

There is a movement in the direction of woman's suffrage in France.

About \$200,000,000 worth of registered United States bonds are held by private individuals.

In order to protect an invention all over the world no less than sixty-four patents are required at a cost of about \$17,500.

The railway mileage of Europe, Asia and Africa now aggregates 159,855 miles. The railways of the United States reach 168,597 miles.

New Zealand is bent on preserving her remarkable wild birds and other animals, and has set apart two islands on which all hunting and trapping is forbidden.

Scarcely a stream issues from the lower slopes of the Andes, either to the Amazon on the east or the Pacific on the west, the sands of which are not auriferous. The amount of gold in the country must be almost fabulous.

Thomas Godbepraised, of England, after the rush and excitement of the World's Fair, sought rest, appropriately enough, observes the St. Louis Republic, in Philadelphia. But one of the live reporters of that city found him out and wrote him up. Of course his name goes back to Round-head days.

A widower's association has been formed in Dresden, Germany. No man can join unless his wife is dead, and if he marries again he becomes an honorary member merely. One of the chief purposes of the association is to help newly-made widowers by looking after their wives' funerals and caring for their children.

Samory, the great Mohammedan chief of interior Africa, is about the last semi-savage of the dark country to yield to civilization and the force of arms. The French have been gradually driving them into closer quarters and now the British are conducting raids against his warriors. Samory is the greatest bandit king in the world.

Metropolitan fashions have long prevailed throughout the country. In no one thing is this more plainly apparent than in the uniforms of policemen. In the smaller cities, and even in small towns, the policeman nowadays wears a uniform like that of his city brother. He may not have the city brother's repose of manner and cool jauntiness of bearing, but his clothes are strictly up to date.

The railway companies of the United States have no reasonable cause, asserts the New York News, to complain of their business for the fiscal year. Including all the bankrupt and non-paying lines the aggregate net earnings were more than three hundred and fifty million dollars. This is equivalent to about three and one-half per cent. of the capitalization, a very good rate of interest in view of the fact that the roads are generally capitalized at from two to five times their actual cost.

It is estimated that there are 10,000 books of poetry in the National Library at Washington. The rules of the library require the keeping of every copyrighted book, so that the collection must include an enormous amount of trash. The San Francisco Chronicle believes it is safe to say that nine-tenths of this verse represents work which no publisher would issue without advance payment of cost, and which is absolutely worthless. There ought to be some provision for weeding out this trash, which is not worth shelf room.

It illustrates the need of a Pacific cable that the news of the two most important events in the Hawaiian episode passed between Washington and Honolulu only after traveling backward round the globe some 21,000 miles in order to compass a direct distance of some 5000 miles. The news of the decision of President Cleveland to attempt the restoration of the Queen reached Hawaii first by steamer from New Zealand, having traveled by telegraph under the North Atlantic and through the whole of Europe, Asia, and Australia to reach the port from which the steamer sailed. Similarly, the first news that the Provisional Government refused to accede to the President's demands reached Washington by steamer from Honolulu to New Zealand, and thence by telegraph back over the same round-about route. A cable 2500 miles long, from Honolulu to San Francisco, would have saved 21,000 miles of telegraphic and steamship travel, and about two weeks of time in each instance.

Only about four per cent. of the sea-going vessels constructed at the present time are of wood.

The development of college sports is indicated, thinks the Chicago Herald, by the fact that Harvard now has a salaried manager.

In Canada positions in the Civil Service are obtainable after examination and are held during good behavior, which, as a rule, means life.

In Japan a man can live like a gentleman for about \$250 a year. This sum will pay the rent of a house, the salaries of two servants and supply plenty of food.

The Hungarian Government has recently passed a law providing for the payment of indemnities to prisoners innocently condemned to penal servitude, and to their families in cases where such prisoners have been found to have suffered capital punishment.

The Argentine Republic is rapidly becoming a prominent competitor in the business of supplying grain to the European markets. Shipowners of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are taking advantage of the trade and finding employment for their vessels at remunerative rates between the River Plate and Old World ports.

The low price of wheat this year is due, maintains the New York Witness, to the fact that a very large surplus was held over from the big crops of the past two years. The farmers of the world are producing more wheat than the people of the world can buy, though not more than could be consumed if all the people who need it were able to pay for it.

