

HEAR AN ASSESSOR.

HE RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE AND GIVES A BIT OF ADVICE.

His Piano and Poverty Problem—A Parrot That Was Cheap at Any Price—A Scene in Upper Tendon—An Appeal For Courtesy to the Assessor.

When by telling the truth an evil is perpetrated, then it is wrong to tell the truth. I suppose that is the reason so many people are doing good by telling falsehoods to personal property assessors. The writer is a deputy assessor in the west town, and at present he is compiling a book that is full of names and figures. The names are all right, but the man who said "figures can't lie" never assessed personal property.

There are about 50 of us assessors, who form in a line at 9 a. m., move up to a window in Assessor Jacob M. Horn's west town office, Haymarket Theater building, and get our books and blank schedules. These calfskin covered books contain a little map of some particular district in the great West Side. We move out to these districts and go to work. The town clerk registers our oaths to "faithfully perform the duties of an assessor," and the people we assess do the rest of the swearing. That isn't all. Sometimes they set the dog on us and otherwise treat us as though we were book agents. That makes the assessor warm, and then he interviews a neighbor regarding property that is not assessable. And the consequence is people who "bounced" the assessor will find a valuation placed upon their property that will cause them to think there is nothing certain but death and taxes. Occasionally we find poverty and a piano together. The piano is assessable, and the poverty isn't. If you assess the piano, you increase the poverty, and there you are.

These incongruities come up, and unless you have the wisdom of a board of equalization there is trouble. Speaking about this board, I have an idea that they will just about double the poor assessors' figures when they get down to work. A keen assessor can locate every piano in his district. If he doesn't hear it, everybody else in the neighborhood has, and they tell him about it. I asked a real nice looking lady the other day if she had a piano, and she said "No."

"Why, yes, mamma, we have," said her little girl. The mother said: "Go into the house this minute, you naughty girl. How dare you!" And then the child knew she had done something wrong. She had told the truth to a nasty, mean assessor.

I went into a little candy store on the same street. To the woman behind the counter I stated my business. She replied: "I am a poor widow. My God, what will I do?" Tears flowed down her cheeks, and she sobbed as though her heart would break. The assessor felt so mean that he sneaked out without asking her name.

Even the parrots are down on assessors. A Laffin street bird told the assessor to go to — any number of times while he was conducting the inquisitorial ceremony.

"That bird speaks very plainly," said the writer. "Just hear the dear fellow. He can say — just as plainly as I can. I will sell him for \$15. There's a bargain." And the lady meant every word she said. A parrot that can curse an assessor is dirt cheap at any price.

This is how they do it on Ashland boulevard: Scene, front stoop of a stone mansion. Dramatis personae, lady with large diamonds in her ears. Negligee attire. Assessor with book and an official smile.

Lady—We are cleaning house today, all topsy turvy, and you cannot come in. Assessor—Not at all necessary, my dear madam, that I should go in. I have brought this book and my imagination along, and I can see all that is necessary. I see that this is a beautiful house, and the eye of my imagination penetrates these walls. I see a grand piano, statuary by Throlwalstere, paintings by the old and new masters, tapestries from India, carpets from Turkey, china from Dresden, bric-a-brac from all parts of the world—in short, everything that a lady of your exceptional judgment would use in embellishing such a noble mansion.

Lady—Sir! Assessor—While I can hardly venture to place a valuation upon such treasures I will be moderate and say \$10,000. Lady—Do it if you dare! Come in and see.

The assessor went in and found his mental picture scarcely overdrawn, but the final courtesy caused a slump in the valuation.

Here is a bit of advice to persons who are inclined to resent the intrusion of an assessor. The advice does not cost a cent, but if you do not act upon it you may be caused no end of trouble and money also. Throw your door wide open to the assessor, invite him in, give him to understand that you are the obliged party and give him the information he seeks, and it is 10 to 1 that you will be treated fairly, and a point or two may be stretched in your favor. Shut him out, and he will make a record of the fact, and in fixing the valuation of your property find nothing in your favor. If you go to the office with your schedule, the fact that you refused admittance to be deputy is noted, and in that event you will pay all the law demands.—West Side Assessor in Chicago Times-Herald.

