The nations of the Old World are now so well armed, avers the St. Louis Star-Sayings, that none dares fire the first

In Australia no newspapers are published nor railroad trains run on the Sabbath. Telegraph offices are closed, and all business is suspended.

The Rev. L. M. Kennedy, of Ohio, says that whenever he can persuade another fellow mortal to the uses and pleasures of cycling, he feels that that man's life has been lengthened.

Judge Furst, of the Forty-ninth Judicial District of Pennsylvania, states that he will not grant naturalization papers to an applicant who has not read the Constitutions of the United States

The Gustemalans are evidently adepts in the arts of the ward politician, thinks the San Francisco Chronicle. In their recent election the Conservatives at Esquitia are reported to have voted the soldiers in the morning in uniform and again in the afternoon in citizens' dress,

It is estimated that the expenditures necessitated by the World's Fair will exceed \$28,000,000. Over \$18,000,000 of this will be expended directly by the commission in the erection of buildings, pay of employes, etc. The remainder will be expended by the States and foreign Governments.

The production of pig-iron during the last six months of 1891 was unprecedented, but the output for January shows a further increase. It looks to the New York Commercial Advertiser as if Eng. land had been permanently passed in this line of industry. Except West Virginia the Southern States showed an increase in production last year as compared with any earlier year. Pennsylvania and Ohio showed a heavy falling off, due largely to stagnation in the rail

The consumption of those delicious crustaces, crabs, in both varieties, hard and soft shell, has grown so fast, declares the Boston Transcript, that a goodly sum is invested in the fisheries. At Crisfield, Md., which has been the principal point of production since somebody there started the business about fifteen years ago, to the amusement of unbelievers, there are employed nine hundred to a thousand people, over seven hundred boats are in use, capital amounting to nearly \$40,000 is required, and the catch foots up about 5,000,000 crabs a year, valued at \$150,000.

Souther Farm, near San Leandro, Cal., has constructed and fully equipped a saltwater swimming tank, and it is believed to be the first ever built for the use of a horse-training farm. Experiment so far have all gone to demonstrate the practicability of the swimming tank as a labor saving device for training, which will sooner or later come into general use. Horses, like all other animals, require baths, and it is claimed that while taking his bath he indulges in swimming, which affords a different but as helpful exercise as does the track. Swimming is now claimed to be a great assistance in developing speed, and the drudgery of track and road work is thereby wonderfully reduce I. The tank at Souther Farm has a concrete basin, ninety feet long over all, twenty feet wide and eight feet deep. From each wall there is an easy grade to deep water, making it sale for a horse to walk down. A platform is constructed over the centre of the tank, which swings from the roof. Upon this elevation a horses, giving them the required amount

Pieuro-pneumonia is one of those things, admits the American Dairyman, that will not "do xn." We can keep it pretty well under control in this country, where the air is comparatively dry, but in moist England it keeps bobbing up serenely. Just now it is making considerable trouble and great losses to the farmers in various parts of England and Scotland. Sixteen outbreaks have been reported and 872 head of cattle slaughtered in the past eight weeks. This looks to us in this country as a fearful slaughter. There have been a few outbreaks on the Atlantic coast, where the air, we presume, is more moist than in the interior, but this disease has never taken on an epidemic form here, as it constantly threatens to do in some countries in Europe, and will do unless the most energetic remedies are constantly employed. Long Island seems to carry the burden of these ills for the United States, at least such is the frequent report of the authorities, but always denied by those who live there. It has the misfortune, so far as pleuro-pneumonia is concerned, to be entirely surrounded by water, thus making the atmosphere damp and arousing the suspicious of the doctors. Like conditions, they think, are liable to proACROSS THE SEA.

Across the sea, the shining Southern sea, Is she with whom I am full fain to be, Though well I know her heart has turned

Fly through this wintry, rainy Northern Fly, Love, to her! Fly, eager Love, to

The purple South smiles, warm and flushed and fair!

