VOL. XXVI. NO. 2.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1893.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

More than 700 lives of Columbus have been written in various languages.

A dally paper can be sent from any part of the United States to Stanley Falls, in Africa, 1000 miles beyond Stanley Pool, for four cents.

The report by cable that defects in the new Russian made rifles will defer for three years the rearming of the mfantry, seems, to the New York Sun, if true, to be out of sight the most significant item of news received from Europe in many months.

Within six years Idaho has come to be a great fruit raising country, and is competing sharply with California in the Eastern markets. Last year the Oregon Short Line handled carload lots of apples, peaches, pears, prunes and grapes for Denver and Omalia

The American Farmer states that the American wool grower has a home market for every pound of wool he produces. About sixty-nine per cent. of the wool manufactured in the United States is home grown, and the remaining fortyone per cent, is foreign wool.

In some parts of the West Democrats who become Populists are called "Demopops" and "Popocrats," while Republicaus who desert to the Populists go by the name of "Poplicaus." When they want a new word in the West, observes the Chicago Herald, they don't hesitate at anything.

After an existence of twenty-four years "Lorns Doone" has been republished in London in the original threevolume form. This event is said to be entirely unprecedented in the history of novels in England, and illustrates the great popularity of the book, the success of which, to quote Mr. Blackmore's own words, "is a paradox."

New York is the only State that allows an uncle to marry his neice, declares the Chicago Herald. In Fiorida and Georgia marriage is prohibited within the "Levitical degree;" these are set forth in Leviticus xviii., and forbid marriages of nephews and aunts, but seemingly not of uncles and nieces. No European country considers such a marringo lawful.

The Canadian Architect sensibly suggests that in building brick houses in positions where they are not protected by surrounding property, not to forget that hollow walls will add greatly to the conwarmer in the winter, and will assist in materially keeping the house dry. The cost of hollow walls is only very little higher than that of walls built solid.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland has been besought to give India the sweet potato for a food for the often famine; stricken millions of many East India Provinces. E. B. Francis, Director of Lands in the Punjaub, has written to a Mr. Bennett, of Accomso County, asking for "roots well packed," as it is desired to introduce that vegetable into India, in the hope that soil and climate there will be found peculiarly favorably

W. R. Burt, of Saginaw, Mich., has suddenly become wealthy on an unearned increment. Some years ago be bought a tract of timber hand in St. Louis County, Minnesota, and recently discovered that forty acres of the tract is covered with an immense and very rich deposit of iron ore. There are said to be 10,000,000 tons in sight, and It is so accessible that it can be taken out with a steam shovel. He has leased the mining rights at rates that will fetch him \$300 .-000 year.

The Chicogo Tribune says that there were recorded in this country in 1892 no less than 3800 suicides in the United States as compared with 3331 in 1891, 2640 in 1890 and 2224 in 1889. "To suggest haphazard a reason for so scrious an increase 'rould be folly," comments the New York Observer. "The figures are alirming and call for an investigation. A fifty per cent, increase in the number of suicides within three years seems incredible. If the figures are supported by facts, we cannot too soon seek ] for the cause.

Science is pressing relentlessly on the heels of the microbe, notes the Chicago News Record: "The latest method of coping with this minute but potent source of disease is to literally cast it out of the abiding place in which it has installed itself. Micro-organisms contain substances for the most part heavier than water, and this fact has led to the fatroduction of a method of separating them from water, milk and other liquids by centrifugal force. A speed of about 4000 revolutions a minute serves to clear a large number of microbes from the liquid and reader it limpid."

OUR ANGLES.

We love to think they linger with us still,

deep.

They come about us at their own sweet will And steal into our being, soft as sleep.

Shall they not come whose sympathies were The friends we loved most tenderly and

Whose graves are fresh with spring's first

offered flowers And benedictions of the summer dow? We long have kept the chambers of our

Garnished and swept with sacred care for

And memory hoards, as year by year Their love and friendship as a predict

We may not see them with our mortal

Nor bear the music they have just begun; Still they may come to speak of fields Elysian. Or guide us to them when our work is

Spirits intangible—we know they come!

