

That Bad Boy

Is Choked with Emotion—His Pa Gets to be an Inventor—An Early Breakfast.

"Hal! hal! Now I have got you," said the grocery man to the bad boy, the other morning, as he came in and jumped upon the counter and tied the end of a ball of twine to the tail of a dog, and 'sicked' the dog on another dog, that was following a passing sleigh, causing the twine to pay out until the whole ball was scattered along the block. "Condemn you, I've a notion to choke the liver out of you. Who tied the twine to the dog's tail?"

The boy choked up with emotion, and tears came into his eyes, and he said he didn't know anything about the twine or the dog. He said he noticed the dog come in and wag his tail around the twine, but he supposed the dog was a friend of the family, and did not disturb him. "Everybody lays everything that is done to me," said the boy, as he put his handkerchief to his nose, "and they will be sorry when I die. I have a good notion to poison myself by eating some of your glucose sugar."

"Yes, and you do about everything that is mean. The other day a lady came in and told me to send up to her house some of my country sausage, done up in muslin bags, and while she was examining it she noticed something hard inside the bags, and asked me what it was, and I opened it, and I hope to die if there wasn't a little brass padlock and a piece of a red morocco dog collar imbedded in the sausage. Now how do you suppose that got there?" and the grocery man looked savage.

The boy looked interested, and put on an expression as though in deep thought, and finally said, "I suppose the farmer that put up the sausage did not strain the dog meat. Sausage meat ought to be strained."

The grocery man pulled in about half a block of twine, after the dog had run against a fence and broke it, and told the boy he knew perfectly well how the brass padlock came in the sausage, but thinking it was safer to have the good will of the boy than the ill will, he offered him a handful of prunes.

"No," says the boy, "I have sworn off on mouldy prunes. I am no kinder garten any more. For years I have eaten rotten peaches around this store and everything you couldn't sell, but I have turned over a new leaf now, and after this nothing is too good for me. Since pa has got to be an inventor, we are going to live high."

"What's your pa invented? I saw a hearse and three hags go up your street the other day, and I thought maybe you had killed your pa?"

"Not much. There will be more than three hags when I kill pa, and don't you forget it. Well, sir, pa has struck a fortune, if he can make the thing work. He has got an idea about coal stoves that will bring him in several millions of dollars, if he gets a royalty of five dollars on every coal stove in the world. His idea is to have a coal stove on castors with the pipe made to telescope out and in, and rubber hose for one joint, so you can pull the stove all around the room and warm any particular place. Well, sir, to hear pa tell about it you would think it would revolutionize the country, and may be it will when he gets it perfected, but he came near burning the house up, and scared us all half to death this morning, and burned his shirt off; he is all covered with cotton with sweat oil on, and he smells like salad dressing. You see pa had a pipe made and some castors put on our coal stove, and he tied a rope to the hearth of the stove, and had me put in some kindling wood and coal last night, so he could draw the stove up to the bed and light the fire without getting up. Ma told him he would put his foot in it, and he told her to dry up, and let him run the store business. He said it took a man with brain to run a patent right, and ma she pulled the clothes over her head and let pa do the fire act. She had been building the fires for twenty years, and thought she would let pa see how good it was. Well pa pulled the stove to the bed, and touched off the kindling wood. I guess maybe I got a bunch of kindling wood that the hired girl had put kerosene on, cause it blazed up awful and smoked, and the blaze burst out the doors and windows of the stove, and pa yelled fire, and I jumped out of bed and rushed in and he was the scariest man you ever see, and you'd dide to see how he kicked when I threw a pail of water on his legs and put his shirt out. Ma did not get burned, but she was pretty wet, and she told pa she would pay \$5 royalty on the stove and take the castors off and let it remain stationary. Pa says he will make it work if he burns the house down. I think it was real mean in pa to get mad at me because I threw cold water on him instead of warm water to put his shirt out. If I had waited till I could heat water to the right temperature I would have been an orphan and pa would have been a burnt offering. But some men always kick at everything. Pa has given up business entirely and says he shall devote the remainder of his life curing himself of the different troubles I get him into. He has retained a doctor by the year, and he buys liniment by the gallon."

