

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.

Nebraska farmers are insisting that railroad property in that State be assessed for taxation at its actual value.

Stanley says that if he could get 5000 two-gallon jugs into the heart of Africa they would buy him 10,000,000 acres of land and 500 wives.

The Chicago Herald alleges that a new dish in Paris, the invention of a famous cook, is horse curry. It was suggested perhaps by the well-known adage that a short horse is soon carried.

In 1822 many treaties of commerce will expire in Europe. Most of these treaties were concluded by Great Britain and Continental Powers for a period of fifteen or seventeen years in or before 1800.

The Argonaut thinks it came for wonder that New York State alone is in the enjoyment of ten litigations over wills made by rich men, the suit in each case being brought by the children against their stepmothers.

According to Harper's Bazar, Miss Mattie Mitchell, daughter of Senator Mitchell, has the reputation in Paris of being the most beautiful American woman who has ever been seen in that beauty-loving and beauty-drawing city.

Berlin is the poorest capital in Europe. The richest man there has an income of only \$625,000 a year, yet passes for a Cressus. Only three other persons in Berlin have incomes exceeding \$250,000. Nine receive annually above \$150,000, and 162 above \$30,000. There are only 126 persons whose incomes amount to \$10,000.

The experience of the Omnibus Cable Company, of Philadelphia, should demonstrate to all street car companies, remarks the Argonaut, the advisability and necessity of roof seats on cars. The Broad street line there has its roof full nearly all the time; the seating capacity is almost doubled; the same weight in rolling stock avails for almost double the patronage; and the better view attainable on the roof attracts many women as well as men.

"Uncle Sam has a liberal appreciation of printers' ink," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "and is not discouraged even by the necessity of printing cords of speeches that nobody will ever read, and which Congress itself is justifiably unwilling to listen to. The Government Printing Office in Washington now employs 600 compositors and ninety pressmen, making it the largest printing office in the world. The annual amount of work done is about \$3,000,000. The Public Printer has lately applied for and enough to give the establishment a whole block."

Says a writer in Chatter: "The other day, as a royal train of Pennsylvania parlor cars pulled out of the Jersey City (N. J.) Depot, a gentlemanly man carrying a huge bunch of flowers made his way from the rear of the train to the foremost car, the smoker. Pressing almost upon his heels was a rather rough-looking fellow making the same journey. It happened that as I raised my eyes I saw behind that bunch of flowers a pair of thin steel handcuffs connecting the gentlemanly man's wrists. It would be interesting to know whether it was the convict's idea or that of his keeper to put flowers to that strange use. But to my mind there was something very poetic about it."

Rainy seasons often tempt one to envy the climatic privileges of countries where rain-showers are limited to the winter season of exceptionally humid years, remarks Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in the New York Voice. Nor would it be impossible to reconcile those privileges with the advantages of vegetable productiveness. The hydraulic rock-blows of California quartz miners fling a heavy jet of water to a distance of 800 yards—or nearly half in English mile; and it is by no means inconceivable that with a modification of that apparatus a large plantation could be sprinkled from end to end in a few minutes with water drawn from an artesian well or a perennial desert-river, like the Nile or the Rio Grande.

The latest fad among the school children of New York city is to ask people they meet for a bow of the head. After school hours hundreds of youngsters, both boys and girls, can be seen passing along the streets on their way home with paper and pencil in hand. They accost every one they meet and say "Please give me a bow." If the question is not understood they sometimes say "Bob you head" or "Duck your nut." When the bow is given, as it generally is, wonderingly, the youngster marks one stroke on the paper. When 100 marks, representing 100 bows, are obtained the children bury the paper when no one is looking and at the same time make a wish. At the end of four days the paper is unearched, and then, they say, the wish always comes true.

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LIFE.
Oh Life! what art thou?
Thou comest like the morning light,
Thou fadest like the flower at night,
Or days by Heaven's light made bright,
Or others dimmed by darkening clouds,
Or troubled ill that on us crows,
Or darkened mystery that enshrouds
Life.

Oh Life! what art thou?
A troubled sea of ceaseless storm,
By passions ranked in every form,
With days to cry, with days to mourn,
Or else the thoughts to pleasures bend,
Through paths of joy our way we wind,
It matters not, the same's the end
Of Life.