When our life tumults for a momen They speak to us, although their lips are

And the great allence has a cry of peace. O tender are the words of Christ, that float Full argosies of love on time's wide son-More musical than Israfil's note, More loving than a mother's lullaby-

More beautiful than any face or form, Dearer than fame or love's divine bah-Sweeter than sunshine after days of storm Are their still voices from a land of rest. These are our angels-flesh and blood no

As ere we laid them in our kindred earth; And yet our souls may reach them gone before, And gather strength from beings of new

These are our angels, for love cannot die, Nor yet in beaven its tender lips by

Our heralds; who will watch, and fondly cry In the great presence, "Lo, our friends,

-Boston Journal.

# TWO HIGHWAYMEN.



as if he was a part of the vehicle itself, and with every motion of the coach his body moved with sinuous gracefulness. "Steady now, boys, steady," he shouted to the double team of plunging horses. "We want to make good time, reason for bein' reckless. Look out for the Devil's Cut, it's rough there. Ye'il stumble yerself. Git up there. I told

He jerked one of the stumbling horses to his feet so suddenly that the animal was scarcely aware of his fall; but the speed of the wild, galloping team was checked by the slight mishap.

""That'll bring ye to your senses if anythin'. Now take it easier. Don't be smashin' things to pieces so. Ye'll get enough of it when ye reach the level. Yo're the most determined critters that I ever drew line behind, an' of ye don't break your necks some day on these alopes I'm missin' my guess. Ef we had some passengers inside they'd be scared half out of their wits. But we ain't. No, nothin' but gold, and lots of it."

The driver jerked his head around and looked at the big, square box, which contained the precious treasure of the company. It was a common looking box, but strongly riveted and bound. It was close up to the driver so that he could touch it with his feet.

"A mighty big sum," he muttered aloud, "an' a putty responsible load for one man to guard. Thousands of dollary, I s'pose. If some fellers only knew it they'd be holdin' me up 'round here. It would be worth the risk. But then Ben Tillotson has never yet been caught nappin', an' there ain't many who would care to try him. It would be dangerous. Yes, sir, it would."

He tapped his beavy revolvers as he spoke and glanced defautly around him. The coach had nearly reached the valley, and was rolling along at an easier gait. "Ha! ha! what an idee," suddenly aughed Ben toudly. "Hold up myself. That would be great, right here in this dark canyon, an' then tell 'em a man robbed the coach. No lie bout that, They'd believe it, for I've always been so trustworthy. Well, well, I could chuck the box into the bushes an' come

back for it later." The idea seemed to please the driver,

"There would be plenty of ways out of it. The box would never be found here, an Ban Tillotson would be rich. 1 here, an' Ban Tillotson would be rich. I would be strung up at the first tree. as these papers, all of them yellow with guess then Mandy Duyval wouldn't look. The choice of deaths was not encourage, were passed upon by the attorney, at that Harry Somers no longer. She'd ing. take me quicker'a a wick.

splurge that would astonish some of 'em. take me to the town an' have my body A WATERSPOUT AT SEA Twouldn't be bad, either. I've worked grace a tree. Mandy Duyval will be for the sompany nigh unto ten years, an' they ain't lost a cent by me. It ain't a osln' bargain for 'em. They've made me. But then think of the shame! No, air, git up there, boys, we must hurry."
He snapped his long whip in the air and urged the horses on into break-neek

his reflective mood. "But how easily I could work the game," he mused again, "An' nobody the hollow, an' all would be done. They'd send out scoutin' parties, but no-body would find it. Then months later

pace. The rumbling of the heavy wheels soon brought the man back to

Once more the horses slowed down to a gentle trot, and the sturdy driver fidgeted the box with his foot. The spell of temptation nearly conquered, The hiding place was near at hand. The horses stopped as if by instinct; but this very fact startled the man.

"No, no. What ails me! Git up, ye brutes, what are ye stoppin' for? I wasn't goin' to do anything. I was only thinkin' how it might be done. Git

He was ner yous and excited, glancing around him many times. "Phaw!' I'm superstitious," he ex

claimed with a laugh. "Who do I think will see me here. There ain't nothin' to be afraid of. I'll just stop to quiet my nerves. Whoa, there!"

