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No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

A Des Moines (Ia.) paper says the United States Express Company is selling off all its bay horses and replacing them with grays and sorrels. It is claimed that bays are more liable to disease and injury than horses of any other color, and that grays and sorrels have the most immunity. If this be so the prices of the fortunate colors will advance.

It is estimated that twenty-five acres of grass land are necessary to keep an animal the year round in Arizona. The total acreage of the Territory is about 48,000,000. On this basis, it is easy to estimate its capacity for cattle-raising. But a serious drawback is water. This will have to be supplied by artesian wells, if at all. As yet, only about half of the grazing area is occupied.

Prizes for essays on various subjects connected with agriculture are offered by the Society of French Agriculturists, to be awarded during the session of 1887. Among the topics are the rotation of grops and systems of culture, a better | method of inoculation with attenuated virus than that now in vogue, the fattening of animals on pastures, the organization and working of mutual agricultural predit associations, treatise of commerce, and various diseases of the vine and some other fruit trees. In 1800 prizes are to be given for the creation of fruit farms.

To talk with one's mouth seems to be the end and aim of a good many men and most women; but John Carter, an English peasant, makes use of his to paint with. Some years ago he lost the use of all his limbs by paralysis, occasioned by falling from a tree. He was, of course, bedridden, and of a sudden acquired a faculty of painting on Bristol board by the aid of his mouth. His work was suspended above him, and with his camel's drawing a big salary. Just what assistbair pencil dipped in sepia he made the necessary strokes, as fine and as effective as a delicate line engraving. One of his works, "A Rateatcher and His Dogs," was disposed of not long since to a gentleman of Boston, says the Herald, for a sum amounting to nearly \$10,000.

Few persons, perhaps, are aware that they possess a pair of harps. They are salled the organs of Corti, after their discoverer, and are located in the ear. They are estimated to have 8,700 strings, being, of course, microscopic and varying in length from 1-500 to 1-200 of an inch. If you hold a properly tuned violin near a piano when the E string is struck the E violin string will vibrate and sound too; so with all the rest. Now, the of oil and cotton waste about the term 8,700 strings of the human ear harp have "mill-hand" that even admission to the such 5 wide compass that any appreciable privileges of choir and sewing circle sound in the universe has the corresponding tone string, and the sound is at the Sewing Circle that Ruth and conveyed through the connecting fila- Charlie met. It was from the Sewing ment to the auditory nerve, thence to the sensorium, and thus a knowledge of the sound is received by the mind. Ex-King Theebaw's famous hairy family, which he long kept jealously at Mandalay, are to visit Europe for exhibition. The family have been renowned in Burmese history for many years, and the present members, a mother and son, form the fourth generation known. The mother, Maphon, is sixty-three, quite blind, and usually sits motionless on a platform, occasionally fanning herself, and speaking in a low, sweet voice. She was seen and described by Colonel Yule when on a mission to the Court of Ava in 1855. Save her hands and feet, she is covered with long, soft hair, like her son, Mo-po-sin, who is covered even to the drums of his cars, the hair in some places being five inches long, Mo-po-sin is of medium height, with pale brown skin, and is fairly friendly, having been partly educated, and married to a maid-ofhonor. Neither he nor his mother has either canine teeth or grinders. Prof. Graun, of the Berlin Geographical Society, estimates that, outside of the polar regions, an area of at least 800,000 square miles is still geographically a terra incognita. Europe has been thoroughly surveyed, all but the icy summit regions of the northernmost fields, but in old Asia vast territories are known only from hearsay, as the solitudes of the Bactrian desert and the mountain regions of western China. The best maps of central Africa still show blanks and conjectural dots; the secret of the Nile's lakes has yet by no means course, she did not like Ruth's surroundbeen satisfactorily solved; the sources of ings. the Congo and the upper tributaries of the Zambezi still rise in a cloudland of tradition. Brazil and its border states eating its life away. One night the still contain certain large stretches of honeysuckle's heart received a fearful Charlie's surroundings. When she wound, Charlie had been making an awoke out of her dreamy dazzle, she was untrodden virgin woods, the swamp Inbyrinth of the Gran Chaco, for instance, and the all but impenetrable jungies of the delta formed by the junction house. There were voices; then a violent ing glass. But it shouldn't kill her, that encourage him, and see if he is wounded, Land of the Rio Maderin and Machato, where thump against the wall; finally a sound she resolved upon. Her pride was or otherwise injured. Magn even the native Indians can travel only of something heavy falling on the kitchen wounded more than her love. 6. Let him stand st Magti even the native Indians can travel only Tornary the waterways of an occasional inun-

tion.