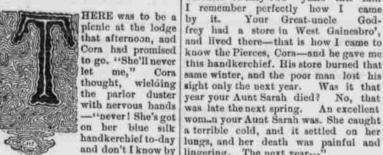
Stand by her. Love, when fast asleep she And drop for me, on her dear lips and 'eyes A kiss, that for my longing shall suffice.

Be thou to her as song, and scent, and shine; Let all thy dearest memories combine To turn once more her queenliest heart to

-Philip Bourke Marston, in Lippincott,

A SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.



wears it only when she's feeling dismal and thinking over all the troubles she ever had or will have, and that she never at that machine up the road? I think wants me to do anything when she's that way. Oh, dear! And I told

Cora paused in her reflections and turned to face, with a courageous smile, the stout and dignified lady who had

"There's a picule at the Lodge this afternoon, Aunt Cecilia," she began-'just a little impromptu affair. They talked it up the other night at Bess Lang's party, and I promised to go. Of course I meant to speak to you first."
"Certainly!" said Aunt Ceciha. The

blue silk handkerchief was folded around her plump neck in a particularly unspoken to me immediately. Who has invited you?"

Railroad, you know. They are thinking of putting a branch through here, and Mr. Pierce has been here several he's invited everywhere; and-and we equine fears. seem to know each other very well now, for he always talks to me, you know." Cora spoke with pretty, eager rapidity, her cheeks flushing. "He wants to call, and he's coming this morning to see if it at the lines, with no faintest effect. noon. I told him of course it would be. and hurt-killed, perhaps. We want to start about one-"

"Pierce?" said Aunt Cecilia. "One of the West Gainesbro' Pierces?" "I don't know; presume not. No, I tion. think he's from-

"I know the West Gainesbro' Pierces root and branch," said Aunt Cecilia, deliberately - "root and branch-and I would no more allow a nicce of mine to associate with one of them than I would allow her to associate with-Never mind; I will not argue it, Cora. I know the Pierces. I am grieved and I am disquaintance so unpleasant to me, whom you should have considered. I hope not to hear of another-"

"But he isn't one of the West Gainesbro' Pierces," Cora cried-"I'm sure he place he does come from. He told me, too. But ch, Aunt Cecilia, he's so gentlemanly and-nice!"

Helpless tears stood in her eyes. She had not quite realized before how much he had come to be to her-handsome, bright-mannered Albert Pierce.

"I desire you to have no more to do with him," said Aunt Cecilia, showing her niece a severe, straight profile. Aunt Cecilia was certainly good-looking; her niece resembled her. "A clandestine acquintance of that sort, Cora! I am nstonished! Even were his family

"It is-I know it is. And 'clandestine,' Aunt Cecilia? How can you say man stands and guides the swimming so? And what shall I do? He's coming this morning to see about it, and-dear Aunt Cecilia-"

"I should prefer not to have him come," said Aunt Cecilia. "We will end this undesirable acquaintance here and now, Corn. He is at the Lane House, I presume? I will send Matthew there with a note, if you will write it. My niece cannot attend pienies with a stran-

ger, and a Gainesbro' Pierce." Aunt Cecilia moved away. If she heard presently, from her seat by the had not heard it.

For Aunt Cecilia had a heart and a warm one. Her niece knew that. Standing with her eyes hidden, childlike, on heart-Cora murmured, dismally.

"She never would have done it! couldn't have! It's that blue silk hand-

Aunt Cecilia had the phaeton brought around early that afternoon and called to

Cora, fresh as a rose in a pink cambric Cora did not believe in worrying or

bright look with which she greeted Aunt idity with which her breath came was rings beside her, were the results of a had passed over. sensible determination not to make mut- "I thought you would be at the picters worse than they already were.

Aunt Cecilia wore her blue silk hand-

Cora hummed the waltz as they drove

away.