The stage-coach came to a dead halt. Ben Tillotson jumped down from his high seat and walked up to the heads of

"A mighty lonely place. Nobody in twenty miles of ms—and five, six or seven thousand dollars in gold. Maybe there's more. Let me see how heavy the box is. Ay, but that is heavy! Shouldn't wonder of there was more—to hold me probably ten thousand dollars-all gold. wonder of I could lift it. Yes, an' throw it in the bushes. Easy as can be. Held up by highwaymen, nice story, two bullets in the clothes, and one through the hat. Hat hat hat I'll try it, yes Hey-what!"

A stone rolled down the side of the 'No, it's no trap that I'm leadin' you canyon wall, and the man leoked up nerinto. I'm honest with you. No, I ain't

the rough moun- crazy. came to a standstill so suddenly that Ben Tillotson barely retained his seat.

"Hands up! Hands up, quick!" Was he dreaming, or was his brain turning? Was his mind still dwelling but 'twentale to smash the company's carnest? Mechanically, however, he coach to pieces. Whoa, now! We min't raised his hands, and when his befogged vulged it to no one.—Yaukee Bade, brain was clear enough to understand his position he realized that a heavy Winchester was staring him in the face.

"Don't move, old man, or ye'll die," "Ye'se caught this time. Hand over the box quick. Hands up!"

The rifle moved threateningly nearer, and Ben had nothing to do but obey He had never been caught before, and the thought of delivering his treasure to a highwayman roused all of his latent cunning and courage.

"Here ye are. Get hold of it. nust hold the horses." "Never mind the horses. Shove the

box toward me." Ben obeyed. He pushed the bex lowly along with his feet. He could see that the man was green at the business, and he waited for his opportunity. When the box was close to the nighway-Ben was within three feet of it, and with a sudden spring he caught the barrel of

it in his left hand, "Hold up, stranger; I have the drop is taken to the Eastern oil works. this time," he calmly said, producing a revolver and holding it within a foot of the man's head.

"Cursus on ye," came from behind the "Drop that rifle, and hold up your

hands. Drop it, I say, or you'll go into eternity without warnin'. ould do nothing else under the circu u-

"Now off with that mask. No: I'll take it off myself."

The highwayman sought to catch the mask, but Ben tore it off with one sweep of his hand, holding the revolver tight in his right.

"Harry Somers!" he gasped. The two men gazed at each other for everal moments. The uncovered highwayman was pale, and Ben Tillotson trembled at the sudden revelation. The penalty of such a crime was death, and the driver would be justified in shooting The idea seemed to please the driver, bis rival without a word of warning and he smiled broadly as he continued to On the other hand, if he showed a magnanimous spirit, and forced him, at the to the nearest point of civilization, he

good enough for her, but she thinks me?" the captured man asked in a voice life asked no questions and would answer everything of him. I never did like his that was intended to be brave. "You none. When the last judgment was looks. He comes from some place that have me in your power an' my life is satisfied he lieparted as quietly as he came yours, I s'pose. I could have shot you and no one knew that he was here till he a better position than I have, an' Mandy | before, but I couldn't commit murder. | had gone. Schock's home a believed to thinks more of him for that. How this You can shoot me, an' nobady will call it be in South America. New Orleans money would set me up 1 I could make a murder. It will be justice. Or you can Picayune.

there, sn' she'll rejoice with you at the sight."

At the mention of his aweetheart's name Ben sterted. The man's barsh laugh grated horribly on his nerves. Would Mandy think more of him if he brought his rival to justice! Justice! Had he not just attempted the same crime, and been prevented only by the sudden awakening of his fear and con-"But how easily I could work the science? Was not he as guilty as Harry game," he mused again. "An' nobody Somers of highway robbery? The would be the better for it. Right shead thought of his undected crime made his in the canyon I could chuck the box in | band tremble, and the beads of perspiration started out upon his forehead. "Come, what are you waitin' fur?

Don't keep me uncertain like this. Shoot away, or let me get up alongside of you. I'll go peacefully. All's up with me, Ben still kept him covered with his

revolver, but his mind was so agitated that his man could easily have escaped. The words of Harry brought bim to his seases, and he murmured aloud:

"Do with you-what am I goin' to do? Well, let me see. You ain't bad at heart, Harry, an' this is your first offence. You didn't mean to be badyou jes' yielded to temptation, same's I did-an' then-well, you got caught, an' I didn't. You ain't no worse than I am. Do? What am I goin' to do with youf Well, nothin'-not a thing. Come, get up alongside of me an' ride to the town. I am't got nothin' ag'in you, an' the Lord knows I wouldn't hurt say one unjustly. Come, are you

Ben had withdrawn his revolver and placed it in his belt. The highwayman was uncovered and at liberty to do as he

"Pick up your rifle," Ben continued. "I kin trust you. You don't want to hold me up any more, a." I don't want to hold up myself ag'in. We're not fit for highwaymen-got too much con-science-ch, Harry?"