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them. Pity them, pity their tears !"

night. Down the street, past the black

big mill-bell went boom-boom-boom!

All the while Usher Cowan was so

kind and patient, so wise a friend. He

encouraged Ruth's father and stood by

him as his ally. Everybody at last knew of Ruth's trouble as the precious news by

chance found its way into the stocking-

her father, who had really reformed.

carry her burden.

a neighbor.

energy.

A HERO.

The warrior knows how fitful is the fight, How sai to live, how sweet perchance to die

Is fame his joy ? He meets her on the hight, And when he falls he shouts his battle-cry; His eyes are wet; our own will not be dry. Nor shall we stint his praise, or our delight, When he survives to serve his Land aright, And make his fame the watchword of the

sky. In all our hopes, his love is with us still; He tends our faith, he soothes us when w

grieve. His acts are just; his word we must be-

lieve: And gone shall spurn him, though his blood

they spill To pierce the heart whose pride they cannot

kill. Death dies for him whose fame is his reprieve.

-Eric Mackay, in Independent.

FIRE IN "NUMBER TWO."

"Well, mother, I can't help it. It is settled now. I like Ruth Silver, and she likes me, and I am bound to marry That was Charlie Manton's declarher." ation.

" We shall see, Charles."

That was Mother Manton's discouraging doubt.

"Charlie Manton was not very deep-headed. He was not deep-hearted. In his dress he showed "style." He wore eye-glasses, sported on each cheek a tuft of soft, brown whiskers, looking like two little haystacks that had been stuck there, and twirled a long, slender cane. He had graduated at college, had brought home a little polish, and could scent his language with the perfumery of a few extracts from the poetry of forign authors. He fairly glittered in the Sewing Circle at home. It was, however, the glitter of glass, not diamonds. He had not brains enough to stock an office in one of the professions. He was cimply an attache in the counting-room at the big mill, called "assistant," and ance he rendered, no one could say. I think it would have puzzled Charlie more than anyone else to say what it was he did in that counting-room. "Influence" put him there, and "influence" threatened to drive him out some day. Charlie was good-natured, he was good-looking, he had plenty of time for par-ties and picnics, and the girls rather liked him. At any rate, Charlie liked Ruth Silver.

Ruth was a mill-girl. She worked in o. Two. She had the softest blue eyes, like violets that only one dash of dew had touched. No girl in town had such glossy, golden curis, such a cunning mouth, suck fairness of complexion, such grace of form In that little New Eng-land valley town most of the operators "I te were Americans. Respectability was not tarnished as yet because a person worked you. in the mill. Still there was a little smell could not wholly remove. Ruth sang in one and sewed in the other. It was Circle that Ruth and Charlie went home together. Ruth was pleased with Charlie, There was this difference in the liking of the two for one another: Ruth was pleased with Charlie's surroundings, rather than with Charlie, though she knew it not. It was his social standing, his father's big house, his college education, the family display on Sunday, when the Mantons swept up the church aisle, that Ruth was ready enamored with. Charlie was kind. Charlie brought flowers. Charlie on sloppy days had come down from the lofty counting-room, and taking Ruth pretectively under his umbrella, like an oak-bough sheltering a summer bird, had escorted her home. Still, though she knew it not, it was Charl'e's sur oundings, more than Charde, that pleased Ruth. It was the reverse with Charlie. Ruth's surroundings did not please him at all. True, he had held the umbrella over her when it rained, but he wished the walk scapegoats are who, guilty of a dashing had been up Central Park rather than sin, through a mill-yard. Neither were Ruth's penitence. surroundings liked by the young men in Charlie's set, who all smiled and sim-pered and wore eye-glasses, and each carried a little cane that needed only to He be twisted into a curl and carried behind to complete their resemblance to monkeys. Charlie's set joked him about Ruth, and hit pretty hard; that is, if soft putty can give a hard blow. There was Ruth had always been good friends. Ruth's father (her mother was dead). He They had in childhood pulled dandelions like Ruth's surroundings; neither did

keeps on singing all the while that an arrow is piercing it. Charlle passed out, and Ruth went into the kitchen. There, She sat in the choir Sunday, and I can on an old lounge, her father was lying drunk. By his side sat Usher Cowan, basin in one hand, sponge in the other. He was bathing Mr. Silver's face, and Ruth saw that the water in the basin was bloody! pansy.

