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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER (27 THE WORLD.

FAILING CURE

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atthe Best Blood Pu-sale by Driggists y Sast, F KELLER & y Jennaron, Hollo-yn & Co., Philad's, Pa

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to see it again. I happened to be by when Mr. Le Poer. opened the letter. He was so anxious over it that he did not notice my pres-ence. Perhaps it was wrong of me to glance toward him, but yet natural, considering it was the letter of a friend of mine. I saw a little note inclosed,

voyage was my sudden introduction by Mr. Le Poer to a personage whom I had not thought existed. "My son, Miss Pryor; my eldest and only son, Lieut. Augustus Le Poer."

was very con

not quite English, but I learned it with other phrases, in my young days, so let it stand!—I mind one evening, that, be-ing not quite in a mood for solitude, I went out walking with Zillah. Some-how the murmur of the sea wearied me; I turned through the village and along the high man along the predict siderably surprised, as the high road-almost like an English the high road-almost like an English road, so beautiful with overhanging trees. I did not talk much and Zillah walked quits silently, which indeed was nothing new. I think I see her now, floating along with her thin but lithe figure and limp, clinging dress-the very antipodes of fashion - nothing about her that would really be called beautiful except her great area which about her that would ready be caned beautiful except her great eyes, which were perfect oceans of light. When we came to a gateway—which, like most things in poor Ireland, seemed either broken down or left half finished—she

It was certainly a relief to all when the head of the family again departed. We usually kept his letters for him, he notches in sticks. not being very anxious about them; for which indifference, as I afterward comprehended, he might have good reaso

A Young Benedict Recoming gusted With His Wife's Method Adopts a Simpler One.

"George, promise me to take good care

She printed one lasting impassioned

kis on Fido's nose, tearfully delivered

him to her husband's arms, stepped into

The next day and the next George im plicity carried out the parting instruc-

tions of his wife. He bathed Fido, co-

logned Fido, brushed, combed and dried

Yesterday morning when the soribe passed George's residence he heard wild

yelpings and ki-yi-ings proceeding from

the yard. He stepped up to the fence and

looked over. He saw an uncommonly fai

and ugly pug chained to a post and mak-

ing frantic efforts to escape, while some

yards away stood George playing the hose

Sharp Replies.

Sweet nulsance-"No, the scene of "the Mikado" is not laid in Ireland. It isn't

pronounced that way, any how. See here! Ain't you the girl that asked us if ragout was the French for putting on your best

Julia W .-- We must decline to publish

your beautiful poem on the Ewige Weib-

liche in Goethe for two reasons. The one

is, because in the first stanza you make

Goethe ryhme with "both," in the second

with "teeth," and still again in the third

A Conflagration Unlikely.

conversation and leading the laughter.

"Mr. Featherly, can water burn ?"

hot by boiling. What put that idea into

"Ma. She told sister that there was no

danger of your ever setting the North River on fire."-[New York Sun.

On the Spur of the Moment,

ady who was spending a few days in the

country, "Is that chicken by the gate a

"No," replied Uncle James, "he's

young isdy. "How stapid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles."

The largest casting ever attempted in

A Mammoth Casting.

Italy is reported to have been successful-

ly accomplished at the iron works of

Signor Gregorini, of Levere, on the Lake

of leso, in Lombardy. The block meas-

ured 494.48 cubic feet, and was cast in 23

hours. This colossal mass of cast iron,

weighing something like 105 tons, was for

the anvil of a 10-ton steam hammer at the

royal arsenal at Spezia.

"Why, certainly, to be sure i" said the

"Uncle James," said a Boston young

clothes ?''-[Boston Post.

with thirty."-{Burdette.

Incidentally, Bobby said :

your head ?"

Brahmin ?"

Leghorn.'

the carriage and was gone.

Fide

liscomfort.

Little Things in Life. TAKING CARE OF THE FET PUC. Chickens, two minutes after they have-

RIVINIUS' BLOCK, ANS, SENT FREE TO ALL, and NTO DISCOUNTS allowed where we EBENSBURG PA COX & White Organ Co. GOROUS HEALTH MEN HERYDUSDEBILITY ARRIS diled phy astille TRUETTER. Get our Free nd Trial Packclure taking frest-is where. Take a Reserve that it as 0 shousands, does offere with atres-business, or sause CARL RIVINIUS. a or linean venience in very. Founded on suific medical princi-to seat of discase its offic influence is fails host delay. The net-ion the seat of the heferienen is restoren. forgenisch is restoren. a sninseling elemente life, which have been life, which have been

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler AS slways on hand s isrge, varied and ele gant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS EWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, ac., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. AF Frompt attention paid to repairing Clocks Watches, Jeweiry, &c., and satisfaction guaran sed in both work and price.

