

AMUSING AN ITALIAN.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.

A Gentleman from Italy Views a New England Winter from His Own Standpoint, but It Wasn't So Very Funny After All.

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There was a burst in a tin conductor leading from the roof of the house on the corner of Rose and Myrtle streets this other afternoon, and the water thus escaping ran across the walk. Toward night the weather stiffened up and the loose water became a sheet of ice. About 4 o'clock the next morning there was a slight fall of snow. In the basement of the building an Italian gentleman has a fruit store. Shortly after 6 o'clock this morning he had his outside wares in a line of display. Peanuts being a speciality with him, two or three bushels of that article made a tempting pile on a large stand.

While he was making this arrangement a carpenter with a toolbox on his shoulder came around the corner, and stepping on the concealed ice, immediately threw his toolbox into the street. He got up himself, looked around to see what had happened and then picked up his tools. This so amused the Italian that he felt obliged to rush into the shelter of the basement to conceal his delight. Had he been a native of this country it might have suggested itself to him to sweep the thin gules of snow from the ice and to sprinkle salt or ashes upon it, but being a foreigner and not very well acquainted with our language he did not think of this, but instead he posted himself in a position to give him a good view of the corner and patiently waited for developments. He saw then if his object was to get an idea of the fullness and flexibility of the English language he could not have possibly adopted a better course.

Scarcely had the carpenter gathered up his things and limped off when a man smoking came hurrying along. When he reached the ice he suddenly turned part way around, bit a briarwood pipe completely in two, and slid on his breast off from the walk into the gutter. He got up, cautiously recovered his pipe and melted away. The Italian shook all over.

Following closely after this mishap was a laborer with a dinner kettle. When he touched the ice it was difficult for the fruit merchant to determine whether it was his feet or another part of his person—it was done so quick. The newcomer appeared to suddenly come apart and shut up at the middle, and in the same flash the tin pipe described a circle of lightning rapidly and was then slipped against the pavement with terrific force.



At the same instant the Italian saw a piece of pie, several half slices of buttered bread, two hard boiled eggs, a piece of cold beef and a fork and spoon fly off in different directions, while a pint tin of coffee made its appearance and emptied its contents in the prostitute's lap. While this individual was getting up to his feet and securing his fall and entanglement, the Italian managed to blend considerable instruction with the amusement.

Then there came a man with a beard on his shoulder. He laid down on the board, with one of his hands under the board. Then he got up and put the injured hand between his knees, where he pressed it tightly, while he used the most dreadful language the Italian ever heard, and he didn't bear it all either being so convulsed with laughter as to necessarily divide his attention.

And thus the performance went on until after 8 o'clock. Scarcely ten minutes elapsed between the acts. Sometimes a boy would be the hero, that again a couple of merchants, or perhaps somebody connected with a bank. Whoever it might be he went down, and went down hard, and the Italian watched and improved his mind, and began to think that this country had its advantages as well as its disadvantages. It was eleven minutes past 8 when the final catastrophe occurred. This was commemorated in the person of a long, slim man with a picture under his arm, and a very large woman carrying a basket. The long, slim man was somewhat in advance. The Italian, being impressed with the conviction that something of an extraordinary nature was about to happen, stared with fairly bulging eyes at the coming figures. No sooner did the tall, slim man touch the treacherous spot than the venturing foot kicked out most savagely at the atmosphere, and his body shot around like fireworks.

The picture flew from his possession at the same moment, and being thus freed he made a spasmodic clutch with all his limbs at once for a place of refuge, and in a flash his legs whipped about a corner leg of the inoffensive peanut stand, and the great shining yellow pyramid followed him to the pavement. The horrified Italian, stung for an instant by the enormity of the catastrophe, sought to plunge out to the rescue of his goods, but was too late. The fleshy woman, having rushed to the aid of the tall, slim man, who was her husband, was caught herself by the subtle foe, and in her descent, which was by far the

most vigorous of the series, she took to two-thirds of the peanuts, and the crack of the demolished fruit, as she plumed it to the walk, might have been heard four squares away.

The unhappy vendor reached the place in time to be taken in himself, and the addition of 150 pounds of macaroni and Italian added to the dismal proportions of the scene. How they got disentangled and on their feet no one seems able to explain, but the result was reached amid an appalling uproar of Italian English and feminine noises.

