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The Centreville Observer.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1897.

EGGED ON THE DOCTOR.

A Napoleon of Finance Meets His Waterloo in New Hampshire.

An itinerant corn doctor took possession of the public square in Charleston, N. H., a few evenings since and transact a business which was of land-office dimensions while it lasted. But he closed up early.

Eggs were flying at him from all directions and he was a sorry-looking sight when he reached the friendly shelter of the hotel.

He had imposed upon the confidence of the unsophisticated and the shower of eggs was their way of expressing their righteous indignation.

The "doctor's" modus operandi was something like this: He had a corn salve that was unequaled and unapproachable in its virtues, he wished to advertise it and would, for ten cents, give a sample of the salve and a check on the presentation of which later he would give a present.

The "present" end of it caught many who were old enough to know better, and several children, but great was their surprise when on presenting their checks, they were handed 15 cents as a present.

This was making money very fast. Each purchaser had realized 50 per cent. on his investment. The doctor laid article No. 2 to advertise and would also give a present to every purchaser who would pay 25 cents for a sample.

Those who had bought one package of No. 1 took two and three of article No. 2 and wrote their checks as in the previous instance. Of course they thought this man who gave them 15 cents for ten cents would certainly give them at least 35 for 25.

But he didn't.

He probably thought he had gone the limit and when the speculators presented their checks they were given a bit of taffy candy by the smiling doctor, who said: "I told you I would give you a present, and I have done so," and while he continued to give them the laugh they began to see the "joke."

Several of those on the outside of the crowd got their heads together and then went to a near-by provision store and invested all the money they had in eggs, and the less modern they were the more desirable for their purpose.

When they returned the voluble doctor was telling his audience not to be had over the matter. He had lost money by it.

The application of mustard in this form is particularly well suited to children and old people, whose skin is easily irritated.—Youth's Companion.

Veal Pates.

Cut into cubes, pieces of the veal, from the veal stew, to fill a cup. Make a roux of cream sauce, season with a little onion, celery salt and mace; heat the veal in this sauce and fill pate shells which can be purchased from a baker for 35 cents a dozen.—Good Housekeeping.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—An English vicar has been sent to jail for a year at Birmingham for contempt of court.

—A Yorkshire vicar who quarreled with the squire of the parish has been put under a boycott by the latter. He can obtain neither food nor lodging in the village, the shopkeepers refuse to sell him their wares, and he is obliged to clean the church, light the lamps and ring the bells himself.

—According to recent statistics of the Presbyterian church baptism has relatively decreased very largely in the past 25 years. During that period the membership of the church has grown 110 per cent., the number of adult baptisms 133 per cent., while the number of infant baptisms has increased less than 75 per cent.

—All students of missions know that the Moravians far excel all other bodies of Christians in their devotion to the cause of missions. The Friends are credited with the second place in honor, and it is said that in proportion to their numbers they send more missionaries to the foreign field than any other denomination. In Great Britain about one in 250 of the whole membership, or one in 166 of the adult members, is a missionary.

—The forty-third general congress of the Roman Catholics of Germany, held at Berlin, passed a number of significant resolutions, among them one warning German Catholics against coming to America under the present economic conditions, one deploring the grave loss of civilizing among the officers of the army and navy, one deploring the fact that no Christian power has effectually espoused the cause of the Armenians, one opposing the employment of married women on factories and another advocating the repeal of the anti-Jesuit law.

—At the recent general Methodist conference at Corning several good stories were told, and one that caused more than ordinary amusement was related as follows. Three ministers were interpreting the meaning of the text 'David danced before the ark of the Lord.' The first minister said anyone ought to know what that meant. Of course it meant that David danced while facing the ark of the Lord. The second minister said David danced before instead of behind the ark, and the third said that it simply meant that David danced before the ark danced.

AN APPLE CAUSED IT ALL.

Train of Mishaps Resulting from an Attempt to Gather a Choice Pippin.

From Glenville Corners comes a tale of woe with an apple on top of it. One Sunday morning while walking about his farm John Schneider espied a tempting morsel at the top of his apple tree, and straightway went about procuring it, to his own misfortune and grief.

It so did happen that John was attired in his choicest raiment, and while climbing the tree his better garment was disrupted. Unlatch however, he reached for the apple. Something broke and he fell. Immediately beneath the tree the festive honey bee made honey, and the former invariably found himself deposited upon a honeycomb. The irruption thus set themselves upon the unfortunate for a period, and then yet unrevenged for the destruction of their home, made war against the family horse grazing near by. The horse rushed to the house, safe for protection, and invaded her kitchen.

