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W. F. PENNINGTON,	Queen Anne, Hillsboro,	" "
EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
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M. L. BLANCHARD,	Blanchard,	"
W. S. LORD,	Greenwood,	"
I. T. BAKER,	Ellendale,	"
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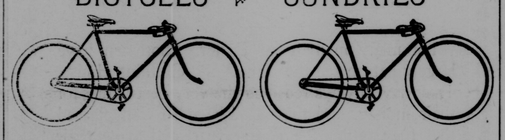

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WAITING FOR DEATH.

THESE FOLKS ALWAYS KEEP THEIR BURIAL CLOTHES READY.

Some of the Odd Customs That Are Adhered to Among the Old German Farmer Families in the Eastern Part of Pennsylvania.

The burial of an old lady at Kleinfeltersville, not long ago, with her 65-year-old black wedding gown for a shroud, brings to notice a queer east Pennsylvania custom which prevails among German farmers. Nearly all the people, old and young, have their shrouds and graveclothes all ready when death comes. The old people especially have all arrangements for their funerals made and written out in all details.

Indeed it is a common thing to find a special bureau drawer set apart for the graveclothes. One custom is to keep every vestige of the wedding outfit for the interment apparel. Gown and undergarments are in many cases worn but once by the bride, and then laid away to wait for her death. Gray silk is much in vogue for wedding gowns, as the color is preferred for burial robes to white or black.

Where wedding gowns are not saved the women folks make their own shrouds, cutting them out, sewing and trimming them. To borrow a shroud pattern is nothing unusual. It passes from farmhouse to farmhouse. Long winter evenings are taken up with getting graveclothes ready, so that when a person dies all the friends need to do is to open the death drawer and there find written instructions as to the place of burial, the kind of grave and coffin, the same of the minister who is to officiate, the text of the sermon, the three hymns to be sung, the pallbearers, the gravestone and its inscription and all about the graveclothes.

This fashion makes it very easy for the friends to decide on the funeral arrangements. Some old farmers go so far as to state exactly what calf and how many chickens shall be killed for the funeral dinner and who is to be hired to take care of teams and feed the horses of the visitors.

Not only do the elderly women provide a grave or death drawer, but young wives and young girls do the same thing. They begin early in life to accumulate their death trousseau. Sometimes elaborately trimmed garments, stocks and slippers are carefully wrapped in oil paper and stowed away. At times some of the white garments have become yellow with age. Silk wedding gowns, if they lie in folds, are very apt to go to pieces, and for this reason such gowns are placed in bags and hung up on the wall.

On rainy Sunday afternoons many a housewife on the Pennsylvania German farm spends an hour or so looking through her death drawer to see that nothing has been left unprovided for. If she attends a funeral and sees something new in the shape of a collar, piece of lace, handkerchief, eiderdown blanket, embroidery or anything else that may strike her fancy, she'll buy it on her first visit to town and put it in her death drawer. Where a young wife is specially fond of a certain perfume, she'll buy a small bottle, the contents of which will be used when she is buried.

The old folks will frequently make out a list of small articles they want placed in their coffin, such as an old prayer book or Testament, spectacles or a thimble. One most unusual request was that a plate, cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon should be placed in an old woman's coffin. She had used them for 70 years and did not wish any one else to use them when she was gone. This, like all other requests found in the death drawers, was faithfully carried out.

Some old people invariably direct that their old house dog shall be shot and buried after the funeral. It is nothing unusual to find a written request that a certain person shall sing a special solo at the funeral, either at the grave or during the taking of the final leave of the remains. Some request that their face shall be well covered before the coffin lid is screwed on for the last time. Others do not want this.

The death drawers are always kept locked, but the family know where the key is found. Each drawer is regarded as sacred, and no one save the owner, for any consideration, would venture to open it. The men folks occasionally have death repositories, but they are not so careful as the women are. The old men have their wills and final instructions very carefully written out, so that no mistake can be made.—Cor. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Those Chimes.

