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"It is not Yesterday."

(THE ANSWER OF A CHILD.)

Poor red flower of a mouth, you quiver so—
What is the matter? Tell me—if you know.
Why don't you laugh out in your own way
—because it is not yesterday."

"I know, I know. Oh, yesterday was sweet
It laid its one blue blossom at your feet.
It let you see that gracious old man pass
Leading his cow to find the glad first grass.

To-day is dark, dark, dark. Somewhere I see
Quick lightning, and the sleet is on the tree
Where the bird, fluttering, thought about a nest.
And so you cry. Well, sometimes tears are best.

I do not know but I could hide my face
Deep in my arm, if I but had your grace,
And shed more tears than you can count.
I say,
Because, ah me, it is not yesterday."
—S. M. B. Platt, in the Century.

John Merrivale's Wife.

CHAPTER I.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and John Merrivale sat before the library fire, alert and anxious. He never the sound of approaching who is heard he held his breath till they passed, and then almost breathlessly waited for others to draw near. Most men would have eased their anxiety by pacing the floor or looking out of the window; but John Merrivale was too much ashamed of his nervousness to even admit it to himself. He had entered his house at 12 o'clock to find his wife awaiting him. She had not spoken to him of any engagement or intention of spending the evening from home. Mr. Merrivale did not ignore the fact of hard words the morning previous. He had told his wife that he should not be home till late that night. She had wept and he had called her a baby and a simpleton.

It seemed to him, as he looked over the two years of his life as a husband, that his wife had wept every day since they were married. Of course she had no cause for tears. A ghost of a smile played around his stern but handsome mouth as he thought of her over-weening fondness for himself and of her jealousy of every person and pursuit that kept him away from her. Now she had undoubtedly planned to make him jealous by going to some ball or party without his knowledge.

The sound of wheels grew less and less frequent, and now the little clock on the mantel struck three. This was horrible! Ten minutes past three, and the soft click of a latch-key was heard. Very slowly and deliberately Mr. Merrivale rose from his chair and opened the door leading into the hall. He was dead pale, but his face was iron in its rigidity.

A gentleman in full evening dress had entered the house and was removing his overcoat when the library-door opened.

"Hallo! Jack is that you?" the newcomer inquired, in an off-hand manner.

"Yes, it is I," Mr. Merrivale replied; "but where have you been so late?"

"To one of the Barringtons," the young man responded, following his companion into the library. "And I didn't know as I should ever get back."

"It wasn't so far," Mr. Merrivale remarked.

"You see I had two ladies to take home, living in totally opposite directions, and out of regard for horse-flesh I walked the last mile."

Clarke Denning was an old friend and chum of John Merrivale's, and had been his guest for several weeks. A very natural pride, natural at least to John Merrivale, restrained him from immediately speaking of his wife's absence. Then, too, there was something else. How strange that Clarke had not remarked upon his being up so late. He did not usually find him in the library at 3 o'clock in the morning. Mildred had doubtless made a confidant of Clarke and he had felt it his duty to respect her communication. This was of course disloyalty to him.

For a moment there was silence between the men, when Clarke said, suddenly:

"In going to bed, Jack?"

"Yes, presently," Mr. Merrivale replied, in a curious tone. "But first I should like to ask you if you know anything of Mildred?"

"Mildred!"

There was surprise enough in Mr. Denning's tone, but his face was crimson and his eyes did not readily meet his friend's.

"Yes, Mildred," Mr. Merrivale responded. "She has not been home to-night."

"When did she go out?"

This was a practical question that had not occurred to Mr. Merrivale. He had been so sure of his wife's motive in going away that he had not thought of inquiring into details.

"I don't know when she left the house; I only know that she is not here now, and that is quite enough," he replied.

"Haven't you spoken to the servants?"

"That is the last thing I should do. I'd tell you that we had quarreled this morning, Clarke?"

"She didn't need to tell me that. One look at her face was sufficient."

