THE NEW YORK YOUTH.

Story of a Promising Boy, a Schoolteacher and an Escaped Dog.

A drawing teacher in the upper regions of the borough of Manhattan tells me of a curious instance of what she calls the crescent freshness of the metropolitan youth. Tommy was the most incorrigible pupil in that particular room, making the half hour spent there daily one of mingled doubt and anguish of spirit to the drawing teacher. The other day Tommy was evidently engaged in some new form of mischief. His drawing pad lay upon the desk before him and his hands were hovering over it, now swooping down at one side of the paper, now at the other, as if corralling some unwilling ant or other insect seeking to escape.

"Tommy," said the drawing teacher suddenly and sharply, "what are you doing?"

"Nothin," was Tommy's instant reply. Then he added, "Nothin but keepin this 'ere dawg from runnin away."

"What dog?" queried the drawing teacher. "I see no dog. What do you mean?"

"Course ye don't see no dawg," said Tommy, ceasing his gymnastics under her sharp glance and straightening up. "Yer too far away." The other scholars were all attention by this time, which was precisely what Tommy wanted, and he assumed a look of unsmiling innocence as he continued, "I drored a runnin dawg, not a standin still one, an I was a-headin 'im off so's he wouldn't run off th' tablet an git on th' floor."

The other children laughed uproariously at this, whereupon Tommy surveyed them with such an assumption of surprised indignation that their mirth was redoubled. The teacher was now genuinely angry. She was a matter of fact young woman to whom normal school methods were both law and gospel, and here was a flagrant case of downright falsehood that must be exposed as an awful example to the entire grade of pupils. She walked slowly and firmly down the aisle and picked up Tommy's tablet. The white sheet was unsullied by a single mark of any kind.

"Tommy," she said sternly, exhibiting the sheet to the pupils, "there isn't a dog or anything else here."

"Course there isn't," said the unabashed Tommy. "Wha'd I tell ye? Ye made me set up, an he got away. He was a greyhound, he was."—Town Topics.

HE HAD HIM THERE.

How a Passenger Got Even With a Street Car Conductor.

He was intent upon his newspaper when the conductor came along and stopped in front of him.

The conductor stooped down to get a better look at his face and said, "Fare, please."

The man with the paper paid no attention, and finally the conductor tapped him gently on the arm.

"Did I get your fare?" asked the conductor as the man with the paper looked up.

Now, if there is anything in this world that has a tendency to make a man who has paid his fare get angry it is to have the agent of the corporation to whom such fare was paid come along and ask him if he has paid it. It may be all right, but it always seems as if there was an inference that some one is trying to beat the road. Thus it happened that the man with the paper replied rather sharply:

"You ought to know."

"Oh, it's all right, sir!" explained the conductor hastily. "No intention to offend, you know. I merely wanted to make sure."

Then he returned to the platform, while the man with the paper returned to his reading.

A few minutes later the man with the paper went out on the platform himself, and just before reaching his corner he gently tapped the conductor on the arm, even as the conductor had tapped him.

"Did you ring up my fare?" he asked.

There were immediate indications that the conductor was getting mad. He tried to say something, but only sputtered.

"Oh, it's all right!" the man with the paper hastened to explain. "No intention to offend, you know. I only wanted to make sure."

Then he swung off the car, and when he reached home his wife detected traces of a faint smile on his face.—Philadelphia Times.

Bullets Point to Point.

A correspondent relates the following remarkable personal reminiscence of an incident which occurred during the Franco-German war: "A perfect stranger (an Englishman)," said he, "called on me and handed to me a chassepot rifle, which he related he had picked up on the field of battle after Gravelotte, which had a bullet or two stuck in it at the middle of the barrel and which he requested me to get removed. This was done, and upon examination the bullets were found to have met point to point. A German bullet must have entered the muzzle of the French rifle barrel just as the French rifle had been fired, and the two bullets had met each other without bursting the barrel. I enclose my card."—London Telegraph.

Must Have Loved Him.

Many stories have been told of a Manchester man who is supposed to be dead well, to put it humanely—plainest man in England. But we think the following is the funniest:

"Mamma," a child was heard to say in awestruck whisper, after a protracted survey of the peculiar features of the guest, "that gentleman's mamma must have loved children very, very much."