He laughed so strangely that Harry Somers began to doubt his sanity. Me-chanically the highwayman picked up his rifle and took a seat alongside of the

vously. It was only a grey squirrel, but the bead-like eyes were watching him intently.

"What am I doin'," the man mut"Tain't Ben Tillottson that goes back on his word, nor justice either. You tried tered, with the cold perspiration running down his face. "Robbin', stealin'
—an ordinary highwayman. Heavens!
Git up here! Hurry, boys, or I'll go
me, an' I'd be a brute of I didn't have as Tazy."

much feelin' fer you. It was simple The coach seemed to rush along at enough. I jes' felt a terrible feelin' stage-coach lightning speed. The heavy box fell come over me back in the canyon that I'd rumbled heavily, jolting addriver's hands trembled so that he could had thousands of dollars aboard, an' no-against rocks hardly hold the reins. Down the canyon body roun'. I could pitch the box in and stones in horses and driver rolled in a cloud of dust. the bushes, an' then come back fur it fierce defiance The man saw nothing around him, and later. Tell 'em that highwayman held fierce defiance of all conse-quencees, and shut out every external sound. The side to side un-side to side until the springs
creaked and
groaned. Tall,
gaunt Ben Til.

Solution of their speed was reached. They
gaunt Ben Til.

Solution of their speed was reached. They
gaunt Ben Til.

Solution of their speed was reached. They
gaunt Ben Til.

Solution of their speed was reached. They
by lieve the Lord jes' sent ye to try me.
He wanted to see if I'd be as merciful as tson, the driver, kept his insecure seat | recking with white foam, and then they | He was. That's the whole of the story. 'fain't much, Harry Somers, but it meaus

that we're both highwaymen. It's our first, an' it will never happen agin'.' Ben was still dilating upon his fears in the canyon when the stage coach rolled upon the old idea, or was he held up in | into the town; but the two highwaymen kept their story to themselves, and di-

# Utilizing Old Barrels.

The Standard Oil Company has over 500,000 second-hand barrels the masked highwayman said, calmly. Point View Oll Works, in Philadelphia, where they are relitted by a large number of coopers.

parts of the Old World and brought across the Atlantic to be used for further shipment. At the shops in this country they are renewed with hoops and broken staves, and then glued and filed with refined oil for the home market. Formerly second-hand barrels shipments, but in the last few years all those that are brought back empty are afterward used in the domestic trade.

There are now several large vessels on the way scross, loaded with empty Besides these there are man the rifle was lowered for an instant. thousands of second-hand barrels gathered up in all parts of this country. Some are brought here and others are sent to the refinery in Cleveland, but the bulk

The export as well as the import transportation of refined oil is mostly all in tank cars and in tank vessels over the ocean. The transportation os the refined oil from here is getting less every day. The average is not more than 200 barrels a day, and this is nearly all taken away in bulk. All the new oil barrels that The man reluctantly obeyed. He are made around here are turned out at the Workhouse and they are all taken to the Beaver Creek Refluery .- New York Telegram.

# Came Back and Paid Un.

Sixteen years ago T. R. Schock disap-

seared from Mexico, Mo., between two days. It soon transpired that he was overwhelmingly in debt. The Schook family was and still is a prominent one in the country, and his brothers indignant at his absconding determined to bring him back, but no trace of him could be found. Recently a travelstained stranger, bronzed by a southern sun, came to Mexico. It was Theodore R. Schock. He employed a lawyer, called on Circuit Clerk Ben C. Johnson and propoint of his revolver, to accompany him posed to pay off the judgments, aggregating several thousand dollars. As fast Schock would pay them off. All of his Well, what are you goin' to do with | pockets seemed to be filled with money.

THE GREATEST OF MARINE PHE-

How the Captains of Vessels Prepare for a Waterspout and How They Encounter It.