Mrs. Schneider was cooking the midday meal. The store was overturned, and in preventing a conflagration she narrowly escaped being burned. Schneider hurried to her rescue and was tucked in the pit of the stomach by the once docile horse, which then set itself about demolishing the contents of the whole house, but was frustrated in its origine by the narrowness of the doors. Mrs. Schneider then turned upon the horse. She rushed at him with a broom. Instead of hitting the horse the broom came in contact with a rock, which was thrown from its shelf and practically demolished.

The horse ran out of its own accord, and in the yard met the family cow. The cow received a kick in the side, and terrified, ran at the pet dog of the family. The dog flew for his life, but repeated the performance until the dog was dead, when the started down the road scattering all who were out for a Sunday walk.

And over all the place innocently hung, and still hangs, an Eden.—Cleveland Leader.

Hanged and Varnished.

An English captain of a not so long ago was to hang smugglers on gibbets arranged along the coasts, and then tar the bodies lest they might be preserved a long while, as a warning to other conspirits. As late as 1821 there were three bodies which could have been seen hanging before Deaver castle. Sometimes the process was extended to robbers, assassins, incendiaries and other criminals. John Painter, who fired the dockyard at Portsmouth, was first hanged and then tarred in 1776. From time to time he was given a fresh coat of varnish, and this was made to last nearly 14 years. The weird custom did not stop smuggling or other crime, but no doubt it was not some influence as a preventive.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Victoria's Descendants.

Germany has had five sovereigns since Queen Victoria began to reign. She herself will in future be recognized as the ancestress of one of the most powerful rulers. Her grandson wears the iron crown of Germany. Her granddaughter is empress of Russia. Another granddaughter is crown princess of Roumania. Her second son rules over the principality of Saxe-Coburg. The hereditary princess of Saxe-Meiningen is her granddaughter. The heir to the throne of Greece is her descendant; the grand duke of Hesse her grandson. She has to fewer than 61 descendants who now live, between them promise to be at least of more than half of Europe.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Humane Man.

She handed him his evening clothes. They had been packed away all summer with a moth-exterminating substance. As the odor of tar and camphor assailed him his face grew sad.

"What is troubling you?"

"I was thinking of these clothes."

"It seems to me that you ought to look pleased. There certainly is no moths in them."

"I can't help my sympathetic nature," he responded. "Sometimes it leads me to an absurd extreme. Of course, I'm glad that the moths are gone, but—and he sighed deeply—it must have been a horrible death."—Washington Star.

A Graceful Tribute.

It is not every man who knows how to compliment a woman gracefully. The following dialogue took place between a very pretty lady singer and a celebrated composer, who is by no means addicted to flattery.

"Tell me, my dear maestro, which would you like better, to be blind or deaf?"

"Deaf, madam, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing."—Tit-Bits.

Easily Provided.

They sat before the open grate fire.

"Do you prefer your chestnuts roasted?" he asked.

She inclined her head.

"I like them much better that way," she said.

"If you please," he returned, and in another minute he had thrown the comic weekly into the fire.—Chicago Post.

An American Beauty.

An radiant rose with your grace so dewlike,
Your beauty the eye and the spirit confess;
But there still lurks the thorn. None would guess,
I am sure,
That you cost me a dollar and twenty-five cents.

—Washington Star.

The New Woman in Politics.

The dark-haired candidate for president of the Amalgamated Women's clubs had made the direct assertion that the auburn-haired candidate once took in washing for a living.

"There is more than one way to nail a campaign lie!" exclaimed the auburn-haired candidate, briskly scratching the other's face.—Chicago Tribune.

The Scorcher.

"Why do they call a fast bicycle rider a scorcher, papa?"

"Because he goes a hot pace, makes pedestrians looking mad, warms up the police and gets roasted in court. The scorcher thinks it a burning shame."—Detroit Free Press.

In Search of Information.

"I'd like to ask one thing," said the cross boarder.

"What is it, please?" asked the landlady.

"How did you get this steak cooked so hard without even getting it hot?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Even That.

"Ah!" sighed the disconsolate wife, "marriage is a sad, sad failure."

"Haven't you realized your hopes in wedded life?" asked a sympathetic friend.

"Yes, even my bridal veil was illusion."—Washington Times.

At Midnight.

Mrs. Brown (in an awed whisper)—Sh-h! I hear a burglar in the pantry. I believe he is going to steal the cake I cooked to-day.