Jerome K. Jerome and Phil May were riding past St. Paul's in a cab one day when the chimes began to ring. After listening to them silently for a moment Jerome turned to May and asked him if he ever tired of the beautiful sound of the bells. "What's that you say?" asked May, putting his hand to his ear.

"I asked if you had ever heard a more beautiful sound than the chimes of old St. Paul's?" repeated Jerome, raising his voice.

"I can't hear a word you say!" May shouted back. Jerome put his mouth close to May's ear, "Don't you think those chimes sound like angels' voices?" he called.

May looked up at the tower and scowled darkly. Then he yelled into Jerome's ear, "It's no use, Jerome; I can't hear until those infernal noisy bells shut up their clatter!"—London Letter.

Wasted Eloquence.

The Hon. Robert Farrell of San Francisco, who is familiarly called "Bob," prepares his public speeches with great care. The cause of this is an oration he made a number of years ago which was a noted piece of flamboyant eloquence. It began, "From where Mount Shasta lifts her snowy peaks in air to where San Diego sits by the waters of the ever smiling sea."

The next day letters came in directed to "Mount Shasta Snowy Peak Farrell" and "Ever Smiling Sea Farrell."

It took months for him to escape the effects of his oratory, and he vowed never to commit the crime of eloquence again.—Saturday Evening Post.

"SPANKING; P. R. N., 27."

An Order That Was Posted In the Boys' Hospital Ward.

The chief of the hospital staff of surgeons one evening on his rounds entered ward 2, which is devoted to the cure of children's injuries, and glanced in a perfunctory way at the orders posted by attending surgeons on the previous night. He opened his eyes wide when he saw this order, signed by a physician:

"Spanking; P. R. N., 27."

Turning to the nurse in attendance, the surgeon asked what "27" meant. It meant that 27 children had been spanked in that ward on the night before.

"Well, that is the most remarkable order I have ever seen in the hospital," said the official, and he asked the nurse how it came about. "P. R. N." stood for pro re nata, "to meet the emergency." It was the other part he wanted to have explained.

"It began with the throwing of a shoe," the nurse said, "and it was after all of the patients were in bed and tucked up for the night. I supposed that the boys with broken legs and plaster casts on them and the other boys with broken arms and fractured noses were disposed of safely. Then a shoe from somewhere went sailing across the ward, narrowly missing the head of that Italian boy, who has had his skull trepanned. The shoe was like a match to a barrel of gunpowder. A crutch flew over my head and hit the window. The boys with plaster of paris on their legs wriggled out of their cots, hobbled to their near neighbors and pulled them out on the floor. Those who wanted to be quiet were poked and plagued and forced to get out and join in the rumpus. There were half a dozen pillow fights in progress in as many places at once before I could say 'Scat!'

"Just as the pandemonium was at its height the doctor came in on his rounds and protested. He said that there was so much noise the patients in the wards near by were complaining. The boys must stop. If they would not stop, they must be made to stop. Why not spank them?

"I ventured to say that the task of spanking 27 boys, hand running, as it were, was no child's play. He said that I must do it, and then he wrote the order. Of course it had to be done then. The doctor did not wait to see what I would do, and he looked rather amused as he turned and went out of the ward.

"Well, I gave out the order to the children, but they did not mind me in the least. I did not want to spank them, for they probably for the first time in their lives had their stomachs full, and their animal spirits were high. They had had enough misfortune in the accidents that had brought them to the institution. So I just warned them that they were up to a spank down. As the boys say, 'Nit!' They just winked at me and kept on worse than ever. Then I started after them They limped, hobbled and wriggled back to their cots as fast as their legs would carry them. I turned down the upper sheet of the cot of the first boy that I came to and laid it on good.

