One Square, one inch, one insertion. . . \$1 00 

Legal notices at established rates.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work, eash on delivery.

ENGINEERS MAKING LOVE,

Near'y every engineer on the New York and New England railroad has a sweetheart or wife in New Laffain, Coan. Every train would whistle a salote to some fair dame, and the din grew so fearfully ear-splitting that the authorities have had it stopped. It's noon when Thirty-five is due,

An' she comes on time, like a flash of light, An' you hear her whistle, "Too-tee-too!" Long fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Maddon's driving her in to-day An' he's call n' his sweetheart, faraway-Gertrude Hurd-lives down by the mill; You might see her blushin'; she knows it's Bill. "Tu-die! Toot-ee! Tu-die! Tu!"

Six-five A. M. there's a local comes Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east; An' the way her whistle sings an' hums Is a livin' caution to man and beast.

> Every one knows who Jack White calls-Little Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls; Summer or winter, always the same, She hears her lover callin' her name-"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Loc-lee!"

At six fifty-eight you can hear Twenty-one Go thunderin' west, and of all the screams That ever startled the rising sun, Jehn Davis sends into your dreams,

But I don't mind it; it makes me grin-For just down here where the creek lets

His wife, Jerusha, can hear him call. Loud as a throat of brass can bawl-"Jeec-rooo-shee! Je-hoo!" But at one fifty-one, old Sixty-four-

Boston express runs east, clear through-Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar With the softest whistle that ever blew.

An' away on the furthest edge of the town,

Sweet Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown Shine like the starlight, bright an' clear, When the hears the whistle of Abel Gear, 'You-on-on, Su-u-u-u-e!"

Along at midnight a freight comes in, Leaves Berlin some time-I don't know when-

But it rumbles along with a fearful din, Till it reaches the Y-switch, and then

The clearest notes of the softest bell That out of a brazen goblet fell, Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams To her like a wedding bell it seems-"Nell, Nell, Nell, Nell, Nell, Nell!"

An' somewhere late in the afternoon, You'll see Thirty-seven go streakin' west; It's lo al, from Hartford; same old tune New set for the girl that loves him best,

Tom Wilson rides on the right-hand side, Givin' her steam at every stride; An' he touches the whistle, low an' clear, For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear-"Lu-lu! Loo-loo!"

So it goes on all day an' all night, Till the old folks have voted the thing a

bore; Old maids and bachelors says it ain't right For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow From a whistle valve to the girls they know.

An' the stokers the name of their sweethearts tell.

With the Belle! Nell! Dell! of the swaying bell.

-Robert J. Burdette, in Life.

### THE WISH-RING.

A young farmer who was very unlucky sat on his plow a moment to rest, and just then an old woman crept past and cried: "Why do you go on drudging day and night without reward? Walk two days till you come to a fir tree that stands all alone in the forest and overtops all other trees. If you can hew it down you will make your fortune."

Not waiting to have the advice re-

peated the farmer shouldered his ax and started on his journey. Sure enough, after tramping two days, he came to the fir tree, which he instantly prepared to out down. Just as the tree swayed, and before it fell with a crash, there dropped out of its branches a nest containing The eggs rolled to the ground and broke, and there darted out of one a young eagle and out of the other rolled a gold ring. The eagle grew larger, as if by enchantment, and when it reached the size of a man it spread its wings as if to try their strength, then, soaring upward, it cried: "You have rescued me; take as a reward the ring that lay in the other egg; it is a wish-ring. Turn it on your finger twice, and 'whatever your wish is it shall be fulfilled. But remember there is but a single wish in the ring. No sooner is that granted than it loses its power, and is only an ordinary ring. Therefore, consider well what you desire, so that you may never have reason to re-pent your choice." So speaking, the So speaking, the eagle soared high in the air, circled over the farmer's head a few times, then darted, like an arrow, toward the east.

The farmer took the ring, placed it on his finger, and turned on his way home-Toward evening he reached a town where a jeweler sat in his shop behind a counter on which lay many costly rings for sale. The farmer showed his own, and asked the merchant its value. "It isn't worth a straw," the jeweler answered.

Upon that the farmer laughed heartily, and told the man that it was a wishring, and of greater value than all the rings in the shop together.

The jeweler was a wicked, designing man, so he invited the farmer to remain as his guest over night. "For," he ex-"only to shelter a man who owns a wish-ring must bring luck."

So he treated his guest to wine and fair words; and that night, as the farmer lay sound asleep, the wicked man stole had made to resemble the wish-ring.

