

Wedding of Giants.

A Couple 15 Feet 3 Inches in United Height And Weighing 609 Pounds

PITTSBURG November 20.—The wedding of Patrick William Parsons O'Brien and Christianna D. Dunz, the giant and giantess who have been on exhibition in this city for some time past, was solemnized at 11 a. m. to-day. The contracting parties first met about three weeks ago and it proved to be another case of love at first sight. Preparations for the wedding were made on an elaborate scale. A difficulty arose, however, for one was a Catholic and the other was a Lutheran. This was finally adjusted by a compromise, so that to-day the giants were double-married. The first service was performed in the presence of a few witnesses by a priest. After this the couple entered a carriage drawn by four white horses, and were driven to the German Church on Smithfield street, where the second ceremony was performed. The pastor of this church, Rev. Frederick Ruff was serving as a jurymen, and in order that he might perform the ceremony, Judge White adjourned the Court and accepted an invitation to attend the service. In order to avoid a crowd, invitations were issued, and without these admission was refused. It did not prevent the crowd from gathering in front of the church in such numbers as to obstruct traffic, in spite of the efforts of a large force of police. Among the invited guests were Mayor Lyon and the members of Council of Pittsburgh; Mayor Patterson, of Allegheny; John McCullough, Margaret Mather and prominent citizens of this city and Allegheny.

Mr O'Brien wore a full-dress suit. A medal presented to him by the Land League ornamented his breast. Mrs Dunz was decorated with orange blossoms, wreath and veil that covered a dress of white satin. In her hand she held a bouquet of enormous size. The bridal pair were escorted to the altar of the church by Manager George D Starr and Director Chalet. The former gave the bride away and the latter acted as assistant to the groom. The bride's ring weighed seventeen pennyweights and was five inches in circumference. After the service the bridal party drove at once to the Museum and held a public reception. Many of the streets were blocked by the rush of visitors. In the evening the giants held a special reception at the Hamilton Hotel. The wedding cake is the largest ever made, measuring nine feet in circumference and three feet in thickness. A giant loaf of bread five feet in length will also decorate the table.

The groom was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1853, and is known as the Irish Giant. He is a well-proportioned man, standing 7 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs 296 pounds. The bride was born in Wirtemberg, Germany, in 1863. She is a blonde, weighing 313 pounds, and is 7 feet 4 inches in height. She has only been known as a curiosity since last May. The only other giants who have been married in recent years now live at Seville, Ohio—Captain M. V. Bates and wife. They were married at the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Field, London, England.

SWEET MINDED WOMEN.—So great is the influence of a sweet minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cozy sitting room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits. We all are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instances of the influences that a sweet minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

When Grace put on a new pair of shoes which fitted very closely, and moreover had a low heel, she was asked how they felt. Her reply was: "They make me feel as though I wanted to walk like a grasshopper."

Two farmers saw a couple of dudes on a street in Troy, when one exclaimed: "Gosh! What things we see when we don't have no guns."

Mary Ann Schaefer's Romance.

Born at Sea, Passing for a Man, and Imprisoned for a Crime She Did Not Commit.

In the summer of 1877 many burglaries were committed in the vicinity of Wellsville and adjacent parts of Allegheny county, N. Y. In 1876 a young man named Wm. Freeman had leased a farm in Wellsville. He had worked in the neighborhood for several years as a farm hand, was a member of the Methodist church, and bore an excellent reputation. His household affairs were looked after by an elderly woman, whose nephew also worked on the farm. Among the places robbed in 1877 was a grocery store at Wellsville. A portion of the goods were found in Freeman's barn. He was arrested, but protested his innocence, and the general opinion was that he knew nothing of the crime. He was sent to jail at Angelica. As the time for his trial drew near circumstances pointed strongly toward another person as being the burglar, and Freeman's acquittal was generally expected. To the surprise of every one, when he was called for trial he entered a plea of guilty. In doing so he broke down and begged the court to be lenient towards him. He was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment in the Erie county jail.

