There's dress an hood to buy f'r Jane A pair o' pants f'r John,

A whole outfit fer Buster Bill. An winter's comin on. But baby Nan, the stay at home, Jis' laughs an never knows

That all on earth she has to wear

Is ole made over clothes There's books to buy f'r them at school-It makes a pore man sick To hear 'em holler "joggafy"

An "mental rithmetic But, thank the Lord, the stay at home Is mighty hard to please Jis' gits the family almanac

An reads it on her knees. An writin books an drawin books-They never seem to think

How much it costs to buy such truck-An pencils, pens an ink. But little Nan, the stay at home. She knows her daddy's pore-Jis' gits a charcoal pen an writes

Her lesson on the floor. There's boots to buy for Buster Bill. An boots to buy f'r John, An shoes f'r Jane an ma an I, Till all my money's gone,

So Nan, the last, the stay at home. Is left to do without-Jis' wears her homemade moccasins An crows an crawls about.

'Pears like that all I rake and scrape Won't hardly satisfy The pressin needs o' Bill an John

An Jane an ma an I. But baby Nan, the stay at home, Is full o' sweet content-Jis cuddles up in daddy's arms An never wants a cent.

-George Weymouth in Century, BILL SMITH'S COURTSHIP.

"Talk erbout gittin' married, fellers," said Bill Smith to some of the boys grouped around the stove in the post office the other "If ye hav' az much trouble with your courtin' az I did you'll ricomember hit az long az ye live."

What wuz yer 'sperience, Bill?" chimed in several voices. "Tell us erbout

"Hit wuz erlong in the fall uv the year, erbout sorgum time, when my trouble kommenced," said Bill. "Down at Jeems Doster's the neighbors thereabouts had been a-grindin' uv ther cane, an' terwards ther tail end uv the week hit wuz giv' out thar was to be a candy pullin' an' shindig at Jeems' home Saturday nite. The wimmin folks made big prep'rations fer er monstrous quiltin' endurin' uv the day, an' the whole thing was ter wind up with the frolic at nite.

'Now, ther wuz er gal in ther sittlement by the name uv Nancy Parker. She wuz er darter uv ol' Coon Parker, who used ter trap game an sich like up on the Connysaugy river. I though the sun riz an' sat in Nancy's eyes, fer she wuz the purtiest thing thet ever wore caliker. I luved her wusser than I luved possum an' tater, an' you uns knows possum an' taters iz too good ter talk erbout. We hed a fallin' out, howsumever, erbout er feller by the name of Gus Burke, who hed kum in ter the naborhood ter teech skule, an' I had not been ter see her in sum time until one nite jes' afore the frolic I went over to her house. Nancy wuz out at ther cowper a-milkin', an' az I walked up I sed:

'Hello, Nancy!" "Why, hello, Bill! Ye are nuff ter cure ther sore eyes. Whar in the round world

hev ye bin keepin' yerself?" "Oh, I've been workin' over at the sorgum mill purty much all day an' uv nites, an' I jes' slipped off ter run over here an' ax ye if I could take ye ter the shindig at

Jeems Dorster's ter-morrow nite."
"Well-er-er-Bill," says she, "Gus wuz
over here—I mean he wuz passin' by the house las' nite, an' he sed az how he'd be glad ter cum by an' take me over thar, an' I tole him all rite."

'Ye tole him all rite, did ye?" "Yes. Yer know, Bill, thet ther good book says first cum first sarved." 'First cum thunder! Hain't I lived

hereabouts all my nat'ral life?" "Hain't I bin hawlin' wood over ter ther sittlemint an' spendin' my hard earned

money for candy an' sich like fer ye?" "Now, this is what I git fur hit. Long cums a floppyeered, bowlegged, whample jawed feller, with his ha'r combed like a las' yeer's jaybird's nest, and ye are jes' as

sweet az pie ter him. I'd like ter know what bigness he's got here anyhow.' 'Why, Bill, he's er-goin' ter teach skule over yon side uv ther crick at Sam

Beason's place. I thort you knowed thet. An' they do say he's a mity fine "Who sez so! I'll bet er load uv the best ches'nut wood on the mountain that you're the only one."