"Why so, my dear?" inquired the unsuspecting parent.

"Oh," returned the child in the same audible whisper, "'cause she brought him up."—Strand Magazine.

THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

HIS TALK ABOUT THE FIRST SOUVENIRS GIVEN BY SHOW PEOPLE.

They Were Distributed by the Great Giraffe — A Thrilling Incident Which Attended One Performance—How the People Stood on the Giraffe's Shadow.

"The first souvenirs I ever knew of being given out in the show business," said the old circus man, "we gave away in our show at the time we had the big 18 foot giraffe. We never had an attraction that beat the big giraffe. The people were just carried away with him. There wasn't anything about him but what interested them, even the slightest little things. On clear days, when we were where we could do it and the sun was right for us, we used to get the giraffe out in front of the entrance of the main tent and have him stand there like a great sentry. People used to stop and look up at him, and then the first thing you know somebody'd discover his shadder. Anybody'd cast a long shadder at that hour of the day, of course, but the giraffe's shadder reached as far as you could see. And as soon as one man begun to look at it 40 others did, and then you'd see 'em. I've seen 1,000 people at a time line up long that shadder and just stand along the edge of it down past the main tent and the sideshow tents, just standing there lookin at it. The giraffe was great, but his shadder fairly staggered 'em. And there they'd stand till the sun dropped down under the edge of the earth, and the first thing they knew there wasn't any shadder. Then they'd stare at each other for a minute, and then all bunch up together again and look at the giraffe till we took him in.

"We used to have a line on the programme saying that at 3 o'clock and at 9 o'clock the great giraffe would hand around ice water. That's where the souvenirs come in. We used to give away the glasses the water was in. The glasses were marked, 'Souvenir of the Great Giraffe,' and whoever got 'em could keep 'em. The seats in our circus were divided into four sections. We used to give away four dozen tumblers at every performance, one in each section. When the time come, we'd march the giraffe around the edge of the ring, and in front of each section his keeper would hand him a wire holder holding a dozen glasses, which he would take by the handle in his mouth. Tall as he was, he could reach easy to the highest back seats. It's astonishing how people used to grab for those glasses. It seems as though the whole section would stand up on the seats and all grab for the holder when it come near 'em. They'd spill the water and get wet and have the greatest time you ever heard of, but nobody got hurt, and so we just let her buzz along. But finally something did happen.

"At one evening entertainment when he was serving out the souvenirs, when we come to one of the sections, there was a man sitting on the fourth tier from the top who picked up his boy, a bright looking youngster about 10 years old, who was sitting alongside of him, and sat him up on his shoulder. The giraffe lifted the holder up and swept it along the seats with the people grabbing, and when it come near this man with the boy on his shoulder the man just lifted him up so that the boy could stand on his shoulders. He was going to get one anyway, and when the holder came along the boy made a grab for it. There was only one glass left in it then, but the boy got it. He upset it lifting it out of the holder and scattered the water all over everybody, but that didn't count. He got the glass and was coming down with it when his father, instead of feeling him jounce down on his shoulder, felt his weight growing lighter, and the next minute he and everybody else saw the boy suspended in the air. When the giraffe saw the last glass go, he lifted the holder, the way he always did, to clear the people before swinging it around and down to the keeper. This time when he lifted it the buttons on the outside of the cuff of the boy's jacket got caught in the wires. They were sewed on the way mothers sew on buttons, and they held the youngster's weight easily, and when the giraffe lifted the holder up he lifted the boy with it.

"Then there was a scene. We knew the giraffe wouldn't hurt a fly, but it looked to the people as though he had the boy in his teeth and was going to sling him through the other end of nowhere. The whole audience rose up and stood leaning forrard, watchin and never sayin boo, but the giraffe swung his neck around as gentle and easy as the arm of a crane and lowered the holder and the boy hanging to it safe into the arms of the keeper in the ring. The boy hadn't even dropped the tumbler.

"Then the people did holler, and the giraffe walked off as stately as you please, the boy climbed back up to his pop, and the show went on. Nobody hurt, but when we run out of the tumblers we had on hand we adopted another style of souvenir."—New York Sun.

Unappreciative.