A curious lawsuit has just been concluded at Brussels. A widow named Moens died intestate, leaving a large fortune. A dispute at once began among her relatives and a lawsuit to settle the various claims was instituted. At the trial it was proved that no fewer than 3500 persons were related to the testatrix. Judgment has been pronounced in their favor—that is, in favor of relatives, even twelve degrees removed.

The reclamation of the arid wastes of southwestern desert lands proceeds marvelously apace. Another reclamation company was incorporated at San Bernardino, Cal., a few days ago, with a capital stock of \$2,500,000. A dam is to be erected at Victor Narrows, on the Mojave River, in San Bernardino County, fifteen feet in height, which will make a lake nine miles long and about three wide, whose waters will be used to irrigate about 200,000 acres of land on the Mojave Desert, which will then be especially adapted for growing raisin grapes and alfalfa.

According to the Soviet, a St. Petersburg paper, Russia, unlike other European countries, incorporates in the army only one-fourth of the young men who are drafted every year when they reach the legal age for military service. The recruiting in 1892 enlisted 768,672 conscripts, but only 260,290 were actually sent into the ranks. Of these 196,000 were Orthodox, 16,000 Israelites and 9000 Mohammedans; the Russian army is therefore composed of men belonging to the National religion. There were also in the contingent called to service in 1892 193,000 men of pure Russian origin, 17,000 Poles, 4000 Germans, 16,000 Jews, 3689 Bashkires, and a small number of Lithuanians, Tartars, etc., so that the Russian army can be considered as being quite homogeneous in regard to its nationality.

Every little while the police arrest a man with a kit of burglars' tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable citizen would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked-looking knife ever made; but who would know where to get a slung-shot, or a jimmy, or a device for drilling into a safe, or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling? There probably are places in many large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are scarce. Once in a while the police find such a factory, and then things go hard for the proprietors. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are looked upon as respectable men in the community. When a burglar wants any particular tool made he goes to a mechanic who can do the job, and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping still about it.

HOW-DE-DO.

Say "how-de-do," an' say "goodby." Meet an' shake, an' then pass by: Ain't much difference twixt the two. Say "goodby" or "how-de-do." "How-de-do," with chilly heart, Ain't much difference, meet or part; Jes' a look, an' jes' a bow. Sometimes only jes' a "how," Ain't much difference which they say, "How-de-do" or t'other way.

Meet a friend—yer grasp his hand, An' jes' stand, an' stand, an' stand—G'd yer met an' hate ter part, Kinda trembly in the heart. Neighbor: Fred on "Moody Hill," He was "To-a" an' you was "Bill," Kinder stop an' look an' say "How-de-do?" an' then "good day!"

Been away from home a spell, Swing the gate back, stand, an' well, Kinder don't know what ter do, Heart thumps like 'twas bustin' through. Said "goodby" a year afore—Said "goodby," but "how-de-do," Seems the strangest o' the two. Brace right up an' wait right in, Shake the tremble from yer chin, Betsy's waitin' there for you, Wait right in with—"How-de-do?" —The Housekeeper.

THAT DOG JAGS.

BY EDNA C. JACKSON.



Jags looked up imploringly as a stick flew far into the water. He was willing enough, heaven knows! But when one has had only one fly to eat for twenty-four hours, and had just dragged a heavy squirming body from the water, he may be pardoned for feeling trembly and averse to unnecessary exertion.

"Git it!" snarled his master. There was a kick in the eye, Jags went meekly out into the turbid water and came trembling all over to lay the stick beside the tyrant. Again it flew out, farther than before. This time Jags was almost swept down the river.

"Let up!" said Blinks's companion; "the dawg's nigh croaked."

"Lazy, cuss 'im!" drawled Jags's energetic owner. Jags gave a whine of almost human entreaty when the stick was thrown again, but tottered away to almost certain death.

Amicable relations are easily disturbed in Rat Row. Big Andy caught Blinks by that part of his garment where the collar should have been and shook him into a stupor of protest.

"Blame yer mizzable hide!" he shouted furiously. "Call 'im back or I'll fling ye in arter 'im!"