Mr. Brown (sleepily)—Poor devil, he may have a family, too.—Up-to-Date.

Others.

In song birds don't half let delay;
We should know what they say
But de eagle is a screamin' an
De robins a gittin' fat.

—Washington Star.

AN UNINTENTIONAL REBUKE.

"Thanks for a very pleasant evening, and good night, Herr Professor. I'm so sorry to have to leave you so early."

"Ach, Fräulein, when you come to see us your stays are always so short!"—Du Maurier, in London Punch.

The Fugitive's Weapon.

The author of a bestseller says
Dickens used to kill
The Philistines, our Christian class
Plants wine that wrapped still.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Terrible Accident.

"Did you ever have any serious accidents while traveling?"

"Did I? It was while I was traveling through Italy that I met my wife."—Tit-Bits.

A Disciple of Rousseau.

White—Why do you send your son to college?

Black—Because I believe that the less he knows the happier we are.—Up-to-Date.

Diagnosis.

"Uncle Simon, what's chagrin?"

"It's what a fat man feels, sonny, when he runs and jumps on a train that doesn't start for half an hour."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Size of It.

"The principal ingredient in all these patent medicines is alcohol."

"Not a bad preventive of disease, that."

"Pretty pale ink."—Brooklyn Life.

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The Centreville Observer.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1897.

In Theory and Practice.

"They talk about women being impractical!" she exclaimed, "but they might not to."

"What has set you thinking about that?" inquired the neighbor at whose gate she was stopping.

"My husband. He's been talking about the rise in wheat. He's explained all about the purchase and sale of millions of bushels of wheat and billions of barrels of flour and the law of supply, but when it comes to remembering to stop at the bakers' to tell him to send around a four-cent loaf of bread, I'm no more to be depended on than a baby."—Washington Star.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

"How impressive."

"Nothing is so impressive as time."

Noiselessly did the burglar put his head out of the window to see if a policeman was in sight.

"—are those—"

Smiling at his idle fears, he approached the dressing table of the sleeping pair.

"Watch of the night!"

Seizing the two stem-winders he made an easy exit from the house.—N. Y. World.

Fear Another Temptation, Perhaps.

"A very peculiar and inexplicable fact is shown by French statistics. It has been discovered that widows and widowers are by far the most liable to remarry suicides."

"What's unexplainable in that?"

"Why, it's like a man waiting until he has swum ashore before drowning himself."—N. Y. Truth.

Striking an Average.

Policeman—Come, now, you can't stand here any longer. You'll have to move on.

Meek Man—But I promised to meet my wife here half an hour ago.

Policeman—All right, you return in two hours from now. Then I'll give you a permit to stay here till she comes.—Cleveland Leader.

Quite an Appropriate Title.

Officer—Please give me a few pebbles, sir? I'm starving.

Youngfellow—I believe you're a friend. What's your name?

Officer—My name is Description. Go into the papers and you'll see that I'm begrazed in every one of them.—N. Y. World.

Business Depression.

"May I kiss you, Miss Jane?"

"I am sorry to see, Mr. Briggs, that you too, are affected by the prevailing issue of business depression."

"And that is?"

"Lack of confidence."

Then he kissed her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Made a Mistake.

"You are such a kleptomaniac!"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"Why, you certainly did say so."

"Yes, I did, but it was a mistake. I had that I overrated her wealth and social position, and I should not have married her for her money."

His Last Word.

"Nothing to say?" asked the frowning father of the home thief come to ask his daughter's hand.

"Only that you're the first editor that ever ordered me off the premises without giving me a chance to stop the paper."—Texas Siftings.

Stories to Suit.

Dealer in chance fish, some barrels.
Fish each guaranteed to contain a story.
Hooks for Thanksgiving.

—Washington Star.

MANY ARE BUILT THAT WAY.

Benedict—I tell you I have the best wife on earth.

Benedick—My wife's a boss wife, too.—N. Y. Truth.

Unavailable.

I think the proverb is apropos:
Time has problems, or cash,
To be who prides himself that he's
A wonderful worker in both.

—Detroit News.

Well Matched.

De Courtney—There's Dr. Pillson. He's awfully in love with his flatiron. He calls her his little duck.

Montmorency—Well, in that case it is only right she should have a quack.—Brooklyn Life.

The Land of Liberty.

Barber (just wed)—Your head is very
Cowley (showing resolvers)—Eh?
Barber (hastily)—Very clean, sir.—N. Y. Weekly.

Poor Mr. Brown.