"Did she say anything about leaving or punishing me, Clarke, or anything of that sort?"

"Why don't you ask me if I have run away with your wife?"

Clarke Denning's eyes flashed fire, as he instinctively drew a step nearer his companion.

"I beg your pardon, Clarke. I only thought she might have poured out her woes, and, perhaps, given you a hint of what she intended to do."

"Jack, your wife could no more plot against you than she could poison you.

She idolizes every hair of your head, and you know it. How do you know but something horrible hasn't happened to her? Neither you nor I have been home since morning. I cannot conceive why you did not rouse the servants at once and find out what time Mrs. Merrivale went out. You would make a bad judge, Jack. You would never want to hear but one side of a case."

Mildred dismissed her maid day before yesterday. That looks suspicious. Yesterday morning she told me she was no longer a baby and was defiant for the first time. To-night I came home and she is not here. I wait till dawn and she does not return. Two and two make four, Clarke, and all the information I can get will not alter the mathematical fact."

"You are cruel and unjust, Jack. If you will not inquire about her I will, and."

"No, you will go to bed," Mr. Merrivale interrupted. "The fact is, Clarke, the whole thing is so exclusively my business that you must pardon me for saying that I shall be compelled to manage it in my own way."

There was nothing for Clarke to do but submit, and the two men departed with a cloud between them.

"Unjust and cruel!" These words had struck deep. It was plain that Clarke's sympathies were entirely with his wife. Mildred had doubtless complained to him and acquainted him with her plans.

At breakfast Mr. Merrivale condescended to ask a question or two of the servant who waited on him. Mrs. Merrivale had left the morning previous. Did the servant see her go? Yes, and thought it strange that Mrs. Merrivale did not order her carriage as usual. She wore a black dress and took nothing with her.

The last was an entirely unnecessary piece of information, as Mr. Merrivale had carefully examined every nook and corner of his wife's apartments, even to the little safe in which she kept her jewels.

Every jewel she possessed was there, with the exception of two diamond rings which she had before her marriage. Her engagement and wedding rings were the first pieces of jewelry that she had opened the safe.

Clarke came down before breakfast was over looking frightfully haggard and anxious, and Mr. Merrivale informed him of the result of his interview.

"Perhaps she has gone home," Clarke suggested.

"Did she mention such a possibility to you?" Mr. Merrivale inquired.

"Hang it all, Jack! Haven't I said that she didn't tell me anything?" Clarke replied. "And is it possible that you think I could keep anything like this? Upon my word, you must think I have suddenly developed into a villain!"

"If Mildred had seen fit to throw a little light on the subject," Mr. Merrivale remarked, entirely ignoring his companion's earnest disclaimer, "it would have simplified things considerably; but women are as destitute of business capabilities as they are of logic. I should not have put a straw in her way if she had told me she was going to leave me."

"What use to talk to a man who had so fully made up his mind?"

Clarke once more asked to be allowed to assist in the search, and was again refused, and quite as peremptorily as before.

There was one chance in one hundred, Mr. Merrivale told himself, that his wife might have met with an accident or been the victim of foul play, and on this chance he must work.

The fact was John Merrivale cared too much for the opinion of the world not to do his part toward discovering the whereabouts of his wife, but there was a look in the man's face which once seen could scarcely be forgotten.

Clarke Denning saw it, and wondered could it be possible that he had loved his wife and was really sorrowing for his loss?

Sometimes there seemed little doubt of it, and then again a few sinister words pointed as plainly to another conclusion.

Clarke made several attempts to get away, but each time his determination had been overruled.

One day, about two months after Mrs. Merrivale's flight, he broached the subject again.

"If I were of the slightest use to you," he told his companion—"but I am not, and I really think I must go, Jack."

"You are of use to me," Mr. Merrivale replied.

"You are very good to say so, but I don't see it," Clarke responded.

"Upon my word, Jack," he headed, with considerable feeling, "I would give several years of my life if I could do something for you, but you have tied me up so that I don't feel at liberty to say my soul's own."

