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BY JAMES G. HASSON.

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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

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At prices that make all other dealers hustle. Just think of it:

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
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Jan. 25, 1889.—1yr

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STEEL FENCE!
This is Not Wire
MADE OF
EXPANDED METAL
CUT FROM STEEL PLATES. SOMETHING NEW.
For Residences, Churches, Cemeteries, Farms, Gardens, Gates, Arbors, Window Guards, Trellises, Fire-proof PLASTERING LATH, DOOR MATS, &c. Write for Illustrated Catalogue; mailed free.
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Cleanses the Nasal Passages,
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1794. 1889.
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AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 31, 1882.

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A RELIABLE REMEDY For Sick Stomach, For Torpid Liver, Billious Headache, Costiveness,
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It is certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palatable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives yourselves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. Sold by druggists everywhere.
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MY MOTHER'S HYMN.

My Mother's Hymn! I hear it now,
As through the trees above her home,
The night wind whispering soft and low,
Like angel music seems to come,

And waft upon my ravished ear—
In strains as from the harps of gold,
And seraph voices sweet and clear—
The hymn she sung so oft of old.

How many times my hands have pressed
For her the throbbing organ keys
To that dear tune she loved the best,
Sweetest of sacred melodies.

And as I struck "Ward's" well-loved chords,
A far-off look came to her eyes,
Her sweet voice trembling through the words:
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

How blest the righteous, oh! how blest,
When freed from earthly toil and pain,
The spirit leaves the expiring breast,
With Christ forever more to reign.

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;"
So sped her soul, at close of day,
To loved ones on the other shore.

And when we laid her form away,
No more to greet our mortal eyes,
We sung to "Ward" above her clay:
"How blest the righteous when he dies."
—Essie M. Howell, in Good Housekeeping.

AFTER THE PARTY.

An Explanation That Was Altogether Satisfactory.

He—Good-night, Miss Wilmott.

She—You are not going?

He—It is hard to tear one's self away from such pleasure, but it is late; most of the guests are gone.

She—Stay till they are all gone.

He—I am afraid I will—

She—You are easily frightened *now*. You *will* wait. I must speak to you.

She—At last! Thank heaven, they are gone.

He—Why such a sigh of relief. It has been a delightful party.

She (wearily)—Has it? I don't doubt it has been delightful to *you*, except for these last fifteen minutes.

He—They have been, so far, the happiest.

She—Of course you had to say that. I know you wanted to go.

He—Don't let us talk nonsense. You told me—

She—I told you I wished to speak to you—since you will not speak to me.

He—What do you mean?

She—Do sit down. You make me nervous, standing there, posed like a statue, with those searching eyes looking through me.

He—They're looking for something that is not there.

She—I suppose you want me to ask you what? and then you will say, a heart. I've had so much of that, so very much of that; and I expect something better from you.

He—You are bitter this evening.

She—Tell me—what have I done to you?

He—Done to me?

She—Yes. Have I offended you? Have I been rude to you?

He—No. I don't know of any thing you have done. You could not be rude.

She—Then you have been.

He—I! How, when, where?

She—Will you turn some of those lights down? The glare hurts my eyes.

He—Will you not take the easy-chair? You look more natural in that.

She—What have I done? For two years we have been friends, close, warm friends—almost brother and sister.

He—Yes. We are friends still, are we not?

She—I never used to go anywhere that you did not find me and come to me, if it was only for a moment, only to shake hands, only to look at me. You came here very often—and it seemed as if you could do nothing, think of nothing, without telling me.

He—Yes. I remember that.

She—You remember that! You speak as if it were something of the far past. Yet it was only last year.

He—Only *this* year.

She—Suddenly it all came to an end. Suddenly you began to avoid me. Every thing, even the grasp of your hand when we did meet, told me you had changed. What was it?

He—I have not changed.

She—You know, for the last three months, you have never come near me. To-night, even, in my own house, you have avoided me all the evening, you have devoted yourself to others—to another.

He—I didn't want—that is—

She—Why do you hesitate? You did not want to tell me you had wearied of my friendship—that it has become a bore to you.