E were steaming through the Indian Ocean, enduring as best we could the suffocating heat that prevailed through the day, and long into the night. One afternoon I was standing by the blupacle watching the compass when I oo served that the vessel's course changed about four points in as many minutes. My curiosity was aroused to know the

asked the reason for the sudden diver

cause of the change, and as the Captsin

was then descending from the bridge, I

"Don't say anything about it to the rest of the passengers," he answered, "but just come to the bridge with me." I accompanied him, and when we reached that point of observation he directed my attention to a series of dark clouds in the direction whence we had turned. The nearest of them was not more than four or five miles away; it was a tall pillar of cloud extending from the sea to the sky, and as I looked at it with a glass it was easy to observe that the sea at the base of the pillar was violently agitated. All around was a calm; there was hardly a breath of air stirring, so that the appearance of the sea at the base of the pillar of cloud was rendered more noticeable than if a storm had been raging or even a strong wind

"A waterspout!" I exclaimed, as my eye took in the scene; "there's no mistaking that."

"No," answered the Captain, "and there's more of them to keep that big fellow company. We want to steer clear of 'em, and that's why I've changed

our course.

Then I asked the Captain as to his theory of waterspouts and their origin. "I've had a good many theories," he replied, "but some of 'em have been knocked in the head and I'm not altogether sure about the rest. One thing I'm pretty certain of, though, and that is that the waterspout at sea is just the same as the whirlwind on land; there is a whirling wind or perhaps there are two winds blowing in opposite or nearly opposite directions coming together, and these make up the whirls and eddies that raise clouds of dust on land and sometimes do a vast deal of damage. A waterspout is caused by a whirlwind and that's why the sea at the base of that

pillar of cloud is agitated, as you see it.
"There is a popular belief," he continued, "that the sea is sucked up by the cloud and great masses of it go hundreds of feet into the air. I used to believe so and my belief was confirmed by the stories of sailors who declared that large fishes had dropped from the clouds where they had been carried by the waterspouts. They had seen them with their own eyes, and one sailor that I knew told me of being on a whale ship which was close to a waterspout when a whale dropped from the clouds into the ocean. The creature was so stunned and astonished that he lay motionless on the water after he struck; they got out the boats and secured him, and he yielded eighty-nine barrels of oil."

"What led you to doubt the truth of the story that the sea is sucked up by the waterspout?" I asked.

"My own observations," he answered, "added to what I learned from scientific works on the subject. The water that falls from the sky, or from the cloud at the top of the waterspout, is always fresh, which would not be the case if the sea was drawn upon in the way the

"The whale that was taken up, according to the story of my old friend, could not live in fresh water; neither could the other fishes that they tell about. A little of the spray from the broken waves may be taken up, and that is all. I haven't much fear of a waterspout as long as I'm in a steamer, but in a sailing ship the case is different. I've been becalmed with waterspouts all around us, and sometimes you'll see them coming directly towards jou, and there's no chance of getting out of the way such as you have in a steamer. The old idea of getting rid of a dangerous waterspout was to fire a cannon at it and bresc it, but this isn't much thought of at preent, though I suppose that it is done no s and then. It takes a skillful gunner to send a shot through the centre of a waterspout, and it's just possible that the thing breaks up of its own notion without any regard to the shooting at it. The idea is that if anything touches the spout it breaks up and a deluge of water comes down; for that reason a ship that is touched by one is in danger of being swamped by the downpour of water, which is the same as a cloudburst on

"Several times in my life I have been dangerously near to fellows like those we're looking at, and once I was swamped by one of them. Perhaps you don't know," he added, "that cyclones, typhoons and hurricanes are practically the same sort of thing and that they blow in circles. When a Captain finds himself in one of them and has plenty of sea room he tries to get as far as possible from the centre, where the wind is greatest, and to do this he turns and runs at right angles to the wind. In the southera hemisphere the course of rotation is like that of the hauds of a watch, from left to right, but in the northern hemisphere it is in the other direction. "-St. Louis Star-Sayings.

