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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCT 29, 1884.

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ON THE WATERS

fewer that cluss unto it fragile warside wood, trop of erstal dew mighetive a starving seed. -a double score into oblivion's seahundred vines or more, p a strong and giant tree.

-E. G. Blandey.

ON THE HONEYMOON

COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS: MARD PENDER, MRS. RICHARD PED-DER, JOHN, & Waiter.

> r in a hotel in the White such window at back, open-hows views of Mount Washance. Door to sleeping or to corridor of hotel, ture of parlor, with

ned looking at bill of heen marked). Broiled icken, ham omelet. Um! particular about his food. they've been married more If he stays out the honeybe'll swear at the cook. They The cook's a kind of safetyal kettle gets too hot. Well,

Mr. Pedder from door R. Any letters this morning,

you. And breakfast

ten minutes, sir. [Goes out.

thout.) How hungry at much of that supper hups the head cook ort to have a wife. And wiing, is Ellen! If it of poor little Lulu, be faintest cloud on

with letter. letter, sir, for you.

latter; John goes out.]

ting, looks at letter.) From He promised to write soon. pe the honeymoon is proving t the poets describe it to be. Speaks. nate in her greeting. Poor [Reads.] dices may not prove so strong ik, and you may yet all three friends. Having duly reported, hink there's any more to tell you. Vaughan on his yacht. He has

(folding up letter). "One can ely on George. Glad he's seen etter not let my wife see this. da't like what he says about dices. [Puts letter in pocket.] r dress rustling.

Mrs. Pedder in pretty morning

Here I am, dear, And very charming you look,

P. (turning round so that he can be dress.) I thought you would Isn't the looping back of the retty? I haven't kept you wait-

P. No; he hasn't brought break-

John with breakfast things, including tile with spirit plamp lighted. Mr. and P. sit and begin eating. r. P. This trout is dried up too

Irs. P. I'm sure, Dick dear, I don't anything the matter with it. ohn (aside.) I thought he was due. fr. P. I'm glad you can eat it; I

Change my plate, John. rs. P. No letters for me this morn-

ohn. No, mum. Only one for Mr.

[He goes off with plates. P. (aside). Why the deuce couldn't ply say "no"? (Aloud.) Just a nes from Hammond, dear. He his kindest regards to you. P. Much obliged to him. I like Hummond best of all your friends

P. I'm very glad you do, for he's touch me, est I have. I want you to make at home in our crib, when we

ck to the city. P. I'll try, Dick. [Holding out bowl.] Does my dicky-bird want broken it.

No. thank you. [Aside.] I e'd drop that canary racket. P. What does Mr. Hummond

Oh, nothing in particular. Only

Can I read his letter? I'd like ried such a Don Juan! ctly what he has to say about

Mr. P. Will you please explain what All right, dear; I'll show it to you are talking about.

Mrs. P. (sobbite)

get ready for a walk.

Mrs. P. You're in a great hurry this morning. Are you sure you are not dy-ing to catch sight of that widow on horse-

Mr. P. The widow be-married again. Mrs. P. (coming to him.) Oh, Dick, you say that as if you thought it would be a punishment, Mr. P. Perhaps it would be, to her

husband. Mrs. P. (anxiously.) But you don't

Mr. P. How can I tell anything about it? I don't know her or her intended Mrs. P. You know that isn't what I meant, Dick. You don't find marriage

a punishment? Mr. P. How can I, when I have mar-

ried a girl I love so much. Mrs. P. The only one you have ever really loved?

Mr. P. Haven't I told you so a hundred times? Mrs. P. Well, tell it again. I can't

hear it too often. Mr. P. (kissing her.) The only one I have really loved. Now, while you put accusation that is so vague. on your things, I'll have a smoke. (Takes out a cigar and looks in matchsafe.) No matches again! I believe the

case must leak. Mrs. P. There's a light under the kettle, Dick. But please go outside to

Mr. P. All right. (He takes out some letters from his pocket, and tears a piece off one to make a lighter; walks to table, lights cigar, and in putting letters back drops one without noticing he has done so.) I'll go out on the balcony. Bring my hat and gloves, dear when you're ready; and don't be long.

