SYMPATHY.

Friend, art thou drowning? So am L Hold by my hand. Nearer is my vala help, than help From yonder land.

Friend, art thou starving? So, too, L. Therefore, I come To thee-not to thee overfed-

To ask a crumb. Friend, hast thou nothing? Less have L Yct, beggared ones

Give more to these who beg than e'er Earth's richest sons. --Grace Denio Litchfield in The Independent.

END OF A JOURNEY.

The Houghton landau drew up at the station and Louise alighted with her friend, Sybil Travers. The latter young lady, clad in a gray Mother Hubbard, and wearing a pretty poke bonnet piled high with ostrich feathers. was the very picture of elegance. Louise was a little, insignificant thing, and she appeared less attractive than ever as she made her way to the waiting room alongside of her dis tinguished looking friend.

"It is too absurd, Sybil," she said as they sat together in a remote corner, enjoying a last confidential chat before Miss Travers left for the west. "The idea of your posting off to Sau Francisco all alone, simply because a harmless youth promises to come this way, and to act as your escort!"

"It is only three weeks earlier than I meant to go, anyhow," said Sybil, stoutly. "You know why I prefer to go alone, Louise. You see Uncle Jerry has made up his mind that propinquity is the only thing necessary to make Mr. Valleau and myself fall madly in love with each other. He fancies that a trin across the continent is especially well calculated to bring about that much desired result. But I don't see it that way. I know very well that I should hate Mr. Valleau from the outset. I should feel bound to do it just for contrariety. So, you see, I prefer to go home a few weeks earlier, and to go alone; for if I do wait for Mr. Valleau, as Uncle Jerry wished me to, and if I failed to fall in love with him, you know very well that it would be impossible for me to explain the phenome non satisfactorily. As it is, I can smooth matters over easily."

"How far sighted you are, Sybil," Louise said, laughing, "Mr. Valleau will be terribly disappointed though, I fear. But there's your train, dear. Good-by. Write to me as soon as you arrive."

Then followed considerable girlish demonstration, which provoked a smile on the lips of a nonchalant young traveler who reclined at his ease before one of the windows of a parlor car, and who had been watching Louise and Sybil with interest.

"A very handsome girl, by Jove!" was his mental comment as Sybil took her seat just behind him, and the mirror at the end of the car enabled him to command a full view of her face. "I wonder how far she is going."

There were no means of ascertaining just then, but when the conductor came through the car, and the young man presented his ticket, to which was attached a long string of coupons running all the way from New York to San Francisco, he noted with satisfaction that Sybil had one like it.

"A through passenger," he observed. "I wonder who she is! Traveling alone, too, but evidently a lady. She must be a Californian, but she looks like a New Yorker," etc.

The young man's fancy ran riot, and all the while he kept his eyes fixed on the mirror in which was reflected Sybil's lovely face, with its rich, warm coloring and its beautiful" frame of rippling hair. Very often their eyes met, as was only natural; but Sybil had wonderful composure for so young a girl, and the look of serenity she continued to wear rather chagrined the handsome stranger, who had entertained a hope, innocent enough in its nature, that the long ride over the plains might be enlivened with piquant flirtation.

"Pallas Athene," he said, regretfully. "Beautiful, but susceptible of no passion that is not animated by reason."

HER HOSPITALITY.

"Oh, yes, sir," said she, promptly. "My father was a doctor. I am used to such

The wound was shortly dressed, but it wa a whole day before the young stranger awoke from the stupor occasioned by his fall, and then it was only to pass into a state of deliriu

"Will you hold these bandages, miss!" he asked, kindly. "Do you understand how to

do it?

work."

"Do you know who he is!" the doctor asked Sybil, who had been installed by common consent as the sick man's nurse.

"This dropped out of his pocket," she re-plied handing him a business card. "I think that is his name, as his baggage is marked with those initials.

The doctor read: "Robert Vincent & Co., sion merchants, New York." "He had a narrow escape," he observed, handing the card back to Sybil. "A little more force would have crushed his skull like a nutshell."

A new interest suddenly awakened for Sybil.

"I wonder what Louise will say when she hears that I have been 'playing nurse?' she pondered the day following the assumption of her new duties. "Poor fellow! I'm sorry for him."

