

A PROBLEM.

[St. Nicholas.]
Sandy and Ned were brothers;
Ned was older than Sandy;
And they were busy dividing
A stick of peppermint candy.

AN INSANE PIGEON.

The Antics a White Fantail Indulged
in Over a Beer Bottle.
[Cor. London Spectator.]
My bird, whom I had imagined to be
the victim of delusions quite peculiar to
himself, was a white fantail, and till
he broke out in the manner I am about
to relate, the respected head of a large
family. He was a very fine bird, with
immense development of chest and
spread of tail, and giving himself all the
airs befitting his position, nearly tipping
over backward with the dignity of his
strut.

A Breakfast With Horace Greeley.

[Croft's Letter.]
A gentleman who breakfasted with
him in 1865 tells me about it. Mr.
Greeley was not living at home at the
time; he was what Mrs. Greeley calmly
called "boarding somewhere else." This
somewhere else happened to be the West-
moreland, on Union square, only a couple
of blocks from his house. "Prof. S. S.
Packard and I were invited to breakfast
with him at 9 o'clock. We reached the
dining-room of the hotel before him, in-
quired for his table and sat down. Pres-
ently he came in, handed his overcoat
and hat to a waiter, and without look-
ing at us, ordered a breakfast for one—
a poached egg, some milk toast and a
cup of tea. Reaching the table he looked
a little surprised, but said: 'Have you
ordered your breakfast?' We as-
sured him that we had not, but
we ordered the same that he had
done. 'What paper have you?' he in-
quired of Packard as he sat down. It
was The Citizen, after Mike O'Reilly left
it and while Rosecroft had it. 'Any-
thing in it?' he asked. 'Not much, ex-
cept an article attacking you,' said
Packard. It was a column and a half
long, but Greeley read it through. 'Ab-
surd!' he said, 'to take so much space
for that. It isn't good journalism. It
all ought to have been said in one-third
of the space. The article ought never
to have been permitted to go below
there,' he said, indicating a place with
his finger. He did not allude to the
substance of the attack at all but de-
nounced the slovenliness and extrava-
gance of using so much space. We took
a hasty cup of tea and departed." Pro-
fessor Packard's school was one of his
hobbies. The last speech of his life, I
believe, was made before its students
during the campaign of '73.

California Tin.

"It is a great financial blunder," says
The Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald, "for the
people of southern California to neglect
to open and work the tin mines in our
mountains. Thirty million dollars'
worth of tin and tin products were im-
ported into the United States last year,
and still our mountains, which have
vast ledges of tin, are unworked and
almost unknown."

Chaufrau's Epitaph.

"Gith" is told that Chaufray had ac-
cepted his own epitaph. It was a quota-
tion from his "Kit, the Arkansas
Traveler": "I'd do my level best, I
ain't got nothing to take back."

THE HABIT OF SNORING.

How It Is Formed—An Anti-Snoring
Machine.
[Kansas City Times.]
"What do you know about snoring and
snorers, doctor?" said a reporter to a
well known physician and specialist.
"Why, my dear fellow, what an un-
usual question," was the reply. "How
cousin; if you really wish some points on
the subject I may possibly be able to give
you a few."
"Speaking scientifically, snoring is the
result of the vibration of the soft palate
and the uvula, caused by the two cur-
rents of air, one of which passes through
the mouth of the sleeper, and the other
through the nose. If only a single cur-
rent passes through the throat, the vi-
bration will not be caused, or, in other
words, a man who keeps his mouth shut
doesn't snore.

"In nine cases out of ten the habit of
snoring may be traced to careless treat-
ment of the snorer when a child, by the
parents. Children 'catch cold' and the
nasal organs become choked. The parents
neglect to treat the child properly, and
the consequence is that a habit is
acquired of sleeping with the mouth
partially open, in order to breathe
easily. The habit once acquired, clings
to the child, and unless broken off, is
adopted, and causes the person to be-
come a confirmed snorer.

"Snorers usually lie on their backs,
when sleeping, and in fact when lying
on the side it is almost impossible to
snore, owing to the position of the
palate and uvula."
"Do women snore as much as men?"
"No. Women are lighter sleepers, and
as a rule, don't become so great a
nuisance as men. After all, the question
is more of a social than a medical
problem, and ordinary physicians are
not often asked to treat cases of snor-
ing directly. An ingenious French-
man has invented an "anti-snoring
machine," in the form of an Indian rub-
ber mouth-piece, with a tube attached.
The mouth-piece is placed over the
sleeper's mouth, and the tube put to his
ear like a speaking tube. When he snores
the noise is conveyed to the ear and
wakes him. This is repeated until the
habit is acquired of sleeping with the
mouth shut. Another plan adopted by
some persons is to tie a bandage under
the chin and over the head, which keeps
the jaws closed and prevents the nu-
isance.

