

FAIR MOUNTAINS OF FLESH.

"There is something funny about a fat woman. In the first place she is the only one of her generation in a family with that affection, and in the second she is uniformly good-natured and kind. I have never yet seen one in the business who was bad-tempered, said a close observer to a Detroit correspondent. "Sometimes I persuade myself that flesh is the ground-work of affability. The fleshiest woman in America to-day is the kindest-hearted being in the world. These curiosities are the best standard attractions in museums and circuses. They can earn more money and are more popular with visitors. Besides this, they are the patron spirits of the curiosity halls, and look after the welfare and comfort of those around them. Another funny thing about these women is their love for dwarfs. They take to them as a fly does to sugar. They would be good people to have in this state about this time, for their intemperance excesses amount simply to sarsaparilla pop drinking. Namiah, a German, whose home was originally in Kansas City, drinks beer. She is the only fat woman on exhibition to-day who tastes ardent spirits of any sort. There is a reason for all this. Flesh and alcohol are antagonistic. A fleshy person is possessed of more blood. It is of a warmer temperature, and liquor heats blood. Just stop and think how many fat drunkards you ever saw. If a person

IS GIVEN TO FLESH

he will not make liquor his companion to the extent of the gutter and police station. But these big people have no abnormal appetite for liquid nourishment. They drink sarsaparilla, la pop by the bottle, and Namiah disposes of beer by cases. Another characteristic of fleshy women is their preference for men slender build. Hannah Battersby, the best known of fat women, married a tall, emaciated fellow who weighed seventy-four pounds at the time the knot was tied. This was some years ago, and ever since then the husband has been growing in weight. He now weighs 158 pounds, Mrs. Battersby's husband was known as a 'skeleton' at the time of his marriage, and as he and his wife were with Barnum at that time a good deal of capital was made of the matter. People got the idea that fat women always married skeletons. This is not the case, and so far as I know Mrs. Battersby is the only lady who ever did so. But her contemporaries, nevertheless, have a weakness for men of slight physique. Winnie Johnston, the highest salaried fat woman on the stage, has for a life partner a little man whom she wedded twenty years ago. They have four children. At the time of Mrs. Johnson's marriage she weighed 500 pounds. Now she tips the beam at 700. America produces

MORE PROFESSIONAL FAT LADIES

than all other countries combined. Germany ranks second. In Africa there are a great many women who might earn good salaries in Museums, but it wouldn't pay to import them. The women of the European continent are more inclined to flesh, as a class, than those upon this side of the Atlantic, but they seldom develop such an amount of superfluous tissue. Hannah Battersby is the most corpulent woman in America. She is forty four years old and weighs 728 pounds. Mrs. Battersby commands a salary of \$100 per week, and continues to increase in weight. Two weeks ago she became blind, the flesh about her eyes shutting out the light of the outside world. A peculiarity of Mrs. Battersby is her ability to climb stairs. Although unable to walk a dozen feet without support, she can climb any stairway by simply grasping the banister rail. Mrs. Battersby is well educated. She has been fifteen years before the public. Her greatest rival is Mrs. Johnson, a colored woman from Indianapolis, who is getting \$250 at a Chicago museum. This is the highest salary paid any woman in this line of curios. Mrs. Johnson is forty-two years old. At eighteen her weight was 250 pounds. Ada Briggs, nineteen years old, 485 pounds, is five feet, four inches in height.

SHE HAS A MAGNIFICENT FIGURE

and is ranked the handsomest woman in the profession. There are two instances where two children in one family were given to remarkable

obesity. The Hill children, both girls, and twins, are sixteen years old and weigh 198 and 228 pounds, Peter and Nellie Brahim are respectively twenty-five and twenty-one years old and their combined weight is 800 pounds. Every woman on exhibition has a weakness for confectionary and cake. Hannah Battersby can eat a pound of confections a day without flinching. She and Mrs. Johnson are transported from town to town in baggage cars. Fifty years is the limit of life with the people of this class.

"ARE FAT MEN GOOD CURIOSITIES?"