"Why, Usher, what is this?"

"Don't worry," said Usher, in the calm, steady, assuring tone so natural to him.

"But is he hurt?"

"Not much. He will be all right tonorrow.

"But has he hurt anybody?" "Well-there-there was a little

rouble between him and Jack Linton. Both had been drinking."

Jack Linton! Ruth started. Jack belonged to Charlie's set. As to habits, the only difference between him and Mr. Silver was that Jack went in at the back door of the apothecary-store, and Mr. Silver went in at the front door of the beer-shop. Jack had pressed his attentions upon Ruth, and Ruth had as persistently pressed them back. Jack was angry at last, and vowed that he would yet be even with her. The next day after the trouble with Mr. Silver, to balance accounts, Mr. Silver, at Jack's instigation, was pulled up in court. Mr. Silver, it seemed, had struck the first blow. Then money and respectability (so considered) were on Linton's side,

and Mr. Silver was fined heavily. "Guess," said Jack Linton, ejecting tobacco-juice from the window of the law-office where he was-the same nondescript that Charlie was in the counting-room-"guess Ruth and I are about even now."

The next night Ruth took from the post-office a letter from Charlie. She hurried home, and, finding her father was out, neglected her own tea, and hastened up into her chamber. There, with a heart fluttering like a bird's wing broken by a rifle-ball, she read these words

"Miss Silver-After the disgraceful transactions of yesterday, in which your father figured so conspicuously and so very creditably in court, you cannot expect me to continue an acquaintance where I must mingle in such low circles. If free you from your engagement, and I free myself also. Respectfully yours, C. MANTON."

Charlie had spent the previous evening with the elegant and refined circle that met in the apothecary's back office. Stung by the jokes there executed at his and Ruth's expense, goaded by his mother's sharp criticism also, Charlie sat down and wrote the above note.

After reading it, Ruth held it a long time in her hand. Her face was as pale as a snow drift; her heart scemed no warmer. Poor thing! God only knew how cold was this repulse of her hopes. How long she sat by the window of her chamber in this chilling stuppr, she knew not. She was aroused at last by voices

"I tell you, sir, there's hope for you.

That was Usher Cowan's voice. "I thank you, Usher; but what good will it do? And to-night I am burning with thirst. Let me go just this oncejust this once."

CRANKS IN THE CAPITOL. She sat in the choir Sunday, and I can see how she looked in the evening ser-

QUEER VISITORS DURING A SES-SION OF CONGRESS. vice. A black hat that was exceedingly becoming rested jauntily on her head,

and out from its shadow looked Ruth's Eccentric Persons who Want to Jump from the Dome-The "Kiss-ing Corner"-Bridal Couples. pale face, like the white heart of a black She looked very pale, and yet

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very defiant, like a creature that feels Cranks are drawn to the Capitol like birds about a beacon light. There is an officer placed on duty up in the dome expressly to keep them from jumping off. Not a day passes while Congress is in session that they are not at the Capitol. she is pursued in every direction, but turns, and with the arrow fixed in her side, faces her pursuers almost savagely. She maintained her position some time. The minister's sermon, however, was on "Charity." It was a plea for those who Cranks, newly-married folks and lovers had fallen. Ruth thought of her father! tend naturally toward the dome, with a Suddenly the tears came dripping inte view probably of getting nearer to her eyes, and looking down, Ruth saw heaven. There is a turn in the stairs that is known as the kissing corner. It is proverbial that lovers never pass up to Charlie Mauton in the church! He was saying: "How glorious she looks?" She was saying: "You have struck me, but the dome without stopping there to-take breath. It is said that a properly constiyou have not killed me! I defy you, your family, Jack Linton, and everybody else!" tuted girl always gets tired when she What was it the minister was saying reaches that point and a young man was never known to object. The turn is so "There are natures so proud that they will try to bear up under any strain, alsituated that two persons standing there though they are so exquisite in their sencan be seen from neither above nor below. sibilities that the strain threatens to kill It offers a great temptation to rest. The "That is I," said Ruth, "and every-body sees my tears!" Ashamed, mad, desperate, she rose from her seat, hur-

whispering gallery has become so well known that young folks who don't want their secrets carried to the other side of the dome and made public property of by the echoes, are very careful to keep ried from the choir, and ran out into the quiet when they reach that elevation.