"If I'll run back and get you a lace fichu, Aunt Cornelia," she ventured, us," said Aunt Cecilia. "I have a salve us," said Aunt Cecilia. "I have a salve us," said Aunt Cecilia.

Aunt Cecilia responded. "I have had it twenty-two years, and I wear it now and then for old times' sake, Cora." "Um-yes!" said Cora, patiently.

"What are you going to do with these two jugs, Aunt Cecilia?" boiled cider at Bently's cider mill," Aunt Cecilia rejoined.

"Oh!" Cora murmured. Never, never would Aunt Cecilia have lriven to Bently's mill for two jugs of boiled cider if she had not been wearing her blue silk hankerchief for old times'

"Yes, Cora," said Aunt Cecilia, loomily. "I have had this handkerckief twenty-two years this fall.

I remember perfectly how I came HERE was to be a by it. Your Great-uncle God-picnic at the lodge frey had a store in West Gainesbro', that afternoon, and and lived there—that is how I came to Cora had promised know the Pierces, Cora-and he gave me to go. "She'll never | this handkerchief. His store burned that let me," Cora same winter, and the poor man lost his thought, wielding sight only the next year. Was it that year your Aunt Sarah died? No, that with nervous hands was late the next spring. An excellent

> lungs, and her death was painful and lingering. The next year--reminiscences

not. Can you make out what it is?" "A steam thresher," said Cora. "Dan wouldn't mind if it wasn't in the mid-

dle of the road.' "We can manage him," said Aunt Cecilia, who was always plucky. "There are some men there to hold him if he is nervous.

She drove on. "Nervous?" said Cora, auxiously. "I'm afraid he's more than nervous. If we could turn back ---"

But Dan was prancing rapidly on toward the monster which had startled him as by a frightened fascination.

Dan was young, and somewhat skittish ning way. "You should have in his most soberest moments. He eyed the machine askant, whinnying pricking his ears and already trembling; "Mr. Pierce." Cora raised her soft eyes anxiously—"the young man who is here prospecting for the Bryan Valley threw up his head and his hind hoofs, and dashed on up the road, swerving dangerously near the ditch at right or left as his frightened senses promoted times this summer. He's very nice and him, and oblivious of all but his foolish

> That moment seemed a lifetime to Cora. The roadside shrubs rushed irregularly passed, the dust flew.

Aunt Cecilia was pulling frantically is all right about my going this after. They would be overturned in the ditch In which ditch?

Cora found her benumbed mind con-

On which side of the road would they be found with broken arms or necks? "Upon my soul!" said Aunt Cecilia, twenty seconds later.

Dan was stopped-caught by his bits by a strong hand whose possessor had first broken his speed by springing into his path and turning him aside. hand was not so strong, though, but pleased that you have formed an ac- that it felt the powerful wrench; the young man looked pale, and was wincing. His hat was in the dust, and some dark curls lay very becomingly on his white forehead. He was broad-shouldered, strong-faced, tall, and he was isn't, Aunt Cecilia! I can't think of the smilling pleasantly up at them, and bowing to Cora, too.

Aunt Cecilia reiterated her ejaculation. "Upon my soul! Have you sprained your wrist? You certainly have. I never saw anything braver. I- Well, said Aunt Cecilia, wiping her flushed, excited face, "I can't express myself at all! You might have been seriously injured-were you aware of that? It isn't firm-set feet of the preserver.

"Albert Pierce, madam. And don't thank me!" Albert Pierce begged. "I am so glad to have been of service to ou and-and Miss Cora!" His comely face shone.