At Cheyenne, bappily for the sick man, the train was delayed two days by a landslide. During the interval of quiet and rest the doctor succeeded in breaking his fever, and on the fourth day after the accident Mr. Vincent opened his eyes in weak astonishment, as his returning consciousness discerned in his faithful attendant the handsome young lady with whom he had tried so assiduously to flirt.

He felt too weak from the shock and from the loss of blood to ask any questions, but Sybil divined his wonder and she explained to him the details of his accident, with a gentle grace as charming as her former reserve had been admirable.

Nothing could have been prettier than Sybil's devotion to the unfortunate stranger, and the other passengers seemed to appreciate it, for they held aloof and were content with being merely spectators. She waited on him with persevering devotion. It was Sybil's way to do that. She read to him, or, when he wished it, talked to him. The presence of an invalid seemed to infuse a home feeling into the life aboard the train, and when the week's journey was protracted by various obstacles to ten days no one complained.

Before they reached San Francisco Mr. Vincent was able to sit up. It would take some time for the wound to heal, but he had recovered pretty well from the shock. In the opinion of some of the passengers he was not altogether anxious for immediate convalesence, which was hardly to be wondered at; and really I think Sybil felt a twinge of regret as she sat the last evening beside Mr. Vincent's couch and listened to a party of gentlemen warbling a Swiss air out on the front platform. It was twilight, and the porter had not yet come in to light the

"Don't you think, Miss Sybil," Mr. Vin cent said in a low voice, "that some acquaint-ances ripen very much faster than others? I feel as though I had known you for years, yet I cannot tell what your last name is. The doctor calls you just Miss Sybil."

"I thought you knew," she said, simply, ignoring his first question, which had sent a strange thrill to her heart. "My name is Travers."

"What?" he almost shouted. "What did you savi" "Travers," she repeated, looking at him

surprised. He sank back on the cushions helplessly,

and turning his face toward her, he murmured: "Kismet!"

"Do you know," he continued, after a pause which Sybil felt to be pregnant with meaning-"do you know that we have been as badly mixed up as to our identities as the people in a play. I had no idea you were Miss

in surpris "I ought to," he replied, with an odd smile. "I am-Sybil, do you ever forgive people who practice little deceits upon you?" The familiar manner of this address did not offend her, strange to say. "That depends," she said softly. "What would you say if I were to tell you that my name wasn't Vincent at all?" He had contrived to get hold of her hand, and he felt it flutter slightly, but she made no "I do not know what led you to believe that my name was Vincent. At first I could not correct the impression, and, when I was able, I didn't care to, for I was so pleased with our relation that I feared to do anything that might jar upon it. It is all the worse for me now, for I fear this deceit may have prejudiced you. I am your uncle's friend, Sybil. I am Royal Valleau!"

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE IN A ROCKY

MOUNTAIN CABIN.

How a Believer in "Rude but Genuine Hospitality" Met with a Surprise-A Tall, Grim Faced Woman at the Back Door.

"These mountaineers are the most hospitable people on earth. It is a rude but genuine hospitality. They would share their last loaf with a stranger within their gates. The latch string hangs out for all."

We were riding down a steep Rocky Moun-tain trail, my friend Clate and I, when Clate made the remarks quoted. He was an enthuslast over the noble traits of the honest miner and mountaineer. Certain experiences of my own had made me skeptical on the subject. At the base of the mountain stood a little log cabin.

"Now," said Clate, "I'll prove my theory. It's past dinner time and we're both hungry as wolves. I'll wager anything you like that we'll get a good square meal at that cabin free of charge."

Five minutes later we stood before the closed door of the cabin. "Hello!" roared Clate.

There was no reply.

"Hello, I say!"

This time Clate rapped loudly on the door. There being no response he lifted the latch, when the door swung open showing no one within, although the cabin was evidently be ing occupied.

"All right!" cried Clate, cheerily. "Come on in, Ned, and we'll forage 'round and see what we can find in the commissary. The folks won't care. They've left the door open on purpose for wayfarers like us to stop in and help themselves. It's just like them. It's your westerner who knows what true hospitality is."