canal carrying a mountain-current to the Cranks, if they are recognized as such, are not allowed to go on the dome, but mill like a slave forced to his task; through a gloomy lane, into the house they are always hanging around for an opportunity to slip up. Several attempts like a hunted antelope she sped. There have been made by these adventurers to step out into space in pursuit of eternity, she threw herself upon her chamber-floor, and did not lift her head until the but as yet only one has been successful. It was the first bell in the morning. Ruth One man was caught by the tail of his coat rose up, stole down-stairs, made ready just as he stood ready for a plunge forher father's breakfast, and then tripped ward. Many have been caught calculatdown-street to the mill. She was defiant as ing with insane eyes the distance to the ever, and seemed to look even prettier. concrete below. They have always been induced to go down in the ordinary way How slowly that day went! How slowly other days went! And yet as they went, the pain went. Little by little, she could

by the winding stairs. There is one point in the ascent which offers unusual facilities for a leap down into the rotunda. It is with great difficulty that a crank gets past this place. But for the presence of a policeman the people on the floor below would be in momentary danger of being struck on the

head by a flying crank. Very innocent and harmless looking basket of one of the members of the Sewing Circle, and it was given out much men will stop at this point as they go climbing up the crowded stairs, and will at once become engrossed by the beauty faster than any of the yarn on the blueand-white balls. Usher, of course, knew, but he was as wise and reticent about it of the great circular floor of the rotunda as if he had been trained to this duty. and their eyes will get bright and round He was never in Ruth's way, and yet never far from her way. He rendered at the prospect. Then they will begin climbing over the rail in a great hurry, little services. He dropped in to tell the as if they had forgotten something and news. He said encouraging things about hadn't time to take the stairs to get to it. A policeman always appears at this juncture, and the visitor is advised to take his time about it and go by way of "Usher is a good young man," remarked "That he is," replied Ruth, with the stairs.

"I can tell them on sight," said the policeman to a Star reporter. "I can tell One noon Usher called at the house to say that he was going to New Jersey. He had been offered a more promising posiwhen they come for a jump, and I never give them a chance. There is something tion in a factory there. Ruth was startled in their eyes and the way they look when he said good-bye, for his voice trembled, and looking up, she saw his lip quivering. After he had gone, how off. So we think it best not to let any cranks go up." "No, we don't stop lovers," he added in response to an intimation that this variety of crank was not dangerous. "They never have energy enough to jump off. They have to stop at every landing to rest. Sometimes they make a good deal of noise about it. The 'kissing corner?' Yes, of course they stop there! But the real genuine article ain't satisfied with that. They stop at exposed to die. Nor was highly-cultured every turn in the stairs! Let's see, now. Let's make a calculation how many kisses a real spoony couple who are visiting children were pitilessly sacrificed withhad cut off all chance of escape by the Washington on their bridal tour will get in on a round of the Capitol. No, they can't kiss in the elevator; that's crowded; nor in the gallery; but they look as if they'd like to. There's the tomb of tle, and he declared congenital deaf-mutes Yes: Washington, under the crypt; they to be incapable of instruction, and this always put their heads close together was the universal opinion of classical anto weep over that, and never hear you tell them it's empty. This is a particularly good place, because its dark, and to the front, and was springing from there are so many narrow aisles near it. They'll score half a dozen before they finally get out. Next is the engine room, and then the crypt. After that they get uneasy. It's all light in the library and in the rotunda. But they make up for in the centuries immediately preceding this on the way to the dome. Now, just the Christian era there was a sensible est treasure in the world, and down the ladder bore her. No gulf between her But it ain't fair to call them cranks. It's diminution in the number of victims of the barbarous laws, although, about 150 only temporary with them. The genuine | years B. C., the poet Lucretius projumper, the man with a mission, and the man who takes all his clothes off are all we reckon cranks. There is no doubt that the jumping cranks are in the majority. I expect they come from great distances for the express purpose of leaping from the dome. If they were

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Ons Square, one Inch, one month B 00 One Square, one inch, three months 6 00 Haif Column, one year 50 00

Marriage and death notices gratia. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

STORM-TOSSED.

Job work-cash on delivery.

O dove, spread your fair, wide pinions, Fly fast o'er the tossing sea; Seek not the rest on the foaming crest Of the billows wild and free,

The snow on your wing lies heavy. But speed through the driving spray; The sea-king's smile is a ghastly wile When he and death are at play.

O dove, spread your drooping pinions, Lift your eyes so dim with foam, For clear and far, o'er the harbor bar, Shine the welcome lights of home.

Fly on, though the storm grows wilder, And beats on your panting breast; One struggle more, you will gain the shore, And beyond the wave is rest.