The next morning the jeweler was all impatience to have the farmer begone. He awakened him at cock-erow and said: "You had better go, for you still have a long journey before you.

As soon as the farmer had departed the jeweler closed his shop, put up the shutters so that no one could peep in, bolted the door behind him, and, standing in the middle of the room, he turned the ring and cried: "I wish instantly to possess a million gold pieces!"

No sooner said than the great, shining gold pieces came pouring down upon him in a golden torrent over his head, shoulders and arms. Pitifully he cried for mercy, and tried to reach and unbar the door; but before he succeeded he stumbled and fell bleeding to the ground. As for the golden rain it never stopped till the weight of the metal crushed the floor, and the jeweler and his money sank through to the cellar. The gold still poured down till the million complete, and the jeweler lay dead in the cellar beneath his treasure.

The noise, however, alarmed the neighbors, who came rushing over to see what the matter was; when they saw the man dead under his gold, they ex-claimed: "Doubly unfortunate he whom blessings kill." Afterward the heirs came and divided the property.

In the meantime the farmer reached home in high spirits and showed the ring to his wife.

Henceforth we shall never more be

in want, dear wife," he said. "Our fortune is made. Only we must be very careful to consider well just what we ought to wish."

The farmer's wife, of course, proffered "Suppose," said she, "that we wish for that bit of land that lies between our

two fields?" "That isn't worth while," her husband replied. "If we work hard for a year

we'll earn enough money to buy it. So the two worked very hard, and at harvest time they had never raised such a crop before. They had earned money enough to buy the coveted strip of land

and still have a bit to spare.
"See," said the man, "we have the land and the wish as well."

The farmer's wife then suggested that they had better wish for a cow and a horse. But the man replied: "Wife, why waste our wish on such trifles? The horse and cow we'll get anyway."

Sure enough, in a year's time the money for the horse and cow had been earned. Joyfully the man rubbed his hands. The wish is saved again this year, and yet we have what we desire. How lucky we are!"

But now his wife seriously adjured him to wish for something at last. "Now that you are a wish to be granted," she snid. you slave and toil, and are content with everything. You might be king, emperor, baron, even a gentleman with chests overflowing with gold; but you don't know what you

"We are young and life is long," he answered. "There is only one wish in the ring, and that is easily said. Who knows but sometime we may sorely need this wish ? Are we in want of anything ? Have we not prospered, to all people's astonishment, since we possessed this ring? Be reasonable and patient for while. In the meantime, consider what we really ought to wish for."

And that was the end of the matter. It really seemed as if the ring had brought a blessing into the house. Granaries and barns were full to overflowing, and in the course of a few years the poor farmer became a rich and portly person, who worked with his men afield during the day, as if he, too, had to earn his daily bread; but after supper he liked to sit in his porch, contented and comfortable, and return the kindly greeting of the folk who passed and who wished him a respectful good-evening.

So the years went by. Sometimes, when they were alone, the farmer's wife would remind her husband of the magic ring, and suggest many plans. But as he always answered that they had plenty of time, and that the best thoughts come last, she more and more rarely mentioned the ring, and at last the good

woman ceased speaking of it altogether.
To be sure, the farmer looked at the ring and twirled it about as many as twenty times a day; but he was very

careful never to wish After thirty or forty years had passed away, and the farmer and his wife had grown old and white-haired, and their wish was still unasked, then was God very good to them, and on the same night

they died peacefully and happily.

Weeping children and grandchildren surrounded the two coffins; and as one wished to remove the ring from the still hand as a remembrance the oldest son said: "Let our father take his ring into the grave. There was always a mystery about it; perhaps it was some dear remembrance. Our mother, too, so often

looked at the ring—she may have given it to him when they were young." So the old farmer was buried with the ring, which had been supposed to be a wish-ring, and was not; yet it brought as much good fortune into the house as heart could desire.—Anna Eichberg, in

St. Nicholas. Showers of Fishes.

The coast of Mexico, near Vers Cruz, not long ago had a shower of fishes, the utmost consternation. A similar thing happened at San Luis Potosi, Superstitious people talked about the end of the world. The fishes were a species of sardines not familiar in the neighborhood. A shower years ago in Wales was of a small fish known as stickle-backs, sprinkling the ground over an area of several square miles. They were alive when they fell ; yet if caught up by a whirlwind from any of the lay sound asleep, the wicked man stole brackish ponds near the sea in which this the magic ring from his finger and slipped species of fish abounds they must have on, in its place, a common one which he been conveyed through the air a distance of thirty miles.