"No; fat men have all played out. People do not care to see a great, dropical seething man, sitting calmly on a stage all day long, doing nothing but breathe and not doing that very well. The reason these curiosities continue to gain flesh is because they take no exercise. They all die of heart disease or choke to death.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

I want to say a word to the young men. It is a grand thing to be a young man; to have life before you. Life is behind me. My record is pretty nearly made; yours is to make. I can't undo a deed I have done or unsay a word I have spoken to; save my soul. No more can you. You are making your record. We old men have our record nearly made, and can't change it. It is an awful thing when a man is sixty-five years of age to look out upon a stained, smeared, smudged record, and know he can't change it. Thank God, there is a man who can wipe out the iniquity sufficient to save us, as a school boy wipes his sum off the slate. Even if a man is forgiven, it leaves a mark upon him he will never recover from—never.

Young men, you have life before you and will have to map out which direction you will take. They tell us that eight miles above us nothing animal can exist. It is death to all animal life eight miles in that direction. It don't depend on the distance you travel, but on the direction; and when a man takes a wrong direction he knows it. Young men, you need not tell me when you are doing wrong you don't know it. You do. There is not a young man that is breaking his mother's heart by dissipation, but knows it; knows that every glass he drinks will be a thorn in the way of him.

I would say, then, to young men, stop drinking and help fight it. Fight this awful evil; it rests with the young men of our country to it, and to win the victory. Fight it! Fight it!

THE DEADLY FLAT WHEEL.

As the train was pulling out of a station in Chicago, a passenger sat still a moment, as if listening to something, and then rose from his seat, and picked up his luggage and asked his traveling companion to go with him into the first car ahead.

"But we have just comfortable seats," replied the other; "why should we make a change? Car too hot for you?"

"No; the temperature is all right."

"Too cold, maybe?"

"No, it's not too cold."

Then what is the matter? why should we go into the front car?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You know I used to be a railroad man, a conductor, and of course, I picked up some ideas on the road that a man gets only from experience. As soon as the train started my ears told me there was a flat wheel under this car. Don't you hear rapping on the rails? Wait till the trains slow up for the first stop and then you'll hear it—running too fast now. Yes, sir; car wheels flatten out and have to be closely watched. Some imperfections or unevenness in the iron, or some extraordinary blow on the rail or obstruction makes an impression on the surface of the wheel, and then every revolution adds to the injury. A wheel will flatten out in a remarkably short time, and on long runs of through trains a flat wheel is a source of danger. If this wheel runs from here to New York and happens to be a pretty soft wheel, the chances are that it will arrive there in a very bad condition, after doing much damage to the track on the journey as the company will get in passenger money from all the occupants of the car. Of course there's not much danger; but I make it a rule never to ride in a car that has a flat wheel under it, and if you don't mind, we'll go up ahead."

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

THE W. C. T. U. MEETS EVERY THURSDAY AT 8 O'CLOCK IN THE Y. M. C. A. HALL. JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE ON THE LICENSE QUESTION.

"How can we help workin', sister Minkley? How can we hold our hands up, and rest on our featherbeds? If a deadly serpent had broken loose from some circus, and was wreathin' and twistin' his way through Jonesville, swallowin' down a man or a woman every few days, would men stand with their hands in their pockets, or a leanin' up ag'inst barn-doors a-whittlin', arguin' feebly from year to year, whether it was best to try to catch the serpent and cut its head off or weather it was best after all to let him go free? After they had seen some of their best friends swallowed down by it, wouldn't they make an effort to capture it? Wouldn't they chase it into any hole they could get it into? Wouldn't they turn the first key on it they could get hold of? And if it broke loose from that, wouldn't they try another key, and another till they get one that would hold him?"

"Do you suppose they would rent out that serpent at so much a year to crunch and swallow folks accordin' to law? And would it be any easier for the folks that was crunched and swallowed, and for the survivin' friends of the same, if they was killed by act of congress? What would such a law be thought of, Sister Minkley? And that is nothin' to the laws as they be. For what is one middle-sized serpent in a circus, that couldn't eat more'n one man a week with any relish to this intemperance, that swallows down a hundred thousand every year, and is as big as the Great Midgard serpent I have heard Thomas J. read about, whose folds encompassed the earth?"