-Anna B. Benael.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When one has dined on the ill-plucked restaurant goose one is apt to feel down in the mouth. -Judge.

What is the difference between a railway brakeman and a dancing master? One couples trains and the other trains couples,

Professor in astronomy-"Mr. J., can you tell me which constellation the sun will enter next?" "Can't sir." Professor-"Correct-the constellation of Cancer."

Cadmus was the first postman. He brought letters to Greece. - Boston Transcript. So! We thought the first male was left in the Garden of Eden .- Boston Bulletin

Landlady-"The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mr. Smith." Boarder Smith-"Ah yes, poor thing. I was ex-pecting that; I've noticed that for some time it hasn't been strong.'

"A magnificent game" is a frequent headline in our exchanges. In reading the text we notice that the home nine always wins the magnific nt games. How is this?-Philadelphia Cal.

A clerk, who is dismissed by his employer, says to him when he is taking his linal leave: "Well, sir, this dismissal will ost a good many people their lives." "Do you mean to threaten me?" demanded his employer. "Not at all. It simply means that I am going to become a doctor."-Paris Figare.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

He was unknown to fame in when He got a situation, Along with eight distinguished men, To play at short-stop's station. He leaped to fame's ethereal round, When he his foos did stagger, And did it at a single bound. By making one three bagger! —Tid-Bits. He was unknown to fame till when

A musical journal says that "the im-pression of the sound of the bagpipe received on the typanum of the ear affects the stomach," Correct. It also affects the liver, and the heart, and the brain, and the thorax-and, in fact, there is not a portion of man's anatomy that it doesn't affect, if he has an car for music. It makes him feel like a demon .- Norris-

Charlie's mother. (judge of what, nobody knew unless it front of the master's desk when was to judge his neighbor). Behind her caught in a common misdemeanor, was a long list of ancestors, selectmen, and had walked home at night trying militia colonels, justices of the peace, registers of probate, and this stream of disgrace. So they had grown up to-aristocratic blood had gone on flowing, gether. Such a word as "love" had swelling and gathering strength till the mighty current came to a head, a front, a form, in the diguified person, the tre-mendous presence, of Mrs. Manton. Of

As for Ruth's father, how his drinking floor. Ruth guessed what it was im-mediately. She kept on talking as if nothing had happened, like a robin that

"No, no, you cannot go!" Ruth heard Usher pleading. Then she heard their voices sounding in the

alley-way. Then she heard them in the Ruth hurried downstairs. kitchen. "Ruth, I have brough your father in, and don't want him to go out again." "You are very kind, Usher. I will make him some hot coffe directly. Don't

go, father!" 'I won't, Ruth. She is a good daughter, Usher. I wish I was a good father," the man blubbered, and then broke into a pitiful weeping.

"What is the matter, Ruth?" asked Usher, noticing her appearance. "Nothing, Usher.'

"Something is the matter," said Usher to himself, and left.

Usher Cowan was a plain, upright fellow, with a warm, generous nature, tender in his feelings, quick in his sympa-thies, but quiet in deportment. His habits had always been correct, and consequently he had not been that conspicuous member of society that some of those reform and are lionized for their

"Usher has always been a good boy," said his mother, one of Ruth's neigh-

He was a bookkeeper in the countingroom of the mill, and a person that turned off a good deal of work. Charlie disliked Usher, because Usher did something and he did nothing. Usher and was a mill-hand. No, Charlie's set didn't together in Spring, and in Winter had like Ruth's surroundings; neither did gone down-hill on the same sled. They had at school often blushed to find She was the daughter of Judge Smith, themselves standing side by side in to comfort one another in their mutual never been lisped between them. Usher was very diffident about expressing his deepest feelings, and ere he had summoned courage to speak, Charlie Manton had spoken. I think Ruth would never his own injury. have said "Nay" to Usher's "Tes," but Usher didn't say it. So she listened to habits had, worried her! That was the Charlie, bowed her sweet face lower, and little worm in the honeysuckle's heart, said "Yes" to him. She was really assenting, though, to the attractions of evening call at Ruth's home. He was like a bird that, in the cold winter night, about leaving, when a noise was heard in flies for the warm window-light only to the little passageway running beside the break its wing against the hard, unfeel-

she missed him! A gulf between her and everybody seemed to widen in every direction. It was not easy, that afternoon, to resume work, and indeed for everybody in "Number Two" work soon came to a very serious halt. It was in the basement that fire was discovered, in a quantity of "waste," and quickly the flames spread in every direction. They shot along the oil-saturated floors; with feet of dazzling gold ran up the stairways; hissed out of the windows, and flying up the tall elevator, waved a flag of awful menace in every story. Ruth was on the third floor, and soon learned that the fire

lower stairway. "Ladders! ladders!" the crowd gathering in the street shouted in frenzy,

"Here are some!" cried a voice. the fire department had sent its supply,

and they were planted against the walls, "Now, to the rescue!" should Charlie Manton boldly, from a position in the rear. Somebody else, though, had gone round to round, alming at a window where stood Ruth Silver in her imperial beauty.

