

The collapse of the copper syndicate is one of the monumental failures of the age.

The Atlanta Constitution thinks that diphtheria is a more destructive scourge than yellow fever.

No child born in Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Panama has ever reached the age of twenty-one years.

The rabbit nest is again making headway in Australia. The means taken to eradicate it have proved insufficient.

A Chicago paper announces that Jay Gould will have control of a road from the Pacific to the Atlantic in twelve months.

The countries between Texas and Cape Horn contain about 65,000,000 people, and their territory is about twice as large as ours.

The Atlanta Constitution announces that the natives in New England are gradually decreasing, and the French and Irish are taking their place, both in the manufacturing and rural districts.

A newspaper correspondent roaming about Paris in search of unpublished gossip about the first Napoleon, has unearthed the fact that the great man once pawned his watch in order to pay for a six-cent dinner.

It has been the aim of Great Britain, in which, in the opinion of critics of its naval policy it has not altogether succeeded, to maintain an effective navy equal in strength to the combined navies of any two other powers.

Crime is decreasing in England, if penal statistics can be relied on. Within five years female convicts have been reduced one-half, and there are, in proportion to population, fewer arrests of both sexes than ever before.

A society has been formed in New York which, for an annual fee of \$3, undertakes to attend to the legal affairs of its members, furnish them all necessary advice and prosecute or defend all actions brought by or against them.

A Chicago surgeon testified in a criminal case the other day that he had properly set the defendant's broken nose, but that the patient was morbidly afraid that his beauty would be spoiled and that to ease his mind the witness had twice thereafter broken and reset the nose.

Tombstone, Arizona, is famous for its apt names. Its leading newspaper is called the *Epitaph*, and the Sheriff of the county is Colonel Slaughter. He defeated Ma' or Blood by two votes at a recent election. Captain Cutts was also a candidate, but was nowhere in the race.

Industrial enterprises are multiplying in the South beyond all precedent, declares *Wood's Sun*. Capital is rushing in. All sorts of manufacturing enterprises are springing up. Very few mishaps occur. Land keeps low, and railroad building is opening up the territory all the time.

Vaccination is compulsory in England and optional in France. In the latter of the two countries the number of deaths from smallpox was 1953, or 0.31 per 1000 of the living population. In the large cities of England during the same period the number of deaths was 332, or 0.04 per 1000.

Says the *Chicago News*: "The ladies of the White House have been gifted with sensible names, worthy of imitation in American families. Martha, Mary, Abigail, Eliza, Elizabeth, Margaret, Sarah, Jane, Harriet, Dorothy, Julia, Letitia, Emily, Angelica, Louisa, Lucy, Frances and Caroline are all good, womanly names."

According to the *Examiner*, there are houses in San Francisco to which victims of the morphine habit resort. They are cared for until their money gives out, when they are kicked out of doors. A hypodermic syringe is called a "gun," and a woman who is employed to give the injections is known as the "gunner." Each shot costs five cents.

When the train, bearing Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland on their way from Washington to New York stopped at the depot in Philadelphia, George W. Childs took occasion to present Mrs. Cleveland with three gilt-edged copies of the *Public Ledger*, with blue pencil marks around the column editorial eulogizing the lady lately of the White House.

Two of the most prominent elements in the character of the late John Ericsson, inventor, were his absolute accuracy in the matter of the smallest details and his perfect self-reliance. He was a marvelous draughtsman and always drew his own designs. He never allowed anything to interfere with his verification of every detail. So strong was his pride in his own work, that he is said to have employed a counselor, but to have conducted his own patent

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	1 00
One Square, one inch, one month.....	8 00
One Square, one inch, three months.....	20 00
One Square, one inch, one year.....	15 00
Two Square, one year.....	15 00
Quarter Column, one year.....	10 00
Half Column, one year.....	20 00
One Column, one year.....	100 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

WARNING.

When naked branches stretch o'erhead,
And crisp leaves crackle under tread;
When winter waxes the southlands through,
Save for a few and frosty notes,
Be not deceived, for everywhere
Doth Nature for her change prepare.
New songs will sound, new buds be blown,
When Spring shall come to claim its own.

And thou, within whose maiden breast
No lover's soft lips find peace and rest;
Who feared not Love's name or dart,
Th' winter weather with thy heart
Th' self-deceived! thy Spring must come,
The chords awake that now lie dumb—
Break not, my heart, till time hath shown
If I may claim thee for my own.