## A CHINESE EATING-HOUSE.

VISIT TO AN ORIENTAL RESTAUR-ANT IN NEW YORK.

Strange Dishes Partaken of by a Re-perfer-the Courses and the Ford -Chinese Idolatiy.

Sam Lee is the fame Chinese restaurateur of this city, and his shop on Mott street is the resort for his nabob countrymen, who regale themselves with a first-class dinner cooked in true native style Sam belongs to the Auh Wall faction, having been born outside the great wall that encircles the ancient em-

men or fortunate gamblers, who have all illegal propositions and declare yourbeaten the inexplicable game of tau, self "not a betting character;" which, which is in continual progress across the street, become reckless enough to squander twenty-five cents for a Sunday

The poor, young mother of this p dinner at the Cafe Chine, as it is familiarly termed.

For certain dishes, such as duck, fish and game, Sam's reputation stands unrivaled, and the almond-eyed gourmands linger long to smoke the after-dinner cigarette, which accompanies every firstclass meal, and discuss current home

"You likee China dinnee?" said Gon Lung, the vice-president of the Woo Foo company, to a World reporter. A nod in the affirmative caused him to say:

"Bella good. We go to Sam Lee; there was a pin sticking into it; and the baby was tipped and turned and wapsed about until investigation exploded this which gave him the appearance of a theory dry fog in search of a bath.

The dining hall situated on the second floor was reached by means of a narrow staircase which led to a room filled with small tables neatly covered with figured damask. The walls from the ceiling to the floor are covered with the various newspapers which are intended to be read

as the guest munches his meals. In the far-off corner behind a little counter stood a solemn Chinaman who filled a number of little saucers with the in front of him, with the gravity of minshelves were countless numbers of little teapots each holding about a cup. There was no smell of cooking, as the kitchen is on the roof and the dishes go up and down the dumb waiter with military regularity. The dinner was served by a waiter in spotless white, who arrived of rice boiled in such a way as to have curry sauce and four chop-ticks. Without waiting Gon opened the ball by mixing his rice and curry, then raising the cup to his mouth by a peculiar shoveling action soon emptied the dish, while his welcome guest was vainly attempting to eatch on to a grain of rice with the sticks; a spoon soon remedied the defect, and the meal proceeded with-

out further interruption. "He has forgotten to bring the bread," was the remark ventured as the next ber, and the young man turtled his head course, consisting of roast duck cut in slices, over which was poured a peculiar his tribute to the pansy blossom, while preserved ginger was brought on.

"Chinaman no eatee blead-no good," answered Gon, as he steadied the chopsticks, and grabbing a slice of duck dipped it first into the mustard then into the ginger. Chopsticks proved but a poor apology for a knife and fork, and cures and starvation cures occupy in Eu-Gon's aptitude in their use rewarded him | rope the attention of those who, perhaps, with a lion's share of the duck, which was a very palatable dish of excellent ble for wanting any cure at all, a new

a pudding, that looked like a hole, lined shioned practice among persons with with a thin layer of dough stuffed with impaired digestive organs. Hot water as harmony with the rest, and so light that during the present London season, while

stomach. Two pots of tea with an odor of roses, and two small cups, holding about twice the quantity of a large thimble, accompanied by two cigarettes, ended the repast. The mention of sugar and milk again ually becoming discredited, and Phyllis aroused the Celestial's indignation, and no longer laves her lovely features in the he shot forth a volume of criticism on cool translucent wave, but in the same American taste.

The bill, amounting to sixty cents, was paid part in pennies and the rest in cold tubbing, most meritorious when the nickels drawn from a bag which he ice on the top required to be broken with earried in the inside of his loose blouse. a bootjack, so is a kind of scalding propa-And Sam Lee, to show his good fellowship, "set 'em up" in the shape of a ment, and those who clung most desperglass of "rice brandy." It is, by the ately to the gelid tub are now quietly way, not a drink that is likely to be pushed into lukewarm if not hot water. copied by American barkeepers. It could no doubt be easily imitated by seems thus to be settled for the present, judiciously mixing a large quantity of but the swallowing of scalding water is