He—Edith! I beg your pardon—I—

She—Speak out. I am a woman, but I do not live on compliments. I can bear the truth sometimes.

He—But I could not.

She—What do you mean?

He—How it blows outside. I used to like the storm. Do you remember how one night last winter we sat here and talked, and as we talked we heard the wind rise and howl around the house, and then the rain came dashing against the window until the storm's great charm put a spell upon us and we listened in silence till it grew quite late, and as I stepped out into the wild night your face close to the window-pane in this cozy room seemed like a picture of an angel?

She—I do remember that hour of dreaming—but not the angel part of it. * * *

He—I was very happy in those days. There was one summer day out in the redwoods, you and I together. We sat under a tree, and the sun made fantastic figures that danced on the carpet of dead, brown ferns, and the bees were humming all around us—

She (in a low voice)—Yes. I remember—I have never forgotten. The world seemed so beautiful and life such a blessing. * * * I remember. You told me what your ambitions were, and I—

He—You—you held out your hand to me as if you would have led me to their fulfillment.

She—And I would, if I could. Every woman wants to be an inspiration to a man. Women can do so little that their greatest effort is self-sacrifice, and of that self-sacrifice the world hears nothing. Men can dare, and do, and compel the world's homage, and when it comes the woman's heart fills with pride if she can think to herself: "I was his inspiration."

He—And if I had done something great, something that made people talk of me with praise and with respect * * * I should have come to you—unhappy until you had said: "I am proud of you."

She—Would you? * * * I don't believe it.

He—Do you think I am happy now? Do you think that this estrangement has come from my desire to be rid of such a friendship?

She—No. I would not like to believe that. But why have you neglected me? If you had found some other whom you loved—who was nearer to you than I—could you not have trusted me and told me? Can you not tell me now?

He—There is no such one.

She—If there were I suppose you would never speak to her at all. If you give such odd expression to friendship, what expression would you give to love?

He—I was only too happy with you. But you began to make new friends.

She—*Began?* I was always making new—no, not friends—acquaintances.

He—And then they told me—

She—What?

He—That you were to marry Mr. Blackstone.

She—It was not true—that is—I mean, of course, papa, at first, wished me to, and—

He—And—there's no particular reason why you shouldn't.

She—Only one. I don't love him.

He—That is hardly necessary nowadays.

She—Cheap cynicism does not become you. That remark is very stupid.

He—Well—he is wealthy—he is good-looking—he is

She—A numskull. I am not *very* particular, but a numskull I can not endure.

He—Still you must marry in your station. I know that. I know that somebody will come along and carry you off—if not Mr. Blackstone, somebody else.

She—My station! What is my station?

He—You are a belle. You have all pleasure, all the luxury life can offer. Your fortune must, I suppose, mate with another fortune.

She—I'm sure I don't know why a million should have to mate with another million, any more than a man six feet high should have to marry a woman six feet high.

He—But society—

She—What is society?

He—The people who decide the status of other people.

She—That reduces character to a matter of opinion.

He—Society is simply opinion in authority.

She—You are getting heavy. I thought you had a flower in your button-hole—I'm sure I saw her take a bud from her bouquet and put it there. Where is it?

He—Dropped somewhere, I suppose.

She—There—there's a pink. That will "drop, I suppose," too.

He—No.

She—So they told you I was to marry Mr. Blackstone. I think he wants me to. But why did you not ask *me* about it?

He—It was a delicate question.

She—Yet it was not fair of you. You know me well enough, and you know I would have told you.

He—I was afraid you would.

She—Would it have hurt you very much? I doubt it. Your attentions to that other—

He—There is no other.

She—I certainly heard—and then the way you have avoided me. * * * I have so wanted to see you sometimes. Do you know—but I won't tell you.

He—What is it? Do tell me.

She—I will—because we have been such good friends. I have begun a dozen letters to you—and torn them all up.

He—Why did you not send them?

She—It did not become my *amour propre* to beg a friendship, even so sweet as yours has been to me.

He—Has it been so sweet?