Oh Life! what art thou?
A bitter vale of gnashing tears,
With days of hopes, of joys, of fears;
With days of youth, then falling years,
An empty struggle after fame,
A ceaseless striving for a name,
Days of glory, days of shame,
In Life.

Oh Life! what art thou?
One passing shadow, a fleeting dream,
One glance behind that mystic screen,
Of Heaven's mystery one faint gleam—
Thy race is run; then comes a fall,
Then comes the awful funeral pall,
The tolling bell, the grave, that's all
Of Life.

—Marcus Brandt.

ADAM HOLCOMB'S WILL.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Adam Holcomb was dead at last—dead after seventy years of money-getting, and the grave had closed over him. He had no children, for he had led a single life, induced, so it was said, though nothing was certainly known, by an early disappointment which had warped his nature, and made him lead a solitary life, given up to Mammon alone.

Adam Holcomb was dead, and as yet no one knew what disposition he had made of his money. Three days after the funeral, the next of kin and possible heirs were collected in the office of the lawyer, who was the custodian of the will and private papers of the deceased. They were few in number, for the family was not a large one. There were but three, and these three may be briefly described.

First came James Holcomb, a nephew of the deceased, a man of portly form, and an air of importance. He was a prosperous city merchant, already in possession of abundant means, but he had no objection to having them increased by a legacy from his uncle's hoarded wealth. He was a vain, selfish, worldly man, all his thoughts centered upon himself and his own family, who had never been known to give a cent for any charitable purpose.

Next came Harvey Holcomb, a cousin of the last named, and about the same age. He was tall, thin and angular. He belonged to the legal profession, in which he had managed to pick up considerable money, though his reputation was none of the best. He was considered tricky, willing to undertake any cause, however disreputable, for money. He was married and had a family, for whom he provided in a grudging manner. He, too, had nourished sanguine hopes of finding himself much better off after his uncle's death.

Last came a young man, presenting a strong contrast to the other two. He was of light complexion, brown hair, clear blue eyes and an attractive face. He was barely twenty-five years of age, very plainly dressed and with a modest mien, which prepossessed one in his favor. He was the son of old Adam Holcomb's youngest sister, who had married a poor minister, and her son, Alfred Graves, was studying medicine, for which he had a decided predilection. But he had been cramped by narrow means, and was even now teaching a country school, hoping to obtain enough by this means to pay for his next course of lectures. He had applied to each of his two relatives present for a small temporary loan, to help him complete his studies, but without effect. He had been courtly refused by both.

"As to that, I have no idea. There is no question that we ought to be joint heirs."

"True," said James. "That would give us an eighth of a million apiece. That would satisfy me."

"How about Alfred's chances?" queried the lawyer, glancing sharply toward that part of the office where the young man was quietly seated.

"Oh, he'll get nothing," said the merchant contemptuously. "He belongs to a beggarly stock, and a beggar he'll remain to the end of his days. Going to be a doctor, I hear."

"Well, I wish him joy of his profession, if he ever gets into it, which is somewhat doubtful. He wanted to borrow three hundred dollars of me the other day."

"And of me. Did you let him have it?"

"Not I. I've enough to do with my money without giving it away. Of course he'd never have repaid it."

"No, I suppose not. The coolness of some people is refreshing."

"Well, I take it for granted old Adam was too shrewd to lavish any of his money on such a fellow."

"Trust him for that."

The young man was engaged in reading a volume he had taken up, and did not hear this conversation. It was interrupted by the entrance of Squire Brief. Both the merchant and the lawyer greeted him with deference and cordiality, as a man whose words might bring them prosperity or disappointment.

Alfred Graves rose in a quiet and gentlemanly manner and bowed with the courtesy which was habitual to him.

"Gentlemen," Squire Brief said, "I hold in my hand the will of your late relative. I will at once proceed to read it."

Of course his words commanded instant attention. All bent forward to listen.

After the usual formula, came the following: "I give and bequeath to my nephew, James Holcomb, the sum of five thousand dollars, to be held in trust for his children. He assured us that that had not been required nearly so much time in its preparation as two others, one of which was in the Dartmouth College case. In fact, as has recently appeared, he had prepared his celebrated reply to Hayne a year before for another purpose.—Chicago Herald.