A Sea Captain's Recipe For Plum Duff. Put your flour in the pan. You want some sour dough. Let it rise. Stir in some baking powder, according to how

much you make, so much for a quart, and so much for a pint. You want a bag to put it m; an old stocking is better. Put the plums on the bottom of the bag. Cook it till done. Have the stoward put the end with plums next the cantain, and the end without plums next the mate. - Boston Transcript,

BCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Southern factories are making paper Liebig, the chemist, says the human body is composed of air condensed and

It is said that men faint less frequently than women because their imagination is slower of action than it is with the fair

chimneys may be exactly taken by a close observation of the shadows they cast on the ground, The incandescent light is a yellow light

just as gas is, and colors cannot be de-tected by it any better than they can by ordinary gas or lamp light. A slit in a piece of paper, even though it be not more than one forty-thousandth

of an inch in width, is sufficient to transmit light to the human eye. On many of the railways in Germany the practice of starting locomotive fires with gas instead of wood has been

adopted and proves economical. White or "Irish" potatoes are now used extensively in the manufacture of buttons. By means of certain acids po-tatoes can be hardened to almost the re-

sistance of stone. It is asserted that waterproof sheets of paper, gummed and hydraulically compressed, make a material as durable as eather for the soles of shoes. It also makes serviceable horseshoes.

A special commission at Toulon, France, has decided against the use of petroleum as fuel on torpedo boats. Out of ten cans of petroleum experimented upon eight became ignited, from percussion after twelve shot had been fired

upon armor plate protecting them. The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square mebes, an area very nearly equal the floor of a room twelve feet

A law has been enacted in Ontario, Canada, forbidding the spraying or sprinkling of fruit trees while they are in bloom with any mixture containing Paris green or other substances poisonous or injurious to bees. The object of the legislation is to protect the bees from harm, the honey from possible taint of poisoning, and to avoid possible obstacles to complete fertilization of the fruit. A remarkable discovery in the domain

of medical science is reported from Vienna. Doctor K. L. Scieich claims that the results obtained by the use of chloroform and cocaine may be secured by subcutaneous injections of a solution of sugar or salt, or even of simple cold distilled water, while the ill effects that sometimes follow applications of the former are avoided. This c'aim, it is asserted, is based upon a series of experiments, and some medical authorities are said to be satisfied of the genuineness of

The assertion that the temperature of the earth increases about one degree for every sixty feet as we descend into it is all localities In some shafts sunk in mines the increase is one degree for every twenty feet, while in others it is not more than one in a hundred, showing that there is no uniformity in the temperature of the earth's crust,

# The Making of Scissors.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors, or much skill required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to reduces, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part and bow, or that which later on is fashioned into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and this is afterward expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shaak and bow are filed into a more perfect shape and the hole bore! in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground and the handles made smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not yet finished, however. They have to undergo hardening and tempering and be again adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that, in cutting, scissors crush and bruise more than kuives. - Inventive

# The Bergamot Tree.

There is but one spot in the world where the bergamot tree can be cultivated with profit-a fact of some importspee, since its essence is indispensable in the manufacture of numerous perfumes and medical preparations. referred to is Reggio, in Calabria, that extremity of the Italian peninsula which is familiarly known as the "toe of the boot." Mr. Kerrich suggests that there is a good chance here for enterprising capitalists of getting a highly profitable monopoly of the bergamot tree by buying up from the producers all that they extract. At present the Reggio bergamot suffers both in quality and reputation through the frauds of small traders. who, it is said, mix it with ten parts of adulterating matter. - Chicago Tribune.

# Styles in Canine Mouraing.

Traveling up Fifth avenue a few days ago was a weman dressed in deep mourang. With her was a beautiful greyhound with long streamers of black ribbon attached to his collar. If the woman was in mourning for her husband he must have had hard work to conceal a smile as he gazed down on a ludicrous picture of this cauine, decked out in yards of black ribbon. I suppose when the stage of semi-mourning comes the dog will be arrayed in purple,-New York Herald. RATES OF ADVERTISING

WHERE ARE THE SPRINGS OF LONG AGO!

Come near, O sun-O south wind, blow, And be the winter's captives freed; Where are the springs of long ago? Drive under ground the lingering snow, And up the greensward legions tend;

Come near, O sun-O south wind, blow1 Are these the skies we used to know! The budding woo I, the fresh-blown mead? Come near, O sun-O south wind, blow1

The breathing furrow will we sow, And patient wait the patient seed;

Come near, O sun-O south wind, blows The grain of vanished years will grow; But not the vanished years, indeed!

