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FRIDAY JANUARY 17 1890.

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.

HARRISBURG, Pa., January 7, 1890. The Democratic State Central Committee will meet at the rooms of the Committee, Market street, Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday, January 23, 1890, at 12 o'clock, noon, to elect one person to serve as Chairman of Democratic Committees, and one person to serve as Permanent Secretary of the State Democratic Central Committee, for the ensuing year; and to transact such other business as may properly be brought before the committee.

The rules that relate to this meeting are as follows:

RULE ONE—The Democratic Organization of the State of Pennsylvania shall consist of: First—A Chairman of Democratic Committees, and a Permanent Secretary.

Second—A Democratic State Executive Committee, composed of nine members.

Third—A State Central Committee.

Fourth—Nine State Division Committees.

RULE TWO—The Chairman of Democratic Committees shall be ex-officio, a member of all the committees and the Acting Chairman of the Democratic State Executive and State Central Committees.

RULE THREE—The Chairman of Democratic Committees shall be elected by the Democratic State Central Committee at an annual meeting thereof to be held on the first Wednesday after the third Monday in January, at such place as may be designated by the State Executive Committee, and shall hold office for a period of one year or until his successor shall be duly elected. Any qualified Democratic voter of the State of Pennsylvania shall be eligible to said office.

RULE FIVE—The State Central Committee shall consist of one member from each county and the Chairman of the local county organization shall be ex-officio the member of the Democratic State Central Committee from said county, provided that any county that is entitled to more than one State Senator shall have an additional member for each additional Senator which said additional member shall be elected in such manner as the local county organizations of the respective counties may determine, and provided that not more than one member of the State Central Committee shall be elected in any senatorial district from the same county and this committee shall elect one permanent secretary who shall have charge of the records of the committee and transmit the same to hisessor.

RULE SIX—Members of the State Central Committee unable to attend, may, for any meeting or for any subsequent meetings, be represented by proxy in writing, substitutes, to act pro tem for them, but they must be voters in the counties and senatorial district which their principals represent.

RULE SEVENTEEN—(Part of old rule No. 3.) "It (referring to the State Central Committee) may at its meeting, to the annual meeting in January or subsequent meetings, fix the time for the state convention and arrange therefor."

L. D. WOODRUFF, Chairman. BENJAMIN M. NEAD, Permanent Secretary.

JOHANN MOST says the Anarchists will have nothing to do with the proposed eight-hour law. He seems astonished at the idea that any one should expect his constituents to work so many hours a day.

SOME curious facts are brought out by the statistics on executions for the year 1889. During the year there were 273 executions, only ninety-eight of them being legal. Of the 175 lynchings 139 were in the South; and ninety-five of the men lynched, slightly over one-half, were negroes. To read the northern papers one would suppose that the whole 273 executions were illegal, but all occurred in the South, and that a negro had been the victim in each case.

GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY will contribute to the February number of Harper's Magazine an article on "The Standing Army of Great Britain," which has been elaborately illustrated by R. Caton Woodville. The author has not hesitated, it is said, to criticize the English military administration with perfect frankness. For example, he remarks: "Until public opinion forces us to keep the army sufficiently strong to enable it to properly discharge the duties imposed upon it with due regard to the health of the men, and until we deal with our soldiers on the business principles on which the United States treat their men as to food and pay, short of resorting to some form or other of compulsory service, it is impossible that it can ever be as efficient and as useful as it ought to be."

ON THE 31st of May, 1889, that ever-to-be-remembered flood that desolated the Conemaugh valley with death and destruction. On the 12th of January, 1890, Governor Beaver's Relief Commission reports \$200,000 on hand. Only the good Lord knows what want and misery the impoverished survivors of that awful disaster have suffered in the long interval since millions of dollars were thrust into Governor Beaver's hands for their benefit. Hasn't there been a sore need for every dollar given—and more. Have the Governor's methods even allowed prompt distribution of what has been given? To be honest about it, has the so-called injustice of newspaper criticism ever set up such a shameful status of his cases as does the statement of naked facts? Two hundred thousand dollars still held back from those for whom it was given. Do the flood sufferers need nothing more?—Pittsburgh Post.