She—I don't know why, but you have been so much more to me than any body else. I have told you all my secrets, and somehow it has been the most natural thing in the world for me to do.

He—Then you have not found me unworthy of your confidence?

She—No, no; even when I saw you grow cold and avoid me, it did not occur to me to doubt you.

He—Cold! Avoid you! If you only knew what that coldness cost me; how I suffered.

She—Why did you need to suffer?

He—What had I, a poor devil picking up a precarious livelihood, to do with a girl whose sphere was so far from mine?

She—So far from yours? I do not understand you.

He—No? That is why I avoided you.

She—Philip! Surely you don't think I am one of those miserable women who play with men's hearts? Surely you don't doubt me? No, you can not believe me so bad? I did not seek to make you fall in love with me. I wanted your friendship.

He—No, I never doubted you, and now I know the truth?

She—What truth?

He—Can you not see that through our friendship I looked forward and saw that some day it must all end? If I had had a name—any thing that would have balanced your position—I might have dreamed of no end. But I should have kept away from you.

She—Kept away from me! What would I have done without you? You don't know how much happiness I have had in these two years—how peaceful, how content, I have been, feeling that in this miserable world one man seemed to be so worthy of my confidence.

He—If I have given you happiness I am happy.

She—I would not have made you stay to-night, but I could bear it no longer. Three months without one little tete-a-tete. All these dreary weeks, and not a grasp of your hand, hardly a sound of your voice. Some evenings I have felt that I would give all the world if you would walk in at the door and sit down beside me as you used to do.

He—And I would have given all the world to have been with you. * * *

She—How *could* you pay so much attention to that other.

He—I did not. But what did it matter?

She—It was a reflection upon my taste. But you will come back to me just as you were, won't you?

He—If you wish to be kind, tell me not to come.

She—You do not wish to come?

He—Yes, I do. Edith, can you not see that my friendship has long ago ripened into love? I am jealous; I suffer from every glance, every smile you give to other men. I have nothing to offer you save an allegiance. Some day, perhaps, I may be able to offer you a name that is known; perhaps our positions may be more equal. But it will be death to me when that other comes and wins you from me.

She—If I insist—

He—I can not refuse. But be kind. Give me your hand, say "God bless you" and let me go. * * *

She—Stay a moment. If I tell you something—a secret—if I tell you that a year almost ago papa came to me one night and talked to me, and told me—that—if I had guessed aright—and—you were to ask me to be your wife—and if I loved you very dearly—he thought I might say—"Yes."

He—And do you love me very dearly?

* * * * * * *

She—My darling, how the storm rages—but it is peaceful here, is it not?—Peter Robertson, in the Argonaut.

THUMB AUTOGRAPHS.

A Means of Identification Which Is Said to Have No Equal.

Two men of science in two different countries—Mr. Francis Galton in England and M. Bertillon in France—have lately recommended a means of identification which policemen and detectives, with all their ingenuity, seem never to have employed. These gentlemen have observed that the human thumb dipped in ink, in blood, in black-lead or in any other loose adhering substance and pressed upon a sheet of paper, leaves a mark which is perfectly characteristic of the individual.

Mr. Galton has remarked that no two persons' thumbs make the same mark; the lines and expressions in the skin, which make a series of wave lines when pressed upon paper, are never the same in two different individuals.

It is urged that this fact should be of very great value in the administration of justice, because a criminal's thumb-mark would be a sure means of identifying him, no matter what disguise he might assume.

If a business man wishes to make use of a signature which is quite impossible to forge or counterfeit, he has only to dip his thumb in his ink-bottle and make a mark with it in connection with his written name. No other thumb will make the same mark, and it would be practically impossible for any one to imitate this new kind of "autograph" with a pen or other mechanical means.

"In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and thumb," the new form of superscription may some time in the future run, the seal having by that time, perhaps, completely gone out of use, as it has now, except on official documents and with fashionable letter-writers.

The experiment with the thumb-mark may be made by any one who will take a knife-blade, hold it over a lamp until it is black with smoke, allow it to cool, apply the thumb to the black surface, and then press it lightly upon a slightly sticky bit of paper, such as the back of a postage-stamp.