He—You don't not think me very smart, Miss Speak, but I can tell you I am Mr. Brown's right-hand man.

She—Is Mr. Brown left-handed?—Boston Transcript.

The Pitfalls of Politeness.

Mr. Phizzidore Tarara (after his songs)—I must beg of you to excuse my voice, Lady Jasmine, but I really ought not to be singing at all. Indeed, I have a doctor's certificate with me to say that I cannot sing.

Hostess (gushing over with sweet poise)—I am sure a doctor's certificate was not in the least necessary, Mr. Tarara! Tit-Bits.

—Lunacy is from luna, the moon, it once being a popular belief that all mental aberration was caused by the moon.

CONCERNING ANIMALS.

A Collection of Interesting Notes Made by Different Observers.

Ostriches are usually plucked once every eight months. The average yield is one pound of feathers each.

Bats are most curiously constructed, the heart's action being aided by the rhythmic contractions of the veins of the wings.

A few days ago Harvey Ritchey, who lives on a farm near Altoona, Pa., found a land turtle upon which was engraved "W. Walls, June 8, 1854."

The love of tobacco has recently been acquired by a horse in Bankers, Mich. Some time ago its owner gave it some tobacco for an internal trouble, and ever since the horse has been fond of the weed.

Three thieves were caught trying to steal a crocodile from the Jardin des Plantes in Paris recently. They had lassoed its nose and tail, and were hauling it over the railing of its inclosure when the keepers arrested them.

Verona in Italy consists of a pair of twin sheep, each having six feet. The extra legs are hind ones of the same size as the normal ones, though they do not reach to the ground. The owner will not sell them to a museum, as he thinks he can make more out of them as nature.

A farmer in the south of England, whose cottage is some distance from any of the neighboring villages, has trained his dog (which, by the way, is a spaniel) to trot to the Southwestern railway station, and there pick up the London paper, which the guard of the train throws to him.

A gigantic specimen of the Arctic rhinoceros has lately been discovered frozen up in an iceberg which stranded at the Lena delta. This specimen was seven feet taller than the largest variety of the rhinoceros of to-day, and was armed with two long horns. The shortest of which was three feet two inches in length. The animal doubtless belonged to a long extinct species.

It is likely that the wild European lions will soon become extinct, though the czars of Russia have tried to protect it since the beginning of the century. Herr E. Buschser finds that the celebrated herd in the forests of Bjelowjesha in Lithuania, which numbered "several hundred" in 1857, has become less than 50. He ascribes the falling off to breeding in on account of the restricted area to which the animals are confined, and to the fact that the males outnumber the females.

Among the things that furnish occupation for the eyes and minds of transatlantic voyagers are the home flies which accompany great steamships from one side of the ocean to the other. In fine, sunshiny weather the flies buzz cheerfully about shelterer places on the deck, but when the wind blows high they take refuge in the cabins and saloons. The flies often remain with the ship while in port and return with her on her next trip, thus crossing the ocean several times in succession, and perhaps spending the entire season at sea.

Dr. McCloud and Sam Wallace, two Portsmouth (Ohio) fishermen, had an exciting adventure with a large catfish. They had caught one in the river, and in the boat had gone to a large one. The fish was pulled into their skiff, and in attempting to land it it flopped ashore. Mr. McCloud became entangled in the line and was dragged over the middle of the river with his fish. He was dragged over 5 yards before Wallace overhauled them, and killed the big fish with a hatchet. The fish weighed 52 pounds, and the men dragged it ashore naught for several years to that vicinity.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BLIND TOM.

Beautiful Musical Soul in a Repulsive Body.

In the spring of 1861 he came to Oxford, Miss. I was then teaching in the state university, and Blind Tom and his manager, Mrs. Bethune, I suppose it was, had their quarters at the same hotel at which I was boarding. I thus had the opportunity of making several discoveries in regard to him. One was that he was not totally blind. When Mrs. Bethune ordered a meal for Tom's meals to his room, Tom would bend over the plate and scan it eagerly and was sure to let himself be heard from if anything he wanted was omitted there. And I tested Tom in his room and found he could tell where I was sitting.

Another discovery was that he was not altogether the idiot I had heard he was. After his musical exhibition was over I was called to his room to talk with our professor of physics, who wanted to see whether Tom's memory for sounds retentive for other than musical sounds. So Professor Tom and I talked Greek to Tom's verb.

To our surprise Tom stared at me and said, somewhat stammeringly, "Th'that's Greek." We were informed that he could tell many of the modern languages in the same way. And in his own, at the age of 7 years, he had repeated the Lord's prayer in Greek with perfect accuracy.