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--AND

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the address of which I was alm ost sure bore my name. I waited, thinking he would give it to me. I even made some slight movement to attract his attention. He looked up—he actually started—but the next moment smiled, as only Mr. Le Poer could smile.

"News from our friend, you see!" said he, showing me the outside envel-ope. "He is quite well, and—let me consider,"—glancing over his own let-ter—"he sends his kindest remembrances to you. A most worthy man is Mr. Sutherland."

So saying he folded the epistle, and placed it in his desk. The little note, which he had turned seal uppermost he quietly put unopened, into his pocket. It must have been my own delusion then. Yet I was disappointed. At the expiration of my first year as

a governess, just as I was looking with untold eagerness to my midsummer holidays, when I was at length to go home to my mether—for the journey to London was too expensive to admit of that happiness more than once a year there happened a great disaster to the Le Poer family; no less that that terri-ble scourge, typhus fever. Matilda took it first, then Caroline, then the mother. These three were scarcely con-valescent when Zillah caught the fever in her turn, and had it more dangerousy than any of the rest. Her life was in danger for many days, during which I had the sole anxiety and responsibili-ty; for Mr. Le Poer, on the first tidings of the fever, had taken flight, and been

visible at home no more. True, he wrote every other day most touching letters, and I in return kept him constantly informed as to the progress of his wife and children. When Zillah was taken ill, however, I did not think it necessary to send him word concern-ing her, feeling that the poor orphan's life was precious to no one. I never was more surprised than when on Mr. Le Poer's venturing back and finding Zillah in the crisis of her disease, his terror and anxiety appeared uncontroll-

able "Good God!" he cried, "Zillah ill? Zillah going to die? Impossible! Why was I not informed before? Confound

was I not informed before? Confound you, madam!"-and he turned furfously to his still alling wife-"did you not think?-Are you mad-quite mad?" I declare I thoughthe was. Mrs. Le-Poer only sobbed in silence. Mean-while the outcries of the delirious girl were heard in the very parlor. I had given her my room; I thought, poor soul, she should not die in her damp kitchen-closet.

Mr. Le Poer turned absolutely white with terror—he who had expressed only mild concern when his wife and daugh-ters were in peril. "Miss Pryor," said he, hoarsely, "something must be done. The girl must be saved; Fd snatch her from the very fiend himself! Send for dvice, physicians, nurses; send to eeds, Liverpool-to London even. only, by ----, she must not die!" July, by ----

Poor Zillah did not die. She was saved, for Heaven's strange purposes; though I, in my then blindness, often and often, while sitting by her bedside, thought it would be better did she slip quietly out of the bitter world in which ROILER COMBINED Frice.#375#upward she seemed to be only an unsightly and Cheapest rig in the market for drivtrampled weed. Mr. Le Poer's wonted anxiety did not end with her convalesthe imarket for driv-ing light machine-ry. Just the thing for Farmers' use. ice Grass Dealers' Printing Presses. Thresh's Machines &c. Manufacturer of all kinds of Ma-biness & Schling cence, which was very slow. "She may die yet!" I heard him muttering to him-self, the first day after he saw his niece. "Miss Pryor, my wife is a fool—I mean a rather undecided person. Tell me a rather undecided person. Tell me what you think ought to be done for Zillah's recovery?" I prescribed, but with little hope that my advice would be followed—immediate change to sea air. "It shall be done!" at once said he. "Mrs. Le Poer and the girls can take care of her; or stay—she likes you best. Miss Pryor, are you willing to chinery & Johhing Send for Catalogue and Price List. H. P. RANKIN, 84, 85 & 88 ISWIN AVE. LLEGENST. PA. May 22, 1885.-1y

go?" This question perfectly confounded me. I had been so longingly anticipat-ing my going home-delayed, as in com-mon charity I could not but delay it, on account of the fever. Now this troub-le was over I had quite counted on my departure. That very week I had been preparing my small wardrobe, so as to look as nice as possible in my mother's eyes. She had given me a hint to do so, since she and I were to spend the vacaI had never heard of the young gentle-man. I could only conjecture what I afterward found to be the truth, that this was the son of a former marriage, and that there had been some family guarrel, lately healed. The heutenant bowed to me, and I to him. Zillah, who sut by me, had no share in the intro-duction, until the young man, sticking his glass in his eye, stared at her energetically, muttering to his father some question, in which I just detected the words, "odd fish."