"Palette felt disappointed because you didn't attend his exhibition of paintings."

"I was detained."

"But he kept the gallery open very late."

"Yes, that's what detained me until a little later."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tetricus, the barbarian, was the first man to wear trousers, the two part garment having been forced upon him by his captor, Aurelian, with the intention of making Tetricus appear ridiculous. The costume, however, seems, after several centuries of usage, to have made a hit.

A state lunch in China contains 146 dishes.

QUEER OLD NATURE.

"Why is it," asked a wondering child
(Sweet, simple little thing),
"That the foolish tree puts on its clothes
When the sun shines in the spring,
And then, when chilly autumn comes
And the winds of winter blow,
Why does it stand out there, all bare,
In the frost and sleet and snow?"

"Wise nature has arranged it thus,"
I told the little one,
"The rustling leaves can only live
Beneath a smiling sun;
The tree that in the summer time
Makes shady bowers for you
Must have its rest, therefore it stands
Asleep the winter through."

She sat in silence for awhile
And gazed far into space,
And lines of thought and trouble came
To mar her childish face,
And so, at last, she turned and said:
"I'm sorry for the tree,
And glad that nature wasn't left
To fix things up for me!"
—S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

NOBODY CLAIMED THE PAPER

A Rebuke by General Washington That Evidently Frightened the Owner.

Major William Pierce left behind him a partial record of the debates in Philadelphia which supplement those of Madison, Yates and King; also the following anecdote:

When the convention first opened at Philadelphia, there were a number of propositions brought forward as great leading principles for the new government to be established for the United States. A copy of these propositions was given to each member, with an injunction to keep everything a profound secret. One morning, by accident, one of the members dropped his copy of the propositions, which, being luckily picked up by General Mifflin, was presented to General Washington, our president, who put it in his pocket. After the debates of the day were over and the question for adjournment was called for the general arose from his seat and, previous to his putting the question, addressed the convention in the following manner:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to find that some one member of this body has been so neglectful of the secrets of the convention as to drop in the statehouse a copy of their proceedings, which by accident was picked up and delivered to me this morning. I must entreat gentlemen to be more careful, lest our transactions get into the newspapers and disturb the public repose by premature speculations. I know not whose paper it is, but there it is (throwing it down on the table). Let him who owns it take it." At the same time he bowed, picked up his hat and quitted the room with a dignity so severe that every person seemed alarmed. For my part, I was extremely so, for, putting my hand in my pocket, I missed my copy of the same paper, but, advancing up to the table, my fears soon dissipated. I found it to be the handwriting of another person. When I went to my lodgings at the Indian Queen, I found my copy in a coat pocket which I had pulled off that morning. It is something remarkable that no person ever owned the paper.—American Historical Review.

Inadequate Identification.

A woman who is newly come to town went into one of the banks one day last week to have a check cashed. The paying teller examined the check with that air of suspicion a paying teller never loses.

"You'll have to be identified, madam," he said politely,

The woman was in a great hurry.

"Identified!" she said. "Why, I haven't time to go and get anybody to identify me! Besides, I don't know three people in town."

"I'm sorry," said the teller, "but the rule is invariable."

"But," protested the woman, "I really am the Mary L. Brown named on the check. You don't doubt that, do you?"

The teller looked embarrassed.

"It's only a form, madam," he said, "but we must insist on some identification."

A happy thought struck the woman. Her name was on her handkerchief.

"Would the name on my handkerchief be any identification?" she asked. The teller replied that it would.

"Well, then," said she majestically, handing over the square of linen, "perhaps you'll be good enough to give me the money now!"

The teller examined the handkerchief and handed it back without a word. In one corner was daintily written in indelible ink, "Sarah Jones."

The check was not cashed till next day, and the newly arrived woman has discharged her laundress.—Washington Post.

Prussian Streets.

The German emperor as king of Prussia has the sole right to name streets, and he has just refused his consent to the proposal to call two streets after the names of Dr. Bertram and Dr. Langerhans, two popular members of the municipal council. His majesty disapproves of such a course during the lifetime of the godfathers. This apparently refers to men of official standing only, whose political opinions might change after the streets had been named, for the Mommsenstrasse in Charlottenburg was recently passed with approval. Some new German streets have a tendency to long names. "Prince August von Wurtembergstrasse" is today a name and nothing more. The houses have still to be built.