Blinks fell limply to the ground and obeyed. But Jags had already turned to defend his master and bounded back with a growl at his assailant.

"Cussed if the dawg wouldn't fight fer ye now, ye sneakin' hound!" muttered Big Andy with an admiring grin at Jags. He went into his own nest in the tenement house and flung Jags a bone.

"Hyar, dawg! Put that down yer neck!"

Jags snatched it with the fervor of starvation, but his master was filled with a sudden spite against the innocent cause of his shaking, and, looking to see that Big Andy was at a safe distance, he called:

"Hyar, ye imp!"

The dog came, clinging desperately to the precious food.

"Drop it!"

The poor animal obeyed, eyeing it wistfully the while.

"Now, come git it!"

Jags bounded joyfully forward to meet a kick that made him howl. Repeating this amusing performance until he was weary, the human brute finally threw the bone into the river. Jags started weakly after it, but obeyed with something like tears in his one pathetic eye when commanded to lie down.

Well, he had been hungry before, and if his master willed this, he must know best.

It has been seen, long before this, that Jags was an ideal Christian.

Hours after this even Rat Row was wrapped in slumber—the heavy sleep of the drunkard or the leaden one of exhaustion and weakness. Blinks, after taking several more drinks from a flat, black bottle, staggered into some corner of the Old Mill, after ordering Jags in language savoring of brimstone to stay out, when the poor dog tried to follow him in.

The stars shone as serenely down on the foul-smelling city slums as upon the clover-scented meadows far away. The river murmured and gurgled along the black piers. Sometimes the "chug-chug" of a steamboat came clearly through the night; then its hoarse whistle—one long-drawn, three short, another long—woke the echoes and it puffed past, its high, colored lights and trailing smoke making it look through the darkness like some fiery-eyed demon of the mists.

Jags, lying prone on the rickety steps of the Old Mill, moans and cries a little in his sleep as vague realizations of his wretched life and empty stomach visit his dream.

Suddenly he starts up, nose in air, and listens. There is nothing unusual, Jags! The river gurgles on softly, the stars twinkle undimmed, there is no variation of sight or sound that human mind can detect. Not human mind, perhaps, but dog instinct—

Jags quivers, he sniffs the air and walks about uneasily. He stops and whines, tries to push in the barred door and fails. Then he breaks into a long, plaintive howl. Surely that will awaken some one in that narrow street, that crowded house! But there comes no other sound but the rippling river, the roar of the far away, sleepless streets.

Again and again he howls. Silence! What is that? A mere shadow of a sound, faint, stealthy, as if some one had stepped lightly on a dry twig and snapped it. It rouses Jags to frenzy. Scores of human beings, men, women, little children, sleeping calmly in a

tinder-box, that tinder-box on fire and only he, Jags, a dumb, helpless animal, to know and save them! And he—his idolized tyrant, in there!

Jags throws himself against the door with a yell of agony. It falls open. A thin puff of smoke wavers to meet him. Barking, howling, fairly shrieking, Jags tears straight for the room where he and Blinks have their kennel. He isn't there! Out again, jumping against doors in his frantic search, choked with smoke, rushing through curling tongues of flame, goes the dog. Are they all dead in there! His master, where is he? It is well that one in that vast hive is not too tired nor too drunk to awaken. Big Andy rouses to realize that the dog is making "a fuss," takes in the situation in a flash, and bounds out of the smoke-filled room.

"Great God! The house is on fire!" "Fire, fire, fire!"

Somewhere a wire vibrates above the city streets. A great bell tolls out on the night. Clang, clang, clang! Rattle, rattle, rattle! Streams of sparks in the wake of flying engines. Sharp and clear the engine and patrol gongs strike, in time with rattling hoofs and wheels. Over all booms slowly and solemnly, with pauses between the strokes, the great bell.

All this time a dog was flying, with feet scorched now by the heated floor, from room to room, hunting for one object. He finds him at last, in the second story, coiled up in a drunken heap on the floor. He springs upon him, tugs at his clothing, barks, whines and tries to drag him toward the door. At last the man awakes, stolidly, stupidly, then to a vague terror and abject fright. He bounds to the door. It is a wall of flames. He reaches the window; no thought of the creature who saved him comes to the brute's mind. He raises the sash and leaps out. It falls behind him. Jags is imprisoned in a tomb of fire.

