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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1890.

TO A GLOVE

Go, virgin kid, with lambent kiss Salute a virgin hand; Go, senseless thing, and roap a biles Thou dost not understand; Go, for in thee, methinks, I find (Though 'the not half so bright) An emblem of her beauteous mind By nature clad in white.

Securely thou may'st touch the fair,
Whom few securely can.
May'st touch her breast, her lip, her hair,
Or wanton with her fan;
May'st coach it with her, to and fro,

From masquerade to plays. Ah! couldst thou hither come and go

Go, thou, when the morning cold shall nip her fifty arm.
Do thou (oh, might I be so bold!)
With kisses make it warm.
But when thy glossy beauty's o'er,
When all thy charms are gone,
Return to me—I'll love thee more
Than e'er I yet have done.
—Haberdashe

Tricks of the Birds. "I was much amused one afternoon, says an observant friend, "by a little family scene on a twig of an elm tree, where a fly catcher had her tiny brood of five, just out of the nest, all perched in a row. She was feeding them, and the little dots took their rations with great content as often as the mother caught an insect and flew back with the morsel to each open beak in turn. The regularity with which she kept account, feeding one after another, in exact order, from top to bottom of the row, was very interest-ing. Presently one small chargered im-patient, and while the mother was away fluttered over and crowded himself into the place next to the bird last fed—exactly as if he had planned to get the next fly. He sat there, looking very sober and innocent when the mother returned, but she saw the trick at once, and gave the fly to the right bird, whisking the interloper (as I fancied) with her wing as she passed him, by way of cuffing his ears. Probably he was the rogue of the family, and she knew him too well."-Bostor

Transcript. When Liszt Lived in a Plat. Wrapped in his dressing gown, and with feet incased in slippers, Franz Liszt was sitting comfortably one evening in his arm chair, ready for work and inviting inspiration. On the floor above, in apartments of a banker, a noisy musical soirce was in progress. Polon-aises had succeeded waltzes, and nocturnes had followed polonaises, when suddenly the door of the salon opened and Liszt entered, still wrapped in his dressing gown. The astonishment of the company may be imagined. With slow steps Liszt walked toward the piano, and the young key pounder who was sitting at it quickly left his place. Liszt sat down at the instrument, carelessly swept his fingers over the keys as if to prelude and then suddenly he shut down the cover and put the key in his pocket. And immediately, with the same tran-quil air with which he had entered, he went out and returned to his room, where he could work at his ease.—Sar

Francisco Argonaut. A Maine clergyman, who evidently is somewhat interested in the matter of funeral reform, writes: "Some time ago I attended a funeral which took place on the 'outskirts of civilization.' At the close of the services, as usual in the audience to 'view the remains. they had done so the relatives of the deceased went forward to take their last look at the familiar features, and naturally were much affected, some of them sobbing and crying in an audible manner. When all were again seated the person who had charge of the funeral arose and remarked, 'We will now allow the friends a few minutes to git control of their feelin's,' shen resumed his seat, while the silence was only broken by the sound of sighs and weeping, which gradually died away. It struck me as an innovation upon the usual funeral customs, but no one there seemed at all surprised."— Lewiston Journal.

An immense hydraulic riveting plant the largest ever made—has been built in London for an engineering company in Holland, and is to be employed or marine boilers. The riveter has a gap 12 feet deep, closes its jaws with a power of 200 tons, and is capable of closing rivets up to 34 inches in diameter. A travel-ing crane, 50 feet high, is designed to raise and manipulate a boiler weighing anything up to 50 tons. The crane is operated by two engines, steam for which and the powerful pumps giving hydraulic power for the riveter's great New York Telegram.

Some people go through life behind time. If they say they will come at 8, they mean half-past 8; and when they finally put in an appearance they do it leisurely and good naturedly, and are mildly surprised if you insinuate that you are displeased. When they die, though, their friends will be avenged, because they will probably reach the gates of heaven ten minutes behind time -and find them closed.-West Shore.

He Understood the Old Mar "But," said the youngster, between his sobs, "if I act like a man I'd swear, and then you'd lick me!"—Exchange.