Diplomatic. "Mr. Hawkins," said she, "I wish you'd do a bet between me and Mr. Barrows. He says it is only 500 feet from here to the hotel, and I say it is 1,000 feet."

"Well," said Hawkins, "I should say you were both right. It's about 500 of Barrow's feet and 1,000 of yours."—London Tit-Bits.

A GREAT BLOWHOLE.

The Singular Rock Formation on the Australian Coast.

One of the most pleasant as well as famous tourist resorts in New South Wales is situated on the coast some 70 miles south of Sydney. The center of this district is Kiama, a picturesque and thriving town surrounded by rich agricultural country, and which has been built upon an old igneous flow of basalt that has solidified and crystallized into huge columns of what is popularly called "bluestone." This formation is seen to perfection on the west coast of Scotland and north of Ireland at St. Fingal's cave and other places, and those who are acquainted with the rugged appearance of the coast in these places can form a good idea of the appearance of the New South Wales coast at this point. Kiama, unlike other tourist resorts, can be thoroughly enjoyed in either fair or stormy weather, and those who visit the town when a good gale is blowing have an opportunity of witnessing a sight the like of which does not exist elsewhere on our globe. The famous "Blowhole" here situated, in the middle of a rocky headland running out into the sea, forms a truly wonderful sight. With each successive breaker the ocean spray is sent shooting up into the air sometimes as high as from 300 to 400 feet, descending in a drenching shower and accompanied by a rumbling noise as of distant thunder, which can be heard for many miles around.

This "Blowhole" is a singular natural phenomenon, and consists of a perpendicular hole, nearly circular, with a diameter of about ten yards across, and has the appearance of being the crater of an extinct volcano. This is connected with the ocean by a cave about 100 yards in length, the seaward opening of which is in all respects similar to St. Fingal's cave on the west coast of Scotland, the same perpendicular basaltic columns forming the side walls of each. Into this cave towering waves rush during stormy weather, and as the cave extends some distance farther into the rock than the "Blowhole," on the entrance of each wave this cavity becomes full of compressed air, which, when the tension becomes too great, blows the water with stupendous force up to the perpendicular opening.—Photographic Journal.

HANDCUFFS STOP TALK.

And Breaking a Prisoner's Jaw Keeps Him From Running Away.

A police officer was under cross examination in the police court. The defendant was charged with using vulgar language, battery, disturbing the peace, drunkenness and resisting an officer.

"You put the handcuffs on this man, didn't you?" asked the attorney for the defense.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you do that? Was he resisting or attempting to escape at that time?"

"No, sir."

"He was walking along quietly enough, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you handcuff him?"

"He was using vulgar language."

"But why did you put those things on his wrists?"

"I couldn't put them on his mouth."

"What did he do then?"

"He tried to run."

"And what did you do?"

"I broke his jaw for him."

"Why did you break his jaw?"

"Well, I couldn't break his leg, could I?"

"Then, as I understand it, you put handcuffs on him to keep him from using vulgar language and broke his jaw to keep him from running?"

"Yes, sir; that's right; that's what I did."

"Did the handcuffs stop his vulgar language?"

"That's what they did."

"How?"

"Well, he's deaf and dumb, and he was swearing with his fingers."

"Did breaking his jaw stop his running?"

"Yes, sir. When he came to he was where he couldn't run."—San Francisco Post.

Citizen Train.

George Francis Train sat in state in Madison Square park the other day, and as he lolled on a bench munching peanuts a man came along who had been drinking. There are few persons on earth who drink the sake of the square an easy mark for their shafts of wit. "Kin you sell me," asked the lurching chap, "why you are crazy?" George Francis looked at him seriously for a moment. "Yes," he answered; "I am pursued by so many fools who ask questions."

PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

General Ryan's Conundrum Didn't Bother the Irishman For a Moment.