Now, Bill, ye oughtn't ter git so jeal-

"Jealous thunder! Who's jealous? Hit only makes dander rise to see one uv them city upstarts cum out here an run over folkes jes' cause he's got on store clothes. They don't make him no better'n we uns, but a durned sight wusser, I'm thinkin'." "Well, Bill, we shouldn't judge people

by their 'pearance." 'No, I guess not fer ef we did he'd erbin in the chain gang two minutes after I set my eyes on him. Well, I mus' be a-gwine. I've got ter git up soon in the mornin' an' finish hawlin' that new groun' cane ter the mill. So good-by, Nancy. "Goodby, if you call that gone. I never

seed you in sich a hurry befo' Wil-"Oh, I kin stay here tell day break ef

hit suits you." 'I don't want ter keep ye," she said. "Hit's gittin' bedtime anyway," an' she

whisked inter the house without even so much az-a-lookin' at me." 'I tuk a nigh cut from thar thru the woods to Jim Land's store. Hit wuz ther only store fur miles erround, an' uv nites the boys uv ther naberhood would meet thar an' while they set erround on the cracker boxes er whittlin' 'ud tell jokes an, funny stories. When I got thar, I found er big crowd settin' er-round the leetle

stove in the back end uv ther room havin' er jollification uv er time. Whar in the world hav' ye bin to-nite, Bill?" said Jim Land. "I kin tell ye," said one uv ther fellers over next ter the wall. "He's bin off in ther woods er-grievin."

"A-grievin' fur what?" said I. "A-grievin case yer gal iz a-gwine ter git hitched up ter the skule teach-

clerk, who wuz red headed an' ugly as sin, the bushes, an' all uv us got inter his bugput his mouth in. He said thet jes' afore gy an' started fer 'Squire Lane's where the sundown a man kim inter the store an axed teacher boarded at. When we cum in site sundown a man kim inter the store an axed ef thar wuz er parson ennywhere in the uv the house, me an' Ben got out, an' Bill

deestrict "I told him," sed the clerk, "that thar was one over in the Backet sittlement an' showed him the way ter git thar, but, bein' kinder curious like to know what the trouble wuz, I axed him ef sumbody wuz de'd."

"I want ter see ye a few minutes privately," said Bill.

"Certainly," said the teacher, an' they both walked out ter the gate.

"No," he sed, "hit's not quite so bad az thet. Ye see, we hev a new skule teacher in the valley, an' him an' Coon Parker's gal are awfully stuck on each other. here on this erran'. Things hev come ter such a p'nt that er crowd wuz gath tergether, so i'm after a parson ter do the night."

Then the whole shootin match hooped an hollered like er set uv crazy lunatics. I jined in, but I only laffed with my mouth he led the way ter an ole gum log, and we

both sot down.' "What yer a-gwine ter do erbout this thing?" said Bill. "Ye ain't a-gwine ter set still an' let thet infernal dead beat uv "Thank ye, Mr. Williams, thank ye,' he said. Hit's so refreshin' ter find er frien' like y'u, an' I'll always remember er skule toacher take yer gal rite out from | y'u." under ver nose, air ye?'

I. "I'm in a monstrous lot uv tr'uble an' would rather be de'd than erlive, but I see | runnin' up ther road. no way ter help hit." "I do," said Bill, "an' ef ye will stick

ter me ye'll git the gal yet."
"I shore will do thet, pard," said I.
"Well, ye know that path that leads over the hill from Coon Parker's ter the big

"Yaas." "Now, thet is the path what thet feller travels. You meet me to-morrow nite at the big ches'nut tree nigh the top uv the lit out fur home. The chickens wuz a hill an' bring erlong two plow lines. "Gee whiz, Bill, ye air not a-gwine ter

hang him, air ye?" "Naw, but he desarves hit, tho'. I'm only a-gwine ter teach him a lesson thet he'll ricomember az long az he lives."