"Oh, Mr. Pierce!" echoed, mildly, studying him thought-"From West Gainesbro'l"

"From Russell County, ma'am-from Saalsberg," said Mrs. Pierce. "You don't say so!" Aunt Cecilia cried. "I once knew a John Pierce who

from my native town, Phoen-' "Phœnicia," said Albert Pierce, yet more smilingly. "Haven't I heard him sitting-room window, something like a tell Phenicia legends till I know some faint sob, she persuaded herself that she of them by heart? John Pierce was my father, Mrs. Turner."
"Dead!" | id Aunt Cecilia, her face

softened. "Y yes! I remember hear-ing when John Pierce died. A fine man the back of her hand, which was wet he was-a man in every sense, and of a with her tears-standing with Indigna- fine family. And this is his son! And tion and real misery in her desparing his son,"said Aunt Cecilia, beaming upon him with admiration and gratitude and peasant dies: warmth, "has saved two lives."

"Nonsense!" his son protested. "Excuse me, Mrs. Turner, but-" "Two lives," said Aunt Cecilia

which I risked by my own rashness. I will try to thank you, Mr. Pierce. Will you drive us home?" Aunt Cecilla querled, abruptly, there being a slight

He was in the phaeton in a second, his gay gown and the music, and the Cora. Hers were dropped, and the rap-

nic," she taltered.

yes, surely-things would come out right wasn't you, Cora, I know it wasn't. It A REMARKABLE INVALID. wasn't your idea, writing that note to me-that miserable little note? I know

"won't you put it on instead—instead which is unequaled for sprains. You must let me bandage your wrist. John "This handkerchief does very well," Pierce's son! How strangely things come about!"

"I don't believe it's sprained," said Mr. Pierce; but he looke I happy. Aunt Cecilia wore a beautiful white lace fichu at supper, and was in good spirits. She eyed John Pierce's son, and "I am going to have them filled with listened to him, and considered him from all points of view; and when he had gone, late and lingering, she pinched her niece's pink cheek, sighing and

> "I suppose if it is to be, Cora," she said, "that I can stand it. I don't want to lose you for some years yet, and I don't think I should have looked with favor upon anybody else. But a son of John Pierce-

> "You will burn up that awful old blue handkerchief, won't you, Aunt Cecilia?" said Cora, laughing as she kissed her. "It's so—unbecoming! And you've had it twenty-two years already; and—" "Just as you say, my dear," said Aunt

Life History of the Rattiesnake.

Without attempting to enumerate the traits of character popularly ascribed to the rattlesnake, says a Florida correspondent, I may here sketch the promi-nent features in his life history so far as they are accurately known. The age of a rattler cannot be determined by the number of his rattles. Individuals in confinement have been known to acquire from one to four rattles in a year, and at any time they may accidentally lose one or more of these appendages. Rattles are a modification of the epidermis (a step in this direction is shown by some snakes which have the tail developed into a horny tip), and their number is added to from the anterior end of the "string." The longest "string" ever seen by the writer was composed of twenty-two rattles and the customary button, but there are well authenticated records of twenty-eight rattles. The sound produced by the vibration of the rattle has been variously described by different authors; the aptness of their descriptions and comparisons depends much on the ear of the listener. To the writer it resembles the rattling whir of a mowing machine, heard in the distance, and one is also strongly reminded of the 'song" of the common "locust" or ci-The rattle, however, lacks the musical quality noticeable in the note of the cicada. As a rule a sattler does not sound his alarm until he considers himself threatened and in danger; it is then truly a note of warning, and fortunate is the man who appreciates its significance in time to profit by it.

The distance which a rattler can strike depends upon the position he strikes from. When stretched out at full length and with the muscles extended to the utmost, he could not strike one inch forward, but it is said that from this position the head can, in one movement reach the tail. The typical position from which to strike, and the one assumed before the rattle is sounded, is the coil. This is not necessarily a symmetrical spiral, but the body is massed in more or less regular folds, the muscles are contracted, and the reptile may then be likened to a set spring. From this position a rattler can spring about two-thirds of his length. The blow is delivered with a rapidity which defies escape, and s much more likely to be received below the knee than above it. This is due not alone to the angle at which the snake strikes, but also to the proximity of the person struck at. The force of a rattlemake's blow as compared with that of a moccasin is remardable, and supplies the chief reason why the former is so much more deadly than the latter .- New York

Legends of the Maories.