THE PRESIDENT WILL DISMISS HIM

Philadelphia Times. J. R. Mizell was appointed by Presi-

dent Harrison United States Marshal for the Northern District of Florida some time last spring, and how shamelessly he has prostituted his office is proved by the following letter written by him on the 5th of July last to pack the jury box of the United States Courts for the trial of political prosecutions: C. C. Kirk, Esq., De Land, Fla.:

Sir: You will at once confer with Mr. Bielby and make out a list of fifty or sixty names of true and tried Republicans from your county registration list for jurors in the United States Court, and forward same to Hon. P. Walter, Clerk of the United States Court, and it is necessary to have them at once, as you can see. Please acknowledge this. I am yours truly, JOHN R. MIZELL, United States Marshal.

Please get the names of parties as near steamboat and railroad stations as possible.

Mr. Kirk, to whom the letter was written and who produced it in court, obeyed its request and sent over fifty names of "true and tried Republicans" to be summoned as jurors; and he testified also that the names he forwarded were on the list of jurors in the order he had written them. The United States Judge ruled the letter out of the evidence because the Clerk of the Court was not directly implicated in the criminal act, but the guilt of the Marshal stands out in all its naked villainy.

President Harrison will dismiss Marshal Mizell, of course, and do it promptly.

The wrong is so flagrant in its lawlessness and its attempt to pollute the sanctuary of justice, that the President can't refuse to dismiss the criminal official without degrading the Chief Magistrate to the level of the common jury-stuffer. Only by the promptest dismissal of Marshal Mizell can the President hope to command respect from any law-loving citizen of any party.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

The article which is likely to attract most attention is the January number of the New England Magazine is that on "The New England Meeting-House and the Wren Church," by Mr. A. R. Willard. Mr. Willard shows it a very interesting manner how Sir Christopher Wren, who was rebuilding the sixty or seventy London churches, after the great fire in 1666, just as our New England fathers were getting able to build meeting-houses with towers and steeples, set his stamp upon our entire church architecture, in city and country, almost from that time to this. The article is very richly illustrated with pictures of Wren's steeples and of our own old meeting-houses, and there is much interesting gossip about the Old South, King's Chapel, Christ Church, and the Old Church in Hingham. The other illustrated articles are on Montreal in Winter, and the Boston Musical Composers. This latter article, by Francis H. Jenks, the musical editor of the Boston Transcript, is in continuation of the series of musical articles which is being made a prominent feature of the Magazine, and which has already contained Mr. Elson's article on the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Dwight's on the Handel and Haydn Society. The present article is embellished by good portraits of Julius Eichberg, John K. Paine, Parker, Whiting, Chadwick, and Arthur Foote. Professor Jameson of Brown University, in a valuable paper entitled "Did the Fathers Vote?" shows in a way that is gratifying to those who believe in progress, that however neglectful we are of our political duties, we are in this respect vastly ahead of our fathers in the "good old times" that the croakers talk about.

Mr. William F. Dana writes about the Behring Sea Controversy. Mrs. Nina Moore Tiffany begins a series of "Stories of the Fugitive Slaves," telling here of the Escape of William and Ellen Craft, Edward Everett Hale, in his delightful "Tarry at Home Travel," talks this month about the Boston Parks and about Concord. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., contributes an entertaining chapter of colonial history, under the head of "Edward Bendall and the Mary Rose." "Candlelight in Colonial Times," is another curious bit of New England history. Browning receives notice in two articles, one by Mr. Robert Niven of London, on "Browning's Obscurity," the other by Miss H. E. Hersey, on "Browning in America," the latter accompanied by a fine portrait from a recent London photograph. There is an "Old South Lecture" on "Thomas Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchase," by one of the young Old South essayists, Robert Moss Lovett, now a student in Harvard College. An excellent article it is, and it should prove a stimulus to many of our young historical students. Professor Hosmer's "Haunted Bell" moves on in an interesting way; and there is the usual assortment of short stories and of poems.