History of Sleeping Cars.

The first sleeping-car was invented by Theodore T. Woodruff, who got up his model in the office of James Tillingshast, at Rome, N. Y., in 1854, the latter at that time being in the service of the Rome and Watertown Railroad. Mr. Woodruff endeavored to interest Mr. Tillingshast sufficiently in his invention to advance the cost of securing a patent from the Government, but he did not have sufficient faith in its possibilities and declined. The model which he constructed in Mr. Tillingshast's office was carried to Springfield, Mass., in an old-fashioned bandanna handkerchief and submitted to Mr. Watson, the car builder, who, notwithstanding an almost universal expression of disapproval by his employees, built a trial car, which made its first trip on the New York Central and Western Railroads, and later was taken to Cleveland, Cincinnati and other Western cities. This car afterward became the property of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Company on whose line it was regularly run. Woodruff sold the right to build and use his sleeper on the New York Central railroad to Mr. Webster Wagner, and on the Buffalo and Erie road to Mr. George Gates. The "Gates" sleepers ran from 1859 to 1873, when they also passed into Wagner's hands. Pullman sleepers were introduced in 1864 or 1865, he having made a number of important improvements on the productions of his predecessors. It was about 1862 that Wagner and Gates built their first car, having the same general features as those now used.—Railway Age.

Origin of "Mascot."

The word "mascot" was introduced into literature by means of the comic opera "La Mascotte," written by Audran; but it seems to have been a term in common use long previously among gamblers and sporting characters generally in France. It was used to signify some object, animate or inanimate, which, like the luck-penny, brought good fortune to its possessor. The word is further traced back to the patois of Provence and Gascony, where a mascot is something which brings luck to a household. There is but little doubt that it is etymologically derived from the word masque—masked or concealed—which in provincial French is applied—as we coffee is in more polished French—to a child born with a caul. The caul is a thin membrane which sometimes covers the head of an infant at birth, and has from the earliest times been regarded with superstitious feelings. The child born with it was esteemed highly fortunate, and was believed to be destined, not only to be lucky himself but to be the source of luck to others; and the caul itself was esteemed a charm of great virtue, and high prices were often paid for its possession.

Thunderstorm Hours.

The remarkable fact that thunder and lightning seldom occur over the ocean except at night is shown by the recently-issued meteorological report of the Challenger expedition. During the voyage twenty-six thunderstorms over the open sea were encountered, of which twenty-two occurred during the ten hours from 10 p. m. to 8 a. m., and only four during the other fourteen hours of the day. Of the 209 reported cases of lightning without thunder, 188 occurred during the ten hours from 6 p. m. to 4 a. m. The following are the hours of the maxima of these phenomena in the summer months over land and the open sea, respectively: Thunderstorms over land, 2 to 6 p. m.; lightning over land, 8 p. m. to midnight; lightning over the open sea, 8 p. m. to 4 a. m.; and thunderstorms over the open sea, 10 p. m. to 8 a. m.

THE HARMONY COMMUNITY. PECULIAR TOWN OF A STRANGE PEOPLE ON THE OHIO.

The Basis of Their Intercourse is Harmony, and to This End They Advocate Celibacy.

On a bluff overlooking the beautiful valley of the Ohio, eighteen miles below Pittsburg, is a peculiar village inhabited by a peculiar people. Although possessed of many millions of dollars, the people and their town are precisely where they were forty years ago. Economy is the name of this town, and its people are called the "Economites," although they themselves prefer to be known as the Harmony community.

The Harmony community was founded by George Rapp and his band of followers, numbering nearly one thousand, on February 15, 1850, at a point in Butler County, Penn., twenty-five miles north of Pittsburg, near what is now Zelienople. Driven from Germany by religious persecution, they decided on binding themselves in perfect harmony and living only for themselves. All their possessions were to be held in common, the proceeds of their labor to go into one common treasury. For ten years they were a prosperous and happy people, but began to realize that the selection of the site of their town had been ill-advised, as it was twelve miles from the Allegheny River.