The Maories are sometimes generally, and even exquisitely poetical. One of them relates how the heavens and the every man that will risk his own life to earth were at the beginning of things save a stranger's. Who are you?" Aunt united in marriage, and how the sky Cecilia demanded, her intent, admiring was torn away from the partner of her eyes roving from the tall head to the love by her own children, the storm Every nigh: she weeps over her winds. lost husband, and her tears are the dew. Sometimes the stories are very quaintly and oddly imaginative, as where the tale is told of three bretheren who took a cance to fish, and went far, far out into the open sea, when one of them, who prepared a magic hook, caught what was apposed to be a great fish at the bottom, and, drawing it up to the surface, found that he had discovered New Zealand. That was how the land came in being, and the Maories point to three of moved to Saalsberg, Russell County, the great mountain ranges as the stone sances in which their giant ancestors came from some far-off country to people the land. The mixture of childish naivete and high imagination makes the collection actually fascinating .- Contemporary Review.

How a Russia n Peasant Dies. Count Leo Tolstoi described thus

recently to Octave Houdaille, who visited him at Jasnaja-Pojana, how a Russian

"Death is dark and tertible on the the canvas of the painter, but here in mirth. I just came from a peasant's deathbed. The man knew that he must die and his pain lasted several days, yet not once did his serenity of soul leave him. When death was quite near, and, dress, with white lace flounces, was quiver in her voice and an eloquent look as is customary, a waxed taper was placed in his hand, his face assumed an expression of unutterable happiness. It seems feet among the jugs and his eyes on strange to me that after such a scene that I have felt so little emotion. Aside from all religious feeling, death is for Cecilia, when she stepped into the care not accounted for by her fright, which these people a release from trouble sorrow seen elsewhere. It is the peace, nic," she taltered. the alumber which the peasant has "Did you imagine I would go without longed for in the depth of his misery, kerchief-that was enough. Perhaps- | youl' he whispered, reproachfully, "It and the serrow of living is over."

THE ALMOST INCREDIBLE STORY OF MOLLIE FANCHER.

Lying in Bed in One Position For Twenty-six Years-Extraordinary Powers of Mental Vision.

September 10, 1860, Mollie Fancher was taken by an aunt to the Brooklyn (N.Y.) Heights Seminary as a pupil. She was a delicate and almost supernaturally beautiful girl of 14. Four years later, as she was about to graduate with the highest honors the school could confer, her nervous system began to give way alarmingly. She neither ate nor slept as a girl of her age should. She was ordered to rest and take a course of lessons in equestrianism. One day, while out with her ridingmaster, she was thrown from her horse and sustained severe injuries, besides having some of her ribs broken. She recovered sufficiently to get about again, but a year after her mishap her skirt caught, as she was alighting from a street car, and she was dragged a block over the pavement. The second accident seemed to completely shatter her nerves. Not long after it she began to have strange contortions. She would bring her head and feet together and roll around the floor like a hoop, or stand on her toes and spin like a top. Her violence was such in the paroxysm that it took several persons to take care of her. During the month of February, 1886, all her senses left her. Chloroform was administered to relax her jaws and food was forced down her throat. Her stomach refused to retain it. She turned upon her right side in bed and placed her right hand in behind her head with the fingers pressed into the paim. Then she became rigid and remained so nine years, without any relaxation of the muscles except when she was given chloroform. There were many times during this period when she showed no sign of life except a slight warmth in the region of her heart. Her

limbs were as cold as ice and she was After that came a time of awful anguish, and then the rigid muscles relaxed of themselves and the senses of touch and hearing returned, with power to speak. The inner sight of clairvoyance, or second sight, came too. Of that there is no doubt whatever. Miss Fancher is not disposed to cultivate or exert the subtle power, but to her mental vision everything concerning those in whom she is interested is revealed. She can tell how friends far away are dressed and what they are doing. Totally blind, she will read the contents of sealed letters without the slightest error. She recognizes instantly persons who enter her house, whether they are acquaintances or strangers. If anything is mislaid she tells where it can be found. By running her finger over print she can read much faster than one who sees, whether in light or darkness. Her marvelous sense of touch enables her to disr left hand she writes with almost lightning-like rapidity, the letters being well formed and perfectly legible.

