of his fatal mistakes. In 1848 the very same thing happened right over again. In 1844 Clay had been defeated and taken out of the way, and now Webster thought he would walk over the course. I saw that General Taylor was pretty likely to be the man, for after the Mexican War there was a great furor over Taylor. During the spring before the nomination I went over to Marshallfield. 'Well, what do you think of it this time?' asked Mr. Webster, with a smile of security.

"I think this time," I said, "that General Taylor will be the man."

"He was astounded. It didn't look so at all to him. He thought it a very likely guess. 'Do you seriously think,' he asked, 'that such a man can be nominated?' I assured him that I thought it very probable. Taylor was then designated by those who did not admire him, as 'an illiterate frontier colonel who hasn't voted for forty years, and Webster seemed to sympathize with this view. I then appealed to him to accept the nomination for Vice-President under Taylor. He remembered his former mistake, and smiled, and said at last that he would consult his two best friends, George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, and Senator Wilson, of New Hampshire, and do as they said.

"They were summoned and came. I met them at Mr. Webster's and presented my figures. They were nonplussed at first, but came finally to my conclusion that Taylor's nomination was probably, and they joined me in advising Mr. Webster to be content with second place if the first should prove beyond his reach. He reluctantly agreed to it, and I was authorized to see the arrangement carried out. Just at that point his son, Fletcher, came home from town and he ridiculed the scheme so energetically and so bitterly that his father returned to his original position, and refused to have anything to do with my proposal. Well, the Vice-President went begging. The name of Fillmore was suddenly sprung on the Convention and he was put on the ticket. Taylor and he were elected; Taylor died in four months, and Fillmore became President, and Webster went down to Washington and served him as Secretary of State, as he had similarly served the accidental Tyler! I think the pair of curious mishaps did a good deal to sour him, and perhaps helped to make him reckless in his personal habits."

—W. A. Croffutt's Letter in Detroit Post and Tribune.

## The "Smartness" of Worms and Fish.

"I have made some of my most interesting studies of nature in the morning," said Seth Green. "That is the time to see the insects at their best—to see the mud wasps stinging the spiders without killing them, and packing them away where they are kept alive for weeks to be used when needed. I have seen a small green worm hanging down on a web. An ant, stationed on the limb above, pulls up the web, and just as the worm comes in reach of his tiny claws, down drops Mr. Worm. The ant pulls up again and again, and worm lets out another reef and goes down. This sort of thing continues until finally the ant grasps the worm and both go down together in a grand scramble, in which the worm manages to shake off the ant. This leaves the worm on the ground. His web is so strong that it is still fastened to the limb above. What does Mr. Ant do? Give it up? No, sir. I have seen him go up the trunk of that tree, crawl out onto the same limb, and go to work again pulling up the same web. Then after another battle, I have known the ant to get the better of the fight and lug the worm off to his hole, three rods away."

"Why, talk about reasoning powers! The perseverance and instinct of these little creatures is wonderful. People go out to fish. They splash around stand up in their boat, drop their lines three feet away, and wonder because they don't catch trout. They forget that trout can see. Fish learn that tackle and fish are, as a rule, local in their habitation. There are not as many gypseys among fish as among men. Any man who will take the pains to study fish—or who will remember a title of what he reads about them—can catch them. They are smart, but our brains will beat them. I remember once of fishing for salmon trout for a long time and taking nothing. Finally I concluded to get down and look into the water, and so, throwing my coat over my head, I got the required shade and peered down. The salmon would sail up and look at the minnow. Then, with a quick dart, he would close his teeth round one-half the minnow and open them again like a flash. He did not attempt to eat the minnow, and half of the severed body would drop to the bottom. When it had fallen to the bed of the lake the salmon would go down leisurely and eat it. The next time when I dropped my hook and felt the quick bite of the trout I let out enough line to send the hook to the bottom, and the result was that when the salmon went down for his meal he was fooled and I had him."—*Utica (N. Y.) Observer.*

GRAY and WARD, the Westmoreland county murderers, are now kept securely ironed to prevent escape.

## ADDRESSING EMPTY SEATS.

Backwoods Statesmen Making Records in Congress.