Clate "foraged around" for some time, but all he could find was a piece of dry salt pork and a few potatoes.

A SUDDEN SURPRISE. "We'll help ourselves to what there is," said Clate, cheerily. "You build a fire, Ned. We're welcome to what we've found, I'll bet on that, for"____'

He stopped. A tail, lank, grim visaged woman, with a leathern looking face, sud-denly appeared at a back door. She saw Clate, and yelled out:

"Drop them taters!" "Why, madam, I-I"-

"You drop them taters!" "We are strangers, you see, madam,

and"-"Drop 'em."

A short gun hung on the wall. She snatched it down, brought it to her shoulder with a

jerk and said: "Drop them taters too quick."

Clate dropped them. "Drop that pork."

Clate dropped it. "Now you fellers git."

I had already got, but Clate, abashed and rebuked though he was, lingered until the shotgun was again pointed toward him and the woman said:

"Clear yourself! I'll learn you how to walk into a body's house and help yourself to one's vittles. That bacon and them taters ain't to be bought for love nor money, let alone et up by you uns fer nothin'. Now you light out!" We "lit out," hungry and crestfallen, and Clate has been dumb ever since on the subject of western hospitality.—Zenas Dane in Detroit Free Press.

Civilization's Opposite Poles.

Extremes meet. While the toilers are in battle array for a bare living, the world which lives among, and by the trade in, pure luxuries is enjoying the liveliest season even known in America. All the picture exhibi-tions and sales thus far have done better than ever before in the history of the country. Collectors are now preparing to disburse at

SCENERY IN COLORADO.

Rocky Heights, Treeless Mountains and

Adobe Settlements-A Zuni Village. There is no occasion to describe in datail the scenery along a route which is traveled by hundreds daily, and which has often been portrayed by abler pens than mine. It was all very new and strange to our eastern eyes. In Colorado we saw a rocky height surmounted by a great castle, at least this illusion seemed almost perfect. Climbing Raton pass was like visiting another planet, all was so novel. Then followed in swift succession strange looking, treeless mountains, Mexican settlements with their adobe houses, as we descended into wide grassy plains called "vegas." At the point where the road passes near the Arkansas river the cattle seem innumerable. Vast herds were cropping the "bunch grass" on every side until the animals became mere dots in the distance. The genuine cowboy was to be seen at the stations and his revolver was conspicu-

Far to the right we caught glimpses of Pike's Peak, and further on still was a vast range of snowy mountains, which in the distance gave a vivid impression of a marble Again, the marvelous volcanic formacity. tions of rock, red as blood, would approach near our line of travel. In a sheer precipice of great height, stretching beyond the range of vision, we saw the Palisades of the Hudson; then an enormous fort with its bastions would appear; next a brick warehouse that might shelter the merchandise of a state. At one time we all exclaimed at the illusion of a grand cathedral, with its Gothic entrance and buttressed walls.

My chief regret was that we had to pass in the night so much that was as unfamiliar as if it belonged to another planet. The desire to leave the train at some points and examine at leisure various objects of interest was almost irresistible. It was fairly exasperating to be whirled by a Zuni Indian village, for the wish to see one's self the strange homes and stranger life within them was strong in deed. Canyon Diablo has been well termed "that hideous crack in the face of the world. It is a thing to come back to one again in a nightmare. Indeed for a long time the whole visage of nature had borne the imprint of spent, yet flery, passion, the terrible traces of which kindly time can never remove. It was pleasant, indeed, after leaving the infernal oking canyon far behind to enter the fine forests near Flagstaff, to see the young moon creating the familiar lights and shadows upon the snow, and, above all, to catch the home gleam from cottage windows. -E. P. Roe in Inter Ocean,

He Struck It Rich.

A miner in Leadville, Colo., who can neither read nor write, is worth to-day at least \$3,000,000. Four years ago he hadn't a penny, except what he earned from day to day as a miner. His name is John L. Mor-rissey. He is about 32 years old. The Crown Point mine, like Tom Bowen's Golconda, was just about paying expenses. Her owners of-fered to sell her for \$40,000. Morrissey went to Chicago and interested Diamond Joe Reynolds in the matter. Reynolds knew that Morrissey was an authority on mining, even if he couldn't write his name. He finally purchased the Crown Point, agreeing to give Morrissey half interest after the original sum was repaid. Within thirty days they struck a vein of first class ore that has yielded them a monthly income of \$18,000 apiece. There is said to be \$5,000,000 worth of ore in sight. Detroit Free Press.