"What about your folks getting up in the night to eat? The hired girl was over here after some soap the other morning, and she said she was going to leave your house."

A Perfidious Lover.

Abandoning a Young Woman at the Moment of Her Wedding.

From the Philadelphia Press.

To-day (Monday) the doors of the Pennsylvania State Lunatic Asylum will open to admit a young lady whose intellect has been dethroned by the perfidy of a recreant bridegroom. The name of the demented girl is Anna Peterson, a member of one of the most prominent families of Harbor Creek, near Erie. Miss Peterson is 19 years old, and has been most liberally endowed by nature with a handsome form and sweet disposition. About year ago a young man named P. Dullea paid her marked attentions, and in due time she promised to wed him. Dullea is possessed of considerable property, and the match was generally considered a most happy one.

The 17th of March was set for the wedding day and many friends and relatives were invited to be present at the ceremony. The bridegroom was very zealous in making the preparations and left nothing undone which would give eclat to the affair. The eventful day arrived at last and Anna Peterson arrayed herself in her bridal robes. The morning trains brought many friends, who assembled in the handsomely decorated Peterson parlors as the hour drew nigh. The marriage was to be solemnized at noon. At ten minutes of twelve the bridegroom had not arrived. The minister was in waiting to perform the ceremony and in an upper room the bride sat among her elegantly attired bridesmaids. Just before noon a stranger rang the bell and, handing the servant a letter addressed to Miss Peterson, hurried away. This excited considerable suspicion, and not without forebodings of evil did Mr. Peterson deliver the missive to his daughter. She tore it open hurriedly, glanced over its contents and then, with an agonized shriek, fell in a swoon. The fatal letter was picked up and read to the guests. It was a curt, heartless epistle:

My Dear Miss Peterson: Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to forego the honor of wedding you to-day. This morning I was informed of great necessity for my presence elsewhere. At some future time, if all goes well, I may see you, and then, if our feelings for each other are unaltered, our relations can be considered the same as though this little hitch in our arrangements had never happened. Yours truly, P. DULLEA.

P. S.—I am going to travel. Restoratives were applied and the deserted bride regained consciousness. When she came out of the faint she astonished her friends by quietly adjusting her wreath of orange flowers, and taking the hands of an aged neighbor, addressed him by her false lover's name, and announced herself ready to repeat the words that should make her his wife. Then she flashed on the minds of all those present that the shock had deprived her of her Ophelia, smiling and chatting in an artless way that was heartrending to see and hear. The house of rejoicing was changed to one of sorrow. During the night Miss Peterson was attacked with violent paroxysms, succeeded by periods of insensibility. Her parents are prostrated by the weight of sorrow. Nothing further has been heard from Dullea, and the community is wild with excitement over his perfidious action.

A Bear Hunter's Peril.

Although now over 80 years of age, "Jim" Jacobs, a Seneca Indian living on the Cattaraugus Reservation, near this place, has returned from his annual encampment in the Pennsylvania wilderness, where he has roamed every winter for sixty years hunting bear and deer. His favorite story is the one which gives his experience with a whole family of bears and a three days' snow-storm in the wilds of southern McKean County twenty-five years ago. He had been hunting, with very little success, for several days when, near the head waters of Sugar Creek, he came upon signs of bear. With provisions sufficient for himself and dog for two days, he started for a rocky ridge. Along the south side of the ridge a ledge of rocks twenty feet high, and crowned with a gnarled growth of dwarf evergreens extended for nearly a mile. The ledge was broken into wide seams in places, and in others shelving rocks protruded and formed caverns or cavities that extended back in the ledge from ten to twenty feet. By the time the Indian and his dog reached this part of the ridge the snow had fallen to a great depth, and was still falling heavily. The seams in the ledge and the mouths of the caverns were here and there almost closed by the snow. At the mouth of one of these, however, Jacobs discovered the inevitable indication that a bear had sought refuge within—the presence of a small depression in the snow, as if it were being melted from the under side. This the Indian knew was caused by the breath of one or more bears lying inside with their noses toward the opening.

