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LEHIGHTON.

A Cold and Faith.

[illegible]

[illegible] they came.
[illegible] out,
[illegible] halt and lame,
[illegible] all turned out.

[illegible] prayed, and prayed, and [illegible]
[illegible] band,
[illegible] in the shade—
[illegible] a cloud.

[illegible] The bright sun smile and [illegible]
[illegible] stable corner
[illegible] cheery.

[illegible] home they crept
[illegible] that throng
[illegible] little girl who'd brought
[illegible] along.

—Albany Journal.

'LIZ'BETH.

'Liz'beth lived in a cellar down in 'Th' street. No one knew what her wage money was. 'Liz'beth could not have told them. She used to wonder about it, too, as she sat looking out of her one window.

'Liz'beth called it a window, but in reality it was only an iron grating that overlooked the sidewalk. In order to see out of it the little girl had to sit over against the cellar wall, and then all she could see was the feet of the people as they went by.

'Liz'beth used to wish sometimes that she could see what the owners of the feet were like, but then it was rather nice to sit and imagine about it. Most of them belonged to working people, but now and then a pair of patent leathers went by, and once in a great while a lady's kid boot and dainty French heels would pass with light tread, as if its owner wished as little contact as possible with the wretched street.

'Liz'beth had been up in the City Hall Park on pleasant afternoons, and there she had seen the ladies and gentlemen who wore pretty shoes. So she knew what they were like. But that was a long time ago.

'Liz'beth felt very sad this morning, for her kitten had just died.

It wasn't much of a kitten, either. One of its eyes was gone, and some cruel boy had cut off a piece of its tail. The cold weather had wilted an ear, so that it hung forward, giving poor kitty the look of a disreputable character. But her little mistress thought she was beautiful and loved her better than anything else.

'Liz'beth called her kitten "Bijou." She hadn't any idea what it meant, and she couldn't have spelled it to save her life. But one day in the pretty park a lady went by leading a curly white dog, which she called "Bijou," and that night 'Liz'beth christened the kitten.

The little girl sold papers in those days, and every day she bought a penny's worth of milk, which she gave Bijou, and she used to beg scraps of meat from the market on the corner. Sometimes she found a fish in the ash barrel, not over fresh usually, but Bijou wasn't particular.

I've forgotten to tell you that 'Liz'beth had not lived alone in the cellar always. Someone whom she called "Mag" used to be there. 'Liz'beth was afraid of Mag. She was good enough when she was sober, but that was so seldom.

Sometimes Mag would be away for a whole week, and 'Liz'beth would dread to have her come back, she was always so ugly.

Once she came home more fierce than usual; she was in trouble, and wanted money. 'Liz'beth had been lucky for a week, and had saved almost $1. She got it out from behind a brick—that was her bank—and gave it to the wretched woman, who struck her in return and went away.

'Liz'beth was pretty well used to blows; she'd had a lot of them; but somehow it hurt worse than usual this time. Her head ached, and her poor little desolate heart ached, too. There was a tight feeling in her throat, and the first thing she knew she was crying so hard that Bijou, who lay in her lap, was all wet.

It seemed to her she could remember when some one with pretty hair and soft gray eyes had held her and rocked her and sung—what was it she used to sing? 'Lizbeth closed her eyes, swayed to and fro, and tried to think.

Softly through the mist of almost forgotten things came the shadowy memory of that song—so softly that it seemed only the ghost of words that whispered:

A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Dear little passenger, say good-night.
Into the station of dreamland we go.
Baby and I, in our rocking chair.

How queer it seemed! "There's surely something the matter with my head," said 'Liz'beth, and then she began to think again; the fancies were pleasant if they were queer.

The next thing that came to her was a remembrance of the same misty sort concerning some one else—some one big and handsome, with kind, brown eyes and a voice not so soft as the other, but yet good to hear.