Lincoln and the Londoner.

A witty retort sometimes answers quite as well as a long argument. There are some things not easy to explain, and no better answer could have been made to the Englishman criticising our social customs than that made by Mr. Lincoln:

"You see, sir, there is a tremendous diffe ence between the English customs and the American, For example, no gentleman in England," remarked the Londoner, "would ever think of blacking his own boots, don't

WEBSTER'S SPELLER.

EVOLUTION OF THE ONCE POPU-LAR "SPELLING BOOK."

Noah Webster's Great and Successful Enterprise-The Fortune's of a Connecticut School Teacher's Work-The Famous "Select Fables."

One of the books much in vogue in the colonies, Thomas Dilworth's "New Guide to the English Tongue," and when first published, about 1740, it was probably a great improvement on its predecessors, for it had a great run in both countries. To-day, in glancing through it, it seems nearly worth less; and this opinion of it began to take sitape towards the end of the Revolution, when Joel Barlow probably only expressed public sentiment in complaining that "lads once lugged into it when young are afraid of all kinds of grammar all their days after." At this time Noah Webster, fresh from Yale college, was presented with an \$3 bill of Continental currency (worth about half that sum in specie) by his father, and told that he must strike out for himself. To a Connecticut col lege bred lad this was equivalent to saying, Teach a school," and teach he did, first in Hartford and then in Goshen, N. Y., and from practical experience became convinced of the worthlessness of Dilworth. To a native bred Yankee an error is some-

thing to be corrected, and a poor piece of work something that needs improving. Webster set himself to the task of reforming the "New Guide"-a work of no mean proportion with the lack of philological knowledge in this country at that time-and after two years of hard study completed his revision, when he traveled through the states, endeavoring to obtain copyright laws in order to protect his work. Returning to Hartford with partial success, he next sought a publisher, but of course without success, so, with the aid of a loan from Joel Barlow, he was driven to the necessity of taking the whole risk upon his own shoulders; and Hudson & Goodwin, printers in Hartford, printed in 1784 5.000 copies taking from the authors. BIG BARGAINS. 1784 5,000 copies, taking from the author a bond to make good any deficiencies there might be.

Webster had originally intended to call his book "The American Instructor," but by the advice of Dr. Ezra Stiles, president of Yale college, the title was changed to "A Grammatical Institute of the English Language," and nothing proves the real merit of the work so strongly as the fact that for twenty years it bore that title, and yet lived, though at the end of that period the name became "The American Spelling Book," and still later, in a revised form, "The Elementary Spelling Book." The book proved a great success; edition after edition was called for, and sup-planted nearly every book of its kind published in this country.

It was the custom then for authors to sell to the printers the right to print editions for a certain number of years, and accordingly Webster sold his privilege to printers in Boston, Hartford, Albany, New York and Phila delphia, for transportation was then so diffi cult that none of these printers could interfere with each other's sales. The copyright was soon of great value; in 1785 the book was selling at the rate of 500 a week, and in 1790 the sales in a single state were 20,000. For years the author lived on the proceeds from the speller, while many publishers were coin-ing money out of it. In 1817, when the work was revised, one printer gave him \$3,009 a year for his term of copyright, and another \$40,000 for the privilege of printing editions for fourteen years. By 1818, 5,000,000 copies had been sold, and by 1847, 24,000,000, or an average rate of nearly 400,000 copies a year, and from this time on it is safe to estimate the sales at a million copies annually.