Their Genealogies. From the New York Sun.

It was at the depot in Macon, Ga. A colored man from the country stood looking at the locomotive when the colored fireman called out: "Hey, yo' nigger, what yo' lookin' at?" "Who's nigger?" demanded the other. "Yo' is."

"So is yo'."

"Look dar, nigger, I don't take no sass off'n shucks!"

"Yo' is shucks yo'self."

"Humph! Do yo' know what my fadder sold fur befo' de wah?"

"No."

"Fo'teen hundred dollars in gold, sah, and dey reckoned dat was \$300 under price. Who was yo' fadder, sah?"

"He was the gem'l'man who bought yo' fadder fur a waitah, sah, an' he allus 'lowed he paid \$1,000 mo' dan he was worth."

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Yes; it is true I have lovers three. Do you wonder I'm in a quandary? For which to choose it is hard to tell When I love them each and all so well. The first bears in his handsome face His passport to a woman's grace. His eyes are luminous gold gray mist, His cheeks are roses the winds have kissed; And shimmering gleams of sunlight thread The wealth of curls on his shapely head. And when his love impassioned he tells, My heart with a love responsive swells. To his fervent pleading I cannot say A cool, desisive, unflinching "Nay."

The second is dark, and grand, and grave: Night shadows among his tresses wave. In his great, deep eyes would seem to be Visions more than mere mortals see His simple "I love you" is eloquent Of wells of affection all upper.

And she who is queen of his steadfast heart May to sure of her reign "until death shall part."

The third—ah, the story poets have told Of hair like a crown of burnished gold; Of eyes that rival the sapphirine hue; And that dance like waves of the ocean blue; Of the dimples that play at hide and seek in rounded chin and in either cheek; While the mischievous that curls in every glance Makes havoc with hearts like Cupid's lance. He never has told of his love for me. But I am as sure of it as can be.

Notwithstanding all this, it is often said That I will doubtless be an "old maid." And yet, perhaps, I must own the taunt. For these three lovers all call me "maid." And the first is five, and the second thirteen. And the third is one year and, you see

—Carrie E. Hall.

Nutmegs as a Medicine.

The medicinal qualities of nutmegs are worthy of a great deal of attention. They are fragrant in odor, warm and grateful to the taste, and possess decided sedative, astringent and soporific properties. In the following affections they are found highly serviceable: Gastralgia (neuralgia of the stomach), cholera morbus, flatulent colic, dysentery, cholera infantum and infantile colic. In all cases nutmegs may be prepared for administration in the following manner:

Grate one or more nutmegs into a fine powder. For children, give one-sixth to one-third of a teaspoonful, according to age, of this powder, mixed with a small quantity of milk. For adults, from a half to two teaspoonfuls may be given in the same way, according to the severity of the case. Every two hours is generally the best time to administer this remedy.

Insomnia (sleeplessness) is very often effectually relieved by one or two doses of nutmeg, when such stronger agents have signally failed.—New York Journal.

A Walking Advertisement.

A new profession has been introduced into the city during the past two years, which the majority of citizens know little about. All large prominent houses now hire professional dressers for the purpose of introducing new styles. You may have noticed often that some particular friend of yours who, as you well know, has no bank account, and does not seem to work but yet dresses in the height of fashion, wearing every new style of hat, clothes, shoes or necktie that makes its appearance. Well, he is employed by some house to popularize new garments by wearing them and making them familiar to all dressers. He receives a salary and frequents all popular resorts; in fact, he lives off of his shape and looks, as only handsome and well formed men are eligible to the new profession.—Merchant Tailor in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When Royalty Dissembled.