—Stephen Junior, in *Once a Week*.

THE COWBOY'S OUTFIT.

A FRAGMENT OF FRONTIER LIFE PART DISAPPEARING.

People all over western Kansas and No Man's Land are full of stories and reminiscences of cowboy life. In fact, a plenty of the citizens of these Western Villages served as cowboys at one time and another before they became merchants, professional men, etc., in some favorite location for a town site. One hears every hand expressions that were technical in the cowboys' camp. Landlord Osgood calls his guests to breakfast in the morning with the song that the cowboy sings while riding around his cattle at night to keep them from getting frightened and stampeding, thus:

Hay-a-a-a-Yo-o-o-o-Hay-a-a-a-Yo-o-o-o
When anything is tied up it is said to be roped, from the term which the cowboy applied to the use of the lasso. A man's household goods are termed an outfit. So is his kit of tools, if a mechanic; his library and appliances, if a surgeon or lawyer; his safe, desks, etc., if a banker. So, too, is the clique he associates with socially. He belongs to a poker outfit if he plays cards with regularly, or to a pious outfit if he goes to church.

People in the East have often read of the cowboy when on a spree "booting up in the town" or lynching a horse-thief, but not very many know anything about the real life of the cowboy, and of what his outfit is composed of and what it costs.

The most important article in the cowboy's outfit is the chuck wagon, or the wagon over which the cook presides. It is a common prairie schooner, with hoops over it to stretch a canvas roof on, so that such perishable goods as salt, sugar and flour can be protected from the weather. At the back is a cupboard, where such things as baking powder, pepper, coffee, dishes, etc., are kept. There are pots and frying pans, a plow, and the ladder is always well supplied. Bacon is generally preferred to salt pork, and fresh beef is kept constantly on hand by killing a steer from the herd as occasion requires. The owners of the herd supply the food, and such tools as shovels, axes, etc.

The shovel, it is interesting to know, is generally of much more use than the axe. When taking a wagon across the streams it is very often necessary to cut down the banks on either side to form an inclined plane, for perpendicular banks three and four feet high are common. They are cut by the cowboy's feet, run under ground. The bed of a creek may be covered with sand and gravel burning hot, but by digging two or three feet—sometimes as much as six or eight—pure, sweet water may be had in abundance.

Timber for fuel may be had in some parts of a range and not in others, but when it is abundant the cowboy's cook generally prefers the ancient buffalo chips, which he calls Kansas or prairie coal.

Next to the chuck wagon among the real life of the cowboy is his pony. The Texas pony is a marvel to an Eastern man. It weighs from 500 to 600 pounds only, but it carries a well-grown man, say from 150 to 170 pounds, weight on its back, and then rustles for its feed and comes up fresh for another center of the same length next day. The cowboys tell of much greater feats of strength and endurance than this, but the *Sun* reporter saw such much done.

Each cowboy, however, is supplied with six ponies, by the owner, because while a pony can stand several days of hard riding in succession, it is more economical to have several on hand and give each a chance to rest between rides. The ponies are worth only from \$20 to \$30 each. They are a vicious lot and are skinned practically every time they are mounted.

The cowman supplies the cowboy with four blankets, saddle, bridle, and lasso, as well as ponies, but the cowboy who has any style about him scorns both the saddle and the lasso furnished by the company. The company's saddle is simply a substantial skeleton costing not more than \$10. The cowboy buys his own, and it costs \$10 at least. It is made of stamped and embossed leather, and everything about it is of the very best quality. One firm in Wichita, Kansas, has made a great fortune by first making the very best saddle that can be made by human skill, and then charging these prices for it. The cowboy pays the price because he is sure of getting the best saddle made.

The company lasso is made of raw-hide. It costs \$10. It does very well in side weather. In a rainstorm it is stiff and awkward to handle. The cowboy leaves it with the outfit, and takes his own. This is made of horsehair, and is always as flexible as a bit of cotton twine and strong enough to hold an elephant. It has a ring in the hands of a man of skill of sixty feet—the nose can be dropped over a steer's horns at that distance. It costs the cowboy from \$10 to \$15. To learn to use the lasso requires constant practice for from four weeks to six months, according to the individual. Of course, some men never become experts, while others seem to be "born with ropes in their hands."