One of General Ryan's peculiarities is that he never tells the same story to the same man a second time. Not long ago he was talking about his travels in the United Kingdom. "I had always thought," said he, "that the famous Irish wit and repartee were only to be found on the stage or in Lever's novels, but I came away from Ireland with a very different idea."

"I was stopping at a little country inn, and a game of cards was in progress. I was invited to take a hand, and as an Americanized Irishman I thought I ought to keep up the reputation of the country for sociability. I asked what they were playing, and they replied 'Forty-five,' an old time Irish game. I told them that I barely knew the rules, but that I could play seven up, euchre or nearly any other American card game. But they insisted on my taking a hand, and I did so. One of the players, who was standing at the back of my chair, watched my hand pretty closely, and the first time I made a bad play he said, sotto voce: 'Holy Moses, I never see such a play in me life. I wonder where the devil the man came from.' I paid no attention to him, of course, and went on with the game. The next time I made a bad play, and it wasn't very long, he again said, talking to himself, 'Bedad, never did I see a man play the likes of that.' I began to be annoyed, but still I said nothing, although a man never likes to hear it said that he plays a game badly, but the man was talking to himself and meant no harm. However, when he broke out the third time I could contain myself no longer. I turned around and said, 'Look here, my friend, are you playing these cards, or am I?' The Irishman looked at me for a moment, and then said, 'Nayther av us, your honor, savin your prudence, sor.'"

"I joined the rest of them in the laugh, and said, 'Well, boys, order up; that puts 'em on me.'"—Cincinnati Tribune.

HE KNEW JERSEY EGGS.

The Wise Printer Could Tell by Their Size and Shape.

Two printers lunched at a Park row restaurant the other day. One ordered "beef and" and the other two boiled eggs. When the eggs were placed before the one who ordered them, he said to his companion, "Why, those are Jersey eggs."

"How do you know they are Jersey eggs? They might have been laid in Pennsylvania or Kentucky for all you know."

"Well, I guess not. Those eggs came from Jersey, and I know it."

To prove it the proprietor was called into the discussion, and when asked he said the eggs were Jersey eggs.

Then the egg eater explained: "Over in Jersey the farmers, or some of them at least, use a board with holes, large and small, bored in it. All eggs that will go through the small holes are sent to market, and those which will only go through the large holes are reserved for home consumption."

Another printer devised a scheme for procuring good butter at his boarding house table. The landlady had two tables for her guests ranged on each side of a large room. At one the women boarders and married couples sat, while at the other table the bachelors were placed. At the women's table there was always good butter, but at the other the butter was emphatically inferior. A printer boarder suffered long and patiently, but at last he rebelled. He went to the dining room just before dinner one evening and changed the butter from one table to the other. A howl from the women's table shortly after had the desired effect.

The butter was of equally good quality at both tables thereafter.—New York Journal.

The Compass Plant.

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An Odd Wager.

A queer wager is the one popularly believed to have been won by Sir Walter Raleigh from Queen Elizabeth, on the debatable question of how much smoke is contained in a pound of tobacco. A pound of the article was weighed, burned and then weighed in ashes, and the question was held to be satisfactorily settled by determining the weight of the smoke as exactly that of the tobacco before being burned, minus the ashes. The fact of the ashes having received an additional weight by combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere was unthought of by Elizabeth and the knight.

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Sunday Recreation.

Mrs. Ednah Cheney remarks: "It has always been my test for spending Sunday to see how one gets up on Monday morning. If on that morning work seems sweet and you are ready to do it heartily and happily, then you have spent your Sunday to some purpose. I don't care whether it is in church or out, in the fields or in your quiet home with a book in your hand, or playing and frolicking with the children. But however you have spent Sunday the test of it is that the dawn of Monday seems blessed and good and hopeful."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration on the estate of Michael Coffee, late of Reynoldsville, Jefferson county, Pa., have been granted to C. J. Kerr, of Reynoldsville, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to the administrator, and those having claims against it will present them, properly probated, to him for settlement. C. J. KERR, Administrator C. T. A. of M. Coffee Estate, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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