"Is baby asleep, little mother?" the voice said. And how near it was!—so near that the mustached lips touched the baby's cheek, and then——

"How much she is like you—your mouth and chin and hair. I believe she will have your eyes, too. I wonder if that is what makes me love her so?"

Love her! Who loves her? How strange that some one should love her! And what was that about the eyes and mouth and hair? 'Liz'beth got a bit of looking glass, crept close up to the grating where the street lamps shone in, and looked at herself. It was a wistful sort of face; the mouth had a quiver in it and the eyes—yes, they were gray, but not like those other eyes. There was a pathetic, appealing look in them that made 'Liz'beth almost sorry for herself.

She put away the glass and tried to woo the fancies back, but they did not come, and soon she fell asleep.

When she awoke the sun was shining in her face and Bijou was mewing loudly. 'Liz'beth sat up, or tried to, but she felt very strange. Her head was light, and she laid it down again. Her throat was sore and her lips were parched.

"Dear me," she thought, "it must be afternoon, and Bijou is hungry. I must get her some milk."

She took away the brick, but there was no money there. Where had it gone? Oh, she remembered now. She had given it to Mag, and Mag had struck her. She picked up the bit of looking glass. Yes, there was the mark across her cheek. It was all black and yellow, but the rest of the face was white and thin. Bijou was thin, too, and cried piteously.

"I'll go out and beg for you, Kitty; you shan't be hungry."

When she got up 'Liz'beth found that she was very weak. She could hardly stand, but she managed to get out on the sidewalk. A woman noticed her white face and gave her a drink.

"What day is it?" asked 'Liz'beth.

"Saturday."

"Saturday? Why, then I've been asleep two days. Isn't that funny? No wonder Bijou is hungry. She must have something to eat right away."

"Will you please give me a penny, sir?" she asked of some one who had a face which seemed kinder to her than that of most men.

"A penny? Here you are." And into her hand fell a bright new nickel.

A man stood by the counter whom 'Liz'beth had never seen there before. He was not like the other folks who came there ordinarily. From long habit the child glanced at his shoes. Yes, they were patent leather, and the clothes were not like those the boys wore. The face was a handsome one, in spite of the fact that it was red and swollen and had neither been shaved nor washed that day.

'Liz'beth forgot her hunger and stood looking at him.

"Well, little one, what do you think of me? I wouldn't take a prize, would I?"

'Liz'beth started; there was something about that voice. "What was it? "Your mouth, your hair, your eyes—I wonder if that is what makes me love her so?"

"Sir?" said 'Liz'beth, looking up again.

"I didn't speak. You were talking to yourself. What ails you?"

"Please, sir, I don't know. I felt queer when I went to sleep, and I slept for two days, and I hain't had nothin' to eat."

"Nothing to eat for two days! Well, I haven't had anything to eat for a week."

'Liz'beth looked at him. "Nothin' to eat for a week! Why, he must be awful hungry," she thought.

She looked at the bright new nickel. She turned it over in her dirty little fingers. Then she looked at the man again. He had not taken his eyes off her.

"Poor man, he does look awful hungry," she said to herself. And then, with a sudden impulse, she held out her precious money.

"A week's lots worse'n two days. I can stan' it a little longer, I guess, but I'd like a cent to get some milk for Bijou. 'N' you can have the rest."

The stranger started. His dull eyes opened wide and something glistened in them.

"Why, you poor little beggar," he said brokenly, and then he stopped. Here was a lesson in giving which many self righteous ones might copy to advantage. "Did you think I didn't eat because I hadn't money, baby?"

The child looked at him in wonder. She knew of no other reason why people didn't eat, and her eyes widened still more when the strange man put his hand in his pocket and drew out a big handful of silver.

"There," said he, "take this and buy a barrel of milk if you like. I'll take a drink of milk myself. It will be better than what I've been taking for the past 10 days."