Other essentials of the cowboy outfit are the repeating rifle and the six-shooter. A good rifle costs \$25 and a good six-shooter but little less. The cowboy must have ivory or other fancy handles, and his mountings must be of gold and silver. If it is a weapon, although fancy, it is deadly in the right hand. The ivory man comes here expecting to find every cowboy an expert with the revolver, and is somewhat astonished to

find that not one in ten can be so classed. The reputation of the few clings to the whole. One of the best revolver shots in the Indian Territory is Dave Geber, a half-breed living with the Porfias. He can hit a target the size of a man's head six times in rapid succession while riding his pony at full speed at a distance of 200 yards. Having learned to shoot while riding on horseback, he cannot shoot so well standing on foot and aiming deliberately, and that is one of the peculiarities of the cowboy marksman.

To return to the pony trappings, the spurs of a cowboy are worth mentioning. A cheap pair made of malleable cast iron can be bought for twenty-five cents. The fancy spurs cost from \$2 to \$5 a pair. They are plated with silver, and engraved in fancy designs, sometimes, but the part to which the cowboy directs his attention when buying is the rowel, or wheel, and the bell. The wheel must have long and substantial spokes. The bell is a little piece of steel shaped like the clapper of a bell. It is secured to the fork that holds the rowel. For business purpose it is dropped in between two spokes of the rowel and thus prevents the rowel turning. Having done this, the cowboy can drop down over the side of his saddle, and the rowel in his saddle to support one end of his body, hanging to the pommel with one hand to support the other, and working the trigger of his six-shooter under the neck of his pony to make things interesting for the enemy. In the days when Indians were in the habit of stampeding herds at every opportunity the rowel and bell were of great importance in a running fight.

The article of wearing apparel which is the pride of the cowboy's heart is his hat. A good broad-brimmed hat cannot be bought for less than \$5. The very best cost \$20. That is for the hat. The hat band is bought extra. A leather band with a sliding brass chain attached may be had for \$2. A rowel of braided gold lace, such as a cowboy would wear in society, costs from \$7.50 to \$10. City Recorder George A. Blake, of Beaver City, No Man's Land, wears a head outfit that cost \$27.50, of which the braided-gold cord cost \$7.50. Rubie Chilton, who runs the Beaver livery stable, has another hat and band of the same sort. Both men were once cowboys.

But it is not altogether as a matter of fancy that expensive hats are bought. The broad brim is a great protection to the back of the neck and the face when riding in a storm across the range. A storm on the range is like a gale at sea. The wind whistles unimpeded over the level prairie, and drives the rain or snow against the cowboy almost with the force of a charge of faldstool. The best hat—the one that is at once warm and waterproof—is good enough on such occasions, but none too good.

Next to his hat the cowboy is proud of his boots. They are made of calf skin, of the best and softest of leather, and they must have long legs, and heels that will throw the French heel of a lady's boot into the shade. Heels from an inch to an inch and a quarter high are the proper thing for cowboys who wish to attend a dance in this country. Boots of this sort cost from \$12 to \$15.

Singular enough, cowboys care as little for the quality of his suit or clothes as he does about the cost of his pony. A \$12 suit of store clothes, such as would cost say \$9 in New York, are good enough for him, while his suit of flannels will not cost over \$4. In some parts of the country, leather trousers that are laced, instead of sewed up, on the outer seams, are worn. They are made of a pair, and are valued because they wear well, and because snakes cannot bite through them. Then, too, the cowboy usually has a pair of slickers. Slickers are called slickers by seafaring men. They are made of duck, and are made waterproof by a soaking in oil.

As a night, he inferred, from what has been written, that the cowboy's outfit consists chiefly of bread and lard, and beef and coffee. Butter and milk are almost unknown, although there are thousands of cows on the range. George Blake told the reporter, however, that on a range where he was in charge he kept a milk house over a spring near where the cattle were held. Butter, and having bought a churn and a milk pan, kept the outfit supplied with butter and sweet milk. Every outfit might be supplied by the dole of milking which every cowboy evinces.

The diet of beef and pork is always varied with game, too. There is generally one shot gun with the outfit for prairie chickens, wild geese, antelope, and jack rabbits are shot in numbers, and with rifles and six-shooters. Out of ten men in the Saginaw outfit, Dave Geber said at least two went hunting every Sunday.