He goes out through window. Mrs. P. I wish tobacco smoke didn't make me cough so. I hope I shall get used to it, for Dick's sake. Dear Dick, used to it, for Dick's sake. Dear Dick, but to look after the late wife won't keep me dropped one of his letters. [Picks it up, and sees signature.] "George Hammond." That's the one he received this sir, you can think of Lulu Tomlinson. morning. He said I might read it. [Begins to read.] "Dear Dick." [Speaks.] I don't like anyone else calling Dick, "Dick." I wonder if he couldn't get them to call him Richard? [Reads.] "Hope the honeymoon is proving all the poets describe it to be." [Speaks.] Of fect happiness is beyond the expression of mere words. [Reads.] "The city is beastly—" [Speaks.] What a horrid word! [Reads on.]—"dull; nothing degot to say? [Reads.] "Dear cent at the theaters, and nearly all the nice girls out of town." [Speaks reflec-tively, and with a self-satisfied tone.] You can just bet it is, old Yes, I suppose they are. [Reads.] "The city is beastly must except the Tomlinsons, on whom I the nice girls are out of town." called to day—" [Speaks.] Dick never mentioned them; I wonder why he And I've got the nicest here. didn't? [Reads.]-"to fulfill my prom-"I must except the Tomlin- ise to you to see how Lulu was getting hom I called yesterday to ful- on." [Speaks.] Who is Lulu Tomlinnise to you to see how Lulu son, and why should Dick want to know Dear old how she is getting on? Perhaps Tom-"I saw only Miss Tom- linson has married a friend of Dick's d Lulu. Miss Tomlinson in- but even then I don't see why he should ndly after you, and Lulu was take so much interest in her. SBW only lit does seem hard you had Tomlinson and Lulu. Miss Tomlinson her up." [Speaks.] It was inquired kindly after you, and Lulu wa Reads.] "Perhaps Mrs. Ped-very affectionate in her greeting. It was inquired kindly after you, and Lulu was [Speaks.] Perhaps Lulu is going marry George Hammond. [Reads.] "Poor little thing! It does seem hard you had to give her up." [Speaks.] Oh! Dick has been in love with Lulu. And to me twice. With kindest re- how often had he sworn that I was the the bride, yours, George Ham- only woman he had ever really loved! And I-I believed him, fool that I was! I feel that all my faith is shattered. So this Mr. Hammond has been helping Dick to deceive me. I never could bear him, anyway. [Reads.] "Perhaps Mrs. Pedder's prejudices—" [Speaks.] My prejudices! Go on, Mr. Hammond—go I always thought you you were sly What more does the wretch say? [Reads.]-"may not prove so strong as you think; and you may yet all three be good friends." [Speaks.] Very likely, very likely indeed, Mr. George Friends with a forward minx like this Lulu, who, I am sure, was much more to blame than Richard. has cruelly deceived me, though. If he had only told me the truth I might have forgiven him. [Gets up and walks about.] But now-now I can never trust him again. And all for a girl who was ready to give his friend an affectionate greeting. A pretty friend, this man whom I was to make feel at home! Home! I shall never have a home now. [Looks at letter again.] 'With kindest regards to the bride." [Speaks.] The hypocrite! How I hate him! And as for this Lulu, what can I do? Let me think. Oh, if mamma were only here to advise me!

[Enter Mr. P. through window.

Mr. P. Not dressed yet, dear? Mrs. P. (hiding letter, and struggling to appear caim.) No. Mr. P. Why not?