'Liz'beth got her milk and a pie. She was rich now. She hurried back to the cellar. Bijou had ceased crying and lay on the bit of old blanket in the corner quite still.

"Come here, Kitty, and get your milk," called 'Liz'beth. But the kitten was dead. No amount of coaxing would make it stir, and the little girl was heartbroken. She forgot her pie and sat looking drearily out of the window through her tears. The feet went by as usual. Suddenly came a quick step, a flash of patent leather; some one peered down through the grating, and a moment later the man who had given her the money was beside her. The next moment she was in his arms and was being carried swiftly upstairs, and then she was in a carriage riding away. 'Liz'beth did not struggle nor scream. Why should she? The stranger meant her no harm, else he would not hold her so close and kiss her so wildly, saying over and over:

"Thank God! Thank God!"

The carriage flew along the street, and before 'Liz'beth could recover her wits had stopped in front of a beautiful house. How the gentleman hurried up the steps, and how he rang the bell, and when the door opened how he flew up the stairs, crying:

"Maud, Maud, my darling, come here! I have found our baby!"

There was the story, all told in a minute—all but the part about a careless nurse having left her charge asleep in a carriage while she flirted with a policeman. When she returned both baby and carriage were gone. That was five years ago, when 'Liz'beth was only a wee toddler.

Close against her mother's heart that night lay a happy child. It was not fancy this time. A real voice, trembling with happy tears, crooned an old lullaby.

And in the next room a strong man sobbed as he promised God from thence forward to conquer his weakness.—Margaret Manton.

A Quaint Old Watch.

"What sort of a watch is this?" asked Duzenbury, picking up a curious old timepiece from an Austin watchmaker's showcase. "That," replied the watchmaker, "is a real curiosity. It is a watch that belonged to Alexander the Great when he died on the barren island of St. Helena." "Why, man alive, in the days of Alexander the Great they didn't have any watches." "That's just what makes it such a rarity." "And Alexander the Great did not die at St. Helena." "He didn't, eh? Well, that makes it a still greater curiosity," and taking the rare relic from the hands of Duzenbury he locked it in his burglar proof safe.—Texas Siftings.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

WOMAN'S WORK AND WORTH.

Professor Mary E. Byrd, of Smith College, has been elected a member of the British Astronomical Association.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer announces from the platform that there are to-day 40,000 girls in the colleges of America.

The widow of Richard Proctor, the great astronomer, is to be curator of the Proctor Memorial Observatory at San Diego, Cal.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is vice president of the New York Free Kindergarten Association, and is much interested in the education of poor children.

Miss Grace Dodge, the founder of the working women's clubs of New York, is tall and commanding of appearance and has the action of a trained athlete.

Marie Dietarle, the daughter of the late Emile von Marcke, the cattle painter, follows her father's profession and specialty. She receives good prices for her work.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is said to be a great contrast to her husband. She is very quiet, while he is rather loud; she is inclined to be commonplace, while he is brilliant in conversation.

Mrs. Alexander Bremer, one of the deputy factory inspectors of New York, knows as much about machinery, elevators, heating, plumbing, ventilating, and sanitary improvements as any man on the force.

Each year of Chief Justice Fuller's residence in Washington has witnessed the debut of one of his seven charming daughters. This year Miss Mary Fuller returns from her long stay in Berlin to enter society at the capital.

Rev. Edward Beecher's adopted daughter received at her baptism the name of Voice Adams. She was one of a family of 15 children, whom her father, a great grandson of John Quincy Adams, supported by lecturing on "The Voice of Nature."

Miss Jennie Chamberlain, now Mrs. Naylor Leyland, lives in "a splendid palace at Albert Gate, London, whose marble staircase and many priceless works of art" are sights. It isn't always the American girls who marry titles who have the best times abroad.

Countess Tolstoi, wife of the author, recently made a successful business trip to St. Petersburg. She secured an audience with the emperor, who was extremely kind to her, and promised to protect her husband from all the annoyances to which the committee of censors has been subjecting him.