"Little 'Tattler' in the Pall Mall Gazette says 'The Pier Hotel, Hastings, where the Empress Eugenie and the prince imperial took refuge after their flight from France, lived for a long time on the reputation it had thus acquired, and quite lately I saw over the porte cochere of an old provincial French inn the words pompously inscribed, 'Here royalty sojourned one night;' the royalty in question being Louis Philippe and his queen. When they arrived, 'got up' as Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the king, hearing that there was at that time an English lady and his family staying there, called out gruffly to Marie Anicette, 'Trot along, old woman, bring up Mrs. Smith,' a feat which only a Frenchman who had taught English for a living would have been capable of performing.

Beans with the Bag Open.

He was a large man and wore a gray ulster. A pair of glasses added to his intellectual appearance. He walked sedately up the stairs of the elevated station at Chambers street. He had several packages. One of them, a bag containing beans, was held under his arm. Suddenly a bean escaped and rolled downward, bouncing from step to step. It was followed by another and another; and directly there was a stream of beans cascading down the stairs behind the unconscious man. Several people called to him, but he did not grasp the situation until he had reached the top. Then, after a critical examination of the empty bag, he turned to the smiling crowd, and with the air of one imparting a great truth, said: "There's a hole in it!"—New York Sun.

A Little Too Previous.

A good story is going the rounds about a certain married man on Pleasant street. He got up one morning in a terrible hurry, rushed around frantically, built a fire, decided that he wouldn't have time to wait for breakfast, had his wife make him a cup of coffee—all he could take time for—swallowed the coffee, put on his overcoat, said "good morning" to his wife, looked at the clock, found it was half past 2 a. m., and went back to bed.—Attleboro (Mass.) Sun.

A Fine Mopper.

Mrs. Lucinda Jackson—Is yo' got any work ob any kind yo'd like done, lady? Mrs. Housekeeper—What kind of work can yo' do?

Mrs. Jackson—Well, I does moppin' mosly, an' I kin do any kin' ob it from de plainest eb'ry day sort to de finest fix-up 'o' Sunday kind. If yo' want any real fine moppin' done, lady, I kin do hit up neat an' fine.—Detroit Free Press.

HAVE YOU A DOUBLE CHIN?

If So, Be Proud of It, as It Is Said to Indicate Strong Character.

The great justification of the double chin rests, of course, on its unrivaled value as an index of character—and such a character! It is really nature's patent of nobility. This was long ago discerned by the great master of physiognomy. It is not difficult to divine what Lavater thought of a double chin. He carefully points out that man differs from the animal chiefly by his chin, laying it down as an axiom that the chin is the distinctive characteristic of humanity; consequently double chinned people are doubly differentiated from the beasts that perish, which is greatly to their credit. He expressly takes for his model of "the thinker, full of sagacity and penetration," a man with a fleshy double chin, coupled with a nose rounded at the end. The portrait he gives is even better than the letter press, as the gentleman is limned with at least five chins, so that his lower jaw was a vista of magnificent distances like Washington.

This happy physiognomy of the double chin, coupled with the rounded nose, characterizes, he tells us, the mind which can rise to heights, and which follows its designs with reflecting firmness, unalloyed by obstinacy. Let, therefore, those with double chins rejoice, whether they possess rounded noses or not, and quote Lavater in gratitude. He gives again another example of the double chin, and the face so endowed, he says enthusiastically, is reason's own image. He quite revels in this feature. He takes an example of Raphael with a beautifully rounded double chin, and in criticizing it he acknowledges that the profile is wanting in truth, harmony and grace; but then, asks he, how is it so strongly takes captive our sympathy? Where lies the illusion? Merely in the chin, he answers, and as the chin is a double one, the matter is no longer a mystery. He points triumphantly to Cicero's magnificent double chin, and in a burst of eloquence says of Wren's that, if you can find a man with (among other things) such a chin as that, without being gifted with some extraordinary talent, he renounces forever the science of physiognomy.