once wrote a melodious poem of ten verses in less than ten minutes. Her nine years of rigidity are an entire blank to this strange being, who is in herself a miracle of miracles. When the aunt, who had been a mother to her, died, she was left without resources, so she had a little embroidery shop opened on the first floor of her house, and it has supplied all her wants. Many of the articles soid are made by her. She embroiders without pattern in many unique and beautiful designs. She cuts velvet leaves for pincushions with both hands behind her head as true as though they were cut or took a lesson in wax work, yet she makes exquisite wax flowers, discriminating the most delicate shades of color, and never making a mistake in the form

For a well person endowed with every ense all this would be wonderful. For Miss Fancher it is apparently supernatural. She is tirelessly industrious and a constant sufferer. She remains with her right hand behind her head and never sanges her position. She never sleeps. When she rests she does so in a trance state. The only ordinary function of numan existence she performs is that of breathing. Her blood circulates very sluggishly and she has very little animal heat. Her sensitive nerves craves the cold, however, and she will have no fire in her room at any season. Her food consists of a few drops of acid food juice a bit of pickle. She prefers the night to work in and does her finest work when half the world is wrapped in dumber. Time and again she has lain for weeks like one dead, and only been brought back to life, as it were, by the manipulations of her doctors, suffers untold agonies from thirst, but cannot drink because her stomach will not retain liquid. No pen could possibly give an adequate description of what she endures. Her sufferings are indescribable and in her prese science, even the most advanced, is thor-For twenty-six years Mollie Fancher

has lain in her bed in one position. She is not by any means a pitiful object to look upon. She is not emaciated. Owing to her latest trouble-dropsy-her face and form are well rounded and her complexion is the envy of all who see her. Her hair is short and wave and makes a bonny frame for her lovely face. Her eyes are closed and long silken lashes curve down upon her checks. She utters no complaint. A martyr of martyrs she meets fate sercoely and even with cheerfulness. Life holds nothing for her that she would not gladly relinquish, but she hears its mountainous burden with a patience and sweetness that can only be called angelie. The one hint of murmur that passes her lips is the pathetic and weird question, as to ever die!"-New Orleans Picayone,

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Glass coated bricks are announced. About 1500 years ago we entered the spoch of a more genial winter tempera-

Common wheat bran, or any kind of nill feed is recommended for extinguishng oil fires.

A reverse of seasons is supposed to take place upon this earth once in every 10,500 years.

In his own laboratory Mr. Aitken calulated 30,000,000 of dust particles in a

cubic inch of air. Experiments with two straight edges, sparated at one end by a sheet of paper, show that light can be seen through a clean-cut opening of not more than

1-40,000 of an inch. In some German telephone offices an electrically driven clock is attached to each telephone, which will work as long as the telephone is off the hook, and

stops directly it is replaced. Recent experiments have shown that in the dog and the cat, as well as in the rabbit, the removal of more than threefourths of the liver is not followed by serious consequences, and that the or gan regains its weight within thirty-six

Vaccine virus has been cultivated by a Russian physician, who finds that the artificially cultivated is as effective as the genuine product, while having the advantage of absolute freedom from germs of scrofuls, tuberculosis or other dis-

Mr. Haly, Curator of the Colombo Museum, has discovered that carbolized oil is one of the most perfect preservatives of the colors of fish and other animal specimens. The most delicate frogs, snakes and geckoes retain their evanes cent tints when kept in it.