Examined with a magnifying glass the differences in the thumb-marks of individuals come out very strongly.

According to Mr. Galton, thumbs run in family groups, dividing themselves, as it were, into seven or eight distinct types or grand divisions; but within these divisions the differences are so marked as to leave no chance for confusion.—Household Words.

An Eye to Business.

"I have just been up in Vermont," said a Treasury clerk yesterday. "The natives have lost none of their cuteness. The town where I was stopping has about 4,500 inhabitants. One of the selectmen runs a hardware store, and two weeks ago his dog was bitten by a neighbor's dog. It was a small enough matter, but see what happened. First, he had the neighbor's dog killed; then he raised the cry that the dog had been mad, and had bitten other dogs. The selectmen met and ordered that every dog should be muzzled for forty days, and the thrifty hardware man has sold nearly 500 muzzles at $1 apiece. Staid old family dogs travel around town with leather thongs around their jaws, which never closed on any thing more human than a beef bone. I saw one big mastiff that had worked his muzzle off and was lugging it around in his mouth."—Washington Post.

—Croesus (to hotel proprietor)—"Can you accommodate me by cashing a check for $10,000?" Hotel proprietor—"Ten thousand dollars! Why, I never saw so much money in my life! However, my porter is around somewhere, and he will doubtless be glad to accommodate you."—Time.

MISNOMERED MAIDENS.

A sojourn in New England has convinced me of the fact
That female nomenclature there is very inexact;
The girls I met and flirted with had certainly no claims
To all the gifts and graces indicated by their names.

Faith Johnson was the first I met; I thought her name so sweet,
And she was very beautiful, accomplished, and so neat;
But Faith proved faithless unto me—she was a gay deceiver—
And in religious matters, too, she was an unbeliever.

I found Hope Smith a darling girl and wonderfully wise,
And yet I could not understand her hopeless kind of sighs,
For she was given to despond, and said, whene'er I chaffed her,
She had no hope of happiness in this world or hereafter.

Then later, Charity De Kalb ensnared my youthful heart,
She had a graceful figure and a manner very smart,
Yet in her disposition envy was the reigning feature,
And Charity turned out to be a sordid, selfish creature.

The next I met was Prudence Jones, a girl of eighteen springs,
But she was gay and giddy and too fond of costly things;
Extravagance in dress no doubt was her besetting sin;
God help the man whose cruel luck that damsel dear shall win!

I had an introduction to Humility Burdette,
Whose vanity and self-conceit I never can forget;
Distinguished o'er her sisters for insufferable pride,
Humility was just the gift which she had been denied!

I then made the acquaintance of Peace Robinson, of Maine,
A fiery girl whose temper mortal never could restrain,
She used to get quite violent and tear her hair and mine,
So marriage with that maiden I of course had to decline.

The next of the New England girls I met was Patience Brown,
The daughter of a banker in a Massachusetts town;
Her irritable nature, and the way she'd fume and fret,
Induced me to bid her good-bye without the least regret.

The last I met was Wealthy Green, and I was rather rash,
For I proposed and married her, depending on her cash;
But after we were wedded I had reason to repent,
For I very soon discovered Wealthy wasn't worth a cent!
—John S. Gray, in Texas Siftings.

LINEMEN.

After a Storm Their Tasks Are Hard and Perilous.

Men Drift Into the Trade Naturally—Their Work and How It Is Paid—They Dread Storms More Than Sailormen Do.

It is in the room where the linemen meet to find out where there are wires in trouble that they will have to fix. Just which one of the companies it may be, never mind, for the companies do not like to have their linemen talk of the hardships and dangers of the work and the little pay given for their services, and if the linemen were discovered telling the secrets of their work it might go hard with them. It is Monday morning, and the linemen have come from their homes to report to their foremen for duty. Sunday was a bad day. There was a cyclone down off the coast, and through the night it blew briskly over Manhattan's housetops. Wires got crossed, insulation sheaths became abraded, long stretches of lines were swayed by the wind till they grew slack, and all through Sunday night there was difficulty in sending messages either by telephone or telegraph. And now this Monday morning is even worse than was Sunday. There is fog, there is rain, and once in awhile there are swift gusts of wind. It will be what the men call a trouble day, and there will be more than a plenty of work for them to do. Already the districts throughout the city have reported to headquarters the trouble in this street and that street. The foremen of the various gangs of linemen have received tables showing where the breaks, the crosses and the other faults are, and now, at a little after eight o'clock this Monday morning, the foreman and his gang go out in the rain and wind to make the wires serviceable.