The daily experience of the cowboy is monotonous in most respects, but not unimportant. He has enough excitement in fifteen minutes. His life may be a life-time. By day he must keep the cattle moving slowly about so that they will have some exercise. One herd of 800 in the Florida reservation, which the reporter saw, had a range of ten miles. They were driven over the most of this and back once a day. At night when the cattle lie down to sleep a small bunch like the 800 will be left to care for itself. With a herd like the Saginaw Company's, 2,500 strong, two men rode constantly around the herd all night singing in a monotonous chant: Hay-a-a-Yo-o-o-o-Hay-a-a-Yo-o-o-o-Hay-a-a-Yo-o-o-o-Hay-a-a-Yo-o-o-o.

To stop for a minute was extremely dangerous, for the cattle, mistaking the song to which they were accustomed, would become uneasy. The cowboys stand watches of two hours' length at night.

Sometimes through carelessness, but often in spite of care, the cattle will become alarmed. It is as if they saw a ghost, the cowboys say. In an instant there are thousands on their feet, and away they go in a mad gallop, straight to destruction, if they cannot be turned. This is the moment that tries the nerve of the cowboy. He must get them to circling—running in a circle—and there is but one way to do it. They will blindly follow a leader, and he must be that leader. Spurring his pony into a wider gallop than that of the cattle, he must ride in ahead of the frightened herd and continue without a tremor in his voice his song of "Hay-a-a-Yo-o-o-o-Hay-a-a-Yo-o-o-o-Hay-a-a-Yo-o-o-o," even though it is his own death knell, for should a foot slip on the wet grass, or put a pony in the hole of a badger or a prairie dog, he will go down under the feet of the frightened cattle and have the life trampled out of him before he has time to think. A good many cow-

A NATURAL BONE-SETTER.

REMARKABLE OPERATIONS BY AN UNTUTORED WOMAN.

She is Entirely Without Professional Training—Success With Apparently Incurable Cases.

Anzonia is a little picturesque village near Victoria, in Northeastern Italy, not far from the Austrian Tyrol. It is the home of a noted woman, whose fame has spread throughout all Europe by her skill to relieve human suffering. Regina dal Cin was born in the village of Vendicandolo, near Conegliano, Veneto, April 4, 1819. Her parents were Lorenzo Marchesini and Marianna Sandonella, both of whom belonged to the peasantry of Veneto. Following the vocation of her mother, Regina, from early childhood, displayed a taste for setting dislocated bones.

At first practicing her art on chickens and animals, Regina's first operation, strange to say, was upon her mother. One day, as she was going to a neighborly village, the wagon upset and her leg was broken. Regina, who was now nine years old, following her mother's direction, set the limb. Her mother was carried home and confined to her house for forty days, during which her daughter became her nurse.

A year later Regina went to live with her brother at Vittoria, where she began to see operations in the hospital and acquired her celebrated delicacy of touch. At the age of eighteen she married Lorenzo dal Cin, a poor peasant, and was shortly left a widow with one son, who became a priest. Among her early operations was one upon a poor fellow in the village of Alpago, who was confined to his bed by fractured legs. The doctors had ordered amputation when Regina, appearing at the time, declared she could save both legs, and in a short time the man was able to walk. Doctors are amazed and taken before the Tribune for practicing without a license. Her advocate was the patient whom she had just cured. Regina was pardoned, but ordered to practice no more. Yet patients came to her day by day, declaring they would see no one else. The theory of her skill was the "reduction of the femur." As continued by marshall and bran was applied and continued for a longer or shorter time, accordingly as the dislocation was new or old. When the bone had attained a certain softness the manipulation began and the dismembered parts placed aright, the force being used at the proper time, and unconsciously to the patient, all being done without chloroform and without causing pain. It must be remarked, however, that she possessed an almost superhuman strength in her fingers, equal to that of two men.

Another wonderful cure was in the case of Dr. Bellini, an invalid from hip dislocation, of twenty years' standing. Dr. Bellini was one of the physicians whose prejudice, twenty-five years before, she had sought to overcome. From 1843 to 1848 she continued to practice her profession, in which her only desire was to excel. From patients of ample means she always expected liberal compensation, but the poor she charged nothing. Again summoned before the tribunal at Vittoria for practicing without a license, she was condemned to two months' imprisonment. The case was carried to the Court at Venice, where, defending herself with great skill, she said: "Gentlemen, you know very well how to name the bones, I do not; but I can see them, and you can not." She was acquitted amid great rejoicing.

A lady of Venice, whose daughter was suffering from luxation of the femur, sent for Regina, and the young lady, in a short time was able to lay aside her crutches.

