

LONG-RANGE GOSSIP.

Some Facts About Pittsburgh's Telephone System.

SIXTY PRETTY HELLO GIRLS

Who Listen Pleasantly to the Kicks of Angry Subscribers.

PLACING CABLES UNDER GROUND.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

WO doggy warriors of modern times offered to shake hands across the bloody chasm without exciting more than the interest of the multitude. But if they had declared an intention of haranguing each other across the peaceful expanse of several acres of business houses, the whole world would have flocked to see what was an impossibility prior to 1879.

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THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW

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What the Snow Indicates to the Amateur Weather Sharp.

WHITE CHURCHYARD LEAN GRAVEYARD

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THE PASTOR'S CIGAR.

Famous Preachers of Two Continents Discuss the Question: SHOULD OUR CLERGYMEN SMOKE?

And a Decided Difference of Opinion is Thereby Disclosed.

MINISTERS WHO ENJOY THEIR CIGARS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

It has always been an interesting question in the minds of many whether clergymen, from point of example, should indulge in smoking. It is a common belief that the cigar in the mouth of the minister is an injurious example to the young. Up to this time the voice of the clergy has, save in one or two scattered instances, not been heard.

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THERE SHE BLOWS!

An Old Whalesman Tells of the Rise and Fall of Whaling.

HARNESSING THE LEVIATHAN.

Cruising Grounds and Habits of Sperm and Right Whales.

NANTUCKET WHALERS LED THE WORLD

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The snow is also represented as a person or an animal. A Lapp query reads thus: "When can one see the old fellow, who has a white beard and only one night?"

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In the last, the snow is really a cap, and in another from the same source, it is a bonnet: "Old woman's new bonnet. Each year a new one."

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Female I am, female was born. Female was my mother who bore me; In the male of the female I am begotten. "Midas' winds of Pomet, of Levant and Africa."

Then I am carried between the ditches, And I cool those who live happily; Above me I am touched by my neighbor, I bear the mother who bore me.

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The horse represents the snow in the strange Finnish riddle: "The horse runs on the ice, Whines in a hole in the woodpile. The fox is used in another: 'The fox runs on the ice, Whines in a hole in the woodpile. He shakes his coat, he swings his tail.'"

One of the numerous Serian riddles introduces an apt figure from the grounds. "White snow runs on the ground. One being only can take them away, The other world can't do it."

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