"About a year ago a young man came
to me and complained that his roommate
was such a terrible snorer that life be-
came a burden. I was unable to offer
any suggestions. The young man went
away in the deepest despair, and that
evening when his friend
was making night melodious, the
young man put a clothes pin
over his nose. The experiment was only
partially successful, however. The
snoring ceased, to be sure, but my young
friend came to me next evening with a
swelled head, and was under treatment
for three days."
"Are snorers conscious of the habit?"
"As a rule they are, because they
suffer from headaches in the morning,
and experience a general feeling of
weakness and depression. A well-known
lady came to me the other day and said
that upon waking up in the morning she
invariably suffered from a dry mouth.
While she was talking her
husband came in, and in an
agonized aside, told us that his wife
was an inveterate snorer, begging me to
cure her of both ailments. She is now
under treatment. I could surprise you
with the names of many young and
beautiful ladies who are confirmed
snorers, but the doctor is, usually, the
only man aware of it, until the snorer
astounds a loving but amazed husband
with her evening serenade. Most of our
bad habits can, by a stretch of the im-
agination, be invested with a certain de-
gree of poetry or romance, but no one
has ever attempted to palliate snoring.
The habit commences early, and, like
German chess, it becomes louder as it
grows older, until it has a baneful
effect on everyone and an affliction to the unfor-
tunate victim."

A Greek Beauty.

[MacMillan's Magazine.]
Every one knows the beauty of the
Greek Syrtos, as the dance is called,
round and round the plane tree in a
village square, now fast, now slow, now
three deep, now a single line, and then
the capers of the leader as he twists and
wriggles in contortions. Here in Amor-
gotes the sight was improved by the
brilliance of one or two old costumes.

One lady especially was resplendent;
her tunic was of green and red, her
scarf an eastern handkerchief such as we
now use for anti-macassars, coins and
gold ornaments hung in profusion over
her breast, her stomacher was of green
and gold brocade, a gold sash around
her waist, and a white crimped petticoat
with flying streamers of pink and blue
silk, pretty little brown skin shoes with
red and green embroidery on them. She
was an excellent dancer, too, a real joy
to look upon. The men wore their
baggy trousers, bright-colored stockings
and embroidered coats; but the men of
Amorgotes are not equal to the women.
The beauty of an Amorgote woman is
proverbial.

What My Teacher Said.
[Dora M. Downs.]
A beloved teacher of mine used to
curb my youthful enthusiasms, I thought
sometimes with needless severity, and I
never have forgotten one thing she said,
that at the time seemed heartless, but
we all live long enough to realize the
truth of it: "you will learn, my dear,
that there is no human heart, but if
crossed in its selfishness will rise up
against you." The nearest that human
love reaches utter self renunciation is
a mother's love for an unfortunate child.

A German Industry.

A German industry is the coloring of
mischrooms. The pipe or cigar holder
is suspended in a tightly-closed box, and
smoke from damp, strong, black tobacco
is blown over and through it until the
desired color is gained.

Edward Atkinson: Shelter, subsistence
and clothing for each person in the
United States must be provided out of
what \$146 a year, or 40 cents a day will
pay for.

New York Truth Society, so called,
holds its revuls in taverns.

A SOLDIER'S SAD STORY.

A Grievous Mistake Which a Fed-
eral Sharpshooter Made.
[Southern Trade Gazette.]
After the battle of Stone river, and
the Confederate forces had fallen back
to Tullahoma, Tenn., General Rosecrans,
then in command of the Union army
operating in Tennessee, proceeded to
fortify around Murfreesboro while the
Confederates were engaged in strength-
ening the defenses at Tullahoma.

Our army, which had done but little
fighting after the battle of Stone river,
moved upon Tullahoma in July, 1863,
expecting to find the "Johnnies" pre-
pared to receive them with open arms
and bloody hands.
"It was there that I witnessed the
saddest event of the war," said a veter-
an soldier to us while talking of the
trip from Murfreesboro to Tullahoma,
and he proceeded to relate substantially
the following:
"The Thirty-ninth Indiana was in
advance, and moved cautiously upon the
town, and found that the enemy had
evacuated, leaving nothing but a rear
guard to cover their retreat. The regi-
ment then pushed on into the heart of
the place, driving the remaining rebels
out and across a small river beyond, at
which our troops came to a halt; and
seeing the enemy on the opposite side of
the river, they awaited for our sharp-
shooters to come up, before venturing