"He is talking to his constituents," is an expression very commonly used in referring to Congressmen when they make labored speeches to empty benches or to a house full of noisy and inattentive members. This thing has developed into a good deal of a nuisance, but there seems to be no help for it. "A fellow-feeling" makes Congressmen "wondrous kind," and the insufferably tedious speech of some backwoods statesman is patiently endured because his purpose is so thoroughly understood. The rule which provides that a member may, by unanimous consent, obtain leave to print his remarks in the Record without actual delivery has afforded some relief, but the average Congressman is too conscientious to make use of that expedient. He wants to be able to say that he made a speech to the House, although he generally forgets to say under what circumstances it was made.

Not long ago a New York Congressman spoke for over an hour, but so indistinctly that not even the member in the seat beside him could hear what he was saying, while in the galleries the faintest articulation could be distinguished. It was afterward discovered from the record that he had spoken on a subject of importance only to the district which he himself represented. That style of speaking is, of course, more acceptable to the unwilling listener than the roaring and ranting of other orators, because the latter disturbs the thoughts of gentlemen who are writing letters or peacefully slumbering the tedious hours away. The inaudible and the too audible speakers are, however, making what they call their record as Congressmen, and it would be an unspendable cruelty to deprive them of their only opportunities to shine before their constituents.

It is a fortunate circumstance that the number of those who are compelled to bolster up their record by making speeches which tax the patience of the house and benefit no one but themselves is comparatively small. They are mainly confined to those who are either too dull or too diffident to take part in debate, or who are unable to insure the passage of any bill in which their constituents are interested. In talking of this phase of Congressional life, a member said: "It is natural enough, under the existing state of things, that a member should be anxious to make a good record. His future political success or failure, especially if he is a young member, depends to a great extent upon it, as those who have a sure thing of reelection are as scarce as white crow. This is always kept in mind, and every act done or word spoken is designed for the effect it will have upon record."

"What do you look upon as a good record in Congress?" I asked.

"Well, I think the member makes the best record who works the most faithfully in the committees to which he has been assigned. A man's real ability manifests itself much more readily here than in the open house, and it finds a much wider scope. The men who shine as debaters and orators are not in reality the most useful either to the country or to their constituents. Frequently their most brilliant hits are the results of pointers furnished them by men who never attempt to address the House at all. Unfortunately the work a member does in a committee does not go to his credit with his constituents. Their only means of knowing what he has done is what appears in the newspapers or in the Congressional Record, and very little of what is done in committee ever sees the light through either of these channels."

"But shouldn't a member's record be determined by his success in getting bills passed?"

"To a certain extent, yes, but things have come to such a pass that the passage of bills, particularly if it be of local interest mainly, is a matter of almost sheer luck. Suppose you introduce a bill at the opening of the session. The measure may be just and proper, and of great importance to your district, but it must take its chances among ten thousand other bills. It may be sent to a committee already overburdened with work, and the chances are that it will never even be considered. If by persistent effort you induce the committee to look into your bill, the probability is that it will be combated by some member the interests of whose district are opposed to those of yours, and the committee, finding that there is a difference of opinion, will lay it aside undisposed of."

"If you are fortunate, and get a favorable report, the bill is placed on the calendar, there it is likely to remain, even though it be at the top, as there is not the slightest pretense of following the calendar in determining the order of business. The time devoted to matters of a local or private nature is exceedingly limited, and seems to be constantly growing less. Take this session, for instance. Fridays are nominally set apart for the consideration of bills on the private calendar; but, with the exception of a few days at the opening of the session, the regular order has been set aside, and bills of national importance only taken up. Then, too, measures of special interest have excited such lengthy debate that all minor matters have been practically crowded out."

"The apportionment bill was debated nearly a month. The tariff commission bill took four or five weeks to dispose of. The contested election cases and the attending filibustering occupied two weeks, and so I might go on through the list. The time for getting local bills through is almost confined to the two or three days in each month when the rules can be suspended by unanimous consent. On one of these days it is possible to pass only about a dozen bills, as one chronic objector can delay each one nearly half an hour, if he chooses. Under these circumstances, which are not at all exaggerated, you see how slim are the chances of making a record by securing the passage of bills. It is this almost utter impossibility of obtaining credit for legislation of local benefit which is responsible for the apparently useless speeches made by so many members of Congress."