Sister Minkley sighed so loud that it sounded some like a groan and I kep' on in a dreadful eloquent way:

"We have got to take these things to home, Sister Minkley, in order to realize 'em. Yours and mine are as far apart as the poles when we are talkin' about such things. As a general rule we can near other folks' trials and sufferin's with resignation. When it is your brother and husband that is goin' the downward road, we can endure it with considerable calmness; but when it is a part of my own heart, my Willie, or my Charley that is goin' down to ruin, we feel as if men and angels must help rescue him. It was this that sent forth the wonderful Woman's Crusade, that made tender, timid women into heroes willin' to oppose their weakness to banded strength. It was this that made victory possible to them. What was the crusade to the Holy Land that I have heard Thomas J. read about to this? That was to protect the sepulchre where the body of our Lord once laid, but this was to defend the living Christ, the God in man."—Copyright.—By per. of "Samantha" Josiah Allen's Wife.

FROM HON. JOHN B. FINCH R. W. G. T. OF THE WORLDS GOOD TEMPLARS.

The drink habit and its associations are bad. Every drinker will admit that they would injure his wife. A habit and associations which would injure a woman will injure a man. A bad man is as bad as a bad woman. A fast girl is not a whit viler, lower and meaner than the young man who visits her. Vice cannot be made virtue by dressing it in pantaloons.

KING ALCOHOL.

In dark rooms and dingy cellars, in secret conclave, he devises his plans and mixes his drugs. By night and by day he draws out the catalogues of crime. With hands polluted with blood and locks that wriggle and crawl and hiss; with purpose fixed for slaughter, and with heart unpyiting and unrelenting, he presses his infernal work. With the gold his crimes have brought him, he seeks to secure friends in the halls of legislation; to put his judges upon the bench, his advocates at the bar, his witnesses on the stand, and to make surety doubly sure, his views in the public mind. He would control, if he could, not only our aims houses and prisons, but also our legislative halls and our public presses. He would fill not only our cells and graveyards, but also our judgment seats and our police com-

missions. This is our foe—cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, strong as an ox, bold as a lion, merciless as a tiger remorseless as a hyena, fierce as a pestilence, deadly as a plague. To condemn and correct such a criminal is not the pastime of an hour, but the manly, hero-born martyr-brad work of a lifetime.

A LUCKY WESTERN SCOUT.

"I was a scout and hunter for Fort Station, in New Mexico, for a couple of seasons," said Tom White. The fort is on one of the upper branches of the Bonita river, with a spur of the Soledad mountains to the north and east. Injuns were pretty thick and mighty mean, though they made a pretence of being at peace, and more or less of 'em were lying around the fort all the time. I had the first Winchester rifle I had ever seen in that locality, and the redskins just tumbled over each other in their efforts to buy the gun. They offered me three times the value of it, but it was a present from an old friend of mine, and I couldn't let it go. I knew enough of Injun natur, however, to feel sartin that some of the bucks would lay for me and shoot me down to get possession of the gun, and therefore when out on a hunt or with dispatches I had to observe just as many precautions as if actual war existed. I dodged two or three put-up jobs to murder me, and luck had made me sort o' reckless, when I brought up with a round. I had wounded a deer in the foothills airly one morning, and was pushing on after him as hard as I could go, when a bullet knocked my hat off, and I heard two Indians give tongue. In about five minutes I was lying flat on my face behind a big rock, and in five more had made out that the two reds were behind another rock, fifteen rods away, with nary brush or stone between us. Only one had fired at me, and he had aimed at my head. It was an out-and-out ambush, but as the one who fired had missed his target and allowed me to secure cover the advantage now rested with me in several points. I had the most shots, I was on higher ground, the bushes grew quite up to my back, while they had open ground all around 'em. I chuckled away to myself when I figured out the lay of the ground, and made up my mind in some minits that there was a sartin tribe of Injuns in New Mexico who'd miss two bucks from their ranks afore the sun hit twelve o'clock that day. To be sartin sure that they were layin for me I got hold of a stick and pulled in my cap and elevated it, and one of 'em sent a bullet through it quicker than a wink. Then I called out and told 'em who I was, but they yelled and jeered at me in reply. Their plan was to keep one loaded always ready for me, while the other fellow blazed away every minute to show me that they were in earnest. His bullets chipped the rocks all around, but I was as safe as in a fort. I let 'em fool around for half an hour, and then worked my way backward through the bushes took a half-circle, and presently hit a spot not 300 feet behind 'em from which I could see the pair plain. Both were on their knees the one holding his fire for me to rise up.