Jacobs knew that no bear would make its appearance on the outside until the storm was over, and the snow was so blinding that he concluded it would be better to wait until it had ceased falling before making an attack. Jacobs sought the summit of the ledge, where he made a snug place of shelter for himself and dog by roofing over with hemlock boughs a large crevice between two huge rocks, and closing up the front of the opening in the same way. Late in the night of the second day the wind commenced blowing a gale, and continued blowing all night and the greater part of the next day. When it ceased Jacobs made up his mind that the storm had also ceased, and that he must lose no time in finding a way out of his position, for he was shut in by the drift to the depth and extent of which he had no means of knowing. Fortunately, the position of

Swindled by Bunko Men.

A Confiding Ex-Confederate General Loses Eighteen Hundred Dollars.

A wealthy ex-Confederate General, who has been stopping in this city for the past few days, was on Thursday swindled by bunko men out of one thousand eight hundred and seventy dollars. The victim is a man of varied experience, who has traveled considerably and who considers himself well posted on things in general. About 10 o'clock in the morning he started for a stroll up town. He walked a considerable distance, when he grew tired and halted a passing hack. The driver dropped his fare by mistake at the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway, and the passenger, who desired to go still further, was about to re-enter the vehicle when a well dressed, gentlemanly looking young man approached, and exclaimed:

"Why, General, I'm delighted to see you!"

The general looked in amazement at the young man, but politely accepted the proffered hand of the stranger.

"Really," said the General, "you have the advantage of me."

"Why, you don't know me? Well, you know my uncle," and the young man named a prominent banker doing business in the city from which the General hailed.

"I know your uncle well," said the General.

They then conversed on different matters.

The young man seemed to be thoroughly posted about the general's affairs. Suddenly he happened to think of some elegant pictures which he had purchased while in Paris, and which certainly must have arrived by this time. A friend of his around the corner was to look after them for him, and if the General would only trouble himself by coming a little out of his way to see them he could acquaint the young man's uncle of the purchase upon his return South.

The General consented to go with his newly discovered friend, and was led into a place about fifty feet off Broadway. The person they called on was very sorry, but the pictures had not arrived; it was owing to the young gentleman's own negligence, he said.

"But you need not feel entirely disappointed," added the genial stranger; "I have good news for you."

"How is that?" asked the polite young man.

"Why, that ticket you bought when you were here last has drawn a prize of \$500."

The usual game was then played on the unsuspecting stranger, who first lost his cash, amounting to two hundred and seventy dollars, and then a check for one thousand six hundred dollars. Even then he had not the slightest idea that he was the dupe of his young friend. As the pair stepped into the street the young man cautioned the General not to mention the circumstance of their loss to his uncle. If the affair was made known, he said, it would ruin his reputation.

The General promised to keep silent and they separated. Several hours afterward he began to think the whole matter over, and the more he thought the more he became convinced that he was the victim of a party of confidence men. He made the fact known to a friend and was advised to acquaint the police with the whole proceedings. This he did, and Inspector Byrnes sent out a couple of detectives to investigate the case and capture the swindlers. It is understood the men were found and compelled to disgorge.—New York Herald.

Thad Stephens' Hair.

John L. Thomas, ex-Congressman and now Collector of the Port of Baltimore, tells this good story about the great commoner of Pennsylvania: When I was in Congress I used to be a frequenter of the room of old Thad Stevens. One day, while talking together, a visitor entered unexpectedly. She was a tall, raw-boned woman, with ox-bow spectacles on the bridge of her nose, and a bulky green gingham umbrella. She handed Mr. Stevens a card with the words: "Abigail Meehan, Kennecunkport, Me." and said: "Do I have the honor of beholding the Hon. Thad Stevens, of Pennsylvania?"

Somewhat embarrassed, Mr. Stevens acknowledged his identity and asked his visitor to be seated.

"Thank you, no," was the reply, "but I wish to say, sir, that in my quiet home down East I have heard of your glorious efforts in behalf of the emancipated slave, of your heroic treatment of the Southern question, and of undying hostility to the enemies of my country, and I have travelled hither, sir, to ask the privilege of shaking your hand."