What a great matter a little fire kindled. Ten cents' worth of salt would have saved all the misery and distress. As it is, Danbury has some twenty persons with damaged backs or legs, the owner of the building has four sales on hand for damages, the tall, slim man and his wife are confined to their beds and on Saturday last the Italian was morosely squatted alongside of the funnel of a steamer bound for Italy.

She Got That Chicken Hensel. It is just as necessary to have poultry for a Thanksgiving dinner as it is to have light. A Danbury couple named Brigham were going to have poultry for their dinner. Mr. Brigham said to his wife the day before the event: "I saw some splendid chickens in front of Merrill's store to-day; and I guess I'll get one of them this afternoon for to-morrow."



"I am going to tend to that myself," said Mrs. Brigham quickly.

"But I can get it just as well; I'm going right by there."

"I don't want you to get it," she asserted. "When I eat chicken, I want something I can put my teeth in." And a hard look came into her face.

He colored up at once.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say," she explained, setting her teeth together.

"Do you mean to say I don't know how to pick out a chicken?" he angrily demanded.

"I do."

"Well, I can just tell you, Mary Ann Brigham, that I know more about chickens in one minute than you could ever find out in a lifetime; and, furthermore, I am going to buy that chicken, if one is brought at all in this house."

"And I tell you, John Joyce Brigham," she cried, "that you don't know any more how to pick out a good chicken than an unwashed mud turtle; and if you bring a chicken in this house it will go out again quicker than it came in; and you can put that in your pipe an smoke it as soon as you want to."

"Whose house is this, I want to know?" he fiercely demanded.

She frankly replied at once:

"I suppose it belongs to a flat head idiot with a wart on his nose. But a woman who knows a spring chicken from a knip back camel is running the establishment; and as long as she does he can't bring no patent leather hen here to be cooked."

"You'll see what I'll do!" he yelled, and he pulled his coat on and jammed his cap on his head, with the forepiece over his left ear.

"You bring a chicken here if you think best, Mister Brigham," she replied.

"You see if I don't!" he growled, as he passed out and slammed the door behind him.

"That evening there was a nice, fine chicken in the pantry; but he didn't bring it. Perhaps he forgot to get his. Dinner came the next day. Mr. Brigham took his seat at the table as usual, but it was evident that he intended mischief. Mrs. Brigham filled a plate with chicken, mashed potatoes and boiled onions. It was a tempting dish, emitting a delicious aroma. She passed it to Mr. Brigham. He did not look toward it.

"Brigham," said she, "here's your plate."

"I don't want any chicken," he said, looking nervously around the room.

"Are you going to eat that chicken?" she demanded in a voice of low intensity.

"No, I ain't. Would ought out!"

She had sprung to her feet in a flash, reached over the table, caught him by the hair and had his face burrowing in the dish of hot onions. It was done so quickly that he had no time to save himself, and barely time to give utterance to the agonizing exclamations which followed upon his declaration.

"Are you going to eat that chicken?" she hoarsely demanded.

"Lemme up!" he screamed.

She raised his head from the dish and jammed it on the table.

"John Joyce Brigham," she hissed between her set teeth, "this is a day set apart by the nation for thanksgiving and praise. I got that chicken to celebrate this day, and I ain't going to have my gratitude and devotion upset by such a rascal as you are. Now I want to know if you are going to eat that chicken like a Christian, or if you are going to cut up like a rankanouser heathen! Answer me at once or I'll jam your old skull into a jelly."

"I—I'll eat it!" he moaned.

Then she let him up and he took his plate, and one Thanksgiving meal at least passed off harmoniously.

J. M. BAILEY.

PUTTING UP A STEEPIPI

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.

It Is So Nice and Pleasant With You Wife on Hand to Give Aid and That Go Around and Tell Neighbor About It.

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Putting up a stove is no difficult in itself. It is the pipe which is the mischief, and the first you may take down a stove all the care in the world, and that pipe won't come together again if she were. You find this out as you are standing on a chair with your arms full of pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on a stool in a position that enables her to see you, the pipe and the chair, and she gives utterance to those remarks that are calculated to hasten a man's exit from the premises of luxury. Her de is placed over her waist and her hands on her hips. She has got one of her knees on her head, and your lineament on her back and a pair of rubber her feet. There is about five cents' worth of pebbles on her nose and a lot of flour on her chin, and altogether she is a spectacle that would inspire a man with distrust.