Mrs. P. I am not going out. I have a headache. Mr. P. Your eyes look red. I'm so sorry, dear! [Coming closer.] Can I get

you anything? Mrs. P. (shrinking back.) No. Don't Mr. P. What is the matter,

Mrs. P. Oh, nothing. Only my heart is broken. Mr. P. What nonsense! What has

Mrs. P. It may be nonsense to you, sir, but it is death to me. I have discovered, your cruel perfidy. Mr. P. (amazed). My perfidy. [Aside.

What in thunder is she driving at? Mrs. P. Yes. You need not affect inenuse he promised. Sends a nocence. I have proof of one case, but tub gossip and says he may go I dare say it is only one of hundreds.
Oh! to think that I should have mar-

you some time. . But I want you now to ago you told me that . I was the only

woman you had ever really loved.

Mr. P. And I tell you so once more. Mrs. P. Don't! don't!! Don'T!!! Do not, Mr. Pedder, shatter may lingering emnant of faith I may have. Do not heap perjury on perjury.

Mr. P. (aside). "Mr. Pedder." It's serious. [Aloud.] My dear, you are using very strong words.

Mrs. P. I have heard of your loves, and the false stories you have told others -the affections you have wronged-the hearts you have betrayed. And I-I, who was ready to worship you, am to be rewarded with the worn-out feelings of a rake. Oh! it is a bitter awakening from

my dream! Mr. P. If you will drop your tragic vein, and tell me what's the matter, I shall, no doubt, be able to explain it. can see that some one has been trying to make mischief between us. Who is the liar?-the false friend? Tell nae, that I

may prove myself innocent. Mrs. P. You brazen it out holdly, sir, but your acting does not impose upon I have proofs—the best proofs. Mr. P. Then show them to me tell me what they are. I cannot answer an

Mrs. P. You could not answer it if I demeaned myself by stating it in the clearest words.

Mr. P. Ellen, is this the faith and trust you promised me at the altar?

Mrs. P. Do you dare to speak to me of faith and trust? You, who are so false

and disloyal. Mr. P. If you won't tell me you won't, but I'll be hanged if I know what all this

Mrs. H. Go on, sir, go on. Use bad language if you want to. You don't respect me, but you can't impose on me. Had you confessed all and trusted to my love I might have forgiven you, but your shameless protestations of ignorance and innocence show me what I have to expect in the future. I am going to my room, sir, and I beg you will not disturb me. [Goes to door]. If you want amusement this morning,

[She enters room and slams door. Mr. P. (alone). Whe-e-e-w! Lulu Tomlinson! [Takes letters from his pocket and looks them over]. By Jove! I've dropped George's, and she's read it. And she thinks Lulu is a girl! [Laughs]. That's the best joke I ever heard. Come course it is, and sweeter, too. Such per- to think of it, his phrases were rather ambiguous. Poor Ellen! it is really too bad she should have been so worried. But I was worried too. I shall have to give her a little lesson. [Goes to door, opens it a little and calls]. Mrs. Ped-

> Mrs. P.'s voice. I asked you to respect my grief.

Mr. P. (in calmly dignified tones). I P.'s voice. I have proofs

Mr. P. Proofs that I shall demolish. (Enter Mrs. P. Mrs. P. I shall be only too delighted

if you can. Mr. P. Kindly take a seat. Thank When you left me, just now, you hurled at me the name of Lulu Tomlinson. What if I were to assure you that there is no such person?

Mrs. P. (rising). Oh, Dick, darling, isn't there really? Mr. P. Oblige me, Mrs. Pedder, by

remaining seated. Mrs. P. (sitting). Don't call me Mrs. Pedder, Dick.

Mr. P. Madam, just now, on a roundless suspicion, you called me Mr. Pedder once, and sir five times. Had you told me all, and trusted to my love, might have forgiven your want of faith—the faith that you promised me at the altar.