"Then there was a change. A chorus of dry howls went up to the ceiling following the wails of the first victim. Down the rows of cots I proceeded, slowly and conscientiously, and, if I do say it, there was in my wake a lot of chastened souls."

"I'll make a note of this order as a remarkable one," said the official. He did, and that is how it came out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Jean Bart the Pirate.

One of the most conspicuous instances of "setting a thief to catch a thief" is that of Jean Bart, the popular naval hero of France. Born and bred a pirate, he became the boldest and most successful buccaneer on European waters. What he did not know about that business was not worth knowing. Recognizing the man's prowess and anxious to increase the prestige of the French navy, then at a low ebb, Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV, won Bart over to loyalty to his country, gave him a commission and found his choice and his hopes justified in a series of brilliantly successful naval exploits directed by Bart against piratical rovers in general and the enemies of French commerce in particular. He secured enormous prizes in ships and bullion, and by intercepting a marauding fleet carrying off some French wheat ships he once in a season of bad crops staved off famine and captured the would be robbers, bringing his spoils into port amid a storm of enthusiastic acclamation.

Got His Money's Worth.

The other day in the Union station, while awaiting a train, a man thought he would test the weighing machine to ascertain the amount of his avoirdupois. The machine is one of the kind which plays a tune, tells your fortune, and last, but not least, gives your exact weight on a ticket. But this day it must have had a fit of indigestion, for as soon as he put in his cent the people in the station were attracted by a continuous tick, in sound like a Wall street ticker. Upon investigation it proved that the man had coughed out to him, one after another, 18 tickets giving his same weight on each, but stating his fortune in as many different ways. He will keep them and frame them for a souvenir.—Albany Journal.

Horses Couldn't Be Given Away.

"Horses were cheap in the west. In fact, you could hardly give them away," writes Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady in The Ladies' Home Journal. "I remember a stockman came to a friend of mine speaking in this wise: 'I've got six young and middling horses well broke and, considering the hard times, in pretty fair condition. What'll you give me for them?' 'I'll give you ten just like them,' said my friend, 'and think myself lucky to save the feed and care of four of them.' The offer was not accepted."

Shoes of Horses.

A celebrated veterinary surgeon declares that nine out of ten of our worn out horses are only worn out in feet, or in legs, because of some foot disease, and that all but a fraction of that number owe their premature age and incapacity to our system of shoeing, not merely bad shoeing, but the iron or steel shoe.

Tennyson and Lowell.

Mrs. Procter, the wife of Barry Cornwall, was a great figure in London literary society when Mr. Lowell was United States minister at the court of St. James. Mrs. Procter was most anxious to bring Tennyson and Mr. Lowell together. Tennyson, who was whimsical in his prejudices, made various excuses and affected to believe that Mr. Lowell was a poet of little importance and an after dinner orator whose graces of style were overrated.

One day Mrs. Procter told Mr. Tennyson that Mr. Lowell had written some lines on her birthday and that she must insist upon reading them to him.

The English poet looked at her askance and submitted with bad grace. Mrs. Procter did not go further than the opening line, "I know a girl—they say she's eighty."

Tennyson scowled and sprang to his feet with a gesture of impatience. "Too familiar!" he growled out in high disdain and refused to listen to the remaining lines.

Mrs. Procter persevered in her efforts to bring the two poets together, and they finally met and became intimate friends. Mr. Tennyson was a man of many caprices and had a touch of shyness and cold reserve which made him unwilling to meet a stranger.—Youth's Companion.

A Bad Combination.

An English family doctor tells this story: "I was hastily summoned one morning to the offices of a well known city merchant. He had been quietly writing at his desk, when to his amazement and alarm he found his waistcoat blazing furiously. Although he dashed it off in an instant he had been burned severely, and when I arrived and had treated his injuries we were both of us much puzzled to find a cause for the sudden outburst. But investigation showed that he was in the habit of carrying loosely in his watch pocket two or three of the tiny potash lozenges which so many people find useful for a sore throat. Among these he thoughtlessly had thrust a box of safety matches, the covering of which forms with potash a chemical combination which the slightest friction will set into a blaze.