She shook it.

"Now, sir, I have one more favor to ask. It is a souvenir of this interview—I wish to take home with me if I may be so bold as to ask it, a lock of the great commoner's hair."

Old Thad was for a moment more embarrassed than I ever saw him before; then he smiled faintly; he put his hand to his scalp-lock and, lifting his brown wig partly, laid it upon the table leaving his pate as bald as a billiard ball. "There is every hair on my head, madam; make your own choice of a lock."

Need it be added that the Maine woman did it?—Washington Republic.

He Struck Billy Patterson.

Why George W. Tillerton's Daughter Claims a Reward of \$1,000.

The Franklin (N. Y.) Register has discovered who struck Billy Patterson. Mr. Patterson, the father of Mrs. Bonapart, was a wealthy Baltimorean. Upon one occasion, while Mr. Patterson was in Franklin looking after his property, a general row occurred among the boys, in which he became involved. In the confusion, indeed, some one struck Mr. Patterson a tremendous blow, and this so angered him that he walked through the crowd, inquiring in stentorian tones: "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Mr. Patterson was a large and powerful man, and under the circumstances, no one among the fighters appeared desirous of holding himself responsible. The inquiry passed into a by-word and even to this day the inquiry can be heard: "Who struck Billy Patterson?" The original Billy pursued the inquiry with astonishing vigor, but without avail, and at his death, curiously enough, inserted a clause in his will setting apart \$1,000 to be paid to the person who should give to his heirs or executor the name of the man who struck him. The fight in which Billy Patterson was struck occurred in 1838, and it is passing strange that just one hundred years after a claim should be put in for the reward. And yet a correspondent of the Register says that such is the case.

A Mrs. Jennie G. Covely, of Athol, New York, daughter of George W. Tillerton, has written to the Ordinary of Franklin County, claiming this legacy of \$1,000. She states that she is an invalid, aged and infirm, and in great need of the money. In 1838 her father was a quite young man, and being in great fear of Mr. Patterson fled the country at once and never heard of the reward or legacy. She says she has often heard her father speak of the fight and the blow he gave Mr. Patterson and the fierce anger of the latter. The thumb of Tillerton's hand was dislocated by the blow and was so severely injured that it remained a useless member to the day of his death. As the facts she gives correspond so exactly with the facts of the case, the correspondent presumes that Mrs. Covely will receive the legacy without delay.

And he Was Glad of It.

Almost every night of his life for the last twenty-three years a Detroit has been aroused from his slumbers by a poke in the ribs and a voice whispering: "John! John! do you hear that?"

On such occasions the conversation has always run in one channel, and about as follows:

"Whizzer want?"

"Don't you hear that noise?"

"No."

"Listen! I tell you some one is raising a window!"

"Oh! bosh!"

"For Heaven's sake, John, get up or we'll be murdered in our beds! I hear some one moving around in the dining-room!"

"Let 'em move!"

"There it is again! If you don't get up I will, for I'm all in a chill!"

There was no peace until John got up and stumbled around the house with a rusty old revolver in his grip. He never expected it was anything more than the wind or the frost or the cat, but almost every night brought a repetition.

The other night ushered in an entire change of programme. Just before midnight the wife elbowed his spine and whispered:

"Mercy on me! but I feel a draught of cold air!"

"Nonsense!" growled the sleepy husband.

"And I hear some one walking around!"

"It's the cat!"

"Get out of bed this minute, or I'll yell murder and arouse the neighborhood!"

John obeyed. He felt the cold air on his legs as he tramped through the upper hall, and when he was half way down stairs a dark figure skipped out of the open front door. When he reached the threshold he saw a man running across the street, and he called out:

"Hello! there—hold on!"

The man halted.

"Come back here, you burglar! Come back and I'll give you the run of the house! I've been waiting for you and expecting you for over twenty years, and now I don't want to be shook in this manner!"

"You go to South America!" shouted the man.

"Well, I'll leave the door open for you, and you can enter and burglar around for a whole hour if you want to and I won't hit a finger. I'm glad I got you in—powerful glad, and sorry I drove you out before you had loaded up!"