The physicians of Venice, after an interview, now each presented her with a certificate. Honors still awaited her. Mr. Canevara, a rich banker of Trieste, whose daughter had suffered from infancy with the same disease, and who had consulted all the best physicians of the great Capital without finding any benefit, sent for Regina, who operated on her, and in a short time she was cured. Operations began to multiply. Wonderful cures were effected. Regina was tendered an ovation. Surrounded on the streets and everywhere hailed with enthusiasm, she would smile and bid them "Thank God, for it is to Him I hold the gift." The municipality invited her to operate in the City Hospital before a number of physicians, and she secured their warm approval, and they rewarded her with a certificate.

The Mayor now gave her a grand dinner, at which were present the elite of the city and many physicians. They applauded her everywhere, as if she were Garibaldi or some other liberator of the country.

The day of her departure a deputation of patients, headed by Mr. Valerio, who had been cured in a matter of twenty years' standing, presented her with a magnificent album, containing over four thousand signatures, including those of eighty physicians, beautifully dedicated in lines of gold. The municipality of Trieste presented her with 100 Napoleons in gold, one-half of which she distributed to the poor. The profession offered her 300 florins a year and a villa to remain.

It was a few days at Vittoria when the Italian Government sent Regina a diploma allowing her to practice. Music sounded on the streets, national airs were sung. A young man whom she had cured of luxation of the femur wrote her poems, and they were recited at the theatre during the afternoon and evening.

Mr. Isaac H. Robinson, of Montague Terrace, Brooklyn, who was rendered lame by a sickness during infancy, while traveling abroad, sought her at her home, and was benefited to the extent of being able to walk without the use of a high shoe. The cases cited are all cures, yet in some instances relaxation of muscles after treatment, so to which she said: "I only begin to cure; you must do the rest," meaning the continuous use of bandages, etc. Incurable patients sought her. Discerning their condition, a single touch telling her the condition of the bone, she dismissed them with a sweet smile, often bandaging them a coil.

Though now seventy years old, day by day she is visited by Italians, Austrians, French, Prussians, Russians, Poles, Greeks and Turks. She shows no distinction to patients.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Hammocks for Drapery.

The Mexican hammocks, or the ordinary ones sold in the shops for about a dollar, can be utilized for drapery. They come in good colors; combinations of black, yellow, red and blue. Cut the mesh across at each end so as to leave the twisted heads for tassels. Pull the hammock out and stretch it as much as possible. Turn the upper end over, like a fringe-work, and pass the curtain rod in and out, through the meshes. When hanging, it may be necessary to tack the meshes at intervals until the hammock has lost its stiffness. Loop with the pieces of rope that come with the hammock, and attach the twisted ends as tassels.—*Housewife*.

Rooms Ornamented With Fluttering Butterflies.

A novel idea for the ornamentation of an apartment is to fill the air with fluttering butterflies of every hue. Get the Japanese napkins of stained paper or squares of colored tissue paper. Two colors can be used, one placed over the other, to form the wings, when slightly crimped and dashed with specks of water-color they are improved. The squares should be cut of the requisite size and fastened with a small clothes pin. These must be painted brown and zoned with yellow. Feathers of wire may be added. The butterflies should be strung at intervals on invisible wires placed at uneven distances across the room. These will give a flutter like living things with every passing zephyr. A bent pin can be fastened to the center of the body to secure them to the wire. They may be also pinned on lace curtains or on picture wires as if just alighting.—*Pictorial*.

How to Broil.

Broiling appears to have been the earliest method of cooking. Whether we broil steaks, chops, fish or fowl, the process is the same. The object is to cook without burning or loss of juice. Tough meats are unsuitable for broiling, and tender meats may be spoiled by wrong cooking. Trim off part of the fat where there is much, and wipe the moisture from the surface. Grease the wires of the broiler to prevent sticking. Lay the meat on evenly, hold close to plenty of bright, red coals, while you cook ten, turn the broiler so the other side of the meat is next the fire, count and turn; and so on. Steak an inch thick will be cooked rare in five minutes, well done in eight or ten; chops or small birds require eight or ten; fish a longer time. Albumen, the chief substance in meat, hardens under heat, so the saving of juice depends on quickly searing the outside. Always serve hot meat on a hot dish.—*Sturdy Oaf*.

Drying Peaches.