In March 1878, a strong petition was forwarded to Gov. Robinson from Allegheny county asking for Freeman's pardon. The Gov. notified the prison authorities, and directed that the usual medical examination of the prisoner be made. Dr. Simcock then learned that Freeman was a woman. She was at once removed to the women's quarters of the prison. She begged that the fact of her disguise should not be made public, and told the prison authorities the story of her life. Her name, she said, was Mary Ann Schaefer. She was born on the ocean in 1855, while her parents were emigrating to this country. After arriving in America they lived in Allegheny county. When she was five years old her father died, and her mother married again. When she was ten years of age her step father told her that she must earn her own living, as he was unable to support her. She went out as a servant, but being large for her age and very strong, she made up her mind to put on boy's clothing in order that she might earn larger wages. Her mother was the only one who knew of this determination. She worked for farmers for a season on the Erie canal. She then returned to the vicinity of her mother's home. No one recognized her, and she worked for ten years for different farmers.

When she joined the church in 1875 she longed to resume the clothing of her sex, but she had passed for a man so long that she was ashamed to confess the truth. She declared that she was perfectly innocent of the crime for which she was imprisoned. The guilty person, she said, was the nephew of the woman who was her housekeeper, but he visited her in jail and declared that unless she pleaded guilty to the charge he would kill her before she could go from the court house to her home, in case she was acquitted.

Mrs Schaefer was pardoned in the fall of 1875. Dressed in her proper clothing she went at once to her mother's. The real burglar escaped arrest by fleeing from the state. In 1879 Miss Schaefer obtained employment in a shoe store in the oil region, where a prosperous grocer married her. She was left a widow within a year, and her strange story is now recalled by her second marriage, her present husband being a brother of the first one.

He Wam't Her Pa.

A young woman went to the station to meet her father. As the train came in she saw a middle-aged man who resembled her paternal relative, and she rushed into his arms, huddled down on his bosom, kissed him on the mouth, the ear, the chin, and all over his patent celluloid. It was not her father, but a middle-aged traveler for a tobacco house. He took a long breath, and looked around at some other travelers and winked, as much as to say: "Oh, I'm such a masher!" Of course the scene could not last forever, though he wished it could.

After a spasmodic hug she looked up into his face and shrieked, "You are not my pa!" He said she was right. She asked his pardon, and he told her not to mention it.

"We public men should always hold ourselves in readiness to support those who need it."

She smiled a sweet, and, blushing smile, and went out into the wide world, while the traveler walked to the hotel with the others. They asked him if it didn't make him feel ashamed to have such a mistake made, and he said no, it was all right. He said of course it might look queer, but those things occurred very often with him, as they would occur with any fine looking man. Beside, the girl probably enjoyed it.

Then they asked him why he did not wear his diamond breastpin on such trying occasions. He looked at his shirt front and it was gone. While he had been allowing her to play the daughter she had burglarized his shirt.

He fainted, and when they brought him to he said: "Tell my family I died with my face to the foe."

The Girard College Sarcophagus.

A Letter from Andrew Jackson Declining to be Buried in an Emperor's Coffin.

At a meeting of the board of city trustees, in Philadelphia, Thursday, the report of Vice President Gregory, of Girard college in regard to the sarcophagus recently discovered in the cellar of the college was received and placed upon the minutes. The sarcophagus will remain in the college museum. It was presented to the college by Commodore Elliott in 1838, and when an investigation of the records of the councils of that city were made recently the following letter from Andrew Jackson was found, together with Commodore Elliott's letter, presenting him with the sarcophagus. In this letter the Commodore said: "I pray you, General, to live on in the fear of the Lord. Dying the death of a Roman soldier, an Emperor's coffin awaits you." The following was Gen. Jackson's reply:

"With the warmest sensations that can inspire a grateful heart, I must decline accepting the honor intended to be bestowed. I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an Emperor or a King. My republican feelings forbid it. Every monument erected to perpetuate the memory of our heroes and statesmen ought to bear evidence of the economy and simplicity of our republican institutions and the plainness of our republican citizens, who are the sovereigns of our glorious union, and whose virtue is to perpetuate it. True virtue cannot exist where pomp and parade are the governing passions. It can only dwell with the people—the great laboring and producing classes that form the bone and sinews of our confederacy. I have prepared an humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid, for both of us there to remain until the last trumpet sounds to call the dead to judgment, when we, I hope, shall rise together clothed with that heavenly body promised to all who believe in our glorious Redeemer, who died for us that we might live, and by whose atonement I hope for a blessed immortality."

ANDREW JACKSON.