He Is Going to Stick to Him, To Matron-You appear to be very fond of your little playmate. It is pleasant to see such love among children.

The Bigger One—Yes'm; he's got er penny to spend.—Life.

compel him to pay duty, but then the joke was too good and had to be played to its legitimate conclusion.

"We sent him a piece of the pants, piece of the vest and a coat sleeve." The deputy went on to say that on the following day the young fellow came in, all of a perspiration. He was expecting some foreign mails from "Lunnon, don't you know," and at least five letters were missing. He was told to come on the following day and the letters might be found.

He came, and Postmaster Van Cott forced him to open in his presence the three letters they had discovered, and out e the dutiable goods and the swell had to foot.

"But," concluded the deputy, "these were not all the letters, and we made him worry for two weeks over the missing pants leg and one little coat tail, on all of which he finally paid duty."—New

A PERPETUAL MOTION PUMP.

Converting the Rolling Sea Waves Into Power for Pumping Water. Underneath the pier of the Bond Wave Power company at Ocean Grove, N. J., a mammoth iron egg floats upon the top of the waves. In mild weather the egg bobs up serenely, rising to a height of about fourteen inches above the dead level of the sea, but when the weather is rough and great rollers come rushing in the egg rises forcefully upward five feet or more. It cannot get loose, for it is made fast to the pier by long, strong arms of iron. Up from the top of the mammoth egg a rope runs, and after it has passed over a pulley it stretches or shoreward, and at last enters a wooder building situated upon the beach. In the building is a pump, and the rope is in connection with it. The pump is lift-ing about 8,000 gallons of water a min-

raising it distances equivalent to the height of the waves. The explanation of the apparatus and the work it is doing is that Mr. N. O. Bond, whose namesake the Bond Wave Power company is, has successfully completed an experiment undertaken primarily to determine if it were possi-ble to make the ocean, by the motion of its waves, pump enough of itself into Wesley lake to make that lake a body of salt water. There are people living in Asbury Park and Ocean Grove who considering that the sources of the water of Wesley lake are in the swamp lands judge that the lake is to some extent a health menacing body of water, and they have for some time wished that it might be salted. Mr. Bond says that he have no difficulty in making Lake Wes ley salt, and he expects to do it. says that he is perfectly satisfied that his new wave machine will not only do the work which it was especially devised to do, but he is also assured that it will be found a valuable machine for doing other things which need to be done eco-

nomically. He says that the machine is strong enough to work comfortably in the roughest weather and that it is built with an especial view to making it run with very little supervision. He says that the wave gate which is in use as the motive power of the street sprinkling system at Ocean Park ran all through the winter of 1889-90 without getting out of order, and that its operations were not in the slightest interfered with by the great storm, which, it will be recalled, was spoken of as "the greatest storm for thirty years." The wave egg. Mr Bond says, will be as little liable to disarrangement by heavy weather as the

wave gate was.

The new machine may be used where-ever waves rise and fall, and there need not necessarily be a pier to hold it to its work. It may be kept in place by piles quite as well as by a pier, for, while the force of a great wave is immense, it is not so exerted upon the egg as to give a shock, such, for example, as the shock of

The wave egg may be made as its uses may demand. The one in operation at Ocean Grove has a major diameter of ten feet, a minor diameter of seven feet, and its weight, conjoined with the arms by which it is fastened to the pier, is about two tons. The length of the arms is thirty-three feet .- New York Times.

ROASTING A MINING TYRANT.

the Men at the Khedive Lode V Revenged at Lightning Speed. In the mountains the miners freque ly make their descent into the vall using a piece of "quaking ash" bark as a toboggan, but oftener rely on the tenacity of their heavy canvas overalls.

To some this method of transportation

may seem absurd or impossible, but it is a fact nevertheless; men do go down the fearful slopes on the soft snow from the top of a two mile ridge in that manner faster than they ever did on a sled when

long borne a grudge against the super-intendent, an overbearing ignoramus; so they swore they would get even with

Crook," and it required an hour's hard climbing on foot to get up to the mine from there. One morning the superintendent came

vield \$1,000.

as well as that of the rich nabob who owns the property, came to the men's assistance at this critical functure.