[Hides face in handkerchief. Mrs. P. Oh, but, Dick, I didn't really mean it! I never really doubted you. Mr. P. Madam, your acting does not

impose on me. Your anger was too natural to have been assumed. Mrs. P. Don't, Dick, don't. I can't stand it. But you haven't explained it

Mr. P. I should have, had you not interrupted me. You found a letter dropped, and you immediately proceeded to read it,

Mrs. P. I saw it was from Mr. Hammond, and you said I might read it. Mr. P. When I showed it to you. But,

Mrs. P. Don't, Dick, don't! If you call me Mrs. Pedder again I shall break Mr. P. Your distrust has almost

broken mine. You found in that letter a reference to Miss Tomlinson and Lulu, and immediately jumped to the conclusion that Lulu was a girl to whom I had ehaved like a villain.

Mrs. P. And isn't she a girl? Mr. P. No; Lulu is a dog. Mrs. P. A dog!

Mr. P. A terrier of pure Skye breed. Mrs. P. (rising.) Oh, Dick, how foolish I have been.

Mr. P. Don't touch me; hear me out. The first time I met you, you happened to mention your peculiar dislike to dogs. fell in love with you that evening, so I determined not to spoil my chances by speaking of Lulu or letting you see her. When you accepted me, the Tomlinsons kindly took charge of Lulu, with the understanding that if I didn't claim her in six months, she was to be theirs.

Mrs. P. (kneeling before him.) Dick, how wickedly suspicious I have been! Can you ever forgive me? Mr. P. My dear, I'll try, if you promise never to be jealous again.
Mrs. P. Never, Dick, dear, never!

Mr. P. You see that, however strong appearances may be, they are not proofs.

Mrs. P. No. Dick, no. I will never Mrs. P. (sobbing). Not ten minutes suspect you again; and Pil never read houses,

any of your letters -- unless you give them Mr. P. That's my own trustful darling

again! (They embrace,)
Mrs. P. Dick, I believe I love you more than ever, though I didn't think that was possible. And, oh? Dick, dear, you may send for Lulu if you like.

Mr. P. But you can't bear dogs, Mrs. P. Lulu can't be like any other dog. I know I shall love her for your Besides, I don't want that Miss Tomlinson to have anything that belonged to you .- Julian Magnus, in Harper.

WISE WORDS.

Wear a cheerful countenance. If your mirror won't smile on you, how can you expect anywody else will?

Public discussion is an intellectual stamping mill, where the worthless quartz is crushed and the pure gold set free. It is much easier to find a score of men

wise enough to discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough, in the face of opposition, to stand up against it. Great talent for conversation should be attended with great politeness. He who eclipses others, owes them great civilities; and whatever a mistaken vanity

may tell us, it is better to please in conversation than to shine in it. It is of the essence of resource that it usually lies dormant, and often unsuspected, until necessity awakens it. It is a draft payable on demand, the very demand being essential to create the assets. In a word, it needs the "power of the

The supreme gifts of the gods can neither be discussed nor deserved. Believe in happiness; expect it; make room for it in your life! Have faith! Faith moves mountains. And happiness is of the swift-footed immortals, and descends only on the garlanded altars of her wor-

Intelligence and energy and conscientiousness, all united, can never evolve and Tholen even in 1825. It has been true justice if sympathy be absent from the heart. This is no merely abstract and unpractical idea. It lies at the root of moral education and self-culture, for it declares that just conduct depends upon right feelings, and cannot be developed without them.

To feel with and for others-what a glorious widening out and enriching of one's life that is! How it increases our joys because of the pleasure that we take in the joys of others! How it renders A good log of driftwood is a prize. It selfish brooding over our own woes immay have been a tree, tempest-torn from possible because of the sympathy we must give to the sorrows of others! Not generosity only, not kind-heartedness only, nor courtesy, nor unselfishness, nor keen perception, nor quick understand-

ing-it is all these and more than these. We should never estimate the soundam aware how cruelly you have mis- ness of principles by our own ability to judged me. I cannot rest quietly under | defend them, or consider an objection as a false and wicked aspersion. It will be unanswerable to which we can find no well for the future happiness of both of reply. It is an absurd self-confidence, us that you come here and listen to me. especially in a young person, to abandon 8 88 500n as he may find himself worsted in argument. There is no defence against flippant sophistry so effeetual as an intelligent modesty. deed genuine firmness of mind consists greatly in an habitual recollection of our own moderate powers and acquirements.