After mature deliberation it was decided to go west, so the 6000 acres of land and their little town were sold in the spring of 1855 for \$100,000, and the colony moved toward the setting sun, finally purchasing 30,000 acres of land on the Wabash River in what is now Posey County, Ind. A new town of Harmony was started. Ten years were spent there, but the country being new was unwholesome, and another move was decided upon.

A steamboat was built and the greater portion of the band, now numbering about 700, started for the Keystone State. Several points were examined, but finally the location they now occupy was decided upon. This was in 1825. Some 2500 acres of land was purchased, and on a commanding plateau fifty or more feet above the highest waters of the river, the town was laid out and called Economy.

From the very first, the third and last settlements of the Harmonists was a success. Their cattle increased, the crops brought forth an hundred fold, and the health of all improved. Thousands of grape vines were planted, and many acres were set out with fruit bearing trees. As time rolled on a woolen mill was erected. It was followed by a cotton mill and a flour mill. The flour of the Economites was always the whitest, the cotton the purest and the blankets and broadcloths were not equalled. It was here that the first silk ever made in the United States was produced. The silk worms were imported and a factory built and filled with all the necessary machinery, but it was not a success on account of the difficulty in producing the cocoons. However, the silk was of such an excellent quality that garments made nearly half a century ago are still to be seen in the quaint old town. Fifty years ago all was activity. To-day everything is as exactly the opposite as can be imagined.

The most distinctive feature of the religious creed of these worthy people is their condemnation of the married state and their practice of celibacy. During the first two years of the society's existence a number of weddings took place, solemnized by Father Rapp himself. Among them was that of his own son, John, whose daughter, Gertrude, presided at the organ for sixty-five years, and died December 29th last, aged eighty-one years. In 1807 there was a religious revival in the community, and soon after it was decided that the married state was incompatible with the purity of the soul which they desired to attain. They finally decided that those who had wives should be as those who had none, and that celibacy should be the sine qua non of membership.

George Rapp, the founder, was laid to rest beneath the apple trees in 1847, and all his followers are laid with him except twenty-seven, four having passed away during the past year. When all of the original members shall have joined the silent majority it is but a question of an exceedingly short space of time, and the perpetuation of the society and the one hundred millions of dollars in cash, stocks, bonds and manufactures requires deep and mature deliberation. The heirs of members who joined after raising families outside of the society threaten to sue the society for a share of the millions, and it is more than probable that the present generation will witness some interesting lawsuits.

When George Rapp died the community decided that there should be two heads instead of one, and they selected R. L. Baker and Jacob F. Henrich, who, during the latter years of Rapp's life, had been his trusted advisers and agents in business transactions. Baker died in 1868, and Mr. Henrich, by right of succession, took his place as supreme head of the society, Jonathan Leuz being elected as his assistant. Both are men of over eighty years, of medium height, and as sharp and shrewd in a business transaction as it is possible for men to be. Their dress is as old in style as they are in age, but on their holidays these old, white-haired men appear resplendent in blue silk suits, such as were worn by the old burgomasters in their native country when their founder was a boy. The dress of the women is of a uniform style, but they, too, appear in silk on state occasions.—New York Press.

A Bridge Moved by an Earthquake.

A peculiar accident recently occurred on the Southern Pacific road. An earthquake moved the iron truss railroad bridge over the Pajaro River, on the coast division, about one foot and prevented the passage of trains. The bridge, however, remained on its stone piers and was safe after the rails were moved in line.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO KEEP OIL-CLOTH.
Oil-cloth is generally considered expensive for a kitchen floor, though many continue to use it. If so, they can make it last much longer by careful washing. Soap, a harsh brush or a mop should never be applied to an oil-cloth. If it should happen to get very dirty use a soft brush and scrub the way of the lines. But to keep oil-cloth clean ordinarily, the rule is to wipe it first with a damp cloth and then with a soft, dry one. A very nice way to clean it occasionally is to wash the oil-cloth by first rubbing it over with a cloth wet in equal parts of milk and water; then to take another cloth, wet in warm water, and go over it again, and then finally with a soft, dry cloth. But the cleanest, brightest-looking oil-cloth I have ever seen was simply rubbed over when needed with a greased rag. This made it look well, kept it from cracking, preserved the paint, and it lasted for years. The rag may be dipped in a little kerosene, if one does not object to the odor, which will pass off, however, in an hour or two.—New York News.