astral oil and aqua fortis. ceived the nabob with a salute, and day with it, and declare its effect exceldonned a cap which was composed of lent; while others "never drink anybamboo sticks about two feet high, about | thing clse after dinner," insisting that it which painted papers hung in great pro- is a sovereign remedy against dyspepsia. fusion. He escorted his visitors to the The quantity taken as a close, from one rear room where the altar, filled with to two tumblers, is a little amazing at hideous-looking idols in all conceivable first, for there is a "maist series deal o' shapes, stood surrounded by a number of drinking" in a pint of very hot water. Chinamen who lay before it prostrate, Two tumblers are generally prescribed, with the backs of their hands resting on to be taken an hour and a half before the floor, while their noses touched the cating, the complementary part of the rug. They were muttering something, cure a meal of chopped beefsteak.—New occasionally raising their heads and gazing intently at the big idol, then drop-

ping back again. The priest removed his hat, and sticking a few lighted tapers into it, began a low wall which caused the suppliants to rise, and, dusting their baggy trousers, left the room, the short service was ended and red slips were passed around. They were advertisements of Ham Sou, an importing grocer, who desired his friends to notice the fact that he had lately received a few choice little josses, or gods, which would be sold cheap for cash.-Yew York World.

Rascals have not yet counterfeited the Rascals have not yet counterfeited the "When you give up eating sauerkraut, holes in the many postal notes. Picayune. Gretchen."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Baby on the Cars. There was a baby on a car of the Chr-

ago, Burlington and Quincy railroad yesterday afternoon

It-a baby in long clothes is always an t-was loaded to the muzzle with cry. It was a little thing, not more than two feet long, but it had more cry coiled up a it than you would suppose could be stowed away in a baby as big as a town constable. What wouldn't an auctioneer give for that baby's capacity!

Well, the train and the baby got a good, even start, and for several miles the passengers looked on with interest in the race. Almost anybody would bet, offhand, that is baby's steam would run down before an engine's, but if you knew Only a few, such as wealthy washer- this particular baby you would disdain by the way, is a most righteous declara-

> The poor, young mother of this portable noise factory was crimson with embarrassment, for, of course, every passenger looked at her and seemed to her to say: "Why don't you shut up that squalling brat ?"

> Presently a man with long, flowing beard came up the aisle, chucked the baby under the chin, made a horrid grimace, and simpered: "Da, da, da, tootle te tooty."

> The baby was crying as loud as it could, but this made it cry louder. A man across the way said perhaps

> "Probably got the colic," said a digni-fied woman with a double chin. A man in a long duster gave it a pepperment lozenge, but the baby declined it with

kicks and vells. The poor mother looked down at the floor as if she wished to find a nail hole to slip through. A kind-looking woman came from the other end of the car, took the baby and pranced up and down the aisle, bobbing and jumping the bundle contents of half a dozen grotesque jars this was not the cure. She passed isters, while round about ranged on knife, but that was spitefully flung to the floor as the baby opened the steam

A young man with a struggling mustache and high collar was looking out of a window whistling "Only a Pansy Blos-som." He turned his head languidly bearing a tray on which were two cups ting the screaming infant on his knee and suggested to the man who was troteach kernel retain its distinct form a jug muffling folds of its long skirts, "If you trying to shake its lungs down into the folks keep on until you frighten the baby

to death it'll stop crying, I guess." Every eye in the car shot a blood-red dare at that young man. What did he know about babies, the strippling? But the baby was passed back to its mother and all the passengers sat still and pouted over the insult. Then the baby in the lense quietude laid its little head upon its mother's shoulder, sniffled a few sobs, and fell into a peaceful, noiseless slumsmelling mustard sauce, and a plate of the other passengers thought, "Now he thinks he's smart, doesn't he?"—Chicago Neits.

### The Hot Water Cure.

Just at the moment when cold water cures, milk cures, whey cures, grape avor.

Time was called, and the last round, has already found followers in England. comprising six varieties of preserves and The drinking of hot water was an oldnuts, was tackeled. It was in perfect a cosmetic has greatly advanced in favor it appeared to digest itself in the mouth without bothering the already filled boiling point as is possible has taken to itself a supplementary treatment in the United States. The probably apocryphal saying attributed to Diane de Poictiers that she owed the preservation of her beauty to the use of cold water is made almost boiling hot. As, a few ganda in progress at the present mo-

The matter of external application recommended at various times and sea-At the Joss-house the high priest re- sons. Many excellent people begin the

### When.

"When shall we be married, dearest?" sked Gretchen, looking up into the face her American lover with eyes that reflected the deep, inextinguishable love that makes the Teutonic maiden willing to cross the Atlantic as a stewardess in the steerage cabin of a Hamburg steamer rather than suffer an ocean to separate her from the object of her affections.