"Only Ziliah," answered Mr. Le Poer carelessly. "Child, this is your cousin Augustus, lately returned from foreign zillah listlessly obeyed had

Zillah listlessly obeyed; but her "cousin" seemed not at all to relish the title. He cast his eyes superciliously over her. I must confess my poor child's appearance was not very attract-ive. I did not wonder that Lieutenant Augustus merely nodded his head, twirled his mustache, and walked away. Zillah just looked lazily after him, and then her eyes declined upon the beauti-

ful expanse of sea. For my part I watched our new friend with some curiosity and amuse-ment, especially when Caroline and Matilda appeared, trying to do the agreeable. The lieutenant was to them evidently the *beau ideal* of a brother. For myself I did not admire him at all. Unluckily, if I have three positive aversions in the world, it is for dandles. men with mustaches, and soldiers-and he was a compound of all three. Also, he was a small man; and I, like most little women, have a great reverence for height in the other sex. Not universally, for some of my truest friends have been diminutive men-excellent. noble, admirable Zaccheuses. Still. from an ancient prejudice, acquired-no matter how—my first impression of any man is usually in proportion to his inches; therefore Lieutenant Le Poer did not stand very high in my estima-

Little notice did he condescend to take of us, which was rather a satis-faction than otherwise; but he soon became very fraternal and confidential with his two sisters. I saw them all chattering together until it grew dusk; and long after that, the night being fine, I watched their dark figures walking up and down the other side of the deck. More than once I heard their laughter, and detected in their talk the name of Zillah; so I supposed the girls were ridiculing her to their brother. Poor child! she was fast asleep, with her head on my shoulder wayned Poor child! she was fast asleep, with her head on my shoulder, wrapped closely up, so that the mild night could do her no harm. She looked al-most pretty—the light of the August moon so spiritualized her face I felt thankful she had not died, but that un-der Heaven, my care had saved her for what? Aye, and for whom? If, as I kissed the child, I had then known-But no, I should have kissed her and loved her still!

Our brief voyage ended, we reached Belfast and proceeded to Holywood—a small sea-bathing village a few miles down the coast. To this day I have never found out why Mr. Le Poer took the trouble to bring us all over the wa-ter and settle us there; where, to all intents and purposes, we might as well have been buried in the solitudes of the Desert of Sahara. But perhaps that was exactly what he wanted.

I think that never in her life, at least since childhood, could Zillah have been so happy as she was during the first two of our sojourn at Holywood. To me, who in my youth, when we were rich and could travel, had seen much beautiful scenery, the place was rather uninteresting; to her it was perfection! As she grew stronger, life seemed to return to her again under quite a new aspect. Certainly it was a quite a new aspect. Certainly it was a great change in her existence to have no one over her but me—for her uncle and cousin Augustus had of course speedily vanished from this quiet spot —to be able to do just what she liked, which was usually nothing at all. She was not made for activity; she would lie whole days on the beach, or on the grassy walk which earns down to the grassy walk which came down to the very edge of high-water mark-cover-ing her eyes with her poke-bonnet, or

ooked round rather anxiously. "Do you know this place, my dear?" 'It is an old mansion-where I often like to stroll.

"What! have you been there alone?" "Of course I have," said she quickly and slightly coloring. "You knew it; or I thought you did."

She appeared apprehensive of reproof, which struck me as odd, in so inoffensive a matter as her adventuring a solitary stroll; especially as I was anything but a cross governess. To please and reassure her I said: "Well, never mind, my dear, you shall show me your pet paradise. It will be quite a treat."

'I don't think so, Miss Pryor. It's all weeds and disorder, and you can't endure that. And the ground is very wet here and there. I am sure you'll not like it at all.

"Oh, but I will, if only to please you. Zillah," said I, determined to be at once firm and pacific; for I saw a trace of her old sullen look troubling my pu-pil's face, as if she did not like her haunts to be intruded upon even by me. However, she made no more open op-However, she made no more open op-position, and we entered the grounds, which were almost English in their as-pect, except in one thing—their entire desolation. The house might not have open inhabited, or the grounds culti-vated, for twenty years. The rose-beds grew wild—great patches of white clo-ver overspread the lawn and flower-garden, and all the underwood was one mass of tall fern. nass of tall fern.