PICKLES.

When making pickles use none but the best of vinegar. A passably good vinegar is made from sorghum, and there is another kind made from sweetened water in which corn has been boiled—either kind being better than the acid vinegar for sale at the grocery stores. Be particularly careful not to buy the sharp, colorless liquid usually sold for vinegar; for it is really weak sulphuric acid, and highly injurious. I have become quite skeptical about all vinegar offered by grocers, and would advise housekeepers, whenever it is possible to make their own, or purchase of some friend who can make more than she needs for her own use.

Boil pickles in earthenware whenever it is possible. Granite ware is next best for the purpose, and next to that new tin. As soon as the pickles are done they should be removed from the dish in which they were cooked, unless earthenware was used. They should be kept in glass or hard stoneware, and examined every month or six weeks. If they do seem to be keeping well, drain off the water, scald it, add a cupful of sugar for each gallon, and pour it boiling hot over the pickles. Repeat this operation three mornings in succession, then tie them up closely again. If pickle is well made, however, it should be better at the end of a year than at the end of three months.—Yankee Blade.

TO COVER AN UMBRELLA.

There is a method in the madhouse of umbrella maker's charges for covering an old umbrella frame. The maker may discourse wisely on the value of a well and perfectly made frame, which may be "covered again and again," but when that frame is offered for covering it is soon found that it costs as much as the umbrella did originally, and the worn-out economist soon finds she must buy a new one, and throw aside for "sake of the trade" the cherished frame and handsome stick. It is so easy a matter to cover an umbrella that many ladies now do it with perfect ease. Measure the size of the umbrella to find the width of silk required, a twenty-six inch requiring goods that width, a twenty-four inch goods twenty-four inches, and so on. Measure the circumference of the parasol and allow a few inches over half the length of material the circumference measures. Now remove the cover carefully. It is well at first to take off only one gore. Use this for a pattern, and cut the required number of gores from it. Hem them and sew them in a bag seam with a machine with a very elastic chain-stitch. A machine which makes a firm stitch, however suitable for other work, is not so good for this purpose. Any chain-stitch machine will do. The cover must be fastened on the wrong side at the top; then drawn down and sewn in place. Examine an old parasol or umbrella to see how to do this, and you may enjoy a new umbrella at a small cost. Cut across the goods, using the selvages alternately.—New York Tribune.

RECIPIES.

Traveling Lunch.—Chop together sardines, ham and a few pickles; mix with mustard, pepper, catsup, salt and vinegar; spread between buttered bread. This is to be cut crosswise, like jelly cake.

Apple Tapioca Pudding.—Soak overnight one cup of tapioca in six cups of water. Next morning add one cup of sugar, one egg and beat well together. Then, pare, core and chop in a few slices six or more apples, and stir with the tapioca in a pudding dish, and bake slowly.

Parasol Fritters.—Boil the parsnips and remove the skins; dipping them in cold water a minute and make them peel easier. Mash them well, and add one teaspoonful of salt and one spoonful of pepper; make into flat cakes like fish cakes; then roll in flour, and brown in hot butter.

Cake Without Eggs.—One heaping cup of sugar, one cup of thin sweet cream, pinch of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder (as above), flour to make a little stiffer than when eggs are used. This makes three layers; spread with jelly caramel icing, or what you please.

Baked Chicken.—Cut a chicken up in pieces; dip them in beaten egg and bread crumbs, well seasoned with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley; pour a little water in a dripping pan, put in the chicken, putting little bits of butter over it; bake slowly, basting often. When tender, take the chicken out, and make a gravy by adding flour, butter, pepper and salt to the drippings, and make of either cream or milk to make sufficient gravy; pour over chicken and serve.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion\$ 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month 3 00
One Square, one inch, three months 8 00
One Square, one inch, one year 20 00
Two Squares, one year 30 00
Quarter Column, one year 50 00
Half Column, one year 80 00
One Column, one year 100 00
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.	

Marriage and death notices gratis.

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

Job work—cash on delivery.

THE READY-MADE MAN.

Some sages of Hindustan.
Of erudition lore,
Determined to make a ready-made man,
Which had never been done before;
All this, you know,
Was some time ago,
In the pre-historic yore.