The first white enamel factory in the United States will be located at Dubuque, Iowa, and the plans for it have just been received from Germany. The process of manufacturing these goods is a secret, and that it may not be discovered the building will be constructed without doors and windows except those opening in an inner court.

A French physiologist reports an interesting experiment in preventive inoculation for consumption. About eight months ago he inoculated two monkeys with the tubercular bacilli of the fowl, and after six months they showed no signs of the disease. These animals and a third were then inoculated with human tubercle, with the result that those first inoculated still continue well, while the third died after a few weeks.

It has been decided to work the Liverpool (England) Elevated Railway by electricity, using motor cars, instead of separate locomotives. The line is six miles long, and the generating station is being erected near the middle of the railway. There are several opening bridges, and the structure is composed entirely of iron and steel, spanning for the most the existing dock railway, tinguish the photographs of friends with her fingers. Holding pen or pencil in traffic of the docks.

Forest vegetation is much richer in North America than in Europe, and comprises 412 species, of which 176 are native to the Atlantic region, 106 to the Pacific, ten are common to both, fortysix to the Rocky Mountain region, and seventy-four are tropical species near the coasts of Florida, as against 158 species in Europe. Six North American species of forest trees-the Judas tree, persimmon, hackberry, plane tree, hop hornbeam and chestnut-are also indigenous in Europe, all now growing there naturally south of the Alps.

Wash Day Comes Once a Year.

In Germany, especially among the lower classes, it is said, wash day comes no oftener than Christmas-once a year. A writer says: The notion of cleanliness which prevails among the better class of Germans forbids the storing or accumulation of solid linen in the dwelling house, hence the necessity of the schwartz-waschkammer," built near by, where the soiled or unwashed clothes are hung up exposed to the air on poles or We cannot but commend them for this custom, and it would be well for those housekeepers to take a hint who store sotled garments in the closets of sleeping-rooms and under the bels. The humblest German hausfrau does not feel linen, and this she will have if possible, to the exclusion of other things which we might regard almost as needful. She is rich indeed if at the end of six months or a year she can display long lines hung with immaculate linen. We can thus understand how even at this day a chest of linen is regarded among the peasantry as a part of their dower or marriage portion of the bride. ings a week is usually taken, and the event is regarded as no ordinary one. is something of a jubilco in which the entire family takes part. An American lady traveling in Germany witnessed one of these "frolies," where four or five women were washing from one capacious When asked why they did not adopt the easier plan of washing weekly, one of them replied that "they feared the people might think they had but two garments apiece. "- New Orleans

Fight Between a Hawk and a Snake. Mrs. W. P. Lasitter had an unusual experience a few days ago. As the story goes she saw a large hawk descend to after a short time she decided to investigate. On approaching the place the hawk arose and perched upon a tree near by. In a few minutes it descended again. Mrs. Lasitter proceeded to the place and found that the hawk had tackled a large black snake. Its tulous were tast in the snake, und the snake so entwined about the wings and body of the hawk that the latter could neither disengage itself from the snake nor rise Mrs. Lasitter took advantage of the situation, and arming herself with some lavisible spirit or power, "Cae I a club killed both hawk and snake,-

MY LITTLE BIRD'S SONG,

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.
One Square, one inch, one month...
One Square, one inch, three months.
One Square, one inch, one year
Two Squares, one year
Quarter Column, one year...
Half Calumn, one year...
One Column, one year...
If

My little bird sings all the day, Sings of a magic land away Beyond the darkness and the gloom, Where all is sunshine, scent and bloom Where buttercups and dalsies play In fragrant meadows through the day, Where aloping hills and flowing streams Know only blue sky's happy sheen, And this my little bird tells me!