Mr. Merrivale smiled, but made no answer, and Clarke gave up once more his intention of leaving in obedience to the superior will.

CHAPTER II.

Detectives were halted at every point. Mrs. Merrivale's father had been traveling abroad for several months, and the old housekeeper was interviewed with her knowledge and without her knowledge by these remorseless individuals, but it was plain that she was as ignorant as everybody else. More than once Mr. Merrivale had been summoned to the morgue, but Mildred was not there. Once a mass of long fine hair was the first thing to meet his eyes, and for an instant the strong, stern man succumbed to his anguish.

"Mr. Merrivale groaned quite like other folks," the detective said. "I didn't suppose 'twas in him."

But the beautiful hair was not Mildred's; and when John Merrivale walked out into the sunshine again it was with his usual stoical composure.

During all these miserable weeks he had nursed the thought of Clarke's knowledge of Mildred's secret until now he was sure of it as of his own existence.

He would gladly have been in the great house alone, free to think his own thoughts and indulge his misery in his own way, but he was entirely dominated by the thought that some time like "murder," Clarke's complicity would "out."

With this feeling stronger than ever in his mind he, one afternoon, walked into Clarke's room during his absence and looked about.

He felt like a sneak thief as he did so, for his guest's quarters were certainly as sacred in his eyes as his own private rooms.

But he was the head detective, he told himself, and everything was fair in such an emergency as the present.

Mr. Merrivale started several times as he turned over the accumulation of letters on Clarke's writing table, thinking he heard a step approaching, and more than once decided to leave the room with his purpose unaccomplished. But here was Clarke's memorandum book, with ever so many items carefully erased, as it was on the very day that Mildred left.

This was suspicious, of course. Here was part of a letter in which Clarke had written of the great trouble of Jack, with a slight criticism of Jack's manner of managing the dreadful business.

Mr. Merrivale was about to abandon the search, when, upon taking up a portfolio of sketches, he came upon a scrap of writing which was as familiar to him as his own. It was the tag end of a note, and read as follows:

"—and shall be obliged to name another day. Never mind. It will be just as well. M. M."

John Merrivale had found more than he had looked for. No wonder that his guest was anxious to leave his house. And this was the sequel to it all. His wife had left him for another man, and that man his best friend, living as a brother under his roof and partaking of his beautiful hospitality. Mildred's tears were easily explained now. There was no necessity of looking further. This was evidence enough, and now, with his teeth set and his eyes full of a deadly determination, the outraged husband stalked out of the room.

It was after 10 o'clock that evening when Clarke returned, and John Merrivale awaited him in the library with the same fever of impatience that he had watched for his wife two months before.

"I am glad you are home, Jack!" the newcomer exclaimed as he drew a chair close to his friend's. "I've heard some news."

"Ah!"

"Mr. Harding returned from Europe to-day, and Charlie Wellington says there was a lady in the carriage with him whom he could almost swear was Mildred's wife."

There was something in his companion's face and manner that didn't seem exactly favorable to first names, and Clarke awkwardly corrected himself.

"It does seem though," he went on, "that if Mrs. Merrivale had taken passage on a steamer from New York that you would have found it out."

"Yes," Mr. Merrivale responded, with singular deliberation; "but my wife did not go to Europe and you know it."

The speaker did not see the color die out of his companion's face, for it was an impossibility for John Merrivale even to accuse his friend of crime and look him in the face at the same time.

"I know it," Clarke repeated, with a pitiful quiver in his voice. "Your wife did not go to Europe and I know it."

"Yes, and you know it," Mr. Merrivale responded, driving back with a supreme effort the demon that thirsted for quick and summary vengeance. "I have found you out," he went on, "and all I now ask is that you tell me where Mrs. Merrivale is hiding."

"Oh, Jack, can it be?" Clarke began, imploringly.

"Drop that," his companion replied, sternly. "I want to know where my wife is, and then, heaven help me, I never want to see your face again in this world or the next. Speak quickly, man!"—his hiss between set teeth—"or my patience will give out."