One of the most important things in the process is to have good fruit, neither too ripe nor too green and hard. In the second place, good trays, such as they dry raisins on, are almost indispensable. You handle them easily; they are more convenient than cloth or plank, because you can carry them from the room where the fruit is prepared and placed on the trays to the sulphur bath. Care must be taken to take the sulphur pan far enough below the trays to prevent burning.

To make a scaffold to place your trays on, set stakes in the ground about two feet high, nailing fence boards at the top in rows two feet apart. The trays should face to the southwest, so as to get the full benefit of the afternoon sun. Sawsed redwood shales make very good trays. They should be nailed with wrought nails to a rim of one-inch square lumber.

Have a room to handle and store your fruit as it is dried. Make it moth proof, with tight walls and screens over the doors and windows.

The doors and windows should be closed at night and opened every day to facilitate drying.

To make bright, clean, merchantable fruit, have all your trays of an even size. Pile them up every night to keep out the dampness and the moths; uncover them in the morning after sunrise.

Do not let your fruit get too dry on the trays, but examine it critically, for when some are perfectly dried other pieces will be partly dry. Carry the fruit into the storeroom and bulk it, turning it over every two days to equalize the dampness, and whenever it is dry enough to keep, sack it at once and keep it bright and clean.—*California Rural Press*.

Recipes.

SOUSSE PIE.—One egg, one pint of milk, cracker rolled fine, one cup of sifted squash, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste.

OMLETTE FOR ONE.—One egg, one tablespoonful of milk, one teaspoon of sugar and a pinch of salt; beat all together and fry in hot butter; roll it up as it sets and do not burn.

CORN BREAK.—One cup of flour, three cups of corn meal, three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of milk and a pinch of salt.

GERM.—One cup of corn meal, the same of flour, the same of sweet milk, two well-beaten eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with a little of the flour; butter the gem pans well; fill two-thirds full; bake in a quick oven about thirty minutes; serve hot.

INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart milk, two heaping tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, four of sugar, one of butter, three eggs, one teaspoon salt and half teaspoon ginger. Boil the milk, stirring the meal into it and cook about twelve minutes; stir the butter into the meal and milk, and when cool add the beaten eggs, salt, sugar and ginger. Bake slowly one hour.

SUPPERS OF SPENDING CHEEKER.—Trim the fillets out of six young, large chickens, lard close and fine, and put in braising pan to cook thoroughly without browning; keep covered; make a sauce by melting half a pound of good butter, mix with it one cupful of flour, dilute with one pint of chicken broth and one cup of water, let come to a boil, when it should be taken from the range; then stir and eat to a creamy smooth-appearing sauce, range the fillets of chicken on a plate, strain this sauce over, garnish with slices of truffes on top and fancy-shaped cut slices of red tongue on sides, and serve.

IN THE DARK.

Oh, in the depths of midnight,
What fancies haunt the brain,
When even the sign of the sleeper
Sounds like a sob of pain.

A sense of awe and of wonder
I may myself well define,
For the thought that comes in the shadows
Never comes in the shine.

The old clock down in the parlor,
Like a sleepless mourner grieves,
And the seconds drip in the silence
As the rain drips from the eaves.

And I think of the hands that signal
The hours there in the gloom,
And wonder what angel watchers
Wait in the darkened room.

And I think of the smiling faces
That used to watch and wait,
Till the click of the clock was answered
By the click of the open gate.

They are not there now in the evening—
Morning or noon—not there;
Yet I know that they keep their vigil
And wait for me somewhere.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Regular "healers"—Physicians.
A cable road.—The bed of the Atlantic.
The "beefy" nobleman—Sir Loin Steak.
A woman should never wear a ruffle on her temper.
Always work with good prospects—Missionaries.
Never take cold at their work—Draughtsmen.
Not conspicuously full of cracks—Rented houses.

It is conceded that a fiddler is up to his chin in business.
"Are you through with your lungs?" asked the cigarette of the youth.
It may sound somewhat contradictory, but the first thing in a boot is the last.
"Why is the letter S like a sewing machine?" "Because it makes needles needless."
St. Louis boasts of a dwarf barber less than four feet high. He must be a little slaver.—*Saturday*.

Practical jokers are a very unprofitable lot. They never buy; their business is to sell.—*Bohemian Post*.

The greatest woeer profit of this season is the money made by young men who didn't go sleigh-riding.
Cholly—"I always sleep well." Miss Snyder—"So I should judge. You never seem more than half awake."—*New York Sun*.