While tearing around, cursing the miners as was his wont, suddenly a shot rang out on the clear air and, looking down into the valley, all saw a messenger

waving a paper. The anxious superintendent was in a fix; he wanted that telegram in a hurry, but knew that the steep trail would demand an hour's hard work to reach

At this moment the wag of the crew stepped up to him and offered a big from scoop shovel, suggesting that if he sat in that he could go down the hill quickly and safely.

The superintendent had often seen the descent made on the snow as stated, but he did not see the roguish twinkle in the man's eye as he took the proffered im-

His trousers were thin, so grasping the handle and sitting in the concave part of the shovel, he shot down the declivity faster and faster he went until he fairly

warmer and warmer as he sped recklessly on, but there was no stopping until the bottom was reached. He was literally roasted; but the miners had their revenge.—Kansas City Globe.

Metal in Bookbinding. Metal has for some time been very ad vantageously used in the binding of books as a substitute for cardboard. special preparation is first necessary, and the leather may be bent and straightened again without perceptible damage, a course of treatment that would destroy cardboard covers. The metal is covered with any material that taste may dictate, and the finished book shows no difference in appearance excepting in greater thinness of the cover, which is always destrable.—New York Telegram.

Woman (to drug store clerk)—Have you an article called a two cent postage stamp on sale?

Drug Clerk (mechanically)—We some-times keep it, but I think we are out of it just now. There is very little demand

A Newspaper Writer Is Put Through Process Which Makes Her All the Colors of the Rainbow-An Ordeal Which to the Uninitiated Is Akin to Torture.

ought to get packed."
"Where to?" I asked.

was as hollow as a pipe stem, and the weakness of the traditional cat was mucular vigor compared to the general gone ness of my interior. A small mountain of comfortables and blankets was collected, my bed was stripped and covered first with a rubber and then a ponged sheet. Over this was laid a wet sheet wrung out of boiling water in which I was folded like a prehistoric mummy.

The sensation was a little smart at first, and I had a lurking fear that the original has of whiteness was being searched from my spinal column. Satis-fied of my mistake I relapsed into a state of passivity and the mistress of the bath transferred the mountain of blankets from the floor to my bed. Then she put a cool, wet napkin on my head, and there I lay with the weight of Atlanta's on my already caved in anatomy and every pore in my body streaming like a country pump. I tried to think I was having fun, for it was a day off and it has always been my motto to make my

Do what I could with my thoughts ! felt the blood pumping into my brain and making violent and forcible efforts to escape. The stately mistress of the flesh brush made me keep still, change ing the cold cloths on my head, slipped morsels of crushed ice down my throat and encouraging me by frequent reiterations that I was doing well and would have a beautiful color. I stayed in the pack three hours and perspired until I thought there was nothing left of me but the last breath. Then I dropped off of something-I don't know just exactly glimpse of heavenly things with a lot of short waisted early empire girls and small dimpled boys in feather trimmings floating about in atmospheric noncha lance I was rudely shaken and told to open my mouth. That ended the pack.

THE SENSATIONS AFTERWARD. I was dosed with French brands rubbed with alcohol, polished off with a pair of bath mitts that had the grain of radish graters and put to bed again between warm sheets.

The packer gave me a cup of bouillor a chop, a roll and a glass of claret, and stayed with me until I finished the first rsel of food I had tasted in fifty hours. Bidding me keep quiet and stay in bed a day or two she relieved me of a \$5 bill I had been saving for a crimson parasol and went off. When I looked in the glass I saw a reflection that beggared the corror portrayed by the impersonators of Violetta and Camille in their last scenes. I was a sort of ox heart red with a mottling of yellow fever and black plague patches done in the fashion that Li vases are under glazed. My eyes were on fire, the lining of my lids was white and green, my nostrils were pinched and my lips shriveled and were onion blue in tint.

a resurrection. Mentally I was as idiotic as the ushers in the Bible wedding. But I had been "packed," and there is some satisfaction to a crack brain to know that she has one less fad in the gamut of fooldom to investigate. I have given up the ideal of a gray frock and buckled down to a diet of rare roast beef, boiled onions, rice pudding and vegetable soup for until I recover some of my lost flesh I have no use for anything but a Spanish scarf and an ulster.