"Let it give out and be hanged to it!" Clarke exclaimed, now fairly wild with rage. "My patience has given out, and what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing, but ask you to read this," and Mr. Merrivale passed him the scrap of paper.

Clarke took it, looked at it like a man in a dream, then walked over to the table and examined it by the light.

"Letters from my wife must have been frequent if you cannot remember the occasion of this," Mr. Merrivale remarked, in his coolest manner.

"And shall be obliged to name another day," Clarke read aloud in a bewildered fashion, which, if assumed, was certainly an excellent piece of acting.

"Oh, I know!" he exclaimed at last, all the anger dying out of his face. "Why, Jack, that note was written when you were in Albany and Mrs. Merrivale was in Atlantic City. A party of us was going down to spend the day, and—"

"You lie!"

"Jack!"

"I say you lie and I say more, you are an infernal coward as well as a scoundrel. Tell me where my wife is or, by heavens, I'll shoot you as I would a dog."

John Merrivale pulled a pistol from his pocket and deliberately cocked it. At that instant the silken portiere that separated the library from the drawing-room was thrown one side and Mrs. John Merrivale appeared on the scene. No sweeter vision could possibly be imagined as the beautiful woman glided swiftly to the side of her husband.

Fair, petite, graceful, childlike, yet with a womanliness that made itself felt above even the passion and wretchedness of this critical moment, she held out her hand for the pistol.

"It will be safer with me," she said.

John Merrivale laid the pistol on the table without a word.

"Clarke is right about the note," she went on. "You see, I have overheard some of your conversation. It was a business conversation, the first, last and only one. I left this house, John, because I could not live in it any longer and keep my self-respect. I ought to have written you, but I was too wretched for that. You have been a tyrant and a slave. I went to London to my father, and he did not approve of my course and advised my immediate return. He came with me to-night. I am sorry, Clarke, that you have had to bear so much on my account, and please try and forgive me."

Mrs. Merrivale extended her hand to her friend and then turned to leave the room. Her husband placed himself in her way.

"You haven't asked me to forgive you!" he said, in an unsteady tone.

"I tried to be a good wife," she replied, simply. "I failed sometimes. Forgive those times if you can."

Clarke turned to leave the room.

"For heaven's sake, Clarke, don't go," Mr. Merrivale exclaimed. "I have given you a hate and a fool. Forgive the awful provocation I thought I had. Say yes, Clarke."

For answer the magnanimous fellow extended his hand in token of full forgiveness.

"Now Mildred!"—Mr. Merrivale was getting back a little of his old manner—"I entreat you to try and forgive me. It seems to me I have suffered more than enough. Here are your rings, dear, and Mr. Merrivale drew the jewels from his pocket, and placed them on her fingers. "Mildred, I will be a tyrant no longer. I will love you and cherish you as my own precious wife, so help me God, as long as we are spared to each other. Mildred, darling, you did right to leave me. It was a lesson I sadly needed. But forgive me and trust me now, or I cannot bear it."

For answer radiant face was up turned to him and a pair of loving arms encircled his neck.

SUNDAY READING.

Thankful for the Harvest.