bed, but hit was mitey leetle I slept. Ev'ry time I dozed off I could see thet plague taked skule teacher a-makin' luv ter Nancy. I got up whin ther chickens commenced crowin' fer day an' clim' up on the hill, whar I sot down an' watched Nancy a-milkin' the cow in the lot down at Parker's house. I wanted ter go tu her so had thet I wuz ermost crazy, but remembered what Bill hed said the nite afore erbout me a-stayin ter hum all day an' not goin' nowhar, not even to the sto'. After awhile I clim' back down the hill an, wint ter my cabin, whar I passed one uv the most miserable days er man iver seed. The sun hadn't more'n crawled down behind Lavender mount'in the wes' thet evenin afore I wuz on my way ter the ches'nut tree. Whin I arriv' thar, I found Bill, an' with him wuz Ben Sanders, a pertickler friend uv mine. They had made a dummy woman by stuffin' a dress full uv hay an tyin' moss on her head. This they covered with an old white bonnet. In the twilight she looked 'zactly like a human be-

ing. "Voices up ther path." "That's them now," said I. "That's Nancy an' thet feller on ther way ter the shindig now. Lay down an' keep quiet till they git by."

"When they got opposite ter where we uns wuz a-hidin' Nancy said:" "I know we'll have er jim dandy time uv hit ternite an' fun world without end."

"Then the audacious scoundrel up and said:" "We couldn't help but hev er glorious

time, Miss Nancy, whin sich a purty gal az y'u iz present." "Thet made me desperate, an' ef hit hadn't bin fer Bill a-holdin' uv me I would er pounced on ter him quicker than a chicken on tu a June bug. When they hed got oute'n site erround the bend uv the path, we uns got up from whar we wuz a-hidin' an' went ter work on the dummy. When we got hit fixed cep'n puttin' up, we sauntered over to the Parker house an peeped in. Everything was lively inside. Mose Ely's fiddle wuz er talkin' rite out in meetin' fer all hit wuz worth, an' Ab. Burns wuz on the flo' a-callin' the figures

in a kinder singsong way. First four forward, han's all roun Big pigintoed Josephus Brown, Balance ter yer partners, sashay all,

Sallie in the new groun', Sallie en the hall "And away they went it, makin' the dust fairly fly from the ole board flore. Fer fear thet we'd be diskivered we sneaked off up on the side uv the mount'in an' waited fer the thing ter break up. 'Long erbout 2 o'clock we seed 'em leavin', an' 'amor the crowd thet passed over the hill wuz the teecher an' Nancy. Az sune az they wuz out uv sight we struck out over the hill an got the dummy. Bill clim' the big chestnut tree an' put one end uv the rope over er limb an' cum down. He then fastened one end around Miss Becky (that's what Bill named the dummy.) He then stood behind the tree, a-holdin' Miss Becky with one han' an' the loose end uv the rope with the other han', while me an' Ber lay down behind an old stump. We didn't have long tu wait. Presently I heered sum one a-whistlin', an' erbout that time the teecher cum in sight over the top uv the hill on his way back from Nancy's. He wuz a-comin' on down the patch, an' a whis'lin like sin, when all uv a suddiut Bill let go uv Miss Becky, an' she glided out in the path an' commenced cutttin' a few steps and didoes in the leaves. The whis'lin' stopped, an' whin I peeped out from behind the stump the teecher wuz er standin' like er black post up thar en the

path.' "Hello thar!" says he. "But Miss Becky niver opened her mouth.

"He sidled erround in the path a leetle

"You'd better speak ef yer don't want tu get hurt, case I'll shoot ye shore."
"For an answer Bill giv the rope terrible yank, which nearly caused Miss Becky ter stan' on her he'd She quickly balanced herself rite end up, an' sich cuttin' up yer niver seed afore. out in the bushes, then shuffled back in the middle uv ther path, whar she was a-cuttin the pigin wing in grand style, when bang went the teecher's gun, an' down went Miss Becky, Bill having let her fall like she was kilt. The ball hit a root luv the stump an' cum dungasted near makin' me swaller a chaw uv terbacky. When I got the dirt out'n my eyes, I looked up the patch, an' the teecher was lightin' er The last I seed uv him he war turnin' 'in over the top of the hill. The whole thing was so blamed funny thet we uns jes' lay down an wollered in the leaves.

went on alone. He got out of his buggy at the gate an' went in an' knocked. Pres-

"I'm er friend uv yourn," commenced Bill, turnin' erround an' facin' the teecher, "an hev risked my neck by comin' over When I lef' the store, er crowd wuz gatherin' ter hang ye fer nothing will satisfy 'em but ter git j'ined killin' uv Mike Beason's mother to-

"Good Lord!" said the teacher. "Wuz thet er woman?"
"Hit shore wuz, an' ef ye want ter live till mawnin' ye'd better be makin' tracks

an kinder grinned a leetle tryin' ter look erway from here immediately. I've got pleasant. Bill King, who had bin settin' my leetle black mule an' buggy out here pleasant. Bill King, who had bin settin' my leetle black mule an' buggy out here on a pile uv flour sacks in the corner uv the an' we will take ye over ter the railroad, room, got up an' slowly sauntered ter the dore. Az he passed me he winked hiz eye, an' I follered him. Whin we got outside, they can overtake ye. I'll do this fer ye, case I like ye powerful well an' don't want ter see ye with a rope neck tie on."