He left the door open and walked up stairs and jumped into bed, but his wife threw up a window and whistled for the police and raised such a racket that the neighbors were aroused. It was found that the robber had opened the front door with a false key, but had been driven away before he had time to secure any plunder.

"I've just got tired of poking around for burglars when there are no burglars," exclaimed the man as he waved the crowd out of the hall, "and if this chap had only stopped long enough to fire at me a couple of times I mightn't have brought him a new overcoat!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Noble Dog.

A crowd was seen, one day last summer, gathered near a heap of stones in Central Park, N. Y. A number of policemen stood in front, and on approaching the attraction was seen to be a drunken man, lying utterly senseless on the stones. Of course his presence there was an offence against public decorum, and the blue-coated policemen found it their duty to remove him.

But though there were spectators and officers in plenty, the man could not be removed. He had a friend more respectable than he; a friend who stuck closer than a brother, in spite of his degradation and shame. A noble Newfoundland dog stood over the helpless man, looking down into his face, and suffering no one to approach his unconscious master. He did not like the looks of the policemen, and the policemen did not like the looks of the dog. Twenty feet was about the proper distance the dog had settled upon for them, and any man who came near or came at his peril. Pails of water were brought and thrown over the faithful animal, but steadfast amid storm and gloom, he only drew closer and closer to his unworthy companion.

"We cannot take the man unless we shoot the dog," said one, "and he is too noble an animal to kill!"

"Which is the brute?" asked a passer, as at a glance he took in the scene.

The dog was at his best, and doing his best with a more than human fidelity. The man, at his worst, degraded and disgusting, lay helpless, under the care of the brute. The policemen left the man in charge of his dumb friend.—Exchange.

A well-known Presbyterian clergyman from one of the lower Delaware counties, somewhat famous as a wit, was approached by a Baptist clergyman with the question: "Well, brother, we're going to have a new bell for our church. What sort would you recommend?" There was a twinkle behind the Presbyterian parson's glasses, and he answered promptly: "By all means, let it be a diving bell."—Stamford, N. Y. Mirror.

News and Gossip.

Two-thirds of the 19,500 inhabitants of Jaffa go barefoot the year round, dress like the Philistines of old, and do not yet know the decent use of a pocket handkerchief.

In paying out \$700 in wages to his workmen a manufacturer at Marseilles, Ill., privately marked all the bills. Within two weeks \$342 of it was deposited in the local bank by saloon keepers.

An Ohio pastor had to announce to his congregation that the marriage ceremony announced for that morning was postponed, as the prospective bridegroom was in jail for larceny. Then he preached a sermon from the text, "Thou shalt not steal.—Exchange.

Complaints are now made that many newspapers give too much reading matter. Or rather too little fact in too many words; too much verbosity and fine print; too much taxing of the eye to its utmost power of vision to read what is printed. People are disgusted at the amount put before them in the morning to read. It is predicted that the newspaper of 1900 will be smaller than that of to-day, of larger type, fewer words and more ideas and facts to the line.

The "lame ducks" of the Republican party, that is, the Senators and members of the House, whose terms have expired, are being tenderly cared for by President Arthur. Russell Errett gets to be pension agent at Pittsburg, a place of great importance. Paul, a retainer of Mahone's, is made a United States judge in Virginia. Page gets the San Francisco mint, and Roberson a foreign mission. The "lame ducks," quick, quick, with a great degree of satisfaction.

George Davis Williams, 35 years of age, who was committed to the county jail at White Plains a month ago as a tramp, and Kate Levises of White Plains, aged 20 years, who was also recently committed to the jail for disorderly conduct, fell in love at first sight, and agreed to marry on their release. Hearing this, County Judge S. D. Gifford granted their discharge, and Justice of the Sessions John H. Baxter married them in the presence of a number of the county officials. Thirty dollars was then collected and presented to the happy couple, who shortly afterward took a train for New York.