Prof Gregory's report gives a translation of the inscription on the sarcophagus, and says:

"The inscription translated is Julia, the daughter of Calus Mammaea, aged 30. Julia Donna was the wife of the Emperor Septimius Severus. Her sister Julia Mamae wielded great influence at court, and a daughter, Julia Mamaea, born like the other Julias at Emesa, in Syria. But this cannot be the lady, as she was much older than 30 when she lost her life. It is reasonable to conclude that Julia Caii Filia Mammaea whose sarcophagus was found at Berytus, sixty miles from the Emperor's birthplace at Arca, and about one hundred miles from his mother's native town, was one of the objects of the imperial bounty of Alexander Severus."

The date of the erection was probably 250. A. D.

Childless Paris.

The embellishments of Paris have had the effect of making the city well nigh childless. The tradesman who has his shop on the ground floor and his sleeping rooms on the fourth or fifth story could not keep children without losing the services of his wife, whom he wants to help him in his business. If he kept children his wife would be obliged to live up stairs, so he sends out his babies to nurse as soon as they are born, with the intention of letting them remain in the country until they are five or six years old; and the *ouvier*, who has but one garret room up a dozen flights of stairs, does the same thing. The result of this is that more than 50 per cent. of the children born in Paris die in the baby farmers' hands before reaching their second year. All that the Assistance Publique has tried to do toward checking this shocking waste of life has been of little avail. Forty *crèches* have been instituted, but they meet the wants of but a small number of mothers. A system of registering and inspecting the homes of peasant women who take children to nurse has been attempted, but the Assistance gets little help from the working classes in contending against the rapacity of baby farmers. A nurse of whom no questions are asked charges 25 francs a month for the keep of a baby; those who are registered and so controlled that they can only receive one child demand 50 francs or more. These find their customers among the *bourgeoisie*, but the working classes cannot afford to patronize them.—*London Times*.

We are going to have a hard winter. The frost is already in the ground in many places. Turnips left in the field are frozen hard. The temperature of the haystacks is lower than it was ever known to be before at this season of the year. The bark is thick on the north side of the railroad ties. These reports may be regarded as trustworthy, as they have been collected with great care from the members of a comic opera company that disbanded at Waukegan, Mich., in August. The members have had ample opportunity for observation on their way back by this city.—*Puck*.

Facts About Peanuts.

How They Are Cultivated.

The preparation of peanuts for market is an interesting operation. They are first put into an immense cylinder, from which they enter the brushes, where each nut receives fifteen or sixteen feet of brushing before it becomes free. After this cleaning process the nuts drop on an endless belt, which revolves very slowly. On each side of the belt is a row of girls—black, white, tanned and crushed strawberry, some of them—whose duty it is to separate the poor nuts from the good ones.

Those of the nuts that "pass" go on to the next room, where more girls await their arrival and put them in bags which, when filled are sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on each sack. These are No. 1 peanuts. The poorer nuts, which were separated by the girls at the endless belt are picked over again; the best are singled out and branded, after being put in sacks, as "ships." The "ships" are not so large or fine in appearance as the "cocks," but are just as good for eating.

The third grade of nuts is known as "eagles," and the cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged and sent to a building where the little meat that is in them is extracted by a patent sheller. This "meat"—for by this name it is known to the dealers—is put up, clean and nice, in 200 pound bags and shipped for the use of confectioners and manufacturers of peanut candy.

There is also an oil made from some of the nuts, and in this specialty, I am told, a large trade is done by the wholesale druggists. Of the peanuts there is nothing wasted, for even the shells are made useful, being put in immense sacks and sold to livery men for horse bedding, and a very comfortable, healthful bed they make.

I see by one of the Atlanta papers that a mill is to be built for the manufacture of peanut flour, which it is said makes most excellent biscuit. In parts of Georgia I have eaten pastry made from peanut flour and it was excellent, resembling coconut in the taste somewhat although much more oily and sweet. The kernels of the peanuts are ground between ordinary millstones and the flour is "bolted" or sifted through wire sieves in order that all the coarse, sharp pieces and the leather-like skins may be removed. The refuse—if it may be so called—makes excellent food for pigs.

The cultivation of the peanut will, before long, be one of the industries of the South, and bids fair, in time, to rival cotton growing as an occupation, the profit of each acre of land being about the same, and peanuts are much easier to grow than cotton, requiring less care and attention.