AND THE OTHER BLAZING AWAY as fast as he could load. I had 'em foul, and the idea of two thoroughbred injuns being jackasses enough to try and bluff me in that way made me grin all over. I could have shot 'em down at once, but I waited awhile to enjoy the situation. One of 'em was a buck named Cloudy Day, and the other was called Out-in-the-Rain. Both were at the fort the previous day trying to buy the gun, and professing the greatest friendship for me. "I waited about ten minutes, and then I drew up and sent a bullet into Cloudy Day's spine. He tumbled backward, and I'll wager he didn't kick twice. The shot, of course, alarmed the other, and he sprang to his feet and looked around. He started to bolt, but I called to him to halt, and stood there a fair mark and shouted to him to shoot. "I didn't want to knock him over in cold blood, you see. He drew up his gun and blazed away, but the bullet went wild. Then he threw down his gun and started to run, but he hadn't gone ten feet before I tumbled him over. I left the carcasses lying there and overtook my deer and carried him into the fort. There was a sub-chief there named

Small Horse, and after a bit I asked him if he knew where Out-in-the-Rain and Cloudy Day were summering. He said he expected to see them at the fort that afternoon, and I told him to prepare his mind for a dis' appointment. The bodies were found and a hundred different bucks swore to have my life, but I'm still living and in good health, and was never fired on agin."

BEST KIND OF SECURITY.

The other morning, as a janitor of a bank not very far from the palace, opened the doors, he was surprised to observe three rather tired looking citizens seated on the steps, the centre one of whom held a sealed envelope carefully in sight of his companions.

Want to make a deposit, gentlemen? asked the cashier, who arrived shortly; step inside.

No; I want to negotiate a loan, said the man with the envelope; and there ain't a minute to lose; I want \$5,000 quicker than hades can scorch a feather.

What collaterals have you—government? inquired the bank official.

Government nothin'; I've got something that beats four per cents. all hollow; you see, I've been sitting in a poker game across the street, and there's over \$4,000 in the pot; there are three or four pretty strong hands out, and as I have every cent in the centre, the boys have given me thirty minutes to raise a stack on my hand; it's in this envelope; just look at it, but don't give it away to these gentlemen. They're in the game and came along to see I don't monkey with the cards.

But, my dear sir, said the cashier, who had quietly opened the envelope and found it to contain four kings and an ace; this is entirely irregular; we don't lend money on cards.

But you ain't going to see me raised out on a hand like that? whispered the pokerist. These fellows think I'm bluffing and I can just clean out the whole gang. You see, we ain't playing flushes, so I've got 'em right in the door.

Can't help it, sir; never heard of such a thing, said the cashier and the disappointed applicant and friend drifted sally out.

On the corner they met the bank's president, who was himself just from a quiet little all-night game at the Union. They explained the case again, and the next moment the superior officer darted into the bank, seized a bag of twenties and followed the trio. In about ten minutes he returned with the bag and an extra handful of twenties, which he flung on the counter.

Here, credit \$500 to interest account, he said to the cashier; why I thought you had more business snap, sir; ever play poker?

No, sir.

Ah! thought not—thought not; if you did you'd know what good collateral was; remember that in future—four kings and an ace, flushes barred, are always good in this institution for our entire assets, sir—our entire assets.

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