"Hurrah !" shouted the excited crowd. "He has got her!"

Yes, Usher Cowan had seized his dearand Usher then.

There were other ladders planted and other rescues effected, but none that affected so closely the happiness of Usher-Cowan and Ruth Silver.

"A brave act! You helped save others!" said the mill-corporation's president. "We sha'n't let you go to New Jersey, You must stop in town, unless -unless Miss Silver says 'Nay,' and will not let you stay. We will promote you here. You shall have Charles Manton's place.

And Ruth Silver-she did not say "Nay." Indeed. in a very interesting ceremony, she soon told the parson the very opposite.-Frank Leslie's.

When a Horse Falls.

When a horse falls while drawing a vehicle-

1. Jump down and hold the animal's head, to prevent his dashing it about to

2. Loosen the check-rein (if you are so foolish as to use one), and the parts of the harness which fasten on the vehicle, Back the carriage, so as to get the shafts and traces clear.

head, as a frightened horse cannot use I don't succeed in giving the bird away his senses aright; and excite him, with hand and voice, to rise.

A Canary that Sings "Mikado."

"For two weeks," said a passenger on a Van Buren street car, "I have been artist. He was a grandson of the Consul trying to get rid of a canary which we of the same name, who flourished in the have in the house. My wife won't let reign of Augustus. It is also proliable me kill it, and we can't give it away. I that deat-mutes were employed as panhave had dozens of people in to see the tomimists when partomine was one of bird and hear it sing, but everybody re- the favorite amusements of the Romans. fuses to take it away, with the cage M. T. Muller gives to the Egyptians the thrown in. Sing nicely? Yes, a great credit of first instructing deaf-mutes. singer. But here is where the trouble comes in. That bird sings from early morning till late at night, but it won't sing anything but 'Mikado.' Yes, sir, it's 'Mikado' all day long. For weeks my wife hummed 'Mikado' airs about the house and thrummed 'Mikado' airs on piano, until finally the bird caught on. 4. Steady and support the horse's and 'Mikado' it has been ever since. If

by to-morrow night there will be a murand and voice, to rise. 5. When you have got him up pat and aur house."— Chicago Herahi.

There are now 200,000,000 German 6. Let him stand still a short time to carp in the United States, the descend-

town Herald.

The Deaf and Dumb in Antiquity.

The ancients had the greatest horror of all that was feeble and infirm ; with them poverty was despicable and suffering a It is no wonder then that scandal. among the beauty and pleasure-loving Greeks the deaf mute was looked upon Athens less cruel than Sparta toward these unfortunate creatures. Deaf-mute out a voice being raised in their behalf. The first who seems to have seriously occupied himself with this phenomenon of deaf-mutism was the philosopher Aristotiquity. The Romans treated these unfortunates with the same cruelty as the Greeks. As soon as a child was found to be deaf and dumb it was sacrificed to the Tiber. Only those escaped whom the waves washed back to the shore, or whom nounced himself in favor of Aristotle's opinion regarding deaf-mutes. But in the course of time certain rights were granted to those deaf-mutes who gave proof of ability, such as had been brought up secretly by their parents showing some signs of intellect. This gradually allowed to go up there would be an in-quest every day."- Washington Star. dissipated the horrible prejudice with which their brethren in misfortane had which their brethren in misfortune had hitherto been regarded. Pliny mentions a congenital deaf-mute, called Quintus Pedius, who distinguished himself as an They as well as the Persians always respected persons thus afflicted, and their hieroglyphic mode of writing was especially suited to their education. It is doubtless something more than mere coincidence that their better treatment by the Romans dates from the time of the incorporation of Egypt as a Roman province.

Some wonderful memories are recorded in history. Gassendi had acquired by heart 6,000 Latin verses, and in order to give his memory exercise he was in the mbit daily of reciting 600 verses from different languages. Scanderson, another mathematician, could repert all Horace's odes and a great part of the other Latis anthors.