It is a familiar sight to New Yorkers, these groups of three, four or more sturdy men in rough clothes walking smartly along, tools for fixing wires in their hands, and the straps and spurs of their "climbers" hanging over their shoulders. They are all men with courage written on their faces and agile strength shown in their bodies, arms and legs. On and on they walk, with their eyes, from force of habit, glancing up toward the wires reaching from pole to pole and extending across house roofs. Presently the foreman halts, and the others stop behind him. Here is the first place of trouble in the district which this gang is covering. The foreman gives his instructions and the men prepare for work. First they bind around their legs the spurs, and then taking one comprehensive survey of the wires aloft they see that their tools are all right in their pockets. Now the climbing begins. One man is at this pole, another is at the next one, and another somewhere else along the street. The tall sticks of timber are sixty or seventy feet high. In a jiffy the linemen are up among the cross-pieces. Often there are loiterers who linger on the curbstones to watch the work. But it is difficult to tell just what the laborers are doing away up there in the air. It isn't pleasant to turn up one's face to the falling raindrops, and besides, the maze of wires hinders close observation, and the most careful of onlookers finds himself unable to see fully the operations of the lineman. One thing you can easily see, though, and that is that the workman displays exceeding care in selecting his position and in managing not to touch certain wires.

At last he descends from the cross-pieces and stands upon the flag walk. But he has no time to waste, and is soon off to another pole, up that, at work in the maze, then down again and off to another pole. Then, perhaps, his work takes him to the roof of a house, and he must climb carefully over the slanting tin or slate, be careful about clumsy scuttle holes, and often support himself delicately at the eaves, five, six, perhaps eight stories above the ground. So it goes with him until six o'clock p. m., and at that hour the regular work of the day ceases. This Monday it is hard to keep the work up until six o'clock p. m., for it is dark, and even at five o'clock the lineman has to strain his eyes to see clearly that he does his work right. Besides, it is raining even now, and the poles and cross-pieces are slippery. A false step, an incautious movement, a weak thrust of the spur into the tall stick, and the lineman would fall to the stones below.

"Well, I am glad there's one more day's work done," remarks the worker among aerial wires, as finally he touches the earth again. "I'm glad," he goes on, "for now I know that for a dozen hours or so I won't be running any more chances of accident than men in other kinds of work. Ordinarily we linemen don't bother much about thinking of the danger we are in on the poles and on housetops. That is, a year ago we didn't mind it much, but now we seldom begin a day's work without wondering whether it is going to be our turn next to slip and fall or touch a deadly wire as Feeks did. You see it's been pretty nearly within the last year that the fatal accidents have happened, and I tell you they have made us men rather nervous. We always knew we had a hard life, but we kinder got used to it. There didn't use to be so much danger of getting a death shock. Now the danger has increased."

"How do men get to be linemen?"