My little bird sings in the night, Sings of that magic land of light Where never diamond stars arise To stud the shadow sprinkled skies. For there the hours go glancing gay-They know no other than the day With bud and blossom blushing bright And dance of dainty sunbeams' light-And this my little bird tolls me!

I asked my little bird to-day, "This magic land doth lie which way East? South? Where sunset's gat.

sweep? Perhaps the North star sentry keepsi* My little bird up in his swing Just pauses, nods, then blithely sings, "The olden road of love commands Sole entrance to the magic land? -St. Louis Republic.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Under the rose-The thorn, A roll of music-The drum solo The best thing out-A conflagration .-Drake's Magazine.

When silence is broken, "the I said, the soonest mended.'

Time has more lives than a cat. It c. stand an indefinite amount of killing. It is natural for a fellow to boil wit, age when he gets fired .- Binghamton

Republican. It is seldom that the crusty man is toasted-That is the difference between man and his bread. - Puck.

It is said that grip germs have been caught and photographed. Wonder if they "look pleasant?"—Statesman.

"Does giblets move in the best so-"Yes; he has to move. He never pays his rent."-Yale Record. To begin at the top rung of the ladder and to end at the lowest one is the great

combination of success in case of fire .-

The old man in his second childhood is rarely as ridiculous as the young father in his first babyhood .- Indianapolis

A Vigilance Committee in Montane

gunning for a church organist because passed off a false note. - Bingham Republican. Considering Mr. Gladstone's achie ment with the axe, wouldn't it be : appropriate to call him the "Grand

Feller?"-Boston Post. A great deal of mystery attend running of the cars to the summit of the White Mountains; they always tgo up incog .- Lowell Courier.

Manager et the Dime-"What's all that racket up there?" Attendant-Journal. Richard-"I know people consider

Miss Smart pretty, but there's something about her face that I don't like." iam-"Perhaps it is her noes."-Boston A powerful example of moving elo-quence is when the old gentleman put his ead into the parlor at 2 o'clock and says

it is time for callers to go .- Binghamton "What do you think of a man who will deliberately tell you that his baby is no smarter than the general runds, babies?" "I think he is a liar."—In-

dianapolis Journal. She-"Promise me if I die you will; never marry again," He-"What! And let people think my dear little first wife was such a terror that I didn't dare to? Never,"-Brooklyn Life,

Master-"Mary, I wish you would more careful. I am very sorry to my wife has to scold you so often my wife has to scold you so Mary-"Oh, don't you mind me, sir. I don't take any notice of it,"-Comic. Women are more faithful to a memor

ously and as long to their Myouth as the can, and yet with many of them it is a mere memory.--Philadelphia Times The beggar was a reckless wight-Perhaps it was his rate.

I harded him a nickel bright,
For to releve his hungry plight;
He sought the nearest slet in sight

than men. All of them cling as tenz

Helping Him Out Bingo-"Did succeed in cutting down your shopp expenses this month as I requests Mrs. Bingo-"Oh, yes, indeed, d You know that nice woolen under-you wanted? Well, I got something coiton much chesper."—Cloak Review

Mrs. Shoddy-"I want to make u son's wife a birthday present." Jewelst -"Would you like to see our styles of 'Yes, I want to get her something hans some to wear around her throat. me some of those diamond tiaras I have read about in the paper,"-Texas Sil-

Caotain's Wife (to her husband)-'Arthur, love, I want you to give Jac a good dressing down to-morrow." Or on-"What for? I am perfectly see fled with the fellow." She-"Well, ye know, he has got to beat the carpets ? morrow, and he strikes ever so me harder when he is in a bad temper."

"Scrawk! Scrawk! Scrawk!" Shovel the snow from your broad aids Wake up the neighbor who signs

Rest for a moment; then give him "Scrawk! Scrawk! Scrawkity!-535 Hest not the warriwind of will?

That answers each burst of your sort Piling up volumes of records of sin-Just when the down is beginning to Just when we feel the true value of

With a "Sgrawk!