Methods of Chinese Doctors. The employment of acupuncture and

cauterization by Chinese doctors forms the subject of an article in one of the last numbers of the North China Herold. A native public writer not long since claimed that a skillful physician in this department of medicine could cure such diseases as imbecility, fits, cholera, etc. The principle of cauterization is simply that of counter-irritation, and the English writer bears personal testimony to its efficacy in the case of a slight sunstroke, although the operator was a simple Manchu peasant and instrument a couple of copper coins. Very extraordinary cures are attributed to acupuncture by the Chinese. It is first performed in the hollow of the elbow of each arm. If the puncture draws blood there is no danger, but if no blood appears the case is regarded as very grave. But before abandoning the sufferer puncture of the abdomen is tried. Seizing a handful of flesh, the operator driver he needle right through it, and then draws it backward and forward a few times. If the patient manifests any sense of pain, or if any blood is drawn, a poultice of eggs and buckwheat flour is applied over the ture, and recovery is regarded as almost certain; but if no pain is felt and no blood flows the case is declared hopeless, and the sufferer is left to die. The case is then quoted of a young Chinese, educated abroad, who was attacked with cholera; his extremities became cold. and cramp set in in a somewhat alarming manner. The barber surgeon who was called in commenced by running a needle into the pit of the patient's stomach, a jet of very dark blood following; he then punctured the calf, the two breasts, and the forehead of the sufferer, freeing a certain quantity of blood each prick. The relief is said to be instantaneous, and in two days recovery was complete. The Chinese explanation of this treatment is that, when the blood is in the poisoned condition which induces the choleraic symptoms, it becomes thick, and accumulates in certain portions of the body. A clever surgeon knows exactly how to put his finger on the particular spots, and, by skillfully "open-ing the mouth of the heart," as the operation is called, sets free the poisoned fluid which causes all the mischief. It is noteworthy that faith in the efficacy of this mode of treatment is not confined to the masses, but is shared by Chinese who have been abroad and have had ample experience of western medical prac-

In the United States there are 67,000 paupers. These are paupers in alms-

tice. - Nature.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The first attempts to introduce gas as an illuminator in the United States were made in Baltimore, between 1816 and 1820. They failed, but it was successfully introduced into Boston in 1822.

The Giant's Castle is a famous structure on the summit of a mountain near Cassel, Germany. On the top of the castle is a pyramid ninety-six feet high, supporting a statue of Hercules (a copy of the Farnese) thirty-one feet in height. This castle includes a system of waterworks connected with the grounds of Wilhelmshohe, which is, perhaps, unequaled. The fountain supplied by these water-works rises in a column twelve inches in diameter to the height of 190 feet.

The harmonica is the name of a musical instrument, invented by Benjamin Franklin. There are but very few people who know that Franklin ever invented a musical instrument, but such is a fact. It consisted of a number of globular glasses set in a revolving metion on their center, and while were in motion their rims were touched with the operator's finger, when a soft and beautiful sound was produced. A young lady by the name of Miss Davis

We climb the hills of the unknown land—the became a perfect performer on the harmonica, and appeared in Europe and throughout America in 1765. No improvement has ever been made on the harmonica, and it has sunk into oblivion, while the mouth-organ has robbed it of its name. moment" to evoke the "power of the

All the care of the Dutch has not precenturies ago Schouwen was entirely submerged, and every living creature was drowned. Soon after, Noordt Beveland was submerged and remained for several years entirely under water, only the points of the church spires being visible. Zuid Beveland had been sub-merged in the fourteenth century. Walcheren was submerged as late as 1808. aptly asserted that the sea to the inhabitants of Holland is what the Vesuvius is to Torre del Greco. De Amicis says that the Dutch have three enemies-the sea, the lakes, and the rivers; they repel the sea, they dry the lakes, and they impris-on the rivers; but with the sea it is a combat which never ceases.