"Then Bill struck er match supposedly "I don't know what ter do, Bill," said ter light his pipe, but really as er signal ter me an' Bill ter commence hollerin' an'

"They're comin' now," said Bill. "Git yer things an' hop in ther buggy quick."
"The teecher hustled in the house an' oon appeared with er trunk, which he throwed in er buggy, an' quickly jumpin' in beside Bill they wuz off. Ther dust an' leaves fairly flew down the road behind the leetle mule an' buggy. The sound uv rat-tlin' wheels an' the leetle mule's feet soon crowin' fur day when we crawled inter our beds, an' sleep wuz impossible, case hit wuz time ter git up. That afternoon Bill returned from his wild ride an' told az how he had put the teecher on the cars an' how scared he wuz. Somehow or other hit got "I made a sneak fur home an' wint ter norated erroun' the neighborhood thet evenin' thet an officer hed cum from Atlanta an' took the teecher back with him

an' thet he wuz er train robber." "The next Saturday nite thar wuz a big time at the Parker home. Me an' Nancy wuz married, an' I wuz the happiest man in seven counties, Hit wuz several years before I tole Nancy how we run the skule teecher away, an' all she said wuz:

"I'm glad hit turned out the way hit did. The Lord will provide."-J. T. Mc-Vay, in St. Louis Democrat.

Gored by a Bull.

Ex-Senator G. C. Brown Killed on His Farm in York County Last Thursday.

Ex-Senator Gerard C. Brown, of York, was Thursday evening gored to death by a ferocious Alderney bull at his barn yard near Yorkana, York county. He was dead when found, and a gash on his leg, a severed artery, and the bull's bloody horns attested the cause of death.

Mr. Brown was born in the Tower of London in 1842, his mother being the daughter of the tower keeper and his parents guests of the tower keeper at the He was educated in this country, and had a wide reputation as a Democratic politician and farmer. He was twice elected to the State Senate, and was a prominent for the State grange, Patrons of Husbandry, and associate editor of the 'Farmers' Friend.' His wife and five children survive him. An inquest was held at which it was found that the artery in the right leg was

In the Senate. He was the recognized leader of the cause of equalization of taxation, the enforcement of the sixteenth and seventeen articles of the constitution and all legislation for the advancement of agriculture and the benefit of the farmers. Senator Brown never accepted a railroad pass in his life but always paid his own

Took to the Mountains.

After Killing a Man Over Cards John Matthews Swan the River amd Fled.

The little village of Spruce Creek, twelve miles west of Huntingdon, where 500 laborers are employed in driving a new tunnel and laying new tracks for the Pennsylvania railroad, was thrown into intense excitement Saturday evening over a murder, which resulted from a dispute over a game

of cards. In one of the numerous shanties the oc cupants engaged in a poker game, and during its progress a dispute arose between John Matthews and Moses Prior, both colored. Matthews suddenly drew a revolver and shot Prior just below the heart, from the effects of which he died in twelve min-

After Prior fell, however, he drew his revolver and shot Matthews twice in the right thigh. Notwithstanding his severe injuries, Matthews fled from the scene and swam across the Juniata river, escaping to the mountains.

Death in Headache Powders.

The daily papers have of late contained reports of death in various cities attributed to self-administration of unknown remdies. The other day a woman in Pittsburg died twenty minutes after swallowing a powder for the relief of headache. This is said to have been the fifth death, in that city alone, recently set down to the same cause. Such instances teach the nostrum-loving American people but slowly. The report of the physicians who have recently made an autopsy in the case of a lady of Detroit is said to show, says The Medical Record, that death was hastened by the use of secret headache powders. It would seem but right that the ingredients of all nostrums sold in the drug store should appear upon the package. This would protect in a measure both the druggist and the purchaser. When both are ignorant of what is being administered great damage may often result. Surely some legislation is called for.