Where are the springs of long ago? With sodden leafage, lying low

Toey for remembrance faintly plead! Come near, O sun-O south wind, blow! Where are the springs of long ago? -Edith M. Thomas.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Humbug-Bumble bees. Buy words-How much?

A shining light-Jupiter. A spokesman-The wheelwright. A pronounced failure-Stuttering.

Room for improvement-The gymasium .- Truth.

"I am willing enough to work," said young Steer, "but I can't find anybody to work,"-Elmira Gazette. Cholly-"What kind of a balance has

me wawtsch?" Jeweler-"Probably an unpaid one."-Jeweler's Weekly. George—"I thought you were studying oil wells in the West." Fred—"Oh, I gave it up; it was such a bore, you know?"—Exchange.

Criticus (looking at a picture of the impressionist)-"If that's high art, then I'm an idiot." Cynicus-"Well, that is high art."-Tid-bits. Extreme loquaciousness saldom goes

with an air of prosperity. The more a man talks through his hat the shabbier it gets .- Washington Star. Crinoline or cholera, Which one will it be To sweep the western continent
In eighteen ninety-three?
--Detroit Free Press.

She-"Really, now, aren't you a married man?" He-"No. Why?" She -"Ob, you have such a settled look." He-"Yes, I've been refused by thirteen

Doctor-"I really believe you have some kind of poison in your system." Patient (Gloomily) -- "I shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?"-Judy. A-"Hello, old chap! Congratulations! I hear you have married a lady with an independent fortune!" B-"No;

I married a fortune with an independent lady."-Vogue. Daggs — "What are you reading there!" Scaggs—"The story of 'She Who Must Be Obeyed.'" Daggs—"Oh,

yes; the romance of a hired girl."\_ Semerville Journal. Borker-"Spoodle has married a girl who knows half a dozen languages. Nagger-"Poor fellow, I pity him! My wife only knows one language, and I find

that one too many." Love peeped into the cottage, And the building seemed all right; But a scanty supply of pottage Made him quickly take his flight.

Parisian (to intimate friend)-"I have brought the novel you asked me to lend you, but, as you are not fond of returning books, I will take back a couple

of yours as hostages."-L'Echo Français.

Family Physician-"Well, Mr. Ay-

ling, what is it now? Any fresh trouble on hand?" Caller-"No, I don't think you could call it exactly a fresh trouble, Doctor. It's salt rheum."-Chicago A stump orator wanted the wings of a bird, to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land; but he collapsed

when a man in the crowd sang out; "You'd get shot for a goose before you flew a mile."-Tit-Bits. Miss Poetique-"How dreamily delightful is the soothing sound of old ocean's waves rolling up in the moonlight upon the silver sands!" Miss Practical-'Yes, I always did like to hear

the water sloshing around on the beach. -Somerville Journal. Biggs-"You say your wife always pins a flower on your coat before you leave home?" "Yes; she has for a month." Biggs-"Well, it shows she thinks of you." "No; it's because she never can remember to sew on the but-

ton."-Chicago Inter-Ocean. A man can grow sad, melancholy, dyspeptic, billous, hollow eyed, pale, de-jected, tired of life, cynical, cold blooded, repellant and too dangerous to be at large, and still be will laugh to see a fat man chasing a street car that is going three feet to his one .- Detroit

Free Press. "Want to buy some of those apples?" inquired the grocer's clerk. "To buy some?" said the hopeless looking man near the barrel, with a dry sob. "No, I don't want to buy any; but if it doesn't cost too much I'd like to stand here a few muute) and indulge sparingly in smelling them."—Chicago Tribune.

"Hallon, Major," said the Judge one morning; "I haven't suon you for a week; where have you been?" "Heen some ill as anything," replied the Major. "You! Why you were always as healthy as could be. What is the world made you ill?" "Well, I tried to follow some rules on health I saw in the maper."-Drake's Magazine.

peror William of Germany has, to the disgust of his subjects, inaligurated the practice of baving all the game killed at the imperial shooting parties sold for the highest possible price. Heretofore it has been customary for such of the game as was not required for the royal household, or for presents, to be given to charitable institutions,