Throughout the western isles of Scotland timber is a rare and precious article, most frequently the gift of the ocean. its home, tossed by the waves and wafted to and fro by many a current ere it drifted to these far isles, or it may be the masts of some wrecked vessels, whatever its story it is treasure-trove, and though encrusted with barnacles or riddled by pholades it can be turned to account. The large timbers become rafters, precious heir-looms, for a young couple cannot wed till they have accumulated enough to support their thatch, and should they have accumulated tence," sighs a poet. This is not the first time a poet has been in entire acshould they have occasion to "flit," the only part of their bothy that comm any pecuniary compensation is the roof, not the work only, but also the heavy thatch saturated with thick, greasy peatreek (in other words with a thick coating of soot), which forms a valuable manure.

Pleasant People.

Companionable people are those who have a knack of making light of their tribulations and vexations, and a habit of putting them out of sight; who do not entertain their acquaintances with the recital of a leaky pipe, a bad baking, the children's measles, the shortcomings their melancholy, if they have any, out of the conversation; whose nerves do not furnish them with material for a morning call; who are not always on that the transmission of a message from the lookout for a draught, or a change of weather, or a slight; who do not 308 miles, in 23 minutes the most relament their poverty aloud, and make us markable telegraphic feat on record, but feel responsible for it and uncomfortable it is evident that none of them have ever amidst our plenty. The companionable seen a messenger boy run. - Boston Post, people never seek to make us c' ssatisfied with ourselves or our belongings; they talk about the things we like to hear and are silent upon the subjects on which we disagree; they do not differ from us for the sake of differing, and do not announce their opinions as if there were no appeal therefrom.

A Watch Made of Straw.

A piece of work of unparalleled patience and integrity is reported from Karthaus, in Bohemis, the wonderful workman being a youth in durance for five years for theft. He has turned his enforced leisure to use and manufactured a straw watch five centimetres in diameter by two in thickness. The works comprise a few bits of straw, some cotton, two needles and a pin, a small piece of paper forming the dial. It is said to go for six hours, and could be made to go twelve with a few improvements.

Duplicate Cities. There are in the United States 4 Philadelphias and 8 Pittsburgs, while the record of other cities is as follows: Brooklyns 18, Bostons 11, Baltimores 5, Buffalos 16. Burlingtons 17, Charlestons 17, Chicagoes 4, Cincinnatis 8, Clevelands 10. Columbus 19, Daytons 25, Detroits Indianapolis 2, Louisvilles 5, Lowells 15, Memphis 8, Milwaukees 3, Nashvilles 14. Omahas 5, Portlands 24, Quincys 25, Richmonds 22, Springfields 25, St. Josephs 15, St. Louis 4, St. Pauls 12, Toledos 6, Washingtons 30, Wilmingtons 13, and Williamsburgs 28.

A Mazelhurst, Miss., man has started a new industry. He ships toads to well advanced in life-indeed, only a few Louisville florists, who use them to rid years ago. Perhaps my loss of flesh is their plants of insects. It is said they attributable to my stopping smoking, do it very effectually.

The absolutely defenseless condition of all our coast is well known abroad.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, three months

One Square, one inch, one year..... 10 00

Half Column, one year 50 00

One Square, one Inch, one Insertion . .

Legal notices at established rates.

Job work-cash on delivery.

Oh, land of dreams | Oh, beautiful land which

borders the unknown shore-Whose realms are filled with the loved and lost, whom we meet on earth no more!

Land where the weary and worn may rest : where the king and the serf lie down; Where the serf may walk in realms as fair as he who wearsth the crown.