More Than a Luxury.

It has been proved at Sharon, this state that ice cream, usually regarded as a luxury pure and simple, is really more than that. A scarlet fever patient a little girl of six years-was carried through a very severe attack of the disease on it as her sole nourishment. Unable to eat solids on ac count of a sore mouth and unable to retain liquids on her stomach, ice cream was tried as the only means of preventing starvation, er.''

After we uns had our laff out we picked up the dummy from the groun' whar it lay and proved entirely satisfactory in every and hid hit in an ole log. We then hurried ter whar Bill's team was hid out in instances beneficial.

The "Kissing Bug" Scare.

The North Atlantic seaboard has recently had a visitation of insect poisoning, reaching from Richmond, Virginia, to Augusta, Maine, which has been treated to the usual newspaper exploitation and sensation mongering and has been dignified by the daily press with the sobriquet of "The Kissing Bug Plague." In the parlance of yellow journalism, the "kissing bug," which they would lead their readers to believe is an entirely new creature, presumably discovered by some enterprising reporter, is none other than the well known Melanolestes picipes, of the sub-family Piratina. Perhaps an occasional reader of these sensational accounts of serious illness and even of death from the "bite" of this insect has stopped to wonder how it has come that this species, with its death-dealing powers, has suddenly sprung into notoriety. If the mere puncture from its powerful proboscis is capable of such results, and the fondness for puncturing the human lips, from which it derives its newspaper name, is one of its principal characteristics, how does it come that, although known to science for nearly a century, its terrors have been left for this last year of the nineteenth century to dis-

The "kissing bug" is no commoner this vear than usual; of the genus Melanolestes, the two not uncommon species, M. picipes, with black piceous legs, and M. abdominalis, with the sides and sometimes the whole upper surface of the abdomen red, are to be observed by the entomologist around the electric lights in our parks, or in decayed matter, or under stones in our woods, with about the same frequency as "They are active, blood-thirsty, before. insects, and inflict a severe wound upon the hand of the incautious collector," been said of them; although to describe them as "blood-thirsty" gives a false idea of a creature, which, probably, never uses its proboscis on man for any other purpose than self-defense. There is no proof whatever that they are blood-thirsty, in the sense that that term may be applied to the mosquito. I have handled scores of both species, and have been bitten but once; and then only because I carelessly pinched picipes too tightly between thumb and finger, in lifting it from the ground to my killing jar. The wound made in my was excessively painful, because my powerful little antagonist had no difficulty in piercing to the bone; but there was no more poison about it than the puncture of a clean knife blade. For Melanolestes is not possessed of any virus or poison-secreting apparatus whatever; the occasional poisonous effects observed as following a wound from its proboscis are entirely due to the food or the environment it is lately

Its present reputation depends on the fact that an attache of our Agricultural Department in Washington, and a gentleman in Wilmington, Delaware, both captured specimens of M. picipes in the very act of biting, and, in one of these cases, a slight degree of poisoning followed. The specimens captured were identified by U. S. Entomologist L. O. Howard and-the

newspapers did the rest.
Since this took place in early June, the leading papers have reported about forty cases, so far as I have been able to find by resource to a careful clipping service. In only three of these cases has Melanolestes been an undoubted offender; and in every one of these the pain of the puncture and a slight amount of poisoning in two cases is all there was of it. In five cases mosquitoes seem to have been suspected, and in four "an ordinary fly" was claimed to be tariff reformer; a leading advocate of equal at the bottom of the trouble. It is worth taxation, etc. He was chairman of the remarking, in passing, as a sample of news-York county Farmers' institute, lecturer paper disregard for anything approaching accuracy, that in several cases where the text refers only to a fly or a mosquito, the editorial headlines, or "scare heads" as they are technically called with unconscious humor, allude to the work of the "kissing bug," the "dread Melanolestes" etc., although there is no warrant whatever for such a charge.