A directory of women's work of Indianapolis shows them holding the positions of pianists, violinists, elocutionists, orators, physicians, artists, evangelists, commercial travelers, woodcarvers, teachers, stenographers, typewriters, bookkeepers, and manicures, to say nothing of dressmakers, milliners and storekeepers.

Mrs. Lease, of Alliance fame, says that she has gained more divorce suits than any other lawyer in Kansas. She did not begin the study of law until after the birth of her fourth child, who is now 9 years old. She used to read Blackstone while busy about the household work, with a crying baby in her arms.

The Countess of Caithness, the new high priestess of theosophy, is the exact antithesis of her predecessor, Blavatsky. Her figure is slender, her manners elegant, and her tastes refined. She dresses in great taste. Her only resemblance to Blavatsky lies in her fondness for diamonds, but that is a pardonable womanly weakness.

The Queen of the Belgians, who learned sleight of hand from Hermann, the European, not the American, is fond of traveling incog. Not long ago she and Princess Clementine were run out of a railway compartment near Ostende by a fat woman, who declared she didn't believe "such plain people had first class tickets, anyhow."

Lady Dufferin, in her notes on India, says: The Burmese women are great personages, and play a great part in their households. They choose their own husbands and divorce them when they like, retaining their own property and all they have earned; they are at liberty to marry again, whether as widows or divorcees. Mr. Barnard told me that when the last census came in he thought the number of women who said they could read and write was small, so he made inquiries, and from all parts of the country young ladies replied that they did not like to say they could read, lest young gentlemen, learning the fact, should write to them.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Wisdom at once saith little and saith much.

Obstinacy arises from firmness without learning.

Personal force never goes out of fashion.—Emerson.

A false report does not last long, and the life one leads is always the best apology for that which one has led.—St. Jerome.

Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do.—H. W. Longfellow.

Some people spend so much time lamenting that they do not have their life to live over again that they do not have time to begin living better late in life.

It is not the height to which we have grown in any department of our lives which is the important thing, but the soundness and healthfulness of that growth.

If it is cowardly for the strong to oppress the weak, it is no less mean and base for the weak to impose upon the good nature and generosity of the strong. There can be tyranny in both ways.

"Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide."

That man only has learned to live rightly who takes with a smile the world's praise and blame, and with steady heart and hand goes straight on with the work he has in hand.—Sarah K. Bolton.

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRIAL.

Chicago has 6,000 saloons.

Steel rail exports increase.

San Francisco has 4,500 saloons.

It costs $1,500 to discharge a Krupp gun.

Denver ice wagon drivers get $55 a month.

France's workingmen average 28 cents a day.

Illinois has adopted the weekly payment law.

Washington, D. C., has lumber inspectors.

A machine gums 30,000 envelopes in an hour.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Ex-Senator Spooner has shorn his long and wavy locks.

Chief Justice Lucas, of West Virginia, is four feet in height.

Ex-Governor Richard J. Oglesby, of Illinois, is said to resemble Denman Thompson in appearance.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, designed and directed the building of the house in which he lives at Strafford.

Father Molloy, whose miraculous cures at Troy Hill shrine have made him famous, is said to have accumulated a fortune of $6,000,000.

The Duke of Cambridge, commander in chief of her majesty's army, is known as "Umbrella George." Perhaps this designation arises from a disposition on his part to get in out of the wet on all occasions.

President Harrison and Secretary Noble were not only fast friends and schoolmates when young, but they were rivals for the hand of the same girl. Carrie Scott somehow or other preferred Mr. Harrison.

Frederick H. McGinnis, a well known colored man of Baltimore, has received from Mrs. Jefferson Davis a handsome osage orange wood cane, which is the bequest from the late president of the Confederate States.

Stephen A. Douglas, prosecuting attorney for the city of Chicago, and son of the famous Democrat of that name, never visits Springfield, Ill., without going to the tomb of his father's old political opponent and friend, Abraham Lincoln.