I had not gone far in and out of the tangled walks of the shrubbery when I found that Zillah had slipped away. I saw her at a distance standing under a tall Portugal laurel, seemingly doing nothing but meditate—a new occupa-tion for her; so I left her to it, and penetrated deeper into what my old French governess would have called the bocage. governess would have called the bocage. My feet sunk deep in fern amidst which I plunged, trying to gather a great arm-ful of that and of wild flowers; for I had, and have still the babyish propen-sity of wishing to pluck everything I see, and never can conquer the delight I feel in losing myself in a wilderness of vegetation. In that oblivion of child-like content I was happy-hap-pier than I had been for a long time. The ferns nearly hid me, when I heard a stirring in the bushes behind, which I took for some harmless animal which I a surring in the busies behind, which i took for some harmless animal which I had disturbed. However, hares, foxes, or even squirrels do not usually give a loud "Ahem!" in the perfectly human tone which followed. At first I had terrors of some stray keeper, who might possibly shoot me for a rabbit or a poacher, till I recollected that I was not in England but in Ireland, where unjust landlords are regarded as the

unjust landlorus are regarded as the more convenient game. "Ahem!" reiterated the mysterious voice—"ahem! Is it you, my angel?" Never could any poor governess be more thoroughly dumfounded! Of course the adjective was not meant for me. Impossible! Still it was unpleas-ant to come into such near contact with ant to come into such near contact with a case of philandering. Mere philan-dering it must be, for this was no hondering it must be, for this was no hon-est village-tryste, the man's accent be-ing refined and quite English. Besides, little as I knew of love-making, it struck me that in any serious attach-ment people would never address one another by the silly title of "my angel." It must be some idle flirtation going on among the strolling visitants whom we occasionally met on the basch and who anong the stroning visiting visiting with the beach, and who had probably wandered up through the gate which led to these grounds.

To put an end to any more confiden-tial disclosures from this unseen gen-tleman, I likewise said "Ahem!" as loudly as I could, and immediately called aloud for Zillah. Whereupon

Once there came a letter-I knew from whom-marked in the corner, "If ab-sent to be opened by Miss Pryor."-Greatly surprised was I to find it contained a bank-note, apparently hurried-ly inclosed, with this brief line: "If Zillah requires more let me know

at once. She must have every luxury needful for her health. A. S." needful for her health. A. S." The initials certainly meant his name —Andrew Sutherland—nor could I be mistaken in the hand. Yet it seemed very odd, as I had no idea that he held over her more than a nominal guardian-ship, just undertaken out of charity to the orphan, and from his having slightly known her father. At least so Mr. Le Poer told me. The only solution I could find for his sending Zillah the week's visit to a friend, the last words to him, having consigned the baby to the tender mercies of the nurse, were : money was the simple one of its being a gift, springing from the generosity of a heart whose goodness I knew but too of Fido. Don't let him overeat himself, and above all, bathe him regularly, you'll

find the bath-tub in the parlor, the towels However, to be quite sure, I called Caroline into counsel; thinking, silly as she was, she might know something of are in the linen-press, and his comb and brushes are in the left-hand corner of my right-hand bureau drawer, and the co the matter. But she only tittered, looked mysteriously important, and would logne is on the shelf above. And be sure speak clearly on no point, except "that we had a perfect right to use the money when you've finished to wrap him in his blanket and put him in the sunshine to dry, and if he catches cold telegraph mé.

-pa always did; and that she wanted a new bonnet very badly indeed." A day or two after, Mr. Le Poer, re-turning unexpectedly, took the note in-to his own possession, saying, smiling-ly, "that it was all right;" and I heard no more.

But if I had not been the very sim plest woman in the world I should certainly have suspected that things were not "all right." Nevertheless, I do not now wonder at my blindness. How could I think otherwise than well of a man whom I innocently supposed to be a friend of Mr. Sutherland? So matters went on at Holywood for

a little time longer.

"Zillah, my dear, do not look so dis-appointed. There is no help for it.---Your uncle told me before he left us that we must go home next week.' So said I one day, trying to say i gently, and not marveling that the gir was unhappy at the near prospect of returning to her old miserable life. It was a future so bitter that I almost blamed myself for not having urged our longer stay. Still human nature is weak and I did so thisst for home-my own home. But it was hard that my pleasure should be the poor child's

pain. "Don't cry, my love," I went on, see-ing her eyes brimming, and the color coming and going in her face.—strange changes which latterly, on the most triffing occasions, had disturbed the ap-parent stolidity of her countenance.— "Don't be unhappy; things may be smoother now; and I am sure your cous-ins behave better and kinder to you than they did; even the lieutenant is

than they did; even the lieutenant is very civil to you." A sparkle, which was either pleasure or pride, flashed from the girl's eyes, and then they drooped, unable to meet

"Be content, dear child; all may be happier for you than you expect. You must write to me regularly-you can write pretty well now, you know, you must tell me all that happens to you, and remember that in everything you

can trust me entirely." Here I was astonished by Zillah's casting herself at my knees as I sat, and bursting into a storm of tears. Anxieusly I asked her what was the

"Nothing-everything! I am so hap-py-so wretched! Ah! what must I do?"