Each printer varied his editions in particulars to please his own fancy. The Philadel phia printer "embellished" his with a portrait of the "Father of his Country," and Mr. Thomas, the great New England printer, not to be outdone, ornamented his with a vile wood cut of what purported to be "Noah Webster, Jr., Esq." This wood engraving and the absurd title of the book were made for want of a better the points of attack by those at ennity with him. "Mr. Grammatical Institute," "Mr. Institutional Genius," "Mr. "Squire, Jr.," were some of the names applied to him, and William Cobbett went so far as to draw up a mock will, in which he bequeathed him six "Spanish milled dollars, to be expended on a new plate of his portrait at the head of his spelling book, that which graces it at present being so ugly that it scares the children from their lessons; 'but this legacy is to be paid him only on condition that he leaves out the title of "Squire' at the bottom of said picture, which is extremely odious in an American school book, and must inevitably tend to corrupt the political principles of the republican babies that behold To all who studied the speller, the part that probably made the greatest impression was the "Select Fables." These were an afterthought of the author, for they do not appear in the earliest editions. How many have car ried along, in after life, the moral lessons taught by "The Country Maid and Her Milk Pail," "The Fox and the Swallow," "The Cat measured all over, then you go to try on the and the Rat," "The Fox and the Bramble," and many other equally sharp examples of evil doing, which were probably quite as efficacious on the ethics as the corrections in pronunciation were on the language of the children. The spelling book slowly underwent alteraations. The printers discovered very soon that the title was clumsy, and changed it to "The American Spelling Book." The author was constantly simplifying and improving, for although soon occupied in his dictionary. yet he always seemed to feel an especial interest in his first venture, and well he might, for almost his whole support was derived from the book. Others copied his ideas, hoping to obtain a share of the profits, and as the century advanced the book was slowly driven out of New England, the land of its birth, by the improvements in school books, yet the sales increased steadily, and it found 60 years, and to grow meaner and uglier refuge in the south and west, and even trav-every year of his life,-Detroit F as Press, elect to England. In a revised form it belied to educate the Confederate youth during the rebellion, and to-day it can still be found in schools here and there throughout the country.

Great Reduction

>IN {

PRICES!!

I am now Prepared to Give

DRY GOODS.

Dress Goods from 5c to \$2 per yard.

NCTIONS.

Hose from 3c to \$1 per p ir



1859-1887.

Such a conclusion might have been rather hasty, but it appears that this aggressive young man in an ulster and traveling cap made some pretense toward being a reader of character Meanwhile, Sybil, constitutionally opposed

to "ogling," as all sensible, womanly girls are, formed a pretty severe opinion of the stranger who took such a mean advantage of the power of reflection. But she scorned to change her seat. Her policy was one of complete oblivion, and settling herself comforta-bly, she soon forgot all about the handsome pair of brown eyes so deliberately fixed on the telltale mirror.

The other passengers were pretty well ac-quainted by the time they reached Chicago, but Sybil, naturally reserved, and becom more so through the protective instinct which prompted her to make few friends when traveling alone, had not joined the little coterie which soon establishes itself in every westward bound train. Her neighbor had been baffled in several attempts to make her acquaintance, but difficulty only fired his determination.

Sby's something new in the feminine line, by Jove she is!" he remarked, when one of his deepest laid schemes had been overthrown by Sybil's courteous but unapproachable

lignity. It appears that this handsome stranger had been a "ladies' man for many a day." He was of a peculiar temperament. When he made up his mind to anything he usually accomplished it, and in accomplishing it was quite willing to relinquish all subordinate in-terests. He, too, held himself aloof from his fellow passengers, and so it was that when they reached Council Bluffs not a soul was on board the train who could have told who the lady and gentleman were that traveled alone and were so very exclusive.

Any one who has made a transcontinental trip will appreciate the desire to take a turn on terra firma that seized Sybil'z peculiar vis-a-vis when he reached Council Bluffs. He was a lithe, athletic fellow, and during the hour and a half that the train halted he made a pedestrian tour into the surrounding country. Unfortunately he prolonged his walk beyond a desirable limit, and when he reached the station again the train had already begun to move slowly. Many a time he had boarded the train when it was going much more rapidly, and, with a moment's hesitation, he ran for the rear platform of his car, making a

spring and catching at the iron railing. As often happens, he had not calculated on the full speed of the train. He missed the step and fell backward, striking his head on the platform, and only escaping a terrible fracture by the presence of a pile of empty mail bags, which broke his fall.

The train stopped and the injured man was taken aboard. He was wholly interestible, and the blood gushed freely from the wound in his head. A skillful surgeon who happened to be among the passengers was summoned at once, and, having seen the young man made comfortable in a sleeping car, he examin d the contusion.