As I watched this great, lurking fellow with thick hands and stumpy fingers and thought of his power to reproduce on a piano heard 100 yards or more like an express train or imitate the gentlest notes that the tenderest touch could evoke, "compounded of his musical soul and his diabolical body," I felt sympathetic delicate mechanism of a wonderful musical instrument incased in a roughboard box rudely knocked together by clumsy carpenters with a dull hatchet. I could not help wondering what in what an ugly case the same maker had inclosed the sublime and beautiful soul of Socrates.—N. Y. Post.

She Knew.

Voice at the Telephone—Major, will you please bring your family and take supper with us next Sunday?

Second Girl (replies back through telephone)—Master and mistress are not in at present, but they can't come to supper, as it's my Sunday out.—Boston Globe.

WITHOUT WINGS.

The train leaving Ogden for the south Pacific Narrow Gauge, recently.

"One of the most romantic accidents that come I ever witnessed was occasioned in the mind of the South Pacific by writing a 14-month's travels in Polynesia, when he sailed near the Fanga islands, with some men and natives, when one of the latter, a few yards away, suddenly threw some coral back in the water with a crash, which caused a number of long, sharp-nosed goldfish to start out of the water. They bounded away like arrows, tipping the surface with their gills, and seeming to gain fresh impetus in this manner.

"The fish came directly toward us, and I just entirely dodged as one shot over my head. I had beyond me was a native, carrying a flat oval basket that looked more like a shield than anything else, and, seeing the fish, he threw it up, catching it fairly and squarely. The Indian joined the fish at, and the man pitched for all the world like a warrior receiving an arrow or spear upon his shoulder. I afterward learned that natives were occasionally killed by these fish.

"Anyone who has lived in southern countries must be familiar with the sight of goldfish. They bound over the waves in what appears to be a true flight, and one that suggests that there are baby animals which seem to fly and have actual wings, though they have not in reality.

"The flying fish is a common example. The forefins are enormously developed, and are used in aiding the fish to soar through the air, apparently after the manner of a bird, hence the genus exocetus has been applied the term of flying fishes. But the little creatures do not fly, neither have they wings. They bound out of the water, and give themselves a high rate of speed by the screw like motion of the tail, then, spreading their fins, soar away as if held aloft by parachutes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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No dollar silver pieces have been coined at any of the United States mints since by an act passed in May, 1878, such coinage was prohibited. The coinage of this piece went on for five years only and the weight of the coin was 37 grains. There are now of them outstanding about $350,000. Since February, 1887, no trade dollars of silver have been coined and the total amount of these was extensive, though not in circulation, a new dollar of the coinage of the trade dollar was begun in 1873 to compensate in part for the effects of the "crime of 1873," so called by the silverites, and it was not until 14 years later that it was stopped by act of congress. As old coin of silver very rare now is the silver half dime of 1853. The silver half dime was discontinued by act of congress in 1873. There are now of half dimes in circulation about $1,000.

Father Time has to bail when he meets woman who knows how to take care of her health. Time can't make her seem old.

She may be the mother of a family, but that makes no difference. She is bound to look young, because her heart is young and there is rich, young blood circulating in her veins. She doesn't need cosmetics and face powders and skin preservers, for pure blood is the only true skin preserver.

But when a woman's blood is full of impurities she can neither look young nor feel young. Her whole constitution is poisoned with bad blood. It permeates every part. It paralyzes the nerve centres, weakens the stomach, irritates the heart, preys upon the lungs and bronchial tubes. It reduces a woman to a state of weakness, nervousness, irritability, dejection and melancholy. No woman can be happy, healthy or youthful, no matter what her age may be, who needs the youthfulness of highly vitalized blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will give it to her. It will help any woman to get back her youth and freshness.

It gives the digestive and blood making organs and the nerve centres a good, healthy blood. It gives color to the cheeks and sparkle to the eyes, drives away pimples and blotches and makes the skin smooth and emaciated forms, and creates firm, natural, healthy flesh.

Mrs. Rebecca J. Gardner of Grafton, York Co., writes: "When I was married I weighed 90 pounds. I was taken sick and I reduced in height and broke down with a disease which my doctor and friends thought was consumption. He treated my disease but failed to cure me. I was sick and I fell away to 75 pounds. I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I took four bottles and was well and grew. Now I weigh 140 pounds and have only taken two bottles of your medicine since I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. My husband says I look younger than I did the first time he saw me 12 years ago."

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