When shall we be married ?" Percival Fleming buried his nose in the abundance of her Saxon curls, and to all appearances addressing the back of her head, passionately answered:

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It is stated that a Paris firm has patented an invention for the instantaneous formation of steam.

Engineering is responsible for the statement that a vessel constructed of paper has been launched in St. Petersburg. She is driven by steam.

It has been calculated that to make the 950,000 tons of paper annually required for the supply of the world, 430 days' medium flow of water down the river Thames would be needed. Captain Schufeldt, of the United States

army medical corps, has forwarded to the Smithsonian institution a collection of some 3,000 specimens of vertebrates and invertebrates collected around New

An ingenious apparatus called a "fire-damp indicator" has been invented in Geneva. Every hour or half hour the air of the mine is forced into the burner by a bellows and the result is registered in the central office.

Celluloid will not be as popular in the future as it has been, if a new substance which has been made up in Loudon proves successful. It possesses all the pardness and brilliancy of celluloid, and is, beside, fireproof.

When cattle are intended to be maliciously destroyed in India they are pierced with a thorn of the Arbus precatorius. Death ensues on the second day. Strange to say, the pounded seeds, taken internally, have little action.

A writer in the Journal of Science, in an article on "Cram and Its Amenities," claims that brainwork is not by itself physically injurious, but that, when within reasonable bounds, it is distinctly favorable to long life; and he enforces his argument with some happy illustra-

A new and curious use for the eucayptus tree, already famed as an antidote to malaria, was discovered by accident lately in California. The leaves, it has been found, act as a preventive of that incrustation of steam boilers which leads to their gradual corrosion and is said to be almost the sole cause of explosions.

Dried apricots are likely to be a prominent article of export from California. Heretofore this fruit has been put up almost entirely in tin cans, but, in consequence of overproduction, the canning factories reduced the price paid to the farmer to such a figure that he was driven to experimenting with various processe of drying, and discovered a method that leaves the fruit in a delicious state.

Among the various substances found on the "coated" human tongue after a microscopical examination are the following: Fibers of wood, linen and cotton; fibers of spiral vessels, fibers of muscle, in one case eight hours after eating: starch grains, cheese mold, portions of potato skins, scales, moths, etc., hair from legs of bees and of spiders, pollen of various flowers and their stamens; hairs from various leaves, in one case the wing of a mosquito; fragments of the leaves of tobacco very frequently, and of chamomile flowers, etc., occur repeat-

### Triumph of Surgery.

Modern surgery is able to provide a man with a new nose, new lips, new eyelids, and an artificial throat. It can do more; it can, by the process known as skingrafting, provide him with a new skin. The following description of the process is reported by an English surgeon:

The patient, a pretty little girl of eight,

was admitted into St. George's hospital years previously her dress had caught fire, burning both legs from the hips to the knees severely. After a year's treatment the left thigh had healed up; but the right had never got better, and presented a terrible ulcer, extending all down the outer side. For four months she lay there without any signs of im-provement. On May 5 the child was brought into the operating theatre and placed under the influence of chloroform. Two small pieces of skin were snipped from the back with a pair of sharp pointed scissors, and imbedded—planted in fact—in the granulations or "proud flesh" of the wound-two tiny atoms scarcely bigger than a pin's head, and consisting of little more than the cuticle or outer skin which we raise in blisters by rowing or exposure to the hot sun. Five days later no change was visible, and by-and-bye the operation was considered to have failed, since the pieces of skin had disappeared, instead of growing, as had been expected. But twelve days after the operation two little white cicatrices appeared where the seed had been sown; and in my notes I find that a week later these were big enough to be dignified as "islands of new tissue." The most wonderful part of it was that not only did these islands grow and increase rapidly in circumference, but the fact of their presence seemed to stimulate the ulcer itself, which forthwith took on a healing action around its margin. eral more grafts were implanted subse quently, including morsels from Mr. Pollock's arm, from my own, and from the shoulder of a negro; the last producing a white scar-tissue like the rest. In two months the wound was healed, and the little patient was discharged cured.

# Getting Even.

Friend to Artist-"I see the art com mittee rejected that picture of yours. Artist-" Yes, and it's all because one of the members was prejudiced against

me. But I'll get even, you bet." Friend-"I'll tell you how to get your revenge!"