There is one objection, however, to peanut flour as a steady diet. It is said to be very injurious to the teeth, causing them at first to turn yellow and then decay.—*Phil. Press*

Grandfather's Clock.

The Interesting History of an Old Timepiece in Huntington.

The Huntington correspondent of the *patent* gives this piece of history of a venerable clock: Dr. E. L. Swivel, of Huntington, is the possessor of an antique piece of mechanism which has a remarkable history. In 1712 the ancestors of Mr. Swivel left Germany for America, and among their effects was a large, old-fashioned clock that was prized highly by them as a heirloom. It so happened that before reaching America the vessel on which they sailed was wrecked, but fortunately no lives were lost. A few weeks after the cargo of the vessel was recovered by wreckers, when the old clock was sent to its proper owners, who had located in Pennsylvania. At this time the Indians had become very troublesome in the Cumberland valley, where the region was kept in constant dread of an impending invasion. Finally an attack was made on the settlers, many of whom were killed, taken into captivity and their village destroyed. Among the number taken captive were the Swivels, who were treated barbarously by their dusky captors, but by kind attention shown to the Indians during sickness were finally liberated after months of privation and suffering. From the date of this occurrence nothing was heard of the old clock until about two years afterwards, when a party of Indians who were trading in the Juniata valley—where the Swivel family had subsequently moved—exchanged the old time-piece for ammunition to the very family from which it had been stolen during the Indian raids in the Cumberland valley. The old clock has descended from one generation to another until it now does excellent duty for one of its first owner's in Huntington.

Oregon imports a good deal of its food material from California. The Oregonian, of Portland, says: "During eight months of the year we receive an average of six tons of cabbage per week from California. By every reasonable theory we ought to ship cabbages to California. The trouble is that the product here, which readily brings two cents per pound when sold to retailers, is not produced in sufficient quantity to supply the demand. During six months of the year we receive from California 200 sacks of onions each week, and they are sold to the trade for \$1 25 @ 1 50 per sack. Oregon onions bring the same price, but they are not to be had. The country does not produce them."

A Lover's Fight.

A Missawai Girl Who Came High but He Had to Lose Her.

MARSHALL, Mo., November 22.—By an agreement John Westbrook and Miss Lizzie Graham, a maiden of sixteen summers, met at a church in Brownsville last Sunday for the purpose of running away and becoming man and wife. Old man Graham and son, who were bitterly opposed to the match, were at the church and saw the young lady leave the house. They suspected something was wrong and left the church also. They learned that the couple had procured a buggy, and, in company with a driver, started out in the direction of Houstonia. Mounting their horses they overtook the trio about two miles from Brownsville, when a general fight ensued. Young Westbrook fired at the girl's father, but missed his aim and struck the driver, who was holding on to the young lady. The ball entered his right back and lodged in his side. The liverman then released the woman and returned to Brownsville on horseback. In the excitement Westbrook managed to mount one of the saddled horses with the girl, and escaped to his father's residence, near Houstonia. Graham and son returned to Brownsville, and the next morning the farmer sent a note to the young couple giving his consent to their marriage. The driver's wound is not considered fatal.

No Wonder.

A Man That Suffered Mental and Physical Agony Eight Years Proclaims His Happiness.

Mental agony is dreadful, but when that and a physical ailment combine, it is simply terrible. Such was the condition of George W. Frampton, of Huntington, W. Va., for eight years. He was a sufferer of necrosis; that is, the leg bone at the ankle was inflamed and mortified, which caused a running sore. He says: "Pieces of bone the size of a silver three-cent piece came out of the sore on my leg. The discharge from the sore was almost continual, and I was unable to walk. For eight years I have been doctoring. I have been under treatment of a physician at Newport, Ky., for a year; another at Burlington, Ohio, attended me for three years, and a doctor here at Huntington worked with me for a long time. None of them did me any good and they all finally said my case was hopeless. A few months ago I commenced trying PERUNA, and now I am well. I can walk as good as anybody, and have perfect use of my limb. Words are inadequate to describe the mental agony I suffered when I thought I was always to be a sufferer. The thoughts of the affliction caused me more distress than the sore, so that the two combined was indeed agony. Being now free from both mental and physical suffering, my happiness knows no bounds. PERUNA has furnished me that which I prayed for during my eight years of suffering."

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