Arranging For a Bargain.

Juvenile Customer (in large candy store)—You mix candies here any way a feller wants 'em, don't you?

Shopgirl—Yes.

Juvenile Customer—I want a nickel's worth. Give me some of every kind you've got.—Chicago Tribune.

The ancient Mexicans used wooden swords in war that they might not kill their enemies.

The principal theater in Havana, the Tacon, was built by convict labor.

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect March 16th, 1898.

Steamer connections between Pier 7, Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, and Railroad Division at Queenstown, Md.

EAST-BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	1	3
	Leave A. M.	Leave P. M.
Baltimore	5 45	3 15
Queenstown	8 45	6 15
Bloomingdale	f 8 53	f 6 21
Wye Mills	9 02	f 6 28
Willoughby	9 11	f 6 34
Queen Anne	9 28	A 6 43
D. & C. Junction	9 21	6 45
Hillsboro	9 26	f 6 47
Downes	9 32	6 52
Tuckahoe	f 9 36	f 6 55
Denton	9 45	7 01
Hobbs	10 02	7 11
Hickman	10 12	7 19
Adamsville	10 17	f 7 23
Blanchard	10 23	f 7 27
Greenwood	B 10 33	7 34
Owens	10 44	f 7 41
Banning	10 48	f 7 44
Deputy	10 54	f 7 47
Ellendale	C 11 05	7 55
Wolfe	11 24	f 8 04
Milton	11 30	8 10
Whitesboro	f 11 38	f 8 18
Draw bridge	11 41	8 21
Burton	f 11 45	f 8 25
Lewes	11 50	8 30

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	2	4
	Leave A. M.	Leave P. M.
Lewes	5 40	3 00
Burton	f 5 45	f 3 05
Drawbridge	f 5 49	3 09
Whitesboro	f 5 52	f 3 12
Milton	6 00	3 20
Wolfe	f 6 06	f 3 30
Ellendale	6 18	f 3 43
Deputy	f 6 24	3 49
Banning	f 6 28	3 53
Owens	f 6 32	f 3 57
Greenwood	6 40	4 10
Blanchard	f 6 46	E 4 18
Adamsville	f 6 50	4 23
Hickman	6 54	4 29
Hobbs	7 01	4 40
Denton	7 12	4 55
Tuckahoe	f 7 19	f 5 03
Downes	7 21	5 06
Hillsboro	f 7 25	f 5 11
Queen Anne	7 27	5 13
D. & C. Junction	7 29	5 15
Willoughby	f 7 40	5 25
Wye Mills	7 43	5 32
Bloomingdale	f 7 57	f 5 41
Queenstown	8 20	6 45
Baltimore	Ar 10 50	9 15

CONNECTIONS.

"A" connects at Queen Anne with the Delaware & Chesakeake Railway.

"B" connects at Greenwood with the Delaware Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad for Seaford, Delmar, Salisbury and points South.

"C" connects at Ellendale with the Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad to Georgetown.

"E" connects at Greedwood with the Delaware Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad.

I. W. TROXEL, Gen Mgr.
C. C. WALLER, Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agt.

A Pleasant Change.

Softleigh—You must excuse me, Miss Cutting. I'm not quite myself tonight.

Miss Cutting—How delightful, how delightful! Introduce me to the other fellow, will you?—Chicago News.

A Doubtful Recommendation.

Buyer—Is this dog affectionate?

Dealer—I should say so! I have sold him four times, and every time he's come right back to me.—Fliegende Blatter.

Smith—A physician told me that salt water is a cure for lunacy.

Jones—Well, I know it is a cure for freshness, and that is usually the first stage of lunacy.—Chicago News.

A contemporary mentions that there are schools in Belgium where the girls are not only taught housekeeping in all its branches, but the management of children as well.

Baled Hay.

A carload of pure Timothy Hay, also Timothy and Clover mixed, just received and for sale. 3-5-3t
SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTON HDW. CO.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists fatisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c. 11-13

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The Personally-Conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is the highest perfection yet attained in railway travel; it affords all the comforts and conveniences of modern railway equipment, and at the same time eliminates all anxiety and annoyance inseparably connected with individual travel.