The youngest man to sit in the next Congress will be a Texan named Bailey. He is under 30. When he took the stump in Texas last year the farmers used to go from town to town in their covered wagons and camp out so that they might hear Bailey speak again and again.

"Mother Stewart," of Ohio, the originator of the famous woman's temperance crusade of 15 years ago, has returned from a trip to Europe. Her temperance addresses in Paris are said to have been the first delivered by a woman in that city.

Ex-Secretary Bayard is growing fleshy as he advances in years, and his fine height is now balanced by a fair breadth of body. His face has become set in severe lines and his hair has whitened rapidly since death robbed him of his wife and his favorite daughter.

Cardinal Manning, who has just entered upon his 84th year, observed in a recent note to Mrs. Gladstone: "You know how nearly I have agreed in William's political career, especially in his Irish policy of the last 20 years," and "how few of our old friends and companions now survive."

George Washington's nearest living kin is Mrs. Fanny Washington Finch, of Washington, D. C., a great grandniece of the Father of His Country. She is a tall, majestic woman, and in features resembles the portraits of her distinguished relative. She is the youngest and the only survivor of 12 children.

William Morris, the English poet, artist, and Socialist, affects a singularly shabby and unpicturesque attire. He may be seen on Oxford street, in London, wearing an old black slouch hat, an ancient sackcoat, baggy trousers, and a blue flannel shirt. The necktie is usually missing and sometimes he wears no collar. But his flowing white hair and beard make him an object of interest to every passer by.

WIT OF THE EDITORS.

Consistency is a jewel. It is not fashionable to wear much jewelry.—Dallas News.

Most of the enterprising journals in the country report all hangings as a matter of noose.—Texas Siftings.

When a woman refuses to pocket an insult it isn't always due to the fact that she can't find her pocket.—Rochester Post.

There is a native savagery in every breast that loves to sit in the dry itself and watch those who are caught out in the rain.—Ram's Horn.

"I should think she would put on full mourning for her brother, instead of half mourning, as she does." "He was only her half brother."—Brooklyn Life.

She—So she reached Paris yesterday! How wonderful it is that the news can be sent so safely over the ocean cable through so many miles of salt water. He—Yes; and be so fresh.—Life.

The New York *Herald's* idea of a good wife: The Pastor—Of course you believe that you will go to heaven when you die? The Wife (with resignation)—No, I suppose I will have to go where my husband does."

"Did any man ever kiss you before, darling?" "Before—to-day? No, Edward, you are the first." And the recording angel didn't need to drop a tear to blot out the fib, for he was the first that had kissed her that day.—Buffalo Express.

There was a fire in a store in a small town in New Jersey—or it may have been in Connecticut—and a New York reporter was sent to write it up. He asked a prominent citizen of the place if the fire was the work of an incendiary. "Dunno," said the prominent citizen; "it might be, but my opinion is it was got."—Men's Outfitter.

Woman Dress Reformer—We have worked hard in the great movement to emancipate women from the tyranny of dress, and we are on the eve of a glorious victory. There is only one drop of bitterness in our cup of joy. Friend—What is it? "The fact that the women of the country won't accept our ideas."—New York Tribune.

"He told his son to milk the cows, feed the horses, slop the pigs, hunt the eggs, feed the calves, catch the colt and put him in the stable, cut plenty of wood, split kindlings, stir the milk, put fresh water in the creamery after supper, and to be sure and study his lessons before he went to bed. Then he hurried off to the club to take a leading part in the question, 'How to keep boys on the farm.'"—Covington (Ga.) Enterprise.

World's Fair buildings employ 15,000 hands.

Texas sawmills are embarrassed by over production.

Some New York horse car men get $2 for 16 hours.

Drummers in Brooklyn must wear a license badge.

New York machine woodworkers have the 8 hour day.