## R. W. Emerson.

"The sun set; but not his hope;  
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up;  
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,  
Deeper and older seemed his eye;  
And matched his sufferance sublime.  
The taciturnity of time  
He spoke, and words more rapt than rain  
Brought back the Age of God again;  
His action was such reverence sweet,  
As hid all measure of the feat."

The triumph of character over prejudice, ridicule, indifference and misrepresentation has seldom been more truly exemplified than in the case of Mr. Emerson, whose peaceful death was a fitting end to the blameless life which has been passing so quietly among us for nearly eighty years. As if a ray of divine light streamed upon the past as Heaven's gates opened wide to let the gentle pilgrim in, all classes seem to suddenly arrive at a clearer knowledge of this good, great man, and hasten to lay their tributes of love and honor on his grave.

The young, who found in his brave, true books the help no other teacher gave them; the old, who saw in him the lovely spectacle of one who took life so wisely that age had no terrors for him; the doubting, who found hope and courage as they watched his unmovable loyalty to the highest faith of his own soul; the bigoted who, while denying his belief in God, could not deny his love to man, his serene forgiveness of unjust judgments and harsh criticism, or the beauty and the worth of long years devoted to high thinking and holy living.

Time tries all, and sooner or later brings the deserved victory or defeat. Happy are those who live to see once averted faces aglow with reverence and love, to feel the cordial grasp of hands, and hear grateful voices bless them for their lives and work. This well-earned joy came to Emerson and made his later years bright with its satisfactions and compensations. Many pilgrims wore away the threshold of his door, for the seed planted fifty years ago, when the young poet wrote "Nature" in the old house, fell on good ground, and after seasons of frost and rain, blossomed beautifully, taking deep root in America and sending its fragrance across the sea.

"The perception that virtue is enough—that is genius," and simply living what he wrote made him what he was, a representative man, great in genius, greater in virtue, greatest in the divine power of making the highest aspirations of human hearts, and teaching by precept and example that "nothing can bring peace but the triumph of principles."

His doctrine was self-reliance. "Never strike a nail to a fear. Come into port grandly or sail the seas with God. Trust yourself and God, and all things are possible. Faith and veracity will save any soul." These truths he taught in his poetry and prose, and the mingling of both which was his life.

"Am I right in calling you a Christian theist?" asked a friend, when different sects were contending for the philosopher, who belonged to a broader church than any of them.

"Yes, and do not leave out the Christian," he answered.

Many doubted his belief in immortality, his dying whisper of "reunion with the boy" (the beloved little son lost long ago) would set such doubts at rest; for in those solemn moments the soul stands face to face with God and speaks the truth that is in it.

Under the pines which he loved so well our poet lies among his kindred, and children cover his grave with flowers; but for him there is no death, and all our memories are happy, hopeful ones, we imagine him enjoying the larger life of which his own was a beautiful foreshadowing. L. M. ALLOTT.  
From *Democrat's Monthly for July.*

## Receipt for Preserving Meat.

There is no good reason why farmers and families should eat so much salt pork, leaving all the fresh meat to the inhabitants of cities and villages, when the following method will keep meat fresh for weeks even in the warmest weather. I have tried it for more than ten years. As soon as the animal heat is out of the meat, slice it up ready for cooking. Prepare a large jar by scalding well with hot salt and water. Mix salt and pulverized saltpeter. Cover the bottom of the jar with a sprinkle of salt and pepper. Put down a layer of meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper the same as if it was just going to the table, and continue in this manner until the jar is full. Fold a cloth or towel and wet in strong salt and water in which a little of the saltpeter is dissolved. Press the cloth closely over the meat and set it in a cold place. Be sure to press the cloth in tightly as each layer is removed and your meat will keep for months. It is a good plan to let the meat lie over night, after it is sliced, before packing. Then drain off all the blood that oozes from it. It will be necessary to change the cloth occasionally, or take it off and wash it first in cold water, then scald in salt and water as at first. In this way farmers can have fresh meat all the year round. I have kept beef that was killed the 12th of February till the 21st of June. Then I packed a large jar of veal in the same way during the dog days, and kept it six weeks. This receipt is worth the price of any newspaper in the land.

**Worse Than Blowing out the Gas.**

Did you hear the story of a man in a hotel who, meddling with the old style bell rope in bed rooms to see what it was, rang it unknowingly, and a servant appeared?