The people have swarmed out, dirty, dazed, half-dressed. The cordon is thrown out; the engines throb and scream. The firemen work quietly, streams of perspiration dripping beneath their helmets. Floods of water glitter like liquid fire in the red flames. The Old Mill is doomed.

"Is every one out?" asks the Chief brusquely, gazing up toward the tottering furnace.

As if in answer there is a crash of breaking glass at a second-story window and a living thing appears there, pitiful, pleading, ablaze with little tongues of flame. It whines imploringly.

Big Andy has private reasons of his own for preferring to remain incognito among a swarm of policemen. But now into the full blaze of light he dashes forward.

"The dawg, the dawg that saved all our lives! Git 'im, boys; git 'im out! My God! I hain't got no money, boys, but look hyar! They's a reward of \$500 out fer me! I'm Big Andy, the safe-cracker. You know me! I'll give myself up to anybody that'll save that dawg. I mean it, boys!"

There was good in Big Andy; he was sobbing aloud. For the credit of human nature be it said, no one ever claimed that reward.

A quiet order through the Chief's trumpet, and a stream of water from the hose drove the crazy window in. The dog sprang to the sill and tottered weakly. A fireman ran lightly up the ladder and carried him down to the cool earth. There he fell, bleeding and scorched. He roused himself to gaze longingly around, dragged his mangled body to where Blinks stood, staring stupidly, and laid his head, with a faint moan, against his master's feet.

"Speak to him!" bawled Big Andy furiously. "Pet 'im, or I'll kill ye!"

Perhaps something human stirred in the heart of the lower brute.

He stooped and laid a not ungentle hand on the bleeding head.

"W'y, w'y, Jags, ole fel!"

But with a rapturous look of gratitude from his one loving, beautiful eye, the dog had gone. Where? If there is no dog heaven, what will the Creator do with the faithful, martyr soul of Jags?—The Voice.

A Snake Story.

"I never realized the strength of the instinct of self-preservation in man," said John F. Thompson to the corridor man at the Laclede, "until I witnessed a test of it on a steamboat. Among the passengers was a man who had a black rattlesnake in a box with a glass top. The snake was a very vicious one, and would strike the glass whenever any one approached. The owner of the reptile challenged any one in the crowd to hold his finger on the glass and let the snake strike at it. There could not be any danger, and there was not a man who did not think it an easy thing to do.

"One big fellow, who looked as if he never knew what nerves were, tried it, and, after repeated attempts gave it up. Then every passenger on the boat attempted, and failure followed in each case. It simply could not be done. Instinct was stronger than reason and will power combined."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Increased Use of Mutton.

It is not altogether the cheapness of mutton that is leading people to use it more freely. They have learned that it is an excellent and healthful meat and the consumption of mutton in the United States is six times as great in 1893 as it was in 1887. We are undoubtedly killing off sheep faster than their natural increase. This must lead to increasing scarcity of fat sheep for mutton, and higher prices for the mutton when marketed. Sheep cannot be increased very rapidly at the best, and if our stock becomes depleted it takes several years to build it up again.—Boston Cultivator.

tinder-box, that tinder-box on fire and only he, Jags, a dumb, helpless animal, to know and save them! And he—his idolized tyrant, in there!

Jags throws himself against the door with a yell of agony. It falls open. A thin puff of smoke wavers to meet him. Barking, howling, fairly shrieking, Jags tears straight for the room where he and Blinks have their kennel. He isn't there! Out again, jumping against doors in his frantic search, choked with smoke, rushing through curling tongues of flame, goes the dog. Are they all dead in there! His master, where is he? It is well that one in that vast hive is not too tired nor too drunk to awaken. Big Andy rouses to realize that the dog is making "a fuss," takes in the situation in a flash, and bounds out of the smoke-filled room.

"Great God! The house is on fire!" "Fire, fire, fire!"

Somewhere a wire vibrates above the city streets. A great bell tolls out on the night. Clang, clang, clang! Rattle, rattle, rattle! Streams of sparks in the wake of flying engines. Sharp and clear the engine and patrol gongs strike, in time with rattling hoofs and wheels. Over all booms slowly and solemnly, with pauses between the strokes, the great bell.