What Lavater has thus laid down experience amply corroborates. The double-chinned, therefore, should hold their heads up higher, in the consciousness of modest merit, and give free play and just prominence to their certificates of character. It is, as hinted above, rather difficult at present to tell who is endowed and who is not. Portrait painters are craven enough to dissimulate a double chin; they leave it to a caricaturist, who seems to think it great fun for a popular statesman or poet to have two chins, whereas those appendages are the secret of their success. Some of our more observant writers have got a glimpse of the truth; Wilkie Collins, for instance. He very properly credits Count Fosco, the man of daring, resource and determination, with a double chin, to which Fosco's pet cockatoo calls public attention by rubbing its head against it in the most appreciative manner possible. But your ordinary novelist would never have thought of that.

As an Englishman, by the way, one naturally turns to Shakespeare to see whether his appearance corroborates Lavater's views. Shakespeare undoubtedly foresaw the point, as he foresaw everything else, but he was sufficiently artful to wear just enough beard to place it in eternal doubt whether he had a double chin or not. Thus he leaves it open to all parties, single-chinned or double, to quote him as an instance of anything they like, which, after all, is the great use which Shakespeare has always been put to.—London Standard.

Likes and Dislikes.

Affinities and repulsions are queer things. Some times they allow analysis or explanation, but just as often they don't. Our likes and dislikes do not appear to be under our control any more than that very powerful emotional impulse toward a particular one which is called love. It may be said generally that where there is esteem there can't be any strong dislike, though there may be no attraction. Yet, curiously enough, there may be love without esteem. Women have been known to love the most worthless characters, for whom they could not possibly have any esteem. It is an enigma, after all. The loss of faith in one might seem to shatter affection in one, but it doesn't. Affection survives confidence. People are drawn together whose tastes and pursuits widely differ by some strong trait which they hold in common, and persons of wonderful identity of tastes and psychological resemblances never contrive heartily to like each other by a collision revolving around some point of radical moral difference which makes all the point and kindred qualities go for nothing. And so the queerest marriages and the queerest friendships are contracted on the one hand, and the apparently strongest antagonisms kindled on the other hand.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Pictures of Sand.

Parisians have lately been entertained by a remarkable artist, who displays wonderful skill in her peculiar form of painting. With plates of various colored sand before her, she takes the sand in her right hand and causes it to fall in beautiful designs upon a table. A bunch of grapes is pictured with violet sand, a leaf with green sand, the stalk with brown sand, and relief and shadows by other sands; when the work is brushed away a bouquet of roses and other objects are represented with the same dexterity and delicacy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

English Too Limited.

Editor (returning a manuscript to an aspiring genius from Jenkins Corners)—Yes, I perfectly agree with you that you are a grammatical heavy weight, for you have knocked grammar completely out. I would suggest that you give some attention to the study of Chinook, as I perceive that the resources of the English language are utterly inadequate to express your ideas.—West Shore.

No Place Like Home.

To the Cape Codder, like the Icelander and the Swape, his native province is the best the sun shines on. So unique, emphatic and personal the cape and its towns have become to those reared here, that a cape man finds nowhere else so glorious as home, so full of such sweet memories. The cape colors him all his life—the roots and fibers of him. He may get beyond, but he never gets over the cape.

Make him a merchant at Manila or Calcutta, a whaler at the north pole, mate in Australian waters, a millionaire on Fifth avenue, a farmer in Minnesota, and the cape sticks to him still. He will feel in odd hours to his life's end the creek tide on which he floated inshore as a boy, the hunger of the salt marsh in hayting time, the cold splash of the sea spray at the harbor's mouth, the spring of the boat over the bar when he came home from fishing, with the wind rising on shore out of the gray night clouds seaward, the blast of the wet northeaster in the September morning when under the dripping branches he picked up the windfall of golden and crimson apples, the big flaked snow of the December night when he beamed his first sweetheart home from singing school; and he will see in dreams perfect the trailing arbutus among the gray mosses on the thin edge of a spring snow bank, the bubbling spring at the hill foot near tidewater, the fat, crimson roses under his mother's windows, with a clump of Aaron's rod or lilac for back-ground; the yellow dawn of an October morning across his misty moors, and the fog of the chill pond among the pine trees, and above all the blue sea with its headland, on which go the white winged ships to that great far off world which the boy had heard of and the grown man knows so well.—New England Magazine.