There are certain facts mentioned in many other of the news items that clearly indicate to the pathologist the work of "a common fly." It is well known, of course, to all students of insects, that our common house fly, Musca domestica, is incapable of puncturing the human skin, and that its proboscis, a flabby, weak structure, is only adapted to sucking up juices, the human perspiration being, unfortunately for our comfort, a choice tidbit in the muscine

There is, however, a second cousin of Musca, who is very differently armed, and whose well developed proboscis is both a sharp and quickly wielded lance and a drawn up. This species, the "stable fly." Stomoxys calcitrans, while remarkably like the house fly, at first sight, may be distinguished from it by the manner of holding the wings rather more spread apart, when at rest, and by the more slender, straight and rigid proboscis. On close examination, also, the color pattern of the thorax will be seen to be quite different from any species of Musca. Stomoxys is a famous tormenter of cattle, well knowing the thinner points where their hides may be pierced, and it has for them, what it retains when attacking man, a fondness for easily reached surfaces of the mucous membrane. The inner curve of the lips being the most accessible point of that sort, it is well entitled by its fondness for biting in that locality to the name of the kissing fly. The larvae of Stomoxys live in fresh horse manure, and the adult insect spends much of its time, according to its sex, in either sipping the moisture from that substance or in laying eggs therein. It thus comes that its habits hardly fit it for human and especially not for ouscultory companionship. Fortunately, Stomoxys is not a very common visitant to our homes, although it is a species that is excessively common and multiplies by thousands. It prefers stables and cow yards, and only before heavy storms and late in the fall, when seeking rather hastily studied its habits, as to the danger of its bite, as there is of that of its near relative. Glossina morsitans, the celebrated and dreaded "Tsetz" fly of Africa, which is charged with frequently killing cattle. This difference of opinion is doubt less due to the fact that here, again, we have to do with a creature devoid of any poison of its own, but dependent on outside agencies for the troubles it occasionally causes. Hence it comes that one specimen, fresh from some germ-laden rej carries disease, perhaps death, within its proboscis, while another, innocent of such infection, causes nothing worse than a temporarily painful puncture of the flesh. Scientific American.

——Senator Quay got only \$5,000 a year for salary and paid the whole amount for house rent in Washington. No wonder the poor man had to divide his time between catching fish for breakfast in Florida and shaking plum trees in Pennsylvania to provide pudding for dinner.

Culture of Rubber.

Instead of Looking for Substitutes, Plantations Should Be Started. Most Profitable of Crops. At the Prevailing Prices, Groves of Gum Trees Would Yield More Money Thun Anything Else.

Despite the numerous rubber substitutes which appear from month to month with considerable regularity, the price of rubber does not seem to be inclined to fall, but, rather to rise. There can be little doubt but a good and satisfactory substitute for hard rubber can be found. In fact, when the value of a substitute for hard rubber is considered, the wonder is that it has not been found and put on the market long ago. The question for a substitute for soft India rubber, one which will have the elasticity and "life" of the genuine product of the Hevea Braziliensis or Castelloa Elastica, is quite a different one from that of the problem of hard rubber substitutes. While only the most skeptical and conservative of minds can doubt the possibilities of science in this end of the nineteenth century, still it is extremely improbable that any proper substitute for soft India rubber, that will have the peculiarly distinguished charac-teristics of true rubber, will ever be discovered. Those only who do not know of the innumerable experiments which have been made, and the amount of time, money and genius devoted to this problem, and how hopeless, up to date, have been these attempts, can muster faith enough to believe that it is ever to be done.

The price of the commonest African scrap rubber has for some time hovered around 50 cents per pound, and "upriver Para" has been quite lately quoted at over \$1 per pound. Such prices as these should produce the soft rubber substitute if it is to be them would be? There is no use guessing, found.

signs of a fall, but the contrary, and such a self. The 3,500,000,000 stamps of all dethat more than ordinary interest should be year—the statement, of course, is approxiexcited in the subject of rubber culture. While the subject has been thought over miles. This is more than three times the here in the United States, it is reported height of the highest mountain in the that a Mexican gentleman, Don Federico Calcanio, started in to make a practical experiment. He planted 2000 Castelloa Elastica tress on his hacienda, in the State of each, it follows that the stack would be Tabasco, near the line of Chiapas. year they were seven years old, and he tapped them for the first time, with the result Bautista it brought a net profit of \$3000, or at a rate of \$300 per acre.