"Will some one please help me with these bandages?" the doctor asked. "No, thanks," he added as a gentleman offered his services.

He glanced around the car and his eyes fell on Sybil's calm face, on the slim white hands that looked so deft and agile, and he noted the composure with which she bore berself, while the rest of the ladies were nearly all in a semi-hysterical state.

It was her turn to start in astonishment. She snatched her hand away from him, but he secured it again.

"Don't!" he pleaded in a low tone. "Forgive me! You have made me love you and you must not be so cruel. You will at least

forget that I have deceived you at all?" Sybil gave no spoken reply, but her hand was still clasped in his, and before the porter lit the lamps she suffered him to carry it to

his lips. This story was detailed in letter to Miss Louise Houghton the following week with the appended comm

And just think of it, Louise! I have actually engaged myself to him. I meant to hate him so, tool Uncle Jerry is delighted, of course. For myself, I can only say that I am perfectly happy, and leave the rest to your imagination. Wasn't it funny, though! He left New York three weeks before he had intended to, because he didn't want to be bothered with looking after me; and I ran away from him in the most unceremonious style. Yet we both got on the same train after all. It is quite like a romance, isn't it, dear? But I must close, as Roy is begging me to hurry and finish. I will write you more again. Your loving friend, SYBIL.

-Chicago Tribune.

General Lee's Hen.

In Long's life of Lee an interesting story of a hen is told. A few chickens were once presented to the general. In the lot was a laying hen whose life was spared. The hen accor panied the army to Gettysburg, riding in the baggage wagon, and after that battle was with the Confederates for nearly a year. At last the hen grew fat and lazy, and one day the steward, finding his supplies very low and knowing that the general expected a distin-guished guest at dinner, killed the hen and she was served up on the altar of hospitality. Gen. Lee was surprised to see so fine a fowl set before him, but he little dreamed that his pet hen had been slaughtered. When the hen was missed, however, the steward had to confess that he had been placed in a position like unto that of the boy who had to capture the ground hog. There was company for dinner and no meat.-Chicago Herald.

A Novel Testimonial.

Abraham Fultz, the discoverer of the Fultz wheat, is living in the Juniata valley, near Allensville, Pa. It's is proposed that every farmer who is now raising that wheat should give him the value of one bushel, as he has sever received a cent for his discovery .-Chicago Times.

least \$2,000,000 at the auctions of the Stew arts, the Graves, the Probasco and other pictures. A dealer in antiques told me recently that at a recent sale of part of his stock he cleared over \$30,000 by the least valuable part of it and still has its real treesures on hand. Architects whom I know say that they never had so many orders for fine residences, nor at such prices; and the great decorating firms are all busy embellishing our rich men's palaces as they never yet have been embellished.--New York News.

Talk About "Soft Snaps."

Steve Rowan, the big policeman who twirls a club along Madison street, was talking about soft snaps the other night. "When I first came to town," he said, "I got a job breaking the ice around a big water main they were laying along Sixteenth street and under the river to the west side. It was a bitter cold winter and I suffered terribly. I kept the main clear of ice, however, and when spring came it found me still sitting around that old pipe. I expected my dis-charge every day, but as it did not come I began to realize the fact that I was in full possession of the snap. Very little ice formed around the main during the months of June, July and August, and I had plenty of time to go to horse races and base ball games. That snap ran along until October, and I never missed a week's pay in all that time. Talk about soft snaps. There is one with a blue ribbon tied around it."--Chicago Herald.

Intoxication Among Animals,

"The philosophers," says Houzeau. "that as-sert that monkeys that have once used intoxicating liquors to excess will not touch them again are more desirous of giving us a lesson in morals than holding to the exact truth. The majority of tame monkeys are fond of wine and spirits. They help themselves when they can. They enjoy getting drunk, and some of them become such sots that they refuse to reform in spite of the most severe punishment. Besides, their intoxication removements uncertain."

Moreover, this identity of the effects of intoxication descends unuch lower in the animal kingdom. Donkeys have been seen dead drunk. Horses get drunk: and if, as a gen eral thing, dogs refuse wine, some of them are addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages when well sweetened and sufficiently diluted. -Henry Howerd in The Cosmopolitan.