A New York jockey has been offered $18,000 for 1892.

Only one person in four in London earns over a $1 a week.

The Order of Railway Conductors has 17,000 members.

A Mystery.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

A bower of roses—The wind.

Hoods Sarsaparilla.
1. Purifies the blood.
2. Creates an appetite.
3. Strengthens the nerves.
4. Makes the weak strong.
5. Overcomes that tired feeling.
6. Cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc.
7. Invigorates the kidneys and liver.
8. Relieves headache, indigestion dyspepsia

Dear little things—Diamonds.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

A faculty divine—The college dean.

The only radical cure for rheumatism is to eliminate from the blood the acid that causes the disease. This is thoroughly effected by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Persist until cured. The process may be slow, but the result is sure.

A summer's evening—Striking a balance.

Every Home Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cts.

There are few things in life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Colds, Coughs and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

The fatal gift of beauty—Killing looks.

Sunshine in the House!

"I'm weary with work!" the good wife sighed;
"But after all," she said,
"It's sweet to labor for those we love—
No wonder that maids will wed."

A wife honors the lightens her toil and gladens the home circle by her cheerfulness. But the health is the first requisite, and her just prerogative. Health follows the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which repairs the ravages caused by those peculiar diseases which afflict womankind. It enriches the blood, cures the cough, increases the flesh, prevents hysteria nervousness and low spirits, and is a veritable fountain of health to women, young and old. Satisfaction, or the price ($1.00) refunded. Of druggist.

Because you feel good, is no reason you are.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Large bottles at all druggists, 50 cents and $1. Sample bottle free.

Every married man is a hero to some bachelor.

How Often.

We see some young man who has squandered his money and ruined his health by excesses, and before 30 years of age is an all broken down and played out man! In all such cases I prescribe nature's tonic and nervine, Sulphur Bitters. They supply food for the brain, strengthen the nerves, and are successful in nine cases out of ten.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, the student of his lore.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: Electric Bitters is the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like as if he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at Rehers Drug store.

The undertaker is a gambler who usually wins the die.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

You can buy a fine 5 kt. diamond for $500, if you have the $500.

A Husband's Mistake.

Husbands too often permit wives, and parents their children, to suffer from headache, dizziness, neuralgia, sleeplessness, fits, nervousness, when by the use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine such serious results could easily be prevented. Druggists everywhere say it gives universal satisfaction, and has an immense sale. Woodworth & Co., of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Snow & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y.; J. C. Wolf, of Hillsdale, Mich., and hundreds of others say "It is the greatest seller they ever knew." It contains no opiates. Trial bottles and fine book on Nervous Diseases, free at Thomas', Lehighton and Blery's, Weissport.

Two Austrian engineers have invented a new explosive which is called ecrasite. Its power, as compared with dynamite is as 100 is to seventy, and it may be carried from place to place with perfect safety.

Electric light or power is now used in forty American mines, and with such success that a rapid extension of electric mining is anticipated.

Steam pipes have been made in England from the ramie fibre. This material is subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure.

Cork covering for steam pipes has proved very successful in England, and in some cases it has been found to make a difference of 100 to 124 degrees from the temperature of uncovered pipes.

The big clock in the tower of Philadadelphia's new city Hall is to be wound by a steam engine.

News consists of events that are either very usual or very unusual.

The devil is not much afraid of the man who is not as religious in business as he is in prayer meeting.

The man who leads a double life can not be expected to be single in purpose

When it comes to a question of society, the best is not always the cheapest

A fact is as difficult to change as for a bigot to be conscious that he is one.

It takes two to make a quarrel, but it lies in the power of one to prevent it.

News is anything that the general public ought to know.

A contented wife is apt to have a contented husband.

A man can effect more with tears in his eyes than tears in his coat.

Politeness has been compared with an air-cushion, although there is apparently nothing in it, it eases our jolts wonderfully.