across. The Confederates could be seen rid-
ing around the woods and fields six or
seven hundred yards away, and just as
they passed through a gap in a fence
near a farm house, a man was seen to
cross the road and enter the house, but
soon came out again in plain view of our
men. He was too far away to be reached
with any common gun, and was not fired
upon.
"It was not long before the sharp-
shooters came up to the river with their
long range, globe sight rifles. The man
could yet plainly be seen near the house,
seemingly to defy our guns. One of the
dead-shot sharpshooters brought his gun
up to his shoulder and fired. The man
fell to the ground, and in a few minutes
a woman and several little children
were seen about the fallen man.
"The enemy had now disappeared, and
our troops crossed the river and moved
on down the road, feeling their way.
When they came up to the spot where
the soldier had been killed, there lay in
death's embrace—not a Confederate
soldier—but an innocent little 12-year-
old boy, and his poor, heartbroken
mother and little brothers and sisters
weeping over him, and praying that
God might bring him back to them
again.

The boy was engaged in putting up
the fence near his home that the army
had thrown down to pass through in
their retreat, and was mistaken by our
men for a Confederate soldier.

"It was truly a sorrowful event; but
the soldier who killed the little fellow
would have laid down his own life as a
sacrifice if it would have brought the
boy back to life again, to comfort his
mother, who had already been robbed
of a husband and an older son by the
civil war.
"The regiment passed on in pursuit of
the flying enemy, and left the poor
woman weeping and wailing over the
death of her dear boy.
"Several days afterwards, when the
soldiers of the Thirty-ninth regiment re-
turned to Tullahoma and passed by the
house where the sad affair occurred, and
saw a little mound in the front yard near
the hardened veterans, and they could
not keep back the tears that chased each
other down their bronzed cheeks.

Though twenty summers have come
and gone since the death of the boy, that
little mound near the door of his home,
where he had spent many happy days,
is still green in the memory of those
who saw him shot."

Charmed by a Boa.

[Missouri Republican.]
I remember a little bout I had in Af-
rica once with a boa; I shan't forget it
in a hurry, and I got my first dash of
gray hairs that day. I wonder I didn't
get gray as a badger. My teeth were as
loose as a string of beads for two weeks.
Folks thought I had the old home-made
Illinois ague, I shook so whenever any-
body sung out 'Boa coming.' I was
with a party of Englishmen hunting
tigers, jaguars and leopards, and after
an unsuccessful tramp through jungle
and morass we stopped for a cold snack
from the hamper. I grew infernally
sleepy and lazy afterward, and the party
left me to smoke. I had a mind to fol-
low, and then again a mind to take a
rest, as the spreading tree made a grate-
ful shade, and I was safe there from
prowling beasts, the natives said. Soon
I began to have the pleasantest dreams
a man ever had, and saw the most
gorgeous visions. Talk about hash-
beeh and opium smoking; they
ain't a patching to my feelings.
My head drooped lower, and I
felt as if in the seventh heaven.
Suddenly I came to myself just as sound
as a nut, and knew that I had been mag-
netized by a 'boa. I swept my hand
across my eyes, and there he was, hang-
ing from a limb near me, his bright, gli-
ttering, serious eyes wide open, charming
me while making ready to drop on me.
Although I saw death yawning for me, I
was in a nightmare and couldn't move
to save my life. Then I felt with a thrill
of unutterable horror that he had begun
to wrap himself about me in that last
embrace. My limbs grew cold, and one
little squeeze made me scream out in
agony. My God! Would no one come!
Already that strong musky odor made
me faint and sick. Another coil half
made, when I felt a rude shock, the boa
tightened his grip for an instant, then
loosened it as his head was violently
jerked by the lasso thrown by Capt.
Luxbridge, an old tiger-slayer. Bang!
bang! went four guns, and the boa lay
dead—a monster fourteen feet long and
as thick as a young tamarind tree. I
wanted to come home, and I did.

Wales' Superstition.

The prince of Wales has a superstition
that his mother will outlive him, and
that he shall never be the king of Eng-
land.
"Why," said Clive, when defending
his Indian spoils, "when I remem-
ber my inopportunities I stand against at
my own moderation."

Valuable Furniture Woods.

[Scientific American.]
A generation or more ago the most
admired wood for furniture purposes
was mahogany. Until quite recently
the taste for mahogany has been held in
abeyance, and black walnut has long
reigned the king of the furniture woods.
Before mahogany controlled the popular
desire, cherry was a favorite, and our
white walnut, or hickory, was used to a
considerable extent. These old-fash-
ioned woods are coming into favor
again, and very fine effects are pro-
duced by the contrasts of cherry and
hickory, and by mahogany and hickory.
Mahogany and cherry blend admirably
as shades of color instead of contrasts.
The so called "branch" mahogany,
that in veneers on the fronts of bureaus
and in the frames of mirrors formerly
produced such impossible effects of
grain, has given place to that of plain,
straight grain, the effect of color rather
than of grain being desired.