All this time a dog was flying, with feet scorched now by the heated floor, from room to room, hunting for one object. He finds him at last, in the second story, coiled up in a drunken heap on the floor. He springs upon him, tugs at his clothing, barks, whines and tries to drag him toward the door. At last the man awakes, stolidly, stupidly, then to a vague terror and abject fright. He bounds to the door. It is a wall of flames. He reaches the window; no thought of the creature who saved him comes to the brute's mind. He raises the sash and leaps out. It falls behind him. Jags is imprisoned in a tomb of fire.

The people have swarmed out, dirty, dazed, half-dressed. The cordon is thrown out; the engines throb and scream. The firemen work quietly, streams of perspiration dripping beneath their helmets. Floods of water glitter like liquid fire in the red flames. The Old Mill is doomed.

"Is every one out?" asks the Chief brusquely, gazing up toward the tottering furnace.

As if in answer there is a crash of breaking glass at a second-story window and a living thing appears there, pitiful, pleading, ablaze with little tongues of flame. It whines imploringly.

Big Andy has private reasons of his own for preferring to remain incognito among a swarm of policemen. But now into the full blaze of light he dashes forward.

"The dawg, the dawg that saved all our lives! Git 'im, boys; git 'im out! My God! I hain't got no money, boys, but look hyar! They's a reward of \$500 out fer me! I'm Big Andy, the safe-cracker. You know me! I'll give myself up to anybody that'll save that dawg. I mean it, boys!"

There was good in Big Andy; he was sobbing aloud. For the credit of human nature be it said, no one ever claimed that reward.

A quiet order through the Chief's trumpet, and a stream of water from the hose drove the crazy window in. The dog sprang to the sill and tottered weakly. A fireman ran lightly up the ladder and carried him down to the cool earth. There he fell, bleeding and scorched. He roused himself to gaze longingly around, dragged his mangled body to where Blinks stood, staring stupidly, and laid his head, with a faint moan, against his master's feet.

"Speak to him!" bawled Big Andy furiously. "Pet 'im, or I'll kill ye!"

Perhaps something human stirred in the heart of the lower brute.

He stooped and laid a not ungentle hand on the bleeding head.

"W'y, w'y, Jags, ole fel!"

But with a rapturous look of gratitude from his one loving, beautiful eye, the dog had gone. Where? If there is no dog heaven, what will the Creator do with the faithful, martyr soul of Jags?—The Voice.

A Snake Story.

"I never realized the strength of the instinct of self-preservation in man," said John F. Thompson to the corridor man at the Laclede, "until I witnessed a test of it on a steamboat. Among the passengers was a man who had a black rattlesnake in a box with a glass top. The snake was a very vicious one, and would strike the glass whenever any one approached. The owner of the reptile challenged any one in the crowd to hold his finger on the glass and let the snake strike at it. There could not be any danger, and there was not a man who did not think it an easy thing to do.

"One big fellow, who looked as if he never knew what nerves were, tried it, and, after repeated attempts gave it up. Then every passenger on the boat attempted, and failure followed in each case. It simply could not be done. Instinct was stronger than reason and will power combined."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Increased Use of Mutton.

It is not altogether the cheapness of mutton that is leading people to use it more freely. They have learned that it is an excellent and healthful meat and the consumption of mutton in the United States is six times as great in 1893 as it was in 1887. We are undoubtedly killing off sheep faster than their natural increase. This must lead to increasing scarcity of fat sheep for mutton, and higher prices for the mutton when marketed. Sheep cannot be increased very rapidly at the best, and if our stock becomes depleted it takes several years to build it up again.—Boston Cultivator.

A SONG OF LOVE'S WAY.

What, sweet mistress, should there be
Twixt thy heart and mine this day?
There no barrier I see
Which Love may not kiss away.
Do thou wait one smile to me—
Love will find his way to thee!
If a rose should bar his path—
Thorny, with a jealous frown,
Love such winning favor hath
He would quickly kiss it down;
Then would sweetly, tenderly
Bear it on his breast to thee.
Love will come his own to greet,
Though no light his day adorns,
Through a world of roses, sweet—
Through a wilderness of thorns!
Do thou wait one smile to me,
Love shall find his way to thee!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A backslider—The crab.—Hullo.
A spark of genius—Winning an heir-
ess.—Truth.
The man who agrees with one doesn't
come around near often enough.—
Ram's Horn.
The stock exchange is where hope is
exchanged for experience.—Florida
Times-Union.
A man with an elastic imagination
is too liable to use it for a conscience.
—Rochester Democrat.