Unfortunately, too, his gold watch was protected by one of the common cases of transparent celluloid, which is nothing but a form of highly explosive gun cotton, so that in fact he had innocently formed in his waistcoat pocket one of the most dangerous and powerful powder magazines known to science."

The Piggy Came Back.

A New Jersey farmer tells this remarkable story to The Evangelist and vouches for its truth: "I had more pigs than I wanted to keep, so I sold one to a man living in the neighboring village. The little pig had been living in the pen with his brothers and sisters and had never been outside of it until the man who bought him put him in a basket, tied down the cover and put it in his wagon to carry to the new home.

"Late in the afternoon the farmer who sold it saw something coming across the swampy meadow below his home. He watched it struggling through the wet places, climbing the knolls, until he could see that it was his little pig, all covered with mud and very tired. He went straight toward the barn, against which was the only home he recognized. The money was returned to the man who had bought it, and the little pig staid at home."

Had to Eat Him.

A creditor calls upon a debtor, whom he finds at dinner, busy carving a turkey.

"Now, sir," said the visitor, "are you going to pay me soon?"

"I should be only too glad, my dear sir, but it is impossible. I am cleared out—ruined. I haven't a stiver."

"Why, sir, when a man cannot pay his debts he has no business to be eating a turkey like that."

"Alas, my dear sir," said the debtor, lifting the serviette to his eyes as though deeply affected, "I couldn't afford its keep."—London Answers.

Von Moltke and Marwitz.

Daheim, a German magazine, tells the following anecdote of Von Moltke, the greatest of Prussian generals, who was as famous for his stern reticence as for his skill in the art of war.

On one occasion when a party of military men had been discussing his victorious campaigns in his presence one of them turned to him and said:

"General, what was the supreme moment of your life—the one that left the deepest impression on you? Can you tell us?"

Von Moltke laughed. "Easily, gentlemen. There was one moment so terrible that it was like no other. I was a young, beardless officer, and I was sent with a message to General von Marwitz. I went with trepidation. He received me with a kindly nod and said, 'Lay aside your cloak, sir.'

"'Ha,' I thought, 'he meets me as an equal!' I unbuttoned my cloak and dropped it on a chair. He looked at it and then at me.

"'In the anteroom, lieutenant, in the anteroom,' he said gently.

"The horror and shame of that rebuke come upon me at night sometimes now like death itself. No success I have ever had has repaid me for that mortification."

A Cruel Joke on Andrew Lang.

Even the shrewdest persons may at times be deceived. No matter how much people may differ upon the genius of Andrew Lang, they are unanimous in regard to his quick intelligence and his talent for playing golf. Some time ago he was a guest at a very distinguished dinner, which he is said to have described as an extraordinary survival of savage mysteries. The culinary part was faultless, but Mr. Lang's enjoyment was utterly ruined by having, as he put it, "a budding funny man on the one hand and a diabolically deaf Socialist on the other. I could not," added the famous critic, "tell which of the two was the more mournful companion."

Two weeks afterward it got out that the Socialist was not deaf; that he had come to the banquet prepared to be bored by less learned guests; that he had been seated alongside "an idiotic middle aged gentleman who did nothing but talk of golf," and that to protect himself he had simulated a deafness which kept his neighbor bawling.

Wharf Cats.

"Cats are not given credit for half the intelligence they deserve," said a boss stevedore the other day. "If you don't believe me, come down along the river front and watch the wharf cats. They are as wild as can be, but you can't fool them. Neither could you drive them away from the wharfs. They live down among the pilings and subsist on rats or whatever refuse they can find. They are mostly seafaring cats that have lived on shipboard and that have been left behind when their vessels have sailed.