But will you believe me when I tell you that these packs are taken regularly by the fashionably progressive women of New York every day in the week? It's a fact.—New York World.

Brown (of Philadelphia)—Come right in, old fellow. Your room is ready and everything necessary to make you feel completely at home is prepared.

Jones (of Pittsburg)—Hope you haven't

taken any trouble on my account. Brown (heartily)-Very little, but that little will count. Have had four dozen cable car gongs hung under your win-dow and hired a boy to bang them every day and all night. Jones (overjoyed)—Bless you, old boy! Your thoughtfulness is simply delightful.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Did you ever stop to think and figure up how much loose snow actually falls in the course of an average mountain Colorado winter? If you have, didn't the amount amaze you? At Kokomo in 1884-5, by actual daily measurements, something like ninety-six feet of the sautiful fell between Nov. 1 and June 1. Of course it kept on settling all the time, and when spring opened up there

wasn't more than six or seven feet on the ground. The snowfall at Kokomo is generally twice or three times what it is at Dillon, yet the amount that fell here during the winter of 1889-90 sounds like a big yarn, but the figures given below are absolutely correct and were care-fully recorded daily by Mr. Pratt at Ryan Gulch, just north of town. Amount of snowfall, gauged at a point one mile north of Dillon, between the

one infle north of Dillon, between the first day of November, 1889, and May 10, 1890: November, 38 inches; December, 81 inches; January, 81 inches; February, 41 inches; March, 70 inches; April, 22 inches; May, 17 inches—making a total of 20 feet 10 inches. About eight-tenths of this snow fell during the night time, and nearly one-half of it was very damp, settling rapidly as it fell. These figures meen preposterous, yet Dillon is not much seem preposterous, yet Dillon is not much of a place for snow either, and gots last

VOL. 25, NO 36

Curious Signature of Columbus.
Of the sixty odd millions of people in the United States all except an insignifi-cant portion of the "odds" have heard or the wonderful story of Columbus and his discoveries. It is doubtful, how-ever, if sixty odd thousand of this vast aggregation ever saw a copy of the curions signature used by the discoverer of the Americas. In his will the great Christopher says: "My heirs shall sign only with an S with an X under it, and an M with a Roman A over it, and over than are S and a great Y with an S over it; with its lines and points—as is my custom—he shall only write 'The Ad-miral,' whatever title the king may have

conferred upon htm." The usual form of this signature, with "its lines and points" as mentioned in the will, was as follows:

.S. A .S. X M Y

Xpo FERENS-El Amirante Why the periods were used at the sides of the Ss and not before and following the other letters has been the subject of much discussion. The initials in a straight line are "S. S. A. S. X. M. Y.," which Professor Becher, recalling the fact that it was to Isabella or Ysabella that Columbus owed his chances of carrying out hisplans, reads them as: "Serviador Sus Alteza Sacras Jesus Maria lador Sus Alteza Sacras Jeeus Maria Isabel." Which would be about as fol-lows if translated into good United States English: "The servant of their sacred highnesses Jeeus Mary and Isa-bel." The last line Professor Dewitt translates as "Christ Bearing (Christopher) the Admiral."—St. Louis Republic.

A Memory from the Platon I saw a girlish looking woman holding her husband's arm as both stood enjoying the gorgeous spectacle on the plat-form in the Madison Square garden the other night. I could not help conjectur-ing what a flood of memories would have risen to her mind had some one rushed into the amphitheatre and shouted the single word "Injuns!" The couple were an army officer and his wife, and, though

you may not all know it, that means that more than once he has been pledged to shoot her at an instant's notice. It is the rule-the humane law-on our plains that when the savages are on the warpath and a husband and wife are traveling in their country the husband shall kill the wife the moment it be-comes evident that she must otherwise fall into the hands of the redskins. Ter-rible as it is to think of slaying your wife (and only fancy what noble women those wives out there must be) no man would heaitate if he knew that by doing

so he could save her from indignities that make death at once a trifle and a Fancy the situation-if you can put yourself in such a place. As you ride through the wilderness, perhaps with a guard of cavalry or only as part of a wagon train, the declaration of war comes with a rattle of rifle shots from some rocks or grove ahead. Every spur is pressed home, every horse leaps forward, every gun is seen to, and—your wife reins in beside you and says: "Now,

remember! I rely on you."