We are singularly dependent upon God far more so than most of us imagine. When the children of Israel were in the wilderness they went forth every morning and gathered the manna. Our manna does not come to us every morning, but it comes once a year. It is as much a heavenly supply as if it lay like a hoar-frost round about the camp. If we went out into the field and gathered food which dropped from the clouds we should think it a great miracle; and it is not as great a marvel that our bread should come up from the earth as that it should come down from the sky? The same God who bade the heavens drop with angels' food bids the dull earth in its due season yield corn for mankind. Therefore, whenever we find the harvest comes, let us be grateful to God and let us not suffer the season to pass over without praise and thanksgiving. I believe I shall be correct if I say that there is never in the world, as a rule, more than sixteen months' supply of food—that is to say when the harvest is gathered in there may be sixteen months' supply; but at the time of harvest there is not usually enough wheat in the whole world to last the population more than four or five months, so that if the harvest did not come we should be on the verge of famine. We still live from hand to mouth. Let us praise and bless God, and let the joy of harvest be the joy of gratitude. To the Christian it should be great joy, by means of the harvest, to receive an assurance of God's faithfulness. The Lord has promised that seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, shall never cease; and when you see the loaded wain carrying in the crop you may say to yourself: "God is true to His promise." In the joy of harvest there will always be a harvest to the husbandman, for which he waits patiently, so there is a harvest for all patient waiters who are looking for the coming and appearing of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The mature Christian, like the ripe ear of corn, hangs down his head with holy humility. When he was but green in the things of God he stood erect, and was somewhat boastful, but now that he has become full of the blessing of the Lord he is humbled thereby and bows himself down; he is waiting for the sickle, and he dreads it not, for no sower or reaper shall come to gather God's people.—He Himself shall reap the harvest of the world.—"Farm Sermons," by C. H. Spurgeon.

Religious News and Notes.

The Baptist Weekly says that the evangelistic work at Saratoga this summer, conducted by the Rev. William Humpstone, has been a means of great good, and secured the favor of all Christians of all denominations.

The old African church in Richmond, Va., has recently dedicated a new house of worship which has cost \$30,000, \$24,000 having been paid thereon; and this has been done by the little mites given Sunday after Sunday for six years.

The supreme court of New Hampshire has decided that the right of the pew-holder is subordinate to the right of the society to repair or remodel the church, and, upon making compensation, to remove or destroy the pew for the purpose of making needed alterations and repairs.

The first meeting of the united committees of the various Methodist churches in Canada was held at Hamilton a short time ago, to consider the question of Methodist union. The question was discussed, and a motion setting forth that the time has come when all reasonable efforts should be made to ascertain a basis of agreement on which to unite the various Methodist churches in Canada was carried unanimously.

Some one tells the story of a little girl who was curious to know how the Lord took evil spirits out of a person and put a good spirit in. Her practical comment was that she would be willing to have the bad taken out of herself "if it wouldn't hurt any." This is a representative case, illustrating the feelings of older persons. They desire a religion without cross-bearing and self-denial. If they can be Christians and not hurt the old Adam any, they will not object, but if they must mortify self, give up worldly ambition, forgive those who injure them, they pray to be excused.—Religious Herald.

A Great Storm Predicted.

According to Dr. E. Stone Wiggins, a new weather prophet of Canada, who some time ago predicted that the recent gale would sweep from east to west over the continent, says a great storm will strike this planet in March next. The following warning is issued by Dr. Wiggins:

It will be first felt in the Northern Pacific, and will cross the meridian of Ottawa at noon (5 p. m. London time) on Sunday, March 11, 1883. No vessel smaller than a Cunard-er will be able to live in this tempest. India, the south of Europe, England, and especially the North American continent, will be the theatre of its ravages. As all the low lands on the Atlantic will be submerged, I advise ship builders to place their prospective vessels high up on stocks, and farmers having loose valuable, such as hay, cattle, etc., to remove them to a place of safety. I beg, most respectfully, to appeal to the honorable minister of marine that he will peremptorily order up storm drums on all the Canadian coast not later than the 20th of February, and thus permit no vessel to leave the harbor. If this is not done, hundreds of lives will be lost and millions worth of property destroyed.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

If the Sanitary Engineer can be credited, the consumption of the smoke from locomotives is just as practicable as the consumption of that from stationary boilers. An engine invented by a California mechanic has been experimented with, and not only consumed the smoke, but saved fifty per cent. of fuel in doing so. The consumption is effected by a downward draft which throws smoke and cinders into the fire box. If the invention really is a success it will rob railway travel of one of its worst terrors.