Artist-"How!" Friend-" Paint his portrait."-Louis ille Courier-Journal.

Mr. Corrodus, the eminent violinist. has become the possessor, at a cost of \$3,400, of the Stradivarius violin once owned and used by Paganini.

QUESTIONS. Were I hird to fly unto thee In the wild weather, the wind and rain,

Beating my wings at thy window pane, Would thou thy casement open to me! In thy soft hands where I nestled warm, I should forget the cold and the storm, Sheltered with thee,

Or would thou cold and unbeeding be, Turning to leave me affrighted there, Fluttering, throbbing, in mute despair? Then, thou no pity showing to me, Fainting I'd fall in the stormy night, Death 'neath thy casement's mocking light,

Driven from thee. Were I a leastet to float to thee, Drenched with the dews of the morning

sweet, Lying in sunshine, low at thy feet, Would thou not, tenderly lifting me, Keep me to prove to the winter snows, That the dead summer had her rose,

Cherished by thee ! Or would thou, finding no joy in me, Leave me to perish beside thy way, A little rose-leaf withered and gray-

Oh, my heart, unremembered to be; There in the sunlight moldering to lie, Crushed by thy feet as they hurried by, Forgotten by thee !

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

One of the naturalists gives the comforting assurance, as he calls it, that a bee can sting only once. Once is enough, A muff is defined as "a thing which holds a girl's hands and don't squeeze it."

Correct; and any fellow's "a niuff" who will hold a girl's hand without squeezing Emory Storrs is said to p sess 300 neckties. What advantage to im if he gain a thousand neckties and loses his own /

collar-button under the bureau ?- New York Graphic. A scientist asks: "How was man dis-tributed on the earth?" Well, brother, judging from a painful experience, we would say it was by means of an insid-

ious banana peel. Almost any man will forget his ten-dollar umbrella when he leaves a restaurant; but give a woman a parasol worth \$1 and take her into fifty restaurants, and she will not forget it once.-Puck.

It is one of the unexplainable things of moral ethics how people decide so promytly as to how little rain and bad weather it takes to keep them away from prayer-meeting; and how much is required to keep them away from a good

"No, sir," said the young lawyer who was paying attention to a fair maiden, "no, sir, I don't like a circuit court. There's no fun in being chased around the house by a cross dog before getting a chance to dive in the front door," New York Journal.

"Do you know why you and George remind me of two shades of one color? asked a young lady of a companion who had been engaged for a good many years. "Till tell you, No," was the reply. then; it's because you don't match." Philadelphia Call.

Mrs. Langtry says that Oscar Wilde is destined to do great deeds in the near future. This probably means that he intends to destroy the manuscript of the new play on which he has been engaged for some time, and embark in the respect-able and ennobling occupation of sawing wood. - Norristown Herald.

A gentleman visiting a school had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance" occurring in a verse, the querist interrogated one of the youngsters as follows: "What is patrimony?" thing left by a father." "What would you call it if left by a mother?" "Matrimony,"

A Norristown married man can heavily discount Vennor as a prognosticator, When the former starts for home at 1 o'clock in the morning he always predicts a "storm" within an hour, and never made a miss but once, and then he found his wife sound asleep when he reached home. Next morning she declared that she had been drugged .-Norristown Herald.

"What are you doing there?" demanded a policeman of a man who sat on a fence howling. "That feller in the house shot my dog because he howled, and I'm carrying out the dog's contract. I'm going to how! here until I think the dog's death has been sufficiently avenged. If he shoots me my son will how out my contract, and if further harm should befall my family my wife will come out and howl till he can't rest. Oh, but we are howlers!"-Arkanana Traveler

### The Oldest Woman in the World.

At Auberine-en-Royans, a village in the Dauphine, situated between Valence and Grenoble, may be seen an old woman living in a hut in a narrow street who has reached the extraordinary age of 123 years. She has no infirmity except slight deafness, being in full possession of her mental faculties.

According to her marriage certificate she completed in January last her 100th year since marriage. She was a "canti-niere" under the First Empire, and had two sons killed at the battle of Friedland and in Spain. She is supported entirely on the alms given her by visitors, who go from great distances to see her as an object of curiosity, and her neighbors help her to do her household work.

She lives almost exclusively on soup made with bread, to which is added a tittle wine and sometimes a little brandy, Dr. Bonne, who practices in the neighborhood, states that she is novor iil. Her skin is like parchment, but she is comparatively upright, and is of scrupulously clean habits, -London Lancet.