After that one would imagine a ballet in New York would seem quite tame.—Chatter.

The Old Adam son in one of the hill towns of western Massachusetts that he gave the follow-ing advice to his son, who was about to come to New York to begin a business career: "My son, of course it is always wicked to fight, and as a Christian minister I must warn you against it. But at the same time if you should ever find yourself in a fight-mind, I say, find yourself in a fight, with no way outalways see that the right man is whipped." "But, father," replied the lad, "how shall I know who is the right man?" "The other man, of course," said the old gentleman. "In every crisis of life something must be taken for granted, and in a fight you must always assume that the other fellow deserves to be thrashed." This advice, similar in spirit to that given by Shakespeare, in dicates that there may be a good deal of unregenerate human nature even in a quiet country parson.—New York Trib

A street car conductor of a calculating urn of mind said the other day that during ten years of service on the Fourth avenue line he had been poked with parasols and umbrellas about 75,000 times It is a woman's way to poke the conduc tor in the ribs with her parasol when she wants the car stopped. This partic-ular conductor estimated that he had averaged about twenty pokes a day for every day of actual service.—New York

A Bit of the Middle Age A curious survival of the Middle Ages was put into practice at Guernsey to stop the public auction of household goods which was disapproved of by the eldest son of the family. The formula nttered by the son is as follows: "Haro! Haro! Haro! A l'aide, mon Prince. On me fait tort!" The sale ceased instantly, and the matter will now come before the royal courts in due course,-Notes and

Queries. Salesman—I suppose you will allow me to sell Broke, Upp & Co.? Principal—I'm somewhat afraid of their credit, Mr. Valisse. Salesman-But you know they failed about a year ago and settled at ten

Principal-Is that so? They must have money. Sell them all you can.—Jewel-ers' Circular.

cents.

"A friend of mine—a consumptive— was set upon by ten cowboys out in Arizona one day. He fought like a tiger for ten minutes and then his as-

saliants took to flight."

"What did your friend do?"

"Stayed where he was—he had
They'd killed him."—Chatter.

Stating it directly, the best work en-ables us to approach by a drive upon one side, alight at an entrance porch, enter by an entrance hall, advance thence into the hall, and through it out upon the veranda, and so on upon the lawn. This is the simple result, and the reason is as simple. The entrance is for access; the hall, veranda, lawn and the prospect beyond belong to the private life of the house. Tradesmen or visitors, however welcome, cannot be dropped into the midst of the family group. Even the wel-come guest wishes to cross the threshold and meet the outstretched hand and cor-dial greeting within. Even Liberty hall must have its defense.—Bruce Price in Struck Six Times by Lightning

There is an old three story tenemes house in Randolph, Mask, that is known the country round as the "lighthouse." This house has been struck by lightning six times since 1882, and thrice partly burned. Yet no one of the numerous schants has ever been killed, although the current has traversed the house a different way each time.—Boston Globs.

LIGHT AND AIRY. Last Summer's Girl.

I saw her today in a crowded place,
My heart didn't throb and my blood didn't glow,
At I looked with critical six on the face
I thought was an angel's—a year age.

Yet, perhaps if we played at last year's gam If we assutered now where we used to go, Arm to arm, heads close—she'd find me the As did her bidding a year ago.

How well she looks in her fresh white gown But this is the folly that maught condones For she is the wife of Mr. Brown, And I am the husband of Mrs. Jones, —New York Evening i

Quite Immaterial.
"You see," remarked the amateur angler,
we left the hotel with a lunch hamper, two bottles of rye, and our fishing tackle."
"Have pretty fair sport?" ventured the "Fair! Glorious! Only at the start some infernal tramp went to work and stole

"Hamper, ch?"
"Oh, no, not so bad as that: Only our fishing tackle!"-American Gro

Uncle Dick—What is he, my dear? As your guardian I really think I ought to know before I consent to an engagement.
Ethel (timidly)—He is the son of a great man, sir, and— Uncle Dick-Marry bim by all means, ny dear. That is an admirable profession

The Bostonian A Senside Episode.