" and the set will be a

These words bubbled up brokenly from her lips, but just at that unlucky moment her three cousins came in. She sprang up like a frightened deer, and was off to her own room. I did not see her again all the afternoon, for Lieutenant Augustus kept me in the parlor on one excuse or another until I was heartily vexed at him and myself. When I went up-stairs to put on my bonnet-we were all going to walk that evening-Zillah slipped away almost as soon as I appeared. I noticed that she was quite composed now, and had re-sumed her usual manner. I called after her to tell the other two girls to get ready, thinking it wisest to make no remarks concerning her excitement of the

the movements of crawling insects, and pick at them, judging distance and direc-tion with simost infailible accuracy. They will instinctively appreciate sounds, readily running toward an invisible hea-hidden in a box when they hear her "call." Sect round birds also here innate, instinctive horror at the sight of a hawk and sound of its voice. Swallows, timica toroling and wrong, after having The Buffalo Courier says there is in that city a young Benedict who is so unfortunate as to be wedded to a lady of rare beauty and attractiveness with a hobbr for a pet pag. Now this young Benedict had in all respects proved a model husband and had acquitted himself so faithtitmice, tomtits and wrens, after having fully on all occasions that his wife had been confined from birth, are capable of confidence in him, and willingly intrustflying at once when liberated, on their ed the most sacred and important duties wings having attained the necessary to his charge. So fully, indeed, did she growth to reader flight possible. trust him that when she started for a

Strength of Human Muscles, Robert Francols Damiens, who attempted the assassination of Louis XV., in 1757, after suffering the most unbeard of tortures, was sentenced to be drawn inquarters by four horses. But although they exerted their entire strength, by drawing in four directions upon his limbs. for fifty minutes the muscles were not tors from their attachments, and, being still alive, the executioners were obliged to cut the tendons with a knife, in order to answer the law, which was that the criminal's body should be drawn in quarters. Precisely the same course was resorted to in the case of Ravailine, whoassasinated Henry IV., the horses being unable to diamember the criminal's body.

the movements of crawling insects, and

Paste.

A correspondent of New Remedles gives the following recipe for paste for use im prescription books and labels: "I dissolve half an ounce of alum in a pint of boiling water; to this I add an equal weight of flour, made smooth in a little. cold water, and a few drops of oil of cloves, letting the whole come to a boil. This paste will keep for months. I put it in glass or ordinary olntment jars. It is handy, too, for domestic purposes."

A Quilted Curiosity.

upon Fido and heartily enjoying the dog's A St. Louis lady has a crary quilt made of contributions by Miss Cleveland, the President, Speaker Carlisis, Mrs. Grant, Jefferson Davis, Annie James, wife of one the James boys, Phoebe and Alloe Cary, Ella Wheeler, Ouida, Agusta Evans, Miss Alcott, Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Mrs. Margares J. Preston, Whittier, Fauny Davenport, Enama Abbott, Ellen Terry, Susan B. Anthony and many others.

What Ballroads are For.

The number of passengers carried by all the railroads in all parts of the world in 1884 is estimated at 2,400,000,000, or an average of 6,500,000 a day.

Irrepressible and Incorrigible.

While a little girl on Howard avenue Young Featherly had dropped in for an was being rebuked by her mother she said : "Hush, mamma ; if you would so much you will make me nervous, and I shall die like ---" evening call, and Bobby was enjoying the "De you remember her ?" said the mother. "Oh, yes," replied the little one, "and her mamma scolded and scolded her so much she "No, Bobby," replied Featherly, amused at the question, " but it can be made very got so nervous she went sick and filed."-[Utica. Herald.

> Discussion between a wise child and its infor : "That star up there is bigger than the world."

"No, it isn't." "Yes, It is.

"Then why don't it keep the rain off ?"-[Rebeboth Herald.

Mamma (confidently)-Now, Mamie, as you are so tired to-night you must go right off bod of

Mamie (four years old)-But I'm not tired, How do you know when I am tired? You don't know how I feel as well as I do, and I say I ain't tired. Feel of that arm and that log-do you feel anything tired there - [Chicas go Herald.

Little girl-"Please, ma, may I have a Ma-"Don't say a egg : say an egg."

L. G .- "Can I have a neg ?"

"That isn't right." L. G., desperately-"Phase, ms. can I have an hegg ?"-{Detroit Free Press,

Worldly Wisdom,

It is the hardship that sails on the sea

Ambition is a vacuum that will never