His Fads Were Clocks and Shoes.

Speaking of eccentric characters, a gentleman the other day recailed the idiosyncrasics of the late Sylvester Bonnaffon, who live.] over what is now Madden's saloon. He died some years ago. He was a most cccentric but very methodical man. He was a devoted lover of horseflesh and always kept a fine team, in which he drove out every day for perhaps twenty years, never varying as to route or time. Ills action in taking his daily drivo was as regular as a special train, and he arrived at particular points as punctua? as though "on time" according to schedule. He invariably drove out Walnut street to Ninth, up Ninth to Ridge avenue, along Fidge ave-nue up Broad. Ho carried a clock to time himself and returned to the stable at 5 p. m. After his death 125 pairs of shoes were found in his room and thirty-nine clocks .--- Philadelphin News.

you know." "Wouldn't he?" inquired Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully. "Why, whose would he black?"-Youth's Companion.

Chinese in California.

Even now, when much of this old lawless element has been cleared out, the Chinese here cannot be taken as fair types of their race any more than the wretched Hungarians and Italians landed under contract at Castle Garden can be said to represent the people of Kossuth and Mazzini. They are the scum of the nation, because emigration is something that the well born Chinese looks upon in the same light as the Irishman of good family. It means expatriation, and among people like the Chinese, who make veneration for ancestors a part of their religion, it is resorted to only when the old country denies them safety or support.-George H. Fitch in the Cosmopolitan.

Don't Try on Clothes.

"I have quit trying on clothes at my tailor's," spoke most decidedly a gentleman of fashion. "It's time lost. The best way is to try on the suit after it is finished, then whatever alterations ought to be made can be made to a certainty. As it is now you are suit while it is basted, but ten chances to one when it is made up it doesn't fit any better than if you had never lost your time trying Tell your tailor you wan't try on your it on. suit, and my word for it you'll be the gainer." -Philadelphia Call.

The Alligator.

The alligator feeds on fish and flesh of every sort, and it is not on record that he has any particular choice. When nothing else comes handy he will swallow pine knots and log chains to fill the aching void in his stomach. He is a sort of half and half reptile, spending his time on either land or water, according to the number of darkies who have got a day off to go fishing. There are said to bo several cures for the bite of an alligator, sembles precisely that of man: their legs are badly controlled, their tongue is thick and its but no one has ever yet had a chance to try any of them. He is supposed to live for 50 or

Oak Has Disadvantages.

Said the observant builder: "I notice that the oaken wood work in the Buffalo library is suffering from the heat to which it is subjected. The oak panels in the postoflice building show the same effects, though not as remarkably as the library. Oak makes an elegant finish, but it is hard wood to season and takes years in the process .-- Buffalo Express.

Morses Wanted in England.

Englishmen declare that their country is absolutely unable to snipply the number of middle class horses that would be required in case of a war, and the question as to the means of supplying the possible demand is being agitated. The exportation of horses has been forbidden from continental countries which have anything to spare, and it is demanded that immediate steps be taken to proare 20,000 head, if necessary, to be procured from Amorica --- Chicago Tribune.

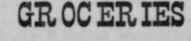
A tiny boat with two men in it, is making the voyage from the Cape of Good Hope to

Co-operation in a College.

The faculty of Princeton college have agreed upon a plan to admit students to a share in the control of the college. Under the plan, a committee consisting of twelve undergraduates-eix seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one fresh-man-will be elected by the students for triendly conference with the faculty, who, it is believed, will thus be enabled to administer the discipline of the college with greater ease and justice to all concerned .-- Frank Leslie's

The Cowardly Walras.

Mr. Elliott denies the courage and ferecity ommonly attributed to the huge, hideons monster known as the walrus. It is, on the contrary, abjectly timid, and so covered with a wrinkled, warty, pimply hide as to recall degraded human "bloats." Its enormous ivory tasks are used only in digging clams, and are very loosely planted in their osseous socialis :



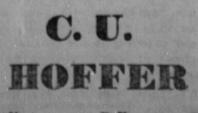
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