A Japanese Trial.

The following details of Japanese legal procedure will be of interest. The court is held in a room, the largest portion of which is covered by a rostrum usually three or more feet high, the remaining part of the room space being flagged. The object of the rostrum is to accommodate the judges, who sit behind small desks or tables, each table being covered with a green baize cloth. The number of these tables varies according to the court, in the common pleas there being generally three of them, but not all are occupied by judges, for the judge only sits at the center one, at his right hand being the prosecutor or prosecuting lawyer, and at his left the clerk, each with his table and a little paint box for writing in black the Japanese symbols, and of course such a person as a stenographer is unknown.

Below this rostrum is what may be called the dock, where the prisoner stands supporting himself by a low railing. The only seats provided in the court beyond those appertaining to the tables on the rostrum are one or two benches at the extreme end of the court for the accommodation of visitors, though prisoners awaiting trial are permitted to utilize them. A jury is apparently unknown to the Japanese legal procedure. At the trial the prosecutor states his case, and then the judge examines the prisoner, who may, however, employ counsel if he prefer. On the completion of the case sentence is pronounced and the next prisoner called up.—Law Journal.

Literary Partnerships.

Collaboration in novel writing is getting to be quite a common occurrence, writes James Pryn in The Independent. One gentleman does the plot and the other the dialogue; or better still (though surely a little dangerous in the case of such sensitive natures), a lady is introduced into the partnership, to do the love scenes from her view of the question. Men are apt to make mistakes in this matter, and vice versa. An author was once discovered to be a spinster from her describing a husband and wife going on with a quarrel at the breakfast table at the exact point where they had left it a week or more ago. Still, collaboration does not do in everything. In athletics, for instance, it was recently discovered that two gentlemen were in the habit of entering one another's names for races, instead of their own. The less speedily of the two modestly appeared on the list, and was given a start on account of the indifference of his previous performances, which the quick one ran for him and won. Untouched by this spectacle of so much friendship, a magistrate sent both Orestes and Pylades to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses.

A New Color Test.

In reference to the "color test" for the eyesight of railway men, Dr. H. E. Lillard, of Carleisle, surgeon to the railway companies in the district, has devised an instrument which he thinks will serve all purposes. It consists of a holder, with a revolving disk of colored glass—purple, mauve, green, yellow (the equivalent of a white signal lamp), blue and red, which, it will be seen, include all the colors used on railways. The holder is held in front of a light, and the surgeon examines the color sight of the candidate by revolving the disk and bringing the separate colored glasses in front of the candle through which the flame shines—thus exactly imitating the usual signal lamp. He suggests that the addition of a piece of smoked glass would make the colors much the same as they would appear in a fog. It is not convenient always to test on an actual line of railway; but a test with this instrument, in which the examiner can change the colors quickly, would at least weed out those who are positively color blind.—English Mechanic.

Thought He Was a Horse.

A Vermont farmer and his wife, on their first visit to the capitol at Montpelier, paused before the statue of Ethan Allen. They gazed long and thoughtfully, and then the silence was broken by the husband: "Gosh, mother, I allus thought Ethan Allen was a horse."—San Francisco Argonaut.

He Got the Quarter.

"If I gave you a cent, Bobbie, what would you do with it?" "I'd buy a postal card and write to you for a quarter."—Harper's Bazar.

The Nature of Orchids.

The orchids, conquerors of the light, may well claim pardon for their triumph over their humble companions of the gardens, for their victory is fairly achieved. They astonish us when we first examine them, then charm us. Nature has been liberal with them, and they have everything. Their flowers are full of that curious charm that captivates. Their colors are harmoniously toned, and always bright and elegant. Their odor is sweet and penetrating, but does not cloy. Notwithstanding their thin texture, which gives them a delicate and frail air, they last longer than other ornamental flowers. Nothing, in fact, seems to be wanting to them but a more lively and abundant foliage, and that can be supplied by mingling fern leaves with them.