St. Isaac's, the great cathedral at St. Petersburg, which was finished in 1859 and cost \$25,000,000, is slowly sinking into the ground, and the authorities do not know how to stop it. The Russian capital is built upon a marsh, and the site of St. Isaac's is on one of its softest parts. Over 1,000,000 was originally spent in driving piles, but the building has never been firm, and now threatens to topple over at one corner. A recent examination showed that on one side the columns had separated from the architrave, leaving a space of three inches between. The roof was at once lightened by removing large stones, but new fissures appeared as the work went on; the workmen left in fear and the engineers gave up the job as a bad one. Since then nothing has been done except to hold consultations and reject unpractical plans for saving the building.

The prospects of Mexico were never more encouraging than at this moment. With the introduction of American capital and enterprise the country seems to have started upon a new career of prosperity and peace, and the message of President Gonzalez to the congress of the republic, at its recent opening, does not in the least exceed the probabilities of the case when it predicts for it a future of substantial progress in all the elements of prosperous statehood. An official statement shows that the revenue of the republic for the last fiscal year was \$30,000,000, while from 1867 to 1877 it averaged only \$16,000,000. As the country is opened by the railways now being constructed, and its resources are made accessible, the present prosperous pace will be greatly accelerated, and men now in middle life may live to see the completion of the transformation which American influence has so happily begun.

Another myth is going the way of all the earth. A scientific investigator says that the stories of the pomp, the riches, the palaces, the gold and silver of the Aztecs was a Spanish lie told by Cortez to enhance the romance of his conquest. The scientist reasons that it would be utterly impossible for a race to disappear and take with it all the evidences of its civilization as the Aztecs must have done if they were what the Spaniards represent America. The ruins found in Central America belonged to an older and different race. The Aztecs were never civilized. In the time of Cortez they were precisely like the Pueblo Indians of modern days; their cities were nothing more than vast communal houses like those in which the Pueblos live, and all the stories of their magnificence and of the wealth and civilization of the Aztec empire were invented by the Spaniards. They adopted the methods of building employed by the Spaniards; suffered their old communal houses made of sun-dried brick to crumble into shapeless mounds, and learned the art of revolution, and so became the Mexicans of modern times.

The Japanese are making very rapid progress in education. It had its beginning not quite eleven years ago. In 1872 not less than 53,000 government schools were established, conducted on European principles, the average of schools being one to every 640 inhabitants. In two years the number of schools was augmented until the pupils exceeded 400,000. If at the commencement of this wonderful educational movement there was some confusion, owing to the incapacity of European teachers and the want of interchange of language, these troubles passed away. The number of pupils immediately after 1873 rapidly increased, until in 1877 in the seven school districts nearly 57,000 male teachers, with 1,275 female teachers, were educating 1,552,410 male and 543,768 female pupils. There is, then, an elementary school for every 1,345 inhabitants and for every four and one-eighth square miles of the empire. Taking the total children in Japan of an age to go to school as 5,251,807, seventy-one per cent. derive the benefits of instruction. Leaving out of consideration the higher branches of knowledge, only derivable from special schools, the effort seems to tend toward the education of the masses. Looking at the expenses, some five years ago, with an appropriation of \$5,364,870, the cost of education was ten shillings, say \$2.20 per pupil. The liberality of the Japanese and their firm belief in the great advantages to be derived from this general education becomes manifest when it is learned that in five years about \$8,500,000 of our money has been bestowed by private individuals for the school fund, together with a great deal of valuable real estate. Three years ago there were 2,319,000 pupils, and from such accounts as may be gathered last year, the total number was near 3,000,000. There is one point which, in an educational sense, requires correction, and that is in regard to the Japanese girls, as the number of these is very small in proportion to the boys.

It is supposed that Adam set the earliest winter fashion since the only coat he wore was a bare skin.

The Pasture Bars.

If all the skies, I do believe,
Had all the year with hidden
Their gala tints to gild that eve
It would not be more golden;
The weavers would not sing so fine
If they had been invited;
The cows came proudly in a line,
As if they were delighted.