This is a world of compensations—
men who lack long heads generally
have long faces.—Truth.
The worst of the rosy colors in
which some things are painted is that
they are not fast.—Puck.
"How much is this dress worth?"
"I really don't know what it's worth
—the price is \$3."—Hullo.

The pen may be mightier than the
sword, but it's the uniform that takes
young women's eyes.—Judge.

"Johnny, add seven apples to two
apples, and what will you have?"
"Colic, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

A dog's tail is not necessarily a "has
been" because it always points to the
past.—Binghamton Republican.

One reason why some men are so
lean is because they have thrown all
their fat into the fire.—Dallas News.

Tommy (with pride)—"My pa's a
banker." Willie—"An' my pa's re-
ceiver for his bank."—Chicago Rec-
ord.

"The foreign husband is the absorb-
ing idea!" said the American million-
aire as he wrote the wedding check.—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—"Do you believe in such a
thing as love at first sight?" She—
"Certainly. A hasty glance does not
discover imperfections."—Boston
Transcript.

Hungry Higgins—"Wot's right
nowadays—'tank you, or 'tanks?"
Weary Watkins—"I guess tanks
would hit us about right."—Indianap-
olis Journal.

The man who is always careful to
keep out of debt is seldom as well
supplied with the modern conveni-
ences of life as his less considerate
fellow.—Puck.

He—"What would you do if I were
to kiss you?" She—"Are you very
curious to know?" He—"Very!"
She—"Well, you might try—and see!"
—Boston Traveler.

"It makes no difference to me," said
the old theologian, "whether I came
from a tadpole or a monkey. How to
get out of the scrape is what bothers
me."—Newport News.

In the cannibal islands. Mother—
"What is the matter with you, my
son? Have you eaten anything that
disagreed with you?" Son—"That is
why I ate him."—Boston Transcript.

Tommy—"I guess he must be the
best dentist in town." Papa—"Didn't
he hurt you?" Tommy—"No; I just
went up to the door and my tooth
stopped hurting."—Chicago Inter-
Ocean.

"Did you get anything from that
man you just applied for help?"
"Only good advice." "What advice
did he give you?" "I said I was cold
and he told me to go to blazes."—
New York Press.

The scarcity of food in Bage has
compelled the besieged troops to re-
sort to canines dished up in various
styles. There is a havoc among the
dogs of war in that locality.—Phila-
delphia Ledger.

First Belle—"Then both Herr
Schulze and Herr Lehmann had made
her an offer of marriage; which was
the lucky man?" Second Ditto—"Herr
Schulze, Herr Lehmann married her."
—Oberlander Bote.

"Have you had your new house in-
sured, Mrs. Dwight?" "Yes." "Your
husband is afraid of fire, then?"
"Mercy, yes; he will leave the house
any time before he will make one."—
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"How do you know that De Vere is
not in love with Mabel Sweetwater?"
"Because I heard him tell her the
other evening, when they came from
church, that he knew of a short cut
home."—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you know that Miss Bjones
was going to marry young Smith?" "I
know it; but I cannot understand how
a girl as intelligent as she is can con-
sent to marry a man stupid enough to
want to marry her."—Brooklyn Life.

"Angels have wings, haven't they,
grandma?" "I've always heard so."
"I heard Uncle Gerald tell Mademoi-
selle she was an angel—in the shrub-
bery this morning—and she hasn't got
wings." "No, but she'll have to fly."
—Punch.

"An' is your man workin' now, Mrs.
Mullay?" "He is doin', Mrs. Tooley."
"Phwat do he do doin', Mrs. Mullay?"
"Coachin' convicts, Mrs. Tooley."
"Phwat's that, Mrs. Mullay?" "Driv-
in' the Black Maria, shure, Mrs.
Tooley."—Elmira Gazette.