Most of the rubber exported from Mexico at present comes from the State of Chiapas, and the best rubber land, with the largest number of wild trees, is to be found in Chiapas and on the bordering lands of both sides of the State line of Chiapas and Ta-

The rubber tree of Mexico and Central America is the Castello Elastica, and is found growing wild as far north as the moon and back. Tuxpan Valley in the State of Vera Cruz, which is about half-way between Tampico and the city of Vera Cruz. There are large numbers of the wild trees in the Tuxpan Valley. It is found as far south as the Valley, and has lately been reported as having been found around Iquitos, Peru, on the head of navagation on the

The Castelloa Elastica has a life of 50 or more years. It takes seven years to come into bearing condition, and after that until it reaches 15 years, it increases its yield every year. At 15 years old the tree should yield five pounds of cured rubber, all things being favorable and no accidents, and should continue to yield five pounds per year for 25 years more, when it will generally fall off.

The question is often asked if the rubber from the Castelloa Elastica will sell as well as the Hevea Braziliensis. There is no difference in the quantity of the rubberthe difference in the price is due to the cleanliness or purity of the rubber, and whether it has been properly coagulated. The "up-river Para" rubber is always carefully coagulated. The scrap rubber which coagulates on the trees and is torn off generally has insects, bark and other impuri-

ties, and is not properly coagulated.

The advantage of rubber culture is that all the trees are together in a grove, or near at hand, and can receive the best of attention in tapping, and the sap can be handled with the most approved machinery and methods, so that the complete output can be prepared as best grade, and bring the

best prices. As long as rubber brings present prices there is nothing as profitable as rubber culture. At one-half present price it pays as well as the best of the many profitable topical crops, and at one-quarter present prices there is more profit in it than anything raised in the temperate zone, so that, taken powerful pumping tube, whereby blood is as a whole, there is nothing which gives as great prospects of profit as rubber.

The glue trust went through, because its tablespoons of powdered sugar and two-members stuck together. The leather trust thirds of a cupful of strained raspberry The glue trust went through, because its put its whole sole into the matter, and succeeded. The rubber men stretched a point Take off the froth as it rises and lay it on a and made an agreement. The yeast trust sieve. When no more froth will rise turn was followed by a rise in prices. The milk the drained whip carefully into a mould trust took the cream of the business. The with a very tight cover, butter the crack ice trust froze the outsiders. The gas trust and bury in ice and salt for three hours. inflated things to great proportions. The Turn out on a platter and serve with sponge starch trust stiffened prices. The paint cake. trust painted things red. The oyster trust proved no shell game. The wringer trust put a squeeze on the little fellows. The saw trust ripped things open. The salt trust was far from fresh. The fertilizer trust caused a stir in the neighborhood. And the window glass trust let in the light on many dark things. There was a clean sweep of the carpet trust. The umbrella deal got in out of the wet. The glove and knit goods trust was a perfect fit. The coffin concern was a stiff proposition. The corset trust was a tight squeeze. The baking powder trust rose to the occasion. peanut combine was a roast. The whisky pool went down smoothly. The kitchen soap concern washed well. The fish trust bit weil. The cigar and tobacco trusts were shelter from cold nights, is it usually to be observed in dwellings. There is a great diversity of opinion among those who have colored. The printers' ink concern made colored. The printers' ink concern made its mark. The upholstering pool was quickly sat on. The metallic roofing concern was on top, but the tile trust was trodden under foot. The beet sugar pool was a sweet subject. The flour deal was well cooked. The hardware pool was hammered home. The lamp chimney concern went off with a crack. The bottle combine was soon filled and the farm implement trust was a harrowing affair. - Exchange.

> -Father (to son from whom he ust accepted a cigar)-Excellent! How much did you pay?
> Son—They're three for a quarter.
> "Great Scott! And I content myself with

two for a nickel." "That's a different matter. If I had as large a family as you to support I shouldn't smoke at all."—"Life."

-The Pennsylvania state millers' association will meet at Chambersburg, Sept. 12-14.

Stamps By the Mile.

Some Idea of the Millions That Were Issued Last

Uncle Sam printed just a few postage stamps during the year 1898. The number of 2-cent stamps issued during the year was about 2,500,000,000. Such a number, ob viously, is beyond the grasp of the human mind, but perhaps the matter may be made more clear by putting it otherwise.