"Oh, just the same as men get to be engaged in any thing that is perilous. A young man hasn't had a chance to get some safe, pleasant trade; he wants work, and he takes the first thing that comes his way. I lived in a small town up the State, and had been doing various things. A telegraph company came along and wanted me to help put up a new line. I got a job, just the same as lots, yes, most linemen, got started—in handling the reels of wires or helping the men that strung them on the poles. I was a groundman—that's what they call 'em—and did my work all right. None of us groundmen had to climb poles. The foreman wouldn't let us. He said it was risky and the company wouldn't let us go up the pole and fall down and smash our heads. They didn't care for us or our getting hurt, but they did care about having to pay damages. That's what was the matter. Well, I worked along for some months and never went up a pole. But I knew I could do it, for there wasn't a tree anywhere around my town that I couldn't get up along with any other boy, and without being boosted, either. So one Sunday a lot of us ground men were talking about climbing—we were boarding at a farm-house along the road where the line was being built, and Sunday we didn't work—and while we were talking about skinning up trees and climbing telegraph poles a fellow dared me to go up a pole. It was a big one, and the ground all around was stony, so that a fall would have been serious; but I put on a pair of climbers and sailed up that pole as slick as the foreman could have done it. That's what made me a lineman. The foreman heard there was a groundman in the gang that could go up a pole, and next time he had to recommend some fellows for promotion I was one of those he named. So here I am, going up poles and fussing around with wires. How did I learn what to do with the wires? Oh, from watching the linemen whenever as a groundman I had the chance. It isn't hard work just to repair or change wires; the difficult part is in the having to do it so high up in the air with such an awfully insecure footing. Sometimes a wire is slack; then all there is to do is to pull it taut and fasten it. Perhaps a line has got out of place and crosses another. The current is spoiled then, and we have to straighten the wires so that each will be independent of the other. Or may be there is a piece of bad wire somewhere. We find it out and cut it down, and then put in a new stretch and splice it at each end. None of these things is very hard nor requires much expert knowledge. Still a lineman doesn't get them all at once. Generally he begins on easy work. The first thing he has to know how to do is to climb a pole. Then when he gets there he must know just what to do. Some groundmen learn to climb a pole, but there they stop. Perhaps it's because they don't know how to work in wire even a little bit, or may be it's because they get nervous and are so rattled that it takes too long for them to get through a simple job."

The lineman struck an important subject when he spoke of nervousness. Many men can tell just what ought to be done with the wires, and could do the work if it were to be done on the ground. They fall utterly, though, when the job must be done on the cross-piece of a stick of timber as high as a mast. The successful linemen do not drink. They say that even a little liquor makes them unable to stay on a high cross-piece. Their legs are shaky, and sometimes they drop their tools. It's dizzy work under all circumstances. But when the nerves are affected and a man is dizzy, too, the combination is more than he can stand.

Some companies will not engage a man unless he has had experience. Others take them from the groundmen. The men who repair wires and look after all the forms of trouble into which the wires get are often recruited from the construction gangs. They may work on the poles and wires for ten years, but it is unusual. Either they are promoted to other sorts of electrical work or they find the exposure and danger too much for them and quit the telegraph, telephone and light companies altogether. Linemen get from fifty to sixty-five dollars a month. If they are sent out of town their railroad fares, meals and lodgings are paid, but in town the only expenses they can charge are car fares. Tools and climbers are furnished them.

Frequently linemen are sick. Colds and affections resulting from exposure are their chief ailments. Often in winter they have to toil all day under all the disagreeable conditions that follow a sleet storm. Snow is not so bad for wires as sleet, nor as unpleasant for the trouble men. But when there are wind and sleet together, then the hardship is greatest. The first thing a lineman thinks of when he wakes up mornings is the weather. Often, according to the men, they will be roused at night by the howling of a storm. They know then that work will be hard on the morrow. It is rather rough labor to have to go up a pole slippery with melting ice. Often it doesn't pay to wait for the sun to dissolve the frozen lump that fastens the wires, the insulating glass and the cross-piece in one mass, as if some evil genius had soldered them. At these times it's cold and dangerous to cling to a pole with one's legs and gently cut and pry away the ice so as to prevent the electric current from being diverted and running down to the ground. It is tough, also, to have to grasp sleet-covered wires and pull them through one's hands until a slack stretch is taut again. But the men work without much complaint, and say they will put up with all these hardships if only they can be spared the fearful risk of touching a death-dealing wire.—N. Y. Sun.

MRS. B. REMEMBERED.

Her Memory Was Poor, but One Fact She Had Not Entirely Forgotten.

Mr. Billus sat in his comfortable arm-chair, with his feet comfortably resting on another chair. Mr. Billus was enjoying himself. He had dined, and he defied fate to do its worst, even as another great man is said by historians to have done under like circumstances long before the period of Billus.