The seventeenth bell created in the Washington (Penn.) furnace is that of Henry Seybert, a wealthy resident of Philadelphia. Mr. Seybert was born in 1801, was not married, and his vast estate, amounting to over \$1,200,000, has been left to charitable and educational institutions. The total number of bequests is seventy-nine, amounting to \$1,246,000, the largest of which is \$122,000 to the University of Pennsylvania for the endowment of a chair of mental and moral philosophy, and the endowment of a ward of chronic diseases. In 1876 Mr. Seybert presented Philadelphia with an elegant clock and bell, which were erected in the steeple of Independence hall at a cost of \$20,000.

Henceforth a young woman in Patterson's mills, Washington county, will lead a solemn, stately life, free alike from smile or jest. A week ago she was happy in the thought of her marriage; now her life is dark with regret. In a thoughtless moment she permitted and even encouraged her younger brother to play a joke upon her lover. The young woman and her lover spent Sunday night in talking of the future and when the young man went to mount his horse he was unmindful of his surroundings. Within two minutes, however, he discovered that his horse had been exchanged for a wild and vicious lullcock. When the young man nicked himself together with both hands and crawled out of a fence corner he found that the young woman was laughing at him. She will not laugh at him again, because he meets her only as a stranger. Love may be trampled upon, but it will not be ridiculed.

Cox was sentenced to a month's imprisonment at Rutland, Vt., for selling alcoholic beverages, but had the alternative of paying a fine instead of any time within twenty-four hours. He refused to pay for his liberty until he found that, as a prisoner, he must part with his beard, which reached to his waist, and had been twenty-five years growing. The Warden said that it was then too late, and ordered the barber to do his duty. Cox was held fast and his face roughly shaved, without using any lather or first clipping off the whiskers with the scissors. He caught cold and nearly died, as a consequence of this treatment. He sued for damages and two trials have resulted in verdicts of heavy amounts against the Warden; but each time there was an infirmity, and a third jury will hear the case.

Twenty-five cartails all in a row! That is they were once in a row; but now they are gone—blended in the stomach of the remorseless terrapin. And, unlike Jonah, never to come forth again. Some time last summer the carp madmen seized upon our old friend Lawrence Johnson—yes, you know him well—and procuring twenty-five small fish of this fashionable foreign breed, at considerable expense, he fenced them in a small natural pond, which he prepared with great care, removing all vulgar families and vicious occupants. But, alas! his cunning and cruel terrapin hid themselves securely and escaped the law of Judgment. As cold weather came on, the young carp, as is the habit with our German pets, stuck their heads and half their bodies into the gurgles and went into winter quarters. But their luckless tails stuck out in bold relief. And now came the terrapin, seeking whom they might devour. And forthwith they nibbled delectably. And when the peck began to blow, the carp emerged with half their lovely bodies gone. And although they are still fishy, Lawrence thinks there is not enough of their proportions left to encourage the hope of propagation. Therefore, in consequence of their escaping on a pond for carp, he has sent the remorseless terrapin to the fish market.—Edgewood.

A new rival brass band was hired to play at the funeral of a Connecticut deacon. They were playing a slow and solemn dirge at the grave, when suddenly the trombone man shot out a blast that started the hearse horses and broke up the whole procession. The leader, turning upon him fiercely, asked him what in the name of all hot places on earth was he doing that for? He answered with a smile: "Gosh! I thought it was a note, and it was a howl; but I played it all the same."

A North Carolina Bonanza King.

North Carolina has a bonanza king who owns his wealth by the hundreds of thousands. The lucky man is John Barnes of Monroe County. A few weeks ago his earthly possessions consisted of half a dozen half-storied corn cobs and a twenty-one acre lot of barren land in Monroe County. About a fortnight ago Barnes discovered gold on his farm. He prudently kept the secret to himself, and moved the precious metal as best he could. He obtained more than 100 pounds of gold, then disposed of a portion of his land for \$140,000, reserving a large share for himself. Barnes is now considered the wealthiest man in Eastern North Carolina. Barnes is preparing to build himself a handsome residence at a distance from where he discovered the mine. The soon dogs, which are the commonest and most vile creatures in the poverty, are to be kindly treated. The poor are to be kindly treated. The poor are to be kindly treated.