And while you are up the trying to circumvent the awful coarseness of the pipe, and telling that you know some fool has been mixing it, she stands safely on the floor and bombards you with such domestic mottoes as "What the use of swearing?" "You know one has to be careful of that pipe." "You'll get any more patience than a chi?" "Do be careful of that chair." At this she goes off and reappears with a pair of mops of pipe, and before you are aware of it she has got that pipe horribly mixed up that it does seem two pieces are alike.

You join the ends and put them to and fro, and to and fro, and then you take them apart and put them together. Then you spread out on the floor the other together, and mow them once more. But it is no go. You begin to think the pipes are impud with life, and ache to kick them through the window. But she doesn't loose patience. She goes around with that awful exasperating rigging on, with length of pipe under each arm and a bag handle broom in her hand, and she don't see how it is some people never leave any trouble putting up a stove. Then you raise the hammer. You don't see it anywhere. You state into the pipe along the mantel, and down the sove, and off to the floor. Your wife catches you, and finally is thoughtful enough to inquire what you are looking after; and on learning, pulls the article from her pocket. Then you feel as if you could go outdoors and swear a hot twelve fast square through a block of brick building, but she merely observes, "Why or earth don't you speak when you want anything, and not stare around like a dummy."

When that part of the pipe which goes through the wall is up she keeps it up with the connection and stores it with an intensity that is entirely unequalled for. All the while your position is becoming more and more interesting. The pipe don't go together, of course. The soot shakes down into your eyes and mouth, the sweat rolls down your face and tickles your chin as it drops off, and it seems as if your arms were slowly but surely drawing out of their sockets.



Here your wife comes to the rescue by inquiring if you are going to be all day doing nothing, and if you think lies arms are made of cast iron, and then the broom slips off the pipe, and in her endeavor to recover her hold she jabs you under the chin with the handle, and the pipe comes down on your head with its load of soot, and then the chair tips forward enough to discharge you feet and you come down on the wrong end of that chair with a force that would bankrupt a pile driver. You don't touch that stove again. You leave your wife examining the chair and bemoaning its injuries, and go into the kitchen and wash your soot and bleeding hands with yellow soap. Then you go down street after a man to do the business, and your wife goes over to the neighbor's with her chair and tells them about its injuries, and demands the neighborhood dry with its sympathy long before you get home.

The Carman. Years of experience in moving enables a carman to distinguish, at an apparently indifferent glance, the light from the heavy end of a stove, or which is the best position on the stairs—in front, or behind. Against these fearful odds the head of the family stands no chance whatever.

Then there is the carman who is to move you. He is engaged the day before. He says it is going to be so busy that there will be some difficulty in accommodating you; but if you can have your things ready at 7 a. m. he thinks he can fix it. You are up at 5 o'clock that morning. At half-past 6 a fall load of furniture is out in front, and another load is stacked up in the hall and on the stairs. Your coat is torn down the back, one thumb is out of joint, and a pint of soot and an equal quantity of perspiration are fighting for the mastery of your person. At 11 a. m. the carman makes his appearance and says we are going to have rain.

J. M. BAILEY.

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Lehigh Valley Railroad. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. MAY 10, 1891.

For New York via Philadelphia, week days, 8:00 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For New York via Reading, week days, 8:00 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Reading and Philadelphia, week days, 2:10 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Allentown, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Pottsville, week days, 2:10 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Easton, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Lancaster and Gettysburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Carlisle, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Schuylkill, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Berks, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Lehigh, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Susquehanna, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Juniata, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Schuylkill, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Berks, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Lehigh, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Susquehanna, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m. For Juniata, week days, 7:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m.

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Real Estate Agent, OFFICE—BEDDALL'S BUILDING, Cor. Main and Centre Streets, SHENANDOAH, PA.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE: 2—A two-story double frame dwelling on West Lloyd street.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE: 4—A two-story double frame dwelling on West Lloyd street.