An ordinary 2-cent stamp is exactly one inch long. From this fact, by a little calculation, it is easy to discover that the number of stamps of this denomination is-sued in 1898, placed end to end, would extend a distance considerably exceeding 39, 000 miles. In other words they would make a continuous strip of stamps, each one adorned with the head of the father of his country, stretching in a belt more than once and a half around the equator. Of course, though the 2-cent stamps are

those principally used, there are others. Enough 1-cent stamps have been issued during the year 1898 to stretch from New York city, by way of Europe and Asia, to Bombay, India, if similarly arranged in one strip. All other stamps, as to production and sales, are of minor importance, comparatively speaking, but it is interesting to know that almost exactly one mile of \$ stamps were manufactured for the demand of 1898. Of \$5 stamps the production was equivalent to a little more than half a furlough, or about one-fifteenth of a mile.

Now, if all the postage stamps printed by the United States Government in 1898 were placed one on top another, as neatly as might be without putting them under presyou would never get it nearly right unless With prices such as they are, and no you went to work to calculate it for youropeless prospect of a substitute, it seems nominations printed during the current mate-would tower to an elevation of 21

world-Mt. Everett, in the Himalayas. If This over a fifth of a mile high.
e tapDuring the year of 1898 the number of special delivery stamps sold was about 5,that when the rubber was sold in San Juan 250,000. It is only reasonable to suppose

that the average journey of the special de-livery messenger is half a mile. Indeed, that is an absurd underestimate, but let it go at that. On this assumption the total distance traveled for special delivery in 1898 was about 2,625,000 miles. This is a very considerable space to traverse, as may be realized when it is considered essenger boy, in order to accomplish that total distance, would have to go about 1.100 times around the world, or five times to the

It appears, from figures furnished by the post office department, that the average person in Massachusetts, including men, women and children, spends \$2.30 on postage per annum. New York comes second with an expediture of \$2.27. The District of Columbia third, with \$2.16. Colorado is fourth, with \$1.93, and Connecticut is fifth with \$1.90. The States ranking lowest in this regard are South Carolina, with 25 cents per capita; Mississippi, with 34 cents; Alabama, with 35 cents; Arkansas with 37 cents, and North Carolina, with 41 cents.

-George M. Valentine, until a short time ago cashier of the Middlesex county bank, at Perth Amboy, N. J., was sentenced on Tuesday to a term of six years in the penitentiary at Trenton. Justice worked quickly was, considering his offense, a rather light onc. The case of Mr. Valentine's crime was the unreasonable and unrepressed desire to acquire great wealth, which led him to embezzlement. He will now pay the penalty of his offenses and have an opportunity to reflect, while in prison, on the truth of the trite saying, that honesty is the

best policy. —Man, married to woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draweth his salary and in the evening, behold! it is gone. It is a tale that is told. It vanisheth, and no one knows whither it goeth. He riseth clothed in the chilly garments of the night, and seeketh the somnambulent paregoric wherewith to soothe his infant posterity. He cometh forth as the horse or ox, and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the bosom of his family, yet himself is seen in the gate of the city with one suspender. Yea. he is altogether wretched .- Robert J. Bur-

-Raspberry Mousse.-Mix well together one pint of very thick cream, three juice. Whip, setting the bowl on ice water

-During the past eighteen months, nearly one hundred American locomotives have been built for foreign roads. They have been sent to England, Russia, Finland, China, Japan, Mexico, Chili and Peru. They are of various sizes and deignes, and both coal and wood burners. The builders are the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia; Roger, of Paterson; Schenectady Works, of Schenectady; Richmond Works, of Richmond, and Brooks, of Buffalo.

-An editor told his compositor that flat and level were synonymous words. One day he had occasion to speak of a townsman as a level headed man. The word level had too many letters for the line of type in which it was to appear. The printer bearing in mind the employers injunction, substituted flat. It required a personal apology and a long explanation to save the editor from assault and a libel suit.

Exchange. -Trapped .- "What is the highest poition in the army, papa?" asked Sammy

Snags.
"Commander in chief," replied Mr. "Then what?" "The chief of the war balloon corps,"

answered Sammy. Keep Going.

One step won't take you very far-You've got to keep on walking: One word won't tell folks what you are You've got to keep on talking: One inch won't make you very tall-You've got to keep on growing; One little "ad" won't do at all-You've got to keep them going.