Hand in hand they walked along
Beside the sunit sea;
They heard the wavelet's summer song—
A wondrous melody.

"Oh: how I love you, love," he said,
"How dear you are to me!"
The maiden drooped her pretty head,
But not a word said she.

"Wilt thou be mine, my love?" said he, While grauping her soft hand, "Oh! don't make love just now," said she, "My shoes are full of said."

Hoston Courier.

Mrs. Goodenough—You're the sixteenth tramp that's been around here today, and I'can't do anything for you.

Mr. Obadish Toogood—Sorry, ma'am, but if you'll lemme sleep in the barn over night I'll be the first tramp ter ax for breakfast ter-morrer.—Puck.

A Bright Idea. Mrs. Solus—Mary, I hear a burglar down stairs, and there isn't a man in the house. For mercy's sake, what shall we do? Mary—Let's burn a rag. They'll think it's Mr. Solus smoking. Nobedy could tell the smell from one of his cigars.-Boston

To a Five Dollar Bill. To a Five Dollar Bill.

We two, that is before you went,
Have seen the town to some extent.
Have been out late o' nights together.
Have been out late o' nights together.
Have been, as friendaling goes, good friends;
So, Bill, remembering former times.
In answer to these halting rhymes.
Come, took me up, you'll find me thinner,
And, William, treat me to a dinner.
—William B. MoVickar in Life.

Mrs. Brown—I don't see how you could pay your good money for such a bottle of ink as you brought home today. It hardly holds anything. Brown—I guess you won't think so when you go in the parlor. I broke the bottle on the carpet.—Drake's Magazine.

Let Him Have It. "I want a pension, sir."
"Were you wounded in the late war?"
"No."
"On what ground do you ask for a pen-

"I was a census enumerator, sir."—Pitts burg Chronicle. Imperative.
She cried: "Oh, darling, do not go!
I cannot live without you.
While you're away the hours drag slow;
With jealousy I doubt you."

Said he: "I'm very sorry, dear,
That I cannot be trusted;
But go I must—that fact is clear—
For my suspender's busted."
—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Home Thrust. Spacer-Oh, well, I don't care whether you accept my jokes or not. I can sell them elsewhere Editor-I dare say you can. What has been done once can be done again, and all those jokes have been sold before.—Epoch.

Not in the Treatment.

Visitor (at lunatic asylum)—I see you give your patients amateur photograph cutfits to amuse them.

Superintendent—No, they bring them with them.—New York Weekly.

An Object Lesson As we strolled along the beach When the listing tide was low, Thus my lady's silvery speech: "Mr. Freshly, do you know

You're an easis to me? (Here I blushed behind my hand);

Mrs. Pattangill (to neighbor who has just dropped in)—No, Elviry, I can't say— no, railly, I can't—that I enjoy goin' to fu-nerals, 'esptin', of course, when it's one of my own folks.—Harper's Bazar.

Sine adjusted his tie,
And het Why, he kissed her.
There was ne one clee by,
And she wasn't his sister.
She adjusted his tie,
Who wouldn't have kissed her?
—Clothier and Furnisher.

Pertinent Queries. First Boarder—Why do you always lock the door of your room when you go out? Second Boarder—How does it happen that you know it is always locked?—Epoch.

Cupid's Employment We know that Cupid never wears
The smallest sign of any clothes,
And yet, in all our love affairs,
We keep him busy tying beaux.
—Clothlor and Furnisher

Badly Put.
"It's very kind of you, old fellow, to see me off."
"Not at all, Belus, I am only too glad to do k."—Epoch.