"They go ashore to stretch their legs, so to speak, and their ship goes off without them. From that moment you can't drive them away from the pier on which they were left. They always seem to be looking for their ship to come back, and sometimes it does, and then the cat is almost frantic with delight. Of course they might jump aboard any vessel and would probably be welcomed, but they rarely do that. They want to get back to their own homes."—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Ganthony's Quiet Fun.

Robert Ganthony asked Weedon Grossmith to read a play which Ganthony had written. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home.

"Night after night," he says, "I would meet Ganthony, and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful. The perspiration used to come out on my forehead as I'd say sometimes, 'I haven't had time to look at it yet!' or, again, 'The first act was good, but I can't stop to explain, etc.; must catch a train.' That play was the bane of my existence and haunted me even in my dreams."

Some months passed, and Ganthony, who is a merry wag, still pursued him without mercy. At last it occurred to Mr. Grossmith that he might have left the comedy in the cab on the night it was given him. He went down to Scotland Yard and inquired.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name; sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found."—London Telegraph.

The Future.

The news item of the future will probably read something like this: "As Farmer Smith was delivering a bale of hay at the treasury building, and while waiting to have the government stamp affixed, his horses took fright at the limited express on the Washington and San Francisco airship line. They dashed down the avenue, and, turning the corner at the up town station of the Chicago Pneumatic Tube Rapid Transit company, brought up with a dull thud against the celluoid window of the Potomac Artificial Egg company. In the crash and general confusion Farmer Smith's head and two of his limbs were severed from the body, but he was promptly removed to the Edison hospital, and after the electrical bone welding operation was performed he was able to drive home and keep his appointment with the man who holds the mortgage on his farm."—Kansas City Independent.

Lightning Telegraph.

It is not in show performances that one finds the greatest achievements of the telegraph, but in the speed with which ordinary business is transacted. Thus the Stock and Produce Exchanges of New York and Chicago have the closest possible connection. There is a vast amount of communication between the exchanges of the two cities every day, and the telegraph companies have their offices on the floors of the exchanges. It is on record that messages have been sent from the New York Produce Exchange to the Chicago Produce Exchange and answers received in 45 seconds. When one reflects that these were ordinary messages, for which no special preparation was made, and that the operation involved the writing out of the messages at each end of the line and their delivery to the persons to whom they were addressed, the result seems marvelous.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Good Temper of Americans.

I have never seen an American lose his temper, not even under the most trying and provoking circumstances. If in a railway station you were to lose your temper with the baggage man, for instance, you would get the crowd to gather around you and have a good time. Once, at Cincinnati, a baggage man threw a valise of mine on the platform with such force that it broke open and spread my belongings about. I gave that man a piece of my mind, but I was sorry I had not set more value on my time than that. A crowd of baggage men and passersby gathered to bet whether I was going to be able to put all my things together or not. I felt I was giving a free show; I quickly collected my goods and chattels, disappeared quickly and went to buy a new trunk.—Max O'Rell in New York Journal.

The New Professor.

The students who attended the lectures in biology planned a little joke on their professor. They removed a stuffed baboon from the Natural History museum, adjacent, dressed it up in a student gown and set it in the professor's chair upon the lecture platform. When he entered the room, they greeted his evident surprise with a suppressed giggle of merriment.

"Well, gentlemen," he said blandly, "I'm glad to see that you have found at last a professor who is suited to your capacities."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Sickness Comes High.

Sickness comes high, as is proved by German records in regard to sick insurance, which is compulsory upon workingmen. Nearly 8,000,000 persons in that country insure against sickness, and in one year a third of this number reported sickness of some kind or other, the average duration of sickness being 17 days. Reckoning wages at 50 cents a day, this means a loss in wages alone in one year of more than $22,500,000. Then, of course, there always is extra expense connected with sickness, such as doctors' bills, medicine, special food and sometimes special care and maintenance. These records do not relate to infants or to the old and infirm, but only to working persons during the working period.