We linger'd by the pasture bars
Till sunset changed to gloaming;
Till twilight clustered into stars,
And through the clouds went roaming;
And when the moon glowed up the sky
It found us still belating;
Yet none but my own Joe and I
Knew why the cows were waiting.
—James Judson Lord.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man is known by the company he keeps away from.—Picoynne.

What is the difference between freight and cargo? A horse-car conductor says the passengers make the freight and the horses make the cargo.

It has been ungallantly said that the telephone does what society rules have always been unequal to—compels women who use it to talk one at a time.

Yesterday we saw a man with a black eye, a scum nose and arm in a sling. He had a revolver and wanted to know who invented hammocks.—Boston Post.

When a man kums to me for advice I find out the kind of advice he wants and I give it to him; this satisfies him that he and I are two as smart men as there is living.—Josh Billings.

A sad-hearted poetess asks in the columns of the Philadelphia Bulletin: "Why do we sing?" Perhaps it's because you don't know what the public feeling is in your immediate neighborhood.

When Hood wrote "There is a happiness that makes the heart afraid," he was probably thinking of one evening when he sat up very late with his girl and did not know what minute the old man might come thumping downstairs.

In some of the mountainous sections of Pennsylvania real estate has taken a sudden downward tendency. About two hundred acres slid down into the valley the other day. It will be some time before it goes up to its former height.—Siftings.

An easy time of it—"I don't want any man's advice," said the man with the big bump of self-esteem. "I do my own thinking." "Yes," murmured Fogg, "I should think you might and not be greatly overworked either."—Boston Transcript.

The title of the lesson was "The Rich Young Man," and the golden text was: "One thing thou lackest." A teacher in the primary class asked a little tot to repeat the text, and looking earnestly into the young lady's face the child said: "One thing thou lackest—a rich young man."

"Where are you going, anyhow?" asked an irate conductor on the Central Pacific the other day to a "beat" whom he had kicked off five or six times, but who always managed to get an again just as the train started. "Well," said the fellow, quietly, "I'm going to Chicago, if my pants hold out."—Chicago Tribune.

A contemporary tells a yarn about a setter dog which trotted up to a small boy and dropped from his mouth into the boy's hand a new jackknife which the dog had just found. This is, however, no circumstance to the Philadelphia dog which trotted up to a boy and dropped at his feet a tin can and a piece of string.—Philadelphia News.

Two Singular Men.

A stranger with long hair, a white coat, a white hat with a crape band and other evidences of lunacy, entered a Griswold street restaurant yesterday and said to the proprietor:

"Sir, let me explain in advance that I am a singular man."

"All right, sir. A singular man's order is as good as any one else's."

"I want six oysters on the half-shell—on the left hand half, if you please."

The oysters were opened and placed before him, and when he had devoured them he said:

"Now take six oysters, run them through a clothes-wringer to remove the dampness, and fry them for me in olive oil."

This order was also filled, when he called for a cup of salt water, added milk and sugar and drank it down and asked for his bill.

"I also desire to explain in advance that I am a singular man," replied the proprietor. "Your bill is \$2."

"Impossible!"

"Just \$2, sir."

"But that is monstrous!"

"Perhaps it seems high, but that's my singular way of charging for singular lunches."

"I'll never pay it!"

"Then I'll saddle your heart!"

The sad proceedings were about to begin when the long-haired man forked over and walked out. The lesson seemed to sink deep into his heart, for he halted at a fruit store and, without any explanations in advance, paid the usual price for a banana and carried it off without asking the seller to dip the ends in rose-water.—Free Press.

Alfred Krupp's gun business at Essen, Germany, is the wonder of the world, as the statistics will show that it ought to be. The population of the Essen works is 15,700, and the number of boilers and engines is as follows: 129 boilers, 453 steam engines, with a horse power of 18,500; 82 steam hammers, and 1,556 furnaces, of which fourteen are high furnaces, producing 300,000 tons of steel and 26,000 tons of iron yearly.