Except yellow and black birch and
the satin and birds-eye maple, there are
few of our native woods that show a
very distinctive grain. This makes
them valuable as foils to the more er-
ratic grained woods of the tropics. One
of these, the coco bolo, of a deep red
color, with broad striated grain, works
up beautifully with the cherry, making
a complement of tints, or with the
hickory, showing a contrast of color
and of grain.

According to the statement of a prom-
inent dealer in furniture woods, our
cherry and hickory are coming rapidly
into demand, and for foreign woods the
mahogany and the comparatively little
known coco bolo are much called for by
makers of the furniture, carvers, and
internal finish.

Lincoln's Favorite Poem.

[Chicago Tribune.]
Mrs. L. E. Hillis, of Elgin, Ill., has a
copy of the well-known poem, "O Why
Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud,"
in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln.
She was once a member of a concert
company, which chanced to put up at
the same hotel with Mr. Lincoln in a
western town, when he was a candidate
for the presidency. In the evening the
singers entertained the company in the
parlor for a time, and then called
upon Mr. Lincoln. "My friends," said
he, "I couldn't sing a tune, not even
'Old Hundred,' if it were to save
my life, but I can recite a poem for
you." Then, stepping to the other side
of the parlor that he might face them
all, he said: "I will recite to you what
I consider one of the finest productions
of the English language," and then in
an impressive manner recited the poem.
As Mr. Lincoln was leaving the room
after his recitation, Mrs. Hillis asked
him who the author of the poem was and
where it could be found. Lincoln re-
plied that he did not know. "But," he
added, "if you wish it I will write you
out a copy of it." The next morning
while Mrs. Hillis was eating her
breakfast Lincoln handed her the copy
as he had promised. It was written on
the old-fashioned blue legal cap.

Never Saw "Young George."

[New York Sun.]
A feeble old darkey struggled pain-
fully in.
"Boss," he said, "Ise an ole, ole man;
I was bo'n in ole Yabgunny an' libbed
dar mos on to ninety-eight year, an' I
want yo' ter assis me er little dis mawn-
in' boss, er yo' pleas, sah."
"You know George Washington, of
course?"
"No sah, I neder seed him."
"Whut! You lived in Virginia ninety-
eight years and never saw George Wash-
ington?"
"Dat am er fac', boss. Ise an honest
ole man, an' am too far gone in dis worl'
fer to tell er lie. I nember seed young
George, but Lor', sah, his po' ole gran-
fadder an' gran mudder yase ter think
er pow'ful sight ob me, boss."

The Whittling Mania of Americans.

[New York Letter.]
"Do you see that man?" asked the
ferry ticket collector. "Well, he is get-
ting impatient, and if the boat don't
arrive in two seconds he will be hunt-
ing-around for something to cut. They
would hack the ferry house to pieces in
a month's time," he continued, "if we
didn't watch them. No sooner does a
man possess a knife than he commences
to whittle, and the frenzy that seizes
him is equal to the desire that comes
over a person to leap from a high eleva-
tion to death below. There are all
kinds of persons who have a mania for
this sort of vandalism, from the well
armed with pearl-handled knife down to
the tramp with his bone-encased,
tobacco-smelling 'Billy Barlow.'"

Darwin's Criticism of a Cartoon.

[Harper's.]
"Ah, has Punch taken me up?" said
Mr. Darwin, inquiring further as to the
point of the joke, which, when I had
told him, seemed to amuse him very
much. "I shall get it to-morrow," said
he, "I keep all those things. Have you
seen me in The Hornet?" As I had not
seen the number referred to, he asked
one of his sons to fetch the paper from
up-stairs. It contained a grotesque car-
icature representing a great gorilla, hav-
ing Darwin's head and face, standing
by the trunk of a tree with a club in his
hand. Darwin showed it off very pleas-
antly, saying slowly and with charac-
teristic criticism: "The head is cleverly
done, but the gorilla is bad; too much
chest; it couldn't be like that."

Alcohol in the Human System.

[Fall Mail Gazette.]
M. Bechamp lately contended before
the French academy that the human
system "manufactures" alcohol, and a
colleague—M. Gautier—said decidedly
that alcohol often presents itself phys-
iologically or nominally in the animal
economy without the introduction of
sugar or other fermentable substance.
The late researches of Perrin and Du-
jardin-Besmetz are considered as
having fully demonstrated this fact,
which is not unlikely to have a marked
effect in questions concerning legal
medicine.

The Biggest Dog.

[Chicago Herald.]
The largest dog to be exhibited at the
New York bench show, a St. Bernard,
owned by G. R. Giddens, is thirty-
two inches high and seven feet two
inches from the point of the nose to the
tip of the tail, thus being larger than
Joe Emmet's famous dog.

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