Upper-Ten Child—"My papa is abroad. Is yours?" Lower-Ten Child—"Yep. Mine is at large again."—*New York Weekly*.

The setting sun is a very warm affair, but for really hot heat commend us to the setting sun when she gets wet.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Blonson—"I hear Do Garr, gave Miss Bledner a pound of caramels with his love." Merritt—"Yes; he told me she accepted the caramels."—*New York Sun*.

The early bird is quits as apt to catch the malaria as the worm; the moral of which seems to be that prudence is a vicious sort of a virtue after all.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Scientist (in restaurant)—"Bring me a decoction of burnt peas, sweetened with glucose and lightened with chalk and water." Waiter (vociferously)—"Co'tee for one?"—*Time*.

First Bohemian (penitently, over his logwood "cast" water)—"After a high boy, Al is a dream." Second Bohemian—"Yes; and the trouble is we only get the nightmare part of it."
Mrs. Upperton—"Well, Jane, I am sorry you have decided to leave me; but if you are going to better yourself, of course—" Jane—"It isn't that, ma'am; I am going to get married."

A writer in the *World* recommends that executions by means of electricity be called "hastatelectrization." What's the use of adding unnecessary terrors to the thing?—*inghamton Republic*.

If you have a toothache have your teeth pulled, but do not take it as necessary every right to attempt to cure an ache by having your ear pulled. What is one man's meat is another's poison.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Said a great admirer of the preacher his church had dismissed: "That was a fine sermon, and well timed, too." "Yes," replied the clergyman, "it was certainly well timed. About half the congregation thought their watches out most of the time I was talking."

Teacher (geography class)—"Very good. Now, children, to-morrow you must all bring small bottles of sweet oil with you." Head Girl—"What are they for?" "To lubricate your jaws, my dear. We are to begin on the lakes of Maine."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Of all editorial writers, Horace Greeley was most noted for illegible copy. On one occasion the "modern Franklin" penned something about "sublimated journalism advancing," but the typesetter, thinking it one of his famous agricultural articles, launched out wildly with the words: "Superb Jerusalem artichokes."—*Epoch*.

The Oldest Twins.

The oldest living twins in the United States were born in this century in Philadelphia County. Their names are John and Samuel Niles, and they bear a close resemblance to each other that it is almost impossible to distinguish them apart. One resides in Germantown and the other in Jenkintown. They were born on May 11, 1805. They both learned cabinet making, and in 1823 they opened an undertaking's establishment at the corner of Main street and Washington avenue, Germantown, and remained there until the close of the Civil War. They have long since retired from active business pursuits.

Both men have married twice, both are widowers, and each has the same number of descendants. Within the past few years they have become quite deaf. They enjoy comparatively good health, and are as active as men in the prime of life. Neither has ever used tobacco in any form or tasted liquor. This, they claim, is the cause of their long life. Besides being the oldest twins, they believe that they are the oldest undertakers in the country, and to have owned the oldest burial establishment in the States, it dating back to 1769.—*Philadelphia Record*.

LEGAL CASES.

The most novel legal case in the judicial annals of North Carolina has been tried at Wilmington. A photographer in order to secure some striking local scenes, requested Policeman Howland to procure a colored boy and come into his studio. Officer Howland called a passing colored boy and together they entered the tent. The photographer grouped his subjects, requesting the officer to collar the boy, raise a club and look officially stern. Several photographs were taken. One was given to the boy and another was hung out as an advertisement. This was too striking for the father of the lad, who swore out a warrant before the Justice charging Officer Howland with assault and battery. The warrant was duly served, but, accompanied by counsel, appeared before a magistrate. The officer was fined.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The Demand for Diamonds.

Recent reports from Brazil and Asia show that the world is not losing interest in the diamond, and that speculators and capitalists are not haunted by any such fear. A syndicate of American capitalists recently obtained important concessions from the Brazilian Government with the purpose of developing new diamond fields in the northern part of that country, so marvelously rich in minerals. The old Indian mines have not escaped the prospector's watchful eye, and it is probable that these will ere long be worked more extensively. Some weeks since an expedition visited a portion of the Itacuna, where diamonds are said to have been found two or three centuries ago, but met with no encouraging signs. In South Africa the new localities are being discovered from time to time, and still the world hungers for more diamonds.—*Financial Review*.