It was long supposed that these wonderful plants were extremely delicate and capricious. This was a mistake. To their other virtues they join the rare one of simplicity. Nearly all the orchids cultivated in greenhouses are natives of the inter-tropical zone, and it was supposed from this fact that they required considerable heat. But it has gradually been established that a high temperature really hinders their best development. A considerable number of them in their native state grow on high mountains, under exposure to a bracing atmosphere; and they are now cultivated in moderately warmed and freely ventilated greenhouses. They are, therefore, relatively hardy plants, well adapted to the decoration of our rooms.—J. Dwyowski in Popular Science Monthly.

It's Great to Be One Legged.

A little ragamuffin, who had lost one of his legs, hopped around on a crutch one rainy afternoon last week at the corner of Broadway and Park place. His shoe was torn, and it was natural to suppose that the foot inside of it was wet. The boy was determined that there should be no question about this, for he hopped from one puddle to another, and stood in each until the water began to ooze out of the shoe. Several other gamins played around with him. At times they tried to pull him down, but he was very quick and had a way of bringing his crutch down on their shoulders that made them wary about coming within his reach. Suddenly he stopped and said:

"I feel hungry. Guess I want something to eat."

He left his companions playing in the street, hopped up onto the sidewalk and accosted the first man that came along. The man looked at his crippled condition and gave him a dime. The next man fumbled in his pocket and brought out a copper. The third and fourth paid no attention to him. He gave it up then and came back to his companions, tossing the money he had received as though this was no unusual occurrence.

"Go in to leave you fellows," he said; "go in to get some beef and beans."

As he hobbled away the other boys looked at him with envy in their eyes.

"Gosh," said one of them, "it's great to be one legged. You don't have to work and you get more money, too."

The others nodded assent.—New York Sun.

The Diamond Market.

It was rather an innovation to the old time jewelers to discover in some of the leading magazines and newspapers advertisements offering their wares at prices which strike the casual reader as being remarkably cheap. One of the oldest houses in New York, for instance, has offered to sell diamond rings, which "are fit for the hand of any lady or gentleman in the land," at prices varying from \$55 upward. The high standing of the house naturally stamps such an offer as being sincere and honest, but certainly most men would be impressed with the idea that a diamond ring for that amount of money could not present many points of value.

A slight investigation shows that the general cheapening agency of machinery is at work in this branch of trade as in all the others. What formerly required the work of a single man for nearly a day—that is, the metal part of the ring—is now stamped out and fitted ready to receive the stone with a rapidity which is astonishing. The only cost to be considered is the rent of the machine and the value of the crude gold. Inserting a cheap diamond in the surface of the ring is about all the manual labor involved. The journeymen jewelers do this work with great rapidity, and practically sent both Orestes and Pylades to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Imprisonment by Deputy.

The Paris correspondent of The London Daily News, telegraphing recently, said: "A curious attempt to shirk imprisonment by substitution came before the Paris assizes this afternoon. M. Dubusc, landlord of a cafe, was sentenced the other day to forty-eight hours imprisonment for having held concerts on his premises without a license. In France a defendant who is a householder is not taken from the court to prison, but is allowed a respite of two or three weeks or a month at his discretion. At the end of this period he receives a polite letter from the prison governor requesting him to call at his earliest convenience in order to serve out the sentence.

M. Dubusc during this respite round a pauper, who had just been discharged from Nanterre, and induced him to go to prison for 20 francs. Before he—this was the man's name—went off to the Petite Roquette, introduced himself as Dubusc, which name he signed on the visitors' book, and was locked up in a cell. His ragged appearance, however, aroused suspicion, and detection speedily followed. Boisliche was prosecuted for forgery and M. Dubusc as his accomplice. The jury, however, acquitted them both."

He Got the Quarter.

"If I gave you a cent, Bobbie, what would you do with it?" "I'd buy a postal card and write to you for a quarter."—Harper's Bazar.