"Maria," he observed, "this is the anniversary of our wedding, isn't it?"

"It is, John."

"Twenty-three years, Maria," said Mr. Billus, reflectively, as he took the poker and stirred the fire in the grate, "is a thundering long—h'm! h'm!—long time for some married folks, isn't it?"

"It is, John."

"And yet it doesn't seem—h'm! h'm! —as if it were thirty years since I first met you at the Jasper County fair, does it?"

"It isn't thirty years," replied Mrs. Billus, rather shortly. "It is only twenty-six."

"I meant twenty-six years, of course, Maria. Speaking of that fair," continued Mr. Billus, "I wonder if you remember that big artichoke in the agricultural hall?"

"No, I don't remember any big artichoke."

"Have you forgotten the long ear of corn sent in by old Absalom Wykoff?"

"I have no recollection of it."

"Don't you remember the big beet that Uncle Jakey Dubois had on exhibition?"

"No."

"Maria," said Mr. Billus, impatiently, "where's your memory? Don't you recollect the great big pumpkin that weighed one hundred and seventy-six pounds that Cal Hepperly was showing every body that came to the fair?"

"It seems to me I do remember a big pumpkin."

"I thought so. Your memory is a mighty poor one, Maria, but you couldn't forget that big pumpkin. Do you have any idea," persisted Mr. Billus, with growing recollections of sundry pies his good mother had made shortly after that fair, "whatever became of that pumpkin, Maria?"

"I think I have, John."

"You have, hey," he retorted, in surprise. "If it is all you can do to remember the biggest pumpkin at that fair how do you happen to know what became of it, madam?"

"I married that pumpkin, John."

The fire burned feebly in the grate, the canary bird slumbered peacefully in its cage, and amid a silence so profound that the shadows could be plainly heard dancing on the wall Mr. and Mrs. Billus sat in their cheerful little parlor and dreamed the happy hours of their wedding anniversary away.—Chicago Tribune.

A SHARP REASONER.

How Uncle Silas Henks "Slung" Law All Over an Attorney.

Silas Henks called on a lawyer. In stating the object of his visit he said:

"Some time ergo, shortly atter I come ter dis town, I tuck up bo'd wid Miz Hempsy, er widder lady. I wa'n't doin' no work at dat time, an' I didn' pay up reg'lar, an' atter while de fack come ter my knowledge dat I owed de lady fifty dollars. She come ter me an' said dat ef I didn' git her de money at once suthin' would happen, an' thinkin' dat it would be better ef suthin' did happen, I drapped on my knees, so ter speak, an' tole de lady dat I lubed her, an' then axed her ter be my wife. She 'greed ter de propersition, an' we wuz married, an' I'gratulated myse'f dat one debt wuz settled, anyhow. Wall, what do you reckon has come ter pass now?"

"You want a divorce now, I suppose," the lawyer answered.

"Oh, no, sah; ain't been thinkin' erbout no divo'ce. De case now stan's dis way now, sah. Ez I tells you, when I married de lady I didn't hab nuthin'. Wall, I got a sort o' er start atter I wuz married, an' it wa'n't er great w'ile till I wuz wuth a putty av'age sort er cow, er chunk o' er hoss, er dray an' er few dollars in money, but, sah, what has come ter pass? My wife looks wid er jealous eye on my property."

"Does what?"

"Looks wid er jealous eye, sah; wants me ter pay dat blamed boa'd bill."

"Well, why don't you pay her?"

"I doan' feel like payin' her, an' I has come ter ax ef you will sort o' gin me some advice."

"If you owe her, pay her. That's the only way I see out of it."

"Ah, hah, but hol' on er minit. I owed Miz Hempsy, an' now Miz Henks wants de money. I doan owe Miz Henks. I neber boa'ded wid her; I libs wid her. Now, ef Miz Hempsy wants de money, all right, but dar ain't no Miz Hempsy. Haw, haw!" he laughed. "Didn't know I wuz sich er lawyer ez dis yere. White pusson, git outen de way. I ken fling law all ober you."—Arkansaw Traveler.