The Annual Bath.
The tramp now seeks the pond or lake
Ily some untraveled path,
And in some sheltered nook doth take
Again his yearly bath. EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

There were forty-six graduates from Lehigh university, Bethlehem, Pa., re-cently. The graduates were the orthodox cap and gown. Nearly thirteen thousand volumes have

already been offered to the university of Toronto to replace the library recently destroyed by fire.

The Methodist Episcopal church has decided to build a college at Kanssa city, and has acquired property worth \$1,000,000 for the purpose. Ninety-four American colleges received

in gifts during 1889 the great sum of \$3,624,579, and the total of their present en-dowments is \$51,765,449.

At the fifty-fourth annual commencement of Franklin and Marshall college, Lancaster, Pa., June 19, twenty-three graduates received diplomas.

For the first time since its foundation a Jew, Professor Julius Bernstein, has been elected rector magnificus of the Halle uni-versity. Up to within a comparatively short time no Jew was permitted even to teach there.

It is a sign of the standing of the grad-nates of the Harvard annex that the teach-ers of Greek and Latin in three representa-tive schools for young women in Cam-bridge, Baltimere and New York are fruits of its training.

The revenue of Cooper union, founded by Peter Cooper in New York city, was \$47,285 in 1885, and the expenditure \$1,000 less. There were 700 pupils in the scientific departments and 900 in the art classes, all instruction being free. For the first time since Harvard college was founded the quinquennial record of its alumni is issued in English Instead of Latin. During its 254 years of existence Harvard university has graduated 16,960 pupils, of whom little more than one-half (8,637) are still living.

The income of the University of Oxford in 1899 was \$331,000. The university police and the special grant to the Oxford city police absorb \$10,000 of this amount. The university press is very profitable, \$75,000 having been turned over to the university in 1899.



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- Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

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ASSETS.

accumulator is supplied by two steel boilers, each capable of doing duty equal to about 130 indicated horse power.—

The little boy had pounded his finger, and immediately set up a terrible hulla-balloo. His father remonstrated with him, saying that he was no longer a baby and should act like a man.

Trials of Mail Smuggling "I have known," said Deputy Ben Armstrong at the postoffice, "of whole suits coming in letters. You smile? I will explain. A garment that has been cut to fit a customer can be sent by piecemeal. We discovered one-half a trousers leg in a big letter once, and we decided to lay for the rest of the suit. Sure enough, eight big, thick letters fol-lowed, addressed to the same man. Our first idea was to send for the man and

FADS OF THE BATHERS.

SOME WAYS OF STEAMING THAT BEAT THE TURKISH BATH.

The fads of progressive New York women will kill me yet. Last week I took a "pack," and I am nearly dead. Lost twenty pounds and the power of locomotion for twenty-four hours. My lips and eyelids turned electric blue and my complexion is a pale green with ecru mottling. I wanted some medicine—a big dose—with a diet of lettuce, prunes Graham rolls and hot water to see if I could put down the rebellious bilionsnes of my skin and put on a silver gray gown. I went to see the bathing mis-tress in the Hoffman house, who used to steam and knead the Jersey Lily and who did several hundred dollars' worth of grooming for the beautiful Duchess of Marlborough. She told me that I

"Good looks! You can come here for a night or I will go to your house and give you a pack that will make your hair

I gave her my card and made arrange ments to be ready for her two days later. Her parting command was: "Take a five meal fast to rest your system, and you will be the color of a lily when I get through with you." She did not say what color or what kind of a lily at the time, but I have since learned that the model she had in mind was the tiger lily. THE "PACK" DESCRIBED.

I took the fast, and the day she arrived

him some day.

The Khedive was located just two miles above the old government road leading to Gothic, at a bend, called "The

as usual to "inspect," as he termed it, but really to curse and rant around because the men could not make \$100 ore The miners were just about tired of his tyranny and several suggested the propriety of giving him a pounding. However, Providence, who sometimes advocates the cause of the poor miner

The obnoxious superintendent was expecting some important instructions from headquarters, and gave orders that if a telegram came to dispatch a clerk on horseback until he reached "The Crook," and there to discharge his pistol.

for it. Quite inferior, I asure you. Now, we make an article of our own that—oh, it is a postage stamp you want. Certainly; here is one. Have it sharped!—Texas liftings.