For the season of '97 and '98 it has arranged for the following tours:—

California.—Four tours, leaving New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg January 8, January 27, February 16, and March 19. With the exception of the first party going and the last returning, all of these parties will travel by the "Golden Gate Special" between New York and California, stopping at intersecting points *en route*.

Florida.—Four tours to Jacksonville will leave New York and Philadelphia January 25, February 8 and 22, and March 8. The first three admit of a sojourn of two weeks in the "Flowery State." Tickets for the fourth tour will be good to return by regular trains until May 31, 1898.

Tickets for the above tours will be sold from all principal stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

For detailed itineraries, giving rates and full information, address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

FLORIDA.

Last Tour of the Season via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The last of the popular Pennsylvania Railroad personally-conducted tours to Jacksonville will leave New York and Philadelphia by special Pullman palace cars on Tuesday, March 8.

Round-trip tickets, valid to return on regular trains until May 31, 1898 and including railway transportation in each direction, and Pullman accommodations (one berth) and meals on special train *going* will be sold at the following rates: Philadelphia, $48.00 and proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to ticket agents; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. 2t.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

An Eminent New York Chemist and Scientist Makes a Free Offer to Our Readers.

The distinguished New York chemist, T. A. Slocum, demonstrating his discovery of a reliable and absolute cure for Consumption (Pulmonary Tuberculosis) and all bronchial throat, lung and chest diseases, stubborn coughs, catarrhal affections, generaf decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and all conditions of wasting away, will send THREE FREE BOTTLES (all different) of his New Discoveries to any afflicted reader of the Easton GAZETTE writing for them.

His "New Scientific Treatment" has cured thousands permanently by its timely use, and he considers it a simple professional duty to suffering humanity to donate a trial of his infallible cure.

Science daily develops new wonders, and this great chemist, patiently experimenting for years, has produced results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed by any modern genius. His assertion that lung troubles and consumption are curable in any climate is proven by "heartfelt letters of gratitude," filed in his American and European laboratories in thousands from those cured in all parts of the world.

Medical experts concede that bronchial, chest and lung troubles lead to Consumption, which, uninterrupted means speedy and certain death.

Simply write to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, giving postoffice and express address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Sufferers should take instant advantage to his generous proposition.

Please tell the Doctor that you saw his offer in the Easton GAZETTE. 8-7-1y



2-Years were required to perfect our new **"Vesta" Tubular** Lantern which we now offer as something extraordinary in the Lantern line. It has the Railroad Lantern's rugged constitution joined to the tubular system, and the result is a splendid light-giving, wear and abuse resister. We will, if desired, mail our special Circular of the "Vesta" Lantern; or, upon receipt of $1.00, we will send you (freight prepaid) the very best Lantern for general service you ever saw. Why not "see it" on those terms?

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Western Maryland Railroad

Taking effect Oct. 3rd, 1897. Trains leave Hillen Station as follows:

*4:30 a. m.—Fast Mail, Main Line, N. & W. R. R., and the South, and ex. Sunday P. V. R. Chambersburg, Martinsburg and Winchester.

†7:22 a. m.—Ac. York B. & H. Div.; main line east of Emory Grove, also Carlisle and G. & H. R. R.

*8.11 a. m.—Main Line, Chambersburg, Frederick, Emmittsburg and N. & W. R.R. to Shenandoah.

§9:30 a. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge and Hanover.

*10:17 a. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge, York, Gettysburg, also Carlisle and G. & H. R. R.

‡2:25 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

§2:35 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge.

*3:32 p. m.—Exp. York and B. & H. Div.

§4:40 p. m.—Accomm. for Emory Grove.

*4:48 p. m.—Ex. Main Line Points, also Frederick, Emmittsburg, Shippensburg and N. & W. R. R.

‡5:10 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

†7:10 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge.

§10.45 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

x11.25 P. M.—Accom. for Emory Grove

*Daily. †Daily ex. Sunday. §Sunday only

Ticket and Baggage Office, 205 E. Balto. St.

All trains stop at Union, Penna. Ave. and Fulton.

J. M. HOOD, G. M. B. H. GRISWOLD, G. P. A

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