"Why, how do you do," he said, extending his hand to the astonished servant whom he thought a visitor. "Sit down; what can I do for you?"

"Did you ring?" said the servant.

"Ring? Why no. Ring what? There ain't no bell here."

Then the servant explained the bell rope and left.

After he had gone the man thought he would try the bell rope just for fun. He gave it a terrific pull and just then the gong rang for dinner, and thinking he had created an awful catastrophe down stairs, he was greatly alarmed, looked and bolted his door, and sat up all night expecting the arrival of the police.

## A Curious Way of Courting.

LOVE MAKING AND MARRIAGE AMONG THE CHOCTAWS STILL LIVING IN MISSISSIPPI—AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION.

The two thousand Choctaws still living in their ancestral homes in Mississippi retain in their pristine vigor many of the usages of their ancestors. Among these are the methods employed in conducting a courtship and marriage ceremony. When a young Choctaw, of Kemper or Neshoba county, sees a maiden who pleases his fancy, he watches his opportunity until he finds her alone. He then approaches within a few yards of her and gently casts a pebble toward her, so that it may fall at her feet. He may have to do this two or three times before he attracts the maiden's attention. If this pebble throwing is agreeable, she soon makes it manifest; if otherwise, a scornful look and a decided "ekwah" indicate that his suit is in vain.

When a marriage is agreed upon the lovers appoint a time and place for the ceremony. On the marriage day the friends and relatives of the prospective couple meet at their respective houses or villages and thence march toward each other. When they arrive near the marriage ground—generally an intermediate space between the two villages—they halt within about a hundred yards of each other. The brothers of the woman then go across to the opposite party and bring forward the man and set him down on a blanket spread upon the marriage ground. The man's sisters then do likewise by going over and bringing forward the woman and setting her by the side of the man. Sometimes, to furnish a little merriment for the occasion, the woman is expected to break loose and run. Of course she is pursued, captured and brought back.

All parties assemble around the expectant couple. A bag of bread is brought forward by the woman's relatives and deposited near her. In like manner the man's relatives bring forward a bag of meat and deposit it near him. The man's friends and relatives now begin to throw presents upon the head and shoulders of the woman. These presents are of any kind that the donors choose to give, as articles of clothing, money, trinkets, ribbons, etc. As soon as thrown they are quickly snatched off by the woman's relatives and distributed among themselves. During all this time the couple sit very quietly and demurely, not a word spoken by either. When all the presents have been thrown and distributed the couple, now man and wife, arise, the provisions from the bags are spread and, just as in civilized life, the ceremony is rounded off with a festival. The festival over, the company disperse and the gallant groom conducts his bride to his home, where they enter upon the toils and responsibilities of the future.

## CATFISH ARISTOCRACY.

Beauties of Civilization Among Some of the Kansas Crackers.

Gathered around a rusty stove choked with soggy driftwood, he drinks sardines from a tin cup, plays old sledge upon the head of an empty keg, and reels home at nightfall, yelling through the timber, to his squalid cabin. A score of lean, hungry curs pour in a canine cataract over the worn fence by the horseblock as their master approaches, baying deep-mouthed welcome, filling the chambers of the forest with hoarse reverberations, mingled with an explosion of oaths and frantic imprecations. Snoring the night away in drunken slumber under a heap of gray blankets, he crawls into his muddy jeans at sun-up, takes a gurgling drink from a flat, black bottle, stoppedper with a cob, goes to the log pile by the front door, and with a dull axe slabs off an armful of green cotton-wood to make a fire for breakfast, which consists of the inevitable "meat and bread," and decoction of coffee burned to a charcoal and drunk without milk and sugar. Another pull at the bottle, a few grains of quinine if it is ager day, a chew of navy, and the repast is finished. The sweet delights of home have been enjoyed, and the spiritual creatures goes forth invigorated for the struggle of life, to repeat the exploits of every yesterday of his existence.

An animal, bird, long-haired, unaccustomed to the use of soap, without conscience or right reason, gregarious upon the bottom lands where they swarm with unimaginable fecundity. In times of peace they unanimously vote the Democratic ticket. During the war they became guerrillas and bushwackers under Price, Anderson and Quantrell; assassins; thugs; poisoners of wells; murderers of captive women and children; sackers of defenseless towns; house burners; horse thieves; perpetrators of atrocities that would make the blood of Sebays run cold.