With the loving and loved of our youth we wander by golden streams; We reck not of care, of wealth or loss, in that

beautiful land of dreams. The maid whom we loved in halcyon days,

whose bed lies under the snow, Flits back and forth in the land of dreams with the beauty of "long ago;"

Her bright eyes shine with the sparkling glance of the olden happy days-And our hearts again renew their youth

'neath the radiance of her gaze. We live whole years of joy at once as the sunlight on us gleams,

Whole years of joy that have no night, in the beautiful land of dreams. The love, the hopes and the knowledge vast that we yearn for in waking hours We cather in when we enter there as the

land by no mortal trod-Behold the palace wherein our home, whose

builder and maker is God ! And brightly its walls of jasper shine as the sunlight on it gleams;

Its gates of gems and its streets of gold that we see in the land of dreams. served the islands of Zeeland. Three Oh, land of dreams! Oh, mystical land! be-

tween the known and unknown. There reigns no king in thy vast domain, each dream is king alone.

He knoweth naught of the mystic realin, cares not where its confines end; He asketh not, for upon its shores he meeteth

his long-lost friend ! Oh, land of dreams! Oh, beautiful land, where the sunlight ever gleams ! May we enter the unknown land named

Heaven from the beautiful land of dreams. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Letters of acceptance-Y-e-s.

By the weigh-The man at the scales. The fall overcost belongs to the clothes of the year.

Love's labor lost-Casting sly glances at a blind man. Motto for the coat of arms of a wealthy

fruit preserver-"I can." "When I'm waiting for James, a min-ute seems an hour; when he is with me,

The young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket stated that she had no hand in it. "Would that I might end this exis-

an hour seems but a minute."

cord with his readers .- Boston Times. "Yes, judge," said the prisoner, "I admit that the back of my trousers was tangled in the dog's teeth, and that I dragged the animal away, but if you call

that stealing a dog, no man on earth is safe from committing crime." "How do you dare eat so many onions?" asked Gimlet of Auger. don't care how many I est," he replied. "My wife is a long way off. She is in Buffalo." "Yes, but 500 miles isn't very

far for an onion."- Graphic. A Louisville man has turned out some sort of an electrical invention, by which a man can lie in bed and fish. There is of the servants: who know how to keep no demand for such a contraption, for anybody knows that a man who will fish can lie anywhere. - Merchant-Traveler.

Some of our exchanges seem to think Melbourne to London, a distance of 13,-"I've just found out why lightning

never strikes twice in the same place, said farmer Furrow to the deacon as they stood under a tree during a thunderstorm. "Why is it?" said the deacon. "Because, sir, the same place is never there after the lightning once hits it."-New York Journal. There is a young lady who lives next

door to Blogg's house, and while Blogg had company the other evening she was heard in her endeavors to extert music from a plano. "Our neighbor's daughter is a very good player," remarked Blogg, affably, during a pause in the conversa-tion. "Her time is a little slow," was the critical response of Blogg's caller, who happened to be a connoisseur in "Yes," said Blogg," her young man is there, and very likely she has set the clock back."-Lowell Citizen.

David Davis on Fat Men. Ex-Senator David Davis the other day

said: "I feel very well, though some of my friends are a little alarmed at my rapid loss of flesh. Some persons do not like to tell their age or their weight, but I weighed three years ago more than 300 pounds, and when I was last weighed, not many weeks ago, I weighed but 241 pounds." Said I: "Judge, your sieges in an arm-chair, listening to law cases, probably made you fat," "No," said the judge; "I inherited a large body. Flesh is natural to me. When I went to Illinois I made up my mind I would neither drink nor gamble, consequently I have survived a small host of men probably better entitled to live than myself. I did not smoke a cigar until I was pretty which I did for some time. I prefer a pipe," said the judge, "to a cigar. The kind of tobacco I smoke costs about \$2 a pound, and is made about Lynchburg. I cannot lexible Turkish tobacco at all.