So they mixed their chemicals up
In a mighty porcelain bowl,
And they stirred them up as you'd stir up a cup
Of coffee or tea, on my soul;
Or made a hole in the latter,
And sat on a plaiter,
With carbon and salt in the hole.

These sages of Hindustan
Then poured the chemicals in,
Their phosphoric acid they poured from a pan,
And their soda and gelatine;
With barytic acid;
To make the flesh flaccid,
And water and creatine.

And they made the form of a man,
Organically sound and complete,
And they found, those sages of Hindustan,
No flaw from his head to his feet;
And one of their fellows
Blow air from a bellows,
And the man leaped up from his seat.

They'd made the ready-made man,
But he was crazy and wild,
He howled like a beast in a caravan,
And then he cried like a child;
They put magnesium on
His left brain ganglion
To make him reconciled.

And this—it made him hum—
'Twas withering flame to fuel,
And they took chloride of potassium
And mixed it in his gullet;
Then he acted like a fool
Who had never been to school—
His idiot groans were cruel.

Then carbon from the pan,
They placed beneath his crown;
Then he fought like John L. Sullivan,
And knocked the sages down.
Then the sages of Hindustan
They killed the ready-made man,
Who had done them up so brown.

My moral all may seem,
It's just designed to show
That the making of a perfect man
Is a process rather slow:
The perfect fellow
Needs time to mellow,
And plenty of time to grow.
—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Squadron of evolution—Darwinites.
A chest-protector—The baggage-master's check.—Lampoon.

First Cherry—"Why so gloomy?"
Second Cherry—"O, I am to be pitted."
—West Shore.

They call them cobble-stones, Freddy,
because they are so hard on your shoe leather.—Puck.

"Is there anything sweeter than a peach?"
"Yes. A pair. A bridal pair."
—New York Herald.

The difference between a liar and a hypocrite is that the liar is not always incurable.—New York News.

Talking of a national air, the strongest this country is able to furnish seems to be the cyclone.—Philadelphia Times.

We are now convinced that the only reliable ground hog is the common domestic pork sausage.—New York Herald.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
The walls are brick, the bars are steel,
In the progressive age.
—Washington Star.

Cadley—"What is your little boy calls you?"
Marlow—"Pretty papa."
Cadley—"Isn't he rather young for sarcasm?"
—Harper's Bazar.

Young Man—"How much money have you saved in your bank?" Smart Youth—"If you give me a quarter, I will have just a dollar."
—Once-a-Week.

When lovely women stoop to folly,
And tempt to make her daily folly,
Who power can soothe her melancholy,
When her husband calls it chunks of lead?
—Texas Sittings.

An old sailor at the navy yard remarked that there is one advantage in Arctic exploration. In the face of the greivous perils one can always keep cool.
—Boston Herald.

There is no particular difference between the shop girl and the saleslady; but the differences between them and the floor-walker are often something awful to behold.—Puck.

"Believe," cried the baseball batter, "I've a right to fame and puff."
So, of members who joined after raising families outside of the society threaten to sue the society for a share of the millions, and it is more than probable that the present generation will witness some interesting lawsuits.

Peddler—"Can I sell you some patent cement, sir?" Mr. Seedle—"Cement? What do I want with cement?" Peddler—"Well, you look as if you was broke."
—Boston Courier.

A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine timber, a willowy figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in the lumber region.—Norristown Herald.

That quadruped that Mary owned
Had a naughty style of fatten;
The youthful sheep lambs Mary saw,
She sold the thing for naught.
—Flincher.

A lecturer upon physical culture has recently decided that "there is no rule for the size of a perfect foot."
—Essex.

"What is the matter with a twelve inch rule?"
—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Farmer's Wife—"If you will help beat this carpet, I will give you something to eat." Dirty Davidson, the Tramp (haughtily)—"Ma'am! I'm a gentleman! I never beat my way."—Toledo Blade.

"How's your family?" "Pretty well, thank you." "Any of your daughters married yet?" "No, and I can't understand why they don't go off; they use powder enough, goodness knows."
—Boston Courier.

One day, when Senator Evarts was Secretary of State, he was entering the elevator at the department to go to his office, and looking around on the crowd of passengers, remarked: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I ever saw taken up."—Argonaut.