## Cure for Lockjaw.

The following is the *Scientific American's* remedy for lockjaw. It is certainly very simple and easily tried; let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it over the wound, no matter where the wound is, the relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine, it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.

## Modesty.

True Modesty is of priceless worth. It is the safeguard of women and maidens. Its heart is a house-staying heart, and that is the happiest. It is not found in a brazen-faced pacing of the street—the purposeless tramp that hurries on to dissonance, and finds its befouled and bitter end in a house of harlots. It measures its friendships by the pulse-beats of a pure heart, and gathers them to its bosom, a wealth of joy, to its brow, a crown of honor. It walks through all the numerous ways of life with the calm dignity of purity and womanliness. It blesses and dignifies all on whom the light of its beauty falls. It faces death, unstung by scorching regrets, strong in the might of right. By the forces of truth and power of love, every mother should seek to imbue into the very being of her child the beautifying and saving forces of modesty. Better than to have a daughter run loose and idle on the streets, is to see her confined and making another billow in the graveyard. Better than to have her heart by the absence of modesty become the multiplying seed pot of lustful looks, would it be to see her disfigured and made a miserable, painful, repelling cripple all her life. Modesty is the heart of womanhood. It is the crown that enthrones woman the true king of a man's heart and home.

## A Convenient Celestial Custom.

There is one custom in the Celestial Empire there we would like to see turned loose here. Boys in China are not supposed to be responsible till they arrive at about the age of twenty years, and their parents are held accountable for all their crookedness, just the same as the owner of any other dangerous animal is held responsible for damages.

Supposing a boy walks up and throws a stone through your bay window that shatters a calla and busts the statue of Sweet Singer of Michigan, you do not go out and chase him four blocks with an iron rake and club him till he gets out of reach, but you just get an old hoe handle that swings easy, and you search out the boys' parents and wear them out with that hoe handle and mix them up with the sand. Then if the boy don't behave himself you can go to other relatives of his, and gradually enlarge the circle of your acquaintance, until you have mauled the entire relationship, even including the grand-parents of the boy, and if any of these people resist they are subject to imprisonment. The law, although apparently stringent, is a good one. It makes parents take more interest in their children and look out for them more accurately. It encourages parents to know where their boys are, and to keep their eyes on them.

## Perry Belmont and the Georgian.

Last night Mr. Perry Belmont came down from New York. As the train moved out of Jersey City he attempted to pass a burly Georgian, half intoxicated, who, cigar in mouth, poured forth smoke and profanity. "How many more times are you going through here?" he growled; "you've been through twice."

"I may go through a half dozen times more," said Belmont, coolly and calmly. "I shall go through as often as I please."

"Well, the next time you go through," said the big Georgian, "I'll choke you."

"I think not," said Perry to the swelling bully. "And, by the way, what are you smoking in the ladies' car for?" By a dexterous movement, without waiting for an answer, he knocked the Georgian's cigar from his mouth, and then passed quietly on with: "We don't want any more smoking or swearing in this car."

The Georgia bully was speechless with astonishment. When he recovered himself he whistled softly, and turning to a friend, said: "Game, ain't he?" and went into the smoking car.

ALTHOUGH there are some men who consider it manly to disparage women, and never let slip an opportunity to have a fling at the sex, they are, happily, in the minority. To most men there is a tender memory of some loving, self-sacrificing woman who has done much to develop what is manly to them, and for whose dear sake all womankind are held in esteem. Illustrative of this sentiment, a story is told of two gentlemen traveling in a stage coach bound for "Bell's Tavern" in Kentucky. In the course of the ride one of them began abusing women. The other sat silent for a while, but at last it became unbearable, when, bursting the door open, he kicked the offender out of the coach. The driver stopped, and the culprit came up saying apologetically: "I did not know that you were a married man, or I would not have spoken as I did." "I am not married," the man replied, "but I have—what I suppose you never had—a mother, and for her sake no man shall speak against a woman in my presence."

**CURE FOR LOCKJAW.**—The following is the *Scientific American's* remedy for lockjaw. It is certainly very simple and easily tried; let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it over the wound, no matter where the wound is, the relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine, it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.